

The cover features a full moon in the upper center, set against a sky that transitions from a pale blue at the top to a warm orange and red at the bottom. The foreground is dominated by the dark, intricate silhouettes of bare tree branches, creating a complex, web-like pattern.

the Journal

Issue # 135
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Soberly Dealing
With Tragedy

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Letter from the Editor

Dear Reader:

My grandmother died the week before Christmas. It was after she had a stroke and had dealt with macular degeneration for a number of years. Every time I visited her she said “Why did God take my husband and not me?” She dealt with the pain for 7 years without her husband, with blindness and she was paralyzed on her left side, confined to a wheelchair. She was always a kind woman, of service to her community and church her whole life. When she died I struggled with her loss but realized that she wasn’t very happy for a number of years. I resented God because I blamed him for taking a vibrant woman and torturing her for years, turning her into a different person. I wrote fear inventories (because if God could do that to a religious woman who never did anything wrong, what chance did I have?) and resentment inventories, and tried to understand. I talked to my family, my sponsor and other program friends about it.

The addict voice was always present “What’s the point?” it said to me. My grandma told me to never get old. That was at the heart of my disease. Only misery lies ahead so why not be self-destructive? But then I went to the memorial service for my grandma. So many people showed up for her and celebrated her life. She saved my life once in college. My family and all their friends have beautiful fond memories of her. Even her nurse said she was her favorite because she was always so kind even in her pain. Members of her church youth group even wrote letters from across the country saying how she had touched their lives and made them better people. I don’t know if what people say is true, that grandma’s in a better place. I hope that’s true. But, I can have a Higher Power and HP has worked miracles in my life. There is a point to this life, but I can never see it if I’m lost in my selfish negative disease. If I can use the tools of the program long enough to get out of self-centeredness and help another human being, I can see the point of it all. Pain is the touchstone of spiritual growth. Eventually, I can see God’s plan if I just continue to ask. And that plan is always better than my own.

Lisa C., Managing Editor, *the Journal*

First Things First

Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous Preamble

Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous is a Twelve Step, Twelve Tradition-oriented fellowship based on the model pioneered by Alcoholics Anonymous.

The only qualification for S.L.A.A. membership is a desire to stop living out a pattern of sex and love addiction. S.L.A.A. is supported entirely through contributions of its membership, and is free to all who need it.

To counter the destructive consequences of sex and love addiction we draw on five major resources:

1. **Sobriety.** Our willingness to stop acting out in our own personal bottom-line addictive behavior on a daily basis.
2. **Sponsorship/Meetings.** Our capacity to reach out for the supportive fellowship within S.L.A.A.
3. **Steps.** Our practice of the Twelve Step program of recovery to achieve sexual and emotional sobriety.
4. **Service.** Our giving back to the S.L.A.A. community what we continue to freely receive.
5. **Spirituality.** Our developing a relationship with a Power greater than ourselves, which can guide and sustain us in recovery.

As a fellowship S.L.A.A. is not affiliated with any other organizations, movements, or causes, either religious or secular.

We are, however, united in a common focus: dealing with our addictive sexual and emotional behavior. We find a common denominator in our obsessive/compulsive patterns which renders any personal differences of sexual or gender orientation irrelevant.

We need protect with special care the anonymity of every S.L.A.A. member. Additionally we try to avoid drawing undue attention to S.L.A.A. as a whole from the public media.

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The Twelve Steps of S.L.A.A.*

1. We admitted we were powerless over sex and love addiction - that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood God.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked God to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory, and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with a Power greater than ourselves, praying only for knowledge of God's will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these steps, we tried to carry this message to sex and love addicts, and to practice these principles in all areas of our lives.

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Question of the Day & Answers from Yesterday

The Question of the Day from the last issue was, “How do you soberly deal with personal setbacks or tragedy?” Here are some wonderful responses for your enjoyment. They are not presented in any particular order.

HOW DO YOU SOBERLY DEAL WITH PERSONAL SETBACKS OR TRAGEDY?

I stop. Breathe. Remember that HP has not “quit” or that I’m being punished. I realize that ALL things are ultimately for my best and highest good and ask HP to guide me in my thinking.

— DEBORAH R., MISSION VIEJO, CA

I try to always remember that life is difficult and that I have been given a lot of tools to deal with personal setbacks and/or tragedy. Part of my spiritual journey is that I’m guided by my Higher Power who will sustain me on my path.

— STEVE L., CINCINNATI, OH

I make a continuous effort to stay in touch with my HP, the program, my friends and my emotions.

— FREDRICK L.,
UPPSALA, SWEDEN

I try to just keep showing up. Pre-program, I would isolate and withdraw in panic. I still do these two things but my steps, sponsor and service work help draw me out to be present for the good and the bad in my life.

— KATY B., NEW YORK CITY, NY

I’m Still trying to figure it out.

— JAMES E., SEATTLE, WA

Prayer and meditation.

— LEON C., DALLAS TX

HOW DO YOU SOBERLY DEAL WITH PERSONAL SETBACKS OR TRAGEDY?

It is a continuous struggle for me to deal with personal setbacks and tragedy in a sober manner, but it continues to get easier for me the longer I have been in the program. Talking with people is extremely important so that I am not letting my troubles go around in circles in my head. I then get to hear the feedback of others and that makes my troubles seem a lot less heavy and foreboding. It helps me realize that there are solutions.

— ANDREW K., DALLAS, TX

When my sponsee died, I did not want to continue to attend the phone meetings we started together. I did not want to get hurt and lose someone else. As a recovering emotional and social anorexic, I have had to ask for help and remain in my recovery community. Contrary action, staying involved when wanting to retreat has been a lifesaver for me.

— MONIQUE S., VENICE, CA

I look at setbacks as opportunities. It's a chance to try something different, practice a tool more diligently, maybe turn to my Higher Power more earnestly. I'm learning to live life on life's terms. So life is my school. What can I learn from this day/situation/ event?

— RICK B., LARGO, FL

I hit my knees and pray. I often read inspirational literature as well. Most of all I just know that everything that happens is ultimately for my good, and I will be taken care of, so I trust today, and surrender my fears.

— SUSAN G., SUNSET BEACH, CA

I don't deal with them alone. I rely on my Higher Power, program, recovery partners and sponsor to guide me forward.

— STEVE B., SUNRISE, FL

Pray – Serenity Prayer, get quiet and breathe, reach out to program members and friends, let myself have feelings, engage in therapy if needed, go to more meetings, practice self-care.

— DEB W., CLEVELAND, OH

QUESTION OF THE DAY

I ask my herd of elephants to surround me. You see, whenever one elephant is down the herd surrounds it. My herd is my program family and friends.

— GABRIEL G., SACRAMENTO, CA

I feel my feelings – sadness, sometimes anger, I could even feel guilt and shame as well as fear. The main thing is, today I am aware of my feelings and I sit with them even if they are messy and uncomfortable. I used to run, numb and avoid. I call my sponsor or trusted member so I do not obsess. I validate myself.

— RITA H., MONTREAL, CANADA

With difficulty!

— JONATHAN K., LONDON, UK

I go to Higher Power — I believe that my Higher Power has my back completely and that I always get what I need in life; that doesn't always look like I want — thank God!

— VH, PASADENA, CA

I work a Third Step around the difficulty.

— GARRY K., MEDINA, OH

There's a bible verse – “And though you meant me harm, God meant it for the GOoD.” I remember that every valley is at the bottom of a mountain and focus on reaching the top. Planned contact with my program family ensures that I keep my focus on the top of the mountain. Daily calls mean I know who I can call for prayer and can do it automatically.

— NEATA, HYATTSVILLE, MD

It depends on each instance. I have no formula. On personal setbacks, it helps to see what my role has been. In tragedy, it helps to see that I don't have a role and to be accepting of a Higher Power. That last bit applies to both questions.

— MARCELO B., SAN DIEGO, CA

I let myself feel my feelings and express them to my recovery partners – anger, fear, sadness, and then I find acceptance.

— RON G., LOS ANGELES, CA

HOW DO YOU SOBERLY DEAL WITH PERSONAL SETBACKS OR TRAGEDY?

I keep doing what I always do – I pray, use my tools, go to meetings, help my sponsees, call my sponsor and other friends in the program and try to remind myself that everything always is as it should be. I'm more careful about how much I sleep and eat.

— CARMEN B.L., STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

I have learned to redirect my focus onto something more positive. Sometimes, I will have to deal with feelings of depression and I have to do positive things to get myself out of that funk. I then pray and/or talk to friends and program members.

— BRUCE M., OMAHA, NE

I believe in the phrase "progress not perfection." When I have a setback, I take it to my Higher Power. First, I seek to make amends (if necessary). Second and third, I get back on my recovery path and look forward, not back.

— ELLIOTT G., LODI, CA

The first thing that I need to realize is that setbacks and tragedies almost always cause me to lose my sanity, classic Step One powerlessness. Fortunately, because of my recovery, I no longer act out when I'm insane. But it often takes some suffering to finally realize that the best thing to do is a Second Step, often on my knees. After that, it's my Higher Power's job, not mine, and my sanity is in direct proportion to how well I can do the Third Step. In the meantime my mantras are "Just one day at a time," "Feelings are not facts," "This, too, shall pass," and "Relieve me of the bondage of self."

— JERZY, MAUI, HI

Take positive action (service oriented.) As much as you want to isolate, get out there anyway. Allow yourself to make everyone smile that crosses your path. The goal is self-forgetting and life enhancement.

— ANONYMOUS

QUESTION OF THE DAY

I talk to people, pray to my Higher Power, and try to remember that this too shall pass! Some days are better than others and I try to remember that too.

— MARCELLA M., LOS ANGELES, CA

Breathe.

— RICK K., SANTA CRUZ, CA

Cry, talk to friends and to God, accept and welcome as an opportunity for growth.

— OLIN J., WALNUT CREEK

Through the program I'm able to call a friend or journal when I fall or trip up, whereas before I would act out, rage, or beat myself up. Thank God for the program and for my healing and recovery.

— CINDY D., N. HOLLYWOOD, CA

I remember that "this too shall pass" and I am not alone and reach out to my fellows in program and my Higher Power.

— KAREN S., OAKLAND, CA

I usually allow myself a moment of moping. And then I share with someone to get the drama out of the situation. I do not stay alone with that. Writing about it tremendously helps and my morning meditation usually allows me to let go.

— CHRISTINE R., MONTREAL, CANADA

I work to stay present with my emotions – allow myself to have them and talk about them often in meetings, with my sponsor, recovery friends, my therapist and focus on self-care because that's when I need it most.

— KELLI H., AUSTIN, TX

I look to what I'm grateful about. If there is loss, I'm happy I had a chance for the experience. Sometimes it takes the tragic moment to make a change. Also sponsorship, calling someone to get out of the moment.

— TL, VALLEY VILLAGE, CA

HOW DO YOU SOBERLY DEAL WITH PERSONAL SETBACKS OR TRAGEDY?

I use the tools we have been given in this program... i.e.: contact sponsor, contact fellowship, work your steps, read the material, go to meetings, be of service...stay in contact with Higher Power

— DB

TALK about it with appropriate people. Connect to my Higher Power through prayer, meditation, and fellowship. Ask how what I'm going through can help me be a better, more compassionate person.

— PG, SHERMAN OAKS, CA

Contrary Action.

— JV, BURBANK, CA

I think acceptance helps me the most — that life will not always feel good and that setbacks and tragedy are a part of life. Knowing that “this too shall pass” is also helpful. :)

— LISA A., GLENDALE, CA

I am 70 days sober, but I have already had days when a trigger comes into play. As soon as it does, I call my sponsor. The emails from online S.L.A.A. groups, that have really hit home and touched my addiction, I've copied and tucked away into a special folder titled “S.L.A.A.” I go back and refer to them. I go to a face-to-face meeting or call a recovery partner and call until I reach someone. I read my books. I have about 7 that really hit home. I journal. I stay busy (H.A.L.T., hungry, angry, lonely, tired.) I do an online meeting. I reach out and be of service to someone else. I stop being so absorbed in my life and try and help someone.

— KELLY, TORRANCE, CA

Three things everyday I can pinpoint so my perspective doesn't darken. 1) being grateful! 2) service! And 3) the second I become a “victim” I make calls to sponsors and hit my knees.

— TIM L., LOS ANGELES, CA

Not Using Anything to Get My Fix

Hi. My name is Kristin, and I am a sex and love addict. I want to respond to the question “How do I soberly deal with setbacks/tragedy?”

For me, life can feel tragic — very tragic at times. I’m not acting out, not obsessing, not using anything to get my fix one day at a time.

This past summer felt like a setback for me. My father was ill. I know that he has this disease (sex and love addiction) that has gone untreated. It was difficult to be around him. It was tough to support him mentally emotionally and physically.

By the grace of this fellowship and my Higher Power I was able to do so. Without exaggerating, I can honestly say he got miraculously better.

It is true that love can heal and is very powerful.

My mother, who also has this disease but has left it untreated, in the middle of everything, went flying from a chair. She had no business standing on the chair to clean — and after her fall, had to receive major surgery.

Because of S.L.A.A., I was able to reach out to my mother



as well.

I am just now picking up the pieces of my life. But under no circumstances did I act out.

I kept coming back, making meetings, making calls and stayed close to my sponsor in body mind and spirit.

Thank you for your fellowship.

In Him,

Kristin — a grateful recovering S.L.A.A. program woman living in New Jersey.

I am grateful and blessed.

Supported With S.L.A.A.



On October 11, 2011, I came home to find my housemate dead. I could feel that he was cold to the touch and non-responsive. I freaked out. It finally hit me when the firefighters said to each other one thing: DOA.

I immediately called my sponsor. I was shaking and totally consumed by the moment. My sponsor came over with another friend in recovery, both of them leaving a meaningful social event that all of us are a part of. I reached out and they came to be by my side. I don't even remember us talking about anything, the important thing is that they

were just there.

Three hours later, after the coroner pulled away, my sponsor asked if I would like to catch the tail end of our Tuesday get together. It took about two seconds to say yes. Once there, I was warmly received by everyone, most of them in one recovery program or another. They all knew what had happened and I was met with an amazing amount of warmth and care. I spent three nights at my sponsor's house. In the next 24 hours, I spent more time with others and making phone calls than I usually do in a week.

A day after I found my house-

mate, I received a call that my uncle in Southern California “was not doing well.” It almost didn’t phase me given what I had just experienced. He had lived a vibrant, full life, but now his emphysema was catching up to him. I talked to people a lot about this, but I think I was better prepared for any kind of bad news. I know he has a higher power and I know that he lived a good life. He passed away the follow-

ing Sunday.

The two things that I want to highlight in this story is the importance of having a sponsor and fellowship in my life and practicing self care in the midst of tragedy. I can’t imagine going through this thing alone. This is the current state of my recovery, and through it all I am still sober.

—DALE B., SANTA CRUZ, CA

Learning To Like Calm

My Higher Power is generous in that my life is often calm. I have good health, a good job, a nice home, a fun relationship, and sobriety – for today. Of course, I have ups and downs like everyone else. But in sobriety, I’ve learned to like calm.

However, over several weeks at the end of last year I started to question whether my Higher Power was on vacation. I lost my cell phone. Two days later my mother was dying and I had to fly into a horrible snow storm in New England (I live in southern California). The electricity and generators kept turning off at the hospital during my mother’s last

evening alive. Trees and wires were all over the road. My parents’ home was without electricity for nine nights so I had to stay at a friend’s house. Then my father was hospitalized with pneumonia and heart disease. And did I mention that a few weeks later our neighbor had an attic fire that caused smoke damage to the attic of our home?

During this time, I felt my equilibrium was completely off. I felt like I was running from one important moment to another without being able to catch my breath.

At some point I remember thinking that I have to prioritize what I should be doing for self-

care because I had no time to think. S.L.A.A. has provided me with so many tools such as meditation, the Steps, reaching out to others, praying, meetings, reading literature, etc. But I felt like my life was not my own during this time. Fortunately, Higher Power sent me a subtle message: get back to basics — what was most important during this time was for me to stay sober. Everything would be worse if I acted out — my father, my relationships with my family, my temporary housing, my job — everything.

Given that, I focused on my practice of getting on my knees

in the morning and begging for help to stay sober for the day and then would get on my knees again at night to thank Higher Power for another day's sobriety. For me, that acknowledgement of powerlessness was critical while my life felt so unmanageable. When time permitted, I took advantage of some of the other S.L.A.A. tools as well.

Thanks to S.L.A.A. and my Higher Power, I was able to meet the challenges while being present and sober. It was the most difficult period I've had since withdrawal ended 20 years ago. Thank you for my sobriety and my life.

— CHRIS D., SAN DIEGO

When Pain Hits Me

When pain hits me, I am surprised that my disease still creeps up and gives me unhealthy ideas of ways to handle it. If I'm sad, hurt, or feeling bad, I still think about masturbating and sleeping instead of a healthier way to handle my pain. I feel fortunate that I don't think of this as my number one option anymore, but even when my pain is not romance based, I still think of how

masturbation can distract me for a few moments and lead me into a nice deep sleep where I won't feel pain for a few hours. How can this idea still come up after almost four years in the program? After a moment though, I gently remind myself that the disease, although it's not raging, is still there, still lurking in the background for whenever I "need" it. Instead though, I say "no" — like I'm being offered

drugs or something – and I try to think of something else to do.

Sometimes the answer is to cry, which I now allow myself to do. Before, that was the worst option around – to feel my emotions, my vulnerability, and to let it out. I can do that now with more ease than before, sometimes in the safety of my car where I know I'm alone and won't be seen. I am surprised that I feel better for crying, for letting those emotions out, and for knowing that I can feel my pain without crumbling to pieces. Other times, I just have to sit down, sit with my feelings, and let myself be sad. Let the pain in my chest hurt for a little while and say nice things to myself. In the past, I'd always berate myself for feeling pain and spend hours trying to figure out how to get it to go away. Now, I just sit, and give myself some time.

Another skill I have learned over the past four years is to ask myself how can I be of service to those in my life? I used to ask "how can I save them or be a hero" but instead of having to throw on my cape and go save

the day, I now think how can I be of service?

By asking that, I face the reality that I may not be able to save the day or be a hero. Sometimes all I can really do is pray. I pray for others, not myself. I pray for their peace, not my own. I pray for insight into how else I can be of service. When I talk to my Higher Power, it's a different conversation than before. It used to go like this: "Please take away my pain, please help me figure out what to do so I feel better, how can I make this ill feeling disappear?" It's funny to notice how I made it all about me and my pain. Now I find my peace by NOT making it about myself, but instead about others.

Over time, I'm surprised that my skills that my disease created are still there, but I'm more surprised that my new skills win out now. I don't have it all figured out, but when I feel pain inside, I know there are more than a few ways of "fixing it" and one of the best ways, is to not "fix it" at all. I just feel it instead, and talk to my Higher Power.

— ANONYMOUS

I am surprised that I feel better for crying, for letting those emotions out, and for knowing that I can feel my pain without crumbling to pieces.

Dealing With A Knee Injury: Twelve Steps To The Bathroom



On a beautiful June day last summer I was running late so I hurried to get in my car. Half way through the pivot there was a pop, a yell and a fall as my left knee blew apart. I didn't plan on what happened, I couldn't have predicted it and I wasn't prepared for it.

The decades of denial that my knee would hold out came to an end. I sat on the garage floor in tears. I had no idea that everything in my life was about to change. My name is Murray, I am a sex addict and this is my story.

Like so many of us, my addictive story begins with a trau-

matic event when I was young. I was sixteen and lived with my mom and stepdad in Illinois. Those years were full of anxiety, heartache and simmering anger occasionally punctuated by bursts of verbal fist fights.

My stepdad was an intimidating, abusive bully and mom prayed for my submission and a quiet house. By age sixteen, my mind was so full of rage I could barely function. It consumed me like an inferno. Anger boiled in me constantly.

I lived like I had a death wish. No consequence would slow me; no reason would stop me. The escape from crushing anguish

and depression was my singular focus. I saw my world as though through a pane of glass. Lonely and helpless, I fantasized violence toward family, friends and innocent strangers.

Longing for affection and acceptance yet distanced from the real world, I found escape through alcohol, pot and masturbation. My life was a continual quest for adrenalin. If it felt good it was good.

In August of 1972, I was at a party full of drugs, alcohol and frightening females. By 2 a.m. my inability to connect released madness for intensity. I downed a last shot, tossed the glass into the bushes, started the throaty engine of my motorcycle and sped away.

Powered by tequila and rage, my Kawasaki and I screamed through town at insane speeds. The rush of suicidal risk released emotion off me like layers of an onion in an exploding wind tunnel.

With my hands in the air and a scream in my throat I flew through a red light, a stream of hot tears left in the air. Shaking and scared, I slowed into the flow of traffic. I turned onto a side street and headed home.

The streets, lined with happiness, sparked my intense jealousy that only damage would

quench. A large purple and white toy left out on the grass median caught my eye.

It was a "Big Wheel" tricycle that every kid seemed to have. Turning off the Kawasaki I put the kickstand down and listened to the quiet. I imagined children exhausted from laughter curled into a warm, cozy ball.

The pain of a thousand lonely days and terrified nights created a rage I couldn't contain. I walked over, took the big wheel by the handle and threw it into the intersection with a yell of aggressive payback. The plastic resonated with a sound louder than I expected.

Now afraid and in trouble I jumped on my bike and cut across the grass-covered median to escape the scene. My back tire slid on the dewy grass, my left leg planted for support and my knee hyper-extended and I collapsed under my four hundred pound machine.

Screaming in pain and soothed by parents fearing a lawsuit, we raced to the hospital. The options that the doctors gave were maximum, medium or a permanent limp with the hope of future muscular stability.

Like so many trauma victims I was surrounded by abusers and co-dependents. The abuser minimized it, the co-dependent al-

lowed it and I had to find a way to live with it. My budding addiction to masturbation and a painful limp changed my life forever.

Over the next forty years, I adapted to survive periods of minor pain, nagging pain, stabbing pain and intolerable pain. Like my sex addiction, in times of minor pain I would medicate and masturbate, greater pain I would medicate and seduce, intense pain I would overdose on medication, prostitution and the rest of the twelve characteristics.

As the mental and physical pain increased so did the need for greater intensity of escape. When questioned, I would deflect and deny. My shame grew, my defenses hardened and the detachment from friends, God and family was digging a well of lonely desperation.

My addiction escalated, my pain increased and my need for a double life became critical. Looking back there are so many times I could have said "this has to end, it's killing me and I need help."

But the addictions that were needed to compensate for a disintegrating life were too deep and I was too full of shame to change. My knee, my family and my career perished in the hurricane of ceaseless acting out.

When I collapsed by my car, I

hit bottom in every regard. I was completely crippled, helpless and alone. Something major would have to happen if I were to have a life worth living. The pain, shame and denial had to be smashed and my life somehow rebuilt. I completely surrendered.

For my sex and love addiction, I agreed to go to a rehabilitation center for a six week intensive treatment program. I knew, to have any chance, I would have to be willing to go to any lengths to recover.

For my knee, I called the orthopedic surgeon and scheduled surgery. Both were scary, unknown and no one would give me any guarantee that my life would improve from the radical changes deemed necessary. Both groups said that my chances for improvement increase as my willingness, honesty and ability to learn a new life increase.

So onward I soldiered on. My motto was cut me open, help me where I cannot yet help myself and support me through the many changes I would have to make.

When I came home from each of these terrifying events I realized quickly that I had some very serious decisions to make. I was told what behavior led to recovery or devastation over and over

until I was sick of hearing it. To be honest there were days I regretted each of these major life decisions.

All I could feel was pain. Everything I did felt uncomfortable, unnatural and wrong. I didn't feel better, in fact I felt a lot worse. I mean A LOT WORSE.

But how could I go back now? I had given my wife, Betsy, full disclosure and my doctor my knee. I couldn't take back either one. The idea of going backwards was impossible. Betsy now knew everything. Where I had been, who I had been with and how often. She knew my habits, my failures and my darkest secrets.

If I wanted to return to active addiction I would have to lie, lie, lie and lie some more. I would have to create a new secret life on top of my old secret life.

How crazy does that sound? Withdrawal sucks big time and I hate it. Hate it, HATE IT. But, since the mind that I have cannot cure the mind that I have or the pain of the new knee, I better do what I am supposed to do even if it seems uncomfortable, unnatural and wrong.

They all told me I would have to learn how to do everything new again. They told me how to eat, how to dress, how to behave, where I should or should not go and how to be accountable. They

told me I would have to walk in a totally new way, where to put my foot and when to stop and ice the swelling. What could be worse for a strong, self-made man like me? Didn't they know they were talking to the original hero, creator of record sales, and commander (manipulator) of all I see?

You know what, they didn't give a shit who I used to be or what I used to do. All they cared about was doing the right thing now, and again in ten minutes, and again in an hour, and a day, and a month and so on for the rest of my life. So I decided they were wrong and decided to try things my way.

Hours after surgery the nurse helped me out of bed and onto crutches. We slowly hobbled into the hallway. She said to try and put some weight on it and see if I can navigate down the hall some. I looked at her and said "what's the record so far?"

Her eyes rolled and she said "OK, you are one of those, huh? Let me tell you something buddy, you can try it your way, maybe even re-write our procedures, but eventually you will feel enough pain to come back crying."

I said "watch me" took a big step and fell on my face. She and another nurse helped me up and

encouraged me to try again, so I did. At first I went slow and asked her for support. The moment I felt the least bit capable I said "OK, let me do this," and fell again.

I expected a lecture, but felt the arms of not two nurses but three. I decided the pain I was now feeling wasn't worth it so I humbly asked to go back to bed and hit the morphine button. During my lecture the next day I was told "no stairs at home." They made me repeat it. The nurse left with a look of disbelief when I said I would do exactly what I said I would.

When I got home I realized something right away. Our entire house is stairs. Every floor has three, eight or twelve stairs. I had made a decision about what I would do without thinking about the consequences. I didn't think there were any consequences because I was so smart, talented, stealthy and cool.

Betsy said I could pee in a bucket downstairs when I watched TV. The next day the nurse came over and I met her at the door. She scolded me for trying things my way and not listening by answering the door.

I laughed her off because I didn't feel much pain when I shuffled around. I guess I was used to a certain level of pain so I just kept doing what I had al-

ways done. She warned me about other people's misfortunes but I said, "Not me, I ain't gonna do those dumb things," and she left with that same look of disbelief.

When I pushed myself at home Betsy would say, "Are you OK? Are you sure you're OK? Are you really OK?" And I always said "yes." I put her care aside in favor of my ego and super tough intelligence.

It seemed like she was saying "Are you weak and helpless?" so I said a loud, "NO." A few days later Betsy went to work and I figured "No big deal, I got this," and then proceeded to get in serious trouble. I needed to go upstairs to the bathroom and there was no bucket.

I stood at the bottom of those twelve steps and decided to use my crutches and go. I went up seven, crashed and fell down four. My crutches went flying. My new knee, leg and back hurt really badly and I got scared.

I didn't want to go up or down so I just sat there. My knee, my bladder and my head were all throbbing at once. I pulled myself up the stairs and made it just in time. I didn't tell anyone I had fallen and hoped the nurse didn't notice the new bruise on my calf.

Before she left the follow-up visit I started to feel some really intense pain in the knee so I came clean about falling. It was

hard on my ego but the result was worth it.

She didn't scold me like I was expecting, instead she said these words I have come to really appreciate: "I know you want to do things on your own, everyone does and you will IF you follow the instructions of those who have gone before you.

"You aren't weak if you need help, you had a major life change, one of the biggest in fact. We don't expect you to do anything perfect or sooner than you should. Let those that love you help you.

"There are many others that also want to help you. The physical therapists, the nurses, the doctors, the pharmacist, the cab driver and all your friends be-

lieve in you. Be kind to yourself, let the process work, tell someone when you are scared or just need know you are not alone with your pain.

"You deserve to have all the gifts and the better life your knee will give you."

It was a huge struggle, with a lot more pain, but I managed to do most of what everyone said and got the results you expect me to close with. I continue to struggle with walking the path correctly. Some days are better than others.

The physical therapist told me, on my last session, that my continued limp was something I added to the way I walk. I wonder if that will ever go away.

With hugs, Murray

Given The Tools To Handle Life

When I first came into S.L.A.A. I was certain that not only would the program eradicate my trials and tribulations with Sex and Love Addiction, but it would assure me a life without the general ills of the human condition — namely, situations that caused

emotional pain or discomfort. After all, doesn't it state in the overtly cherished promises that "We learn to avoid situations that may put us at risk, physically, morally, psychologically and spiritually?" I was certain that when I got my hot little hand on that mysteriously elu-

sive plastic chip all misgivings would fade away into oblivion.

Perhaps. But the literature also warns of self-will run riot.

So here I was, cruising along in my recovery, speaking of a life I had before, the hard work I had done, and my life as it was today.

Things were looking up, up and more up. I had worked with a sponsor, completed the steps, been of service at the meeting and intergroup levels, and had even embarked on my first relationship in recovery.

And then, in one week, my job gave way to the recession, the apartment I lived in caved in on itself, and my girlfriend said she just wasn't that into the relationship anymore.

I felt, in no uncertain terms, unraveled.

Surely I had missed a clause in the Big Book or skipped a question and my Higher Power was out to make a point. I scoured the pages, searching furiously for the answer, reaching out to my fellows in program and hounded my sponsor with consistent appeals of "where did I go

wrong?"

"Go to meetings... make outreach calls... set new bottom lines... and whatever you do, DON'T ACT OUT," she said astutely, and I loathed the even-tempered nature with which the words rolled off her tongue. She

didn't seem to grasp the immediacy of the situation. My serenity was dissolving at such a rapid rate I was certain there would be nothing left before I even hung up the phone. But inherently I knew she was right and that was where I had to start.

What I had failed to recognize in my overzealous nature was that the program is designed to grant us a grounding upon which we then

stand, better equipped to handle the nuances of life. It isn't designed to create a journey that isn't already set out for us to experience, it merely allows us to suit up and show up in our most recovered form. Even more so — it only grants us a daily reprieve, based on the maintenance of our spiritual condition. There is no there, only here, and program

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awakens us to all it has to offer.

At the time, this seemed incredibly unfair. I had envisioned the spiritual path as an upward climb which ceased to require effort upon completion of the Steps.

This meant, of course, that I would ultimately reach some sort of platform, with overstuffed pillows and lounge chairs, where I could then gaze down on the unfortunate unrecovered masses and rest on my laurels.

Self-will indeed.

Contrary to my idealistic nature, I followed direction and stayed close to my program. I focused on the next right action, however seemingly small and insignificant, sometimes merely minutes at a time.

I listened to others, and gleaned faith from those around me when I had none. It was an intense exercise in patience and perseverance with my humility and self. I kept remembering that this was happening in my Higher Power's time, not my own, and I was exactly where I needed to be.

Ultimately, things resolved as they do when I get out of my own way, more succinctly than I could have arranged on my most fervent day. I embarked upon a new career, my apartment was

renovated and even the relationship repaired itself for another short while.

So if everything worked out, you ask, where's the big tragedy? Turns out it was mostly in my head.

Had I been shown the outcome I wouldn't have been able to exercise my faith and surrender my self-will completely.

It was also a reminder of the limitations of our humanness (ego and error) and how, if left unchecked, can become disproportionate with reality and leave us vulnerable to that which we create.

Learning to avoid situations is in fact giving my ego a back seat to the bigger picture.

Since this experience, I have had to deal with many more and even greater opposing encounters, including the death of two family members.

Without the training wheels of learning how to soberly deal with tragedy, I'm not certain I'd be writing this today, still in recovery. I thank the fellowship for its continued support, and I remain grateful, and willing, one day at a time, to surrender to whatever is laid before me, tragedy or otherwise.

— AMY L.

Serious Setbacks Put A Strain On Faith

Editor's Note: S.L.A.A. as a whole has no opinion on religion. Step 3 says "We turn our lives over to the care of God as we understand God."

This year I have had several serious setbacks. Enough to strain my faith to the point where I almost left God (again) and seriously questioned His love for me. I spent hours agonizing over what happened, trying to figure out what went wrong and how and why God could've possibly let this happen. It affected many people, and many people were confused.

At first it didn't seem like God. I thought I had discerned His will for me and this situation perfectly. Apparently, I was wrong! I spent many hours begging God for an alternative, but it seemed like my pleading fell on deaf ears. None of this made sense to me. I couldn't understand why God would allow such pain. I began to doubt all the good things I read about Him or heard about Him.

I became bitter for a short while. Then I went on a retreat at my church with a bunch of amazing friends who knew the situation and could feel my pain. The Jesuits were teaching on discernment — how to figure out God's will for ourselves in our individual situations.

There were certain spiritual guidelines that applied. Basically, whatever brought us closer to God was at the very least part of His will — no matter how difficult it was.

There was a specific title for one of the spiritual areas: Painful Consolation (meaning that while God was bringing us closer to Him, a very good thing, the situation He was allowing us to go through could be very painful.) When I saw this, and heard this, I broke down. I immediately began listing every single way that this particular painful situation brought me closer to Him, and as I was making the list, I realized He was there with me, and had been there every single step of the way, crying out in pain with me. There was peace towards the end of the list.

There was acceptance of God's will for the first time in 4 months. There was a strengthening and a resolution to join God in His plan, and to accept day by day the aftershocks of that situation; even to be grateful for the mess.

I had heard many times in Church, that to die with Christ is

to rise with Him, unite with Him, defeat death (and this addiction — day by day) with Him, and to live victoriously, lovingly and wholly. At any rate— to die with God is better than to live without Him. In short, my set-

back was dealt with through prayer, specifically in seeking God's will for me in that situation, and then resolving to love Him and accept His will no matter what. Thanks for the opportunity to share that.

— STEPHANIE, MARYLAND

My Real Tests of Recovery

There has not been a time that I have faced so many challenges in such a short time. In this past year, I have had two significant deaths in my family and family of choice, was hospitalized for four days with complications of an autoimmune disease, the diagnosis of Stage II cancer of my much loved German Shepherd, and receiving notice that my job was going to be terminated.

In addition, my mother, who resides in a different state and is very ill with dementia, went missing. I could not have predicted the legal, emotional, and financial hardships this event would cause me.

Those are the “biggies,” the external stressors. The emotional upheaval that came along with those stressors was even more staggering. The numerous times my siblings and I were called upon to present a united front in



the care of my mother, has taken a toll on our relationships. You see, we were raised in a home with active alcoholism and drug addiction.

At present, I am the only one in recovery, and my siblings remain in denial about how they continue to “act out” their childhood wounds. One sibling “checks out” under any form of duress and the other rages. Imagine what a meeting with our lawyers looks like with those dynamics!

So, in our day-to-day contact about legal and financial matters, visitation schedules, and the general care of my mother,

all of the dysfunction from the past is consistently tapping at my door, prodding me to return to my own dysfunctional ways of dealing with my pain, grief, and anger.

I have had moments when I felt rage. I have had moments when I have felt judgmental. I have had moments when I felt like I could not handle one more thing. But, the strongest feeling of all, I have felt the grief of the loss of loving and supportive relationships that the illness of addiction has stolen. My real test of recovery has been to practice “Let Go and Let God” or my newest slogan, “Let Go or Be Dragged.”

I can only focus on myself and have to let the others go to do what they need to do. I have developed loving and caring relationships within the Fellowship (and outside the rooms), and I can depend on them to be present for me.

There is also the issue of letting go of my hurts from the past regarding my relationship with my mother, who was physically and verbally abusive. My real test of recovery is to continue to practice forgiveness, a path already forged in my recovery, and to create a new and loving relationship with a mother who now battles the disease of dementia.

She is a child of God who has

had her own struggles and yet, deserves to have the love and support of a daughter that is in recovery and knows how to forgive and to love her just the way she is. This has become essential, as I also deal with her impending death as a result of her disease.

I was a grown-up when it came to the care of my pet. There was no question that it was my responsibility to care and treat my pet that was sick and in need of my help and my care.

And, I did owe this dog the best chance to get better. My dog, a rescue from a neglectful and abandoning owner, has given me some of the best lessons of survival, gratitude, and love.

And, while I know there is a good chance the cancer will return, my real test of recovery is to stay in “one day at a time” mode and to enjoy the days we have left together feeling grateful for the opportunity to feel love and be loved by such a healing animal, instead of catastrophizing his illness or feeling scared for myself.

I am the sole support of my household. The news of losing a job, especially one that I have enjoyed for 18 years, is scary. I want to know what the future holds for me. I want to be mad at the administrators that made

this decision.

And, somewhere buried (but not so deeply) is my addict fantasy of my white knight coming to save me from the imposing challenges of a job search, possible unemployment, financial insecurity, and fears of learning new skills and making new friends.

My real test of recovery is to stay engaged and positive about writing a new chapter in my life; to remember “When God closes a door, He opens a window;” to have faith that God knows better than I about what I need to do next in my life, and where I need to go to get there. I have had this similar test before (actually three times before), so I am well aware that this is true. When I remember this, it is not so frightening.

I have to make and keep the doctor’s appointments that I need, take my medicine, eat healthy and appropriate foods, get rest, and reduce my stress. I have a tendency to have pity parties and question, “Why me?” when it comes to my many challenges.

I have very animated conversations with God about having to deal with a physical malady, an addiction, and all these external stressors. “Why me?” I ask! Why not me? I have built a strong foundation in recovery. I have learned from and hung with the

winners in S.L.A.A.

I have been relieved from the strongest urges to act out in my addiction one day at a time, leaving only the addictive thought patterns to negotiate. My real test of recovery has been to remember that I am still an addict, but my thoughts are only thoughts and my thoughts do not have to turn into actions.

Through all of this, and the grief that I continue to process of the passing of my loved ones, I have continued to use the tools that have served me so well in recovery. I have learned to trust God. I have deepened my relationship with my Higher Power through prayer both formal and informal, praying simply for me to do His will as I maneuver through challenges I continue to face.

I work the Steps, most days focusing on the one step that most needs my attention. I go to meetings and stay active in service. Yes, there are times when I am tired and want to skip a meeting or ditch a service job. Who doesn’t?!

But I have learned these two tools of recovery must stay in place even though I have two new time-consuming activities, taking care of my mother and job hunting. However, I also know I have to practice self care and balance. And with those two new

drains on my time, I know I will have to limit some time spent in service activities temporarily, because I am not a superwoman! I sponsor people.

I continue to be of support to others still suffering and in need of support and guidance. I ask for help and feedback on what others see and how I might do better. I stay in the present.

I still have daily challenges of work and day-to-day life that I need to be present for. I still have relationships in and outside

of the rooms that need maintenance and nurturing.

My real test of recovery is to remember that my Higher Power loves me and wants what is good for me. It is to remember that I am loved and very capable of being loving.

It is also to be graceful in the face of these challenges and to follow my path of integrity and serenity that I have learned in my recovery.

— ANONYMOUS

Changing My Perspective On Tragedy



I went to my nephew's birthday party the other day. He just turned eleven. His best friend was telling me all about his life over pizza. His mother was in jail for trying to kill his

father. I saw the pain in his eyes and it made me want to cry.

I remembered my own story of tragedy and how I used to go to bars, get drunk and tell my story, searching for someone to

rescue me. The story would just come out. I had no control over it. It was like a big sticker on my forehead that said, "Come rescue me." Sometimes I freaked people out (if they were healthy they ran away). Sometimes I would run into sick people willing to exploit my pain. Those people I had sex with.

My boyfriend killed my best friend. I met both in middle school when I was 12. I'll call them "Boy" and "Best." Boy was violent and abusive to me for nine years. He was the leader of a gang and fought every night. He cheated on me constantly and yet he stalked me and threatened me whenever I drifted away from him. Best was the nicest guy you could meet. He really cared about me, consoling me every time Boy did something to hurt me (which was usually every day).

When I was 13, I cheated on Boy with Best and told on myself. Boy threatened to kill Best. They were never close friends again. They still ran in the same circles, but never talked to each other as far as I knew.

I went away to college and tried to change. I joined a gymnastics team and got good grades in chemistry.

In my third year, I got a phone call from a friend. "Boy

found a gun and was selling it to Best and shot him in the head and killed him. Best is dead."

"What?" I felt thoughts racing through my mind. What was Best doing around Boy? I dropped the phone and ran through the halls of my dormitory building screaming and crying dramatically. Hall mates gathered in their doorways, likely wondering what was going on. I don't remember anything after that except going to a funeral where I wasn't wanted, and trying to visit a boyfriend in jail where they wouldn't let me in.

I probably should have testified at Boy's trial, but I hid. Boy married the girl he had been cheating on me with because she paid his bail. I still saw him anyway. I had an affair with the married man who killed my best friend. I hated myself for that. And for not stepping up and testifying at the trial. He only got five years for shooting Best in the head.

I spent the next month smoking cigarettes, drinking beer, playing video games and plotting my suicide. As soon as I finished level 14 on my "Kid Icarus" video game, I was going to jump off the ninth floor of my dormitory building.

Thank God my parents called and said "Come to California and

live with us while you get your Master's Degree. We'll pay for your college and buy you a car."

The shiny new car and my parents were waiting for me when the plane touched down in California. I thought things would be different. But I wasn't different. I used alcohol, cigarettes, food, and sex and love to try to numb the pain of my tragic life.

I joined A.A. and got sober. I heard in meetings "There are no victims only volunteers." A friend of mine got angry at that statement "I didn't volunteer to get molested when I was seven years old," he said. My sponsor said I'm not responsible for what happens to me as a child but I am responsible for beating myself up with it as an adult. The fact is because of my sex and love addiction I signed up to be a victim every time I went back to Boy. I kept putting myself in the position to experience tragedy.

As a sober adult, I can choose to stay out of situations that put me at risk. Now that I have tools like the steps, literature, prayer, and outreach, I don't have to be powerless over my sex and love addiction. And because I have a support system and I can turn to God, I don't have to retell my story to every stranger I see to try and manipulate them into

rescuing me.

I always thought telling my story was a way to get support but it was actually drama and predatory behavior on my part. I'm manipulating the other person into rescuing me instead of slowly getting to know them.

S.L.A.A. gives me an appropriate place to share my story where it might help other people.

My sponsor pointed out to me that my victimhood was a character defect that I needed to pray that God would remove. Thinking of myself as a victim isn't self-esteem building, it's fear building.

I learned appropriate responses to tragedy in sobriety. I read a book about grief in recovery. I learned not to replace the loss. My addiction wants me to replace loss with numbing out behaviors. When I realize that crying is an appropriate response to grief, it helps me walk through the pain without trying to replace the loss.

I get God shots, usually in the form of a book or article sent to my work. After 9/11, I got an article from a rabbi and a priest talking about why God allows such tragedy to happen. It helped me by preventing me from blaming God or hating Him for 9/11.

When my grandfather died I

got a children's book in the mail. It was about a boy who refused to have anything in his life because he didn't want to feel loss. He sat in his room, in the dark, and refused to turn on the light or play ball with his dog because he knew one day it would all go away and he would have to feel the pain of loss.

Then he realized that the things that made him sad were also the things that made him happy. The more sad he was to lose something, the happier he must be to have it. And so he went back to experience all of life even if it was painful sometimes. To have that book, with its cute drawings and viewpoint that was in such simple and understandable terms, was a great help and comfort to me. If children could understand this concept of living life to the fullest, why couldn't I? I could.

I no longer believe that I should spend my life trying to avoid pain. I try to be patient and breathe and wait for it to pass. I try to live in the present moment and look for things to

be grateful for. If I can't, I look for support to get me through that moment. Hitting my knees and saying "God please help," always gets me through.

I spent four years in this program suffering setbacks and slipping. I couldn't put together more than 113 days of sobriety. I would get four days, break a fingernail, and slip. I would get 2 weeks and a friend would move and I'd slip.

My sponsor taught me to be loving to myself instead of beating myself up. After every slip I had to eat nutritious food, listen to soothing music, burn incense and be kind to myself and the next day we would get back to work on the Steps.

I had to accept that I was powerless over this disease. The acceptance chapter in the big book of A.A. helped with that one — and hearing people's shares in S.L.A.A. I usually end up learning something. Sometimes it's just that I'm stronger than I thought I was. God and S.L.A.A. has made me strong.

— LISA C.

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30 Day Chip: Dignity

Last night I went to a chip meeting. There is only one meeting in Los Angeles that I know of that gives out chips for sobriety. I still have a problem with the word “sobriety” because I have only previously heard it in reference to drinking, however I am slowly embracing it, like so many other things with S.L.A.A.

And one of the many things I used to think was corny about 12 Steps were chips. It just seemed so silly to me. To get a chip for anything just seemed silly. I am realizing as I write this that I think a part of me just didn’t like getting recognition of any kind for what I used to judge as something you just shouldn’t be

doing in the first place.

I went to the meeting and when they announced it was time for chips, I rolled my eyes a bit. “Here, we go,” I thought. And the fact of the matter is, I only showed up at this meeting because my sponsor said he was going to be there and I wanted to say, “Hi,” to him. On my way over, I called and he had something come up at work last minute and wouldn’t make it in time. I almost considered just driving straight to the show I was going to see after the meeting, but parked and went inside anyway.

As of last night, I was 45 days sober, but hadn’t been to this particular meeting in the last two weeks to collect a 30-day chip.



When they asked if anyone wanted a 30-day chip, I stood up, got my chip, and a hug from the guy giving them out, and sat back down.

I looked down at that chip and kept flipping it over and over in my hands. It says “30 Days” on one side and S.L.A.A. on the other. On the S.L.A.A. side, around the top, it says “You are not alone.”

When I saw that it was all I could do to not completely lose my shit right there as tears fell down my face. I was wiping them away while people shared and kept trying to keep my cool. I wasn’t sure why I was so emotional, but I felt incredibly vulnerable.

The woman sharing was being incredibly honest and sharing her story. Parts of it really hit me, not because it was particularly similar to mine. In fact, it was quite different. But the empathy I felt for her experiences was overwhelming. I don’t believe women should ever be treated that way.

I thought I had a handle on my emotions well enough to share, so I raised my hand and was called on. I opened my mouth and couldn’t speak. I lowered my head and just started sobbing. I couldn’t get any words

out. I knew I only had a limited amount of time to share, but that didn’t matter. I just couldn’t stop crying.

When I gasped for enough air to formulate my first thought, all of a sudden the reason my emotions were so high hit me. Earlier in the day, I had received texts from three different women within an hour.

All three of them were women I had slept with. I was on relatively friendly terms with them all, mostly because I had lied to them through omission and made up some reason why — after we slept together — I could no longer see them.

With all of them, the subject of dating and/or sex came up — and miraculously not due to anything I said.

It hit me that this was really the only way most women could communicate with me in a way I would engage with them. In retrospect, I can see how pathetic that is. And with all three of them, I was clear to say that “actually, I am abstinent right now and not dating or having sex for a year.”

Every single one of them was completely gracious and cool about it. In fact, they all told me how amazing they thought that was. I was really surprised to get

that kind of support, especially from someone who my addiction had directly affected. It felt good in the moment, but what rammed it home for me, and why I was so emotional in the meeting, was because I realized that was the first time I felt genuine dignity.

In between gasps of air and barely intelligible words, I shared that with the group how I felt like I had experienced a shred of dignity for the first time in my 42 years. Then I shared how I had always felt incredibly alone my entire life and when I looked at the words “You are not alone” on my chip, I began to lose it again.

I shared how I had never felt like I belonged to any particular group of people in my life and through a monsoon of tears, laughed as I realized that the

first group I feel completely a part of is, of course, a bunch of addicts. Most everyone in the room laughed as well.

My time was up shortly thereafter and for the rest of the meeting, people made a point of making eye contact with me and nodding approval or winking. The guy next to me, put out his fist for a quick fist bump and that all felt really good too. After the meeting, on my way to my car, a guy made a point of coming over and telling me how powerful my share was and that he “loves it when someone makes themselves that vulnerable.”

I am getting welled up again just thinking about the experience and realize that this is not a re-experience of my dignity from last night, but rather this is the feeling of pride.

—STIRLING, LOS ANGELES

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Recovery Partners

April 14, 2012

Promoting Sponsorship

Upcoming Events

March 16-18, 2012

Save The Date - 8TH Annual GDVI-SLAA Spirituality

Weekend Retreat

"In All Areas of Our Lives"

Friday 6 pm – Sunday, 11 am

Daylesford Abbey, 220 S. Valley

Road Paoli, PA

<http://www.slaadvi.org/activities--events.html>

June 15-17, 2012 (NEW DATE)

S.L.A.A. Anorexia Retreat at Mount Manresa Retreat Center, Staten Island, New York

Registration fee 255.00 USD (this includes lodging, workshops, and 6 meals over the 3 days)

For full, up-to-date details please visit [http://](http://AnorexiaRecoveryEvents.blogspot.com/)

AnorexiaRecoveryEvents.blogspot.com/

Questions? Email

anorexiarecoveryevents@gmail.com.

Please register early to assist the organizers with the required planning.

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July 24-27, 2012

2012 S.L.A.A. Annual Business Conference/Meeting

Crowne Plaza Hotel, 2270 Hotel Circle North, San Diego, CA

Aug. 17-19, 2012

Healing Heart Retreat (co-ed) at Camp Indianola

<http://www.slaa-seattle.org/events.html>

S.L.A.A. is here to help!
Go to www.slaafws.org



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