

Archive Nugget

**Thanks to Rose S., Archive Chair
for the great idea of the
"Archive Nugget"**

CLICK HERE

Breach the Walls of Ego

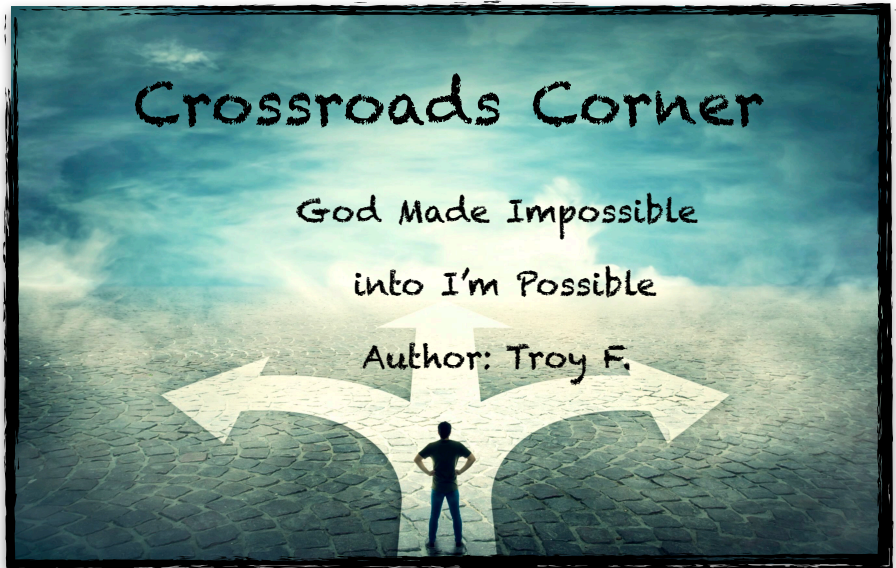
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Iowa District 8 serves:

Anamosa
 Cedar Rapids
 Center Point
 Central City
 Coggon
 Garrison
 Grinnell
 Hale
 Keystone
 Lisbon
 Marion
 Monticello
 Mount Vernon
 Tama
 Urbana
 Vinton
 Walford



I was unemployed and single. I had a vision in my head that I was going to conquer the world without a job. It was great! For ten days I drank almost all day and night. I did have a second part time job as a server at a high-end restaurant so I knew I could get by until my unemployment kicked in. Then the unthinkable happened.

I woke up one morning six pointed to a bed in a hospital. A nurse told me that I had broken five vertebrae in my neck, all my ribs, my collar bone, and they had to staple and stitch the top of my head back on. I asked where my friend that was with me was at? They said that I was airlifted in by myself. I was unconscious for over seven hours. I tried to think back. I couldn't remember the whole day before. It was like Swiss cheese. I had a few little moments, but the day was mostly a blackout. Did he take a cab, meet a girl, or did he find another way home?

I found out a few hours later that he was flown in about twenty minutes behind me. My friend was in a coma and in another room on the floor below. He had suffered major spinal injuries and head trauma. He died six days later from blunt force trauma caused by a car crash. The decision I made to put the keys into the ignition led to a good friend losing his life. I was responsible and I knew it. No matter how many times I heard it could happen to anyone, he knew what he was getting into, or it was just bad luck, I knew I was responsible. The actions I had taken caused someone to die.

I wanted it to be me. I didn't want to live anymore, but I didn't want to die at the same time. I hated drinking, but I couldn't stop. I would wake up in the morning, spit on my mirror and tell myself I should be dead, and then by some point during the day I would end up at the bar. I would have a few drinks and ask myself how I even started. Then I would think well you did start; you may as well get good and drunk now. Then I would wake up wondering how I was still alive and tormented by the fact that I couldn't stop.

One morning I was yelling at myself in the mirror. There was a phone book lying nearby. I threw the phone book down the hallway in a fit of rage. When I picked it up, it was opened at the local treatment center.

Continued on page 3

What:
Crossroads Meeting
Open Meeting
of
Alcoholics Anonymous

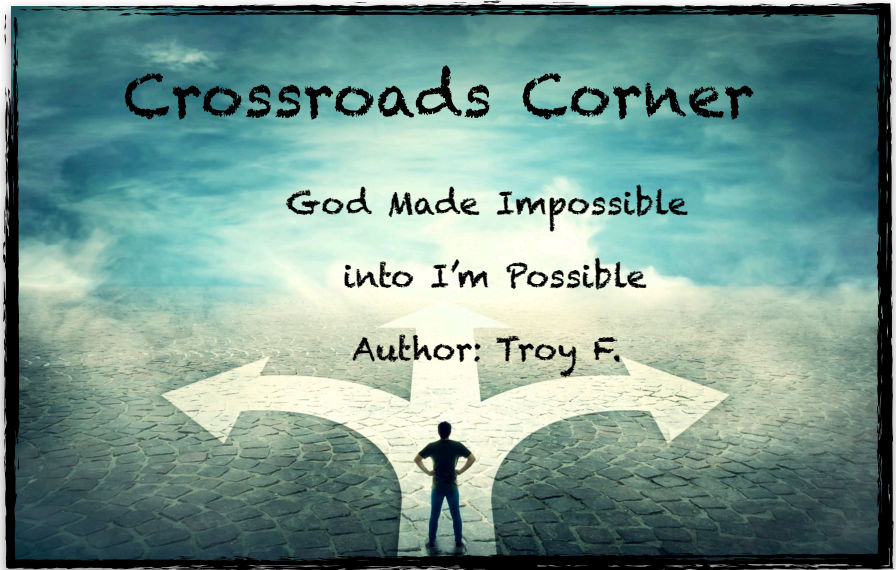
When:
Every Sunday

Where:
St. Mary's
Catholic Church
402 Ash Ave
Urbana, IA

What time?
7:00 pm - 8:00 pm

***The church is handicap
 accessible**

**What is
 A.A. Sponsorship?**



I didn't know what to do, but when I stopped crying enough to speak, I made the call. I went and had an evaluation and for the first time I was honest about my drinking. I was to start treatment, but I couldn't start for over two weeks. I told the counselor that I really didn't believe I could live another two weeks, so she gave me the number of a member of Alcoholics Anonymous. She said he could get me to a meeting and probably could help. I signed a sheet saying that I wouldn't drink, and my drug levels would go down to zero through testing.

I figured that I had one more night since treatment wouldn't start for a few weeks. I didn't want to drink because I signed the paper. I figured I could do some drugs one last time because my levels would still be lower than now a few weeks later. I went to a place where I knew you could score anything. It was the worst. I had a house full of junkies surrounding me and telling me that I didn't have to live like this anymore. I was so angry. As I walked home with my broken neck, I couldn't get the thought out of my mind that this was how life was going to be. I was going to spend years and years of misery blotting out my intolerable situation the best I could. Was this it?

A man from A.A. picked me up and took me to my first meeting. He told me to keep an open mind about God, be willing to try something different, and to be honest. He told me that I didn't need to be honest with anyone in the room, but I needed to be honest with myself. Try and see if I didn't have similar feelings as others and not look at different situations or stories. That meeting was a miracle. I heard my story repeatedly. I finally felt like I fit in somewhere and with someone. I wanted more A.A.

I did what people suggested. I got a sponsor, a home group, and a job in that group. I started trying to do what other people did. I wrote down the third step prayer and started saying it every morning. I had conversations with God. I just imagined something being there in the room with me and I talked to it. I vented, I cried, I yelled, and I even cursed at it. I didn't know what, who, or even a concept, but I knew that I wasn't God. My life was getting better as it should be getting worse.

My sponsor took me through the book and the steps. He told me that I was going to have the opportunity to possibly be the only example of the Big Book in prison if that was where I ended up. I started trying to be of service to others. There were times that the only way I could do that was holding open doors for people. I learned to say what I thought in my head instead of out loud and not correct or judge other people. I was no longer fighting anyone or anything. My belief in a higher power grew.

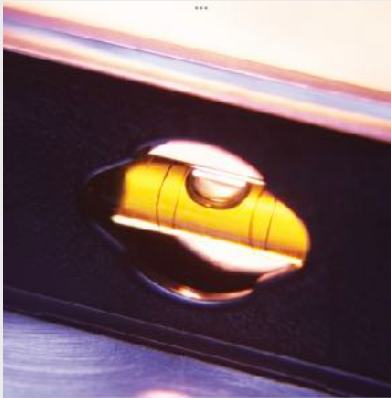
Continued on page 4

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To find books
to read about
Emotional Sobriety

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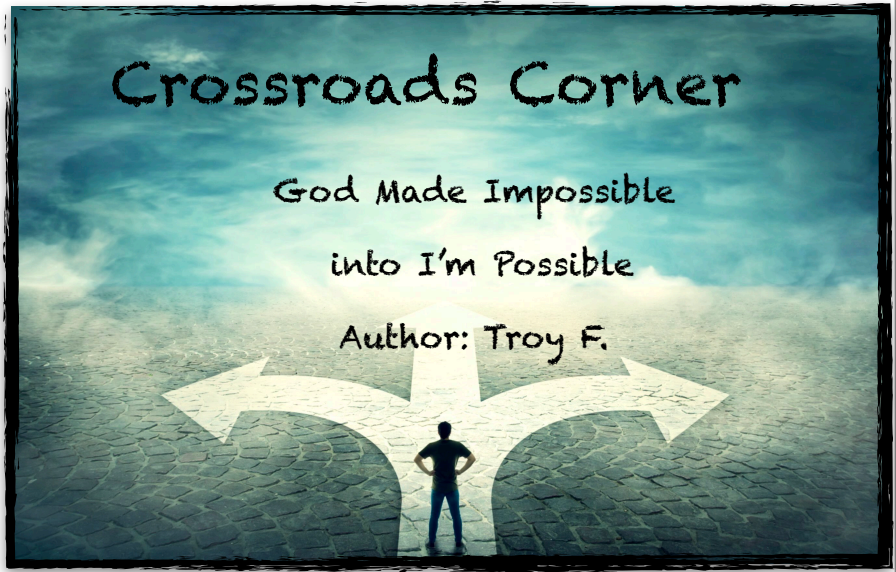
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**EMOTIONAL
SOBRIETY**
The Next Frontier



**EMOTIONAL
SOBRIETY II**
The Next Frontier



Crossroads Corner

God Made Impossible
into I'm Possible

Author: Troy F.

I was sentenced to twenty-five years in prison after being convicted of Vehicular Homicide with OWI. I went to prison and served six years, four months, and seventeen days before I was paroled. I needed every minute and every day in prison to grow into the man that God wanted me to be. I learned to pray and trust God.

I was taught that patience isn't waiting. It is waiting for God's time without complaining. I worked on trying to live life knowing that what other people think about me is none of my business. It was easier in prison than it is in the world, but I cannot control what others think, say, or do. I can only control how I choose to react to it. When I please God and do the next right thing, doors will open. When I push things and follow my own selfish desires they close.

I was trying to help others to forgive themselves all while I couldn't subconsciously forgive myself. I was unable to do that ninth step with myself and as a result I was unable to receive the tenth step promise of having been restored to sanity. I was dry but not emotionally sober during my fourth year of sobriety. I was melting down. I was beginning to be irritable, restless, and discontented again. My life was unmanageable, and I was angry about nothing but everything at the same time. I reached a breaking point and got into a fight and was put into the hole.

I was alone for forty-two days in solitary confinement. I thought I was alone at first, but I quickly realized that I couldn't hide from God. I was doing bible studies and trying to pray and meditate as much as possible. I came across a story about a man that survived a crash that left three other people dead. Was he favored by God? Three people went to heaven, while he remained. They went to a place of peace, harmony, and love with no more murder, rape, natural disasters, or evil of any kind and he stayed here. Maybe he wasn't ready for judgement.

That hit me hard. I had always questioned why he died, and where I lived? Why God? I suddenly realized that he had sacrificed himself so I could live. I had no concept of God or Spirituality before the crash. All the scales of guilt, shame, and remorse slipped away. I was restored to sanity. I knew that my purpose was to use my experience to help others and bring light to the life that I had taken. I kept him alive by using my story for God's light. No matter how dark things are, there is always a reason and good can come from them.

Continued on page 7

Except from

Box 456, Vol.63,

No 1 / Spring 2017

“Keeping Crosstalk at Bay”
Pages 9-10

In general, then, when it comes to crosstalk, giving advice or disruptive sharing in meetings, keeping the focus on A.A. unity — and on our own personal experiences as they may be helpful to another recovering alcoholic — can provide a useful guideline to keep group sharing on track and resentments from creeping in.

As many groups have found, however, from time to time it may require a loving reminder from the group’s chair.”

To read the entire article, search:

<https://www.aa.org/box-459>

Scroll down to:
Spring 2017



2022 Carry The Message Project

Grapevine and La Viña are Great Twelfth Step Tools!

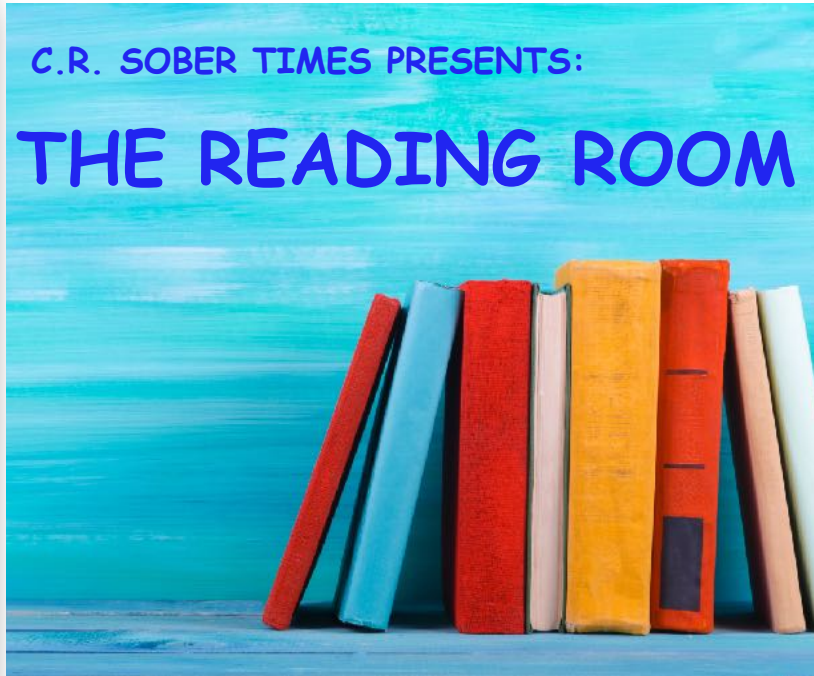
Get your group, district, area or AA friends to join in. Carry the Message, it's easy!

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aagrapevine.org/carry-the-message

C.R. SOBER TIMES PRESENTS:

THE READING ROOM



Grapevine Story - Crosstalk

NOVEMBER 2013
BY: ANONYMOUS

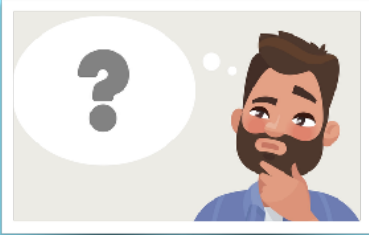
When is it OK to refer to someone else’s share? One member has some thoughts

In their opening remarks, many groups say, “No crosstalk, please.” Regardless, sometimes we refer to one another, speak directly to one another, refer to other people not even in the room, offer advice, and even compliment one another’s shares. That is all crosstalk, and the culture of crosstalk is damaging to the Fellowship.

I enjoy my AA meetings; I even enjoy the ones in which I disagree with many of the things that are said there. I enjoy the different interpretations of the literature, Concepts, and Steps. An AA meeting is supposed to be a safe place to share and reach out. Our spiritual foundation of anonymity provides this safety, so that all feel welcomed and not judged. No matter how far down the ladder we have gone, our experience can benefit others. That’s why we share our experiences, not the experiences of other people. Besides, we are not in AA to fix anyone.

Often when sharing, AAs will refer to one another, sometimes with praise. Receiving praise by name in a meeting offers ego stroking, rather than illustrating the topic under discussion. When John Doe says that he bookends his actions to make sure he doesn’t buy wine when he goes shopping, he’s sharing about bookending, honesty, accountability, fellowship, trust and vulnerability. When Jane Doe says that she really likes what John says, she’s just praising him, rather than reminding us of the tools of sobriety.

How do I become a Grapevine Rep (GVR)



- Offer to be of service - let your home group know that you are interested.
- Register with us online
- You will receive a complete information kit from the Grapevine office.

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C.R. SOBER TIMES PRESENTS:

THE READING ROOM



Grapevine Story - Crosstalk

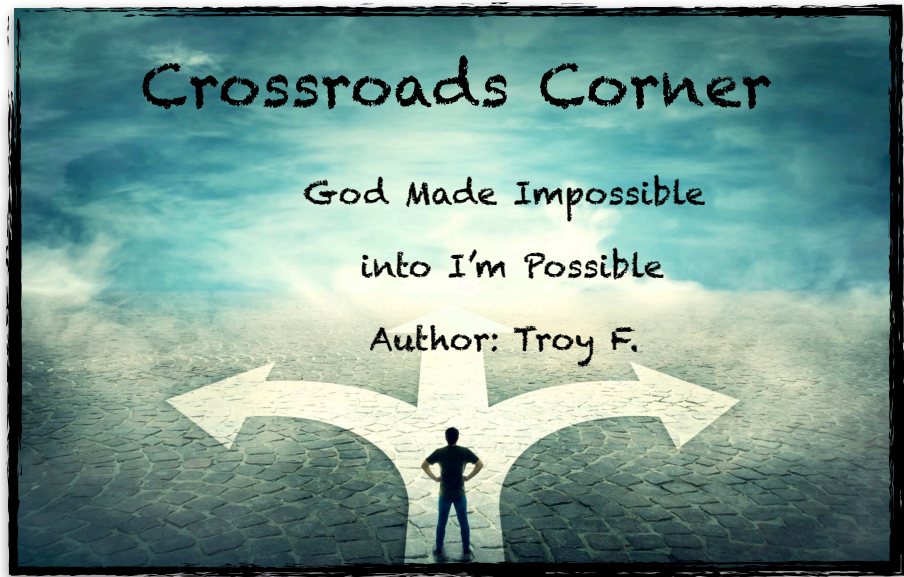
Crosstalk as interruption, and crosstalk as calling out, is just plain rude and disruptive, and it's generally restricted in polite society, never mind in the sacred rooms of recovery. If it happens frequently, it can have a negative effect. The call-outs and interruptions can seem corrective and condemning to the person who's sharing and could cause them to clam up, or worse, not come back. Can we afford that?

There are no qualified advisers in an AA meeting. Any member may share his or her own experience with a particular circumstance or topic. Telling another member what to do puts him on the spot, puts personality before principles, and artificially bolsters the alcoholic ego of the self-appointed adviser. Even if you are an AA who holds a therapist's or a doctor's license or degree, you are just another drunk at the meeting.

I have seen people come back after a slip. Then sometimes the whole meeting is directed toward that person in a compassionate manner. That does not mean that we should put him or her under a microscope, magnifying the shame and embarrassment they already experience. Step One and relapse ought to be the focus. To be really helpful, crosstalk ought to be avoided at all costs. Our reasons are ego-driven when we believe that we can advise others—directly—in a meeting. That's what sponsors, after-meeting fellowship and phone calls are for.

There are as many examples of crosstalk as there are excuses for it. If we have turned our lives and wills over to the care of God as we understand him, we know that we are not God, so it's not our responsibility to try to control others in a meeting. Have we meditated and prayed for knowledge of God's will and the power to carry it out? Do we still think that we have the best plan and are going to prove it to everyone in a meeting?

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IOWA'S AREA 24**A.A.****2023 Spring Conference****Hosted by - District 8****June 9th - 11th****Grinnell College****Joe Rosenfeld Center****1115 - 8th Avenue,****Grinnell, IA 50112****Register online:**[Click Here](#)**Crossroads Meeting****Open Meeting
of
Alcoholics Anonymous****Every Sunday at 7:00 PM****Where:****St. Mary's
Catholic Church
402 Ash Ave
Urbana, IA****7:00 pm - 8:00 pm*****The church is handicap accessible**

I learned so much about myself and my past. I know that I had a thirst my whole life. I was thirsty for a relationship with God. I used alcohol, drugs, sex, shopping, and anything that I could find to temporarily quench that thirst. I learned that I was one of many and I am not ultimately unique. We are like jellybeans. When you get a bag full of jellybeans there are many flavors, but when you break them down, they are just jellybeans. We are like that.

We all have our own journey to building a relationship with the God of our understanding. Some get a white light quick experience, others need the educational journey, and not all things work for everyone. But like a jellybean is a jellybean, and an alcoholic is an alcoholic. We all have that quench and desire for a higher power to give us the ease and comfort that nothing else can.

I was released from prison and jumped right back into A.A. I joined my homegroup, and I got busy in service. I serve my group, my district, and my area. I was helping others and began speaking in high schools about the dangers of drinking and driving. I woke up each morning asking how I can be helpful to God's kids. As I am helpful, doors continued to open.

A friend from an old job reached out and asked me to try and come back. I was hired by a large trucking company even while being a convicted felon on parole. I learned that my experience is all that I have. I am armed with the facts about myself and that has made me useful to help other alcoholics and to bring hope to many others. Crazy things have happened in my life which can only be done by God. He has truly made impossible into I'm possible.

I was put through truck driving school and received a Class A CDL. There was a clerical error, and I was allowed to get my license back several years sooner than should be humanly possible. I was moved into the position of Safety Manager for that trucking company. I was nationally certified as an instructor in defensive driving. Things like this shouldn't be possible for a person convicted of Vehicular Homicide. Everything good in my life happens when I am helping others and following God's will.

Continued on Page 10

2023 Cedar River Round Up

Marriott Hotel Cedar Rapids, IA

February 17th -19th

[Click Here for more info](#)

Round Up

Program Events

Friday

6:00 PM Registration Opens

7:00 Linda S. - Redondo Beach, CA
(AFG)

8:30 Kurt Z. - Redondo Beach, CA (AA)

Following FREE Pie and Ice Cream

Saturday

7:00 AM Early Bird Meeting (Open)

8:00 Registration Continues

9:00 Josh H. - Cedar Rapids, IA (AA)

10:30 Workshop: Unity & The 12
Traditions

~Noon Break~

2:00 PM Mary H. - Cedar Rapids, IA
(AFG)

3:30 Workshop: Recovery & The 12 Steps

5:30 Banquet

7:00 Skit - Countdown - Speaker

Josh A. - Nowata, OK (AA)

Following Big Book Trivia

Sunday

8:00 AM Early Bird Meeting (Open)

10:00 David G. - McAlester, OK (AA)

For additional information please

call Jim E @ (563) 940-1714



Local A.A. Shares Her Story

I belonged to a registered international AA online group in the early 90's. The Meeting of the Minds was founded by 2 Scottish lads Eddie B. and Ralph R. They have since passed and I was fortunate to meet them both. The Meeting of the Minds asked for stories for the introductory page. I sent in the following which was accepted. Little did I know until after publication that Ralph submitted my story to the Roundabout published by General Service Board Of AA and is the official journal of the Fellowship in Scotland.

Elaine D., Cedar Rapids

I didn't accept the disease concept of alcoholism until the end of my first year in AA. I would declare I was an alcoholic, but deep down inside felt I was a bad person. I would hear recovering alcoholic women say, "We are not bad people trying to get good. We are sick people trying to get well. I thought they were just saying that to help themselves feel better. I saw it as a failure to take responsibility. Of course, I didn't share these thoughts with anyone as I felt they were entitled to their beliefs. I am sharing them now as there may be a woman or two who feels she is really bad, not sick. After I had learned to listen and listened to learn, I came to believe that Alcoholism was a three-fold disease. It had nearly destroyed my spirit, body and mind. I learned that I must take responsibility for my behavior while drinking. As a mother, I needed to take responsibility for the harm I had inflicted on my children. I was obviously not much of a wife or daughter while drinking. Self-absorption had isolated me from those who loved me unconditionally. I felt like a bad person. Suddenly I realized I had made everything a moral issue, not just my alcoholism. Before the Grace of God shone on me, opening my mind and heart to the truth, I judged everything as either good or bad. I saw the world in black or white. I was close-minded, self-centered in the extreme. I measured the world by how I experienced it, what I thought, judging everyone and everything that came across my path. But then I had the proverbial spiritual awakening that allowed me to finally surrender to my alcoholism and my humanity. I became open to the Grace of God, as channeled through each person put in my path, helping me to become the person I was meant to be. I could then understand I was not a bad person after all. I am grateful I didn't leave five minutes before the miracle a continued life of sobriety brings, including the realization that we are all, in fact sick people trying to get well.

Elaine D., Cedar Rapids

Henry Parkhurst
birthplace is now the
West End Diner
Henry Parkhurst



was born March 13, 1895,
in Marion Iowa.

*Special Thanks
For the Inspiration:*

*Rose S. D-8 Archives Chair
& The District 8 October
AA History & Archives
Workshop*

*Jeff M. Area 24 Archives Chair
Pat. M.
Tom C.
Linda T.*

*Special Thanks
To District 8
For the honor to serve you.*

Jean R., D-8 Newsletter Chair

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

HISTORY

No Hank No Big Book

A native Iowan had a tremendous impact on A.A. and the creation of the Big Book of Alcoholic's Anonymous. Henry Parkhurst was born March 13, 1895, in Marion Iowa. His childhood home still stands at 809 6th Ave and is now the West End Diner.

Hank was the first alcoholic that Bill Wilson sobered up when he returned from Akron to New York City and Hank became instrumental in creating the Big Book. Hank wrote the outline for the Big Book, wrote the chapter To The Employers, pushed Bill to write the first two chapters, and he insisted they publish the Big Book themselves so they wouldn't lose control of the it.

Hank was also very involved in the editing of the content of the Big Book. He added "Choose a God of your own understanding" to Bill's story. He wanted to tone down the religious nature of the book substituting Higher Power for God.

According to historian and author Bill Schaberg, "Hank Parkhurst was central, essential, and invaluable to the creation of both the Fellowship of A.A. and the book, Alcoholics Anonymous and as such, he can rightfully claim substantial credit for saving the lives of millions of drunks world wide. Without him, it is possible there would not have been A.A."

Unfortunately Hank didn't stay sober and as a result was forgotten by many. None the less, A.A. owes Hank a great deal of gratitude because without Hank there may not have been an effective Big Book and A.A. may not have survived to become a world wide movement.

Al R.



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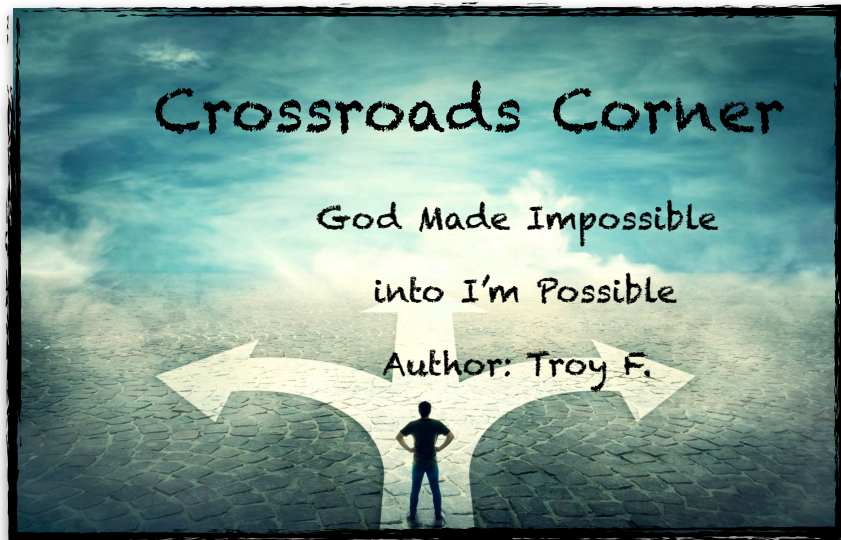
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10:00 David G. - McAlester, OK (AA)

For additional information please

call Jim E @ (563) 940-1714



I am not rich. I am not powerful. I am powerless! I am a spearhead for God and like a spearhead I am nothing unless there is a driving force of power behind me. When God's power drives me, impossible becomes, I'm possible. I learned this from A.A. I have a daily reprieve when I wake up in the morning and start by immediately saying, I am not God, God is God, your will not mine be done. Then I am reminded who has all the power.

I didn't know why I came into A.A. I wasn't sure I wanted to be sober, but I knew that I couldn't live like that anymore. I came in to scoff. I set aside my old ideas and prejudices. I remained to pray, and I found a new freedom. It was a freedom from the bondage of self, and I owe it all to God, sponsorship, and the fellowship of A.A.

Cross Roads Meeting Contributor, Troy F.

