

# START OF CALIX *By Bill Montroy* *Kamder*

About eleven o'clock one night Father Rudy Nolan, my very dear friend and pastor of St. Stephens Church across the street from our apartment, phoned me that he really had a "taught <sup>BUNNY</sup> ~~funny~~" and to get over right away. You had to know him. When he said something it was action, and right now. What a guy. What a saintly priest. We had been involved before in a lot of problems including alcoholics. I was the only man in St. Stephens Legion of Mary, and in that parish there was plenty of work. Also, Father Rudy seemed to get all the problem alcoholic and drug users from everywhere, even from New York. He turned no one away. Took them in and was like a mother hen. As I slipped on some clothes and left the apartment with Janet calling after me - "not another one", little did I realize that this night was the beginning of a dramatic change in my life. Christ was going to give me an insight of what the spiritual life was all about.

I never will forget my first meeting with Pat, a short, rounded, strong, tough body and a bad disposition. And Irish as they come. It would take so long to write about the battle we both had before Pat finally gave up. It was a long time. He was a cunning Irishman and an alcoholic knows all the tricks to hide his drinking. ~~But~~ But I also had a lot of experience and this did not make Pat happy, for wherever he would be drinking, there I showed up. I remember one night on skid row I came up to him and he grabbed me and was about to punch me in the face. Why he didn't I don't know. He was going crazy seeing me everywhere. Also the time I followed him to a turkish bath. I was getting a little fed up by now and was starting to bear down. I went into the bath where he was naked and lying on a bench. I went over and fell right on top of him and yelled - "Pat, the devil has you." Finally, after Father Rudy and I picked him up after we had put him in a liquor cure (those days we did not have the facilities you now have and all they did was to get them back on their feet by feeding them more booze), Father Rudy was driving. He started to give Pat hell and I could really not blame him. Pat had disappointed him so many times, the upshot was that Pat got out of the car mad - typical excuse for an alcoholic - get mad and then you can get away for more booze. Father sent me after him and Pat was dry for a few days - then a real binge. I finally found him and took him over on the east side of town to a private house that took in alcoholics or drunks and fed them perrelahoyde. Lord, what an order and oh how sick they got. I knew I really had to try and make Pat realize that this was the end as far as I was concerned.



Many people had already tried and I felt that he had just about run out of help, or so he would feel. As I saw him into bed, I reached into my pocket and took out my rosary and threw it at him and said "Pat, grab it, because Mary is your best chance now. I am through". If Pat was worried he wasn't the only one. I kept praying - Lord, did I do the right thing! The next three days were very long for me. I kept waiting for a call. Then it came. Pat had an Irish accent, and when he used my name it was as though he was whistling it. He said - "Bill, will you come and get me?" Would I! Boy was I releaved. I said very slowly, though "Yes Pat, I will come". "Well", he said, "will you take me over to Holy Rosary Church? I want to go to confession". We drove over with no talking, but he seemed to have moved a little closer to me. After he came out and we drove back to St. Stephens he said "Bill, will you come into the church with me?" It was in the afternoon. I don't know whether we were alone or not. I followed him up to the communion rail, he opened the gate, went up to the altar and knelt down and held up his arms and whispered something. It must have been for help and a promise to quit the booze. Dear God, could this be it? Pat remained sober for about a week, and then off again. I now was really discouraged. I went home and went into my bedroom and began to pray for guidance and help and started to figure out what I had missed, or what was the next step. Then it came to me. Maybe I had been trying to do this too much on my own and had really tried all the angles. Now maybe you should ask God to take over. All of a sudden it came. Look, why not get some of the A.A. boys and ask Father Rudy for an early weekday Mass and with Pat we will offer up the Mass and our Holy Communion that Christ in his mercy will now give Pat the necessary grace to end his battle once and for all. What greater power than this. Christ is going to find it hard to refuse. I asked Father Nolan if we could have a real early weekday private Mass about 5:00 AM. I wanted to make it tough for all of us to get up early. We had to do penance because this was a toughy. Father agreed and I told Pat that drunk or sober he was going to be there. Well Pat with five of us began our storming of heaven for Christ's mercy. My dear friend, Earl, my sponsor came away from St. Paul on the streetcar. There were five of us and Pat, Sol Humbarger, Charley Jenden<sup>W"</sup>, Steve Levi, Bob Doherty and myself. We also served as altar boys, and did we foul things up! But what a group of reverent men - yes, they were men of Christ deeply in love - my heart filled. I began to think - "Dear God, this is the answer. This is the only sure and permanent way to sobriety and to true peace and happiness.



I insert now my thoughts that I had at the beginning of my sobriety. I had realized all along that this was the sure way. In my notes I found some of my thoughts that I had around the house. I began to remember my first meeting with Earl and how my hopes were strengthened by my knowing that Mass and Communion would be my victory.

Our morning Mass went on for several weeks. My mind kept saying that there was no better way of pleasing God - all the graces we are receiving. What more do we need? This is the strength we are looking for. We cannot fail if we continue this. As I watched the men at the offertory and the look on their faces as they received Christ I prayed that other alcoholics and their loved ones could share this joy with us, and I asked God to show us the way. So many thoughts went thru my mind those mornings - talking it over with Christ. I decided to talk to Father Rudy. He would help and understand. I could see long lines of men and women coming up to the Communion rail, and could hear their voices singing of their love to Christ, hymns that would fit in. Yes, we would have meetings, and Mary, Mother of God, who was so dear to me, would be our patron. We would have a statue and candles and flowers, and each of us would have a job of love to make everything pleasing to her. She would be asking her Son's blessing on our objectives. I decided to talk to Father that day, and get Steve, *CHOCK* and Bob and Sol and Earl over to the house and start working out the many thoughts I had going thru my mind - but not until I got Father Rudy's go-ahead. We would need his help. This was not going to be a small matter. This was big. We would work out a real constitution and Father would help. I was also sure Archbishop Murray would help. I had heard of his humility and love for the common man. We could have at least monthly Mass right here at St. Stephens and then have a hearty breakfast. We would make up some special prayers that would please our Lord. We would find a place to have it, and I knew nothing could stop us. I would beg or fight to get a chance to get started on these new ideas that I felt did not come from me, but from my Lord who had been getting us ready for this for a long time. We must not fail. Oh how proud our wives and husbands, parents, sweethearts and friends would be. Yes, it was terrific!



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As I thought about the other four men with me I thought about seeing them at their worst. We were all living miracles of Christ's love and mercy. Look at these guys - don't kid yourself - they're hooked with Christ, and if 5 guys who a short time ago would have thought you were nuts to even mention your idea~~✓~~, this is what they have been seeking all along. And so many of them out in the world are looking for the same thing - real security - sobriety yes, but much, much more. No more living for the body ~~ALONE~~ but security of the soul. Be assured that Christ dwells in us at all times. No more of the sinful life. Yes, I knew some who had quit drinking but actually they were what we in A.A. call the "dry drunks". They ~~just~~ just quit the booze, but still kept on with their old vices; pride, ~~A~~ ~~ULTREY~~ selfishness, boasting, ad~~x~~ dishonest business practices. Yes, this is what they need - nourishment from Christ. We will need a spiritual director and I hoped he would be an alcoholic, or had our interest at heart. But we can take the bible, and each one can take turns at giving a spiritual talk at our meeting. What fellowship we would have, and we could be sure Christ and Mary would be sitting right there with us.

Well, I saw Father Nolan and he really went for it. Talk about me being excited! We were like two kids going on our first fishing trip. We were to get started right away on setting up our constitution. He would check it over and present it to the Archbishop. I will never forget the first night at my house, and the ideas we had!

I remember one point we all were concerned about, and that was unity of purpose. No special cliques trying to take over, good public relations, a forceful leader with not only the know-how of the many facets of an alcoholic mind, but also one who would work with the officers to encourage and suggest ways to raise money <sup>AND MAKE CONTACTS</sup> to promote our growth. I am referring to the right SPIRITUAL DIRECTOR. This was so important. Time will tell whether we were right to be concerned. We knew at least we had Father Nolan's strong support, and he would not fail us, although his heart was giving him more concern. **WHAT A PROMOTER - WHAT A BUSINESS MAN!** Well, night after night, all thru the night, we 5 met, slowly and carefully drawing up our constitution. A few new men came in - my dear good friend Gene I recollect was so interested.



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As we progressed I realized more and more the fine mind my friend Steve Levi had. How he could put into words the many intricate chapters of our constitution. It was difficult and had to be handled most delicately and diplomatically so as not to create any impression, ever so small, in anyone's mind, that we were competing with A.A.. Much correspondence was carried on and copies of our constitution were sent to A.A. national headquarters, then came their approval, with Bill Wilson's signature. But this all came after we had gotten approval from Archbishop Murray. Father Nolan was given copies of what we were setting up. He would review and make suggestions until finally he said that was it. And who do you think took it over to the Archbishop but my old buddy who had now come to be one of the most ardent and brilliant supporters and worker in A.A. The men at Pioneer House, an alcoholic center in Minneapolis, idolized him. What a mind he had, and what wit! His talks were gems of wisdom and pathways of knowledge to the spiritual life. What a way he had of getting the unbeliever to believe! I am talking about my friend Pat. After a few days, back came our constitution, with deletions and corrections and added injections to make it theologically sound within the church. He really must have put in a lot of time on it as all the writing on it was in his own handwriting. Oh how beautiful his loving, humble heart shows thru in the words he wrote. OUR BELOVED ARCH-BISHOP MURRAY.

Then came the job of getting it printed. In the meantime we already had set up our monthly get-together at seven o'clock Mass at St. Stephens. We picked out the Rainbow Cafe on Hennepin Avenue and Lake Street for our first meeting. How well I remember it. We each had a job to do. One would pick up a rose for Mary's statue. One would lead the prayers at the meeting. Steve Levi had selected some, and Steve and I had worked many long hours at night trying to get the right words to fit us alcoholics and our problems and our loved ones, and also for those who still were involved with alcohol. There also were prayers for our departed, and special prayers to our Lord and especially was I anxious to have the Holy Spirit's help, because without him we were helpless. Oh why does he seem so forgotten? May the world realize more fully that He is our helper in all things. Also we had to have someone<sup>i</sup> preside at the meetings. I guess they picked me at first because I happened to bring along a beautiful



statue of Mary, vigil light, flower vase, my wife's best tablecloth, the Bible, Confession of St. Augustine, The Spiritual Life by T. Angewy (sp) and some short notes I made up on spiritual helps, etc. So we started.

As the idea we were following fitted around the 11th step of A.A. this is where we felt the real guts of growth in the spiritual life lay, and security for the future, when contented sobriety might make us become careless. We realized that this jewel we had found, unless it was continuously polished and cared for could cause us to forget our gratitude and our obligations to strive continually in the field of helping the alcoholic and to have true charity to do this at least to strive for the ultimate perfection of doing it in perfect humble charity, solely for the greater honor and glory of God. A big order, yes, but we had already received a bill of sale on a rather big order - our sobriety.

Our society was not for the faint hearted, but only those who liked a good challenge and had a little guts. Show me anyone besides an alcoholic who has gone thru so much and had the courage and the faith and the help to win the toughest battle in the world. The only tougher one I can think of is a combination of alcohol and drugs, and many have had that problem, and some are with us today. We marched onward because we had the Holy Ghost with us.

Getting back to our first meeting at the Rainbow Cafe - - in we came. They had provided us with a private room, but visible from the main area by glass sliding doors. As we began to set up our little shrine with Mary, the rose and candles and vigil light, and the prayer leaflets and my books, we started off by all kneeling down around Mary and said our first formal prayers - the waitresses started coming in to serve us. The look on their faces was a sight to behold. You could almost read what they were thinking - a bunch of kooks - holy joes! As they moved around they were watching and listening, and I think a little leery - some of the words of our prayers made them realize what and who we were looking for. You we saw the change. We were served like royalty. You should have seen the huge platters of ham, bacon and eggs, fried potatoes, mountains of toast, table littered with coffee pots, as we said Grace we all recalled how many breakfasts in the past were made up of booze, bloody Marys, beer and whatever you could get that contained alcohol.



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Our first spiritual reading was a reading of the Bible - an epistle and a gospel. I remember something about what St. Paul said - "No one can even say the name of Jesus Christ without the help of the Holy Spirit," the gospel, the Prodigal Son". We discussed the virtue of hope and the dignity of man. We were made in the image of God himself. We talked about how Christ in the gospel kept bringing out thru miracles the love he had for the sinner. It seemed he picked out some pretty tough ones. He seemed to take particular care to recognize before a crowd ~~just how~~ just how pleased he was with a contrite sinner, and how he rebuked those who criticized him for spending his time with them. We thought over the event of the woman condemned for adultery, and all wanted to stone her, and Jesus wrote in the sand - "Let you who are without sin condemn her" - and they all sneaked away with their guilty conscience.

Many of us had just about lost hope. We were ashamed. We didn't realize the infinite love of Christ. All who feel despair and are about to give up hope, remember that even to his death on the cross, in his infinite pain, almost his last words were "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do". Do we need any further proof of his forgiveness. He said "Come unto me, you who are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you." You can bet he meant the sinner, most of all, so take heart and make haste to ask ~~his~~ forgiveness. He will not only forgive, but ~~he~~ will help a contrite heart find the peace of God that ~~his~~ Heavenly Father created us for, to enjoy.

Word spread rapidly of our little group. We began to have growing pains. Father Nolan suggested we meet in the St. Stephens school gymnasium. (At this time I want to mention Beatrice, Francis, and fill in the names of the other girls who sang for us) What saints, and oh how much they did for CALIX along with other girls and some of the member's wives. We owe so much to them. There are many more names to mention. Father Nolan became our first Spiritual Director. How we loved him and how he inspired us. And his Holy Hours! Yes, we had set up a monthly Holy Hour also, but Father was not well, and one Sunday he was sitting on the steps outside of school waiting for our Mass to be over. He was in intense pain. His heart was acting up, and we begged him to go to bed, but no, our meeting was too important.



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Attendance at our meetings became larger and larger. We now had a new Spiritual Director - Father Stosek - and this was when our society got its name. Father Stosek suggested CALIX - Latin for the CUP. Yes, this was what we represented. First the cup of booze - the devil for alcoholics. Now we were receiving the cup of the blood of Christ. A miracle? Yes, ~~There is~~. Many things began to happen. Auxiliary members, our second unit in St. Paul. Our contact with Pat Butler and his inspirational leadership.

There is much more to say, and as we progress many changes will be occurring and newer information will be needed and greater coverage encompassing the whole world to let all know about CALIX. But first just let me add - about Gene Trow and our trip to the Carmelites. We knew we needed prayers to really storm Heaven to bring about our aspirations, and where was there any better place than the Carmelites. We met Mother Grace behind the screen. She said they would remember us in all their prayers and works. We left with a cheerful heart, and as we went by their great big wood frame house they had just moved into, Gene said "Bill, their house sure needs a paint job". So we brought it up at the next meeting, and all that summer we worked Saturdays and evenings. We painted the house and a new unpainted high fence that was about a block square. We did some carpentry work, fixed their plumbing, etc., and did we enjoy it! Those little Nuns were so precious to us. Never will I forget the little one, Mother Grace's assistant. And what meals they served us. They never ate meat, but did we get meat! I remember going by in the evening to see how we were doing, and those little nuns I could see thru the fence were out helping paint some of the fence. .

Yes, I love CALIX for what it is intended for, and I know its values. Growth may be slow, and I pray it will not be because of our own indifference or laziness or internal discord. You read so much of personal ambition, self glory in organizations whose purposes were so good and yet fell by the way. I believe that CALIX has been a special gift from Christ for the alcoholic and his innocent victims, because what CALIX' purposes are I believe have been spelled out by the Holy Spirit and implanted in our constitution because it has the answer to the most complex disease that mankind has, and leaves its evil influence on all segments of society. We must try to educate our people on drinking - the danger of becoming an alcoholic, and not wait until it has become a disease.



7  
~~Watching~~

Walking hand in hand with A.A. and with the implements we both have and stand for, firm in the faith and hope and love of God - behind the motto "BUT FOR THE GRACE OF GOD" With this humble and complete surrender to our creator we will conquer. The vineyard is ripe for the harvest. Make haste to bring workers now into the vineyard. We will not fail. We cannot fail. This gift of CALIX must never be forgotten. We who are still alive have a definite responsibility to carry on. Who is not concerned about reparation for the past? We all are. We don't want forgiveness on a platter. We want to earn it. We offended Christ and we won't really be completely happy unless we are doing our best to make up for all past faults. Let's not be like the man in the gospel who hid the money in the ground. Let's grow with CALIX.

Twenty five years later. I remember Pat Butler at a CALIX meeting of all the CALIX units saying to me - "I bet, Bill, you had no idea it would get this big". I said nothing, but he did not know that I really had expected to see CALIX growth greater, and particularly its acceptance by the church more strongly, but not my will. CALIX is good, I said. It will grow, but we must all realize its values and do more <sup>to</sup> bringing it to the world. If we but put a small portion of our energy, as we do in promoting our material gains and other less needed projects, it would mushroom. But perhaps the Holy Spirit is testing us. Perhaps we are leaving it up to just a few. Or perhaps a few are too self-contained. I remember Father Rudy telling me that one person, or even a few cannot do the job alone. All must participate. A. A. is an example. Its growth as I mention in my first writing about CALIX has been constant. Why? Because of the new alcoholic's joy in finding this treasure of sobriety, and its growth continued because the alcoholic problem continues to grow, and more new members are coming in to A.A.. We men and women of CALIX must not become complacent as time goes by and leave it to new members to keep the spark alive. CALIX was meant to be just the opposite, to grow daily in happiness, by learning more about Christ, more fervent as a working disciple and in doing so loving Him more.



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CALIX was meant to show us and tell us that our growth in love for Christ never ends in this life. The more we desire to love, the more we will share in his love, and the greater our reward will be in the next life. Men and women of CALIX and those who are trying to make up their minds - you are a special breed, but intelligent yes, or you would still be out in the woods. You knew after perhaps some persuasion that Christ was the answer and you knew that once on his race track of love and good works, the race would never end because he sought you out and you will never be content until your last breath to give up the hungry desire that CALIX has implanted in you, that you cannot do enough - you cannot have enough of Christ to satisfy your inner longing to die completely in the heart of Christ.

Many members have been given great talents. Remember always they were given to promote God's Kingdom here on earth and must be directed with a humble heart. Do not feel you alone are making any success that CALIX might be accepted worldwide, but look at your humble, not-so-intelligent <sup>MEMBER</sup> with little outward talents. His prayers and his humble ideas may be the most pleasing. These were gifts received - most did not earn them. But your responsibility is great. The more authority you receive the more humble you must be. Never lose sight of the whole flock, and never judge because there is only one judge - Jesus Christ.

Remember what big spenders we were - a round of drinks for everyone, and you probably didn't even know them. The old saying in A.A. is that a dried-up alcoholic is now about as tight as they come. Not all - but CALIX has its problems as well as A. A.. Our values - stop and think. A. A. restored your health and kept you from an early grave. CALIX has saved your soul and put you on the road to heaven. Where can you put your money into a better investment? Yes, security is great to have, but why overdo it? Put away some for your old age, sure, but don't bet on having a hell of a time after you retire. We are called sooner than we think, and besides old age has a way of diminishing all the grandeur of living high off the hog. Let your good works of charity follow you. They last forever. What you leave behind perhaps to someone who will squander it - be liberal now, and sweet memories as you face the exit out of this short life.



I must not forget our good friend - an alcoholic and non-Catholic, - but what talks he gave to A. A. meetings & CALIX meetings! His outstanding article printed by CALIX and for CALIX - "ALCOHOLISM AN ADICTION". He was a renowned doctor who really knew the ins and outs on alcohol and drugs and their deadly influence. I refer to Dr. Claude J. Ehrenberg whom we all will miss.

I want to mention the development of our magazine "THE CHALICE". To get a better glimpse of CALIX I urge you to read some of the material in past issues. Yes, there were some good minds in CALIX. I do not want to forget one who has helped so much and worked so hard to promote the true image of CALIX - our "CHALICE" editor, Bob Greer of St. Paul. What a beautiful soul he had to have to write so beautifully.

Our prayer leaflet is short and concise. It is the heart of the alcoholic speaking in words chosen for our special needs and for our loved ones - the innocent victims. It bears the Imprimatur of Archbishop Leo Binz under date of 12/5/64.. I bring this out - one short paragraph that is so important and so true - "that a more perfect practice of the Sacramental Life will bring a deep humility, the humility needed to combat the false pride (underline is my own) that is the main barrier to a return to sober, sane Christian living" - or another paragraph - -

"that it is a mistake to assume once a problem drinker has lost control of his life, he is "no good", for that fails to take into account that spark of goodness inherent in all who are created in the image and likeness of God". Yes, we gave a lot of thought to what bugged us - to those who feel there is no hope - and we had felt that way more than once.. This paragraph was very carefully put in. There always is hope. We are too precious to God the Father. His son on the cross proved this once and for all.

I should mention so many, many more names, but God knows who they are, and that's what CALIX is all about, and all that matters to them.



Section 3

WHY CALIX

1.

What does the word CALIX mean? Literally it means "THE CUP", but what a cup! The blood of our loving suffering Christ.

Little did Christ's disciples and the men and women (even those who join the Calix Society) realize what it meant to "drink deep of this cup", and the alcoholic must drink deep. Our lord was asking us to share in his suffering. It was to be the beginning of a whole new life - a lifetime perhaps to some - of temptation to give up their desire for sobriety, mental and physical pain and frustration in obtaining the material benefits to help assure the security of those their drinking had left so insecure.

CALIX is not for those who want a quick miracle for all of these problems, but like the apostles to accept them, knowing that Christ showed his love in the example of his whole life. Study and learn more about it.

His end - the Cross! To help you when temptation to take a drink, to commit a sin or give up - ask yourself why you were created, what is your purpose here and where are you going? Do you know about heaven and hell? If you really do then you will not give up the "Cross" but will grow ever so slowly to love it, because the more you suffer, particularly if you are really living a good life, you will have that peace and confidence that even if your cross does not end until the grave you are assured of a passport into heaven. If you think along the way, you might be short changed, read what St. Paul tells about heaven after Christ permitted him a glimpse of it

Chapter      Verse



Printed matter is available on the mechanics and ceremony of CALIX and how Units are to function, etc. There were induction ceremonies, very beautiful and impressive with lighted candles in the hands of new candidates at the communion rail, with a sponsor's hand on his shoulder and the Spiritual Director leading the induction ceremony and their promise. Each received a personal membership card. Then followed the congratulations and good fellowship. Yes, we had considered many things that would help us on our new way of life, and knew there would be many more ideas conceived that would make CALIX a vehicle of continued help, growing stronger and stronger as each member became more infused with God's graces.



~~Section~~ Section

To whoever has the misfortune to try and manufacture something out of the jumble of thoughts that I will speak into this robot I ask for their forgiveness. Believe me, if after listening, if you have the patience, to the long ordeal and throw up your hands in despair, I will understand. If only one thought might prove helpful for CALIX I will be deeply gratified. What CALIX was intended for, and its purposes perseverely followed, will bring true peace of Christ for not only the alcoholic and his victims but for his loved ones and all God's children. It is the hope that the alcoholic and his victims are searching for. ~~It is the~~ ~~that~~ the alcoholic finds himself with Christ who gave proof of his love for the sinner by his repeated acts of love, mercy and forgiveness - and most of all he conveyed to them that regardless of their many sins they were very precious to him. Remember his words - "I came not to save the just but to save the sinner - take heart you who feel you have lost hope and feel lost. Remember Mary Magdalen. What a recognition he gave her in front of many of the so called elect. Yes, never let us forget that with Christ there is always hope. His arms are open to us. Let us walk into them with heads held high, hearts full of love and sorrow, and we will truly be in love with Love itself. Oh what lessons to learn of Christ's love for the fallen sinner - the lost lamb - the prodigal son. Rest a while and talk to Christ and oh how soon you will realize how precious you are to him. Do we need any more proof that this is why he died for us - to nourish that faltering hope and make us realize once and for all that where there is sincere sorrow and an effort to try the best way we can with ~~his~~ help, that not only will we be able to overcome alcoholism but really be happy in doing it. Most important of all - we finally are on the right path - homeward bound. See you all there.



## SECTION

You will note that when you see this bundle of ramblings of my mind, that nothing is or was intended to be in a chronological order - the understatement of all times.

Most of this is unrelated to any historical events but Gene asked for me to give my thoughts on how and why the idea of Calix came about and as I mentioned, if you have the courage to attack this massive (document?) that the idea had been forming in the early years of my life and slowly was building up as I became exposed to good and evil and the progress of the battle as to what side would finally win.

In order to feel that, at least in my own mind, my inner most feelings must be put in writing - a sort of "Confessions of St. Augustine". Don't laugh, I know only too well the extreme difference - but for the lack of a better explanation of this long outburst of mine, I can only use that comparison because like St. Augustine, my heart, soul, mind and body suffered much from my bout with alcoholism, and the peace I now have and an opportunity to express my feelings, my love for my God, my humble gratitude for all this love and patience. His crosses (and who does not have them?) yes, opinions vary; some see their crosses as crowns. Another Augustine less the title, another victim of "the Hound from Heaven"



## PREFACE

I was asked to try and put in words how the idea of CALIX was formed and some of the experiences that revolve around the formation of CALIX. This is a big order because as I tried to begin at the time the idea came, or was formed, I realized as I went back over the years of my life that really the idea had been forming when I was just a youth. It seemed that I was always bothered in fighting the good that was in me with the evil I was prone to do, and I was always aware of this constant conflict. I never was at peace. When I did anything wrong I suffered a guilty conscience and would dwell on it; but still I had the urge to do things that I knew were wrong - but oh so quickly as though I could not be really condemned or punished. When I did not think through what I was about to do. Sounds crazy, but this seemed to be a pattern of my living - always the desire to be good; always suffering after I had done something I knew was wrong - but keeping on and on.

I dwelt back on my life when I made the final decision to not only quit alcohol <sup>AS</sup> but I knew this was <sup>just</sup> another crutch to help smother my conscience to do things that I was afraid to do sober. Also a crutch to not ~~face~~ face reality and the problem that comes to all in this life. I must quit living like a devil and work on becoming a saint, <sup>To</sup> ~~I knew to~~ get into heaven, and believe me I wanted this - I heard enough about hell - not that! So as I started to change my lifelong habits of so-called Dr. Jekel and Mr. Hyde, I found that the ideas of my youth were the same ideas and longing for true peace of soul - was the way then and was still the way ~~of~~ <sup>of</sup> I was going to go now.

What I write here is the story of how the ideas were carried out. The other founders (4) knowingly or unknowingly I feel had the same desires and were searching for an answer to put them to work. Without their support and contributions, and the love of Christ in their hearts, and the intense desire to help alcoholics, the start of CALIX would have been difficult if not impossible for me alone.



Section 5

(1)

Develop Outline and Thoughts

My reflections on the various stages of my drinking pattern that brought me to that invisible line of a social drinker to a compulsive alcoholic.

(2)

The burden of a guilty conscience. The inward desire that was created in me for goodness was at constant conflict with the same desire of evil -- the litany of horrors that would pass thru my mind, especially when I was going through a drunken hangover. The ones I loved and who loved me, etc. Oh dear God have mercy!

(3)

My meeting with Earl Rooney. How he impressed me with the intense desire I could see in his eyes as he tried to show me how I could beat my worst enemy, alcohol. His spiritual approach was so close to mine. I loved my faith and I loved my God and also feared him. It sounds hypocritical, but was so true. I wanted so much to be good but I was so weak. My thoughts of what would be ahead if I made the decision to quit!

The intense craving for alcohol. My life was so messed up - my marriage, financially, socially and businesswise. Could I do it? Yes, I knew I could but not alone - not even A. A. would be sufficient. The answer, as I perhaps had in my heart all along, was to be nourished and strengthened daily by the body and blood of my dearest friend, Jesus Christ.

Oh how I longed to make a good Confession - to have Christ within me, and then daily Mass and constant prayer to carry me through each minute of each hour of those first days and weeks - - that made me sweat as I knew the terrible temptation and suffering that lay ahead. But as these thoughts came, others also came. Christ's bloody sweat in the garden, and for me personally, for just these offenses against him that I was now finally looking at for the first time with an objective ray of hope. Yes, I had the answer. I would not fail because perhaps since I was a small boy - etc. (mention how you setup a program to avoid temptation, good confession, daily Mass and Holy Communion - talking to Christ constantly, pleading for his help.

(4)

My intense joy as each day of sobriety went by. I wanted to share it with others, especially those who needed help. I knew that the gift of grace was given to me and I would not be happy if I did not devote all of my energy and love in the field of the alcoholic - the forgotten man -



because I was convinced from my own experience that no one but another alcoholic could really have the understanding heart and the answers to so many questions in the insidious workings of the alcoholic mind.

(State some experiences - suicides, Carmelites, A. A. and it helps).

(5)

Father Rudy Nolan's call that night to help Father Pat. Our experience that led up to CALIX.

(6)

The formation of CALIX. Its problems - the first meeting

(7)

The frustrations as to growth of CALIX

(8)

How it must be overcome

(9)

Its rewards

(10)

The auxiliary

(11)

Other faiths. By our example, successes and growth if we bring other faiths to set up similar societies in the spirit of the ecumenical movement, all faiths could work together and meet on a national or international basis perhaps once a year.

I am convinced that the alcoholic and drug addict cannot really be happy and have true peace of soul without embracing totally and completely, ~~and~~ the desire to grow spiritually in the love of God. We are unhappy simply because we were created with goodness implanted in our souls, and never will we be truly happy and be able to distinguish what the real values are unless we come to know Christ - to love him and to serve him as best we can.

When you ask yourself the simple question (and this we do not do) of why did GOD make me - he did not have to - and even the atheist or agnostic (some think they are) knows they must have come from some greater power than themselves. If you have a rational mind you must say - now if he just created me to live a while and then let me die, and that is the end - it really doesn't make much sense because he evidently created us for a definite purpose, and it must have been to let others share in this infinite joy that he has. Now he would be selfish if he kept this total happiness all to himself, because if he has the power to create me and then to end my life, it would seem kind of silly for one who has this power not to have a better purpose in mind.



His real joy comes when with the free will he gave us to do either good or evil without his interference, its to those who take up the challenge and put up the good fight, as St. Paul explains in one of his epistles. He got rid of Lucifer, and I think this should convince us that God's grace will sustain us in any bout with Satan and his cohorts, and believe me there will be many for each one of us before this short life is over. Remember, old Satan even had the guts to tempt Christ in the desert. Remember this when you are tempted to take a drink or a drug - that Christ was also human. He was really thirsty after 40 days of fasting, but he showed us the way. Find out more about Christ and you will find that "all things are possible if only you believe".

(Develop the virtue HOPE. You are made in the image and likeness of Christ. )



## WHY CALIX FOR THE ALCOHOLIC AND THE INNOCENT VICTIMS INVOLVED

I begyou to bear with me as I try to portray what brought about the formation of the CALIX Society. I have prayed to the Holy Spirit to guide my writing so that the words that I struggle so hard to find to fully express what is in my mind and heart will come to me. I find it extremely difficult to be as brief as possible and yet complete the cycle that changed my life of an alcoholic to someone who had finally found safe refuge in the loving, forgiving and kind and pure heart of Christ. I feel that I must start at the beginning of my drinking (career). I have found that alcoholics follow a pattern. It is perhaps the most unique, and the proof lies in the basic fact that to really help an alcoholic in the beginning, at least, best results are proven that only another alcoholic understands the many ramifications involved in why a person becomes an alcoholic. A. A. records will bear this out, and their success in comparison to other methods is beyond comparison.

When did I become an alcoholic? I don't know. God knows. But there were danger signals all along the way and that is why I would like to try and bring out some of these danger signals that were evident, but were not heeded, although from time to time my excessive drinking and the problems I was getting into were called to my attention by my "good" social drinking friends - my boss, my wife, my brother, <sup>MY PARENTS</sup> - - but I was not too deeply involved in serious trouble. I remember my first drinks. I didn't like the taste but I thought I was really a big shot. I remember I used to shudder when some of my drinking pals would take a drink when they got out of bed. I also arrived at this point - Drinking alone also seemed silly to me. I arrived again. Then it began to really start affecting my home life and I could see my wife looking tired and worried. My bills had caught up with me. Loan sharks had me tied. I was home less and less.

Canyou imagine anyone but an alcoholic who, while sitting one evening at home I glanced at my wife. She was mending my socks. She was working to try to put away a little money for our security and things we needed so badly. When I saw how she looked and what I was doing to her, and the things that she did not even know about, tears came streaming down my face - tears of shame, sorrow and love. But in the next few minutes I was trying to see



how I could get out of the house to make the rounds. I did it by deliberately provoking an argument, and left after slamming the door. I came home sometime in the morning. I don't remember how I got home, but I tore down two large automatic garage doors. Why, oh God why? you always ask in despair after a binge.

You now are getting to where despair is starting to creep in. Your boss has told you you are thru. He has done all he can for you. Booze has been your crutch, and rather than face reality that drink has not solved any of your problems, only increased them. In your heart you were ashamed that the man you wanted to be now had changed into a haunted, frightened animal, so-to-speak.

You put a shield around yourself and would let no one interfere. Your weapon was anger and solitude. Yes, you thought of quitting, but quickly swept such thoughts aside because alcohol had become so involved in every fiber of your mind and body. To quit would mean insanity. You wanted to talk to God but you only did when you were coming off a hangover or had not had a drink that left your mind open to the insurmountable problem you felt you had. Also you still had that fear of God - that he and he alone knew you were a phoney - and to ask him to help you when you really did not want him to take away this booze that now had become your god and master - -

I have gone on too long on this subject, as all alcoholics know, books could be written of the things an alcoholic does that only God and another alcoholic would believe.

My awakening came one night after I had been home all day. The night before I had tied my legs to my wife so I would not jump out the window. I was sure I was going to die and wanted to, but was afraid. Yes, I believed very much in hell. A neighbor next door knew of my drinking, as everybody around knew (an alcoholic is not usually a dumb person, but he sure is dumb when he thinks he is getting by with his drinking). She asked my wife if their brother who was an A. A. could come over and talk to me. I had been approached a number of times to seek A. A.'s help - by my dear wife many times - but to an alcoholic's mind he is always suspicious of any suggestions that would interfere with his drinking. Also he has built-in fears and imaginings that to a normal mind would sound impossible. I imagined A. A.



as some group of "Holy Joes" with some sort of white uniform who masqueraded around trying to impress all that they had all the answers. I had now become convinced that I was hooked and no one could help me - no one knew my problem and its complex nature, for how could they know when I didn't know what was the matter with me. All the other people whom I drank with or knew did not seem to have any problems like I was having. This night I thought was the end. I thought I was going out of my mind. I had reached the point of total despair, I thought. This is characteristic of an alcoholic. You always seemed to cling to hope that your problems will work out OK, and for a while they seem to. But it was because of loving wives or husbands or parents, or your boss or friends who helped you and forgave you and gave you another chance. Also, you were still able to borrow from someone a little more money, or steal it to get you out of another mess. But I was now at a dead end. A signed letter by me was in my boss's desk that I had agreed to resign if I took another drink. My creditors were closing in on me. Thousands of dollars that my wife did not know of - - my physical condition - - my face so puffed up with booze and hands that would not stay still - - fear of committing suicide. I still had hanging on me a sheet I had tied to my wife's leg the night before to prevent me from perhaps jumping out the window. The constant pressure from my wife. The agony in her eyes. I agreed to anything and said to her - send anybody, the devil himself, I don't care.

This man, Earl, was to make the greatest change in my life . . . . . The thought of CALIX really began to form at this first meeting with him. As I reminisce on the happenings that took place leading up to the conception of a spiritual exercise that would be the ultimate of complete hope and security and happiness - living in Christ and for Christ. My personal feelings at the very beginning of my decision to give up booze were that I could quit if I offered up the hell I knew I would have to go thru - the agony of "I Thrist", but I also knew that I could do anything with the help of God's grace. To deny this was fallacy because I knew that the very reason I knew I should quit drinking was not just my health of body, but more important my soul. At this point I still had all my marbles. This strength I knew I could rely on was the beginning of ~~realizing~~ realizing completely that only thru a spiritual life of constant devotion to Christ could I really be happy in sobriety. I guess the start of CALIX really had begun then although I did not receive the message in detail



What a beautiful soul he must of had! (Dear Jesus grant he is with you now. You were always in his heart). It was a cold winter night and he had come from St. Paul on the streetcar. I was to learn later that he was a high executive in an international corporation. He was making sacrifices to recover his financial losses from booze and lived frugally, but gave much to those who needed help. He was three years "dry" when I first met him. He came in thru the kitchen door and took me by the hands and clasped them. What I found out later was that he was trying to determine how bad off I was - sweaty hands, trembling, etc. He looked me over with such a kind and friendly and smiling face. He went to the door of his sisters' apartment and came back in with a water glass of whiskey. I thought my wife would flip! Bill, he said, I think you need this. Only an alcoholic could appreciate what this meant to me. I drank it down in one gulp. Oh that cooling freeze over those nervous and burnt-out stomach! As I paced back and forth looking at him nervously and cautiously, he started to talk. I remember I noticed his lips moved at first, but no sound. I realized later that he too was asking for help, and as I began my work in the alcoholic field I realized why asking God's help was so important. Because you knew that your first call meant so much - perhaps saving a life, or a mental collapse, or a marriage or a job. Most of all - a soul, so dear to your dearest friend Jesus Christ. As the whisky began to settle my nerves my mind began to focus on what Earl was saying. As he talked and told me about himself, his drinking career and associated problems, I began to take notice of what he was saying. At first I thought he would be someone with a lot of ignorant advice and spiritual admonitions that I had heard from so many already. But as he talked his experiences so closely fitted mine I was at first impressed and then almost dumbfounded, for here was another Bill Montroy, but what a difference.



HERE was a guy who has three years of no booze behind him, and he seemed really happy.

Why did he come to see me, and on a street car on a cold winter night.

I began to really start listening as he talked and kept looking into his eyes.

They had a look I had seen only in my mother and wife's eyes - a look so appealing and so anxious that what he was trying to say would find its way through to me.

It seemed like he was praying with his eyes while he talked. As he kept talking

I realized that what he was telling me was about how he was able to quit the booze and how he found help and how his problems became less and less of a burden - and what happiness he had found in working with alcoholics and growing a little closer

to Christ through daily Mass and Holy Communion. This was what I longed for but

seemed so impossible - but here was proof in the flesh. He made it and he said

that it was with the Grace of God. Well, if God gave him this help he would also give it to me. My fading hope began to grow brighter. Could I make it? As Earl

talked I started on plans as to how I could really make it. Oh, if just for an hour or a day - I felt that my problem was far greater than his or anyone's for that

matter, but with the grace of God's help I knew nobody else but He could do it.

But the devil would really be on my back when this drink wears off - but if I

start now to ask for help to get me thru till I can get to church and confession, and then Holy Communion - and then daily strength from Christ's body and blood!- The Holy

Ghost must have started on me because I kept thinking = "Bill, this is really the

first ray of hope you have had. Surely God had something to do with sending this

particular man to see me. Will I get another chance?" I think I made my decision

when Earl said "You know Bill, I think you are intelligent enough to believe me.

You know it's funny, and I think the records will bear me out, that alcoholics are above average, at least the majority of them have a good mind. Sounds rather

contradictory, doesn't it". Then he went on telling me of all the professional men

and women, doctors, lawyers, business executives, priests, ministers, and so on who

were in the A.A. program.



What I started to ask you to believe what really kept me going - was that I humbly and blindly accepted Jesus Christ, and what I remembered about his love and mercy, and said he must love me and will help me if I have faith. As he said, Jesus Christ the sound of his voice brought this response and brought me to this decision. At this point Earl went out and came back with another glass of whiskey. I told him I had had my last drink. He said nothing, but went out and came back with a peck of oranges and a quart of syrup. I drank it all up - 50% orange juice and syrup. He said this would help supply the sugar the alcohol had burned out of me. After all night, he left, but said he would be in touch. I knew I had to go to the office but what a wreck I was, and looked! Oh what a feeling when you come in with that guilt complex. I sat in my chair too nervous to talk and afraid to lift a pen. The boss sent for me to sign some papers. I tried to write and couldn't. The boss picked up the pen, threw it across the room, and told me to get to hell out of his office. I ran out and kept on running out of the building up to old St. Joe's church. It was bitter cold, but I stumbled and ran into the church straight up to the altar steps and cried out for help to Christ to get me through just one hour. I left the office on this same trip many times that day. It was a long, long day. Only God knows how I got by the temptation to stop on the way home, or to run across the street for the usual couple double headers - but I went home another route and stopped at my church for another visit. Then I was alone in my bedroom with Christ - help me - help me.

My boss was a man who could drink and also could leave it alone. He also had a big heart. He knew about the binge I was on but was waiting again to see what would happen. I kept waiting every minute to get my walking papers.

That first day Earl called me about every half hour. He came over from St. Paul and took me to the Athletic Club. He saw me at home every evening, and he went to lunch with me every day. His phone calls always kept coming. Oh, what a precious friend and oh how he helped me in the advice and counsel. He told me of his little intimate spiritual happenings that he was having since the beginning of his sobriety, and



how he became more confident each day that he would make it. You men who are still having a decision to make, who might read this, remember there are many men like Earl in the vineyard of alcoholics that are anxious, yes praying, for the opportunity to help you.

As each day and night went by I could feel I was slowly getting back my health. I spent much time in prayer and reading everything I could on alcoholism. My wife still was not convinced, and why should she? Had I not promised her hundreds of times before that I would quit drinking? Her closeups to smell my breath - the worried look if I was a few minutes late!

My creditors were calling me dozens of times a day. Garnashee my wages. I made a list of all my bills with my wife. Oh God, I will never forget her feelings, but I had to come clean on the whole mess. This was a whole new ball game. I went and saw each one of them and told them the whole truth. It would take years on some of them. Some would get very little and some would have to wait, but they would get their money. Don't believe that there still are not many good and understanding hearts, plus good business sense. To crash down and make me lose my job noone would get anything. It took a long, long time, but thank God they got paid, and how proud they were of me. My job had suffered. I began to really work. People started to act differently toward me - more respect. The boss started agin to come out to my office and bum cigarettes. I was given more responsibility. I had not forgotten that I would not be happy with this peace I was having in sobriety, and had to share it with others whom I knew needed help desperately. Yes, there were relatives, friends, my boss's brother; my wife and I went out on the 12th step work every night. I never missed a meeting. My watchword was "always on guard, never cocky.

My first New Years Eve of sobriety was at a farm home about 50 miles from Minneapolis. My boss's brother had joined A.A. (miracles never cease. I was his sponsor), and a farmer was already in A.A.. A few more from neighboring towns came, and what a night, and oh how happy we all were. How excited and interested in getting more poor alcoholics souls to share our happiness. We all offered prayers of thanksgiving and prayers for the alcoholics who still were slaves to our old enemy, John Barleycorn.



In looking back on my own personal fight to obtain sobriety, I was always conscious of so many other alcoholics who had so little to go on - no religious background (or very little) - and I had received so much - my gift of faith and my church that had all the nourishment my soul needed to grow in sanctity. Yes, we Catholics have been truly blessed and all the more reason to realize that we all are God's children. He did not overlook those who had little to go on. He gave them the necessary graces to know him so they could love him. Yes, he is truly the father of us all. But we Catholics have been given much - but what responsibility! Far much more is expected of us.

As each day goes by in my life I realize more and more that my full and complete love of God will never be reached because God's love is infinite. But what a joyful and glorious experience advancing more and more in the love of God, seeing and feeling the wonderful works of God. How he works in us in so many wonderful ways! He has given me so much. He loves me so much and I love him, but oh how I am constantly hungry to love him more, and I know each day that I am more conscious of his infinite love and mercy for me personally, and know that this hunger I have will never be fully satisfied until I am with him in heaven. True serenity and happiness for us here, yes, by all means, if we are trying as best we can to love him and have the faith he will surely help everyone. Look to your CALIX brother and sister alcoholics and innocent victims. Pity those people who feel so wholly sophisticated that they do not need the help of the church, those who have turned off the traditional church. What an empty life they must have, and oh what they are missing!



In neighborhoods I have lived in so few ever went to church. Sunday was just another day. God was never mentioned in their conversation or God's relationship in their lives.

We alcoholics have tasted the fruits of the flesh. Yes, many of us had wealth, authority, prestige, best clubs, etc., but we who had a church affiliation had drifted away, and those of us where religion had not been associated in our living found that the peace we were all looking for could come only through the help of God. We knew that to receive his help we must be in his friendship, and to reach this stage we had to know more about him; otherwise how could we love him! We had this in our church, not on our own with the birds and the flowers and the woods alone with God - the answer so many give as an excuse for not being church goers. No, we had to have more assurance than that. Christ must have come not only to redeem us by his death, but common sense tells us that as we were born in sin we would be weak. Our nature was weak. All-knowing God did not abandon us on our own. No, he was just and merciful. Christ left us his church to give us all the necessary help to overcome sin and to really know him so that we could love him and be happy with him forever.

CALIX is simply a specific instrument to help the alcoholic and its victims, to give them the right spiritual direction under the authority of Christ's own vicar, our holy father, that will help them the most in the specific problem that CALIX is identified with. The alcoholic with the money complicated problems that at least seemed that way to him, ~~or he comes into CALIX to help get thru school - God and him.~~ His marriage or his lost marriage, his responsibility and honesty in his work for material security. In other words, the Catholic knows his church has the help and the answers for him, and knows that only thru his church will he have the confidence and security of peace of soul that he knows he must have to know contented and secured sobriety, and to have his loved ones share with him the same peace.



## SECTION

In my opinion, the purposes of "Calix" for the "Catholic" Alcoholic is essential because through his faith he believes really and truly that not only his soul but also his body is nourished by his reception of the Holy Eucharist - and that the sacraments are vital to his sanctification and admittance into Heaven, plus the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass - the most perfect sacrifice and the greatest source of grace, the Catholic alcoholic or non-alcoholic Catholic knows this to be true and whether he publicly denys it or does not comply, inwardly knows that he is being hypocritical and is only trying to set up a barrier to help him or her to keep on with their drinking problem, and all that is associated with it. But, they have no peace of soul and until they make the decision to give up completely and return to the demands his faith asks of him, he will never have complete recovery even if he gives up the booze or drugs for any other reason than to do the Will of God as his faith tells him. He knows only too well he cannot live "half free and half slave".

Do you know of any other society or organization inside or outside of the church whose purposes so clearly define and give absolute assurance for a complete victory over alcoholism and drug abuse as the Calix Society? If there is, I have not heard of any. Calix also includes a definite place for the innocent victims of alcohol and drugs by providing the same purposes to follow. To provide them the help and confidence that there is really and truly a tomorrow of real joy, peace and security, and to march proudly beside their loved ones who are now on the pathway to serenity and confidence- unafraid. Now, that they have turned their will over to their loving God, no burden will be too heavy or temptation too great that they cannot and will not overcome.



Did not Christ say, "You are either with me or against me," and did He not also say, "Though your sins be of scarlet, they shall be forgiven." They know that Christ knows they have sincere sorrow, and ~~as~~<sup>f</sup> these innocent victims continue in Calix, they will have their confidence restored as they see with their own eyes the spiritual growth of their alcoholic loved ones and they too will see that they too needed "Calix" as the closer union with Christ opens up to them their own faults and shortcomings. So they are now walking hand in hand with their Savior, along His pathway that He showed all of us, the only road to complete happiness.



## SECTION

To those alcoholics and also their loved ones, who are discouraged and seemed to feel that there is no hope, the ones with a guilt complex who keep looking back at their long list of sins, and keep asking themselves, I cannot be forgiven - the "Slipper", I can't! I can't! give up booze. The loved ones, I have lived a good life and have loved him or her so much - Oh God, why this cross. To all of you I ask you to really start studying and learning your Catholic Faith - and I know no better vehicle to do this than through "Calix".

Ponder most carefully these points. First, why did God make me - the answer because he wanted me to share in His infinite love. He had so much He just had to share it - that's what love is all about - giving it away. We sinned, and what happened? His love was perfect. He gave His only begotten Son, Jesus Christ to atone for our sins, the second person of the Blessed Trinity. God Himself and only God could equal the ransom to pay our debt. To the first person, God the Father - easy to accept - yes, if you just use the common sense He gave to all of us - and if you feel all "alone", study "Christ's" life in "The Garden" - the "Denial" - the ~~S~~couraging "Crown of Thorns" - the Journey of the Cross" and His last words, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Take heart my beloved friends at these words, "Whose sins you forgive, they are forgiven", and "In my Father's House, there are many Mansions, I go to prepare a place for you". And ask yourself if you still really doubt - would you die for someone you did not love? And last, study very, very carefully the words that to many of us, carelessly and loosely and almost automatically voice, "Glory be to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, One God for ever and ever."



~~SECTION~~

A race worthy to prepare for and a price that is beyond our comprehension as to its value - "Oh you of little faith", and lack of guts - to give up without a fight for a price of Eternal Happiness!

No, I believe I know the alcoholic and those loved ones well. Most of them are fighters and they want goodness again or they would not be reading this. They are searching!

~~SECTION~~

*Forgive my presumptions* →

To you who are discouraged and of faltering hope and feel that sobriety and a good life is too difficult or even impossible to attain. Read carefully and ponder in your hearts and minds, what St. Paul here says. And remember Paul's life before Christ knocked him off his horse was by no means a Saint.

Take heart my dear brothers and sisters, alcoholics and innocent victims, the race will be won if you begin now to prepare for the course and that course for you is the Calix Society. If you think you are a real special "bad egg", you will soon be enlightened as you make friends, real friends, in Calix - that you really are just a "piker". Yes, Calix has its Mary Magdalenes and Augustines and Matt Talbots.

A reading from the letter of Paul to the Galatians.

Gal. 1/11-20

I assure you, brothers, the gospel I proclaimed to you is no mere human invention. I did not receive it from any man, nor was I schooled in it. It came by revelation from Jesus Christ. You have heard, I know, the story of



my former way of life in Judaism. You know that I went to extremes in persecuting the Church of God and tried to destroy it; I made progress in Jewish observance far beyond most of my contemporaries, in my excess of zeal to live out all the traditions of my ancestors.

But the time came when he who had set me apart before I was born and called me by his favor chose to reveal his Son to me, that I might spread among the Gentiles the good tidings concerning him. Immediately, without seeking human advisers or even going to Jerusalem to see those who were apostles before me, I went off to Arabia; later I returned to Damascus. Three years after that I went up to Jerusalem to get to know Cephas, with whom I stayed fifteen days. I did not meet any other apostles except James, the brother of the Lord. I declare before God that what I have just written is true. This is the Word of the Lord. Thanks be to God.

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(Paul reflects on his life and the Lord's care for him).

A reading from the second letter of Paul to Timothy

2 Tm. 4/6-8, 17-18

I am already being poured out like a libation. The time of my dissolution is near. I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. From now on a merited crown awaits me; on that Day the Lord, just judge that he is, will award it to me - and not only to me, but to all who have looked for his appearing with eager longing. But the Lord stood by my side and gave me strength, so that through me the preaching task might be completed and all the nations might hear the gospel. That is how I was saved from the lion's jaws. The Lord will continue to rescue me from all attempts to do me harm and will bring me safe to his heavenly kingdom. To him be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

This is the Word of the Lord.

Thanks be to God.



## SECTION

A.A.<sup>1</sup> Alanon and Calix Auxiliary are for the purpose of those innocent victims and interested people to not only understand the illness of accoholism and to be able to have real compassion and understanding to assist not only the goal of the alcoholic to total abstinence, but also to halt their own decline, as I believe many of the husbands, wives, fathers, mothers and children have drifted downward along with the alcoholic in their spiritual lives (and no Wonder!). Calix Auxiliary was and should be the intent to help them to come back with the alcoholic to the spiritual levels that A.A. and Calix precepts are based on for a full recovery of all concerned. I think the whole world needs to come back to the teachings of Calix and A.A. and their goals- Goodness! The good life!

The children and particularly the teen agers should be in attendance to learn now, the pitfalls that lurk in today's society and show them, in true perspective, the falacy of what they hear and read and see as to what is good for them. They should know the danger signals along the way. Yes, we should also protect now, our loved ones that they do not make the same mistakes we did. Lack of knowledge of the serious injury to their minds and bodies and particularly to their spiritual lives. Take the glamour out of booze and drugs and let them see the actual truth a life with booze and drugs or without it. If we truly and wisely present it, we will have done a great deal to reduce the number of potential alcoholics and drug addicts. Yes, education is essential, attendance at Calix Auxiliary and A.A. Alanon is essential and should be followed up in the home. "The family that Prays together, stays together".



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I would like to dwell further on why an auxiliary to CALIX was so important. We had hurt so many that loved us and they had stood by us under the most impossible circumstances, just blind love and determination to protect their marriage. Our wives and husbands and the greatness of their faith was that they could not comprehend our becoming alcoholics. Why A.A.? Why now CALIX? Couldn't you just be good by living a normal life, going to church, being a good provider, a nice social life like most all their other friends and relatives?

CALIX knew even better than A.A. of the importance of being exposed to what we were doing, and most important why A.A. had an auxiliary for them so as to learn at least some of the reasons why. ~~They were~~ (They were too smart to tell us. Felt we were going overboard or something, that the solutions to them seemed so simple. Just make up your mind and quit drinking. Yes, A.A. has even a group for the children, so that they, too, might understand, but the real reason was to be instructed on the workings of alcohol on the whole person, and in greater knowledge be better equipped to help those they loved to stand steadfast in their goal - to continued sobriety - not to be on his back; not to criticize; not keep bringing up the past; becoming vitally interested in his new found alliance. Don't sell our women short. They are not by any means dumb. They are a smart and clever breed of cats. God love them.

Oh how my dear wife tried, always with me at A.A. meetings, putting up with my alcoholic friends that I brought home; drunk or sober or jittery, listening all night to words that at first made little sense to her. Oh what self control. She never could go for drink in any sort of moderation, and had she really been on my back during my drinking years - but like I say, she was smart. We together were important to her. Had ~~she not~~ she not gone thru hell for what seemed to her an eternity. If anyone says women do not cling to hope, don't know women. Yes, where there was even so small a chance for new hope, they would go by the book. If A.A. or CALIX seems to be helping their dear ones, yes many gave the impression, and the thought passed through my mind - yes, I have killed the love that I once had of my wife. But so many of us underestimated the greatness of their love. The great flame we knew when we were living pretty good lives, perhaps had dimmed



AUXILIARY - cont'd

a little, but thank God it was still there. Yes, it had to be because only real love could have borne so much. Oh what beautiful souls I have been exposed to in the women I had the great privilege to know in A.A. & CALIX.

Yes, we must have our innocent victims not only to understand our problem of alcohol better, but we needed them now more than ever before. We knew how important they were in our lives. We desperately needed their strong faith and confidence now as we fight the greatest battle that we know we will ever have in our lifetime. We, together, had some pretty good battles in the past, but this was to be a different one - a battle against Satan and old John Barleycorn, and a victory for the both of us back safe under the protective love of Christ. I had so much love and enthusiasm in my new life of sobriety to live a better life, because I was deeply involved in a spiritual life that was so filled with what to do to prove to Christ that I loved him so much and wanted much also to prove to him my gratitude by being a real loving, working disciple. I was beginning to notice that in so many cases the alcoholic, with his new found love, while growing in holiness, and I mean just this holiness - because any improvement from the old man had to be holy, but again the proof of A.A. & CALIX - the two together were showing the steady growth from the seeds they had planted. But this progress alarmed me when I notice that the alcoholic was walking alone, so to speak. He must not forget that he has received a special grace, and above all must share it with his loved ones. He must be aware and not try to push too hard his ideas and his impatient and demanding desire that his loved ones should feel like he does. No, he must realize that if because they seemed spiritually dry, that the fault lies on us. What can you expect, A living ~~with~~ HELL of lousy example from us. Yes, it is a miracle they did not give up their faith in God completely. We must not seem to them, or at least outwardly show that we love God more than they do - and why they should not go all out as we are doing. No, I must be more careful. My example must be most humble and patient. So many couples I know where the alcoholic was in a high cloud of SANCTITY, and the partner, resenting it, was fighting back. Too big a change. What's coming over my guy -

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Is it a new put-on front? So take it easy, you alcoholics. You have a long way to go, but remember your wife <sup>OR HUSBAND</sup> on the way. You received much from Christ and he expects you to share with the ones who bore your cross for so long. You have been going <sup>THAT</sup> ~~the~~ courses of education from A A & CALIX, and they have started to open your eyes to the only real purpose in life, and that is the new pathway to heaven. Be smart, be diplomatic, share this new treasured <sup>THEM</sup> ~~place~~ with ~~her~~. Yes, we must have a place for them, and high on top of our agenda. Oh how you will both grow in love with God together. This is what marriage is all about - the cross together, and also the crown together. Women are a special breed. Sometimes they appear as devils to us. Probably because they were tough on us, but most of them are saints underneath, so don't think you have all the answers.



#9

# ALCOHOLIC WOMEN IN CALIX

This was always a very important concern of mine. I know that the women alcoholic, at least ~~now~~ <sup>THEN</sup>, was having a much more difficult time to make the grade - more of a stigma so it seemed - not quite so many of them - at least their numbers were not publicized so much. I could see it in A.A. They were shy and embarrassed. There were only a few. You know we men always seemed to feel that women are above any weakness. No vices - on a pedestal - pure, honest, humble little people who are to look pretty, serve the boss and keep up the house. Loneliness? No, we didn't think of this. Showing how much she means to us in little acts of love daily. No, she was taken for granted. No, a woman alcoholic wouldn't fit into CALIX - foul up the meetings, talk too much, crazy ideas, etc. And we men think we are smart. Yes, we knew little about women. We didn't take time out. We were too concerned with our ego. We are the man and master - baloney! History shows that practically every man who really amounted to anything had a woman back of him, and in her womanly wiseness and craftiness, if you may, was putting forth the ideas, building her man, and like all women letting him think it was his doing. As usual, giving all and asking little - just to be really loved and cherished.

Well, we must continue to break down these objections to admitting women into CALIX. They need us, but I think we need them more than they need us. We speak in glowing terms about accomplishments and good deeds of the alcoholic men, but what do we know about the woman alcoholic. How blind can we be? Perhaps without a woman's love we would not be in CALIX. Regardless how far the alcoholic woman's drinking has taken her, you better believe it, her recovery will outstrip all our deeds. You may not believe this, but it will be in time, because as usual she will go about in her quiet, humble, smart way, not looking for outward glory & acclaim, but keeping in her heart and hiding the smile of love and achievement she has made from all by <sup>her</sup> God, whom she has loved and will continue to love, and it will be as great or greater than any man's. Her achievement in A A & CALIX will shine forth. Mary is her example that she goes by, and if you know of anyone better than Mary except Christ himself to follow - - don't sell her short. You are going to need this help if



ALC.WOMEN IN C.  
cont'd

you expect to realize your aspiration to save all alcoholics thru A.A. and sanctify them thru CALIX. Please, Holy Spirit, open up our warped minds. Do not wait too long. They are lonely and need desperately the friendship and understanding hearts of all your people. You implanted deeply all those beautiful things that Mary showed throughout her life - in her daughters - reverence, PURITY-HUMILITY-MEEKNESS-AND BRAINS AND THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE



I met in A. A. a woman who was in my grade school class at Holy Rosary School. What a woman she became! What work she had done in A. A., and even afflicted with cancer she still found time to give of her love that only a woman can give ~~to~~ assist in work for the Sisters of the Cenacle Retreat House at Wayzata, Minnesota. Oh, what beautiful women alcoholics that I have had the honor and privilege to have had come across my pathway to help me gain in my love of Christ and to appreciate more fully why God the Creator made woman, because he said it "was not good for man to be alone". Yes, women are here only thru their pain and love. We can never fail them.



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There will be some who will say that the outline of my character habits throughout my life was unique. For many people I hope their life was different, but for the alcoholic (a few, yes too few) . Your early life as you live it, so your character is formed - a pattern seems to set. Goodness grows or evil grows - perhaps ever so slowly from little faults to greater ones to ~~add~~ little acts of goodness and a gradual awareness of God in your own personal life - to greater acts of goodness. And the alcoholic, as his drinking pattern changes from a drink to be sociable or for enjoyment, progresses to heavy drinking. His character is endangered more and more as he begins to depend more on alcohol. Alcohol is what really alters behaviorism - - things you would not dare to do if you were sober, but with enough alcohol in you, ~~blindly~~ you fall. Remorse sets in after each sin (there are many kinds of sin and every alcoholic has a pattern), and to try and forget you drink the more. You now are approaching what is called the invisible line that separates the social drinker, the drunkard and the alcoholic. Yes, it has now become a disease. When it reaches the advanced disease stage, where alcohol seems to have completely taken over - "Mea Culpa, Mea Culpa". I don't know; I have met many in this stage. I don't think so - brain damaged? YES/ God will judge. I think our duty and obligation is to forgive and help them back to recovery so they can make what reparation they can. This is their obligation and decision. I have found true happiness and peace results from the decision, I must do penance and serve the Lord. Why get up for an early CALIX Mass, or miss a fall game or a hockey or football game for a CALIX Holy Hour. To show your love for Christ. Yes sure, but don't overlook that the alcoholic was and is a smart operator. He also knows he has a bill to pay, and besides has not this feeling been with us alcoholic most of our lives, always convinced that we were being pursued constantly by the "Hound of Heaven".



1/2

The eager beavers in 12th step work in A. A. - had not a miracle happened so to speak - me. Yes, literally. A debt to pay? You bet, and what better way? No how! The real workers and builders in CALIX know; that CALIX is a way to know God better and so to love him more. The Mass, the Eucharist, Penance - their importance. But also that this was how to best pay back a debt and show appreciation. What better and surer way, and productive one, than thru CALIX. ~~He was one of the membership of alcoholics;~~ yes, exposure to the whole world so that the many others could share the treasure. CALIX and the example and counsel to those new members coming in, and the encouragement for innocent victims, thru his interest in promoting a living, active membership so that they would be a link directly with CALIX to share in the good works and to join in the same prayers and grow in grace and holiness together with their alcoholic husband, wife, son or daughter. Yes, this was a must. CALIX has a treasure to share and it has all the tools not only to bring true joy, peace and happiness to members, but also to those loved ones whom they had hurt so much and were perhaps responsible for their steady decline in growing in the love of God; as they would have had you been doing your part along life's journey together. Ye gods! you may say after all this. "Bil, an alcoholic and now a theologian and philosopher". Well, take it or leave it. You asked for my thoughts and I never was stingy.



Try and bring out not to overlook even the least in CALIX, as to what outwardly appears to talents possessed. We don't know. There will be mistakes, but they must feel wanted and needed too.

No one must ever assume too much authority or feel he is indispensable. The purposes of CALIX are good, and no one person or a few can destroy it. Hurt it for a while, yes, but it will go on because we had thought of all these happenings and turned CALIX completely over to the protection of the Holy Spirit. There will be problems, but the church had problems, Christ had problems, our government has problems. Who are we not to expect them - a bunch of once crazy alcoholics. When I think of all the maneuverings we alcoholics made to connive to buy booze, and the financial wizardry, so to speak, of raising money when it would be impossible for a sober person. We would overcome any problem in CALIX that might lie ahead, and we had the Holy Ghost. What a team! What a quarterback!



# DANGER POINTS TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR IN "CALIX"

We must ever be mindful that even Christ had a Judas. CALIX will have problems, but always will have charity. The A. A. slogan must prevail - never give up hope, and never judge or condemn. We are helpers - not judges.

I remember one of our treasurers. He had a slip, needed money, so we found ourselves short in our finances. Condemned? No. Replacement? Yes, at least temporarily. He had been exposed to CALIX and would be back with many willing hearts to help. We noticed from time to time various opinions and small groups, and power politics, so-to-speak. We must be on our toes. Minneapolis, our Charter Unit, must be the testing ground to set forth an example for other units to follow. We must be practical, and most important helpful. We were all on sort of a probation. If one went off the wagon or had not been dry for a certain period of time it would be taken up by the officers and Spiritual director, and his membership card forfeited until he was back on the wagon. We were not saints yet by any means. We would have mistakes and Satan would be working overtime now to get this new competition broken up. We had to be open-minded, practical, and not too self-righteous. We who were getting along could not, of course, risk the scandal of the outside world which would be watching our results. We could not be too loose as to rules of membership. We could not have members attending who were still on the juice, and we had some. I could smell booze a mile away. We also had to be careful not to restrain with too tight and narrow policies of interfering, or making rules that would be too drastically hold back enthusiastic members who wanted to really become active in the spread and growth of CALIX. This was better, even with some mistakes or rules broken, than to be an armchair critic and parasite. CALIX needed this sort of red blood action. Wasn't that what kept A. A. growing and successful? Yes, the young at heart, anxious to help others for the help they were receiving. As time goes by there would be those who would be trying to set up too many rules and too much authority.

We can take much help from reading Christ's life with his disciples. He didn't have strict rules, nor was he concerned about strict adherence to protocol



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We knew there would be men elected to office, and also spiritual directors that would have had little experience in ~~exercising~~ exercising authority, and some might let it go to their heads. Too much preaching and not enough action and direction. CALIX now had proven its strength. We must not let internal discord or lack of good common sense hurt the over all purpose of CALIX - - the personal sanctification of each member and the spread of the program to those in need - - and we were convinced it was needed throughout the world. Let the ~~deceptor~~ <sup>disciple</sup> go forth without tight chains of rules and protocol. The dividends will be great and the price of mistakes small, for no one would sincerely intentionally scandalize CALIX. "Look to the mote in your own eye".

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Father Herman, another Father Rudy - the world will little know what he did for his fellow priests. My meetings with him and ~~his~~ black brothers and sisters in their Legion of Mary Unit. His home always was a refuge for the alcoholic and drug victims.

The work at St. Johns in Collegeville, MN - - our retreats there - - the homemade bread baked by the German Sisters, and the number of loaves I brought home! DeMontreville, its beauty - - my first retreat <sup>and</sup> my luck to have my own private room next to the chapel. My visits during the night. My thoughts, and the memories of an alcoholic we had brought with us who was always sneaking "goof balls" and had not been to confession for longer than; he knew. How we ganged up on him! The one ahead of him in line to the retreat master for confession was to tell him how to bear down on him and give Father a little advanced information on his cleverness to avoid total commitment. The one after him was to see how he made out. That night I went to his room and he was all aglow, full of "goof balls". We had searched him from top to toes, suitcase and all. Where he had them only God knows. I gave him a tongue lashing. Then, being a softy, I went to his room the night before we would be leaving because it was the practice to make a secret offering in an envelope and walk up to Communion <sup>and</sup> put it in a basket. I knew ~~he~~ had no money and felt it would make him feel better if he gave something. I slipped him some money and warned him it was strictly a loan and that this was his offering - and I wanted my money back. I watched him the next morning, and up; he went to the basket. I felt good. This con man, one of the best, went home with another; fellow.



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It was Monday morning, and as I went straight to the office, and as he lived on the way, I thought I would stop and visit him and the wife and congratulate him on his first retreat. Well, his wife came to the door and said Ben had been home and was real high on booze. She didn't know where he was now. I felt kind of foolish. I didn't think at the time that it would be easy for him to open the envelope, take out the money, and go up and put in the envelope. It was discouraging, but I had been discouraged before and knew there would be many more - the alcoholic, as I well knew from my own life, was not the easiest character to build too high hopes on for success with him. You had to remember always that you were but an instrument of Christ. If you didn't you would go nuts!

At this point I would like to mention the serious problem of booze and drugs. When on both, you are very, very close to the end of your rope. It is most difficult to recover. An alcoholic is exposed to drugs and because of the worry, tension and illness he is going through he feels he must have something to help him over the rough periods. He starts taking just Alka Seltzer or Aspirin or sleeping pills, and then he connives to get pain pills. I know from experience the loose control of drugs handed out in hospitals, and also when an alcoholic was released he was given pills to take with him, and far too many. It was easy to get them. Also doctors who had little knowledge of alcoholism would prescribe sedatives. All had their own brands to recommend and it was too easy to be liberal in the number.

I even remember my going to a doctor - a well known one - and I told him about my drinking problem. I was getting worried about my health and thought maybe he would help me some way. After listening to me he said I had better lay off the hard stuff, but a little beer wouldn't hurt and will calm you down. Boy! Was I waiting to hear this! I went home and told my wife it was OK for me to drink beer. I thought she would faint!

The answer is - drugs under no circumstances, from my own experience, unless it is to save your life at the time. This warning is not just for alcoholics, but anyone. It is particularly for those who have had a lot of confinement in hospitals, major surgery, etc. Those prescription drugs are deadly because they change you into someone else than what you really are.



You don't know what is happening. You lose control of a rational mind and behavior, and the more you take the more you come to depend on them. I know of alcoholics and non-alcoholics and non drinkers who, being on perscription drugs and under a doctor's or psychiatrist's care, have died of an overdose. It was never intentional, but they had no idea how many they were taking. They kept increasing the amount, with no one to supervise or really warn ~~them~~ of the consequences. To beat the drug habit is terrible. The suffering of going "cold turkey" is beyond describing, and only one who has gone thru it and makes it can fully appreciate it. But even they cannot tell exactly for it is so terrifying. You are almost a raving dog as you go thru that terrible total withdrawal.

Be sure their examinations are accurate. Don't rush. Double check. I know of one case. Xrays said there was ~~brain~~<sup>brain</sup> damage, but later proved false. An alcoholic has such a hard time to sleep, and why not? He is in deep trouble, but drugs are not the answer. A doctor once told me - look, if you stay awake long enough you will get tired enough and go to sleep. Don't use drugs as a crutch - the same crutch as alcohol, The answer is faith in Christ. Pray always and offer up the pain in reparation. Hold the Crucifix - look, look, and fight, fight. It's oh so tough, but I know that it can be done. Believe me, I know, and what a change to realize really and truly who you are again and where you are going and why. The sadness afterwards when you really realize how few could understand what and how it all happened. The pre-judgement of those who you felt would be the first to understand!

In this business you must have an open mind and heart. If you don't you have missed something precious along the way.



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The first complete publication of the story of CALIX was in January of 1959 with Archbishop Wm. O. Brady's approval on it. How well I remember the many hours of work trying to put into words what was in our hearts about CALIX. We were lucky to get the help of Lorraine White who had a flair for writing, and we named the booklet QUIT DRINKING FOR GOD'S SAKE AND FOR YOURS. It was, in my opinion, a very humble, simple and sincere portrayal in words of what we felt then about A. A. and CALIX.

Little do new members who accept CALIX and all its help really realize the hard struggle a few had in the beginning. It was so important and delicate an undertaking. A. A. was very cloistered in shielding its organization <sup>from</sup> ~~to~~ represent<sup>ing</sup> even the slightest ~~a~~ resemblance of any particular class or creed. The greater power was stressed so that all would fit in - the atheist, agnostic, Jew, gentile and all faiths. This is the way it had to be and we realized this - but we also realized that in their 11th step that for the Catholic their faith and the sacraments were the means to carry out completely what the 11th step required - to insure a continued peaceful sobriety and this for the Catholic meant ~~living~~ giving in their faith <sup>AND</sup> by living it as outlined by Holy Mother the Church under the authority of the Holy Father, our Bishops and Priests. No, this gift of the one ~~the~~ <sup>TRUE</sup> faith was not to be neglected. This was the way, the truth, the life.



Today is Trinity Sunday. My writings are far too long. I must try to finish today. There is so much, much more to be said by others and far better than this. As I read the epistle in today's Mass-I always wake up early around about four am. - today is my birthday. Janet is planning a big day so I went to six o'clock Mass at the Basilica. The priest's homily was on the mystery of the Blessed Trinity. Mystery to me perhaps, but Christ has told me about his ~~father~~ <sup>Father</sup> and to pray ~~for him~~ <sup>to Him</sup>, and also that ~~he~~ <sup>He</sup> had sent the Holy Spirit to guide me. That's all I need to know. I have thought of it and how it comes about. Well, the mechanics of it I can't comprehend, but being practical I just take for granted that God, infinite in all things - and love above all - would have one equal to himself to share it with, and so his son, Jesus Christ, and this love between them was another ~~presence~~ <sup>Person</sup> - the Holy Spirit. It makes sense to me, and I am, not too concerned - let the theologians try and figure it out. I guess God wants to keep some of his secrets and rewards to unveil to us when we complete our short sojourn in this life. All will be opened to us in the next. No more problems to contend with.

Getting back to today's Epistle - Rom:8 - 14/17 - It sums up pretty well the Holy Trinity

All who are led by the Spirit of God are sons of God. You did not receive a spirit of slavery leading you back into fear, but a spirit of adoption through which we cry out, "Abba", that is, "Father". The Spirit himself gives witness with our spirit that we are children of God. But if we are children, we are heirs as well: heirs of God, heirs with Christ, if only we suffer with him so as to be glorified with him "

This is the Word of the Lord.

Yes, we are truly a "royal people", heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven, and in today's Gospel are Christ's words - "and know that I am with you always, until the end of the world". You who feel despair and loss of hope - what more assurance do you need? Begin new hope by starting a new life in CALIX.



Presentation of CALIX to the clergy - Holy Rosary Church auditorium.

(My ~~Memories~~<sup>MEMORIES</sup> of my Third Order of St. Dominic in our chapel, and Father Emmons, our Spiritual Director.) I will long remember this meeting. How sick I was that night. My stomach resection surgery had left me in poor health. What a job setting up the meeting. It was to be a big one. Well known speakers, priests from a large area coming. There was the setting up of tables, food to be ordered, help to get - what a spread we had for them! My dear friend, Father John O'Neil, whom I had first met at St. Stephens where he had his first assignment, and my trip with Janet and Father Pat and Father John (wehats pals they were) to the Naval Reserve Great Lakes. Father John was now a Chaplain in the Navy, and how proud we all were after the meeting, but so tired. I had to leave - - could not stay any longer to say goodbyes.

Father Luger's fine talk and the talk and pictures from a tremendous person on alcoholism and A.A.. Yes, we could see more and more the integral part CALIX would play in the rehabilitation and success of the continued sobriety of the alcoholic.

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I want to tell another little part of Father Pat's makeup. After we left the Great Lakes Naval Reserve we took a trip to Chicago to see the Railroad Fair. Pat was interested in everything - poetry, fine lace imports, beautiful things, and he knew what they were. Well, on our way home it was past midnight and we stopped in a town in Wisconsin to sleep. It was the only place available - 1 room on the first floor, and Pat was on the 2nd floor. It was my practice to go to daily Mass - this was a must and nothing was to take precedent. I awoke as usual, early, and glanced at the clock. It was 5:00 am. I jumped out of bed and dressed hurriedly. In those days most churches had a 5:30 or 6:00 am Mass on weekdays, too. I rushed up to Pat's door and knocked. He was sound asleep but finally he asked who it was. I said "Pat, I am on my way to church!" He must have looked at the clock and let out a roar - "Bill, are you crazy? Go back to bed. We just got in bed". I said nothing and walked outside. We were in the downtown area and I looked for the steeple with the familiar cross. There it was only a few blocks away. There was 5:30 Mass in about 10 minutes. As I was saying my prayers and just as the priest came on the altar I heard footsteps that I knew so well. I kept my head lowered and could hear Pat



come in breathing hard. Pat was chubby. He knelt down close, touching me. We said nothing. We both knew all was well. We were together with Christ. We knew we both understood the circumstances. We did not have to explain. Yes, Pat was back at his old job in earnest. Look out, this spark was bursting into a flame.

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Perhaps some may comment on my emphasis on the amount of workput into our CALIX activities. I have brought it out with a purpose - not to brag or for sympathy, but to make us realize more (and I am sure anyone who has been in any organization work soon found that there are many enthusiasts and with a grand idea, but it is usually only a few who carry out the work, load) that work is part of the program to really give you the real satisfaction and benefits in CALIX. Personal pride in a job well done is the rewarding factor. However, small it may be, or what little talent you might have to offer - vocal prayer is not the only way to tell God of your love, but every thought, word or deed offered to Christ is prayer. When you feel less inclined, and still carry on, there is where the real reward is . . . .



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I must be real careful as I write as to why CALIX was conceived. One of the major reasons was to strengthen our hope. This is a very real strumbling block to the alcoholic who inwardly believes it or not, always desires to be good, as I pointed out before, but as he dwells on his lousy life he feels - I am too far gone. My offenses are too great. A.A. provided him with a sort of temporary hope of survival, at least physically. "The 24 Hour Program", "One day at a time", "forget yesterday - live only for today and tomorrow will take care of itself" - - and besides, who knows if there will be a tomorrow. The yesterdays we could do nothing about, but today, yes. But I knew, and am sure the other 4 men - that the past did bug us. How were we to find this peace of mind in removing any doubts that Christ really loved us and had fully forgiven us of our past sins. (I wonder why we don't hear this word SIN now days). Can it be just what I am trying to say - losing hope - and trying to substitute different words that will help us to live with our continued faults and ways of life that inside we know is wrong, but we don't care to give them up. Yes, the world today is following "false prophets". Our hope was being nourished. We begin to see a light.. We seemed just a little more secured and our uncertainties on the past as we attended Mass and received Holy Communion. Our doubts and lack of knowledge of our faith, or its lapsing - most of us had received parochial training, but failed to put it into practice. More and more our eyes were being opened to the key to contented and assured sobriety. Holy Mother the church had the tools. Why were we so dumb not to have figured this out. That's the reason Christ came - to forgive and save the sinner. He did this by his personal acts so that the world would know that there would always be hope even <sup>for</sup> the most hardened sinner. He would have the Holy Spirit inspire his disciples to write what was necessary or what he had done during his years on earth, but he knew human nature. They had to have a living <sup>person</sup> working with authority that would constantly remind all who were reaching for goodness and the right answers to their being here, and if there was another place after this life to go - and also to be strengthened to overcome our sinful nature. Only God could conceive such an act of love and real hope - when he gave with ~~his~~ church the necessary sacraments. Yes, even ~~his~~ body and blood - now why would he have left the sacrament of penance if he did not want all to know that a personal confession to his personal representative, his royal priesthood, would bring greater assurance and real hope. Confessing



directly <sup>to</sup> God is fine, but we needed to talk things over and to have some answers. Yes, how well Christ provided for us who have received this precious gift of faith. Had we not experienced the success in A.A. in our 12th Step work, one alcoholic to another, who could talk things over right here and now and get the right answers and assurances - yes, CALIX was forming in our minds. The Catholic alcoholic had to use the tools Christ had left his church to strengthen our hope, faith and confidence in Christ's infinite mercy. We knew there would be men and women who, while trying to live as good AAs, needed desperately help to carry out the essential 11th step of A.A. to be fully protected by living it daily, to assure no more slips and to eliminate that gnawing fear of always being plagued with a guilty conscience of my past faults. Am I really forgiven and can I get into Heaven! Yes, A.A. must have been inspired by God because who could have thought of a better way to eliminate any lack of hope and despair..... and grow in peace and happiness but through following the 11th step. This step began to become a very important subject with us as we kept working as good A.A.s and always seeking for the final answer. Yes, we were getting close - the implantation of the 11th step for the Catholic alcoholic and his innocent victims was beginning to show us the way. What better way to carry out the 11th step but through Christ's church and all the graces and knowledge and authority that he gave to it, and the consoling words - "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it", and "Whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them". Hope you're looking for. Well, there is your answer on a platter, all dished up by Christ himself.



I always wondered what I would do with all my time if I could not drink. Now there seemed there was not enough time with so much to do. With my love of home, my job, its challenges, and A. A., there was so much to do. Every day I realized that never had I imagined there could be men and women that had such aspirations. Oh how they talk<sup>ed</sup> about their new life, their change of values, their dedication to help the alcoholics still trying to make the grade. Better perhaps to make the decision that is there<sup>is</sup> to make - total abstinence. Yes, life was beautiful now. Life was more meaningful. I was beginning to see the wisdom of the lord.

I was now getting more and more involved - more responsibilities at work - phone calls at the office - all hours of the night - alcoholics calling in - they are being tempted - rush calls to try and help and console. Dear God, give me the patience that others had given me, and you, dear Lord. Never let me forget my mixup in thinking and actions so that I may keep an understanding heart of the crazy things we alcoholics think and do when we are still on the juice.

Dear Lord I am tired this morning and depressed. It has been an all night meeting with a tough alcoholic - a blind call that came to me. As I looked at the surroundings he was in, and how he looked, and his defiance and pride and selfishness, and the language and his problems and excuses, I kept saying to myself - Lord, don't let me forget for a minute that this was once me, and oh such a short time ago. Yes, me, but worse than this man. I had had the good fortune of a parochial education and its teachings had left their mark. Lord, it was a thorn that kept my conscience alive to my offenses against you. Yes, this man would be tougher, perhaps, his spiritual background was so thin, but then I am only your instrument. Perhaps you are teaching me too, but by your grace and holy will and mercy itself he will make it. If only I plant the seed it will grow through someone else he meets. Lord, never let me forget that it is always your will and not mine. Let me not feel that it is I who have done it. Yes, I have felt the joy and the rewards of a rehabilitated alcoholic, and I must be careful that human respect, cockiness, does not creep in on me. I have a long way to go. Lord keep me from any wrong detours.



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As I look back now I am amazed at how much strength you gave me, Lord. Sleepless nights, wrestling with drunken and doped up alcoholics trying to get them to a hospital and care - the smell of vomit on your clothes - black and blue marks, ~~where they~~ they did not know what they were hitting! I must be prudent and careful. More time at home, my job, my health, first things first. No justice, no charity, but as I look back it was good for me - this intense desire to serve. Yes, I see how A.A. has been so successful. It's the same intense desire and drive of those new members who want to share their new found jewel of happiness with others that they know are searching and wanting to give up the booze, but need your experience, your understanding, your patience, your love. Yes, you cannot contain it. You must make reparation if you are to truly have peace of soul for your past life, and how better reparation than to bring these souls back.

I hope I never completely forget my obligation to help my fellow alcoholics, as I grow older or my health fails me, or my motives are misunderstood. Please God I can always pray for them, and I ask the Holy Spirit at this point to be as brief and as precise as you want me to be. So much has happened in this short time. I keep so much in my heart. My moments alone in my visits to God in the tabernacle, my Masses in convents, hospitals, in humble homes in the Dakotas where parishes were poor and could not heat the church during the week, the sorrow at so few to offer with you your sacrifice of the Mass. Oh, how can intelligent people be so far off on values. What price the Mass and a meal of your own body. Oh God, help us to realize what you have given to us to make us completely happy, even with the cross as it becomes heavier and heavier. I used to think all my earthly problems would be solved if I only quit the booze, but they have increased and are more burdensome than ever. So many things seem to go wrong, but Lord I am starting ever so slowly to accept these crosses and know that only thru personally taking it up daily will I find peace and solace, that you are merciful and even if you take me today I can feel in my heart and say - yes, Lord, I have really tried. I must stop, Lord. When I talk things over with you it seems I must go on forever. There is so much of my love that I want to give you, and oh how I want to be sure it is a pure and sincere love.



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My fond memories of Father Roach - now Bishop Roach. My first impression was Confession to him. What a beautiful confessor, and how much better I felt coming out after my first confession with him. He became my only confessor. He knew me so well and gave me help and guidance with his priestly humility and humble but brilliant mind.

I remember his telling us of his first call at St. Stephens to help out on weekends. He came to the door and rang, but no answer. Suddenly he heard loud shots as rapid as a machine gun. He bolted through the door and went upstairs, and there was Father Rudy with a gun picking off pigeons on the building next door. Was he relieved! What times, and what tremendous great priests the three of them were. Father Rudy Nolan, Father "Ike" Eichinger, and Father Roach. And then came Pat, with his Irish wit and charming cupid figure.

Father Roach was hooked. We knew we needed his kind in CALIX and we were having a problem to get a steady spiritual director. And did he inspire us! Yes, he shall not be forgotten. He had made his imprint on us.

CALIX first effort at publishing the Story of Calix - - -

As I write my thoughts down again it seems so long ago! So much has happened - memories for rejoicing, and also sorrows.

Rejoicing for me personally as I look back over these years, for God has been so merciful. I had been close to death - very close twice. I had so much surgery and illness, major problems. Those were difficult years, but also rewarding. I have kept the faith. I had received the grace of perseverance, and without it I know I could not have been writing about it,

Take heart, those of you whose cross is too heavy. Believe and remember that if you can't understand why yours is so heavy, particularly when you felt you were leading a good life, when you feel you can't go on, think of your beloved saviour, Jesus Christ and his cross - the infinite one, the perfect one, all powerful one, our creator, the God-man - - without sin. Why the cross? Why Calvary? To redeem us and also to show us that accepting suffering opens the heart to the full realization of why sin is so offensive to God. Sin is so serious that our redemption could only come from God, the Father's, only son, Jesus. Also, the cross shows his love. Are we not a privileged lot to share the cross with Christ -



whatever his reasons for sending them to us, either reparation for our sins or for others. Yes, look long and hard at the crucifix. Hold it tight and pray -- at the many times you are ready to cry out - no more, Oh God, no more - and turn away. He will never give us more than we can bear. Death from the cross is not the end but only a glorious beginning if we accept it. Sure you will have troubles, etc. It isn't easy, but its by constant prayer and the sacraments. You see Christ provided everything for us before he left us, and remember his words "I will be back". Well, here I go again, off the track. Beware you who want Christ and get hooked. You will find it hard to keep it to yourself. "~~F~~ools for Christ". Yes, I believe now, when St Paul said those words and what he meant.

Well, we got together to discuss how to go about setting up a booklet on the story of CALIX. Up to now it was mostly thru word of mouth - Calix publicity.

First we wanted to tell how it all came about, the same idea as to what "CALIX" wants now. I talked to Father "Ike" Eichinger, our old reliable. Oh how I loved him. He said he would do what he could and suggested my coming over to the rectory and record in my own words how CALIX came into being. I would talk, and he would interrupt and discuss with me, and talk again. He was so busy, but never too busy for CALIX. He knew how desperately it was needed. Finally he had the rough draft and gave me the name of a young woman - wife and mother - whom he said had a flair for writing and perhaps she would help; it into the finished product. I made an appointment with her - Lorraine White. She had so many talents. I remember the many meetings we had at her house and at mine. She worked so hard. I remember her husband, Frank, and how he would help make suggestions. The title was QUIT DRINKING for God's Sake and Yours. I thought it was good and still do. Perhaps as a human interest story - better than we have come up with since - - simple, humble, practical and true to life, and loving portrayal of WHY CALIX. Pictures in the pamphlet - the one in particular of the wife in the window at night, looking anxiously for her alcoholic husband to come home, wondering when he would come and where he had been, and what condition he would be in - or has he spent the money, the bills are due - or has he had an accident and hurt someone or himself - or will he ever come home! Yes, I understand the pictures and its meanings.



Archbishop William O. Brady put his approval in writing in the booklet, but not yet his imprimatur. This was important. We must prove ourselves. He was watching us. We recall the mailing of this booklet and distributing it in churches. There were articles in the Catholic Digest, and this started to create interest. We received a lot of inquiries, and to answer them required a great deal of prudence and accuracy, and spelling out our objective in CALIX. It was hard work and we had little money. We received some anonymous financial help that most members never knew about, or we would have been in deep trouble. No money for a secretary. I used my secretary, and what a job she did. We had been together for years and she knew my mind well, revamping my punctuation, spelling, English (horrible). When you read this you will understand her tough job. How hard she worked and how loyal. Yes, another beautiful soul in my life.

(Will fill in more to complete cycle from then to now if it is needed)

There were many strange happenings in my life  
I keep remembering - the letter my Archbishop sent me at Christmas time - a personal sort of a note. I will never forget the lift it gave me. I was sort of an "island" in myself, with misgivings, disappointments. Our country problems - injustice in the highest places, etc. What a person. With all his many responsibilities and activities and major problems, here he had thought of me - - and the words he wrote. It was just exactly what I had been looking for. He was a brilliant man and a shrewd operator. Yes, I knew this, but his heart and his concern for even one little person in the several million that came under his spiritual guidance! And what did I do? I sat down and wrote him a long letter of my gripes, my disappointments, and I hope I at least thanked him for his letter, but I guess I was carried away by the happiness his letter gave me. So what do I do. I had been reading the IMITATION OF CHRIST for the umpteenth time and as it always brought me to new spiritual highs, and as was my practice in the past, as I had sent the Lord only knows how many copies to people I came in contact with, so I started to tear out pages - about half the book - and even underlined some sentences - and sent them with my letter. He would surely think I was nuts, or that "Bill is on the juice", but no, perhaps he will understand why I hastily decided to send them. Understanding heart? Why did he write me!? You better believe he had.



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After I had mailed it I thought he would know I had to just communicate with someone who would understand how I felt. The material I sent was messages I was trying to give. My love for Christ and how to serve him, and how to persevere. I felt at times that the whole world misunderstood my intention, but here was someone who really understood and most of all cared enough to take the time from a very busy life to write to me. Where there are men like him still around the world still has hope.

As I ride by old St. Stephens Church, cradle of CALIX, my heart fills with fond memories and some with sorrow over our good friend and supreme Spiritual Director of CALIX, Father Guiney, pastor of St. Stephens, and his assistants. Father was not in good health, but he never let us down. Our farewell party as he retired - the bingo parties that the Men's Club of St. Stephens put on to help promote money for CALIX, the summer picnics and raffles; our joint meeting with our #2 unit in St. Paul. How they outdid us in numbers, but they had more Irish and we had more Scandinavians. My wife is one, and a good Lutheran. Oh well, maybe some day not too far away, we will all be one. As Christ said "There are other sheep not of this fold, but there will be but one fold and one shepherd". The visits you would have outside of church, meeting and waiting anxiously for a new man to come to Mass and the meeting, who you had invited. The humble and simple services, spiritual talks, that individual members would get up and make at our meetings. I don't think I will ever say women talk more than men. I know a lot more now since being in A. A. & CALIX how much we had to say - how happy everyone was and what appetites! And those women up about 4:30 AM, some to 5:30 AM Mass, preparing our breakfast. The secret bag collections. Everyone had to put his hand in the peck size bag passed around. New members, most of all, would have little to give for a while (quite a while for some). No ~~embarrassment~~ embarrassment for anyone - money was never to be the cause for an excuse to stay away. Our financial treasury report - boy were we working on a tight budget basis. Why do some alcoholics get so tight, when before money was to be spent ~~WILLY~~ when on the booze.. When will they loosen up! When will they see what a bargain CALIX has to offer. Alcoholics as a whole are not dumb, but they know when a deal is a good one. It will come!



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We, needed money. Our policy of CALIX was to help finance our breakfasts and printing costs, etc. solely from a secret bag collection passed around to each member. We wanted noone to be embarrassed or to feel money would keep them away. We knew most alciholics had gone through the wringer financially, so we went to the public. What a job; I remember so well my calling on business men, large and small - bankers, etc., and to some of our good bishops and priests who had heard about CALIX. You can't completely keep any good thing a secret, and we knew from letters we had received that they were behind us. They lauded the concept of CALIX and the basic tools it had to offer in help. They really came through. Yes, they knew how grave the problem was - just from hearing confessions!

High executives that I met with were so cooperative - Catholic or not. They were well aware of alcoholism. It was taking a toll in their companies. Oh how much money is lost - faulty work, absenteeism, loss of dedication;



(Bring out what part each one of the other four did to help bring about CALIX -  
Chuck Jennings, Bob Doherty, Sol Humbarger, Steve Levi. Only Bob and I are left. )

I have been more or less publicized as the founder of CALIX. The idea or thought of something doesn't necessarily mean you are the founder. A sole founder is a rarity in any formation of a company, organization or society. To found anything you must build and it must be built strong so as to endure.

My dear friends, Chuck, Steve, Bob and Sol - without their dedication, devotion, ideas and much work -and Father Rudy, Father Eichinger and Father Pat, and yes many others not even of our faith, contributed so much that if anyone is to be named founder it must be used with a plural.

We were a chain made of loving links for the ideals that were to represent what we all felt should be CALIX. This close unity and humility of thought and acceptance of all ideas made it possible and the future success of CALIX depends on full and active participation by all concerned. As St. Francis put in, we are but instruments of Christ to help spread his love for his ~~father~~ and brothers and sisters and particularly for those who had fallen by the wayside. Love of Christ cannot be kept as a private treasure, but must be shared with others - particularly to the household of the faith.

I remember a talk my dear friend and sponsor, Earl, gave to a CALIX meeting at my request. He mentioned Christ so much, and as I watched the faces of our members, I thought that to some of them it seemed it was a little too much too soon for them. But they would soon be other Earls, and the understanding and realization that everything depends on Christ's love, and that all good things are only possible through Him, yes they too will be loudly and proudly proclaiming their love for their dearest friend and savior, Jesus Christ.



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An episode I will never forget was the night I was called to the county morgue to try and identify a suicide by drowning. My friend Joe, who had resigned as Minneapolis Chief of Police to become our company's personell director, had been looking for an employee in our office who I had been working on for a long time. He had disappeared. Joe and I went to the morgue. Never will I forget this body - what the water had done to him - almost beyond recognition. But his face I knew. Had I not looked into it so many times hoping and prayi ng that I was getting message of A. A. thru, and always knew that I seemed not to of had. He was a unique person. Very selfish, as all alcoholics have the same tendency, but he was very miserly about money - about spending it - except for booze. He was a loner and always drank alone. He would buy a bottle and hide. Would always argue with what you were saying and smilingly tell you he was going to quit, but you knew he was not sincere. Yes, but for the Grace of God I could be the one on this cold slab. Dear God may we always keep hope - never this type of dispair. No, not the cowards way, as it is cowardly! I must not judge. Had I not heard from others the threat of suicide? Had I not been afraid that I might through the terrible despondency that comes over you from a ~~G~~uilty conscience thought I might do the same.

And the sadness at the news of the sudden death of a farmer - father of 12 children - who I had been working on about 60 miles from Minneapolis. What a big handsome man he ~~could~~ <sup>HAD</sup> been. He was really a hard case. He had sold all all his livestock and the farm was heavily mortgaged, and he was about to lose it. I don't recommend what I did. Prudence and justice must be exercised so as not to jeopardize thase that you are directly responsible for their security. But I felt I needed to give almost everything if it meant a chance for an alcoholic's recovery. Well, I loaned him a large sum of money - large for me anyway - and I still was trying to recover from my own financial problem. I guess the Holy Ghost advised me to take a mortgage. I had paid off his old one.



Well, Ed seemed on his way. I visited him every week as we had set up an A. A. unit in a ~~near~~ nearby town and Janet and I went up there to the meetings. Ed seemed happy. The farm was showing a profit. Oh how I remember those sweet innocent children. What a hubub in that house with the twelve of them! But after a while I began to feel that Ed was wearing a sort of guilty and embarrassed look. I had started to worry. I questioned his wife - was she keeping something from me. Dear God I hoped not - I hoped she knew better by then.

I was also worried about ~~his~~ wife's security. I had started to build a home. My friend Gene and I together about a block from each other - but the money I had used to help Ed was money I needed for my home. To overcome this, because Ed had assured me his first year would produce a good profit on his crop and cattle - and I ~~want~~ would be repaid - but in the meantime I had to pay for materials.

I worked for a large wholesale hardware, and as one of my duties was credit manager I bought and charged materials from my company. I had talked to my boss, and everything was above board, but after over a year - almost two - he began to press me. Our auditors were asking questions. We had to report all employee's obligations in our audit on any company's obligations that we owed. I began to sweat. Well to add to this, I was called in the middle of the night. Ed had been killed instantly. He had been struck by a car as he came out of a 3-2 beer joint out on the highway not far from his farm. Even ;his ~~shoes~~ were knocked off. I began to think about his wife and the children. Dear God help me, but our Lord works in strange ways and ~~some~~ sometimes ways we just can't seem to understand. Ed had Veteran's Life Insurance and other small policies. His wife is living as far as material happiness can bring you, she was now enjoying more of it than she had ever before. Yes, we must always be ready to meet Christ our judge for we know not the day or the hour. Is CALIX needed? You better believe it.



As I looked back at so many occasions that I had been in, I know now that a need for a CALIX was becoming more and more evident, and more important. My visits to hospitals, alcoholic work, Willmar State hospital, What a priest chaplain they had! He was also the pastor of the church in the town of Willmar. What a workload he had, and oh how he saw the need for such a society as CALIX. My meetings with him in his rectory -----

My scouting trips into skid row looking for a "slipped" alcoholic. My difficulty at first in trying to find my man, but soon I could seek him out if I just knew his drinking pattern. Was he a "wino", "denatured alcohol", "beer" or "hard whisky" man. They all had their regular hangouts. My trips to those flop houses - the little chicken wire cages, they called home. They could get a flop on the floor for 15¢. How my sorrow at the faces I would see where alcohol had disfigured them so. They were lost souls, too far gone. Alcohol ~~was~~<sup>had</sup> taking its toll. Their minds were gone. My lonely 4:00 AM morning trip thru the area, the men and women, so many Indians asleep in doorways, on the curb, as I completed my search for always it seemed someone - I would go to Mass. Oh Lord how merciful you have been to me as I adored you at your offertory and asked your mercy for your poor sinners and sick victims. You I know have the power. You will give us the answer, and we must never lose hope or to keep praying it will come in God's own good time.

~~Still~~/ Still I see now the constant inward feeling of some means to bring about the means to enkindle in the alcoholic heart an awakening of the mind and heart to the real personal relationship that is for us with Christ. This was the greater power A. A. stressed, but it had to take on a more personal approach - a real direction - the direction of men Christ had chosen to lead ~~their~~ his <sup>F</sup>lock. His priest - the one we had on a pedestal but from far away - ~~Yes~~, my eyes were being opened.

The sorrow and great loss we felt when our Lord took our dear friend Steve Levi. How much he had given and how much he had suffered. I felt the loss so much. He had so much talent. I ~~will~~ miss him. <sup>over</sup> 12th step work together, the long nights of working on Calix - our hopes - yes, it will be hard to replace him. Our "CANA" meetings at St. Lawrence Church, Our ~~area~~ retreats , our binges together;. Lucille- how she loved that guy ! What a woman - what a mother! What children she has - one a nun and one a priest.



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What joy I shared with her as I attended their entry into the priesthood and religious life. Steve, Jr.<sup>4</sup> Personal blessings. The light in his mother's eyes. Yes, the ~~10~~ cross had been hers as like many other wives and mothers, but now she was receiving the crown Christ promised to all who would follow him regardless of the cross. Never had she lost faith or love for her "Steve". Hope is eternal:

Then Charley "Chuck" Jennings, the second one of our little group of 5 men<sup>4</sup> At the height of his newfound joy - A. A. & Calix - cancer! Watching him go thru the pain; our little personal talks about God. The serenity that came over him as death approached. Our last night at the Veterans hospital! What a Ball. He knew he was at the end. Gene and I and Chuck laughed and joked together. Gene sang the songs both Chuck and I liked. What a beautiful voice Gene had. Nurses came. I remember the smile and look of love Charley had on his face as we said goodnight. The next day our dear friend went to his dearest Friend whom he had so much faith in.

And then the third one. Sol Humbarger. What a nervous energetic person ;he was. Oh if all could see some of his handiwork - the beautiful altar he made for me. The delicate hand carvings and the inscription, the naked and real life of the crucified cross in the center of the altar. The cross, the blood, the spear, his garments, the Rosary - injected in such beauty. Yes, it is in my private study. It is a great help as I kneel and talk things over with Christ and Mary. And

DICK GILL. I must mention - A MURRICIAN - WHAT A JOE HE DID ON FA-RUDYKLAN - ONLY G. H. KNOWS HOW MANY FREE BURIALS HE DID - MY DEAR FRIEND - YES I MISS HIM TO, THE BEAUTIFUL GOLD CRUCIFIX HE GAVE ME. I REMEMBER HIM AS I KISS THE FEET OF CHRIST, WHEN I PASS IT ON THE WALL OF OUR DINING ROOM



OUR HOLY HOUR at the old quonset church of the Good Shepherd on Highway 100 and 12 in Golden Valley where Gene and I live, just a few minutes from downtown Minneapolis. Father McNamara started this new parish with his chaplain's kit, and had this assignment after he left the service. He had no money, but what he had saved in the service. The quonset hut he had seen in Alaska and he bought two. Some of the ~~few~~ few new parishioners worked to weld them together. It was our church and Father's living quarters. What a guy! He had arthritis so bad you could see his veins swell and sweat all over his body, but never a complaint. He was always willing to help us. I will always remember the time I spent before the Holy Hours. I would get there early and distribute our hymn sheets and have them sign in. There was always one of my new "babies" or someone else's who we would wonder if they really would come. These were the tough days for the alcoholic who was only a short time off the booze. I think sometimes the sponsor worried more about the alcoholic he was working on than the alcoholic did with his problem.



Our trip for the first meeting of the Cleveland, Ohio Unit that was to be our third largest (now I believe second). What a turnout and what support the clergy had given. There were inspiring talks in the beautiful setting, and they presented the beautiful plaque with the Crucified Christ and "I Think <sup>est</sup> on it. It was engraved "Founder" and my name! No, not me alone. An idea, yes, but to make it work and live, so many others contributed to the formation of my idea, knowingly or unknowingly, and this is what really counts. There was Father Pat and the other four men - Steve, Bob, Sol and Chuck. It was as it had to be - a group giving and sharing. The plaque hangs on the wall of my den near my altar that Sol made for me, and on the opposite side is the plaque I had been presented by our beloved Archbishop at the St. Paul meeting. Oh yes, if all those good people that were so integral a part in the formation of CALIX were identified on these plaques - we were all founders - at least I hope they are remembered in our prayers and good works. Maybe someone will also remember me. Just this, will be the best plaque of all. Rewards of this life never compared to the next. As I listened and watched as the Cleveland meeting went on I was thinking ahead. Now we have a group in the pivot location close to the densely populated areas of the East - New York, Boston - -. I remember my trip there, the skid rows of them, the thousands of alcoholics walking so alone and so unhappy. I was thinking ahead. Perhaps Lord a ~~Calix Mass~~ CALIX Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral! Yes, this was a key unit. Pray God they move into these areas.

This was a real group of good Catholic A.A.s with lots of vision and lots of know-how and ambition. I told myself to be patient, listen to the Holy Spirit. I noticed that as each new unit began, new ideas came out of them. Some were so helpful and inspiring. Yes, CALIX was truly meant to be a treasure to share.



A very important part of an alcoholic's mind, and I think this is true in all walks of life, but the alcoholic's mind I am quite familiar with, and that is the "guilt complex". He carries it long after he or she has established control of alcoholism. Yes, perhaps for the rest of his life. Alcoholics are a strange "breed of cats". They are very complex, but one thing that stands out is their shrewdness in trying to plug any loopholes. Successful in good basic things? - not very good, but in maintaining their booze supply they are uncanny! Now they have embarked on a way of life. They have found it good and soul satisfying, and they want all loopholes plugged securely to protect and to have a definite assurance that the route they are taking in CALIX is the best way. Yes, they know they must have faith. If they did not they would still be drinking. But as they keep getting better informed, or recall what their Catholic faith is all about, they keep asking themselves -

Now Christ left us His church to help us and to show us the right way. They remember Christ's words to Peter - "I give you the keys to the Kingdom of Heaven". So they keep asking themselves - if CALIX is the answer (and they believe it is), then it should be "okeh" by Peter's successor, the Vicar of Christ on earth, who cannot err in matters of faith and morals. And if alcoholism, at least until one begins to lose control of ~~his~~ a rational mind, by the disease of alcoholism, it surely is in my humble opinion the gravest moral problem of the human race. More sins are committed in high and low places thru the impaired minds of those who have drunk too much -- God only knows the immensity of the injustices done by those who have been influenced by alcohol in their judgement as to good and evil. Evil wins out far too many times, so the Catholic alcoholic asks why, after 25 years of CALIX and the living proof in so many human lives of their successes in their struggle with alcohol, that the "boss", Christ's Vicar, does not put his personal OK on it. Not only the alcoholic knows it is good, but many bishops and priests and religious have approved it. Yes, we know the church moves slowly, but alcoholism does not! It is growing more rapidly than ever.



Does the Holy Father know all there is to know about CALIX? I wonder!  
A man who visits the prison is not one who is unaware of the problem that puts most of them there, and that alcohol had paid a big part in their lives that led them to the cloister life of prison.

What a tremendous shot in the arm would be the Holy Father's official acceptance of CALIX as an arm ~~of~~ the church in the fight against this insidious helper of the devil, alcohol! Most of all, what definite consolation for the alcoholic with a guilt complex of his wrong doings - to be reassured in a personal way to read the Holy Father's words of approval. This is Christ speaking - no doubts in our minds now when we talk to the Holy Spirit looking for that constant desire that will take away our guilty complex once and for all - - but we are ~~hearing the right answer~~ never sure that we are hearing the right answer. Are we telling ourselves that the answer is yes because that is what we want to hear? And then we are troubled. Perhaps this is the cross we must carry for our transgressions. God is merciful, we say, and then we say - but he is also just. We are confused. We even feel ashamed at our lack of faith - but

We know this guilt complex is wrong, but it is there! It's really and truly interfering with our new life. There is so much to do, so much to make up for, so much to give. And we think "I could give much, much more if I had more peace of soul. So Holy Father, how about it. You are the Boss, and most of all our Spiritual Father appointed directly by Christ. We serve ~~him~~ under you. We await your verdict, and whatever it is we know it will be the right one because Christ told Peter, and you are his other Peter, that you make Christ's decisions in this world, and they cannot and will not be in error as to faith and morals.



Bob Doherty and I, the only two left of the original five, were discussing this the other day, and we both know what the guilt complex plays in the life of the alcoholic and what a stumbling block it can be. We know because we have lived it!

May I remind the young in years - - so many do not or don't want to recognize that their lives thru alcohol have become unmanagable, and that they have reached that invisible line that divides the problem drinker, social drinker, and alcoholic. "I am too young" he keeps telling himself, and even others who are ignorant of the impact of alcoholism on the human body seem ~~s~~keptical. But how false; this is.

I remember when Bob Doherty came into A. A. at the ripe old age of 28 years. He was at that time the youngest alcoholic in our area. Even the older alcoholics doubted he was one of them. Only those who were very closely associated with him and who drank with him, and although older alcoholics who were now A. A. members and were sponsoring him knew he was

Statistics now show the inroads and the steady and fast progress that alcoholism has made on the younger generation. Alcohol spares no segment of society, so don't kid yourselves any longer - you young in years - for you are no exception!

I want to put in a little note about Bob Doherty. He has a heavy, responsible job that is very demanding, <sup>yet</sup> ~~and~~ he spends all the time and energy and money he can in helping to rehabilitate the men who have the stigma of being in prison. He takes the toughest kind - the third time loser - helping in arranging parole. And he gives those who have been released a chance to a new and better way of life, to restore their human dignity and to restore their faith. "I am my brother's keeper" are words so often forgotten today. He gives a job in his company with the same rights and pay. Society still fails to accept that he should be given another chance to live the life he was created for. Bob has personal interviews and talks with them. He keeps in touch with them and they with him. He told me he had only one cop-out. Bob - a man of CALIX? Yes, you better believe it. Yesterday, today, tomorrow, always - because he is living the CALIX life, the life he helped so much to form, not just a man of words and vocal prayers,



but prayers of action. He knows he has a mission here, and recalls the words of Christ - that the<sup>u</sup>hot or the cold, yes there is a chance for them, but the lukewarm I vomit out of my mouth.<sup>u</sup> (words not exact)