

# Spring 2017

# NEWSLETTER

VOLUME 48 ISSUE 1

OREGON AREA 58

*Reflecting on Our Past,  
Shaping Our Future in A.A.*

## **Preserving the Past: Who Was Doc Hinckley? A Word From Our Archives Committee**

*James J.*

### **Doc Hinckley**

Who was Doc Hinckley? He was a real doctor, but lost his license to practice due to his drinking. . He lived in S.E. Portland - I believe on 103<sup>rd</sup> St. – and was one of the founders of AA in Oregon in 1943.

Doc Hinckley was one of three AAs who was able to get Bill and Lois out to visit Portland. He was also one of three AAs who helped to get the Mill Creek Group up and running in 1944. He truly was a very instrumental member of AA in the early days and Oregon Area Archives holds his personal scrapbook.

### **The Scrapbook**

It is believed that the Doc Hinckley Scrapbook first came to the Oregon Area Archives when the committee was at the Central Office. While there, it was wrapped and put in a box for safekeeping to be worked on later. After several years and several moves, all the boxes came home to the repository in St. Helens, Oregon. A few years ago, it was found in the box, still wrapped in an Oregonian newspaper.

Hal and I inspected the scrapbook and, together, we decided to not try to preserve the original but, instead, to do the minor repairs to make it ready for copying. The repair work included gluing newsprint back on the original surfaces

to make them readable, and to remount cards and pictures that had come loose over the years – some from Bill and Lois, themselves. We had the copy work done by a specialty printing company located in St. Helen's, since they had the copy machine that would give us the clarity we were looking for - One copy on the same large size paper and one copy on letter size paper. We were able to complete the project with the purchase of a large binder and larger clear sleeves to protect the copied material from fingerprints while being handled and read.

The Scrapbook is on display at each of the Oregon Area assemblies (with the exception of the September Assembly) and can be viewed and read at the Repository in St. Helens if you're ever in the area! The Archives has a smaller travel copy that we bring to any workshops/presentations that we are asked to put on for individual Groups and Districts.

## Oregon Area Archives Committee

What do we do at the Oregon Area Archives? Fred D. travels from Salem to work on our book inventory and cataloging. Theron B. has been working on some old film strips to make digital copies of pictures. Debbie B. has been working on inventory spread sheets. Hal does most of the repair stuff (because he likes it and has seniority), and I do most of the email printing, scanning, sleeving and filing. Paula B. was starting the conversion project from cassettes to CDs but she had to move out of the area. We could always use a hand with the service work we do. Come visit us!



Side-by-side photos of the original scrapbook and the copied version – both held in St. Helens at the Oregon Area Archives Repository.

# From the Street to the Rooms:

## A look back at what I was like, and what I am like now.

*Jim D., District 9*

*I began experimenting with drugs and alcohol when I was 13 or 14. I had two older brothers, which made getting access to it much easier. At age 15, my parents divorced. I was forced to move from the magical woods into the city in Portland, ME. We lived in a mobile home park. I had no nature, no friends, no nothing. I soon found the wrong crowds and put my mom through hell. Honestly, I was pretty much drinking and doing drugs like candy throughout my high school years. I had found a way to anesthetize the unhappiness in my life. I was escaping into a world of drugs and alcohol, and I loved it!*

*Soon, I realized that I loved it a little too much. I made the decision to move to Florida. I was in my 20s and it was my first time away from Maine. Young, restless, and care-free! The beaches, the bars, and the alcohol were all intoxicating. What a life! But it didn't last. I was arrested for possession. I left the state before my court date and fled to Denver for the next 20 years. My culinary career began to expand...as did my drinking in a new city. Things were good for awhile, until the drinking became more important than anything else. What followed were jails, hospitals, and, sadly, a few deaths.*

*I always enjoyed working the second shift in the bars for the late nights of drinking. The customers wanted to join me in drinking the night away. But things started to spiral out of control. I never paid rent on time, if at all. I got evicted frequently, or moved in with someone after only a few days of a romantic interlude.*

*Soon I set out on the road again. I was with some friends heading to the black hills of South Dakota for The '98 Sturgis motorcycle rally when things turned tragic. On our way there, I was pulled over by CSP for suspected drunk driving. I wasn't drunk but was detained until my tests came back clean. One friend was arrested for an outstanding felony warrant. Another swallowed her drugs to avoid being arrested. I, literally, watched her die in front of me.*

*That night, I hitchhiked back to Denver to tell her family members and then went straight to my regular watering hole and drank until the sun came up.*

*By now I knew that my drinking was out of control, so I checked in to a detox facility. I was held for held for 12 days while I went through withdrawals. Going cold turkey, I made Freddy Krueger look like Mickey Mouse at Disneyland. I was referred to a tough-love housing program near skid row in Denver - I was done with drugs but I couldn't stop drinking. Of course, I quickly got kicked out of the housing unit and moved to a pay-by-the-week boarding house. There was a liquor store across the street, and my two favorite sleazy bars were right up the road. I lost all control. I was unemployable, moved to the streets, and was panhandling for cash to drink with.*

*Then I met "Sherry". We set up camp together, pushed a shopping cart, went dumpster diving. She was 5 feet tall and wicked when she drank whiskey. One night, while drinking, we spontaneously decided to hitchhike around the country. We made our way around but were eventually stranded outside of Oklahoma. I left her at a women's shelter with nothing but the clothes on her back and went back to Denver.*

*By now, drinking was a must. Always having a bottle of vodka, sipping every waking hour, pushing a shopping cart and collecting cans to buy a bottle. I rarely ate. It was 2004 and I ran into an old friend who recruited me from the streets to work on a 100,000-acre farm in eastern Colorado. "No drinking" was, supposedly, the rule. But every night, plastic beer bottles burned in our oil drums.*

*I asked another friend to come out and join us on the farm, which he did. On April 12th, 2006 we were driving at 7:30 pm, 2/10 of a mile east of mile marker 333, east bound on I-70, I was at the wheel when two antelopes ran in front of me. I lost control of the vehicle. I flipped 1 1/2 times, across 39.7 ft., 1 life flight, 1 body bag. I was placed in a drug-induced coma for 6 months. I had to learn everything over again and I still deal with vivid PTSD 10 1/2 years later. I have terrifying flashbacks. I remember the antelope, and that's it. The ironic part of the story is that my toxicology was 100% negative.*

*The majority of 2006 was spent with doctors, nurses, hospitals and therapists. Apparently, my Higher Power wasn't done with me yet! Having my neck was fractured in three places, blood drained from my brain, teeth broken from kissing the steering wheel, acute respiratory failure, a breathing tube, and a feeding tube - you'd think I'd be done. But I wasn't. I couldn't let my accident slow my drinking down. I was drinking vodka from sun up to sun down. I was tired of the guilt and shame from people blaming me for my friend's death. It was so painful and ugly. I had to leave Denver to try to clean up my life.*

*For several years, I moved aimlessly searching for a geographical cure in different cities around the country before finally landing in Portland, Oregon. When I arrived at the bus station, the security officer pointed out the new homeless day center to me. I rounded the corner to a huge line of people and some hovering bicycle cops. I wasn't going to start a new day in a new city with the cop shop. So I went in search of a store and a few beers. Unfortunately, I didn't get sober right away when I arrived - it took a bit for everything to sink in. One night, I ventured around in search of a doorway to sleep in, but instead found a group of people sleeping across from the bus station where I had first arrived. It also happened to be across from a local non-profit organization that prints a publication about the streets and signs up vendors from the street to sell it, at cost. I was working!*

*Soon after, I entered into transitional housing. Things quickly began to line up for me. I was placed in the kitchen as my chore. I felt at home, and the clients were happy. These small actions made a big difference for me. I gained stability and a measure of self-respect. My Higher Power entered my life at that time where a window of opportunity was offered to me and I walked through it. I started school, started an apartment search, and found the local Alano Club. I signed my first lease in 20 years in June of 2012. It was harder than hell to get used to for the first few weeks – listening to the rain, but not feeling the rain or having to move to a drier doorway. Everything was so new.*

*I started going to the 5:30 AA meeting in the basement of the Alano Club. People were so happy there – it was annoying! I found my seat with my back to the wall, several seats away from anyone else. I gave out the vibe of “don't talk to me or I'll bite your head off!” The full understanding of AA hadn't hit yet. My first sponsor didn't quite work out and I went sponsor-less for a few weeks. But then, one of my customers asked me if I had a sponsor and I had to tell him no. He said “Get a sponsor! I'm going to check up on you tomorrow.” He did....and I had one. We started working on step one right away. I realized that I was powerless over alcohol and that my life was completely unmanageable. Things were starting to make sense and I stopped sitting in the back of the room, away from my fellow AAs. I am a part of the group now.*

*Since that time, I did have a slip, but I immediately knew where to come back to. Ten days after that slip, my sponsor started me on Step One, once again, and took me to a men's retreat. You know what they say – Step One is the only one you have to work perfectly. We left for the men's AA Dignitaries group retreat at Menucha retreat center and it was the best suggestion my sponsor could have made at that time. It was an excellent weekend spending time with other men in recovery. I'm looking forward to going again this year! At this time, I have two service positions that I am active in 3-4 times each week. I have the same home group and the same sponsor.*

*By the grace of God, I am sober today as I write this to you, Teresa B.*

*Thank you!*

## **A Father's Thanks**

By Kevin P., Mill Creek GSR

### **Making a Change for the Future, One Day at a Time**

I've been an AA member for a lot of years and been fighting a lot of personal demons, alcoholism being one of them. But now I have one less I have to deal with and I have AA, the men, and volunteers of the Mill Creek AA Group to thank for most of it. Here's why...



About a year ago I was reintroduced to my youngest daughter after being apart for 15 very long years. During that time, I thought about her just about every moment of every day. How was she doing? Was she safe? What kind of person had she become? Did she remember who I was, or anything about me? What did she think of me? Would she forgive me for not being there as she grew up, and for the things that I had done? A lot of thoughts and questions, but no answers...until now.

Anyway, when the first phone conversation I had had with my daughter in years was over (which involved some babbled mumblings between the wiping of tears and the sniffing), all I could do was talk about it to my sponsor and a few other people. To be honest, those were the only ones who would listen to me. I was a happy, proud father and dad! I still am, and always will be - there's no questioning that. I honestly couldn't wait for whatever might come next!

We talked again later that week, which went much better. Many of the questions I had were answered after that second call – questions about the type of person she had become. But the best was yet to come because she got onto my visiting list soon after that.

On Oct 3<sup>rd</sup> 2016, the rest of the questions I had asked myself over the years were answered. She came in to see me. That was a sight to see! We both lost our composure in the visiting room, along with a few other people that knew what was about to happen. I thought I was going to be cool about it, but when I saw her face, the tears started. I'm not sure who cried first, her or me. But it didn't matter because my daughter was standing in front of me for the first time in 15 years. I didn't care who saw me cry at this point. I still don't care.

She's turned out to be a very smart, caring, and forgiving woman. Much more than I could have hoped for, considering the things she went through growing up. Along with me going to prison, she was put into foster care because her mother wasn't capable of caring for her, either. She was bounced from one foster home to another for most of her life as she grew up. She pretty much raised herself and grew up faster than a child should have to. I know that couldn't have been easy.

The last time I had seen her she was five years old and looking at me through a large piece of glass during a visiting session when I was in jail getting ready to go to prison. That was one of the saddest moments of my life. The pain cut to the core and tore me apart from the inside out. The pain I was causing her, to the rest of my children, as well as my family, was the only thing that surpassed what I was feeling inside. I never thought that my children, or I for that matter, would ever recover from that. At that moment, all I wanted to do was find something to numb the pain. I thought that a pill, or a drink of whatever someone might have had brewing would do the trick. At least that was the thought that was running through my mind at that moment.

When I walked back onto the unit after that painful evening visit, there was an AA meeting going on. I asked the unit Sgt. if I could join in and he said that it wasn't a problem. That meeting, and those men sitting around the table that evening saved me from a lot of problems, and probably saved my life.

Now, I had been going to some AA meetings on the street and had been sober by choice and sheer will power for a few years, but I wasn't working the Steps. That's not an easy thing to pull off when you don't trust people. Yeah, I had some trust issues, and I still do. But not like I used to. I didn't want a sponsor or friend in the AA groups I went to. I could do it on my own, or so I thought. I was wrong. Sooo wrong. But even being wrong, I still, somehow, managed to stay sober.

Once I got to OSP, one of the first things I did was get into the AA group meetings offered here. I wasn't sure if it would help at the time, but it turned out to be one of the better choices I had made in awhile. I was around people that understood what I was going through. The help and understanding I've received from the men and volunteers of the Mill Creek AA Group is beyond anything I could have imagined it could, or would, be. And with help from my sponsor while going through the rough patches, help from friends, and working the steps, things have improved over time.

I believe that AA, and the work I've put in has, in some way, reconnected me with myself and the people that mean the most to me in my life, like my daughter. For that, I am grateful that the Mill Creek AA Group, and the people behind the scenes that do the service work, were there and still are there, for people like me who need a hand up. For that, this father thanks you. And I'm sure that if I keep putting in the work things will only get better. "One Day At A Time"

# Taking Our Past into Account to Direct Our Future

I am an alcoholic and I know this because, I cannot control the amount I drink, and once I start to drink I cannot stop. For me to fully acknowledge this fact about me, I had to look at my past and fully examine my history in order to identify those defects of character that manifests from my disease. This was necessary for me to establish a clear and clean path so that I could move forward without the feelings of remorse or guilt. Our past is filled with many stories and, although they are very similar, we need to understand when the use of our past is required. Our past is full of negative things. Therefore, we should not focus on the past, but instead focus on the solution. I have found three specific instances where our past can not only assist us in connecting with a newcomer, but also further our relationship with our higher power.

The first item in our past we can use is our stories, which help us to make a connection with the alcoholic who still suffers. It is our story and life as an alcoholic that only an alcoholic can understand. It is the obsession of the mind and the allergy of the body that we can use to make that connection with the newcomer. Although they may not understand these terms, with little explanation they learn quickly. In order to gain the confidence of a person suffering from this disease, we must also share our experiences so that they can identify with the obsessive behavior, the feeling of impending doom, the self-loathing, and a myriad of other self-destructive behavior. Any active alcoholic can identify with those feelings. To demonstrate, I use a story that perpetuates the idea that even when an outcome should occur with very favorable results, we go out and sabotage it by getting drunk.

While in the Navy, I was selected to receive a commission as a Chief Warrant Officer - a very high honor achieved by very few enlisted personnel. On the day of my commissioning, I was to fly from Guam to Pensacola, Fl. I remember getting to the airport and, while waiting on my flight, thinking that it would be a great idea to have a bloody mary, as it was early morning. The next thing I remember was "coming to" in the brig (Navy jail) in Long Beach, Ca. God was with me that day for, although I evidently created quite a stir at the airport the night before because they refused to allow me to fly in my drunken stupor, Shore Patrol (Navy Police) put me on a plane to my final destination and nothing was ever said and no documentation ever surfaced. That event should have ended my career in the Navy. Even with full knowledge of my past, it was not sufficient to keep me from that first drink.

The second asset I possess is the knowledge of the solution. I have gained the experience of achieving the spiritual experience that is required when working the steps. Having this knowledge and experience puts us in a position to help another alcoholic. We have gained their confidence with our war stories. Now we must share our experience of getting and staying sober. The war stories are too numerous and we all have them and most of them are very similar. This applies to both the sober alcoholic, and the still suffering. What the still suffering does not have is the experience of working the steps and establishing and building upon a relationship with a higher power. Thus, the solution. By working the steps, we are developing that relationship and, somewhere along the way, we have that psychic change Dr Silkworth talks about in the Dr's Opinion. Once our "psychic change" is achieved, we strive to maintain that equilibrium in our lives and we then move to the third asset of our past we can use in the future.

My story here is the day I came to the realization that I had not once thought of alcohol that entire day! I had not had that happen for, at least, the previous 15 years.

We know what our life was like when we were drinking. We examined, carefully, every aspect we could and then attempted to correct those deficiencies of character. If it were not for our past, what motivation would we have to want to continue on this road? We can now, when thoughts of drinking plague us, think through the entire scenario that first drink would take us to. It would equate to belying up to the bar and saying "Barkeep, pour me one of those drinks that caused me to get my 3<sup>rd</sup> DUI, that made my second wife leave me, and the same that caused my kids to never want to see me again." The truth of the matter is that our mind can now comprehend and understand that this is my past and provide me the motivation to never want to be there again. "Thinking through the drink." Although a cliché, our past provides us with the vivid imagery that allows us to see the truth.

In the beginning it was tough. Constant prayer was my companion because when I prayed, I felt relief. I would pray for the strength and perseverance to continue. I would pray for the patience to get me through the feelings. The beauty was that it worked. I had found my answer and I had found my strength. However, the strength did not come from my will, as I had found that to be very weak. My strength came through a power that was greater than I. Personally, I call that power God.

Our past can benefit us in this program we call Alcoholics Anonymous. But we need to apply it such that it either helps us to be placed in a better position to help others, or the alcoholic that is still suffering. That choice is ours.

# POTLUCK RECIPE CORNER

We can all agree that a great plate of food can make any AA event or workshop even more jolly! For this reason, I would like to feature a different recipe from AA members that we can all make, bake and take to our next potluck event. If you have a fabulous recipe that you would love to share, please submit it to [newsletter@aa-oregon.org](mailto:newsletter@aa-oregon.org). Each quarter, I will select one to print for everyone to enjoy! This one comes in from SJ from district 36.

## Peanut Butter Pie

Copied and adapted from the excellent "Thrill of the Grill" cookbook. I often multiply the crust ingredients by 1.5 and use a larger pie pan. Another potential crust modification is to use 1/2 graham crackers and 1/2 gingersnaps. You may want to adjust the ground ginger down if you do this.

### The Crust

3/4 cup graham cracker crumbs  
1 tsp ground ginger  
4 tablespoons granulated sugar  
2 tablespoons brown sugar  
4 tablespoons butter, melted

### The Filling

1 1/2 cups heavy cream  
8 ounces cream cheese, room temperature  
3/4 cup sugar  
1 cup crunchy peanut butter (I like natural peanut butter, like Adams, or fresh ground)  
1 tablespoon vanilla

### The Chocolate Sauce

3/4 cup heavy cream  
8 ounces semisweet chocolate, grated (choc chips work too)  
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon

1. Make the crust: In a food processor or blender, blend the dry ingredients well. Drizzle in the melted butter and process or blend until the dry ingredients are well moistened. Press the mixture firmly into a 9-inch pie pan, pressing another pan on top to distribute the mixture evenly. Freeze for at least 1 hour, or until ready for use.
2. Make the filling: Whip the heavy cream until it holds soft peaks. Set aside. In a large mixing bowl, beat the cream cheese until smooth. Add the sugar and mix well. Add the peanut butter and vanilla and mix well, scraping the sides of the bowl. Fold in the whipped cream. Place the batter into the frozen pie shell and put it back in the freezer for 1 hour.
3. Make the chocolate sauce: In a heavy saucepan, slowly bring the heavy cream to a boil. Turn off the heat, add the chocolate, and cover the saucepan, leaving it on the stove. After 10 minutes, add the cinnamon and stir the mixture until the chocolate is completely melted.
4. Pour the chocolate sauce on top of the pie, place it in the refrigerator for 30 minutes, and serve chilled.

## Upcoming Events

### **Portland Deaf Access Committee (PDAC) Monthly Business Meeting**

Portland Alano Club – Clock Room  
Second Sunday of each month - 6:30 p.m.  
909 NW 24<sup>th</sup> and Kearney

### **PORCYPAA Business Meeting**

4<sup>th</sup> Dimension Sober Club  
3807 NE Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd. Portland  
Second Sunday of every month – 1:00 pm  
Fourth Sunday of every month – 7:00 pm

### **District 9 monthly meeting**

Meets the first Wednesday of every month  
Portland Alano Club Café

### **OSYPAA**

November 3-5, 2017  
Seven Feathers Casino Resort  
146 Chief Miwaleta Ln.  
Canyonville, OR 97417

**\*\*New Time – 6:45 pm\*\***

### **WORKSHOPS – Hosted by PORCYPAA First topic: “What is 13<sup>th</sup> Stepping?”**

Every 1<sup>st</sup> Sunday of the month (March through  
June)

2-4 pm

4<sup>th</sup> Dimension Sober Club

3807 NE Martin Luther King Jr. Blvd. Portland

### **May Area Assembly**

5/19-5/21, 2017: All day  
Umpqua Community College  
Roseburg, OR



**OREGON AREA 58 NEWSLETTER:** Want to submit an article? Articles should focus on stories, group news, district news, or other write-ups on service activities in Oregon Area 58. We may edit your submission for formatting purposes. Please have these to the Newsletter Chair 1 month prior to the next Assembly. Email the Newsletter Chair at [newsletter@aa-oregon.org](mailto:newsletter@aa-oregon.org) and please use the subject heading: “**AREA 58 Submission**” If you don’t hear back, always feel free to resubmit. Junk mail filter applies. ▲

## **Seventh Tradition Contributions**

**Can be mailed to:**

**Oregon Area Treasury 1900 NE 3rd St, Suite 106-172 Bend, OR 97701**

**Or Online at: [AA-Oregon.org](http://AA-Oregon.org)**