



# Coffee Pot Talk

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## NDIAA Newsletter

June 2022  
21B Trolley Square  
Wilmington, DE 19806  
302-655-5113



### Our Principals



Step 6	Tradition 6	Concept 6
“Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.	“An A.A. group ought never endorse, finance, or lend the A.A. name to any related facility, or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property, and prestige divert us from our primary purpose. “	“On behalf of A.A. as a whole, our General Service Conference has the principal responsibility for the maintenance of our world services, and it traditionally has the final decision respecting large matters of general policy and finance. But the Conference also recognizes that the chief initiative and the active responsibility in most of these matters should be exercised primarily by the Trustee members of the Conference when they act among themselves as the General Service Board of Alcoholics Anonymous”

## More information about Concept 6

We have seen that the “final responsibility and ultimate authority” for A.A.’s service activities rest with the A.A. groups (Concept I), but to carry out this responsibility they must delegate to the Conference (Concept II). The Conference, in turn, must delegate administrative authority to the General Service Board of Trustees. Again, it is helpful if you are familiar with both the Conference Charter and the Bylaws of the General Service Board to understand this relationship and the freedom of action that the trustees must have. The trustees have the legal and practical responsibility for the operation of A.A. World Services, Inc. (which embraces A.A. publishing as well as the General Service Office) and of AA Grapevine, Inc. These entities have a combined cash flow of many millions of dollars annually. The trustees are also responsible for A.A.’s public information activities. They are the guardians of the Twelve Traditions. They are responsible for carrying the A.A. message to other countries around the world. They are A.A.’s “bankers,” overseeing the financial operations and investing A.A.’s substantial Reserve Fund. (Read the text of Concept XI for a more detailed account of their functions.) Bill makes the point that although “our objective is always a spiritual one,” nevertheless our world service is a “large business operation.” “Indeed,” he says, “our whole service structure resembles that of a large corporation. The A.A. groups are the stockholders, the delegates represent them, like proxy-holders, at the annual meeting; the General Service Board Trustees are actually the directors of a ‘holding company.’ And this holding company (the General Service Board) actually owns and controls the two ‘subsidiaries’ (A.A.W.S and AA Grapevine) which carry on the . . . services. “This very real analogy makes it . . . clear that, like any other board of directors, our trustees must be given large powers if they are to manage the . . . affairs of Alcoholics Anonymous.” – From The Twelve Concepts for World Service Document available at [https://www.aa.org/sites/default/files/literature/assets/p-8\\_thetwelveconcepts.pdf](https://www.aa.org/sites/default/files/literature/assets/p-8_thetwelveconcepts.pdf)


## Upcoming Events!!!!

Northern Delaware Intergroup



**Crestmoor Swim Club**  
640 W. Summit Ave. Wilmington, DE 19804  
**Saturday, August 20th**  
**7 PM until 11 PM**  
Speaker: Mark R. from Philadelphia 8 PM  
Tickets: \$5.00/adult, children under 18 are FREE

Food and Drinks will be available for purchase.



JOIN US FOR AN EVENING OF FUN

## Fall Breakfast



September 18<sup>th</sup>, 2022 at  
Hockessin Fire Hall.

**Tickets on sale in  
July!**

With gratitude, please welcome our newest monthly column below!



## This is What I Remember...

When I was a child living in Philly with my alcoholic mother, I knew her devotion to that damn Ortlieb's was the reason she was nice one minute and mean the next. The brown glass bottles were all over our small inner city apartment along with old cigarettes and dirty dishes. When she went out to a bar, I had to go with her. It was a childhood marked by neglect, hunger, violence and loneliness. I swore I'd never be like her. I didn't drink alcohol until I was in my mid twenties. I had married my childhood sweetheart. We had a beautiful little girl and a nice ranch house in Delaware. He worked at DuPont. It was the seventies and "wine and cheese" parties were the thing to do on weekends. I watched the other girls drink out of pretty wine glasses and a voice in my head said, "see, this is nothing like HER, this will be ok". I had a glass of wine and started on that crazy Merry-go-Round of wanting to drink even when it wasn't a weekend and trying to hide how important it was. Within a matter of months I knew I drank differently than our friends. I was in the basement Recreation Room drinking out of the bottle so my husband wouldn't see a dirty glass. When we divorced I was finally free. I remember very clearly the weekend I moved from our ranch house to a small townhouse apartment. I put my daughter to bed that Saturday night and quietly left the house to go to the liquor store. In the store I was surprised to see they sold my favorite wine, Gallo Port, in half gallon bottles! I never bought a small bottle again. For the next ten years my drinking would take me places I said I would never go and make me do things I said I would never do.

July 14<sup>th</sup>, 1982. I had been in and out of AA for a couple of years. I knew Booze was the problem I just couldn't image life without it. I had already had a couple of admissions to the hospital, usually in the psych ward. They considered my blood alcohol levels to be "self destructive". After being fired from 4 jobs in 4 years, I went to Inpatient Rehab. On the 28<sup>th</sup> day I walked out feeling free for the first time in years. My body and mind felt renewed and I was confident I would never to drink again. It was Christmas time, four days after Rehab my last job invited me to their Holiday Party. As I drove to the party alone, I saw a liquor store and thought, I should take a gift. I had no thought of drinking. But when the clerk asked me what I wanted, a voice came out of me and said, "a half gallon of Gallo Port, a half gallon of Rum and a bottle of Champagne." The champagne was the gift. I wondered if I had enough money to pay him.

I never made it to the party, didn't go home to my family that night and drank it all in 24 hours. It was worse than ever. For the next seven months I lingered in the hell that the Big Book calls "a kind of loneliness only the alcoholic knows". I had to drink in the morning and kept a soda bottle of booze under my nightstand so I didn't have to go downstairs when I woke up in the middle of the night. My second husband traveled for work and I suspected he had another woman out there. Nightmares, paranoia and hallucinations were my norm. My

body ached all the time, my hair was falling out, I had awful purple bruises I couldn't account for and I checked the morning paper to see what day it was.

On July 4<sup>th</sup> my husband planned a cookout. He was standing in our yard at the grill and asked me for something from inside the house. I had been drinking since the morning and as I walked into the house the feeling of disorientation washed over me. What did he want? I opened the refrigerator hoping for a clue. Finally I choose something and walked back out to the yard. The feeling became a realization that I was going to pass out. I was able to get back into the house, fall on the bed and pass out. When I started to come to, my husband was standing over me. He said simply, "I can't live like this anymore." I passed back into my fog of sleep. I don't know how long. When I woke up, I found the bed soaked with my urine. The house was quiet. I changed and went downstairs. No one home, no note. Where are the kids? What day is it? I took a drink to try to think clearer. And immediately threw it up. In the sink I saw blood. My mother had died from an esophageal hemorrhage and in this moment the vision of her screaming and bleeding in our kitchen came to me. I said what I now believe to be my first honest prayer, "Oh God, please help!"

When I had been going to AA, noontime meetings at Triad, there was a guy who stood out to me. He had been in a terrible motorcycle accident. He was on crutches, in dirty army fatigues. He had tubes hanging out of his neck. He cursed like crazy and every now and then he spit on the floor. I remember feeling sorry for him and thinking "I'm glad I'm not that bad." Suddenly this morning I remembered him, and the name of the doctor he swore was helping him get sober. Janet Kramer. I went to the phone and called. I waited a week for an appointment on July 13. She sent me to the Hospital to Detox. The next morning I looked up and there was a figure in the doorway. It was Jerry, the man I had pitied. He was walking with a cane, still wore the army fatigues, but they were clean and pressed. He walked toward me and said, "How ya doin' Kid?" My head said Crap! Here he was nearly 2 years sober and I am laying in a detox bed. Dr. Kramer asked him to come. The moment was my first spiritual awakening – I didn't know what I thought I knew about this alcoholism thing but apparently he did. The one I judged was the one who came to help me. This was 1982 and things were different. The hospital allowed me to leave each day to attend the noon meeting at Triad. Jerry and his girlfriend came to pick me up and bring me back. As I sat in those meetings with my hospital bracelet on, I was humbled and grateful for these people who were talking about living life on life's terms and not drinking alcohol to do it. They were free from the bondage I knew. I heard the words in those meetings, as I never had before. No judgement, just the desperate hope that this time would be different. As I approach this July 15<sup>th</sup>, my 40<sup>th</sup> sober anniversary, what can I say to help someone else? I start each day saying thank you for this day and asking God to help me be of service to Him and to the Fellowship. I go to meetings and welcome the newcomer with my real phone number. I don't have anything original to say but I pass on the stories from the members who taught me. It's Just For Today, Easy Does It and It Works if you Work it. Nothing is so Bad That a Drink Won't Make it Worse.

With Gratitude and love,

Carolyn W

## “God Moments” in My Recovery

In conversation with my sponsor, she has referred to several God Moments that have occurred in her sober life. When I first heard her refer to these events I thought, “why don’t I have any God moments? What’s the matter with me?” Then I reflected on several things that happened that were dramatic, and I realized that I too have had at least four times when I know my God intervened in my life, and my life changed for the better. I’d like to describe these four events.

I was contacted by a high school boyfriend in 1989, when I was age 45 and drinking alcoholically every day. The friend wrote to me asking to meet me. At the time I had been meeting 3 high school girlfriends once a year in the Midwest where they lived for a weekend mini-reunion. I arranged to meet with the former boyfriend that same weekend; we met in the airport bar. The friend saw that I was drinking three drinks within 10 minutes. He had met me to explain that he was a member of A.A. and was working on his 9<sup>th</sup> Step. When he observed my rate of drinking, he suggested that when I returned to Newark, that I check out A.A. meetings. By that time, several people had warned me that I drank too much—my husband, my sister, my mother—and I discounted their concern because they didn’t drink like I did and further—what did they know? But when I returned to Newark, I did attend my very first A.A. meeting at Westminster House, and was struck with the honesty and insight of everyone’s shares. There were no women at the first meeting I attended, and the guys did give me a list of men’s phone numbers, but I didn’t use it. The men at my very first meeting taught me the Secret Handshake—the secret of A.A.: don’t drink, and come to a meeting tomorrow. I did it, although I didn’t know I could.

I began attending meetings and stayed sober for 30 days, but didn’t share or introduce myself. I didn’t have a list of women’s phone numbers; I didn’t have a Big Book or Step Book, didn’t know about meetings in other locations—only Westminster House. I didn’t stay sober, either. I stayed sober a couple months, and began feeling so good I went out again. After six months or so of floundering around, I attended a meeting and met Susan H., whose ex-husband had just died. Susan and I discovered that we lived only 2 blocks from one another. She asked if I could come stay at her house that very day and answer phone calls during her husband’s funeral. She had just met me and entrusted her house to me for a couple of hours! After meeting Susan, she introduced me to other meetings and other women; we became meeting buddies, and my recovery really took off. I joined St. Nick’s as a home group.

In 2009 I received a call from my sister-in-law with the news that my mother was dying in Conway, Arkansas. I flew to Conway and spent most of my days sitting with my mother. I found a noon A.A. meeting, and attended it every day, but there were no women. After 5 days, a married couple began attending that meeting; they were bus drivers who delivered Blue Bird

school busses from where they were manufactured in Conway, to the point of delivery. The wife of the couple was simply wonderful. She had long term sobriety, and had experience with the death of her own mother. She helped me immensely in getting through my mother's death. I didn't know anyone in Conway except my brother and sister in law, and now the new friend who could help at this stressful time.

I decided, in 2016, that I should work with a new sponsor, and asked Robin to help me. She agreed and we worked together, beginning with Step One, for about six months, until Robin moved to California. Right before she moved, she took me to a social evening held by her Home Group. At that social evening, I met my current sponsor, and the momentum of my recovery changed. I was so impressed with her commitment to the Program. She still attends a meeting every day (she's been sober a year longer than I have). She works with the same sponsor she's had for her entire sober life. She works with newcomers constantly, performs service work, and encourages me to undertake projects like learning about the Four Absolutes, find all the Promises in the Big Book, in addition to working the Steps. I am very fortunate.

When I reflect on these four events in my recovery, I realize that my Higher Power intervened in 1. leading me to A.A., 2. providing a way for me to become connected, 3. provided a woman to guide and comfort me during my mother's death, and 4. provided a sponsor who changed the trajectory of my recovery, giving me new energy and commitment to the Program. I am so grateful for these four God moments!

Laura R.

6/21/95

Global Sunrise online meetings have now been added to our meeting roster. They meet everyday via ZOOM at 6:45 am. You can go directly to the meeting from our Meeting Tab or use the following URL in your browser: Password: 583713

**[HTTPS://zoom.us/j/82712135196](https://zoom.us/j/82712135196)**

Another resource is the app named "Everything AA". This app lists AA meetings near you and you can filter the meetings by using "ASL" and it will show meetings that use American Sign Language.



**WE WANT YOU**

**We need your support!!!**

**Second Chance Group  
7:00 PM Thursday Nights  
Church of the Holy Child  
2500 Naamans Road**



## **Anniversary Club**

Bill C 5/2/78	Ken P 9/20/83
Bob A 7/9/90	Kerry O 4/20/08
Bob M 1/17/83	Laura R 6/21/95
Brendan D 5/3/09	Leslie D 2/20/90
Brenda A 2/23/85	Liza F 1/20/05
Carel B 4/26/04	Marilyn M 6/26/99
Carolyn W 7/15/82	Marie R 9/6/83
Christopher K 1/03	Mary Ellen S 1/24/10
David C 2/1/94	Melissa S 6/23/08
David G 7/6/99	Mike M 4/20/91
David F 11/23/07	Nancy V 2/21/05 (deceased)
David K 12/3/72	Patricia K 12/17/87
Debbie H 3/16/91	Patsy M 1/6/88
Doris S 4/80	Phyllis M 3/9/88
Doug W 2/28/91	Sally C 10/15/95
Ed H 1/28/96	Shirley U 3/19/76
Franny C 5/7/96	Stanley B 3/5/79
Fred M 5/5/90	Suzanne M 4/4
Gail R 6/4/92	Tenney W 5/15/82
Jaime B 8/8/04	Tom H 7/2/04
Jaffrey H 11/24/96	Tom McD 1/16/96
Janice S 12/25/10	Tracy D 2/28/13
Jason B 4/20/09	Valerie S 2/3/89
Jim S 4/10/88	Walt A 1/94
Kara G 11/8/12	Wes J 4/21/75
Kathy O 6/11/97	Wes M 2/1/94
Ken H 11/4/97	

\*\*\* Would you like to celebrate your anniversary, show your fellows how the program works and contribute to your Northern Delaware Intergroup at the same time? The anniversary club is easy to join, Here's how it works... you can email the information below to intergroup at [mainoffice@ndiaa.org](mailto:mainoffice@ndiaa.org). A small donation of \$1 per year sober is all it costs to have your name and anniversary date printed in the newsletter every month for a whole year. \*\*\*

If you ever want to contribute to the newsletter please email Monica at [mon92890@gmail.com](mailto:mon92890@gmail.com)