

The Anonymity That Is... NOT

Chair 2. Narrative.

Title: *Newcomer (White Knuckles)*

This miserable, confused and perhaps livid individual is not quite certain as to why they are “here” (wherever that might be). Perhaps a court judge, an angry spouse or an unconditionally loving family member signed papers to help them “get there”. Hopefully it may have been divinely inspired by absolute shame guilt and remorse.

Regardless of the supposed reason, that person is ultimately the most important person in the room at that moment. They are now the focus of all the unconditional love that can be gathered together by the fellowship.

You can see that their ass is about to fall off. They are slumped over to specifically avoid any eye contact. The black backing board used to hold a telephone, until in a drunken rage it was yanked off the wall (therefore no communication). A previously intact carpenter's level is broken as well, therefore we can see nothing is “on-the-level” (as in no honesty, nor openness or willingness).

Then we observe that the cup is not only empty but broken as well (likely the desire for the thing “used” as a crutch or coping mechanism has finally lost its luster).

This is where we begin, at wherever, whenever and however, we hit OUR “bottom”.