

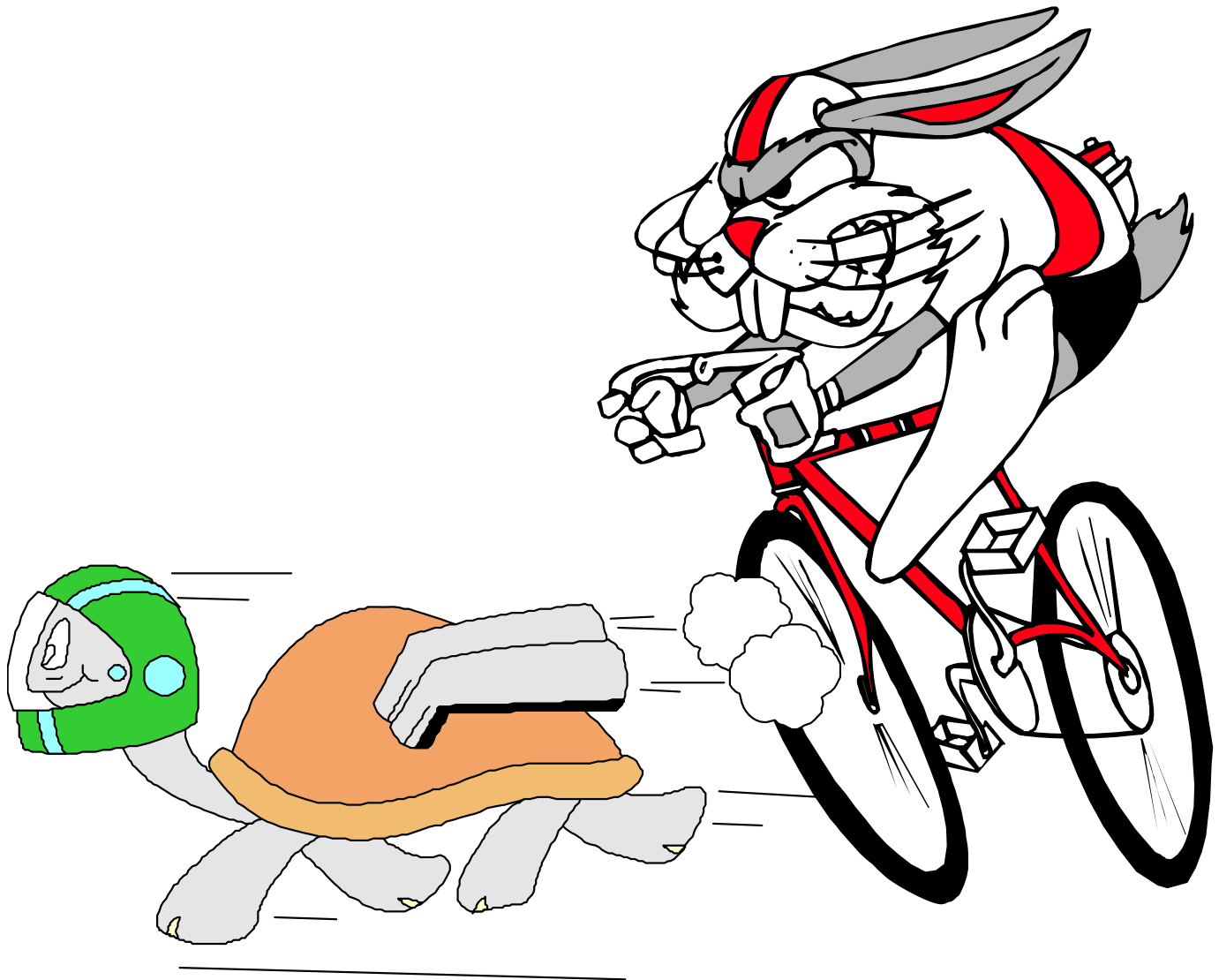
The View

Newsletter of the Ridgeview Alumni Association Steering Committee

Volume XIV

Fall 2007

Smyrna, GA



“Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly”

The Ridgeview Alumni Association
3995 South Cobb Drive – Smyrna, GA 30080

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

Upcoming Events

1st Friday Speaker Meetings @ 8pm

October 5, 2007

November 2, 2007

December 7, 2007

January 4, 2008

February 1, 2008

March 7, 2008

Alumni Fall Retreat – October 12 – 14, 2007

Gratitude Dinner – November 18, 2007

Lighting of Serenity Garden – December 2007

New Years Eve Dance – December 31, 2007

Spring Fling – Alumni Weekend – June 6 - 8, 2008

Contact any Alumni Steering Committee Member for more information or join us every Thursday at 5:45pm at Pro North on the Ridgeview Campus.

This issue along with archival copies are available on our website at www.ridgeviewalumni.com. The Newsletter will be in an Adobe PDF format; our website will link to download the FREE Adobe reader, allowing you to read and print the Newsletter at your leisure.

If you would like to be added to our E-mail notification list when a new Newsletter is placed on the site, E-mail us at steering@bellsouth.net or contact us thru the Web site, please put "newsletter" in the subject line.

Thank you to all those who submitted articles for this edition of the Newsletter; if we have learned anything in recovery it is that *We cannot keep what we have if we do not give it away!*

If you would like to submit an article for the next Newsletter, please email it to Dawn L. at steering@bellsouth.net or dbliistro@bellsouth.net.

EDITORS:

Dawn L.
Michele S.
Nancy S.

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

Sometimes Quickly Sometimes Slowly

Submitted by: Mike S.

I went to the Hospital the other day.

There were Iraqi children there being cared for. They were so pitiful. I don't see many children here in the LZ. Most parents in Baghdad are afraid to send their kids to school because they might get blown up or kidnapped. The last young kid I saw tried to sell me "Good Porno", he kept saying Captain I have good porno you want. I just gave him the money I had in my pocket which wasn't much because there isn't much use for money here and I walked away. WITHOUT ANY PORNO!, by the way.

Last Christmas was the last time I spoke to a kid who was riding a bike on Christmas day. He wore a red Santa Hat and couldn't have been older than 10, about Alex's age. He was so excited because that morning Saddam had been put to death.

Saddam was being kept just a few miles from where I worked and I didn't know it until after he was hung. At any rate this kid kept saying "SADDAM is DEAD, SADDAM is DEAD." Merry Christmas, Captain, he said as I approached. "Merry Christmas!" I replied and then he rode his bike off. I never saw that kid again.

That was a strange day indeed as I remember it. All of Baghdad was so quiet. You could hear nothing, the streets were like a tomb. People walked around almost like they were stunned. Collectively everyone showed no emotion. It was like everyone, soldier and civilian alike, Iraqi and American, were like, "Now What".

That night I had to go on a mission out to Anbar. It was spooky because on that whole LZ there was no movement. Not a sound. Helicopters are usually all over that place but that night it was just dark. Myself and two others waited and at the edge of the chopper pad was a lone helo silhouetted in the light of a full and brilliant moon. The moon was so bright it looked like a white ball hanging in the sky. It was really low and was slightly obstructed by the straggly naked branches of shade trees which had lost their leaves to the winter cold.

Those branches reached up to the moonlit sky almost like pitchforks hovering ominously around this lone black helo.

My one buddy got the willies and walked into the helo shack. Almost a half an hour earlier when I went to the sky shack to check in I had noticed that it was full of aircrew. Now I have not before nor since been in that shack and seen so many

aircrew sitting doing nothing, especially when the weather was conducive to flying.

I sat there and this guard comes up to me and my crew and said:.

Sir, for the next ten minutes I'm going to need you to stay right here and don't move. He was serious. I looked at my watch and it read 2357 hrs. Just then his radio cracks and he picks it up. "OK to move." "I say again, it is OK to move."

With that the aircrew emerged from the shack like ants moving in all directions in a well coordinated and methodical manner.

The crew got in the chopper and fired up the engines. Other than the popp'n of those blades you couldn't hear a sound. Another crew of guys came out of the shack and ran and jumped into the helo. No sooner had the foot of the last shadowy figure left the tarmac than those birds were lifting from the pad, kicking up dust and leaves and all kinds of debris.

The chopper sped out of sight like it was either an escape or a retreat. It sped off as if desperate to reach an appointed destiny.

It wasted no time making its getaway and just as it disappeared, two other low flying gunships came swooping in over us so close we ducked from the popp'n of their rotors. They were loud and screaming and it forced us to bow our heads.

When we looked back the whole trio was gone like they had been swallowed up into the darkness. All that was left was that bleach white almost colorless moon.

I looked at my watch it was exactly 0000 hrs. No kidding, 0000 hrs. The whole movement had taken less than 2 minutes but it seemed much longer.

Later I learned that in that lone chopper was Saddam Hussein or rather what was left.

I am told by those who guarded him that on the morning of his death while he knew he was to be killed, he didn't know when it would happen. On that morning he was awakened in the pre dawn hours and told nothing. He was checked by a doctor whom he later thanked for his care, and then whisked to a waiting caravan. All the time he heard not a greeting or a farewell. The only thing he would have heard were the direct

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

orders of his guards directing him to sit or stand or move forward or backward.

He was taken to the edge of the green zone which was probably about a 10 minute ride at most and then handed over to Iraqi authorities.

Except for his appearances in the Iraqi court system this would be the first time since his capitulation from power that he would be returned to the absolute custody of his countrymen.

When he was taken by his Iraqi holders he would have probably been blindfolded and led to another waiting vehicle. He was hustled into the vehicle and taken to another prison. A woman's prison, I am told, some 10 to 20 minutes drive from his Green Zone prison.

Once at the prison he would have been led from the vehicle still blinded to his whereabouts, led and directed down any number of corridors and then up into a short stairwell. Once unhooded, his vision would be temporarily impaired by the sudden bath of white fluorescent light abruptly breaching the pitch blackness of his hood and harshly offending his now obscured line of sight. Allowing for a brief moment of adjustment, to his surprise he would now find himself looking perilously down on a crowd of eyes staring at him displaying various shades of hatred, disgust and heartfelt contempt. Once recovered and looking forward, he would be faced with the fearsome specter of a hang man's noose.

What goes through a man's mind faced with that moment of truth is unimaginable. Fear, anger, remorse, maybe all three, but in what order? Maybe none of the three and only relief at the knowledge that it's finally over. But then what?

I am told that after a brief reflexive struggle Saddam rested his chains and then resigned himself to his fate. The first thing that he heard after the hood was lifted was the taunting of his Shia executioners. Upon realizing his delivery to his sworn enemies in life, I imagine he realized that his death was imminent and it was time to reap what had been sowed.

Unhooded he must have shuddered to find himself face to face with the hangman's noose. Several minutes later after the opportunity to pray and make a brief statement, the floor on which he was standing dropped, and seconds after that the breath in his nostrils was snatched from his body.

I wonder how long the mind wanders in between the time that the floor dropped and the end of that rope went taut. A second, a minute, I don't know. In Iraq since I have been here time moves in its own rapidity. A moment can seem like an hour from the time you hear a mortar leave a shoot to the time you hear it crash hopefully somewhere else. I wonder if

the length of a hangman's rope distorts time or rather the perception of time in the same manner.

Well all I can say is that I can't help thinking that in the space of those two minutes I had witnessed the disposal of the embodiment of over thirty years of terror and suffering.

I have yet to decide what I thought of it.



Picture Submitted by: Jane H.

God is at the Airport

Submitted by: Barbara W.

After six months in the program, I was still struggling with the third step. No problem with the first two steps. Yes, I could readily admit that I was powerless over alcohol, that my life had become unmanageable and came to believe that a Power greater than myself could restore me to sanity. But turn my will and life over to the care of God as I understood him? I had been taking care of myself all of my life and survived, why did I need to let God control it?

I began praying constantly to God to show me that I could trust him to know what was best for me.

There were small signs along the way. Even sober, things were constantly being misplaced. When I could not locate something, I often would go back to my old behavior, getting all upset and into the drama. That was, until one day I decided to take a couple of deep breaths, calm myself and let it go. Within minutes I found what I had misplaced. This happened many times and every time I let go, I would find what I had lost or remembered what I could previously not remember. I started to see a pattern emerge. The more I got out of the chaos and turned within, the less stressed and the more blessed I became.

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

Along with learning tolerance, patience and acceptance of others, I was also learning to be tolerant, patient and accepting of myself. I was starting to get out of self and my own “E.G.O.”, which stands for “Edging God Out”. I was now beginning to let God in on a more regular basis and sobriety was getting easier and calmer.

I was, however, still praying for a small miracle to demonstrate to me how to surrender my entire life and will over to the care of God. That day finally came in the guise of a missed flight.

How could I have overslept? I never missed a flight in my life, sober or reeling from too much drink the night before. Why this day?

I awoke at 7:35 for a 9:44 flight to Portland, Oregon. I jumped out of bed and my head started whirling with all of the old thoughts of beating myself up and going into a frantic rage. Within two minutes, I took a couple of deep breaths and asked myself what would be the worst thing that would happen if I was late for my flight. I calmed myself, showered, dressed and left the house, not really understanding why.

I headed for the airport not knowing if I could make the flight, but determined I would give it my best shot. Arriving at 9:10, I went straight to the sky cap outside. He informed me that I would have had to be there 45 minutes before takeoff. Of course, I was not. I went inside and used the courtesy phone and was told that the next flight out was at 2:30. That was hours away, but I had to get to Portland. I booked it and was aggravated that I would have to sit around in the airport for five hours.

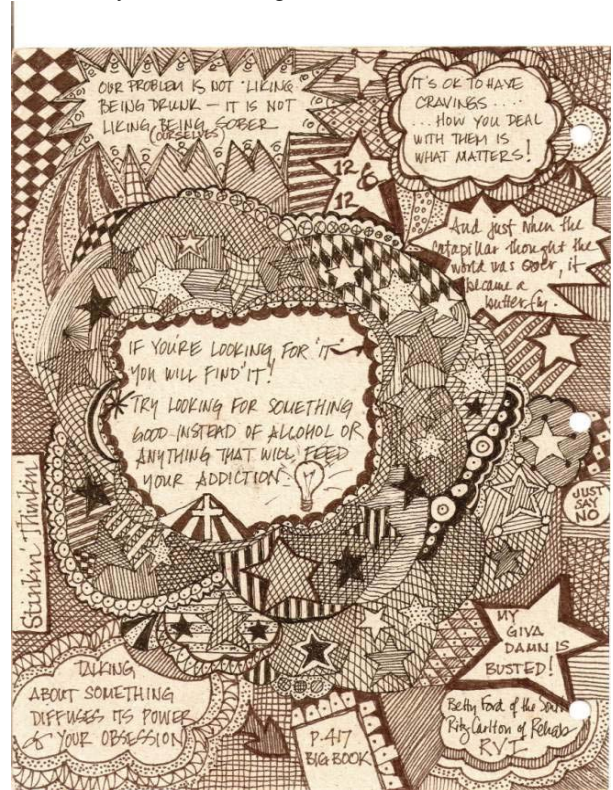
As I went through security, I was still aggravated with myself and the imminent wait I had. Riding on the train to the concourse, I made a conscious decision to make the best of the delay. I had been given a pass to Delta’s Crown Room and decided I would spend the day there catching up on paperwork and calls.

Entering the concourse, there was my gate, the smoking room and the Crown Room. They were all lined up next to each other – just like 7’s on a slot machine. I had hit the jackpot!

I would go to the Crown Room, drink coffee, make calls and work for an hour. Then I would go downstairs, check the flight at the gate, go next door to smoke a cigarette and return to the Crown Room to repeat the pattern several times. I got more done in those four hours than I had in the last week.

The day turned out to be a good day after all, mainly because I was not resisting God’s plan for me. I arrived too late in

Portland to attend the AA meeting I planned to go to, but that was okay. I got the best meeting I could have gone to, I got the message that I can turn my will and life over to the care of the God of my understanding and all is well. And so it is.



Picture Submitted by: Jane H.

Sometimes Quickly, Sometimes Slowly Submitted by: Tom S.

In early recovery when I first heard the phrase “Sometimes Quickly, Sometimes Slowly”, I thought “Oh good, I can procrastinate and justify it”. Left to my own timetable I would have put off doing most of the 12 Steps and any other uncomfortable things I was being asked to do, mostly because I was afraid to change. I knew I could no longer live the way I had been living, but I was not willing to let go “just yet”.

Fortunately, the sponsor that was put in my life encouraged me to set a realistic pace of change starting right then, not later on. The Promises started coming true as I began making changes in my life and I didn’t even realize I was “working for them”. Not all of the Promises have yet to materialize but those that have keep moving me on the path of recovery with the knowledge and belief that they will. It does not matter how slowly or how quickly. This is a journey.

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

Cooking with Alcohol

A frequent question for newly recovering alcoholics is about the use of alcohol in cooking. It is popular myth that alcohol “cooks off” in the process of food preparation. This is not true. Dishes containing alcohol can cause discomfort for some people in recovery. Given the right circumstances; it can even lead to relapse.

A 1990 study by E. Augustin et al. found evidence that alcoholic beverages retain from 5 to as much as 85 percent of alcohol after cooking-even if the dish is flamed. This study has been used in the table below, published by the United States Department of Agriculture. (Sources: USDA; The American Dietetic Association’s Complete Food and Nutrition Guide.)

Cooking Method

No heat, stored overnight	70%
Stirred into hot liquid	85%
Flamed	75%
Marinades containing alcohol	70%
Not stirred in, baked for 25 min.	45%
Stirred in, then baked or simmered for:	
15 min.	40%
30 min.	35%
1 hour	25%
1.5 hour	20%
2 hour	10%
2.5 hour	5%

Substitutions for Alcohol in Recipes:

Almost any liquid can be used in place of alcohol in recipes - water, chicken, beef, fish or vegetable stocks, milk or cream, and a variety of fruit juices. If you are seeking a particular flavor, here are some suggestions:

Beer	Chicken, Beef or Mushroom Broth, White Grape Juice, Ginger Ale
Bourbon	Orange or Pineapple Juice, Ginger Ale.
Brandy	Ginger Ale, White Grape Juice, Apple Juice, Cherry, Peach or Apricot Syrup.
Champagne	Ginger Ale.
Cognac	Peach, Apricot or Pear Juice
Crème de Menthe	Oil of Spearmint
Red Wine	Red Grape or Cranberry Juice
Kahlua	Instant Coffee
Sweet Sherry	Orange or Apple Juice, Coffee
Rum	White Grape or Apple Juice, Ginger Ale.

Sometimes Quickly, Sometimes Slowly... (This is The Softer, Easier Way...)

Rene’ H. - Nov.1, 1996

This should have been titled “This Is The Way Life Is...”. These words enter my daily life in every way you can think of ...1) Family... 2) Career... 3) Relationships of every TYPE. Even my relationships with other drivers going down the highway.

I know through my own experiences over the years that “stuff” (GOOD STUFF) has happened when I least expect it. If I think it should take 30 days, God is funny, he will have it occur in 4 or 5 months.....and then I will think Oh! “SOMETIMES QUICKLY, SOMETIMES SLOWLY...”.

I had to act trustworthy before my family would trust me. My wife had the good sense to take me off the checking account six months before I came into treatment in 1996. Yet, when I had 30 days sobriety I thought I should be back on the checking account, because I had all that time (30 days). Well, God had another time frame in mind. The days went by...35 days...40 days... 60 days... then one Sunday during visitation those damn signature cards that had alluded me just appeared in my wife’s hands for me to sign and I thought to myself “SOMETIMES QUICKLY, SOMETIMES SLOWLY...”.

These words come into play every day in my pursuit of the “Almighty Dollar”. At work, these words help me keep the outside world from gaining total control of my mind, when it should be under GOD’s control. That is a difficult balancing act that I struggle with more minutes of the day then I would like it to be.

My supervisors do not sit around each morning over coffee and think, “How can we screw over Rene’ today!” At least, I don’t think they do... but every good thing that has happened has just appeared at the craziest times. About six months ago, I had one of these experiences. I had always thought receiving the “Employee of the Quarter” award was something “other people” got. Here comes God again in his funny way. I was chosen (by voting of all 55 employees) as a recipient of the “Employee of the Quarter” award, and again I thought to myself, “SOMETIMES QUICKLY, SOMETIMES SLOWLY..”.

These words help me respond, not just react, to daily situations. Especially when I feel I MUST open my mouth. Whether it is dealing with family, career or on the highway or in my office, there is one statement which is **ALWAYS TRUE** and that is “**I have NEVER** been in TROUBLE for **NOT SAYING Something?**”. I would think that every time you might remember being in trouble it was because you said

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

something to show everyone how RIGHT you were about some situation. Just remember “WOULD YOU RATHER BE RIGHT OR WOULD YOU RATHER BE HAPPY”?

Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

Submitted by: Douglas H.

Did you ever take the time to look in the mirror? When the pain's deep inside? The hurt shows on your face. But heaven's not on earth, there's something more eternal. To give your life to Christ, it's never too late.

As I'm pulled deeper and deeper into this world of certain death, will I ever turn back, or go on until there's nothing left?

You see, I'm hooked on the streets. I admit I'm addicted to the life that it brings and all the mess that comes with it. I'm on a path of destruction, and if I keep going on, if heaven doesn't stop me, well then, it's to hell I'll be going.

You see, I'm hooked on the streets. I admit I'm addicted.

But how can I ever live down all the pain I've inflicted on the people that love me and hold me deep in their hearts? They give their love freely, then watch me rip it apart!

How can I ever live down all the things that I've done? Living life on the edge, and living life on the run.

All these things that I have done, I hold deep inside with a whole lot of pain, and a whole lot of pride.

But as I stare in the mirror, I search deep in my soul for a glimmer of hope; one precious moment of gold.

Back when I was a child, living life carefree, I was taught right from wrong. My mother, hmmm...well she prayed for me, but this street that I'm on, it seems to never end. I've had a lot of hard times and I've lost a lot of friends.

Now as I gaze in the mirror, I begin to realize, only God can save me, as tears fall from my eyes. And as I fall on my knees and cry out to the Lord, that for him I would live, and not die by the sword.

The Lighter Side of Drinking

Submitted by: Steven F.

I can clearly recall the lighter side of drinking. I remember drinking at concerts, camp-outs, football games, get-a-ways on the lake, club openings, while golfing, bowling, and most of

all, while breathing. The active disease of alcoholism I lived in for so long allows me to embrace those memories. It likes to remind me of all the wonderful times I had drinking without negative consequences. Sort of like remembering my first bicycle. A Schwinn Stingray. Boy was that cool. Copper metal-flake paint, banana seat, chopper handle-bars, slick rear tire. The list goes on and on. I added all kinds of cool stuff to that bike. I remember kids thinking how cool I was 'cause I had the coolest bike in the neighborhood. I won all the races we had. My bike was, hands down, the best a kid could have,...back in the days.

What I don't like to recall is when I fell off that cool bike racing down Hill #49 out on the wood trail. Damn that hurt. Busted up my leg, cut my arms all up and broke the handle-bars. Mom was none too happy and Dad wouldn't buy me a new set of handle bars for two weeks. Seems me and my bike had affected others in a negative way. People I love. People I care for. People who care and love me. I certainly didn't mean to. It just happened. Does that mean it's okay? I certainly thought so.

So here I am today, thinking about the lighter and darker side of my new bicycle. The lighter side memories are much easier to recall and usually make me smile. The darker side I rarely visit 'cause it brings painful memories to the forefront and I'm uncomfortable there.

My drinking career was much the same. Ah, the memories. Ugh, the memories. Too bad it wasn't more like my bike experience. That was short lived. Couple years maybe. Nothing too terrible affecting those who love me. But that's where pain and suffering began its course. The darker side of drinking cost me tens of thousands of dollars in legal defense, jail time, prison time, driver's licenses, jobs, girlfriends, homes, friends, sanity, self-worth, spirituality, etc. This list goes on and on. As well it should. I spent 35 years adding to it.

Today, the lighter side of drinking is simply not drinking at all. Abstinence. I've learned through the program of Alcoholics Anonymous that if I drink, it will only be on the darker side. I'm an alcoholic. That's the way I think when I drink. On the darker side. I don't always invite the darker side to the party, it usually shows up unannounced. Kind of like the cops. Always there when you don't really need them.

The program of AA, the 12 steps, the principles, my sponsor and the many fellowships I've surrounded my life with, remind me of the darker side of drinking when I get to thinking too much. It's who and where I need to be. I don't always like it, but I always listen. For the most part, I even do as suggested. Sometimes I still want to do things my way. Progress, not perfection.

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

I've come a long way in a short time. If what I have today is just the beginning, I can't wait to experience what lies ahead. Of course I want it now, but must agree on one promise, "Sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly, it will always materialize if we work for it."

Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly Submitted by: David M.

I entered Ridgeview Institute on January 2, 2007 after 37 years of using drugs or alcohol almost every day of my life. Crack cocaine had been my drug of choice for the most recent 17 of those years. During the last 3 years or so my addiction had become so pervasive that absolutely nothing mattered except the crack pipe. I lied, I cheated and I stole to get dope. In short, I was insane. In early December of 2006 my wife discovered the extent of my insanity and, with other members of my family, helped me arrange my admittance to Ridgeview. I was terrified the day I went to be evaluated by the psychiatrist. I was even more afraid when I was admitted to a 5 week course of rehabilitation. I had no idea how crazy I really was. I had been in and out of the AA program for almost 4 years, but it just hadn't taken – with me. I knew that I needed to get sober, but I could not *want* to. I made a pledge to myself when I walked through Ridgeview's doors that, since they were very good at what they did, I would do the best I could at what they told me to do. I knew that that was the only chance I had.

On that first day I learned the regimen set for all patients. After breakfast was a lecture. Then we went into our "small group", basically an encounter group therapy session with our case manager. Then lunch and another lecture followed by one more hour of small group. That ended at 3:00 at which time we went to the gym for 45 minutes. We then had approximately 1 hour before supper after which we adjourned to the halfway house for a community meeting.

It was during these community meetings that a great majority of the magic happened. The 29 other men in that house became my brothers in a very short time. With them I could bare my soul, pour out my heart and spill my guts. This was possible because it quickly became evident that they were all suffering as much or more than I was. We shared demons.

I was assigned to a case manager named Bonnett D. My drawing her as my C.M. was the best thing that could have happened. She had me pegged to a "T" within 3 minutes of laying eyes on me. During my second small group with her, she told me, "You are not allowed to laugh in this room. You hide yourself, and your pain, behind your laughter." Well, I thought that was just inhuman. How dare she tell me that? Then I remembered my pledge to myself and inwardly agreed to comply.

On the first Friday of my treatment all of us in small group were given assignments for the weekend. Bonnett said to me, "You are not to laugh at all for the entire weekend. Neither may you make funny. You may chuckle at the jokes of others but not much. What's more, you are not to tell anyone that you are not allowed to laugh." I thought the witch had lost her mind. How the hell was I going to do that? I felt like a soldier posted out on a ridge who had had his rifle taken from him, but I was stuck – the pledge.

I did my level best Friday night not to laugh. But it didn't take the fellows in the halfway house 20 minutes to figure out that I was not supposed to laugh. Of course, they then set out to make that night impossible. Nevertheless, I was determined to make good on my homework.

I realized sometime Saturday afternoon what a huge part of my persona that laughter had become, and that I wasn't all that uncomfortable without it. Then on Sunday afternoon, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a little bitty piece of the real me. Wow. I liked that fellow. I *really* liked that fellow, and I wanted more of him. It was in that moment – and I remember it as a moment – that I realized I had a *sincere desire to stop* using drugs & alcohol. In retrospect, it is clear to me that without that realization, without that sincere desire, none of the strides I have made in recovery would have been possible. Nothing changes if nothing changes.

Having had an epiphany of sorts helped instill in me a deep trust of Bonnett. An assignment I had thought so heartless had endowed me with something so essential to my growth. I would not doubt her again.

The next week, on Monday, Bonnett took me off of humor restriction, but then she handed me a box of band-aids and said, "Every time you laugh today you are to put one of these band-aids on. This will remind you of the fact that you are still hiding hurts."

It was quite an experience. I had probably 20 band-aids on me within an hour. Everybody kept asking me what was up with that, and I'd tell 'em. Their responses were universally of a kind that let me know that they hurt, too. What a way to learn that I wasn't alone. After the band-aid exercise I became more and more compliant with my treatment. I could tell it was working. Still, I had a long way to go.

Bonnett one day gave me an article entitled "King Baby" to read. It listed characteristics of King Baby, and stated that if a person with this syndrome was to successfully recover then these characteristics must be completely obliterated. King Baby must die. 'Scared the hell out of me, 'cause the listed traits described me to a fare-thee-well. I had to lose my selfishness, my impatience, and my absolute refusal to suffer

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

frustration well. I remember reading that, and saying out loud almost spontaneously, “Jesus help me,” for I knew that what was at hand was a monumental task. True to form though, was Bonnett. She did not ask me to do these things without some help; some tools to get the job done. She had me to write essays, to do exercises, and to answer and make up questions germane to the issue until King Baby was on his way out the door. The relief I felt was palpable, but it had taken two weeks of some agonizing and gut wrenching work. Still, I must work every day at keeping that little infant scoundrel monarch at bay.

One night during this ordeal, four of my brothers at the halfway house came to me after our community meeting and said that they wanted a word with me. In their apartment they all looked at me solemnly. Scottie said “David, we don’t really know how to say this but.....well.....” Then James said “You know how we all feel about our community meetings; I mean, you know, they’re sacred.” Brian broke in, “Man you’ve gotta...man I don’t know...you know what I mean.” Finally, Little Scott blurted out, “You gotta *shut the f*** up* in meetings, man.” I was stunned. A long silence was broken with James asking, “So now do you want to tell us all to go f*** ourselves?” Still stunned, but now able to speak, I replied, “You know, three weeks ago I would have said exactly that, but now all I can say is thank you for caring enough about me to tell me.” I will never forget that exchange. I will always carry the feeling of caring that those four fellows had for me in order to come to me with that. It is an almost aching affection borne of great suffering and revelation which will forever bind me to those men. Words are inadequate.

The next week I had to tell my “story” in small group. It revealed to me and to Bonnett how much of a taker I have been my entire life. She told me I had to learn somehow to take a lot less and to give a lot more. This need resulted in the exercise that made me feel more helpless than anything Bonnett had, to this time, asked me to do. She made me wear a blindfold from 11:00am to 3:00pm one day. I did have an escort who lead me around campus, but the only time I was allowed to take it off was when I was eating.

Well, it didn’t take me long to figure out that there was a trust issue here, for I certainly did have to trust JD, my escort, and luckily he proved trustworthy. But I knew there was another issue there somewhere. Bonnett would not go to such lengths just to make the point about trust. It took until almost 3:00 for me to get the second part. I was sitting there hearing all the voices around me and wanting to see out from that blindfold but I couldn’t. I couldn’t see out. No, I couldn’t see out so I was forced to see *IN!* Inside myself was the source of all my problems. I was finally able to look within to examine my desires, my needs, and my motives.

Sometimes Quickly, Sometimes Slowly.....

Submitted by: Susan D.

Before I got sober, my life was about instant gratification, always quickly. I wanted what I wanted, when I wanted it and that meant now. Quickly I didn’t want to feel anymore. Quickly I wanted to not deal with problems. Quickly I wanted to be numb. So I drank to get those quick results and it worked for a while.

When it finally stopped working and I decided to surrender my will and my life to my higher power, I wanted that to happen quickly as well. I thought that when I got sober, all of my problems would simply disappear and my life would be perfect. The kind of perfect that is white picket fences and knights in shining armor.

It didn’t happen quite like that. I quit drinking, I surrendered to the idea that I was powerless over alcohol and my life was unmanageable and I did begin to feel physically better. I learned that I needed to do a little work for the rest of my life for the unmanageability to go away. I needed to improve my spiritual life. For me that happened slowly. No burning bush but a slow steady change in my personality sufficient to bring about recovery from alcoholism. They told me the same person would drink again and I didn’t want to be that same person.

Today I take things one day at a time, one step at a time. My life has changed. I still have days when I want what I want now but I have tools to help me not act on that thought. The promises will come true if I work for them. If I am not working then I am standing still. Today standing still is not an option. Every day that I am sober is a victory and every day that I can slowly move forward is a blessing.

Do You See What I See

Submitted by: Douglas H.

Do you see what I see when you look into their eyes? Well to me, it’s no surprise.

When you look into the eye of the Man that has forgotten GOD’s plan. You see them everyday...they have no hope...no peace...some have no food to eat...or shoes on their feet. Well...that Man was me. Now tell me what do you see?

Do you see what I see when you look into their eyes? Well to me, it’s no surprise. When you look into the eye of the Woman with Child. She’s been used and abused. She struggles day after day trying to make a way out of no way. She’ll go the last mile for her Child; and without the Man. Now that was not in GOD’s plan.

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

So...tell me, do you REALLY see what I see, when you look into their eyes? Well to me, it's no surprise.

When you look into the eye of the Child...spirit free...running wild. Selling dope on the streets...you see they have no direction...and because of the Man and the Woman...the lack of love, understanding and affection...there was no connection, because Man first lost his direction. So today, I stand, reminding of GOD's plan, to seek first the Kingdom of Heaven...every CHILD, W-O-M-A-N and MAN!

Submitted by: Randy Parsons

Crying comes with silent tears.
Born from deep in secret fears.
Thinking I was supposed to know.
Doesn't leave much room to grow.
Asking for help was just a dream.
Voices in my head were a constant scream.
I should know, I should know.
Haven't a clue which way to go.
Crawling around on earthly sod.
Never once surrendering to GOD.
Continuing on this downward ride.
No place to run, no place to hide.
Not able to even cry.
Everyday just wanting to die.
One day I stood on this earthly sod, and cried out to this
unknown GOD.
Help me please was my only word.
Hoping beyond hope it would be heard.
The journey is long and slow.
Hopefully day by day I continue to grow.
Thank you GOD for just this one day.
Thank you GOD, this I pray.

Fear, Faith And Change

Submitted by: George Mize

Escape from the prison of addiction was coming out of a desert into a wilderness where I had to feel the suffering, anxiety, helplessness and loss in my life. To become emotionally stable required **F**acing **E**verything **A**nd **R**ecovering instead of **F**orget **E**verything **A**nd **R**un (**F.E.A.R.**). When I said, "I don't know what to do," I was told, "When you are faced with anything, George, you have to run right straight at it. To get anywhere, you have to start right where you are, not where you wish you were." I learned that **the call** for each of us is to recover new life after being purified and tested, as if we are precious metals smelted and molded, in the crucible of AA for testing in sober living. And, like the proverbial Phoenix, a new self arises out of the ashes.

For me, social responsibility lost its allure and any usual consolations failed to satisfy. The quality of my life events fell faster and further than my plunging character values. Drawn toward the wilderness, alone, into experiencing a meaningless job, chronic illnesses and crumbling relationships, my life was an absolute failure. What seems failure from man's standpoint is a tremendous triumph from God's, because God's purpose is never man's. Applying a basic First Step, admitting powerlessness, surrender when I deny, fight, feel guilty, or control my feelings, is part of my humanness. I take responsible action to change my feelings towards myself and circumstances. Facing my fears and resentments, in the Fourth thru Seventh Steps, with myself, God, and another human being, helps me to grow spiritually and emotionally.

"*You don't love yourself*," I was told. *How can I?* What transforms me is to seek time alone with my Higher Power, resting, reading, and writing how I feel. Prayers of Serenity, faith (3rd Step), humility (7th Step) and spiritual experiences (11th Step) create gratitude and trust in the Power greater than ourselves. As God's Grace enters my life, I become aware of God in all aspects of life. Literature, health, work, people and surroundings attract me more deeply into spiritual experiences. Whenever I am disturbed, I ask myself what feeling is "**hooked**" to my character trait? Do I want to be attached or do I want to **let go**? I dialog with myself addressing what I recognize as untruthful, self-destructive, defeating, anxious or isolating, and write my reflections, expressing anger, frustration and impatience. I ask God for strength to do His will, rest in His Presence giving my faith and love, and end by thanking God for keeping me sober another day.

Breathe deeply, rest in His Presence, focus on "no thoughts," and giving my faith and love is how I center myself. Like **the call** of the sea, no one hears anything but the one who has the nature of the sea. It is more of what we do and less of what we say. The gift is that I am not alone anymore. "*Giving this away is how we keep it.*" Pass it on.

QUOTES

God can't hand you anything new until you let go of what you're holding.

Every AA meeting is a payment on your sobriety.

If you keep bringing your body, your mind will follow.

My problems are self-made.

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

Never Drink When You're Sober

From: Sun-Sentinel, Tuesday, November 29, 1977

"How come you don't drink any more," a friend asked. "Drink? I drink...coffee, milk, tea, soda, water, fruit juices, milk shakes..."

"I mean drink," he said, "You know, booze."

"Oh booze, No I don't drink booze any longer, you're right," I said. "I couldn't trust it any more. It turned on me. Once it was my friend and it became my enemy."

"Maybe you got a bad batch," he offered.

"No, the booze is the same but I changed. Because I learned I have the illness of alcoholism my tolerance weakened and I became powerless over alcoholism. That disease doesn't come in bottles, it comes in people."

"Sounds pretty confusing," he said.

"You think you're confused," I said. "You should have seen me. I drank for happiness and became sad; I drank for joy and became miserable; I drank to be outgoing and became self-centered; I drank for sociability and became argumentative and lonely..."

"I drank for sophistication and became crude and obnoxious; I drank for friendship and made enemies; I drank to soften sorrow and wallowed in self-pity, I drank for sleep and got no rest..."

"I drank for relaxation and got the shakes; I drank for confidence and became uncertain; I drank for courage and became afraid; I drank for assurance and became doubtful..."

"I drank to stimulate thought and blacked out; I drank to make conversation and lost my tongue; I drank for warmth and lost my cool; I drank for coolness and lost all of my warmth..."

"I drank to feel Heavenly and came to know Hell; I drank to forget and became haunted with memories; I drank for freedom and became a slave; I drank for power and became powerless; I drank to erase problems and saw them multiply; I drank to cope with life and invited death..."

"I drank because I had the right to drink and everything turned out wrong."

"Gosh," my friend exclaimed, "that must of take a bunch of booze to get you in that shape."

"Just one," I told him. "That first one is the one which led me to a drunk. I'm one of those for whom one is too many and a thousand is not enough."

"So that's why you don't drink anymore?"

"Yep, I made it a rule. I don't drink while I'm sober."

"And that works for you?" He asked.

"It must. The best news I can tell you again today is that I haven't been drunk since I quit drinking."

Benefits of Recovery

Submitted by: Anonymous

There are two benefits from recovery: we have short-term gains and long-term gains.

The short-term gains are the things we can do today that help us feel better immediately.

We can wake up in the morning, read for a few minutes in our meditation book, and feel lifted. We can work a Step and often notice an immediate difference in the way we feel and function. We can go to a meeting and feel refreshed, talk to a friend and feel comforted, or practice a new recovery behavior, such as dealing with our feelings or doing something good for ourselves, and feel relieved.

There are other benefits from recovery, though, that we don't see immediately on a daily or even a monthly basis. These are the long-term gains, the larger progress we make in our life.

Over the years, we can see tremendous rewards. We can watch ourselves grow strong in faith, until we have a daily personal relationship with a Higher Power that is as real to us as a relationship with a best friend.

We can watch ourselves grow beautiful as we shed shame, guilt, resentments, self-hatred, and other negative buildups from our past.

We can watch the quality of our relationships improve with family, friends and spouses. We find ourselves growing steadily and gradually in our capacity to be intimate and close, to give and receive.

We can watch ourselves grow in our careers, in our ability to be creative, powerful, productive people, using our gifts and talents in a way that feels good and benefits others.

We discover the joy and beauty in ourselves, others and life.

The long-term progress is steady, but sometimes slow, happening in increments and often with much forward and backward movement. Enough days at a time of practicing recovery behaviors and piling up short term gains leads to long-term rewards.

Today, I will be grateful for the immediate and long-term rewards of recovery. If I am new to recovery, I will have faith that I can achieve the long-term benefits. If I've been recovering for a while, I will pause to reflect, and be grateful for my overall progress.

The Language of Letting Go.

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

Letters from Alumni Members

Original Email Received May 18, 2007

Dear Sam, Bonnett & Dr. Gordon,

I hope this note finds you all well and good.

I don't know if you remember me, it has been a little over two years since I was at Ridgeview. I am the woman who lives in Vietnam, my name is Stephanie. Having just celebrated my two year anniversary, I thought it a good time to write to you. Obviously, as you know, sobriety has changed my life and I am more grateful than words can express. But I can't help thinking about all the relapses I've witnessed and what one of you said while I was there, something about how out of all the people in recovery at Ridgeview at any given time, only a couple will still be sober in a year. Well, I want you to know that I am one of them!

I am proud to say that our little group here in Hanoi now has 5 meetings a week. We have 6 resident members (all foreigners from US, Australia & Europe because as of yet there is no AA for the Vietnamese). Our group is small but it's very strong, with a lot of sobriety, most are old-timers except for me and a new woman who is just two months sober. The very best thing about AA here in Hanoi is the travelers. Tourism has exploded here in Vietnam, and just last year a FOBW (*friend of Bill W*) from California set up a web site for us so others can find us. The result has been amazing. There aren't many meetings in all of South East Asia (Except Thailand, where the fellowship is growing), so travelers are quite keen to find us. Often we will have two or three visitors, from all over the world, sharing at our meetings. I can say from first hand experience that Alcoholics are the same no matter where you are from. We are truly one, big family of blessed people.

I just received the notice in the mail for the Alumni get together. I am very disappointed that I can't take part in all the great stuff you have going on. We will be here, in Hanoi for one more year at least, and then it's on to who knows where, hopefully back to Atlanta. I can't wait to visit Ridgeview again, especially now that I have my own experience, strength and hope to share with others.

The three of you and everyone at Ridgeview are at the top of my gratitude list, and I just wanted to say "Thank You".

Sincerely, Stephanie W.

PS So, if you know of anyone who will be traveling to this neck of the woods, the hand of AA is here, alive and well, just Google AA in Hanoi.

Am I Relapsing

Submitted by: **Anonymous**

1. Do I feel apprehensive about my well being, do I feel secure?
2. Am I denying that something is wrong, is there a problem?
3. Am I being adamant about my sobriety?
4. Do I have compulsive attempts to preach about sobriety?
5. Am I being defensive, there's something wrong with you, not me?
6. Am I having compulsive behavior; going to lots of meetings; workaholic?
7. Am I having impulsive behavior?
8. Do I tend to be lonely?
9. Am I having tunnel vision; focusing on specific self problems?
10. Am I having minor depression?
11. Have I lost my constructive planning, things becoming unmanageable?
12. Are my plans beginning to fail?
13. Am I daydreaming, having wishful thinking?
14. Do I feel as though nothing can be solved?
15. Do I have immature wishes to be happy, am I failing to be grateful?
16. Am I having periods of confusion, can't seem to get it together?
17. Am I irritable with friends?
18. Am I easily angered?
19. Are my eating habits irregular?
20. Do I feel a sense of listlessness, am I easily fatigued?
21. Have my sleeping habits become irregular?
22. Is my daily structure becoming progressively undone?
23. Do I find myself in deep depression occasionally?
24. Have I quit going to meetings?
25. Do I have an "I don't care" attitude?
26. Am I openly rejecting help?
27. Am I dissatisfied with life?
28. Do I feel powerless and helpless?
29. Do I feel self pity?
30. Am I having thoughts of social drinking?
31. Am I consciously lying?
32. Do I feel no self confidence?
33. Do I have unreasonable resentments for other people?
34. Have I discontinued all my treatment?
35. Do I feel overwhelmingly lonely?
36. Have I tried controlled drinking; either binge or a little every day?
37. Have I lost complete control?

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

georgia.gov - Department of Human Resources

Page 1 of 1

georgia.gov™

**GEORGIA DEPARTMENT OF
HUMAN RESOURCES** 
Georgians living safe, healthy, and self-reliant lives

PRINT

CLOSE

September is National Alcohol and Drug Addiction Recovery Month

September 10, 2007

ATLANTA – An estimated 800,000 Georgians are directly affected by substance use disorders, which is why the Georgia Department of Human Resources has almost doubled the number of treatment programs over the last 12 months. Addiction problems, including those associated with methamphetamine use, can take an enormous toll on the lives and families of people with drug addictions, as well as on productivity in the workforce. Several organizations across the state will host community events during September to support people with addictions and to offer support for family members. The events are part of the 18th annual observance of National Alcohol and Drug Addiction Recovery Month.

"The national observance allows us to communicate to people with addictions that treatment works," said Gwen Skinner, Director for the Georgia Division of Mental Health, Developmental Disabilities and Addictive Diseases.

The Georgia Department of Human Resources (DHR), Division of Mental Health, Developmental Disabilities and Addictive Diseases has made a concerted effort to increase the ability to access substance abuse treatment for Georgia citizens in need of such services. Since 2006, DHR has almost doubled the number of treatment programs for adults and youth. There are currently 45 agencies that are funded by DHR as core providers of mental health and addiction services. In August of this year, the agency trained 240 treatment professionals at the First Annual Georgia School of Addiction Studies in order to help prepare the workforce for the challenges faced by those seeking treatment and recovery.

Recovery Month is a nationwide celebration of people in recovery from substance use disorders and the treatment providers who help them reclaim their lives and reintegrate into the community. Discussions on how to address the costs and benefits of treatment and recovery will be the main focus.

For a list of community activities, please call the Georgia Office of Addictive Diseases at 404.657.2386.

Information on treatment programs and their locations can be accessed through the Georgia Crisis & Access Line at 1-800-715-4225 or www.myqcal.com.

For information, contact:
Kenya Bello; 404.657.1389
knbello@dhr.state.ga.us

Voices for Recovery

Thaddeus R's from Georgia

Recovery - it is a wonderful life! I have been in recovery for the last 10 1/2 years and it has been the best years of my life. The Big Book talks about the most satisfactory years of your existence lie ahead. What an awesome promise! I believe it. I joined the Navy at the age of 18 and for the next 22 years of my life, alcohol was my priority. I lived to drink and I drank to live. I was always thinking of drinking. You know you are in trouble when you have to drink before you go drinking. You have to get primed before you go drinking. Drinking dominated me! It was a full time job. When I retired from the Navy, I retired that practicing alcoholic life. Blessed and not realizing it, I was forced to go to treatment 4 years prior to my retirement. The Alcoholic Anonymous seed was planted and I

ran to the rooms of AA in 1997. And one day at a time, I have not had a need to go back to drinking. But every day is a day I must do something to stay sober. I take my recovery seriously. I do not question whether I am an alcoholic or not. I have accepted to my innermost self that I am. This is the first step in recovery. I believe in a power greater than myself, help others and try to practice what I have learned in all my affairs both personal and professional. I enjoy life and try not to be glum. If I make a mistake or hurt someone, I quickly make amends. Service work helps me get out of myself and define my purpose of being a maximum service to God. In summary, 3 things that keep me sober are trust in a power greater than myself, clean house, and help others. I know that commencing to drink after a short duration of sobriety, I would be as worse as ever. Alcoholism is incurable. I am totally convinced that all I have is a daily reprieve based upon my spiritual maintenance of the program. It is simple. I love being sober more than being drunk.

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

Judith Ann H. from Arizona

I was a preacher's kid, the president of the National Honor Society, and voted "most likely to succeed" by my classmates. I doubt anyone dreamed that within a year of graduating I would start snorting cocaine.

Initially I thought cocaine was "helping" me write my dissertation. Thanks to my fix, I was no longer in need of mundane necessities such as sleep, food, liquids or even social contact. I blew out my sinuses so badly that I was awakened by intense pain, sobbing in agony. My solution was to numb the pain by snorting more of the stuff.

Once I finished my advanced credentials and landed my dream teaching job, I had the financial means to use cocaine more frequently. My life began to deteriorate rapidly. My nose bled often and the pain was near constant. Eventually I got turned on to intravenous drug use.

I used IV drugs for exactly six months. It only took four for my arms to swell into footballs and then my skin to fall off in black clumps the size of citrus fruits. I was caught shooting up in the bathroom of the school where I taught, and I was terminated. I was devastated and my body continued to deteriorate. I was 34 and weighed a mere 84 pounds. Two friends intervened and accompanied me back to my home state.

My parents met me at the airport and immediately whisked me away to Good Samaritan Hospital. A team of very determined doctors and a variety of specialists worked hard to repair my drug-damaged body. I needed multiple skin grafts to patch up my arms. They worked on me for seven weeks.

At one point a nurse told me "You're dead honey, you just don't know it yet."

Needless to say, saving me was not going to be easy. It required Divine intervention. I uttered an 11th hour prayer to God. I honestly didn't care whether I lived or died. I begged God to show me a sign and give me a reason to live. I had met a wonderfully handsome man while in recovery, and shortly after asking God to give me a reason to live, I learned that I was pregnant with this man's child. I knew that although I was perfectly willing to hurt myself and ravage my own body through drug use, I would not harm the life of the innocent child growing inside me.

With the help of friends, I stayed clean throughout my pregnancy, and welcomed a beautiful baby girl into my life. She is a gift of God, and in many ways has been an extension of His grace to me. In fact, Grace is her middle name.

I have since written a book about how God enabled me to overcome my addiction. -The Other Woman at the Well: A Truthful Accounting of Addiction Overcome- is my story. I am now celebrating my second chance at life, and sharing my story with anyone who will listen. I frequently speak to groups of parents and teens about drug addiction. I also have a blog <http://addictionovercome.blogspot.com> where I post information about drug recovery, and the statistics regarding the prevalence of drug abuse.

God has worked a miracle in my life. Because of his saving grace, I have overcome cocaine addiction.

Patricia H. – New York

There is something familiar in each story you read about the alcoholic's life. At least the beginnings are all similar. Many of us share a family history of drinking, a resolve to "never be like that" and starting out on the path of being exactly like that before we know it.

My story is no different - my father drank and I swore I would never be like him. Drinking was fun and I could handle it and knew when to stop - well, most of the time I did. The years slipped by and I continued to function and continued to drink. Then one day I woke up and realized I was 47, an upper middle class woman, and was sitting in a deserted parking lot by a dumpster drinking a bottle of wine before heading home to my suburban home and family.

My story wasn't over then and I wasn't "struck sober". I went to rehab 3 times, each time staying sober anywhere from 6 months to one year. Finally, one month before my 50th birthday, I found myself in rehab for the third time, and a familiar, beloved counselor looked at my sorry condition and said, "Hello again, I see you still haven't changed things at home." I think of that day as the beginning of my life.

All the horror stories, all the reasons and excuses I used to drink were just that - excuses. I looked anywhere and everywhere except at the truth. I was the reason I drank. I began working the program of Alcoholics Anonymous earnestly and sincerely. I sought the help of a psychiatrist for some additional counseling and therapy and began to, one day at a time, put my life together.

I'm approaching 8 years of sobriety now and am happy with the woman I've become. I won't say it's an easy journey, but each day I wake up knowing that however difficult, it will be worth it. I enjoy being sober, so much more than I ever enjoyed being drunk. I love the freedom that comes with sobriety.

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly

Remember hitting your bottom? Do you remember that moment when you first began to feel some hope? Looking back can you remember those angels who appeared at that precise moment when you needed help the most? I can.

I can also remember the abject fear of, "How am I going to pay for this?" No insurance, no real savings, no trust fund, no golden benefactor. Scared, having hit my bottom, finally able to ask for help. I was in a safe place. The rest would just have to take care of itself.

Treatment costs money, real money. Programs, therapies, prescriptions, food, housing, and all the while life continues to go on outside without us. As active members of the Ridgeview Alumni Association our fund raising goal is an endowment fund that will one day be able to help financially that person currently in treatment. Whether it's more time in treatment, another couple of days in a halfway house, medications, daycare so the patient can make it to the program that week, the needs can be overwhelming at times. We all know how powerful a helping hand at that critical moment can make or break a spirit.

Our goal for the Endowment Fund has to be set high if we are to be able to generate any kind of meaningful income. To date we have raised \$25,000 towards our first \$500,000. Every single dollar raised goes into an asset management account over which the Alumni Steering Committee has sole control.

When the day comes, and it will, that we are in a financial position to begin offering grants to patients, a review committee will be established. This group will be comprised of active Steering Committee members who have demonstrated a record of service, and a representative from the hospital. The committee will review the requests and make grants based on need, the patient's participation in their own recovery and the patient's treatment team's input.

Obviously we are a ways down the road from making any grants. The next several years are about increasing awareness of our project, raising and investing the donations that come our way. Today, you can make a difference in the life of that person who is still out there.

Won't you make a commitment to be someone's angel, just for today? We have.

Ridgeview Alumni Association Endowment Fund Campaign

- Yes**, I want to contribute to the Alumni Endowment Fund. I've been in Recovery _____ years and would like to give back \$_____.
- Yes**, I am not an Alumni; however, I wish to contribute to the Endowment Fund. As a family member, friend, business owner or corporate representative/sponsor. Here is my donation of \$_____.

Name _____ Phone (_____) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The Ridgeview Alumni Association is a non-profit organization and all contributions are tax deductible.

Make checks payable to: Ridgeview Alumni Association Endowment Fund

Mail to: Ridgeview Alumni Steering Committee, 3995 South Cobb Drive, Smyrna, Ga. 30080-6397.

Serenity Garden - Memorial Brick Order Form

Name _____ Phone (_____) _____

Message to be engraved on brick: (2 lines / 14 characters per line)

(Line 1) _____

(Line 2) _____

\$25.00 per brick

* Please fill out name and contact number, even if you wish this to be an anonymous contribution, so we may contact you in case any questions arise about the inscription.

The Ridgeview Alumni Association is a non-profit organization and all contributions are tax deductible.

Make checks payable to: Ridgeview Alumni Association, Bricks

Mail to: Ridgeview Alumni Steering Committee, 3995 South Cobb Drive, Smyrna, Ga. 30080-6397

Fall Focus: Sometimes Quickly – Sometimes Slowly