

Queens Intergroup of Alcoholics Anonymous

105-29A Metropolitan Avenue, Forest Hills, NY 11375
www.queensaa.org T: 718-520-5021 (24 Hour Hotline)
Office Hours: Tuesdays & Thursdays from 7pm to 9pm
Saturdays from 10am to 12pm

Tradition 10: Alcoholics Anonymous has no opinion on outside issues; hence the A.A. name ought never be drawn into public controversy.

Tradition 11: Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion; we need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio, and films.

Tradition 12: Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all of our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities.

Malini's Thought of the Quarter

Hear Ye! Hear Ye! Change is a-coming! *The Queens Share-a-Thons are moving to Springfield Gardens.*

Everyone take a breath. As alcoholics, change is scary. Admitting we are alcoholics, especially when we first came to the rooms, is scary. Turning our will over to the care of our Higher Power, as we understand Him, is scary. However, by the grace of our HP, the fellowship, and the program of Alcoholics Anonymous, we know that we need to accept the things we cannot change and we work through the fear.

Queens Intergroup is no stranger to change. QIAA began in 1992 above the Cinemart and stayed there until April of 2002. It was in that space, above the movie theatre, that the Share-a-thons emerged. However, it wasn't until 1994 that the meetings transitioned into the around the clock format of which we are now familiar. We grew into something beautiful all in the name of service to our fellowship. Here is a brief history of the Share-a-thons:

1. QIAA created their own Intergroup for the benefit of the alcoholics in this county;
2. QIAA's Share-a-thons changed its format;
3. QIAA's headquarters moved to the storefront down the road from Eddie's Sweet Shop in 2002;
4. QIAA's moved to the storefront next to the original storefront in 2013; and
5. QIAA's Share-a-thons are moving to Springfield Gardens, the Meeting Place of **A Fresh Way to Start A Day** after 11 years at Our Savior Lutheran on Woodhaven, the Meeting Place of The Lighthouse Group and Survivors.

How fitting. We have a fresh way to start at **A Fresh Way to Start a Day**. You'll receive the flyer in the mail with all the information. Mark your calendars, carry the message and oh, breathe out!

Yours in Love & Service,
Malini M.



Upcoming Events

September 6th

**Queens Speaker Exchange
and Delegates Meeting**

Location (NOTE CHANGE)

**Intermediate School 5
50-40 Jacobus Street
Elmhurst, NY 11373**

7:30am: Exchange Meeting
9:00 am: Delegates Meeting

**QUEENS SHARE-A-THONS 2014
MOVES TO SPRINGFIELD
GARDENS!!!**

**SEE FLYERS THAT HAVE BEEN
MAILED TO YOUR
HOMEGROUP.**

**THE MEETING PLACE OF
A FRESH WAY TO START TO
START A DAY**

**CHRIST THE KING CENTER
145-02 FARMERS BOULEVARD
(OFF SOUTH CONDUIT &
FARMERS)**

Email me your story ideas,
thoughts, questions at
maliniqueensaa@gmail.com

**QIAA 24 Hour Hotline
718-520-5021**

Poetry is an act of peace.
– Pablo Neruda

Thank you, Pablo. As an alcoholic and an artist, I have a few outlets. The one outlet that is very personal to me is my poetry. Besides the rooms, the pen on paper is my truth. A few members of our fellowship express their truth in the following poem. Thank you for you sharing.

I Go To Meetings
I Hear What I Need To Hear
Let's Pray I Apply

- John F.

My Reflection

I look in the mirror
and what do I see?
It is not the same person
looking back at me.
Over the years
I've shed some tears
and conquered my fears
of failure.
There are worry lines
and a few crows feet
of the passing times
and a small defeat.
I look and I ponder
and many times wonder
If it was all in vain
I have nothing to shame.
I did my best
forget all the rest
forever.

-Jo Ann M.

Exhale escaped fermented
Vile, stinking in the humid air
Parched lips, cracked
clenched heart raced fast,
despair.

My head hurts.
My dead hurts
my heart;
family pain-pangs
swell.
If I had logic,
There must be a heaven;
'cause I'm living in hell.

In this world,
I exist everywhere
Every turn
Every point in time
I see clear the wreckage
I see clear the hope
I see clear the past
Such clarity,
For one who can't see clear
across the room.

Defeat came before death.
Alone, I descended.
All alone.
Into a basement.
Here...cheer?
Java, sweets, smiles, books, laughing...

-there were others in the same hell-
-there. were. others.-
I could cry.
I do.
Pools stream down my stubbled cheeks...
paroxysm of joy
convulse.
rejoice.

Hope, of the genuine sort, grew.
Time of respite from hell lengthened

They said: "you see we've helped?"
"Yes"
"Then do as we do. Help."

Years go by...
my anguish never out of sight.
"Help".
"Give back what was freely given."
And I listen. And I do.
If my wretched soul could be saved,
If refuge can be found with others
Then I could cry of joy anew.
I could smile and shake your hand and not lie in least and say:
"There is hope for you, too."

- Adam K.