

# BOOMERANG



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**A Quasi-Quarterly  
Newsletter  
Celebrating  
Service and Fellowship  
In Area 28, Maine**



# THE

# 12 Concepts

## S E R I E S

## P T . 2

# III

As Delegate, the Maine Area trusts me to be our voice at the 76th and 77th A.A. General Service

Conferences. Along with 92 other delegates and approximately 42 Trustees and Staff, we try to make the best choices for our fellowship.

Concept III says that we endow the voting members of the conference ... with a traditional "Right of Decision." I can tell you that no Delegate or Trustee I've met takes that lightly. I believe everyone at the Conference fully understood the trust given, as we considered the decisions placed before us.

"The Conference and General Service Board Charters in broad terms define the responsibility of the Conference to act on behalf of A.A. as a whole." The Conference is mostly alcoholics who choose to participate beyond the casual cup of coffee at their local meetings – Alcoholic Trustees and staff who were once newcomers, that now know the "Responsibility of Decision."

I am humbled by the responsibility, honored by the trust, and so grateful for the privilege that Maine Area 28 and the General Service Conference have extended to me. ■

Thank you,

**-Willy K., Delegate Maine Area 28, Panel 76, Policy/Admissions Committee**

**Your Voice Matters.**

**June 7, 2026**

**Area Inventory**

**Sebasticook**

**Valley Elks Lodge**

**140 Middle St.,**

**Pittsfield, ME 04967**

**9:00 AM – 12:30 PM**



# IV

I have had the pleasure of being able to participate in all levels of general service, including Area, due to my

knowledge of technology and web design that I have been able to learn in my professional life. I started as a GSR and then joined Area 93 in California and now Area 28 and District 25 in Maine. I have been able to create websites for a *Grapevine* working group and a district, as well as manage Area 28's website. The thing I love about this

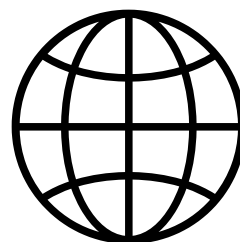
service is that I hone a skill while being present to other alcoholics. Even though design is about aesthetics and beauty, it also has the principle of carrying the message to those alcoholics who may be first finding us online.

In all of these commitments, I am typically given the right to vote per Concept IV and discuss general service topics because of my chair positions. I have the responsibility of lending voice from the perspective of those who are finding the message online. I can listen for effective ways that info on events, meetings, and AA messages, can be shared through a website. It is all very "behind-the-scenes," and I like it that way.

But isolation is deadly, and I take my responsibility of participation seriously since it saves my life. If I stay in the background, I run the risk of having "big-shot-sim" and hiding within my own corner. I would have a tendency to see the digital footprint only my way and not have to humble myself by hearing other perspectives and conforming to group consciences. The right of participation that comes with my commitments actually compels me to share my experience, strength, and hope at the district and area levels serving alongside the other voting members. Likewise, I hear their voices as they participate so that I can incorporate all of their experiences into the look and feel of an AA website. ■

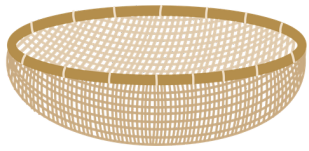
-Marissa May C., Web Chair

**Your Voice Matters.**  
**August 2, 2026**  
**Area**  
**Committee**  
**Meeting**  
**Sebasticook**  
**Valley Elks Lodge**  
**140 Middle St.,**  
**Pittsfield, ME 04967**  
**9:00 AM - 12:30 PM**



Watch the new 12 Concepts Video. Click on the globe or scan the QR code





You, or your group or district, can make contributions online to Area 28. Use the basket link or QR code:

# THE 7th Tradition

Thank you to the following Groups and Districts for their recent contributions



## Districts

- District 5
- District 9
- District 16
- District 20

## Groups and Meetings

- Augusta Serenity
- Women In Recovery, Augusta
- Bath Wednesday Night
- NTTW, Bath
- Sat Morning Tag, Bath
- We, Bath
- Wed Breakfast, Boothbay Harbor
- Attitude Adjustment, Belfast
- Pass It On, Belfast
- Saturday Noon, Belfast
- Willing To Try, Belfast
- Stark Raving Sober, Blue Hill
- Brunswick (Semite), Brunswick
- Sunrise Serenity, Brunswick
- Caribou Friday Night
- Happy Destiny, Damariscotta
- Fort Kent
- Last Chance, Fryeburg
- Friendship, Gorham
- Windham ABSI D17, Gorham
- Back To Basics, Hampden
- Kennebunk BB Study
- Friday Night Into Action
- Happy Hour, Lewiston
- Fryeburg Stepsisters
- Downeast Group, Machias
- Machias Valley
- Mechanic Falls Recovery
- Common Solutions, Nobleboro
- We Ain't Right, Norway
- Haven't Got a Clue, Norway
- Never Too Late, Ogunquit
- Ogunquit By the Sea, Ogunquit
- Women Living Sober, Ogunquit
- Beginners, Old Orchard Beach
- Promises, Old Orchard Beach
- Don't Miss The Boat, Peak Island
- Always Remember, Portland
- Sun AM Sunshine, Portland
- Happy Campers, Rangely
- Raymond
- Brown Bag, Rockland
- Bill and Bob Zoom, S Portland
- Haven, S Portland
- Brown Bag, Sanford
- Route 1, Scarborough
- Sunday Haven, Scarborough
- #635038, Shapleigh
- Breakfast Club, Standish
- Sat AM 9:30 Serenity, Trevett
- West Newfield Sunday Night, W Newfield
- Waterboro Grapevine, Waterboro
- Wells
- Great Fact, Westbrook
- Alive @ 5, Wiscasset
- Fellowship, Wiscasset
- Sacred Heart Beginners, Yarmouth
- York Monday Step

# Experience, Strength, and Hope in Area 28

## “My Higher Power Took Me to Fenway”

I have always wanted to go to a season opener game at Fenway Park in Boston as a Red Sox fan for most of my 70 years.

I was at my morning meeting the day of the first game played out of state. I was wearing my Nike Red Sox sweatshirt that day saying I would like to go some year. The home game is next week. I was encouraged to do as the Nike sweatshirt logo says, Just do it. I started to investigate seats, ticket prices, transportation and time off. My boss said, "Bucket list, baby, do it." I proceeded to get a ticket that was less because it was a standing location. My thought was, at least the games are shorter now.

I had been watching the weather and at first it would be 29 and rain and snow. I prepared a warm wardrobe and continued to watch each day as the temps rose and snow and rain were 0 chances by now. By the day of, it was to be partly cloudy and 50. As a girl from Maine this would be perfect. I made my way out to the train station at 5 a.m. on opening day.

The rain was steady and at times driving so hard it was difficult to see the road but I had faith in Boston. When I arrived at the train station in Brunswick, the train was sold out. I panicked for a half a second and remembered the bus in Portland was a half hour away and ran all day long. I was supposed to take the bus at night because coming home I would have missed the returning train. So I made it to Portland and bought my bus ticket within 4 minutes of departure.

We arrived in Boston where I navigated the T without the grandson I took to games his entire childhood. He knew where to go at all times at 8 years old. He was with me in spirit because the next subway would also arrive in 4 minutes.

I got off at the stop near Fenway and found a restaurant for some breakfast/lunch. I made my way around the park with plenty of time to spare and enjoyed being by myself doing something I always wanted to do. I went looking for a coffee shop to charge my phone and have a cup of coffee. I could only find a bar. I walked up to the bar, plugged in my phone and ordered a coffee. We can be around alcohol if we are spiritually fit and maintain a daily reprieve. This was something I remembered from the big book and felt safe to sit there. After all, I was not alone. My higher power was with me.

A day or two before the game, MLB sent me a survey on how my experience was with using Seat Geeks to purchase my tickets. I answered all the questions and somewhere in there said it was a bucket list thing for me to see an opening Red Sox game, and that at 70 if I didn't do it now, when would I? I explained about the standing and that I was glad games were shorter now. I was just happy to be going.

When I got to the stadium as the doors opened, I did not have to go through the line with backpacks because I didn't bring anything with me. I smiled at that and made my way to my gate.

(Cont'd. on next page)

## ...Contd. “Fenway”

I showed the usher my ticket on my phone, and he led me to a seat. I said, He must be wrong, I'm supposed to be standing. No mistake, that was my seat. I was so excited I gave him a hug. I was right behind home plate still as my original spot but now much closer. I looked at the seat and it was indeed a different number than the one I had purchased. I was supposed to be in 1 and I was in 2. I didn't remember the rest of the letters but it was different. I could not find anything on the internet of my booking to compare it to. What happened here? Was it MLB changing my seat? Was it God? It was a miracle and the absolutely best seat ever. I looked up at the sky smiling and saw blue sky peeking out. It was 54 degrees and there was no wind. I was very comfortable and took my jacket off. ■

In Service,

-Laura D., Rockland, Maine

## ...Update

**I have an unbelievable update to this story. I got the credit card bill and was not charged for my Red Sox ticket!! I also got the charge for the bus that should have been \$51. I was charged \$6!**

**Is it odd or is it God? 😊**

**It's like God took me out to Fenway on a date and he paid.**

**-Laura D.**

## “My Hero I Never Expected”

There used to be nights when I cried so hard I couldn't breathe, tearing myself apart with questions like, where did I go wrong? Why me? Somewhere in all those painful nights, I found what I now call my hero. My definition of a hero is different than most people's. My definition isn't the kind with a cape. To me, it's a person, place, or even poison, that teaches you, breaks you, and builds you. The thing that pulls out your truest self, even if it's done with a great deal of pain in its process. And for me, that was alcoholism. I chose the alcoholism I have, and the alcoholics I surround myself with, as being my hero. I know that probably sounds strange. Alcoholism is a disease that destroys lives. It's cunning, baffling, and powerful. I would never wish it on anyone. But recovery has taught me that even painful things can become turning points.

When I needed comfort, I reached for a drink. When I needed help, I got high. My alcoholism tore me down, but for a long time it also felt like the only thing that understood me. I kept crawling back to it because, as a teenager, I didn't know any other way to live. At first, alcohol and drugs felt like control. They numbed my emotions and let me decide when and how I hurt. But eventually they stopped working, and I found myself trapped in a cycle of self-destruction. Little did I know I was slowly killing myself, killing every glimpse of hope for a positive future.

(Cont'd on next page.)

## ...Cont'd. "Hero"

Why couldn't I just accept that substance abuse wasn't my friend? Maybe because I thought it was the absolute only reason I woke up in the morning. I was surviving day by day, never proud of myself, only relieved I had made it through another day. Deep down, I couldn't imagine life without substances, but even worse, I could barely imagine a future at all.

One of the hardest questions I carried was, Why me? Why so young? Thankfully, the alcoholics I've met in AA taught me a different question: Why not me? That perspective changed my life.

I've made decisions that I could have never imagined I would make at sixteen years old. There were years when I genuinely didn't think I would make it to the next birthday. But through AA, I found people who understood me in ways nobody else could. I found honesty, accountability, and hope. Most importantly, I found people willing to love me until I could start learning how to love myself.

Today, I understand that alcoholism itself is not a hero. Left untreated, it destroys people. But surviving it one day at a time has forced me to grow in ways I never expected. Recovery taught me how to ask for help, how to be honest, and how to connect with other people instead of isolating myself. AA gave me something I had been searching for my entire life, belonging.

I can walk into a room full of strangers and feel understood. I can look toward the future without immediately dreading it. That doesn't mean life is easy now. Recovery is still hard, and there are still roadblocks ahead. But today I know I do not have to face them alone. Alcoholism nearly took my life. But recovery gave me a new one. And for the first time in a long time, I'm grateful to be here. ■

-Jade G., District 25

### **"Living in the Gray: My Personal Reflections from Northeast Regional AA Service Assembly (NERAASA)"**

NERAASA in Maine called me to a new role  
behind the soundboard,  
learning another rhythm of service.  
The hum of the mic, the whisper of  
connection  
a new tool I carry,  
another way to say, I have to show up.

I heard talk of living in the gray  
not the black and white of  
"this is how we've always done it,"  
nor the chaos of endless change,  
but that middle place

where grace and growth meet. A place where  
we live, not a place just talked about.

I attended the young people's roundtable with  
others from area 28 and from ten other states,  
listening,  
wondering how Maine fits into this chorus of  
voices across the Northeast.

I heard how much  
their hands, their hearts,  
their energy are, in districts and areas –  
how the courage to speak is formed  
and how Maine can become open minded and  
(Cont'd on next page.)

## ...Cont'd. "Living in the Gray"

find acceptance for what is to come.

My sponsor told me on day one of my new sober life

"Show up, do the work,  
just push a broom and do it to the best of  
your ability, do it for God."

This simple advice has kept me grounded in  
service, grateful and humble.

I was reminded over and over that those one-  
on-one conversations  
are the heartbeat of our fellowship.

It teaches us to listen –  
a space to practice living in the moment –  
and understanding words of pain and

healing:  
time shared between souls,  
the spark of the miracles to come.

As we move forward,  
I ask my fellowship,  
How can we unite deeply?  
How do we grow stronger,  
kinder,  
braver together?

May love and service  
continue to guide us  
as we carry the message of our primary  
purpose  
into the tomorrows. ■

**-Bobbi S., a humble servant to the program that gave me a life worth living.**

# Ready for the Round Up?

Scan the QR  
code or click the  
Frog  
to Register



Boomerang is looking forward to the stories, musings, art, or photography, that any Area 28 alcoholic can submit to share their joys, progress, and frustrations as they "trudge the road of happy destiny" (Alcoholics Anonymous, 164).

**Please submit  
for the Summer  
Boomerang  
by August 10**

[Boomerang@maineaa.org](mailto:Boomerang@maineaa.org)