

# Here's *How*

VOLUME LVIII ISSUE NO. 1  
JANUARY – FEBRUARY 2007

*Published in Fellowship by the Chicago Area Service Assembly*

## *Serenity*

### *Just for Today; Evolving Into Serenity*

Cathy R.

When I think of serenity, I think of softness. Calm. Cool. Collected. I don't want to use the term "control" because it can be such a double-edged sword. To be "in control" can be as a result of serenity; however "to be controlling" is as a result of trying to impose one's will and what kind of serenity is that?

I remember my drug-filled days and drinking alcohol on a daily basis. I remember struggling to get through the day, fighting the drunkenness that lingered from the drinking that I had done the previous night. I remember taking speed everyday to try to induce the alert state of mind that I so desperately sought. I did not know serenity nor did I know how to get it. I thought, "maybe if I go to church and maybe if I got involved at church" ... but I was too ashamed to face God because of the lifestyle that I was living. And the alcohol won every time. And in the end, although I experienced euphoria after consuming the first couple of drinks each day, I would later learn in the rooms of AA that when I ingest alcohol, that produces a feeling of craving within the alcoholic for the next drink. And crave I did.

But as time went on, my first couple of drinks still immediately brought comfort like an old friend. And after that first couple, I kept drinking although I did not want to keep drinking. Before

I knew it, I was drunk. Like all of us who go through this existence that we call life, I would go out to "party" and to "happy hour." If I had had a particularly "bad" day, or a cause to celebrate for any reason, those would be my times to get "hammered." It was not in my plans to succumb to daily drunkenness. However, the danger was that I could not control how much I drank and I could not predict what would happen. Would it involve a blackout this time? Would I pass out in public as I had done before? Would I say or do an inappropriate thing? I wish could say that I could control how much I drank and I wish I could control what resulted from that. In the end, I could not.

One day, a co-worker and I were discussing incidents that were occurring at my workplace (our department had been having some problems with management) and we were discussing some of the problems that one person in our department was having. And it's funny how a person hears things. It may have been something that one has heard before, but at this very time, what was said to me from this co-worker stuck with me and again crystallized the fourth, sixth and seventh steps for me. He said "I feel bad for her, but sometimes, her problems are of her own making."

And how does this relate to serenity? I realized that in coming into the program of Alcoholics Anonymous, I had to step back and to see where I had been making my own problems, to become willing to have the recurring behavior(s) taken away from me by my God of my understanding, and to ask that God of my understanding to take those behavior(s)

away from me. Behaviors such as my expectations, self-will, envy, insecurity, rage, indifference, greediness, the need to be right, etc., those behaviors which have been sure-fire serenity sappers for me. I believe that I have experienced a feeling of serenity within the program of Alcoholics Anonymous whereby I felt whole, peaceful, and that everything was right with the world. I have heard the reference to "filling a God-shaped hole" in the rooms of Alcoholics Anonymous and yes, I can say that the "God-shaped hole" felt as though it had been filled at that moment. Since that time, I have had experiences that tested my serenity and now that I am on the other end of one such experience, I cannot say that I was grateful for that experience, but once again, it showed me that I must place principles above personalities and to practice these principles in all of my affairs.

I have just finished a four-month stint of unemployment after having an unpleasant work experience at a previous job. At times, I questioned whether I had the skills, the look, the "whatever" a prospective employer was looking for. However, as a result of trying my best to work the steps, praying, asking God for trust and guidance, I was looking "out there" for my next job and God was working "behind there" to guide me to my next job. I realized that it was a by-product of working the principles of the program that sent me to where I work today. I am very grateful and I think that it is one of the many miracles that I have seen God work in my life and in lives of others that I know in the rooms and out of the rooms of AA.

So serenity for me is one day at a time putting one foot in front of the other within the timeframe that I have before me today and not regretting the past and not being worried about what lies ahead in the future. I can handle things such as whether it be not doing all that I wanted to do today, but the serenity lies in being able to arrange to do it later or tomorrow. And if I don't do it today, knowing that the world is not going to come to an end. As long as I do it.

One of the reasons that I drank is that I felt alcohol was my friend, my companion and the only thing that understood how I felt until it sucker-punched me in the back of my head when I least expected it. With alcohol, I could handle rejection, dodge responsibility, and feign intimacy and closeness. If it did not work out that time with other people, places and things, I had my alcohol and my drugs.

But serenity for me today is, for example, feeling those feelings that arise for me concerning rejection from others who I felt sure would turn out to be friends, a relationship that did not pan out, someone who promised to call but didn't, ad infinitum. Being sober with having serenity for me means to take an objective viewpoint about all things and to know that for whatever reason, some people come to stay in one's life and others come for a season. Some never come at all, save for reasons that we have knowledge of each other in the first place (such as a meeting, the workplace, and/or volunteering.) I have to also remember that I have rejected too and that there is equilibrium in all those situations. Remembering that leads me to feelings of serenity about what is happening within myself and I can for once, wish the best for others and to be sincere about it. Finally, serenity has been for me, a gift from God as well as from practice of Alcoholics Anonymous' 12 Steps and 12 Traditions, and attending meetings along with the fellowship. All of this has given me a way to live in which I can live

for myself (and others) by myself and to strive for wholeness. I am no longer "drunk between drinks", craving the next drink, spiritually sick and wanting to die. Today, I want to see situations, persons and places as they are and not through an alcohol and drug-induced haze. I never want to forget that I could not form a complete thought, let alone a coherent sentence. I never want to forget that I could not stop lying to myself and to others. I never want to forget the recklessness and the promiscuity, and the strangers that I trusted with my body and my very life. The answer to that for me, is to live today as if each day were a miracle. And I know life, being what it is, sobriety is not easy. My serenity lies in trusting in God's promises that he will not give me more than I can handle and that he has plans for me, his guidance and in the promises that the program of Alcoholics Anonymous offers to us all who are recovering one day at a time.

## Serenity

Nan M.

I am in my lovely apartment listening to "Relaxing Adagios." That is not why I am serene. I have come from a meeting at a treatment facility. That is why I am serene.

Earlier today, I was asked to fill in as a speaker. It was a ten-minute lead; two of the residents attended. There were two of us speaking, and one person who chairs. I had planned to stay in this evening and "attend to my own business." Clean up the house, fiddle around with my resume on the computer, watch my Netflix. Do nothing, do whatever. Perhaps God had another plan; perhaps it was better than mine.

Once upon a time, I expected that I should be rewarded for such good deeds by a full and attentive turnout, with great emotional outpourings of thanks and gratitude, people hanging on my words, receiving my message in a dramatic way. (Gener-

ally speaking, I tend to prefer dramatic responses, especially to anything done by me.) I measured my worth by such things. However even when I got those things I never believed I had any worth.

Although I would not even summarize what words and experiences were shared in a meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous, I will relate the best I can that there was a moment when I knew God had made my heart a little bit more alive. Then there was another. And then another.

Tonight, I came away with a thought that God didn't send me there just to give something to those two residents. He sent me also to receive.

I am in my lovely apartment, dishes are waiting for me in the sink, unopened mail and shredded dog toys are on the floor, unfinished work on either side of my computer, which is itself cluttered with almost-duplicate files and stuff I can't identify. (My important files are still located in the folder labeled "Parking Tickets," for reasons I cannot explain.) My income and career are in a somewhat..."challenged" state. I'm behind on my Step Work, my Committee work, my house work and my sleep work. I forget things all the time. I can never find the right socks. My teeth aren't quite right. My dog barks at everyone all the time. And sometimes I'm just down-right stupid.

Serenity, for me, isn't knowing I will become a neat, punctual, gracious, straight-toothed, well-rested, organized, well-salaried, well-socked owner of a well-behaved dog. Serenity is knowing I am none of those things, and I am blessed beyond any abundance I could ever begin to understand. It is not the absence of fear, or of anger, or of unpleasant events. It is knowing that I can experience fear, anger and unpleasant events, and proceed. It is not knowing that I am loved, but that I can now begin to receive and give love. It is not knowing that my bills are paid, but that my needs are met, and always will be.

Once upon a time, I could not shut my eyes for a tenth of a second without zooming to terror and despair, because I had become unable to shut off my consciousness, no

matter how I tried to stop the awareness of my reality. Tonight, I am conscious, aware, appreciative of all my senses bring in, grateful for my brain activity, thanking God for letting me feel; wanting only to be more in this world, not out. Desiring to live, not die. To accept and embrace God's beautiful reality.

This, for me, is serenity.

## Here's How

### Newsletter

Here's How is published six times a year by the Chicago Area Service Assembly (CASA) of AA in the interest of greater unity of the 75,000+ members and 3,200+ groups in the Chicago/Suburban Area.

Address all communications to:

Here's How

180 N. Wabash Ave, Suite 305  
Chicago, IL 60601

or

e-mail: [hereshow@chicagoAA.org](mailto:hereshow@chicagoAA.org)

• Opinions expressed herein are individual and do not necessarily reflect the thinking of AA or CASA as a whole.

• The mailing list of Here's How subscribers is not made available for sale to any outside entity.

• The suggested contribution to Here's How is only \$5.00 annually. A contribution form can be found on the back of this issue.

Alcoholics Anonymous and AA are registered trademarks of AA World Services, Inc

### WE NEED YOUR STORIES!

Tell us about "what it was like, what happened and what it is like now."

In upcoming issues, Here's How will publish your stories about:

#### **We Are Not Saints**

March – April Issue

Last day for submission – March 25

#### **Honesty**

May – June Issue

Last day for submission – May 15

#### **Practicing the Principles in All Our Affairs**

July – August Issue

Last day for submission – July 15

**e-mail: [hereshow@chicagoAA.org](mailto:hereshow@chicagoAA.org) with submissions**

## CASO Corner

*By Laura Gonzalez, CASO Manager*

The year is over, we are moved in, the inventory is complete, the dreaded yet painless audit is over, the new bookstore computer is up and running – need I say more? Serenity Now – Serenity Now!!

These last few months have been very busy yet extremely rewarding. I want to thank those who came out to open house. The turn out was better than anticipated, it warmed my heart to see so many new faces as well as the more common visitors. I always love meeting all of you. When I meet you it reaffirms why I am here, I am here for you. This is your office – come meet us, browse our beautiful new bookstore.

As a reminder, our newest meeting directories are now available for purchase, we print updated city and suburban directories every January, May and September. Please make certain your group has a contact to ensure inclusion in the next printing of the directory. Please note if your group does not respond to our Group Contact Mailing the meeting will be pulled out of the directory. This is done to ensure the most current information is available. I must sadly report that about 1100 group contacts did not respond, therefore 1100 meetings were pulled out of the directory. If your group was eliminated and should not be, please reregister a contact for your meeting, you may do so at [www.chicagoaa.org](http://www.chicagoaa.org). Should you have any questions about

this, please contact your Group Services and Fellowship Coordinator, Geoff Cochran at 312.346.1475. Serenity Now! – Serenity Now!

Does your Group want to do service work? Groups can now sponsor a Volunteer shift on a weekly or bi-weekly basis. The Group needs to have one person to coordinate with CASO and then to get Volunteers to sign up to cover the telephones. The sobriety requirement to answer the phones is a minimum of one year continuous sobriety. Then the Group needs to contact CASO to arrange for training. The Volunteers can be trained individually or as a group. The Group then takes responsibility for covering the selected shift with trained Volunteers. We have 21 four-hour shifts (9 AM-1 PM, 1-5 PM, and 5-9 PM) to choose from: three a day, seven days a week. Evenings and weekends seem hardest to cover.

### Apologies to Lenny J.

**"Here's How" would like to apologize to Lenny J for using the incorrect last initial of his name in his "Sobriety in Paradise" article a few issues back. I guess we were too busy basking in his imagery of paradise and we took our (sunkissed) noses away from the grindstone! Sorry!**

#### CHICAGO AREA SERVICE OFFICE

180 N. Wabash Ave, Suite 305

Chicago IL 60601

telephone: 312-346-1475

also

800-371-1475

facsimile: 312-346-5477

e-mail: [caso@chicagoAA.org](mailto:caso@chicagoAA.org)

website: <http://www.chicagoAA.org>

*Soliloquies & Fistfights*

Mike R.

The noise in my head sounded like a million pennies rattling around on a thin sheet of tin. And my body, it wouldn't stop shaking. The triage nurse looked me up and down, jotted something on her clipboard and asked how many pills I had swallowed. I told her I couldn't remember. She asked, "Were you trying to hurt yourself?" All I could do was stare at my shoes. What was there to say? She asked, "Were you trying to commit suicide?"

Honestly, I didn't how to respond.

So I said the only thing that made any sense – "I don't think I really want to die." And then the nurse started laughing. Literally, she laughed in my face. Part of me wanted to grab her by the throat and slam her head into the wall, and part of me wanted a hug. "You're going to be fine," she said. "It was only laxatives." Then she tossed me some tissue paper and pointed down the hall towards the men's room.

Later, after I'd been committed to the hospital's lock-down psychiatric ward, I confessed that I'd swallowed a handful of laxatives in a half-hearted and supremely melodramatic "suicide" attempt. I was embarrassed to say the least, and what made it worse was that I had to share my experience with all the other patients - all those schizos and finger-sniffing perverts. Mocking the severity of my despair, they would interrupt community meetings with pathetic jokes like, "I think Mikey made a stinky", and then they would roll their eyes into the back of their insane heads, doubling over in gut-busting laughter. Then I really wanted to die.

But what had brought me there? How did I - a spoiled little east-coast prepster - end up in a corridor with padded walls? A place where they supervised every visit to the bathroom? A place where people tried slitting their wrists with plastic spoons? What caused this

childish cry for attention? Though I didn't know it then, the answer was simple: Fear.

Blackout after blackout after blackout. Always the same horrible question, "How did this happen?" And always the same terrifying answer, "I don't know." I began to experience my life in a series of disconnected fragments. Some things I could recall on my own, but for the most part I needed reminders. I needed those around me to tell me what had happened, to fill in the large gaps haunting my memory. (For example, I might call someone and say, "I have a black eye, how did that happen?" My friend would then tell me, "You head-butted a stop sign after getting kicked out the bar.") Nothing made any sense, yet the days ran into each other with casual regularity. Sunrise, sunset. Sunrise, sunset. And as the days came and went the gaps grew larger and more disastrous. No longer were things absurdly funny. No, now I was sleeping with strangers and driving cars into trees. Bruises surfaced and disappeared. Bones were broken. Friends died.

And I couldn't remember a thing.

The fear was paralyzing. I would wake up with blood on my pillow and wonder if I had suffered some sort of head wound, or, worse, if I'd drunkenly abused someone else. I went to the health clinic at least once a month for STD screenings (the doctors PRAISED me for being so responsible?!?!). I would go out to clubs where doormen would turn me away, saying I'd been blacklisted the night before, didn't I remember? I would bring dealers back to my house and then act surprised when, a few days later, they broke in and tried to rape my neighbor. My life was a mess and the only thing that brought order to the world was alcohol, or rather, alcohol was the only thing that made life sufferable. It was the only thing that could quiet the anxiety that was forever screaming in my head.

But then it stopped working.

At some point, getting drunk wasn't

enough to placate my fear. Drinking lost its magical escapist capabilities. In fact, alcohol seemed to heighten my latent anxiety. When drunk, I became paranoid, defensive and violently anti-social. Sometimes I found myself balled up on a stranger's floor - shirtless - crying and asking to be cuddled. How strange! And then there were moments when I didn't want people to touch me, like when my father tried to hug me and I threw him down a flight of stairs. I didn't know how to feel or how to act, and I certainly didn't know how to feel about not knowing how to act. Quite simply, I was losing my mind.

Which brings me back to the laxatives and the supremely melodramatic suicide attempt. . .

I had been out late that night, drinking and doing whatever it is that alcoholics do when drunk. I remember an argument with a girl, and I remember not being able to find the key to my apartment. I woke up to the sound of my roommate's shoes clanging noisily on our hard-wood floors. It took me a moment to realize I was asleep on the staircase outside our door. Before I could move, the door opened and there he was, my freshly showered roommate, clean and ready for work. Stepping over me on his way down the stairs, he paused to comment on the disheveled mess before him. He straddled me and stated (rather rudely), "You're pathetic." I searched my soggy-brain for a suitable response, but nothing came. Instead I went inside and decided I should probably just kill myself. That would show him, right?

But I didn't really want to die. I just wanted to feel normal. I wanted to know how it felt to wake up in the morning and be one of those people who went to work smelling like shampoo. I wanted to take part in water cooler conversations. I wanted to know how it felt not to spend all my free time searching for lost credit cards, keys and cell phones. I wanted to stop waking up in hospital beds with my jaw wired shut. I wanted to stop wrecking cars. I wanted to stop cheating on girlfriends and making people hate me.



esteem, yet also a huge ego. Matter of fact, I considered manipulation, fingerpointing and overpowering people as an asset. I would do anything to move up in the ranks. The more power the better! I was out of control. An alcoholic/addictive nurse. Does this sound serene?

My next goal in life was to find a mate to settle down with and have children. Well, as you can imagine, one failed relationship followed another. I became angrier and depressed.

This is when I hit my bottom, my alcoholic mind decided that if I lavished my next potential mate with gifts, cars and money, he would be so happy, he'd want to marry me. Well, I ended up in HUGE credit card debt and was drinking and drugging daily.

The consequences of my behaviors led to the probation of my nursing license. I lost a wonderful job and almost a career that I worked so hard to achieve, How did I get here? I had so many opportunities given to me in life! What went wrong?

That was the beginning of the end, or come to think of it, the end of part 1 and a new beginning. I walked into my first an AA meeting, Sunday Women's Group at Rogers Park. I was full of fear, resentments, why me? Why me? Why me? I walked past the door several times; intuitively knowing that if I opened the door my life would change. I immediately felt safe and peaceful. Women smiled at me and gave me their phone numbers.

Keep coming back they said. I did! this is my home group. I have a sponsor named Gail W who guides me through the steps. She gave me tools for recovery, tools for life. She was willing to give me her time without asking for anything in return. Wow - I thought - nothing in return. She taught me that meetings are a place to go to get some peace and serenity. She was telling the

truth. I have made many friends I can turn to here as well, when stressed or confused - I just pick up the phone.

Sometimes my mind is crazy, working overtime in overdrive, always worrying about something. Give it to God, she says. God tells me the same thing. God is the one who knows the outcome. I can also ask God for help. His phone is never busy!

## *Wheat Thins, Hummus and Dostoevsky*

Lex S.

I've never striven for serenity. Maybe before I was hit with the devil we call society, maybe before that I wanted serenity, or maybe I was serene. My mom has told stories of me sitting out in the sandbox of our central Kentucky backyard playing in the sand for hours, my thick blonde hair shining like a beacon, alone, serene.

I think~maybe~just maybe I remember those days. And I've felt what she told several times throughout my life, either when I was out snowboarding the Wasatch Mountains in Utah, alone, or on a boat at Lake Cumberland in Kentucky, alone, or sitting out by Lake Michigan in October, just before the air gets too cold to bare, staring at the water, alone. When I think of the word serenity, I think: ALONE. But the word alone isn't in the Oxford English Dictionary definition, which states: Serene 1. a. clear and calm. b. unruffled. 2. placid; tranquil; unperturbed.

Put me with people and I don't find serenity, I may want it, but I don't see it, and it seems impossible to gain. Put me with people and I think, "competition, fight, win, scared." Even with my best friends, boys or girls, I've found it very

hard to find serenity. So, comes alcohol. But with alcohol I wasn't searching for serenity, I was searching for excitement. Sure, I liked the comfort that it gave me around people, but at first it was all about the excitement. Hell, I loved cocaine with my booze, and I sure didn't get into cocaine because I was looking for serenity. You ever heard someone say, "Hey, I'm looking for some serenity. I think an eight ball and a twelve pack of Budweiser might get me there." I don't think so. I was always thinking: crazy, fun, distraction, forget--let's go.

And I'm starting to wonder exactly why I'm writing this article on serenity, because I definitely haven't experienced much of it. Then again, the last couple of weeks, on winter break from grad-school, after two-and-a-half years of sobriety, I've felt a little of it. Just the other day, after I worked all day researching and writing a feature story, finished dinner, (probably a tuna salad sandwich with Wheat Thins and hummus and a glass of V8), and put down my half finished copy of Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment, I sat back and felt somewhat serene. I thought to myself, I've got this little studio apartment with a view of Lake Michigan, I'm in graduate school for writing (something I've dreamed of since I was in kindergarten), I'm writing, I have over two years of sobriety, I have friends in and out of the program that love me unconditionally, and a family that I can always depend on, that also loves me unconditionally, and I'm full and warm. And maybe eating Wheat Thins and reading 19th century Russian literature isn't your idea of serenity, maybe it would take you far, far, away from the sandy shores of Serenity Isle--maybe you don't like tuna fish sandwiches. It's just what works for me. And AA is what has brought me to understand and accept what works. Of course, I was alone in my apartment at this time. I have to work on bringing others into the picture. I sure wouldn't mind it being a cute girl!

If you're Alcoholic, go to AA, have fun, take yourself a little less seriously, and I think everything will be okay.

# E V E N T S & A N N O U N C E M E N T S

## A Godly Gift

Anonymous

The quiet serenity I feel  
 No more pain or fear  
 I feel you're going to leave  
 The time is very near

I leave to you my mind  
 The most perfect part of me  
 The gift I want from you  
 Is to now let me go free.

You are so much greater  
 Than mere words can ever tell  
 You must pursue your passions  
 On sad memories I will not dwell

I now smile and glow  
 Intense love in my direction  
 Family and friends are there for me  
 Because I am drug free.

The Spiritual embrace I felt  
 When you first left my life.  
 The glow of love you put forth  
 Freed me from moments of strife

You could create magic and joy,  
 You could soar to such great heights,  
 Find a rainbow in dark skies,  
 Turn a storm into a wondrous sight.

I can hear my music now.  
 It haunts me deep within.  
 I can feel my intense passions,  
 My dreams, MY quest to win.

I did not choose an easy path  
 But to myself I remain true.  
 I now have a Godly gift  
 Serenity for me and for you!

## First Annual Women's AA Luncheon

Sunday – April 29, 2007

Hoffman House  
 Holiday Inn 7550 East State Street  
 Rockford, IL 61108

Doors open at 12:00 PM  
 Lunch Served at 1:00 PM

\$30 per person

Tickets will be mailed to you. To sit together you must order together. Banquet tables seat 8. Luncheon reservations must be made no later than April 27, 2007. No tickets sold at the door.

For information call  
 Amanda K. (815-227-5585)  
 Jan S. (815-398-6208)  
 Pat K. (815-229-2542)

**Ticket mail-in form available on flyers**

PRESENTED BY: **AREA 19**  
**57TH ANNUAL GENERAL SERVICE CONFERENCE**  
**PRE-CONFERENCE FORUM**  
 OUR TWELFTH STEP RESPONSIBILITY —  
**ARE WE GOING TO ANY LENGTH?**

THIS IS WHERE WE TAKE YOUR VOICE TO NEW YORK  
 COME & BE HEARD  
 WE INVITE ALL COMMITTEE CHAIR PERSONS; DCM'S; GSR'S &  
ANY MEMBER OF THE FELLOWSHIP WHO WOULD LIKE TO BE HEARD!!!

### FORUM AGENDA

- INPUT: SIX DISCUSSION GROUPS WILL BE ASSISTED IN A DISCUSSION OF THE FINAL AGENDA ITEMS
- LUNCH: PROVIDED VIA POT LUCK — BRING WHAT YOU CAN BUT NOT MANDATORY
- REPORTS: GIVEN BY THE SIX COMMITTEES. WE WILL TRY TO ARRIVE AT A GROUP CONSCIOUS FOR A RECOMMENDATION TO BE MADE FOR EACH AGENDA ITEM THAT WERE DISCUSSED WITHIN THE COMMITTEE

SATURDAY MARCH 31ST, 2007

PILGRIM FAITH CHURCH  
 9411 SOUTH 51ST AVENUE  
 OAK LAWN, ILLINOIS 60453  
 10AM - 3PM



**THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO AFFECT AA AS A WHOLE**

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT MARK M. ALT AREA CHAIR AT 1 (773) 298-0348

Chicago Area Service Office, NFPC  
180 N. Wabash Ave, Suite 305  
Chicago IL 60601

Dated Material, Do Not Delay

Non Profit Org.  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Chicago, IL  
Permit 9817



Begin/Renew my subscription.  
I am enclosing a Self-Support Contribution.

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....  
State ..... Zip ..... Country .....

If address changes please indicate your old address:

Name .....  
Address .....  
City .....  
State ..... Zip ..... Country .....

- I am a new reader.
- \$5.00 suggested annual contribution enclosed.
- Here's an extra contribution of \$\_\_ to help keep Here's How self-supporting.
- Please remove my name from your mailing list.
- I can't contribute now, but please keep me on the mailing list.

Please mail to:  
Here's How  
180 N. Wabash Ave, Suite 305  
Chicago IL 60601