



# Coffee Pot Talk

## NDIAA Newsletter

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Wilmington, DE 19806  
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<https://ndiaa.org/>

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### October 2024

#### *Step 10*

Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.

#### *Tradition 10*

Alcoholics Anonymous has no opinion on outside issues; hence the A.A. name ought never be drawn into public controversy.

#### *Concept 10*

Every service responsibility should be matched by an equal service authority, with the scope of such authority well defined.

If you would like to share your experience, strength, and hope, please consider writing for the newsletter! Email Ann Marie at [mainoffice@ndiaa.org](mailto:mainoffice@ndiaa.org).

### Special Events

Please note the following special events; more information can be found [here](#).

- October 5, 8:00 AM-5:00 PM: 14th Annual Blue Hen Roundup
- October 5, 12:00 PM-4:00 PM: GOYA Fall Picnic
- October 5, 1:00 PM-5:00 PM: Unity Workshop
- October 13, 8:30 AM-11:00 AM: Fall Breakfast
- October 19, 10:00 AM-2:00 PM: OkSOBERfest
- November 2, 5:30 PM-9:00 PM: Family Night at Ramsey Farm

## **Correctional Commitments**

Baylor Correctional (Women)  
Saturdays, 1:00-3:00 PM

Plumber Center Correctional (Men)  
Wednesdays, 2:00-3:00 PM

Howard Young Correctional (Men)  
Thursdays, 6:00-7:00 PM

If you are interested in service opportunities, please visit the [Other Service Opportunities page](#) on the NDIAA website. Scroll past the information on InterGroup Committee Chairs to the section entitled “Volunteers Needed!” You will find more information, including an application, under the subsection entitled Corrections Commitment. Once you have completed the application, email it to [mainoffice@ndiaa.org](mailto:mainoffice@ndiaa.org), or you can drop it off or mail it to:  
Northern Delaware Intergroup  
21 B Trolley Square, Wilmington, DE 19806

*Please note that the application must be completed. If there are any discrepancies or blank areas, the application will NOT pass through security.*

If you have questions or concerns, you can contact Jack B., men’s contact, or Maureen, woman’s contact.

Jack B.: 302-723-6641, [jbromwell911@comcast.net](mailto:jbromwell911@comcast.net)

Maureen: 856-952-9629, [vertplanet@comcast.net](mailto:vertplanet@comcast.net)

## **An Introduction**

My name is Ann, and I am an alcoholic. I am grateful for 631 days of sobriety. I have a sponsor who I talk with weekly, often daily. My home group is Rainbows and Miracles, which meets at St. Matthew’s at 11:00 AM on Saturday mornings.

This is my first newsletter for NDIAA, and I thought I would introduce myself. If someone had told me two years ago that I would be writing an intro for an A.A. newsletter on a Sunday afternoon...if that person had told me that I’d be sober enough to write coherently...I wouldn’t have believed them, but I also wouldn’t have cared enough to argue. Or I would have been so irritated that I would have built up a tidy resentment against that person, one I’d revisit over and over until I’d polished up every side of it and filed down all its edges until they were sharp enough to cut. Never mind that it was me who the edges cut.

The amount of pain I was in by the time I made it to A.A. will never stop astounding me, and I hope I never forget it. I hope I remember how awful it was to vacillate between not

caring about the important things and caring too much about things that didn't matter. If I can remember this, I'm pretty sure I'll keep my seat. This seat that I never wanted. This seat that, today, feels like the only safe place I've ever known.

I have been thinking about step 10 since we're in the month of October, and it keeps surfacing in the literature. I try to remember to take step 10 each night before I fall asleep. At my sponsor's urging, I consider the areas where I fell off the beam and also think about the times I stayed on the beam, the times I remembered to be grateful, and the times I remembered that I have a Higher Power. I always take a moment to remind my Higher Power that I'm not really sure they exist and I'm not really certain I believe in them, but I say—which is to say I pray—*Wanting to believe is so close to believing. It is so close.* I imagine that when I express my doubts over and over, my Higher Power smiles and nods and continues making leaves fall and animals burrow while they drop the sun down a little earlier each night. It is fall, and they are busy shifting the seasons and tilting the Earth and doing whatever it is that needs to be done each day to keep us moving and growing and turning. This makes me think of something I mention often when I talk to my Higher Power before bed. For over 25 years spent in active addiction, I missed the changing of the seasons. I knew it was happening and noted small changes in the back of my mind, but the front of my mind was in such a fog. It is exhausting to spend so much time in one of four states: drunk; hungover; planning/waiting to get drunk; or the worst of all four, trying desperately not to get drunk while knowing that I would, I most certainly would, because I could not stop. I simply could not stop, and so the changing leaves, the cool mornings, the deer crossing at dusk...there was no energy for more than a quick nod to such things. Now, I stop and I stare at the sky and I gaze at the sleek deer and I marvel at the outrageous colors and I wonder at the fact that I am here to see it at all, to smell it and feel it and be a part of it. In these moments, I can feel myself filling up, and that feeling of abundance and wonder and serenity has something to do with my Higher Power, I think. It has *everything* to do with my Higher Power. My gratitude in these moments reaches a devotional level. Rumi said, "There are a thousand ways to kneel and kiss the ground; there are a thousand ways to go home again." I have found the sweetest of homes in A.A.

If you've made it to the end of this, I have the strangest feeling of comfort that at least a little bit of what I said might ring a bell for you. It's been such a joy to find people who speak a similar language in A.A. We are all completely ourselves, and we are all the most lovely mirrors for one another. I know that if I have the chance to hear a little bit of your story in some room at some point, those same bells will ring for me. What an absolute gift. As I wrap this up: thank you, thank you, thank you for sitting in your seat. I am so glad you are sitting in your seat, that the seats were arranged in a circle long before I ever entered a room. I never wanted to end up here, but what a joy it is to have been so wrong about so much because my goodness...isn't the company just the absolute best?