

# The MESSENGER

## Middle Tennessee Central Office Intergroup

**\$ 1.00**

**LOVE AT FIRST SIP**

**FEBRUARY 2017**

A young woman chronicles her torrid relationship  
with alcohol

The first time I got drunk was Valentine's Day 2000 and I fell hopelessly in love. I was at Lindsey's, her parents were out of town and we raided their liquor cabinet. I was 15 and hanging out with the cool girls. We were unsupervised teenagers on a Friday night which was reason enough for us all get drunk.

Like the other girls that night, I drank a lot but something happened to me that was different than the rest. I became excited, my heart starting racing, and a tingly feeling took over my whole body. This new sensation ran through me like an electric shock streaming from my fingers to my toes, tickling every part of my body. Soon that tickle turned into a comfortable numb. Once my body went numb I became manic. I felt alive, free, completely uninhibited and unafraid. I had reached the oasis and I was never going to leave.

I realized with this new numb I could let go and do whatever I wanted. The pressures and insecurities that seemed to dominate life quickly melted away. The other girls cozied up on the couch drinking and talking about boys. Me, I was completely high and determined to get higher. I started running. I ran all over the porch like a dog chasing its tail, no destination in mind just running.

I was hysterical too, cackling as I ran fiercely through the house. I ran circles around the den, jumping off the walls and catapulting myself into the cushions of the pull-out bed. Tears ran down my face as I laughed so hard and the words poured out of my mouth, "Jesus is my friend and he loves me drunk!"

I continued to drink as the others slowed down. I was, as I sang loudly many times that night from what seemed like the top of the Chrysler building, utterly wasted. I wasn't sure exactly what was happening to me, but I liked it, and I knew I needed more of it.

That Valentine's Day I fell in love—a love that would consume the next 9 years of my life. My love affair with

booze was like that of any toxic, torrid love affair. I knew this relationship was doomed from the beginning, but I did it anyway. I realized I needed alcohol and that I depended upon booze to be okay with myself. This complete and hopeless dependence on something outside of me was dangerous. As with many bad relationships, I tried ending it many times. We'd break up and get back together over and over again.

Each time I was burned by booze, I promised myself with fiery will and determination, that this was it, "I am never drinking again, we are through!" But I crumpled and always seemed to go back. No matter how bad it got, I couldn't manage to leave. I would abandon all good things in my life for this toxic rollercoaster relationship. I would lie for it, steal, cheat, manipulate, con, beg, sell myself out, and leave anyone behind for it.



Nothing else seemed to matter. We would be together at any cost. I couldn't and didn't want to live without it. I knew booze was bad for me, we were a terribly, deadly match, but I didn't care. This relationship became an obsession that I would

defend for the next several years, one I would try to control to overcome, and eventually, one I had to accept was going to ruin me and take my life.

This love affair of mine and alcohol was not a complete waste. Like most of the men I have been involved with, I too learned a lot from this 9 year relationship with the bottle—about myself, the people in my life, what's real, what's not, accepting my shortcomings, getting honest with the world and facing it, and knowing and accepting ultimately who I am.

The life I live now would not be possible if I didn't go through this insane love. Live and learn has been a

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*HAPPY VALENTINE'S  
DAY*



## 7 FACTS IN THIS WORLD

1. You cannot put soap in your eyes.
2. You cannot count your hair.
3. You cannot breathe thru your nose, with your tongue out.
4. You did no. 3.
5. When you did no. 3. you realized its possible, but only you look like a dog.
6. Your smiling right now, because I fooled you.
7. Share this so you can have revenge too.

## HOW TO FIND LOVE

It's simple, once you know where to look

Pull up a chair; I have a story to share with you. I was almost two years sober in AA, and I was happily married, I thought. We had a one-year-old son. One night, I came home from a meeting all smiles, and my wife flat out said, "I'm leaving you." I said, "What?" She said, "I'm leaving you for someone else in the program." I couldn't believe it. I just couldn't understand. We had been together since we'd been kids, and she was leaving. In five minutes, my whole world came crashing down. Just like that! I called my sponsor, and he couldn't talk her out of it either.

The next day, I came home from work, and she was gone. The baby's room was empty. They were gone, my world was over. What could I do? I decided to go to an AA meeting where at least I could get some help, right? Wrong. As I took my seat, in she walked with another member's arm around her. They sat there, close together, and I saw him pat her on the behind. My wife! Needless to say, I got nothing out of that meeting (nothing but fear and resentment).

For the next thirty days, every time I went to a meeting, in she walked, with a different guy. I counted eleven guys from my home group who took her home with them—eleven!

I went crazy, stark raving mad. I'm sure any professional would have said "nervous breakdown." I would come home from work each night and search the house—even though I knew she hadn't returned. Alone, I would break out in tears, cuss out God, and then beg for his help. I would start laughing at myself. But the worst part was my imagination. I couldn't stop the pictures from coming into my mind. I would see her in different positions with these guys and it drove me crazy! I couldn't get her out of my head. I was obsessed with her.

I finally went to my sponsor, and he said that he thought I was ready to let her go. Right. No way was I ready. One night in particular I was hurting so badly I was bouncing off the walls. I called my sponsor and cried out, "Don, please, I don't have any questions. I just want to hear your voice."

I'll never forget what he said because it was the turning point for me. He said, "Most people would get out of this problem by transferring their love to another woman, but

*(Continued on page 3)*

## HOW TO FIND LOVE

*(Continued from page 2)*

you'd be just as dependent on the next one. The only way to get out of this is by transferring your love to God. You know, God doesn't come to the big shots. He comes to the little nobodies in the world. There are a lot of people who are not going to get this thing, but there is one little guy who is, and that's you."

I said, "But, Don, how do I do that? How do I transfer my love to something I can't see? And what do I do about these pictures that keep coming to my mind?"

Don replied, "You just talk out loud to your mind and tell it, 'Hey, you head. I've given that problem to God, so you take that stuff out of here. I'm not listening anymore.'"

I went back home and decided to try. I really had no choice. It was that or lose my mind and my sobriety.

The next night I was reading a book, and I found my answer. The book said, "The only way we can love God is by loving his creation, for God and his creation are one." It suddenly fell into place for me, and I knew what I had to do.

When I got up in the morning my head would jump right in, so first I would tell it, out loud, to get out. I served it an eviction notice. Next, I pretended that God was inside of everything, and I tried to love God inside his creation. For instance, I had a cat, and when it came to the door I would say, "Hi, God, how are you today?" and I would pet it. I had a plant, and I would say, "Good morning, God" and I would water it. I had a few real friends in the program and I would say, "Hi, Ray, how are you?" (I didn't want them to think I was crazy by calling them God.) But, inside myself, I would ask, "Father, how may I best be of service?" I concentrated on loving the God behind all forms of life, and I kept telling my head to be still.

I tell you, I lived through the most fantastic set of miracles I have ever known. The plant grew like crazy, (without sun). The cat would come into the room and sit like a dog until I finished reading and said, "Okay, God." Then it would run and jump up in my lap, purring and kneading and happy. My friends responded, too, although they did not know why. They would dump their problems on my floor and go away feeling better, wondering how that could happen, since I was supposed to be feeling bad. I just said to them, "Thank God, not me."

One night I was alone, reading a book about spiritual principles, when all of a sudden, I wasn't alone. There was

a presence there with me in the room. And it touched the side of my face. I felt a sense of peace come over me that is beyond understanding. What I call the Father had come to me.

You see, what appeared to be my world coming apart, proved to be a miracle. The pictures came back to mind less and less and finally disappeared altogether. More and more, I was able to concentrate on being of service to God through his creation. I realized that it wasn't necessary to possess someone in order to love that person, because you see, I loved my former wife now even though she was gone. I realized that I had fallen in love with a presence, in you and in every living thing. Best of all, I realized that I'd never be alone again. That wherever I am, God is.

It has been twenty-eight years since that experience (coming up on thirty years of continuous sobriety), and I wish to add a note about what has happened since that wonderful rebirth. First and foremost, I am delighted to report that the consciousness of the presence has never left me. Every day I still feel that presence at some time during the day or night. At times, it is a commanding presence; at others, it lingers more in the background, but I always am aware of that presence. I have since met a wonderful, spiritual woman (she has twenty-six years of sobriety and fourteen years in Al-Anon) who has become my wife. She places God first in her life, as I still do. Consequently, after being married to her for twelve years, I can tell you that I love her deeply, as she does me. I know, because she tells me. But I must be honest and tell you that God is still my first love, and my wife is a manifestation of God's love to me. What a glorious thing it is to see what God has wrought.

I have one final thought that I feel I must share. Believe it or not, I also have found the very presence of God in the act of making love to my wife. Yes, that's right. I have felt the presence of God, right then. What this means to me is that we can bring God into every area of our lives. You

see, I have found a way to love God by loving my wife.

-- Bill S.—Robbinsville, NC

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## LOVE AT FIRST SIP

*(Continued from page 1)*

valuable message for me, one I used to think was reserved only for screw-ups and has-beens, but now realize it's for anyone who can renounce some level of pride and be okay with the way their life has been and maybe even gain something from their trials too.

There were times I was ashamed of my past, haunted by the ghosts of the men I was once involved with, and wanted to shut out the way things were and forget all the mistakes I made. Not anymore. I treasure the blunders and imperfections. When some people sober up they talk about starting over—about erasing the past and not looking back, but life is linear and for me this approach is incomplete.

Instead of wiping out the past, I have come to appreciate it, keeping it all true all mine, the good, the bad and the ugly. I have been in more bad relationships than I wish to admit, but I do not regret a single one of them. I have dated my fair share of drunken, depressed, lonely cowboys, and a few normal fellows too. Each one has helped me learn something new.

For example, I know now I don't ever want to be with a

34-year-old man who wears gold studded t-shirts that say, "I dig hot moms!" Nor do I want to be with someone who quotes Socrates when I say I love you. I know now I don't want to be with self-loathing, insecure men who are angry at the world. I just want someone who likes himself and can make me laugh. Of all my bad relationships and breakups, ending it with lady liquor was the most significant move I made for myself, my family and my fellows. Booze, like all the men who have come and gone, has taught me a great deal but does not define me.

I am an alcoholic. I am 494 days sober. I have a sponsor, I go to AA meetings and I work the Steps. This is a part of who I am, but not all of who I am. I am more than a recovering derelict. I am more than my imperfections, more than my disease, more than my struggle. I am more than my recovery and my sobriety. I am grateful to be sober, I am proud of what I have overcome, happy to help and know fellow drunks.

*Anonymous*

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<i><b>CENTRAL OFFICE OFFICERS</b></i>	<i><b>NAME</b></i>	<i><b>PHONE #</b></i>
<b>Chairperson</b>	<b>Drew T</b>	<b>615.440.3991</b>
<b>Central Office Manager</b>	<b>Charles C</b>	<b>615.973.9898</b>
<b>Central Office Bookkeeper</b>	<b>Donna C</b>	<b>615.832..1136</b>
<b>Vice Chairperson</b>	<b>Travis D</b>	<b>615.642.1027</b>
<b>Secretary</b>	<b>Jennifer S</b>	<b>615.218.0883</b>
<b>Treasurer</b>	<b>Garrett D</b>	<b>615.957.7674</b>
<b>Public Information/Cooperation with the Professional Community</b>	<b>Al C</b>	<b>615.587.1616</b>
<b>Special Needs</b>	<b>Reanate M</b>	<b>615.625.8483</b>
<b>Corrections</b>	<b>Charlie B</b>	<b>615.554.9085</b>
<b>Treatment Facilities</b>	<b>Stephen T</b>	<b>615.926.9467</b>
<b>Events Chair</b>	<b>Tina H</b>	<b>615.351.0501</b>
<b>Archives</b>	<b>John M</b>	<b>615.803.0211</b>
<b>Sobriety Dinner</b>	<b>Tina H</b>	<b>615.351.0501</b>

### **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: Monday Apr 24th**  
**5:45pm – 6:45pm**  
**Where: Central Office**  
**417 Welshwood**

### **FIRST TUESDAY OF EVERY MONTH:**

**District 32 Meeting**  
**When: 6:30pm**  
**Where: Club 62**  
**329 Peachtree**

### **SECOND SATURDAY OF EVERY MONTH**

**District 34 Meeting**  
**When: 10am**  
**Where: 200 E. Cedar St**  
**Goodlettsville**

On any given day, quite a few years ago, I would spend my time toiling in some ad agency, creating ideas intended to persuade folks to purchase cereal or beanie weanies or some such product. Often my brain was very busy.

But what really consumed my mind was what was waiting for me at the end of the day. It was in the cabinet above the sink in my kitchen--a large bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Scotch Malt Whisky. It always stood there among the assorted glasses and bar gear. This, by the way, was *my* cabinet. No food or utensils were allowed here, or any of my wife's stuff. Because what was contained here was pharmaceutical in nature, not nutritional. This was the lair of a serious drinker. Heavy glassware. Gin, vermouth, a liter or two of vodka. An arsenal to defend the flanks of Mr. John Walker, in case he went down. And often he did.

This was my space, for I believed that the warrior who fought the battles, stalked the beast, and brought in the meat, was allowed to keep his Johnny Walker any damn where he pleased. So no one messed with the bar cabinet.

After work I couldn't wait to get on the train to head home to the bottle in the cabinet over the sink in the kitchen of my house. The power of my obsession intensified the closer I got. I sometimes felt that the train itself was being pulled by the sheer magnetism from the bottle in the cabinet above the sink.

Once home, I would hurry to the kitchen, as if some dear friend from long ago awaited with startling good news. Following me, my wife would chatter away about her day. But all I heard was blah blah blah. My attention was riveted to the bottle in the cabinet above the sink. Arriving there was simply the goal of the day. It was the defining moment. My wife should know that, I always thought. I was the master of the house, and I had survived yet another brutal day in the minefields of commerce and silliness. And I sorely needed chemical adjustment.

And this was my ritual, a ritual of grand proportions. The first drink of the evening. The favorite glass. Ice cubes tinkling. That smell of malt vapor. The measure of the amber liquid. And the swish and slosh of the wet pour. It was hypnotic. It put the world in its proper place--out of my mind. It made me feel safe and heroic.

This ritual was known as "The Grand Ceremony of the Taking of the First Drink." It was damn near religious. It was why I lived.

Of course, as you all know so well, I had more than just "a" drink. It's illogical to obsess all day about drinking as I did and only have just "a" drink. It simply made no sense.

I had a simple rule, however. The rule was: I was allowed three drinks before dinner. These were known as "The Pre-Dinner Cocktails" or "Happy Hour." But there was one exception to this rule: if dinner wasn't ready on time I could have more than three drinks.

The drinks after the first three were known as "The Post-Pre-Dinner Cocktails" or "The Ambiguously Happy, Happy Hour." Sometimes, if I stalled the process, I didn't eat until ten or eleven o'clock at night. Sometimes I didn't eat. I assumed that barley mash, olives, corn nuts, and cheese curls sufficed as food groups. So the Post-Pre-Dinner Cocktails often turned into many very large doses of alcohol. But I never knew how many because I didn't count. I didn't care.

Of course, these rules didn't apply at parties, restaurants, holidays, wakes, weddings, or sporting events after twelve noon. These events had no rules or boundaries, and at them I often displayed the most excited of my drinking behavior, which I justified as being as necessary to the very occasion itself.

And as far as weekends were concerned, I rambled about the property in any state of incoherence that I chose. I was allowed that, I thought, because I was the landmaster of my little plot. I mowed its grass.

I seldom thought of the consequences of my drinking, like how I would feel the next morning--woeful, confused, afraid.

Many days I felt as if I had been sorely smitten. Beaten about the head and shoulders by the large beast, alcohol. But these feelings always passed. I was as addicted to this ritual at the end of the day as I was to the chemical itself. Until one day, I began to drink more, and earlier, and the old drinking rules, flimsy as they were, fell apart like a house of cards.

I found very little ritual in swigging vodka directly from the bottle. There was no cachet in hiding booze in a toilet. And romance was seriously tarnished when I'd wake up with corn and peas in my ears.

I had crossed the Great Divide that we all have crossed--that line that separates habitual heavy drinking and late stage alcoholism. It's one that can't be recrossed, ever.

"The Grand Ceremony of the Taking of the First Drink" was replaced by "How to Con Your Loved Ones And Make Everything All Right Again." Or "The Art of Getting That Next Drink At Any Cost."

And the cost was high. Dignity and integrity were the first to be spent. Dishonesty became currency; it was used to purchase the confidence of others. The space of my life had metaphorically shrunk to the bare dimensions of the cabinet above the sink in my house. I had imploded.

I was the size of a BB, an emotional speck. A singular bad note.

But I became one of the very lucky few. I found this program. I dragged my self into AA and found that it was attached to my soul.

But it didn't come easy. I got in the way. I did everything possible, short of drinking, to fail at this program. I sweated out a very stubborn ninety meetings in ninety days. I questioned everything. I didn't get a sponsor (that would be asking for help). I came up with every reason not to do Step Five. (Admit my mistakes to another human being? How embarrassing!)


But here I am sober in spite of myself. I did not get this program: the program got me. In fact, it was the very rituals of AA that saved me. Like the often repeated cornball sayings, the ones that are so truthful. Or the many readings of "How It Works" before meetings. And the same wonderful ideas about living sober told in as many different ways as there are people here to tell them. In a program of letting go, these AA rituals provided something for me to hang on to.

There's a grand ritual in just walking into the kitchen my home group on a Friday night. The smell of Bob's coffee, the amiable chatter. The bad jokes, the good jokes, the laughter. It's kind of a

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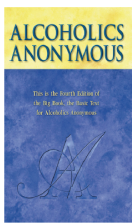


**HAPPY  
VALENTINE'S DAY**

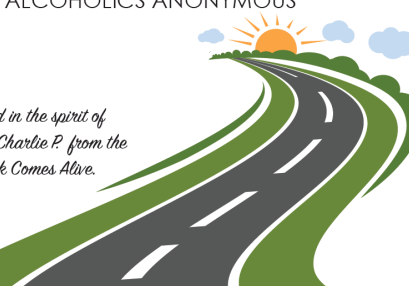


# Roadmap to Recovery

**TWO-DAY SUPPORTIVE EVENT FOR 2ND QUARTER ASSEMBLY**  
 JOIN US AS WE JOURNEY THROUGH THE FIRST 164 PAGES OF THE BIG BOOK OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS




*Presented in the spirit of  
Joe M. and Charlie P. from the  
Big Book Comes Alive.*



**Presented by**  
**Chris B. (Murfreesboro, TN)**  
**Daniel T. (Murfreesboro, TN)**

Sponsored by



**THE CAMEL'S GROUP**  
 Salem Creek Church of Christ  
 2525 Salem Creek Dr  
 Murfreesboro, TN 37128

Snacks and refreshments will be provided. Lunch break will be provided during Saturday's session

**FRIDAY MARCH 10 (6PM - 9PM)**  
**SATURDAY MARCH 11 (9AM - 6PM)**

**\$5 Suggested Donation**

Contact Chris B. (615) 900-4688

## TCYPAA 2017 Pre-Registration



**iNsanity**  
 There's a step for that

### February 10-12 DreamMore Resort

2525 DreamMore Way  
Pigeon Forge, TN 37863

\*\*\*\*\*Room Rates Starting at \$90\*\*\*\*\*

Please visit us at [www.TCYPAA2017.com](http://www.TCYPAA2017.com) or email us at [TCYPAA2017@gmail.com](mailto:TCYPAA2017@gmail.com)

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Name \_\_\_\_\_

Current City \_\_\_\_\_

Sobriety Date \_\_\_\_\_

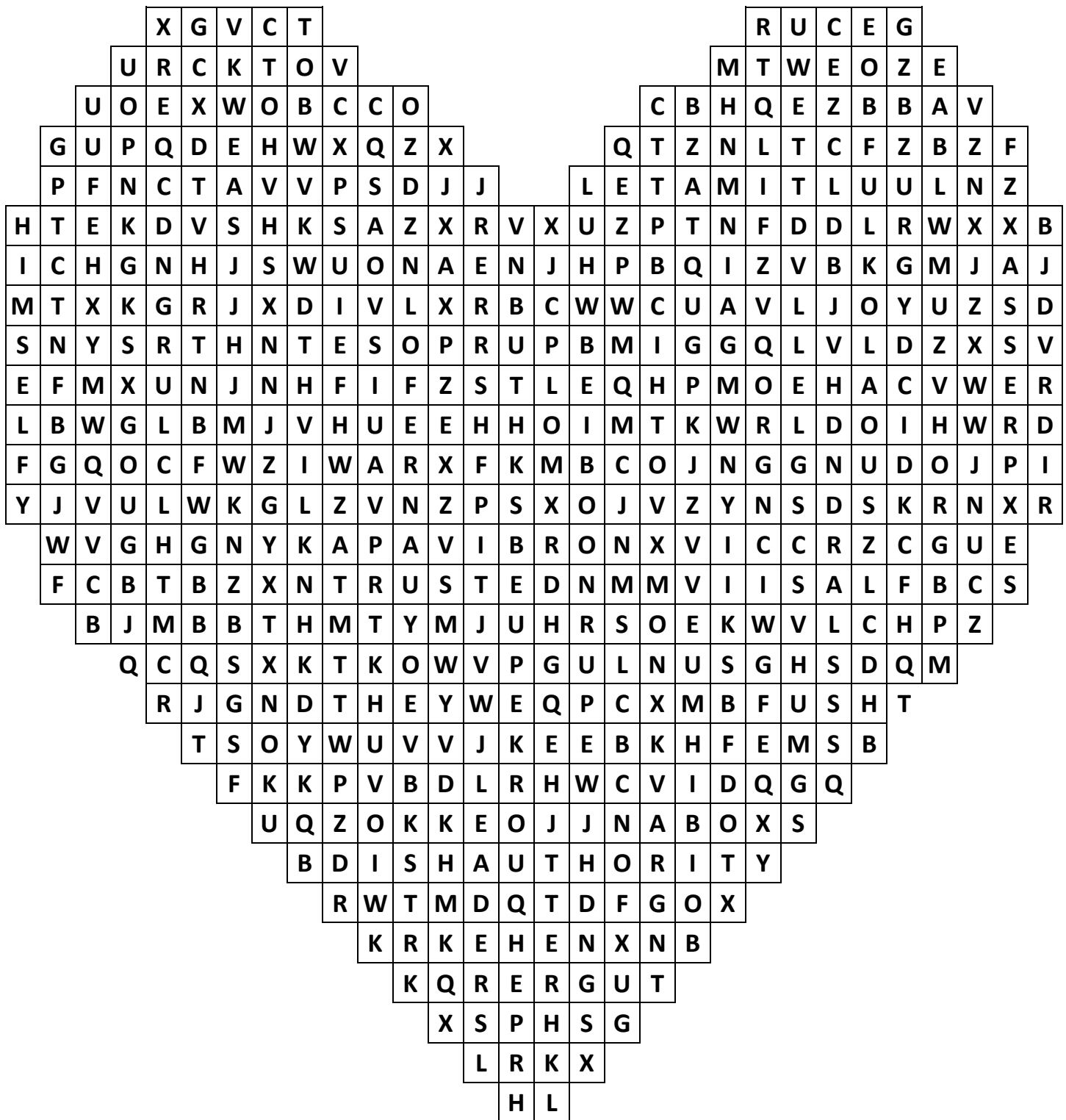
Email \_\_\_\_\_

Comments \_\_\_\_\_

Are you willing to volunteer at the conference?      Yes      No







### TRADITION TWO

FIND THE WORDS BELOW:

GROUP	PURPOSE	THERE	BUT	ONE
ULTIMATE	AUTHORITY	LOVING	EXPRESS	HIMSELF
CONSCIENCE	LEADERS	TRUSTED	SERVANTS	THEY
	DO	NOT	GOVERN	

## MEETING CHANGES

NEW / MOVES / CHANGES / ADDITIONS / CANCELLATIONS		
37013	Change	Higher Powered - Fri now 7:30p
37013	Cancel	60 Minutes - Sun 5p OD
37027	Add	Stragglers - Sat 8:30 am OD
37040	Change	Real Deal Men's - Sun now 5pm
37064	Cancel	Saint Phillips Meeting
37064	Change	Kick-Off isn't until Noon - Sun 7a OD/Lit - 8a OD - in Classrooms A&B 1st Floor
37069	Change / Move	Womans AA now Every Woman Has a Story - 1213 Country Rd.
37087	Change	New Day - All meeting now 6:60p - No Meeting on Monday
37087	Cancel	Sobriety First - Mon & Fri
37087	Add	Sobriety First - Sun 3:30 CD/Lit
37096	Change	Linden Group - Fri is CD/Lit - Tues is Canceled
37129	Change	Serenity Group - 2nd Sat 6p Now Eat & Speaker - 8p Sat Canceled
37172	Cancel	Robertson County - Wed Noon Wmn - Sun 7p
37179	Move	RUSSH Hour - Kroger Market Comm Room 4726 Trader's Way Spring Hill
37203	New	Struck Gold Friendship House 202 23rd Avenue North 6p OD
37209	Move	WANGL - 6:30p Fri OD/OS Friendship House 202 23rd Ave 37203
37216	Change	P.O.P - Tues & Fri now 7pm
37232	Cancel	Basement Recover - Vanderbilt
38562	Add	Friday Night Live - Sat 7pm CD

## KITCHEN

*(Continued from page 5)*

cross between a locker room, a fishing trip, a men's prayer group, and a foxhole. John's detailed annual list of the membership is another great ritual. It contains a vault of sobriety. Armed with this sheet and its names and numbers, one could go into the night and stay sober forever, one day at a time.

So, gratefully, I come to meetings. I face the fear. I face the anger and sometimes face the sadness. I face what I can't face out there--here, in my home group.

And I don't drink. The bottle in the cabinet above the sink in the kitchen of my house has been gone for many years.

Life now has more meaning and substance than I ever imagined. It's amazing. Because I can laugh and cry with you guys, and live like I was supposed to before I started drinking.

Here, I have learned that if I come to meetings and listen to you all, God will give me only what I can handle, today. And nothing more.

And that makes this addled brain feel pretty damn good.

-- Steve F. Glencoe, Illinois

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## GROUP CONTRIBUTIONS—DEC 2016

GROUP/MEETING	Dist	Dec	YTD
21st AVENUE	30		110
24 HOUR	32		550
60 MINUTES	64		274
ANONYMOUS CONTRIBUTIONS	0	37	570
ANY LENGTHS	13		150
BACK ROOM	35		2,772
BACK TO THE BIG BOOK	12		222
BELLEVUE WINNERS & BEG	35	50	100
BRENTWOOD FULL MOON	33		1,113
BY THE BOOK -DICKSON	15		143
CAME TO BELIEVE	33		439
CAMELS			56
CELEBRATE SERENITY		348	348
CHICKEN PLUCKERS MENS	33	197	829
CLARK STREET	14		500
CLUB 62 UNITY	32		40
COLUMBIA BASEMENT BUNCH		31	121
COLUMBIA	40	20	220
COMMUNICATIONS	30		100
COOKEVILLE			60
COOL SPRINGS NEWCOMERS	33	150	250
CROSSVILLE	9		200
CROSSVILLE NON-SMK STEP	9	12	51
CUMBERLAND UNITY	13		100
DAVIDSON ROAD	30	850	5,000
DICKSON AA	15		1,400
DONELSON YET	31		100
DOWNTOWN LUNCH BUNCH	32		536
DRUNKS IN THE PARK	33		1,355
EAST NASHVILLE 86'ers	34	172	542
EAST NASHVILLE	31		370
E. NASHVILLE MEN'S STAG	34		700
EAST SIDE SATURDAY			1,037
EAST SIDE SUNLIGHTERS	31		1,150
EVERY WOMAN HAS A STORY			10
FAIRFIELD GLADE	9		298
FAIRVIEW	33		200
FAYETTEVILLE	40		80
FELLOWSHIP	32		100
FIRST THINGS FIRST	34		565
FIVE & FIVE	30		2,230



GROUP/MEETING	Dist	Dec	YTD
FRANKLIN 12&12	33		400
FRANKLIN	33		2,895
FRANKLIN ROAD WOMEN'S	33		100
FREE TO BE	31		751
FREEDOM FROM BONDAGE			10
G.O.D. ( OF DRUNKS)	40		115
GALLATIN AA			100
GOODLETTSVILLE A.A.	34		450
GRATEFULL ALIVE	33	78	250
GRATITUDE	11		60
HAPPY HOUR - LEWISBURG	40		35
HARDING ROAD	30	250	850
HENDERSONVILLE BB	34		50
HERMITAGE	31	200	400
HERMITAGE WOMEN	31		250
HIGH NOON	34		1,600
HILLSBORO ROAD	32		200
HOPE PARK AA LIT STUDY	30		88
JOELTON	34		50
KEEP IT SIMPLE BELLEVUE d35	33	3	323
KEY TO SOBRIETY	31		550
KICKOFF ISN'T UNTIL NOON	33		500
LADIES NIGHT OUT	34		150
LAFAYETTE NEW HOPE	13		50
LAMBDA	32		400
LATE LUNCH BUNCH	33		2,150
LET IT HAPPEN	35		80
LEWISBURG UNITY	41		25
LIFE SAVERS	30		100
LINDEN	41		150
LIVE & LET LIVE	9		65
LIVING BY THE PRINT SAT	30		350
LIVING BY THE PRINCIPLES	30		488
LIVINGSTON	9		100
MADE A DECISION			119
MADISON STREET			50
MANCHESTER NOON			60
MIDDAY BREAK	32		208
MT JULIET FELLOWSHIP	31		300
MURFREESBORO	12	15	150
MUSIC ROW	30		75
MUSTARD SEED	32	400	1,000
N.O.W.	30		278
NEW BEGINNINGS( Dist 12)	12	25	175
NEW DAY	13		25
NEW LIFE H-VILLE	34		252
NIPPERS CORNER	32		77

GROUP/MEETING	Dist	Dec	YTD
NON NONSENSE	32		30
NORTHSIDE , CLARKSVILLE	14		200
ONE DAY AT A TIME	31		900
ONE STEP CLOSER	33		910
OUT TO BREAKFAST	30		143
P.O.P.	34		115
PAGE 112	31	69	69
PAYDAY	15		100
PORTLAND UNITY	13		60
PRIMARY PURPOSE	34		547
PRIMETIMERS	33		100
PULASKI	40	5	145
REBOS (SOBER)	34		434
RIDGETOP BASICS	34		45
ROAD OF HAPPY DESTINY	14		40
SAFE HARBOR	14	50	50
SAFE PLACE			191
SANGO SOLUTIONS			40
SATURDAY NIGHT ALIVE	11		120
SEARCH FOR SERENITY	34		210
SEARCHERS	34		370
SEEKING SANITY	31		1,741
SERENITY (12)	12		350
SHADE TREE	31		3,300
SMYRNA GRATITUDE	12	342	3,247
SUNDAY NIGHT BUNCH	32		400
THE HUT	14		50
THE STRAGGLERS	33		381
THE UNITED	13	500	1,550
THE WAY OUT	33		50
TRINITY	11		50
TRUDGING THE ROAD	33		180
TURNING POINT	33		177
VALLEYVIEW-ASHLAND CITY	15	1,750	1750
WAVERLY	15		45
WAVERLY-BELMONT	32		100
WEEKENDERS	34		200
WEST MEADE	30		40
WEST NASHVILLE	35		69
WESTMINSTER	30	700	1450
WINNERS	41	35	991
WOMEN IN THE SOLUTION	11	50	560
WOMEN'S FREEDOM	30		533
WOMEN'S OPEN DOOR	30		288
WOMENS SPEAKER	30	225	423
WOODBINE	32		20
YOUNG TIMERS	32		75
Grand total:		6,564	64,731

**Middle Tennessee Intergroup Association**  
**Statement of Activities - Actual and Budgeted - Schedule 1**  
For the Twelve Months and Year Ended December 31, 2016

	December 2016			YTD 2016		
	Actual	Budget	Budget Variance	Actual	Budget	Budget Variance
Income						
Net Literature Sales	2,853.33	3,539.42	(686.09)	34,616.96	42,473.04	(7,856.08)
Group Donations	6,560.92	5,000.00	1,560.92	67,926.04	60,000.00	7,926.04
Individual Donations	3,193.00	341.67	2,851.33	7,527.75	4,100.04	3,427.71
Messenger Donations	60.00	15.00	45.00	210.00	180.00	30.00
Website Donations	737.57	208.33	529.24	737.57	2,499.96	(1,762.39)
Special Events	90.00	500.00	(410.00)	8,560.00	6,000.00	2,560.00
Interest	3.03	1.75	1.28	36.13	21.00	15.13
Total Income	13,497.85	9,606.17	3,891.68	119,614.45	115,274.04	4,340.41
Expenses						
Casual Labor	200.00	200.00	-	2,400.00	2,400.00	-
Payroll	4,603.62	4,975.08	(371.46)	57,252.06	59,700.96	(2,448.90)
Bad Debts	-	-	-	-	-	-
Legal & Professional	350.00	350.00	-	6,833.00	4,200.00	2,633.00
Rent	993.50	1,000.00	(6.50)	11,827.00	12,000.00	(173.00)
Printing	-	166.67	(166.67)	54.00	2,000.04	(1,946.04)
Payroll Taxes	352.18	380.58	(28.40)	4,582.69	4,566.96	15.73
Repairs & Maintenance	-	83.34	(83.34)	200.00	1,000.08	(800.08)
Equipment Rental	108.00	103.34	4.66	1,316.50	1,240.08	76.42
Telephone & Fax	500.11	450.00	50.11	5,788.88	5,400.00	388.88
Answering Service	200.00	233.33	(33.33)	2,658.00	2,799.96	(141.96)
Postage	26.76	283.33	(256.57)	1,556.81	3,399.96	(1,843.15)
Office Supplies	721.52	208.33	513.19	2,269.08	2,499.96	(230.88)
Computer & Technology	43.65	258.83	(215.18)	863.52	3,105.96	(2,242.44)
Intergroup Expense	105.00	125.00	(20.00)	508.28	1,500.00	(991.72)
Insurance	-	166.67	(166.67)	1,795.00	2,000.04	(205.04)
Special Events	-	321.67	(321.67)	2,496.88	3,860.04	(1,363.16)
Travel	208.62	291.67	(83.05)	1,852.21	3,500.04	(1,647.83)
Depreciation	7.92	8.33	(0.41)	95.04	99.96	(4.92)
Over/Under	(0.40)	-	(0.40)	(0.04)	-	(0.04)
Total Expenses	8,420.48	9,606.17	(1,185.69)	104,348.91	115,274.04	(10,925.13)
Net Income	5,077.37	-	5,077.37	15,265.54	-	15,265.54



**If you read  
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would help and  
be appreciated.**



## LOVE &amp; LAUGHTER

Bobby S 02.01.14

Marty Q 02.18.94

## MID-DAY BREAK

Don H 02.07.15

Jimmie C 02.25.16

Staci O 02.16.16

## SHADE TREE

Bill S 02.05.13

Bubba W 02.02.09

Cory B 02.11.16

Debra B 02.11.14

Drew C 02.28.11

Jeff B 02.02.15

Joyce D 02.17.08

Karen D 02.27.16

Lynn H 02.26.12

Mark Z 02.08.16

Scott S 02.16.07

Stan B 02.02.83

Tim H 02.09.14

## SMYRNA GRATITUDE

Mike O 02.02.02

Nancy H 02.22.15

Pat W 02.01.15

Randy C 02.19.12

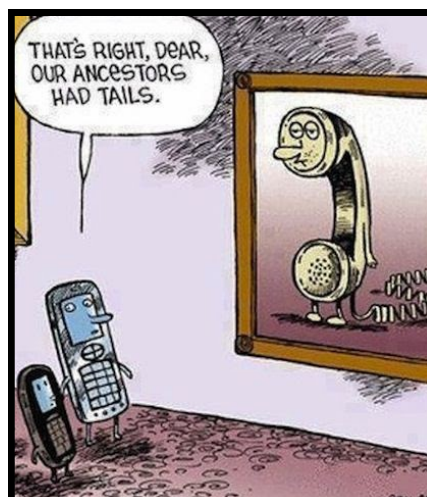
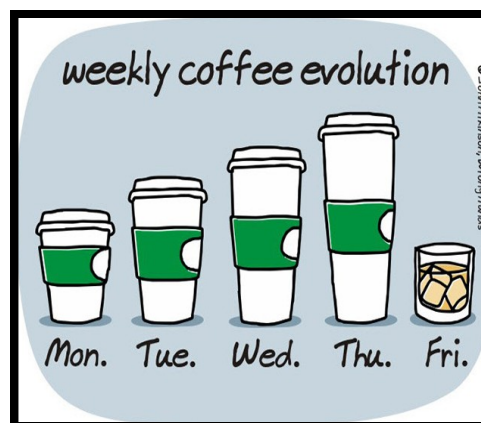
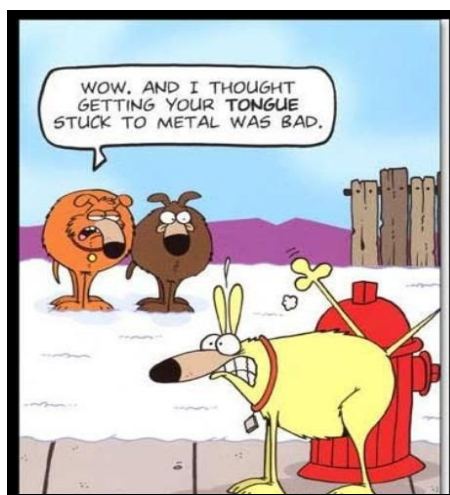
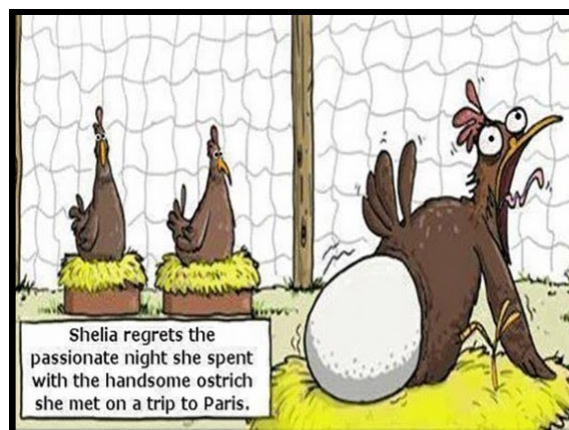
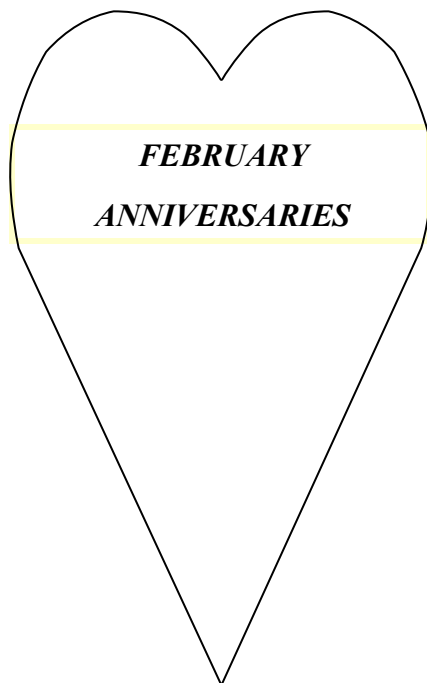
Terri M 02.01.05

## SOBRIETY FIRST

Betsy S 02.20.08

## WOMEN'S SPEAKER

Pam M 02.12.12



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