

VOLUME XXVIII

THE VIEW

NEWSLETTER OF THE RIDGEVIEW ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION STEERING COMMITTEE

RULE 62—DON'T TAKE YOURSELF SO SERIOUSLY

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RULE 62

THE
RIDGEVIEW
ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION
3995 SOUTH
COBB DRIVE
SMYRNA GA
30080

UPCOMING EVENTS

Men's Workshop		October 11, 2013	Rock Eagle
Georgia Pre-Paid Convention		October 17, 2013	Hyatt Regency—Atlanta
Women's Workshop		October 18, 2013	Rock Eagle
Garden Work Call	9:00am	October 19, 2013	Serenity Garden—Ridgeview
1 st Friday	7:45pm	November 1, 2013	Day Hospital—Ridgeview
Bowl—A—Thon	10:00am	November 9, 2013	Brunswick Zone—2750 Austell Rd. SW
String Garden Lights	9:00am	November 23, 2013	Serenity Garden—Ridgeview
Gratitude Dinner	3:00pm— 8:00pm	November 24, 2013	Gym—Ridgeview
1 st Friday	7:45pm	December 6, 2013	Day Hospital—Ridgeview
New Years Eve Dance	8:00pm	December 31, 2013	Gym—Ridgeview
1 st Friday	7:45pm	January 3, 2014	Day Hospital—Ridgeview
1 st Friday	7:45pm	February 7, 2014	Day Hospital—Ridgeview
Super Bowl Party	4:00pm	February 2014	Gym—Ridgeview
1 st Friday	7:45pm	March 7, 2014	Day Hospital—Ridgeview
Marietta Round—Up		March 2014	TBD
1 st Friday	7:45PM	April 4, 2014	Day Hospital—Ridgeview

This issue, as well as 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.

Thank you to 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

Warren T., warrenbtaylor@bellsouth.net or Sean C., bostonsean99@gmail.com using "Newsletter" in the subject line.

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Sean Cleary: *Co-chair, Minutes*

Delores DeFreitas and Dorothy Seiden: *Bulletin Boards*

TILE SCRAMBLE #3

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OR	Y .	NEL	ANG	DON	Y .	TO	

RULE 62: DON'T TAKE YOURSELF SO SERIOUSLY

SUBMITTED BY: SEAN C.

There are times in my life that I can take myself a little bit too seriously. I'm a "chaos junkie" and I can escalate my feelings to a level of crisis in a New York minute. In fact, my feelings used to be a raw nerve and could be hurt very easily. It asks in the Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous "Didn't self reliance fail us?" Without thinking, I automatically think that every decision I make in my life is critical. In reality, my decisions and thoughts are almost always based on fear. This is an ego deflating program and I had to learn this through trial and error. Even today, I forget to trust in my Higher Power, let go and have fun. Without even knowing it, the Steps were designed to change all that.

My first sponsor was a gentleman (I use the term loosely) named Wes. I met him the very first night I walked into Easy 1,2,3 which is my home group in Duluth, GA. "Where two people normally wouldn't mix" described us exactly. He was from south Georgia, was 14 years younger than me and was a hot shot football stud who was probably a linebacker in high school. Wes was confident, popular and a complete knucklehead. I, on the other hand came into the rooms shaky, scared

and hopeless. I didn't know if I wanted to cry, run or both.

On that first night, Wes came up and introduced himself and offered to help me. He explained that his name was Wes which was two syllables: "Weigh' - ess". Three syllables if you're good. He promised to take me through the Big Book and work the Steps while at the same time teach me all about Georgia Bulldogs football. Wes said he didn't care which concept (the Steps or the Bulldogs) I understood first because they were both "spiritual in nature." Slowly, I started to laugh even though I didn't want to.

My first year in recovery was unnerving to say the least. I'd have a few laughs here and there followed by a lot of "feeling sorry for myself" moments. It seems like it was one step forward, two steps back. The group told me to keep coming back and that's what I did. Eventually, I started to feel like I was a part of the group. Not only had I become comfortable in my home group but I felt a closeness and belonging with the Ridgeview Alumni Association.

When I was discharged from the halfway house, I was already a

member of the Alumni. At that time, there were plans in place to build a Serenity Garden the following month

and I was asked if I would like to be a part of it. That was my first "fun thing" I did in sobriety.

We broke ground in September 1999. I was there on Day One and today, the Serenity Garden is a great reminder of what my life was

like back then. However, on the first day of cleaning out the woods where the garden is now, I was in charge of lining up the "empties" along the sidewalk. We found everything from beer, vodka and gin to homemade hooch. Forty one "empties" in the first two hours. Then without notice, I was handed a chainsaw and told to cut down a path but don't touch any of the dogwood trees. Well, what's a nice Irish, Catholic alcoholic from Boston, 40 days or so of recovery, doing deep in the bowels of the Georgia woods with a fully loaded chainsaw?? The first two trees I cut down were dogwoods. I didn't think to ask before I started cutting. Everyone laughed and so did I. It was the first time I could laugh at my own stupidity. For the first time I didn't feel that embarrassed about screwing up. Even though I didn't know you, I knew you were my friends.

There have been many times since then where I have done some

For the first time I didn't feel that embarrassed about screwing up.

Without thinking, I automatically think that every decision I make in my life is critical.

COIN OUT

SUBMITTED BY: LAURA W.

This place saved my life.

This place saved my family.

This place saved my marriage.

I must admit that when I came in here I didn't hold out much hope that this place would work for me. The last place I went to didn't work so why should this one? I wasn't even ready to admit that I had a problem in the first place. I could quit if I really wanted too, I just didn't want to right then.

However, Ridgeview worked a miracle on me. Ridgeview healed my mind, body and soul. Now I willingly admit that I am an alcoholic and I am powerless over alcohol. There is hope! Now I know that I am leaving here with the tools I need to maintain my sobriety and live a happy and productive life.

I can now be the mother my children deserve, the wife my husband deserves, and the woman my mother raised me to be.

And last, but not least, I can now be the person I have always wanted to be. I can be who I wanted to be when I grew up.

So, I thank my husband and mother for sending me to Ridgeview.

I thank my children for giving up their mother for 38 days.

I thank Ridgeview for straightening me out and putting me on the right path.

And, finally I thank God for making it all possible.

HAPPY, JOYOUS, AND FREE

SUBMITTED BY: DONALD R.

My sponsor Michael W. often comments about sharing the message of hope in meetings. He also reminds me why we keep coming back. Why new members return when they see we have a special gleam in our eyes and an attitude of gratitude in every situation no matter what.

We are miracles of a happy, joyous, and free fellowship. We are the winners who stay, do the work, and reap the gracious benefits of our Higher Power. The spiritual path is not a gimmick or just another Zen like teaching. For the alcoholics of our type the teaching in the first 164 pages of Alcoholics Anonymous is the only way that has proven to work

since man first smashed grapes.

I am faithfully serious when taking a beaten alcoholic through the Big Book. We are after all on a life or death mission.

We are miracles of a happy, joyous, and free fellowship.

Yet here I am writing about not taking myself too seriously. Rule 62 is the subject matter chosen for our bi-annual printing of our members voicing their experience, strength, and hope.

I often recall an email from many years ago in which my youngest son ends his concern about me by finishing with "Don't be hard on yourself," repeating this urgent and sincere message more than 20 times. I use his words often to realize God is results proven and I must be a

channel of peace.

Peace is not hard. Peace is the fruit of service when working with others unconditionally.

My greatest benefit in this splendid program of action is staying sober in the now moments of each perfect day. May you and I keep staying in the moment, face to face with another mirror image drunk, validating the vision of Bill W. and Dr. Bob.



WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, USE RULE 62

SUBMITTED BY: GEORGE M.

Ending my drinking was like a disaster movie with emergency rooms, ICU's, and Cottage C. When disaster strikes, the characters forget their conflict, like in a sinking ship, get in the boat, to be rescued. My health deteriorated alcoholically with cirrhosis, liver and heart failure. My life needed to be taken seriously, but my sense of humor was buried beneath my neurotic personality traits. Asking a sponsor for help, his reply was "You have to take recovery seriously." The paradox is we learn to laugh at ourselves.

My life, my work, my relationships, and the consequences of my alcoholic behavior, had been taken too lightly. I was more important, more gifted or a failure; an ego-maniac with an inferiority complex. The windows of opportunity opened and slammed shut many times. I was past the age of success and became a lost soul in the darkness of despair and loneliness.

In early recovery, I was unemployed and attending meetings full of retirees, "Old-timers", who had no problems. I complained and was offered "some cheese to go with your whine." "You are either a Giver or Taker in A.A. Which one are you?" "Don't take yourself too seriously, no one else does." I have to remember everything is NOT the end of the world. I have the ability to step away from myself and see how my personal intensity is actually comical. Everything is too serious. "But wait! If I

don't take myself seriously, others won't either." This is simply not true. If I said, "If I don't ever take myself seriously, others won't either," this would be true. I need to lighten up *every once in awhile*.

When disaster strikes, the characters forget their conflict, like in a sinking ship, get in the boat, to be rescued.

How to live life is an "inside job." I look at myself when I have the "Someone has done me wrong and I am MAD about it!" mentality. "Let Go and Let God" is more than it sounds. Letting go of the burdens with the Third Step Prayer:

God, I offer myself to Thee - To build with me and to do with me as Thou wilt. Relieve me of the bondage of self, that I may better do Thy will. Take away my difficulties, that victory over them may bear witness to those I would help of Thy Power, Thy Love, and Thy Way of life. May I do Thy will always!

It's really a sign of maturity when I can lighten up. Acting grateful when I find humor in the things I say and do. Laughing with others in meetings is a start. "If you want to come, it is voluntary; if you don't, it's mandatory." Participating in the fellowship activities helps me, too.

I was talking with a friend of mine about another friend. There was something about this guy that we did not like, but we could not put a finger on it. We knew this: he made us uncomfortable. He made things stuffy. We really did not know what to

say when he was around. Time with him was always awkward. We would have to walk on eggshells for fear of saying the wrong thing. The wrong thing would always cause the conversation to go in a totally unexpected way. Finally, we figured it out. He took himself too seriously.

Another friend thinks differently than I do on many philosophical issues. On paper, I would think we would not get along at all. Though we differ – passionately – in many ways, we are having the best time in this fellowship! Why? Because this guy knows how to lighten things up in order for conversation to take place. He is very wise. He intentionally does not take himself too seriously on pivotal points. He lightens the conversation when it begins to become burdensome. He recognizes it is not about him or what I think of him. The

Early on, I heard I am not a teacher or a preacher, but a spiritual being on a human journey.

fact is that when we lighten things up, people will take us more seriously when it matters.

Recently stress in my life from my mother dying, health issues, and changing work responsibilities have given me the opportunities to practice what I preach, putting spiritual principles over personalities. Early on, I heard I am not a teacher or a preacher, but a spiritual being on a human journey. Life is meant to be enjoyed and when we are worried, angry, resentful, or any other self-centered feeling we are not enjoying the journey. We need to lighten up and enjoy the journey. I have participated in the over complication of life for someone in

RULE 62 MAKES ME “HAPPY, HAPPY, HAPPY”

SUBMITTED BY: COREY J.

This may sound silly, but Duck Dynasty is a part of my recovery. Okay, let me explain: as someone who has episodes of severe anxiety and depression, I tend to take life too seriously sometimes. A few weeks ago I was watching my guilty pleasure, Duck Dynasty, and I laughed out loud. To my amazement, I then realized that that was the first time that I had laughed all day! That silly show had put a smile on my face and had forced me to stop thinking such serious, deep thoughts for once.

Laughter is important! AA's Big Book says on page 132, “but we aren't a glum lot. If newcomers could see no joy or fun in our existence, they wouldn't want it. We absolutely insist on enjoying life.” Dialectical Behavioral Therapy's (DBT) creator, Marsha Linehan, made sure to include a section of coping skills about adding positive and pleasurable experiences into one's life, because that is what helps create a “life worth living.” (If you do not know what DBT is, just know that it is a therapy that helps people like me with impulsivity and mood problems. It is relatively similar to a twelve-step group in that its principles and coping skills become a lifestyle and can be worked on alongside an anonymous program.) Although probably none of us got into recovery specifically to laugh again, would we really stay in it if we never did? Boredom and stress tend to lead us back into a relapse fairly quickly.

When someone smiles and when someone laughs, you know there's hope. I remember once telling a therapist about the “stupid” and “pointless” activities a recreation therapist had me perform while at a mental hospital several years before (not at Ridgeview). She had us walk in circles around the gym while she played loud Gloria Estefan music, continually yelling at us to, “Swing your arms! Move with the rhythm!” The whole activity seemed surreal and ridiculous and finally the young woman behind me and I couldn't hold in our shared reaction and we started giggling uncontrollably. For years afterward I was convinced that we were sort of mean in our laughter at her, but the newer therapist explained to me that actually, no, getting us to laugh was the whole point

...I laughed out loud. To my amazement, I then realized that that was the first time that I had laughed all day!

goal!

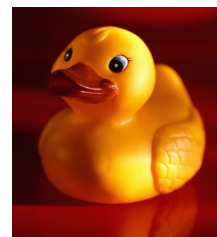
There is a misconception that people in recovery are a glum lot and always take life super seriously. Think of how people in recovery are portrayed in the media-have you ever

seen a TV show where someone in recovery laughed or did something fun? No, they're always coming to make an amends, saying something heavy at a meeting or having a relapse and while those things do happen-it is only showing one side of a story. Here

There was a twelve-step meeting every night and people talked about dancing for the first time sober, looking forward to actually being able to remember the event, ...

is my side-I attended DragonCon this year, which is the world's largest science fiction and fantasy convention and I went dressed up as a character from the movie, Brave. Other people in recovery went too! There was a twelve-step meeting every night and people

talked about dancing for the first time sober, looking forward to actually being able to remember the event, and just in general learning that they could be serious about remaining in recovery, while not taking recovery so seriously that they passed up the opportunity to make costumes (cosplay) and bond with other sci-fi geeks once they were ready. I do need to take my recovery seriously, but I am thankful for all the forces in my life, from my sponsor and friends, to the events that I attend, to even the television shows that I watch that keep me from taking it too damn seriously. And that makes me happy, happy, happy!



GOD WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS—A TRUE STORY

SUBMITTED BY: DOUG F.

My better half was in Japan for the winter and being in the hey-day of my addiction and drinking I decided to go on a weekend long pity party. By Sunday I was a crying drunk mess. The world had abandoned me, my partner left me behind in the states, and God was nowhere to be found (sob). In that haze I decided that ending my life was the best way to deal with all this, but good planning had to occur first. I cleaned the house, paid the bills, and took out the trash. I turned the heat down because I did not want the house the stink after my passing. While doing all this I was drinking even more and popping pills hoping that at some point I would overdose and that would be it; problems solved. As I became quite intoxicated I recalled that I needed to walk the dogs so that they would have one last poop break before my efficient and well planned exit. That was always me, think of others first.

Now we lived in central Massachusetts in the mountains and were in the middle of a very bad winter in 1991. I guess we probably had a couple hundred inches of snow topped with an ice crust on the ground by this point. This bleak weather had been the norm this year and had helped to set the stage of my discourse.

Knowing that all ends had to be tied up I harnessed up my two boxers and walked down the rear stairs into the woods. I made my way over the ice crust that forms after a brief warming spell down a steep hill when in the night some varmint jumped out of the hedge and startled both dogs. Well... Randy went right and Cinnamon went left while I, drunk and woozy, held on to the leashes and proceeded to do a nice 360 degree spin on the ice somewhat like Dorothy Hamill, but nowhere nearly as graceful and without the dress. My feet slipped out from under me and down the hill rolling I went. Thankfully I never let go of the dogs (drunks tend to do stuff like that), but I did bust my head wide open on a rock.

Getting up, I found the strength to make it up the hill with the kids and proceeded back up the stairs into the just cleaned house bleeding like a stuck pig all over eve-

rything. I made it into the kitchen to grab some towels and as I bent over to reach them I discovered that I had ended my triple Lutz on the ice in a fresh steamy pile of dog poo that was smeared in an unsightly stain from my waist up to my chin. The smell rose up and hit me like a Yankee Candle store and I tossed up all the booze, pills, and other tummy contents onto the kitchen floor to mingle with the leak from my busted noggin. All of which now needed to be cleaned up because God forbid I would not die in a messy house.

After all that and the ensuing cleanup I was spent and proceeded to fall asleep. Thankfully I did not pass this good earth on that day.

What's the funny moral of the story? Sometimes getting into shit can save your life.

What's the real moral of the story? God had a plan for me and 22 years later I have learned not to take myself so seriously.

*What's the funny moral of the story? Sometimes getting into s**t can save your life.*

The world had abandoned me, my partner left me behind in the states, and God was nowhere to be found (sob).

TILE SCRAMBLE #1

F O	I	B U T	T H	R T	G R A
H E	G O	C E	E R E	O F	G O D

Answers on Page 13

QUOTE FROM PAUL TILLICH

Grace strikes us when we are in great pain and restlessness. It strikes us when we walk through the dark valley of a meaningless and empty life . . . It strikes us when our disgust for our own being, our indifference, our weakness, our hostility, and our lack of direction and composure have become intolerable to us . . . when the old compulsions reign within us as they have for decades, when

despair destroys all joy and courage. Sometimes at that moment a wave of light breaks into our darkness, and it is as though a voice were saying: "You are accepted. You are accepted, accepted by that which is greater than you, and the name of which you do not know. Do not ask for the name now; perhaps you will find it later. Do not try to do anything now; perhaps later you will do much. Do

not seek for anything; do not perform anything. Simply accept the fact that you are accepted: If that happens to us, we experience grace (Paul Tillich, *The Shaking of the Foundations* [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1947], 161-62).

It seems to me, Tillich captures the essence of what Paul means by "justification" in this quote.

RULE 62—DON'T TAKE YOURSELF SO SERIOUSLY; NO, I'M SERIOUS

SUBMITTED BY: TOM S.

Three years sober; worked the steps once; had a great sponsor; life was good. I had recently discovered a Spiritual path that fit; based on the love of Mother Earth and Nature. I was on a weekend retreat with a couple dozen other people in the foothills of South Carolina and we were constructing a Native American Medicine Wheel out of stones. Each of us were asked to pick a

stone and in turn place it in the appropriate location of the Wheel and say something Spiritual about the animal associated with the stone. I grabbed a perfect stone, made a quick assessment of the line and strategically placed myself to present the Elk Medicine stone. No way could I be the Sturgeon or the Crow. When my turn came I had concocted a grand speech to accompany the placing

of the Elk Stone and slowly lifting the stone above my head a large clump of mud dropped off right onto my forehead. I immediately saw the need for Rule 62! Creator was helping me experience being in the moment; simply be in the moment, not make it something it is not. Just place the stone; it's not about me. So I did. Hopefully I will remember the lesson for the rest of my days.

WHEN ALL ELSE... (CON'T. FROM PAGE 5)

SUBMITTED BY: GEORGE M.

recovery. "I may not be much, but I am all I think about." My life is peaceful when I remember Rule 62.

There's a story about two prime ministers who are sitting in a room, discussing affairs of state. Suddenly a man bursts through the door, screaming and shouting. The prime minister who's hosting the meeting says to the man, "Peter, please remember Rule 62." Peter is

immediately restored to calm. He apologizes, bows, and walks out. About 20 minutes later, a woman comes flying in. She's beside herself. The prime minister says, "Maria, please remember Rule 62." Maria apologizes and walks out. The visiting prime minister can't contain his curiosity: "My dear colleague, what is this Rule 62?" The other prime minister says, "Very simple: Don't take

yourself so goddamn seriously." The visitor replies, "That's a nice rule. What, may I ask, are the other rules?" The prime minister answers, "There aren't any."



PUZZLING

THE PROMISES

I E P R O M I S E S F U U C E
 N D Z U D S F C E U U S F Y C
 T E T I Q E H R L F E U T V N
 U V E M L A Z F E L I I U S E
 I E R W N A I A E E P L R S I
 T L G G J L I S M F D E N D R
 I O E U L D S R L A H O O I E
 V P R E E N I E E T I O M B P
 E M D F E U S S O T R Q L D X
 L E Y S T N A G A V A R T X E
 F N S K R O W U N P P M X N P
 F T K O O L T U O T P E N T A
 A H A P P I N E S S F E A R S
 B M R X S T I F E N E B A C T
 Y T I N E R E S L O W L Y R E

AMAZED	LIFE
BAFFLE	MATERIALIZE
BENEFIT	OTHERS
CHANGE	OUTLOOK
DEVELOPMENT	PAST
DISAPPEAR	PEACE
DOOR	PROMISES
EXPERIENCE	REGRET
EXTRAVAGANT	SELF-PITY
FEAR	SERENITY
FREEDOM	SITUATIONS
FULFILLED	SLOWLY
HAPPINESS	USELESSNESS
INTUITIVE	WORK

TILE SCRAMBLE #2

W O R	O M I	O R K	N G	T .	T W	K I
K I	F Y	O U	S I	P C	B A C	

A SPECIAL THANK YOUR DONATIONS!

Advocare- Matt Hayes

Allison Jolly

Auto Cool (Fred Shope)

Barbara Wheeler

Chip Bunn

Chuck Tucker

Cindy Harkins

Clinton A. Harkins Revocable Trust

Cyndi Broda

Dawn & Paul Liistro

Deloris DeFreitas

Don Newsome

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Donna Williams

Dorothy Seiden

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Drew Dixon

Eddie Chinal

Fernbank Museum of Natural History; 767 Clifton Road NE; Atlanta, GA 30307

Gayle Denton

High Museum of Art; 1280 Peachtree Street NE; Atlanta, GA 30309

J.Stokes Designs Hair & Nails; 2496-C Mt. Vernon Road; Dunwoody, GA 30338

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Sean Cleary

Sharon Linder

Shawn Johnson

Steven Finley

Sue & Stan Dixon

The Children's Museum of Atlanta; 275 Centennial Olympic Park Drive NW; Atlanta, GA 30313

Therapeutic Massage Bliss; 1330 Concord Road; Smyrna, GA 30080

Village Health Wellness Spa; 4425 South Cobb Drive Suite G; Smyrna, GA 30080

Warren & Brenda Taylor

Wes Jones Woodturner; wwjones@comcast.net; 770-972-6803

Woodstock Antiques

World of Coca Cola; 121 Baker Street NW; Atlanta, GA 30313

Yolyz Salon of Vinings; 3689 Atlanta Road; Smyrna, GA 30080

Zoo Atlanta; 800 Cherokee Avenue; Atlanta, GA 30315

AN UNRELIABLE SOURCE

SUBMITTED BY: STEVEN F.

My brain. Yep, that 3 pound hunk of gray matter in my head. For most of my life, it hasn't been the most fruitful garden of useful knowledge. The first 15 years were pretty good. A loving family, popular in school, making good grades, excelling in sports. Then came alcohol. I had no idea where this would take me in the future. I've been to places I never dreamed of. Juvenile detention centers, Texas Youth Council, (Juvenile Prison), Military Brigs, City jails, County jails, and State Prisons. Alcohol made it possible for me to steal from my own family, guide me to shelters and bridges that I would call home. It took me to a dark place in my mind that convinced me I would never amount to anything, so why even try? That's why I'm writing this story. I want to illustrate how the disease of alcoholism can turn my own best thinking to some of the worst decisions I've made in life.

The theme of this newsletter is "Rule 62." If one were to look in the 12 & 12, in Tradition 4, one would find a story about a

man that really wanted to change things for the alcoholics. He rounded up the town folks and convinced them to start up a sort of rehab center. He campaigned the funds from the town folks and broke ground. He

convinced the townsfolk that despite The Foundation's (now known as The General Service Board of Alcoholics Anonymous) opinion that, through previous experiences, this sort of venture was almost certainly doomed for failure. This "super promoter", (undaunted), organized three corporations and became president of them all. (Ego). Sixty one rules were put into place to insure smooth operation of the new facility. SO, the way I see it, Mr. Know-it-all, in all his personal wisdom, was convinced beyond a reasonable doubt, that this pilot rehab center would be an amazing success. Well, as the story goes, in a short time, everything fell completely apart. He

wrote The Foundation and said he'd wished he'd paid attention to A.A. experience. He then wrote Rule 62: "Don't take yourself too damn seriously."

Though he was trying to be of service to alcoholics, as well as the townsfolk, his story parallels my alcoholic life. All I ever really wanted, was to be happy and help out folks. I would reach into my brain for the next thing to do in life and my alcoholism would convince me that my bad choices were really good choices. It fed my ego, it fed my selfishness and robbed you of your serenity. It con-

vinced me that I deserved more, regardless of how I obtained it. I could no longer tell the true from the false. I call this "alcoholic distortion." I finally got to a point where I could no

longer deny that my best thinking, like Mr. Know-it-all's, was pretty wacked-out. When, where, how and why this happened, I've given up on trying to figure out long ago. I don't dwell on the past. Today is a new day. All my yesterdays are lessons on how I should live today.

So the next time "that cold beer" sounds like a good idea, remember that your source of information can still be unreliable. It's called alcoholism. You will leave this world with it, but you don't have to leave because of it. Rule 62. It reminds me that I should quit living like I'm ALL THAT. I'm just a garden variety drunk who wants to be happy. Today,.... I am.

So the next time "that cold beer" sounds like a good idea, remember that your source of information can still be unreliable.

I've been to places I never dreamed of. Juvenile detention centers, Texas Youth Council, (Juvenile Prison), Military Brigs, City jails, County jails, and State Prisons.



MY AFFLICTION TO MY ADDICTION

SUBMITTED BY: TAYLOR H.

This is my Affliction, Hear me
 Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no
 Dream
 I want to feel you
 I need your touch
 You ease my mind
 When I think too much
 My world was empty
 When she was taken away
 I had nothing left
 There was nothing I could say
 This is my Affliction, Hear me
 Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no
 Dream
 So there you found me
 Desperate and alone
 Praying for Death
 Trapped in my own home
 You made me happy
 You made me feel Alive
 You filled that void
 In you I could confide
 Your comfort is warmth
 Burning through my veins
 I cant turn back
 Things will never be the same
 This is my Affliction, Hear me
 Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no
 Dream
 For you bring death
 to come knocking at my door
 You took 7 lives
 I cant watch any more
 I tried running away
 I even tried to hide
 I didn't want you near
 You never left my side
 This is my Affliction, Hear me
 Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no
 Dream
 You are all I think about
 You told me not to care
 I believed every word

You left me laying there
 Naked and on the ground
 Cold Steel pushing into my head
 The pain so intense
 Kill me please, is what I said
 This is my Affliction, Hear me Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no Dream
 You helped me to forget
 The guilt and all my shame
 I learned to make you pure
 We began a brand new game
 The parties and the glamour life
 Stacks of money flowing through the
 door
 It was time to make the last big deal
 Once again you left me on the floor.
 This is my Affliction, Hear me Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no Dream
 Please - Please don't kill me here
 I do not want to die
 I know that I prayed for this
 But I do not want to die
 Thank God that I'm still here
 All is gone and I start to cry
 My God - They took everything
 Leaving me here to wonder why
 This is my Affliction, Hear me Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no Dream
 As I sit in here all alone
 Hanging on with all my might
 Suddenly the lights came on
 Voices scream hold your hands up high
 Guilty - Guilty the Judge proclaimed
 Lock this man up in a cell
 Six months time to serve
 Maybe this will make you well
 This is my Affliction, Hear me Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no Dream
 Got out of jail and went back home
 My depression grew and grew
 Isolated and Alone
 Wondering what I should do
 What the hell is wrong with me
 Why don't I ever feel right
 Why must I be so scared
 Why cant I put up a fight
 One year passes instantly

Shame and Guilt burning through my
 mind
 Hatred of Self screaming constantly
 No where to run and there is no place
 to hid
 So I returned to an unfriendly place
 Great to see you said my long lost
 friend
 I have been waiting for you patiently
 I'll be with you til the bitter end
 I will never leave you
 like your friends and your wife
 I will give you comfort
 Until you end your life
 This is my Affliction, Hear me
 Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no
 Dream
 10 Short days passed
 I was high and well
 Got caught stealing
 Headed off to jail
 I had to call my family
 Didn't know what else to do
 They came and I made bail
 They intervened - straight to
 Ridgeview
 This is my Affliction, Hear me
 Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no
 Dream
 58 days clean as I write these words
 I sit and wonder how I fell
 Cunning, baffling, powerful my dis-
 ease still fights
 Wanting to take me straight to hell
 To my affliction I cry - No More
 To my addiction I Scream - I don't
 need your high
 Never again do I need your help
 This program allows me to say good-
 bye
 This is my Affliction, Hear me
 Scream
 This is my Addiction, This ain't no
 Dream

ANSWER KEY

The Promises Solution

I E P R O M I S E S F + U + E
 N D Z + D + F C E U + S + Y C
 T E T I + E H R L F E + T + N
 U V E + L A Z F E L I I + S E
 I E R + N A I A E E P L R S I
 T L G G + L I S M F D E N D R
 I O E + L D S R L A H O O + E
 V P R E + N I E E T I O M + P
 E M D + E + S S O T R + + X
 L E + S T N A G A V A R T X E
 F N S K R O W U + P P M + + P
 F T K O O L T U O + P E + + A
 A H A P P I N E S S F E A R S
 B + + + S T I F E N E B A C T
 Y T I N E R E S L O W L Y R E



TILE SCRAMBLE SOLUTIONS

#1—BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD THERE GO I.

#2—KEEP COMING BACK IT WORKS IF YOU WORK IT.

#3 - DON'T GET TOO HUNGRY, ANGRY, LONELY OR TIRED.



GOD GRANT ME THE LAUGHTER TO HELP ME SEE THE PAST WITH PERSPECTIVE, FACE THE FUTURE WITH HOPE, AND CELEBRATE TODAY—WITHOUT TAKING MYSELF TOO SERIOUSLY.

Safety Net

Spiritual
Supportive
Structured Recovery



Proudly Presents

the 3rd Annual

**Ridgeview Alumni Association
Steering Committee**



Bowl-A-Thon



Date: November 9, 2013

Time: 10:00 a.m.

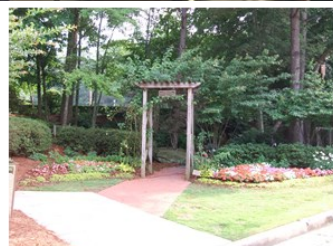
Contact person: Chuck Tucker

Further Info: 678.447.2946

**Brunswick Zone—Austell
2750 Austell Road SW**

Open to 10 five-person teams, donors may make a flat donation or donate on a per pin basis (ex: donor pledges five cents per pin the bowler knocks down; if total pins over the three games bowled are equal to 200 pins—total donation is \$10.00). All donations are tax deductible.

Team captains please see Chuck Tucker or call 678.447.2946 for further information. Children are welcomed and encouraged to participate. The outing provides two hours of bowling and shoes. Per pin donations will be calculated over the three games. *Suggested donation per team is \$500.*



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 \$60,000. 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

Date: _____

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) Cost \$30.00

(Line 1) _____

(Line 2) _____

* 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.

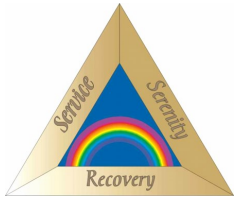
Make checks payable to: Ridgeview Alumni Association Endowment Fund

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

THE VIEW

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SMYRNA, GA 30080

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RULE 62: DON'T TAKE YOURSELF SO SERIOUSLY (CON'T. FROM PAGE 3)

weird stuff that I'd normally get drunk over thinking to myself what a failure I am. Early on, I was asked to read "The Twelve Traditions". When I mispronounced "anonymity", I dropped the reading and bolted out of the door. As I was driving home, I swore to myself that I would never go back Easy 1,2,3 again because I was so embarrassed. Of course, I was early the next night but these were situations that made me petrified. My ego was competing with my low self es-

teem and together, it was a deadly emotional mix.

After working the Steps and having been in Alcoholics Anonymous for a while, guess what? I still have fear but it's not as intense. I know it will be OK. My Higher Power and my friends in AA will take care of me. We used to have an old timer who would say "Don't sweat the small stuff; it's all small stuff". When I learn to trust in God and realize that

my fellow alcoholics love me unconditionally, I have a sense of peace.

On page 68 of the Big Book it states: "Just to the extent that we do as we think He would have us, and humbly rely on Him, does He enable us to match calamity with serenity". This is a promise. It happened to me. It's not all about me anymore but how I can align my thoughts and actions with what He would have me be. Because of that, I'm content most days and live a very happy life.