

Sharing Hope.

We're Still Breathing

My drinking career started in high school. I dabbled until about junior year, then it became my full-time job. One of my drinking buddies and closest friends was Brooks. Drinking wasn't Brooks' favorite sport, and he decided to stop and work with spiritual teachers after high school.

I moved to San Francisco and learned other things. I thought about Brooks a lot over the next few years, but lost touch with him. I wasn't really interested in friends that weren't destroying their lives.

I eventually moved to Los Angeles, where things didn't really change. Well, they did, in that I had a wife and two babies in LA, but inside they weren't much better. At some point in the '90s a high school friend reached out to me and let me know that Brooks was living in Los Angeles and that I should contact him. We met up, but it was difficult to connect as I was always high and often drunk. Brooks looked at me like I was dying, which I was. But he was there to support me when I made the decision to get and stay sober. He became my spiritual pillar, and we became close again.

Then he started to get sick. It started with a bad case of pneumonia, and he was eventually diagnosed with pulmonary fibrosis, which eventually ate away at his lungs. He was living in Chicago by this time, and had fallen in love with an amazing woman. I traveled to see him in the hospital. He was dying. It was questionable if he would be put on a list for a double lung transplant as the disease was so advanced. Together we sat in his hospital room and just appreciated one another. He was in surprisingly good spirits. I left believing that I had said my goodbyes, but I prayed like there was no tomorrow. A few days after I returned home he was put on the list for new lungs. One evening a young man in Chicago's south side was shot for no apparent reason. He was an organ donor, and Brooks was given a new lease on life. Last Thursday I visited Brooks in Sebastopol and we celebrated the five-year anniversary of his transplant—he is in perfect health.

I shared this story today, less than a week after our celebration, with a man who was in a similar situation. Albert, who sets up bedside visits in hospitals for people that request AA, sent the email last night saying that a man at UCLA was hoping to get new lungs, he was very sick, and needed a meeting brought to him. During our meeting his doctor came in, and told him that he was been listed to get new lungs! Everything for him changed at that moment. He was given a new lease on life, and AA was there to witness it.

Gregory G.

Director, Los Angeles Hospitals & Institutions, 2018

Go to: *LAHIC.ORG*

**Email the Los Angeles H&I Committee:
*contact@lahic.org***

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**JUNE H&I CANS TOTAL:
\$8,041.52**

*Please bring your can funds to the meeting
as money orders, if possible.*

**Or mail funds to
(checks & money orders only):**

**LAHIC
5482 Wilshire Blvd #220,
Los Angeles, CA 90036.**

Thank you!

JOIN US:

**AA LOS ANGELES H&I
(HOSPITALS & INSTITUTIONS) COMMITTEE**

**MEETS THE 2ND MONDAY
OF EACH MONTH**

AT

**4153 OVERLAND AVE,
CULVER CITY 90230**

ORIENTATION @ 7PM

**SIGN UP FOR PANELS
IMMEDIATELY AFTER!!**

MEETING @ 8PM

ALL 12TH STEP, ALL THE TIME!

LETTER FROM THE CORRECTIONS DIRECTOR

I recently went to a sober conference in New York by myself. I was nervous about how it was going to work out. When I arrived at the hotel, I happened to run into RJ who I know from LA. He invited me to join a group going to dinner. I wasn't on the group reservation and when I got to the restaurant, there happened to be one seat open. I happened to sit across from Gary who came by himself from Washington DC. We had a great conversation and I felt like I made a new friend. And so it went the entire weekend. I sat where there were open spots next to whoever was there. Everything kept "happening" just right.

Recently, my spiritual practice has been about letting go and letting God. This weekend in NY reminded me that I'm well taken care of at all times. When I let go. The only issue is when I take my

will back: No, I don't want to sit there. No, I don't want to talk to that person. No, it won't work out this time... etc. My job is being a of the moment, trusting in who or what God is placing before me, and being willing to engage.



Sometimes others are placed there as angels for us. And other times we are the angels for them. Pretty nifty! Who or what is being placed before you? What do you have to learn? What do you have to give?

Thank you for your wonderful service and commitment to our incarcerated brothers and sisters, to AA and to H&I!

In love and service,

Steve B.

AA Los Angeles H&I Corrections Director

MIRACLES AT MIRIAM'S HOUSE

I spoke on a panel today at Miriam's House in Culver City, a facility for pregnant women, mothers and their children, and women who are trying to get their kids back from the Department of Children and Family Services. Usually, I set a limit of speaking commitments for myself each week, as an attempt to limit my people-pleasing and overcommitment issues. But randomly this panel leader asked on Monday, and the Tuesday evening slot was wide open on my google calendar, so I just said, "Yes." Of course, by Tuesday evening, I was regretting my decision and was muttering to anyone who would listen how busy I was, and how I should be working on something else besides speaking on a panel. I've spoken at Miriam's House plenty of times, and I was not surprised when I walked into a room full of tired women and fussy toddlers. I listened to the other panel participants share, and then I shared. I described my love for alcohol and then attempted to recall the steps I have taken to bring me to where I am today. In telling my story, I remembered my story. And by the

end of my share, I had settled into the miracle that today I am safe, sane, and sober. What a gift. After my share, we went around the room and the women from the



house shared. Many reminisced about the glory of the good ol' days; many talked about how "lucky" they were to have gotten out of the tight situations they'd gotten themselves into. It was so powerful to listen to newcomers laugh, completely oblivious to the depth of their Alcoholic insanity. One woman asked me to be her sponsor when it was her turn to share. After that, I was grateful to be in the room and able to be helpful to someone. The final woman who shared was 9 months pregnant, due July

18th. She had been laying back on the couch the whole time, and looked as though she was asleep for the entire meeting. She sat up and shared about how her sponsor had her writing an autobiography. She explained that when she read it to herself, she cried at how sad her life has been. She told the group that she will probably get loaded when she gets her kids back from DCFS, because she doesn't know any other way to live. After the meeting, I talked to her. Her son's name will be Isaac. I almost started to sell her the idea of being sober, but I stopped because I knew I'd sell it short. In Alcoholics Anonymous, we simply lay the kit of tools at their feet. I gave her my number and assured her that she and Isaac are at the edge of a miracle so big, she can't see the edges. I hope she calls; and I truly hope I'm never too busy to go speak on a panel when someone asks me.

In service,

Sharron S.

AA Los Angeles H&I Hospitals Director