

JUNE

OUTSIDE THE

2026

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# BOTTLE



**Spreading the Wings of Effort - Dan F.'s story**

**I Came Into this World in the middle of a Storm - Amanda C.'s Story**

**District 16 Newsletter**

**DAN F.**

## SPREADING THE WINGS OF EFFORT

I had no standard reason for being an alcoholic. A good family, gentle raising, none of these pointed to a person who would have a problem, but I did. My parents worked in human services and were some of the gentlest people on earth. They gave their own kind of love to their only child.

Sometimes I suspect my parents may have been alcoholic. The generation before certainly was. But the use of alcohol in my immediate family seemed very minor though there was indeed dependency. Nightly drinking through TV sports falling asleep on the couch. Mom's wine with each talkative yet redundant mealtime. Social occasions well lubricated. Despite myself I learned these small ways.

Seeking a higher power I quested with my family through church, and my days were as full as possible with seeking.

An unhappy drinker I was though with blackouts, not knowing where to turn. I saw my grandfather pass out. I saw other comforts, pot in particular. That complicated dryness but I was young. It was the 1980s and everybody was doing it. The hazards of TV crime like Miami Vice made their impression on me. It wasn't until I started to sell pot that I saw an expanse opening up in front of me. I could see I was in trouble. I in effect, turned it over. I turned over the weed and the alcohol. I quit for a summer grounded to volunteer at my mother's old people's program. I learned a lot about aging. It became a place I didn't want to go for later when depression hit.

In youth I was sent to rehab. I did well there. A host of friends greeted me when I got out.

Heavily though did I rely on human relationships of the romantic variety. This proved again and again to be my downfall, but I persevered suffering one major relapse during Covid. I had so much to live for; a good marriage, a life of increase in good fortune. And there I sat. Yet sometimes I still questioned. And my mother falling to Alzheimer's was a hard fall for me.

It is in such dark times of internal anguish, though, that I must remember it is OK to ask for help. I'm not spoiled. I've steadily made contributions. I take interpersonal risks. I reach out to others, and it warms my heart.

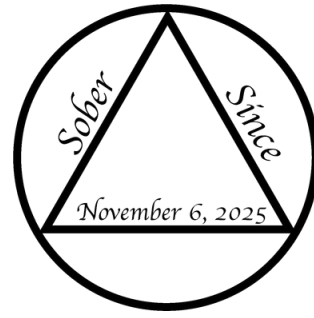
Is in this activity that I find a higher power. It is in spreading the wings of effort to help a fellow alcoholic that I find divinity. It is with respect for the god in my fellows. I thank God for all the higher powers I encounter throughout AA. Without those of my sponsor, my peers, the guidance that reaches back to me when I reach out, sobriety would be unattainable. But it is.

ENJOYING THESE STORIES?  
PLEASE SUBMIT YOURS...  
DISTRICT16NEWS@GMAIL.COM



**AMANDA C.**

# I CAME INTO THIS WORLD IN THE MIDDLE OF A STORM



I came into this world in the middle of a storm in the summer of 1980.

Not just any storm... the kind that rattles windows, bends trees, and makes you wonder if everything is about to come apart. That night feels symbolic now, like the universe was setting the tone for the life I was about to live. Chaos wasn't something I would encounter later... it was something I was born into.

My childhood didn't look like the kind you see in storybooks. My parents were both lost in addiction... alcohol, drugs, anything that numbed whatever pain they were carrying. There wasn't stability, there wasn't safety. There was unpredictability, fear, and a kind of loneliness that sits deep in your chest even when you're surrounded by people. I was sexually abused at age 7, the Christmas tree caught fire, my father was in prison most of my childhood. He was more of a child than me. Instead of being taken care of, I became the caretaker of my siblings. I grew up fast. Too fast.

Eventually, we were taken by child protective services. My grandmother adopted me. She was a divine woman, instilling in me unconditional love, structure, faith and hope from the minute I arrived. But unfortunately, by then, so much had already shaped me. I was also suffering from severe depression and ADD.

Pain has a way of looking for an outlet. For me, it became alcohol.

What started as a way to escape turned into a 30-year battle of drinking, numbing, running. I was a full blown alcoholic and could not manage my own life. Alcohol was my best friend, my comfort, it never abandoned me. Until the next day, rinse recycled, repeat.

Along the way, life kept hitting hard. My mother was murdered, my son at the age of three was hit by a car, which by God's grace, he survived. My marriage dissolved. My depression was so bad I attempted to take my life twice. The consequences added up; DUIs, losing my children for three years. I felt like the cycle had won. But something in me didn't completely give up.

And that's where everything started to change. God led me to AA.

It became the turning point of my life. In those rooms, and with God holding me up, I found something I hadn't truly experienced before: understanding. People who didn't judge me for where I'd been, but saw me for where I could go. And then there was my sponsor.

She showed up for me in a way that changed everything. With patience, honesty, and real love... not the kind that enables, but the kind that holds you accountable while still believing in you

Through AA, I learned how to live again. Not just exist... but actually live. I learned how to face things instead of running from them, rebuilding trust, including with my children. I am not alone but surrounded by people that want to see me succeed. Healing isn't quick or easy, but it is possible. AA didn't just help me stop drinking. It saved my life.

Today, I'm not the woman I used to be. I carry my past, but it doesn't control or define me. The storms I was born into and lived through—they didn't destroy me. Somehow, they shaped me into someone stronger, more compassionate, who can now stand in the light and tell the truth about where I've been.

And maybe, just maybe, help someone else believe they can make it out too.

I'm truly grateful with immense gratitude in my heart. Thank you God and thank you AA.

Personalized Nursing Light House

is looking for men to host meetings at their facility.  
Days/times flexible; after 3:00pm  
30671 Stehenson Hwy, Ste C  
Madison Heights, MI 48071  
248-850-1600



EDITOR: MAUREEN H.

AA OF GREATER DETROIT:

248-541-6565

AA OF OAKLAND COUNTY:

248-332-3521

AA OF DETROIT WAYNE COUNTY:

313-831-5550

OUTSIDE THE BOTTLE IS THE NEWSLETTER OF DISTRICT 16. THE NEWSLETTER CONTAINS ANNOUNCEMENTS, MEETING CHANGES, EVENTS, NEWS & INFORMATION AROUND THE DISTRICT, AND STORIES ABOUT SOBRIETY AND RECOVERY. ANY A.A. MEMBER IS INVITED TO SUBMIT MATERIAL TO THE NEWSLETTER.

PLEASE SEND QUESTIONS/COMMENTS/CONTRIBUTIONS TO:

DISTRICT16NEWS@GMAIL.COM

BOB P--DISTRICT COMMITTEE MEMBER

DAVE S.-- ALTERNATIVE DISTRICT COMMITTEE MEMBER

PETER S-- TREASURER

TANA M --SECRETARY

**WARM**

**4TH OF JULY PARTY**

**MUSIC ~ GAMES ~ FELLOWSHIP**

STARTS AT 2:00  
FOOD AT 3:00  
SPEAKER DEREK GREGGS AT 4:00

**315 E. NINE MILE RD. HAZEL PARK**

**BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND LITTLE WHITE HOUSE**

14 JUNE  
11:00 AM – 03:00 PM  
© Madison High School (Madison Heights)



**Area Assembly**  
915 E Eleven Mile Rd, Madison Heights, MI 48071

**DISTRICT 16 MEETS AT 7:00PM ON THE 4TH THURSDAY OF EVERY MONTH AT:**

1<sup>ST</sup> UNITED METHODIST CHURCH OF MADISON HEIGHTS  
246 E. 11 MILE ROAD,  
MADISON HEIGHTS, MI 48071

IF GROUPS WOULD LIKE TO CONTRIBUTE TO DISTRICT 16, PLEASE MAIL A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER:  
PAYABLE TO: DISTRICT 16 OF AREA 33 A.A.,  
PO BOX: 725362, BERKLEY, MI 48072