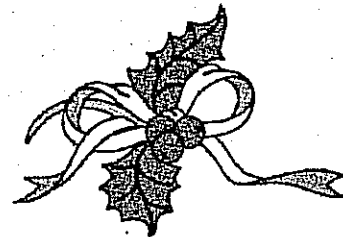
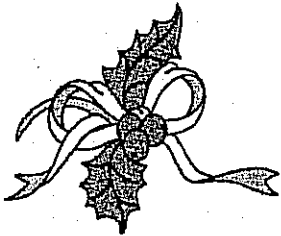
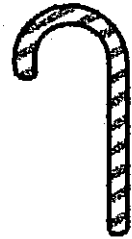


NEW FRONTIERS

A CENTRAL COMMITTEE JOURNAL FOR ALL AA MEMBERS
OF WESTERN NEW YORK AND THE NIAGARA FRONTIER

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!



**THE STAFF OF YOUR NEW FRONTIERS WISHES YOU
A HAPPY, SAFE AND SOBER HOLIDAY SEASON.**

EXPERIENCE, STRENGTH AND HOPE



A certain young lady had no coping mechanism for life. To make matters worse, there was a history of alcoholism in her family. Her paternal grandfather died of the disease, a young cousin also turned her life over to the control and care of the bottle, as did a lot of other people in her family. This young woman, from age 5 to 31 mastered the art of escapism. She was afraid of everything and anything, angry at all things, most unloving and unlovable.

This woman found escape in the bottle, and very early in her drinking career, found the oblivion she needed. She found no worries, no bills, no relationships, and no life. She did "life things" by watching others and doing as they did, feeling no emotions. Her life was a piece of cardboard, two dimensional, with no feelings, no depth....this was just fine with her.

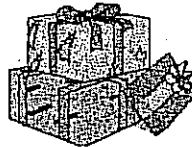
She did the "right" life things; marriage, college, divorce, marriage, baby, divorce, loss of jobs, you know the lyrics. She couldn't say she lost herself, because there never was a self to

lose! She existed in an embryonic stage . . . getting ready. She wanted to die but didn't know how. Her only choices seemed to be death or the unconcernability found in the bottle. Her life was 24/7 with no way out. Strokes and temporary paralysis didn't stop her, she learned to walk again just to get her booze, there was no life.

Alcoholic poisoning brought her to her knees, and to a God of her understanding. Loving people and a manner of living breathed live into a body that didn't know how to break the uncontrollable vicious cycle. She was shown an easier, softer way. No more lies, no more cheating, no more demoralizing acts, now she was born.

Strange thing - her AA anniversary is the 25th of November, the season of Thanksgiving. Acceptance, love and gratefulness have filled the great void and given her a depth never imagined. That woman is me. This is a thank you, to a program without which I could not exist. I shall be ever thankful for my new life, and never forget what I owe this Fellowship. Thank you AA

Cindy N., Sunrise Court
Staff Reporter



ADDRESS UPDATE

Please note the following new address for Jessie A. Shields
Smith Nursing Home
453 Main Road
Mountain Top, PA 18707

The New Frontiers is published monthly by the Central Office of Western New York. We are self-supporting by your subscriptions and Central Office donations. The New Frontiers presents the experience and opinions of members of Alcoholics Anonymous on the disease of Alcoholism. The staff reserves the right to edit any article for clarity and length. Articles will not be returned. Opinions expressed here are not those of Alcoholics Anonymous as a whole, nor does publication of any article imply endorsement by the Central Office of Western New York or Alcoholics Anonymous. (Exceptions: Quotations from ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, TWELVE STEPS AND TWELVE TRADITIONS and other A.A. books and pamphlets are reprinted with permission of A.A. World Services, Inc. Art and articles reprinted with permission of A.A. Grapevine, Inc. are subject to the GRAPEVINE copyright.)

John H., We Care, Editor

Dave W., Giving, Assistant Editor

Cindy N., Sunrise Court, Staff Reporter

THE LOOKING GLASS


by Don B., The Lovejoy Group

Stumbling blindly through the cold,
Reflecting on the stories told
Of me who faced ten thousand more
Discomforts in the years before.
Then onward 'til I reach the point
Which leads me to my favorite joint.
Here I sit with glass in hand,
Listening to a local band.
When suddenly, to my surprise
A man appeared with deep, brown eyes!
Struggling just to turn away,
The voice within began to say,
"There's peace among such goodly men.
Relax and buy a round again."
Reaching for my purse of gold,
I bought the poison that they sold,
And passed it to the chosen few,
Selected for this moment too.
We drank it down, and then some more,
Forgetting then, we had to store
Enough away thought at our peak,
We put it off until next week.



As we consumed the alcohol,
I noticed something on the wall:
Beside the bottle of vermouth,
There it hung, the naked truth.
And after paying for the beer,
The looking glass began to clear.
I saw myself, a ragged bum,
Destroyed by whiskey, wine and rum.
I searched for something I could blame
And found myself upon a name.
A name I knew so very well,
Forgotten in me for a spell.
The only one to blame was me
And not our great society,
For all along I've known the way,
Yet chose to fight another day.
Perhaps somehow, throughout the years,
Something heard my lonely prayers.
To send a blessed angel's hand,
To help me finally understand.
Before I let the moment pass
I thanked the Lord who cleared the glass.

SO YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT SERVICE WORK?




Yeah, I know you. There are a lot of you out there. I see you show up about a minute before the meeting starts. You sit in the back. Maybe you don't pay attention to "How It Works." After all, you have a very important conversation to carry on with the guy next to you.

When the secretary asks for announcements, you slip off to the bathroom, or the break-out room ... any place but where they're TELLING you something. (As an alcoholic, you never let anybody tell you anything, that's why you lost your last sponsor.)

In the meeting, you share about your girl-or-boyfriend, splitting up with you. No reference to alcohol, sobriety or gratitude. Singleness of purpose is for the wimpy folks who don't know what it's like out where you are.

They pass the basket. Everybody's looking at you. So, you slowly reach into your pocket and pick out a crumpled, mangy-looking dollar bill and flick it in. Damn, you think, I needed that money.



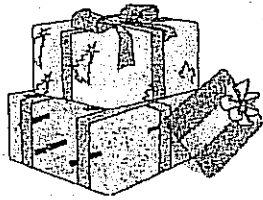
As soon as the Lord's Prayer is said, you scoot out the door. Wouldn't want someone to nab you for clean-up duty. And while everyone else does the work, on you go, partner, just goin' your merry way. Sure glad it's a "selfish program," aren't you? Or else how could you be in it?

If anyone recognizes him/herself above, just remember, if you're working a program and you're not pitching in to help out, the program you're working isn't A.A. (More like ME-ME).

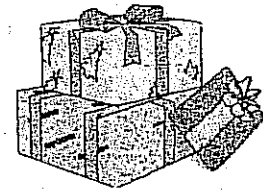
Practice the principles, Brother or Sister. Consider that next alcoholic. He needs something you can provide. What he needs is to see and hear the real A.A. in action.

You'd be surprised at how much you can impress someone by getting inside a dirty coffeepot. Or by sharing the real message of A.A. - recovery, sobriety and serenity. If you do it today, somebody else might do it for you when it's you who needs it.

Anonymous



THE CHRISTMAS PACKAGES



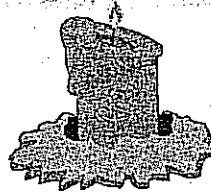
It's amazing what a little imagination can do as you watch the drama of Christmas unfold. The tinkle of bells, and carols being sung. The promise of snow is in the air. Our streets and homes glow with mystic lights, jolly old Santa with his "Ho, Ho, Ho," once again brings the remembrance of a gentle vision.

It was early Christmas morning and I was admiring the Christmas tree, the house was quiet and there was a calm and comforting kind of peace, almost like the kind that we experience when we have a moment of silence before our meetings. As I glanced underneath our Christmas tree, I saw some *imaginary* packages, but this doesn't make sense. Imaginary things don't exist, and there they were -- all sorts of them. So, I looked them over. At first I was amazed, but soon I understood.

The first package I picked up had a big red bow, and was beautifully wrapped in tinsel with a glistening ribbon. Inside I found SOBRIETY, just what I had needed for so long. The instructions read: "Share it with other A.A.'s or it will disappear. Share it, and share it again, no matter the time, the place, the circumstances, for if ever our lamp of charity burns dim, the light of another goes out entirely."

The second box was labeled KIT OF TOOLS, composed of 12 steps. The instructions said, "Keep them honed with diligent and uncompromising application." The twelve tools are guaranteed to re-mold,

reshape and improve the quality of my life and help me deal with the problems and complexities of life.



Quickly I reached for another beribboned package, and inside I found HOPE AND FAITH. What a combination! Faith is that bright candle of hope that illuminates our way from gloom to God.

Like an eager child, I opened the next gift, and inside I found PEACE OF MIND. What a strange and beautiful feeling....no remorse, no self-recrimination, no guilt. All these ugly feelings had vanished.

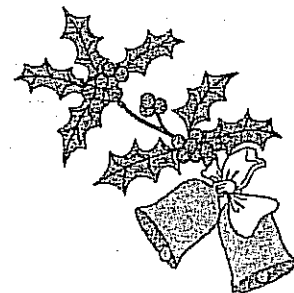
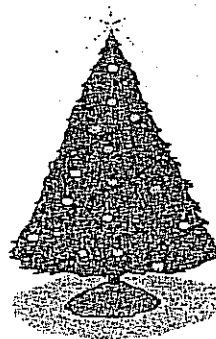
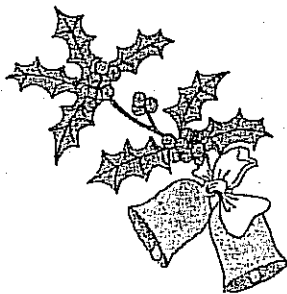
By now, I thought I had hit the jackpot. One had FEELING OF SECURITY, and the other had SOCIAL ACCEPTABILITY. Only those of us who have known insecurity and rejection, can appreciate these gifts.

I looked at the last package and it was labeled FRIENDSHIP. It was then that I remembered your kind words of encouragement, your phone calls, your trust in me, your smile, and your glad handshake.

As I looked again, I noticed that these packages were not addressed to me. They were addressed to all A.A.'s everywhere. All these things are made possible by the program of ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, through the courtesy of God.

If your phone rings tonight, give some kid back his father or mother for Christmas.

John H.
We Care



MERRY CHRISTMAS FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE



Children who believe in Santa Claus are convinced that he does exist. We, who do not believe, know that Santa does not really exist. Regardless of our belief, none can deny that the spirit of Santa is abroad at Christmas. Whether we are church members or not, most of us - good, bad and indifferent Christians, and many of other faiths as well as many of no faith - are infected with this spirit that is abroad throughout the Christian world at the Yuletide season.

We feel more kindly towards our fellow man, we make up old quarrels, we wish a Merry Christmas to total strangers, we kiss all the girls in the office, shake hands with the boss and invite our wife's relatives to share our turkey. We are kind to little children, old ladies and milkmen. We are more friendly, and this feeling is infectious. The spirit of Christmas does exist for most of us - at least from December 15th to December 25th.

Many in A.A. will burn the midnight oil for hours on end arguing the pros and cons of existence of God. For many, God is a reality, as real as a father or friend. For others, God does not exist. Some believe in a personified God, a patriarch who is with them always. Some refuse to believe that God or a Divine Power created the earth or man. To some, God is a tremendous force for good. To others He is a myth.

The Third Step of the A.A. program covers all concepts when it refers to "God as we understand Him." Each can believe as he chooses, as his mind and understanding dictate. We have no argument with any on this score, including those whose understanding allows no clear concept. Regardless of our individual concept of God, or lack of concept, we must admit that A.A. seems to demonstrate that a power greater than the individual does exist. At every A.A. gathering, no matter how small, there

is a common influence that draws us together and shares the problems of each. The sincerity, humility and compassion of alcoholics gathered together in the name of A.A. is witness to a finer and greater power than any of us has individually. The character defects that we retain after coming to A.A. largely disappear at an A.A. meeting.

The fact that we are sober is a living example that A.A. provides an outside force which can accomplish the miracle we could not do on our own. No matter that some may mistakenly scorn A.A. as a religious sect. No matter our feelings of resentment towards individuals in A.A. No matter our superior attitude towards those who lack will power. No matter the case history of the man who quit drinking on his own and hasn't touched a drop in ten years. The fact remains that A.A. does exist and it works for us . . . and for a quarter of a million alcoholics. These are facts that cannot be ignored. They will continue to be facts even if we attempt to drive them away with a few drinks.

And as surely as A.A. exists, there is in the A.A. program a spirit of mutual help and self-help that works for alcoholics.

Santa Claus does not exist but the spirit of Christmas does. Whether we believe that the other fellow's God exists, we who have experienced it know that the spirit of A.A. was the power that returned us to sobriety and sanity, when we were willing to let it go to work for us.

If we can succeed in keeping an open mind on the other fellow's theories and beliefs, the spirit of A.A. will change our lives. The spirit of Christmas changes many for ten days. The spirit of A.A. can change us for the balance of our days.

Merry Christmas for the rest of your life!

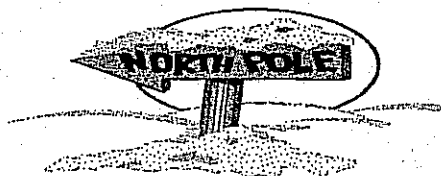
A.A. Grapevine
December 1958



ARE YOU AN ACTIVE MEMBER?

Are you an ACTIVE MEMBER, the kind that would be missed,
Or are you thoroughly contented to have your name on the list?
Do you always attend the meetings, and mingle with the crowd,
Or do you prefer to shy away and grab on - both long and loud?
Do you always take an active part to help the Group along?
Or are you completely satisfied to be the kind that "just belongs?"
Do you welcome every opportunity to visit fellows who need your help,
Or leave this work for others and then crab, complain and help?
Our daily plan is scheduled - it means success for me and you.
And it can be accomplished, if we are honest, tried and true.
So attend the regular meetings and make calls - do your part.
THINK it over, fellow, are you right or are you wrong?
Are you an ACTIVE MEMBER, or - do you JUST BELONG?

Cleveland Bulletin, May 1943, Vol. 1 #8
submitted by John McC., North Buffalo Group



SPIRITUAL FITNESS



Upon the foundation of spiritual fitness rests our freedom from bondage and our release from the compulsion to drink. "The alcoholic, at certain times, has no effective defense against the first drink. His defense must come from a Higher Power ." (page 43, Big Book).

The Big Book tells us that we are given a daily reprieve from alcoholism, contingent on the maintenance of our spiritual condition. Spiritual fitness, like physical fitness, requires effort, practice, and repetition.

Just as our physical muscles gain strength through a daily program of action, so too does our spiritual conditioning depend upon a program of action.

Let's take a look into our spiritual gym bag and find some of the equipment that is inside: Ah - there's prayer and meditation, Step 11. Prayer and meditation are tools that

enable us to become fit in order that we may help others.

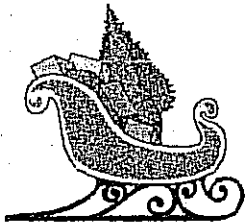
Working with others is an activity that we are told will insure immunity from drinking as no other can. We learn to keep it by giving it away.

Reliance on God's will instead of self-will is another important piece of equipment. Will-power just hasn't worked for us!

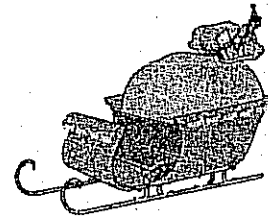
There are many other tools also, and as we learn to use them, we will begin to see so-called problems and troubles in a new light. They too, become opportunities to practice spiritual weight lifting. As we come to rely on God-reliance versus self-reliance, we will one day notice that we are being restored to sanity.

We will cease fighting anything or anyone - even alcohol. The problem will have been removed so long as we keep in fit spiritual condition.

Yours in the Fellowship of the Spirit,
Jackie G., St. Vincents
The Akron Newsletter
February 1969, The Grapevine



CALLING ALL VOLUNTEERS



The Archives Committee of WNY is planning a dinner. Anyone who would like to be a part of the planning committee should attend the meeting scheduled for December 9, 1997, at Infant of Prague Church, 921 Cleveland Drive, Cheektowaga, NY. The meeting will start at 6:30 pm. If you would like to be a member of the Committee and cannot attend the meeting, call Bill C. 897-2558.



The top 10 most heard phrases at The 56th Buffalo AA Fall Convention:

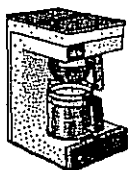
10. Where's the dining room?
9. The smoke in here will kill ya!
8. Who's in charge here?
7. I lost my tickets!
6. Where's Bob!
5. Are you pre-registered?
4. Where are the doughnut holes?
3. Wanna buy a mug ? (tell you what I'm gonna do)
2. Can I have one of those ribbons?

And the number one phrase:

Delphine who?



COFFEE FUND UPDATE



The response to our pleas for coffee donations has been overwhelming, and we need a little more time to complete our final posting. In the true spirit of AA, groups and individuals got out their checkbooks and responded to our needs. The 56th Buffalo AA Fall Convention was a coffee drinking

success! On behalf of all the committees that put the Convention together, our sincere thanks, from the bottom of our hearts.

The January edition of the New Frontiers will have the final dollar amount. Tell you a secret, (the \$5,000.00 goal was smashed!) Look for the results in our next issue.

Editor

DECEMBER ANNIVERSARIES

AMHERST/SNYDER

Garry W. 3 mos.
 Michael B. 6 mos.
 Tim K. 6 mos.
 Bill R. 9 mos.
 Donna W. 9 mos.
 Carol K. 1 yr.
 Joe K. 6 yrs.
 Mary F. 7 yrs.
 Robert G. 8 yrs.
 Sr. Kathleen 9 yrs.
 Chuck W. 10 yrs.
 Anne P. 12 yrs.
 Kevan G. 11 yrs.
 Dan McG. 13 yrs.
 Mark S. 16 yrs.
 Dan H. 16 yrs.
 Nancy O. 18 yrs.
 Bill K. 21 yrs.
 Mike E. 23 yrs.

ANY LENGTHS

Mike Z. 5 yrs.

BIDWELL MON. NITE

Eileen S. 6 mos.
 Henry E. 9 mos.
 Marcella 9 mos.
 Scott W. 2 yrs.
 Jim L. 11 yrs.

COLD SPRING

Sandra S. 6 mos.
 Tina A. 1 yr.
 Al C. 19 yrs.
 Lela S. 27 yrs.
 Gigi P. 27 yrs.
 Robert B. 31 yrs.

EYEOPENER

Tom P. 3 mos.
 Pat D. 3 mos.
 Michael R. 6 mos.
 Ed G. 6 mos.
 Dawn T. 6 mos.
 Paul L. 6 mos.
 Lynne B. 6 mos.
 Sean G. 6 mos.
 Mike T. 6 mos.
 Jeff C. 6 mos.
 Dan P. 6 mos.
 Nancy Z. 9 mos.
 Marie H. 9 mos.
 Jeff S. 9 mos.
 Ceel L. 9 mos.
 Don B. 9 mos.
 Shawn M. 9 mos.
 Bill M. 1 yr.
 Carine A. 1 yr.
 Miles M. 1 yr.
 Sharon W. 1 yr.
 David Z. 1 yr.

EYEOPENER (CONT.)

Jeff H. 2 yrs.
 Rob M. 3 yrs.
 Gene K. 3 yrs.
 Keith B. 3 yrs.
 Victor J. 4 yrs.
 Judy R. 4 yrs.
 Ron C. 5 yrs.
 Larry M. 6 yrs.
 Bill K. 6 yrs.
 Butch K. 7 yrs.
 Chuck D. 7 yrs.
 Jamie O'B. 13 yrs.

GIVING

Dave W. 3 yrs.

H.A.N.D

Ron M. 1 yr.
 Don S. 10 yrs.

HONESTY

John D. 12 yrs.

MOD

Don H. 6 mos.
 Gilbert H. 9 mos.
 Tom M. 1 yr.
 Karen H. 1 yr.
 Don S. 1 yr.
 Joe B. 1 yr.
 John L. 1 yr.
 Scott W. 2 yrs.
 Mark R. 2 yrs.

NORTH BUFFALO

Jake J. 3 mos.
 Dan B. 3 mos.
 Amy G. 1 yr.
 Gary K. 1 yr.
 Mark C. 1 yr.
 Chris B. 2 yrs.
 Chris A. 2 yrs.
 David L. 4 yrs.
 John D. 7 yrs.
 Mary B. 9 yrs.
 Bill K. 10 yrs.
 Judy S. 10 yrs.
 Art C. 17 yrs.

REMEMBER WHEN

Dorothy J. 2 yrs.
 John De.W. 2 yrs.
 Robert W. 7 yrs.
 Carl C. 11 yrs.
 John N. 19 yrs.

RENEWAL

Sharon H. 2 yrs.
 Mel L. 25 yrs.

RISE & SHINE

Theresa H. 3 mos.
 Myrdles C. 9 mos.
 Pam L. 9 mos.
 Dorothy F. 9 mos.
 Denise C. 1 yr.
 Dawn C. 1 yr.
 James M. 1 yr.
 Wende H. 1 yr.
 Joyce T. 1 yr.
 Brenda C. 1 yr.
 Cherie C. 2 yrs.
 John S. 2 yrs.
 Kenneth L. 3 yrs.
 Michael H. 4 yrs.
 Marsha F. 5 yrs.
 Vince W. 6 yrs.

SHERIDAN

Vinny 6 mos.
 Hal 6 mos.
 Sam V. 6 mos.
 Jeff S. 8 mos.
 Jim 1 yr.
 Dave 1 yr.
 Gere 2 yrs.
 Camie 6 yrs.
 Tom R. 7 yrs.
 John 12 yrs.
 Charles D. 18 yrs.
 John R. 19 yrs.
 John B. 36 yrs.

THRUWAY

Dennis T. 1 yr.
 Suzanne Det. 3 yrs.
 Jim P. 3 yrs.
 Linda J. 3 yrs.
 Joy P. 4 yrs.
 Frank P. 5 yrs.
 Norm C. 6 yrs.
 Steven F. 8 yrs.
 Bob S. 11 yrs.
 Harry K. 11 yrs.
 Bill Y. 12 yrs.
 Mike T. 13 yrs.
 Tom G. 14 yrs.
 Craig S. 15 yrs.
 Frank S. 15 yrs.
 Mike W. 16 yrs.
 Al W. 17 yrs.
 Mike H. 18 yrs.
 Cathy E. 18 yrs.
 Pat T. 19 yrs.
 Don K. 19 yrs.
 Fritz L. 19 yrs.

WE CARE

Jackie W. 3 yrs.



**JANUARY 1998
 ANNIVERSARIES MUST
 BE IN THE
 CENTRAL OFFICE,
 IN WRITING,
 NO LATER THAN
 DECEMBER 10, 1997.
 PLEASE PRINT OR
 WRITE CLEARLY.**

