

March 2012

THE MESSENGER

Middle Tennessee Central Intergroup

The Messenger

is available at an annual subscription price of \$12.00.

A limited number of free subscriptions are available upon request by writing or calling the Central Office.

It is also available on-line at www.aanashville.org. If you subscribe to The Messenger on-line - a contribution to The Middle Tennessee Central Office would help.

PLEASE NOTE YOUR DONATIONS ARE FOR THE MESSENGER.

Inside this issue:

Letter to a Friend 1 & 2

Tradition Three 3 & 8

Trying 4

Meeting Updates 5

In Memoriam 6

Events 7

Contributions 9

Financial 10

Anniversaries 11

Letter to a Friend

Dear M--,

This is to tell you how moved I was at the recent meeting where you picked up a 24-hour chip. To see anyone embrace this way of life is a thing of joy and wonder. To see you pick it up in the room where you had picked up your first, ten years ago--the beginning of many years of great sobriety--filled me with more emotion than I've felt in a long time.

The overriding feeling in that room combined joy and love. The story it called to mind was that of the Prodigal Son, who returned home after running off to live "riotously." He expected and asked only for the chance to be a servant in his father's household. His father gave him a robe and a ring and threw a party for him. You are loved as surely as he was, and those of your old friends who haven't told you yet will tell you soon.

Welcome home. Amid a great deal of pain and uncertainty--the stuff life sometimes throws at us--you lost your focus and went out not long ago. That is one chapter of your story. It is not the current chapter. The current chapter is that you have come back, laid bare your heart before those who love you, those who have loved you for ten years, and chosen as a sponsor a wonderful and spiritual woman you once sponsored. In fact, she says she owes much of her spiritual maturity to you and the lessons you shared and the examples you set. In those early days, you faced some of the most difficult days any of us could imagine and walked through them sober and strong.

Sobriety is not a number. It is a walk in the sunlight of the spirit. You are back in that sunlight after your time under dark clouds--clouds that have now passed over.

(Continued on page 2)

PLEASE SEND THE FOLLOWING TO

AANASHVILLE.ORG:

ARTICLES

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AND

DON'T FORGET OUR NEED FOR CONTRIBUTIONS FOR:

THE MESSENGER

(IN PRINT & ON-LINE)

THE NEW MEETING DIRECTORIES ARE AVAILABLE.

PLEASE CONTACT THE CENTRAL OFFICE FOR INFORMATION.

Central Office—176 Thompson Lane, Suite G-1, Nashville, TN 37211, Mon-Fri, 9am-9pm, Sat, 9am-4:30pm, Hot Line (615) 831-1050, (800) 559-2252 (outside local calling area), Business—(615) 832-1136, Fax—(615) 834-5982, email—mtcoaa@aol.com, Website—www.aanashville.org

(Continued from page 1)

The lesson that sobriety is not a number is a difficult one to learn. Don't we love to hang onto that magical number? Don't we love to watch the odometer turn? Don't we love the way it feels to say, "I have x years sober"? Don't we hate the thought of starting over, of counting once again in days and weeks rather than months and years?

Yes, but that is ego. That is the part of our brain that sits back and heckles, the part that attempts to steal joy. Nothing in the Big Book says we have any less right to or ability for joy and peace in the early days of our sobriety than down the road. Each of us has a relationship with a higher power. Each of us has freedom. Each of us is brimming with possibility. Those with many years have the same potential for drink as those with days. "What we really have is a daily reprieve contingent on the maintenance of our spiritual condition." You have it. I have it. All of us who trudge this happy road have it.

To look at sobriety with the numbers shut out of the equation seems an impossible task, but I can assure you it is more than possible. Think of the other things we know that we once thought impossible, the things we learn so early in sobriety. As "The Professor and the Paradox" puts it, "We surrender to win; we give away to keep; we suffer to get well, and we die to live."

All kinds of miracles await us in A.A., and you had as many lessons to learn when you counted your sobriety in years as you do now. And as much love, from your fellows and from God, to strengthen you.

In 1941, Joe DiMaggio was an incredible baseball player who hit safely in 56 games. It had never happened before. It hasn't happened since. It is seen as a probably unbreakable record. On July 17 that year, he went 0-for-4. What was DiMaggio that day? He was a great baseball player who'd had a bad day. He went on to the Hall of Fame.

I had a friend who was Central Office manager 20 or so years ago. He had earned four different five-year chips! Just so that's clear, he would have five or six years, lose focus and drink, earn another five years, drink again, etc. He was a wonderful man and a great sponsor who helped a lot of people. He was the only person I knew well who had known Bill Wilson. Was his ability as a sponsor somehow damaged in his last years by the fact that he had dropped the ball on occasion? He was when I knew him a fount of strength and compassion, someone whose depth and whose love of the program was treasured by all of us. He died after a heroic struggle with cancer with eight fully lived years sober.

No one wants a relapse. No one encourages it. But we must not use it as a bludgeon to beat ourselves and slow our own progress. Every one of us has measured our sobriety in days, weeks, months. Most of us have known even in those very early days a measure of hope and joy. We have felt the love of our fellows and caught glimpses of the potential power of our own love and strength. Don't let the joys of sobriety be tainted because they are the early days. Live each sober day to the fullest. Know that the air you breathe is the same bracing air all of us who are sober breathe. The sunlight of spirit shines as brightly on you as it does anyone.

You are a wealth of love and knowledge and inspiration. Yes, you got off the track. You've faced it. You're back. Please don't spend any more time than you have to feeling bad about this. The path is no less sunny than it was before this happened.

I have known very few people who could light up a room or brighten hearts the way you can. You said you want your mojo back. We want to feel it again. We're on the same team and we're on the same page. We love you.

Rob S.
Hermitage, TN

An Open Heart

*I had not known that my heart was closed.
Now I knew -- because it was opened.
I could now ask and receive help,
and I hoped that some day I would have something to give.
I felt free and light and good.
I would no longer block out love if I kept my heart open.*

- Came To Believe . . . , p. 50

THIS tradition is packed with meaning. For AA is really saying to every serious drinker, "You are an AA member if *you* say so. You can declare yourself in; nobody can keep you out. No matter who you are, no matter how low you've gone, no matter how grave your emotional complications. . .even your crimes. . .we still can't deny you AA. We don't *want* to keep you out. We aren't a bit afraid you'll harm us, never mind how twisted or violent you may be. We just want to be sure that you get the same great chance for sobriety that we've had. So you're an AA member the minute you declare yourself."

To establish this principle of membership took years of harrowing experience. In our early time nothing seemed so fragile, so easily breakable as an AA group. Hardly an alcoholic we approached paid any attention; most of those who did join us were like flickering candles in a windstorm. Time after time their uncertain flames blew out and couldn't be relighted. Our unspoken, constant thought was, "Which of us may be the next?"

A member gives us a vivid glimpse of those days. "At one time," he says, "every AA group had many membership rules. Everybody was scared witless that something or somebody would capsize the boat and dump us all back into the drink. Our Foundation office asked each group to send in its list of 'protective' regulations. The total list was a mile long. If all those rules had been in effect everywhere, nobody could have possibly joined AA at all. So great was the sum of our anxiety and fear.

"We were resolved to admit nobody to AA but that hypothetical class of people we termed 'pure alcoholics'. Except for their guzzling, and the unfortunate results thereof, they could have no other complications. So beggars, tramps, asylum inmates, prisoners, merely plain crackpots and fallen women were definitely out. Yes sir, we'd cater *only* to pure and respectable alcoholics! Any others would surely destroy us. Besides, if we took in those odd ones, what would decent people say about us? We built a fine-mesh fence right around AA.

"Maybe this sounds comical now. Maybe you think we old-timers were pretty intolerant. But I can tell you there was nothing funny about the situation then. We were grim because we felt our lives and homes were threatened, and that was no laughing matter. Intolerant, you say? Well, we were frightened. Naturally we began to act like most everybody does when afraid. After all, isn't fear the true basis of intolerance? Yes, we were intolerant."

How could we then guess that all those fears were to prove

groundless? How could we know that thousands of these sometimes frightening people were to make astonishing recoveries and become our greatest workers and intimate friends? Was it credible that AA was to have a divorce rate of probably no more than one percent? Could we then foresee that troublesome people were to become our principal teachers of patience and tolerance? Could any then imagine a society which would include every conceivable kind of character, and cut across every barrier of race, creed, politics and language with ease?

Why did AA finally drop all its membership regulations? Why did we leave each newcomer to decide if he were an alcoholic and whether he would join us? Why did we dare say, contrary to the experience of society and government everywhere, that we would not punish nor deprive any AA of membership, that we must never compel anyone to pay anything, believe anything, or conform to anything?

The answer, now seen in Tradition Three, was simplicity itself. At last experience taught us that to take away any alcoholic's full chance was sometimes to pronounce his death sentence, and often to condemn him to endless misery. Who dared to be judge, jury, and executioner of his own sick brother?

As group after group saw these possibilities, they finally abandoned all membership regulations. One dramatic experience after another clinched this determination until it became our universal tradition. Here are two examples:

On the AA calendar it was Year Two. In that time nothing could be seen but two struggling, nameless groups of alcoholics trying to hold their faces up to the light.

A newcomer appeared at one of these groups, knocked on the door and asked to be let in. He talked frankly with that group's oldest member. He soon proved that his was a desperate case, and that above all he wanted to get well. "But," he asked, "will you let me join your group? Since I am the victim of another addiction even worse stigmatized than alcoholism, you may not want me among you. Or will you?"

There was the dilemma. What should the group do? The oldest member summoned two others, and in confidence laid the explosive facts in their laps. Said he, "Well, what about it? If we turn this man away, he'll soon die. If we allow him in, only God knows what trouble he'll brew. What

(Continued on page 8)

"I learned to stop trying hard and learned to try different"

We alcoholics are a stubborn lot. When I entered the program, there was only one way to do something - my way. And if that didn't work I would just try harder. Bolstered by a seemingly limitless supply of self-will, I was convinced that I could and would get something I wanted. Exhausting though it may have been (for me and those around me) sometimes I even succeeded.

When I entered the program, I was told I needed to change my thinking and abandon my old ideas. While I changed some of them, I still thought that my will, my determination, and my way of doing and getting things would still work. I tried hard to let go, and when that didn't work, I tried harder. In recovery though, my tolerance for pain isn't as high and I feel the affects of trying hard much sooner, and more importantly, recovery shows me that there might be another way.

When my sponsor first suggested that I pray about a problem or situation and then turn it over to my Higher Power, I first thought, 'Well that's not going to work, I've got to ...'. When I tried it, I found that it did work and over the years I've discovered many other ways of handling things. Now when I'm struggling with a problem or situation, I stop trying so hard, and I try different. And it works (when I work it!).

*B.W.—Ashland City
thewisdomoftherooms.com*



"See if I'm listed
in the
obituary column."

Imperfection

There would be no music if high C were the only note,
no art if spectrum red were the only color,
no joy in pleasure if pleasure were the only feeling -- and paradoxically,
there would be no perfection without imperfection.

What does this mean to me?

Well, first it means that I don't have to be perfect.

All I have to do is grow at a pace natural to me -- and that is all I have a right to expect of others.

MEETING CHANGES / MEETING ADDITIONS

37160 Keep It Simple Fairlane Church Mon & Tues 7:30pm OD	37046 Limitless Lode College Grove United Methodist Church 8568 Horton Hwy Tues—7pm	38562 Gainesboro, Tn Old Time AA First UMC 302 S Main St Fri—8pm OD	37129 Serenity Group 435 S. Molloy Land Murfreesboro, TN Sat—2:30p OD/GAY	37221 Keep It Simple Monday—8p 12x12 CD Holy Trinity Lutheran Ch Sneed Rd Nashville
37040 Happy Destiny Clarksville Fri-Noon 1st Christian Church	37203 WANGL OutCentral Cultural Comm Center 1709 Church St Fri- 6:30 pm	37388 Drop the Rock 106 N Anderson St Tullahoma Sat—8:30a Men/ Lit	Brentwood BB Study Sun—7p Now 60 minutes	37013 Wednesday Only Lighthouse Fellowship Church Wed 6p CD 5100 Blue Hole Antioch, TN
37040 The Hut Sango Pizza Hut Clarksville, TN Tues-7a Thurs-7a	Serenity House - 102 Harris St. 12x12—Wed—8p	37076 Hermitage Women's Group Hermitage United Methodist Church 205 Belinda Dr Mon—Noon OD	37080 Joelton Meeting Thur—7p OD	Back to Basics Change for Fri night only 6pm
37138 805 Group Old Hickory United Meth- odist 1216 Hadley Thurs—8p Speaker OD	37067 Cool Springs New- comers Bradford Health Services 1897 General George Patton Dr Franklin, TN Wed-7p CD/Beg	37115 Women's Serenity Recovery Now meets Mon—5:30p OD	Portland Unity Fri-6:30p	Ladies Nite Out Tues—6p Cedar & Church Goodlettsville, TN
	37209 Made a Decision Holy Trinity 6727 Charlotte Pike Tues—OD/Gay			

CANCELLED MEETINGS

37212 Ex-Offenders	38501 Cookeville Weekend Recovery Thurs—6pm
38501 Cookeville Weekend Recov- ery	42223 The Power of Now
38570 Livingston Tues or Fri	37015 OISVAL Valley View Ashland City Fri—8pm
38556 Jamestown Tues—7pm	37027 Turning Point Group Brentwood United Methodist Annex Al-Anon Tues-7pm
38501 Cookeville Ladies First	37212 Natchez Trace Wed—11am
37217 Love & Laughter Thurs—8:15	

MOVED

37034
New Life
103 S Horton Pky

37064
Garden Variety
St Andrew Lu-
theran
908 Murfreesboro
Rd
Tues / Thurs 7:15

Brentwood Full
Moon
Otter Creek Church
409 Franklin Rd

37034
Chapel Hill New
Life
Community Baptist
Church
5216 Nashville

Improvement

In my present life from day to day,

I try to improve my understanding of God by responding to Him in three basic
ways:

1. by moving outwards into positive action.
2. by exercising my ability to choose positive thoughts.
3. by allowing myself to be drawn inwards to positive being.

- Came To Believe . . . , p.99

Know that we are not to put folks on a pedestal in AA, and love that we are supposed to hang with the "winner's", but not take anyone's inventory.... how do you know who is winner, or who is a whiner??? By watching what they do, not what they say. Like Dr. Bob, Chuck was humble and lived his life in "Love and Service" to other's and to the fellowship of AA.

Our area has lost a trusted AA servant and wonderful example of "practicing these principles in all our affairs" when Chuck E. of Lewisburg passed away Jan. 22nd, 2012. He was 86 years young with 43 1/2 yrs. of sobriety.

In 1968 due to his drinking & driving, there was an auto accident that took the lives of two men. Chuck would say he "put a dime in a pay phone & asked AA for help. A man showed up and started talking, and he identified". When he went to prison, the AA community on the inside, was already there waiting for him. He wrote a story for the Grapevine entitled "Let time serve you, not you serve time."

The first time that I met Chuck was in Knoxville at an area assembly and he told Alan, "get her involved in service." That I did, and Chuck was always there when I had questions on the traditions, or protocol, or history of the assembly and its' committees. I found out that in 1977, the H&I (Hospital and Institution) Committee was split into CFC (Correctional Facilities Committee) and TFC (Treatment Facilities Committee), and he was the first chairperson. Chuck also served as alternate delegate then delegate on Panel 30 (1980-81), and represented the state of TN in New York for the annual GSO Conference.

We have traveled with Chuck to Akron to Founders Day, and got to share in giving him his 40 year chip there. In 2007, there were 5 of us that went to NY and to GSO and Stepping Stones in Bedford Hills. So sharing the experiences with him of both

founders of our fellowship was such a loving memory for a lifetime.

In 2003, I wanted to get my right to vote back. Since Chuck had to go thru the process of getting back his citizenship, he helped me every step of the way. It took 10 months, and I got to participate in the right and privilege of voting in 2004. Because of my experience, I had shared with another friend in LA, who had a sponsee who wanted to become a nurse. She had to face her criminal past, and several months later we got a picture of her in her nurse's uniform. So Chuck had helped a woman in LA to fulfill her dream, and he never even met her. Maybe she has yet again passed on the blessing.

Several years ago, in our home group, there was a lady who kept getting desire chips. She hadn't relapsed, just wanted to get a chip everyday. No sponsor to talk to, so when I talked to Chuck about what can or should we do, he told me: "AA is not punitive. We can't punish her. God will work it out." It was a valuable lesson, and he could say so much with so little. Once at an area assembly, there was "lively discussion" about reimbursing the CFC \$1250.00 for Big Books that went into jails and prisons across the state. Chuck got up to the microphone and said: "Is there anyone here from the Deerborne Group?" Yes, there was a young lady and Chuck said: "In 1968 your group sent me a Big Book while I was incarcerated; thank you." And he sat down. It changed the pulse of the whole room. Wow !!!

Once we were at an area assembly and Alan was trying to help Chuck get thru the lobby as he was getting older, and vision problems were getting worse. It took them 45 minutes to get from one side of the small lobby to the other. Every few feet someone would hug Chuck and talk to him about their group or committee, and Chuck said "I know a few people."

I got to enjoy the International Convention with Chuck in San Antonio. We rented a wheelchair to help him get around, and found how difficult it was to maneuver in a crowd of people that are looking up and around and not down. There was a time that we went to the hospitality rooms, and I saw a pretty girl in a cowboy hat. I told her that our friend Chuck loves to have his picture taken with pretty girls and asked for her consent. She did not only that, she went to get four other cute cowgirls to get their picture taken with the cute man from TN. The fun part of that is that one of his friends/sponsees witnessed the whole thing. We had that picture blown up to 8 X 10 so he could see it better.

Power of forgiveness and the 9th step: the son of one of the men that lost their life in 1968 was just four years old. He said that he prayed for Chuck for years, not knowing what had happened to him. About 9 yrs ago someone in the fellowship heard Chuck speak and told him that he knew the family. Chuck had said please give them my card, I would like to talk to them. It was several weeks before the call and appointment was made. There was amends made and healing started. The son also had later set up a time for Chuck and his mother to meet, and more healing. That little boy who is now a preacher, was the officiate at Chuck's funeral and shared some of his story. He also got to give Chuck his 35 year chip at an AA meeting. How amazing God's grace is and can be if we let it.

Passing it on still: Chuck's request in lieu of flowers were to have folks get a Grapevine subscription for a newcomer or to donate Big Books to go to corrections, as someone bought him a Big Book when he was incarcerated. It is our charge now to pass on the light and love of AA service that he so freely gave to us. He will be missed by so many folks from one end of this state to the other. I am honored to have called him friend.

*Mandy S.
Nashville, TN*

A Nashville Cowboy Named Fred

It was just another concert and a drunken cowboy lay sprawled across three entire seats in a historic Nashville Theater.

When the usher came by and noticed this, he whispered to the cowboy, "sorry sir, but you're only allowed one seat."

The cowboy groaned but didn't budge. The usher became more impatient. "Sir, if you don't get up from there, I'm going to have to call the manager."

Once again, the cowboy just groaned. The usher marched briskly back up the aisle, and in a moment he returned with the manager.

Together the two of them tried repeatedly to move the cowboy, but without success.

Finally, they summoned the police. The Metro Officer surveyed the situation briefly then asked, "all right buddy what's your name?"

"Fred," the cowboy moaned.

"Where ya from, Fred?" asked the Officer.

With terrible pain in his voice, and without moving a muscle, Fred replied, "The balcony..."

2012 Area 64 3rd Qtr Assy
July 20—22, 2012
Clarion Inn
970 S Jefferson Ave
Cookeville, TN
PH: 615-526-7215



2012 Area 64 2nd Qtr Assy
April 6—8, 2012
The Edgewater Hotel & Conference Center
402 River Rd
Gatlinburg, TN 37738
Resv: 800-423-9582
Www.edgewater-hotel.com
\$75 + tax per night

FIRST TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH:**D 32 Meeting**

When: 6:30pm – 7:30pm

Where: Central Office
Conference Room
176 Thompson Lane

D 35 Meeting

When: 6:30pm – 7:30pm

Where: 5925 O'Brien Ave

SECOND TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH:**Intergroup Meeting CO**

When: 5:45pm – 6:45pm

Where: Central Office
Conference Room
176 Thompson Lane

Committee Chair Info:

Corr-Nancy C-530-218-8176

CPC/PI-AI C-615-587-1616

Archives-Don D-615-525-7643

Treatment-

Special Needs-

For information or questions

Please contact the Central

Office at

615.832.1136

Laughter is the Best Medicine

After spending the evening at a bar, a woman was in no shape to drive, so she left her car in front of the bar and headed home. Stumbling along the street, she was stopped by a police officer. "What are you doing out here at 3 a.m.?" asked the officer.

"Going to a lecture," slurred the woman.

"And who is giving a lecture at this hour?" the cop asked.

"My husband," said the woman.

A normal drinker finds a fly in his beer and asks the bartender to pour him a fresh drink.

A heavy drinker finds a fly in his beer, pulls it out by the wings, and continues drinking.

An Alcoholic finds a fly in his beer and yells, "Spit it out! Spit it out!"

You might be an alcoholic if:

- The 911 dispatcher no longer has to ask your wife for the address.
- The only hymn to which you remember all the words was written by Hank Williams, Sr.
- You think the nutritional information on the back of a beer can is proof that you should be able to buy it with food stamps.
- The producers of the television program COPS still send you Christmas cards.
- You have awakened with an overwhelming feeling that you should go back and apologize... but you don't remember where.

(Continued from page 3)

shall the answer be. . .yes or no?"

At first the elders could look only at the objections. "We deal," they said, "with alcoholics only. Shouldn't we sacrifice this one for the sake of the many?" So went the discussion while the newcomer's fate hung in the balance. Then one of the three spoke in a very different voice. "What we are really afraid of," he said, "is our reputation. We are much more afraid of what people might say than the trouble this strange alcoholic might bring. As we've been talking, five short words have been running through my mind. Something keeps repeating to me. What would the Master do?" Not another word was said. What more indeed *could* be said.

Overjoyed, the newcomer plunged into Twelfth Step work. Tirelessly he laid AA's message before scores of people. Since this was a very early group, those scores have since multiplied themselves into thousands. Never did he trouble anyone with his other difficulty. AA had taken its first step in the formation of Tradition Three.

Not long after the man with the double stigma knocked for admission, AA's other group received into its membership a salesman we shall call Ed. A power driver, this one, and brash as any salesman could possibly be. He had at least an idea a minute on how to improve AA. These ideas he sold to fellow members with the same burning enthusiasm with which he distributed automobile polish. But he had one idea that wasn't so saleable. Ed was an atheist. His pet obsession was that AA could get along better without its "God nonsense." He browbeat everybody, and everybody expected that he'd soon get drunk. . .for at the time, you see, AA was on the pious side. There must be

a heavy penalty, it was thought, for blasphemy. Distressingly enough, Ed proceeded to stay sober.

At length the time came for him to speak in a meeting. We shivered, for we knew what was coming. He paid a fine tribute to the fellowship, he told how his family had been reunited, he extolled the virtue of honesty, he recalled the joys of Twelfth Step work, and then he lowered the boom. Cried Ed, "I can't stand this God stuff! It's a lot of malarkey for weak folks. This group doesn't need it, and I won't have it! To hell with it!"

A great wave of outraged resentment engulfed the meeting, sweeping every member to a single resolve. "Out he goes!"

The elders led Ed aside. They said firmly, "You can't talk like this around here. You'll have to quit it or get out." With great sarcasm Ed came back at them. "Now do tell! Is that so?" He reached over to a bookshelf and took up a sheaf of papers. On top of them lay the foreword to the book *Alcoholics Anonymous*, then under preparation. He read aloud, "the only requirement for AA membership is a desire to stop drinking." Relentlessly, Ed went on, "When you guys wrote that sentence, did you mean it, or didn't you?"

Dismayed, the elders looked at each other, for they knew he had them cold. So Ed stayed.

Ed not only stayed, he stayed sober—month after month. The longer he kept dry, the louder he talked. . .against God. The group was in anguish so deep that all charity had vanished. "When, oh when," groaned members to each other, "will that guy get drunk?"

Quite a while later, Ed got a sales job which took him out of town. At the end

of a few days, the news came in. He'd sent a telegram for money, and everybody knew what *that* meant! Then he got on the phone. In those days, we'd go anywhere on a Twelfth Step job, no matter how unpromising. But this time nobody stirred. "Leave him alone! Let him try it by himself for once; maybe he'll learn a lesson!"

About two weeks later, Ed stole by night into an AA member's house and, unknown to the family, went to bed. Daylight found the master of the house and a friend drinking their morning coffee. A noise was heard on the stairs. To their consternation, Ed appeared. A quizzical smile on his lips, he said, "Have you fellows had your morning meditation?" They quickly sensed that he was quite in earnest. In fragments, his story came out.

In a neighboring state, Ed had holed up in a cheap hotel. After all his pleas for help had been rebuffed, these words rang in his fevered mind: "They have deserted me. I have been deserted by my own kind. This is the end. . .nothing is left." As he tossed on his bed, his hand brushed the bureau nearby, touching a book. Opening the book, he read. It was a Gideon Bible. Ed never confided any more of what he saw and felt in that hotel room. It was the year 1938. He hasn't had a drink since.

Nowadays, when old timers who know Ed foregather they exclaim, "What if we had actually succeeded in throwing Ed out for blasphemy? What would have happened to him and all the others he later helped?"

So the hand of Providence early gave us a sign that any alcoholic is a member of our society when *he* says so.

Bill W—Founder

Reprinted with permission: AAGrapevine


Group	Amt	YTD Amt
21ST AVEUNE	31	31
24 HOUR	80	80
ANONYMOUS	94	94
BACK DOOR	100	100
BACK ROOM	299	299
BELLEVUE—WINNERS & BEG.	25	25
BIKERS IN RECOVERY	34	34
BRENTWOOD FULL MOON	400	400
CAME TO BELIEVE	25	25
COLUMBIA	20	20
COMFORT ZONE	250	250
DAVIDSON RD	700	700
DRUNKS IN THE PARK	55	55
FAIRFIELD GLADE	14	14
FIRST THINGS FIRST	244	244
GRATITUDE (D11)	75	75
HAPPY HOUR	5	5
HARDING ROAD	200	200
HILLSBORO RD	369	369
KEEP IT SIMPLE -BV	100	100
KEY TO SOBRIETY	86	86
LATE LUNCH BUNCH	762	762
LET IT HAPPEN	50	50
LINDEN	100	100
LIVING BY THE PRINT	200	200
McMINNVILLE	100	100

Group	Amt	YTD Amt
MUSIC ROW	150	150
MUSTARD SEED	50	50
NATCHEZ TRACE	220	220
NEEDED MEETING - CL	144	144
PRIMARY PURPOSE	40	40
SANGO SOLUTIONS	25	25
SAT NIGHT ALIVE (D11)	30	30
SEARCH FOR SERENITY	120	120
SEEKING SANITY	371	371
SERENITY (D12)	50	50
SHADE TREE	1022	1022
SMYRNA GRATITUDE	100	100
SUNDAY NIGHT	300	300
THE BASEMENT BUNCH	100	100
THE WAY OUT	500	500
TURNING POINT	166	166
WAVERLY	60	60
WEST NASHVILLE	105	105
WOODBURY	450	450
YOUNG TIMERS AA	33	33
TOTAL CONTRIBUTIONS	8,455	8,455
THANKS TO ALL THE GROUPS WHO CONTRIBUTED		
WHERE DID THE MONEY YOU PUT IN THE BASKET GO?		
ATTEND YOUR BUSINESS MEETING AND ASK!		

JANUARY PROFIT & LOSS STATEMENT

THE MESSENGER

	JANUARY ACTUALS	CURRENT MONTH BUDGET	ACTUALS TO BUDGET- VARIANCE	JANUARY Y-T-D ACTUALS	CURRENT Y-T-D BUDGET	ACTUALS TO BUDGET- VARIANCE
INCOME						
LITERATURE SALES	11,219	11,916	(697)	11,219	59,839	(8,530)
COST OF GOODS SOLD						
LITERATURE	8,260	8,770	(510)	8,260	8,770	(510)
FREIGHT	57	-	57	57	-	57
DIRECTORY	137	438	(301)	137	438	(301)
TOTAL COST OF GOODS SOLD	8,454	9,208	(754)	8,454	9,208	(754)
GROSS PROFIT - LITERATURE	2,765	2,708	57	2,765	2,708	57
OTHER INCOME						
GROUP	8,102	6,625	1,477	8,102	-	1,477
INDIVIDUAL	5,969	292	5,677	5,969	292	5,677
MESSENGER	108	208	(100)	108	208	(100)
SPECIAL EVENTS	-	333	(333)	-	333	(333)
INTEREST	10	17	(7)	10	17	(7)
TOTAL OTHER INCOME	14,189	7,475	6,714	14,189	7,475	6,714
TOTAL INCOME	16,954	10,183	6,771	16,954	10,183	6,771
EXPENSES						
CASUAL LABOR	150	150	-	150	150	-
PAYROLL	5,731	6,001	(270)	5,731	6,001	(270)
LEGAL & PROFESSIONAL	145	155	(10)	145	155	(10)
SALES TAX EXPENSE	7	-	7	7	-	7
RENT	2,165	2,197	(32)	2,165	2,197	(32)
PRINTING	265	412	(147)	265	412	(147)
PAYROLL TAXES	438	312	126	438	312	126
MAINTENANCE	75	74	1	75	74	1
TELEPHONE & FAX	478	475	3	478	475	3
ANSWERING SERVICE	164	191	(27)	164	191	(27)
POSTAGE	86	100	(14)	86	100	(14)
OFFICE SUPPLIES	144	167	(23)	144	167	(23)
COMPUTER PROJECT	-	83	(83)	-	83	(83)
INTERGROUP EXPENSE	-	83	(83)	-	83	(83)
INSURANCE	1,216	175	1,041	1,216	175	1,041
SPECIAL EVENTS / FUNC- TIONS	-	168	(168)	-	168	(168)
REPAIR & MAINTENANCE	35	-	35	35	-	35
TRAVEL	96	274	(178)	96	274	(178)
DEPRECIATION	54	41	13	54	41	13
TOTAL EXPENSES	11,249	11,058	191	11,249	11,058	191
NET INCOME	5,705	(875)	6,580	5,705	(875)	6,580

ANY LENGTHS, LEBANON		GRATEFUL ALIVE		REBOS		SHADE TREE		SMYRNA GRATITUDE	
BJ B	03.13.88	Carole R	03.16.06	Bobby M	03.23.11	Karen V	03.29.09	Brook B	03.09.10
BACK TO BASICS		Hillary J	03.03.08	Mike W	03.05.07	Kat B	03.22.05	Derek W	03.14.07
John H	03.03.10	Judy A	03.14.96	Nancy H	03.29.87	Ken J	03.06.90	Eddie S	03.18.91
Mike S	03.18.79	Kay D	03.09.85	Tommy C	03.06.87	Kevin S	03.29.03	Freddie R	03.29.88
BACKROOM		Robert N	03.27.73	RIDGETOP BASICS		Lauren	03.13.07	Guy M	03.14.11
Esther F	03.07.11	Ward S	03.27.82	Jay C	03.28.08	Leigh Ann B	03.12.11	Joey L	03.09.01
Gregg B	03.10.11	KEEP IT SIMPLE		Lonnie T	03.08.09	Linda R	03.13.06	Sami M	03.05.07
Jon N	03.28.96	Christy K	03.21.02	SEARCH FOR SERENITY		Melody F	03.30.10	Theresa S	03.05.05
Lyon F	03.28.09	Doug C	03.06.11	Vickie C	03.05.11	Nancy D	03.15.05	Tom O	03.15.08
Marie C	03.03.05	Kay D	03.09.85	SEEKING SANITY		Nichole W	03.25.11	Trevor K	03.20.98
DONELSON YET		Kevin B	03.13.11	Alexis D	03.06.09	Ryan D	03.14.07	WESTMINSTER	
Dave S	03.02.77	Sam F	03.01.10	Donna O	03.22.03	Sam F	03.21.07	Deanna R	03.25.88
Kim B	03.29.04	Scott M	03.17.11	Jim K	03.16.98	Scott H	03.04.06	Erin C	03.17.09
EVERYNIGHT @ 6		Tim W	03.16.90	Kathy G	03.14.10	Shari D	03.01.05	Joe W	03.08.07
Alton F	03.26.11	MID-DAY BREAK		Maggie S	03.19.11	Shawn L	03.13.08	Milt C	03.21.93
Bryant S	03.05.07	Edie H	03.15.89	Mike G	03.06.03	Tammy H	03.11.07	Patty H	03.09.11
Donnie W	03.18.04	Gwendolyn D	03.23.05	Rick A	03.02.07	Terry C	03.23.09	Rebecca C	03.24.08
James H	03.05.09	Harvey S	03.17.09	Shari D	03.01.05	Terry W	03.01.07	Rebecca N	03.10.03
Jim H	03.15.11	Hector G	03.27.10	Steven C	03.03.08	Tim R	03.14.09	Rick C	03.30.96
Lisa C	03.31.07	Jeff T	03.04.11	Terry P	03.03.03	Tom S	03.04.06	Scott H	03.09.09
Michael B	03.06.08	Lisa C	03.31.07	SHADE TREE		SMYRNA GRATITUDE		WOMEN IN THE SOLUTION	
Michael P	03.20.05	Lori M	03.02.06	Anthony M	03.05.06	Beth G	03.03.03	April H	03.08.11
Phyllis A	03.10.06	Lynn C	03.14.11	Atreya P	03.10.07	Bill M	03.03.03	WOODBURY	
Ray W	03.16.09	Michael A	03.05.10	Bill M	06.26.06	Brad	03.01.08	Bob O	03.15.02
Thomas P	03.13.11	Pam J	03.20.94	Bryan S	03.16.91	Brenda W	03.20.??	Buster B	03.18.74
FELLOWSHIP		Raymond S	03.27.10	Bill S	03.19.09				
Beth	03.29.09	Ron S	03.22.09	Bobby H	03.01.11				
Billy	03.27.09	Tom A	03.01.96	Charles T	03.05.07				
Jesse W	03.19.09	NEW FAITH		Dave S	03.11.07				
Lucinda B	03.03.06	Peter P	03.16.84	Debbie C	03.05.08				
FIRST THINGS FIRST		NIPPERS CORNER		Dennis B	03.25.86				
Andy D	03.03.94	Wanda P	03.09.10	Doug L	03.28.04				
Dale S	03.25.02	P.O.P.		Eric K	03.13.07				
Jen K	03.26.10	James R	03.12.96	James Mc	03.20.05				
Jim W	03.11.10	Jan H	03.29.80	Jim K	03.16.98				
John M	03.09.96	Mark C	03.25.99	John B	03.15.78				
Rusty S	03.05.98			Karen M	03.13.09				

**Middle Tennessee
Central Intergroup
Association**

176 Thompson Lane
Suite G-1
Nashville, TN 37211

615.832.1136
800.559.2252

NON PROFIT
ORGANIZATION
U.S. Postage Paid
Nashville, TN
Permit No. 517

RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED



**Time to
Change?**

- ☐ New / Renewal Subscription
- ☐ Address Change

The Messenger is available at an annual subscription price of \$12.00. A limited number of free subscriptions are available upon request by writing or calling the office at the address/phone number listed in this issue.

**Middle TN Central Intergroup Association
176 Thompson Lane, Suite G-1
Nashville, TN 37211**

ph. 615.832.1136
Ph. 800.559.2252
fax. 615.834.5982
or e-mail address changes to:
mtcoaa@aol.com

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

PHONE _____ ZIP _____