

Here's *How*

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We Are Not a Glum Lot

It's my Party and I'll Abstain if I Want to....

Megan McD.

Acquaintance at a party: "You mean you don't drink at all?"

Me: "No, 'turns out I'm allergic to alcohol. When I drink, I break out in a sh---y life".

I love that word "glum". I love words that sound like what they are. And I'm pretty sure if it weren't for the laughter in the rooms, I would not have committed so quickly to A.A.

I came into A.A. through Alanon. (I kept trying to sober up my boyfriends so they could just take care of me while I drank). Now, those folks in Alanon really helped me get sober whether they knew it or not, still I did not find the laughter I came to love in the meeting across the hall in A.A.

I'm Irish Catholic, the 7th of nine kids, which I like to think, explains my intense interest in Buddhism and attraction to Jewish men, and humor was what got me through a very "colorful" but often sad childhood. My mom had me when she was 40 and by the time I came along my parents were out of film, out of gas, but rarely out of Cutty Sark! My late friend, Fireman Jim from a noon meeting in Glenview used to say "Yeah, if it weren't for us Irish they could have these meetings in phone booths" He was a great example of the humor I so love about the Irish and alcoholics. What a great guy.

Now, I'm a performer by trade, and I knew something was terribly wrong when in the early 80's I didn't want to sing and nothing was funny. This would be the biggest indicator that I was in trouble

with alcohol. Oh yeah, and the insomnia, panic attacks, depression and desperation...

So, in 1984 I moved back to the Midwest from NY City ('cause that was my problem – NY, oh... and not going to mass). I started going to Alanon again and there was an open AA meeting on Saturday nights that I went to in desperation for answers. They started reading "How It Works" and I began to cry. I knew the jig was up. It didn't hurt that a great looking guy with terrific blue eyes came up and asked me "Will you come back"? And my only thought was: "Will you be here"? Hey – my Higher Power knew how to get my attention!

So I did go back. Naturally I dated that guy and we planned to get married after a couple months but first he had to go make amends to an ex and married her a week later. Yep, I love alcoholics.

My friends, I was loved and laughed into Alcoholics Anonymous, pure and simple. Because of AA I have not found it necessary to take a drink since April 24th 1985. You remind me every meeting of the promises; especially "You will find a new freedom and a new happiness" I truly have in AA. Thanks for that. And never forget the 11th Commandment: "Thou Shalt lighten Up"!

Mistaken Identity

Anonymous

Recently at my home group meeting, the topic was about reaching out to the people in our fellowship and overcoming the fear that prevents us from doing so. The speaker gave a wonderful talk and when she was

finished, when it came time for open participation, I felt compelled to share with the group an experience that happened to me just minutes before she began her lead.

I am basically a selfish person, and having said that I carry resentment for pretty much all of the men who have the same sponsor as me (and there are quite a few). Each of them takes precious time from my sponsor that he should be spending on me. I could elaborate further, but I think you catch my drift. Besides, it's embarrassing enough just to admit that. However, through the step work I'm doing (step nine, currently) this attitude is something that I'm trying to nip in the bud. On this morning, I recognized one of my brother sponsees sitting directly in front of me. I hadn't seen or talked to him in a while, and so in a spasm of brotherly generosity, openness and true good will, I reached forward, gave him an affectionate scratch on the back, tapped his shoulder and said "good morning". He turned around and, to my horror, not only was he not the guy I thought he was, he was someone I'd never seen before in my life. My shock and extreme discomfort only permitted me to choke out a feeble "sorry, I thought you were someone else". He smiled broadly, shook my hand and introduced himself. His name is John. Never let it be said that I don't appreciate and am saved by the kindness of strangers.

What amazed me was that just after this happened, the speaker got up to talk about the importance of making contact with other people and how our own fears and character defects all but make this impossible if we give in to them. My higher power certainly hits me over the head with what I need to hear. And sometimes exactly when I

need to hear it. Had this happened to me at an earlier, different time in my recovery, I would have resolved to never, ever reach out in that way again. Well, I guess one of the things I learned from this little episode is that yes, I experienced discomfort. Maybe a little terror. But I'm still alive. It didn't kill me. I will reach out to another alcoholic again. And as far as John is concerned, I have no idea what his take is on all this. My God, what must he think of me. It doesn't matter; it's none of my business. If nothing else, after I tapped him on the shoulder, perhaps he felt a little more welcome than he did before.

Sobriety in Paradise

Lenny K.

Glum lot? I THINK NOT! When I heard this month's topic, I had to put my two cents in. My sobriety date is 9/1/98 and it's been great, nowhere near glum. Sure I've had disappointments, tears and assorted traumas over the past eight plus years, but hey, that's life! Since then, I've also had more fun than I could ever have dreamed possible.

I got sober in Kailua-Kona Hawaii, and spent the first six years in the program in the land of sun and fun. The weather there is perfect year-round, so outdoor activities are the norm, not something to be crammed into a three month window of time.

One perfect example – every Sunday we'd have a floating AA meeting. A group of us would meet at the beach, set up our blankets and whatnot, and swim out about 100 yards from shore for the meeting. We'd bring boogie-boards to float on, have plastic covered meetings. (7th tradition was done on shore!). We'd laugh, cry, share – just like any other group except, we're in the ocean getting tanned.

After meetings, a group of us would always fellowship. Most of the coffee shops and eateries have outdoor seating and were nearby. So we'd go out and enjoy the

scenery. The town we lived in was right on the ocean, next to a harbor. Our main activity was enjoying the sights, relaxing and watching the tourists and beach-goers, laughing and socializing! A couple of the restaurants were owned by program people, so it was nice to help support fellow AA's.

Rarely a weekend would go by without a cookout, luau, or just a simple gathering at the beach or someone's house. Movies, bowling, concerts....the list goes on and on. Sobriety opened up a life I never knew before. Hell, if life was glum, I'd still be drinking. I didn't get sober to be miserable!

Two years ago, I moved back to Chicago after 20 years on the islands. So the fun has changed a bit. Weather dictates less beach-wear – and more long underwear!!! But the fun goes on. This weekend I went on my first-ever retreat. It was co-ed and a blast! I got to know old friends better and meet some new ones; I can't wait for the next one in March.

I play music and found some people here from Hawaii and we play traditional Hawaiian music and hula. I've also done theatre – some experimental, even some Shakespearean. Not bad for a bust-out drunken junkie! Cry, live, laugh, love! Glum lot – are you crazy?

Glum Didn't Begin to Cover It!

Jim K.

Oh man, was I glum. Actually glum doesn't quite cover it. I was miserable for the last few years of my decades out there. Years of lying to and "borrowing from" friends and loved ones, and outright stealing from employers had left me buried under a mountain from which I saw no way out. I was just waiting for it to hit the fan. Or to die first. What had been a social lubricant became the great isolator. I dreaded talking to anyone because I couldn't remember which lie I told to

whom. Eventually, it did hit the fan. I didn't die, but I was in enough pain to ask for help. An expensive rehab turned out to be my introduction to AA.

Once I surrendered, being in a room full of others who'd surrendered was unexpectedly comfortable, sometimes even funny. I've found any meeting of AA to be a roomful of people who KNOW they can't drink anymore. We've done some amazingly stupid things in the pursuit and maintenance of our addictions. Makes for some great stories. Not all of them are funny. Some are sad or disturbing. But I need these stories, too, to remember how bad it was out there. I can either directly relate to them, or know that if it's something I hadn't done, it was only that I hadn't done it YET. I was on the road that led to all of those stops.

When I hear about hard times in sobriety, I get to learn how to live real life as it comes. I laugh now at the idea that I used to "deal with my problems" by getting drunk and/or high. THAT'S NOT DEALING WITH THEM!!!!!! IT'S AVOIDING THEM. Every now and then a newcomer will come along and remind me of that ol' knee-slapper.

I am starting to understand the part of "the promises" that says my experience can help others. It's the only way I can make something useful of all the wreckage I caused. There is a unique kind of joy that comes from seeing someone in a lot of hopeless alcoholic pain first see the spark of an idea that there just may be a way out. I know people saw it in my eyes when I was new, and now I get to enjoy passing it on as well.

When I was still out there, I couldn't imagine that there was any kind of life worth living without booze. Why would anyone even bother? Now I know that THIS is real life - I can feel everything I do, good or bad. I feel joy unfiltered. Pain, too, but AA's don't focus on that part. We deal with the rough spots as they come, and feel grateful for the smooth ones.

I had to have my 13-year old yellow Lab euthanized last night. I cried a lot. I let myself cry. Then, instead of dwelling on that, my wife and I made ourselves laugh until we cried with stories of the joy he had brought us during our fortunate life with him. We went to bed happy and sad and tired and full of the sense that we had made the difficult, loving, adult decision for our best friend.

If you're new, keep coming back. The joy and healing are infectious. Give them a chance to find you. There is a life without booze, and it's better. Things can't have been too great out there for you if you've ended up trying out one of our rooms, so why not give it a real shot? We truly are not a glum lot.

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CASO Corner

By Laura Gonzalez, CASO Manager

As the year wraps up, your Chicago Area Service Office is busier than ever, the office relocation is right around the corner. As many of you know, our new address is 180 N. Wabash, Ste. 305, Chicago, IL, 60601; this is official as of December 1st. The actual move will take place November 28th; the bookstore and the business end of the office will be closed the last week of November. I ask you all to practice tolerance, kindness and love during the move with us, as we will do our best to serve you the fellowship. Please refer to the announcement section of this newsletter for details on the office and bookstore closures during the upcoming holidays and year-end inventory.

I can tell you that because I have been taught how to laugh by those A.A.'s around me I can actually roar out in laughter during this stressful time. Those of you that have been to your Central Service Office can attest to the gift of laughter heard at the office. For this I thank all those who have taught me how to have fun again, even when I am working hard with the wonderful team at your Central Service Office.

I am proud to announce we have finally hired a new addition to the team – we had been unable to find a bookkeeper appropriate for the job until now. We have hired Joseph Kholi, I encourage you to stop by and meet him, or give him a welcoming call. He has an extensive background in bookkeeping with a solid work history.

I look back at the past year and want to thank you all for your continued support to your Central Service Office. Your support has enabled us to keep our

telephones answered by those of you that give us your precious time. Your support has allowed us to move forward on updating our computers so that we may serve you better. Your support has allowed us to keep our doors open whether by making purchases to the bookstore or sending us your generous contributions. I am continually amazed with the participation of the members of the fellowship that keep A.A. in the Chicagoland Area and your Central Service Office alive and well.

I invite you all to see your new Central Service Office and bookstore. I encourage you to come in from the cold and stop by our open house January 12th from 9am to 7pm, refreshments will be served, A.A. meetings will occur throughout the day. The bookstore will have special open house sales you must not miss.

Thank you all for everything you have done for your Central Service Office, especially supporting this newsletter, "Here's How." We can continue to produce this because of you.

Tell us about "what it was like, what happened and what it is like now." In upcoming issues, Here's How will publish your stories about:

Serenity

January – February Issue
Last day for submission – December 21st

Honesty

March – April Issue
Last day for submission – February 21st

We Are Not Saints

May – June Issue
Last day for submission – April 21st

**e-mail: hereshow@chicagoAA.org
with submissions**

We Grow, We Live, We Love

Marilyn M.

When we were drinking, we thought we were the life of the party. We thought we could make people like us smile and be happy, just because we were around. Our lives were fueled by alcohol and drug use; we found our courage in these mind-altering substances. We thought our emotions, actions, and feelings were real but that was not the case.

Truth is, we were slowly killing ourselves, spiritually, physically and mentally. Our lives were a mess and we had no way of getting out. Through God's grace, we found the program of AA, and recovery started to happen here, "one day at a time". We came to learn how to care for ourselves and are given real love from people we don't even know. Our eyes are opening to a new way of life, one that we never thought was possible. We began to learn to give of one's self and not ask for anything in return.

The pain of the past is turned into heartfelt laughter and growth. We learned the meaning of true unconditional love by becoming honest, by opening our minds to see life from a different point of view and by belief in self and real feelings.

The door of the miracle of recovery is opened, we are born anew. A new spirit is given for the purpose of our lives as we practice these principles in all our affairs. As we place principles before personalities, we grow, we live, we love. We are successful; we contribute to productive living!

The Train to Spirituality

Anonymous

Iwant to write about this story because it was so powerful for me and should be shared...

In many ways, I'm starting my life over at 39 with double-digit sobriety. I've

become a newcomer all over again in every area of my life. Sometimes I feel as if I've made the worst decision I could have ever made. My old sponsor told me not too long ago that "when everything seems like it's falling apart, it is probably coming together again." I believe that statement may be right on the money!

Anyway, it has been the most challenging time in my sobriety. I've been challenged in every area of my life: mentally, spiritually, physically, emotionally and financially. There have been days where I've wanted to chuck everything and disappear without a trace and I believe it can be done in Chicago.

One day in July a part of my outlook changed and here's the reason why...

It was a rough day of feeling sorry for myself. I prayed and did take little actions after the prayers but nothing seemed to work. I went to a meeting and then to the Outdoor Film Festival with a group of AA people. I was coming home from downtown afterwards on the Red line. I lived close to China Town so that's where I got off. When I got off the train I began to walk toward the exit and I heard this guy yelling behind me. I'm thinking what the hell is this guy yelling at, so I turn around and look at him. It's a guy in a wheel chair with one leg. I'm thinking he must be talking to someone else. I turn back around and keep walking. He's still yelling, so I stop and turn around and say, "Are you yelling at me?" And he says, "Yes, would you please help this man?" I see the man and I say, "Yes, yes, I'll help him." It's a blind man who needs help to the exit. I walk up to the man and say "Hi", and I tell him my name and I ask, "What's your name?" And he says, "Daryl". I say, "Hi Daryl, I'm going to help you to the exit gate." He says, "God bless you." I ask him how he became blind and he tells me that he was shot in the head. He showed me the healed wound. I say, "You're lucky to be alive aren't you Daryl?" And he says, "Yes, I am." I get him to the gate and his friend was waiting there for him. He introduces me to her and I said, "Hello, it's a pleasure to meet you." She

says, "God bless you". They walk away.

Every time after that, when I had a bad day and was on the Red line I would see Daryl. He's the blind guy who walks up and down the Red line every day asking for your change. Many of you I'm sure have seen him. He's probably not living very well. I couldn't tell you if he's homeless, but most likely he is. Every time I got off the Red line at China Town and Daryl did too, I would walk up to him and take his arm and say, "It's me Daryl, I'm going to walk you up to the exit." And he would always say "God bless you", the same way he does on the Red line asking for your change. He became the bright spot in my day whenever I would see him. I guess one could say he became my conscious contact with God for a while there.

Daryl taught me a very big lesson. I had been feeling sorry for myself. You know, self-pity oozing out of every pore. I thought I needed a big break in life because I've taken on this huge challenge and then someone like Daryl comes along who needs a much bigger break than me. What is so humorous about this whole deal? I have to get the message from a handicapped man with one leg in a wheel chair to help a blind man to the exit. What's the miracle in all this? I heard it and I took the action and I felt better instantly. My life hasn't become perfect, I'm not a spiritual giant, I've still been challenged but this experience has helped me. There have been nameless others who have helped me greatly too. I do believe now, I'm right where I belong. There's no doubt about that. I'm not sure why or for what reason and it doesn't really matter at this point. I just do whatever is in front of me to be done. There's a saying in the Big Book that I have written on a note that I put on my phone at work every day, "I must constantly think of others and work for their needs." I have an opportunity to grow in every area of my life. We are not a glum lot no matter what our present circumstances are. There is always someone who has it way worse than I do. I think that it's important that I help them and maybe then I'll receive. It doesn't have to be someone AA,

it can be anyone! I never know who the messenger will be. I just show up and try to be the tool that I've always been asked to be and miracles happen. Coincidences are miracles that are visible.

So the next time you see Daryl on the Red line say hi, give him some change and help him to the exit. He may save your day! He definitely saved mine and he wasn't glum so why should I be? I've recovered from a hopeless state of mind and body. What a miracle!

We Are Not a Glum Lot!

Jeremy K.

When I walked into the doors of AA two and a half years ago, I really did not know what to expect. I had attended some "girlfriend mandated" meetings over my long and illustrious drinking career, but really had never given the program a chance. I would attend a meeting every once in awhile, but never made a commitment to sobriety until I had truly hit rock bottom.

The only other reference point I had regarding AA was from a Simpson's episode, when Homer receives a DUI. Homer is forced to attend a court mandated AA meeting, and jumps out the window after Reverend Lovejoy informs him "With our help Homer, you will

never have to drink again." It is strange how that episode contained a simple truth about AA. By practicing the steps and trying to find some spiritual guidance, many of us do indeed never have to drink again.

I have always enjoyed the company of weirdoes, junkies, convicts, and psychos. I was worried to death that I would not find my way in AA, that I was too weird, that people would not understand me, and that my life would become a huge bore. I am pleased to report that this was not the case. I have found peers in sobriety that come from all walks of life: rockers, freaks, yuppies, average Joes, pretty boys, athletes, ex-convicts, white collar and blue collar types, and everything in between. This disease knows no boundaries, and the interesting thing is that like any aspect of society, there are some really funny, interesting people in AA.

So what does this have to do with anything? The answer is here, in a passage from the Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous:

We have been dealing with alcohol in its worst aspect. But we aren't a glum lot. If newcomers could see no joy or fun in our existence, they wouldn't want it. We absolutely insist on enjoying life. We try not to indulge in cynicism over the state of the nations, nor do we carry the world's troubles on our shoulders. When we see a man sinking into the mire that is alcoholism, we give him first aid and place what we have at his disposal. For his sake, we do recount

and almost relive the horrors of our past. But those of us who have tried to shoulder the entire burden and troubles of others find we are soon overcome by them.

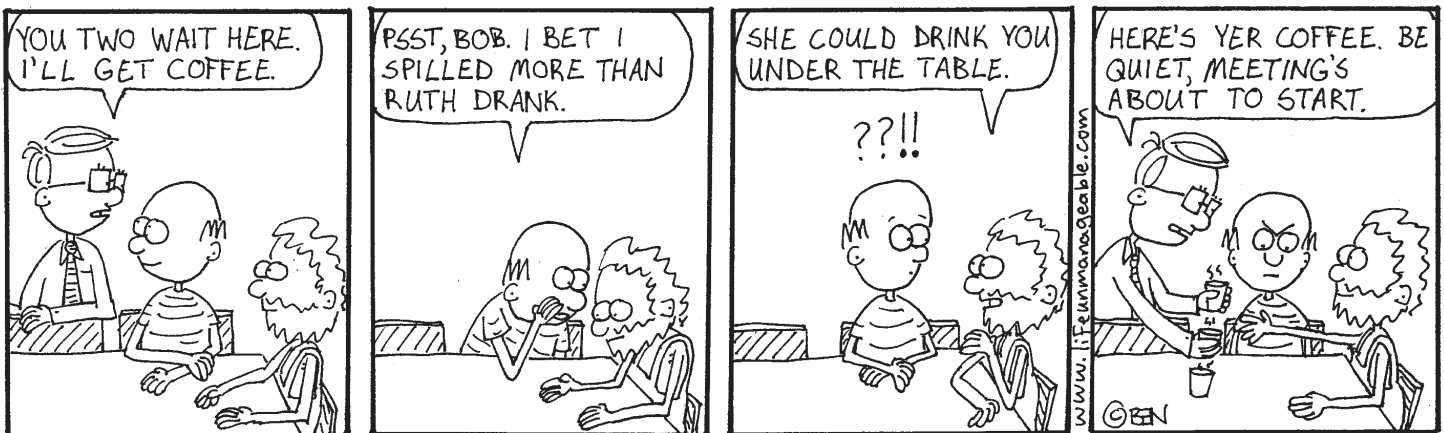
So we think cheerfulness and laughter make for usefulness. Outsiders are sometimes shocked when we burst into merriment over a seemingly tragic experience out of the past. But why shouldn't we laugh? We have recovered, and have been given the power to help others.

I have found peers that have been through the tragic and terrible, but were able to bounce back and find a new life in recovery. People who can laugh about peeing their pants in public, overdoses and incarcerations. People who can look past their awful past and overcome it through step work and relationships with others and their HP's. People who have made total wreckage of their finances, personal relationships, and careers. People who are able to laugh and stay in the moment and focus on the now, and what they can do to not relive these tragic events.

When I was a brand-spanking newcomer, I would walk into the rooms of AA and become mortified by the happy "shiny" people that would approach me, reach out their hands, and take my phone number. Why would these people I did not know want to reach out to me? I have found the answer to these questions and more. "But we aren't a glum lot" indeed, recovery works and it can change your life if you are willing to do the work.

LIFE UNMANAGEABLE

BY BEN



The Sober Stream of Life

Mike B.

In my drinking days, I relied heavily on alcohol as a catalyst for having fun. As a college student, we had many functions revolving around alcohol. Wild parties, tailgating and fraternity functions were always enhanced with a little booze. Alcohol had worked so well in the beginning that I had come to believe that life wasn't enjoyable without it. I was unable to interact socially without a few drinks. Ironically, the end of my drinking was marred with countless attempts to seek fun and companionship with the aid of alcohol, only to find myself isolated and resentful within a few hours. On June 28, 1997, at the age of 24, I had finally been defeated. After about eight beers I had a moment of clarity in which I finally understood that alcohol would no longer produce the desired effect. I knew I had to go to AA.

My fear of people made my first few months worth of meetings difficult, but I toughed it out. I certainly wasn't giving the outside world any indication that people in AA were happy. I had to learn to interact with others while sober. My sponsor pointed out that I could overcome these feelings by approaching five people at each meeting and introducing myself. He asked that I not make this task about me, but rather that I look at it as an opportunity to make others feel welcome. The men at my home group would say things to me like "Maybe if you stopped walking around with that pained scowl on your face people would be more inclined to want talk to you". Though unintended, these sorts of statements hurt my feelings. When I was new, the truth always hurt my feelings. I know today that these guys weren't making capital out of my shortcomings, they were simply trying to help me to add to the stream of life instead of taking from it.

I gradually started hanging out with other sober drunks and making real friends in AA. I would go to fellowship

after my home group, spending hours with sober alcoholics joking around and eating pie. I found that the fellowship provided me with a feeling of camaraderie and safety. I felt comfortable. The fellowship had begun to do for me what alcohol once did. I bought in to what AA had to offer. I became active in conference committees and in my home group. We would road trip to small AA communities throughout the western United States, setting up events to carry the AA message. Sober camp-outs, retreats and AA conferences became a part of my life.

I also have found I can have interests and hobbies outside of AA as well. I have learned to snowboard and play golf since getting sober. I continue to go see live music without the compulsion to get loaded before, during or after the show. I took up skateboarding again (something my drinking took from me) without fear of being washed up or not good enough. I have traveled overseas and worked in foreign countries. I can safely attend college football games without worry of a drink. I've been to many sober weddings and they are more jovial than any other weddings I've been to. I am also now a family man and really enjoy spending time with my wife and son.

As sober members of AA, we have a responsibility to invite newcomers into our lives and our homes. A responsibility to show them what sober living is all about. Celebrate this life. It's short. Too short to waste resenting others and living in fear of the unknown.

Downtown

Tom S.

It's tough working the fast-paced corporate job downtown. Well, LOK - maybe not so tough nor fast paced, and so what if my collar is blue - sometimes with a ring around it? But I do work for a big corporation and I do work downtown.

When I first transferred down here, I wandered around at lunch time like a lost soul until a man I work with and fellow AA said "aren't you going to a meeting"? I never thought there would be downtown meetings, but what I do know, just like my sponsor would, he reached out his hand and I took it and for the past 11 years have gone to an awful lot of meetings in the central district.

When life gets too tough, I know I can start my day with some good old fashioned serenity early at the Mustard Seed at 6:00am or sleep in and go to the Fourth Presbyterian Church for a 7:15 eye-opener. Later, when I break for lunch - depending where I am, I can catch a mid-day meeting over at 55 E. Wacker, or go back to the Fourth.

Any day at 12:15, South Nooners at 407 S. Dearborn will welcome you, as will CASO. Except I would not want to miss the Wednesday meeting at the Blue Cross Building. You get the idea, there are all kinds of meetings downtown all times of the day - every day of the week and you don't even have to work here to attend. Meetings such as Amethyst or Hazelden or the California Group at 323 W. Illinois are all treasures found in the middle of the busiest area of the city.

I can stop for a few minutes. I can be with people who know what it's like to be me. I'm not alone; I'm with friends if only for a little while. I can catch some spirituality and finish out my day replenished.

There is a downtown directory, compliments of District 14, which you can pick up at CASO (remember it's moving to 180 N. Wabash), or at 407 S. Dearborn # 1270, among other places - and there's the city-wide directory or AA on-line.

There's a meeting for everyone in and around downtown that could use support, and are there to support you. There's really no need - no matter where you live or work - to ever be glum in AA.

E V E N T S & A N N O U N C E M E N T S

CASO IS MOVING!

Effective December 1, 2006

Our new office address:
180 N. Wabash Ave, Suite 305
Chicago IL 60601

Our Phone numbers—Main (312) 346-1475, Fax Number (312) 346-5477 and Bookstore Number (312) 346-8451 will not change.

We will still hold our regularly scheduled AA meetings Monday and Friday at 12:10; additionally Tuesday & Thursday at 2:30.

We still need volunteers to help us in all positions, contact us for more information.

We invite you all to visit us and discover your new Chicago Area Service Office.

HOLIDAY OFFICE HOURS

Office and Bookstore will be closed for the following days for the move and for inventory/year end and holidays. Telephones will be answered during the closures – we are always looking for telephone volunteers – we will need you more than ever at this time.

November 24th Thanksgiving

Office & Bookstore closed for holiday

November 27th to November 30th

Office & Bookstore closed for moving

December 1st

Office & Bookstore closed for moving

December 25th

Office & Bookstore closed for Holiday

December 26th to 29th

Bookstore closed for inventory

January 1st

Office & Bookstore closed for Holiday

GSR's Wanted

Chicago AA would like to extend an invitation to willing members to serve as Group Service Representatives (GSR's), an important link between your home group and AA as a whole. Learn more about this important service position at upcoming workshops: Session one – Saturday, February 3, 2007, 9:00am – 12:00pm at St. Catherine St. Lucy's Maguire Hall, 38 North Austin, Oak Park, IL OR Session Two – Thursday, February 8, 2007, 6:00 – 9:00pm at CASO, 180 W. Wabash, Suite 305, Chicago. For more information, please call Gerry R. at (773) 525-4362.

Here's How Would Like to Thank this Month's Volunteers

Abby D	Gerald B	Men's Fireside
Alan R	Gerald R	Mtng
Andy S	Gino N	Mike Mc
Angie D	Greg S	Mike R
Anna L	Gregory M	Mike W
Annie S	Holly B	Nancy M
Barbara U	Jack C	Nicole P
Between The	Jacob G	Nora W
Covers	Jan C	Pat B
Beverly D	Janet O	Pate C
Billy Mc	Jason D	Patrick B
Bob H	Jason H	Pete B
Bob K	Javier	Ray M
Brian C	Jesse W	Rita B
Brien J	Jim H	Rob F
Carl K	Joe A	Robert A
Caroline R	Joe H	Ron C
Chris C	John B	Ruben G
Chris T	John C	Ryan H
Christine C	Karen H	Ryan M
Clint B	Kathryn M	Sam W
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Daaimah M	Kevin B	Steve J
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Dylan H	Margie Z	Tom Z
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15th ANNUAL We Are Not Saints CONVENTION

The Palmer House
17 E. Monroe St., Chicago
January 12th, 13th and 14th, 2007

The 15th Annual "We Are Not Saints" convention takes place at The Palmer House, 17 E. Monroe St., Chicago on January 12th, 13th and 14th, 2007. Beginning Friday at noon, you can expect great guest speakers, weekend workshops, continual meetings, literature and archives, as well as a Saturday night banquet with entertainment. Full Registration is \$52, banquet only is \$42. Registration only is \$20 for the weekend. Please mail all Checks or Money Orders to "We Are Not Saints", 1400 W. Devon, #311, Chicago, IL 60660 or email wansconference@yahoo.com. Call the Palmer House direct at (312) 726-7500 for a special rate of \$112. Pre-registration must be postmarked by January 3, 2007. If you wish to sit together at the banquet, you must register together in tables of 10.

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