

REGMAKER



YOUR MEETING IN PRINT AND DIGITAL
JAN-APR 2025

A NATIONAL AWAKENING

A member shares their experience of a National Convention as a spiritual awakening where friends become family

ALSO
CHANGING THE
PATTERN

IN THIS EDITION
THOUGHTS ON SPONSORSHIP

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YOUR MEETING IN PRINT AND DIGITAL

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Please email your story to gso@aasouthafrica.org.za or post to Regmaker, Box 11416, Randhart, 1457

The Preamble of Alcoholics Anonymous

Alcoholics Anonymous is a fellowship of people who share their experience, strength and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover from alcoholism.

The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop drinking. There are no dues or fees for A.A. membership; we are self-supporting through our own contributions. A.A. is not allied with any sect, denomination, politics, organization or institution; does not wish to engage in any controversy, neither endorses nor opposes any causes. Our primary purpose is to stay sober and help other alcoholics to achieve sobriety.



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The Spirit of AA at National Convention

By Des C. from Gauteng

The national convention was originally hosted to connect the members of AA in the country for fellowship. We get to know members from other provinces and experience shows that no matter where one comes from, we have one common problem. We get to meet people from all walks of life – people who we may not have normally associated with and yet we find a common bond. I have made friends for life at AA Conventions. Speakers at the national convention are nominated from a wide spectrum of members from around the country and there is a rainbow of great shares. I have heard it said that when you attend a meeting, you recharge your batteries. When you go to a convention, it is like receiving a brand new recovery battery. It is a spiritual awakening.

Back in the day, and even today, members from around the country travel by car, taxi or bus to attend the convention which means many hours on the road. In light of this it was practical to host this event over a long weekend and it is now tradition that the national convention is hosted over the Easter Weekend to accommodate the majority of those who wish to attend. Some friends who I have met at convention accommodate me when I attend a convention in their province and equally, I host members when a convention is held in my region. Friends become family.

The first meeting of convention generally starts on the morning of Easter Friday with the official opening of

convention being the last meeting on Friday evening. This is an open meeting as al-anons and non alcoholics attend, and the first spiritual moment for me. Hundreds of members, family and friends in one room. A meeting with 500 to 1000 people in attendance. Think about joining hands at that meeting to say the Serenity Prayer at the end of the last meeting with hundreds of people. It has to be a very special moment. Some cry, some pray, some smile and all have immense gratitude for that moment.

It gets even better. On Saturday those who have travelled long distances on Friday rest overnight and are there early in the morning long before the meeting starts. They meet, greet, hug, lift each other up or just shake hands when they see the people



The stage at the 74th National Convention held in Gqeberha in 2024

who they met last year or previous years, and as such, the number of people at convention on Saturday swell from Friday. It is just positive energy all around. Smiles, laughs and tears of joy. What great fellowshiping.

There are a variety of meetings over the long weekend in different languages and meetings to cater for different needs hosted in different rooms. Then on Saturday after the last meeting, activities are planned for visitors from other parts of the country so that they can be entertained.

I know I was a great dancer when I drank and had the most beautiful Bob Dylan voice when I sang. However, when I got

sober and did not drink a bottle of courage, my alcohol induced talents seemed to have left me. Yet, at convention, I was most comfortable to start dancing with some encouragement. I whistle today because the singing voice has not come back. I am sure you should be able to identify.

After a night of partying with a bunch of sober people, family and friends, I remember the fun and all the things I did the night before. I am not ashamed because today I am happy with who I am. I have no remorse, guilt, fear or blackout. I am up early on Sunday to meet the new and old friends I have made and get to the meeting early for a chat. This is the meeting before the meeting. Oh yes, Sunday is also the Spiritual Meeting. This is another highlight. It is an extended meeting and generally has the most number of members attending. You have to get there early if you want a seat or if you wish, you can stand for another spiritual awakening. I must also be there when we join hands and with the God in me say the Serenity Prayer with all my heart.

Shakespeare's words: "Parting is such sweet sorrow" comes to life when we say goodbye. In the early days, there were no mobile phones to take pictures. Today each time convention comes around those memories come back and I want to wear my old tee shirt. That fire in me starts glowing in me. I know I want to be at the national convention in person to feel my kith and my kin.

At convention, the host region buys or makes special souvenirs for the event which can be purchased for yourself, friends and those who cannot afford them in order to remember the occasion. I still have my first tee shirt which I bought at the Pretoria Convention in 1999 and fondly remember the bus trip from Chatsworth in Durban to Pretoria in Gauteng. Experience is something you get when you are not expecting it. That was a wonderful trip on the bus. An experience to remember for life.

Ideally, the GSO should be able to survive from stocking and selling literature at a profit to cover their expenses and importantly, also member contributions. However, we do not live in an ideal world and this proved not to be enough to cover all expenses for the survival of AA and GSO in South Africa. A decision was therefore taken that each region which hosts the convention should give 70% of their surplus after expenses have been paid to GSO and retain the 30% for the area to carry the message to the still suffering alcoholic. This is a wonderful boost for the area coffers and a great contribution by the region for AA as a whole.

Why this decision and the split? Largely because the sale of literature and member contributions is not sufficient for the GSO to run as a going concern. This is also compounded by members sharing PDF copies of literature which has resulted in the drop in sales of literature for GSO. This is an honest program and sharing of PDF books is illegal, theft from the coffers of AA and creates disunity.

The crux of my message, is that the National Convention is not only the responsibility of the host region but also the responsibility of every member to ensure the survival of AA. It is a responsibility to expose newcomers to different people and importantly to show them how much fun one could have without picking up a drink. It raises funds and ensures the unity and continuity of AA. If it is possible, every member should attend the national convention in person for a spiritual awakening and a sense of responsibility for the health of my beloved fellowship.

Attending a convention is a win, win and win. It lets me have a spiritual awakening plus the convention will generate a surplus, which, most importantly, will help AA South Africa to survive.



The 12 Steps of Alcoholics Anonymous

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol—that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory, and when we were wrong, promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

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From Drunk Driver to Sober Alcoholic

Having landed and lost his job as the driver of a company, this drinker finally found his way to the doors of Alcoholics Anonymous.

By Chocks

I was 13 when I picked up my first drink. My dad had died that year. I had lost my mum when I was three. I was the youngest of nine siblings and after the death of our parents I was left to do as I pleased. Food was scarce and we moved from place to place as we had no home of our own.

I don't remember what that first drink was, but from then on I started hanging out with grown-ups so I could indulge in alcohol. I suffered from ulcers from a young age. When I matriculated at the age of 21 I weighed 42kg and remained underweight as my drinking days went on. I had an ulcer operation and part of my duodenum was removed as a direct result of alcohol intake.

My wife and I first met at school. Later we got together, married and had a daughter.

I was given a job as the first driver to be employed by the company I worked for but alcohol robbed me of all benefits of my job. I applied for various positions in the company, which I got, but my salary did not increase as there was never a guarantee that I was sober. I worked overtime to make more money to buy more alcohol.

I grew sick and tired of waking up each morning not knowing what I had done, said or eaten the night before. I felt like I was slowly losing my memory, but I could not give up alcohol.

I started to pray at night that I would not wake up in the morning. Then I started to take risks. I wanted to die. I would have taken my own life but the thought that my family would be homeless — I had a bond and life insurance would not pay out for

suicide — kept me from killing myself.

One morning, instead of getting on a bus to go to work, I made a decision to go back home and call the company help line. On the way I walked into the bottle store, bought a nip, and by the time I reached home I had forgotten the reason I'd returned. I remembered when my boss phoned to find out why I wasn't at work. I told her I'd gone home to phone the help line as I had an alcohol problem.

The next day when I saw her, she asked me if I would like to go to Alcoholics Anonymous. She also arranged for me to go to the South African National Council on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence (SANCA). I told her I would try anything to stay sober.

My boss's brother was in AA and 10 years sober. He asked another member of AA to contact me. This man told me he would pick me up for a meeting that afternoon.

It was 25 March 1998 and I was waiting for my wife to get home from work so she could give me money to buy bread and milk. She gave me the money and my first stop was the tavern. I forgot all about the call I'd received that morning and the man who was coming to fetch me.

When I got home his car was parked outside my house. The gentleman asked me if I had a problem with alcohol and if I wanted to go to AA. I told him yes, but I had just had a drink. He told me it was not a problem.

That night I went to my first meeting at the Asheville Group of AA and since then I have not looked back. In my first meeting I was asked not to compare my drinking with the speaker's story but rather to see where I could identify with him. He was the total opposite of me; he was a violent drunk and I was a jovial one. But I identified with his blackouts.

That evening a transformation took place within me. I went home and drank the two beers I had left but they didn't taste the same.

The next two weeks were not easy: thirst and sleepless nights. But I did not drink alcohol.

I made more than 90 meetings in 90 days. I discovered that there were 14 AA groups in Phoenix — when I was drinking I never even knew of one.

I took early retirement and downsized. I have a humble home and a car that takes me from point A to point B. I have outlived my brothers — none of them saw their children get married. Thanks to the God of my understanding and Alcoholics Anonymous, I am truly blessed to have my seven-year-old grandson live with me and my wife. What more can I ask for?

Alcoholics Anonymous changed my life and altered my attitudes. I work the program and I am reaping the benefits. God is doing for me what I could not do for myself.

Alcoholics Anonymous gave me a reason to live. I cannot explain some of the miracles that transpired in my life. Only God and AA can explain that.



The 12 Traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous

1. Our common welfare should come first; personal recovery depends upon A.A. unity.
2. For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority — a loving God as He may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.
3. The only requirement for A.A. membership is a desire to stop drinking.
4. Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups or A.A. as a whole.
5. Each group has but one primary purpose — to carry its message to the alcoholic who still suffers.
6. An A.A. group ought never endorse, finance, or lend the A.A. name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property, and prestige divert us from our primary purpose.
7. Every A.A. group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions.
8. Alcoholics Anonymous should remain forever non-professional, but our service centers may employ special workers.
9. A.A., as such, ought never be organized; but we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve.
10. Alcoholics Anonymous has no opinion on outside issues; hence the A.A. name ought never be drawn into public controversy.
11. Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion; we need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio, and films.
12. Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities.

Changing the Pattern

Losing his entire family to alcohol did not prevent a 23-year drinking spree; then AA helped him break the cycle.

By Brendon

My story is not one rooted in sadness, abuse or severe injustices of the universe. It is a story about someone who despite all the signs did not want to believe he had a problem. My upbringing was wonderful. My folks loved me. Took care of me. Provided every single opportunity they could. Despite me squandering quite a few of them, they kept on providing.

But there was a blind spot. A sincere lack of fear or respect for the devastating power of alcohol. I grew up in a household with an extended family who considered alcohol as central to the essence of being a family. Celebrations, commiserations and all the other emotions in between were a cause for alcohol to be consumed.

Everyone in my family liked to boast about how much they could drink but still function, seemingly impervious to the aftereffects.

My brother and I would have a quarter-glass of wine at the table from the age of about eight or nine. I celebrated my thirteenth birthday drunk, a pattern I would repeat for the next 23 years. By the age of 16, I was a daily drinker. By the age of 19, a morning drinker. I too was boastful about my capacity to drink and live to tell the tale the next morning.

I lost my immediate family in quick succession: my father in 2011, my mother the following year and my older brother, who was then 30, two years later. Alcohol was a root medical cause in all three deaths.

I was married with a two-year-old son when my brother passed. I believed that my story would be different. I figured I was somehow immune to the impact of alcohol.

I kept on drinking. It got significantly worse as I dealt with the paperwork and processes that one needs to when someone dies.

By the time it was handled, I was on my way to my 30th birthday and my second son had been born. I figured no time like the present to slow down, live better and put the past behind me.

It didn't work.

Almost two years later I was blessed with a third son. I saw it as an opportunity to stop drinking and get my finances, emotions and life in order. Three kids is no joke.

It didn't work.

The covid pandemic presented numerous opportunities to really get my problem under control.

It didn't work.

I still had immense capacity for alcohol, what seemed like a bulletproof ability to keep functioning, and a complete disregard for my wellbeing and the wellbeing of others around me. I worked from home and could drink without being checked on. I liked to think I hid it well but as many former drinkers can attest, that's a lie. My wife always knew.

I resigned myself to the fact that my death certificate would read similarly to those of my family. I had by then lost more relatives. The pattern was well established.

I stopped drinking three times in 2023, for about a month each time. I thought giving it a rest would slow me down when I started again but I remained a professional drinker. In November I finished a dry month and within three days was back to my bottle-a-day habit (sometimes a bottle and a half) with no end in sight. I was at my wits' end.

My wife was sceptical of my ability to ever stop drinking. I told her I would be done after December. She had heard this before and asked what would be different this time. I didn't know.

That month was filled with severe anxiety. I knew I had put an expiry date on my drinking career and it didn't sit well. I drank to extremes and carried on into the new year.

I took my last drink on 5 January 2024, a Sunday. The anxiety was so intense I couldn't even finish the beer. On 6 January, I went to my doctor, sober and without a hangover, and asked for medical intervention to help me kick this. He simply stated that there is none.

Unless I was willing to get into a programme where I would be under medical supervision, my options were limited. Disheartened, but not to the point of going back to the bottle, I decided to try Alcoholics Anonymous. I didn't have much hope that going to an AA meeting would help, but I went anyway.

I felt welcome. I wasn't overwhelmed and I asked three burning questions that first night that were answered to my satisfaction.

There was also a nugget of wisdom shared with me about my familial drinking: "Genetics load the gun, but environment pulls the trigger." That has stuck with me. It made me see that I can put the safety on the genetically loaded gun. I realised that I can no longer live the definition of insanity by expecting a different result from the same behavioural patterns that put my entire family into an early grave.

I often think it's the happy ending I don't deserve. But here I am.

I am now in my second year of sobriety and the promises have come true in the following ways:

1. My relationship with my sons is stronger than ever. Especially my eldest, who is getting to know his father from scratch after 10 years of knowing me as an alcoholic.
2. My financial situation was on the verge of dire. I have managed to turn that around.
3. My connection with my higher power is growing daily.

The static is clearing and the channel is starting to come through.

4. Professionally, I am present. Although I was always a “functional” alcoholic, my potential was a very shallow pool under the influence of alcohol.

AA doesn't save your life. It provides you with the tools, structure and people to save your own life. It introduces you to the concept of helping, not for personal gain but because it's the right thing to do. It teaches honesty. Raw, unfiltered and uninhibited honesty.

I spent 23 years serving the bottle and my own selfish needs. I owe that amount of time at the very least to AA. By which time I will be 60. And as I have learnt from some amazing people, when you live one day at a time, even at 60, there's a lot of living to do.



Learning to Grow Along Spiritual Lines

*Reflections written after three months of sobriety,
and again after six months, show how the 12 Steps
continually transform our outlook and attitudes.*

By Anonymous

Three Months Sober

I am so thankful I am to be here today, 127 days sober. I never imagined I would reach this point, especially since at one time I couldn't stay sober for even 24 hours. It's been a long, difficult journey to get here, but I am finally where I need to be.

I had a complicated childhood. My parents divorced when I was five and that event felt like the first big crack in my world. My father and his partner were heavy drinkers and weekends were filled with chaos — domestic violence, yelling, brokenness. After those weekends I would go back to my mother's home, which, despite its own chaos, was a more stable environment.

When I entered my teenage years, drinking became a norm. It seemed like something everyone did. I remember drinking a bottle of Esprit on my way to my dad's house, thinking it was fun and harmless. My best friend and I would drink a bottle of OBS together, laughing at how wasted we could get, feeling invincible. I even started drinking brain-haemorrhage shooters, and honestly, with all those brain cells lost, I should've realised something was wrong. But I loved alcohol. It made me feel good, at least for a while. I worked at a popular pub where after-hours drinks with my coworkers were the highlight of my shifts. The more I drank, the more I convinced myself it was fine, even though I tried to ensure that others didn't drink too much. I now see I was just fooling myself into thinking I had control. I should have realised then that my drinking wasn't just a habit; it was the beginning of something much more dangerous.

I tried many times to control my drinking — through hypnotherapy, cutting back, trying to limit myself to “hard tack”. None of it worked.

I began hiding how much I drank. I would drink before events to make it seem like I was only having a couple of drinks when I was there. I hid empty bottles or filled them with water to make it seem like I wasn’t drinking as much. Alcohol had become my one true love, my God. I lied so much that I started to believe my own lies.

In typical alcoholic fashion, I manipulated those around me, always blaming my circumstances for my drinking. I’d tell myself, “I’m not going to be like my father”, but the truth was, I was already on that same destructive path. I was a “functioning alcoholic” until one day I wasn’t. I convinced myself that it was fine to drink at 8am, to have a glass of wine while helping my son with his homework, and to drink more wine after dinner to “relax”. My body was screaming at me to stop — vomiting every morning, bloating, swelling — but I couldn’t listen. I didn’t want to.

Eventually, the people closest to me started telling me I had a problem with drinking, but it wasn’t until my life became completely unmanageable that I realised I couldn’t keep going like this. I had to admit defeat.

That’s when I ended up in rehab. I was treated for anxiety, depression, and panic attacks, and it was there that I learned my liver was in critical condition. I had come just in time but even then I didn’t believe I had a drinking problem.

I thought I could stop, but just two weeks later I hit rock bottom again and ended up back in rehab for 21 days, this time specifically for alcohol addiction.

Something truly magical happened there. I met people who showed me that I wasn’t alone. We shared our darkest moments without any judgment. We were all sick.

Leaving rehab, I was overwhelmed by the mess I had made.

The things I did, the people I hurt, still haunt me today. The reality of the damage I caused hit me hard — I had lied, manipulated, and hurt the people closest to me, all for the love of wine. I had lost friends I thought would always be by my side. I had damaged my relationship with my son, missing the precious early years of his life. In that moment, I made a decision: I never wanted to go back to that sick place again.

I threw myself into sobriety. I started attending evening support groups twice a week, but I knew I needed more. That's when I found AA Airfield. I walked in feeling broken, lonely, and ashamed. No one walks into AA with their life in order. I found that in that room, everyone was the same. I thought it seemed a bit like a cult at first, but a service member encouraged me to come back, and so I did. Each time I came back, I began to hear things that resonated with me. I wasn't alone anymore. These people were just like me, and through them I started to understand that I could change.

I found a sponsor and started working the 12 Steps. At first it felt overwhelming but I thought, "Why not try it? It can't get worse". As I worked through the Steps, I came to realise that I had an allergy to alcohol, that my life had become unmanageable, and that I was here only by the grace of God. Through the Steps I started to heal. I'm currently on Step Four, taking a moral inventory of myself. It's hard and uncomfortable, but it's helping me see the parts of myself I didn't like in others.

I've learned that we can't change other people. We can only change ourselves. I'm focused on becoming a better version of myself, using the tools I've learned in AA. I still get cravings, but now, instead of focusing on them I turn them into gratitude. I still have bad days, but I have the support of my AA friends to get me through them.

By the grace of God, I have been given a second chance at life, and I intend to live this second half with clarity, purpose, and a spark that will leave a lasting impression. There are brighter days ahead.

Six Months Sober

The festive season is often a time of heightened emotions. For some, it's a period of joy, connection and warmth, filled with laughter and light. But for others, it brings out feelings of loneliness, grief, and regret. It can amplify the absence of loved ones, highlight struggles that are typically hidden, and leave us facing the quiet heartache of feeling forgotten. For me, this holiday season, it's been more about reflection, emotional pain, and confronting the reality of where I've been and where I'm headed.

Looking back at last December, the memories are vivid and not ones I cherish. I was burdened with guilt, shame, and the humiliation of seeing just how out of control my life had become. Last year, my drinking had spiralled completely. I wasn't just physically addicted but mentally obsessed. There was a constant voice telling me that I needed alcohol to cope, to feel normal. I had crossed the invisible line of addiction but couldn't admit it. I thought I was in control and I prided myself on being the strong, responsible, capable one — definitely not someone with a drinking problem.

But deep down, I knew that alcohol was slowly taking more from me than I could imagine. The more I tried to control it, the worse it got. I didn't want to face the truth, terrified of what it would mean about me. I was in denial, unable to see the damage I was causing to myself and those around me.

Last December, I was in Spain with my family, a place I had hoped would be perfect. I made a deal with myself and my husband — I would have two drinks a day and that would be

it. I thought if I limited myself to that, I could prove I didn't have a problem. But behind closed doors I was sneaking alcohol and lying to everyone, including myself.

Looking back, I realise how far I had fallen. What should have been a joyful holiday season was instead filled with lies, shame, and regret.

This year, the message of Step One really resonates with me: "We admitted we were powerless over alcohol, that our lives had become unmanageable." I reflect on these words often.

Last year, 2024, was a tough one, and the temptation to drink this holiday season was strong. I thought about how nice it would be to sip champagne on Christmas morning, to relax after a hard year. But when I reflected on where I was the previous year and the chaos I had caused, I knew I couldn't go back there. I couldn't let alcohol take away any more of my life, my family, or my self worth.

The hardest part of the season was thinking about the time I had lost with my son. Last year I was too drunk to be the mother I wanted to be. My son remembers how I failed him and I can't change that, but this year I was sober, present, and fully engaged. I did the Elf on the Shelf, set up the Christmas tree with him, and was there for him every step of the way. When he told me that all the traditions were "lame" and "cringy", my heart broke. I had worked so hard to make things right, but in his eyes I had missed something.

Reflecting on Step One, I know that my life is no longer controlled by alcohol. While I may have lost some magical moments in the past, sobriety is giving me the chance to create new ones. One day at a time, I am showing up as the mother my son deserves. Yes, he may have outgrown some of the magic, but I'll always be here, sober and trying my best to make new memories.

This holiday season was both a test and a gift. I stayed sober through Christmas and New Year. It wasn't always easy, the

cravings were strong at times, but I attended AA meetings on both Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve, and those meetings were a lifeline.

They reminded me that I am not alone, that I am part of something bigger. The fellowship of AA supported me when I needed it most, and through that support I faced the holiday season without turning to alcohol.

Instead of seeing New Year as a reason to drink, I am taking the year one day at a time. I'm so grateful I made that choice. Sobriety has given me the opportunity to rebuild my life, to reconnect with my family, and to be present in ways I never could have imagined last year.

It's not always easy to sit with the emotions, especially when the regret and guilt from the past surface. But I know now that I can't drink to fix those feelings. Alcohol never improved anything; it only made things worse. I don't regret the past, nor do I wish to close the door on it.

I remember the serenity prayer often:

"God, grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, courage to change the things I can, and wisdom to know the difference."

I'll never get back the Christmases I missed, but sobriety is allowing me to make the most of the time I have now. I'm learning to be grateful for my second chance at life and to do the best I can for myself and my family.





Thoughts on Sponsorship

We are uniquely crafted to help the next suffering alcoholic, but how to get to that point?

By Gouni

The 12th Step, the way I look at it today: it's the beginning. The first 11 Steps are where I heal, and I am awake, and I have something now to offer another human being, because I've been set free.

Are AA sponsors a lot of old bullets hanging onto their chairs? Couldn't be further from the truth. My sponsor makes me laugh, we chirp, but when we work the Steps, we work the Steps.

She is not my buddy. She is not my friend. She is my sponsor.

I think it's wholesome to be a little afraid of one's sponsor. This way, I won't try to manipulate or gaslight her – which is classic active alcoholic behaviour.

She was a person I'd, initially, stayed away from after the meeting, because I thought she could see right through me.

I thought I was getting more sober as I had more time – I was living in a dream.

I trusted her a little bit and I allowed her to guide me down this path. Soon, complete trust set in.

I realised, there is going to be a time in my sobriety when the only thing between me and a drink is going to be God. Good to know I can call my sponsor as well.

When she walked into the doors of the meeting, I felt safe, I felt peaceful and when she was there and when she spoke, she spoke from somewhere deep. After the meeting she'd hang around a bit. She was engaged and I know she wanted to be nowhere else but there.

She told me that she's human, fallible, that God's infallible, all-powerful, infinite knowledge and wisdom – that's the most important relationship of my life.

When Sam Shoemaker talked about sponsorship to Bill Wilson, he told him, “Bill, when you see the man with the problem, put his hand in the hand of Him who has all the answers. Then go home, don't stick around and play God.” She doesn't play God nor Captain Recovery.

I was given peace in my core by doing Stepwork with my sponsor – no matter what happens in life – and storms do show up.

I made all the easy amends. But the hard ones? Better have a sponsor here!

She doesn't tell me what to do; she gives me suggestions. It's up to me to stay the course.

We eat cake or biscuits or biscuits and cake when we meet. It's a sweet deal.

Working the Steps with her is of great help to me. In turn, having me as her sponsee, helps her.



Serenity Prayer

God, grant me the serenity to
accept the things I cannot change,
the courage to change the things I
can, and the wisdom to know the
difference.

Drinking Problem?

Call 0861 435 722

Or your nearest AA Office:

Cape Town

Suite 502 – 5th Floor, Boland
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