

The **MESSENGER**

Middle Tennessee Central Office Intergroup

\$ 1.00

DO WE REALLY HAVE A CHOICE?

MARCH 2017

SO MANY TIMES at meetings, I hear people say, "I have a choice every morning when I get up. I have a choice whether to drink or not. And today, I choose not to."

For myself, I have to look at what the Big Book has told me--that each day, when I get up, I don't have a choice whether I drink or not. I'm like the man who had lost his legs, as the book says; I will never grow new ones. Also *"The fact is that most alcoholics, for reasons yet obscure, have lost the power of choice in drink."* If I believe I will be an alcoholic to the day I die, I must also believe I have lost my power of choice over alcohol to the day I die. The only choice that is mine is "to pick up the simple kit of spiritual tools" laid at my feet--the Twelve Steps of Alcoholics Anonymous.

For many years, I did believe I had a choice. It was my mental blank spot--my inability to be "gut-honest" about my disease. For eight years after coming to AA, I still couldn't or wouldn't take Step One. I never believed

I was powerless over alcohol. Time and time again, I would pick up that first drink. Now, I know picking up one drink meant a drunk, for that's what I really wanted. I knew one drink would start the craving. What I didn't know, even after years of hearing it at AA, was that I had lost the power to choose when I would stop drinking. "Just one night, to relax, to have fun, then I'll start staying sober again tomorrow," I thought.

Each time I picked up that first drink, I thought I had the power to call the shots. Never! A week later, a month or a year later, after something bad happened,

after much trouble, I'd stagger back to AA and try to start again, never obtaining any sobriety and not knowing what was wrong. As I went down the road that had been forecast for me in AA if I continued to drink--state hospitals, drying-out farms, jails, loss of children--alcohol was beating me into a state of reasonableness.

On April 22, 1977, I finally had the needed ego deflation at depth, that total surrender. For the first time, I was able to see my alcoholism with that tiny degree of honesty that I believe is necessary. I remember that day as if it were yesterday. I was sitting in a chair when "the light went on," just like the light bulb over a person's head in a cartoon.

Once I picked up that first drink, I wasn't going to stop drinking till something bad happened, because until then, there was no *reason* to stop drinking! I couldn't pick and choose when I would drink and when I would stop. I was powerless over alcohol. I had lost my power of choice. For years, I had

heard that in AA. That day, I felt it. The door to my alcoholic prison opened. That day, in the simplest of ways, and for me the most powerful, I took the first three Steps: Step One--the "knowing" that I was powerless, that my life was truly unmanageable; Step Two--regaining a very small degree of sanity in seeing that many people were sober and happy in AA, that AA worked; Step Three--making that decision to go back to AA.

But in coming back to AA, I was not handed the ability to choose whether or not to drink on any given

(Continued on page 8)



Contents

On the Cover
CHOICE?

LETTER FROM BILL W
Page 2

MISSING BOTTLE
Page 3

COMPUTER LOGIC
Page 4

WORST AA MEETING
Page 5

EVENTS
Page 6

PUZZLE
Page 7

MEETING
CHANGES
Page 8

CONTRIBUTIONS
Page 9

FINANCIALS
Page 10

BIRTHDAYS
Page 11

MARCH MADNESS

LETTER FROM BILL W.

Here is a letter from Bill W. to one of his many critics.

A letter from a group in Chicago which was mailed to Bill W. in 1960, taking his inventory and Bill W's response. Bill was 26 years sober at the time.

"That you seemed disillusioned with me personally may be a new and painful experience for you but many members have had that experience with me. Most of their pain has been caused not only by my several shortcomings but by their own insistence on placing me, a drunk, trying to get along with other folks, upon a completely illusionary pedestal; a station which no fallible person could possibly occupy."

"I'm sure that you will understand that I have never held myself out to anybody as either a saint or a superman. I have repeatedly and truthfully said that A.A. is full of people who have made more spiritual progress than I ever, or can make. That in some areas of living I have made some decided gains but in others I seem to have stood still. And in others, still other ways I may have gone backwards. I am sorry that you are disillusioned with me but I am happy that even I have found a life here."

Bill Wilson
1960



THE MISSING BOTTLE

Her plans to continue drinking were stymied when she couldn't find her secret stash

When I first came into the AA program I was very scared. I did not dare to ask someone to be my sponsor because I did not want to take up someone else's time. I figured that I could work the program on my own. I went to meetings and read the Big Book. For some reason I did not feel connected to the group.

When I was about two months sober, I saw someone that had over three months sober go out and drink. He came back a short while after. I could not believe that he was brave enough to come back after going out. I was very moved by his courage because I was sure that I could never enter the rooms again if I failed.

Before I had three months, I had stopped going to meetings. I did not feel like I needed the meetings anymore. I could do this thing on my own. I was wrong.

The weekend before I had four months sober, my life fell apart. I did not have the tools to help me get through it. I felt like my life was over. I drank on a Friday and planned to stop on Monday. But by Monday, I was depressed and suicidal. In the afternoon, my 15-year-old son called 911 because I was unconscious after taking a bottle of pills, along with several glasses of vodka.

Somehow, I was given a second chance. While I was recovering in the hospital, I was determined to get back into the program and find a sponsor. I knew that was the only way I had a chance to live. I remember the guy that had gone out and drank and came back in. I figured that he if had enough courage to do it then maybe I could also.

After a 72-hour hold in the hospital, I came back home. I was determined to go to a meeting the next evening to find a sponsor. I prayed about it all day long because I felt like that was the only hope that I had.

Later that night, I found a bottle of vodka under my bathroom sink. Even with all that I had gone through that week, I thought that I could have one more day of drinking before I found a sponsor the next day. I had it all figured out. The next day, after my husband went to work and my boys went to school, I would

drink that bottle of vodka. If I drank it all in the morning, then I would have enough time to get sober by the time I needed to be at the meeting.

I was very anxious for everyone to leave the next morning. The vodka was the only thing I could think of all night and that morning. Finally, everyone left. I got two big glasses full of ice. I brought them up to my room where I usually drank. I locked the door, turned on music, and I got everything ready for one last drunk. I went to the cabinet under the bathroom sink. The vodka was gone. I started to panic. Where did it go? Did I just imagine it being there? Was I crazy? Should I get a new bottle from the liquor store?

As all of these thoughts raced through my mind, a new thought came to my mind very loudly. The thought that came to my mind was, "If you drink today, you will die". That stopped me in my tracks. I took the glasses and dumped the ice in the sink and put the glasses away. I got on my knees and prayed to find a sponsor that night.

I asked my husband later if he knew what happened to the vodka that was hidden under the bathroom sink. He told me that during the night he woke up and went into the bathroom. For some reason, he felt like he should look under the sink. As he looked, he found the hidden bottle of vodka. He dumped it in the sink, threw away the bottle and went back to bed. I have a hard time believing that it was just a coincidence. I feel like he saved my life along with the help of my Higher Power.

That night, I was very nervous as I entered the meeting to find a sponsor. I raised my hand when they asked if anyone was in their first, second, or third meeting. I shared during the meeting and explained my situation. I was so desperate.

That night, a wonderful woman came into my life. I will always be thankful for the gift she is in my life. I

(Continued on page 4)



THE MISSING BOTTLE*(Continued from page 3)*

do not know if she will ever realize how important she is to me and my sobriety. With a sponsor, the program has just opened up. I do meetings all the time, I have met so many wonderful people, and I am working the steps. I have a long way to go, but I feel so good right now. My life is not going to be perfect, but maybe I will have tools to help me through the trials that I will have in life.

This program is so priceless to me. The people in the program are my family. I have never been in any other place that I feel so understood and so loved. I will always thank God for this gift that I have been given.

-- Diane R. Highlands Ranch, Colorado
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COMPUTER LOGIC

**With some time, drink signals can be shut down
like pop-up windows.**

Sometimes when working on the computer, an intrusive little window pops up saying things like "An update is available. Would you like to download it now?" or "There are unused icons on your desktop. Would you like to open the desktop manager?" And almost all the time I click the little "x" on the popup window to close it without answering or worrying about the question.

That is what the desire to drink is sometimes like. From time to time the thought pops into my head, "What about a drink?" And I don't even answer it. I already know that the answer is no. I just go on to the next right thing and let the question close itself. My first 90 days the question popped up quite frequently and it took some thought and effort to close the question and go on. Sometimes it took a call to my sponsor or an AA friend. Once it took going to the meeting book and finding the soonest meeting anywhere.

After 90 in 90 the question popped up less frequently. And after my first year, the move to ignore the question, to go right past it to the next right thing became habitual, but not automatic.

(Continued on page 6)

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

**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

Everything about it was lousy --except the payoff

TO GRATEFUL AA members, of whom I am one, there are only three kinds of meetings: good, better, and best. But one of the most helpful lessons our Fellowship has taught me resulted from the *worst* AA meeting I ever attended. It happened during my first week.

In the beginning, I plunged into AA as compulsively as I have always done everything, trying to gulp it all as fast as possible. I set out to get acquainted with every group in the county, attending a different meeting each night. I pestered the intergroup office with phone calls for information and dropped in once to size up the operation in person. I bought the Big Book and accumulated an armload of pamphlets; I went to the public library and skimmed all available references to the AA movement and its philosophical heritage from the Oxford Group.

During the first six days of my new life, I met beautiful people by the roomful and heard a string of personal stories that made me catch my breath time and again. I could truly identify with these friendly human beings and their bygone tragedies. I was pointed straight up and gaining altitude by the minute.

Then came a rainy Thursday, which happened to be the seventh day. It was overcast and squally outside and just as miserable inside. Nothing went right at the office. I lost my favorite ball-point pen and won a needless argument with an important client, who hasn't been back since.

After work, I ate a greasy dinner in a restaurant, alone. From there, I drove to an Episcopal church in a strange neighborhood, where the local AA group was having an open meeting at 8:30.

It was a terrible place to find. The church was located just off a traffic circle in a web of one-way streets and parkways. It cost me ten minutes and considerable nervous energy to solve the traffic pattern. I hurried into the meeting hall with barely enough time to draw a cup of coffee--which turned out to be watery and barely lukewarm.

I sat down beside a lean, white-haired fellow and, for

openers, remarked on the wretched coffee. "It's better than what you get in the stockade," he growled. It was the first time I had been growled at by an AA member.

There were two speakers on the program, a middle-aged woman and a man in his retirement years. I disliked the woman instantly; her sharp features and expressions reminded me of a bad-tempered aunt on my mother's side of the family. I was bored stiff by the man's talk, undoubtedly because his big-city, prep-school, Ivy League background was utterly foreign to mine.

It was impossible to concentrate. My mind turned inward to my own problems, and I was glad when we finally stood up to say the Lord's Prayer. Driving home, I told myself how lucky I had been to get half a dozen inspiring meetings under my belt as fortification for that evening's letdown.

Next morning, I woke up an hour late. I grabbed the alarm clock and found I hadn't set it. "Here we go again," I thought.

Strangely, at that instant, I remembered the words that the lady speaker had used in telling about her discovery of the Serenity Prayer. "Never in my life had I heard a prayer like that. It was dynamite to me!" she had said.

Instead of jumping out of bed, I lay there a few seconds and recited the Serenity Prayer. Then I delayed a little longer, mentally flipping through my appointment calendar to find out what had to be done at the office. Come to think of it, there was no reason--absolutely none--to hurry. I didn't even bother to call in that I would be late.

Cool, clear air had moved in during the night, and it was a brilliant, delightful morning. Friday traffic is usually intolerable on my expressway, but it was moving briskly that day, perhaps because I was running late and missing the bumper-to-bumper crowd. I could relax at the wheel, look around. I saw a pretty girl on a motorbike and a couple of kids in pajamas grinning through the top window of a cab-over camper.

And I pulled into my parking lot at eight o'clock

(Continued on page 6)

THE WORST AA MEETING

(Continued from page 5)

straight up, only five minutes late after all. I'm in the habit of getting to my desk at eight, but that's another bit of compulsion. In my kind of job, nobody watches to check when I arrive. I wasn't really five minutes late; in reality, I was in great shape to start the day.

I forget what projects I was working on, but I know it was a very lively and very productive day. All that sticks in my mind is the fact that my secretary popped into my office about eleven and interrupted me to ask, "Why have you been whistling 'You Belong to My Heart' all morning?" I couldn't recall the last time I had heard the tune. And whistling is not one of my habits. So I did not know why, but I said I'd try to stop if it bothered her.

By mid-afternoon, I noticed that my secretary was humming as she worked. Now she was hooked on "You Belong to My Heart." It was a good day for all of us.

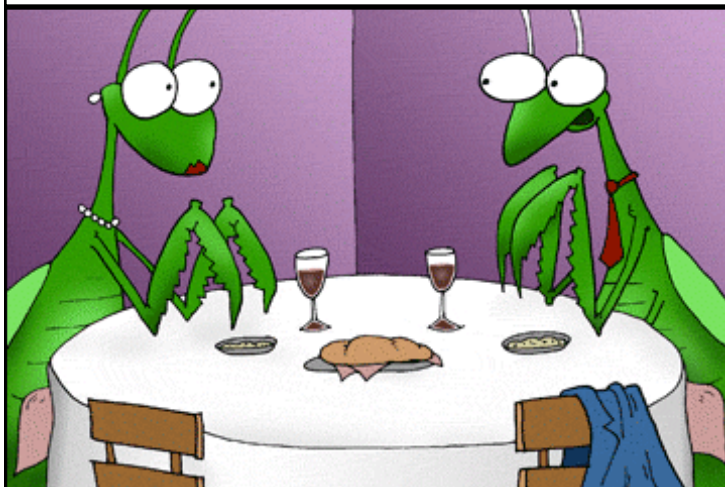
However, this is no testimony to the power of prayer. For me, it is quite enough to enjoy a good day without trying to analyze where it came from.

What lesson did I learn?

I received firsthand affirmation of a piece of wisdom I have heard voiced by many AA members at different times: I may not get what I *want* out of an AA meeting, but I will get what I *need*.

-- Dan—Miami, Florida

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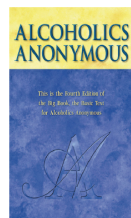
WHAT ME? ... OH NO, I'M DONE PRAYING ...
I THOUGHT YOU WERE STILL PRAYING!



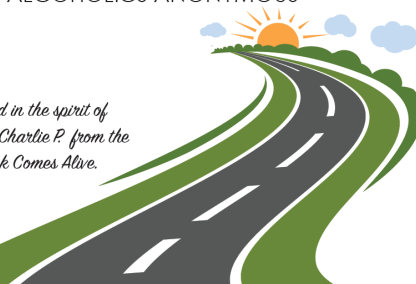
Roadmap to Recovery

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



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

COMPUTER LOGIC

(Continued from page 4)

There is a difference between those pop-up windows on the computer and the idea of a drink though. The pop-up windows are a product of software, of the programming of the computer. They aren't built into its hardware, its chips, its circuits, its transistors. Someone who is good enough at working with software can find the program that makes them pop up and remove it.

But when I drank enough to become an alcoholic, I hard-wired the idea of a drink into my mind. Something changed in my body chemistry (I am sure the doctors who study addiction know what by now, even if I don't) and it isn't going to change back. This means that that window, that idea of a drink, is going to keep popping up in my mind, from time to time. Hopefully it will happen less often as the years go by. But it will never go entirely away and I will always have to close it by hand, by deliberate effort of mind and will. That's the nature of the beast.

-- Paul L. - New Brunswick, New Jersey

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F	G	V	K	X	U	B	I	U	M	B	F	M	K	W	S	D	G	F	V	M	Q	B	B	Q
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A	N	F	X	C	R	Q	S	F	F	Z	W	M	U	E	P	K	V	O	X	B	A	O	Q	V

CONCEPT THREE**FIND THE WORDS BELOW:**

INSURE	EFFECTIVE	LEADERSHIP
SHOULD	ENDOW	ELEMENT
CONFERENCE	GENERAL	SERVICE
EXECUTIVES	BOARD	CORPORATIONS
STAFFS	COMMITTEES	EXECUTIVES
WITH	TRADITIONAL	RIGHT
OF	DECISION	

CHOICE?

(Continued from page 1)

day. That wasn't one of the promises they held out to me. Being sober a little over eight years hasn't given me the power to decide each day whether to drink or not, either. I have lost that ability forever.

But I do have a choice each morning. I can choose to work the Steps, go to meetings, get in touch with my Higher Power, work with other alcoholics. Or I can choose not to do any of the above and to die. It's that simple.

My Big Book tells me that there are a lot of musts in AA. Through these musts, I have come upon a life of freedom that, in my wildest dreams and wishes, I couldn't have imagined. Not to do them would mean insanity or death.

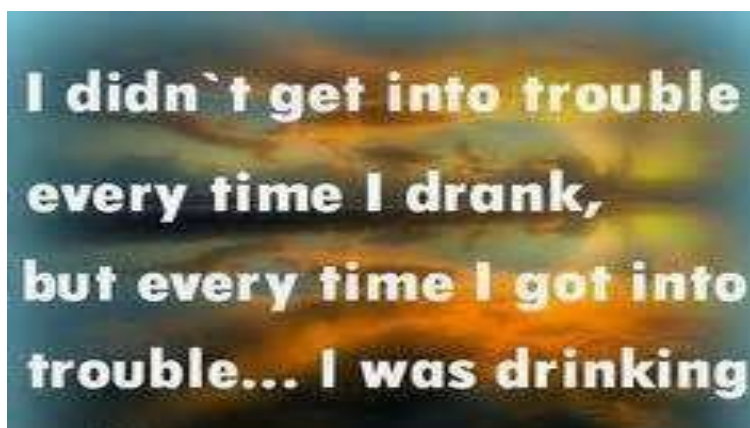
Every morning, I do have a choice: to work the program or not to work the program.

-- J. T. Prosper, Texas, Aug 1985
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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	Garden Variety
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 meetings now 6:30p - Add Thurs Meeting - No Meeting on Mon or Fri
37087	Cancel	Sobriety First - Mon & Fri
37087	Add	Sobriety First - Sun 3:30 CD/Lit
37096	Change	Linden Group - Fri is CD/Lit - Cancel Tues
37129	Change	Serenity Group - 2nd Sat 6p Now Eat & Speaker - 8p Sat Canceled
37172	Cancel	Robertson Cnty - Wed Noon Wmn - Sun 7p
37179	Move	RUSSH Hour - Kroger Market Comm Room 4726 Trader's Way Spring Hill
37188	Change	White House Group-B now White House Group and add Sunday 7pm OD
37203	New	Struck Gold Friendship House 202 23rd Avenue North 6p OD
37206	New	East Side Recovery - Woodland Pres Church 211 N 11th St - Mon - Wed - Fri - Noon OD
37209	Move	WANGL - 6:30p Fri OD/OS Friendship House 202 23rd Ave 37203
37216	Cancel	New Beginnings
37216	Change	P.O.P - Tues & Fri now 7pm
37217	Cancel	Love & Laughter - Tues 6:30pm
37232	Cancel	Basement Recover - Vanderbilt
38562	Add	Friday Night Live - Sat 7pm CD



GROUP/MEETING	Dist	Jan	YTD
21st AVENUE	30	56	56
ANY LENGTHS	13	390	390
BRENTWOOD FULL MOON	33	272	272
COLUMBIA BASEMENT BUNCH		23	23
COLUMBIA	40	20	20
COOL SPRINGS NEWCOMERS	33	100	100
CROSSVILLE NON-SMK STEP	9	4	4
DOWNTOWN LUNCH BUNCH	32	160	160
DROP THE ROCK		50	50
DRUNKS IN THE PARK	33	320	320
E. NASHVILLE MEN'S STAG	34	500	500
EAST SIDE SATURDAY		401	401
FAIRVIEW	33	200	200
FIRST THINGS FIRST	34	150	150
FIVE & FIVE	30	302	302
FRANKLIN	33	680	680
FRANKLIN ROAD WOMEN'S	33	100	100
FREE TO BE	31	185	185
HAPPY HOUR - LEWISBURG	40	60	60
HOPE PARK AA LIT STUDY	30	59	59
KEEP IT SIMPLE BELLEVUE d35	35	95	95
LADIES NIGHT OUT	34	25	25
LATE LUNCH BUNCH	33	400	400
LINDEN	41	20	20
LIVE & LET LIVE	9	25	25
LIVING BY THE PRINT	32	100	100
LIVINGSTON	9	25	25
MADISON STREET		100	100

GROUP/MEETING	Dist	Jan	YTD
MIDDAY BREAK	32	99	99
MURFREESBORO	12	15	15
MUSIC ROW	30	45	45
NEW BEGINNINGS WOMEN	32	160	160
NEW BEGINNINGS(Dist 12)	12	25	25
NEW LIFE H-VILLE	34	118	118
NORTHSIDE , CLARKSVILLE	14	50	50
OUT TO BREAKFAST	30	145	145
PORTLAND UNITY	13	50	50
PRIMARY PURPOSE	34	87	87
PULASKI	40	5	5
RECOVERY ROAD	34	38	38
RUTS	40	250	250
SAFE HARBOR	14	50	50
SATURDAY NIGHT ALIVE	11	10	10
SEARCHERS - HUNT CLUB	13	650	650
SEEKING SANITY	31	220	220
SERENITY (12)	12	25	25
SMYRNA GRATITUDE	12	350	350
THE STRAGGLERS	33	140	140
TRUDGING THE ROAD	33	120	120
WANGL	30	125	125
WEST NASHVILLE	35	16	16
WINNERS	41	25	25
WOMEN'S OPEN DOOR	30	186	186
WOMENS WAY	33	100	100
WOODBINE	32	20	20
Grand total:		7,944	7,944

Woman Marine Pilot

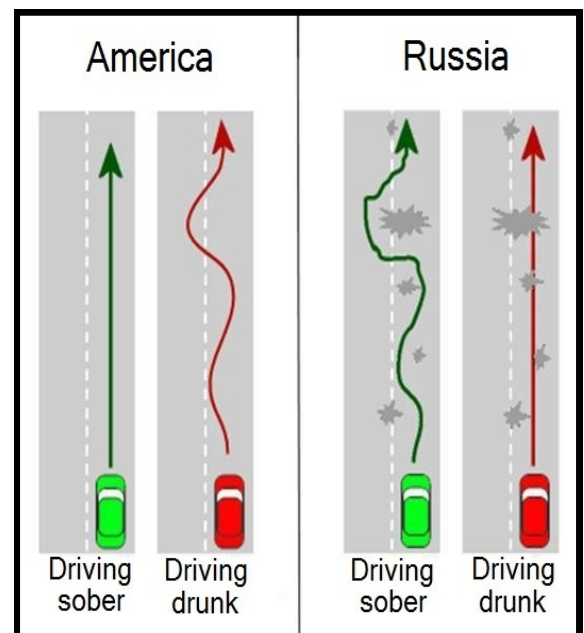
The teacher gave her fifth grade class an assignment: Get their parents to tell them a story with a moral at the end of it. The next day, the kids came back and, one by one, began to tell their stories. There were all the regular types of stuff: spilled milk and pennies saved. But then the teacher called on Janie. Janie, do you have a story to share?

"Yes ma'am. My daddy told me a story about my Mommy. She was a Marine pilot in Desert Storm, and her plane got hit. She had to bail out over enemy territory, and all she had was a flask of whiskey, a pistol, and a survival knife. She drank the whiskey on the way down so the bottle wouldn't break, and then her parachute landed her right in the middle of 20 enemy troops.

She shot 15 of them with the pistol, until she ran out of bullets, killed four more with the knife, till the blade broke, and then she killed the last one with her bare hands.

"Good Heavens," said the horrified teacher. "What did your Daddy tell you was the moral to this horrible story?"

"Stay the hell away from Mommy when she's been drinking."



Middle Tennessee Intergroup Association
Statements of Activities
for the One Month and Year Ending January 31, 2017, and 2016

	Jan 2017	Jan 2016	2017 YTD	2016 YTD
Income				
Net Literature Sales	3,036.29	2,364.96	3,036.29	2,364.96
Group Donations	7,703.78	11,125.82	7,703.78	11,125.82
Individual Donations	195.89	138.01	195.89	138.01
Messenger Donations	15.00	12.00	15.00	12.00
Website Donations	331.92	-	331.92	-
Special Events	-	-	-	-
Interest	3.57	2.86	3.57	2.86
Total Income	11,286.45	13,643.65	11,286.45	13,643.65
Expenses				
Casual Labor	200.00	200.00	200.00	200.00
Payroll	4,775.24	5,728.62	4,775.24	5,728.62
Bad Debts	-	-	-	-
Legal & Professional	350.00	940.00	350.00	940.00
Sales Tax Expense	1.61	-	1.61	-
Rent	994.00	946.00	994.00	946.00
Printing	-	-	-	-
Payroll Taxes	352.17	438.24	352.17	438.24
Repairs & Maintenance	-	-	-	-
Equipment Rental	108.00	103.00	108.00	103.00
Telephone & Fax	497.17	393.65	497.17	393.65
Answering Service	209.00	426.00	209.00	426.00
Postage	80.40	66.47	80.40	66.47
Office Supplies	136.55	6.10	136.55	6.10
Bank Service Charges	-	-	-	-
Moving Expenses	-	-	-	-
Computer & Technology	70.64	43.65	70.64	43.65
Intergroup Expense	-	-	-	-
Insurance	1,244.00	-	1,244.00	-
Special Events	20.00	-	20.00	-
Travel	-	-	-	-
Depreciation	7.92	7.92	7.92	7.92
Over/Under	-	-	-	-
Total Expenses	9,046.70	9,299.65	9,046.70	9,299.65
Net Income	\$ 2,239.75	4,344.00	\$ 2,239.75	4,344.00



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



P.O.P.

SMYRNA GRATITUDE

<i>Dirk P</i>	03.07.08
<i>Gregory C</i>	03.17.14
<i>James C</i>	03.01.08
<i>Lewis W</i>	03.22.15
<i>Steve W</i>	03.18.15
<i>Walter R</i>	03.03.09

James R	03.12.96
Mark C	03.25.99

PORTLAND

Chad G	03.13.15
James G	03.10.16

KEEP IT SIMPLE

<i>Ashley B</i>	<i>03.09.16</i>
<i>Bryan H</i>	<i>03.15.12</i>
<i>Christy K</i>	<i>03.21.02</i>
<i>Chuck W</i>	<i>03.22.16</i>
<i>Emily G</i>	<i>03.13.12</i>
Kay D	03.09.85
<i>Kevin B</i>	<i>03.13.11</i>
<i>Robert a</i>	<i>03.01.13</i>
<i>Scott B</i>	<i>03.08.15</i>
<i>Scott M</i>	<i>03.17.11</i>
<i>Sue K</i>	<i>03.07.13</i>
Tim W	03.16.90

SEEKING SANITY

<i>Brittany B</i>	<i>03.01.15</i>
<i>Dan O</i>	<i>03.21.14</i>
<i>Debbie W</i>	<i>03.18.13</i>
<i>Jim K</i>	<i>03.16.98</i>
<i>Liz E</i>	<i>03.09.12</i>
<i>Maggie S</i>	<i>03.19.11</i>
<i>Mike G</i>	<i>03.06.03</i>
<i>Shari D</i>	<i>03.01.05</i>
<i>Terry P</i>	<i>03.03.03</i>

SHADE TREE

<i>Andrea F</i>	<i>03.08.16</i>
<i>Carol B</i>	<i>03.20.14</i>
<i>Cheryl B</i>	<i>03.26.12</i>
<i>Denis B</i>	<i>03.06.10</i>
<i>Dennis B</i>	<i>03.25.86</i>
<i>Jim K</i>	<i>03.16.98</i>
<i>John b</i>	<i>03.15.78</i>
<i>Karen C</i>	<i>03.13.09</i>
<i>Ken J</i>	<i>03.06.90</i>
<i>Monroe C</i>	<i>03.16.04</i>
<i>Rick G</i>	<i>03.21.14</i>
<i>Ron C</i>	<i>03.24.14</i>

LOVE & LAUGHTER

Jessie W	03.31.13
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MID-DAY BREAK

<i>Andy S</i>	<i>03.15.16</i>
<i>Clay W</i>	<i>03.08.16</i>
<i>Edith H</i>	<i>03.15.89</i>
<i>Gregory P</i>	<i>03.01.12</i>
<i>Lisa S</i>	<i>03.15.16</i>
<i>Liz C</i>	<i>0.04.15</i>
<i>Tom A</i>	<i>03.01.96</i>
<i>Tyrus W</i>	<i>03.02.15</i>

SOBRIETY FIRST

<i>Hans T</i>	03.19.04
<i>Nichole H</i>	03.24.16
<i>Tequila B</i>	03.28.16

WEEKENDERS

Markus H	03.23.93
Todd A	03.13.08

WOMEN IN THE SOLUTION

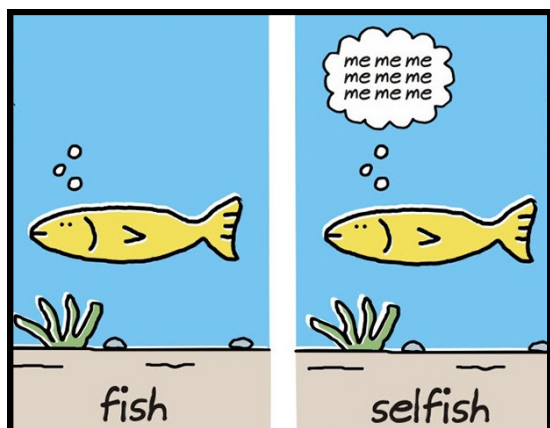
<i>Kathleen S</i>	<i>03.30.85</i>
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YET

Dave S	03.02.73
<i>Kim B</i>	<i>03.29.04</i>



What an **ODOR!**
I can't go through
with it!



If you think your idea is no good, just remember:
There were people sitting around a table once saying let's make a movie about
tornados with sharks in them in.



**M i d d l e T e n n e s s e e
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