

## The Fifth Promise



No matter how far down the scale we have gone, we will see how our experience can benefit others.

## ***Passwords-What's the point?***

Zoom started requiring online meetings use a password in response to one particular kind of attack – a “brute force” attack. With the explosion of Zoom meetings trolls were having success testing every possible meeting ID (a link like zoom.us/j/000000001) thousands per second to find unsecured meetings. When these meetings were found the trolls would release the IDs (links) on social media and many attackers would converge – disturbing the meeting.

The passwords can still be guessed by a “brute force” attack but through a technique called “security by obscurity” the amount of time it would take to test the tens of millions of meeting IDs and then the billions of possible passwords becomes infeasible as a means of attack.

## ***Securely providing passwords***

When businesses have meetings they usually send the link and password privately through email – often in the same link. But we publish our meeting listings publicly so newcomers and members can find us.

Providing the link publicly and password privately to an AA meeting is like publishing the location and time of your meeting in the newspaper but asking people for the password they got from a friend when they get to the door of the church – turning others away.

As long as the password can be requested and it's promptly provided – ease of access can still be maintained.

## ***Password and link in the same place?***

Yes, if a troll is on our site they will see the link and password in the same place and be able to enter the meeting. But a password is a sign the meeting is serious about security and the troll may move on to an easier target.

If they do get in the Zoom Security Settings can make the difference preventing or reducing the impact of an attack.

If they get in and get a reaction it's likely they will post your meeting info for other trolls and come back.

## Excerpted from [aa-dc.org/these-are-not-passwords](http://aa-dc.org/these-are-not-passwords)

On the “technology in AA forum” site (TIAA-Forum.org) there is a 3rd tradition debate raging over the use of “passwords” to “protect” our meetings.

If it helps – try to not think of these as “secret passwords” and instead just an inconvenience necessary to trip up trolls trying to disrupt our meetings.

One reason these “passwords” became necessary is that Zoom’s “security through obscurity” system broke down

A “hacker” can very quickly test every meeting id 0000000001 through 9999999999 to find all running meetings (called a “brute force” attack) they would then automatically post them to twitter or other sites where trolls with no technical know-how could easily click on a link and drop into a running meeting.

This is only about 10 billion possible meeting IDs and for an experienced hacker this takes less than a day – and it runs continuously picking up new meetings all the time.

This is STILL happening – meetings without passwords are still being auto-listed on twitter and bombed.

### So they added a “password” to effectively increase the number of digits

They added a 6 digit “password” so that in-essence the number of possible meeting IDs becomes ten quadrillion – which takes a significantly longer amount of time to brute force (~2000 years). You can also add a 6 character alpha numeric password which gets the possible combinations to 568 quintillion – which takes ~ 180 million years to brute force.

Even with these measures twitter posting of meetings of all types and bombing is STILL happening... just with less frequency and more focus on unsecured meetings.

### So... really, they aren't passwords – they are “secondary meeting IDs”

If instead of calling it a password Zoom could have called it a secondary meeting ID... would we have batted a “traditional” eyelash? No... we would have complained about the inconvenience and moved on.

### So let's move on.

First – you can vote with your feet – choose a new service and move your meeting there –Skype, Google-met, and new services called “Jitsu” and “8X8” are all ready to get your “business” and they are offering a lot for free right now. WAIA will post any type of meeting app your group chooses to use.

If your group decides it has the capability to follow all the recommenatins for security – **you can choose not to have a password!** – just tell WAIA you don't have one so we can put that in the notes.

If your group wants the extra layer of security so that your meeting *most likely* won't make it on a troll's hit list – **institute a simple numeric password** and let WAIA know what it is.

I hope this article helps folks understand why passwords are important but also why they should only be an inconvenience – and not a traditions issue.

Please let tech committee know what you think:  
[tech@aa-dc.org](mailto:tech@aa-dc.org)

## GROUP ZOOM PASSWORD OPTIONS

These instructions are intended for those who are responsible for setting up and maintaining the online meeting resources for groups and meetings. Please read the instructions below so the correct information is provided to WAIA and all members and newcomers can easily attend your meetings.

Groups have 3 options:

1. Provide a meeting password to WAIA and we will post it with your link
2. Provide a means to contact your group to get the password
3. Not provide a password (Or inform WAIA no password is required)

WAIA will **not** be removing any meetings who do not require or provide a password – we will however be indicating if a password is required but has not been provided to limit the frustrations of those attempting to join and the number of phone calls we get asking for passwords.

In any case—Security Methods (go to [aa-dc.org/stop-zoom-bombing](http://aa-dc.org/stop-zoom-bombing) for extensive descriptions on how to set up security settings) should be used to prevent disruption to your meeting.

Barriers to entry are terrible for newcomers and frustrating for members – getting to AA meetings should be as easy as possible and open to all.

For Online Meetings go to:

[List of upcoming online meetings](#)

(from aa-dc.org)

### **Members who attend a meeting:**

When joining (almost) any online meeting through ZOOM you will need a password.

**Passwords come from the group who set up the meeting** – WAIA does not have access to a password if none has been provided.

If they have provided it to WAIA it will be in the “notes” and look like this:

**Meeting Information**

Thursday, 6:45 am

- ✓ Grapevine
- ✓ Online Meeting
- ✓ Open
- ✓ Temporary Closure

This meeting is open and anyone may attend.

**Zoom Meeting and Phone Password: 291006**

Dial-in number: (929) 436-2866,  
Access code: 291006#

Press \*6 to mute/share, \*9 to raise hand

See below for One Click Dial-in and/or Online Meeting links

Note that the example example to the left provides one numeric password for the online meeting (app/computer) **and** the phone meeting (dial in only).

The below example has one password (Bill2Bob) for the online meeting – and a numeric password for the phone (164417) this is DIFFERENT than the access code.

**Zoom Meeting Password: Bill2Bob**

Dial-in number: (929) 436-2866, Access Code: 55

**Phone Password: 164417**

To join by phone – dial the number, dial the access code (Meeting ID) then #, if it asks for a participant number hit # again and when asked key in the password and press #.

## Phone Only Meetings

Below is a list of Phone-only meetings and their phone numbers - almost any online meeting in the meeting finder (zoom, etc.) has a phone number and access code provided. Some phone meetings do require a password, no passwords were provided for these meetings.

Phone Only meetings updated 4/20/2020, 8:30 PM

DAY	TIME	NAME	Phone	Code
Sunday	8:30 AM	<a href="#">180 Degree - 11th Step Candlelight</a>	(773) 231-9226	7758106795#
Sunday	10:30 AM	<a href="#">Koffee Klatch</a>	(701) 802-5247	3300157#
Sunday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Open Discussion</a>	(773) 231-9226	7758106795#
Sunday	8:00 PM	<a href="#">Mt Rainier</a>	(978) 990-5284	140842#
Monday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">180 Degree - Steps &amp; Traditions</a>	(773) 231-9226	7758106795#
Monday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Singleness of Purpose</a>	(978) 990-5000	207968#
Monday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Big Book Topics</a>	(701) 802-5247	3300157#
Monday	8:00 PM	<a href="#">Old Fashion</a>	(605) 475-5950	9576258#
Tuesday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">180 Degree - Stools &amp; Bottles</a>	(773) 231-9226	7758106795#
Tuesday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Metropolis</a>	(701) 802-5247	3300157#
Wednesday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Grapevine</a>	(773) 231-9226	7758106795#
Wednesday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Metropolis</a>	(701) 802-5247	3300157#
Thursday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Came to Believe</a>	(773) 231-9226	7758106795#
Thursday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Metropolis</a>	(701) 802-5247	3300157#
Thursday	6:30 PM	<a href="#">Clinton 6:30</a>	(425) 436-6398	710207#
Thursday	8:30 PM	<a href="#">Cleveland Park</a>	(605) 475-5950	9576258#
Friday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Open Discussion</a>	(773) 231-9226	7758106795#
Friday	12:00 PM	<a href="#">Metropolis</a>	(701) 802-5247	3300157#
Friday	7:00 PM	<a href="#">Drop the Rock (Steps 6 &amp; 7)</a>	(773) 231-9226	7758106795#
Friday	7:00 PM	<a href="#">One Day at a Time (Lanham)</a>	(605) 475-4120	4875842#
Saturday	12:30 PM	<a href="#">St Barnabas Rd Women</a>	(425) 436-6301	795217#

## *They Lost Nearly All: Annie the Cop Fighter, (2<sup>nd</sup> edition of Big Book)*

***For thirty-five years she fought God, man, and the police force to keep on being what she wanted to be—a drunk. But a telephone call from a gin mill where she was celebrating Mother's Day brought in the nose A.A.'s to change her life.***

I started to drink in 1913, when the women sat in the back rooms. We had a good time in those back rooms. I had two little boys at the time, but my family didn't worry me, because one drunk always led to another. Of course, there were days in between when I was sober because I was broke. But mostly I was drunk. So, my husband left me and took the two boys; one was six and one was nine. They were going off to school in those days, and it didn't worry me a bit. I loved the liquor and I loved the crowd that I hung out with. As far as my family was concerned, I lost everything of love and respect and everything else.

Believe me, this is no made up story. This is a true story from my own life. When my husband left me, I had to be on my own. I never worked before, but I had to get out and get a job if I wanted to drink. So, I got a pretty tough job. I wasn't any chicken, I was a woman of thirty-one when I had my first drink. I got a job as cleaner after mechanics in buildings. I would have done anything to get the money for drink. Any place I threw my hat was home-sweet-home to me. It could be a basement or a cellar or a back yard. I fell plenty low, but if I tell it maybe it will help some gal or some guy so they don't have to get down that low.

Finally one day, as usual, drunk, I was standing on a corner waiting for a streetcar, and a guy comes over to me and he says, "Lady, you're on the wrong side." And I says, "Mind your own business!" And as I looked up, it was a feller in uniform! So we had a few words, and he pushed me, and I wasn't going to let anybody get the best of me, and I shoved him back, and we had a little tussle there, and finally I had two buttons off his overcoat, and he says, "I'm takin' you in!" And I says, "Do as you damn please!" I was a tough piece of furniture in those days; if the Almighty God had come down I'd have done the same thing to Him.

So I landed in the 67th Street station house on the east side, and I stayed there all night long. The next day I had

to appear, and I was fingerprinted for molesting a policeman's uniform. I got five days in the House of Detention. It didn't bother me whatsoever. The only thing I was worrying about was how was the gang making out without me. I thought I was missed all over! But they made out all right.

Then I got so low that I hung out with the guys and gals that were on the Bowery. I was loused up too. My whole clothes on my body were full of lice. How low can a woman get!

I got in tow with a gal named Irene, and we used to drink. When we had good money, we'd drink the best, but when we had only a little bit, beer was good enough. So, one day in 1946, I happened to go into our hangout again as usual, and I asked Irene what she was drinking. She says, "Anna, to tell you the truth, I can't take the first drink. I'm havin' coke." (She nearly knocked me dead!) I says, "Saints above! What happened to you?" She says, "I can't take the first drink." "Well," I says, "nuts to you. I'm havin' mine!" "But," she says, "I'm gonna get you yet!" I says, "Over me dead body!"

Today I have a lot to be thankful for. A.A. has taught me the way of life. It has given me back my respect. It has given me back the love of everybody I know. It has taught me to show gratitude, which I never did before. It has taught me to be humble when I have to be humble.

I am what you call a lucky woman. I live alone now. I have a television which my boys have treated me to, and now I have a telephone too! I do love to go to A.A. meetings, and I meet with everybody, the old and the new. I'm a twenty-four-hour person. I live on that twenty-four-hour plan. I am five years and seven months without a drink, but I could go out tonight, but for the grace of God, and get drunk. There's another thing I must remember -- that once an alcoholic always an alcoholic. I don't mind the name of alcoholic, because I was called a son-of-a-this and a son-of-a-that, and alcoholic is a good enough name for me. So I'm very, very happy. To newcomers I say, go to meetings, and God take care of each and every one of you!

## THERE'S NOTHING THE MATTER WITH ME!

*That's what the man said as he hocked his shoes for the price of two bottles of Sneaky Pete. He drank bayzo, canned heat, and shoe polish. He did a phoney routine in A.A. for a while. And then he got hold of the real thing.*

I NEVER DRANK because I liked the flavor, but I did like the effect it produced. And one or two little drinks on a Saturday night soon blossomed into three or four. A little bit at a time, I discovered that I enjoyed the stuff. It did things for me that nothing else could do.

I happen to be in the furniture business, and a more miserable business was never invented. In the furniture business you must have a little drink to celebrate an excellent sale. Also, you must have a little drink to drown your sorrows when there are not sales. Hah!

First I drank in celebration and in depression, and then I drank all the time. The little three-quarters of an ounce developed into a big fifth. That was during Prohibition, and we had flasks that were about that long, and I didn't carry a little bit at a time, I carried it all at once, and it hit me right in the shoulder blades. You could always tell who had the flask by the way he walked around. I liked that! I liked it because they had to come to me to get a drink.

It took me nine months to get from Seattle back to New Jersey. I went the long way, by way of San Diego. When I got back, I had fifty dollars, a beat-up Oldsmobile, and no whiskey. I felt very sorry for myself. I'd been robbed, lied to and cheated. And, I told myself, it was all their fault!

I wake up one morning and the Oldsmobile is gone and so is the fifty dollars, and I'm standing in the middle of my wardrobe. I have a pair of dungarees with the fanny out of them, a blue shirt, a pair of shoes and no socks. I'm sitting on the end of this bench down in Lincoln Park, and another bum comes along, and he says, "Hello, Slim! Hey, that's a fine pair of shoes you have there!" Well, right away I could tell that this fellow knew class when he saw it. I liked this boy. And I started to tell him of my former exploits. Well, he seemed to want to concentrate on the shoes. At that time, shoes were bringing seventy-five cents in pawn.

So we went down and pawned the shoes and we got two bottles of Sneaky Pete and a pair of canvas relievers. This

was November. There's nothing the matter with me! I'm all right!

I'd gone down to the bottom of the barrel. Not all at once; it took twenty-five years, a lot of money and a lot of heartaches. There we sat on this bench, this bum and I, telling each other of the wondrous things we'd done, and he loved me and I loved him. There's no love like one drunken bum for another. As I looked off into the sky, and the snow started to fall, I said, "You know, it's getting cold on this bench . . ." and I turned around, and the bum was gone. The dirty dog took the other bottle with him!

At six months I had begun to speak at different meetings. Pretty soon my halo was killing me. My ermine cloak was smothering me. I used to look down and wonder what the other little people did for a living. I didn't walk in, I swept in. All that I'd accomplished in six months was sobriety. I was as dry as dust, and just about as useless. One night we went into the Club and Jack said, "Bill, we're short a speaker, will you say a few words tonight?" "Of course!" The meeting started, and I didn't see Jack anymore. They called on the first speaker—and it wasn't me, and they called on the second speaker, and the third speaker—and the meeting was over! I had brought my harp to the party, but I didn't get to play!

That taught me the most important lesson I have ever learned in my entire life. That is that A.A. doesn't need me, but I need A.A. Very desperately, very sincerely, very humbly. Not all at once, because you can't get it all at once, just a little bit at a time. They told me, "You've got to get out and work a little; you've got to give." They told me that giving was living, and that living was loving, and loving was God. And you don't have to worry about God, because He's sitting right in front of your eyes.

You get just a little sobriety, and you get just a little humility. Not much, just a little. Not the humility of sackcloth and ashes, but the humility of a man who's glad he's alive and can serve. You get just a little tolerance, not too much, but just enough to sit and listen to the other guy.

Somewhere along the line, if you've forgotten how to pray, you learn a little about that too. I divorced myself from the Church when I was twenty-two. I got to thinking about that, and I spoke to Father McNulty about it. "Don't worry, Bill," he said, "you'll develop an awareness of God."



## The Independent Blonde

I'll tell you a little of the way I lived before I got into A.A. so you can see why I made the choice that I did. I started drinking at the age of seventeen, but I was in trouble with myself long before that. I never got along at home, and at the age of thirteen I stepped off and decided I'd go out for myself.

My father brought us up to give no quarter and seek no quarter, and that was just the way I lived. I gave nothing, and I took nothing. I suppose I lived mostly for pleasure, or what I knew of pleasure, which to me was just going out at night. I worked all day and went out and stayed out at night. That was about as much as I knew about life. I rebelled against everything I'd ever heard as a child, and I lived to suit myself.

I never thought much about settling down. I thought anyone who got under the dominance of another human being was pretty foolish, but when I was 29, I did get married. I was never trained to live with anyone else, and I took on a pretty big job I wasn't capable of handling. After I was married, I was in much more trouble with myself and I drank a great deal more, but now I had someone to blame it on. All my life I had blamed everything that ever happened to me on someone else, and I usually could find someone. Now I have a husband. If I was drinking worse now, it must be his fault.

One night I was out drinking by myself, which I didn't do as a rule. I sat in a bar drinking martinis for a long time, and somewhere on the way home I fell down in the street, and a cop came along and picked me up and took me to St. Vincent's Hospital. They pronounced me Drunk and Disorderly and took me over to Bellevue.

When I came to the next morning, I was in the psychopathic ward. The doctor who tested me and asked me a few personal questions was a psychiatrist. I asked him to call up where I worked and tell them I hit bottom. I decided to call up A.A., but I didn't know that the Clubhouse didn't open until noon wouldn't be in. I thought they'd just give me my clothes and let me leave quietly. They told me that I was not able to go out on the street alone, that I was not a responsible citizen. They said someone would have to call for me. To someone is arrogant as I was, who is taking care of herself, that was kind of rough.

I decided to give up. I don't know why you give up one day and not another—I have never been able to understand that. I had suffered on drunks before, but as they explained

it to meet in A.A., that particular day I hit bottom. I decided to call up A.A., but I didn't know that the Clubhouse didn't open until noon.

So I kept drinking and calling up, and drinking and calling up. Finally, I got someone on the telephone, and I told her I was in trouble and asked what I should do. The girl asked me if I could walk. And I said to myself, "My God, how understanding! Somebody who knows that you couldn't walk and why you couldn't walk!" I said to her, "I don't know, I haven't tried." She said, "Well, the only reason I ask is, if you can't we'll come over to you." And I reared up in all my arrogance and I said, "You'll never come to me, but I'll go to you!" It took me until four o'clock that day to get there.

I went to meetings every night in the week, because I'm that kind of person. I either do a thing or I don't do it. I didn't have to give up very much, because my life before A.A. was very empty, very lonely, and very superficial.

One day a call came into the clubhouse for someone to go out and do a Twelve Step job. And they looked at me and said, "How long are you in?" and I said, "A week or so." And they said, "Oh, you can't go. You have to be sober three months." And then I realized that here I had spent all of my life afraid that people were trying to get something out of me, and I had nothing to give! Now I was in an organization where they needed someone that had something I didn't have; someone who was sober three months, who had some sort of stability; someone that had kindness in their hearts for other human beings, and compassion for their suffering. I had to wait until these people gave it to me so that I could go out and give it away.

Then I began to have trouble with myself, and I went to see Dr. Silkworth and he explained to me what honesty was. I always thought honesty had something to do with telling other people the truth. He explained that it had to do first with telling *myself* the truth. I spent most of my life worrying about myself, thinking that I was unwanted, that I was unloved. I've learned since being in A.A. that the more I worry about me loving you, and the less I worry about you loving me, the happier I'll be. I discovered a fellowship of human beings that I'd never seen before. I learned how to have self-respect through work that A.A. gave me to do. I learned how to be a friend. I learned how to go out and help other people—there was nowhere else I could have done that. I have learned that the more I give, the more I will have; the more I learn to give, the more I learn to live.

## Classic Grapevine, May 1959 Someone's got to show the way...

One of the swellest guys I ever met was Tom. I find myself thinking about him often because he's my idea of a man, and because his story is a departure from the run-of-the-mill type of drunk. Tom never got drunk in his life until he was fifty-six years old. That's when his wife died. He and the missus were a devoted couple and their lives were wrapped up in each other because they'd never had children.

Almost overnight she took sick and was gone, and Tom was left stricken and bewildered. Tom was a steady-plugging gentle type of person and he and mama had a love so deep for each other they had no need for a real, personal love of God. So when his wife passed away, Tom had no one to turn to for comfort.

For a while he spent most of his time hunched over a freshly risen mound at the cemetery, wishing he were down there with her. Life wasn't worth living and he walked about like a zombie, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling nothing but raw spot in his heart. He just wanted to die because he couldn't think if any reason to live.

He wandered into a bar one day and never came out, he said, until two-and-a-half years later – and only then because his money and credit gave out. Never worked a stroke the whole time. He had turned bitter on life and claimed he was the most miserable man alive, hating everyone in particular and the world in general.

He'd spent his savings, sold his home and converted everything he owned that was saleable into cash. Then he drank it up bottle by bottle. Six years later he was a withered wreck of a man, shaking out a bout with the DTs in the alcoholic ward of a city hospital.

There was a resident doctor there who had been working with A.A. and knew his drunks well. He had Tom on paraldehyde as he brought him through the DTs. Pretty soon Tom was crying for his medicine like a baby crying for its bottle. The doctor shut him off, but finally agreed to give him a little if he'd talk to a couple of guys from A.A. Tom would do anything.

Well, the guys came to visit two or three times a day but they couldn't get through to him because he was living in another world. As a last resort they gave Tom a kind of shock treatment – accused him of being a quitter and told him the facts of life in no uncertain terms. Tom came up out of bed and raved like a madman. The guys left. Sometime during the night something of what the men said got through to Tom. Next morning he lay quiet and attentive, listening to what his visitors said.

Tom had been sober five years when I met him at Men's Town, after hearing him talk to a bunch of drunks sent there by judges in the surrounding towns. What a man – alive to his fingertips, bursting with energy and a zest for living that would put shame to a doddering teenager. When he listened to a man's problems he crooned and clucked in genuine understanding, his eyelids veiled with the heavy film of compassion.

Tom picked the toughest cookies of them all and the drunks he pulled back from the lip of hell would fill a city square. I'll bet his wife is beaming proudly somewhere up there to watch the likes of Tom as he lives each day to the fullest, giving everything he's got, piling up treasure in heaven that will take eternity to spend. You could tell by the look in his eye he had a new love, a love that would never fail.

It is assuring to know there are men like Tom in the world, lighting a candle here and there, cutting a swath through the darkness. Someone's got to show the way, and it's guys like Tom who'll be doing it.

G.L., Boise, Idaho



### Tito's is not a good hand sanitizer

The Texas-based makers of Tito's Handmade Vodka issued an unusual statement in response to a customer's comment: Do not use vodka as hand sanitizer. The issue was raised when a customer said on Twitter that they had been using Tito's Handmade Vodka to make homemade hand sanitizer. "I made some hand sanitizer out your vodka. The hand sanitizer doesn't taste bad either. Cheers to Tito's vodka. Keeping me germ-free and feeling good at the same time," the customer wrote. Tito's responded with a serious statement warning other customers not to follow their example. "Per the CDC, hand sanitizer needs to contain at least 60 percent alcohol. Tito's Handmade Vodka is 40 percent alcohol, and therefore does not meet the current recommendation of the CDC," the brand tweeted.



### Guaranteed to Roll Your Eyes

#### Signs of the times

##### SIGN IN A SHOE REPAIR STORE:

"We will heel you  
We will save your sole  
We will even dye for you."

##### In a Podiatrist's office:

"Time wounds all heels."

##### On a Septic Tank Truck:

"Yesterday's Meals on Wheels"

##### At an Optometrist's Office:

"If you don't see what you're looking for, you've come to the right place."

##### On a Plumber's truck:

"We repair what your husband fixed."

##### On another Plumber's truck:

"Don't sleep with a drip. Call your plumber."

##### At a Tire Shop in Milwaukee:

"Invite us to your next blowout."

##### On an Electrician's truck:

"Let us remove your shorts."

##### On a Maternity Room door:

"Push. Push. Push."

##### In a Veterinarian's waiting room:

"Be back in 5 minutes. Sit! Stay!"

##### In a Restaurant window:

"Don't stand there and be hungry; come on in and get fed up."

##### In the front yard of a Funeral Home:

"Drive carefully. We'll wait."

##### In a Chicago Radiator Shop:

"Best place in town to take a leak."

### 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

## **Topic: The Virtual Toolkit: Maintaining the 7th Tradition**

Time: May 17, 2020 3:30 - 5:00 PM Eastern Time

Please join the WAIA Treasurer and Finance Committee chair on Sunday, May 17th from 3:30-5 PM for a discussion focused on passing the basket and meeting financial obligations while many meetings have moved online. This is an opportunity to learn how to set up best practices for your group, such as Venmo, to facilitate contributions and support for all the pillars of our AA community in these challenging times.

**Email Will S (WAIA Treasurer), [will.s@aa-dc.org](mailto:will.s@aa-dc.org) or Cassandra S. (Finance Chair), [cassandra.s@aa-dc.org](mailto:cassandra.s@aa-dc.org) if you have suggestions or topics you'd like to see addressed.**

Topic: The Virtual Toolkit: Maintaining the 7th Tradition

Time: May 17, 2020 03:30 - 5:00 PM Eastern Time (US and Canada)

Join Zoom Meeting: <https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83638126581?pwd=d21rdEFya2ozdTRTNGZCWDkxbHhkQT09>

Meeting ID: 836 3812 6581

Password (phone and online): 120471

One tap mobile: +13017158592,,83638126581#

### WAGSA Area Committee meeting

**May 11, 2020  
7:00 PM—9:00 PM**

New GSR Orientation will  
begin at 6:00 PM

Area Committee Meeting 7:00

[https://us02web.zoom.us/  
j/8816492505](https://us02web.zoom.us/j/8816492505)

Meeting ID: 881 649 2505

Password: 6970mc

*For more information  
email: [chair@area13aa.org](mailto:chair@area13aa.org)*

### Bridging the Gap Meeting

**Wednesday, May 20, 2020**

**7:30 PM—8:30PM**

To access the BTG Zoom  
meeting contact:

[bridgingthegap@area13aa.org](mailto:bridgingthegap@area13aa.org)

### The Virtual Toolkit 7th Tradition

**Sunday, May 17, 2020**

**3:30—5:00 PM**

Join Zoom Meeting:

[https://us02web.zoom.us/  
j/83638126581](https://us02web.zoom.us/j/83638126581)

Meeting ID: 836 3812 6581,  
Password: 120471

One tap mobile: (301) 715-  
8592,, 83638126581#

### WAIA Monthly Board Meeting

**May 12, 2020—8:00 PM**

Join Zoom Meeting:

<https://us02web.zoom.us/j/81414786358>

Meeting ID: 814 1478 6358,

Password: 11261885

One tap mobile: (301) 715-8592,, 81414786358#

For more information email: [aa-dc@aa-dc.org](mailto:aa-dc@aa-dc.org)

### 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

- |                             |                                 |                               |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| A Way of Life               | Crossroads of Recovery          | 150 Growing Group             |
| AA at CUA                   | 120 Daily Reflections, NW       | Happy, Joyous & Free          |
| AA & Family Issues          | 36 Daily Reflections, SW        | Help Wanted                   |
| 10 Addison Road             | Daily Reflections, UnityPI      | High Noon                     |
| Adams Morgan Meditation     | Darn Good Big Book              | High on the Hill              |
| All Are Welcome             | 201 Darnestown Men              | High Sobriety                 |
| Among Women                 | 45 Day by Day                   | Hill Lunch                    |
| Andrews Armed Forces        | 60 Deanwood Women Rap           | 20 Hope Fellowship            |
| 204 As Bill Sees It, NW     | Double Dippers                  | Hope/Oxon Hill                |
| As We Understood Him        | Dupont Circle Club              | 551 How It Works G'burg       |
| Aspen Hill 5th Chapter      | DC Young People                 | 50 Hyattsville Discussion     |
| 101 Aspen Hill Phoenix Mon. | 283 DCC Noon                    | 729 Hyattsville Hope          |
| Aspen Hill Phoenix Fri.     | DCC Women Fri.                  | 27 Informed Group             |
| Attitude & Action           | Del Ray Acceptance              | 1800 Into Action, Germantown  |
| Attitude Adjusters          | 1345 Del Ray club               | Investment                    |
| 420 Back to Basics          | District 2                      | Irreverent Women              |
| Barnesville                 | 180 Divine Intervention         | Jaywalkers                    |
| Beginner Basics (DCC/Wed)   | Dunn Drinking                   | 600 Just Before Noon          |
| Beginners & Winners         | Dunrobbin                       | Just For Today                |
| Big Book Study              | 8AM Men's Big Book              | 960 Kensington Big Book       |
| Big Book Thumpers           | Early Times                     | 1020 Kensington YP Step Study |
| Brightwood                  | Epiphanies                      | Keys to Kingdom               |
| Brookland                   | 320 Ex Libris                   | Kid Friendly Big Book         |
| 110 Broad Highway           | Faith Fellowship                | 119 Kingman Park              |
| 898 BYOL                    | Faith Group                     | King Str. Recovery            |
| BYOL (NonSmoke)             | 120 52 Pick-Up                  | 300 Language of the Heart     |
| 175 Burtonsville Big Book   | Fireside Spirituality           | Landover Discussion           |
| 108 Campus Noon             | 19 Foggy Bottom                 | 85 Lanham-Seabrook            |
| Capitol Heights             | 313 Forestville Primary Purpose | Last Chance                   |
| Capital Hill                | 14 Promises                     | Laurel Recovery               |
| Carmody Hill Group          | Fourth Dimension                | 420 Leisure World Noon        |
| Cedar Lane Women            | Free Spirits                    | 420 Leisure World Big Book    |
| 60 Change of Life           | Friday Night Fun Too            | Let Go Let God                |
| Cheltenham                  | Friday Night Big Book           | Let It Happen                 |
| Chinatown Big Book          | Friendly Bunch                  | Liberty                       |
| Chinatown Men's             | Friendship                      | 90 Life Is Good               |
| 90 Clarksburg AA            | 420 Gaithersburg Beginners      | Life Saver/Big Book           |
| Cleveland Park              | Gateway                         | 100 Little House              |
| Clinton 45 Plus             | Gateway/Wednesday               | 20 Living Sober by the Book   |
| Clinton Day                 | Gay 18 New Castle               | Living Sober Unity Place      |
| Clinton 6:30                | Gay Group                       | May Day                       |
| Clinton Sunday Night        | 900 Georgetown                  | Meance to Serenity            |
| 160 Coffee & Donuts         | 480 Get It Off Your Chest       | Men of Dupont                 |
| Colesville Sunday Nite      | Glenarden                       | 174 Men In Recovery           |
| 252 College Park            | 267 Glen Echo                   | Men's BS Session              |
| Cosmopolitan                | Goldsboro                       | 218 Messengers                |
| 60 Crapshooters             | 660 Good News Beginners         | 120 Mideast                   |
| Creative Arts               | Good Shepard                    | Midtown                       |
|                             | Greenbelt Step                  | 122 Misery is Optional        |

	Midtown	Phoenix Group/DC	St. Francis
122	Misery is Optional	Pool'ville Pot Luck	Starting Over (SS)
	Monday Winners	Possum Pike	Starting Over Gaithersburg
144	Mo.Co. Women	Potomac Eye Openers	Steps To Sobriety
442	More Peace of Mind	Potomac High Noon	Step II Group
59	Montrose Gay	Potomac Oaks	180 Sunday Men's Step
	Moving into the Solution	Potomac Village	2100 Sunday Morning Breakfast
	Mt. Rainer	Potomac Women	150 Sunday Morning Joy
	Nativity	Potomac Speakers	30 Sun. Morning Reflections-UP
137	Navy Yard Nooners	Primary Purpose Gay	1080 Sunrise Sobriety
	Neelsville Beginner	720 Progress Not Perfection	411 Sunshine, G'burg
213	New Hope	419 Promises Promises	50 Sursum Corda
	N.E. New Hope	90 Prospect	165 Survivor's
180	NE Sunrise	Queer Women	Takoma Park Necessity
131	Never Too Late	Quince Orchard	Takoma Rush Hour
	Never Walk Alone	1129 Radicals	Tenley Circle
929	New Avenue	Read & Speak	The Away Group
60	New Beginnings NW	120 Riderwood Bills	There is a Solution
84	New Beginnings/Pool'ville	Room with a View	36 TGIF
	New Beginnings SE	Rosedale Sobriety	50 Thurs. Morn. Reset
	New Beginners	Sat. Afternoon/2PM/UP	Trusted Servants
99	New Stomping Ground	60 Sat Morn Fire Barrel	Tue. Nite Men's Big Book
120	New Unity Gay	150 Saturday Morning Steps	Twelve Point Bucks
	New Way Recovery	300 Saturday Night Happy Hour	Unity Noon
	No Hard Terms	Saturday Night Special	60 Unlovely Creatures
60	Norbeck Women Fri	60 Scaggsville	Upper Marlboro Big Book
388	Norbeck Women Wed	Second Chance	Upper Marlboro Step
	Norbeck Step	Seed of Hope	42 Uptown
277	Nuts & Bolts	Serenity	71 User Friendly
	Oasis Women's BB	Serenity House	Victory Lights
5	Old Fashion	Serious Business	Vision for You
138	Olney Farm	Shepherders	We Care
	Olney Stag Rap	275 Silence is Golden	101 Wednesday Nite Winners
	Olney Women's group	67 Silver Spring Beginners BB	Welcome Group
300	On the Circle	2400 Silver Spring	Westmoreland Women
	On the Move	Silver Spring Women	Westside Beginners
	One Day at a Time	Simplicity	Westside Men
	One Day at a Time/R'ville	Simply Sober	84 Westside Women
	One Day at a Time/	Singleness of Purpose	What's Happening Now
G'burg	One Day at a Time/	746 Six & Seventh Step	White Oak Steps & Traditions
		Soapstone	808 Yacht Club
Lanham		Sober & Alive	Yeas & Nays
	180 Group	100 Sobriety Sisters	
180	Open Arms	Souls Arising	83 Birthday
54	Out Of the Woods	564 Southern Sobriety	20 Faithful Fivers
	P Street	Spiritual Awakening	9080 Individuals
	Palisades Mon. Nite	98 St, Barnabas Womens wrap	Memorial
100	Petworth	St. Camillus	
		St. Mary's Gay	



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To receive an email with the link each month, send a request to  
**[newreporter@aa-dc.org](mailto: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](mailto:newreporter@aa-dc.org)**



Day			Years
May 11	Michael R.	As We Understood Him (DC)	18
May 23	Bomani P.	As We Understood Him (DC)	3
May 28	Jeretha G.	As We Understood Him (DC)	39

### THINGS WE CANNOT CHANGE

***Anniversaries should be called into WAIA (202) 966-9115 as early as possible, by the 15th 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.***

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### **WE PRESUME ALL MEETINGS ARE TEMPORARILY CLOSED DUE TO COVID-19 UNTIL CONDITIONS LET US RETURN**

**New meetings are not listed in the Where & When or on the website until they have been in existence for 3 months. If you'd like to let the A.A. community know about a new meeting, we will gladly list it here.**

If you have a new meeting starting up, or changes to an existing meeting, please email us at [aa-dc@aa-dc.org](mailto:aa-dc@aa-dc.org) or call us at 202-966-9115 to let us know!

**HALLMARK**—Wednesday, 7:00 PM, 200 Savannah Terr SE, Washington, DC

**ONE HOUR BACK**—Monday—Friday, 7:00 AM, St. Michaels's School, 824 Wayne Ave, Silver Spring, MD

**RESTAURANT LIFE** – Monday, 2:00 PM, Triangle Club, 2030 P Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036

**HOPE IN SOBRIETY**—Saturday, 2:00 PM, Beacon Center, 2nd Fl, 6120 Quackensbo St, NW, Washington, DC

**GREENWAY**—Tuesday, 6:00 PM, 324 A St SE, Washington, DC 20019

**SOLO POR HOY** —(Spanish) Saturday 11:00 AM, Kolmac Outpatient Recover Clinic, 8561 Fenton St, Silver Spring, MD

**STEPS 1,2,3 "By the Book"** —Wednesday 7:30 PM, Capitol Memorial SDA Church, 3150 Chesapeake St, NW, Washington, DC 20008

### **MEETING TIME CHANGE**

**SERENITY**—Friday, 8:00 PM, Westmoreland Congressional Church, 1 Westmoreland Circle, Bethesda, MD 20816

## MAY 2020