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Singapore AA

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# DAILY REPRIEVE

**Service: The More I Give, The More I Get**



# From the editor

## Dear fellows

The Newsletter team is delighted to share the second edition of Daily Reprieve for 2025, which focuses on the theme of Service: The More I Give, The More I Get.

I believe that the fellowship and literature of Alcoholics Anonymous often teaches us that the ways of sobriety are not the ways of the world.

As it says about Step One in the Big Book: “Who cares to admit complete defeat?” And yet experience shows that we must, if we are to recover. We also learn in Step Three that turning our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understand Him is how we are restored to sanity. And then Step Twelve asks us to “carry this message to alcoholics and practise these principles in all our affairs.”

The apparent contradictions start to mount up. Defeat is victory. Handing over control is freedom. Service to others is benefit to ourselves. “And then he discovers that by the divine paradox of this kind of giving he has found his own reward, whether his brother has yet received anything or not” (Alcoholics Anonymous, p.109).

Absorbing this counter-intuitive wisdom isn't easy, because it runs against to so much of what we have learned outside the rooms of AA. “Every natural instinct cries out against the idea of personal powerlessness” (Alcoholics Anonymous, p.21). But I hope reading the contributions below will bring home to you just how much the giver receives when it comes to service in sobriety.

And not just the giver, of course. One of the greatest privileges of my time in Singapore has been the opportunity to attend and speak at meetings at the Angsana Home. As our feature on the meetings at Angsana shows, though, members of the fellowship are succeeding in carrying hope into some of the most troubled lives in our community. Recovery can begin and flourish anywhere, providing that those of us who have received the gift make sure we pass it on.

Thank you to everyone who contributed to this Daily Reprieve and to the dedicated newsletter team who edited and designed it: you're all great examples of the theme for this edition!

We always love to hear your feedback and receive any articles you'd like to contribute. Please do drop us a line at [newsletter.singaporeaa@gmail.com](mailto:newsletter.singaporeaa@gmail.com).

*Adam H*

Singapore, 02 November 2025



# Contents

04



Carrying the Message at Angsana:  
One Member's Service Journey

06



Every time I show up, I grow

07



Greeters: a first line of service

08



Something in me just said: "Go."

09



Suddenly I had purpose

11



Gratitude In action

12



My sponsor waited six years for me – and  
was ready with love and compassion

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## Carrying the message at Angsana: one member's service

In Alcoholics Anonymous, service is more than a duty, it's a lifeline. From the start, members are encouraged to give back in whatever way they can: greeting newcomers at the door, helping set up chairs, sharing their story, or pouring tea after a meeting. These seemingly small acts often turn out to be vital steps toward belonging, purpose and recovery.

For one AA member, service began exactly this way. "My first commitments were simple," he recalls. "I'd make tea, wash the cups, welcome people as they came in.



One of my favourite commitments was actually chair finder, going out to invite people to share their experience at meetings. It may sound small, but it mattered. Those were the first things that helped me feel useful again."

Over time, those early tasks grew into a pattern of service that has become the backbone of his sobriety. He has served in meetings and intergroups in different countries, sponsored newcomers, and chaired



service committees. Yet among all these commitments, one of the most meaningful has been carrying the message into Angsana Home, a welfare home for destitute men in Singapore where AA meetings are held weekly.

### ***Nowhere else to turn***

"Walking into Angsana for the first time, I didn't know what to expect," he says. "It's not a rehab, not a hospital, but a welfare home for men who have really lost everything. They live under a strict routine with limited freedom. Some are alcoholics, some have other issues, but all of them are facing incredible hardship. For many, it's their last stop."

Angsana, run by the Thye Hua Kwan Moral Society, houses around 200 residents and provides shelter, medical care, counselling and vocational support for men who have nowhere else to turn. Many arrive with long histories of addiction, homelessness or social isolation. For them, the home is both a refuge and, in some cases, a final safety net. Into this environment, AA volunteers bring a meeting every Friday evening, offering a chance for residents to hear

stories of recovery, and perhaps to begin their own.

The set-up is simple: a quiet room, plastic chairs arranged in a circle, and a handful of readings on the table. Around 6:45, residents begin to filter in, usually eight or nine men, sometimes more, sometimes fewer. A volunteer opens the meeting, someone shares their story, and residents are welcome to participate if they wish. The only tradition set aside is the Seventh, since residents cannot contribute financially.

### ***Spirit of honesty***

In every other aspect, it is an AA meeting, with the same spirit of honesty and hope that members find in groups outside the home. "Some weeks the men sit silently, listening carefully to every word," he says. "Other weeks, they open up; about their drinking, about their struggles, about what it feels like to live in a place like this. You never know which way it will go, but that's the beauty of it. What matters is that we show up, week after week, so they know they're not forgotten."

Building trust takes time. Many residents carry years of pain, isolation, and disappointment. Reintegration into society is possible, but not always easy. Against this backdrop, progress is measured differently. Sometimes success means a resident keeps coming back, even if he never speaks. Sometimes it's a few quiet sentences after weeks of silence. "One of the men came to the meetings week after week without saying a word," he remembers.



“Then one evening he shared for the first time. It was only a few sentences, but you could feel the relief in the room. Everyone knew it had taken courage. That’s the kind of moment that keeps us going.”

Service at Angsana has reshaped how he understands recovery. “It’s not about fixing anyone,” he reflects. “I can’t control what happens after they leave the meeting; some might never come back. But I can show up, share my story and offer what was freely given to me. The truth is, I get as much out of it as they do, maybe more. It reminds me of where I came from, and it keeps me grounded in gratitude.”

#### ***How I say thank you***

That gratitude extends into the way he now approaches service more broadly. In the past, he sometimes found himself stretched thin, saying yes to every opportunity. Today, he tries to strike a balance. “I’ve never felt burned out by AA, but I do try to be careful not to overcommit,” he explains. “With sponsorship, for instance, if I don’t have the capacity, I’ll connect a newcomer with another

member. Service should be about helping others, not controlling everything. Balance and flexibility are key.” That honesty, he has learned, keeps service sustainable. It strengthens sobriety rather than straining it.

His commitments also extend beyond Angsana. He has worked with the Health, Information, Publicity, and Prison Information Committee (HIPPI), helping to bring the AA message into hospitals, prisons, and treatment centers. He contributes to Intergroup planning and is part of preparations for the Asia Pacific service meeting, which Singapore will host later this year. “Service takes so many forms,” he says. “It might be pouring tea at a meeting, speaking at a hospital or helping to organise an international event. It all matters. Every act of service keeps the fellowship alive and keeps me sober.”

Looking ahead, he plans to continue coordinating the volunteer schedule at Angsana, mentoring new members who want to get involved, and exploring fresh opportunities for outreach. What stands out most to

him is not the variety of roles but the spirit that runs through them all. “AA gave me a new life,” he says simply. “Service is how I say thank you. The miracle is that every time I give something away, I seem to get even more in return.” For him, the weekly walk into Angsana is a reminder of why service matters. It’s not glamorous. It’s not always easy. But it is deeply human: one alcoholic reaching out to another, carrying the message of hope and keeping the chain of recovery unbroken.

*Hannah C.*

## Every time I show up, I grow

When I first entered AA and heard the word “service,” I thought: “Oh no — not for me; sounds like more work to do.” At that point, I had enough on my plate just trying to get out of bed in the morning and trying to understand how sitting in a room full of strangers was going to help me. I thought service was for old-timers, not a newbie like me — a shaking, emotional wreck.

But then something wonderful happened.

A newcomer came to a meeting and sat down next to me (I was maybe five weeks in at this point). She was physically shaking, fearful and unsure. I began to explain how the meeting ran, the format, how I was feeling, and that I was still very new to the program. I watched the old-timers sit back and let me guide the newcomer through the meeting.

On the journey home, I felt elated, lighter and peaceful. Without even realising it, I had done my first act of service. And it felt great.

From that moment on, I got it. The act of helping others and being of service to the fellowship helps keep us sober, one day at a time. How wonderful it is to live with purpose, to be useful and to be needed instead of feeling useless, disgraceful or worthless. I started to understand the principle behind the action: getting out of myself.

Of course, the lack of confidence and self-belief is still there. With every act of service I automatically revert to “I can’t do that”, “why would you ask me?” or “I’ll just cry and mess it up”. But through gentle guidance from my sponsor and fellows, I’ve discovered

the joy from connection that comes from being of service. I’ve learned that willingness and action matter more than confidence. Every single time I show up, I grow!

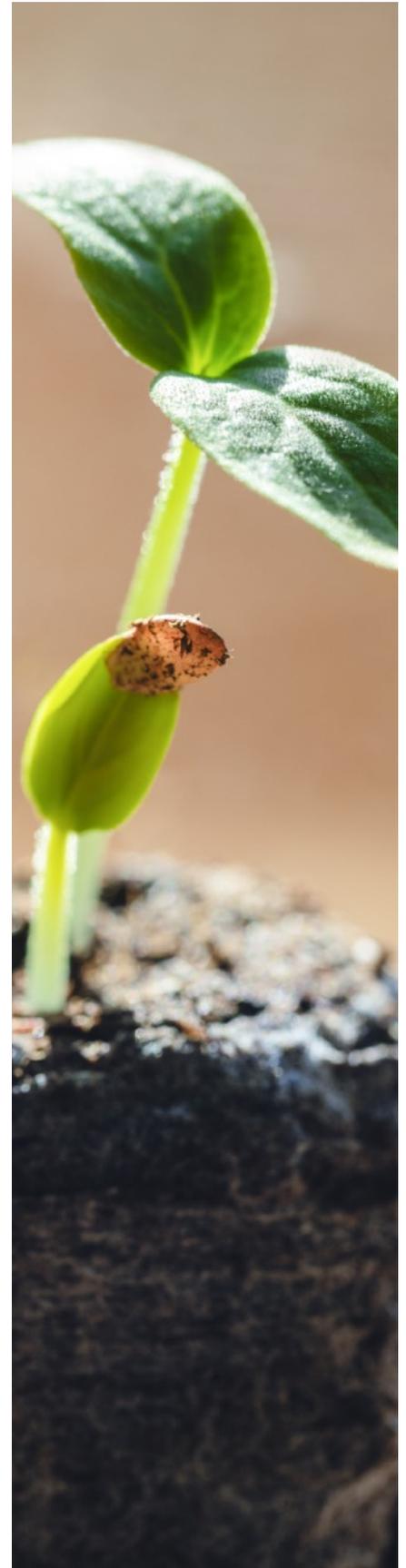
Service keeps me present in our community. It brings consistency and structure. It has taught me humility and self-respect, to listen more and speak less. It’s not about me. It’s about being there for the next person. I need to be reliable. I am accountable.

As of today, I have done and continue to serve multiple AA positions, each with varying degrees of intensity, commitment and responsibility. The roles may differ greatly in form, but each one brings me a sense of meaning, belonging and fulfilment. No matter how big or small the task, service keeps me grounded. It reminds me of where I came from and, most importantly, helps me stay sober, one day at a time.

I have learnt that the greatest way to keep what I’ve been given is to give it away.

I mean, that cake won’t bake itself, will it?

*Anonymous*





## Greeters: a first line of service

It was the winter of 2015 when I checked myself into a rehab in Santa Barbara, California. I had relapsed on 21 March, two days shy of my 12-year sober anniversary. The rehab was a few blocks away from the local Salvation Army. Multiple times a day, Alcoholics Anonymous meetings took place on the second floor of that behemoth of a building facing the Pacific. At the top of the stairs was an open area where two to four people stood welcoming everyone to the meeting. I was anxiety-ridden walking up that long flight of stairs. I kept my chin firmly planted against my chest. Up ahead, I heard the sounds of warm greetings, back slaps and high fives: the comforting acknowledgments of familiar fellows and friends.

My relapse had quickly gone from a night out with friends to months of isolation and active addiction, clawing body and soul away from anyone and anything. The gravity of suffering alone had taken a huge toll. And, as I reached the top steps,

my nerves took hold. My muscles defensively pulled my shoulders up to my neck in a fight/flight/freeze posture. At the same time, my hands went mannequin-stiff in an attempt to not stand out, because in my sick and tortured mind, I believed with all my being that I did stand out, and that I needed to brace for the inevitable cold shoulder waiting for me at the end of that long climb.

I would be the exception. No one would be friendly and welcoming to me; more proof that I was not meant to be among the living. Irrefutable evidence that I was certainly not meant to be a part of any group so full of warmth, conviviality and unconditional regard as this one appeared to be. The laughter, recognition and camaraderie I overheard echoing from above was sure to quiet. At the top of the stairs stood two men and two women. I recognised two of them from the rehab where I was a patient. They were recent graduates who had no more than a month of

sobriety. Another woman, with sapphire sparkling eyes, rose tattoos up and down both arms and bright fuchsia hair, wrapped her arms around me and said, “welcome home!”

One of the first service commitments the newcomer is able to immediately get involved with is as a door greeter at an AA meeting: the woman who had hugged me like a ray of sunshine had recently come back and was two days sober. It is an essential service in many recovery groups, both in person and online, for newcomers, visitors, and day counters. It requires no training and it reacquaints people to interacting with fellows at every stage of recovery. I cannot tell you how meaningful it was for me to be greeted like family at my first AA meeting after coming back from a relapse. It made me want to come back, and it slowly silenced the dark voices of addiction that told me I was so low that no group would have me.

*Anonymous*

## Something in me just said: “Go.”



When I look back now, I realise that my first act of service in Alcoholics Anonymous came before I even understood what service truly was, or what a Twelfth Step call even meant. It was nine days after my relapse, my first and, touch wood, my only one. I remember the exact number of days because I was counting them with a kind of desperate determination; they still felt hard-earned and uncertain, so I clung to each one like a milestone.

The truth is, before the relapse, I hadn't been working the program the way I needed to. I was showing up, but not really. Half-arsed is the only way to describe it: going to the odd meeting, but not often enough; sitting at the back and avoiding sharing; not building connections; and, worst of all, not asking for help when I was struggling. I'd kid myself into believing that I was doing enough but deep down I knew I wasn't. Then came the relapse. It shook me. Something had to change. This time, I was going to throw everything I had at staying sober. The alternative wasn't fathomable.

So, I started showing up properly. I went to more in person meetings, I shared even when I didn't want to, I reached out to others and allowed myself to ask for help. That particular day, I'd just been to the lunchtime meeting at Damien Hall, one of those meetings that gives you exactly what you didn't know you needed.

Afterwards, I hopped on the 61 bus heading to Holland Village to meet a friend for coffee and a much-needed catch-up. My friend was late and wasn't

answering her phone, so I decided to stick around and wait for another 10 minutes. I remember sitting there, reflecting on the meeting, feeling a quiet mix of contentment and hope, kind of like being wrapped in a warm hug. Then my phone buzzed. It was a message from a fellow asking me if I could help with a call-out to see a girl who had reached out for help.

I didn't hesitate. Something in me just said: “Go.” Coffee can wait. I messaged my friend to reschedule and said something important had come up. Not long after, two fellows picked me up, and we were on our way to the girl's address.

That's when I learned it was a Twelfth Step call. I didn't know much about what that meant in practice. I'd heard the phrase in meetings, but I had no idea I'd be involved in one so soon, especially not nine days after a relapse. I felt a little bit nervous and uncertain. What exactly were we walking into? Would she even open the door? What state would she be in? How was I supposed to help? What did I have to offer?

But underneath all that uncertainty, there was something else, a feeling of willingness. For once, I wasn't thinking about myself. I wasn't trying to protect my ego or avoid discomfort. I just wanted to show up, for her, and maybe even for me. As we drove, the two fellows with me gently reassured me. They shared what little background information they had about the girl we were about to visit. They also reminded me of something I'd later come to understand as a cornerstone of service in AA: we're not there to “save” anyone. We're not professionals. We're just alcoholic, sharing experience, strength and hope. I didn't have any magic words. I couldn't promise her anything. But I could be present. I could be honest. I could be kind. And sometimes, that's enough.

When we arrived, the door opened, and we were let in. We sat with her in her living room, four strangers, really, but

bound by a shared understanding of what it feels like to be lost, broken and afraid. After a bit of time, it felt right to share. My story is not sugar-coated and I didn't want to scare her, but I also knew that pretending everything had been smooth or simple wouldn't help. So, I told her the truth. I shared a little of what it had been like for me, how far I'd fallen, how hard I'd tried to ‘white knuckle it’ and do it ‘my way’ before it all unravelled. I told her about the relapse and how, just nine days earlier, I was only just holding it together. And I told her that, despite all of that, here I was, sober today. I didn't have any magic words. I couldn't promise her anything. But I could be present. I could be honest. I could be kind. And sometimes, that's enough.

After we left her place, I sat with a strange mix of feelings. I'd done something that felt meaningful, but instead of walking away proud or clear-headed, I felt... guilty. Selfish, even. Because the truth is, I wasn't just there for her, I was there for me, too. I needed that experience. I needed to show up for someone else to get out of my own head, to remember why I'm doing this. And in a way, it felt like I'd gained more from the call than she had. Was that selfish? I wrestled with that question, but I've come to understand that service isn't about self-sacrifice in the way I once thought it was. It's not about swooping in to save someone or trying to deliver an instant fix, because there are no instant fixes. It's about presence. It's about saying, “I've been there too. You're not alone.” And when I do that, I don't just offer hope, I receive it.

I don't know what impact that visit had on her. But I know what impact it had on me. It anchored me in my recovery in a way no meeting or reading or step work had up to that point. It reminded me that service isn't about perfection or performance. It's about willingness. It's about connection. Above all, it reminded me that sometimes, when we help carry someone else's message, we end up hearing our own a little more clearly.

*Anonymous*

## Suddenly I had purpose

We hear so often that Alcoholics Anonymous is a “program of action” – whether it be in the titles of chapters in the Big Book (Into Action) or each of the steps of this program in themselves being a call to action. For the newcomer, that “action” can be quite daunting. It certainly was for me. But what is so magical about this program is the fellowship that comes with it, the support of that network and the tools made available to us to stay sober. One of those tools is service.

The Twelfth Step asks us to “carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our



affairs.” This is what Service means to me – carrying the message and doing what I can in my everyday life to stay connected to the program and keep myself and others sober, to keep this program alive and to create a space in which sobriety can thrive.

But we do not need to wait until we have completed the Twelve Steps to be of Service to the program and our fellows.



When I first entered the rooms of Alcoholics Anonymous, I was consumed with selfishness and ego. My self-worth and self-esteem were at all-time lows. My goal each day was to keep myself alive, let alone sober. The idea of looking outside of myself to help others was so far beyond my frame of reference, I wouldn’t have known where to start. I thought of service as an inconvenience reserved for the old-timers – not as something that would save my life.

As I attended more meetings and heard more shares, that sense of inconvenience grew into something even more daunting. I held a view of service being grand gestures like sponsorship, chairing a meeting, holding the hotline or attending NAMS on a Saturday – all of which seemed totally of reach for this newcomer. How could I possibly help others, when I was so earnestly struggling to help myself?

All that changed with a single share one early morning at Boat Quay. It was the Friday Beginner’s meeting. The theme was ‘Being of Service’. And who knew? I learned something. I’m sure it isn’t just me who has noticed how this program has a habit of sending us the right messages at the right

times.

A fellow, who wasn’t an old-timer talked about service being the little things – turning up to a meeting, sharing, checking in with other fellows, helping to reset the room after a meeting – really anything, no matter how small, that contributed to the program and the fellowship in a constructive way. Anything that helped to create that safe space for recovery. What an ah-hah moment. Just by being at the meeting that day, listening to my fellows and helping move a few chairs, I was being of service.

Everything in life needs a foundation on which to build, and that nugget of wisdom gave me the base on which I have built a new understanding of service. Suddenly it was not so daunting. It was not out of reach. It was something that this miserable, barely surviving, self-loathing alcoholic could achieve. Suddenly I had a goal. Suddenly I had purpose.

I kept turning up. I set up the room if I got there early. I greeted other fellows. I let the Chair know if I had had a drink. I contributed to Tradition Seven when I could and paid for my drinks when I had to. I shared openly and honestly. I got a sponsor. I worked my steps. I tried to turn up for others in the way they had turned up for me. I was being reliable. I was being accountable. I was engaging with other human beings. I was building a community. I was being of service.

It didn’t seem like much at the time, but all of that was gradually rebuilding the self-worth and self-



esteem that alcohol had taken from me. In the same way that they were chipped away over time, I was rebuilding them one small piece at a time. I was accepted. I felt a sense of belonging and inclusion that I hadn't felt before – and it felt good. The void that had existed inside of me was gradually being filled. My spiritual malady was gradually healing. All through small, consistent acts of service.

Now, more than two years since first entering the rooms (I haven't been sober all that time) I have a regular Chair position, I attend NAMS when I can (which isn't as often as I would like), and I contribute to the fellowship in any way that I can. As I sit and write this, those don't sound like major things – but they are. They are actions of my program that keep this program working for me.

We also often hear that “it works if you work it.” For me, service is a big part of that work. I think about it as being the ‘external’ part of how I work my program. It is how I try to carry the message to other alcoholics, and it is part of how I practice the

principles of this program in my affairs. It pulls me out of myself and shines a light on the needs of others, helping find a new freedom from my own problems. Service keeps me connected to the spiritual aspects of this program and stops me from falling back into a state of self-pity and resentment.

The ‘internal’ part – prayer, meditation, gratitude and reflection – is service too, but at a more personal level. But all of it together works to keep me sober and, I hope, helps keep others sober. I will be forever grateful for that.

I balked at the idea of writing this piece! But I've loved this opportunity to reflect on my journey and my relationship with service. Thank you for letting me be of service in writing this – and thank you for your service in reading it.

*Anonymous*

## Gratitude in action



I love going to AA meetings. It gives me a sense of belonging and acceptance. It also gives me the chance to hear some really important messages that relate to our program of recovery, the Twelve Steps. Recently I heard someone share in a meeting that: "Gratitude is more than just a warm fuzzy feeling. It's something you put into action. A recovery muscle that gets stronger with regular use." I can definitely attest to my experience with that philosophy. It directly relates to Step Twelve and the suggestions that we "... carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs".

So, when I heard that Singapore AA needed volunteers to share their experience for the "Daily Reprieve" newsletter, I jumped at the chance to express my gratitude and do service for the fellowship. The topic, I was told, is: "Service: The More I Give, The More I Get." Wow! Isn't that an understatement?

I wouldn't be here today (literally, I wouldn't be alive), if it weren't for the generous fellows giving back of what they freely received. Why? Because of the gratitude in their hearts. That notion was instilled in me by my sponsor. He made it clear to me that we have a responsibility to help other alcoholics when they reach out to us. He got me into service roles early in my sobriety. He told me that it would give me a sense of purpose and a lesson in humility by putting my focus on others. I helped set up the meeting room as my first role. Later, I got put in charge of the refreshments table. Later on as my sobriety time grew, I started to chair meetings.

I hadn't even finished working the Twelve Steps with him when he suggested that I get a sponsee. In all honesty, I had been dragging my feet and he knew it — as sponsors do. When I protested that I couldn't possibly sponsor someone yet, since I was only on Step Eight, he promptly responded with his usual sharp and direct candour. He said: "Well, if they catch up with you, then you have a serious problem!" Needless to say, I had my first sponsee the next day. That sponsee never caught up with me, and I finished working the remaining steps expeditiously with my sponsor.

Since then I have taken on an ever increasing range of roles within the fellowship of AA. I have served as an Intergroup chairperson, an HIPI committee member, an AOSM organising committee member and a regional AA convention organising committee member. I also continue to take on various group positions like chairperson, business secretary, treasurer, literature secretary and Intergroup representative. But I must say, the most rewarding service role of all is as a sponsor. One alcoholic talking with another about his experience, strength and hope. How he found a way out from the misery of this disease. That is what makes this program work.

All these service opportunities are only possible due to my sobriety, and my sobriety is due to these opportunities for service. I truly believe that "service keeps us sober." There is a paragraph in Chapter 7 of our book *Alcoholics Anonymous – "Working With Others"* – that sums it all up so completely.

"Life will take on new meaning. To watch people recover, to see them help others, to watch loneliness vanish, to see a fellowship grow up about you, to have a host of friends — this is an experience you must not miss. We know you will not want to miss it. Frequent contact with newcomers and with each other is the bright spot of our lives."

*Jim J.*



## My sponsor waited six years for me – and was ready with love and compassion

My first drink was when I was 16. I remember getting hooked onto it rather quickly as I started binge drinking almost immediately. At first, I had everything under control. I became an extrovert under the influence. I became the social butterfly that everyone loved. I had a lot of "friends." Then as my drinking increased, my behaviour turned erratic and people started drifting away. From being a social butterfly, I became an isolated drinker.

Many would agree with me that when you drink alone, no one can control how much you drink. I got worse and I was coming home drunk almost every single day. Sometimes I would even sneak alcohol in my bag so that I could continue drinking at home. My family grew worried and tired. They wanted me to stop but they felt helpless. I felt more and more lonely each day. I had no one to talk to. No one would understand the pain I was going through. The only "friend" I had was alcohol. It never let me down. It was always there for me, within reach. Everywhere I went, I had it with me.

However, it also brought its own pain and consequences. As days passed, I became more erratic. I started acting on my suicidal thoughts. Until, one day, I was sent to IMH A&E. Based on their assessment, they had to admit me into NAMS. I was hesitant because I didn't believe that I was an alcoholic. "I'm too young to be an alcoholic," I thought to myself. Though when they explained the signs and symptoms of an alcoholic, my curiosity was kindled and I got admitted. Upon discharge, they referred me to the NAMS clinic's doctor.

Being the stubborn person I am, I again contemplated. Eventually, I gave in. I ended up pouring my heart out to the doctor because suddenly I felt that he was the only one willing to listen to me. From then on, I went to the NAMS counsellor, WeCare (a support facility for all kinds of addictions) and to my first AA meeting. I was clearly not ready. It was too much to take in one go. I was still in denial about my alcoholism. However, my parents made me go. I will be honest, I hated my first AA meeting. I felt like I didn't fit in. I was surrounded by people older than me and I felt that I was too young to be there. I stopped going after this first attempt.

As years went by, and my admissions into NAMS increased, they recommended that I go for a rehab program. I was half hearted about it because I had lost all hope in myself. I thought I was going to die an alcoholic. But I went anyway. Why? Only my Higher Power can answer that. I went for multiple AA meetings during my rehab program, and this time around, surprisingly, I enjoyed them. I started opening up. I started sharing about my life. I felt that these were the only people who could ever understand the struggles I was going through.

I met my sponsor through these AA meetings. She gave me her contact three times throughout the years, hoping I would reach out to her when I got discharged. It took me close to six years to get back to her. Despite taking a long time to reach out, she responded almost immediately and compassionately.

I am grateful to the doctors and counsellors of NAMS for introducing

me to AA, for being an empathetic listening ear through all my painful experiences, and for allowing me to build strong relationships with them that I can fall back on any time. I am grateful to my AA fellows for always being warm and welcoming, even after I was absent from the rooms for six years. I thought I'd never have friends again, but the friendships I found in the rooms have filled my heart with warmth and comfort. Thank you to every single person who has been through this journey with me. I will forever cherish these memories and the love.

Anonymous

