

It's National Recovery Month



JOIN THE VOICES FOR RECOVERY:
TOGETHER WE ARE STRONGER

recoverymonth.gov



Each September, tens of thousands of prevention, treatment, and recovery programs and facilities around the country celebrate **Recovery Month**. They speak about the gains made by those in recovery and share their success stories with their neighbors, friends, and colleagues. In doing so, everyone helps to increase awareness and furthers a greater understanding about the diseases of mental and substance use dis-

ALTERED ATTITUDE

“Our whole attitude and outlook on life will change.”

The Ninth Promise

Our Whole Attitude and Outlook Upon Life Will Change

Is this perhaps the most important of the promises?

It's buried in the middle... when it comes to the promises, the ones that usually stand out for me are "We will comprehend the word serenity.." and "We will intuitively know how to handle situations which used to baffle us".

My attitude and outlook on life was actually one of the FIRST changes to come upon me in sobriety, in fact it was almost immediate. This happened before I had done any of the steps, before I had any defects removed. My attitude and outlook on life, my drinking, myself, and my defects changed almost immediately. It was that change that provided the willingness to keep coming back, and to get into step 2 enough to believe that I **could** change.

This is on my mind because last night I heard an old acquaintance speak in a meeting. He was sober when I first came to AA, something of a ringleader. He was an egomaniac, so was I - I could relate to his sense of humor. He had a period of sobriety, then went back out and did the revolving door for a long time, and now he has some sobriety again. I hadn't really talked to him since he went back out.

In telling his story, he wove the early drinking, early sobriety, revolving door years, and current sobriety together in a way most speakers don't do. Most who have relapsed will describe the events leading up to the relapse, and perhaps some of the "yets" that came about during the drinking period. But he talked about what it felt like to be drinking after some years in AA.

He said "My whole attitude and outlook changed". To that I would add, "back".

This may be the best reason I've ever heard not to relapse! I think sometimes people fantasize that they can go out on a one-night or one-week or one-month binge and then tiptoe back to AA and all will be forgiven. It's not the forgiving that's the problem, it's the tiptoeing back that never happens because - that change, that attitude adjustment that made us willing to walk the walk, has been changed **back** to what

it was before. The belief has been lost. And this person showed me how hard it is to get it back. If you can get it back at all.

And this ties right in with another person I know who has never put together any amount of sobriety. I've alluded to my "almost AA girlfriend" a few times. She finally made the news, via a petty crime - the local media here loves reporting petty crimes with a twist. I found it ironic to see her name in the headlines the day after I heard about "my whole attitude and outlook changed back". One of the reasons I was attracted to this person was because I knew *she was just like me*. Difficult to explain, but in the short time I knew her, I had a recognition of certain thought patterns that I've never seen in another person before. I saw myself in the person I could have become (other than gender chromosomes of course) had only a few things been different. Of course two people that are that much alike are bound to fail in a relationship, and in this case it never even got started. But she has never had that change in attitude. If I can describe it at all, it's just about rigorous honesty. I define that to mean self honesty more than cash register honesty or absolute honesty. Her brain in **every** situation revolved around what she thought she could get away with - constantly calculating odds, looking for that loophole to slip through. I recognized it and it freaked her out - she shut me out completely. But that is exactly how I lived my life before AA. Not on the outside so much as on the inside. The thrill of a gamble taken... and the afterglow basking in "I'm good" when the truth is, "I'm lucky... this time". This girl was, for me, the gamble not taken - or rather, the game was raided before I got my turn at the table and for that I'm grateful. All the good that could come of that relationship - my self realization - has already happened.

And I still hope to some day bump into this person in sober form. I mean, really sober. Not for anything else than to know that a kindred spirit finally got it.

Barisax,

Used, with permission, from the Miracles in 12 Step Recovery Forums, online

Rock ‘n’ Roll Sobriety

I was very apprehensive but decided to loosen up a bit and go to the rock concert anyway. I felt I had grown out of a lot of that loud, deafening music, but since my sister really wanted me to go, I agreed. What the hell, I was still young – twenty-three years old that is, and flexible enough to fit in with just about any group of people. I decided to make it a good time so I threw out my negative feelings and geared myself with a positive attitude. Thus was my mental state when I headed for the Riverfest on Harriet Island to rock with REO Speedwagon.

We got there early enough to get good seats, and I sat back to observe the throngs of people who filed past. Their eyes sparkled with anticipation and their faces gave evidence of the excitement they felt. Raw energy hung low like a heavy fog and mixed with the warm, damp air left over from the muggy day. Multicolored, greased up hair, six-inch chain earrings, black leather studded outfits, and bright, bold, colorful sunglasses caught my eye. Nothing was unexpected, however. I was merely a spectator enjoying the show as my continuous grin would suggest to those passing by.

The concert was finally getting under way and my friends needed more beer, so off they trotted to battle the crowds and long lines while I attempted to save their seats. Of course, they missed the first song and almost lost their seats. While I was dancing and clapping to the music, I could see them off in the distance as they jostled their way through the crowd, trying to save their sacred beer from spillage. It seemed an eternity, but everyone finally settled in.

By this time, the band was working up a sweat and the crowd’s intense energy was growing. It didn’t take long before the familiar smell of marijuana played on my senses. Oh, God! I decided right then and there to thank God for my sobriety. It seemed only yesterday when at this same concert I was too stoned to even realize what songs were played.

Unfortunately my enthusiastic, absorbed state was interrupted. “What d’ya want?” I screamed at my sister over the grating sound of heavy metal.

“We have to go to the bathroom,” she yelled. I had forgotten that wretched curse of beer drinking.

“Okay,” I shouted, “but hurry back. I can’t be saving seats all night.” Off they went again while I continued to

enjoy the show. Yes, by God, I was enjoying this concert.

All around me people were losing their balance and falling off benches because of the effects of alcohol and drugs. Yet I firmly held my ground and confidently stepped up my movements in the tiny spot I inhabited. I was amazed at the amount of control I felt amid all this unleashed energy.

“Do you have an extra joint?”

“What?” I exclaimed, clearly flabbergasted. He was maybe fifteen or sixteen.

“Do you have any extra weed, man?” he repeated, somewhat hesitant this time.

“I wouldn’t even have a match to light one for you,” I answered. He didn’t seem to believe me, but I really couldn’t help him. I looked at him again and smiled.

Half an hour passed before I saw the familiar faces of my sister and her friends. They were having trouble getting through the wild crowd. Too bad they were missing the whole show.

The thoughts and emotions that coursed through me that night are almost inexpressible. I recognized a year and a half of growth amid the blaring, screeching, deafening sounds of electric guitars and synthesizers, and saw for the first time that this was what self-esteem was all about. I was not afraid to my own thing in the crowd.

I stood in the middle of 35,000 people and felt free to be a different, unique individual. The most important part of it all is that my Higher Power was with me and I was conscious of Him. How many other people in this rowdy, rambunctious crowd were thinking of a God and feeling the greater effects of his energy and power? How many times while I was drinking did I become conscious of my Higher Power and my inner feelings? I can’t think of one. The only times I remember being aware of that is when I cried out in pain and desperation.

“Did you have a good time?” I asked my sister when it was all over.

“Yeah, it was great,” she answered but quickly changed the subject to the amount of beer that was spilled on her. I could plainly see the effects of the concert were short-lived. Tomorrow she would not remember the real music, only a loud, indistinguishable sound and a lot of people. I, however, had discovered a new dimension to my sobriety, and it was well worth a hard-earned six bucks!

B.Z., St. Paul, Minnesota, 1986

Taken from *In Our Own Words*, Stories of Young A.A.s in Recovery, from the Grapevine

Step 9 – “Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.”

Making amends may seem like a bitter pill to swallow, but for those serious about recovery it can be good medicine for the spirit and soul.

What is an amend? The technical answer is an amend is a change. An amend is not an apology. It is a clear and purposeful act designed to clear up a problem from the past. If I harmed someone, and then in the course of working the Steps reach a point to make an amend, it is my duty to sit down with the subject and explain fully about substance abuse, my own personal program, what my fears were, and how I have changed as a human being. If I owe something material, I pay it back, with interest if necessary. If what I owe cannot be measured in gold or other material substance, then I must humbly ask forgiveness for my indiscretions and go my way. (What price is there for hurt feelings?)

And the great thing about the growth achieved through this Step was that more room seemed to be made in my heart for love and compassion. The amends did not mean that I could continue relationships with these people, but they did mean that I could free myself from burdens long past. Wonderful things happened to me beyond these amends, great life events that were benchmarks to my sobriety and personal growth. Mona J.

From the La Vegas, NV
Intergroup Newsletter



A CHANGED OUTLOOK

Our whole attitude and outlook upon life will change.

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, p. 84

When I was drinking, my attitude was totally selfish, totally self-centered; my pleasure and my comfort came first. Now that I am sober, self-seeking has started to slip away. My whole attitude toward life and other people is changing. For me, the first "A" in our name stands for attitude. My attitude is changed by the second "A" in our name, which stands for action. By working the Steps, attending meetings, and carrying the message, I can be restored to sanity. Action is the magic word! With a positive, helpful attitude and regular A.A. action, I can stay sober and help others to achieve sobriety. My attitude now is that I am willing to go to any length to stay sober!

Copyright 1990

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS WORLD SERVICES,
INC.

The Cabinet – Above the Sink – In the Kitchen – In My House

I loved to drink. On any given day quite a few years ago, I would spend my time toiling in some ad agency, creating ideas intended to persuade folks to purchase cereal or beanie weanies or some such product. Often my brain was very busy. But what really consumed my mind mostly, was what was waiting for me at the end of the day. It was in the cabinet – above the sink – in the kitchen – in my house. What was waiting for me was a large bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Scotch Malt Whiskey. It always stood there among the assorted glasses and bar gear.

This, by the way, was my cabinet. No food or utensils or girl stuff was allowed. What was contained here was pharmaceutical in nature, not nutritional. This was the lair of the serious drinker. Heavy glassware. No fruity chick glasses. It contained gin, vermouth and a liter or two of vodka. An arsenal to defend the flanks of Mr. John Walker, in case he went down. And often he did. This was my space. For I believed that the warrior that fought the battles, stalked the beast and brought in the meat, was allowed to keep his Johnnie Walker any damn where he pleased. So no one messed with the bar cabinet.

After work, I couldn't wait to get on the train to head home to the bottle in the cabinet over the sink in the kitchen of my house. The power of my obsession intensified, the closer I got. I sometimes felt that the train itself was being pulled by the sheer magnetism of the bottle in the cabinet – above the sink. Once home, I would hurry to the kitchen, as if some dear friend from long ago awaited with startling good news. Following me, my wife would chatter away about her day. But all I heard was blah-blah-blah. My attention was riveted to the bottle in the cabinet above the sink. Arriving there was simply the goal of the day. It was clearly a defining moment.

I was master of the house, and I had survived another brutal day in the minefields of commerce and silliness. And I sorely needed chemical adjustment. And this was my ritual of grand proportions. The first drink of the evening. The favorite glass. Ice cubes tinkling. That smell of malt vapor. The measure of the amber liquid. The swish and slosh of the wet pour. It was hypnotic. The ceremony was known as the Grand Ceremony of the Taking of the first drink.

Of course, as you all know so well, I had more than just “a” drink. It’s illogical to obsess all day about drinking as I did and only have just “a” drink. It simply made no sense. I had a simple rule, though, with one exception. The rule was: I was allowed three drinks before dinner. These were known as the Pre-dinner Cocktails of Happy Hour. The exception to this rule was: If dinner wasn't ready on time, I could have more than three drinks. Besides, who ever counted after three drinks anyway?

So, I just focused on the bottle in the cabinet. For without that ritual at the end of the day I could justify its means. I was as addicted to this ritual as I was on the chemical itself. Until one day I just no longer was. I began to drink more and earlier. The old drinking rules, as flimsy as they were, crumbled like a card table. I found very little heroism in swigging vodka directly from the bottle. There was no shame in stashing booze in a toilet tank. The romance was seriously tarnished when I'd wake up with corn and peas in my ears.

I had crossed the Great Divide that we all have crossed. That void that separates habitual heavy drinking and late-stage alcoholism. It's one that can't be re-crossed. Ever. There were no longer silly rules to make exceptions to. The Grand Ceremonial Drink Taking of the First Drink became meaningless.

But I became one of the very lucky few. I found this program. I drug my ass in here and found that it was attached to my soul. But it didn't come easy. I got in the way. Because of me, I did everything possible – short of drinking – to fail at this program. I didn't go into treatment. I sweated out a very stubborn and short 90 and 90. I questioned everything. I didn't get a sponsor. (That would be asking for help.) I came up with every reason not to do a Step Five. (Admit my mistakes to another human being? How embarrassing!)

But here I am sober in spite of myself. I paid dearly for my chair in these rooms. But I did not get this program. The program got me. Ironically, it was the very rituals of A.A. that saved me. In a program of letting go, these A.A. rituals provided something for me to hang on to.

From Bizarre News:

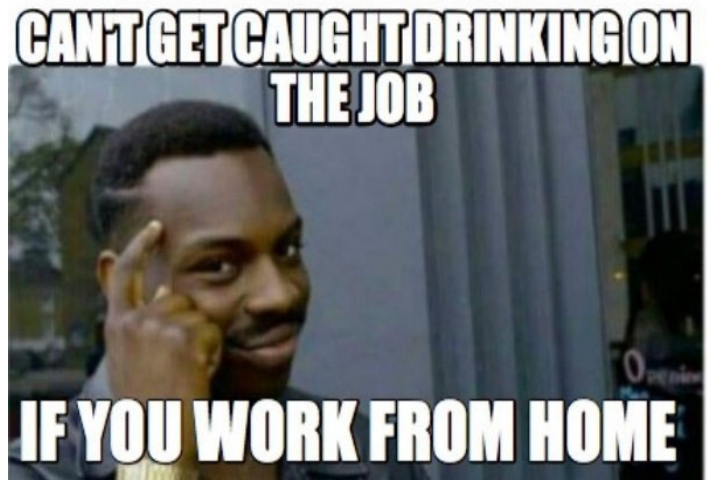
Teens Wearing Masks to Score Booze

Teenagers have been turning mask mandates to their advantage. According to several reports, today's teens have been putting on masks and donning disguises to look like grandma and grandpa in order to buy alcohol. Adults caught on to this ingenious grift of wearing a face mask, and painting on wrinkles, and putting on baggy sweaters and old lady wigs after some teens posted videos of them doing the heist on TikTok. However - likely because of the outsized attention to the hilarious prank - many of those videos have since been deleted or the accounts that posted them have gone private, probably because what they did is technically a crime. The New York Post first broke the story a few days ago after one of the videos of a blonde teen drawing on wrinkles with makeup got 1.5 million views on TikTok. The teen enters a liquor store using a walker and wearing what can only be described as "old people clothes," and walking out with a bag of alcohol.



"A gossip is one who talks to you about others, a bore is one who talks to you about himself; and a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself." -Lisa Kirk

Since childhood is a time when kids prepare to be grown ups, I think it makes a lot of sense to completely traumatize your children. Gets 'em ready for the real world" --George Carlin



I was at the customer-service desk, returning a pair of jeans that was too tight.

"Was anything wrong with them?" the clerk asked.

"Yes," I said. "They hurt my feelings."

"A boy, frustrated with all the rules he had to follow, asked his father, "Dad, when will I be old enough to do as I please?"

The father answered immediately, "I don't know, son. Nobody has lived that long yet."

An English professor announced to the class; "There are two words I don't allow in my class. One is gross and the other is cool."

From the back of the room a voice called out, "Yeah? So, what are the words?"

SESSIONS BY THE SEA - CANCELLED

SESSIONS BY THE SEA

P.O. Box 23

Denton, MD 21629

August 21, 2020

Fellow Intergroups.

It is with a heavy heart that the SESSIONS committee must inform your, respective, Intergroups of the cancellation of SESSIONS BY THE SEA - 2020. In compliance with our Governors order that participants MUST be socially distance (6 foot apart) we find that OCEAN CITY CONVENTION CENTER cannot meet our needs. They wanted to move the convention down stairs to the exhibit hall. That may meet the Governor's orders. However, we hold SESSIONS to a higher degree. About 2006 we tried holding a meeting down stairs and found it to be unsatisfying. With the infusion of \$3,000 from SESSIONS we could not get the acoustics to measure up. A lot of our registrants came to me (then) and complained about the quality of the meeting. Most said "do not hold another meeting in the exhibition hall" because it was very disappointing. We, the SESSIONS committee, agree with them.

We expect to be back in 2021 as strong as ever. Do not abandon us.

At the present time it would be appreciated if each Intergroup would pass the word about our cancellation, this year. If possible, post on your respective websites. If need be you may post this letter. Let registrants know they will be receiving a 100% refund of their money. However, it will be about September 10th before they will be mailed out. I need to write out and sign more than 700 checks. All will be mailed out the same day so that I don't get calls about their friends receiving their check last week while some checks have not been mailed out.

How to Contribute to WAIA, GSO and WAGSA

Contributions to the **Washington Area Intergroup Association (WAIA), the General Service Office (GSO), and the Washington Area General Service Assembly (WAGSA)** cannot be made in person at this time, but you may contribute by mail and online using the information below. You must be a member of AA to contribute. Per our 7th tradition we are self supporting, declining outside contributions.

If you are an individual the maximum you may give is \$5000 per year. If you wish to make a large contribution, please contact the WAIA office beforehand. We thank you for your support.

WAIA—Check payable to: WAIA

Mail to:
Washington Area Intergroup Association (WAIA),
4530 Connecticut Ave, NW, Suite 111
Washington, DC
Online: <https://aa-dc.org/contribute-online>

GSO - Check payable to: General Service Board

Mail to:
General Service Office
Box 459 Grand Central Station
New York, N.Y. 10163
Online: <https://contribution.aa.org/>

WAGSA - Make check payable to:

Mail to:
Washington Area General Service Assembly
P.O. Box 5673
Friendship Station
Washington, D.C. 20016
Online: <https://www.area13aa.org/contribute>

National AA Technology Workshop 2020 Virtual Gathering

Theme:
AA Technology Comes of Age



The National AA Technology Workshop is a group of AAs who gather and work together to share about carrying the message of AA through technology.

When:

September 12, 2020

11am - 7pm Eastern | 8am - 4pm Pacific

Where:

Zoom Platform

Registration:

naatw.org/reg

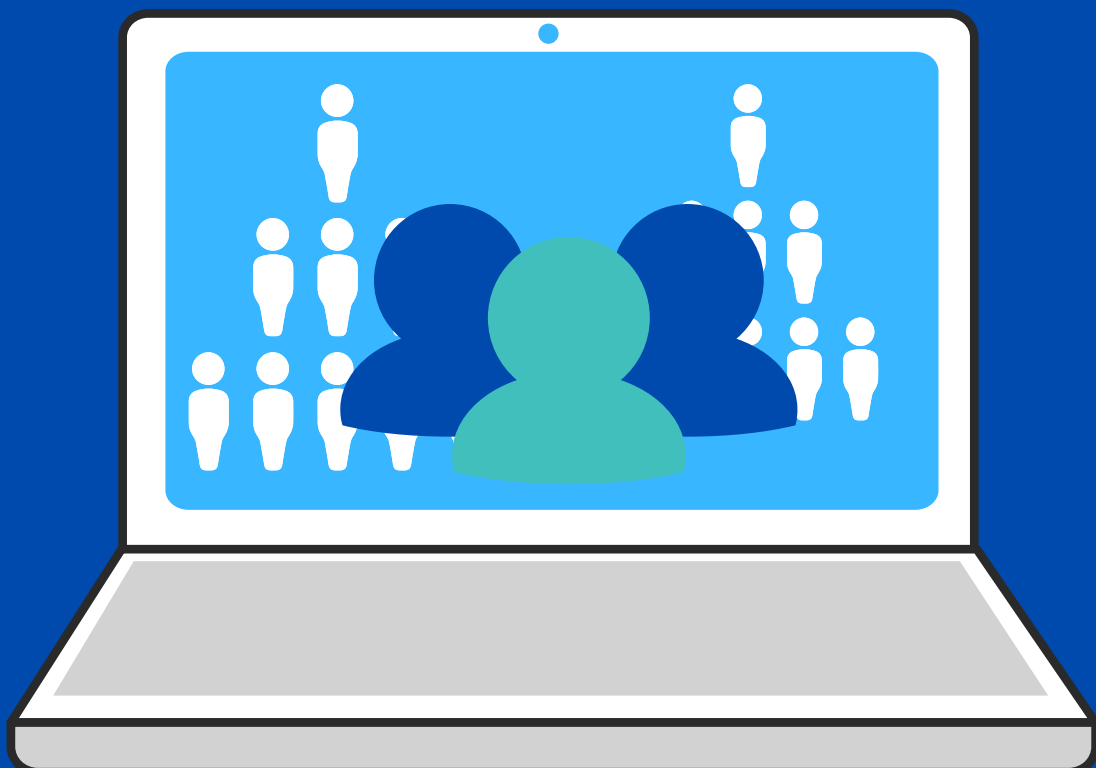
For more information about NAATW visit naatw.org

WAIA 2ND ANNUAL AA SPONSORSHIP CONFERENCE

AA SPONSORSHIP CONFERENCE 2020



**NEVER ALONE AGAIN:
WALKING STEP BY
STEP TOGETHER**



SEPTEMBER 26, 2020

**SATURDAY
9:00AM - 4:30PM**

VIA ZOOM

**PRE-REGISTRATION
IS REQUIRED**



**REGISTER HERE:
aa-dc.org/SponCon**

SEPTEMBER 26

**SATURDAY
9:00AM - 4:30PM**

VIA ZOOM

**ASL & SPANISH
INTERPRETER AVAILABLE**

**NEVER ALONE AGAIN:
WALKING STEP BY
STEP TOGETHER**



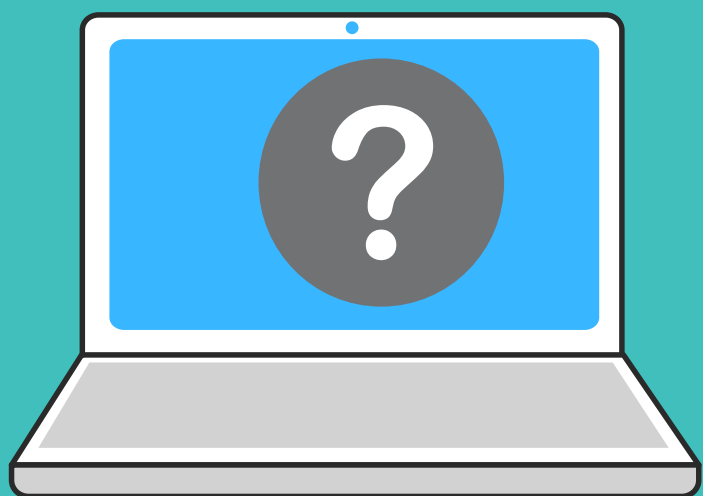
Four Panel discussions include:

Cultural Approaches and Styles of Sponsorship
The AA Sponsorship Pamphlet-practical issues for sponsees and sponsors
Service Sponsorship
Sponsee Profiles and Support



Bring Burning Questions like:

How to pick a sponsor?
How to make a switch?
Long Distance Sponsorship vs. Friendship?



Seventh Tradition:

There is no fee for attending the conference, but you must register. If, however, you are willing to contribute please visit: aa-dc.org/SponCon
Proceeds will pay for the costs of the interpreters and other costs. All additional money will go directly to WAIA, The Washington Area Intergroup Association.



THE BIRTHDAY PLAN

Many AA members across the country are currently sharing their Anniversary Celebration with others, by giving a dollar or two for each year of their sobriety to WAIA. This ensures that the same help that they received will be available to others that are new to the Fellowship.

Start this year and make it an annual event. It is not how much you give that's important. It's thinking of others on your special day, that makes it so special. If you are truly grateful for your sobriety, this is really a wonderful way to express your gratitude by helping others receive the blessings of sobriety. Thanks.

FAITHFUL FIVERS

Faithful Fivers are AA members who in gratitude pledge to contribute at least five dollars each month toward the support of WAIA in its quest to carry the AA message of hope and recovery to those alcoholics who still suffer in the Washington, D.C. area.

The Faithful Fiver idea came about when we remembered that many of us wasted many times that amount each month during our drinking days. Your contribution (which is tax deductible) will help WAIA get through the money problems we are always facing.

If you are able to join this worthwhile cause, please fill in the form and send it along with your first contribution.

Cardholder Name _____

Email Address _____

Phone # _____ **MasterCard** _____ **Visa** _____

Credit Card # _____

Expiration Date _____

Cvv number _____

Billing Address (if different than subscription address)

I authorize WAIA to charge my credit card in the amount of \$ _____

Signature: _____

WAIA

4530 Connecticut Ave, NW, Suite 111
Washington, DC 20008

WAGSA Area Committee meeting

*For More Info go to:
Area13aa.org*

chair@area13aa..org

WAGSA Delegate Report Back

Sunday, August 30, 2020

*For More Info go to:
Area13aa.org*

delegate@area13aa..org

AA Sponsorship Conference

**Saturday, September 26,
2020**

Zoom Webinar

See flyer on pages 10 –11

WAIA Monthly Board of Directors Meeting

September 8, 2020—8:00 PM

The second Tuesday of month (except August)

Meeting ID: 858 6433 8516

Passcode: 431307

One tap mobile

+13017158592,,85864338516# US (Germantown)

CHECK OUT OUR EVENTS CALENDAR

Events are updated
regularly!

If you would like to
submit an event, send an
email to [events@aa-
dc.org](mailto:events@aa-dc.org). A pdf flyer may be
attached

- | | | | | | |
|------|---------------------------|------|-----------------------------|------|--------------------------|
| 222 | 930 Club | 60 | Crapshooters | 660 | Good News Beginners |
| | A Way of Life | | Creative Arts | | Good Shepard |
| | AA at CUA | | Crossroads of Recovery | | Greenbelt Step |
| | AA & Family Issues | 120 | Daily Reflections, NW | 150 | Growing Group |
| 10 | Addison Road | 36 | Daily Reflections, SW | | Happy, Joyous & Free |
| | Adams Morgan Meditation | | Daily Reflections, UnityPI | | Help Wanted |
| | All Are Welcome | 98 | Darn Good Big Book | | High Noon |
| | Among Women | 380 | Darnestown Men | | High on the Hill |
| | Andrews Armed Forces | 45 | Day by Day | | High Sobriety |
| 204 | As Bill Sees It, NW | 60 | Deanwood Women Rap | 300 | Hill Lunch |
| | As We Understood Him | | Double Dippers | 20 | Hope Fellowship |
| | Aspen Hill 5th Chapter | | Dupont Circle Club | 60 | Hope/Oxon Hill |
| 101 | Aspen Hill Phoenix Mon. | | DC Young People | 551 | How It Works G'burg |
| | Aspen Hill Phoenix Fri. | 283 | DCC Noon | 50 | Hyattsville Discussion |
| | Attitude & Action | | DCC Women Fri. | 1092 | Hyattsville Hope |
| | Attitude Adjusters | 377 | DCC—930 Club | 70 | Informed Group |
| 540 | Back to Basics | | Del Ray Acceptance | 1800 | Into Action, Germantown |
| | Barnesville | 1345 | Del Ray club | | Investment |
| | Beginner Basics (DCC/Wed) | | District 2 | | Irreverent Women |
| | Beginners & Winners | 205 | Divine Intervention | | Jaywalkers |
| | Big Book Study | | Dunn Drinking | 1252 | Just Before Noon |
| | Big Book Thumpers | | Dunrobbin | | Just For Today |
| 60 | Brightwood | | 8AM Men's Big Book | 1560 | Kensington Big Book |
| | Brookland | | Early Times | 1020 | Kensington YP Step Study |
| 110 | Broad Highway | 520 | Epiphanies | | Keys to Kingdom |
| 2338 | BYOL | 320 | Ex Libris | 360 | Kid Friendly Big Book |
| | BYOL (NonSmoke) | | Faith Fellowship | 119 | Kingman Park |
| 525 | Burtonsville Big Book | | Faith Group | | King Str. Recovery |
| 108 | Campus Noon | 120 | 52 Pick-Up | 660 | Language of the Heart |
| | Capitol Heights | 1200 | Fireside Spirituality | | Landover Discussion |
| 389 | Capital Hill | 276 | Foggy Bottom | 110 | Lanham-Seabrook |
| | Carmody Hill Group | 313 | Forestville Primary Purpose | | Last Chance |
| | Cedar Lane Women | | 14 Promises | | Laurel Recovery |
| 60 | Change of Life | | Fourth Dimension | 420 | Leisure World Noon |
| | Cheltenham | | Free Spirits | 420 | Leisure World Big Book |
| 100 | Chestnut Lodge Outreach | 221 | Friday Night Fun Too | | Let Go Let God |
| | Chinatown Big Book | | Friday Night Big Book | | Let It Happen |
| | Chinatown Men's | | Friendly Bunch | | Liberty |
| 90 | Clarksburg AA | | Friendship | 90 | Life Is Good |
| 200 | Cleveland Park | 420 | Gaithersburg Beginners | | Life Saver/Big Book |
| | Clinton 45 Plus | | Gateway | 100 | Little House |
| | Clinton Day | | Gateway/Wednesday | 20 | Living Sober by the Book |
| 180 | Clinton 6:30 | | Gay 18 New Castle | | Living Sober Unity Place |
| | Clinton Sunday Night | | Gay Group | 60 | May Day |
| 160 | Coffee & Donuts | 900 | Georgetown | | Meance to Serenity |
| | Colesville Sunday Nite | | Get It Off Your Chest | 1118 | Men of Dupont |
| 312 | College Park | 480 | Glenarden | 174 | Men In Recovery |
| 1306 | Cosmopolitan | 267 | Glen Echo | | Men's BS Session |
| | | | Goldsboro | 20 | Merry Miracles |

| | | | | | |
|--------|---------------------------|------|----------------------------|--------|-----------------------------|
| 661 | Messengers | 54 | Out Of the Woods | | St. Camillus |
| 120 | Mideast | 1564 | P Street | | St. Mary's Gay |
| | Midtown | | Palisades Mon. Nite | | St. Francis |
| 183 | Misery is Optional | 160 | Petworth | | Starting Over (SS) |
| | Monday Winners | | Phoenix Group/DC | | Starting Over Gaithersburg |
| 144 | Mo.Co. Women | | Pool'ville Pot Luck | 120 | Steps To Sobriety |
| 806 | More Peace of Mind | | Possum Pike | | Step II Group |
| 59 | Montrose Gay | 300 | Potomac Eye Openers | 180 | Sunday Men's Step |
| 143 | Moving into the Solution | | Potomac High Noon | 2668 | Sunday Morning Breakfast |
| | Mt. Rainer | | Potomac Oaks | 150 | Sunday Morning Joy |
| | Nativity | | Potomac Village | 30 | Sun. Morning Reflections-UP |
| 137 | Navy Yard Nooners | | Potomac Women | 1080 | Sunrise Sobriety |
| | Neelsville Beginner | | Potomac Speakers | 411 | Sunshine, G'burg |
| 213 | New Hope | 746 | Primary Purpose Gay | 50 | Sursum Corda |
| | N.E. New Hope | 720 | Progress Not Perfection | 165 | Survivor's |
| 180 | NE Sunrise | 419 | Promises Promises | 260 | Takoma Park Necessity |
| 131 | Never Too Late | 90 | Prospect | | Takoma Rush Hour |
| | Never Walk Alone | 269 | Queer Women | 100 | Tenley Circle |
| 929 | New Avenue | 412 | Quince Orchard | | The Away Group |
| 420 | New Beginnings NW | 1402 | Radicals | | There is a Solution |
| 84 | New Beginnings/Pool'ville | | Read & Speak | 36 | TGIF |
| 180 | New Beginnings SE | 120 | Riderwood Bills | 50 | Thurs. Morn. Reset |
| | New Beginners | | Room with a View | 97 | Triangle Club |
| 99 | New Stomping Ground | | Rosedale Sobriety | | Twelve Point Bucks |
| 120 | New Unity Gay | | Sat.Afternoon/2PM/UP | | Unity Noon |
| | New Way Recovery | 60 | Sat Morn Fire Barrel | 198 | Unlovely Creatures |
| | No Hard Terms | 150 | Saturday Morning Steps | | Upper Marlboro Big Book |
| 60 | Norbeck Women Fri | 300 | Saturday Night Happy Hour | | Upper Marlboro Step |
| 488 | Norbeck Women Wed | | Saturday Night Special | 197 | Uptown |
| | Norbeck Step | 180 | Scaggsville | 71 | User Friendly |
| 90 | NW Metro | | Second Chance | | Victory Lights |
| 277 | Nuts & Bolts | | Seed of Hope | | Vision for You |
| 20 | Oasis Women's BB | 278 | Serenity | 1080 | We Care |
| 5 | Old Fashion | | Sheepherders | 164 | Wednesday Nite Winners |
| 138 | Olney Farm | 275 | Silence is Golden | | Welcome Group |
| | Olney Stag Rap | 67 | Silver Spring Beginners BB | 119 | Westside Women |
| | Olney Women's group | 2400 | Silver Spring | 222 | What's Happening Now |
| 300 | On the Circle | | Silver Spring Women | 50 | When All Else Fails |
| | On the Move | 200 | Simplicity | | White Oak Steps &Traditions |
| | One Day at a Time | | Simply Sober | 168 | Women's Lit (180 Club) |
| | One Day at a Time/R'ville | | Singleness of Purpose | 1423 | Yacht Club |
| | One Day at a Time/ | 746 | Six & Seventh Step | | Yeas & Nays |
| G'burg | One Day at a Time/ | 90 | Soapstone | | |
| | One Day at a Time/ | | Sober & Alive | 283 | Birthday |
| Lanham | One Day at a Time/ | 100 | Sobriety Sisters | 40 | Faithful Fivers |
| 180 | One Hour Back | | Souls Arising | 28,355 | Individuals |
| | 180 Group | 564 | Southern Sobriety | 150 | Memorial |
| 180 | Open Arms | | Spiritual Awakening | | |
| | | 98 | St, Barnabas Womens wrap | | |

If you would like to receive to the **hard copy** of New Reporter, make check payable to WAIA and

Mail to: WAIA
4530 Connecticut Ave, NW, Suite 111
Washington, DC 20008
\$15.00 Year
\$28.00 Two Years
\$12.00 Group Rate

A free digital copy of the New Reporter is posted every month to our website at:
<https://aa-dc.org/new-reporter>

To receive an email with the link each month, sign up using this form :
<http://eepurl.com/U30BT> or email **newreporter@aa-dc.org**



Have a story about your recovery in AA? Tell us your stories about how you're saying sober in these difficult times.

Why not share it with all of us? If you'd like to contribute to the *New Reporter*, please send in your material to:

newreporter@aa-dc.org



Day

Years

THINGS WE CANNOT CHANGE

Anniversaries should be called into WAIA (202) 966-9783 as early as possible, by the 1st of the preceding month at the latest.

The **NEW REPORTER** is a monthly publication of the W.A.I.A., Inc., 4530 Connecticut Avenue, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20008. Printed Subscriptions are \$15.00 per year and Digital Subscriptions are **FREE**. Articles and event information are encouraged from members of the Fellowship and its friends.

VOLUNTEER

**Guess who it really
Helps?
Call 202-966-9783**

Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the Washington Area Intergroup Association or A.A. as a whole.

(Exceptions are: Quotations from ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS, TWELVE STEPS and TWELVE TRADITIONS and other A.A. books and pamphlets are reprinted with permission of A.A. World Services, Inc.) Art and other articles are reprinted with permission of the A.A. GRAPEVINE, Inc. and are subject to the GRAPEVINE copyright.

SEPTEMBER 2020