



Coffee Pot Talk

NDIAA Newsletter

21B Trolley Square
Wilmington, DE 19806
302-655-5113
<https://ndiaa.org/>

November 2024

Step 11

Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.

Tradition 11

Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion; we need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio, and films.

Concept 11

The trustees should always have the best possible committees, corporate service directors, executives, staffs, and consultants. Composition, qualifications, induction procedures, and rights and duties will always be matters of serious concern

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

Special Events

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

- November 9, 6:30-9:00 PM: [Bingo Game Night](#)
- November 16, 1:30-4:30 PM: [District 5 Workshop](#)
- November 28, 10:00 AM-7:30 PM: [21st Annual Thanksgiving Alcathon](#)
- November 29, 7:00 PM: Longtimers Meeting
 - Free Event, 3 speakers
 - Please bring your favorite dessert or snack to share.
 - 3100 Skyline Drive Wilmington DE 19808
- December 24-25, Christmas Alcathon 2024
 - Dec 24: 6:30 PM-12:00 AM and Dec 25: 10:00 AM-8:00 PM
 - Free event. Meetings held every even hour, food and fellowship every odd hour, potluck

- 292 W. Main Street Newark, DE 19711

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, 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, women’s contact.

Jack B.: 302-723-6641, jbromwell911@comcast.net

Maureen: 856-952-9629, vertplanet@comcast.net

Experience, Strength, and Hope

COMPLACENCY, by Bonnie

Today was a good day. I got up early, an unusual event for me. I started off thanking God, not for anything in particular; just a thank you for waking me up for another day.

I wanted to go straight home, feeling a little tired from an aggressive day at work; I decided to go to a meeting instead. I had been struggling in this 20th year of my sobriety with getting to meetings. It had always been my practice to get to at least three meetings a week, sometimes five. Ironically, I found that I was only going to one meeting a month, maybe none at all in any given week that year. I asked myself, “Do you need a meeting?” I replied, “No.” Other times, I asked the same question and answered, “I better; they say I might drink.” I knew deep inside that my very special friends were right, that, “Meeting makers make it.” In hindsight, I see that my problem on this cold

February day was that I thought I had made it, I felt I could handle things. I didn't need meetings as much as I used to. However, there was much ringing in my ears. Over and over rang the word, "Complacent." I only learned that word, as I have learned many words and phrases, from going to Alcoholics Anonymous. I never viewed myself as complacent, I felt insulted at the possibility of being a complacent person. The decision was made; I was off to a 5:30 pm meeting.

I arrived a little late, nothing unusual for me, and sat behind a row of A.A. members. I heard a familiar voice speaking. I could not identify this person. I was just able to view the back of his head. Soon he finished speaking. I was compelled to speak about my complacency, so I did. The familiar voice directly in front of me turned around with big wide eyes and a great big gasp of surprise to see me. He knew my voice. He interrupted the meeting to hug me. We had not seen each other in at least eight years. We were the closest of buddies. I quickly gathered my composure, finished with my participation, and proceeded to get some tea. In the earlier years, me and my buddy would stand outside of this particular meeting and have a meeting after the meeting. We talked each other through many challenging days.

Believing that God works through people, my buddy and I were recovering instruments for each other in the past. We knew that we truly cared about each other's welfare. My special buddy helped maintain the upkeep and the grounds of the church where this particular meeting was held. He counseled the homeless, trying to guide them in the direction that would improve the quality of their lives, drug and alcohol free. He had found happiness in helping others.

I was still sitting across the A.A. meeting room, stirring the tea that was to calm me down. The more my buddy spoke, the stranger he sounded. I became alarmed at the continual strangeness. This good day was becoming a sad day. The meeting was over.

I saw my special buddy with a bicycle and stated, "It is so cold out there; if you can get that bike in my trunk, you have yourself a ride home." I welcomed the opportunity to hear about the last eight years of my buddy's life. He said, "Yes." Two seconds later, we were in my vehicle. I directly asked him, "How long have you been back into these rooms?" I knew he had been out. He replied, "Two years." He sounded so strange for supposedly having two years back in. I kept an open mind as I drove him home. I did not want to assume he was high. Fear and sadness broke out inside of me as I arrived at his home. I would not even keep my puppy dog in that residence. People were gathered on the corner, just hanging around. It was dark. I just wanted to get out of this unsafe place. My buddy asked me to help him bring his bicycle up the steep hallway stairs. Strangely enough, I actually felt safe with him; I did not forget the genuine fellowship he and I had, so I helped him. None of his rooms had a door. It looked like a place to store junk. What an eye-opening experience this was. My buddy told me that he went back out drinking and drugging for two years. I was told that on occasion he slept on the Brandywine in the winter so that he could stay warm. My buddy said, "I dig a hole in the

ground to lie in.” I could hardly handle this information, so I left, saying to myself, “It really was not safe to give him a ride home.” All I could feel was happy that maybe he was back in the program despite the apparent brain damage.

For two weeks after this eye-opening experience, I went to meetings every day, speaking about my complacency and my experience with my special buddy. I went to my home group meeting, still trying to shake this experience, and spoke about it again. Using the Round Robin method, the last gentleman in the room who spoke was hurting; he lost a very, very dear friend. His friend had died of a heart attack. When the meeting was over, I went to console him. I suspected that it was someone in the A.A. rooms that had passed away. I asked, “Would I know this person?” He said, “Probably not,” and revealed his name. My eyes were wide open again. I was in shock. He was talking about my special buddy. It was then that I knew that God had given me the gift of seeing my buddy one more time before he died. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs. I know that my buddy practiced the 12th step for years and years, helping many suffering alcoholics. Little did he know that his relapse and death have been the greatest twelve step work for me. I learned not to be complacent. If he could die from this crippling illness, then why can’t I? “Meeting makers, make it.”

