

MAIA

TIPPLER

FEB 2025

Step 2 Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.

Tradition 2 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.

Concept 2 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.

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Much to our relief, we discovered we did not need to consider another's conception of God. Our own conception, however inadequate, was sufficient to make the approach and to effect a contact with Him. As soon as we admitted the possible existence of a Creative Intelligence, a Spirit of the Universe underlying the totality of things, we began to be possessed of a new sense of power and direction, provided we took other simple steps. We found that God does not make too hard terms with those who seek Him. To us, the Realm of Spirit is broad, roomy, all inclusive; never exclusive or forbidding to those who earnestly seek. It is open, we believe, to all men.

-Big Book, page 46

Memphis Area Intergroup Association
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Memphis, TN 38122

901 454-1414 office
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memphis-aa.org

FEBRUARY 2025

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	
26	27	28	29	30	31	1 9:00 am - 10:30 am District 24 12:00 pm - 1:00 pm District 22	
2	6:45 - 7:45 pm Treatment Committee 8:00 - 9:00 pm District 21 Committee	3 6:45 - 7:45 pm Memphis Area Correctional Committee	4	5	6	7	8
9 11:00 am - 12:00 pm District 23	10	11 6:00 - 7:00 pm Memphis Area Grapevine Committee	12 6:00 - 7:00 pm District 25	13	14	15	
16	17 6:45 pm - 7:45 pm CPC/PI Committee	18	19	20	21 6:45 - 7:45 pm Memphis Area Accessibility Committee	22	
23 3:45 - 5:00 pm Memphis Area Archives Committee	24	25	26	27	28	1	

DISTRICT & COMMITTEE MEETINGS

February 1 @ 9:00 am - 10:30 am
District 24-Hybrid ID-9186700041
Highland Heights Presbyterian Church
2855 Morning Sun Road
Lakeland, 38016

February 1 @ 12:00 pm - 1:00 pm
District 22
Olympia Steak House
85 Wilkinsville Road
Millington, TN 38053

February 3 @ 6:45 pm - 7:45 pm
Memphis Treatment
Committee
Came to Believe
2865 Walnut Grove
Memphis, TN 38111

February 3 @ 8:00 pm - 9:00 pm
District 21 Committee
Meeting
Crosstown Concourse
1350 Concourse Ave #1072
Memphis, TN 38104

February 4 @ 6:45 pm - 7:45 pm
Memphis Area Correctional Committee
Came to Believe
2865 Walnut Grove
Memphis, TN 38111

February 9 @ 11:00 am - 12:00 pm
District 23
Zoom password 847990

February 11 @ 6:00 pm - 7:00 pm
Memphis Area
Grapevine Committee
White Station Church of Christ
1106 Colonial Rd

February 12 @ 6:00 pm - 7:00 pm
District 25
Germantown United Methodist Church
2324 Germantown Road
Germantown, TN 38138

February 17 @ 6:45 pm - 7:45 pm
CPC/PI Committee
The Way House
1203 Peabody Ave
Memphis, TN 38104

February 21 @ 6:45 pm - 7:45 pm
Accessibility Committee
2865 Walnut Grove
Memphis, TN 38111

February 23 @ 3:45 pm - 5:00 pm
Memphis Area Archives Committee
Two Doors Down
1578 Yorkshire



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Monday/Friday: 8 am - 4 pm
Closed daily from 1 pm - 2 pm

The MAIA Intergroup Representatives business meeting is held on the second Sunday of every month at 1:00 p.m. Please join us on February 9, 2025 at Leawood Baptist Church, 3638 Macon Road, Memphis, TN 38122, or join on Zoom. Please call or email the office for the meeting ID & passcode.

BECOME A HIGH FIVER

Memphis Area Intergroup has been the link between the A.A. recovery community and the newcomer and, even as importantly, with one another since 1960. Many of us are grateful to the office for its helping hand, but have either not known that Intergroup needs our support, or our contributions have been put off due to our new busy and happy lives. "High Fivers" is a way we have found to allow members to show their gratitude by making sure the services provided by the office continues. High Fivers is a program of commitment; we commit to a \$5.00 contribution per month, either monthly, quarterly, or annually. Contact our office with details on the ways with which you can submit your monetary contributions. Intergroup, in return, will send an acknowledgment for your contributions at the end of each calendar year. These contributions are tax deductible. As an expression of gratitude, you will receive a hard copy of this newsletter in the mail each month.

SCAN TO CONTRIBUTE TO MAIA

The Seventh Tradition states: "Every A.A. group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions." While contributions cover each group's rent and other expenses, the Seventh Tradition is essential at every level of A.A. service. It is both a privilege and a responsibility for groups and members to ensure that not only their group, but also their intergroup/central office, local services, district, area, and the General Service Office remain self-supporting. In keeping with A.A.'s Seventh Tradition of self-support, we accept contributions only from A.A. members.



Oops! JANUARY:

Central Gardens

Anne Mc. 48 yrs
Karen Mc. 38 yrs
Rickey F. 14 yrs
Elaine B. 1 yr

FEBRUARY:

Central Gardens

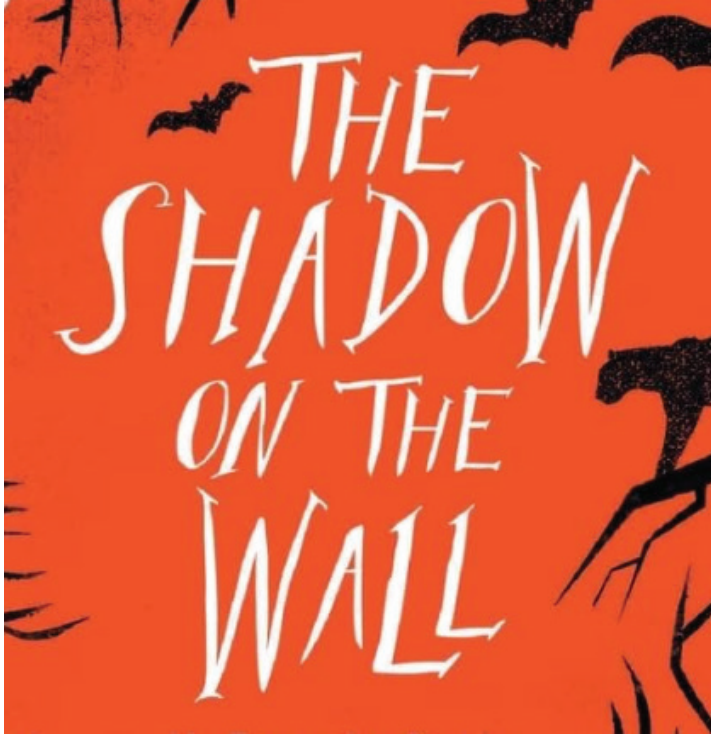
Anne Marie U. 38 yrs
Steve P. 40 yrs
Susan S. 37 yrs
Bernie H. 8 yrs

Unity

Maurise Mc. 49 yrs
Gine N. 36 yrs
Larry O. 34 yrs
Lynn N. 13 yrs
Drew M. 7 yrs
Casey P. 7 yrs
Jazmyn C. 6 yrs
Rachel S. 5 yrs
Stacey H. 3 yrs
Betsy H. 2 yrs
Trevana T. 1 yr

Traditions

Deveraux J. 45 yrs
Felix H. 36 yrs



Finding Hope in Surrender: A Journey Through Step 2

I didn't believe in miracles. That's probably why I'd landed in an AA meeting to begin with—miracles being a thing for people who hadn't messed up their lives so thoroughly that they needed to sit in a fluorescent-lit church basement at 7 p.m. on a Tuesday, sipping luke-warm coffee out of Styrofoam cups.

But there I was, arms crossed, glaring at the man leading the meeting. He had a calm, steady voice, the kind of voice you either trusted implicitly or wanted to strangle. He kept saying things like "Came to believe that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity." It sounded nice, in theory. But what power? What sanity? I didn't believe in God—not the Sunday school kind, anyway. I believed in vodka, which had at least shown up when I needed it, until it didn't.

I didn't share that night, not really. I gave the surface version of my story—enough to make me seem like I was participating, not so much that anyone would feel the need to lean in too close. Afterward, I went home to my one-bedroom apartment with its perpetually flickering kitchen light and the faint smell of mildew that no amount of Febreze could conquer. I stared at the blank wall above my couch, thinking about what the man had said.

A power greater than myself.

I thought about how I'd sworn I'd stop drinking a thou-

sand times before, each time truly believing I could do it on my own. And each time, I'd failed spectacularly. There had been hospital visits, phone calls I couldn't remember making, a trail of apologies that felt more like punctuation marks in the run-on sentence of my life. Wasn't that proof enough that I wasn't exactly sane? Wasn't I already living in the shadow of my own failed willpower?

The next meeting, I sat in the same chair, back row, farthest from the coffee station. A woman spoke this time, her voice sharp and raw. She said she'd spent years trying to fill her emptiness with everything except what had worked for her now: this program, these steps, this belief in something greater. She didn't call it God, didn't name it at all. "I just knew I couldn't do it alone," she said, her eyes scanning the room. "I had to surrender to the idea that maybe—just maybe—something else could."

That word, 'surrender,' itched at me all day. I wasn't the surrendering type. I was the "grab a bottle, white-knuckle it, figure it out later" type. But I couldn't shake the way she'd said it, how light her voice had sounded, like she'd set down some invisible weight.

Later that night, back in my apartment, I sat on the floor and stared at the wall. I closed my eyes. It wasn't a prayer, not exactly. I wasn't asking for anything, didn't even know what I would ask for if I could. It was more of a whisper to the silence, a question thrown into the void: 'If there's something out there, anything, show me. I'm out of answers.'

I didn't expect an answer. But then, something shifted. Not a voice, not a divine revelation—just the faintest flicker of calm. Like the shadow of a bird passing over a window.

The next morning, I went back to a meeting. I didn't cross my arms this time. I didn't glare at the speaker. And for the first time in what felt like years, I didn't feel entirely alone.

I still don't know what the power is. I've stopped trying to define it. Sometimes, it feels like the collective strength in a room full of people who understand. Sometimes, it feels like the simple act of putting one foot in front of the other. All I know is that I came to believe that it's there, and that belief has carried me further than I ever thought possible.

-Hope G.

Raking the Leaves of Life

“When my overwhelming mess felt too big to handle, my homegroup showed up with wisdom—and rakes.”

I didn't want to share. It was my first week at the new group, and I was already regretting walking through the door. The church basement was bigger than my old meeting space, and the coffee tasted better, but the people? Too nice. Too cheery. Their smiles had this unnerving calm, like they'd figured something out I hadn't.

I sat at the edge of the circle, staring at the beige tiles, clutching my coffee like it might save me. When they got to me, I shook my head, muttering, “Pass.”

But then there was Dan. Dan, with his lumberjack beard and flannel shirt, who must've been a thousand years sober. He leaned forward and said, “How about we go back to you after we finish the circle, just in case you change your mind?” His voice was annoyingly kind, like he knew I would.

When the circle finished, all eyes landed on me again. My heart felt like it was trying to climb out of my chest. Finally, I said the first thing that came to mind. “My yard is a mess.”

Dead silence. They were waiting for more, but that's all I had. Dan nodded like this was profound. “Go on.”

“It's the leaves,” I blurted out. “The whole yard's buried in them. I was supposed to rake them last weekend, but I didn't, and now there's just... this mountain.” My throat felt tight. “It's stupid, but every time I look at it, I just... can't. And that's how my life feels right now. Like this huge pile of stuff I can't fix, no matter where I start.”

For a second, I wanted to crawl under the folding chair and disappear. But then someone laughed. Not a mean laugh—a warm, knowing one. It came from Julie, who was knitting something bright pink in her lap. “Honey, we've all had a mountain of leaves,” she said. “Yours just happens to be literal.”

The room relaxed, and so did I.

People started sharing stories about their own “leaves”—the messes they'd faced when they first got sober. Overdue bills, broken relationships, refrigerators full of rotting takeout. One guy talked about spending his first sober week crying on the floor of his kitchen, too overwhelmed to clean the counter.

And then Dan said, “You know, this group works because none of us tries to rake the whole yard alone. That's Tradition 2, right? *‘For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority—a loving God as He may express Himself in our group conscience.’* Together, we listen, we decide, we act. Sometimes, we just show up with a rake.”

The group nodded, and for once, I didn't feel like an outsider.

Later that week, I heard a knock at my door. It was Dan, holding a rake and a trash bag. Behind him were Julie and a couple of other group members, smiling like this was the most natural thing in the world.

“Thought we'd help with those leaves,” Dan said, like it wasn't strange to show up unannounced with gardening tools.

I didn't know what to say, so I just stepped aside. We spent the afternoon raking, bagging, and laughing, the mountain of leaves shrinking until it was gone.

By the time they left, my yard was clear, and for the first time in years, my head felt lighter.

Tradition 2 wasn't just about group conscience—it was about sharing the load, trusting the collective wisdom of people who had been where I was. It wasn't about fixing everything at once. It was about starting with what you could, and sometimes, that meant letting others help.

-Matt P.

CONCEPT 2: TRUSTING LEADERSHIP— THE POWER OF DELEGATION

In Alcoholics Anonymous, Concept 2 is all about how we organize ourselves to ensure the work of the program gets done. It states:

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.

At its core, Concept 2 reminds us that AA's structure isn't about one person making all the decisions. Instead, it's a carefully designed system of shared responsibility, where trusted servants—our leaders—are delegated the authority to act on behalf of the group.

WHAT DOES THAT LOOK LIKE IN ACTION?

Let's bring this to life with a story.

When I first joined AA, I had no idea how much work went into keeping the fellowship running. To me, meetings just... existed. The coffee was there. The chairs were set up. The literature sat neatly on a table, ready for the taking. It never crossed my mind that someone—actually, a whole group of people—was behind the scenes making all of this happen.

It wasn't until I got involved in service that I understood how the magic worked. I became the literature chair for my homegroup. My job was to ensure Big Books, pamphlets, and meeting schedules were always stocked. I quickly realized that I was part of something much bigger—a chain of people working together to carry the message.

One evening at a group business meeting, we had to decide whether to send funds to the General Service Office. Some members wanted to keep the money local for our group's needs, while others argued for supporting AA as a whole. That's when our General Service Representative (GSR) explained Concept 2.

“The General Service Conference isn't just some distant entity,” she said. “It's us. We elect people to represent us, and they make decisions for the good of AA worldwide. By trusting them, we're ensuring the message of recovery

reaches more people, even those we'll never meet.”

Her words clicked. The money wasn't leaving us—it was extending our group's purpose. It was like planting seeds we might never see grow, but knowing the harvest would help others.

WHY CONCEPT 2 MATTERS TO EVERYONE

Concept 2 teaches us two vital lessons:

1. We Can't Do It All Ourselves.

Just as a newcomer learns to rely on their Higher Power and the fellowship, AA as a whole relies on trusted servants to guide its affairs. This trust allows the program to function smoothly, even across thousands of groups worldwide.

2. Unity Requires Trust.

By trusting our elected representatives and the structure of AA, we uphold the unity of the program. Decisions aren't made for personal gain—they're made to serve the greatest good.

Applying Concept 2 in Everyday Sobriety

Concept 2 isn't just about service structure; it's also a tool for life. In recovery, many of us struggle with control—trying to do everything, fix everything, or be everything for everyone. Concept 2 invites us to step back and delegate, whether it's at work, in our families, or in our personal growth.

Trusting others doesn't mean giving up responsibility; it means recognizing that collaboration often achieves more than solo effort.

Carry the Message

So, the next time you see your GSR standing at the front of the room, or hear about the General Service Conference in New York, take a moment to appreciate the beauty of Concept 2. It's a reminder that we are all connected in this work and that by trusting our leaders, we're ensuring AA's future for generations to come.

And who knows? Maybe one day, you'll find yourself stepping into a service role, carrying the message in your own way. Because in AA, the power of delegation is really the power of trust—and it works.

JANUARY 2025 GROUP CONTRIBUTIONS

	TOTAL		
	JAN 2025	JAN 2024 (PY)	JAN 2025 (YTD)
Bluff City Group	0.00	60.00	0.00
Came to Believe Group	300.00	150.00	300.00
Central Gardens Group	0.00	50.00	0.00
Collierville Group	399.39	459.00	399.39
Covington	0.00	50.00	0.00
Friends of Bill W	0.00	200.00	0.00
Germantown Happy	1,500.00	0.00	1,500.00
Germantown Noon	0.05	180.29	0.05
Grace in the Grove	194.47	0.00	194.47
Horn Lake	5.00	0.00	5.00
Lakeland	0.00	112.50	0.00
Morning Glories	0.00	43.00	0.00
Neshoba Awakening	0.00	10.00	0.00
New Start	25.00	0.00	25.00
Out-of-Towners Fellowship Group	135.00	0.00	135.00
Pleasant Hill	293.02	0.00	293.02
Primary Purpose	0.00	50.00	0.00
Second Chance	50.00	50.00	50.00
Seriously Sober	15.61	11.22	15.61
Sober Journey	100.00	0.00	100.00
Solutions Group	840.00	0.00	840.00
South Memphis	0.00	10.00	0.00
The Nooner	284.50	132.14	284.50
The Wynne Group	5.74	0.00	5.74
Two Doors Down	300.00	300.00	300.00
Unity Group	145.84	169.63	145.84
WAAGL	50.00	100.00	50.00
West Memphis Group	40.00	0.00	40.00
Winchester	194.06	167.50	194.06
TOTAL	\$4,877.68	\$2,305.28	\$4,877.68

Overheard in a Meeting

- “You can’t think your way into right living, but you can live your way into right thinking.”
- “Sobriety didn’t give me a better life—it gave me the tools to build one.”
- “I came to AA for the drinking, but I stayed for the thinking.”
- “If you’re looking for a sign, this meeting is it.”
- “Resentments are like swallowing poison and waiting for the other person to die.”
- “God’s not hiding, but I was. Sobriety gave me the courage to look.”
- “Don’t quit before the miracle happens.”
- “You’re not too broken to be fixed.”
- “The program doesn’t promise you an easier life, but it does promise you a saner one.”



“The Tippler” is a free monthly publication, and will be emailed to anyone interested. However, if you’d like to receive a copy via USPS, a contribution of \$5 monthly, or \$60 annually, helps defray the costs involved. Fill out the form below and , along with your contribution, mail to the above address. We thank you!

Name _____

Email _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip Code _____



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