

LIFELINE

UNIFY AA SERVICE
RECOVERY

SPRING BRANCH MEMORIAL CLUB

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STELLA

In a time before boys, I was thinking survival. I thought I was smarter than others - I didn't like anyone. I had circumvented pain. The whole boyfriend/girlfriend thing looked terrible. I didn't want what they had. Girls crying in the bathrooms, passing notes about what happened and to whom. It all looked like a bad "B" movie without sound. In my senior year, the high school sweetheart was sent away to finish school with an aunt, while her football boyfriend stayed. The shyest girl had sex with the science teacher she later married. She called him Mr. O (still did at the 40-year reunion). My sites were set on getting out. One day, I was going to grow-up, feed myself and live alone.

Then without warning - it happened to me. Wanting someone made me sleepless, anxious and not hungry. I was hormones riding a wave of confusion without navigation tools. Got my feelings hurt—don't know if it was possible not to hurt. Attraction, love, betrayal, I couldn't think, I just hurt. I didn't pass notes and I didn't cry in bathrooms. I wanted out of my violent alcoholic home and I had nowhere to go.

Days lasted years. I decided love stinks, and it might be fatal. I lived. Thing is, it left me with a fear that ran deep to the bone. Connor is 10—he sees her and stops. He's in a trance. She is the whole world. She smiles. He offers chips. She has one and then walks away with someone else. He's not the same. He's finished talking to me. He withdraws. I follow. I'm not who he wants. He feels that amazing connection between human beings.

But here is what I have learned. In this space, I remind him he is loved. He belongs to grandpa, mom, dad, his family and friends, and me but bigger yet, he belongs to God. God knows his heart, and God, this loving God, built him for love. Tell God, He listens and cares.

I don't see the big picture, but I know it seems to be the universal human condition to love and to lose. But to love again is God-inspired. When Connor's ready to talk, he says her name is Stella. I remind him he is not alone.

The fellowship does that for me - the constant reminder, the God with skin that continues to show love is greater and that this connection and belonging runs deeper and wider than any fear. To love again, in a world filled with boys and girls—more evidence that God is.

IN GRATITUDE FOR SERVICE WELL DONE

Cory M. has been an amazing asset to SBMC. He has blessed us with 4+ years of service involving our Community Service program. During Cory's service, he conducted CS worker

orientation once a month, and assisted Betsy with CS worker scheduling. When things run smoothly, most members don't notice the effort that goes into this position but it's an important one. Not only is community service good for our club, it offers many a great place to begin that road to recovery.

Thank you Cory, we are grateful for your many hours of reliable, consistent service. You have made us a better place.

WISH LIST

Someone said "how nice" it would be to complete the painting in the meeting rooms.

Someone named Tom heard it.

To be continued....

Someone else said it would "really be great" if we could replace the old refrigerator in the copy room.

Can anyone hear that?

Amazing things happen in this place.



LIGHTSIDE

A young man was trying to get his wife to be more conservative with money.

He thought he had made real progress when she walked into the house with another hanging bag. "What have you done?" he asked, motioning to the bag.

"I found the perfect dress, and it's so pretty, I couldn't say no."

"What did I tell you to say first?"

"Oh, that" she answered, "I did just what you suggested."

"You said, get thee behind me, Satan?"

She nodded, and the young husband said, "well?"

"Well," she sighed, "he said he liked it from the back, too."



Remember, membership dues can be paid on line
— www.SBMC.org

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