

The Beacon Club

Bailey Island Bath Bowdoinham Brunswick Five Islands Freeport Georgetown Harpswell Orr's Island Richmond Topsham

District 6 Newsletter

Maine St., Brunswick, ME. circa 1978

Just a Glimpse

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District 6! My name is Tim S. and I'm an alcoholic and an addict, and your District 6 Newsletter chairperson! Thank you all for the warm reception and input with our first volume. As mentioned in the previous volume, we will commit to releasing four volumes per season, with a special holiday issue at the end of the year. Community involvement to me is the most exciting aspect of being our district's newsletter chair. Recently Rae of Brunswick has joined our council as our first editor, Enoch B of Brunswick has decided to become our first dedicated graphic artist, and Courtney C of Brunswick has joined as our Graphic Designer. Communitally we will try to release a newsletter that is an accurate reflection of our district. While we may not achieve perfection, my mentor would tell me, *"Perfection is in the realm of the Gods. As artists, spiritualists, and as people we can peer back the curtain to that realm to reveal Their light, revealing Their perfection: The Truth."*

After working on the first issue and exploring media in and out of the rooms, we would like to expand the opportunities to be of service with the newsletter.

Suggested ideas can be, but not limited to:

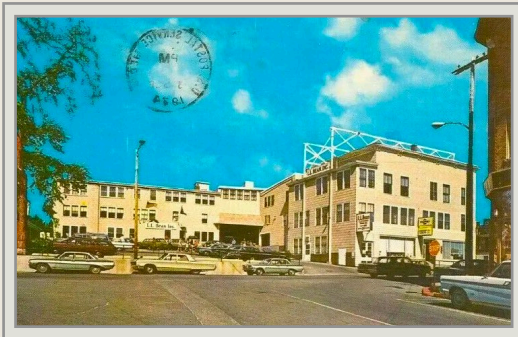
- Additional Logo Designers/Graphic Designers
- Artists of all kinds
- Original song lyrics about the disease
- Submitting anniversaries (celebrate with the district, show it works!)
- Submissions for a page (or two) dedicated to a specific topic related to alcoholism (manic depression/other diseases of the mind, working while sober, being young in recovery, etc)

We'd love to hear community feedback! Parallel to our common cause in AA, an emphasis on growing together as a collective is at the forefront of our goals. If you have an idea of how to make the newsletter a better reflection of our district, my contact information is on the very back of this newsletter. This issue, we have Canyon Cynthia's story of recovery in the west, our Nikki O. speaks on forgiveness, the local artist Enoch B. made a comic for us, and we will also hear a word from our District 6 chairperson Todd S.

Two future sections are currently in the works: a section that will share the sober anniversary dates of the members of our community, and another will be an archival series exploring District 6 history. Additionally we would love input on how to make the newsletter reach a broader audience! If you would like to be added to the list of anniversaries, or have a suggestion for future content, my contact information is on the back of the issue

I love you all and thank you for allowing me to be of service.

Tim S.
Wicked Sober
8/4/2023



Main St., Freeport, ME. circa 1954



Happy Winter District 6.

Happy New Years, my friends. I hope you all had an enjoyable Holiday season. I sure did.

Our holiday events are now in the books. Thank you everyone who helped make them happen. A lot of effort goes into them and the energy brought by this District makes them work. Sunday January 5, 2025 I attended our first Area Committee meeting of the year. It was well attended. We had 56 in the room and another 20 or so online. There were 3 motions submitted to be undertaken at the Spring, which takes place April 11 to 13, 2025 in the Lewiston/Auburn area. Flyers will be available after the February Area meeting.

Those 3 motions are:

- Disburse \$3,000.00 to GSO
- Complete a few small guideline changes to the Area 28 Workbook so that it can go to print and be ready at the Post Conference Forum.
- Attempt to raise the Area Prudent Reserve from \$7,000 to \$8,000.

The Round Up website will go live February 16, 2025 for event registration and to order merchandise. Event flyers (or whatever the committee will use to spread the word) will be available at this time as well. Room registration for that event will still take place at 8 a.m. on April 1, 2025. The 46th Maine AA Round Up will take place June 13 - 15, 2025 at Sugarloaf. Hope to see us all there.

I also had some discussion with our Area Registrar at the meeting and asked her for an accounting of how many groups in District 6 are registered with GSO. We have 31 groups registered. Of those 31, 17 are no longer in existence, so that leaves 14 active District 6 groups on the GSO books. The longest registered group in District 6 is the Bath Group (registration date of May 30, 1948) and the newest group on that list is Wicked Sobah (registration date of Oct 4, 2011). We have a bunch of meetings that have sprouted since 2011 that have not registered with GSO and I'm going to do my best, over the next couple months, to get the GSO information corrected and encourage newer groups to get registered. Any help will be greatly appreciated.

Also, the GSO is starting a new Podcast on January 14, 2025, to give our membership an inside view of its workings. It will be available on all popular streaming platforms.

That's it from my seat in this edition. Thank you, Tim S, for your continued work on this newsletter.

To the constant reader know that I love you all!
Respectfully in Love & Service,

Todd Stilphen, Wicked Sobah
3 - 18 - 2011





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Awareness, not Closeness

"I have a higher power? And all these people are telling me I'm beyond human aid, but if I seek it, it's going to remove my compulsion to drink? Really? Come on!"

This was my first thought-loop coming to meetings: terrified, chronically relapsing, and incredibly skeptical. It's difficult to describe how freeing, scary, and confusing it was coming into a program of spiritual recovery as an Atheist with a chip on my shoulder and told that I could have a new concept of god. That I didn't have to call it god. That I didn't even have to know what it was, only that it could bring me the strength and serenity that I couldn't seem to manufacture on my own. Thankfully, I wasn't alone in my feelings. That I had come home to a community filled with people who shared my skepticism and fear, but who were willing to try it anyway and as it turns out, it worked.

When I was still in my day count, someone told me something that has stuck with me over the years. With my eyes downcast, body shaking from withdrawal, hating most of the well-meaning advice coming from the mouths of people who said they'd been where I was and that it would get better, hating their peace, resenting their calm, this tough old Chicago guy said, "You will never meet anyone closer to God than you; it's about awareness, not closeness."

Right then and there a piece of my broken heart broke open just a little further to let some unknown light in. Turns out the light had been there all along.

The only job I have today and for the rest of my life is to allow the world to keep breaking my heart open little by little without trying to shield it by numbing it with alcohol, because the warmth of that light gets a little stronger with every fracture.

- *Marissa of Brunswick*

Forgiveness

The topic of forgiveness regularly comes up in the meetings I attend. My ears perk up when I hear people talk about when they forgive and when they ask for forgiveness. One of the questions I ask myself is have I really forgiven {someone}. The Big Book says the therapeutic value of forgiving others is an essential part of the recovery process. On page 66 it reads "Forgiveness is a decision, not an emotion, and it must be sincere to get results." How do I know I have forgiven? Each situation, for me, requires exploration into self. I ask myself a few questions: Do I feel relief and peace? Do I wish them well or am I seeking revenge? Am I willing to move past the hurt?

The process of forgiveness takes time and conscious, internal work. Rushing to "forgive" may cause more hurt, but never forgiving keeps me a slave to fear. It may seem like a stretch to connect an absence of forgiveness with fear; however, my experience suggests a lack of willingness to forgive is rooted in fear. The act of forgiving can be hindered by fear, stemming from anxieties about potential re-traumatization, fear of appearing weak by letting go of resentment and my own vulnerabilities. Holding onto anger and resentment may feel safer than the act of forgiveness, but once I do a thorough exploration of my part in a thing, forgiveness is a necessity; even when I don't think I have a part, I generally do (good sponsorship has taught me that).

Amnesty includes acceptance, freedom, love and understanding – principles for this A.A. to practice. Practice makes pretty good, and pretty good is an excellent beginning.

- *Nikki O. of Brunswick*

Spirit Feather

Many moons ago, around 1990, I met this woman whom had been sober for awhile, at an AA meeting in Scarborough, Maine. She had a warmth about her, beaming smile and an inner peace that I felt an instant soul connection with her. She was from a small town in New Mexico, north of Santa Fe called Los Alamos.

I had traveled to the Grand Canyon in 1987 and 1988 to hike and explore in the threshold and wilderness areas of the Canyon. The land of the four corners region had stirred a yearning in me to again witness its gentle grace and beauty, and as the summer grew nearer, I could hear the siren song of the canyon country. Linda was essentially leaving her husband to protect her 3 children, and was looking for assistance to travel across country in their van back home after the kids had gotten out of school. I had finished my degree with the University and had not made any commitments for a job, so my time was mine to create whatever I wanted to. So with our combined energies and experiences, we left the soggy, gray, cold, heavy energy of Maine for the dry, bright, warm, light, liveliness of the southwest in June.

We took turns driving while becoming acquainted with each other and balancing the needs, at least as best we could, with the three kids, who were ages 16, 12 and 6. Chris was 6 and it was a very long time before he would speak with me, and when he did, it would only be one or two words, mostly his sisters spoke for him to me. I grew to love each of the them and was grateful for the opportunity to assist the family in its healing journey. The kids were very observant and seemed very attuned to the world around them and sometimes I could see their immediate reaction to the slight inflection in a tone of voice, or the change in the weather or the passage of things along the road ways. I marveled at how well Linda navigated the choppy waters of emotions that would abruptly erupt, especially with the 16 year old, who had experienced the longest amount of trauma.

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Lying

Shame

If they were starving
They would lie to get some food
This is not different

Feeling so worthless
Not being around seems right
But you're too afraid

They don't understand
They want you to stop
That which keeps you alive

You're back here again
After you made promises
You can't trust yourself

They don't understand
They are all out to get you
You cannot trust them

Sometimes you can cry
But usually don't even
deserve the relief

If they leave you be
Lies won't be necessary
Such busy bodies
(Lies are your best friend
What they don't know can't hurt
you)

- *Krissey B. of Brunswick*

<Voices>

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It was night when we were climbing the steep windy road out of Santa Fe and all three kids were sound asleep in the back seats. When we reached a big scenic overlook, Linda turned into it and shut off the van. We got out to stretch and I took notice that she locked the doors as we walked a few yards closer to the edge, even though no one else was there nor on the road way. The air was crisp, and I could smell a faint vanilla scent of Ponderosa pines mixed with juniper and creosote bush. The carpet of sky held thousands of stars in spite of the sprawling lights of Santa Fe that extended to the horizon. We both stood in silence for a few minutes taking in the beauty of the land. I could tell that she was deep in thought, so I waited for her to speak. What she preceded to tell me I wasn't fully able to grasp in that moment. She didn't want the kids to hear this conversation, and if I had heard it back in Maine, I might not have been so open and willing to come on this journey.

Seems this place we were heading, her childhood home, was where the Manhattan Project administration had set up secret laboratories where they designed and built the world's first atomic weapons during WWII. The locals there called it, "The Lab" where the top scientists of the day designed Fat Man and Little Boy that the US military dropped on Japan back in 1945. She continued to tell me what sounded like a set up for a sci fi movie. She said that there was a no fly zone over the mesas, and only two roads into the town. There have been sightings of flying saucers, as well as people appearing and disappearing beside the road at night and other odd things that the people there just took in stride since everyone's financial basis had tethering to "The Lab." She told me to keep my eyes and ears open and that basically we would travel together if we went out at night. I instantly got goose flesh. Just as she finished talking, a car drove up fast and spun dirt at the turn around then tore off up the road as we hustled back to the van. I could feel my adrenaline pumping and took a deep breath when we got into the van and she locked the doors again. One of the kids had awoken, so there was no more talking and I was now wide awake and processing what I just heard. I couldn't help wondering to myself, what had I gotten myself into!? We had planned to stay a couple of weeks with her parents, while she explored, seeing if she could live there with her kids and find sober support as well as a job. Her father worked at the lab and her mother kept an immaculate house and cared for her families needs.

Every night when her father came home, he would pour vodka into a big glass and drink it straight. It was obvious to me, he needed that drink. In order to off set this temporary living environment that neither of us felt comfortable in, we attended AA meetings. The abbreviations for me represented attitude adjustment, which I was needing on a constant basis, as I was dealing with situations that were not my daily norm so far on this trip. After our first day there, when we piled into the car to go the grocery store and look around town, I felt this funny feeling and I could sense and see someone at a distance following us. I looked at her without saying a word, and then looked in the rear view mirror. Jenny, observing our unspoken communication turned around to look. Linda immediately told her to turn back front. So the cat was out of the bag with the kids, and they had questions and frankly so did I.

I asked her, "We are two women and three kids, why were we being followed?" Linda said maybe it was because of her Dad and his work at the lab. I followed with, "So what does your dad do at the lab?" She said she didn't know. I said, "what do you mean you don't know?" She said she had never known, in the decades he had worked there. It was top secret and they weren't allow to ask him that, so I was just being present in my friend's conveying of her truth. When it occurred to me later that we may have been followed to be protected, that thought didn't sit well with me, yet seemed to make the most sense. I just knew that it was something I had never experienced before and not something I wanted to keep experiencing. I kept an open channel with God and just talked with Linda and she with me when we got to go off to local meetings. This was something she had lived with all her growing up and to talk about it with another woman in recovery was healing for her. I had so much gratitude for my own journey during adolescence, and so much compassion for my friend. I heard in recovery a phrase, "We are as sick as our secrets" and in this situation I could see the opportunity for wellness in the making.

There was one day we went to visit the Los Alamos History Museum with the kids and got to see many displays and pictures about what was created there on the mesas. I had a big pit in my stomach as I looked around knowing that backers of the Manhattan Project had killed thousands of lives, and not just human. They created something that could actually blow Mother Earth apart, reminding me of the obliteration of Alderaan in a movie released nine years earlier. It was like the whole community and the museum were so proud of what the scientists had created. There was this display of pride and superiority in the language of the displays. What's interesting to note is that we were here in June and on my birthday this same year Hollywood put out a film called Fat Man and Little Boy, about the whole project, so the whole country got to know more about it. As I walked out I tried all that I could do to not vomit. It felt like it went against everything I stood for as a conscious human being.

So Linda was able to ask her dad while we were there what he did for work. It was important for her to ask, and not so much that she knew the answer, as it was that she no longer was in fear of asking nor oppressed emotionally for her inquisitiveness. We both supported each other emotionally and spiritually to not be dominated by the codependency and secrecy in the family as well as the community. The town had grown a lot since she had left and she had some wonderful old friends that were still sober and was greeted with kindness and decency, which was comforting to her.

There was one night we were driving back from a meeting and all of the sudden there was a man standing on the paint lines in the middle of the road with his left side to us. She slowed down and the next thing I saw was that he turned into an elk and took a leap and disappeared into the woods. She asked me if I saw anything and I said yes. She asked me what I saw and I said, "Oh no, you tell me first what you saw." I knew she had seen something since she slowed down and had dimmed the lights. She confirmed she saw the same thing. We drove slowly past where he had vanished into the woods, yet neither of us heard nor saw anything else. It was the first time I had ever seen a shape-shifter. I felt that it was a positive Spirit sign, to see this shapeshifter. Today I would say the message was about having strength and stamina to go the distance in honoring the company of our own gender, which Elk does except during rutting season. The shape-shifter from what little I know, is about transformation, adaptability and the fluidity of identity and the connection between the physical and spiritual worlds. Shapeshifters would transform to help heal or protect their communities. Linda and I were warriors in sisterhood traveling the good red road together. I found deep comfort and I thanked Spirit and the shapeshifter for appearing before us and letting us know we were not alone and that our medicine was helping to heal the land, our families and the people.

After about a week of being with her and her family, I really needed a day off to do what I wanted to do, by myself. I needed a recharge and used my ten speed bike that we transported on the back of the van to peddle the 13 miles from Los Alamos to Bandelier National Monument. On Google today it says it takes 70 minutes to ride there. I'm guessing that is for folks who are acclimated to 7,300 foot elevation and who are in good shape to ride the up and down hills since Bandelier was at 3,000. I packed my back pack with food and water and told her I would be gone all day and to not worry about the ancestral homeland of 23 known tribes to assist in healing me. It took me so much longer to get there than I had expected and I had to get off and walk the bike a number of times since I was not acclimated to the elevation nor hills. Bandelier was timeless and quiet even though quite a few tourists were there. I was so grateful that this place had been preserved.

As a song line says, I could hear the ancients singing through the walls. As the light from the beating sun filled my body, the stress I had been carrying was transformed into peace. I wanted to remain there longer, yet I knew I had quite a ride still to go, especially out of the park since it was a LONG hill in and I didn't want to worry my friend. So I had to pace myself on the walk out, even though I was in relatively good shape, and had been there a week or so, I still wasn't accustomed to the elevation and the very dry air. The walk out became a meditation.



continued →

There was a stillness in my thoughts, really hardly any at all, as I in turtle fashion walked my bike and I on the road of happy destiny. I felt a deep sense of renewal, optimism, strength, freedom, and peace in my heart with gratitude as the predominate essence of the moment. The turquoise blue sky was crystal clear, no clouds or planes nor even any winged ones. I was guessing it was siesta time for most of the smart creatures of the desert. I was thankful for the company of the intermittent gentle breeze that would caress my hot skin as I trudged on.

At one point along the walk, there came a moment that something shifted and I sensed what I would call a time/space bubble. There was no breeze, no sounds, no other cars or people, no lizards or animals or motion of anything. The only things that were moving were my internal organs, yet it was a peaceful bubble and I stopped and looked around. There on the ground, just a few inches in front of my bicycle tire, was a perfect feather. I stood there for a minute, observing it, and I sensed it was a gift for me. So I hit the kickstand, walked around the bike to the edge of the curve in the road and picked it up and slipped it into my pack. I had no tobacco nor cornmeal with me, so I pulled out eyelashes as my give away and thanked whomever had gifted me this beautiful feather. I then walked around the bike, hit the kick stand and then instantly I was back in this dimension again. The breeze had come up and a car came around the corner and I could hear noise again. It was a magical moment and I wasn't sure what to make of it, yet looking back on it now it all made sense. I had just left a very sacred place and I was on the road of recovery taking responsibility to live my life in the flow of creation and consciousness. I knew that the service work I was doing here was powerful and life changing for me and those around me. I had earned my feather.

In the Native American teachings when a feather falls to earth, the Native Americans believe it carries all of the energy of its former attachment on a bird to a living being. It is a gift from the sky and symbolizes trust, honor, strength, wisdom, power, and freedom and many more things. Something I read recently was saying the only way an Indian can actually get a feather (they were talking an eagle feather, which this one was not) was by doing a brave deed, like fighting off a bear or going up against an enemy. I felt at the time this was a gift from the Spirit world to assist me in the unseen duality of dark and light, conscious and unconscious, fear and love. I was in the middle of releasing what no longer served me and my relations, as well as standing in the light of love. That a road map named The Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions, mixed with my animist beliefs, and with my heart and intuition as my compass, I am able to walk the red road. Walking that road means a deep commitment to living life with purpose while on a path of positive change. This feather was a powerful message that I was not alone, that I had Higher Help and guidance and that I was so grateful for the physical manifestation and that timeless precious moment. I hadn't been walking too much longer when who was coming down the road but my friend and her kids in the van! I was so happy to see them. We put the bike on the back again and I was so relieved that my hill walking with the bike was over for the day.

On another day towards the end of our stay there, there was something fun Linda really wanted to do, and so we all piled into the van to go rock hunting in a place near an old volcano. I had never done this before and neither had the kids. We had so much fun exploring and checking out each other's finds. This area possessed a lot of obsidian and fossils. The ground was very firm and we didn't dig, yet after a bit I found a human sized heart shaped obsidian that felt too big to carry in the small space I had in the van. Yet, I knew I had to take it home. I left a giveaway as a thank you. The spiritual meaning of obsidian is safety and grounding, along with clarity and the ability to release emotional, physical, and spiritual blockages, drawing out stress and tension. Another wonderful sign and I thanked Spirit for this beautiful gift. That stone has traveled everywhere I have, even when I lived at the bottom of the Grand Canyon 10 years later.

Before we left to drive back to Maine, Linda's dad obtained clearance from work to answer her question on what he did. So I psychically prepared myself for what she was about to tell me, or so I thought. Her dad was a physicist who specialized in the detonation of nuclear warheads.

He had special clearance to be flown from Los Alamos to Area 51 in Nevada to do underground nuclear explosions, after the above ground detonations had been banned. Wow. So much for mentally preparing myself... I was without words... again.

Now it made total sense why we had been followed. We were being protected while under her father's roof. I felt such relief and happiness for my friend that she was able to know this information and now she could move on without the big secret that could block the positive flow of energy in her recovery and life. In hind sight, I also understood why we were gifted the presence of the shapeshifter and I the Spirit Feather. We were both sober women in service to family and community by living our lives a day at a time in a conscious Higher Power flow, aligned with honoring and protecting our sacred Mother Earth.

As I end this story to you, I will leave you with some inspirational words of Sylvia K, who helped to start the first Chicago group of Alcoholics Anonymous back in 1939. She was also one of the first women to achieve long term sobriety as a direct result of Alcoholics Anonymous. (She sobered up September 20, 1939 and died sober October 31, 1974, 35 years sober.) She writes in the second, third, and fourth editions of the Big Book of Alcoholics Anonymous: Perhaps I could find freedom and peace and be able to once again call my soul my own. Whole new vistas were opened up for me, new avenues of experience to be explored, and life began to take on color and interest. I found myself looking forward to each new day with pleasurable anticipation. A complete change took place in my approach to life. Where I used to run from responsibility, I accepted it with gratitude. Instead of wanting to escape, I experienced a thrill of challenge in the opportunity of applying the AA techniques. As Sylvia so eloquently continues to express:

"I have known a great deal of joy, and a peace that is the handmaiden of an inner freedom. I have a wealth of friends and, with my A.A. Friends, an unusual quality of fellowship. For to these people, I am truly related. First, through mutual pain and despair, and later through mutual objectives and newfound faith and hope. And, as the years go by, working together, sharing our experiences with one another, and also sharing a mutual trust, understanding and love- without strings, without obligation- we acquire relationships that are unique and priceless.

There is no more "aloneness," with that awful ache, so deep in the heart of every alcoholic that nothing before, could ever reach it. That ache is gone and never need return again. Now there is a sense of belonging, of being wanted and needed and loved. In return for a bottle and a hangover, we have been given the Keys of the Kingdom."

This service trip with my friend Linda, was deeply transformative. Our bond helped both of us to affirm our inner strengths and capabilities and in the evolution, we were listening to our own souls. We both heard the call to quest, to awaken, heal and transform our lives. This trip, at least for me, became a sacred journey that allowed for discovery in relations to self, yet just as much with family and community. I now believe that our sojourn was important for the social health of her children as well as for our extended community. I was so grateful we both were honest, willing and especially open to the visible as well as invisible world around us.

We were independent Spirits, yet while on this road together, we manifested energetically a bonding fusion that was exponentially greater than the war heads that were created on that mesa.

- Canyon Cynthia

<Community>

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"The Drunken Dodo,"

Though filled with an instinctive urge to survive, will never be able to rest. It thinks it can run indefinitely, but it will inevitably be swallowed by the darkness that follows it.

"The Future Fish"

swims freely in the open sea, and dictates its own path in life. It knows it won't always be completely safe, but it will roam freely knowing that it has many ways in which it can evade any possible threats.

The Drunken Dodo and The Future Fish

by Enoch B. of Brunswick

Principle #1: Honesty

Being able to be honest and authentic with others began with the willingness to be honest with myself. In active addiction, I had spent years finessing the art of lying by omission or by skirting around the truth and refusing to look at things as they were—I wasn't an "alcoholic," an ugly word to which I didn't want to associate, but rather I was "a person with depression who struggled with substance abuse issues." (And, of course, I frequently partook in blatant lying.) This lifelong pattern of fearing truth and reality was finally interrupted in completing Step 1 of the 12 Steps; in that simple act of identifying with the word "alcoholic" (which I had resisted and disdained for so long) and accepting my inability to have even one drink, I was finally being honest with myself.

Surrendering to this truth opened the door to my journey of sobriety and recovery, and now at the point of being almost four years sober, has become synonymous with my daily prayer to be a loving, kind, and understanding person towards others and myself. If I can practice these things towards myself, I stand a much better chance of being able to do so with others. Being honest, in a way that is discerning and thoughtful but does not evade truth, is an act of love and of self-love.

By Amanda S. of Brunswick

Ten Alcoholics by Todd S. of Bath

- 10 Alcoholics, all in a line. One got to thinking
- then there were Nine.
- 9 Alcoholics, one said, "Wait! A near beer can't hurt!"
- then there were Eight.
- 8 Alcoholics, lookin' up to heaven. One cut out meetings
-then there were Seven.
- 7 Alcoholics, doing service for kicks. One started grumbling
-then there were Six.
- 6 Alcoholics, glad to be alive. 'Til one smoked pot
-then there were Five.
- 5 Alcoholics, greeters at the door. One played the Big Shot
-then there were Four.
- 4 Alcoholics, for fun and for free. One's case was "different";
-then there were Three.
- 3 Alcoholics, knowing what to do. One rewrote the Big Book;
-then there were Two.
- 2 Alcoholics, having some fun. One started lying
-then there was One.
- 1 Alcoholic, talking to HP, "If only one is sober - then I'm glad it's me."



Community

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Recovery Meow!
Beacon Club Crossword
Volume #2, Issue #1

Across	
3	Experiencing cravings? Try...
5	The spiritual foundation of all our traditions
6	Hard to ask for at first, easy with time
8	No dues or...
10	The leader of the Oxford Group at the time of AA's birth
12	AA's position on outside issues
13	Name of a co-founder of AA
16	Home country of St. Francis
17	City with the first Woman's AA meeting
20	Principal of step 8
21	Common hot beverage found at most meetings
22	Principal of step 1
23	A member that guides another through the steps

Down	
1	First publication of the 12 Traditions
2	Oxford group founder
4	This Maine town gave birth to this influential 19th century religion based recovery movement
7	Principal of step 2
9	A group in this city coined the term "Rule 62"
11	Bill W.'s first sponsor
14	Principal of step 12
15	First to describe Alcoholism as an allergy
18	Birthplace of AA
19	Cost for AA membership

On the Mind

Recovery Acronym of the Issue: #2
I.S.M.

I Sponsor Myself

by Paul L. of Brunswick

Quote of the Quarter

Attention, taken to its highest degree, is the same thing as prayer. It presupposes faith and love. Absolutely unmixed attention is prayer. If we turn our mind toward the good, it is impossible that little by little the whole soul will not be attracted thereto in spite of itself.

- Simone Weil

Fact of the Issue

AA's first secretary, a non-alcoholic, Ruth Crock discovers the Serenity Prayer in the New York Tribune. Ruth and the HQ staff have the prayer printed on cards to send out to members, introducing it AA members for the first time

Did you know: J.D. Rockefeller Jr. contributed to the initial stages of AA's development. Worrying large sums of money might sabotage the new organization, The Alcoholic Foundation, where he offered business advice on growing and funding their organization and a one time small grant while AA was struggling.

Did you know: Bill W was a vocal critic of referring to Alcoholism as a disease, preferring to define it as a malady or an illness.

"We AAs have never called alcoholism a disease because, technically speaking, it is not a disease entity. For example, there is no such thing as heart disease. Instead, there are many separate heart ailments or combinations of them. It is something like that with alcoholism. Therefore, we did not wish to get in wrong with the medical profession by pronouncing alcoholism a disease entity. Hence, we have always called it an illness or a malady—a far safer term for us to use."

- Bill W, 1960



< Fellowship & Events >



Bailey Island Bath Bowdoinham Brunswick Five Islands Freeport Georgetown Harpswell Orr's Island Richmond Topsham

District 6 Business Meeting

The Second Friday of each Month, 6pm
Bath United Methodist Church, 340 Oak Grove Ave, Bath ME

Many Committee Chair positions, as well as other service positions are available! Provide additional aid by joining as a committee member. Committees looking for committee members include:

- Corrections
- CSO (Central Service Offices) Liaison
- Meeting List
- Website
- Love & Service
- Newsletter
- BTG (Bridging the Gap)
- Grapevine

PICPC (Public Information/Cooperation with the Professional Community)

Open committee chair positions include: Archives, Functions, Literature, and Hotline.

Expand your sober experience and join us!

(must have a minimum of 1 year of sobriety time to qualify to be a committee chair. No requirement to be a part of a committee!)

Eastern Area Convention of Young People in AA XXI (EACYPAAAMA)

February 13th - 16th 2025
Hilton Boston Park Plaza, 50 Park Plaza, Boston, MA, 02116
Registration Fee: \$40/per head
Hotel Costs: \$169/per night

Annual meeting of young folks and those young of heart! The convention aims to provide an opportunity of AA members from all over the American East to come together for fellowship and to share their experience, strength and hope. A key opportunity to learn more about AA with other young people and make some friends along the way (or come to just make friends!)

Website: <https://www.eacypaama.org>

Meeting list for the area: <https://www.eacypaama.org/meetings>

Virtual Northeast Regional AA Service Assembly 2025

February 21st - 23rd 2025
Virtual (Zoom link will be provided upon registration)

An annual gathering of AA members for a conference of information sharing, networking and fellowship. Area Committee members, General Service Representatives, Central Office Representatives, District Committee Members and those interested in service or just staying sober are warmly invited to join.

Registration site: <https://area45snjaa.org/neraasa-2025-registration/>
Agenda Program: <https://area45snjaa.org/neraasa-2025-agenda-program/>

Northeast Fellowship of the Spirit (N.E.F.O.T.S)

March 28 - 30th, 2025
Holiday Inn by the Bay, 88 Spring Street, Portland, ME, 04101

A three day conference with speakers from AA and Al-Anon, meetings and plenty of food. Make it a day trip or stay for the whole event! Open to all that seek recovery.

Website: <https://nefots.org>
Schedule: <https://nefots.org/schedule/>

46th Maine AA Round Up

June 13th - June 15th 2025
Sugarloaf Mountain Resort, 5092 Access Rd, Carrabassett Valley, ME 04947

Website will be live beginning on February 16th, 2025 for registration. Room registration with begin on April, 1st 2025 starting at 8am.

Visit Sugarloaf Mountain Resort or call 1-800-THE-LOAF (1-800-843-5623) to secure your room.

2024 District 6 Holiday Functions Final Report

Gratitude Day - November 28, 2024
- 42 people for dinner
- 29 people for Gratitude meeting
Expenses - Bath United Methodist Church - \$100.00
Supplies - \$80.00
Proceeds - 7th Tradition - \$330.00
Event Surplus - \$150.00

Christmas Alcathon - December 24 & 25, 2024
- 177 people over 16 meeting
Expenses - Bath Recreation space - \$250.00
Supplies - 147.00
Proceeds - 7th Tradition - \$465.00
Event Surplus - \$68.00

New Years Eve Gala - December 31, 2024 - January 1, 2025
- Potluck/Speakers - 80 people
- Acoustic set - 60 people
- Dessert Raffle - 60 people
- Sobah Karaoke - 55 people (20 performances)
- Meetings - 10:45 p.m. - 42 people - 12:15 p.m. - 13 people
Expenses - Bath Recreation space - \$250.00
Supplies - \$210
Proceeds - \$704.00
Event Surplus - \$244.00

Total event surplus - \$462.00

< New Meetings >

Women's Recovery Program Literature & Discussion

Bath United
Methodist Church,
340 Oak Grove Ave,
Bath ME 04530

Every Sunday, 4pm -
5pm

Thursday Night Step Meeting

Grace Episcopal
Church, 1100
Washington St,
Bath ME 04530

Every Thursday,
6:00pm - 7:00pm

Sober in Harpswell Speaker/ Discussion

806 Harpswell
Islands Rd,
Harpswell, ME
04079 on Route 24

Every Tuesday
6:00pm - 7:00pm



Meeting Guide is a free-of-charge meeting finder app.

The app helps people find A.A. meetings and resources near them. A.A. service entities provide the meeting data for the app. Meeting Guide is available for iOS and Android smartphones.





News & Resources

Bailey Island Bath Bowdoinham Brunswick Five Islands Freeport Georgetown Harpswell Orr's Island Richmond Topsham

WANT TO HELP ANOTHER ALCOHOLIC?

Give a Gift Subscription
 to an alcoholic who needs it.
 Great for:

- Prisons • Detoxes • Newcomers • Sponsees
- Doctors' Offices • Group Celebrations
- District and Area Events • Giveaways!

It's also a great way to support Grapevine & La Viña!
 Get your group, district, area or AA friends to join in. Carry the Message, it's easy!

Go to aagrapevine.org/carry-the-message to get started and see our new Carry the Message video at www.youtube.com/c/AAGrapevine

2025 CARRY THE MESSAGE PROJECT

*This we owe to AA's Future;
 To place our common welfare first;
 To keep our fellowship united,
 For on AA unity depend our lives;
 And the lives of those to come.*

Declaration of Unity

*God,
 grant me the
 Serenity, to accept the things I
 cannot change,
 Courage to change the things I can,
 and the
 Wisdom to know the difference.*

Serenity Prayer

*I am responsible,
 when anyone, anywhere
 reaches out for help.
 I want the hand of AA
 to always be there.
 And for that, I am responsible.*

Responsibility Statement

Pet of the Quarter #2:

Plain Language Big Book Out Now!

An easier to understand and more accessible version of our Big Book.

Contact our General Service Offices (GSO), or visit <https://online.literature.aa.org> for more information.

District 6 is searching for a Functions Chair!

Love planning events for your friends and family? Love bringing joy to the halls of AA? Consider using those gifted talents to do service work at the district level! Interested? Contact me below!



Elio of Brunswick

The New Grapevine Podcast Out Now!

Each week long-time AA members Don, Ollis, and Sam will interview a different member about their experience, strength and hope, in a casual "meeting after the meeting" manner.



Links & Hotlines

24/7 AA Hotline:	-	1-800-737-6237
Maine AA 24/7 Hotline:	-	1-207-774-4335
International Warm Line:	-	1-866-771-9276
Maine Mental Health Crisis Line:	-	1-888-568-1112
GSO and Grapevine:	-	1-212-870-3400
Area 28 Central Service Office:	-	1-207-774-3034

Would you like to write or contribute to the newsletter?

Contact Tim Sawyer via e-mail: tcowingsawyer@gmail.com or via text (207)522-4578 (pet pictures welcome)

District 6 Website	District 6 Meeting	Area 28 Website	Statewide Meetings	Round Up Site