



Daily Reflection—November 1

I CANNOT CHANGE THE WIND

It is easy to let up on the spiritual program of action and rest on our laurels. We are headed for trouble if we do, for alcohol is a subtle foe.

— ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, p. 85

My first sponsor told me there were two things to say about prayer and meditation: first, I had to start and second, I had to continue. When I came to A.A. my spiritual life was bankrupt; if I considered God at all, He was to be called upon only when my self-will was incapable of a task or when overwhelming fears had eroded my ego.

Today I am grateful for a new life, one in which my prayers are those of thanksgiving. My prayer time is more for listening than for talking. I know today that if I cannot change the wind, I can adjust my sail. I know the difference between superstition and spirituality. I know there is a graceful way of being right, and many ways to be wrong.

From the book *Daily Reflections*
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***A Note from Kerry H,
SIG Office Manager***

Hello Family. With 2021 coming to an end, some commitments are rotating out. Service work is essential to helping the next sick and suffering alcoholic and to maintaining our sobriety. If you can't keep a commitment, don't say yes. If you are unwilling to keep a commitment, don't say yes to begin with. It hurts everyone around you.

Having said that—The IG Board needs nominees on the floor to be voted on next month. We have a nominee for Co-Chair. We need nominees for Secretary and Treasurer. Voting will take place at the December meeting.

The New Years Eve Committee really needs your help! If you want to bring the New Year in with a big bang, lend a helping hand.

Happy Holidays to you and yours!

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Spiritual Growth

Ed R.

Early in my sobriety, about two months in, I was driving down 95 going 80 mph, when I got a flat tire. When it happened, I had been pondering the meeting I had attended the previous night where people had been recounting their spiritual experiences. I was despondent. It seemed that everyone in the program was having spiritual experiences except me.

And then I got a flat on 95.

In the back of my car was heaped my luggage, my two dogs, their beds, and my daughter's six year old friend who I was driving home early from a weekend at the beach. I took a breath, and tried my best to stay calm and get to the side of the road. I assured my daughter's young friend "it would be okay" before getting out of the car and grabbing my crutches. I am an amputee, so I crutched the best I could around to the other side of the car and took a look at the tire. I would have to change it.

I crutched over to the trunk and opened it up. Inside were boxes of junk, bags of clothes, and various pots and pans, all of which were leftover from a move we had just made. I methodically removed it, stack-



Roving Reporter

ing my stuff on the side of the blazing summer road in an ever growing pile as huge semi-trucks roared by at 80 mph.

I eventually got to the spare tire, and as I pulled it out of its compartment, I noticed that the rubber had begun to rot. I took a breath and decided that maybe it would at least get me down the road to the next gas station. I abandoned my crutches and hopped over to the flat on the front right side of my car. I got down on the ground and slid the jack under the car. Laying on my side, I was trying to find a good spot for the jack when suddenly I felt a prickling, burning sensation that quickly engulfed my entire arm in fire. I looked down and realized I was laying in a fire-ant bed. I took another breath.

Cont' on pg 4

October Financial Snapshot	
Income	
Contributions:	1240.78
Sales:	1511.64
<i>Total Income:</i>	2752.42
Expenses	
COGS:	1204.10
Expenses:	2047.15
<i>Net Income:</i>	-483.18
A detailed set of financials is emailed to your IG Rep monthly.	

Newsletter Staff:

- Carrie S: Layout Editor
- Ed R: Roving Reporter
- Tricia W: Proof Editor
- Sharon A: Contributing Writer
- Yolanda M: Contributing Writer
- Kerry H: SIG Office Manager

Send submissions to:
sig.office@savannahaa.com

All entries welcome!



Clubhouse: Check with the groups for dates and times

Southside: Ron N and John N celebrate Nov 18 at 8 pm

We are interested in your stories! Submit your story by the 15th of the month to be considered for print in the next issue of the newsletter.

2022 Sobriety Calendars
 ARE IN!!! \$15 each
 COME TO THE OFFICE TO GET
 YOURS TODAY!
 QUANTITIES ARE LIMITED



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“Faithful Fivers” are AA members who, in gratitude, contribute each month (\$5.00) toward support of the Savannah Intergroup Office. The Faithful Fivers idea came about by remembering how many of us wasted many times that dollar amount in far less time during our drinking careers. Enrollment is always open! Send name, address, phone to sig.office@savannahaa.com

Cont' from pg 2

I jumped up, brushed the ants off, and did my best to jack the car off the ground while standing on one leg. At this point my daughter's friend had begun to loudly complain as I tried to get the lug nuts off my tire. That was when I realized the wrench was the wrong size; I wouldn't be able to remove the tire after all. I took a breath, pulled out my phone, and called my father-in-law.

There I was, on the side of 95, in the blazing July sun, balancing on one leg, my spare tire rotten, my arm covered in blistering ant bites, my daughter's friend whining, and all of my stuff strewn out in piles behind the car...I took a breath; I was okay. Slowly, like cool water pouring into a glass, a deep peace filled my entire body. I felt God there with me, and I laughed out loud.

A few short months ago, I would have been cursing over the phone at my wife for making me take the kid home early; I would have launched that rotten tire into the woods, and I most definitely would have been counting down the minutes until I could get a drink in me. But I wasn't doing any of that, I was okay; I was at peace.

I had been searching for some beautiful moment of grace, but my first real spiritual experience manifested as a road-side, ant-bitten, rotten-tire, cluster-cuss that normally would have sent me into a panicked, self-pitying rage. I had grown spiritually. Patiently, over time,

the readings and meetings and steps had transformed me and as I stood there on the side of the road completely at peace, I realized how much this program had changed my life.

Life isn't always sunshine and rainbows. Sometimes you get a flat tire at the worst possible moment, but this program teaches us not to react but to respond and give it up to God. In that moment, the reason I wasn't consumed in fury was because I had surrendered the situation to my higher power. Learning how to surrender and give up control is at the core of what this program teaches us. It is our duty to always be vigilant for moments of Grace, because sometimes they aren't what we expect.

So there I stood on the side of the road waiting for my father-in-law, a big grin on my face, peace suffusing my entire body, and it was at that moment (I swear to God) that my phone rang. It was a fellow alcoholic seeking help.



“He passed the sobriety test. Now I think he’s just showing off.”

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 BRAAD

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AA's Three Legacies

Step Eleven: "Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out."

Prayer and meditation are our principal means of conscious contact with God.

We A.A.'s are active folk, enjoying the satisfactions of dealing with the realities of life, usually for the first time in our lives, and strenuously trying to help the next alcoholic who comes along. So it isn't surprising that we often tend to slight serious meditation and prayer as something not really necessary. To be sure, we feel it is something that might help us to meet an occasional emergency, but at first many of us are apt to regard it as a somewhat mysterious skill of clergymen, from which we may hope to get a secondhand benefit. Or perhaps we don't believe in those things at all.



Tradition Eleven: "Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion; we need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio, and films."

A great responsibility fell upon us to develop the best possible public relations policy for Alcoholics Anonymous. Through many painful experiences, we think we have arrived at what that policy ought to be. It is the opposite in many ways of usual promotional practice. We found we had to rely upon the principle of *attraction* rather than promotion.

Concept XI: The trustees should always have the best possible committees, corporate service directors, executives, staffs, and consultants. Composition, qualifications, induction procedures, and rights and duties will always be matters of serious concern.

In this, the second longest of the Concepts, Bill explains in great detail the composition, functions and relationships of the standing committees of the General Service Board, its subsidiary operating boards, the General Service Office and AA Grapevine — as they existed in 1962. As A.A. has grown and changed, many of the descriptions would be different today, and some of the issues that are addressed are no longer relevant. Nevertheless, the full text is valuable as an historical document, and many of the principles still apply.

Calendar—Meetings:

Intergroup:	7 :00 pm Zoom	1st Tues
Grapevine:	9:00 am Zoom	2nd Sun
Treatment:	6:45 pm Pavilion	3rd Thurs
PI/CPC:	6:30 Club	3rd Wed
Corrections:	7:00 Zoom	2nd Tues
District:	7:00 Club	Last Tues
Newsletter:	4:30 Club	2nd Mon

Please note: Any donations made must be addressed to the appropriate group and sent to the appropriate address:

SIG: 6205 Abercorn St. Ste 110 Sav 31405

CFC: PO Box 14093 Sav 31406

District 5 Fund: POB 60493 Sav 31420

New Years Eve Fund: PO Box 13436 Sav 31416

Make check out to Georgia Alcoholics Anonymous

Memo line: NYE Committee

Silicone bracelets debossed with “One Day At A Time” and “To Thine Own Self Be True”

*****ON SALE FOR \$4.00*****



Savannah Area Intergroup
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St. Francis Prayer

Lord, make ma a channel of thy peace, that where there is hatred, I may bring love;

That where there is wrong, I may bring the spirit of forgiveness;

That where there is discord, I may bring harmony;

That where there is error, I may bring truth;

That where there is doubt, I may bring faith;

That where there is despair, I may bring hope;

That where there are shadows, I may bring light;

That where there is sadness, I may bring joy.

Lord, grant that I may seek rather to comfort than to be comforted;

To understand, than to be understood;

To love than to be loved.

For it is by self-forgetting that one finds. It is by forgiving that one is forgiven.

It is by dying that one awakens to Eternal Life.