



MOUNTAIN DOINGS

JUNE
1981

NEWSLETTER OF INTERGROUP OF WESTERN NORTH
CAROLINA, 107 PARKWAY OFFICE BUILDING,
ASHEVILLE, N.C. 28801*** PHONE 704-254-8539

UP-COMING EVENTS

June 14, 1981-G.S.R. and P. I. meeting will be held in the Allen Center, 331 College Street, Asheville, N. C. at 2:00 P. M.

June 14, 1981- Intergroup of W. N. C. will have its meeting in the same location at 3:00 P. M. We urge you to attend these meetings.

June 19, 20, 21, 1981-The North Carolina State Convention will be held on these dates at the Mission Valley Inn, Raleigh, N. C. This event has a great speaker list and we are sure that you will not want to miss a single one. If anyone does not have reservation cards, call or come by the Intergroup office between 10 a.m. and 1 p. m. or see the District Committeeman.

July 5, 1981- Haw Creek-Fletcher will host a District 7 eating meeting at the Fletcher Recreation Center next to Fletcher United Methodist Church in Fletcher, N. C. Eating at 1:30 P. M. and our speaker Sterling W. at 2:30 P. M. We ask that you bring the usual covered dish and the groups will furnish the rest. This date may not be the most desirable for some of you but circumstances sometime alter plans no matter how they may inconvenience us.

July 12, 1981- District 8 by the Sylva Group at St. Johns Episcopal

Church in Sylva, N. C. Eating at 1:30 P. M. and speaker at 2:30 P. M.

Please bring a covered dish or if you like (uncovered) just so there is something to eat inside. The speaker is yet to be announced.

NOTICE TO MEMBERS

The Intergroup office is open at the regular hours 10 A. M. 1:00 P. M. week days except Wednesday which will be open 9 A. M. to 12:00 noon.

PLEASE NOTE:

If for any reason you have a complaint about our Answering Service, we ask that you report it to the Intergroup Office. This is not a job for the individual but for our Intergroup officers. Thank you.

NOTE: The newly revised Where and When cards are now available at the Intergroup office at a cost of 15 cents each. Call or write Pat at the Intergroup office, 107 Parkway Office Bldg., Asheville, N. C. 28801.

On Swearing

We have been receiving many calls of late regarding swearing at open meetings. The use of foul language is especially embarrassing to fellow members who bring their spouses, children and friends to these meetings. They feel that an open meeting is a nice way to introduce loved ones to our fellowship so they may better understand what we are like and how we are finding a new way of life through A.A.

It's hard to explain away the use of vile language that wouldn't be tolerated even at the local tavern.

Please, let's remember that we may be the only big book someone else may read.

From time to time we have featured articles regarding the use of foul language by speakers at closed and open meetings, and to date we have received not one letter from our readers to condone or justify using the language of the gutter. (Thanks to "Here's How," Chicago)

You can't change the past, but you can ruin a perfectly good present by worrying about the future (Author Unknown).

Habit is like a cable; we weave a thread of it every day (Horace Mann).

April 19, 1981

Dad,

I am writing to say
goodbye. It's time to let go.
I have dreamed, wished, hope,
and worked for something that
won't last. Because it never
was. I have so many questions
I hate you for not wanting
me when I want and need
you so badly. You have
hurt me so deeply. But I
know that I've hurt you
just as much. I am so
sorry. I needed you so
many times but you were
never around. Maybe you
needed me too? That's all
I really wanted. Or is it?
I love you so very much.
I will always love you.
I feel like a part of me
has died - the part that I
never knew. You will
always be a part of me.
But that part has been
empty for so long. It
is now time that I
fill it with new things -
things that will love, want,
or need me back. I think
a part of ~~you~~ me understand
you. I guess the rest is

better not to look at? It
is so hard to say goodbye.
Is that what I am doing?
You will still always be
a dream - but a dream of
forever - one that I will
never know or understand.

SERVICE ANYONE?

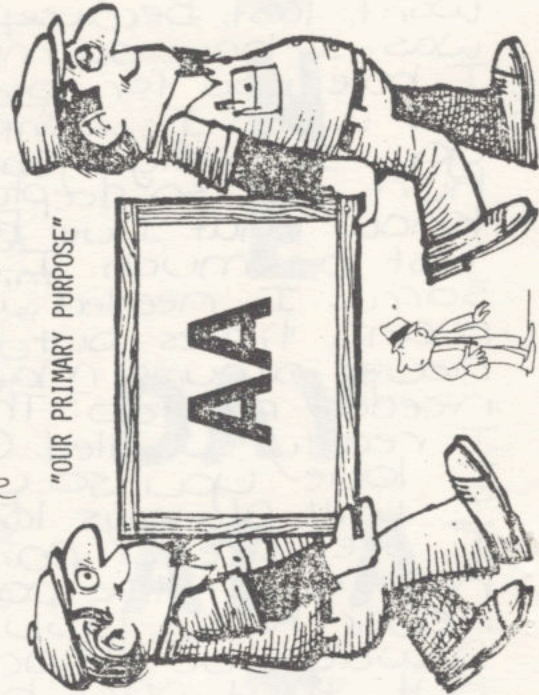
This is a sample of some
of the communications on
file in your INTERGROUP
OFFICE. It maybe that
many of us are not aware
of the many and varied
functions of your Inter-
group office in relation
to alcohol abuse, either
directly or indirectly.
This should awaken us to
fact that service to still
suffering alcoholic and to
others affected by this ill-
ness, TOPS THE LIST.

Never let us forget that
someone took time out to
help us and should be the
duty of each of us to help
someone else.

THINK ABOUT IT.

Time heals and changes. I am changing and if I can make myself forget about you - then I can heal. Why don't you love me? Have I done something wrong? Maybe if you got to know me - you could love me? But I don't think that I am what you expect. I don't know why. Maybe because you are not what I expect for you to be. You are a coward. But you know what? I learned lately that I'm just like you. Are you happy? You hide behind your booze and I hide behind my dreams. I hate you. You don't give a damn about anyone but yourself. Didn't you ever want something that wasn't fake. Something that you can count on. Something or somebody that will always be there - even if you have to go away. I know you are still in love with man. But you have to start over. That love could be a special friendship cause time will heal and change it if you let it. I know she has hurt you, but you have hurt just as much. But again, I'm the same as you. I am in love with something that

Two men were talking about their sleeping habits and complaints. "I suffer from insomnia," said one. "What do you do?" "I drink a glass of whiskey every half hour." "Does it make you sleep?" "No, but it makes me perfectly satisfied to stay awake."



"OUR PRIMARY PURPOSE"

CARRYING

THE MESSAGE

THANK

SILVER DOLLAR

Wish - it will never come true. I won't accept and let time heal and change it. I don't want to be like you. I want to be strong and daring. When something comes around, I want to face it head on - not run and hide like you would. I hate you. Why do you hurt me? Why do I hurt you? Will it ever end? I want it to. Goodbye. No, I'm not finished yet. I have nothing else to say, but I'm not finished. Please love me. I don't want to have to depend on you. Why can't I let you go? You make me sick. You are a damn alcoholic. Is that you want? You're not my father. You never were. You couldn't even be my friend. You couldn't even give a little bit. You can't give at all. You are so selfish. You are an ugly person. How can you stand to look at yourself? Isn't it scary when you don't remember? I guess not - you don't want to remember because you are a coward. Go hide in a hole that way you will always be safe. Or will you? I don't think so. You can stop me and others from looking at you. But

A company announced it would award \$25 for any money-saving ideas submitted by employees they could use. The first prize went to a man who suggested cutting the award to \$10.

The 90-year old man was asked, "To what do you attribute your advanced age and good health?"

"Can't really want to tell you yet. I won't know until I'm done dickering with a couple of companies for TV testimonials."

BULGARIA - A second operating-under-the-influence conviction is your last, because the sentence for a second offense is execution.

DRINK AT YOUR OWN RISK

From the Manchester Union Leader

How do they handle the problem of the drinking driver in other countries?

Read on:

AUSTRALIA - The names of drivers are sent to the local newspapers and are printed under the heading, HE'S DRUNK AND IN JAIL.

TURKEY - Drunk drivers are taken 20 miles from town by police and forced to walk back . . . under escort.

MALAYA - The driver is jailed; if he's married, his wife goes to jail too.

FINLAND, ENGLAND AND SWEDEN - Drunk drivers receive an automatic jail term of approximately one year.

SOUTH AFRICA - The drunk driver is given a ten-year sentence, a fine of \$10,000 or both.

SAN SALVADOR - Drunk drivers are executed by firing squads.

Customer in fruit store: "I want some grapes for my sick husband. Do you know whether any poison has been sprayed on any of your grapes?"
"No, ma'am, you'll have to get that from the drug store."

one day you are going to have to look at yourself. I feel sorry for you. I hope you don't get sick

at the ugliness. You have made life hell for me. No, I've made it that way for myself. Because I let you be so important to me. No. That's a good joke to put on myself huh? Alcohol is poison. Why do you drink it? Why do I drink it? I should be just like you. I want to drink so much that I will never feel anything. I want to be numb like you. I bet that would make you happy. Like father-like daughter. You're not my father. You never were and never will be. I'm ready now. I love you very, very much. If you ever change, if I ever change, maybe we will meet. If we don't, it was nothing lost, because it was never known anyway. Goodbye

- your daughter

P.S. I won't let you put and through the same hell. I hope they hate you with all their hearts, always.

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REWARDS OF SOBRIETY

At one of my last meetings, we talked about REWARDS, a subject that has stayed with me ever since. I'm not sure how important the chairperson really realized that was to me. I gained so much, as always, from everyone, and by thinking of all the rewards we have, I just gained a bit more serenity.

There are times when we can take this program so for granted and then we are reminded by listening to others the many rewards and blessings which are ours because of the program of Alcoholics Anonymous.

B. J. Thomas sings a song entitled, "You Gave Me Love When No One Gave Me A Prayer." How true for most of us when we came into the program. You all seemed to know without my saying anything, that I needed the reward of love. I was in such a pathetic state that I thought everyone had given up on me but maybe my mother, who I am sure will never stop praying for her children. With mother's Day just past, I couldn't help but be so thankful for her prayers, something not so many years ago, I didn't or couldn't appreciate. How our attitudes do change.

I also realize what the gift of life is all about. It's OK to remember there was a time when I didn't want to live and tried so hard not to. I just did not feel there was enough left to live for. Life is beautiful today and the will to live is certainly one of the rewards of my sobriety.

My self-respect and the respect of my family, loved ones and friends. The trust of my family and friends, no more do they have to wonder if I am going to be OK. The feeling I get when even they entrust me into the care and nurturing of my fellow AAs. They have learned also to trust my program, too.

The reward of learning how to love others. The selfishness has diminished somewhat and I can give love to others as well as receive.

Being able to manage my home and my work. It doesn't have to be perfect, just a job well done to the best of my ability.

Then there are the simple things of life. Being able to read and follow directions. My power of concentration had gotten so bad that to read something and follow through with it was impossible. Thank God for a clear and working head that only sobriety can give me again.

Peace of mind!! Something I had never experienced my whole life. Being able to dismiss the day, turn everything over, except the things I cannot change and best of all Go to sleep at night. That has to be peace of mind.

Accepting myself as an alcoholic, believing it is God's plan for my life. My prayer is that God will give me the will to reach out to others, no matter what or when they need a hand. I wouldn't be here if they hadn't done it for me.

I could go on talking about the rewards of this program, but just the few I have mentioned have turned my life around. The rewards are certainly worth the effort of: Not taking that first drink; Going to meetings; Choosing and listening to a sponsor; Working all the steps; Carrying the message to others.

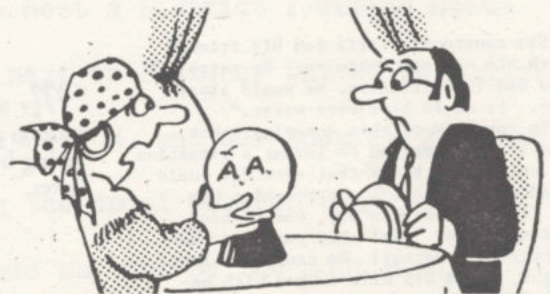
Need you all, Esther G.

THANX ESTHER AND SILVER DOLLAR

YOU CAN'T LEAD WHERE YOU DON'T GO
YOU CAN'T TEACH WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW
YOU CAN'T BE WHAT YOU ARE NOT
YOU CAN'T GIVE WHAT YOU AIN'T GOT.

THANX BILLS.

An aspiring vocalist had just completed a lesson. "Professor," she asked, "do you think I shall ever be able to do anything with my voice?" "Well," answered the teacher, "it might come in handy in case of a fire."



"I'll tell you the good news first while there's still time."

THERE is a foolish corner in the brain of the wisest man.

-Aristotle

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY

NAME	GROUP	YEARS
Cindy P.	Canton	2
Forrest M.	Canton	2
Larry W.	W. Asheville	3
Bill P.	Cullowhee Valley	3
Charlotte F.	Victoria	4
Jim W.	Franklin Serenity	5
Margaret V.	Serenity	5
Joe D.	Hendersonville	6
Ed R.	Traditional	6
LeRoy B.	Victoria	6
Clyde H.	W. Asheville	6
Adelaide G.	Serenity	15
Don R.	Brevard	20



Sam constantly irritated his friends with his eternal optimism. No matter how bad the situation, he would always say, "It could have been worse."

To cure him of this annoying habit, his friends decided to invent a situation so completely black that even Sam could find no hope in it. Approaching him at the club bar one day, one of his friends said, "Sam! Did you hear what happened to Harvey? He came home last night, found his wife in bed with another man, shot them both, then turned the gun on himself!"

"Terrible," Sam said. "But it could have been worse."

"How in the devil," asked the dumb-founded friend, "could it possibly have been worse?"

"Well," said Sam, "if it had happened the night before, I'd be dead now!"

Posthaste

MY MOTHER was dropping a letter off at the corner mailbox when a sudden gust of wind caused it to go sailing down the street. A passer-by, seeing her chase after it, remarked, "Better let it go. It'll probably get there faster."

—Contributed by Helen Sorokos

A minister was describing Judgment Day: "Thunder will roar. Flames will shoot from the heavens. Floods, storms, earthquakes will devastate the world."

Wide-eyed, the little boy turned to his mother: "Mom," he whispered, "will I get out of school?"

ON SWIMMING POOL: "If you drink, don't dive."

—Earl Wilson, Field Newspaper Syndicate