

# Fellowship Centre Newsletter: June 2023



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## A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR JULIA



Sunday, June 19 is Father's Day 2022 in Canada. The theme of this month's newsletter is celebration of Fathers in recovery. On that note, you will find an article by a sober Dad from the Serenity Group, Bangkok, Thailand entitled "A Sober Dad in Bangkok, Thailand". Additional features include Grapevine letters between Bill W. and Carl Jung and a contribution to the newsletter from member Dave F. from the Reflections Group in



Edmonton. It is a poem entitled "My Dead Friend" and I am sure you will enjoy it. There is an article on sober musicians, as well as jokes and, as always, monthly calendar. So, relax and read this month's *Fellowship Centre Newsletter*!

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENTS

### **Rummage Sale on Sunday June 11 from 1:30 to 6:30 PM at the Centre**

The Awakenings Men's Group is hosting a rummage sale to raise money to help groups at the Centre that do not collect sufficient 7th Traditions to pay their rent. Bring gently used items to the Centre during any meeting from June 4<sup>th</sup> to 10<sup>th</sup>. Large appliances, tires, cassette tapes and broken furniture are not accepted. Thank you to the Men's Group, to the many volunteers, and to those who donate items to this important fundraiser. Contact Wayne (780.394.0121) or Fred (780.438.7865) for more information.

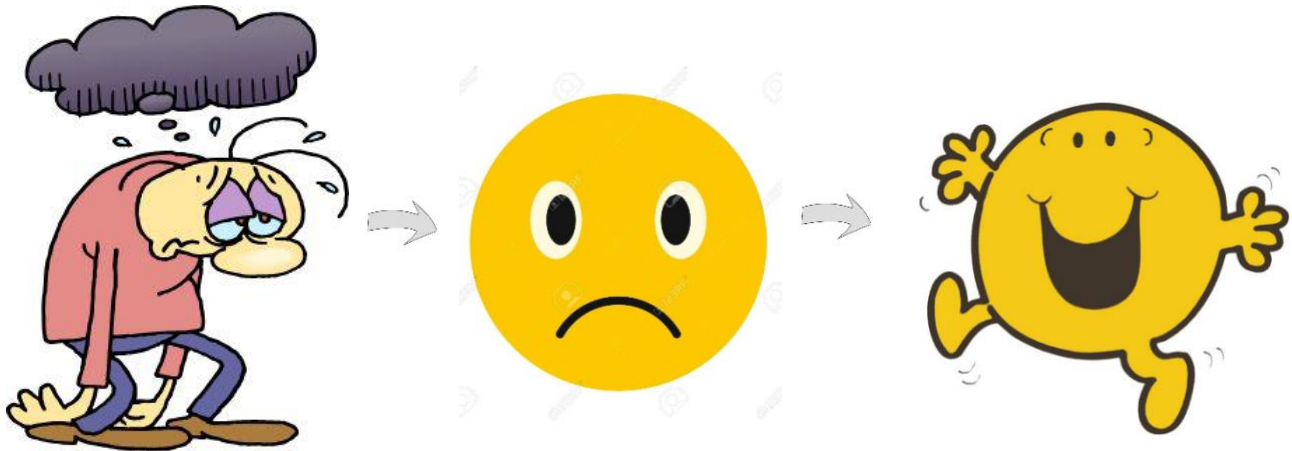
### **Cocaine Anonymous Sunday Night Step Group Coming to the Centre on June 18 at 6:00 PM**

Cocaine Anonymous (CA) offers particularly inclusive 12 Step mutual support recovery. "The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop using cocaine *and all other mind-altering substances*" is read at the beginning of CA meetings. There is a Solution, (CA, Wednesday at 7:00 PM) has been at the Centre for one year. The Sunday Night Step Group, the first and oldest CA group in Edmonton, is moving to the Centre on Sunday June 18. Every Sunday, the meeting will start at 6:00 and finish at 7:00 PM.

The very first CA Sunday Night Step Group meeting was held in a private residence on April 10, 1994. It moved to a church and carried the message of recovery for the past 29 years. The meeting format is based on reading a Step from the 12 and 12 and sharing on that Step. Books are supplied. In the winter months the meeting goes candlelight after the Step is read. All are welcome.

## PROMISE SIX

**“That feeling of uselessness and self-pity will disappear.”**



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### A SOBER DAD IN BANGKOK, THAILAND

I fell in love with my son the moment I saw him. I had such plans. I was going to be a great dad. All of the love, all of the attention, anything he would ever want, and I would be that dad. I sincerely wanted in my heart of hearts to be a good dad, but I was an alcoholic. A child's love is powerful. My son adored me. He would wait for me to come home from work, and run down the hall of our apartment, calling, "Daddy! Daddy!" I would scoop him up and hug him. He was so small, but I could feel his strong little hug around my neck.

I would carry him into our apartment, put him down, and grab a big beer from the fridge. He would watch me drinking and even mimic me with his sippy cup while taking a drink and saying, "Ahhh." Just like dad. I didn't stop at one beer. I drank until I passed out. Sometimes I made it to my bed. Just as often I would wake up on the floor where I had passed out, my son asleep on top of me or next to me holding my hand. I would feel such guilt. I would tell myself, tomorrow I'll be a better dad. Tomorrow I will do fun things with my son. Tomorrow I'll be the kind of dad I really want to be. I will really try. Tomorrow. During the week, my son and I would make plans for Sunday, my only day off. He would ask where we would go and what we would do. His eyes would light up like it was Christmas. But come Sunday, I would start drinking as soon as I woke up. He would ask, when will we start? "Just after this beer", I would say. Then there was the next one and the next one. He would ask, is this the last one? Then the plans changed, and we wouldn't go anywhere. I'd think the next weekend, that's when I was going to be a good dad. We would repeat the whole exercise week after week. His excitement, his questions and then the plans would change. He always had hope that the next time would be different. **Just like me.**

My drinking got worse. I rented a "drinking" apartment next door. I couldn't bear watching him while I was drinking in our family apartment. His mom was there but she was busy with her own work. I was terrified he would choke on a toy or put something in the electrical outlet - any number of things that toddlers do, and I would be too drunk to notice. My routine became to come home, give my son the usual hug, take beer to my new apartment and close the door. My son would try to follow me, but I wouldn't

let him in. I would tell him to stay with his mother. He would knock on the door saying “Daddy let me in.” He would cry sometimes. It broke my heart, but I couldn't let him in. Eventually the knocking and the crying stopped, and I carried on drinking filled with guilt and self-hate. Coming to in the middle of the night I'd open the door and there he would be sleeping in the hallway. Sometimes he had an unopened beer with him, now warm because he thought maybe I would open the door for him if he had a beer for me. I would say to myself, tomorrow, tomorrow will be different. We are told that no one gets sober for other people, but getting sober for my son was part of my recovery. My son was five when I got sober and what a difference to be a sober dad. I brought him to lots of meetings with me. He was very quiet and usually napped during the meetings but all the time we had together getting to the meeting and afterward back home was all our time. We talked and laughed and ate hamburgers. Watched movies together or just hung out. **The best time ever.**

My son is twenty-six now. He was raised in a sober home and the principles I learned in A.A. were the principles I tried to use in being his father. First things first, do the next right thing, let go and let God. These principles work. I realize that he has a Higher Power of his own and he has his own life to live. I love the man he has become. There might be a 12 Step Group in his future but that is his decision, and he knows this A.A. thing works. I was curious about what he remembered of my drinking. In the Fifth Grade his class was doing a unit on drugs and alcohol. He asked for help with his homework, (which you can do if you are a sober parent), and here, finally, was some homework I understood. “Why do people drink and take drugs? What does it feel like when you are high? What is an alcoholic?” I was a teacher at the school he attended and after school his homeroom teacher was waiting outside my classroom. I thought she was going to tell me how great my son did on his assignment. The teacher reported that my son told the whole class that when I was drunk, I peed in the refrigerator. **He remembers.**

*The more I try to become the parent that A.A. wants me to be,  
the more I become the parent I want to be.  
Amazing how that works.*

*The more the husband I want to be, the teacher I want to be, the man I want to be - It's all A.A., a  
design for living that really works.*

— Charles G., Serenity Group, Bangkok, Thailand



## How to Celebrate Dad's Recovery

- Give a Personalized Present
- Write a Heartfelt Letter
- Head Out on a Family Adventure

## MY DEAD FRIEND

I've lost him  
Drugs and alcohol  
We were best friends  
We've been through a lot  
And a lot together  
I make it forty-seven years  
Forty-seven out of these sixty-seven  
We were with each other in grad school  
The outcome of my five years' schooling failed  
Alcohol played a part in it  
They convened a kind of HR committee about me  
It went on three hours  
The committee thought it would soften the blow if I heard it from my best friend  
Their denial, they denied me, my dreams, my career, my future  
He wiped his eyes; he never cries  
We went out for beers with my brother—I was drinking, then  
Our roads diverged, but not our paths  
He stayed with them until he couldn't take it  
I cleaned up, found a way to reconcile, I found my way back to them  
I think he got worse  
He discovered too much emptiness  
He found his way back. Too  
Now our roads and our paths were together, again, like when we first met  
I make it forty-seven years ago  
Now it is I who can't take it  
Since he'd been there, I tried to talk it out with him  
Despite it all, he couldn't grasp my situation

He said he gets high every day  
I asked him about bourbon  
He said it is a concern  
He talked about it, but he was so full of lies he couldn't get his story straight  
He got confused, couldn't figure out what he told me

I've lost him  
Drugs and alcohol  
I talk to him and he's dead

## Bill W.'s Letter to Carl Jung

January 23, 1961  
Professor Dr. C. G. Jung  
Küsnacht-Zürich Seestrasse  
228 Switzerland

My dear Dr. Jung:

This letter of great appreciation has been very long overdue.

May I first introduce myself as Bill W., a co-founder of the Society of Alcoholics Anonymous. Though you have surely heard of us, I doubt if you are aware that a certain conversation you once had with one of your patients, a Mr. Roland H., in the early 1930's, played a critical role in founding of our fellowship.

Though Roland H. has long since passed away, the recollection of his remarkable experience while under treatment by you has definitely become part of A.A. history. Our remembrance of Roland H.'s statements about his experience with you is as follows:

Having exhausted other means of recovery from his alcoholism, it was about 1931 that he became your patient. I believe he remained under your care for perhaps a year. His admiration for you was boundless, and he left you with a feeling of much confidence.

To his great consternation, he soon relapsed into intoxication. Certain that you were his "court of last resort," he again returned to your care. Then followed the conversation between you that was to become the first link in the chain of events that led to the founding of Alcoholics Anonymous.

My recollection of his account of that conversation is this: First, you frankly told him of his hopelessness, so far as any further medical or psychiatric treatment might be concerned. This candid statement of yours was beyond doubt the first foundation stone upon which our Society has since been built. Coming from you, one he so trusted and admired, the impact upon him was immense.

When he then asked you if there was any other hope, you told him that there might be, provided he could become the subject of a spiritual or religious experience—in short, a genuine conversion. You pointed out how such an experience, if brought about, might remotivate him when nothing else could. But you did caution, though, that while such experiences had sometimes brought recovery to alcoholics, they were, nevertheless, comparatively rare. You recommended that he place himself in a religious atmosphere and hope for the best. This I believe was the substance of your advice.

Shortly thereafter, Mr. H. joined the Oxford Group, an evangelical movement then at the height of its success in Europe, and one with which you are doubtless familiar. You will remember their large emphasis upon the principles of self-survey, confession, restitution, and the giving of oneself in service to others. They strongly stressed meditation and prayer. In these surroundings, Roland H. did find a conversion experience that released him for the time being from his compulsion to drink.

Returning to New York, he became very active with the "O.G." here, then led by an Episcopal clergyman, Dr. Samuel Shoemaker. Dr. Shoemaker had been one of the founders of that movement, and his was a powerful personality that carried immense sincerity and conviction.

At this time (1932-34), the Oxford Group had already sobered a number of alcoholics, and Roland, feeling that he could especially identify with these sufferers, addressed himself to the help of still others. One of these chanced to be an old schoolmate of mine, named Edwin T. ["Ebbby"]. He had been threatened with commitment to an institution, but Mr. H. and another ex-alcoholic "O.G." member procured his parole and helped to bring about his sobriety.

Meanwhile, I had run the course of alcoholism and was threatened with commitment myself. Fortunately, I had fallen under the care of a physician—a Dr. William D. Silkworth—who was wonderfully capable of understanding alcoholics. But just as you had given up on Roland, so had he given me up. It was his theory that alcoholism had two components—an obsession that compelled the sufferer to drink against his will and interest, and some sort of metabolism difficulty which he then called an allergy. The alcoholic's compulsion guaranteed that the alcoholic's drinking would go on, and the

allergy made sure that the sufferer would finally deteriorate, go insane, or die. Though I had been one of the few he had thought it possible to help, he was finally obliged to tell me of my hopelessness; I, too, would have to be locked up. To me, this was a shattering blow. Just as Roland had been made ready for his conversion experience by you, so had my wonderful friend Dr. Silkworth prepared me.

Hearing of my plight, my friend Edwin T. came to see me at my home, where I was drinking. By then, it was November 1934. I had long marked my friend Edwin for a hopeless case. Yet here he was in a very evident state of “release,” which could by no means be accounted for by his mere association for a very short time with the Oxford Group. Yet this obvious state of release, as distinguished from the usual depression, was tremendously convincing. Because he was a kindred sufferer, he could unquestionably communicate with me at great depth. I knew at once that I must find an experience like his or die.

Again, I returned to Dr. Silkworth’s care, where I could be once more sobered and so gain a clearer view of my friend’s experience of release, and of Roland H.’s approach to him.

Clear once more of alcohol, I found myself terribly depressed. This seemed to be caused by my inability to gain the slightest faith. Edwin T. again visited me and repeated the simple Oxford Group formulas. Soon after he left me, I became even more depressed. In utter despair, I cried out, “If there be a God, will he show Himself?” There immediately came to me an illumination of enormous impact and dimension, something which I have since tried to describe in the book *Alcoholics Anonymous* and also in *AA Comes of Age*, basic texts which I am sending you.

My release from the alcohol obsession was immediate. At once, I knew I was a free man. Shortly following my experience, my friend Edwin came to the hospital, bringing me a copy of William James’s *Varieties of Religious Experience*. This book gave me the realization that most conversion experiences, whatever their variety, do have a common denominator of ego collapse at depth. The individual faces an impossible dilemma. In my case, the dilemma had been created by my compulsive drinking, and the deep feeling of hopelessness had been vastly deepened still more by my alcoholic friend when he acquainted me with your verdict of hopelessness respecting Roland H.

In the wake of my spiritual experience, there came a vision of a society of alcoholics, each identifying with and transmitting his experience to the next—chain style. If each sufferer were to carry the news of the scientific hopelessness of alcoholism to each new prospect, he might be able to lay every newcomer open to a transforming spiritual experience. This concept proved to be the foundation of such success as *Alcoholics Anonymous* has since achieved. This has made conversion experience—nearly every variety reported by James—available on almost wholesale basis. Our sustained recoveries over the last quarter-century number about 300,000. In America and through the world, there are today 8,000 AA groups.

So to you, to Dr. Shoemaker of the Oxford Group, to William James, and to my own physician, Dr. Silkworth, we of AA own this tremendous benefaction. As you will now clearly see, this astonishing chain of events actually started long ago in your consulting room, and it was directly founded upon your own humility and deep perception.

Very many thoughtful AAs are students of your writings. Because of your conviction that man is something more than intellect, emotion, and two dollars’ worth of chemicals, you have especially endeared yourself to us.

How our Society grew, developed its Traditions for unity, and structured its functioning, will be seen in the texts and pamphlet material that I am sending you.

You will also be interested to learn that, in addition to the “spiritual experience,” many AAs report a great variety of psychic phenomena, the cumulative weight of which is very considerable. Other members have—following their recovery in AA—been much helped by your practitioners. A few have been intrigued by the I Ching and your remarkable introduction to that work.

Please be certain that your place in the affection, and in the history, of our Fellowship is like no other.

Gratefully yours, William G. W—



## Carl Jung's Reply to Bill W.'s Letter

Küsnacht-Zürich Seestrasse  
228 January 30, 1961

Mr. William G. W— Alcoholics Anonymous  
Box 459 Grand Central Station  
New York 17, New York

Dear Mr. W.:

Your letter was very welcome indeed.

I had no news from Roland H. anymore and often wondered what has been his fate. Our conversation which he has adequately reported to you had an aspect of which he did not know. The reason that I could not tell him everything was that those days I had to be exceedingly careful of what I said. I had found out that I was misunderstood in every possible way. Thus, I was very careful when I talked to Roland H. But what I really thought about was the result of many experiences with men of his kind.

His craving for alcohol was the equivalent, on a low level, of the spiritual thirst of our being for wholeness, expressed in medieval language: the union with God.

How could one formulate such an insight in a language that is not misunderstood in our days?

The only right and legitimate way to such an experience is that it happens to you in reality, and it can only happen to you when you walk on a path which leads you to higher understanding. You might be led to that goal by an act of grace or through a personal and honest contact with friends, or through a higher education of the mind beyond the confines of mere rationalism. I see from your letter that Roland H. has chosen the second way, which was, under the circumstances, obviously the best one.

I am strongly convinced that the evil principle prevailing in this world leads the unrecognized spiritual need into perdition if it is not counteracted either by real religious insight or by the protective wall of human community. An ordinary man, not protected by an action from above and isolated in society, cannot resist the power of evil, which is called very aptly the Devil. But the use of such words arouses so many mistakes that one can only keep aloof from them as much as possible.

These are the reasons why I could not give a full and sufficient explanation to Roland H., but I am risking it with you because I conclude from your very decent and honest letter that you have acquired a point of view above the misleading platitudes one usually hears about alcoholism.

You see, "alcohol" in Latin is spiritus, and you use the same word for the highest religious experience as well as for the most depraving poison. The helpful formula therefore is: spiritus contra spiritum.

Thanking you again for your kind letter, I remain, yours sincerely,

C.G. Jung



## **We are Not a Glum Lot!**

A man and his wife were awoken at 3:00 am by a loud pounding on the door. The man gets up and goes to the door where a drunken stranger, standing in the pouring rain, is asking for a push.

"Not a chance," says the husband, "it is 3:00 in the morning!" He slams the door and returns to bed.

"Who was that?" asked his wife. "Just some drunk guy asking for a push," he answers. "Did you help him?" she asks. "No, I did not, it is 3:00 in the morning and it is pouring rain out there!"

"Well, you have a short memory," says his wife. "Can't you remember about three months ago when we broke down, and those two guys helped us? I think you should help him, and you should be ashamed of yourself!"

The man does as he is told, gets dressed, and goes out into the pounding rain.

He calls out into the dark, "Hello, are you still there?"

"Yes," comes back the answer.

"Do you still need a push?" calls out the husband.

"Yes, please!" comes the reply from the dark.

"Where are you?" asks the husband.

"Over here on the swing," replied the drunk.



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**After being 3 months sober, I bought myself a motivational poster to keep my spirits up.**

"You miss 100% of the shots you don't take." Wayne Gretzky

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**Where do Canadian alcoholics go to sober up?**

Eh Eh

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**A cop is waiting outside the bar at closing time.**

He knows it's easy pickings for DUI's as the bar closes. Sure enough, right at 2am, a man stumbles out to his car. The cop watches as he fumbles to get his keys out, struggles to unlock and open the door, and drops the keys repeatedly before finally getting them in the ignition and starting the car. As soon as he pulls onto the street, the cop flicks on his lights and pulls him over.

"Sir, how much have you had to drink tonight?"

"Nothing, I've just been drinking soda all night."

"Sir, I have reason to believe you're intoxicated. Please step out of the car."

The cop administers the usual sobriety tests - reciting the alphabet, walking the white line, touching his nose - and the man passes. The cop brings out the breathalyzer, and he blows a zero - completely sober.

"I don't get it. I watched you stumble out of that bar, fumble your way into it, and drop your keys trying to get it started. Yet here you are stone cold sober. What happened?"

"Oh, tonight I'm the designated decoy."





## Creating Music while Clean and Sober

GQ men's magazine published an article in 2019 based on interviews with clean and sober musicians, about the life that has led them to use, and about the life that they live now. Some drank, some used drugs, some did everything, and they did so to very different degrees. Some found themselves at the edge of the precipice, or worse; others simply re-routed from a path or trajectory that they came to see as unwise. Some were clean before the end of their teenage years; some only surfaced into sobriety much later in their lives. Some created the work that made them first or best known before they were sober; some have done so since. Some see significant correlations here; some don't.

Read the complete article at <https://www.gq.com/story/clean-musicians>

### **GQ Interview Question: In terms of sobriety, how would you describe yourself today?**

**Trey Anastasio** (54, *lead vocalist and guitarist of Phish*): Well, I'm sober. I've been sober since January 5, 2007. Twelve years, if I keep going till January.

**Zachary Cole Smith** (34, *frontman of the Brooklyn-based band DIIV*): I'm not really sure how to answer that question. I guess I'm just a person who's grateful to be alive, and grateful to continue to make music and be involved with the people that are in my life. My sobriety date is February 25, 2017, so I guess a couple months shy of two years.

**Soko** (33, *French singer-songwriter*): Very health-conscious, I guess, knowing that anything that has to do with addiction is very triggering for me, and that it's so much better for me to know that sobriety and health is directly linked to my mental health. [Sober for] 14 years.

**Jason Isbell** (39, *Nashville-based singer-songwriter*): Well, I can't really have anything stronger than a Tylenol. It's been about six and a half years since I've had anything like a controlled substance or any alcohol.

**Steven Tyler** (70, *lead vocalist of Aerosmith*): I'm going on my fourth run. So, I've got nine years in December. Which I'm very proud of.

**Julien Baker** (23, *Memphis-bred singer-songwriter*): At this point in my life, I don't use any substances, I don't smoke, I don't drink, I don't use any drugs. I have not drank or used drugs for, let's see, six years, maybe.

**Ben Harper** (49, *multi-instrumentalist & singer-songwriter*): I would describe myself as 19 months in.

**Joe Walsh** (71, *long-time guitarist for the Eagles*): I would say I'm a sober member of Alcoholics Anonymous. I have 25 years of sobriety. But the important thing is, I haven't had a drink today.

# June 2023 South Edmonton Fellowship Centre

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
				1 <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 AM Sunrise (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 2:30 Overeaters Anonymous <input type="checkbox"/> 6:00 PM Dinner with Bill (AA)	2 <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 AM Sunrise (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 6:30 PM Indo-Canadian Living Sober (AA Punjabi, Hindi, Urdu)	3 <input type="checkbox"/> 10:30 AM Fellowship Breakfast Group (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 2:00 PM Gamblers Anonymous <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 PM Sex Addicts Anonymous
4 <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner (AA)	5 <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 6:30 PM Our Basic Text (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 8:00 PM Awakenings Men's Meeting (AA)	6 <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 AM Sunrise (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 10:30 AM Sunshine (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 PM ISMs (AA)	7 <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 AM Sunrise (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 PM There is a Solution (CA)	8 <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 AM Sunrise (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 2:30 Overeaters Anonymous <input type="checkbox"/> 6:00 PM Dinner with Bill (AA)	9 <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 AM Sunrise (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 6:30 PM Indo-Canadian Living Sober (AA Punjabi, Hindi, Urdu)	10 <input type="checkbox"/> 10:30 AM Fellowship Breakfast Group (AA) <input type="checkbox"/> 12:00 PM Fellowship Nooner <input type="checkbox"/> 2:00 PM Gamblers Anonymous <input type="checkbox"/> 7:00 PM Sex Addicts Anonymous
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