

# The Eye Opener

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Your Experience, Strength and Hope Via the Written Word

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## MY GOD, HIGHER POWER OR SOMETHING

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**Y**es, I say God sometimes. Sometimes I say Higher Power, Universe, Love or just, Something.

“Hello Something out there, outside myself,” is how I start and end my day. “I offer myself to Thee-to build with me and do with as Thou wilt.” (pg. 63, Alcoholics Anonymous)

You see, how I address my Something doesn't matter to me. I do not need to define or describe my Something. I do, however, need to stay in contact, daily, with my Something and simply believe in my Something's availability.

Something had been helping me since childhood. I have always had a feeling that Something was there to comfort me and guide me. Something believed in me, even when I was being told that I wasn't right, that I needed to do better, that I needed to be different than who I was. It was as if a little voice inside me kept telling me, “You are alright just the way you are.”

As I got older, when life got louder, I found it difficult to hear or listen to my friendly little voice. Eventually, life became so uncomfortable and encroaching that I began to drink to quiet my disturbance. I could not hear and forgot about my Something.

I tumbled through life never feeling quite right. I would heed societal trends and listen to people about how I should behave and look, what to achieve. I gauged my worth on whether I was meeting other's expectations and if I was on track with life's timeline. I wasn't.

I had periods of success, got degrees, did well at work and raised a wonderful son. I could never, however, shake the feeling of less than. So, I drank.

The drink worked to quell the conflicts in my head, gave me courage to fake confidence and obliterated feelings of inadequacy. Eventually, getting to my drink became my priority. If only I could make it through the day, get everything out of the way and sit down with my drink, I would be okay.

Okay did not last. I knew that drinking was not working, so I searched for other things outside of myself to make me feel whole, alright. I bought (not read) self-help books, watched Oprah, exercised, joined gyms, etc. I believed I was behaving well, doing no harm, but could not figure out why life was so hard and disappointing.

It was not until life began to crumble, became so bleak, when I heard my little voice say, “I'm still here”. I started talking to my Something again, asking for peace, and pleading for relief from life. I was a good person at heart, so I did not understand why I was not being granted good fortune. I thought praying to and making requests of my Something would make life better, and I would not have to drink.

I had the cart before the horse. I was asking for the drink to be taken from me and a good life given to me before I was willing to put down the drink and try a different way of life. I lost everything, home, job, bank account, health, friends and family.

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THEY DO NOT REFLECT THE OPINIONS OR POSITIONS OF THE MEMBERS OF THE EYE OPENER COMMITTEE OR A.A. AS A WHOLE

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I finally asked my Something to help me change, take steps to better my life and stop drinking. I asked for the strength to not drink, even when the urge to drink was devastatingly overwhelming.

I was granted one day of not drinking and another, admittance to rehab (a miraculous event in itself), an introduction to AA and The Steps and the idea that I could relate to and trust people. I was able to listen to and learn from people and take their suggestions without melding into something I was not. My Something showed me that I was not alone in my struggle with the drink and life. My Something showed me that everything outside of me did not define me. The loving little voice would help my true self navigate life.

So, daily, I've been asking my Higher Power, God, Universe, Love: Something for help with living since that first, long, difficult day without a drink. I found that life could be filled with fun, joy, friends and family. I became a dependable coworker and healthy. I got jobs and a bank account. Life has not been without strife. I've experienced job loss, depression, and intolerance with reality. I have, however, been able to work through the conflicts, real or imagined, because Something has got my back.

~ Sally R.  
Sunday Morning Step Group

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MY LIFE WAS  
UNMANAGEABLE:  
I DIDN'T SEE IT!!

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**T**here were so many signs that my life was unmanageable and my drinking was "out of control." I could not see it; I refused to own it!

One episode (of many) that illustrates this came about 5 years before I finally got sober. I skip the details but I was working in a bar at the time, doing the day shift. I was drinking on the job, which I frequently did. I had between 5 to 7 shots of top shelf brandy, maybe more. I jumped in my car to drive home. I made it about 3 blocks when I hit another car head on. Fortunately no one was hurt, thank god.

My father had passed away a number of months prior to this incident. My uncle and my father knew most of the cops in that area. I think they thought I was grieving and I managed to weasel out of a DWI, even though the passengers in the other car were saying to the police, "that guy is drunk."

My car went into the shop for repairs. While my car was being repaired I drove my mother's car. She was away visiting our family in Newfoundland, Canada. I did it again. I got drunk and wrecked her car. She got back from her trip and had no car to drive.

Like many alcoholics, I hurt and disappointed the people I loved the most and the people who loved me the most. I am grateful to be sober and grateful that I was able to make amends to my mom before she died. I know I caused her a great deal of worry, besides wrecking her car.

Now, I see how my actions and behavior impacted other people and that my life was unmanageable -- that I was powerless over alcohol and other drugs. I don't regret the past or wish to shut the door on it. I hope my experience can benefit others.

Now, when I am wrong I promptly admit it. WHAT A GIFT. I try to practice the principles in all my affairs. I try to practice rigorous honest. WHAT A GIFT.

I see the beautiful paradox: when I surrender and accept that I am powerless over alcohol and my life is unmanageable, I get a "new freedom and happiness" that they talk about in the Promises.

~ Steve M  
Sunday Morning Step Group

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