

Making Amends

During a coerced meeting with a bitter ex-wife, a Ninth Step emerges.

I had been sober around six months, and one day my daughter came to a meeting. She said, "I'm going out to visit Mom. I want you to come with me." I had not spoken to my ex-wife in over 20 years. So, I really did not know what to expect.

Step 9: Made direct amends to such people whenever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others

When we arrived at the house my ex-wife was in the yard working. When she saw me, she did not speak to me. She spoke to our daughter, but the words were for me. She screamed. "I don't want to see that man. I don't want to hear anything he has to say. And if he doesn't leave my property, I'll call the police."

I left there very angry, vowing never to return. The memory of our separation and divorce returned. She had been awarded the kids, house, car, furniture and anything else of value. I was locked

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Experience, Strength, & Hope

A young teenage surfer resists the pull of anger in order to stay sober

I am seventeen years old, and I recently graduated from a public high school, although I've also been to a military school, continuation schools, and group homes. I have two years of sobriety and I was able to stay sober in most of these places. So, whether it's military, private, public, or boarding school, it's possible to make it sober through school, one day at a time.

I drank through middle school, part of high school, and through a group home. I grew up in an abusive home — I think it tends to make a person different right from the start. In elementary school, I felt different from everyone, never a part of. I always wanted to be a part of the "cool crowd," but I was never fully accepted. I was not interested in school, nor did I have many friends. I never saw any point in being there. Eventually, as a result of being teased and the issues at home, I became violent and started getting suspended from school.

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I was in the sixth grade when I had my first drink. I was picked on and abused, and it fueled my anger and insecurities. At first, I started to huff correction fluid in class, knowing that it would make me feel "happy." Soon, I found a crowd that I fit in perfectly with. Eventually, I was placed in after-school tutoring, and, since all of us good alcoholics are rebellious in one way or another, I decided to ditch school a lot.

One day, while ditching, I was introduced to pot. After that day, I knew I no longer needed to huff correction fluid. I ran with the same crew of kids until I got sober. We fought, drank, and smoked a lot. From sixth grade to my junior year, I got into at least one fight a year and I was suspended numerous times.

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By the time I got into high school, I was running into nothing but walls. Within my first semester, I left my abusive home to live with a neglectful father. I was suspended for fighting and expelled for having a concealed weapon. I started to drink hard alcohol, alone. I started using harder drugs, and I became violent. I went to a continuation school, where I met some of my old crew and was immediately at home with the fights, drugs, and alcohol. Eventually, I was let back into my old school, only to be in two separate fights after two weeks of being back. With nowhere to turn, my father sent me to a slew of placements: Christian military school, two-week programs, and finally, long-term placements.

Eventually, I was kicked out of my father's house, so I went to live with my grandparents. Then, I was sent to a group home for a one-year stay during my sophomore year. While there, I was introduced to AA.

I continued to use in any way possible, however. Eventually, I was betrayed and beat up. Unwilling to continue with the way my life was going, I stayed sober for the remaining two months of my stay. With one month in an out-patient program and one meeting a week, I couldn't stay sober longer than ninety days.

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Feeling that "incomprehensible demoralization," and slipping once again, I stopped running with my own will. I decided to give AA one and only one chance. I got a sponsor. I was dry and still angry, but I managed to not let anyone know about my slip, so I was let out of my out-patient program at the end of my sophomore year. From there, I had the summer off. I had no summer school, no job, and no responsibilities.

Summer consisted of keeping myself busy. I stuck close to the Fellowship. I only worked the first three Steps my first year of sobriety, so therefore had to rely on fellowship and hobbies to keep me sober. The first thing I did was to get a summer job with another sober member of AA. I worked full-time and surfed my butt off. I kept up with at least three meetings a week and had a home group on Saturday night.

That summer, the main thing I did differently was to stop hanging out with all of my drinking buddies. If I hadn't done

up in jail, could not appeal in court and received nothing.

When I returned home I called my sponsor. He said, "Just do AA and leave the rest in God's hands." He reminded me that I had made a commitment when I took the Third Step. "Let Go and Let God," he said.

My sponsor got me busy doing service work, chairing meetings, speaking and going on Twelfth Step calls with him. He was also with me as I did Steps Four through Nine.

When I'd been sober around 16 months, my youngest son called. We had talked and written to one another while he was in school, and he had now returned how to stay. He said he wanted to see me; I said OK. We met after a meeting and he said, "We are going out to visit Mom."

I told him what had transpired the last time I had seen his mother. I let him know that I was not going to go through that again. He replied, "It's OK, Dad. I talked to Mom and she said it would be OK."

I said a prayer, we left the clubhouse, and I returned to the home I once owned. I had not been inside the house for over 22 years.

Within a short period of time I found myself alone with my ex in the living room. Then something happened. Instead of an awkward silence, my mouth opened and out came Step Nine. I apologized for my past actions (never mentioning anything she had done). I asked her what I could do to atone for my past behavior.

She said, "Treat your children like a father should. And continue to do whatever it is that you're doing."

On the way home my son said, "Dad, I have prayed for a long time that one day you and Mom would just speak to one another. But I had given up. I knew how Mom was, and you were still drinking. However, when I saw you and Mom talking and laughing I knew it was a miracle and I was filled with a great happiness."

Tears of joy flowed from my eyes. I realized that God had done for me what I could not have done for myself.

Today, I still remember that day. And the countless other days over the past 15 years when all I needed to do was to "Let Go and Let God" work his miracles.

--Douglas M., Covington, KY
(reprinted from the September 2010 edition of Grapevine)

Who or What Brought You to Your First A.A. Meeting?

In the August issue of the newsletter, we asked you for an answer to that question, and here is one member's response

Weissbier, jet lag and a death row dog were just a few of the things God tossed out on the path that ultimately led to my taking a seat at my first AA meeting.

I had known for decades that I was an alcoholic and I truly reveled in my addiction. It suited me, set me apart from others. In my mind, there was a dark glamour to the disease I shared with some of the most creative people this world has ever produced. I defined myself by my disease.

Drinking was fun until it became less so. And then one day, it became no fun at all.

Sitting in my living room, sick and bloated, I pondered what had become my hateful existence. I had no desire to die but felt death was my only option. I truly did not believe I could live without drinking. My son was grown and on his own. There, my work was done. I was free, as Hemingway put it so well, "to die in the rain, alone." But damn, there were the dogs. What would become of them if I were to cross that street and leave this life? And here is where God's perfect plan for me was revealed.

A year and a half before I sat at the place where death seemed the likely choice, I was volunteering at the county animal shelter and charged with finding a rescue for a willful little Lhasa Apso puppy with a penchant for biting hard on anyone who came near him. Except me. That troubled little dog and I connected as if we shared the same soul.

Being the overachiever that so many with this disease tend to be, I got that little dog accepted into the premier rescue

for his breed which assured me would take him the moment they had an opening. Joyfully, I told the shelter director I would foster the puppy as soon as I got back from my trip to Salzburg until the rescue was ready for him.

My first stop on that journey was Munich. I promised myself I would have just a beer or two with my meal and then get to bed as I had to catch a train early in the morning. Hours and how many beers I know not later, I was escorted by hotel staff to my room because I was so drunk I couldn't even walk. Waking the next morning spilled sideways across my bed, I considered for the first time ever that I may actually have a drinking problem. A serious drinking problem.

Somewhat fearful from that experience, I carried myself fairly well for the rest of the trip. Upon returning home, I was eager to get to the shelter to see the little Lhasa Apso I had grown to love. Except he was nowhere to be found. Against regulations, I went into the death room. Where I found him, moments away from being put to sleep. I grabbed him in my arms and took him home. I told him I would never leave him again.

So, as I sat there pondering my own death, I knew in my heart and my soul I could never break my promise to that dog. He needed me. I needed him. I needed AA. And so a new journey began on June 13, 2011. Who rescued who? I truly believe the hand of God saved us both.

--Adrienne B.

Visiting Riker's

A prison commitment yields great rewards for one AA

Oh, no. You people again. Why do you even bother?" the corrections officer said, his face sated with institutional weariness and cynicism, as he checked for our names on the list at the entry point to the facility. No answer seemed required from me or the two AA men I had brought along to speak at the meeting. Eventually, he waved us through.

Through experience, I have learned that entry is not a given, though being denied entry is rare. "If the COs don't want you to go in, you're not going in," my sponsor says. "Just turn around and leave."

I picked up the two-year commitment by attending the monthly Correctional Facilities meeting at New York Intergroup. It wasn't as if an election had to be held. There are far more corrections opportunities, at least in New York City, than there are AA members willing to fill them. Should I feel too busy, I can remember my sponsor's words: "We're all busy." Exactly. Anyway, who am I fooling? I need service the way I once needed a drink. "Faith without works is dead," our Big Book says. Service gives me a respite from my own will.

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that, I'd have gotten drunk and wouldn't be writing this story. The final semester of my junior year, I went to a regular public school.

Since I had been involved in the Fellowship, I learned a lot about practicing AA's principles in my daily affairs. I had only just learned how to be a good person, so I still got into a couple of confrontations, but no fights. If I had worked my Steps, perhaps I would have had a better understanding of myself and my actions.

Public school wasn't such a walk in the park, though. Since I had been involved in the Fellowship, I learned a lot about practicing AA's principles in my daily affairs. I had only just learned how to be a good person, so I still got into a couple of confrontations, but no fights. If I had worked my Steps, perhaps I would have had a better understanding of myself and my actions. When I ran into people from my past, I explained that I was sober and living a different lifestyle, but I kept my anonymity. I talked to counselors when I needed to, and made sure I kept a close conscious contact with my Higher Power. You see, with me, it was not just one or two things that kept me sober; it was an accumulation of things that kept me going through my day-to-day business. Then I met her, and I went to my first high school function.

The high school function was the prom, and I had no clue about how many parties were going down that night. As I mentioned earlier, I was usually angry, so I was never much of a social drinker. I drank at home, alone. If I was with my friends, we weren't very social to begin with.

But, by the time of the prom, I had about ten months sober — I had not been around drugs or alcohol for a very long time. The prom wasn't a big test of my sobriety or anything; it was all the parties afterwards. See, I made the choice to go with a "normie," which isn't a bad thing, but it does mean that they usually drink. I had broken my anonymity to this girl a while ago, and I wasn't very uncomfortable, but I didn't think it was wise for an alcoholic like me to be around alcohol and people drinking. Knowing this, we left early, and as a result, somehow I lived one of the most memorable nights of my life sober. That summer, I stayed sober, celebrated my first year, and, although I didn't work full-time, I surfed and went to a lot of meetings.

Senior year was not much different from my previous

semester as a junior. Things seemed to go a lot smoother as I worked the Steps. I had also committed to not getting into a fight during my last school year. This wasn't easy.

Eventually, I ran into one of those people who, I felt, are unavoidable in life. It was this kid on my surf team, talking trash about me because of an incident in the water when I accidentally ran him over with my surfboard. Every time I saw him, my mind and body screamed, "Put him in the hospital!" But my determination to stay sober kept me from hitting him.

The main thing that kept me in line was that first drink. If I were to hit this guy, I'd be falling into old habits and pushing myself into a pit of self-pity, pride, and ego, and I'd be making myself susceptible to that first drink. I talked to my sponsor, my therapist, and my grandparents, and I prayed my butt off.

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Even in the midst of temptation, the principles we learn in AA can shine through and we can have a moment of clarity. "Reminding ourselves that we have decided to go to any lengths to find a spiritual experience, we ask that we be given strength and direction to do the right thing, no matter what the personal consequences may be." I try to remember that the amends I make are for me more than they are for the other person. I can make my amends and be an example of the freedom of living a sober life.

When we come to the edge of it all, we must believe in one of two things: We will be given earth to stand on, or we will be given wings.

—Greg T., Oceanside, California

Editor's note: The story above is from the August 2012 online edition of Grapevine Magazine. Here at SJ Anonymous, we want to reflect the experience, strength and hope of AA members of all ages—and keep it green for those that have been around for a while. Why not send us YOUR story? You'll be helping so many others by sharing what you've learned. Email your submission to newsletter@asj.org.

Trustee Takes on Tradition Nine

Tradition Nine (Long Form): Each A.A. group needs the least possible organization. Rotating leadership is the best. The small group may elect its secretary, the large group its rotating committee and the groups of a large metropolitan area their central or intergroup committee, which often employs a full-time secretary. The trustees of the General Service Board are, in effect, our A.A. General Service Committee. They are the custodians of our A.A. Tradition and the receivers of voluntary A.A. contributions by which we maintain our A.A. General Service Office at New York. They are authorized by the groups to handle our over-all public relations and they guarantee the integrity of our principal newspaper, the A.A. Grapevine. All such representatives are to be guided in the spirit of service, for true leaders in A.A. are but trusted and experienced servants of the whole. They derive no real authority from their titles; they do not govern. Universal respect is the key to their usefulness.

Careful reading of the long form of this tradition brings out a wealth of principles that we, as A.A.s, should both understand and grow to respect.

First, it tells us that we need the least organization possible. This does not imply that we should be disorganized, but rather that we just not overdo it. A good look at any government agency will quickly give us examples of what we shouldn't do.

Secondly, it tells us that we should elect rotating Servants from among our ranks. It also hints at the powers allotted these Servants through the 12 Concepts. (You've read those, haven't you?)

It then mentions Intergroups and Central Committees as examples of good organization. It explains the Trustees' responsibility as they act as the General Service Board.

Next, it tells us that ALL of our representatives are to be guided by a "Spirit of Service". It tells us that they have no real authority, and that they do not govern. This means that they are to always keep in mind "What's in it for THEM", not "What's in it for ME".

It then closes with the statement of the responsibility that a "Trusted Servant" has to both their immediate A.A. community, and to A.A. as a whole. It reminds us that respect is something that is earned, and each "Trusted Servant" should work wholeheartedly toward earning that respect each day.

-- Andy E.

I've seen a chairperson at an AA meeting say, "Raise your hands, all of you who have ever been in jail." At most, a few hands go up. Then the chairperson, says, "Now raise your hands, all those of you who should have been in jail but never got caught." Nervous laughter ripples through the room.

Embezzlement. The time I blew off a rifle repeatedly while drunk. The time, also while drunk, I entered the baggage car of a Florida-bound passenger train, flung open the loading door, pulled an ax off its wall clamp, and flung it out into the North Carolina night. The times I was drunk while driving a car or motorcycle.

But, in fact, I have been in jail, if only for several days. At age 21 I was arrested and arraigned for possession of an illegal substance.

Still, I was initially apprehensive about the service commitment. An evening spent at the Riker's Island Correctional Facility is not quite the same as an evening at my home group. The prospect of being in a room with incarcerated men can be unsettling. Being sober 27 years does not make me impervious to fear. Only the supremely unconscious or hopelessly arrogant claim complete freedom from fear.

But even if I am, by nature, a fearful sort, I can borrow the faith as well as the experience of others, like my sponsor, with whom, at the beginning of my commitment, I shared my anxieties, the foremost being physical safety.

"False Evidence Appearing Real," he said to me, offering me our well-known FEAR acronym, for he has been bringing meetings into the prison community for some time.

No meditation is required to reflect on how much fear has robbed me of in this life. And yet here he was empowering me with that simple and emphatic statement, as others have empowered me throughout my recovery. "It's just a little out of your comfort zone," he said. It was a statement of fact but also a challenge. Other service positions were outside of my comfort zone as well. Those positions are a reminder that my comfort zone before I arrived in AA was the bottle, and that relying solely on the

Ask a Work in Progress Alcoholic

My sponsor overheard me telling someone about my job. He told me that I have to get honest in every way and what I said was considered lying. Maybe I exaggerated a little, but I am not actively telling lies. He keeps saying that isn't enough. What exactly does my sponsor mean?



Upon my introduction to the A.A. program, I felt that I had a good grasp of the meaning of honesty. Honesty meant no uttering a direct lie. It also meant not taking another person's stuff. Period. End of meaning.

In my ensuing 24/7s in this fellowship, the meaning of honesty has expanded--exponentially--for this alcoholic. No longer can I justify my fibs, white lies, exaggerations, and tall tales spun so as not to hurt the feelings of another. Honesty no longer includes my remaining silent while others say things that might hurt still others, or things that I know are just plain wrong. Today it not honest for me not to speak when the subject of the conversation may be favorable to me, but is in fact not true.

I never considered it to be less than honest, much less honorable, to gossip about others, and I can never remember sharing any "good" gossip about others. Truth be told, when I was on the telephone receiving some juicy gossip about someone I could hardly wait to terminate the conversation so that I could immediately "spread the word"/ Too, in many of those passages of (dis)information I added and embellished facts.

I never considered it to be less than honest, much less honorable, to gossip about others, and I can never remember sharing any "good" gossip about others. Truth be told, when I was on the telephone receiving some juicy gossip about someone I could hardly wait to terminate the conversation so that I could immediately "spread the word"/ Too, in many of those passages of (dis)information I added and embellished facts.

Although some of the things that I did were essentially good things, I never factored into those actions, my motivations for taking them. I have since come to believe that a good action taken for a bad motive is essentially a lie.

Non-verbal lies have always been a part of my repertoire of dishonesty. I can lie with a wink, a raised eyebrow, a shrug of the shoulders. My hands can be effective lying tools when I choose to use them so.

Non-verbal lies have always been a part of my repertoire of dishonesty. I can lie with a wink, a raised eyebrow, a shrug of the shoulders. My hands can be effective lying tools when I choose to use them so. Hand gestures can be very effective and powerful method of communication. Lying can also be accomplished with my feet, but I find my hands to be much more expressive, and easy to use. It was very easy for me to convince myself that giving others an incorrect perception of the actual facts via the medium of hand gestures was not a lie. Pretty high degree of denial, wouldn't you say?

Even while putting these thoughts to paper, I have been planning to lie to my wife about completing a minor task that she recently gifted to me. Even though it's not at all a big deal, and that merely telling her the truth about how and when I plan to complete this task would be the easier, softer way, I still revert to planning to fabricate a story about it. So, having ratted myself out to you, I plan to be truthful with her on that matter.

Old habits, especially those concerning honesty, are still difficult for this alcoholic to change. But, change I must, and I will, or drink I will.

-- A Work in Progress Alcoholic

This month, we are featuring a new column here--Ask a Work in Progress Alcoholic. We will be answering questions, from his perspective, about topics that come up in a room. Tell us what you think, or if you have a question to ask our resident alcoholic, please send your question to newsletter@asaj.org.

Editorial Policy

Anonymous South Jersey is a monthly newsletter published by and for members of South Jersey Intergroup (although we welcome readers from other areas!). Opinions expressed herein are NOT to be attributed to A.A. as a whole, nor does publication of information imply any endorsement by either A.A. or South Jersey Intergroup. Quotations and artwork from A.A. literature are printed with permission from A. A. World Services, Inc., and/or The A. A. Grapevine, Inc.

Contributions from readers are encouraged—you can write about your experience, strength and hope in general, or you can focus on one of the steps or traditions. You can also write about something that touched you at a meeting, something that bothered you at a meeting, or some service commitment you especially enjoy. Submissions are edited for space and clarity. Contact information is required and anonymity is respected.

Due to space limitations, we are unable to publish flyers for events in this newsletter. However, we are happy to include your gathering in the general list of fellowship announcements.

Send your submissions to:
newsletter@asj.org.

Question of the Month

For next month's issue, we'd like to get your response to this question:

What are some of your favorite topics for open discussion meetings?

Please email your replies no later than
Friday, October 12th to:
newsletter@asj.org.

cozy confines of a home group may not provide the optimal growth experience I am seeking in AA.

Only a fraction of the men do come to the meeting: two, three, sometimes five--never, to my memory, more than eight. Once only one man came. But never has no one come. The numbers are not so very important. They are not important at all insofar as it feeling like a real AA meeting, for that's what it is.

One of the inmates reads the AA Preamble. Before introducing the first of the two speakers, I tell the attendees that I am not there as a social worker or any such thing. I am there simply to carry the message of AA as a way of staying sober myself. I may be saying more than I need to say. On the other hand, the words are an antidote to my innate softness, recognition that some of the men I am among are used to manipulating people for their own ends. I am simply offering them my purpose in being there and also saying that we are in this together. I am not above or below them. I am one of them.

Sometimes speakers think that their story isn't "bad" enough and that they themselves need to have been incarcerated, but this is not so. The inmates are seeking a respite from the monotony of prison life. They are looking for hope. They don't care whether or not I have been in jail. Speaking in a prison meeting means speaking plainly about what alcohol did to me and what Alcoholics Anonymous has done for me. It means telling the truth.

Many of the inmates have been to AA or some other twelve-step program. Some have committed crimes while drinking. Many chastise themselves and say they have to do things differently when they get out; now and then some will suggest that their plans include AA. It doesn't matter whether many or a few or none profess a desire to embrace AA and the sober path. For several years a therapist would suggest AA to me, but I went to the liquor store instead. And then there came the day that I went to AA instead of the liquor store, and I have been coming to AA ever since. There is always hope. Always.

--David S., New York, NY

(reprinted from the July 2009 edition of Grapevine)

Did you experience what it was like when a meeting was brought in for you to hear the message of recovery, or ever thought about taking the message yourself to someone in jail, or maybe in a treatment facility? The Hospitals & Institutions Committee (H & I) is always looking for volunteers. You can find out more by reading about the committee on our website, www.asj.org, or contact the chair at handichair@aol.com. The booking meeting is held at 7pm at the SJIG office in Pennsauken on the last Monday of each month.

Fellowship Announcements & Things to Do

Friday, September 21- Evening of Prayer for Recovery. Forgiveness is a Journey, Grounded in 12 Step Spirituality.7:30 PM. Sacred Heart Church, 1739 Ferry Ave., Camden, NJ. Refreshments & fellowship after the service.

Saturday, September 22 - The "F Troop" Group will celebrate their anniversary at 8:00 PM. St. Charles Borromeo Church (Marsh Hall), Branch Pike & Pomona Rd. Cinnaminson, NJ

Saturday, September 22 - Kiss Club will have a Karaoke/Dance, so come on down for fun, food, entertainment & laughter. 818 N. Broad St, Woodbury, NJ.

Monday, September 24 - "One Day at a Time" group at Cape Regional Medical Center will celebrate their Anniversary. 6:30 - 8:00 PM. Speaker at 7:00 PM. 2 Stone Harbor Blvd. Cape May Court House, NJ. Basement classrooms A&B Food donations call Sharon @ 856-261- 4266.

Tuesday, September 25 - Medford Women's Spiritual Growth Group Anniversary - Food at 6:30 PM, Speaker at 7:30 PM. Medford Friend's Meeting House, 14 Union St, Medford, NJ (just off of Main St in Medford) - Women Only Event.

Sunday, September 26 - Haddonfield 12 & 12 42nd Anniversary. Christ the King RC Church, Hopkins Ave. & Wood Lane, Haddonfield. 1:00 PM - F-F-F. 2:00 PM - Meeting.

Saturday, September 29 - 400 Club Golf Tournament. Valleybrook Country Club, 200 Golfview Drive, Blackwood, NJ. 08012. www.valleybrookgolf.com Can also purchase tee signs for your business. 1:00 PM Shotgun Start. Call: Dan P. - 856.287.1705.

Saturday, September 29 - Morning Glory Anniversary. Ashland Presbyterian Church, 33 E. Evesham Rd., Cherry Hill, NJ. 9:00 AM.

Saturday, September 29 - Kiss Club "Saturday Surrender" will celebrate their 2nd Anniversary 6:00 - 7:00 PM. 818 N. Broad St, Woodbury, NJ Eat'n Meet'n.

Saturday, September 29 - "Fall Talent Showcase". New Beginnings, 1001 Rose Ave., Runnemede, NJ. (GPS use 1001 Rose Ave.) 6:30 PM - Food, 7:30 PM - Show. \$10.00 p/p. Entrants must register by 9/18. Call: 609-367-5565 or email marisakfl@aol.com

Sunday, September 30 - Triboro-Riverton Anniversary. Sacred Heart Church Hall, 4th & Linden Sts., Riverton. Food at 7:00 PM. Speaker at 8:00 PM.

October 5-7 - CAIG 6th Annual "Waves of Sobriety Round-up". Clarion Hotel & Convention Center, 6821 Black Horse Pike, Egg Harbor Twp., NJ 08234. AA, Al-Anon & Alateen Speakers, Workshops, Marathon Meetings, Banquet & Evening Entertainment. Register online thru Pay Pal at caigrp.org. Info: Steve H. RU Chair: Roundup@caigrp.org. Sharon T. Reg. Chair: Shari923@msn.com

Saturday, October 6 - Weekend Special BB Study invites you to our 10th Anniversary at the Bethesda United Methodist Church, Kings Highway and RR Ave., Swedesboro. Excellent Speaker at 9:30 AM Food and fellowship 10:30 AM.

Friday, October 12 - West Coast Swing & Hustle Party hosted by Sherrill B, SJIG Social Committee. 856-889-5595 or sherrill@sherrillbarrettnutrition.com. Atrium Dance Studio, 4721 Route 130, Pennsauken, NJ. www.atriumdance.com. 8:00 PM. \$12 admission includes either lesson (West Coast Swing or Hustle), 2 dance parties at 9:00 PM. No partner necessary. Pay at door.

Saturday, October 13 - Sea Isle City 30th Group Anniversary. United Methodist Church Fellowship Hall, 4102 Central Ave. 7:30 PM - Food, 8:30 PM - Speaker (Devon, PA with 31 years). Directions: Cross JFK Bridge from Rt. 9, Right at 1th light (Central Ave.)

Monday, October 15 - Ashland Men's Anniversary. Evangelical Presbyterian Church, 33 E. Evesham Rd. Voorhees, NJ. 7:00 PM. Food & 2 Speakers.

Wednesday, October 17 – Willingboro Sisters in Sobriety 26th anniversary meeting. Food at 6pm, speakers to follow.

Saturday, October 20 - Seaville Cape Atlantic Intergroup will sponsor "A Day of Sharing" @ Seaville Fire Hall, 35 Rte. 50. Continental breakfast starts at 9:00 AM. Discussions start at 9:30 AM. Buffet lunch will be served. All Are Welcome. More info call: Bill T. 609-682-4264.

Sunday, October 21- Bordentown @ Divine Word Seminary, 101 Park St., Bordentown, NJ will have an interactive workshop sponsored by Districts 22 & 23 "How to Succeed in Sobriety by Really Trying" Registration & breakfast @ 8:30am.

Monday, October 22 - Book Signing "My Life as a Border Collie" at Eleventh Step Store, 31 Haddon Ave. Westmont, NJ. 856-869-9099 or www.eleventhstep.com. 7:00 PM.

Monday, October 22 – Willingboro Group (Monday/Thursday) anniversary meeting.

Friday, October 26 - Cape-Atlantic Intergroup will sponsor a Masquerade Ball and Dance at Absecon United Methodist Church on Pitney Rd. & Church St. Absecon. Cost \$10 (semi-formal attire suggested - mask required) Speaker meeting at 7:00 PM followed by dinner and dance. More info: Greg 609-457-0313.

Saturday, October 27- North Wildwood will have a Halloween Costume Ball at the North Wildwood Community Center @ 10th & Central Aves. F-F-F Music and dancing w/ DJ. Cost \$10 at door.

Monday, October 29 - Audubon Last Mile Step and Tradition Group will be celebrating its 20th Anniversary. Desserts will be served at 7:00 PM before our speakers. We are located on the corner of Wyoming and Graisbury Aves. Audubon, NJ. United Methodist Church.

Sunday, November 11- 8th Annual Unity Breakfast Cape May at the Grand Hotel, 1045 Beach Ave. Cape May, NJ. Guest speaker: William G Borchert (author of "My Name is Bill W." & "The Lois Wilson Story"). Cost: \$23 p/p. Doors open at 8:00 AM - Breakfast starts at 9:00 AM - Meeting @ 10:00 AM. NO WALK-INS. More info call: Cris K. 609-437-6188.

Saturday, November 17 - Gratitude Dinner / Dance. Sponsored by SJIG Social Committee. Nicolosi Catering, 1 Hessian Ave., West Deptford, NJ. 7:00 PM - 11:00 PM. Tix: \$20.00 in advance -\$25.00 at the door.

Saturday, December 8 - (Collingswood) A Daily Reprieve will have their 11th Anniversary @ St. Mary's Episcopal Church, 18 White Horse Pike, Haddon Heights. (Enter from White Horse Pike) starting at 9:00 AM with continental breakfast followed by speakers.

CONTACT INFORMATION FOR SJ INTERGROUP:

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SJIG holds its monthly meetings on the third Wednesday of the month at 8pm

at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church

989 Route 70 East

Cherry Hill, NJ

