

Cape
Atlantic
Intergroup



Pass It On

January / February 2018

Is The Fun Over?

Absecon
Avalon
Atlantic City
Barnegat
Barnegat Light
Beach Haven
Brant Beach
Brigantine
Cape May
Cape May C.H.
Cape May Point
Dennisville
Egg Harbor City
Egg Harbor Twp
Galloway
Linwood
Manahawkin
Margate
Marmora
Mays Landing
New Gretna
North Wildwood
Northfield
Ocean City
Palermo
Pleasantville
Pomona
Rio Grande
Sea Isle City
Ship Bottom
Somers Point
Stone Harbor
Surf City
Townbank
Tuckerton
Ventnor
Villas
Waretown
West Cape May
West Creek
Wildwood
Woodbine

Po Box 905
3153 Fire Rd
EHT NJ .08234
609-641-8855

Is the Fun Over?

“Yes, I’m willing. But am I to be cosigned to a life where I shall be stupid, boring and glum, like some righteous people I see? I know I must get along without liquor, but how can I? Have you a sufficient substitute?”(page 152, Alcoholics Anonymous)

As I sat in a dark room putting that last glass of liquor to my lips, I thought about how much fun I used to have when I first started drinking. The release from care, sense of freedom, comradery, joy and excitement that alcohol offered me was extremely appealing. However, by July 26th, 2015, those days were long gone and never to return. I had spent the past year or two trying to recapture those feelings, which only seemed to be slipping further away into a distant memory. Yet my alcoholic mind would convince me that it would soon be fun again, regardless of the consequences, pain or suffering that came with those efforts.

Despite the pain that alcohol caused me, I was certain that getting sober at nineteen meant that the fun was over. How would I be part of life, celebrations, or social events without being a buzzkill? For most of my life I had associated good times with being drunk and I was certain that people who didn’t partake in such activities were dull and boring. Little did I know that the most satisfactory years of my existence lie ahead.

After going through all twelve steps and finding a higher power of my understanding, I have a new found freedom that allows me to go anywhere and do anything as long as I maintain a good standing with that power. Today I am blessed to be free from the obsession to drink. In the short amount of time that I have been sober I have gone to numerous concerts, parties, and gatherings where alcohol and other outside issues were all around me. During all of these occasions the thought had never even crossed my mind to maybe have one drink in an effort to recapture those old feelings. What a miracle! The second step had come true, God had restored me to sanity.

The fellowship of Alcoholics Anonymous has given me an immense sense of purpose, joy, and direction I never thought possible. My experience can help the next alcoholic, and my painful past can be uniquely useful. To watch the network of fellow sober alcoholics, that I am blessed to be a part of, grow and share hope with the next new guy is an unparalleled joy. Today I am not tied down by the chains of drugs and alcohol, as they controlled where I went and what I did for most of my teenage years. I also have the pleasure of contributing to life and bringing Joy and happiness to such occasions, provided I keep in fit spiritual condition. There is an entire world out there for me to experience that I was previously blind to, so contrary to what I thought on July 26th, 2015, the fun is just beginning.

"God doesn't call the prepared, he prepares the called." If I just keep my feet moving he will do the rest.

**ACTIONS
SPEAK
LOUDER**

YOU CANNOT CONTROL
WHAT HAPPENS TO
YOU, BUT YOU CAN
CONTROL YOUR
ATTITUDE
TOWARD WHAT
HAPPENS TO YOU, AND
IN THAT, YOU WILL BE
MASTERING CHANGE
RATHER
THAN ALLOWING IT TO
MASTER YOU.

Wise Today

WHAT YOU
PUT OUT
=
WHAT YOU
GET BACK

Pass it On

**NEW JERSEY BID COMMITTEE
FOR EACYPAA PRESENTS**

**12 TRADITIONS
WORKSHOP**

**SATURDAY FEBRUARY 10TH
11:30 - 3:30**

**@ ENLIGHTENED CAFÉ
6414 VENTNOR AVE
VENTNOR CITY, NJ 08406**

"WHEN AN ALCOHOLIC APPLIES THE TWELVE STEPS OF
OUR RECOVERY PROGRAM TO HIS PERSONAL LIFE, HIS DISINTEGRATION
STOPS AND HIS UNIFICATION BEGINS. THE
POWER WHICH NOW HOLDS HIM TOGETHER IN ONE PIECE
OVERCOMES THOSE FORCES WHICH HAD RENT HIM APART.
EXACTLY THE SAME PRINCIPLE APPLIES TO EACH A.A.
GROUP AND TO ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS AS A WHOLE.
SO LONG AS THE TIES WHICH BIND US TOGETHER PROVE
FAR STRONGER THAN THOSE FORCES WHICH WOULD DIVIDE
US IF THEY COULD, ALL WILL BE WELL. WE SHALL BE SECURE
AS A MOVEMENT; OUR ESSENTIAL UNITY WILL REMAIN
A CERTAINTY"
- BILL W. 1955



**Bid Committee
for EACYPAA**

FREE EVENT, ALL ARE WELCOME!

*** LET US KNOW YOU ARE COMING! RSVP ON THE FB EVENT PAGE ***

CELEBRATING 31 YEARS

Ventnor

ESTD **SEASHORE GRP** 1987

SUNDAY · FEBRUARY 18 · 2018

Guest Speaker *Scott F* the Miracle Group · Bristol, PA

5:30PM FOOD AND FELLOWSHIP · 7PM SPEAKER
PARISH HALL · 6415 ATLANTIC AVE · VENTNOR, NJ 08406

50/50 · DESERTS ARE WELCOME

I am powerless, but He is not.

I remember clutching my Big Book under my arm, the spine showing no sign of wear. I had hardly ventured further than the inside cover where, with a shaky hand, I had written my name and my most recent sobriety date. I don't remember much of the meeting I had just left; it was not my first, and would not be my last. I don't remember what the speaker had shared, if I had raised my hand as a new comer, or whether or not I had picked up a 24-hour coin. I just remember standing outside of the church, on that August night, asking for a cigarette from the man whose number was given to me the night before, and who had generously taken me to my first meeting in a new town.

Upon receiving the cigarette, I felt my pockets and realized I was without a light. I asked the man if I could borrow his lighter, and without missing a beat, he hit me with that age-old joke: "Would you like me to smoke it for you too?"

I recall that I wanted to come back at him with something along the lines of, "careful with that joke, it's an antique!" But when I opened my mouth to do so, the simple phrase, "Will you be my sponsor?" came out instead.

This floored me, for it had not been my intention to ask another man for help that night, or any other night in the foreseeable future. I wanted to weigh my options, check out different meetings, different home groups, and find someone who "had what I wanted"...someone who "got me".

I was equally surprised by the man's response.

Maybe it was just my inflated ego talking, but I was expecting to hear something that resembled, "It would be my honor!" or, "I was hoping you'd ask me!" or even, "You know, I knew I saw something special in you the moment we met, and I was hoping you'd give me the privilege of being a part of your story!"

Sadly, the only response I received was a series of questions - three, to be exact:

1. "Do you want to get over the drink problem for good?"
2. "Are you willing to go to any length for victory over alcohol?"
3. "Is there anything that you are *not* willing to do?"

Being slightly taken back, and still very much a people-pleaser, I answered the first two questions with an affirming, "Absolutely!" (because it means so much more than yes). Catching myself, managed to squeeze out a "Not" after the third "Absolutely!" in response to his final question.

And this is the is how I found myself staring down Step 3 without ever having opened my Big Book. But what had happened?

1. *We admitted we were powerless over alcohol - that our lives had become unmanageable.*

With nine rehabs under my belt, eight of which came within an 18 month span; countless meetings, IOPs, sober houses; well-meaning therapists and doctors; all of this should have been evidence enough to convince me that I was indeed "powerless over alcohol." The family feuds, wrecked cars, heartbroken loved ones, and my seeming inability to hold down even a part time job, should have been evidence enough to convince me that my life had also become "unmanageable." Looking back with sober eyes, I can see these things to be true and apparent. But in the grips of alcoholism, I simply could not connect the dots. I still suffered from the great obsession that I would *one day control and enjoy my drinking*; that it would only be a matter of *exercising my will power and keeping on guard*.

Up to this point, I was still convinced that the First Step told me *I could not drink*. It wasn't until I picked up that phone to call a stranger and ask for a ride to a meeting, that I realized what the First Step really said: that left to my own devices, *I would drink!* In asking for help, I was admitting to myself, consciously or unconsciously, that I was powerless over alcohol, and that my life had become unmanageable.

2. *Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.*

Our book tells us that "the ex-problem drinker who has found this solution, who is properly armed with facts about himself, can generally win the entire confidence of another alcoholic in a few hours." In the short amount of time that I had known my soon-to-be sponsor, I had become convinced that here was someone who was very familiar with the position in which I currently found myself standing. I *knew* that he had once been as helpless as I suspected I was. I *knew* that he had once stood exactly where I was currently standing. I also knew *that* there was something inexplicably different about him. *His roots grasped a new soil*. I saw that he currently resided in a place that I had been unable to reach myself. He had found Power. *Had this power originated in him? Obviously it had not. There had been no more power in him than there was in me at that minute; and that was none at all.* It was in asking this man to sponsor me and to guide me through the Steps that I was inadvertently conceding to my innermost self one thing: I believed what had happened within him could possibly happen within me. This was my Step 2.

Thus, I started forth on this journey into recovery hand in hand with my sponsor. And it was in trudging this path to happy destiny, I discovered what my sponsor's *real* purpose had been. I looked down and saw that my hand no longer held his. Much to my surprise, he that he taken my hand and placed it into the hand of God. And there it remains to this day.

Step 1.

We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable

STEP
2

Find Hope



Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity

"We must accept finite disappointment, but never lose infinite hope"

Martin Luther King Jr.