

A scenic landscape of a glacier with icebergs floating in a lake. The foreground is filled with numerous icebergs of various shapes and sizes, some appearing as large, rounded blocks and others as smaller, more jagged pieces. The water is a deep blue, reflecting the sky and the ice. In the background, a large glacier flows down a dark, rocky slope. The sky is a clear, bright blue. The overall scene is serene and majestic.

the Journal

Issue # 162

Single Issue \$4

Sex and Love Addiction
and PTSD

Characteristics of Sex and Love Addiction

1. Having few healthy boundaries, we become sexually involved with and/or emotionally attached to people without knowing them.
2. Fearing abandonment and loneliness, we stay in and return to painful, destructive relationships, concealing our dependency needs from ourselves and others, growing more isolated and alienated from friends and loved ones, ourselves, and God.
3. Fearing emotional and/or sexual deprivation, we compulsively pursue and involve ourselves in one relationship after another, sometimes having more than one sexual or emotional liaison at a time.
4. We confuse love with neediness, physical and sexual attraction, pity and/or the need to rescue or be rescued.
5. We feel empty and incomplete when we are alone. Even though we fear intimacy and commitment, we continually search for relationships and sexual contacts.
6. We sexualize stress, guilt, loneliness, anger, shame, fear and envy. We use sex or emotional dependence as substitutes for nurturing care, and support.
7. We use sex and emotional involvement to manipulate and control others.
8. We become immobilized or seriously distracted by romantic or sexual obsessions or fantasies.
9. We avoid responsibility for ourselves by attaching ourselves to people who are emotionally unavailable.
10. We stay enslaved to emotional dependency, romantic intrigue, or compulsive sexual activities.
11. To avoid feeling vulnerable, we may retreat from all intimate involvement, mistaking sexual and emotional anorexia for recovery.
12. We assign magical qualities to others. We idealize and pursue them, then blame them for not fulfilling our fantasies and expectations.

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S.L.A.A. Signs of Recovery

1. We seek to develop a daily relationship with a Higher Power, knowing that we are not alone in our efforts to heal ourselves from our addiction.
2. We are willing to be vulnerable because the capacity to trust has been restored to us by our faith in a Higher Power.
3. We surrender, one day at a time, our whole life strategy of, and our obsession with the pursuit of romantic and sexual intrigue and emotional dependency.
4. We learn to avoid situations that may put us at risk physically, morally, psychologically or spiritually.
5. We learn to accept and love ourselves, to take responsibility for our own lives, and to take care of our own needs before involving ourselves with others.
6. We become willing to ask for help, allowing ourselves to be vulnerable and learning to trust and accept others.
7. We allow ourselves to work through the pain of our low self-esteem and our fears of abandonment and responsibility. We learn to feel comfortable in solitude.
8. We begin to accept our imperfections and mistakes as part of being human, healing our shame and perfectionism while working on our character defects.
9. We begin to substitute honesty for self-destructive ways of expressing emotions and feelings.
10. We become honest in expressing who we are, developing true intimacy in our relationships with ourselves and others.
11. We learn to value sex as a by-product of sharing, commitment, trust and cooperation in a partnership.
12. We are restored to sanity, on a daily basis, by participating in the process of recovery.

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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. has no opinion on outside issues and seeks no controversy. 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 transcends any personal differences of sexual orientation or gender identity.

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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Letter From the Editor

Dear Reader,

In my fourth year of attending S.L.A.A. meetings, I discovered that I had post traumatic stress disorder. Staying abstinent on my bottom lines made me vulnerable to panic attacks.

I would have episodes of over-the-top emotions and not know where they were coming from.

I heard in the rooms, "If it's hysterical, it's historical." I had been in an abusive relationship for 9 years.

Even though I got sober in other Twelve-Step Programs, my panic attacks made it impossible to have intimate relationships. The Steps, therapy, God and S.L.A.A. fellows all helped me overcome my PTSD. Without my spiritual experience in S.L.A.A., I know I never would have had the strength to deal with my past and overcome my fears.

This issue of the Journal reminds me that S.L.A.A. saved my life and delivered me from the pain of reliving the past. I hope the articles give you the same comfort that they gave me.

Lisa C., Managing Editor, *the Journal*

The Conference Journal Committee, a service body within Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous, publishes *the Journal* for the good of the international S.L.A.A. membership. Oversight and policy is provided in accordance with the Ninth Tradition.

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Question of the Day

& Answers from Yesterday

“HOW HAS S.L.A.A. HELPED YOU DISCOVER/DEAL WITH PTSD (POST-TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER).”

It has led me on a spiritual journey moving in the direction of greater awareness and to the realization that my looking at external factors rather than looking inward will keep me in my addiction.

— **Anonymous**

I have yet to deal with my PTSD. S.L.A.A. has shown me that it must be addressed if I am to recover.

— **Kent, Salinas**

S.L.A.A. has been vital to help me open up and share my hurt/pain in a safe and loving place. I realize that I am not alone.

— **An Addict, Salinas**

I am not sure if S.L.A.A. has helped me discover or deal with PTSD. I am not sure I suffer from PTSD. It is something I have often wondered about. It would be good to get more information about PTSD, probably by talking to a professional who can make a proper diagnosis.

— **Anonymous, Salinas**

For me having this sickness and also having stopped smoking pot at the same time has been extremely hard, given that now I am expected to deal with both, and at the same time be sober. What an eye opener.

— **Sam L, Salinas**

I know that I gave my wife PTSD. This has been painful for me to see since it is so clear that I caused it. This manifests in many ways, some huge and some smaller. She is much less trusting in all relationships. She has made conscious and painful decisions as to who she shares deep and intimate feelings. She has severed her closest female relationships. This has been an unbearably heavy price for my addiction and she continues to bear it every day.

— **Monterey, CA**

A combination of S.L.A.A. and therapy has helped me understand the trauma I experienced throughout my childhood. It also helped me see that these issues were still very present in my life. That awareness was the starting point to my healing.

— **Jase S., Monterey, CA**

Wow. Letting go of the past. Sometimes we have to dig it up first. That trauma lives so deep within us and affects our behavior – permeates everything – until we face it, and then, let it go. The Steps are the key to this process. It helped me realize that I wasn't alone.

— **Jane, Sydney**

The 3 “A”s: Gave me (A)wareness

I got into

(A)ccptance

I took (A)ction

Action: Step 2 -being restored to sanity.

— **Liz D., Dallas, TX**

The Question of the Day from the last issue was, “How has S.L.A.A. helped you discover/deal with PTSD (post-traumatic stress disorder).” Here are some wonderful responses for your enjoyment. They are not presented in any particular order. The next two questions are: — #163 — Top line behavior — “Please share your experience, strength and hope around defining and maintaining top line behavior.” — The deadline for submissions is Sept. 15, 2016 — #164 — Setting Bottom lines — “Please share your experience strength and hope around setting bottom lines.” — The deadline for submissions is Nov. 15, 2016. Please send answers to www.slaafws.org.

S.L.A.A. introduced me to the Steps which allowed me to see that I even had PTSD. Once I owned this truth, I was able to love and comfort that jumpy little 10-year-old girl inside me. I do not wish to shut the door on my past, but honor those old feelings and no longer suppress them and I am free.

— **Suzanne D., Los Angeles**

The inventory process helped me come to terms with the abuse, neglect, and abandonment of my childhood. I am no longer the victim.

— **Tim C., Cincinnati**

I actually heard about PTSD in Adult Children of Alcoholics. I am now at the awareness stage, but have not dealt with it.

— **Angela A., Fort Lauderdale**

Through S.L.A.A. and referrals to a sex addiction treatment center, I attended several one week workshops. In a “love addict, love avoidant workshop,” all participants completed PTSD profiles and learned our PTSD behaviors. One of my most heavily weighted behaviors was love addiction -love avoidant in relationship. I merge and distance. The S.L.A.A. fellowship provides a format for me to be in my truth about both tendencies through my shares, use of materials and my sponsor.

— **Nancy G., San Diego**

Staying clean and sober in A.A. and S.L.A.A., I was able to look into inner child therapy and trauma workshops. I also have PTSD therapies to heal.

— **Paul T., London, UK**

Meetings are safe places to talk about my past. Members accept me as I am and I can practice and learn about healthy relationships with their support.

— **Anonymous**

I learned from my Step work how to recognize when my character defects are causing me disharmony and I have learned to stop, reflect, check in with my Higher Power, and ask for serenity, courage and wisdom to disengage from toxic emotions to redirect to behavior aligned with recovery.

— **Natalie K., Chicago**

Doing Step work in S.L.A.A. has helped me to look at my past experiences and uncover the pain they have caused. The grace of the program is that after I face my past I have tools and more steps to accept my feelings, feel them, let shame and resentment go and heal myself. I am grateful the program is designed for healing and self-love.

— **JC, Los Angeles**

A Bridge Back to a Healing God



When I was in the early stages of my love addiction, I noticed a deep sense of worthlessness and hopelessness when I did not get attention or a response from my qualifier. Since I was typically attracted to people that were “avoidance addicts,” often being more aloof than perfect strangers, I experienced these emotions a lot. But the promise of having that attention, or “fix”, from him was enough to stay chasing the high. As the A.A. Big Book says, I was caught in the phase of thinking that we can “wrest satisfaction from life if only we managed well.”

Eventually the despair and torture incapacitated me, and I was not able to function as a member of my family or at work. This astonished me as I always considered myself someone that was highly functioning, highly educated, efficient, happy and engaged in others’ lives. S.L.A.A. took all of these things from me, and I remember the day that I was crying so hard, in withdrawal over losing a relationship, and wondering who I was. I had tried to become an active member in a faith community through this downward spiral, seeking counsel from several pastors and priests as

well as certified counselors. It was many years into recovery through other 12-Step fellowships before I was able to walk into a place of worship and not have a panic attack or an overwhelming compulsion to reach out to my qualifier. Through S.L.A.A., I found a bridge back to a healing God and a joyful relationship with my creator that means more to me than I ever wanted relationships to mean.

Through the support of the fellowship of S.L.A.A. and other 12-step groups, I have found a real love for myself and others that is based in tolerance and acceptance,

rather than the thrill of a chase or transient excitement that used to keep me inside my head and out of the world.

I am grateful that I can deal with life on life's terms and I don't experience the waves of crying spells anymore. When I cry and feel my feelings now, I don't wonder if I am ever going to stop, which was how it used to be. Through the Steps and support of S.L.A.A., I am grateful I have moved from "functioning" to thriving and have the love for myself that I always wanted to give to others to help fill the void.

— Anonymous, South Dakota

Through S.L.A.A., I found a bridge back to a healing God and a joyful relationship with my creator that means more to me than I ever wanted relationships to mean.

How S.L.A.A. has helped me with my PTSD

I have been a member of S.L.A.A. since 1990 and currently have over four years of continuous sobriety. I am a Vietnam veteran (I was in the infantry, so I saw a lot of combat), a survivor of childhood sexual abuse and of an alcoholic family, and have been diagnosed with PTSD for twenty years. S.L.A.A. has been a key aspect of dealing with my PTSD.

When I came back from Vietnam, I was in my first marriage and was acting out on all my bottom line behaviors, with myself and with others.

The marriage ended within four months, in large part because of my PTSD and my acting out. I was totally shut down emotionally and unable to communicate on the most basic levels of intimacy.

This behavior basically continued through two more marriages and twenty years, when I hit bottom. During that time, besides acting out, I was also drinking alcoholically. I became suicidal because my acting out behavior so disgusted me. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't stop and I couldn't go on. Ultimately, I

decided not to kill myself.

I went to a doctor and told him I was suicidal. He put me in therapy. I told the therapist everything: the drinking, the acting out, Vietnam. I had been in therapy before and also been honest, without result. This therapy went nowhere as well.

But during this period, I heard about Adult Children of Alcoholics and the 12 Steps through a completely independent source. I got myself sent to a therapist who knew about that. Again, I told her everything. She recommended an alcohol recovery program. That program — thank God — sent me to both Alcoholics Anonymous (A.A.) to deal with alcohol and the Veterans Administration (VA) to deal with Vietnam.

I was working my 4th Step in A.A. and told my VA therapist all about it. It was all about sex. One day I looked at her and asked her, "Why do I do things that disgust me?"

She reached in her drawer and pulled out several S.L.A.A. pamphlets and sent me to S.L.A.A.. I started re-working Steps 1, 2 and 3 in S.L.A.A. and

then worked the 4th Step in both programs. I did my 5th Step with both my A.A. and my S.L.A.A. sponsors. It was the first time that I had told anyone everything about myself and I felt a huge relief.

I continued to do several things all together. I went to S.L.A.A. and A.A. meetings, I went to VA one-on-one therapy, as well as to a VA PTSD group. I took prescribed medication. Eventually, I went through a VA PTSD program. I was healing. The therapy particularly was working because I had the 12 Steps to help me heal from the resentments, fears, sex conduct and guilt and shame that came not only from acting out, but from my service in Vietnam.

In 1991, I went on a weekend trip with my third wife and forgot my medication. On the way home, I was in total acting out mode, but I couldn't act out with my wife there. Suddenly, through an amazing coincidence triggered by the weekend trip, I realized I had been sexually abused by a live-in housekeeper. I talked to my therapist about this and started going to Survivors of Incest



Anonymous (SIA).

Through that program, I learned the difference between being a victim and being a survivor. It led me to stop acting as a victim, and I was immediately able to get a number of years of sobriety in S.L.A.A. from my bottom line behaviors.

I was fortunate that my tradition in 12 Steps from the beginning included working the Steps over and over. A lot of people are told to work them once and that's enough. It's not! Through working the Steps in S.L.A.A. — and through my other support systems — I was able to grow up, get some sexual sobriety and to deal with my PTSD.

I believe today that my recovery was necessary to be in

the order that it occurred. First, I had to get off of the booze in order to deal with anything emotional or spiritual.

Second, I needed to deal with the symptoms of my diseases — both the sex and love addiction and the PTSD — because we are told in the literature that our acting out is but a symptom. If I didn't stop those behaviors, I never could have dealt with the underlying emotional and spiritual disorders.

I eased up on my S.L.A.A. program and lost my sobriety later on. But that got my attention and I got back in the program with renewed vigor. I have some sobriety and am dealing with the day-to-day problems of life in a reasonably sober way. I am

married again and this marriage is based on real love and intimacy. I have maintained my sobriety since I was wed.

Every once in a while, something will trigger my PTSD. I get in victim mode, get angry, am upset and defensive. I can get aggressive. But when I do, I have meetings, the Steps, the literature, other S.L.A.A. group members, the telephone and all the other tools necessary to deal with the situation. They occur less frequently and are less intense. Although S.L.A.A. wasn't the only tool, it was central to my recovery from both sex and love addiction and PTSD. For that, I will be forever grateful.

— **Bruce P., Chicago, IL**

Step 7 and PTSD



As I was approaching the end of my Seventh Step in S.L.A.A., I started to realize that there were a couple of character defects that I just wasn't willing to let go of. They were causing me tons of pain, but for some reason I was still clinging to them.

Part of my Step Seven work included writing about how each

defect shows up in my life, how it has harmed me and how it has served me. A few of my most painful defects, those that kept my life small and empty, were my avoidance, my apathy, my isolation and my shutting down.

It was easy to see how they had harmed me, but it was much harder to see how they had served me. When I did the writing, I

finally saw just how much these defects kept me feeling safe. In fact, when I got scared, it would feel like they were the **ONLY** thing keeping me safe. I still really felt like I needed them, but at the same time I desperately wanted to be free from them. I just couldn't find the willingness. I was at a loss for what to do next. It was so frustrating.

So I did the only things I knew to do. I prayed for willingness. I talked with my sponsor and my fellows about it. I shared about it in meetings. I talked to my therapist about it, and she suggested something that she'd suggested several times over the past few years, but that I'd always been resistant to... She wanted me to start a specific form of PTSD therapy.

I knew that this kind of work would mean revisiting and reliving my old childhood traumas, and there was no way in hell that I wanted to do that. I mean, my life had finally started getting better. I was experiencing some moments of real happiness and serenity, so why would I want to go back and revisit old traumas?! And hadn't I already done that in my 4th and 5th steps?!

And speaking of the steps, wasn't I supposed to be seeking a *spiritual* solution, one based in the 12 steps, not in some crazy therapy technique that I was skeptical could even work anyway?!

I just needed to somehow find the willingness to humbly ask my Higher Power to remove these

defects and I'd be good.

When I told my sponsor about my therapist's suggestion, though, she blew my mind by saying that she thought maybe that this trauma work IS my Seventh Step.

She said that the "humbly asked" part of the Seventh Step means that I can't do it on my own, that I have to ask for help, and that maybe that help was being offered to me in the form of this trauma therapy.

She said that maybe this was my Higher Power's way of helping me to become willing to let go of these character defects.

Sometimes my Higher Power's help doesn't always look like I think it will.

Plus, these defects were getting so painful that I thought, "I guess it couldn't hurt to give it a try."

And you know what? My first PTSD therapy session turned out to actually be a very spiritual experience.

For me, there was no way I could've looked that deeply at my past trauma, without the relationship with my Higher Power that I've gotten through working these 12 Steps.

Knowing that my Higher Power

was there with me, in my therapist's office, watching over me and protecting me, enabled me to finally begin the deep trauma work that, for years, I'd been too scared to attempt. So far, I've only had a couple of sessions, and there is a part of me that is still resistant and still skeptical, but I have to admit that I have already experienced some really profound shifts. I *have* become more willing to let those defects go.

I've even experienced days at a time where those painful, debilitating defects are completely lifted and I'm able to inhabit my life more fully than I ever have been before. I still sometimes have my fearful moments, when I take those defects back, but the difference now, when that happens, is that I know it won't last forever. I have a newfound hope and faith as I continue to do this work, both the spiritual work of the program AND the trauma work with my therapist, that these defects will be lifted from me more and more. I have faith that I can be even more happy, joyous and free.

— **Mona, Los Angeles**

Have a story to tell but don't want to write?

Let *the Journal* transcribe your S.L.A.A. share.

Contact us at www.slaafws.org/journalsubmit

Dealing With Childhood Trauma

A large part of my PTSD and childhood trauma is the fear that I'm going to be severely hurt emotionally.

My anorexia was a coping strategy that attempted to address that fear.

Unfortunately, my sex addiction flourished in that isolation, as I sought escape through masturbation and sleep. This childhood trauma and PTSD has sabotaged every area of my adult life.

Whoever would have thought that unresolved feelings could cause this much damage? Trauma also drives my sexual obsessing as a misplaced coping mechanism. If I am obsessed, I am powerful. People are only objects to be used and discarded. Objects I control cannot hurt me.

Not surprisingly, that strategy didn't quite work, given the painful alternating crying and sexual obsession bouts I experienced later in the progression of my disease.

S.L.A.A. is a place to be vulnerable and disprove the fear that the trauma generated. The rooms are a place to be vulnerable. As a trauma survivor, the no crosstalk rule in meetings is so vitally important.

I am so hypersensitive and fearful of being attacked and rejected. When I came into my first meeting, I was in tremendous pain, as I came straight to the meeting fresh from another one of my painful acting out episodes. I had to talk and really needed to be heard and accepted.

Even though no one could say anything directly to me, by their faces, I knew they understood my pain. I knew I was finally home.

S.L.A.A. is a place to disprove the fears that the trauma

generated. The rooms are a place to be vulnerable. It is a big deal to be vulnerable in this society. I am a man. I am supposed to have my sh*t together.

Well obviously I didn't, as the unmanageability of my sex addiction and trauma led me crawling to this program. Dealing with PTSD and childhood trauma is even more difficult as a male.

Being a man, who is always supposed to be in control, made me terrified of rejection. My trauma and PTSD then supercharged the fear.

So to be unconditionally accepted by other addicts was very powerful for me. They accepted me when I showed up on their doorstep with all the pain and unmanageability of my addiction. They accepted me when I thought there was no way out. I was in so much pain and so emotional, it meant so much to be accepted when I was that vulnerable.

My S.L.A.A. groups have been so important to my recovery. As I work through my PTSD and childhood trauma in therapy, my meetings are so critical in filling the void between therapy sessions.

I discovered that when I share, the act of speaking helps me process my feelings. So the unconditional acceptance in meetings means I can share about not only my addiction, but also about the emotions, fears and beliefs that drive my addiction.

As I share and risk, I recover little by little from the fear that I am going to be hurt. The whole world is not out to get me. I am not going to be emotionally destroyed at the next encounter



with an angry person.

The beliefs I internalized are not true, even though they often "feel" so true. This fellowship is showing me how to believe in myself, believe in others and especially believe in God.

I am no longer hurt and alone, no longer a prisoner in my own mind. Today I am letting go of my trauma by establishing contact with my exiled inner child, nurturing him and helping him release his pain. S.L.A.A. is my port in the storm as I deal with my trauma and navigate towards calmer waters.

— Craig G

Share space

Experiencing Peace and Joy

With all of the peace that I have today after working the Steps and being in the Fellowship, it is hard for me to remember the chaos and misery that I had when I came into the program. The deepest and most painful part of my existence was that I wanted to be loved and wanted to be able to love others. But the more I tried, the more I seemed to hurt others and myself. I felt so demoralized and ashamed that the people I most wanted to help and care for were often the ones that I pushed farthest away or isolated from the most.

I could never be an authentic version of myself. I could never accept that others around me were not going to give me attention and serenity. Now that I have worked the Steps with a sponsor, I can go to a Higher Power for all of my needs — whether physical, emotional, or spiritual. I no longer feel helpless or demoralized. I feel excited for my life and in control. I am excited for the adventures that my life holds. My peace and joy are in direct proportion to how much I reach out to others and get on my knees to pray to God. I'm so grateful for this Fellowship — a

place where I can truly be myself. I can be there for others who need acceptance and unconditional love. With all of the fear and ugliness that I had to face in working this program, I have reached a reward of peace and joy and comfort within my own skin. These are things I never thought I would be able to have. I find that each day truly brings all kinds of miracles, and the real miracle is that I can finally appreciate them.

Sincerely,

— Elizabeth

Learning to Communicate

I grew up in an enmeshed household where I wasn't taught how to communicate openly and safely.

I either didn't trust people or latched onto those who seemed open to hearing my story. It was very black and white.

As I start dating, I notice that I open up too fast and it causes people to be overwhelmed.

It's painful to realize this and once it happens, sex becomes very blocked.

I don't enjoy it and I haven't yet. But, like all experiences,

dating is really uncovering a lot of deep-seated pain and is helping me see I can take a step back, change my mind at any time, and slow down.

— Alessandra



Made for Each Other

I came into the S.L.A.A. program after working the Twelve Steps in other programs. I had experienced so much healing with these other issues and my sponsor for these other programs had also worked a program for Love Addicts Anonymous.

She noted sexual anorexia was underlying my other addictive behaviors and helped me get to the core reasons why I was still clinging to self-destruction.

I had never dated much in

middle school or high school, and when I fell in love for the first time with an “avoidance addict,” I experienced a level of intuition that I had never known before. I knew that God had made us for each other.

When he started behaving in ways that were destructive to himself and me, I rationalized that I was not praying enough for him.

The disease of love addiction took me so much further than any of my other addictions.

I was so loyal to the fantasy and

wrapped up in how much better my life would be once God “had healed him.” This loyalty lasted almost 13 years despite very little contact with the actual person.

The fantasy that we would be able to heal together was always in the back of my mind, waiting for me whenever I needed to escape my real life loneliness, boredom, pressure or panic.

It took so much for me to let go of this dream.

I still have some shame associated with it. It is still hard

for me to accept that I did not choose to cling to this relationship in a way that can only be described as sick. Over the years that I waited and tried to make things work, I lost the respect of my family, friends, and myself. I experienced health consequences, such as severe neuropathic pain, that no doctors could explain.

These physical symptoms ended up costing me my ability to continue medical school.

And, it was only after letting go of physical contact that I was able to go through the powerful withdrawal, function again and get

back into school.

Most of all, the fantasies I held about my “qualifier” and the ensuing darkness that followed when they did not materialize, cost me my relationship with God, who I had trusted would bring him back to me, as long as I waited long enough.

The S.L.A.A. program has brought me the first glimpses of a life free from obsession. I am free to be the best person God made me to be, even if that is a person who does not please others or does not please the person I most want to be with.

It has brought me back to a God I trust enough to leave.

And it has brought me a life that is even more wonderful than I could have imagined when I dreamed of the person who would make everything okay.

I am grateful God did not want me to settle for “okay”, because now I have happiness, joy and freedom.

And I have the chance to help others find the same, if I am willing to be honest and humble.

— LB, Illinois

My 72 Hour Day

October 31, 2015

It was a Saturday, and I was driving my yellow work truck, when my phone rang.

I looked at the screen and it read “A - California.” I was shocked and elated to see her name pop up on my phone.

I had not spoken with her in about 3 years.

My first words were “Oh my God! You’ve called!” Her words were, “You picked up!”

I said, “Why is that so strange? She replied, “Well, nobody picks up their phones in LA, it almost always goes to voicemail or to text messages.” We both laughed.

At that point neither one of us realized that a single phone call would be the start of a series of life-changing events for me, my family and my recovery. I will never, ever forget it, as long as I live.

Allow me to give you some history first: I had never met A before. Our relationship was solely

through doing service for GDVI’s Inspiration Line (Greater Delaware Valley Intergroup).

Several years ago while I was the chair of the GDVI Inspiration Line, A left us a message that she wanted to volunteer to do service on the line. I thought it was wonderful, that someone from California wanted to do something for us on the East coast. After all, it was “our” line, and at that time, I did not realize just how many West coast calls we were receiving.

So A began to leave the outgoing Inspiration Line messages. Well, before we knew it, the call volume increased tremendously and we began to receive more and more calls from the West coast.

Several months later, we had two other volunteers from California join service on our line. M, S and A were the “West Coast Inspirational Speakers.” I thought that was the coolest thing ever, 3 people from the West coast and 4

from the East coast. Wow, how wonderful, I thought, connecting the country through service.

After about 3 years of service A decided to leave the line and pursue other avenues of her recovery. We spoke a little from time to time, and then the calls stopped for 3 years, until October 31st 2015.

Back to the present: The phone call ...

After we laughed about LA never picking up their phones I said to A, “So what’s up? “How are you? It’s been years. Is everything OK?”

She said “Yes, everything’s ok, I called because I had this inspiration today and it involves you.” (In my head I said, “Oh no, this can’t be good.”)

I said, “OK. Tell me more.”

A said “How would you like to come to LA and tell your story at one of my meetings?” (In my head I said, “Oh sh*t, she’s not kidding.”)



I asked: “Just one meeting? She said, “Yep. Just one.”

I asked: “How long do I get to speak?” She replied, “10 minutes.”

I said, after a two second pause, “Oh, hum. Oh, OK!”

My feelings at that moment were all over the place. I was getting a little anxious. I realized that I might have just promised an old friend something I might not

be able to achieve. But, I stayed with my gut, and asked my Higher Power for a little guidance here.

I said to A, “If I’m going to fly 3,500 miles to share my story, you’ve got to get me more time. 3,500 miles for 10 minutes is nuts, but then again, I’ve done a lot of crazier things than that in my acting out days. I can remember driving hundreds of miles to act

out for 10 minutes, so, I guess I can fly 3,500 miles to speak about my recovery for 10 minutes.”

A replied: “Well, if you are really going to do this, I’ll check with my meeting. It’s a very large meeting, like 90 people, and they are very strict on times. I’ll see what I can do.”

I said, “Here’s what I think we should do: I’ll come out for a

weekend. Line up as many meetings as you can. We'll go to them all, and I'll speak at each one. That will make the trip really worth it for me and all your friends at the meetings. I'll tell my story to whomever wants to listen (chuckle)."

"I'll talk to my Intergroup. I trust they will get me there, and see if you can get \$200, from your groups for my hotel."

A said, "Well, I'm excited that you'd do that, but I can't make any promises right now. I just think it would be great if you came out here. You can share your story, talk about how you founded the Inspiration Line and talk about your recovery."

I said, "OK, I'll start checking on airfares. You check on hotel prices and I'll approach my Intergroup next week. Let's talk next week and see what we can come up with."

That was the end of that first call. When we hung up, neither one of us had any idea what that phone call was about to unfold for me, my recovery, and all those around me.

I trusted my Higher Power and was willing to do the legwork without any expectations of the outcome.

I shared with my wife what I agreed to. My feelings were confusing, thoughts unclear.

I was thinking of backing out. My wife said, "You've got to do this; you have so much to share. You have a lot of wisdom; people need you."

My inner, addict-core did not believe her. I just assumed she was trying to make me feel better.

My thoughts went something like this:

Well, you're going to get on a plane. - You know how you get at airports; you know how triggering they are for you. - When was the last time you got on a plane? Some 10 years ago? Remember how you felt when you landed and began to stare at all



the people in the airport and fantasize?

You are going to stay at a hotel. Your bottom lines were acting out at hotels! Are you crazy? Have you lost it completely? You are going to travel alone for 3,500 miles and meet a woman you've never met.

She's going to pick you up and be your host for a weekend? You have to go out to eat. There will be alcohol every place you go. You've got to be out of your mind putting yourself at risk like that! Do you have a safety plan in place? All of your triggers will be right in your face! On top of all

that, you don't have the money and neither does she. This has never been done before. She has to find some more meetings, change formats, and find 200 bucks for a hotel. You have to go to your Intergroup and solicit their support for your airfare. They don't have the money either! It's been a bad year for Seventh Tradition contributions. They are going to shoot you down.

At that exact moment God said to me, "Don't worry, I've got you.

5 minutes later, I booked my flight.

Finding a cheap flight was no easy task. I searched and searched and figured that the weekend after Thanksgiving would be a good shot. I was right. It turns out the weekend before Thanksgiving was \$753.00 and the weekend after was \$371.00 for the exact same flights. Great deal!

I had to book it. The booking page read, "Only three seats left at this price!"

Now for the Intergroup task.

I wondered how I'd pitch a struggling Intergroup on why they should give me 400 bucks to go to a few meetings in California. We never have any extra money in December, only our prudent reserve.

Again, something inside of me said, "Don't worry, just pitch it."

So the following Tuesday, at our monthly meeting, I did.

To my surprise and disappointment, the vote was a stalemate. 50% of my Intergroup voted "yes" and 50% voted "no." Robert's Rules of Order dictate that when a motion is tied, it fails.

I was devastated. Truth be told, I took the defeat personally and began to question my process and my recovery. I reached out to my sponsor for support. His answer was, "Let go and let God"

So I did. I struggled and struggled, but finally I let go.

In the interim, one of our

meetings in New Jersey stepped up and pledged 1 month's Seventh Tradition for my trip. Another donation of \$100 came in from a fellow Intergroup member from his personal pocket to support my cause. All in all, I got \$175.00 to go.

Even if I had gotten zero, God said He had me, so I trusted what I heard, and packed my bags.

My 72-hour day finally begins

Friday, December 4th 2015 at 6:15am I woke up next to my wife and said, "Good morning, sweetheart." She said, "Good Morning! Today is your big day. How do you feel?"

I replied, "Scared. This is crazy. I was asked to show up, so I guess that's what I'm going to do."

A shower, a quick cup of coffee, and off to the train station we went. My wife drove me in her car and as she drove I realized that I was being taken care of, a feeling that I was not used to.

I always drive, and always take care of things. I'm not used to being a passenger, I'm used to being in charge. I knew right then and there that I was not in charge, but God was, and that I was just getting on a plane to do His work, not mine. At the exact same instant that I had that thought, all of my fears suddenly left me. Every single thought of hesitation was completely gone.

A feeling of peace and trust took over my mind and body.

With a hug and a kiss, I said goodbye to my wife and boarded my train.

As I boarded, she waved and called out to me, "You'll both be great!"

I thought she meant me and A.

My wife tells me now, she meant me and my Higher Power.

After one hour and ten minutes on the train, I arrived at Philadelphia International Airport.

Leaving the train platform and

walking through the terminal, I remembered how triggering the airport used to be. I remembered how crazy I used to be around all these people and how I would act out later. I remembered that 20 years ago, I probably would have cancelled my flight so I could act out all night. Catch another flight in the morning.

Not this time, not at all, not even a hint of a trigger, zilch, nada, nothing.

God was with me, I thought. Here I am, like an alcoholic in a bar, and instead of thinking about drinking, all I can think about is finding my gate and getting on my flight to Los Angeles.

It is so wonderful not to get all worked up because of my surroundings. I guess that's what they call recovery. Boarding my flight was uneventful until the Captain spoke.

He was giving out the flight details, and talking about how we'd cruise to about 38,000 feet and how wonderful the weather was in Los Angeles. He asked us to take our seats and fasten our seat belts. The flight attendant then did the demonstration of the seat belt procedure as well as the oxygen mask demonstration.

Suddenly, I realized once again, that I was not in charge. I was a passenger on a plane going to California to do God's work. Once again I was being taken care of. There'd be nothing for me to worry about on my end, just sit back, and trust my Higher Power. He's going to fly the plane and He's in charge of this trip!

So I slept the whole flight.

Touchdown was easy, and as I stood up to grab my carry-on luggage, Rich and Jay from the fellowship called, 1 minute apart. Both men know my story of how triggering airports are to me.

They wanted to know if I was O.K. I told them both I was not alone, and that I felt taken care of.

Walking through the terminal I

had no idea where I was going. I just followed the signs to the street.

I called A as I went through the exit doors. I said, "I'm standing under the American Airlines sign. It says C-American." She said "OK, I'll be right there." In less than 60 seconds, I see this car speeding down the road with this woman holding her cell phone against her ear. She pulled right up to me and rolled down her window and said, "Michael"? I said "Yes." she said, "Get in. We've got to go! We can't be late!" So I got into this car with a woman I had never met. It was fun, and again I realized that I was just a passenger and not in charge.

Friday night men's meeting

Driving like a New York City cab driver, A drove me to a Friday night men's meeting.

The freeway was packed, but that didn't matter to her. She was cutting in and out of traffic and making her own lanes! It was a 6 p.m. meeting that we got to just in time. Truth be told, I was never so happy as when she finally parked the car. Phew! What a ride! LOL!

A walked me into the hospital where the meeting was and said she'd be waiting outside in the parking garage. I thought to myself how unselfish it was for her to deliver me to a men's meeting and have to wait outside. I also thought, now that's a person who believes in the power of a meeting.

There must have been 30 guys at that meeting. I had never met any of them, but yet they were all the same as me. We were all addicts looking for recovery, acceptance and understanding. We were all looking for answers on how to stay sober — looking for a chance at a non-addictive life and experiencing the power of a meeting.

I shared my story, my experiences as a child, as an adult, and as an addict. When I was

speaking, you could hear a pin drop. There was absolute dead silence as I walked through my life with them. No one got up to go to the men's room, no one was texting or fidgeting or looking at their phones. Not a sound was heard, only my voice.

As the chairperson opened the meeting for sharing I wondered what I'd hear, or what they would say about my share. What they said almost made me cry.

They said, "Thank you. Thank you for showing up for us. Thank you for carrying the message."

At that moment I felt very emotional because I realized that not only did I show up for them, but I showed up for me. — I showed up for my recovery, and my inner child.

The meeting ended at 7 p.m. with lots of hugs from the group. I did not feel like a stranger nor did I feel like I was 3,500 miles from home. I felt like I was home, with my new family.

As I left the meeting and walked down the corridor towards the parking garage, I saw A sitting on a bench near the exit. She asked me "How'd it go?" I said, "I guess OK." She then asked, "How do you feel?" I said, "Unbelievably wonderful and loved".

Driving a little slower this time, A and I left the hospital grounds and proceeded back to the freeway. I had no idea where she was taking me but I was enjoying being a passenger.

It was a beautiful, peaceful evening as we drove to "The Grove."

The Grove is an outdoor mall that was beautifully decorated for Christmas. It was crowded and filled with tourists and so many beautiful people trying to outdo one another with their very expensive clothes. Again, I'll share that a place like that would have been very unsafe for me in the past. This time, not at all. I was

completely at ease and comfortable in my skin.

We ate at La Piazza and it was there that I realized how God was going to do his work through A and me. We talked and laughed and enjoyed dinner like two old friends. But our conversations were all about our different recovery experiences and how our lives changed when we finally gave up our addictions. It was like God was prepping us as to what we were going to say at the next 6 or so meetings she had planned.

As we left La Piazza and walked through the mall, I commented that there wasn't a star in the sky.

I could not believe that when we looked up, all we could see was blackness. I was sure we were inside a building but I knew we were outside. I thought nothing of it until Monday morning when I got back to Philadelphia. I'll explain later.

A quick ride (yes, very quick!) through Beverly Hills and Rodeo Drive, A drove me to the Sheraton Hotel in Agoura-Hills.

That's what recovering addicts do for one another, keep each other safe.

Knowing my story, and knowing how triggering a hotel can be for me, A escorted me into the lobby of the Sheraton. She gave the guy at the reception desk my name. He said, "Yes, here is the reservation. It's all paid for. May I have your credit card for incidentals?" I said, "Sure" and gave him my credit card. He then said, "First floor or second floor?" But before I could answer, A said, "Second floor." She said second floor because she knew that the first floor might trigger me to go outside and snoop around the property to engage in voyeuristic behaviors. She was making sure I was safe; I love her for that. That's what recovering addicts do for one another: keep each other safe.

As I put my credit card back in my wallet I realized that I had no ID. "Oh my God," I said. "I think I lost my ID! A said, "Don't worry, you'll find it." I went to my room, called the TSA, Airport lost and found, and American Airlines. No luck. I began to stress, worrying about how I was going to get on a plane without a photo ID. So once again I had to let it go and deal with it in the morning.

It was midnight, as I put away my luggage, and ate the little fruit tart that A bought me at Starbucks.

Saturday morning began at 7 a.m. for me. I had to follow up with the airlines regarding my ID so I made a few calls before I had to head down to the lobby for an 8 a.m. pickup. I still had no ID, but I wasn't going to be late for our meetings.

A arrived right on time at 8 a.m. and took me for coffee with one of her friends, J.

I can't remember if we went to a Starbucks or a regular coffee shop, but I remember swapping recovery stories with J and realizing that no matter where you live and no matter where you've come from, all addicts are the same. All of us have lived lives that we wish to never go back to.

Male or female, the addiction knows no boundaries. East coast or West coast, the pains and struggles of sexual addiction are the same.

At 9:30 a.m. we arrived at our first meeting of the day. The theme of the meeting was "Fantasy."

How appropriate, I thought, especially since 90 % of my acting out behavior involved intrigue and fantasy. I admit now that the topic was a little triggering for me. As I told my story to approximately 40 people, I recall thinking that the triggers were behaviors of the past, and have no power over me now. At that exact moment, I could



swear I felt a hand on my shoulder and a voice saying to me, "Go ahead, keep sharing. You'll be fine." I was calm and un-triggered for the rest of the day.

After some "Thank you's" and hugs, A and I drove off from the meeting and headed for the freeway. I had no idea where she was taking me but was content to be a passenger. We drove past Hidden Hills, California. I was surprised that it was a gated community with security guards and cameras at the entrance. When I asked the question as to why there was so much security at the gate, she humbly replied, "I think some celebrities live in there."

A quick tour of Hidden Hills led to A saying, "Oh my God, I forgot some stuff that we need!"

I said, "Okay. Let's go." Another 75 mph drive across town, and we picked up our "stuff."

It was now 12:30 and time for lunch. So back on the freeway to Malibu Beach.

I had never seen the Pacific Ocean before. It was absolutely beautiful.

Where does recovery happen?
Arriving at Gladstone's

Restaurant, A made sure my seat was facing the ocean instead of the bar. I appreciated the fact that she knew my story of sex addiction and my troubles with alcohol, so she deliberately kept our conversations on the meetings and our agenda.

It was wonderful to enjoy my burger instead of fantasizing about the people on the beach.

It was at Gladstone's that I realized exactly what A and I were doing. I realized that we were paving the way for other addicts to get together from all parts of the country to share their experience, strength, and hope. We were doing it at a local meeting level as opposed to a national conference level. Let's face it Where does recovery happen? Recovery happens whenever two or more people meet for the sake of recovery and call themselves a meeting. We sat and discussed the power of a meeting, and the power of a story.

It was now time for us to leave Malibu Beach and for me to buckle my seat belt.

— Michael S.

TO BE CONTINUED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF *THE JOURNAL*

Finding the Steps Between Sobriety and Serenity

The S.L.A.A. program brought me out of the tyranny of my addiction. I no longer fight with the steering wheel of the car. I don't have to budget extra money knowing that a business trip is inevitably going to end up in regretful acting out.

Nevertheless, there is a journey between the place that held me in the tenacious grasp of addiction and being in possession of the promised land - what Bill W. called at the end of his life "emotional sobriety." This "sometimes slowly, sometimes quickly" movement from sobriety to joyous, happy, and free (serenity) is taking a bit of time for me. But then, time takes time.

I think about God every day. I also think about acting out every day. Both seem great, at least at an emotional level. My program has given me limits and tools so I don't buy into the regular suggestion of a self-destructive path that "can't be wrong if it feels so right."

Further, I often find myself in a quagmire of self-defeating, depressive thinking that reminds me with a singularly loud megaphone that I am so less-than - that I am unequipped to do anything. This is followed by a shameful beating up of self for not accomplishing the things I don't have the energy or stamina to do.

In charting my patterns, I discovered that I am not as complex and mysterious as I think I am. My plunge into the pit takes on the same rut-like steps of defeat over and over again.

First, I'm confronted with a problem. Generally, for me it isn't a significant problem like death of a loved one or the loss of a job. It is usually more like an unexpected

bill, a comment my wife makes that doesn't settle right, or a maintenance job around the house that I dread or don't have time to do. These are the kinds of problems that normal people have even if they don't rush to acting out as a solution.

Some problems are less tangible but simply scary stories I tell myself and believe. For example, the belief that if I was as intelligent as I think I am, I should have the time and capacity to read and comprehend really large history books. The belief that I need to exercise for both my health and outer circle behavior and that I am a bad person because I can't always find the right balance with work and family (whatever the right balance is). Or the incoherent notion that I should be rising up to a higher call of significance and purpose in my life by, perhaps, writing a book and becoming the next Thomas Wolfe or sponsoring a plethora of rapt-attentive sex and love addicts whose lives are transformed by my words of wisdom.

In lightning speed, I move to the next step - from problem to catastrophe. The bill will make me homeless. Those who took the money management seminar at church will sorrowfully mutter "tisk, tisk" because I'm not proficient at exacting an iron clad budget as popular financial gurus say I should. My wife's comment only shows that she has no capacity to love and, come to think of it, I'm unlovable. And, of course, I'm a failure at all handyman projects.

My sponsor told me that my addict loves catastrophe like this because it is a major set up for me to find my way back to acting out

again.

From catastrophe, it is only a simple skip to the last step - irrational thought or insanity. I could wax rhetorical in a thousand words of babbling but it all comes down to this: Acting out will solve everything. It has never worked the other thousand times I've tried it but this time, yes, this time, it will really work.

I fell into this pattern this last weekend. After two weeks, I finally began to replace a fan light in the dining room (problem) and hated every minute of it. I decided I was a handyman failure before I got started. Even though the light was installed and worked fine, I cursed every screw I dropped and knew the world had ended every time I had to take the unit apart to tighten the wires (catastrophe). I fantasized that I could just run away and be by myself in a small one room apartment that needed no maintenance (irrationality).

The next day, I felt depressed (problem). When I approached my church group meeting in the park, I knew I didn't feel like talking because no one would really be interested in talking to me (catastrophe). So I thought I should just take my dog and isolate somewhere else in the park because I make such great decisions when I am walled off by myself (irrationality).

The next day, I wanted a better way. I was tired of living in irritability, discontentment, and depression even if I was sexually sober.

On Monday morning, I was reading through the A.A. shares in a book about emotional sobriety. I came across a story of a guy who got three tickets to see his favorite baseball team and wasn't sure

what to do since none of his friends could go. He accepted his powerlessness over circumstances, chose to trust his Higher Power to work out the details, and stepped forth to let the day unfold. It turned out he used the tickets and some very nice things happened.

I generally don't appreciate what I would consider marshmallow stories about God but his conclusion hit me: "My greatest challenges are before me. But my experience with the Third Step, even in the smallest matters, give me the courage to meet whatever lies ahead, twenty-four hours at a time."

The light switched on in my head to a different set of Steps that help me not only stay sober but inch me further along towards the fruit of serenity.

Step 1, I am powerless (acceptance). I am powerless over

the fear that handyman projects bring me. I am powerless over the anxiety I may have around crowds. I am powerless over the tensions in our nation and the violent debates sweeping the news. I am powerless over the feelings I get that tell me it is in my best interest to act out. I am powerless that I don't have the capacity to read all of the books I think I want.

Step 2, I choose to trust my Higher Power, that he will restore me to sanity (trust). Powerlessness is not helplessness. I get on my knees and make a conscious choice of heart that God will help me install the light or integrate into a Sunday morning crowd. It is God's responsibility to unravel the global mess and give me the wisdom to speak thoughtfully or restrain tongue and pen as appropriate. I trust I will be OK if

I spend time with my wife watching (and even discussing) a TV show instead of isolating with a book. For me, this has to be a conscious decision and event.

Step 3, I turn my life and will over to the care of God (action). My trust has to have hands and feet. I open the fan light box. I return to the crowd and find someone to talk to. I drive straight home. I watch "Reba" reruns with my wife.

The old steps (problem, catastrophe, irrationality) are completely natural to me. The new steps into the promised land (acceptance, trust, action) are steps I have to consciously exercise. For if I am not deliberately doing the new, I am automatically falling back into the old.

— David, Western North Carolina

Single issues of the e-journal

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The Journal is a meeting in a magazine. It can be used: To read at meetings, To find experience, strength and hope while on vacation, To read with sponsees, To stay connected to the program. Topics now available:

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Step 6 Focus Issue - S.L.A.A. members share their experience strength and hope in working Step 6.

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#60-Tenth Anniversary - Stories about sex and love addiction written by S.L.A.A. members in 1999.

Meditation Book Project

PLEASE CONTRIBUTE:

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DAILY MAINTENANCE

QUOTE: “Time and daily consistency of action are the tools with which we fashion our release, under God’s guidance, from the tyranny of the psychic realm. This may be the last domain of the addiction to relinquish its power, but it *does happen*.”
S.L.A.A. Basic Text, Page 111

SHARE: It’s hard to be consistent with all the ups and downs of a sex and love addict’s life. Society’s view has always been that the nature of love is that it is fleeting. A whirlwind romance, intense passion, basically a rollercoaster ride was much preferred over the boring drudgery of day to day life. It takes time to change lifelong patterns. The thing that I and my sponsees get stuck on is time. We would complain about working the Steps so thoroughly. My sponsor always told me, “You had 17 years of learned acting out patterns. What makes you think you’ll change that overnight?” I always thought my God should be powerful enough to wave his magic wand and change me quickly without any help from me. Sometimes working the Steps and going to a meeting every day can seem like sawing at metal with a nail file, but eventually it does give us freedom from addiction. Every day I wake up, read recovery literature, say a recovery prayer, journal, call my sponsor, go to work and then a meeting and that’s what works for me. Some meditate. I think the point is to find something that works and do it daily. Our disease is doing push-ups, so why shouldn’t we?

AFFIRMATION: *I will use the tools of the program daily and not worry about the time it takes me to recover.*

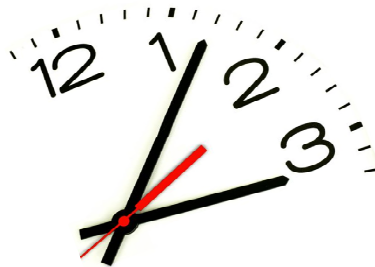
THE INSPIRATION LINE YOUR 24/7 SUPPORT

Did you know that you can call the Inspiration Line at any time to help you get through a particularly difficult day?

Did you know that 24 hours a day, every day, there is a message of experience, strength and hope to help Sex and Love Addicts?

Did you know you can call the Inspiration Line NOW ?

215-574-2120



▶ **How we help.....**

- Over 122,000 calls have been received since 2006, with an average of 2,226 calls a month now.
- After listening to the message, YOU have an opportunity to leave your own message for the speaker to listen to.
- You can go to <http://www.slaadvi.org/inspiration-line.html> to download a month's worth of messages, FOR FREE.

The Inspiration Line is presented to the SLAA Fellowship by the Greater Delaware Valley Intergroup. To find out more or to volunteer, call the Line and leave a message.

