

Downeast Intergroup Newsletter

March 2022

The Downeast Intergroup Committee is a group of AA members coming together in the spirit of fellowship to help carry the AA message through publishing a newsletter, sponsoring AA events, and distributing AA literature. We support communication and participation between AA members, groups, and district

DEIG FINANCES- JANUARY 2022

Operating Account

- beginning balance.....\$2,327.18
- total debit..... <\$271.19>
- total credit..... \$530.03*
- ending balance..... ..\$2,586.01

*Donations were received from the following:

District 16.....	\$55.00
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Allen J. (Gouldsboro Group).....	\$45.00
Brooklin Bridge to Recovery.....	\$25.00
Tuesday Night Happy Hour.....	\$25.00
Bruce B.....	\$25.00
District 18.....	\$300.00

District 16 News (Joe M.)

We had monthly Live and Zoom district meetings. We had 12 members, plus two visitors from (the Maine) area. Thank You all for your service!

- Some groups in District are hurting. We need help with attendance, ask what you can do--meeting makers make it.
- There may be a Pi/CPC work shop in the future.
- Nailed down final plans for the Saint Patty Day Alcahth, March 19th. Flyers are out and about.
- Some missed anniversaries: Hilton (40 years); Tony (39 years); Dave J. (36 years); Ken (33 years); Paul (10 years); Sarah (9 years); Eileen (6 years), Cristine (3 years),

The Great Savant Sings Again- A Gratitude List!

Today- Grateful to be sober...Not to be in Lockup...To be back to Sanity (Ha)...A Relationship with my family...For my Health...To be self-supporting...To

have a place to live...For my many friends I have...and to have God in my life. Am I grateful? You bet your sweet ass I am!

- A candle loses nothing by lighting another candle. If you have knowledge, you won't lose by letting others learn from You.
- An Alcoholic is a person who does not need a Drink, until he has One.

NERASSA 2022 –Some Personal Reflections (1)

This year's NERAASA was in Pittsburgh, as far away as it can be, for us, and still be in the Northeast region. It took me 10 hours to get there, and I flew. Area 28 was well-represented, with at least 12 of us attending. I got there in time for the Red Ball meeting on Thursday night, so called because each speaker throws a ball in the air and whoever catches it speaks next. I left at dawn the next morning on a bus trip to Dr Bob's house in Akron, a 2-hour drive in an ice fog--very pretty and otherworldly, but I'm glad I wasn't driving. Dr Bob's house is at the corner of a red brick and a yellow brick road; it is very small in contrast to the momentous events that happened there. In his tiny bedroom, the bed was made up with a Hudson's Bay wool blanket that could have come from Maine.

I got back to Pittsburgh at 2 pm on Friday and never left the hotel until the airport shuttle arrived midday Sunday: panels and meetings and round tables 'til midnight, and starting up at 7 the next morning. NERAASA always comes just after the Conference background is released, and many of the panels are devoted to Conference topics. The round tables provide a chance to talk with others in the region who share your service work, whether it's Corrections or you are a GSR or, like me, a Delegate. It's all presided over by Francis, our Northeast

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Regional Trustee, impish and much-loved. Next year NERAASA will be in Albany, his last year before rotating out.

NERAASA is head-spinning and exhausting for an introvert like me. A few years ago, I went as a total stranger, but now I feel like I'm meeting lots of friends, not a familiar experience in my life. An surprise high point was the bustling checkout hour. One of our past Delegates, Robin G, brought her ancient dog Penny, who was zipping around the crowded lobby spreading friendliness and canine goodwill. **(Peter B.)**

NERASSA 2022 –Some Personal Reflections (2)

The Northeast Regional Alcoholics Anonymous Service Assembly sounds boring and rigid but it is not. The people who attend are just the opposite. We are there to do service for AA as a whole.

NERAASA was a spiritual experience. The feeling when in a room many alcoholics are talking, laughing and enjoying the people around them. The Chair calls for a moment of silence followed by the Serenity Prayer. The room goes quiet and in unison we pray.

The day is filled with presentations, discussions, and fellowship. We are all there to find a way to make AA better for everyone.

The trip to Pittsburgh was special. The van filled with five diverse alcoholics, and a fourteenth hour trip. The sharing was amazing. The only purpose was what we can do to make Area 28 help the sick and suffering alcoholics. The fun we had is what made the trip special.

I feel Panel 72 is growing cohesive and will serve Area 28 well. The Panel cannot do this alone. We need our fellowship to practice Tradition One.



We are not a glum lot!

IL&S Allen S. Alt. Delegate A28 P72

The Turning Point (Mary A.)

All of my scorecards read zero. I was spiritually, morally, and physically bankrupt. The abyss of alcoholism had swallowed me whole; nine years of going in and out of the rooms, doing “research” but finding absolutely no solution. I really thought I could figure out how to drink like a “normal”. I heard the old timers frequently say that they knew that they had another drunk in them, but they couldn't count on another recovery. They talked about “surrender to win”, the third step prayer, and stick with the winners. I lost count of how many hospitalizations I had for detoxing. Two, 30-day rehabs, multiple out-patient programs and many, many meetings, but I could not stop drinking. By the end of those nine long years of hell I had lost a wonderful job, a marriage, the respect of my family and friends but most of all my self-respect. I was full of self-loathing. I wished that I would die and finally I thought that wish was coming true.

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I was in a seedy motel outside of Portland with the intention of drinking myself to death. Although I did not realize it at the time, I received what I can only believe was a divine intervention. I did not have a God in my life. That would come a few years later I discovered. I called 911 and apparently said that I was dying. The ambulance came and took me to the ER at Maine Medical Center. My sister arrived about two hours later. Although my blood alcohol level was off the charts I still remember my moment of total surrender, holding my sister's hands, crying, tubes of saline, B vitamins and blood running into my arms. An IV came out and blood oozed out. That was my moment of clarity. As the fluid pooled on the floor, I had an image of myself melting into total surrender. As drunk as I was, I remember that as if it were yesterday. August 27, 2008, was the beginning of a new way of life for me.

While the first two years of sobriety were rough, I no longer had the craving to drink. That surely had to be a miracle. The words of my AA friends began to sink in; "stick with the winners", "let go, let God", and "turn it over". The program of Alcoholics Anonymous gave me back my life. I know now that my sobriety is the most important thing in my life, above all else. I began to like myself, actually love myself. Once a driven person, seeking the good life, and having no patience for people who were in my way, my life is simple now. I have learned how to be forgiving, tolerant with others and with myself. My "cure" for self-absorption is easy. I help another alcoholic, another person in need. I turn to my gratitude list when my ever-present ego gets in my way. Giving back is how I stay in the

moment. It works for me and it can work for you, too.

King of Excuses by Heath W.

I struggled my whole life with executing what I thought were good ideas. They would pop up in my mind all the time but that's as far as they really got, just quick ideas. Or I was really good at starting things but never finishing them. I could never follow through. I would even go as far as listing out how to accomplish these good ideas and still, it wouldn't be long till I gave up, quit, or most often, found excuses for why I couldn't do them. I was the "King of Excuses". I wore that crown proudly cause, you know, it wasn't my fault why I couldn't accomplish those goals, tasks, or ideas. Someone or something else was always the problem, not me.

All the turning points in my life would continue to be the wrong ones, always leading me in the wrong direction. Some just worse or faster than others. Living that way was easy at first, until suddenly you've put many years behind you and have nothing to show for it besides empty bottles. It felt like a lifetime of failed ideas, failed chances, opportunities, relationships, and at the end even my marriage. But that rope tied to my leg, dragging me town to town through the mud, was finally cut in 2020, leaving the never ending excuses tied to it behind in the dust.

True Sobriety changed my life in ways I could never have imagined possible. When I first got sober in 2020, I was just so excited to have a second chance again. A real second chance. My family was nothing but supportive and encouraging even though they had heard me talk the talk before. This time was different, and they knew it when they saw me in person. My wife, whose status of our relationship was up in the air at the time, allowed me another shot and the opportunity to meet this new person she had never

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met before, a sober Heath. That person never really existed. These were turning points I knew might happen with hard work from the beginning. I never felt more alive, but it was what came month after month of being sober that really continued to shock me. Things I could never have predicted or imagined all from just being sober and continuing the spiritual life I had accepted. That's exactly what happened then, and what continues to happen now. I was never more motivated in my life to see something through, and after the first real experience of giving up my own ways and accepting God's will and His way for me, it had officially become a different ballgame.

Everything I set my eyes upon to accomplish started happening. I had a lot of work to do fresh out of rehab but with God on my side, things really started to line up for me. I couldn't believe it. I just had to continue putting in the effort and hard work that got me here, that's all. I learned to live an A.A. lifestyle that was led by God. I could not see too far past the second chance I was given and didn't know where my life was going to go, but one great opportunity after the next would present itself to me. I finally had not just the choice to really say yes to them, but to also accomplish them.

What seemed impossible before is now part of my day to day life in sobriety. It started with a desire to get sober, which led to real sobriety and a big move across the country. A second chance at being a husband and father. A real career that could support my family and service jobs in my A.A. community. Leading a wonderful A.A. meeting every week and writing for that, which led to writing for you all. And soon to be teaching Sunday school for youth at our church. Who is this person? How did I get here? I put my will away and allowed it to be God's, and the turning points in my life continue to present themselves in all kinds of ways for the better.

I couldn't think of just one turning point to write about without thinking of how they are all connected. All are possible because they are not of my mind or my "good" ideas, but His way and the power of A.A. and the fellowship that lives within it. The reign of the "King of Excuses" has ended. And the beginning of every day now starts with gratitude for sobriety and the willingness to turn my life over to Him. The map is opened and the endless possibilities and turning points arise. What I choose then, will be with a sober crown placed firmly on my head and my heart.

Barbara H. Obituary

Barbara H. of Bucksport passed away in the first week of March 2022. A memorial service has yet to be planned. When her health permitted, Barbara was very active in service work in District 21 and DEIG. She also loved the picnics in Blue Hill and Lamoine State Park. She had been very active at the Top of the Hill Group at H.O.M.E. before the pandemic. Barbara was an avid reader who loved A.A. history, especially the roles of pioneering women in early A.A. development. She was a kind and generous lady with lots of gumption who helped and encouraged other women in the program. -- One year she enabled me to go to the Roundup. Barbara, you will be missed. --Sheril H.

CONTACT INFORMATION

Please send articles, events, corrections, anniversaries, and other group or district news to Newsletter Editor Bill L., 1056 Pleasant Street, Blue Hill, Maine 04614; or billloomis8@gmail.com

*Contributions to support the Downeast Intergroup can be mailed to: Intergroup Treasurer, PO Box 1633, Ellsworth, ME 04602-1633. We ask for your name and AA job title from all who contribute items printed in this newsletter. **Events listed are for your information, and are not necessarily sponsored or endorsed by AA or this Intergroup.***