



MYNAH BIRD

HAWAII AREA #17 NEWSLETTER

48th Annual Hawaii Convention

G P C Z E C I V R E S N L L A B Y E L L O V R
 M I J Z C T C S D I A M O N D H E A D A S R J
 O H F A N O N Y M O U S Z I N A R A M A T A C
 E S N G E L G H S A P K Y G T H E R P W R S I
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 L L O O Z O O S E U R M T N O I T N E V N O C
 A W T P R E C E P T I O N O N A L A N N P B O

Activities
 Alanon
 Alcoholics
 Alkathon
 Anonymous
 Banquet
 Catamaran
 Convention
 Diamond Head

Experience
 Fellowship
 Ghouls
 Goblins
 Golf
 Hike
 Hope
 New Beginnings
 Reception

Registration
 Service
 Speakers
 Strength
 Surf meetings
 Volleyball
 Workshops

GOT GSRs?

One of the many qualities of Area 17 I have observed this year is the ever-changing face of our assemblies. At each area gathering, there are new GSRs or continuing GSRs who were not able to attend previous assemblies, especially the January 2009 Orientation Assembly. An attempt is made to have an orientation session for those GSRs at each assembly, but I fear that the time available is not sufficient to put our new General Service Representatives at ease. For that reason, I suggest that all of you who are or plan to become GSRs during this panel familiarize yourself with the service materials available at our area website (www.area17aa.org). If you do not have Internet access, please check with your DCM or another friend who does have access to print you a copy of *The Hawaii Area Panel 59 Structures and Guidelines* and *The GSR Handbook*. These two documents are invaluable for those in service in Area 17. I look forward to meeting each of you at our next assembly.

In love & service,

Linda McD
Alternate Delegate
Area 17, Panel 59



Musing

What a year it has been! I had no idea how much I would love serving you as your Area Secretary. I was told by someone who had once served in this position that it was their favorite position. It didn't take long to see why. The first time I read the reports from our Standing Committee Chairs, DCMS and some of the Area Officers I burst into tears. My gratitude for your service was visceral. Here you are serving in your respective positions for the first time, not knowing exactly what you're supposed to do yet have the willingness to show up... the sacrifices made, the enormity of the commitment we made – multiplied by the fact that when we make a commitment to serve, so do our families and friends, even our jobs are affected. Gratefully a good many of us receive their support because by serving we are all the better for it...a known fact – and for them perhaps it's a form of self preservation. From feeling hopeless and useless, I have learned what it means to keep commitments, how important it is to do so. More importantly, when I cannot keep a commitment, I no longer have to make up an excuse and lie about it or worse, not show up and not say anything about it, hoping no one will "notice". Because you show up, I am inspired to show up. Every time we meet, I look around the room and just take it all in, on our days off from work, sometimes sick and on a beautiful sunny weekend where are we? Doing service, trying to pay back for all we have been given. I am not just talking about those that are in general service, I am also talking about those that prepare the room for the Assembly, that pitch in to shop for food,

that prepare and serve our meals, those who provide transportation, those who empty the garbage, sweep the floors, make the coffee and so on...wow...I am filled with gratitude every single time...sniff, sniff.

Anyway, back to my original thought process; having attended the Secretary Roundtable at PRAASA this year, one of the things I heard was how important it was to try to capture the "flavor" of the assemblies and committee meetings – who wants to read a sanitized version they asked. Not one person raised their hand. Try not to use only reports that are submitted but include comments from as many participants as possible they urged. It was shared that the voice of those who do not submit reports be heard – that it be heard not only at the assembly but reflected in the minutes as well. A great idea that comes with a lot more work and lengthy minutes to read through. In case you didn't catch an announcement I made a while back; the approved minutes from Area and a copy of the Mynah Bird are submitted to GSO by request. Our reports, our thoughts, our proposals/motions, discussion may be of use to other groups, Districts and Areas. I love the thought of what we do matters. To the GSRs and others who do not submit reports to the Assembly, share your thoughts, your group conscience, your experience, strength and hope to the Mynah Bird newsletter. Your voice is important, allow it to be heard.

I look forward to the next time we all gather, until then, I wish you a happy sober 24.

In love and service,

Miranda K.
Secretary
Area 17, Panel 59



My First AA Meeting

It wasn't going to my first AA meeting that made me so anxious; it was the part that someone there would recognize me and discover my secret that I had lost control of my drinking. I knew I had a problem and that my drinking had taken on a life of it's own, but I certainly wasn't ready to have the whole community know. My big "yet" was to have my shame discovered. I had convinced myself that if I went to some meetings, learned about alcoholism, that I could master this habit and simply choose not to drink.

I asked my husband to take me to Old Airport, because I heard there was a meeting at noon, however, after pulling in, every table was filled with people. I had absolutely no idea where to go and I wasn't about to walk up to anybody and ask. My plan was to walk toward the beach, watching for anyone who looked like they needed an AA meeting. If I couldn't figure it out, I'd just sit by the ocean figuring that it was meant to be. I suddenly felt very alone and

very small. Just then, a man was getting off a motorcycle and started walking toward one of the tables. I don't know where this voice came from, but what came out was, "Do you know anything about whose at these tables?" He said that the one over there was an AA meeting. Then he asked me if this was my first meeting (I wanted to die). As I said a shameful "yes", he asked me if he could walk me in. All the apprehension I was holding seemed to alleviate. This normal looking man was offering kindness and compassion, not shunning judgment. Well, I thought, that wasn't so bad.

I was intently listening to a long story about alcohol and what it is and isn't when the speaker asked if there were any guests or newcomers to the meeting. I didn't say anything but the rush of blood to my face and ears was deafening. Mr. Motorcycle decided to speak up and said, "Yes, we have a newcomer and looked directly at me (No, no, no! Please God, no!). I wanted to disappear. I was too shocked to feel anything but horror. It was out now. Now everyone at this table knows I have a drinking problem and I was convinced that each and everyone would tell everyone who they saw at the beach today. (I now know how self involved I was to think everyone was so interested in my self appointed status in life).

This wasn't the end of the nightmare. As I sat there feeling very humiliated and vulnerable thinking that the worst just happened to me; my secret is now no secret, two people walked up to the table. One was an old coworker from a previous employer and the other a customer of that company. I just couldn't believe that this was happening. The recognition was immediate as my heart pounded in my chest. Now everyone knows.

What happened to me on that first day has turned into one of the most valuable gifts I could have received. My Higher Power knows me very well. He knows one of my character defects is secrecy. He, in His best interest of this alcoholic, took away all the obstacles, barriers and reservations in one fellow swoop and put it all on the table. He knew my heart and my recent surrendering to the struggle to do this alone.

What I couldn't do for myself, He did for me.

Advance my life forward; when I see another member of AA in or outside the rooms, I see them as a Badge of Courage. No longer do I see shame. No longer do I feel small, rather empowered knowing that I walk among some of the most courageous people there are. My first meeting exposed my worst fears and replaced that space with hope and a clear direction of healing.

**Beth D.
Kailua-Kona**



My First AA Meeting

When I was twenty-three years old, I attended my very first meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous. I awoke that Saturday morning and knew I had a problem and needed help. I telephoned the one recovering alcoholic I knew, my Grandfather. He was rather shocked as he listened to my request to accompany him to an AA meeting, but he agreed to pick me up later that afternoon.

He and I walked into a meeting room filled with other Grandpa-like men. There were AA signs on the wall, including the twelve steps and twelve traditions, dozens of ashtrays, and plenty of lousy coffee. (This was pre- Starbucks by many years.) It seemed as though everyone was smoking and I certainly joined in.

During the meeting, I listened to the men share their experience, strength, and hope with me. They welcomed and accepted me and spoke of being powerless over alcohol.

I don't remember precisely what thoughts went through my head during that meeting, but I know I had hoped these AA people could magically teach me how to drink without encountering problems. I wanted an easier, softer way, but I didn't even know that then. I looked at the differences, not the similarities, that day, and I continued to do this for some time to come. Years later, when I was desperate enough, I found my way back to the rooms of our program and I became a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. This member will never forget the group of older gentlemen who shared a loving message with me at my first meeting of the fellowship. That message was, "We will be here when you are ready to join us."

**Sheri B
DCM District 9
Area 17, Panel 59**



My First Assembly

To be honest with you, I was a little afraid when I got there, not knowing what to expect and not knowing anybody. But as time went by I realized I was doing God's work and that everything was going to be fine. Thank God for the Kona group, you guys made me feel right at home. I am very grateful to be able to represent Strictly Solutions as their GSR, though i won't be able to fulfill my commitment of 2 years because I'll be moving back to Maui in 2010. I'll do the best I can in the mean time. It was a wonderful experience to see how AA works on the Area level. I really felt part of something special. I believe this is the beginning of another level of my sobriety. Service is a big part of my sobriety and I'm grateful that I'm doing service at the Area level. I got to reconnect with old friends, and also made a few new ones. The energy in the room was awesome, a lot of positive vibrations. This was a very

good learning experience for me and I'll never forget it. God is doing for me what I can't do for myself, and he has blessed me with a life I would never dream of.

James
GSR Men's Strictly Solutions
District 8
Area 17, Panel 59



Let's Support What is Supporting Us

(\$1 is good, \$2 is better and anything beyond that is true gratitude for the Gift of Sobriety.)

When I came into AA 20+ years ago I saw the basket go around at each meeting and heard that we are self-supporting through our own contributions. I noticed that most people in my regular meetings seemed to put a buck (\$1) in the basket....so I followed suit. I did that for 10-12 years. Like many I am a creature of habit and I get comfortable with what is familiar. But about 12 years ago I started to notice that a few of the service oriented members were putting \$2 in the basket on a regular basis and even \$5 from time to time. About that same time I began to hear that times were changing...and the cost of everything was rising and that included the cost of running AA at all levels...starting at the group; higher room rents, higher cost of coffee and condiments. Air fares were going up and we send our service people to other islands for quarterly meeting and many groups send a group representative to PRAASA...and all of these things were costing more money but most people were content with \$1 in basket as being self-supporting. I had to concede that, Yes, in fact, everything was costing more and a buck in the basket was really no longer being self-supporting...if I could afford it...and at my modest level of living a \$1 in the basket was not showing my gratitude...it was showing my resistance to change. But, wow, \$2 in the basket on a regular basis...I go to lots of meetings!!!...I guess I forgot I used to drink huge amounts of beer and liquor, DAILY... and believe me that cost FAR MORE that a buck a day!!!! FAR MORE!!!!

I just finished two years of service to the Maui Fellowship as Treasurer for Maui Intergroup. I got to see on a monthly basis the struggle we have to pay the Central Office rent, the phone bill, the meager salary to our wonderful Central Office Manager and seed money for 6-8 island wide fellowship activities. We were doing what Maui AA asked us to do by implementing the suggestions and ideas of a hardworking ad hoc committee of 2+ years back. With each action or activity, we talked about it thoroughly with those intergroup reps that showed up on a monthly basis and we did only what the intergroup reps approved. It was a struggle and we ate into our prudent reserve over that two year period and then by group conscience we froze the prudent reserve at 3 months of oper-

ating expenses. We felt we had to draw a line of fiscal prudence. From this point on we no longer go into the prudent reserve, instead we stop doing was we all agreed to do, if we do not collect enough funds from the groups on Maui. There are many things we would like to do at Intergroup but we just can't seem to get the "buck in the basket" mind set changed. It is chocking us and thus is not allowing us to more effectively carry the message to the alcoholic who still suffers.

I am the first to defend the premise that THERE ARE NO DUES OF FEES FOR AA MEMBERSHIP.. but, at some point in our individual sobriety "we need to become responsible when anyone, anywhere asks for help, we want the hand of AA always to be there....and for that I am responsible." And being responsible is giving what you can afford to show your gratitude and appreciation for all that AA has done and will continue to do for you and countless others all over the world. That spiritual opportunity comes at each meeting you attend when the 7th tradition basket comes around. When it comes to you can you honestly say you only spent \$1 a day in your drinking days? Do you only pay Starbucks a \$1 for a cup of coffee with as many refills as you like? Welcome to sobriety and the 21st Century. We are so blessed to have AA in our lives.....show that gratitude when the basket comes to you. If you can afford more that a buck in the basket...it's probably because of AA.....show your deep felt gratitude. Change your thinking! It's happening all around you.....make it happen in the basket....and thanks for being here.

Charlie N.,
Past Delegate, Panel 45
Kihei Morning Serenity



**SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
POTLUCK DINNER MEETING**

Date: Dec. 5, 2009

**Where: Liholiho Elem.
3430 Maunaloa Ave.**

Time: 6:00 to 9:00 pm

**Bring your favorite dish to the
Potluck Dinner.**

**If you want to get into service, come to
our home group meeting on
Oct 17 & Nov 21, 2009 at 6:45 pm.**

Really makes one think. Who's sitting next to you?

I know who are you are. You are 'X' who attends the ABC meeting at the XYZ Club where AAs meet in Anywhere USA.

I saw you there the other night at the 8:00 meeting. I don't know how long you've been sober but I know you've been coming around for a while because you spoke to a lot of people who knew you.

I wasn't one of them.

You don't know who I am. I wandered into your meeting place the other night, a stranger in a strange town. I got a cup of coffee, paid for it, and sat down by myself.

You didn't speak to me.

Oh, you saw me. You glanced my way, but you didn't recognize me, so you quickly averted your eyes and sought a familiar face.

I sat there through the meeting.

It was OK, a slightly different meeting format but basically the same kind of meeting I go to at home.

The topic was gratitude. You and your friends talked about how much AA means to you. You talked about the camaraderie in your meeting place. You said how much the people there had helped you when you first came through the door – how they extended the hand of friendship to make you feel welcome and asked you to come back.

And I wondered where they had gone – those nice people who made your entrance so welcoming and so comfortable.

You talked about how the newcomer is the life-blood of AA. I agree but I didn't say so. In fact, I didn't share in your meeting. I signed my name in the book that was passed around but the chairperson didn't refer to it. He only called on those people in the room whom he knew.

So, who am I? You don't know because you didn't bother to find out. Although yours was a closed meeting, you didn't even ask if I belonged there.

It might have been my first meeting. I could have been full of fear and distrust knowing that AA wouldn't work any better than anything else I'd tried, and I would have left convinced that I was right.

I might have been suicidal, grasping at one last straw, hoping someone would reach out and pull me from the pit of loathing and self pity from which, by myself, I could find no escape.

I might have been a student with a tape recorder in my pocket, assigned to write a paper on how AA works – someone who shouldn't have been permitted to sit there at all but could have been directed to an open meeting to learn what I needed to know.

Or, I could have been sent by the courts, wanting to know more but afraid to ask.

It happens that I was none of the above.

I was just an ordinary drunk with a few years of sober living in AA who was traveling and was in need of a meeting. My only problem that night was I'd been alone with my own mind too long. I just needed to touch base with my AA family.

I know from past experience I could have walked into your meeting place smiling, stuck out my hand to the first person I saw and said "Hi. My name is ... and I'm from ..."

If I'd felt like doing that, I probably would have been warmly welcomed. You would have asked me if I knew Old So-and-so from my state or you might have shared a part of your drunkalog that occurred in my part of the country.

Why didn't I? I was hungry, lonely and tired. The only thing missing was anger, but three out of four isn't a good place for me to be. So, I sat silently through your meeting, and when it was over I watched enviously as all of you gathered in small groups, talking to one another the same way we do in my home town.

You and some of your friends were planning a meeting after the meeting at a nearby coffee shop. By this time I had been silent too long to reach out to you. I stopped by the bulletin board to read the notices there, kind of hanging around without being too obvious, hoping you might ask if I wanted to join you, but you didn't.

As I walked slowly across the parking lot to my car with the out-of-state license plates, you looked my way again. Our eyes met briefly and I mustered a smile. Again, you looked away I buckled my seat belt, started the car, and drove to the motel where I was staying.

As I lay in my bed waiting for sleep to come, I made a gratitude list. You were on it, along with your friends at the meeting place. I knew that you were there for me, and that I needed you far more than you needed me. I knew that if I had needed help, and had asked for it, you would have gladly given it. But I wondered.....What if I hadn't been able to ask?

I know who you are.

Do you remember me?

Fran D.
New Orleans, LA



After expressing my excitement about the upcoming 2010 International Convention to a fellow service member (Alternate DCM) at our Area Budget Assembly, she encouraged me to express my passion for the world event to our Area Mynah Bird.

I experienced such overwhelming satisfaction at the 2005 International Convention in Toronto. I would have missed an unbelievable spiritual experience had I chosen not to cross over the border into Canada.

The feeling I experienced, walking through a city taken over by AA, was indescribable. There were people from all over the world with the same spiritual solution as I. I

SAVE THE DATE!!!

PRAASA 2010

March 5 – 7, 2010

Los Angeles, CA

Radisson Hotel at LAX
(LA International Airport)

Questions?? www.praasa.org

SAVE THE DATE!!!

remember randomly recognizing many from several states; some hanging out of tour bus windows, some at the hospitality suite for young people – we were all over the city. I get emotional recalling the experience of how awesome the speakers were, all of the choices of meetings, dances and sober celebrations.

The most memorable emotional experience for me was during the Flag Ceremony where all the countries were represented. All 70,000 of us said the Serenity Prayer together. (chicken skin!!) I doubt there was a dry eye in the whole arena. I dare say I would let all other responsibilities fall to the wayside for the experience of "A Vision for You." God willing, let's celebrate 75 years of AA in San Antonio in July 1 – 4, 2010, where I think a lot more than 70.000 will be celebrating – hopefully you and me.

Erik T
GSR
Kihei Friday Night Young People



Did you know?

Frequently Asked Questions about A.A.'s History
Each year the G.S.O. Archives receive thousands of requests for research and historical information. The questions we receive range from very simple questions with easy answers to complex questions involving hours of research. If you have a question about AA's history or archives, we hope you will contact us (or one of the many other local and area AA archives) to try to find the answer.

Below are some of the most frequently asked questions we receive here at the G.S.O. Archives, and some of our answers.

Q. Does G.S.O. have information about the history of my home group?

A. Often, G.S.O.'s Archives staff can provide detailed information about the origins and history of groups. Of course, the amount of available information we have about a group depends on the amount of information the group has sent to G.S.O. throughout the years. In addition, it is common for groups to organize meetings prior to contacting the G.S.O. But we can research group histories and usually find fascinating information. Contact the G.S.O. Archives for more information.

Q. What are the origins of the Serenity Prayer?

A. It was debated for years, who wrote the Serenity Prayer, and its origins are still somewhat murky, but it seems most likely to have been written by Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, a well-known theologian who served for many years as Dean and Professor of Applied Christianity at the Union Theological Seminary in New York City. G.S.O.'s Archives can provide more information about this prayer's historical origins upon request.

Alcoholics Anonymous became aware of the Serenity Prayer in 1941, when it was discovered printed in the New York Tribune newspaper. Ruth Hock, AA's first secretary and a non-alcoholic, was immediately taken with it. The headquarters staff thought of printing the prayer on a card to distribute to AA members.

On June 12, 1941, Ruth wrote Henry S., a Washington, D.C.-based AA member and printer by profession, saying: *"One of the boys up here got a clipping from a local newspaper which is so very much to the point and so much to their liking, that they have asked me to find out from you what it would cost to set it up on a small card, something like a visiting card, which can be carried in a wallet... here it is...would appreciate it if you would let me know right away."*

Henry answered back immediately and enthusiastically: *"...Your cards are on the way and my congratulations to the man who discovered that in the paper. I can't recall any sentence that packs quite the wallop that that does and during the day shown it to the A.A.'s that dropped in and in each case have been asked for copies. I sent you 500 copies in as much as you didn't say how many you wanted. If you need any more, let me know. Incidentally, I am only a heel when I'm drunk, I hope, so naturally there could be no charge for anything of this nature."*

Ruth responded again on June 17, and wrote: *"Your generous response to my request for the little cards is certainly much appreciated by us all up here. Glad so many of you down there liked it too, for it backs me up in my feeling that it really has 'something.'"*



An alcoholic died August 28, 2009.

This is a memorial to a special man; a special sober-brother. I was to only know him a few short years compared to his lifetime and mine. Our paths crossed at a milestone in his life and at a blessing in mine. Sixteen years ago, at 54 years old, he tried one more time to stop drinking. He landed on Maui and became my roommate,

*
* **Dying to be published?** *
* **Can't wait to share your** *
* **service stories, successes?** *
* **Heard a great quote in a** *
* **meeting?** *
* **Next Mynah Bird Deadline** *
* **Monday, January 11, 2010** *
*

**47th New Zealand Convention
of
Alcoholics Anonymous
hosted by
Hamilton and Rural Areas
January 22 – 24, 2010
Hamilton Gardens Pavilion
Hamilton, New Zealand
More info: <http://www.alcoholics-anonymous.org.nz/home.aspx>
Email: events.nzgso@xtra.co.nz**

with three days of sobriety. He said he had five months sober. I was 27 years old with six years of sobriety and we both knew he was lying. But those were the days when I helped everyone that God put in my path so I would stay sober. He first came to AA in the same neighborhood and same early days of Chuck C. and Dr. Paul thirty years prior. Sobriety eluded him and so did growing up. At the home where we lived, I was a foster parent to runaway teenagers. He was not much more mature than them. His self-centeredness made him difficult to get along with. However, he always enjoyed watching cartoons with my 4 year old son. We learned that we liked the same old MGM, Black & White movie classics. I found out he worked in the props department of movie studios. He met and knew many movie stars that I had heard of. And of course, he had stories of those he drank with that he knew qualified for AA.

Because I moved to Oahu a year later, he moved. After three years, a college degree and a marriage, I moved back to Maui. A few years later he moved back to be closer to me. He must have known his time was near.

Tommy M. stayed sober for 12 years before he suffered a stroke. Walking him through his Twelve Steps in his first year of sobriety was my blessing. We shared deep emotional secrets from his Fourth Step and grew to trust each other. His path towards acceptance of himself and his shortcomings was such a lesson for me to watch. Because of his history in multiple attempts to get sober, he was to always be on Step One. We read and learned and understood every Step, but he was not allowed to be "ON" any other step. I did not want to be called his sponsor, but that I was his sober-sister. He found Charley N.,(a

past delegate) as his sponsor on Maui and Don A. on Oahu to sponsor him. When Don A. became a delegate, he chuckled, "You have to become a delegate to sponsor me."

For about six years, he lived on Oahu and Happy Hour was his home group. Practicing Step Twelve, he represented Happy Hour as their GSR. By mistake, he would call himself Happy Hour's VCR. Waikiki District meetings were never boring with Tommy. He was sensitive to how people talked to him and what they said to him or about him. Everyone dipped into their rations of love and tolerance around Tommy. Some service concepts were difficult for him to understand so he was full of questions. He soon found out, Area Service was not for him, but God blessed him, he was always willing to help another alcoholic stay sober in any way God lead him. When he lived on Maui, he would volunteer at our Central Office for multiple shifts every month. It was like his second home.

After his stroke, he was admitted to the Wailuku Hale Maku Nursing Home. Cut off from the AA fellowship, I watched him grow lonely and his sobriety wore thin. It is a terrible fate to be a trying person in sobriety and then be tossed in a world of conformity. Because of his impatience and irritable nature that fellow alcoholics know how to tolerate, they medicated him. It was a necessary procedure to provide care for him. I and a few others would visit him on occasion and we would even go out for lunch and a meeting. In time, it became difficult to bring him to meetings while he was medicated. I believe his last outing with me was at Founder's Day, 2006. A few weeks later, he was asking to live with his brother, his only living relative, in Louisiana.

48th Annual Hawai'i Convention
Ho'omaka Hou
 New Beginnings
*That was the beginning of a new life, a fuller life, a happier life than I had
 ever known or believed possible. **
 October 29 – November 1, 2009
 Hawaii Convention Center
 Online registration & information: www.annualhawaiiConvention.com
 *Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous, p. 206

His brother responded immediately and set him up in a nursing home there. Two of us, another sober-brother, Todd D. and myself, took him there by plane. We flew for 24 hours with an 8 hour turnaround layover. Now I know what flight attendants go through. Unfortunately, he was heavily medicated for the plane ride and did not recognize us for the entire journey. The nurses were concerned he would be difficult to manage on the plane ride. I wish I could have told them ahead of time that whenever he was with me, he was always a gentleman. I had wanted the plane ride to be our last quality time together. He did not wake up from the medication for a few days.

Tommy is buried in Texas, near his parents. His brother and wife plan to be buried there as well. Memories of him that no one can take from me are now shared with you. His sincere love and gratitude for Alcoholics Anonymous was what we cherished together. Somehow, God made it possible that I and just a handful of us got the privilege to know and love Tommy M. Thank you, God.

Many Blessings to you,
Juenlee B.,
Lahaina, HI.



Remember
Mail Area Contributions to:
Hawaii Area Committee # 2107
575 Cooke Street Suite A
Honolulu, HI 96813



HANA CARAVAN
2009

Last Sunday
of every month

October 25
November 29
December 27

Questions??? Contact
dcm5@area 17aa.org

"Pick a Month and Go"

Talk to members in your group,
plan a Day Trip to Hana, pick a
month and GO!

DRIFTING AT SEA

I went on a ship to have some fun
was told that "Friends of Bills" could come
Instead I was alone and lost
cause no one came it was a frost
The second day while still alone
I found a need for me, to atone
A "promise" came true while reading the "Book"
first one took a peek, then two more had a look
A meeting sprang up and helped us four
listening to each other tell our lore
So even while playing and drifting at sea
my God has taught me to always believe
No need to give-up and take a fall
for in our sobriety we still have it all

by Ellie K



Heard in a Meeting...

"If you're looking for God, don't drink, go to meetings, and you'll soon be contacted."

You only have to do it one day at a time.

Yesterday is a cancelled check,
Tomorrow is a promissory note,
Today is cash.

"Nobody has nothing to offer"

Why is not a spiritual question.



"It's" not about what the other person is thinking, "it's" about what I'm thinking."

Anger is the wind that blows out reason.

Those who refuse to change are condemned to remaining the same.

Happiness is a bi-product of good behavior.

SMILE: Simple Moment In Love Everyday.

NEW: Nothing Else Worked.



12 Symptoms of a Spiritual Awakening*

1. The world is perfect. There is nothing I need to do.
2. Love is an inside job.
3. I am open.
4. I am present.
5. I live my life, not the illusions or expectations of others.
6. I am happy to live my life because I now realize that no one will live it for me.
7. There is no good or bad. Everything is a blessing.
8. Change in the world begins and ends with me. What you do is your business.
9. The material world holds no attraction.
10. It is by dying that we awaken.
11. I seek to discard my self will.
12. I seek to participate in the Masterpiece.

Kevin W.



“Sobriety Loses Its Priority”

I don't know how equipped I am to comment on this topic. Up to date I have been sober since before my first day in AA.

I got sober in a treatment facility on June 1st, 1994 and went to my first outside meeting unescorted on June 18th, 1994. I was not immediately sure that I was going to get into the program and remain sober for as long as I have. I was just trying to get my life back together so that I could manage it better. The wheels were coming off faster than I could put them back on and my life was a mess, to put it mildly.

I attended over 200 meetings in my first 90 days. I always felt better after hearing what was being shared and the hope that was being offered for a life free from fear, hopelessness and despair. Not to mention not having to take that first drink one day at a time no matter what.

I got a sponsor within 60 days and he started me on the 12 Steps right away. He assured me that the Steps were my only hope to a life free from the insanity of alcohol. I believed him and began the process of living one day at a time in the program of AA. He was a kind, gentle man, but also firm in his conviction that the Steps were a life saver for him and could be for me too, if I wanted it. He impressed upon me the importance of having a Higher Power to go to when life seemed hard, having a Home group where people really knew who you were, having a network of sober people to hang with and truly studying and living the Program of AA as outlined in the Big Book. He truly walked his talk and I wanted what he had so I did what he did.

Sobriety has to be *the most important thing in my life* for without it I am reduced to my former life of hopelessness and despair. I have had many situations over the years that have caused me to lose focus on what is important. I have skipped meetings, stopped praying, not read the literature, not talked to my sponsor, chased money, property and prestige. Ultimately I have been forced to return to the source of my comfort...God and AA.

I have to make my sobriety the most precious commodity in my life or I won't have a life worth staying sober for.

Thank you for allowing me to be of service, ~Ron A.



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