



ALKI-LINE



TAKE ONE, IT'S FREE

The Area 11 A.A. Newsletter Vol. 31 No. 3 June 2022 - July 2022

Financial Amends

Four years before getting sober I stole about \$200 from a restaurant I worked for. As a morning prep cook, I'd open the kitchen and worked alone for several hours before anyone came in. On my last morning working there, I forced myself to dress, tie my work shoes, and go in. The night before, I tossed and turned, beginning to feel the effects of not drinking for twelve hours or so. Though I worked fifty hours a week, I had no money to buy any booze before work. When I walked in that day, I saw small stacks of tips from the night before lined up in the chef/owner's office, each labeled with the names of night-shift servers. I made a split-second decision. I ripped off all the little labels, folded the money together, and put it in my pocket. I began to feel better. The promise of being buzzed in my room at my dad's house put a pep in my step. I walked to my car and drove away, never intending to go back.

The chef/owner never called me about those stolen tips. When it cropped up in my mind, I figured he assumed the night crew never divided the tips. The servers were unknowingly paid out on the business's own dime.

Four years later, I had a home group I loved, a sponsor I trusted, and a list of harms done written out in black and white. I was willing to do the juicy amends, the ex-girlfriends ("maybe I still have a chance"), the old friends ("maybe he has a job for me"). My sponsor had another idea. He said we'd first focus on my financial amends. There my amends list sat, unmoved for several months.

As I pined for a quick \$10,000 to crush my financial amends – like my marathon Fourth Step writing to "get through the Step" with brute force – a close A.A. friend reminded me that I forgot something – to trust my higher power. Was I willing to?

Soon after that conversation, I was driving to visit my Dad. We'd met several times since I "got it together" and often it was over lunch at a place close to him. My dad asked, "why don't we go to your old job for lunch?" Immediately, my heart shuddered to a fearful tune I knew so well – a tune which always required a drink to muffle. I was in a different mode

and got used to saying yes. We were to meet in one hour. I don't know how, but the fear turned into a realization – now is the time to make this financial amends. I stopped and withdrew \$200 from my bank account, which was a miracle in itself. While driving, I rehearsed what I'd do and say and called my sponsor.

Lo and behold, the restaurant fared well without me. It was a weekday afternoon, and it was packed. Because I took those actions beforehand, I was surprisingly at ease. At lunch, I let my dad know I had my eye out for the chef, and that if he was around, I would need to step away. The chef never showed. We finished lunch and said our goodbyes.

I got in my car. My dad had mentioned that the restaurant had a new location down the street. Maybe the chef is there? But ... no, no, no ... I did my part, he didn't show, it wasn't meant to be. I began to drive out of town, onto I-95, headed to my apartment. Within a few minutes, voices of home group members popped into my head – "we go to any length"; "no middle of the road solutions"; "can you honestly say that you've done your best?" I turned around.

I saw my old chef's car parked on the side of this new location. I walked in, hands shaking. Eventually, I saw him. I walked up and asked for a minute of his time. He said, "no problem, give me five, just go take a seat." I was grateful for those five minutes. I had time to pray to be honest, be clear in my amends, and look him in the eye. I repeated those requests countless times.

He came out and sat next to me. I told him what I had done and how I planned to make it right. I offered him the \$200 and he took it. As he was standing up, I realized I'd forgotten something. I asked, "have I left anything out, er...ah, is there any way I hurt you that I didn't say?" He sat back down and said, "I am so glad that you're doing good, but you don't realize what your disappearing like that did to our crew. We were all wondering what the heck happened to you. We loved working with you, and you were progressing ... it was just so strange that you disappeared." He took the \$200 back out of his pocket, insisted I take it back, and said, "don't worry about this, just keep doing what you're doing, keep in contact." Back in my car, I knew, I just knew, that though I



walked in there alone, I could not have done that alone. I felt the nearness of that mighty power and drove home in awe.

Three years after making amends, my brother and I planned a large surprise 70th birthday party for my dad at that same restaurant. It had become his favorite place over the years. If I'd let that fear of facing my past harms dictate my actions, would I even be there celebrating with my family? Would I have ever become a part of the world again?

— Jordan L.



AAGV – Podcasts

Click to experience! [Grapevine Podcast | AA Grapevine](#)

Subscriptions and Literature

Visit [AA Grapevine Store • Magazines, Books & More.](#)

Carry the Message Project

Want to help another alcoholic? Grapevine and La Viña are Great Twelfth Step Tools!

Give a gift subscription to an alcoholic who needs it. Great for: Sponsees * Newcomers * Prisons * Detoxes * Doctor's Offices * Group Celebrations * District and Area Events * Giveaways.

Go to <https://www.aagrapevine.org/carry-the-message> to get started. Carry the Message, it's easy!

Humor from the AA Grapevine

Early Bird Prayer (Take Me to Your Sponsor, pg. 108)

Dear Higher Power, so far today I've done all right. I haven't gossiped, lost my temper, been greedy, grumpy, nasty, selfish or overindulgent. I'm very thankful for the kind of day you have given me. But in a few minutes, Higher Power, I'm going to get out of bed, and from then on I'm going to need a lot more help! Amen.

Reprinted with permission of AA Grapevine, Inc.

Bacchus my Friend?

Bacchus was the Roman god of agriculture, wine, and fertility and is equivalent to the Greek god Dionysus. Mythology has it that Jupiter (Zeus: Greek equivalent) was married to Juno but had an affair with Semele, a human, which resulted in the illegitimate conception of Bacchus. (Well I guess alcohol was off to a good start). It is said that Bacchus wandered the earth, sharing his knowledge with the masses and traveled the world teaching others how to grow the necessary components and turn them into wine. He did this until he took his place at Olympus.

Well so much for the history lesson. One of my favorite places to drink was in bed. When I passed out I would be someplace comfortable. I remember this one time when I held aloft my bottle of one hundred proof Yukon Jack whiskey and pronounced it "my best friend". I look back now and the scene frightens me. Had I sunk so low in my estimation that a bottle of booze was my best friend? Yup.

"My best friend" was waiting for me the next morning. We would often start the day together. As best friends do, we hung out together during the day. We even drove together. My best friend was not concerned about the scrapes on my car. Somehow that didn't seem to bother him. My buddy Bacchus.

These days my "buddy", my "best friend", is stuck on a shelf in a store that I know only too well. I used to pick him up with such fondness and longing. Years ago we parted, not as friends, but as adversaries. I don't visit him anymore. And frankly, I don't care if he is lonely. He can be "friends" with somebody else. Not with me.

Such strangeness there was in that "friendly" relationship. It seemed so natural to me at the time. Now my sobriety seems natural and I marvel at the supernatural way in which it came about. Yeah sure, I asked for the ability to stop drinking. I am not sure I really wanted to stop. Yet I said the prayers of one lost in the fog of alcohol. The prayers of one lost inside himself. The prayers of one who seeks redemption not knowing what form it might take. AND "God did for me what I could not do for myself". Sobriety!

I now travel this road of sobriety with new friends. They seem like nice people. We seem to have a lot in common. Hmmm, I guess I will hang out with them - One Day at a Time.

—Al Di.



Spirituality Is My Taproot

taproot

noun

1. a straight tapering root growing vertically downward and forming the center from which subsidiary rootlets spring.

My first attempt at real recovery began in July of 1995. I was 37 years old, married, and a father of two young children. A five-year slide led me to my bottom. After a family intervention convinced me that I needed help, I went to my first A.A. meeting. I was able to stop drinking entirely by August of that same year. The impact was immediate. I felt a strong sense of hope for my future and new blossoms began to appear! I had finally done it. I had pried the bottle from my lips and finally stopped drinking! A.A. worked! It was then time to become the dad and husband that I knew I was destined to be. After years of underemployment, I finally had a job. While it included two and a half hours of daily commuting, I liked it and it became a career. Life was grand and all went well ... for a while.

Life got busy and the kids got older and busier, as kids tend to do. Work, school, sports, and other activities had their mom and me both running. I got laid off. Something had to give. My program of recovery suffered and so did everyone else. Life was hard and no longer grand. Early sobriety's spark of hope was slowly dying. Five years later and very unhappy, I figured a divorce would fix that. Spoiler alert ... it didn't.

I married again. It was a new marriage built upon the same foundation that produced the same results. I honestly didn't know what was going on. Why, after not drinking for fourteen years, did I continue to suffer? Finally, the thought occurred to me, that a drink could relieve me of my pain and suffering. So, after fourteen years of abstinence, I took another ride down that slide.

Within two months of that first drink, I was back where I had been previously, drinking alone in my basement. Three months in, Mrs. #2 came home to tell me that she had gone to see a divorce lawyer. Somehow, we were able to hold it together, and after ten months, I made it back to the rooms of A.A. I knew immediately that this time I had to do things differently. So, I jumped in with both feet. Good sponsorship, the Steps, and the Fellowship held me together as I struggled the first couple of years. Meetings and more meetings as I slowly started my life-changing spiritual journey back.

When I was 44 years old, my wife and I purchased a home. Previously, I was never responsible for landscape care, and I found that I wasn't very good at it. Like all aspects of my life, I tend to focus intensely on the job for a while before completely abandoning it altogether. Plants and shrubs would start the spring strong and beautiful, only to suffer and

slowly wilt and die for lack of water and nourishment. Without proper care, nothing can excel.

However, I noticed something remarkable. With renewed care, plants that seemed "dead" could be brought back to life, sometimes looking more beautiful than ever! It seems that while the small roots that spread out looking for water and nutrients die easily with a lack of care, but the taproot is much hardier. One day as I cared for these plants, I realized that my recovery was much the same. If I don't feed myself the nourishment that I need to grow, I too will wilt, suffer, and yes, die. But like the plants, once I renew my own self-care, I too can sprout back to life. ***Spirituality Is My Taproot!***

All aspects of my life are fed from rootlets that spring from my ***Spiritual Taproot***: my relationships, my physical and mental health, and most importantly, my recovery. What happened in the years following my introduction to A.A. was that I neglected to nourish and grow my spirituality and after a decade of ignoring it, my rootlets had withered and died. Today, I surround myself with a posse of high-quality sobriety, sponsor other men, attend A.A. meetings regularly, participate in Joe & Charlie study groups and do service work. I have handled the Zoom portion of my Monday Night Big Book Meeting for two years now. I pray and read spiritual books each morning to start my day. Today and each day, I tend to my ***Spiritual Taproot*** and my life is beautiful.

- Steve C.

Area 11 Event Committees

The Area 11 Event Committees meet monthly to plan our annual events. The committees can benefit from your participation and service. The [Area 11 Service Calendar](#) provides meeting details, as well as information about other service committees, district, and area meetings.

Area 11 Convention

Meets 3rd Sunday 12:00 pm – 2:00 pm (virtually)

Rompiendo Fronteras

Meets 3rd Wednesday 6:00 pm

CSCYPAA

Meets 4th Sunday 12:00 pm – 2:00 pm

**Alcoholics
Anonymous®**



News and Notes

Revised Safety in A.A. Service Pieces

Safety is an important issue within A.A. – one that all groups and members can address to develop workable solutions to help keep our meetings safe based on the fundamental principles of the Fellowship.

Revised service materials regarding safety in A.A. was released in April, can be found on www.aa.org. Click on the links below for direct access:

- [SMF-209 Safety and A.A.: Our Common Welfare](#)
- [Safety and A.A. Flyer](#)
- [Safety Cards for A.A. Groups](#)

These pieces are also available in Spanish.

Delegate's Reports

Monthly Delegate's Reports are available on www.ct-aa.org in English and Spanish. [Click here for quick access.](#)

The A.A. Service Manual

Check out the revised and reformatted A.A. Service Manual, as approved by the 71st General Service Conference! You can view it at no cost [here](#).

What's New

Did you know that www.aa.org has a "What's New" section linked directly off the home page? (Scroll to the bottom of the landing page and click on "What's New")

You can find up to date announcements, activities, and more, along with notices from the past few months. Access info on a F.A.Q. for the 2025 International Convention, Special Forums, Press Releases, Requests to the Fellowship, PSA Announcements, Quarterly Reports, and more!

[Click here and check it out!](#)

Call for Stories

- 5th Edition "Big Book" – email to 5BBStory@aa.org by 10/31/22
- 4th Edition Spanish "Big Book" – email to 4LGHistorias@aa.org by 12/15/22
- "A.A. for the Black and African American Alcoholic" pamphlet – email pamphletstories@aa.org

For questions on submitting your writing contact your GSR, District Committee Member, or email alkiline@ct-aa.org

A Meditation on Grace

There came a time when I found myself washing the floor of a chapel on my hands and knees. It was thirteen years ago, although it often feels like it was just yesterday. I had been going through a long period of great darkness. In the desperation of my active alcoholism, I had committed myself to a rehab, where one of my duties was to wash the floor of the small chapel on the premises each morning. Every day for 21 days I would get up early and go to work as if my life depended upon it, because it did.

One particular morning I got up early and went to the chapel as usual. It was late winter in New England: bitter cold, damp, and dark. It was that time of day and year before the light has come. I gathered my bucket and scrub brush, filled the bucket with soap and water, and then went to work on my hands and knees. It was utterly silent in the chapel. The only sound was the scrub brush moving rhythmically back and forth across the floor where I was kneeling. All of a sudden, I heard myself singing—the song came through me as if it were breaking free. I sat back on my heels weeping, tears streaming from my face. Even though I knew I was alone in the chapel, I no longer felt alone — I felt as if I were being held.

I hadn't realized in my darkness that I had lost my voice. By doing the steady work of commitment, I had found the extraordinary in the ordinary. I found my voice in the simple action of washing the chapel floor and my sense of connection to Spirit in my song. By showing up for the daily commitment, I had created a container, and had opened myself up to grace.

Now I get up most mornings and do my spiritual practice, because I know that sobriety and the quality of my life depends upon my commitment to the practice. By doing so, I've found the simple joys in the most ordinary expressions of the day. Spiritual practice — meditation, prayer, service to and for others, and endless other ways of connection — gives us the sacred pause, the opportunity to breathe and be, to remember we don't know everything. We are part of something so much bigger, and we can see that life is not a problem to be solved or fixed, but rather, a joy to be lived.

—Laura Y. (from the Archives, Vol.27 No.6, Dec '18 – Jan '19)

Responsibility Pledge

I am responsible. When anyone, anywhere reaches out for help, I want the hand of A.A. always to be there.

And for that, I am responsible!



Public Service Announcement

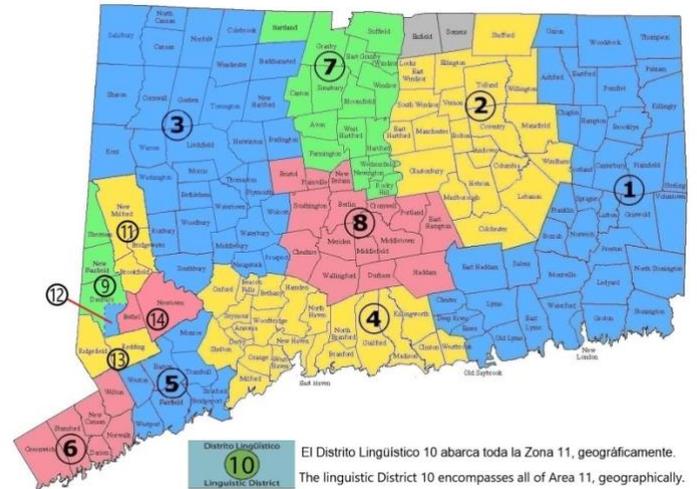
Would you like to get involved in service at the district level?

A District Committee Member (DCM), special committee representative, or your group's General Service Representative (GSR) could provide you with information and guidance. You could also attend a district/GSR meeting. *Don't know when your district meeting is? Or perhaps you don't even know what district is yours?* [The District Map](#) will help you determine your district. Once you know your district number, go to the [Area 11 Service Calendar](#) to find out the district meeting details – or ask a GSR.

Area 11 maintains standing service committees whose mission is to serve the A.A. community in Connecticut and carry the message of A.A. to the alcoholic who still suffers. Visit the individual service committee pages below to learn more:

- [Accessibilities Committee](#)
- [Alki-Line Committee](#)
- [Answering Service Committee](#)
- [Archives Committee](#)
- [Cooperation with the Professional Community \(CPC\) Committee](#)
- [Corrections Committee](#)
- [Grapevine Committee](#)
- [Public Information \(PI\) Committee](#)
- [Schedules Committee](#)
- [Treatment Center Committee](#)
- [Website Committee](#)

Area 11 Districts



Learn about the Area 11 Districts [here](#).

Create & Print Meeting Schedules and more on the Area 11 Website

Our Area 11 Website continues to evolve and be a central source of information and communication. This resource is even more critical during these times of limitations with in-person interaction. Some, but not all, of recent enhancements/additions include:

- ****Create & Print meeting schedules****
- Landing page links to crucial information & events
- Meeting finder tool
- Contact information for the Area 11 Officers
- District maps and information
- From the events calendar, links to events outside of Area 11

Visit www.ct-aa.org

Being Responsible as A.A. Members

With the increased availability of in-person meetings and while A.A. has no rules, compliance with local/state guidelines and protocols for meeting spaces are essential. Let us remember to honor our Traditions, not taking actions affecting other groups or A.A. as a whole, and not being drawn into public controversy.





Please refer to www.ct-aa.org for information regarding state-wide recovery events and meeting information.

District 11 Alkathon

John Pettibone Community Center
2 Pickett District Road, New Milford
Monday, July 4 2022; 9:00 am – 5:00 pm
Virtual [Click here for details](#)

Rompiendo Fronteras / Breaking Frontiers 2022

Area 11's 21st Annual Bilingual Sharing Day
Saturday, July 23, 2022; 8:30 am – 12:00 pm
Virtual [Click here for details](#)

Area 11 63rd Annual Convention

There is a Solution
Saturday, September 24, 2022; 8:30 am – 10:00 pm
Presenting both online (day) and hybrid (evening) programs
[Click here for save the date info](#)

Area 11 Fall Assembly (This is a voting assembly)
Sunday, November 6, 2022 – Program details TBD, stay tuned!



presents

The Gratitude List. 

The Alki-Line is proud to produce, "The Gratitude List." Members from across the Area share their gratitude by visiting our web page and sending a message directly to your Alki-Line committee.

I am grateful for...

Today I'm grateful for a lot but I'll keep it brief. I'm grateful for the birds chirping. I'm grateful for life and its blessings. I'm grateful to be alive. I'm grateful to be sober 27 days. I'm grateful for the sun. I'm grateful for my new job detailing cars. I'm grateful for the pain, it reminds me I'm alive. I'm grateful for acceptance and love and tolerance. I'm grateful to be of sound mind.

- Taylor G., Gales Ferry

Here's your opportunity to be part of this exciting column!

Visiting the Alki-Line page at: <https://ct-aa.org/alki-line/> to tell us something you are grateful for.

The Alki-Line



The Alki-Line is a bi-monthly publication by the Area 11 Alki-Line Committee, a dedicated team of trusted servants, whose primary purpose is to offer current events, articles, and information that foster experience, strength, and hope in recovery, in the spirit of the Traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous and in particular "to stay sober and help other alcoholics to achieve sobriety." The Alki-Line has many service positions and would benefit significantly from more district representation.

Share your stories, essays, articles, poetry, etc. with others through the Alki-Line. We are accepting submissions of one page or less:

Email: alkiline@ct-aa.org

Mail: Alki-Line, P.O. Box 7060, Meriden, CT 06450

Hand: your material to your GSR

This newsletter is by and for alcoholics; however, we review submissions by all interested in the A.A. program of recovery. Material may be edited for clarity and length. This newsletter and earlier issues can be downloaded at www.ct-aa.org.

This is an honest fellowship; we presume all submissions are original or in the public domain. Following publication all, copyright reverts to the owner.

