The
MESSENGER
Middle Tennessee Central Office Intergroup

MAY
2014

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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 read ***The Messenger*** on-line, a contribution to The Middle Tennessee Central Office would help and be appreciated.

PLEASE MAKE A NOTE STATING YOUR DONATION IS FOR THE MESSENGER.

WHEN THE FOG LIFTS—STEP FIVE

My first drunk was a disaster. My parents went out for a New Year's Eve party. I was thirteen years old and I was alone. I decided to find out what drinking was about. So I stole a bottle of scotch from my dad's liquor cabinet and began to drink. I would take a drink and then get on my bike and ride around the block to see if I was getting what people called drunk. I did this several times until, somewhere along the line, I blacked out. I guess I finished most of the bottle but all I remember is coming out of the blackout in a hospital while my stomach was being pumped. My parents had found a red pill on the floor and thought I might be on drugs. It turned out to be a mint. Anyway, the police got involved, my school got involved, and the whole family was shaken up. I tell this story because this was the way I drank and used drugs for the next twenty years. I did not know how to stop. I got high every day.

Over the next twenty years, my family tried interventions and everything else to get me to stop. Nothing worked. I was miserable and I put many people in danger. One of things I loved to do was to go fishing in the ocean. I bought a boat and found out what a wonderful thing it was to go out into the ocean, forty miles off shore, and drink all day. No one hassled you. The only problem was that the people riding with me were afraid for their lives. I did not care: I went full speed ahead over the waves, screaming in a drunken stupor the whole way. One time I was out with a friend, drinking tequila, when a wave hit the side of the boat. I fell off the boat and banged my head on the side of the boat, almost knocking myself out. Even though I was in the middle of the ocean, I managed to get back onto the boat, only to fall off again. Only later did I realize how lucky I was to live.

(Continued on page 2)

Hearing Things

Sometimes hearing voices is a good thing.

Last summer when I went for a minor psychiatric evaluation, one of the questions they asked was if I heard voices. I answered "No" forgetting the two times, thank goodness, there truly were voices in my head.

The first time was when I was two months sober. I was having a huge amount of drama with my family who live in another state. When I got off the phone with my parents, I was so upset that I decided the only answer was to go let myself in a friend's apartment down the hall and drink her brandy.

I knew she wasn't home, so let myself in with a key she had given me, and spied the bottle. I picked it up, settled myself down a chair, and uncorked it. I

(Continued on page 3)

WHEN THE FOG LIFTS—STEP FIVE *(con't)*

(Continued from page 1)

Years later, a friend described how he and his wife booked a room in a hotel that overlooked San Diego Bay and my boat. They were there for an annual AA spring roundup. I had been telling this man for years that I would get sober one day, but every time I asked him for help, I would get drunk. He never lectured me. He just said, "When it hurts bad enough, call me." That year, after the roundup, it finally hurt badly enough. I checked myself into a spin-dry and gave this man a call. He was there in a matter of minutes and he soon became my sponsor.

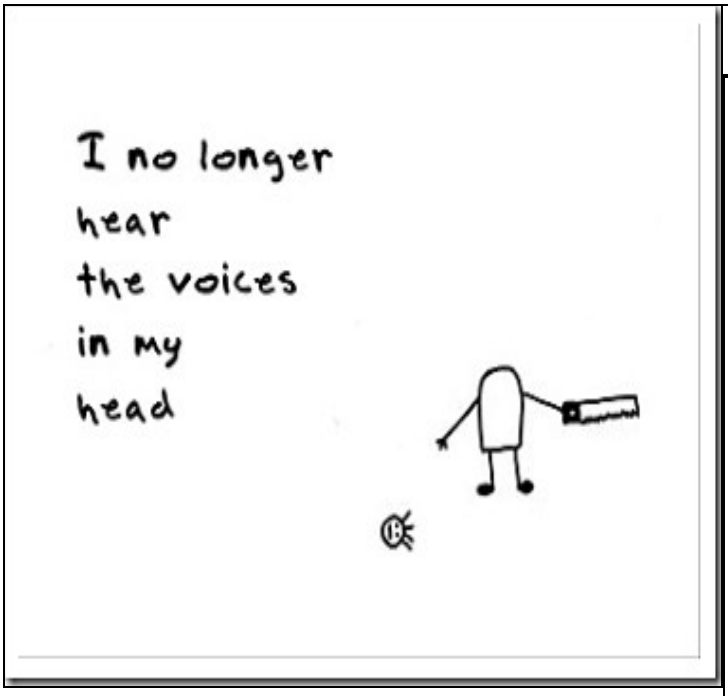
We went to many meetings and we began to work the Steps together. However, because I was a control freak, this was not a quick change. A very patient man, my sponsor just stuck by my side. When we worked Step One, I could see how powerless I had become and how totally unmanageable my life was. When we went through Step Two, I could see how insane I was because I continued to do the same thing over and over, expecting different results. When it came to turning my life over to the care of a Higher Power, my sponsor helped me see that I could use the group at first, but in time, I would have to build a spiritual relationship. Most of my Fourth Step was focused on my resentments, fueled by how badly I had been treated by others. I tried to see my part in things, but at first I was faking it. Then I heard a guy at my Saturday meeting say he realized that all of his DUIs may have been due to his drinking and not others. Shortly after writing my Fourth Step, I was told I needed to share it with someone else. Oh my God, all the secrets I held dear to me that I thought no one knew about were on it. Could I let them go? Fear: "Forget Everything And Run." So, being the control person I was, I set out a plan. If we went fishing on my boat and worked the Fifth Step, maybe we would get interested in fishing and forget the details of this Step. This is where God stepped in again. I imagine him now, laughing and saying, "Nice plan, Bill, but I have other ideas."

The day started out with me sticking a hook into my finger before we left the dock. Once that was taken care of we stopped to get bait at the bait dock, because to do a really good Fifth Step you must have bait, right? That day it was extremely foggy, as it is early in the San Diego morning. We sailed closer to the open ocean and could see only a few feet in front of the boat. We pushed on, but before we got a mile from the bay, kelp wrapped itself around my cool water intake, which made my engines overheat, so I had to forget about fishing and find a place to pull the boat over for awhile. Finally, I pulled into the Point Loma kelp beds and dropped anchor. What to do now, fish or Fifth Step? My sponsor looked at me and I went below to get the lovely pages and pages of my beginner's Fourth Step. Then we went topside and said the Third Step prayer, and I began to read all the things that I held so dear to me, mostly resentments. As I read, the fog began to lift and I discarded more secrets and, eventually, most of my Fourth Step. I started to feel lighter. I had discarded so many secrets--including the killer secrets. Then I looked around, and the fog had lifted even more. I saw that we were not alone. Almost twenty smaller boats had followed me when I pulled over in the fog and they had anchored next to me! To this day, I wonder how many of these people got to enjoy my Fifth Step. At the time, we just laughed; it did not seem to matter anymore. What a change! I was a person who held on to these secrets, convinced that no one would ever know. Now I couldn't care less if the world knew!

I am not suggesting that it is a good idea to share all these things with everyone; this is best done with one's sponsor. It was just that it happened and I did not care anymore. The power of my secrets and the past was lifted, along with the fog. When we were done, we paused and my sponsor took me into the Sixth and Seventh Steps. He pointed out that my character defects could be lifted; however, that would be like the remaining fog. Even though it was much lighter than before, there would still be some defects left. When more of the fog would be lifted was up to God, time, and continued work. I was raw, but felt lighter than I had for many years. So I went to lift the anchor to head home, forgetting about my little plans to fish. The anchor was stuck, however, and it was very difficult to get up. I look back and think that God was giving me another hint: I had held on to one secret that I was not ready to let go. It was my biggest secret: I was very ashamed of my sexual exploits while drunk. I did not share. I was not ready.

Many days or weeks later I went out and used drugs again. Not completely cleaning house (or boat), I slid back into old behaviors, soon back into drugs, although I continued to go to meetings. It was a terrible experience and I began to pile on more secrets. I went on a four day bender and finally hit bottom. I no longer wanted to be this way, so I met with my sponsor, changed my sobriety date, told everyone in meetings the truth about me, and began the Steps again. We have now worked through the Steps and I have had the pleasure of taking others on my boat to hear their Fifth Steps. I have had many wonderful experiences--each Fifth Step is unique and powerful. I no longer drive my boat or fall off it. God is at the wheel.

Bill M. San Diego, California
Reprinted with permission, AAGrapevine, May 2007



SPONSORSHIP

A man in a hot air balloon realized that he was lost. He reduced altitude and spotted another man below. He descended a bit more and shouted, "Excuse me, can you help me? I promised a friend I would meet him an hour ago, but I don't know where I am."

The man below replied, "You're in a hot air ball hovering approximately 30 feet above the ground. You're between 40 and 41 degrees north latitude and between 59 and 60 degrees west longitude."

"You must be a sponsor," said the balloonist.

"I am," replied the man, "How did you know?"

"Well," answered the balloonists, "everything you told me is, technically correct, but I've no idea what to make of your information, and the fact is I'm still lost. Frankly, you've not been much help at all. If anything, you've delayed my trip."

The man below responded, "You must be a sponsee"

"I am," replied the balloonist, "But how did you know?"

"Well," said the man, "you don't know where you are or where you're going. You have risen to where you are due to a large quantity of hot air. You made a promise, which you've no idea how to keep, and you expect other people to solve your problems. The fact is you are in exactly the same position you were in before we met, but now, somehow, it's all my fault."

Hearing Things *(con't)*

(Continued from page 1)

stared at the open top. I took a whiff of the alcohol. I stared at the bottle some more. I took another whiff.

Suddenly, out of the nowhere, he certainly wasn't anywhere in my thoughts that I was aware of, the counselor from the outpatient treatment center I had attended said to me, like he had so often in treatment: "You're just testing yourself, you know."

"Darn it (or something along those lines)," I said to myself. Responding the same way I did all those times he had said it in treatment, I decided would show him! I slammed the cork back in the bottle and left. I am not testing myself! And I will not get drunk! Well now there was a twist. My alcoholic stubbornness was getting me out of trouble instead of getting me into it. How odd.

The second time I heard voices, I was six months sober and on a cruise with a group of guys with whom I realized (once I got on the ship) I had very little in common with other than drinking. Not the best vacation I've ever had.

Anyway, the second night of the cruise, I was with these guys, and they were all carousing, and I, not surprisingly, was feeling very out of place. It seemed like the only way I would ever fit in is to just bite the bit, have a drink, and concern myself with the consequences later. No later had the thought entered my head, when the voice entered my head reminding me, "You have choices, and do not have to let these people control you." Wow, who was that? My counselor, my first sponsor? So many people had told me that that I couldn't even tell.

What I did know was that was one voice I did not mind hearing. I do have choices! And if the rest of people want to drink, that's fine for them, but I choose sobriety. I choose to stay in control of myself and remember what I did the next day. I choose to wake up in the morning without a headache or worse. What a fantastic revelation!

Jimminy Cricket in Pinocchio said, "Your conscience is that small still voice in your head." Sometimes instead of being small and still, it has to shout to be heard, and that's quite all right with me.

—Anonymous in Minneapolis

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BE HERE NOW

He saw that using his phone during a meeting wasn't just impolite, it was bad for his recovery.

Every Twelfth Step recovery meeting I attend these days gives a reminder to shut off or silence cell phones before the meeting begins.

However, there always seems to be at least one phone, if not more, that goes off in the meeting. But an even more disturbing trend lately is the number of people who spend their time during meetings texting or surfing the Internet.

The first and most important thing I've learned in my own recovery and God-centered life, is to admit my own guilt.

For many years, I came to meetings for the social aspect. I wasn't interested in doing the Steps. I wasn't interested in listening to the speakers. And I definitely wasn't interested in doing God's will.

As the pain became greater in my life, so did my willingness to do what was necessary in my recovery. I became willing to find god and to change my self-centeredness.

For a time, there was a great tug-of-war game going on between God and me. I kept trying to do things my way. And there were many times I would spend the meetings surfing the web, texting people, or randomly flipping through my digital photo albums.

Meanwhile, I never realized what this might look like or feel like to those who were speaking. Imagine for a moment being at a podium in a meeting. Then imagine speaking in front of a group of people about something very personal to you. Finally, imagine looking out at the audience and seeing that the majority are looking down at their phones busily tapping away on the screens and not listening to you.

How does it feel? I can answer because I've been on that side of the podium as well.

It doesn't feel that great. In fact it feels like what I'm saying doesn't really matter.

To speak publicly about something so personal to me is hard enough. But to have most people not even pay attention and instead spend the meeting time on their cell phones is even harder. I compare it to the feeling I had as a child when I would bring something important to my parents and they were either too busy watching one of their shows, drinking or caught up in one of their own dramas.

Meetings are supposed to be for either speaking about one's experience, strength, and hope, or listening to someone offering the same. Many years ago, when cell phones didn't exist, people sat through meetings with their cups of coffee and listened much more intently to what was said.

Regardless of whether a speaker is charismatic or not, isn't it important to give them our fullest attention? Wouldn't each of us want the same if our feet were planted in front of the podium telling our story?

I know the answer for me is yes and I have made the corrections necessary in my life to start showing more respect for all speakers. I think back to the time when Bill and Bob attended meetings and have wondered what they might feel like today if they were to attend a meeting and see so many people tapping away on cell phones instead of listening to the speaker.

The most important thing that has helped me to change my meeting etiquette is to place myself in every speaker's shoes, to remember my own journey to recovery and salvation, and to know that their testimony is equally important to listen to as to when I'm speaking about mine.

The more that I place God at the center of my life, the more that I find myself steering clear of my self-centered behaviors. The more that I see that using a cell phone during a meeting is self-centered in the first place, the more that I have turned it off or left it in the car before entering any meeting. The more that I have turned my cell phone off or left it in the car before entering meetings, the more that I have gotten out of meetings. The more that I have gotten out of meetings, the more that I have placed God even deeper at the center of my life.

Andrew D., South Weymouth, Mass

Grapevine On-line Exclusive - Reprinted with permission

POP THAT TOP!

With her sponsor's help, she opened her past and let it all spew out

As a newcomer, I was frightened at the thought that I was going to have to spill my guts to strangers who told me I was "as sick as my secrets." I also heard that I couldn't stay sober unless I did what was called a Fifth Step—ASAP.

It didn't seem to register with people who had gotten through that terrible ordeal themselves that I was more than afraid

(Continued on page 7)

**LIGHT TRAVELS FASTER THAN SOUND.
THIS IS WHY SOME PEOPLE APPEAR BRIGHT -
UNTIL YOU HEAR THEM SPEAK.**

**FAMILY PICNIC
PINKERTON PARK
405 MURFREESBORO RD
FRANKLIN
SATURDAY—JUNE 14TH
2—6
EVENTS FOR CHILDREN
BRING AN INSTRUMENT AND JOIN IN THE FUN**

D e a d D o g

A man runs into the vet's office carrying his dog, screaming for help. The vet rushes him back to an examination room and has him put his dog down on the examination table. The vet examines the still, limp body and after a few moments, tells the man that his dog, regrettably, is dead. The man, clearly agitated and not willing to accept this, demands a second opinion.

The vet goes into the back room and comes out with a cat and puts the cat down next to the dog's body. The cat sniffs the body, walks from head to tail, poking and sniffing the dog's body and finally looks at the vet and meows.

The vet looks at the man and says, "I'm sorry, but the cat thinks that you're dog is dead, too." The man is still unwilling to accept that his dog is dead. So the vet brings in a black Labrador retriever. The lab sniffs the body, walks from head to tail, and finally looks at the vet and barks. The vet looks at the man and says, "I'm sorry, but the lab thinks your dog is dead too."

The man, finally resigned to the diagnosis, thanks the vet and asks how much he owes. The vet answers, "$650."

"$650 to tell me my dog is dead?" exclaims the man.

"Well," the vet replies, "I would only have charged you $50 for my initial diagnosis. The additional $600 was for the cat scan and lab tests.

Hendersonville Big Book Group presents

Summer Speakers and Potluck Picnics

The Hendersonville Big Book Group brings you a real, live, walking, talking Big Book every 3rd Sunday of the summer months…..

Bring your family or friends
or just yourself.
Bring a dish to share.

May 18
June 15
July 20
August 17

Meats on the grill by the
one and only Chef Andy!
(We love you, Andy)

Come at **5:30** for fellowship, food, and fun. Speaker at 7:00.

*speakers to be announced

Bluegrass Baptist Church - Pavilion

235 Indian Lake Road

The owner of a small deli was being questioned by an IRS agent about his tax return. He had reported a net profit of $80,000 for the year. "Why don't you people leave me alone?" the deli owner said. "I work like a dog. Everyone in my family helps out, the place is only closed three days a year. And you want to know how I made $80,000?"

"It's not your income that bothers us," the agent said. "It's these deductions. You listed six trips to Bermuda for you and your wife."

"Oh, that," the owner said smiling. "I forgot to tell you -- we also deliver."

From the desk of Charles C.

The biggest buzz around The Central Office has been the shipment of the commemorative 75th Anniversary Big Book. We received 400 and have sold 200 *AS OF* April 18th. If you prepaid for any, there is a list in the office, so make sure you swing by and get yours. They are selling briskly, so don't miss out.

The book weighs 2lbs, 4oz, (yes, that is heavy) a faithful replica of the original, with the famous "circus cover" dust jacket and bulky paper (which is why it was initially called the Big Book). This is the only Conference-approved and A.A.W.S. printed reproduction of the first edition of Alcoholics Anonymous.

They are $13.73 plus sales tax, totaling $15.00. They do *"thump"* differently. The release of the long awaited commemorative edition has created lots of interest in the AA community, with releases of a copy of a working draft of How It Works in the April issue of Grapevine Magazine. One sentence considered but not included was a sentence right after the "three pertinent ideas". I will not include the three pertinent ideas here, but if you do not recall those, see page 72 of the Big Book. The three pertinent ideas sum up the whole program, in my opinion, and those that wanted this sentence evidently agreed. The sentence reads: "If you are not convinced on these vital issues, you ought to re-read the book to this point or else throw it away." See page 24 of April Grapevine. Quite a suggestion!!

I cannot be reminded often enough to "Keep it simple". Though sometimes confusing, often frustrating, and many times painful, recovery is about seeking God. Improving conscious contact with God ends up being a process of self discovery.

Over the last 75 years, The Big Book has described the path to follow. Some choose one page, another may choose only one line, some select one prayer, one promise, possibly one word as the bedrock of personal recovery. I find the three pertinent underlie everything else. They are the ABC's.

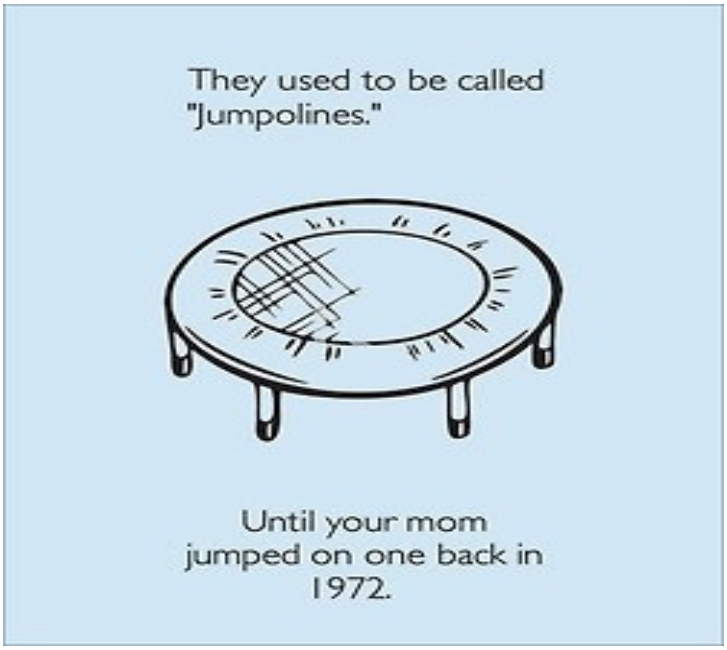
If you would like to share your favorite paragraph, sentence, word, even a page that helps you most, please send me an email at mtcoaa@aol.com .

FIRST TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH:
District 30 Meeting
When: 6:30pm – 7:30pm
Where: 5925 O'Brien

SECOND MONDAY OF EVERY MONTH:
Intergroup Meeting
When: 5:45pm – 6:45pm
Where: Central Office
417 Welshwood

STEERING COMMITTEE
When: Thursday May 8th
5:45pm – 6:45pm
Where: Central Office
417 Welshwood

CENTRAL OFFICE OFFICERS	*NAME*	*PHONE #*
Chairperson	Michael A	615.497.6617
Central Office Manager	Charles C	615.973.9898
Central Office Bookkeeper	David W	615.973.9962
Vice Chairperson	Cathy M	615.500.0863
Secretary	Sara B	615.708.0384
Treasurer	Chris K	615.689.2706
Public Information/Cooperation with the Professional Community	Jimmy G	615.924.4260
Corrections	Charlie B	615.554.9085
Special Needs	Leigh W	615.566.4170
Archives	Everett C	615.226.4880
Sobriety Dinner	Cathy M	615.500.0863



POP THAT TOP! *(con't)*

(Continued from page 4)

to share my story. So I white-knuckled it for three whole years because I just couldn't trust people or trust the process. I don't know how I stayed sober that long. I couldn't see that people around me were getting better and I was not. After a while, it became harder and harder to go to AA meetings. I felt like a bottle of pop that had been shaken hard. My contents, already under pressure, were going to burst at the first opportunity to "blow." The people who wanted me to talk had no idea what they were asking for.

But I was scared. So at some point I decided to twist the cap of the soda bottle and see if I could release some of the gases. I sat down and actually wrote some Fourth Step memories. At first it was a disorganized mess. Yet, there was truth—a first for me. I soon began to write like a crazy person whose shirttail was on fire. Stuff came out of me that I'd thought was long ago lost forever. I kept going, thank the Higher Power!

Soon my sponsor and I made an appointment to meet. I gave her my hodge-podge of notes to look at beforehand so she could try to prepare for the mess that was sure to happen when we removed my bottled-up pop cap. To her credit, she took the crappy notes with a straight face and said she would circle things she wanted us to talk about. Her calm response was the first moment I thought there was a chance we both might live through my Fifth Step.

The day we met was sunny and springy. We sat on a park bench along the Delaware River. I wondered if I might leap into the river and drown myself if things went badly, but she assured me it was going to be AOK. We said the Serenity Prayer and she twisted my bottle cap off a bit by plunging into my notes and asking questions. The experience was intense. We could have been on a park bench on the moon for all I knew. Things spewed out unedited. And best of all, I learned that my soda bottle does have a bottom.

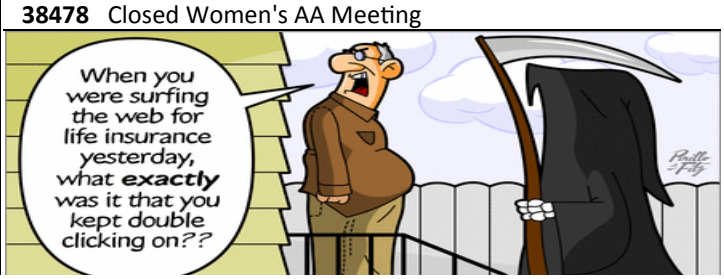
The other thing I learned was that I actually recognized whether I was telling the truth or fabricating some lies (which I had always been good at, since I loved a good story). My sponsor asked questions about the questionable things I said, and through that long afternoon she helped me to sort everything out. Soon I reached the bottom of my bottle.

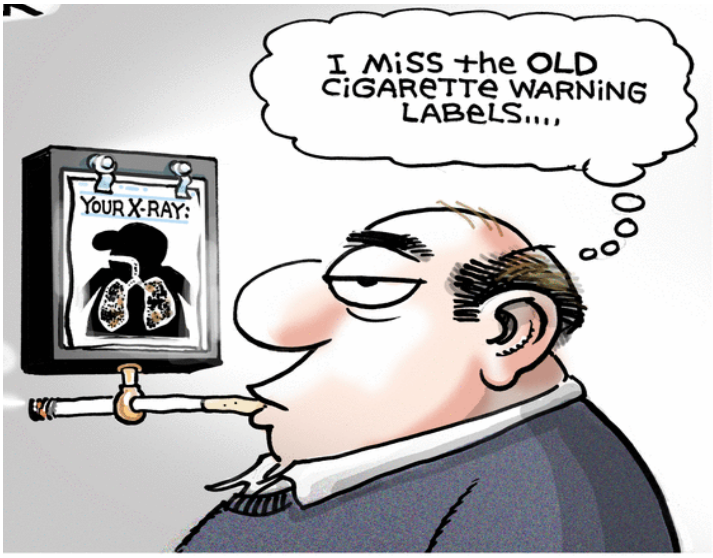
Gratitude that my sponsor didn't quit on me in the middle of the mess I'd handed her was the only sticky residue of that afternoon on the park bench by the river. Her gift to me of her time and patience was priceless. God bless my sponsor, Nancy.

- *Becky G., Greater Levittown, PA*
- *Reprinted with permission, AAGrapevine*

Meeting Updates

	NEW
37027	Rule 62 added 11:30 OD on Tues & Thurs
37075	Straight from the Book Good Shepard United Church
37130	Back to the BB Group added Wed 7p BB CD
37138	Bill Wilson Literary Society Old Hickory Pres Church 801 Jones Old Hickory W 7:30p OD/Lit
37174	RUSSH Hour Sun 7p Wmn CD
37206	Eastside Men's Stag Woodland Pres Ch. 211 N. 11th St Mon - 7p Men
37210	Crossroads Group Trevecca Towers II 60 Lester Ave Chapel Fri 2pm
37210	Late Nite News Club 62 329 Peachtree St Th 10:30p OD
37214	Freedom House - M 7pm OD Sun 10am OD
38469	Winners 219 Commerce St Loretto, TN - Tues 7p CD Sat 6p CD
38549	By the Book - Byrdstown Smyrna Church Thurs 7p OD
	MOVED
37122	Key to Sobriety Grove United Meth 6485 Central
37160	Women in the Solution - Gateway Church 1304 Madison St Shelbyville
	CHANGES
37013	S.W.A.T.T Sun 3:30 OD/WMN St. Mark's Episcopal Ch 3100 Murfreesboro Rd
37013	No Name Yet is now 60 Minutes and the meetings are now OD
37087	IBI-UBU Group Mon - 11 & 6:30 Book (Lit) -
37110	McMinnville Serenity Group Fri & Sat now meet at 7pm
37214	Bikers in Recovery now meets at 7:30pm Thurs
37334	Fayetteville Group Mon is CD - Last Thurs is SP & Meal
37334	Serenity Celler Wed is CD
37335	Manchester Noon Fellowship is now 12/24 Group
37335	Manchester Mon Night AA MTG is now at 7:30
38588	Sat Fairfield Glade Group - 481 Snead Dr (not Rd.)
38588	Tues Fairfield Glade Group - 481 Snead Dr
	CANCELLED
37174	Sisters of Sobriety (SOS)
37205	Communications Group Thursday Night
37217	Camino A La Sobriedad Monday 8p
38469	Loretto 417
38478	Closed Women's AA Meeting





'Bob's Tavern' was right next door to a cemetery. One day in mid winter a drunk stumbled out of the tavern. Due to his drunken state, he wasn't careful where he was going and fell into a freshly dug grave.

"Help!" Screamed the drunk at the top of his lungs, "I'm freezing!"

Before long another drunk sauntered out of the tavern and made his way towards the first drunk's cries.

"I'm freezing!" Screamed the first drunk again.

"Of course you are" scolded the second drunk, coming closer. "You kicked off all the dirt they covered you with!"

P.O.P.

Annual Old-Timers Dinner

May 9, 2014

6:30 Dinner

8:00 pm Countdown to Sobriety

Meat and drinks provided,
bring a dish to share

Brush Hill Presbyterian Church
2705 Brush Hill Road
Inglewood, TN

Service and Serenity on the Cumberland

AREA 64 3rd Quarter Assembly

JULY 18 - 20 2014

RIVERVIEW INN CLARKSVILLE, TN
www.theriverviewinn.com
50 College St Clarksville, TN 37040
(931) 552-3331 / 1-(877)-48-RIVER
POC - Dennis H. (573) 429-7956 Paul F. (931) 216-2199

Room rate $84 per night
Cut off date June, 18 2014 - Registration Code - Area 64
Limited Number of pet friendly rooms $10 extra
No CC hold - check in at 3:00p.m.(CDT) check out at 12:00p.m.(CDT)

Join us to help celebrate

FOUNDER'S DAY

June 7th, 2014

FIRST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
217 EAST MAIN STREET, HENDERSONVILLE, TN

Registration begins at 8am
Festivities last until 10pm

MARATHON MEETINGS
FROM 10AM UNTIL 7PM
3 SPEAKERS *TO BE ANNOUNCED*
LAST SPEAKER AT 8PM
CLOSING CEREMONIES AT 9

We have open slots for marathon meetings!

10am - Robertson County Group
11am - Straight from the Book
Noon - United Group (Gallatin)
1pm - Open
2pm - Open
3pm - Steven T
4pm - Open
5pm - Open
6pm - Open
7pm - Open

Call Now to Reserve Your Spot!

Contact Ciro at 615-712-0386 for more information

$5.00 REGISTRATION (SUGGESTED DONATION)
$5.00 - BREAKFAST
$5.00 - LUNCH
$7.00 - DINNER

All Donations will go to Central Office

GROUP CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH MARCH 2014

Group & District	Mar	YTD
24 HOUR - 32	300	300
ANONYMOUS GROUPS (ALL) CONTRIBUTIONS - 0	25	87
ANY LENGTHS - 13		35
BACK ROOM - 35	244	1,558
BACK TO THE BIG BOOK - 12		60
BILL WILSON LITERARY SOCIETY - 31		134
BRADFORD BEGINNERS -	79	79
BY THE BOOK - DICKSON - 15		97
CAMELS -	20	20
CELEBRATE SERENITY -		200
CHICKEN PLUCKERS MENS MEETING - 33	240	240
COLUMBIA - 40	20	60
COMFORT ZONE -		332
DAVIDSON RD MEETING - 30	500	1,800
DAVIDSON ROAD WOMEN'S MEETING -		470
DICKSON AA - 15		390
DONELSON YET - 31	100	100
DOWNTOWN LUNCH - 32	202	202
DRUNKS IN THE PARK - 33	205	658
EAST NASHVILLE 86'ers - 34	45	105
EAST SIDE SATURDAY MEETING -	150	1,550
EVERY NIGHT AT 6 - 32	57	122
FAIRFIELD GLADE - 9		33
FAIRVIEW - 33		14
FAYETTEVILLE - 40	20	40
FIRST THINGS FIRST - 34		100
FIVE & FIVE - 30		448
FRANKLIN 4TH BB STUDY - 33		150
FRANKLIN - 33		400
FRANKLIN MENS - 33	500	500
FREE TO BE - 31		157
G.O.D. (OF DRUNKS) - 40		160
GRATEFUL ALIVE - 33		147
HAPPY HOUR - LEWISBURG - 40		50
HAPPY HOUR- COOKEVILLE - 9		50
HARDING ROAD - 30	150	150
HIGHER POWERED - 32		133
HILLSBORO ROAD - 32		500
IBI-UBU - 13		100
JOELTON MEETING - 34		50

Group & District	Mar	YTD
KEEP IT SIMPLE BELLEVUE (d35) - 33	57	234
KEY TO SOBRIETY - 31	140	140
LADIES NIGHT OUT - 34		25
LATE LUNCH BUNCH - 33		650
LET IT HAPPEN - 35	75	150
LIFE SAVERS - 30		200
MADE A DECISION -		115
MCMINNVILLE - 12	100	100
MIDDAY BREAK - 32	107	156
MT JULIET FELLOWSHIP - 31	450	450
MURFREESBORO - 12	15	45
MUSTARD SEED - 32	50	150
NEW BEGINNINGS - 12		40
NORTHSIDE GROUP, CLARKSVILLE - 14		75
ONE DAY AT A TIME - 31		900
OUT TO BREAKFAST - 30		89
PORTLAND UNITY - 13	20	20
PRIMARY PURPOSE - 34		54
PULASKI - 40	5	15
ROAD OF HAPPY DESTINY - 14		15
SATURDAY LIVING BY THE PRINT - 30		75
SATURDAY NIGHT ALIVE MEETING - 11	60	90
SEARCH FOR SERENITY - 34		113
SEEKING SANITY - 31		557
SERENITY - 12	50	100
SHADE TREE - 31		730
SMYRNA GRATITUDE - 12	231	331
TCYPAA - 32	9	9
THE UNITED - 13		75
TRINITY - 11		50
TURNING POINT - 33		123
WANGL - 30	187	187
WEEKENDERS - 34		50
WEST NASHVILLE - 35	53	53
WHITE HOUSE - 34		80
WILSON COUNTY FRIENDSHIP - 13		25
WINNERS AND BEGINNERS - 35		50
WOMEN'S FREEDOM MEETING - 30		304
WOMENS SPEAKER MEETING - 30		300
YOUNG GUNS - 32	15	28
GRAND TOTAL	**4,480**	**18,735**

MIDDLE TENNESSEE INTERGROUP ASSOCIATION
STATEMENTS OF ACTIVITIES ACTUAL AND BUDGETED
FOR THE MONTH AND YTD MARCH 31, 2014

	CURRENT MONTH			YEAR TO DATE		
	Actual	Budget	Budget Variance	Actual	Budget	Budget Variance
INCOME						
LITERATURE SALES	11,241	11,363	(122)	36,089	34,090	1,999
LITERATURE PURCHASES	(7,923)	(8,333)	410	(24,913)	(25,000)	87
FREIGHT IN	(23)	-	(23)	(105)	-	(105)
NET LITERATURE SALES	3,295	3,030	265	11,071	9,090	1,981
GROUP	4,307	5,070	(762)	19,159	15,209	3,950
INDIVIDUAL	198	517	(319)	1,489	1,550	(61)
MESSENGER	48	92	(44)	108	275	(167)
SPECIAL EVENTS	-	417	(417)	-	1,250	(1,250)
INTEREST	2	18	(16)	4	53	(49)
TOTAL INCOME	7,850	9,142	(1,293)	31,831	27,427	4,405
EXPENSES						
CASUAL LABOR	-	200	(200)	400	600	(200)
PAYROLL	4,190	4,453	(263)	14,148	13,359	789
LEGAL & PROFESSIONAL	170	217	(47)	482	650	(168)
SALES TAX EXPENSE	(1)	-	(1)	(1)	-	(1)
RENT	946	1,137	(191)	2,838	3,412	(574)
PRINTING	530	400	130	795	1,200	(405)
PAYROLL TAXES	-	340	(340)	762	1,019	(257)
MAINTENANCE	95	83	12	190	250	(60)
TELEPHONE & FAX	161	722	(561)	1,270	2,167	(897)
COMMUNICATIONS	-	-	-	-	-	-
ANSWERING SERVICE	195	253	(58)	621	760	(139)
POSTAGE	505	200	305	897	600	297
OFFICE SUPPLIES	267	208	58	1,196	625	571
BANK SERVICE CHARGE	-	-	-	(10)	-	(10)
MOVING EXPENSES	-	-	-	1,965	-	1,965
COMPUTER PROJECT	-	200	(200)	545	600	(55)
EMPLOYEE BENEFIT	-	-	-	-	-	-
INTERGROUP EXPENSE	(4)	63	(67)	191	188	3
INSURANCE	-	200	(200)	1,216	600	616
SPECIAL EVENTS *I FUNCTION*	-	167	(167)	-	500	(500)
REPAIR & MAINTENANCE	-	83	(83)	-	250	(250)
CUSTODIAL	-	50	(50)	-	150	(150)
TRAVEL	97	166	(69)	409	497	(87)
DEPRECIATION	346	-	346	396	-	396
OVER/UNDER	-	-	-	10	-	10
TOTAL EXPENSES	7,497	9,142	(1,646)	28,320	27,426	894
NET INCOME	353	0	353	3,511	0	3,511

BACKROOM	
Bernie L	05.03.06
Cynthia S	05.10.96
Don H	05.06.11
Jennifer B	05.07.10
Jennifer S	05.11.11
Jerry H	05.12.04
Jim M	**05.28.93**
Jonathan B	05.18.08
Karen D	**05.10.88**
Kim P	05.01.11
Louie M	05.03.08
Louie M	05.20.09
Pamela B	05.07.12
Pat R	05.04.02
Shirley F	05.30.11
Steve L	05.01.03
Tracy T	**05.01.94**

BRENTWOOD FULL MOON	
Buddy L	05.27.03
Carol s	05.28.13
Dave W	**05.17.89**
Jim H	05.20.03

EVERYNIGHT @ SIX	
Cheryl S	05.19.07
Edward M	05.01.10
Gretchen B	05.14.12
Jamie T	05.26.12
Mitch A	05.08.07
Nelson M	05.04.06
Steven T	05.13.08
Tony S	05.10.09

FIRST THINGS FIRST	
Bill H	**05.03.79**
Mike G	05.30.11
Randall	05.05.06
Roland	05.06.11
Todd	05.17.09

GRATEFUL ALIVE	
Anne S	05.28.08
Buzz D	05.24.11
Jonathon C	05.30.13
Kelly F	05.23.06

KEEP IT SIMPLE	
Amy M	05.03.13
Brett G	**05.28.94**
Bryan H	05.06.13
Dave H	05.23.09
Ed D	05.24.09
Jessica L	05.10.12
Jim A	05.07.12
John Z	05.10.08
Karen P	**05.02.92**
Kirk J	05.03.09
Matt S	05.24.12
Paul D	05.14.02
Russ R	05.18.12
Ryan V	05.18.13

LADIES NITE OUT	
Becky C	05.11.99

LOVE & LAUGHTER	
Gabby J	05.16.12
Katie H	05.25.09
Lynch O	05.27.10
Maria D	05.06.11

MT. JULIET EASY DOES IT	
Gary S	05.06.08
Malcolm S	**05.23.90**
Mike F	05.30.06
Ruby W	05.28.10
Vicki H	05.24.97

MT. JULIET FELLOWSHIP	
Dee Dee	05.30.11
Karen R	05.26.12
Len K	05.27.95
Lori B	05.01.95

PORTLAND UNITY	
Millie W	05.22.11

RIDGETOP BASICS	
Dale M	**05.05.87**
Lee B	05.01.00
Meg S	**05.10.88**

SEEKING SANITY	
Anne J	05.07.13
Brenda S	05.02.09
Chris W	05.16.13
Derrick C	05.14.07
Donna G	05.12.09
Donna V	05.01.07
Jeannie G	05.07.11
Jenn F	05.26.13
Jeri T	05.10.07
Josh L	05.18.13
Nancy C	**05.27.85**
Panthea A	05.03.96
Ron C	05.07.11
Sherri C	05.07.13
Stephine M	05.17.09

SHADE TREE	
Angela S	05.07.11
Ashokkunar P	05.01.05
Bill H	05.01.04
Billy W	**05.30.90**
Bob A	05.06.12
Bobby A	05.18.08
Dana M	05.19.05
Dave H	05.24.04
David G	05.25.06
Dee Dee	05.30.11

SHADE TREE	
Dorris M	05.22.06
Greg H	05.22.12
Kimberly P	05.03.05
Kip F	05.15.09
Michael M	**05.19.89**
Nancy P	05.23.96
Robert K	05.14.95
Sheila D	**05.26.89**
Veronica W	05.28.13
Wally I	05.07.13
Wanda B	05.01.12

SMYRNA GRATITUDE	
Bill F	05.02.97
Chad A	05.27.12
James W	**05.14.89**
Jessie M	05.14.01
John D	**05.10.87**
Owen C	05.27.07
Paul T	05.16.09
Susan E	05.22.10
Tony C	05.13.71
Trey A	05.27.06
Walter B	05.15.04

WEEKENDERS	
Bob B	**05.15.89**
Leslie M	05.05.03
Randy M	05.23.02
Randy M	05.14.06
William S	05.10.02

WOMEN IN THE SOLUTION	
Michell B	05.14.11

MAY ANNIVERSARIES

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