
THE MIXER

THE AUSTRALIAN MAGAZINE OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

SOBRIETY – A PASSPORT TO THE WORLD

I came to A.A. at 25 years of age knowing that I could no longer use alcohol safely, but was terrified at the thought of living the rest of my life without booze – wouldn't it be dull and boring and lack adventure and fun? 20 years later I can attest this could not have been further from the truth!

Although I came from a loving and stable home environment I developed into an active alcoholic at an early age. Early experimentation with booze made me feel like I had discovered the secret to life – alcohol was for me what phone booths were for Clark Kent. My ambitions to complete university and pursue a brilliant career and start a family of my own were discarded in the pursuit of drinking whenever possible, and I quickly burned bridges, broke hearts and wasted many opportunities as a result. The bitter consequences of my reckless lifestyle further fuelled my destructive drinking, and I will never forget the pain of waking in the mornings to the reality of the wreckage of my life – University Drop-out, Divorcee and Drunk. I no longer wanted to live, and prayed the sickness I felt in my soul would impact my physical health and I could just vanish from the face of the earth. I tried psychologists, swamis, priests, tarot card readers and crystal healers, and read countless self-help books, but nothing could take me out of the mire of self-pity I was bogged in.

After dropping out of Uni I held a string of increasingly mundane administration jobs, and developed a repertoire of excuses for being absent Mondays. Although capable of the work, my poor attendance and miserable attitude did little to advance my career and required me to find a new position every six months.

Much of my time was spent alone, as my family and friends found it unbearable to watch the train-wreck my life had become. As going out to bars and clubs usually ended in disaster I found it safer to spend my free time picnicking on the lounge room floor with cask wine and watching movies. Both the bottle-shop and video store staff knew me by my first name. Thankfully, two movies I rented planted the idea of A.A. in my mind: "Leaving Las Vegas" starring Nicholas Cage, which showed me to die physically from alcoholism was going to be a long painful process; and "When a Man Loves a Woman" starring Meg Ryan and Andy Garcia, which introduced me to the idea of going to Alcoholics Anonymous.

After a particularly dreadful and lonely weekend I called the A.A. hotline and spoke to a kind gentleman who gave me information on a meeting in the area that night. I will never forget the fear I felt waiting to go, chain smoking and drinking straight vodka,

CONTENTS	
1-4	SOBRIETY - A PASSPORT TO THE WORLD
2	CONTENTS; STATEMENT OF PURPOSE
4-5	LAST CALL FOR ALCOHOL
5	SOBRIETY STRATEGY
6-8	AN AA MIRACLE
8-9	ADDICTION, AWARENESS, ACCEPTANCE AND SERVICE IN DETOX
9-11	FOR EVERY HIGH, THERE'S AN EQUAL LOW.....
11-12	HEARD AROUND THE TRAPS
12	GENERAL EDITOR'S NOTE; AA PREAMBLE

knowing that the goal of the A.A. program is lifelong abstinence from alcohol and knowing booze was no longer working for me, but wondering how I would deal with life and the torment of living in my headspace without it. Thankfully, I learned quickly that A.A. is not just a solution for drinking, but a program for living!

I went to my first meeting at Toowong Beginners on Monday, 21st April 1997 where I met an amazing woman who became my first sponsor, Kerry. I was surprised at how happy everyone was and that members were from all walks of life – and that no one was ashamed to be ‘an alcoholic’. Kerry spoke to me about my drinking after the meeting and asked me if I found it difficult to stop once I started – which seemed like a silly question, as I truly thought all humans felt the same phenomenon of craving as I did after taking the first drink. She also talked about alcoholism as an illness, and asked whether I had had enough ‘pain’ to motivate me to stop, which I agreed I had. She suggested meeting the next day for coffee, and we discovered we worked across the road from each other and could easily meet – which I now see as a huge blessing from my Higher Power, as having her so close during my first couple of years was an incredible gift.

My first year was tough and something I never want to repeat. At some point during the first few weeks the urge to drink left, and in hindsight I see that I was blessed with the gift of desperation. My sponsor

The Mixer Statement of Purpose

The Mixer, for “people who normally would not mix” (*Alcoholics Anonymous*, p. 17), is a forum for AA members in Australia to share their experience, strength and hope with each other, that they may stay sober and help others to recover from alcoholism.

Stories are collected by a volunteer Editor in each Area, thus ensuring a voice for all AA members around Australia; and these Area Editors form an editorial group conscience for the magazine, together with the General Editor and technical and design team. We, the editors and other volunteers contributing service to *The Mixer*, try to practice the AA principles in our work, being guided by the 12 Steps, 12 Traditions and 12 Concepts. All contributions present the views of the contributors, and do not represent the AA Fellowship as a whole.



suggested I regularly attend meetings, work the steps and become active in service, and as I had no better options I immersed myself in the program and the fellowship.

My experience is that the 12 Steps are the recipe for a Miracle and completely transformed my life and continue to do so. The trick for me is that my alcoholism gives me a kind of amnesia, even though I “know” all the AA wisdom such as ‘living life a day at a time’ and that experience has shown me time and time again that ‘letting go and letting God’ brings great comfort. I quickly forget these lessons and am off trying to run the show, until I’m reminded again, by listening to another member, to actually utilise this knowledge.

Practising Step Three at first was a challenging proposition: for some reason I thought that, if I really let God run my life, I would end up never having any fun and my life would be dull and I’d be stuck in the same rut forever. Emotional pain quickly gave me the willingness to hand ALL my will over in my second year and to end a terribly co-dependent and destructive relationship that I had known in my heart of hearts was always going to be a barrier to serenity. It was terrifying, but by taking that leap of faith and being true to myself, some amazing opportunities evolved and coincidences occurred. Without any self-will, within a year I found myself living and working in London and travelling through Europe – dreams I had never even dared to ponder. I was excited and nervous to leave the Brisbane fellowship, but my sponsor told me to get myself to a meeting within 48 hours of landing and get a home group, service position and local sponsor within a couple of weeks, and I’m glad I followed her suggestions. London AA was so much fun, you can’t imagine how many meetings there are, and so many are in the most beautiful, historic churches and seeing celebrities is quite common. There were so many other young people in the fellowship there, and within a short time I had a very full social life considering I only knew one person in town on arrival. I went to some fabulous AA conventions in Spain and France, and it was at an AA girlfriend’s wedding in Vienna, Austria (where she grew up) that I found my true partner and soulmate.

Ironically, I already knew my beau from London AA meetings, and although I found him amusing, had never liked the idea of finding a partner in AA after seeing it not work out too well for others. However, it turned out we had much more in common than our individual commitment to AA, and I do believe it was because we both already had several years of sobriety and experience working with others and our own program that made the difference. We had a beautiful courtship and had many fabulous weekends in the English countryside. As he is an American, and after 9 years living in London was returning to his native country, I found myself on another relocation I hadn’t planned!

At first adjusting to life in the USA was hard. They are workaholics and only have two weeks holiday a year, and the Washington DC area where we lived was the coldest place I had ever been. Snow was a novelty at first, but the long, dark winter with no leaves on the trees was a slog. Again, getting in the middle of the Fellowship served me well, and although a long way from home I was always surrounded by a network of amazing people.

The next great adventure was motherhood. Wow. I'm so glad to be in AA and to have had all the support of the fellowship and sponsees to take my mind off myself during the physical and emotional rollercoaster of pregnancies, births, infancy, toddlerhood, childhood, tweens and now teenagers. AA taught me how to ask and accept assistance, which I so needed with my own parents on the other side of the world (they did visit but that long-haul trip isn't something you can do every fortnight!).

I loved my life in Washington DC and was very active in the fellowship there, and had many close friends and a full life. However, both my husband and I always dreamed of our girls living some of their childhood years in each of their countries (as they are dual citizens of the USA and Australia). Again, opportunities and coincidences (apparently God's way of staying anonymous) occurred and we found ourselves moving to my hometown, Toowoomba. We are nearly two years back, and once again, getting in the middle of the fellowship is such a great way to transition into a community and to quickly feel like you belong. It is funny to hear my family's observations on life in Australia and also realise how accustomed I had become to the lifestyle in the US!

So, two decades and two continents on, I can assure anyone that the sober life is not boring and that exciting things will happen to them if they really immerse themselves in the program and fellowship and turn their life over to the care of a Higher Power – this has been my experience. The experiences and people I have encountered after doing the suggested things in AA have been more exciting and glamorous than anything I ever experienced before sobriety and AA. We live in a big wide wonderful world and are so blessed that AA is in every corner.

(Kirsten T., Toowoomba Women's Group)

LAST CALL FOR ALCOHOL

As the sun set on 30yrs of drinking, I wasn't sure what to think or what to feel. I did all the things suggested to stay sober, even did "who gets around stays around" and went to lots of different meetings from Newcastle to the Central Coast, Nabisac to Orange and everywhere in between (my wife calls those meetings my tourist attractions).

Doing the suggested steps, trying to find my way in life, I was thrown a curve ball. I lost my brother (01/11/16) to this disease, age 51 - left behind a wife and three adult children (only lasted 3 weeks from when he was diagnosed). WOW... I couldn't believe it and still can't. I felt numb, shock and disbelief. Fast forward 10 months, and my grief got worse and I fell into depression and suicidal thoughts started to happen, I started to think, "I am done with life... I've reached 47, that's a good innings...I've had fun, what's the point?" I had started to lose my will to live. But with the tools I have picked up through the fellowship of AA, I managed to turn those thoughts around: "if I did take my own life, how would my wife/son/friends feel or cope with a loss like that? I know how I would feel".

So instead of going to the shed to drown my sorrows like the old days with booze, I spoke to my wife about how I was feeling (not bad for an alcoholic). Of course

my wife was upset but relieved I had told her. Together we made an appointment with our family doctor, and being honest again, told the doctor what was going on. I was put on a mental health plan, medication, and referred to outside help to address my grief. Now, after 4 sessions addressing my grief, life is slowly getting better, with a mix of good/bad days. I'm still attending AA meetings, which are a huge help, just by sharing and telling my story - who knows, I could help someone else going through the same thing.

While going through this, I never thought once of picking up a drink, sober just over 22 months (11/03/2016). I'm starting to see the light at the end of the tunnel now, just taking it One Day at a Time and looking forward to a brighter future. **"I pray that the little stones which I put into the mosaic of my life may make a worthwhile pattern."**

(Alex R, Windsor, NSW)

SOBRIETY STRATEGY

Gratitude, a healthy attitude, to start with every day.
 Do the next suggested thing, feet made of Clay.
 No one on a pedestal, all one drink from a drunk,
 Working with alcoholics, thought of as human junk.
 Staying sober, Just For Today, By the Grace of God,
 Take it Easy, as through the steps you plod.
 Pick up the phone before you pick up the Drink,
 Sounds easy, but it's harder than you think.
 Cunning, Baffling and Powerful, described my disease,
 "One won't hurt", "you deserve it". It will typically tease -
 It's like some sort of parasite, residing in my brain,
 If I succumb to its sweet whisper, it will drive me insane.
 Meetings, Meetings, Meetings is one tool to scratch this itch,
 Recognize its cunningness, don't fall for its pitch.
 Work the Steps, it's an action plan. Don't be afraid of
 Other members of the fellowship, generally, try to be of aid.
 Try get a Sponsor with whom you can relate.
 Don't over Analyze, or complicate, it's not up for debate.
 Make Practice phone calls, make sure you don't partake.
 A simple program for complex people, not a piece of cake.
 We're here to help each other, that's what Step 12 is about.
 The advantage of a home group to take away the doubt,
 A Group to commit to, get there, do some service work.
 Sobriety it is worth it, your life is the perk.

(AA Pauly, Lalor Park, NSW)

AN AA MIRACLE

I'm a 60 year old happily married woman with two adult children, and I believe I'm an AA miracle. I never believed that my life could turn around so dramatically and be so good, but it has – with the help and support of my AA family. Everyone had given up on me, and my family and friends thought that I was an all time loser, and that I would never get sober. But here I am, a living, breathing miracle.

My childhood was miserable with both parents being alcoholic, and I swore as a young child that I would never be like them, but I am. I am an alcoholic just like them. Today we'd call my family "dysfunctional", but when I was growing up it just seemed to be accepted that people drank a lot, that husbands beat up their wives, and that parents neglected and abused their children. I come from a long line of alcoholics on both sides of my family, and I learnt in AA that alcoholism is a hereditary disease. Today I believe this to be true, but when I first came into the rooms I thought I was just a very bad person and that I didn't deserve to be alive. AA taught me that I was a sick person, not a bad person, and that God loved me and wanted me to get well.

Even though I didn't get sober straight away and had a number of busts, no-one ever turned me away from meetings or said that I was hopeless and that I shouldn't bother coming back. AA gave me hope, and I saw how happy people were to be sitting in a smoke-filled room drinking copious amounts of coffee, and I felt accepted and understood for the first time in a very, very long time. I was not judged, and people went out of their way to be helpful. I had never experienced anything like this before in my life. In my life, people always wanted something from me and there was always a payback if I asked for anything. I learned early in life to depend on no-one, and I remain today a very independent person. But here in AA was a group of strangers who showed me love and support, and I wanted what they had. I saw light in their eyes and a smile on their face, and they were happy with their lot in life. They would laugh at themselves! How could this be? For a newcomer it seemed strange that people would laugh at the horrors in their life and the things they had done, but now I get it. I've been sober for a few years and have done many 4th Steps. I've learned not to take myself so damn seriously!

My AA journey started with some very good friends confronting me about my drinking and suggesting I should probably go to AA. They were very brave and did not back down. They had even attended a couple of meetings themselves to try to understand what was going on with me. So I made the phone call and attended my first meeting that night, drunk as a skunk but pretending I hadn't had a drink. As if a bunch of drunks couldn't tell when someone had been drinking! You could smell me a mile off, and I couldn't even talk straight and cried for hours! I attended meetings regularly for a while but kept drinking on and off, so I went into rehab for five weeks. I came out of there feeling the best I'd felt in years – physically, mentally and spiritually. But of course I didn't do any of the things they had suggested. I didn't go to meetings, I didn't get a sponsor and I didn't do the Steps. I didn't pray and ask for God's help, and I didn't read

any AA literature. So the inevitable happened and I found myself drunk all over again. I had not planned it, I had not thought about a drink, nothing had gone wrong (or right) – it just happened. And it scared me greatly. Then began the merry-go-round of hospital admissions, bust after bust, going to meetings and trying hard to get back on track. It was very hard work.

My work was suffering, and I was told if I didn't get my act together they would retire me on ill health grounds. That frightened me and it was most humiliating. I had always had a good reputation as being a reliable and solid worker. They really had no idea what to do with me, but today I am extremely grateful for the kindness and support they showed me. They could have sacked me on the spot, but they gave me many more chances, and I feel blessed to have continued on in my chosen career and to have received many promotions and job opportunities. God was certainly looking after me.

But the most gut-wrenching thing to happen to me was that my ex-husband took my children away from me, something he should probably have done much sooner. I only got to see them on the occasional weekend and it hurt like hell. But I had no-one to blame but myself, and he absolutely had done the right thing. I fell to pieces, and you would think this would be enough to get me sober, but oh no, that just gave me another excuse to attend my own pity party and get very drunk very regularly! He was planning an overseas holiday for a lengthy period, and I was terrified that I wouldn't be able to cope. Then the penny finally dropped and all that I had heard in AA fell into place. I got on my knees and prayed to my God and begged him to help me. I knew I could not go on any longer the way I had been, and I could not put my children through any more pain and neglect. This was my own personal spiritual awakening, and I have not had a drink from that day forward. I began to fully understand the meaning of letting go and letting God. God did for me what I could not do for myself. No matter how hard I tried and how many promises I made, I could not stay sober. I could stop drinking for periods, but I could not stay stopped. The importance of not taking that first drink finally made sense to me.

Today I have an excellent relationship with my children and the damage has been repaired, and my children come to me for advice and they trust me. I continue to work on my amends to them, as I believe this will never end. But these children saw me at my absolute worst and they were ashamed of me (hell, I was ashamed of me). They were afraid of me and never knew what would come next. I was not a reliable or responsible mother during my period of alcoholic drinking, and I thank God today that this period was only for a few years. I've always had the isms of alcoholism, but I did not always drink alcoholically.

I have my family and all my friends back in my life, and it is all thanks to AA and the 12 Steps of this wonderful program. I am quite certain that, if I had given up hope and left the rooms, I would not be here today – I would most definitely be dead. And it would not have been a pretty death. I heard a member say at a meeting once that she prayed for all newcomers to be granted the gift of desperation. I didn't get it at first, but

now I do. I was desperate to get well, and God took care of me until I was ready to listen. My sponsor at the time told me to take the cotton wool out of my ears and put it in my mouth! And I thought – how dare she speak to me like that. Oh my God, I was so precious and self righteous. Now when someone makes a suggestion, I listen, and realize that people really care about me and want to help me. How precious is that!

I am a very grateful member of AA and have been sober for almost 16 years. I am one of God's kids and I am a miracle. I hope to meet many of you as we trudge to road to happy destiny, and may God bless you and keep you until then.

(Anonymous, Queensland)

ADDICTION, AWARENESS, ACCEPTANCE AND SERVICE IN DETOX.

My name is Danny and I'm an alcoholic. I was trapped in active addiction for approximately eighteen years. During that time, I was in and out of various institutions: prisons, rehab, detox units. I was also in and out of the rooms of AA, but I could not understand what was presented, and I began to think that change was not possible for me.

But, like so many others in the rooms describe it, I had no other place to go but the rooms, and this is where, eventually, I identified and was accepted.

Just over nine years ago I was homeless, and my partner of fourteen years had left. I was introduced to a man who facilitated supported accommodation in Coburg. It was a place where men could go if they wanted to get sober and clean and have a look at the program of AA, as outlined in the Big Book. I had truly had enough of the life I'd been living – for so long – and I'd truly had enough of myself.

In this setting, I engaged in being receptive and started to understand what it meant, to be powerless over alcohol. I started to understand why I was the way I was. For the first time, I guess, I was truly open to listening and I connected with what I heard, and connected with a big truth: why things had been happening to me, over and over and over, for almost two decades.

As a result, I now understand that, unless I can, daily, access the required power, I am likely to go insane again: drink again and possibly take my own life. So, the formula that was presented to me, in that house, was: trust God, clean house and work with others.

I also know that talking to other people with addictions is the best way for me to stay connected and aware of what is wrong with me. This is what we mean, in AA, when we say: give it away to keep it. Alcoholism is a terrible affliction, and although I don't want to present as a victim, I am aware that once a person is in its grip, any sufferer is on a steep moral decline. Realising, and accepting, what was wrong with me has made me acutely empathetic to other sufferers.

It also compelled me to begin to try to help other sufferers. In this service, I attempt to help others by describing what I suffer from. I know I am powerless over my

own illness, and therefore, definitely powerless over others. But, I also know I'm best fitted to help others through my own experience.

It's easy to sit back at a meeting of AA and wait for others to come in, but what about those who have never heard of AA, or don't know what it offers or how to connect with meetings? This is why I started to work on the detox rosters for AA members to visit and speak to people there. I also pray for guidance and to show me where I can be helpful.

The work I've done, to understand and accept my own situation, means I can now make a visit to a detox with a little more empathy, compassion and a sense of gratitude for the gift that was given to me. The service of talking to people in detox has been a humbling experience and kept me grounded. I am no better or worse; and this fact, once learned, has had an enormous impact on helping me to remove my judgement over others.

I am also acutely aware that, in order for me to keep what I have, I must, freely, give it away. Visiting DAS-West in Footscray regularly has allowed me to grow in effectiveness and to develop better understanding of how to talk to others about alcoholism.

I have witnessed newcomers turn up to a meeting as a direct result of listening to members who visited the detox. To me, this is direct evidence that speaking at detoxes is a two-way street: the newcomer benefits, and older, sober members benefit too by being helpful – during detox visits and after.

When I go into a detox, I may meet a patient who is ready to listen and connect. I'd like others reading this to believe that, when AA members fulfil their primary purpose by visiting detox centres, they offer the opportunity for sick people to get well. On a personal level, this service fills me with gratitude and hope.

'Trust God, clean house and work with others'. I am grateful that I still know these are the things I need to do stay well. I know now that the time that I spend in detoxes is good for me, and reaps benefits for those around me as well as aiding my own sobriety.

(Danny, Laverton Primary Purpose)

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FOR EVERY HIGH, THERE'S AN EQUAL LOW

Something that has come to mind recently, that I'd kind of forgotten about, to be honest, is the extreme highs and lows of early recovery. I remember hearing people say that, "The higher you fly, the harder you fall". At first, I didn't really understand, and I certainly didn't take heed of what the older sober members were alluding to. In fact, what I really thought, was that they were trying to spoil my fun.

After a few AA conventions and anniversaries, I began to understand what they meant. I would feel so incredibly elated and energized by the simple, yet powerful experience of being at one with a group of people who understood me, my life and my thinking. It's an amazing experience to finally find real understanding at such a deep

level. There is nothing else on earth, like that of the unconditional love found in a fellowship of those people, just like me, who were previously so incredibly hopeless and alone.

But then, just a few short days later, sometimes even as soon as the next day, I would plummet into a black hole of depression that I just could not explain. I would feel so weighed down by some unnameable sadness... that I have since come to call 'the disconnection'.

In the Big Book, on pages 87 to 88, it makes a reference to the 'danger of excitement' and how we [alcoholics] can tire easily when we rush into things, and make foolish decision... And I think that's where the whole slogan, 'the higher you fly, the harder you fall' thing, comes from.

I have always wanted to be part of the action: the live music, the big shopping centres, the show rides, and anything else that involved adrenaline and fast-paced living. Those things send me flying high! Adrenaline courses through my body, and I feel strong, invincible and untouchable.

But then, suddenly the ride ends, the music stops, the weekend is over and everything [apparently] returns to normal. Except me. I don't just go back to 'normal'... I sink lower than that and go down into a lonely hole again. The rush is over and I'm left alone with my head. The world has gone from bright lights and friends and this great connectedness, to lights out, no-one's home and I'm alone, afraid and disconnected from my people.

What I USED to do, in my early days was isolate myself from others until I felt better. And that could take anywhere upwards of a week to 10 days. By then, even if I didn't know it, I was likely getting ready for the next rush, but in my head I was perhaps even upping the ante; wanting more excitement and more adrenaline, cos that stuff feels good... much like the drink did: "If one is great, then 10 must be bloody fantastic!"

But for every high, there really is an equal low.

I realised that if I didn't allow myself to get super-high in the first place, I wouldn't go that low either. It's my over-excitement that is the problem. Expectation and anticipation control are the key to not getting too high to begin with, and therefore, not falling so low after the event.

In Step 6, on page 65 in the 12 + 12, it talks about the 'measure' of our defects, and I think that perhaps that was the problem with the high and low extremes – I was perhaps wanting more than my share of the fun, just like I had always wanted more than my share of the booze. Governments and health organizations provide us with information on the recommended daily intake of alcohol, and for good reason too: alcohol in certain quantities can cause a person to become very sick indeed. And it doesn't even take all that much.

Similarly, with emotions, when someone has mucked about with a mind-altering substance for a while (and we all know that alcohol IS mind altering), it changes not only the way we think, but also the intensity with which we think it. A heart will follow what a head tells it; so if a head says, 'this is great', then quite naturally we want more of it...

the hormones and other naturally occurring chemicals in the brain become imbalanced and trick us into thinking we 'need' more of something, when in actual fact what we need is less. Less haste, more considered mindfulness.

Perhaps the other part of the extreme highs and lows is denial. Ignoring the facts and living only in the fantasy. I was forever building things up in my head to such a fantastic level that, even if things didn't go exactly to 'level 5 of awesomeness', I would barely notice anyway. The adrenaline that was coursing through me was enough to sustain the high, even if only for a short while. Excitement and enjoyment of life are wonderful things, but there also needs to be rest and recuperation.

That's why, in Step 11 in the Big Book, it talks about the danger of excitement – once cannot perform at their best if one does not get rest.

My advice? The next time you are planning some awesome fun stuff, plan also for the rest time afterwards. Plan to get to a meeting, plan to have that extra hour of sleep, and plan to make a phone call to someone with whom you can debrief afterwards.

Most importantly, plan to not pick up that first drink, no matter the high or the low. And try not to stress about the waves, they too will subside over time. And as long as we are on the green side of the grass, then time is all we got. Make sure you spend it wisely.

(Melinda, Lavington, NSW)



HEARD AROUND THE TRAPS

"I'm just like every other alcoholic in the world. I'm different."

"Too many of us are too much like wheelbarrows; we are useful only when pushed and are easily upset."

"You did not make it all the way to the beach to drown in the sand."

An old-timer spoke about the danger of becoming complacent and explained the need for the Steps in her life. "The way I see it," she said, "I might have gotten the monkey off my back, but the circus is still in town."

"Seven days without a meeting makes one weak"

A TRUE STORY: One night, a newcomer took his daughter to dinner at a downtown restaurant. As they walked in the door, the first thing they saw was an enormous sign advertising what used to be his favourite beer. The man's eyes immediately widened

and he began remembering just how good the old brew tasted. Then his daughter interrupted. "Oh, look, Daddy," she said, pointing to the sign. "They have Your-Life's-in-the-Toilet on tap."

"We don't seem to give up a life of failure without a fight."

"It's not old behaviour if I'm still doing it."

"Beauty and truth are admired but pain is obeyed."

"Let go or be dragged."

"Uncover, Discard, Discover."

"Wake up, Give up, Make up, Grow up."

"I've had a 100% success rate in sponsorship, because I've stayed sober."

GENERAL EDITOR'S NOTE

The Mixer, The Australian Magazine of Alcoholics Anonymous, is now into its second year and 5th Issue of publication. Conference 2017 again confirmed the Australian Fellowship's support for the Magazine with a vote to continue it for another three years. We are still looking for Area Editors from around Australia: if you would like to be part of the editorial group that puts the magazine together, either get in contact with us at the email address at the bottom of the page or with your local Area Delegate. We are also looking for stories, essays, art, anecdotes and poems on your AA experience, strength and hope from around Australia.

AA PREAMBLE ©

Alcoholics Anonymous is a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from alcoholism.

The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop drinking. There are no dues or fees for A.A. membership; we are self-supporting through our own contributions. A.A. is not allied with any sect, denomination, politics, organization or institution; does not wish to engage in any controversy, neither endorses nor opposes any causes. Our primary purpose is to stay sober and help other alcoholics to achieve sobriety.

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