



**30th Annual Herrington McBride  
Alumni Association Summer Picnic  
June 20th, 2015**

- 9:30 Continental Breakfast
- 10:00 Welcome from Mike I., Board Member
- 10:15 Keynote address by Bill K. "New Beginnings"
- 11:30 Annual Meeting chaired by HMAA President Rob M.
- 12:00 Gourmet Picnic Lunch (Provided by Rogers Memorial Hospital)
- 1:00 AA Speakers – Amy & Tony B.  
(Games and activities for children on the grounds with a Rec. Therapist (1:00 – 2:30))
- 2:30 Annual Scavenger Hunt for present Herrington residents and any interested others  
- As in years past, the scavenger hunt list is kept under lock and key until just before the groups are sent out to collect the items.

During this time you are welcome to stay and engage in any or all of the following activities.

- Trivial Pursuit
- Bocce ball
- Live Music
- Stay for fellowship
- Bring your own grilling items (grill will be provided and grilling will be done by Mike I.)

6:30 Scavengers are due back with their "loot" for judging and awarding of prizes (Prizes provided by T-Lon Products Inc.)

7:30 New Fireside Open AA Meeting hosted by Rob M.  
(We welcome not only recovering alums but family and friends of Herrington / McBride. Our new theme will afford us a spiritual culmination to our days' activities. It affirms the goodness of our recovery and allows us to remember those struggles that leave us so grateful for the present.)

ALL EVENTS WILL BE HELD INSIDE THE MPC IF THE WEATHER IS INCLIMENT

Reunion Co-Chairs: Kristin Simons, Mike Ingrilli, Jeff Radtke



The Herrington McBride Alumni Association  
Summer Edition, 2015

***The Herrington Recovery***  
Alumni Association Quarterly



***From the Desk of our  
President***

***By: Rob McCreddie***

Hello Good People!

Possibly my favorite Herrington McBride Alumni Association event of the year...the 30th Annual Herrington

McBride Alumni Association Picnic is almost here!!! Save the date Saturday, June 20th, 2015.

I love to spend time with all of the miracles of recovery with friends old, new and some friends I have yet to meet. Starting with a continental breakfast at 9:30 am, Mike Ingrilli takes the helm of this annual daylong celebration of recovery! We will have speakers, your annual Herrington McBride Alumni Association board meeting, Mike's gourmet picnic, games, activities, scavenger hunt and fellowship for family and friends of all ages. Culminating in this year's fireside meeting at 7:30 pm.

Saturday evening's NA meeting at the Rogers campus in Oconomowoc continues to thrive as we are nearing the end of our first year. If you're in the Oconomowoc area and looking for an NA meeting, please stop in and say hello.

Speaking as the coordinator of the Tuesday night RAP's at Herrington I can tell you that there continues to be strong support and interest in speaking for residents. RAPS provide an opportunity for alums and members of the recovering community to come in and share what their life was like, what happened and what life in recovery is like with current residents at Herrington Recovery Center. If you've got at least one year of solid recovery and are willing to share your experience strength and hope, please feel free to email me at clean@wi.rr.com in order to begin the process of being approved to speak at the house. There are only a handful of spots left in the rest of this year, but there is always a need for stable, recovering members of our community to keep what we have by giving it away.

We also need speakers for Herrington's Friends and Family Program, which meets every week and has created a need for more AA/NA and AI-Anon/Families Anonymous speakers. If you are available to speak on Saturday mornings and meet the above criteria, please contact me and I will forward your information to HRC staff for scheduling.

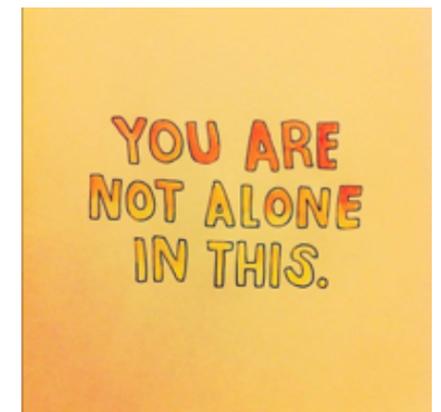
Please specify if you are willing to speak for the Friends and Family Program, do a RAP or both.

If you are able, will you please consider making a donation of any size to the HMAA? We are supported through donations from members of the recovering community, family and friends. If you received this newsletter in the mail, you'll find an enclosed envelope that you can use to support our continued work. Our address is also on the back page of the newsletter. The Herrington McBride Alumni Association is a not for profit 501(c)(3) organization and any and all contributions are fully tax deductible.

Continued support of alumni continues to be our mission. "The Alumni find themselves in locations across the United States and outside close proximity to each other. The Association provides each of us as individuals and as a collective community the opportunity to be in contact with each other and provide a supportive environment for recovery."

Know that I always welcome feedback and suggestions as to how we can improve our alumni association, in order to continue our mission and to support residents in treatment and throughout their transitions into the recovering community. Thanks to all for your continued kindness and support! In loving service,

I'm an addict named Rob.



## THE MAGIC OF IT ALL

My name is Jordan; I'm an addict and alcoholic. That was hard for me to say and truly believe when I started going to meetings. I always thought that's what someone said when they had their lives established, which were then torn apart by drugs and alcohol. I began to realize that my addiction stopped me from being able to even get my life established in the first place. I was burning bridges with my family and jumping from job to job because of my addiction - trying to survive and remain in my substance induced euphoria.

I had my first drink when I was 12. My father thought if he got me drunk I wouldn't like it and would steer clear of alcohol. The outcome was quite the opposite. In retrospect I realize it was only because he wanted someone to drink with. The problem was that I loved the feeling it gave me. I felt grown and invincible.

I grew up in Rockford, IL. As far back as I can remember I grew up around both of my parents, who were in their early 20s, drinking and I thought it was just a normal part of life. My mother was a social drinker and my father an alcoholic. They divorced when I was 3 and I felt the need to rebel at a young age in my seeking their attention; especially that of my father who didn't want much to do with my sister and me, because he was dealing with the same disease which would eventually infect my life. I would bounce back and forth, living with either my mom or dad. Mom's house had strict rules and structure, while my dad's was the complete opposite and I would be out all day and night. He traveled through the Midwest for his job, so I moved a lot at a young age. I went to a lot of different schools, including Rockford, Pewaukee, a few cities in Iowa, Oconomowoc, and back to Rockford. I got very used to being the new kid. By the time I hit middle school in Waterloo, IA, I knew the easiest way to make friends was to find the people who partied. I could have the parties at my dad's place because he would work all day then be at the bar until 3 in the morning, or sometimes not come home. I could do whatever I wanted with no consequences. This is when my relationship with drugs and alcohol really took off.

I started smoking pot when I was 12 and was willing to try anything and everything that would come my way. I ended up moving back to my mom's when I was in 8th grade because of my dad's absence as a parent. I went to Oconomowoc Schools and knew how to make my friends. When I started high school, I began using pills regularly - painkillers, Adderall and whatever else kids would have on them. I was able to escape from that feeling of abandonment I had integrated from my parents; again, mostly from my dad. I was getting in a lot of trouble; always partying, fighting, vandalizing, and being troublesome at home. During my junior year, it all became too much for my mom and I began trying to go back to my dad's for a while. Eventually she kicked me out and sent me back to live with him, after he had made his way back to Rockford. This is when my addiction became an issue and really took off. Rockford was a fast city, and again, I could do what I wanted, living with my dad. He would buy me alcohol, give me money, and let me use his car when I had no license due to a prior ticket which should have prevented me from having one until I was 18. That feeling of invincibility had become intense.

I got involved with a bad crowd, hanging with gangs, skipping school, partying and finally getting into dealing. I felt I finally had a family that wanted me. Half way through my senior year, my dad got a job in Florida, and left me in Rockford to stay at a friend of his. My resentments of abandonment towards both my parents grew deeper. Hate was the easiest emotion for me to feel and express. My anger stopped me from dropping out of school, which my dad told me to do. I needed to prove to myself that I could graduate, I did. I stopped using for the last quarter of my senior year to get my grades up to passing. I would still attend all the parties and continued dealing, all I wanted to do was to get high again. Once I knew I made it through school, I was back into using - full force. I don't remember my last day of school due to a blackout on Xanax and alcohol. Shortly after I graduated I started smoking crack and made that my number one drug of choice. I was getting kicked out of family and friend's places, who were trying to help me out. I was couch surfing, dealing, robbing and stealing; doing what I could to survive. I was burning myself out and consciously began to see there was a problem with my use. My mom was willing to give me a chance to come back to Wisconsin and put my life together. The circumstances were that I was to get a job, stay sober, and attend NA meetings. This was the first I had heard of such meetings. I obliged her and stayed sober for 3 months. But I wasn't ready for sobriety.

My mind kept telling me that I was just young and still part of the partying crowd. I had conveniently forgotten how bad it had gotten before I wanted to get sober. I was very naïve to it all. Again I began thinking I was invincible. I went back to the same life just in a different state and scene - the using, dealing and promiscuous lifestyle. Then when I was 21, I got into a serious relationship. In the beginning, it would get out of hand because of my drinking and blacking out on pills. I quit everything except weed because that was all she did. Of course my addiction took hold of me and I was back to selling and doing pills behind her back. My life was, once again, spiraling out of control, and we broke up after 2 ½ years due to my behavior caused by addiction. I wanted to get out of Wisconsin and went back to Rockford. I was trying to run from all my problems, which had latched on my back and came with me. My dad was back in Rockford and married again. He let me move in, trying to make things right from the past we had together. At that point I couldn't care less, because I was more worried about finding my next high. My dad told me that my stepsister who lived there too, was a heroin addict and to steer clear. I did the opposite. I had tried opiates, but never heroin. I wanted to do it. I wanted to escape from everything in my life. It was the perfect time for it. I had started using heroin with my step sister. I would have to go through her to get it because I didn't know the dealer. After a while though I forcefully introduced myself to him so I didn't have to have someone get it for me. I could get it on my own and not have to share. It eventually got me to a point of contemplating suicide. I ended up being talked into trying rehab, mostly by my real sister. She is one of my angels looking out for me. I had sent a message saying goodbye and sat in my room planning my suicide. She acted fast and showed up with the police. I was stopped and went into Rosecrans for a 45

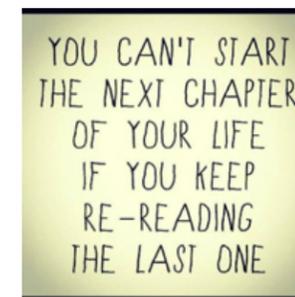
Much later, the disease concept of alcoholism was accepted by a committee of the American Medical Association and by the World Health Organization.

Still dry six months after emerging from the hospital, Mr. Wilson went to Akron to participate in a stock proxy fight. He lost, and was about to lose another bout as he paced outside a bar in the lobby of the Mayflower Hotel. Panicky, he groped for inner strength and remembered that he had thus far stayed sober trying to help other alcoholics.

Through Oxford Group channels that night, he gained an introduction to Dr. Smith, a surgeon and fellow Vermonter who had vainly sought medical cures and religious help for his compulsive drinking.

Bill W. discussed with the doctor his former drinking pattern and his eventual release from compulsion.

"Bill was the first living human with whom I had ever talked who intelligently discussed my problem from actual experience," Dr. Bob, as he became known, said later. "He talked my language."



"The dark past is the greatest possession you have — the key to life and happiness for others. With it you can avert death and misery for them."

-Alcoholics Anonymous

### Herrington McBride Board Members

*Serving our Recovering Alumni & Their Friends:*

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Advisors:

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Matthias Scheuth – Director of the Rogers Foundation  
Cindy Suszek – Manager of Herrington Recovery Center  
Cori Smith – Therapist and Herrington's Clinical Liaisons to the Board

### For the Weekly Calendar:



AA Meetings – Rogers Hospital – Oconomowoc

Monday – 7:00 Evening

Wednesday – 7:00 Evening

Thursday – 7:00 Evening

Saturday – 7:04 Morning (Nobody makes it by 7:00!)

Sunday – 8:30 Morning

Rogers Hospital – West Allis

Sunday – 6:00 Evening

Wednesday – 7:30 Evening (NA Meeting)

Saturday – 9:00 Morning

Al-Anon Meeting-Rogers Hospital Oconomowoc

Tuesday – 7:00 Evening

*Alumni interested in doing Tuesday Evening RAPs with current Herrington Residents or if you're interested in having Pizza with Residents every first Tuesday of March & September, contact Rob at: [clean@wi.rr.com](mailto:clean@wi.rr.com) for information on how to proceed.*



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day stay. Again, my sobriety lasted 3 months and I was back at it again - getting kicked out of everyone's houses because of my using, stealing, and dishonesty. I had a job and would sleep in my car until I got my first check and began staying at a rundown motel in Rockford. Motel life was a constant party, with me doing things I never thought I would do, which we as addicts can all relate to - our morals slowly disintegrate. I was living a dangerous life and wanted to run from my problems again.

I had a friend who lived in Milwaukee and I went to live with him, again telling myself I would turn my life around. I found dealers quickly and again nurtured the problems and demons hanging on my back that weighed me down. I jumped into a relationship with a girl and lived with her after a week of knowing her. She had two kids and I thought that life with her would help me stay clean. I would drink to stop the dope sickness and thought I would make it. I went back to sneaking pills and using secretly in the house. We got into an argument one night when I was intoxicated on pills and alcohol. She started hitting me and I struck her back a few times; again another case of my declining morals. It was a huge value I thought I would always live by - to never hit a woman. She called the cops on me and I ran to a friend's house. The cops found me in his car, I was arrested, put in jail, and charged with battery/domestic violence. I was put on probation for 18 months. The entire court situation took a little over 6 months. During that time I hit a point in my heroin use I still can't believe I lived through. I definitely had an angel looking over me. I was living near the north side of Milwaukee, working at a corner store getting cash under the table daily, which made drugs very accessible. The closer I would get to have my first meeting with my PO, I'd tell myself constantly that I would get clean. But the closer and closer it got, I couldn't stop. I knew I had a serious problem - my stay at Rosecrans had me remember that, but as usual I would try to block the reality. I wasn't ready to quit back then and did what I did to quiet my family.

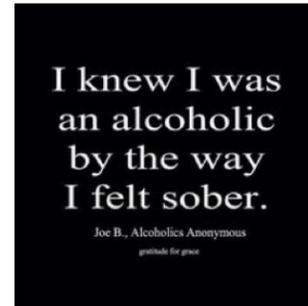
I was reaching a point where I needed to quit for myself or I wasn't going to make it much longer. I truly believe being on probation was another life saver. It has pushed me to want to get sober the right way, rather than being in prison for a continual violations. I got high one last time and went to detox on July 30th, 2014, then went to Herrington Recovery Center two days later for a 45 day stay in treatment. It has changed my life in the best ways possible.

I went into Herrington with an open mind, determined never go back to the life I was living. I will never forget how I felt at that point in my life. Herrington taught me how to work my program. Today, I am 9 months clean, attend meetings regularly, work with a great sponsor, and have an amazing relationship with my family and my God. I've come to learn that life isn't always going to be good. It's about learning how to handle hard situations without the use of a substance - living life on life's terms. There will be struggles and obstacles to overcome, and during those times it's truly the support that this program affords me to continue in my recovery.

My step-sister who I started using heroin with, recently overdosed and passed away. The feelings were difficult and frightening. I questioned why did this happen to her and not

me? Instead of isolating and hiding, I called my sponsor, went to additional meetings, and received so much support from the people in the program. I know that because of my dedication to sticking to this program that my God had guided me to take the right steps. To me, that's the magic to it all, if you can honestly, openly, and willingly believe and trust in this program, and the people in it, it will be there for you and work if you let it. We are truly not alone in this.

-Jordan L.



## BILL W., 75, DIES; COFOUNDER OF ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

Jan. 27, 1971 - New York Times News Service

NEW YORK — William Griffith Wilson died late Sunday night and, with the announcement of his death, was revealed to have been the Bill W. who cofounded Alcoholics Anonymous in 1935. He was 75. The retired Wall Street securities analyst had expected to die or to go insane as a hopeless drunk 36 years ago but — after what he called a dramatic spiritual experience — sobered up and stayed sober.

He leaves a program of recovery as a legacy to 47,000 acknowledged alcoholics in 15,000 A.A. groups throughout the United States and in 18 other countries. Wife Aided Work

Mr. Wilson, whose twangy voice and economy of words reflected his New England origin, died of pneumonia and cardiac complication a few hours after he had been flown by private plane to the Miami Heart Institute in Miami Beach from his home in Bedford Hills, N.Y.

At his bedside was his wife, Lois, who had remained by him during his years as a “falling down” drunk and who later had worked at his side to aid other alcoholics. She is a founder of the Al-Anon and Alateen groups, which deal with the fears and insecurity suffered by spouses and children of problem drinkers.

Mr. Wilson last spoke publicly last July 5 in a three minute talk he delivered after struggling from a wheelchair to the



lectern at the closing session of A.A.'s 35th anniversary international convention in Miami, attended by 11,000 persons. He had been admitted three days earlier to the Miami Heart Institute, his emphysema complicated by pneumonia. Last Oct. 10, he was under hospital care for acute emphysema and was unable for the first time to attend the A.A. banquet at which his “last-drink anniversary” has been celebrated annually. His greetings were delivered by his wife to the 2,200 A.A. members and guests at the New York Hilton.

Mr. Wilson gave permission to break his A.A. anonymity upon his death in a signed statement in 1966. The role of Dr. Robert Holbrook Smith as the other founder of the worldwide fellowship was disclosed publicly when the Akron Ohio, surgeon died of cancer in 1950.

As Bill W., Mr. Wilson shared what he termed his “experience, strength and hope” in hundreds of talks and writings, but in turn — mindful that he himself was “just another guy named Bill who can't handle booze” — he heeded the counsel of fellow alcoholics, and declined a salary for his work in behalf of the fellowship.

He supported himself, and later his wife, on royalties from four A.A. books — “Alcoholics Anonymous,” “The Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions,” “Alcoholics Anonymous Comes of Age” and “The A.A. Way of Life.”

### *Explained Anonymity*

In fathering the doctrine that members should not reveal their A.A. affiliation at the public level, Bill W. had explained that “anonymity isn't just something to save us from alcoholic shame and stigma; its deeper purpose is to keep those fool egos of ours from running hog wild after money and fame at A.A.'s expense.” He cited the example of a nationally known radio personality who wrote an autobiography. disclosing his A.A. membership and then spent the royalties crawling the pubs on West 52nd Street.”

### *Frankness Impressed*

In the program's early years, Mrs. Wilson worked in a department store to augment the family income. Over the years, the gaunt, 6-foot cofounder's wavy brown hair turned wispy white, and his step slowed. In 1962 he retired from active administration of A.A. affairs and returned to part-time activity in Wall Street. He continued to speak in New York at dinner meeting celebrating the anniversaries of his recovery. Mr. Wilson shunned oratory and euphemisms and impressed listeners with the simplicity and frankness of his A.A. “story”: In his native East Dorset, Vt., where he was born Nov. 26, 1895, and where he attended a two-room elementary school, he recalled, “I was tall and gawky and I felt pretty bad about it because the smarter kids could push me around. I remember being very depressed for a year or more, then I developed a fierce resolve to win — to be a No. 1 man.”

### *Strength Limited*

Bill, whose physical strength and coordination were limited, was goaded by a deep sense of inferiority, yet became captain of his high school baseball team. He learned to play the violin well enough to lead the school orchestra. He majored in engineering at Norwich University for three years, then enrolled in officers training school when the United

States entered World War I. He married Lois Burnham, a Brooklyn physician's daughter he had met on vacation in Manchester, Vt.

At Army camp in New Bedford, Mass., 2nd Lt. Wilson of the 66th Coast Artillery and fellow officers were entertained by patriotic hostesses, and Bill W. was handed his first drink, a Bronx cocktail. Gone, soon, was his sense of inferiority.

### *Wife Concerned*

“In those Roaring Twenties,” he remembered, “I was drinking to dream great dreams of greater power.” His wife became increasingly concerned, but he assured her that “men of genius conceive their best projects when drunk.” In the crash of 1929, Mr. Wilson's funds melted away, but his self-confidence failed to drop. “When men were leaping to their deaths from the towers of high finance,” he noted, “I was disgusted and refused to jump. I went back to the bar. I said, and I believed, ‘that I can build this up once more.’ But I didn't. My alcoholic obsession had already condemned me. I became a hanger-on in Wall Street.” Numbing doses of bathtub gin, bootleg whisky and New Jersey applejack became Bill W.'s panacea for all his problems.

### *Visited by Companion*

Late in 1934, he was visited by an old barroom companion, Ebby T., who disclosed that he had attained freedom from a drinking compulsion with help from the First Century Christian Fellowship (now Moral Rearmament); a movement founded in England by the late Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman and often called the Oxford Group. Bill W. was deeply impressed and was desperate, but he said he had not yet reached that level of degradation below which he was unwilling to descend. He felt he had one more prolonged drunk left in him.

Sick, depressed and clutching a bottle of beer, Bill W. staggered a month later into Towns Hospital, an upper Manhattan institution for treatment of alcoholism and drug addiction. Dr. William Duncan Silkworth, his friend, put him to bed. Mr. Wilson recalled then what Ebby T. had told him: “You admit you are licked; you get honest with yourself... you pray to whatever God you think there is, even as an experiment.” Bill W. found himself crying out: “If there is a God, let him show himself, I am ready to do anything, anything!”

“Suddenly,” he related. “the room lit up with a great white light. I was caught up into an ecstasy which there are no words to describe. It seemed that a wind not of air but of spirit was blowing. And then it burst upon me that I was a free man.”

Recovering slowly and fired with enthusiasm, Mr. Wilson envisioned a chain reaction among drunks, one carrying the message of recovery to the next. Emphasizing at first his spiritual regeneration, and working closely with Oxford Groupers, he struggled for months to “sober up the world,” but got almost nowhere.

“Look Bill,” Dr. Silkworth cautioned, “you are preaching at those alkies. You are talking about the Oxford precepts of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love. Give them the medical business, and give it to 'em hard, about the obsession that condemns them to drink. That — coming from one alcoholic to another — may crack those tough egos deep down.” Mr. Wilson thereafter concentrated on the basic philosophy that alcoholism is a physical allergy coupled with a mental obsession — an incurable though arrestable — illness of body, mind and spirit.