

# CONSCIOUS CONTACT

INFORMATION AND INSPIRATION

VOL 24 NO 01



## Step One

**Realizing our powerlessness over alcohol is the cornerstone of recovery, marking the first step in our path towards a Spiritual Awakening.**

**This admission isn't just an intellectual understanding; it's a deep, personal concession we make within our innermost selves.**

**But what does this truly entail?**

Firstly, through harsh experiences, I learned that alone, I lack the willpower to resist the first drink. No matter the circumstances—threats, promises, or otherwise—I've lost the ability to choose. My drinking isn't dependent on circumstances; it's an uncontrollable compulsion. This realization highlights a kind of 'mental powerlessness' over alcohol before the first sip is even taken.

The second aspect is what transpires after that first drink. It's not about drinking excessively due to life's troubles or seeking an escape. There's a fundamental, physical difference in how alcohol affects us, alcoholics. Our literature describes it as a craving or an 'allergy' unique to alcoholics. Without acknowledging this physical factor, the picture of alcoholism remains incomplete. The only escape from this condition is complete abstinence, pointing to a 'physical powerlessness' after consuming alcohol.

Understanding the 'how' and 'why' behind this condition isn't as crucial as accepting its presence and permanence in our lives. We're never truly cured of this physical aspect of alcoholism, and any thoughts suggesting otherwise are perilous.

A pivotal moment for me was during a conversation in a detox center. An A.A. member shared his story, leading me to a stark realization. If I had been managing my life well, I wouldn't be in that detox. His words were enough to awaken me to the harsh reality: my life was a mess, and it was my own doing. All my attempts to change and 'pull myself up by my bootstraps' had failed. This was my problem, and nobody else was going to solve it for me.

In essence, Step One is about admitting three critical truths: 'Yes, I am afflicted with this condition'; 'No, I cannot overcome it alone'; and 'Yes, I need and want help.' It's a deeply personal admission that sets the foundation for our path to recovery.

- Jerry W.

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**I AM RESPONSIBLE**, when anyone, anywhere reaches out for help, I want the hand of A.A. always to be there. And for that:

**I AM RESPONSIBLE.**

# The Monster Inside

## ADDICTION

The Monster inside was out of control.  
Bartering, negotiating parts of my soul.

The void all consuming  
Immense, deep and wide  
Insatiable hunger  
Never swallowing pride.

Each day getting shorter  
No longer riding "the high"  
The lows getting lower  
Pulled down under the tide

Still filled with denial  
Desperate out loud I cried;  
"God if you're there please  
Help me stay alive!

Please if you're there, God,  
Please show me How!  
I admit I am powerless  
Can't manage life now...

I'm ready to start to trust you again...  
I see this time, I need to make you my friend!

Thank you for your love, God  
Your mercy, your grace  
For removing the monster &  
Reclaiming the space!"

So grateful to God for taking control-  
filling my heart  
rebooting my soul.

Restoring my sanity  
"Thy Will Be Done"  
Reminding;  
Only One day at a time...  
Can the Battle Be won!

- Hope L

# Dear Alcohol

## (I'm Glad It's Over),

This is a letter I never thought I would find myself writing. To be honest, I don't know exactly how I ended up here, save for the following recollection.

It started out trivial, as these things generally do. I saw you from afar. You were small, unassuming, and simple.

My sisters warned me against you well before I officially made your acquaintance. They warned me that your modest exterior, your plain shell, would not adequately contain the danger that you pose to everything around you. I ignored their counsel, fully prepared to greet the awful feeling waiting for me if ever I were to touch you, a terrible ill that would immediately follow our encounter. I would be lucky to crawl away from your walking disaster.

In some ways, I couldn't wait to meet you. I'd spent many a night romanticizing how our union would unfold. To my surprise, you didn't disappoint. Upon first contact, I resonated with you on a primal level. I was energized by you. I wanted more. Your danger was a myth, a vicious rumor spread by those who never knew you as I was sure I now did. Unlike those who met you before, my connection with you was unique; it became our cosmic secret in an oblivious universe.

We connected often in the infancy of our relationship. Even then, I knew it was too much all at once - but I was sure I was ready for you, and you for me. The current of your energy flowing through me easily overcame the resistance of my rational thought. And when we were separated, I longed for our reunion.

I didn't have to wait very long. You were surprisingly abundant, available, and just as titillated as I was from our first meeting. Even looking back now, I can't deny that those early days felt preordained. I spent hours taking you in, stretching out each second, hoping to make the connection last. Your shell may have been plain from a distance, but up close, you were stunning, adorned with the most subtle of defects and charming imperfections.

I was intoxicated by you even after we parted ways. Though I was perfectly able to continue along my path, my thoughts remained with you. You were always the perfect ending to each day.

We stayed in this delicate union for some time. I was always aware of myself, and you were never the purpose of my life. I wore this idea as a parachute, knowing that I could pull the rip cord at the first sign of that peril which so clearly defined you in the minds of others. But I

never truly felt that danger, even at the moment of impact. You absorbed the force of our collision well, over and over and over, owing to the integrity of your foundation. I always bore the brunt of the damage, yet I never found this unfair. Frankly, to be near you is to endure both your energy and your damage.

Even as cracks began to stretch and branch within your facade, I continued to push against you, eager to break through that final layer of bedrock protecting me from you, desperate to know your depth.

Your pull felt magnetic, as if it was our similar dissimilarity that drew us together. You moved me.

I learned too late that your pull was gravity. The force between us was never balanced and attractive, but always destructive. I found in you a black hole. Your force collapses everything around you. You reduce entire worlds to pebbles. What I assumed to be your foundation was actually a graveyard, and in it, the remains of those who had the misfortune to enter your orbit without the tremendous effort or dumb luck required to escape your pull. Above all, you rob matter of its form, leaving chaos and energy and clay.

Your aggressive spin makes you a natural ceramicist, and from the devastation of others, you craft your perfectly imperfect shell, that damned misleading shell, that shell that never once betrayed the dark secret at its core. This thick wall that you hide behind is itself a testament to how long and how often you have been destroying lives around you.

Many of those you indifferently preyed upon struggled to break free of your terrible pull. I offered you no challenge. I threw myself into you, as close to the oblivion of your center as possible, where I would always be with you, where I could once again stretch time, but time itself would finally be stretched to forever.

But you ejected me, either out of cruelty or kindness or boredom, with enough momentum to escape your colossal orbit. I was carried on this pulse well beyond the bounds of the universe as I previously knew it.

There is so much more than I ever knew, so much more than I will ever know, and I almost surrendered all of this greatness to you, rather than you surrendering yourself to greatness.

I'm farther from you now than I have ever been. From here, you are even smaller, a mere blemish in a vast wonder.

From the bottom of my heart, I thank you for my unworthiness to join your eternity, for now I know that I was never meant to be entombed with you, trapped within the walls of your failure.

Never yours truly,  
JP

# Events

## MAR 1 - 3

### NIA 2023 SPRING CONFERENCE & ASSEMBLY

hosted by D20, D21 & D64

### HYATT REGENCY IN SCHAUMBURG

Flyer here: <https://niaspringconference.com/flyer/>



Registration



Room  
Reservations

## MAR 29 - 31

### ISCYPAA 41

hosted by

Southern Illinois Bid

### THE REGENCY CONFERENCE CENTER IN O'FALLON



Pre-  
registration  
and Room  
Reservations



### STEP 1

We admitted we were powerless over alcohol –that our lives had become unmanageable.

### TRADITION 1

Our common welfare should come first; personal recovery depends on A.A. unity.

### CONCEPT 1

Final responsibility and ultimate authority for A.A. world services should always reside in the collective conscience of our whole Fellowship.

# Spotlight

**CORRECTIONS - MEETINGS ARE HAPPENING AT LAKE COUNTY JAIL! NEED VOLUNTEERS! MONDAYS & THURSDAYS 7:00 – 8:00 P.M.**

Documents are live & downloadable via link:  
<https://district10nia.org/committees/corrections-committee/>



## VIRTUAL CORRECTIONS WORKSHOP

hosted by Area 20

**2ND WEDNESDAY OF EVERY MONTH @ 7 P.M. VIA ZOOM**

Meeting ID: 823 2846 9162  
 Passcode: 061035



# Cartoon

@12SKETCHOFALCOHOLICSANONYMOUS (INSTAGRAM)

This is a point we wish to emphasize and re-emphasize, to **SMASH** home upon our alcoholic readers as it has been revealed to us out of bitter experience.



# Contacts & Info

## 2023 - 2024 DISTRICT 10 OFFICERS

Confidential - information is for A.A. use only. All A.A. members are welcome at District 10 meetings.

POSITION	CHAIR	PHONE	EMAIL	ALT	PHONE	EMAIL
DCM			dcm@district10nia.org			dcmalt@district10nia.org
Secretary			secretary@district10nia.org			secretaryalt@district10nia.org
Treasurer			treasurerchair@district10nia.org			
Accessibilities						
Answering Service						
Archives			archives@district10nia.org			
Bridging the Gap			btgchair@district10nia.org			btgalt@district10nia.org
Corrections			corrections@district10nia.org			
C.P.C.			cpcchair@district10nia.org			
Directory			directory@district10nia.org			
Events						
Grapevine			grapevine@district10nia.org			
GSR Contact			gsrchair@district10nia.org			
Literature						
Newsletter			newsletter@district10nia.org			
Public Info			publicinformation@district10nia.org			
Treatment						
Website			webmaster@district10nia.org			altwebBL@district10nia.org

OPEN = Volunteer Needed! Learn more about the positions / commitment at the upcoming District meeting, or by contacting a District committee member listed above.

**CONTENT DEADLINE MONDAY, JANUARY 22ND.** Any A.A. may contribute. **SUBMIT CONTENT** 1. Go to district10nia.org. 2. Click "District Services and Committees", then "Newsletter". 3. Provide name, email or phone, in case of questions. 4. Type/Paste your content. Click "Select". That's it! **WEBSITES** [www.district10nia.org](http://www.district10nia.org) [www.aa-nia.org](http://www.aa-nia.org) [www.aa.org](http://www.aa.org) [www.aagrapevine.org](http://www.aagrapevine.org) **DISTRICT 10** P.O. Box 854 Libertyville, IL 60048 **NORTHERN ILLINOIS AREA 20** P.O. Box 808 Streamwood, IL 60107 **GENERAL SERVICE OFFICE** James A. Farley Station P.O. Box 2407 New York, NY 10163

# 877-893-1212

**DISTRICT 10 ANSWERING SERVICE**  
 Volunteers Needed!

# Next District Meeting

**SUNDAY, JANUARY 28TH** St. Gilbert Catholic Church Grayslake, IL  
 5:30 p.m. Traditions Meeting 6:00 p.m. Hybrid Meeting