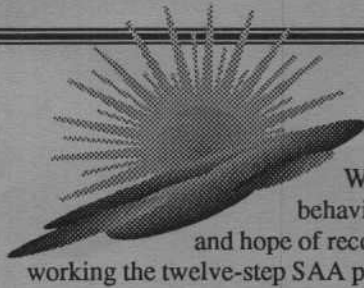


THE *Plain Brown Rapper* The SAA Newsletter



October, 1989 Edition

The purpose of the Newsletter is to be a voice of the SAA membership. Written by and for brothers and sisters recovering from compulsive sexual behaviors; to be informative, sensitive and expressing the experiences, strength, and hope of recovering members. It is intended as an additional tool of recovery for those working the twelve-step SAA program.

Published by Twin Cities SAA © — P.O. Box 3038, Minneapolis, MN 55403 — Telephone (612) 339-0217

What does it mean when we say we are sisters and brothers in SAA? Is it because we have a common goal of sobriety, or is it because we follow a common path called the Twelve Steps? I believe both are part of the meaning, but I think there's more.

I recently attended an SAA Mixed Retreat. What I discovered was something far more powerful than shared goals and paths — I discovered a sharing of Love. I love us (you and me) so much I dare to tell you the truth. I dare to reveal myself to you and be vulnerable to you. And, most important, I love us so much that I am eager to take you along on my journey of recovery. That, to me, is the key: we need each other, men and women, so much for our recovery, that we dare not give less than the love sisters and brothers should give to each other. — Ed.

A Second Step

Step 2: Came to believe that a power greater than myself could restore me to sanity.

Sanity; soundness of mind, soundness to make responsible decisions.

Before I was Twelve-Stepped into this program, I had tried every way I knew of to find the power to restore me. I had been prayed over, had people lay their hands on me to command demons out of me; I tried to patronize the authority of a power that was supposed to help anyone that asked for it. Preachers would tell me that God had the power to heal me.

After years.....of pain, struggle, and shame, I took away the word power from the word of God. I was convinced that God was my enemy. I raged at him for years for rejecting me.

When I came into this group I was devastated with my life; having no faith to believe in anything — yet it was

my final attempt in hoping for some kind of relief from the curse I believed was upon my life.

After several meetings I began to experience inside of myself a strong hope, that I had finally found a refuge from the curse of my addict.

After about seven meetings I was sure inside myself that this Twelve-Step program, the fellows in my group, and maybe something called God had the power to restore me to sanity.

Even now, today, I am very wary of trusting in God alone as being the power in my recovery. But, I can now believe with confidence that a power — which equally consists of God, this Twelve-Step program, and my fellows — is that power greater than myself and is able to restore me to sanity.

— Fred S.
Minneapolis, MN

The Journey

I have an urge to write — to myself and to other recovering persons. At this moment my heart is filled with awe at the happiness, love and acceptance I have found since I've begun my 12-Step journey.

When I began, I was a spiritual, emotional, physical wreck. My self-care skills were minimal, my self-destruct skills fine-tuned and accomplishing their task: I was dying a slow, painful death. I believed in God and part of me knew HP was there, but I only turned to this entity when I saw no way out for myself — no answers, no solutions. Amazingly, At these times of total defeat, when I had to let go, the matter was taken care of better than anything I could have imagined. The sad part of this is I would forget. As soon as things were relatively okay, I would be right back where I was before, or worse (usually worse). I would say to HP, "help!" and again He did. The last time this happened also began the last time, the worst time, the most destructive to myself and my two precious children. I hit bottom. I was defeated totally. I knew I was not going to get out of this pit unless I went down a totally different path. HP was there pushing me — He saw I was ready. I said, "Okay, God, my way does not work. I'm ready to discard it. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to find the right way, Your way."

I have and He did. It has been a journey and will continue to be; however, the roads are not straight and narrow. They sometimes are so wide and expansive I cannot really say there are any. The journey has not been a lonely one — it has been filled with many other beautiful, loving, recovering friends. I have learned from them, I have been able to take from them and also give. I have learned about respect, boundaries, love, and self-love. I have learned about my separateness; that because of it I am able to be who I am, and how good it is to be me; that I am able to give a lot because HP has given me so much. I am no longer bound to a slow, painful death. I am free to love life, my life, and to explore all that this universe has to give.

I love my life now, who I am, and everyone who has helped me to get here. I am very grateful.

— Laura S.
Minnesota

**FROM SHAME
TO GRACE**

NSO Donations & Sales September, 1989

NSO DONATIONS — SEPT. 1989

AZ -	Tucson, Thurs. Night	\$100.00
CO -	Denver SAA	14.00
GA -	Atlanta SAA	30.00
IN -	Meeting of Friends	10.00
KY -	Louisville, Wed. Night	10.00
MI -	Bay City SAA	60.00
	Flint SAA	10.00
	Saginaw SAA	20.00
	Swartz Creek SAA	10.00
MN -	Bloomington, Tues. 5:45	5.00
	Excelsior, Thurs. 5:00	15.00
	Excelsior, Thurs. 8:00	17.50
	Golden Valley, Mon. 7:30 Women's	7.50
	Golden Valley, Mon. 7:30 Mixed	40.00
	Long Lake, Sun. 6:30	22.50
	Rochester SAA	10.00
	S. Mpls., Tues. 7:30 a.m.	32.60
	S. Mpls., Tues. 7:00	25.00
	S. Mpls., Wed. 5:00	11.25
	S. Mpls., Wed. 5:30	5.00
	S. Mpls., Wed. 5:30	15.00
	S. Mpls., Sat. 10:00 Women's	25.00
	S. Mpls., Sun. 7:00	26.00
	St. Paul, Tues. 5:30	20.00
	St. Paul, Thurs. 5:30	14.50
	St. Paul, Sun. 7:00	60.00
	The DTA's	20.00
	Univ. of MN, Thurs. 4:30	12.50
MS -	Thomas R.	30.00
NY -	Syracuse SAA	20.00
TX -	Dallas SAA	30.00
	Houston SAA	53.10
	Houston SAA	57.58
	John C.	20.00
	Michael M.	10.00
WA -	Joe A.	5.00
	Joseph H.	7.00
WI -	SAA	5.00
	Appleton SAA	40.00
	Lester D.	10.00
WY -	Charles R.	10.00
TOTAL DONATIONS		\$946.03

NSO SALES — SEPT. 1989 (less postage)

Group Guides	\$ 80.00
Abstinence & Boundaries	188.00
First Step to Recovery	67.00
Plain Brown Rapper	48.00
Hope and Recovery	231.00
Brochures	65.00
Medallions	370.00
TOTAL SALES	\$1,049.00

God is a Place

God is a place inside me. The word God is the name of the place. I see the place as spherical, glowing with a perfect light and pure positive energy. This place called God is completely serene and all-knowing. It is the place where memories for all time are kept. It holds all the world's experience and knows what will happen forevermore.

This place is the essence of perfection. It is my perfect place, where the best of me and the best of Man resides. It is completely pure and perfect, and it is part of me. I am it; I live in this place called God. I can choose to be there all the time or none of the time, but whatever I choose, it is always there and available to me to go there if I want. The way to be in the place called God is to let go, to stop doing and start being. Just simply to be.

When I thank God for something, I really mean that I thank this place called God for being there when I need to go there and be serene, to be healed, to let go and to be. I am also congratulating myself for having the courage to go to this place called God, because once I am there I have to accept the complete honesty that being there is.

Being in this place means I have abandoned, at least for the moment, the habits of my usual existence — those things I have learned to fall back on to show me how to act and react. Once inside God, habits become meaningless. Old ways of acting have no place here. Everything in God is new and completely spontaneous and all-feeling. In this place inside me called God I am totally ungrounded, but at the same time I could never be safer. This is the dichotomy that is God: I must risk everything to become totally safe.

— Wendy W.

Marjorie's Story

But for the Grace of God I am alive — more alive than ever before. Thank you SAA people. I say that with tears in my eyes.

I recently came back to SAA. Two years ago I quit coming. Three and a half years ago I lost my son because of my sex addiction. I came very close to looking through the bars. I was in my own prison. I am my own worst enemy. I will finally, after three years, get to see my son unsupervised. Thank you SAA and God. I love him very much as a mother. I did not have that feeling before. I've worked very hard. I know the longer I am sober from my masturbating, the better it gets. I need to allow myself to cry.

I heard a saying in my 12-Step group: "There is no elevator in the 12 Steps." That is true. For me it took honesty, openmindedness, and willingness. Also acceptance and my Higher Power.

I can also say I am a beautiful woman. It's been a long time since I've been able to say that.

The minute I begged God to help me open those doors, there was no turning back. A lot of times I wanted them shut. I am happy to say I am grateful God helped me walk through them...carried most of the way with the helping hands of His people in all the 12-Step groups.

Thank you SAA family: From the depths of the warm sunrise coming up over the snowy mountains. With the cool, fresh, sweet-smelling air and sweet-tasting water flowing over the rocks.

— Marjorie Z.
Minnesota

*But those who
hope in God
will renew
their
strength.*



*They will soar on wings like
eagles; they will run and not
grow weary, they will walk
and not be faint.*

— Isaiah 40:31

Poetry of Recovery

Being a Sponsor: A Poem

I am originally from Minneapolis. I relocated to Atlanta in January, 1988. I had been attending a women's SAA group for three years. I moving to Georgia, I found few SAA groups. I have started a Women's SAA Group ten weeks ago, and we are now having as many as six or seven women in attendance. It has been hard at times having to sponsor five or six women. I've written some of my thoughts down about being a Sponsor and how that has felt to me at times. I would appreciate all your prayers in support of the newly-formed Sunday SAA group. I miss you all in Minneapolis!

"Being a Sponsor"

At times it's very hard
to hear one's pain
to hear the sadness
to hear the loneliness
to hear the fear
I try to help
with Hope and Strength
of a new beginning.
Some listen
Most forget.
Then another call of great despair
for again the addict has won.
What will it take?
I feel the pain,
at times of failure.
I need to remember,
some of us are ready.
Some of us are not.
I'll carry the message.
I'll not carry the addict!

— Linda M.
Atlanta, GA

Love and Compassion

God accepts me! Will you?
Please accept me as I am.
Do not ask me to excel intellectually or athletically.
Love me, care for me, teach me, but please do not pity me.
Believe that my life can bring honor to God in a unique way.
My weakness will demonstrate the power of God, with help from others.
Please love me through your eyes.
See my gifts as well as my limitations.
Rejoice with me in each step I take, but do not compare the size of my steps to those of other people.
Do not force me into a mold that just will not fit.
Tell me of God's love and help me to meet and know and love God.

— Bob P.
Minnesota

Do you have a story, a poem, an experience of growth, or would you just like to share your emotions and feelings? Please write The Plain Brown Rapper. Your brothers and sisters in SAA would like to hear from you. We have much to share with each other. Please write to PBR Editor, c/o SAA, P.O. Box 3038, Minneapolis, MN 55403. Please submit all writings for the November newsletter by November 2, 1989.