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VOLUME 2
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Step Two - *"Came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity."*

Driving and Crying

A share overwhelms a newcomer's heart and puts her on the main road to Step Two

I really didn't want to go to my meeting tonight, because it was raining and hubby made a fire and the house was warm. Plus, it was getting dark and really cold outside. But off I went anyway.

As soon as I walked in the door, a man said, "Want to lead tonight's meeting?" I said, "Sure." We read from a page in the chapter "The Family Afterward," from the Big Book. The passage was about a newly recovered alcoholic who found his Higher Power. I didn't have much to say, as I am only 39 days sober.

People began to share their experience, strength and hope on the reading, and I listened intently at first, then started to get a little panicky because I was practicing in my head what to say to close the meeting. That's when I heard a guy named Gilbert share.

Immediately, I stopped and turned to look at who was talking. His voice was my father's — almost exactly. He spoke of how he was a terrible father when he was drinking and didn't realize it at the time.

My own father never recovered from alcoholism through AA meetings, nor did he have a spiritual awakening (none that I was aware of anyway). My dad was a "dry drunk" who passed away at the age of 78 from a stroke 10 days before my wedding. He was a verbally abusive, frightening drunk when I was a kid growing up. He was a functioning alcoholic, however, much like me, and he was always home, but never present. He never attended, not even once, any of our childhood activities, plays, softball games or graduations. I had much resentment toward him, even after his death. And even worse, I was turning out just like him.

As Gilbert continued to share, he spoke of how badly he felt that he was not there for any of his kids' school plays or sporting events. As he was apologizing, I heard my father apologizing. I started to well up with tears but knew I couldn't cry because I needed to finish chairing the meeting. Somehow, I got through it.

The second I went outside and got in my car, I started sobbing uncontrollably. I realized God had allowed my father to speak through Gilbert and apologize to me. An overwhelming surge of love, forgiveness and joy flooded my heart. I finally understood my father. I cried as I drove. I knew then that there really was a God. A great weight lifted. I wanted to write this down so I will never forget this night. I finally forgave my father. I am free.

—J. P., Murrietta, Calif.

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2019 WHERE & WHENS ARE IN

Concept II

The General Service Conference of A.A. has become, for nearly every practical purpose, the active voice and the effective conscience of our whole Society in its world affairs.

Tradition Two - "For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority...a loving God as He may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants ... they do not govern."

The Incredible Tapestry

Back in the Dark Ages, commonly known as "early sobriety," I had some difficulty (okay, I had considerable difficulty) getting past the words "yield" and "work cheerfully" in the discussion of Tradition Two in the Grapevine's Traditions Checklist.

What was being asked was, "Can I yield in good spirit to the group conscience and work cheerfully along with it?" Of course I can, as long as everyone sees things my way! Of course, once upon a time, my first home group was mine in every meaning of that possessive. I set up the hall, greeted people, read out the intergroup notice, controlled the treasury (threw a heck of an anniversary party, live band and all--but that's another story), dictated who chaired and spoke. May God please bless everyone who suffered through that two-year reign of terror. Every once in a while all these years later, my path will cross with someone's who remembers me: "Oh, you're the one who ran that Saturday night group." And I cringe. To add to the mix, I also "ran" a Saturday morning meeting in another town during the same two-year period.

Where was my sponsor, you ask? Or for that matter, the all-important democratic, informed group conscience? As to the latter, it just didn't exist. Clueless and still running on fear of people dressed up as assertiveness, I had managed to bully and intimidate those few hardy souls in the group. I just didn't know that I didn't know.

Eventually, with the firm but loving direction of my sponsor, I was guided through the darkness into the light. She taught me why AA was so thankfully different from all other movements and organizations. AA is the ultimate democracy. Nevertheless, the lessons were learned the hard way by making mistakes. The path had been one of patient improvement made a tad easier as I learned to laugh at the insanity of my own behavior.

Parallel to the profound changes in my personal behaviors and attitudes brought about by an intense study of the Twelve Steps, the study and application of the Twelve Traditions opened my eyes and mind even wider to how awesome the spiritual challenges of recovery and unity are. My sponsor and other old-timers demonstrated, by both example and through AA's literature, that these twenty-four spiritual principles were integral to my continued growth and maturity, that elusive "emotional balance" I hungered for.

And did Annemarie skip down the yellow brick road happy, joyous, and free? No. Then came service to AA beyond the home group: the general service district committee and area-wide Twelfth Step conference committees, such as treatment facilities, public information, the Grapevine, etc. All lessons learned about a loving God expressing himself through the informed group conscience went right out the window. The words "yield" and "work cheerfully" were deleted from my vocabulary. The specific details aren't necessary to illustrate the point that yet another version of dictatorship occurred.

Thankfully for others participating, my approach was a degree or two more subtle, a smidgen less abrasive. As with my home group, my death grip on the committees loosened. There were more baby steps in spiritual development, surrendering to God's will, yielding to the informed group conscience even when it wasn't "my" viewpoint. It was at this point in time that I began to hear of and learn about the Twelve Concepts and the Warranties, and see their relation to both the Steps and Traditions, an incredible tapestry. The informed group conscience of Tradition Two was now peppered with new phrases: right of decision, power of the purse, prudence, no punitive action, the minority voice, substantial unanimity. The self-restraint encouraged in Step Ten became less of a battle as time went by.

And so it went: trial and error until I finally came to understand the "yield" and "work cheerfully" via an acid test. As one of eight members of a committee at the General Service Conference several years ago, mine was the solitary minority voice in opposition to deleting a specific phrase from a video we were working on. With respect and courtesy, the other delegates on the committee encouraged me to present my case. For twenty-four hours, I researched AA's literature to prepare my argument and then returned to the committee table anxious but confident.

Then one member quietly asked me to persuade him and no other words could have silenced me more effectively. Perhaps it was his gentle tone, or perhaps it was the powerful sense of trust in each other that filled the room as it had all week of the Conference. Each of us had nothing but AA's best interests at heart. It was time to yield and work cheerfully within the group conscience, whether I agreed with it or not. My minority voice had been given a sufficient hearing. No further debate was required. As we took a break, tears welled up in my eyes not from any sense of "defeat" or childish petulance, but with a much clearer understanding of how Tradition Two is truly meant to work and in awe of God's amazing grace.

(continued on page 4)

Recovery Word Puzzle

REYSPTAT
YAMCRODEC
VIBEELE
CYESTIO
DEESISTRNP
NIDSTOTEA



SLAPITRUI
GIBIGDNR
DEETNONIM
BUSTNICTRNOIO
NIFTNODIEI
DRAPTAPICEE

Unscramble the letters. Answers to puzzle can be found on page 7.

56TH ANNUAL INTERGROUP APPRECIATION BANQUET

Tickets on sale now

\$45 each (prime rib dinner)

Reserve a table for \$450

YOUR
INTERGROUP BOOKSTORE
**WILL BE OPEN ON
PRESIDENT'S DAY,**
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 18TH,
FOR YOUR SHOPPING NEEDS



Things we cannot change.....

Andre Tony O. Judy B.

Joe P. Steve G. Liz Alan S.

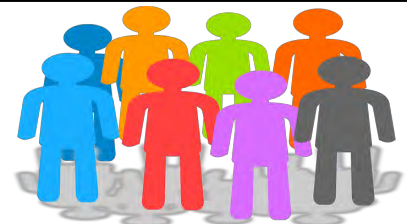
They will all be missed. May they rest in peace.

Volunteer Opportunities

District 9 SYS SPRING FLING will be having planning meetings on
Wednesday, Feb. 13th at Denny's, 3151 NW 9th Ave., Ft. Lauderdale—**7 PM** and
Wednesday, Feb. 27th at Skyline Chili, 2834 N. University Drive, Sunrise—**7 PM**

Pick up a commitment today!!

SERVICE KEEPS YOU SOBER



The Bright Spot of Our Lives

My name is Michael and I'm a twenty-two-year-old alcoholic with five years of recovery from alcoholism. I'm currently serving in the United States Air Force as a security policeman stationed in Panama. In December, my squadron had to respond to a riot at the camps where migrants from a Caribbean country had been housed. As we arrived, I saw a few vehicles crashed into each other, GIs hurt, and people trying to bring order out of all the chaos. Not claiming to be superman anymore, I had fear. But I said my prayers—one for protection and the other for guidance. Then I saw another member of AA. I'd seen him only once before in one of the two English-speaking meetings down here and really liked what he said. Down here in Panama, we in AA don't get many visitors and when we do, I try to pick their brains. I saw the man walk by a few more times, and finally, when we had a minute to rest, I approached him. "Sir," I said (he's a major and I'm enlisted), "I don't know if you remember me but I'm a friend of Bill W." His eyes lit up and he had a great big smile on his face, and he said, "My name is Bill. It's so good to see you. You've made my day! Don't you think everyone could use a meeting about now?" I smiled in agreement. I believe it says in the Big Book that "contact with others will be the bright spot of our lives."

After we spoke for a minute, I went to another camp. What I saw there belonged in a movie. People were screaming, fires were being lit, literally hundreds of rocks were being thrown at us, and stolen vehicles were being driven into government facilities. The next few hours can only be described as "insane." I wanted to kill someone. The next morning, I found a phone and called a friend of mine in the program. I got the chance to share everything that was going on in and around me. She suggested that I apply the Second Step: "Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity." But I didn't want to hear about Steps; I was very angry.

Later that morning I saw Bill again. He walked up to me with his great big smile and said, "We're sober, right!" Not so enthusiastically, I said, "Yeah." He gave me his phone number and said to call later. I called that evening and he said he'd be over. He had a daily meditation book and I had my pocket size "Twelve and Twelve" (it fits perfectly in my cargo pocket). I got us some great field coffee and we found some chairs and sat down with our literature in hand, and had a meeting on the camp perimeter. I talked about the crazies I was feeling, along with Step Two. He talked about when he saw me in the middle of the riot and how talking to me made him realize what was important, his sobriety, and how grateful he was for it. During the meeting I thought about a prayer a friend of mine in Boston once suggested to me. It was simple: "God, help me be close to you."

After the meeting I went to bed feeling a little better. I woke up for duty the next morning with a feeling of comfort that words would probably take away from. I'll just say that my mind wasn't focused on how my wants weren't being met, on how I wanted to kill someone, on how much I wanted to go home. Instead, my mind was calm, which was the first time in a few days.

I had a choice. I could either whine and snivel and be a negative piece of a chain, which would be easy, or I could be a positive example of a recovering person. I made a daily choice and had my daily struggles, but I had my sanity and my box of spiritual tools. With this I was a friend among friends, a worker among workers.

I see now that my Higher Power has blessed me. I see where he put Bill in my life to have a meeting so I could make it through that day.

— Michael M., Howard AFB, Panama

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(Continued from page 2)

I have hardly attained sainthood. At the drop of a dime, I can easily engage in as heated and passionate a debate about AA issues, whether local, regional or international, as any other concerned member. Constructive critics, to whom I've learned to listen, suggest that I can still be a bit persuasive, sometimes powerfully persuasive. In contrast, others observe that I've mellowed. Go figure!

Looking back, Tradition Two has been and continues to be intensely personal. The God of my understanding has consistently worked through the collective conscience of my sponsor and a handful of trusted AAs who have helped guide me through painfully difficult medical choices; the prolonged estrangement with my children (themselves adults); more than one career change; AA service rotations; and so much more. With the love and support of this special "group conscience," I can finally say that I know what I want to be when I grow up. I'm being encouraged to take the risk, to yield and work cheerfully. Simple, not easy, but what a freedom!

-- Annemarie M., Raynham, Massachusetts

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Treasurer, PO Box 1784
Pompano Beach, FL 33061

District 9 General Service

P.O. Box 100126
Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33310

AA BIRTHDAY'S

February Celebrants

Broward Men's

Michael ~ 2 yrs.
Brian M. ~ 26 yrs.
Morgan ~ 6 yrs.

Serenity Altogether

Ernie F. ~ 32 yrs.

One Day at a Time

Jim R. ~ 62 yrs.

Oakland Park Group

Jerry N. ~ 17 yrs.
Pete B. ~ 31 yrs.
Mike L. ~ 41 yrs.
Sandy P. ~ 48 yrs.

East Naples Men's

Donald M. ~ 18 yrs.
Richard P. ~ 26 yrs.
Howard M. ~ 7 yrs.

Came to Believe

Laura M. ~ 15 yrs.

Melrose Park

George G. ~ 12 yrs.

KIS Lunchtime

Joe B. ~ 10yrs.

Express Group

Ashley J. ~ 9 yrs.
Reggie J. ~ 9 yrs.
Diana P. ~ 6 yrs.
Annie G. ~ 31 yrs.

Sober Sisters

Alexa V. ~ 4 yrs.
Ali S. ~ 13 yrs.
Lynn B. ~ 35 yrs.
Lana C. ~ 32 yrs.

New Life

Rod ~ 2 yrs.
Bob D. ~ 11 yrs.

Happy Destiny

Fran ~ 16 yrs.

Live Laugh Love

Sherri D. ~ 10 yrs.

Mountain Group

Kathy L. ~ 37 yrs.
Mike J. ~ 33 yrs.

Y.A.N.A.

Cathi D. ~ 5 yrs.

Women's Honesty

Jessica A. ~ 6 yrs.

Other Notables

Courtney L. ~ 11 yrs.

Women's Noontime Boost

Priscilla M. ~ 17 yrs.

Joy of Sobriety

Guy K. ~ 16 yrs.
Jeff J. ~ 19 yrs.

Let's Do Lunch Bunch

Duayne K. ~ 13 yrs.

Don't Forget

Jay L. ~ 38 yrs.

Westside Men's

Bob H. ~ 16 yrs.
Greg G. ~ 11 yrs.

Saturday Morning

Awareness

Ryan T. ~ 5 yrs.
Ann P. ~ 27 yrs.
Jon J. ~ 37 yrs.



January Celebrants not previously mentioned

Express Group

Larry H. ~ 7 yrs.

Sands of Serenity

Derek ~ 2 yrs.

Pompano Beach Group

Dave B. ~ 1 yr.

Margate Group

Matt O. ~ 33 yrs.

Women's Hope in Recovery

Adrienne ~ 10 yrs.

Sober Sisters

Steph S. ~ 4 yrs.

Lambda Rising

John G. ~ 34 yrs.

Freedom From Alcohol

Richard S. ~ 20 yrs.

Downtown Dry Dock

John D. ~ 46 yrs.

Riverside Group

Nanette ~ 19 yrs.

Let's Do Lunch Bunch

Jordan ~ 4 yrs.
Paul H. ~ 7 yrs.
Coby D. ~ 3 yrs.

Bottomline Group

Keith N. ~ 1 yr.
Kelly ~ 7 yrs.
Hugh ~ 1 yr.
Brian ~ 2 yrs.
George G. ~ 2 yrs.
Gerald W. ~ 26 yrs.
John B. ~ 2 yrs.
Fred ~ 5 yrs.
Denis ~ 33 yrs.
Alida ~ 9 yrs.
Chickee ~ 10 yrs.
Danny R. ~ 2 yrs.
Danny S. ~ 1 yr.

Primary Purpose

Jimmy C. ~ 5 yrs.

Candlelight Meditation

Joe B. ~ 18 yrs.

Other Notables

Mary S. ~ 37 yrs.

Golden Text Group

Sam ~ 1 yr.
Kathryn ~ 1 yr.
Lon ~ 1 yr.
Tanya ~ 3 yrs.
Vilnet ~ 2 yrs.
Stephanie K. ~ 1 yr.
Stevie B. ~ 17 yrs.
Eddie ~ 17 yrs.

Sober on the Beach

David L. ~ 39 yrs.

JOIN THE BIRTHDAY CLUB!

Celebrate your sobriety by sending \$1 per every year sober to your local Intergroup office to show your gratitude and give back once a year.

(Birthday listings are not contingent upon contributions...we just like to celebrate sobriety.)

HOPE
is the principle
behind the
second step.



**BCIC - Broward County
Institutions Committee**

**Next Meeting:
February 9th - 10:00 a.m.**

**Twelve Step House
205 SW 23rd St., Ft. Lauderdale**

**Next
Intergroup Meeting**

**Twelve Step House
205 S.W. 23rd St., Ft. Lauderdale**

**SUNDAY, February 24th
at 1:00 p.m.**

Local Readers Share.....

I was introduced to Alcoholics Anonymous in 2003, at 18 years old. Encouraged by my family to sober up, I reluctantly attended a few meetings to quiet their concern. Though the people closest to me labeled me alcoholic, it wasn't until years later that I made that decision for myself.

My sobriety date is 11/10/2017. From my first introduction to AA until that date, I spent my years being dominated by everyone and everything, especially drugs and alcohol. I bounced around from countless psych wards, jails, detoxes, and treatment centers. All roads seemingly lead to Alcoholics Anonymous, and I'd reintroduced myself to the program at least 15 times during those 15 years. My final months of active alcoholism were spent homeless in Pompano Beach, panhandling for my next relief. "Going on to the bitter end..." is just one of many lines in *Alcoholics Anonymous* that resonate with me, in my core. In order to maintain the level of destructive drinking that became necessary, I had to break every value that my family had instilled in me.

I grew up in a middle class family on the Jersey Shore. I had every opportunity and all the support essential for a bright and successful life. My parents could do nothing but watch, heartbroken, as I ran toward a painful, destructive life. Along with the damage I created in my own family's home, I brought a child into the world in 2007. Although I tried my best to be a father, I abandoned her in 2014, two weeks after her 7th birthday. I was controlled by an obsession beyond my understanding, like a dog on a leash.

I was told repeatedly, since my first meeting of Alcoholics Anonymous, to "keep coming back". I kept coming back. But, without maintaining anything that resembled recovery, I became extremely bitter. Going and coming, over and over, made me hate Alcoholics Anonymous. I always had admiration for people who kept coming back after relapse. Today, I have more admiration and a ton of gratitude for the people that stay. I had an illusion, from all the treatment centers I've been to and the people I chose to surround myself with, that Broward County was a trap, and recovery here was a lie.

All that changed when I finally got a home group. I saw that Alcoholics Anonymous is alive and well in South Florida. We do recover. Required of me were just two decisions: First, I had to decide (and finally came to know without question) that I'm Alcoholic. The second decision was whether or not I was going to show up. A single piece of advice I'd offer someone brand new is to keep showing up. The steps, a sponsor, God, service, friends.... they all kind of fell into place as I continually showed up.

As the path of my recovery has narrowed, I've been less willing to live with the wreckage of my past. So, I began cleaning it up with the guidance and experience of my sponsor. I have daily communication with my daughter that I walked away from. I look forward to having her visit this summer. I have taken financial responsibility for her because she deserves it. Also, her mother deserves it. And, I finally believe that I deserve it, too.

I want to share one more story. It is my favorite story yet in my early sobriety. It's the first understanding of what the second step means to me, and it's the difference, in my opinion, between treatment and recovery. I've been working for the same employer since I got sober. He has over 20 years in recovery. He's a solid example of what this program is about. Early on, I was having a difficult time waking up on time. He would consistently be standing over my bed, at the halfway house I was living in, waking me up. It was an awful feeling, the fear of eventually losing my job because I refused to get up.

Sure enough, one morning after waking me, Joe says "Jimmy, I like you, but I can't keep you if you don't show up on time." I said "Joe, I think I'm suffering from depression." Joe says to me "I don't know anything about that, but we are going to Walmart and you're buying an alarm clock." Joe hasn't woken me up since!

I often hear in the rooms "AA used to be..." or "when I was getting sober AA was better because..." This is the only Alcoholics Anonymous I know, and it's still the best game in town. I hope to never believe I'm doing AA a favor by showing up or sharing, or by fulfilling my commitments. I also hope to never reflect on the way "AA was" or how in my opinion "it was better when..." Our primary purpose is to stay sober and help another Alcoholic.

—Jimmy C., Fort Lauderdale

Definition of Broward County Intergroup, Inc.

Your Intergroup office services all groups in the Broward County area. It is not a governing body and does not attempt to, nor can it, rule any AA Group. Its sole purpose is to act as a clearinghouse for the convenience of members and groups desiring assistance, and to extend the Twelve Step Work "carrying the message" to the sick alcoholic. The Intergroup office is supported entirely by contributions from groups, usually a specified amount each month or at intervals throughout the year.

The office purchases and sells all conference-approved books and literature to groups throughout Broward County.

Faithful Fivers are A.A. members who donate five dollars (\$5) a month to Intergroup as an act of gratitude. Their generosity helps us to carry the message of A.A. to the still sick and suffering alcoholic throughout the year.

Thank you to our Faithful Fivers. Your contributions are so appreciated!

Tom & Liz J., Gregory C., Suzanne J., Bob H., Anonymous I, Elizabeth B., Ron J., Tim S., Lois O., Richard H., Jennifer S., Pat R., Beth D., Craig G., Sandy P., Leo H., Vickie T., Howie K., Kerry W., Lewis G., James H., Joanne D., Gerry B., Don W., Eric P., Tara D., Denise J., Howard S., Bob D., Robert H., Sally S., Anonymous II, Jane T., Fran C., Peter S., Deborah C. and Rachel L.

Please consider becoming a "Faithful Fiver." Your commitment of \$5.00 a month to your Intergroup Office will go a long way toward helping carry the message to the still sick and suffering alcoholic who reaches out. Fill out this form and mail it in with your contribution today!

Name: _____

Address: _____

Email: _____

Sobriety Date and Home Group _____

Make checks payable to:

Broward County Intergroup, Inc., 3317 NW 10th Terrace, Suite 404, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33309

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE: tapestry, democracy, believe, society, presidents, stationed, spiritual, bridging, mentioned, contributions, definition, appreciated.

I AM RESPONSIBLE....

WHEN ANYONE, ANYWHERE, REACHES OUT FOR HELP,
I WANT THE HAND OF A.A. ALWAYS TO BE THERE. AND FOR THAT: I AM RESPONSIBLE.

NAME: _____ GENDER: _____

PHONE: _____ EMAIL: _____

PREFER: VOICE: _____ TEXT: _____ EMAIL: _____ CITY OF RESIDENCE: _____

WILL CALL BACK: _____ AND/OR PAY A VISIT: _____

AVAILABILITY: MONDAY to FRIDAY: _____ WEEKENDS: _____

8:00am-12:00pm _____ 12:00pm-5:00pm _____ 5:00pm-9:00pm _____ 9:00pm-8:00am _____

TO COMPLETE A 12-STEP CALL, you only need to be sober one day, but you NEVER GO ALONE.
THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICE! SEND COMPLETED FORM TO: help@aabroward.org



MEETING CHANGES

Monday

Just For Today in Ft. Lauderdale has changed the meeting time. They now meet at 7:00 PM rather than 7:30.

Tuesday

New Life DID NOT ACTUALLY MOVE. Meetings are still at Pompano Recreation Center. Format and time remain the same.

Wednesday

New Life DID NOT ACTUALLY MOVE. Meetings are still at the Pompano Recreation Center. Format and time remain the same.

Practice These Principles which met in Margate NO LONGER MEETS.

Sober and Out which met at the West Broward Club in Davie NO LONGER MEETS.

Thursday

Practice These Principles which met in Margate NO LONGER MEETS.

NEW MEETING Serenity NOW 3208 NE 9th Street, Pompano Beach. 8 PM—OSPD.

Friday

NEW MEETING Downtown Big Book is meeting at the Twelve Step House, 205 SW 23rd Street, Ft. Lauderdale, 7 PM. OBB

Hollywood Happy Hour will NO LONGER meet on Friday night only. All other days, times, formats remain.

Saturday

Candlelight Meditation which meets at Fourth Dimension Club in Hollywood is now a closed meeting.

Saturday Night Live which met at the AARC Bldg. in Oakland Park NO LONGER MEETS.

DAILY MEETINGS

NEW Spanish MEETING La Gran Decision 714 A South Dixie Hwy., Hallandale meeting 7 days per week 8-9:30 AM. ORFSH.

*Please have your group consider donating a gift
basket for our Intergroup Appreciation
Banquet to be held in April.
The basket raffle is a lot of fun and a key element
to the fundraising success of the dinner.
Thank you for your support.*



Upcoming Events

- Feb. 2** **8th Annual AA's Got Talent Show** Coral Springs Charter School, 3205 N University Drive, Coral Springs. Dessert, Coffee, Entertainment. Adults only. 6:00 - 9:00 PM, \$10. This is an Intergroup fundraiser to reinforce the idea that we are NOT a Glum Lot!!
TICKETS MAY BE PURCHASED AT THE DOOR....DON'T MISS OUT
- Mar. 2** **District 9 SYS Spring Fling Chili Cook-Off and Dinner** NSU Cafeteria and Steele Auditorium, 3200 S. University Drive, Davie. Dinner 5:30 PM, Speaker 8:15 PM, Karaoke. Bring your best chili and enter contest. \$8 in advance/ \$10 at the door. Bring a dessert to share and a newcomer.
- Apr. 27** **56th Annual Intergroup Appreciation Banquet** Tropical Acres Steakhouse, Griffin Road, Ft. Lauderdale, 6 PM Fellowship and Appetizers, 7 PM Prime Rib or Salmon Dinner, 8 PM Speakers, Followed by basket raffles. Elegant evening of fun and appreciation for the many volunteers of Broward County Intergroup. Tickets \$45 in advance only. Tables may be reserved for \$450.00