JUNE 1, 2025



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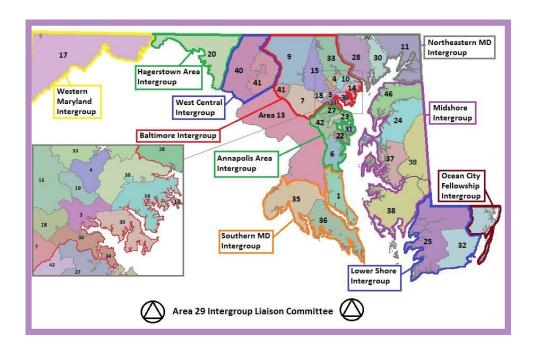
Step 6

"Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character."

Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions, pg. 63

"Is our work solid so far? Are the stones properly in place? Have we skimped on the cement put into the foundation? Have we tried to make mortar without sand? ... If we can answer to our satisfaction, we then look at Step Six. We have emphasized willingness as being indispensable. Are we now ready to let God remove all the things which we have admitted are objectionable? Can He now take them all-every one? If we still cling to something we will not let go, we ask God to help us be willing."

Alcoholics Anonymous, pg. 76



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Anniversary Celebrations – JUNE

"To thine own self be true"

Please submit all anniversary information to Carla H at info@ocaa.org by the 28th of the preceding month of the anniversary. Include your name, sobriety date, celebration date, where and when. The newsletter is printed on the first Tuesday of every month, so if your sobriety date falls early in the month, we may put your announcement in the prior month's newsletter. Thanks!

NAME	YEARS	SOBRIETY DATE	CELEBRATING	WHERE	WHEN
Gary D.	2 Years	6/2/2023	ACKNOWLEDGE	Seaside Group • Ocean City	6 PM
Pat M.	14 Years		6/4/2025	Happy Risers • Atlantic Club	7:30 AM
Kristina S.	8 Years	6/1/2017	6/7/2025	Berlin 101 • St. Paul's Episcopal • Berlin	9 AM
Patti O.	16 years		6/10/2025	Happy Risers • Atlantic Club	7:30 AM
Chris M.	1 Year		6/14/2025	Happy Risers • Atlantic Club	9 AM
Jen O.	4 Years		6/14/2025	Berlin 101 • St. Paul's Episcopal • Berlin	9 AM
Paul B.	8 Years	6/20/2017	6/20/2025	Happy Risers • Atlantic Club	7:30 AM
Kevin C.	5 Years		6/22/2025	Happy Risers • Atlantic Club	9 AM
Reese	3 Years	6/24/2022	6/24/2025	Happy Risers • Atlantic Club	7:30 AM
Mike	1 Year		6/25/2025	Happy Risers • Atlantic Club	7:30 AM
Beverly DP	39 Years	6/23/1986	6/25/2025	Seaside Group • Ocean City	6 PM
Cindy C.	3 Years	6/11/2022	6/27/2025	Happy, Joyous & Free Women • River Church	10 AM
Fran W.	36 Years	6/23/1989	6/27/2025	Happy, Joyous & Free Women • River Church	10 AM

Ocean City Area Information

The Ocean City Area Fellowship Intergroup meets every first Tuesday of the month at the Atlantic Club, 11827 Ocean Gateway, Ocean City, MD 21842 (Route 50 Westbound) at 6PM. All are welcome to attend. *Next meetings are Tuesday, July 1st and August 5th.*

AA Meetings · Please visit the <u>ocaa.org/meetings</u> for the latest updates.

Inquires • 24 Hour Hotline: 410-600-5219

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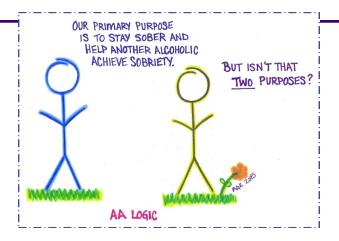
MEN ON A MISSION

Dr. Bob lapses into drinking again but quickly recovers. The day widely known as the date of Dr. Bob's last drink, June 10, 1935, is celebrated as the founding date of Alcoholics Anonymous. Dr. Bob and Bill spend hours working out the best approach to alcoholics, a group known to be averse to taking directions. Realizing that thinking of sobriety for a day at a time makes it seem more achievable than facing a lifetime of struggle, they hit on the twenty-four hour concept.

GRAPEVINE CREATED

An eight-page bulletin intended to bring A.A. news to members (including soldiers overseas) expands to become the Fellowship's official magazine, with the first issue published in June 1944. It comes to be called A.A.'s "meeting in print."

AA Message



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 Meeting Guide app helps people find A.A. meetings and resources near them. A.A. service entities provide the meeting data for the app. Meeting Guide is available for iOS and Android smartphones.



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A Story

THE DAY HOPE ARRIVED—It's pretty easy to drink in jail. When I was inside, guys would walk around with homemade brew in their coffee mugs. The guards would just look the other way as long as no one caused too much trouble. I wasn't one of these jail drinkers though. Luckily, being locked up is where my life in sobriety began.

I had my first drink when I was 13, and all I can say is that it felt like my entire soul took a deep breath. Suddenly life wasn't weird anymore and I didn't feel like an outcast. My friends and I managed to score some beer, and we went to a party. While all the other teenagers were either passed out or had gone home, I rummaged around collecting the leftover dregs because I already knew I never wanted to be without booze. I liked it so much that I spent the next 30 years making sure I never ran out. And if I did, I'd drink a bottle of vanilla flavoring, cooking wine or anything else with alcohol in it.

Despite my drinking, I managed to run a successful business. I owned a franchise and won awards, but in the end I drank that business and my marriage away. On paper I had been a millionaire, now I was reduced to living in a dumpy bachelor pad surrounded by empties. I was always insanely drunk, ripping through lives and hurting the people I loved the most.

Before long I found myself locked up behind bars. It was 2022, the pandemic was over but apparently the OCC (Okanagan Correctional Centre) didn't get the memo. I was strip searched and placed in solitary confinement in a 6-by-8-foot cell for 23 hours a day to quarantine before I was released to the general population. I was very sick, sweating, shaking, a detoxing mess. For one hour a day I was allowed out of my cell to walk around what looked like a racquetball court and to shower.

One day I walked by a bookshelf and picked up a magazine. I thought it was the *Reader's Digest* and wanted to read the jokes in it. When I started flipping through it, I was surprised that all the stories were about alcoholics! Turns out it was a Grapevine! I didn't know anything about AA at the time. I also grabbed another book from the shelf, thinking it might be a novel. This one turned out to be a Big Book! When I saw the word "Alcoholics" on the cover, I tossed it on the floor. I'd been called an alcoholic enough times by my ex-wife, among others, and I didn't want to see or hear *that* word again. I tried several times with my trembling hand to put that book back on the shelf, but every time it fell to the floor. Frustrated, I grabbed it along with two Grapevines and that's how I wound up with AA in my cell.

I spent the next seven days pacing back and forth in my cell devouring that Big Book and those Grapevines. I read the Big Book cover to cover and related to every word. "The Doctor's Opinion" made so much sense to me—that what I had was an allergy. I finally understood the mania and the phenomenon of craving.

I was completely alone and had never been so sick in my life. The Grapevines were my medicine. I was sweating and crying and shaking. I'd roll up the magazines and hug them to my chest while I was writhing on the floor. Between my tears and sweat, the once brand-new magazines started falling apart, with the pages smudged and smeared. I knew AA was a Twelve Step program because I read the Steps in the back of the magazine. When I read the Big Book, I related to everything. It was like the book had been written for me.

I actually fell to my knees in my cell when I first read the Third Step Prayer. It was my "white light" moment. I wasn't the same man anymore. A week later, I was let out of isolation and moved into the general population. I walked out clutching my one bag of worldly possessions of what was left of the mess of my life and faced a wall of tough guys sizing me up. Some came right up to my face, almost daring me into what, exactly, I will never know. Luckily I saw a piece of paper on a table nearby with the letters "AA" on it. It was a sign-up sheet for meetings inside.

Within a week I went to my first AA meeting. I had read the Big Book three times by then. The prison's meetings were still virtual, and week after week I looked forward to those guys' faces on the screens. Outside volunteers weren't yet allowed into the institution, but it didn't matter. They still carried us the message.

At least half the time our unit would be locked down and the AA meetings would be canceled, so I talked to the chaplain and started hosting small meetings with the guys in here myself. What a help that was.

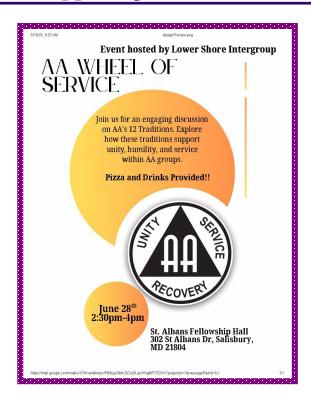
When I finally got out of prison, I couldn't wait to go to an in-person AA meeting. At the time I was homeless and sleeping on my mom's couch. Going to jail takes everything away. I literally had nothing. I called AA and a guy told me about a meeting the following night. I stayed very close to AA and started to rebuild my life. I have now become friends with some of the nice AA folks who bring AA meetings inside the jails (see the story "The Best Gig in AA" in this issue).

Jail was the perfect alchemy of my brokenness and my nothingness. I believe my recovery was divinely inspired. I went looking for jokes in *Reader's Digest* and got a Grapevine instead. I see my life through the lens of AA now and I never had that perspective before. Finding AA in jail gave me the same feeling that first drink gave me when I was 13. I may be out now, but I'm still very much "in" AA, where I'm safe and protected. My soul can breathe again.

By Jeffrey W. Oliver – British Columbia The Grapevine – Annual Prison Issue – June 2025

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What's Happening









Click Here—<u>2025 Carry the Message Project</u>

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