



APRIL—JUNE 2024
ISSUE 2024.2

R *egmaker*

The 12 Steps of AA

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.

—Reprinted from pages 58-60 in the book *Alcoholics Anonymous* with permission of A.A. World Services, Inc.

R *egmaker*

YOUR MEETING IN PRINT

ISSUE 2024.2

The opinions expressed in *Regmaker* are not necessarily those of the editorial team, the publishers or AA as a whole. They are the opinions of the individual, at the time of writing.

Your contributions are welcome and will be used at the editorial team's discretion.

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

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Back issues of *Regmaker* are available from GSO.

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Regmaker — Editorial Policy

The *Regmaker* magazine is often called “Your Meeting in Print”. We publish articles reflecting the full diversity of experience and opinion found within the AA Fellowship. No one single viewpoint or philosophy dominates its pages, and in determining editorial content, the editors rely on the principles of the Twelve Traditions.

At the heart of the *Regmaker* lies the shared experience of individual AA members working the AA program and applying the spiritual principles of the Twelve Steps. It is the *Regmaker* editorial team’s right to accept or reject material for publication. Articles are evaluated by the Literature Committee and while some editing is done for purposes of clarity, styling and length, the editors encourage all writers to express their own experience in their own words. Articles are invited but no payment can be made. Published articles do not constitute endorsement by Alcoholics Anonymous or the *Regmaker*.

Please Submit Your Story

- **SUBMISSION PROCESS:** With your contributions, the *Regmaker* continues to be an effective tool for sober living and a vital picture of the AA Fellowship.
- **BEFORE SUBMITTING AN ARTICLE:** Say what you mean, and mean what you say! Don't just write what you think we'll publish. Write what relates to your lived AA experience.
- **FORMAT:** Articles should be typed, in plain text or a Word document. Try to write clearly and legibly. If you do quote from approved AA literature, please give the correct name of the source, along with the page number.
- **LENGTH:** Whether it's a short, impactful experience or a more in-depth piece on a particular subject — the important thing is for you to say what you want to say. *The average contribution varies from one to three typed pages (max 900 words).* Any editing is normally very slight, for the sake of clarity.

**PLEASE EMAIL your submission to
gso@aasouthafrica.org.za**

Letter from your Editor

Dear fellows,

As we approach Founders day in June we will be celebrating 99 years of this wonderful fellowship that have saved so many lives.

We would like to once again thank our Higher Power that lead Bill W. and Dr Bob to meet on 10 June 1935.

Lets give thanks to our founders by continuing to share our Experience, Strength and Hope so we can help the still suffering alcoholic that will enter the rooms after us.

Thank you
Editorial team

"To the world you may be one
person but to one person you
may be the world."

Bill Wilson

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My story

Debra—Western Cape

When I tell you the story of how I recovered from alcoholism I need to tell you how I had a spiritual awakening and how I came to know God.

My sponsor used to say that when willingness meets readiness God will make the introduction and boy did, He do it! My sponsor also told me that anonymity passes away at death I will going forward therefore use is his name. His name was Walter.

For me drinking was the only way. At age 15 when for the first time I would choose how much to drink I went all the way. Half measures have availed this alcoholic nothing and from the age of 18 until 43 that was how I drank, it was all or nothing and mostly it was all. During the last seven years of drinking after having lost my last decent job, drinking became a morning, noon, and night affair. Waking up with a drink and passing out with one I sometimes worked in a bar to sustain my habit and most nights I was more drunk than most of the other customers.

On the 1st of December 2014 I knew I had met my match alcohol was my master and to continue drinking meant death. I had long since that time lost the will to live but I was afraid to die.

During the next three years and 30 days I abstained from drinking there have been several temptations and at least three close calls. However, I did manage to stay sober I went to a few AA meetings as a “honored guest”. Obviously, I was not an alcoholic. I stayed sober on my own and did not

need your people or your program. I was FINE (fearful, insecure, neurotic, and emotional).

I had an old drinking buddy staying with me who continued drinking for both of us. I worked at a bar and during this three-year period of sobriety [not recovery] I grew emotionally dead to the world something seriously was wrong I was sober but never in my life had I been so unhappy, miserable, and lonely. I had stopped drinking, but I had not found a new solution for dealing with life. I was a dry drunk - a zombie.

On New Year's Eve the 31st of December 2017, I was invited by a friend of a friend to a meeting in Table View and a New Year's Eve celebration at someone's house afterwards. At this house I was welcomed by 40 to 50 sober alcoholics having fun it was like the title of the book "The Spy who Came in from the Cold".

The owner of the house, a Jewish guy called Walter, had a presence that you could feel a mile away and something about him shouted peace and serenity. I wanted what he had at the end of that evening he greeted me with the invitation, "You got my number brother, phone me". On the way home I told my friend that I wanted that man as my sponsor but like any decent alcoholic I knew what I wanted and needed and expecting the universe to give it to me without any action from my side.

During the next few months, I met Walter twice more and he once again reached out to me and invited me to call him. The last time it was something like: "I invited you twice already I'm not going to again, you got my number".

It was somewhere around June 2018 when I finally called. I could not do this on my own anymore, I needed help and reaching out was by far the most

difficult and important thing I ever did in my life. I told Walter that I did steps one to four on my own and he offered to do my step five with me. We met at his house and for three hours he listened to my sad sobby story filled with self-pity and resentments. At the end of these three hours, he said to me “you have not even got step one yet brother, but I will sponsor you”.

Without asking me I had met his requirements for sponsoring me:

1 I could not do this on my own.

2 I wanted what he had.

3 I was willing to do anything to get it.

Driving back home, for the first time in my life, I had hope. For two years we met every Sunday at his home. He supplied the coffee and I bought the milk tart.

Walter taught me much of what I know today. He showed me the importance of gratitude, the power of God, and connection with God through prayer.

He explained the disease of alcoholism to me.

The first two things he taught me was:

Expectations were resentments under construction

and

that I was powerless over people, places and things and the moment I try to control, manipulate or change any one of those three things my life

becomes unmanageable.

I learned that nothing in God's universe happens by accident and that everything is exactly the way it is supposed to be.

Right now, Right here

That it is OK to be me

That I am good enough and that I'm worthy

And that it is OK to be vulnerable—it is a sign of being human not of being weak.

Few years back I went through some very angry times with my brother and shared these with my sponsor whose response can be summed up as follows:

What are your expectations from your brother?

What are your expectations of yourself?

What do you expect him to do. Stand naked on Table Mountain, with a bullhorn shouting “Welcome back Dawid. We are so grateful you are sober!”.

Maybe, for the first time in his life not to have to deal with your **** anymore.

I left there without any resentment against my brother, all resentments were against my sponsor. Walter told me what I needed to hear not what I wanted to hear.

Some months later my mother's, who stayed in Pretoria, health had deteriorated, and Walter suggested that I phone my brother (whom I had

blocked on my phone) to tell him that he needed to go and see our mother and offer to go with him.

What!!!

I thought this was just a suggestion from my sponsor and it turned into a road trip for me and my brother driving from Cape Town to Pretoria and staying overnight in Bloemfontein. It was the longest amendment that I've ever made and resulted in the restoration of a beautiful friendship.

Although I have stayed in Pretoria for almost three years Walter was still my sponsor and we spoke almost every Sunday.

I visited Cape Town this past December and met with Walter on several occasions. On New Year's Eve Day, he reminded that "if you want to put a smile on God's face tell him your plans" he also said to me "You have come a long way my brother, don't throw it away"

I was also reminded that I had toolbox full of tools and that they were in Immaculate condition.

One week later, on my way camping and 15 minutes before losing cell phone reception I got a call from Walter's daughter telling me that Walter had passed away an hour ago."

My life was shattered.

My universe torn apart.

I was alone as an orphan in this dark scary place called life.

My sponsor, my mentor, my friend, the man that was like a father to me

and whom I loved like a brother was gone.

During these times the principles of the 12-step program of AA carried me.

The teaching of my sponsor lives inside of me
God is doing for me that I cannot do for myself

All is well.



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STOP PRAYING AND START LISTENING

Des—Frankly Speaking Group

After 3 days of living in a bust up old Volkswagen Beetle I could not take it any longer and went begging to my mom for a place to stay. At the age of 39, I was helpless, homeless and hopeless. God and I had many conversations which went on the lines of, “Is this what God does to people who pray? Why did you take my dad away when I was 16? Where are you now when I need a bed? Why am I penniless and need a little money for one drink to take away the edge? Is there really a God?”

At around 7 pm, I went to my mom who was living with my brother and said “Ma, I have nowhere to stay.” She did not have to ask questions. One look at me told the story of pain and suffering. Before she could answer, my little brother barged in and said, “Ma, this thing can stay here as long as it does not drink?” Not drinking seemed an easy price for a warm bed and shower.

Thirty days of white knuckle sobriety ensued. Every sinew and nerve in my body craved for one little drink. I wanted that sense of ease and comfort which comes with taking the first drink. It took thirty days for the sub-conscious to hatch a plan, “Take time off work at 11am and go and repair the broken quarter glass on your car”. I knew it would only take an hour or 2 at the most. I had the car fixed by 1pm. Heard of stinking thinking? “If I have just a nip of brandy, who would know?” This started a 4-day binge till my mom found me in a derelict dump and took me home again.

The next brother walked in and said, “Ma, I am so sick and tired of this thing I am taking it to AA”. I walked into AA and was appointed a sponsor. I was told by my

sponsor; which meetings I will be attending, who will be fetching me for each meeting every day of the week and twice on Wednesday and Sunday. I was told which members I would be taking to meetings with my car once a week. If you did not go to a meeting you denied another member space in that car to attend a meeting. If you did not drive members to a meeting, 4 other people will be missing a meeting. It was not a choice. I wanted what they had and they were going to help me to go to any lengths to get it.

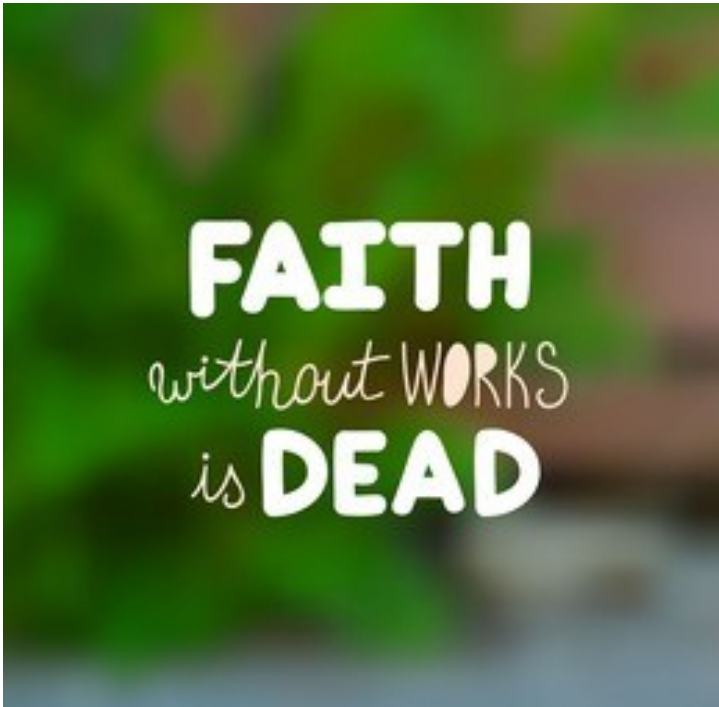
This was what is called tough love. I had to visit my sponsors home at 9am every Saturday morning for two years including phoning him every day. Saturday mornings was step work which meant studying the Big Book with him line by line. Step 4 inventory was done in 3, three hour sessions in his home. My sponsor read the newspaper, made me coffee and relaxed while I had to write. There were no WhatsApp and Facebook or touch screen mobile phone. He did not believe in working steps. You took the steps and did step 4 in his presence while he sat around.

Then came steps 7 and 11. Humbly asked HIM to removing my shortcomings. I have heard it said many times in AA that “Faith without works is dead” (Page 14 Alcoholics Anonymous). In step 7 I wanted patience and had to ask for patience. And nothing happened. I had to practice patience. I asked for tolerance and nothing happened. I had to practice tolerance. I asked for self-centeredness to be removed and nothing happened. I had to practice selflessness. Instead of looking up into the sky for God, I have found the God in me through changing my thoughts and actions. Faith without works is dead (Page 14 Alcoholics Anonymous). I began to grow along these spiritual lines. The spiritual awakening is changing my thinking and my actions. There is no lightbulb moment. This is only the beginning of my journey which started more than 25 years ago. It does not end.

In step 11, I search on a daily basis for God’s Will is for me. He is master and I am the servant and I should not ask but do (action). When I pray, I pray it is for someone else (not for myself). I pray for something (not for me). How about me not praying and listening?

Each and every day, God gives me an opportunity to help someone. If I listen hard enough to the God in me, I can contact a new member and visit or have a chat on the phone. Take an old-timer to a meeting (not a long timer). Call a friend who is not well and offer comfort. Leave a bag of groceries at the door of someone who needs help (anonymously). Buy a new member a Big Book. I have found the God in me and when I listen hard enough, I know what is HIS Will for me.

Faith is Alive—with Works. I am not the man I used to be. I am not the man I want to be. I am the best I can be today.



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Admit To My Powerlessness

*Siyanda, Malabar, PE
Convention 2024 share*

Hello, friends. I'm Siya and I'm a sober, recovering alcoholic.

I want to begin by acknowledging everyone here, to thank all of you for gracing this convention with your presence.

Without you, we have no fellowship.

Without fellowship, I would have no group meetings to look forward to — let alone this gathering.

Without meetings, I wouldn't have my sobriety.

Without my sobriety, I would be hopeless.

So, once again, thank you all so much for being here.

The theme of this session is 'Admit/Admitting To My Powerlessness'...

Indeed, ladies and gentlemen, I, too, had to admit to my powerlessness.

Before I entered the rooms of Alcoholics Anonymous...

...on the evening of Monday, the 30th of October 2023, I had been a regular drinker for at least a good 12 years.

For the most part, alcohol was not a problem — UNTIL it became a problem.

When it became apparent that I had a problem, I began an unending cycle of quitting, only to drink again. Sometimes I would go for a whole month; other times it would be a week — but eventually I would slip. I had the POWER to stop drinking, but I DID NOT have the POWER to stay stopped. I had to admit to my powerlessness to remaining sober.

From this vulnerable position of powerlessness, which felt like helplessness, and hopelessness — I came face-to-face with what it means to hit rock bottom.

I knew that if I continued with my drinking — if nothing changed — I could kiss all

prospects of getting my life back on track goodbye.

Equally, I had been through trying to do it on my own. I knew that I needed help.

Thank God for all the movies I had watched in the past where AA was mentioned and portrayed. Because, in my time of weakness, when I knew I needed help — it is the name Alcoholics Anonymous that rang the loudest in my head.

So, one Sunday afternoon, I googled and found the email address for the AA office in Gqeberha. I drafted the following email:

Hello,

I hope you are well. Please advise where the closest meeting takes place around Westering? Dates and times as well, please. Thank you.

Regards,

Siyanda

After sending it, I was pleasantly surprised to receive a response about 20 minutes later from our district admin, Eleanor, with the details of the nearest group and when it meets. And since that day, I have not looked back.

This was on a Sunday afternoon. That shows the dedication of our fellows in the area. Thank you, Eleanor.

By joining AA, I was admitting to my powerlessness over alcohol; powerlessness to stop and stay stopped; powerlessness over remaining sober on my own.

Since I have been a part of this wonderful fellowship, however, I have regained a degree of power. And this power to remain sober grows with:

Each meeting I attend;

Each conversation I have with a fellow alcoholic;

Each story I hear being shared; and

Each and every opportunity I have to do service.

Admitting to my powerlessness led me here and I am a better person for it.

I was the kind of person who would leave the house in shorts and flip flops on a sunny afternoon under the pretence of going to buy bread, only to return the following morning, with 20 missed calls, drunk or hungover, and sleep well into the afternoon.

I was the kind of person who cared more about having enough to drink than I did about making sure that my accounts were up-to-date, than to make sure there was enough food at home, than to make sure I bought myself what I needed and could afford.

I was the kind of person who hung around shady characters that I shared nothing in common with, putting my life at risk, all because I was willing to go wherever alcohol thought it was a good idea to go. Some of those people are in jail today; others are dead.

I had become an inconsiderate, selfish, irresponsible and reckless person who did not hesitate to go all out to gratify himself — even if it meant hurting the ones I love and betraying their trust, doing so repeatedly.

Had I continued down that path, I too could have either been in hospital recovering from injury, in jail, or 6 feet under.



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I thank the God of my understanding for rescuing me from the dark, bottomless pit of alcoholism. Today, I am in the light, thanks to the torch bearers of this wonderful fellowship of AA.

Today, I am sober, responsible, trustworthy, someone my family and close friends are proud of.

I have goals and I work towards realising them.

I am not where I want to be in some important areas of my life, but I am committed to the rebuilding process.

Today,

I am a better son to my parents

I am a better sibling

I am a better father

I am a better friend.

I love the person I am becoming, and the friends I have made in the fellowship. It feels like I have a 2nd chance at life — I feel brand new. And I have all of you to thank for that.



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Life Story

Julia H.

Seapoint Sunrise, Zoom, Lonehill Face to Face.

I was born, two of three daughters in Ottawa, Canada. My father was a physicist and mother, a home executive. Both were atheists. My childhood memories are good, except for sexual abuse from a family friend when I was between the ages of six to ten. Neither parent were alcoholics and there was no alcohol at home, except miniature bottles, as souvenirs. From a young age I drank the contents of these miniatures and substituted tea into bottles. I also smoked.

In 1970 we moved to Pretoria, South Africa when I was fourteen. I became defiant, smoked marijuana, and drank. Hating the apartheid system, the teachers, and the entitled all-white girls, actively being vociferous about it all the time, I was asked to leave. My father intervened. I was forced to wear normal clothes instead of the school uniform. I was a disgrace to the school.

Despite rebelliousness, I matriculated and studied Pharmacy at a tertiary college. Hating Pharmacy, I transferred the tuition fees and studied in the Humanities, without any discussion with my parents. I was cut off from my family and obtained a student loan. Whilst studying, I binged on anything that was available for free. Throughout tertiary education I remained rebellious.

After graduating with an Honors degree, I started working. By this time my parents were talking to me again. My father advised I should leave South Africa, as I was under investigation. I moved to Toronto, started working and paid back my student loan. I still consumed alcohol but no other substances.

In 1991 I returned to South Africa and accepted a great job in Cape Town. The company has a strong drinking culture. Choosing not to drink too much socially, I would go home, drink excessively and arrive at work the next day with a hangover. Make up hides many things.

In 1993 I married an alcoholic. We have 4 children, two are stepchildren. When I was pregnant and breast feeding, I did not drink. As a child, I drank and binged

more than ever. One of my sons experienced a near-drowning accident. My career ended, as he required 24/7 therapy for years. A few months later, I was hijacked, and about ten years later we experienced an armed home invasion, where my husband was shot. Thankfully we all survived albeit with trauma that even Cognitive Behaviour Therapy did not heal. Only alcohol helped me to escape, alone at night and first thing in the morning.

When Covid hit and we went into lockdown on 26 March 2020, I left home, knowing I could not hide my disease. All hotels were closed, so I found a place called Crossroads in Pretoria which remained open. Thinking this was a wellness spa, I booked myself in and was horrified when the contents of my suitcase was examined, and many items were removed and put in a safe. Assigned to a room with four others, my heart sank.

I was given a Big Book and assigned a counsellor. Most sessions were group therapy. What kept me in the treatment Centre was the knowledge I could not go home. Working the steps and speaking to my counsellor, lying and being dishonest most of the time, even Step Three did not convince me there was a Higher Power. My Higher Power was wrapped up in ego and my God was a God of alcohol and substances. I did the steps because I had to. During a group therapy exposure session, attended by all the councillors and patients, the counsellors read out letters from my family. My daughter's letter nearly killed me. I decided to become sober for her. Covid dragged on from 21 days of isolation into a few months of isolation. I chose to stay in the treatment Centre, rather than go home. Finally surrendering to the Big Book and my counsellor, I started to become honest. My counsellor made me do most of Step one over again four times. Step three, the second time round, was still not fully accepted. I repeated the Step three prayer like a robot.

Step Five was a revelation. Miraculously a spiritual connection started developing slowly. After step five, I worked on the steps very seriously and started to apply spiritual principles in all my affairs. I realized I must do the steps for me, not for anyone else.

Staying in the treatment facility for three months, and completing the twelve steps, the counsellors recommended I return home. When I arrived at our house, I drove around the block three times questioning whether I could live and apply to this program with all the recriminations I would be facing. Our family does not believe

alcoholism is a disease. They believe it is a moral choice. None of them are interested in attending Al-Anon meetings. My husband would only allow me to attend one Zoom meeting per day, whilst living in Johannesburg.

Lasting at home sober for six weeks, I decided to move to our farm. Here I could attend many meetings on Zoom, pray and meditate often, read AA literature freely, go mad on step work and be of service. I even started sponsoring people at Zoom!

After Three months my husband insisted, I go back to Johannesburg. Being stronger and more resilient, I went home. I realized I have responsibilities and cannot afford to live in an unrealistic world.

My husband stayed the same, but I changed. I realized I could only change the way I respond to people, places and things, and that I can't change anything else. I can only change me.

The relationships with my children changed slowly. Trust is earned. I am an example to them of what not to do.

One year into recovery I relapsed, after watching a documentary on tv suggesting one 220ml glass of red wine was good for woman over 50. I no longer believed I was an alcoholic, so I tried it. Later that night, I was sure I'm an alcoholic.

Working through Step 4 has helped me uncover many character defects. Each time I do step 4, there is more awareness. Step five was unbelievable. I was as sick as my secrets. I thought I would take them to my grave. I also realized humans are not perfect, only my Higher Power is. Making a list of people I have hurt caused a bit of resentment. It's always a two-way street, I thought. I realized I was doing this for myself and spiritual health. Making amends wasn't easy. Some of my amends were made in the treatment Centre under the guidance of my counsellor. Living amends are trickier, but it's improving. Step ten helps me identify my behaviour and change it for the better every day. Step 11 is something I do before getting out of bed, throughout the day, and before going to bed.

I am entirely ready to have God remove all my defects of character. I am willing to take action. Working with sponsees is fantastic. I learn from them every day. It's like getting a whole new lease on life. I never really understood the concept of giving before. Giving is the greatest gift.

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Sobryony Bryony, Kuilsriver

I was all alone, but never alone, once again.

There was a deafening silence, a ringing in my ears, as I drove home that day. I looked at the passenger seat, and I saw her sitting there. Her big body hunched over, her shrivelled face looking at me, her aged swollen hands gestured as she spoke, saying, "how can you go home now, you're so boring, no one will know if we keep drinking, and no one will care".

That was the last time I saw her, and that was my last drunk. The woman next to me that day was a vision of who I would become if I carried on drinking, besides her physical appearance showing neglect, she was selfish, she was greedy and she was lost. Ever searching for solitude and a place to belong.

I drove home drunk and remained silent that night, speaking to no-one. The thoughts that occupied my head were ones of regret, anger and shame. I felt as though I could pull my chest open with my bare hands and maybe then the pain would show, maybe then I could see the damage I had done, but how?

So there I was broke on pay day, with no booze, with nothing else but myself and regret. For the first time I knew drinking would not help me, so I started being honest. I told my sister I knocked her car and why I did. With tears in her eyes we sat on the step, and as she rubbed my back, she told me it's okay, she forgives me, and asked me, "now what are you going to do to stop sis?". My answer was, " maybe I must go to that AA thing".

We went to the meeting that week. I don't know how it happened, but I was there and deep inside I knew I had no other choice. I didn't know why, I didn't know how, I just knew that the answer was now.

The decision to "keep coming back", was obligatory for me and was the one

thing that made sense, so I did. In doing so I learnt more about alcoholism as a disease, my disease. I could not run away from it, nor did I want to anymore, I was so tired of running and I had no where to go.

So there I was, sitting all one my own in that meeting, and once again I was not alone. This time however, the people around me were real. They understood where and who I was and most importantly, they cared. They cared so much I believed in them. I believed that I could be like them, I had no idea how, but I believed.

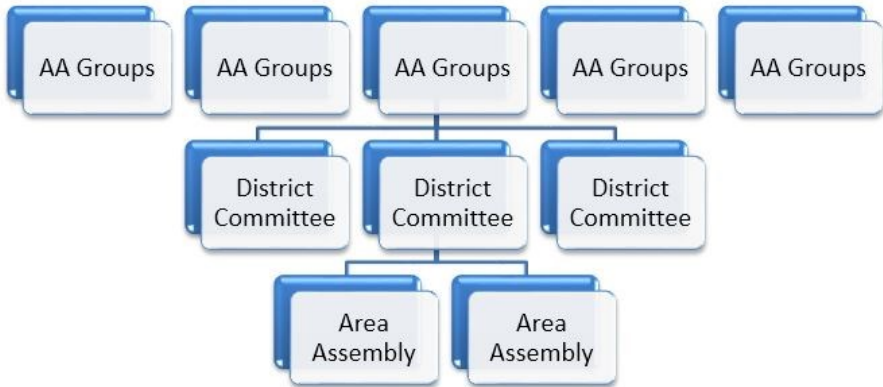
By following the steps in this program, listening to the principles and promises, sticking with winners and most importantly seeing through the eyes of the divine, I am home. I belong and I am truly loved, by others, by my higher power and most importantly by myself.



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AA Structure

Local Structure



National structure



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The AA Promises

If we are painstaking about this phase of our development, we will be amazed before we are half way through. We are going to know a new freedom and a new happiness. We will not regret the past nor wish to shut the door on it. We will comprehend the word serenity and we will know peace. No matter how far down the scale we have gone, we will see how our experience can benefit others. That feeling of uselessness and self-pity will disappear. We will lose interest in selfish things and gain interest in our fellows. Self-seeking will slip away. Our whole attitude and outlook on life will change. Fear of people and economic insecurity will leave us. We will intuitively know how to handle situations which used to baffle us. We will suddenly realise that God is doing for us what we could not do for ourselves.

Are these extravagant promises?

We think not. They are being fulfilled among us — sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly. They will always materialise if we work for them.

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The 12 Traditions

- 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.*

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