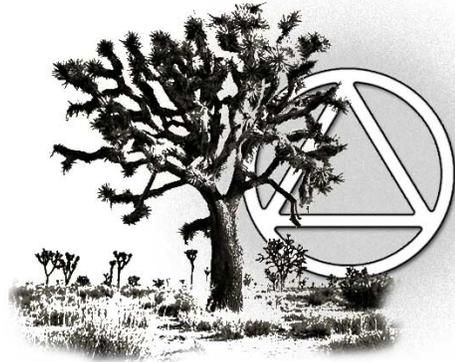


INTO ACTION

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JULY 2008

MY EXPERIENCE AT THE FOUNDERS DAY PICNIC

Hello to all, I just wanted to tell everyone about my experience at the Founder's Day Picnic. The sun was shining, and we had a cool breeze in the air, you could hear the sound of children playing, reminding me of those times when I was a kid playing at the park. I would like to say thank you to everyone on the Founder's Day Committee, and to all the people who donated tickets for those who might have not been able to enjoy this great event. This was my third time going to the Founders Day Picnic and I must say the speaker was amazing. Up until the time when a few people were being rude and inconsiderate by talking loud and laughing. I understand that we were all there to enjoy the day, however when you have someone

who just cannot stay sober and they are at meetings asking for help. They say something like "my life is so bad and I have all these problems its hard for me to stay sober". Well maybe if these people would learn how to keep quiet and listen to the ones that do stay sober for longer that a few months they might have some hope. We can only pray for them.

After the speaker was finished (not) they started to serve the food. We had a nice lunch. The games were next there was a horseshoe tournament, kids games, and even a Big Book Trivia.

~Andrew A
Apple Valley CA.

Footprints in the sand

One night, a man had a dream; He dreamed he was walking along the beach with the Lord. Scene from his life flashed across the sky and he noticed two sets of footprints in the sand; one belonging to him and the other to the Lord, When the last scene of his life had flashed before him, he recalled that at the lowest and saddest times of his life there was only one set of footprints. Dismayed he asked, "Lord, you said that once I decided to follow you, you'd walk with me all the way. Why, at the most troublesome times of my life, The times I needed you the most, would you leave me?" The Lord replied, "My precious, precious child, I love you and would never, never leave you. During your times of trial and suffering when you saw only one set of

As Heard by a Newcomer

My first full day of sobriety. The date was August 12, 1990. The meeting was the coffee talk meeting at the Alano Club (whatever that was). And this is how the first few minutes of the meeting sounded to me.

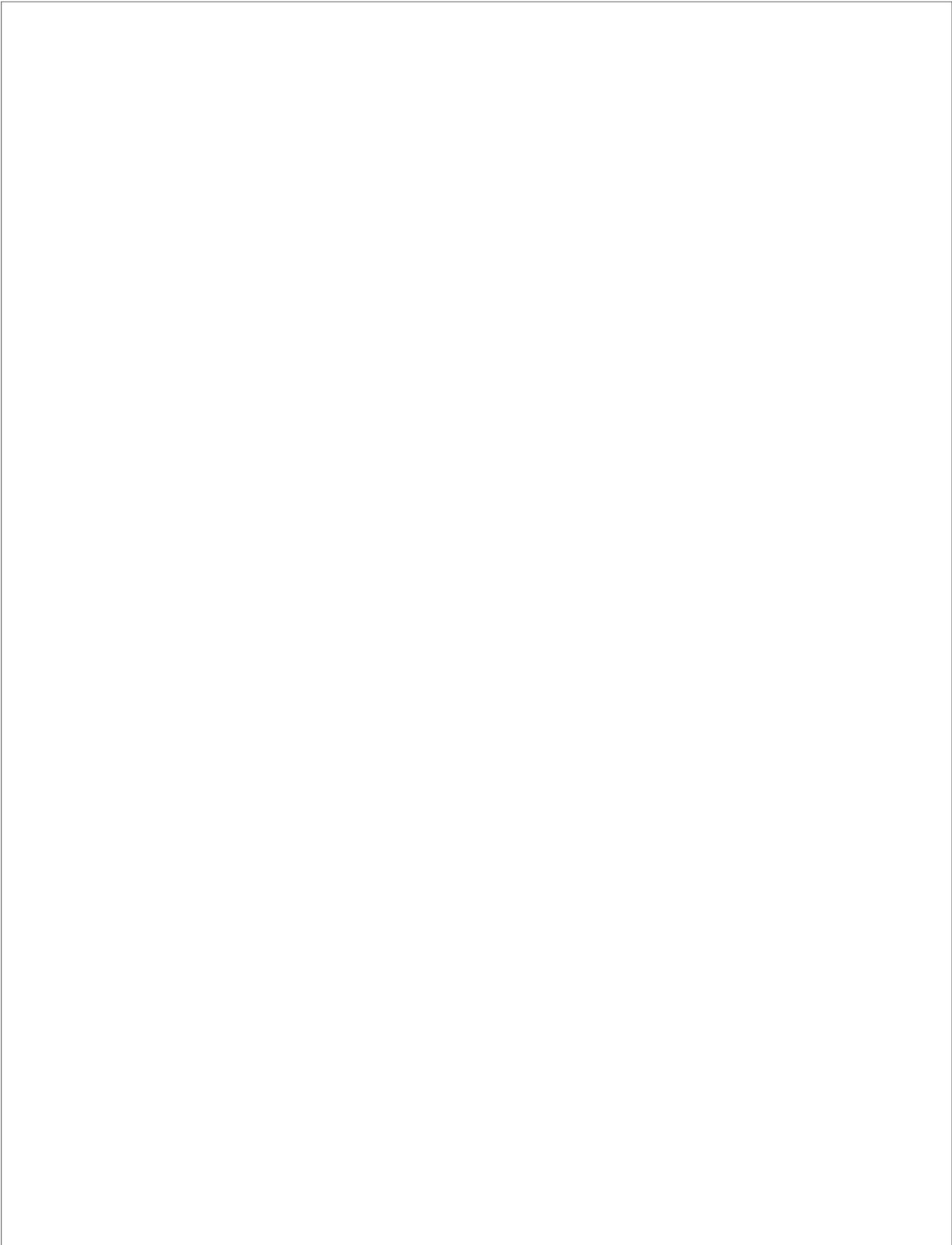
"Hello everyone. My name is Bill Doll and I'm a grateful alcoholic. (Blah, blah and some more junk about Alcoholics Anonymous)".

The part of his pitch that was truly annoying was when he started telling us how grateful he was to be an alco-

holic. Here I was, shaking on the inside until I thought I would pee my pants and wanting nothing more than to get the heck out of there and go home and drink. It went something like this, keeping in mind my foggy brain:

"I had been pulled over by the police one (fill in the holiday), and I really had to pee. The officer asked me to get out of my car and I did. I didn't want him to know how drunk I was or how bad I had

(Newcomer continued on page 4)



Minutes Victor Valley Intergroup

21 June 08

The meeting was called to order at 9:30 a.m. by Kara O. who led us in the Serenity Prayer. Sheldon S. read the Twelve Traditions.

Betty B. read the minutes from the April 08 meeting. Wayne U. motioned to accept them as read, Matt N. second the motion and it was approved.

Sheldon S. gave the treasures report for May 08. Please see the Financial Statement published in the newsletter. He also reported that we have had to start tapping into our prudent reserve because we are \$3,800.00 down from last year. Cindy S. motioned to accept the report, Sam D. second the motion and it was approved

Craig B. informed the meeting that he did call everyone on the phone list to let them know the meeting was starting a half hour earlier. He also gave the Office Managers report . For May there were a total of 56 visitors to the Office with 287 information calls and three 12 step calls. Call forwarding had 252 information calls and one twelve step call.

Old Business: The election for Associate Member was held and Mat N. won with unanimous vote. Melvin reported on the Founders Day Picnic. The picnic netted \$1,302.00 after expenses. The speaker cut his pitch short, however, because of lack of attention . Thank You, Melvin and Committee, for all your hard work and for having such a successful event. Melvin also reported , though, that some complained because the Office Manager did not attend. Shame on them! Discussion ensued with no fix for the small minds of the A.A. community.

Committee Reports: James J. has resubmitted new P.S.A.s. to the radio stations. Andrew A. reported that subscriptions for the newsletter have seen a modest increase.

New Business: A vote was taken to permanently change the time of the meeting to 9:30 a.m. Seven were in favor of the change with one opposed. So from now on our meeting will begin at 9:30 a.m. beginning with our August 17th meeting. Craig proposed the cost of the directories be raised to .20 cents. Andrew motioned to accept the recommendation, Matt N. seconded the motion and it was approved. Craig B. suggested that everyone go to the new web site, click on the "Into Action" tab and put your birthday on it. The address is www.victorvalleyaa.org.

Announcements: Matt N. celebrated 10 years on 11 June, Sheldon celebrated 3 years on 10 June, Andrew also celebrated 3 years on 17 June, and Ken N. celebrated 1 year on 7 June. And, if he doesn't drink, Craig B. will celebrate 19 years on 19 July.

The 7th Tradition was passed. **THE NEXT MEETING WILL BE 17 AUGUST 2008 AT THE NEW START TIME OF 9:30 A.M.** Craig B. motioned to adjourn the meeting at 10:40 a.m., Matt N. seconded the motion and it was approved.

Submitted by,
~Betty B., Secretary
Apple Valley CA.

(Newcomer continued from page 1)

to go, so I just stood there and pissed myself. It went all over my shoes too (Blah, blah, blah.)”

Now by this time I thought I had at least landed in the loony bin. And the proof was this wacko telling me he was grateful to be an alcoholic. And it wasn't just enough that he had peed all over himself in front a cop. No, he went on to tell stories of pooping in his pants and puking all over himself. The whole time I was sitting there thinking, “If that's what it takes to be grateful, then I don't want any part of it.”

I thank God that I didn't leave that meeting that day and drink. I also thank God that I stuck around long enough to hear exactly the type of gratitude Bill was

talking about. I learned that, though he had done all those disgusting things in his pants and down the front of his shirt, he did not do them today! He had a life that was full of blessings because he found the rooms of Alcoholics Anonymous. For that, he was grateful. And I am thankful he and Peggy were in my life, and they were willing to teach me how to be a “grateful alcoholic,” one day at a time.

~Betty B.

Apple Valley CA.

P.S. One more thing I learned by keeping on coming back was that his name was Bill Dahl, and not Bill Doll. See how God works in our lives!

“Wild Bill”

I talked to Peggy on Saturday morning. She is/was still in a daze. She said that Bill slipped away quietly last Thursday afternoon about 3:00 pm. Peg and 3 of the 4 children were at his bedside. He had been in and out of consciousness that day and Peg said she knew, and she thinks that bill knew that he was about to leave. They could see the “Good bye” in his eyes. She said that he could speak but it was difficult and the morphine made it more difficult. He had been on hospice at home since the 14th of April. Sheri, their daughter that lives here in Wrightwood, was the only one not present, but she had been bedside for several days earlier and had to return to her home duties. She had said her good-byes earlier. Bill eventually just closed his eyes for the last time.

F.Y.I. Bill's A.A. Birthday was June 12th. He was coming up on 32 years. Their wedding anniversary was June 13th. Eric and I were honored to attend their 50th wedding celebration five years ago. They were headed to 55 years. Peggy was only 15 when they married, and I don't think Bill was much older. Perhaps 19 or something like that.

If you want to send cards, the address is:

Peggy Dahl and Family

3162 Lapis Beach Dr.

Las Vegas NV. 89117

Her telephone number is (702) 341-9115

That is the house that they share with their son, Greg. For those of you who remember their son, Glenn, you will be pleased to know that he finally gave up the fight, too, and is clean, sober, and happy.

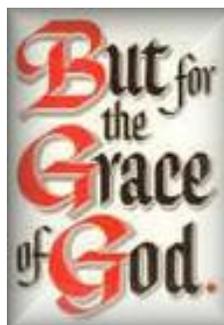
So, there you have it. Another member is sitting at the “Big Meeting” saying, “the only topic in an A.A. meeting should be Gratitude”.

One of my favorites is, “they used to call me ‘Wild Bill’. Now they call me, ‘Sweet William’” I can't follow that.

Sleep well Sweet William. Rest in peace.

~Mary Ellen and Eric S.

Apple Valley CA.



My Friend

Bill Dahl...he used to always use his last name. I'm sorry to hear we have lost him and deepest sympathies to his wonderful wife, Peggy and the kids and grandkids.

I have several good memories of Bill, but the one that I share the most was, and still is, very important to me, it was right around that five-year sober time and another epiphany hit, and it hit hard.

I realized, after much pain, that I had been using anger to keep people away from me because I was so terrified of THEM. The realization scared me...scared me a LOT.

I ran into Bill on the way into a meeting during this time. He always asked "How ya doin'?"

This time I didn't walk past saying fine, fine, fine. I stopped and explained to him how scared I felt.

Bill had been a scrapper in his time and fully understood anger and violent behavior. He laughed and asked me if I felt like a vacuum'. I was surprised that he mailed it that fast, and answered "YES! That's it, that's how it feels!"

He explained how the same thing had happened to him and how he felt so defenseless without his anger to protect him. And then he explained that it was okay and the fear had passed.

He didn't lie. It WAS okay....and it DID pass.

Bill was one those rare people who kept it real, loved Alcoholics Anonymous, and carried a true message of hope. He had a hell of a story, and he was one hell of a man.

R.I.P., my friend. Grateful our paths crossed.

~Linda C.

An Ever - Growing Freedom

The Seventh Step is where we make the change in our attitude which permits us, with humility as our guide, to move out from ourselves toward others and toward God. 12 x 12, p76

When I finally asked God to remove those things blocking me from him and the sunlight of the spirit, I embarked on a journey more glorious than I ever imagined. I experienced a freedom from those characteristics that had me wrapped up in myself. Because of this humbling Step, I feel clean.

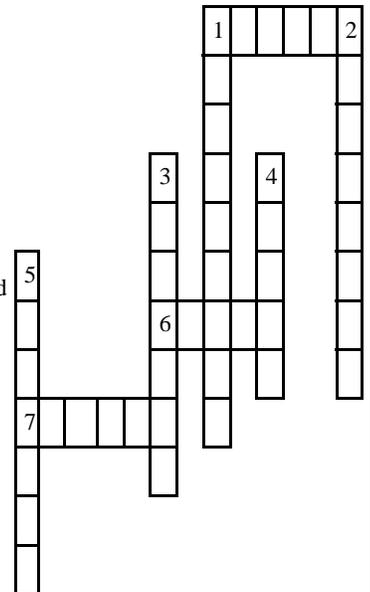
I am especially aware of this Step because I am now able to be useful to God and my fellows. I know that He has granted me strength to do His bidding and has prepared me for anyone, and anything, that comes my way today. I am truly in His hands, and I give thanks for the how that I can be useful today.

Across

- 1. Current, popular, common
- 6. A particular period of time marked by distinctive features.
- 7. A record of events.

Down

- 1. Felt or enjoyed through imagined participation in the experience of others.
- 2. To delay the impending punishment or sentence of (a condemned person).
- 3. Someone who denies the existence of God.
- 4. Slang, Drunk, Tipsy.
- 5. An uninhibited spree or party.



Upcoming events

The Great Outdoor Beaver Meeting
 Keep on Trudging Labor Day Weekend
 Thursday, August 28 - Sunday August 31
 For info pick up flyers at Central Office