



The SRA Communiqué

Free

The Official Newsletter of the General Service Board of Sexual Recovery Anonymous

Fall 2001

We dedicate this issue of the SRA Communiqué in loving memory of Murray R., one of the founders of SRA, who passed away in March 2001.

Personal Story

By GS

My "addict" arrived at about the time of the Nixon-Kennedy debates for the presidential race of 1960. I was in the fifth grade. My healthy passions at that moment were The Hardy Boys, Tom Swift, stamp collecting, amassing baseball cards, and beseeching celebrities (by mail) for their autographs. These extracurricular interests were well known to my family and friends. But I had other secretive callings to

supplement them like rummaging through my father's study in search of a certain glossy men's magazine - the one with the rabbit logo famous for it's photographic spreads of women, it's dirty jokes, racy cartoons, and sex in advertising. My father's study became and acting-out haven and I held that magazines so firmly I left fingerprints on the pictures.

There was also other less fashion-

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Murray, A Reluctant Founder

By BM

In his story, Murray tells of wanting a program in which to stay sexually sober. He thought that he had found that in the SA program. He came to the program with a solid background in the steps and traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous. Murray worked very hard to develop the program in Vancouver, supported it in Victoria and cooperated with the members in Washington and Oregon. He was very actively involved with running and supporting retreats in the Pacific Northwest. He tried to attend every national meeting and was on the General Service Board.

Even with all these commitments to the SA Program and to other 12 Step Programs he found time to support an SA group that I had founded when I was in the Sex Offender Program of a Federal Prison. At that time in 1985 he was six months sexually sober. He came out every second Sunday for about 10 years until the program at the prison changed, and consequently the SA program was no longer viable there. As soon as possible after I was released from the prison, I returned to

be a cosponsor with Murray in an attempt to revive the sexual addiction program in the prison. Over the years, Murray and I spent the 90 minute car trip solving the problems of the 12 step programs, not to mention the world!

From the beginning, Murray had concerns about the SA program. He questioned its practice of the 12 steps and 12 Traditions and wondered if its

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Holiday Party

The SRA Holiday Party will take place from 6:30 to 10:00 on December 15 at the St. Jean Baptise community center at 184 East 76th Street (between Lexington and 3rd Avenues). Family and friends are welcome!

Tickets are \$12 in advance or \$15 at the door (no one will be turned away for lack of funds). To buy tickets send a check payable to "SRA Intergroup" to the address below. Include your name and the number of attendees.

SRA Intergroup
PO Box 73
New York, NY 10024

Desperately Needed

Long distance sponsors

We get calls and emails from loners every month who want help. We need members who are willing to sponsor these loners who do not have local meetings. This is an opportunity for SRA members to sponsor by phone, email, and letters loners who do not have local meetings.

Contacts for

The Sunday Notting Hill, UK meeting:
Anyone attending this meeting, please contact Arnold A. (see below).

Southeast US area:

Anyone willing to be a contact for people seeking help in the southeastern U.S. area, please contact Arnold A.

The GSB 12 Step Coordinator can be reached by phone or e-mail by those who wish to volunteer for any of these opportunities to be of service.

Arnold A.
Telephone: 310 372 0306
E-mail: 12step@sexualrecovery.org

Further Lessons in Humility

By MR

I don't make plans anymore. My plans give my higher power a nice chuckle - sometimes a hearty guffaw. Better than even going to Caroline's, truly. For example, if anyone told me just a year ago that I'd be living in a Recovery house for sex addicts in Chester, Pennsylvania, I would have been inclined to think them disconnected from reality. Sure, I've had my share of slips, but a half-way house? Me??!! No way. That's only for the miserable, low bottom cases who end up on the underside of the post-rehab, reject heap. I've got it too comfy with my nice job in the city (view of 5th Ave below), my slick-looking executive sports jackets and finely polished, dark cherry-red shoes. Hmmmm....welcome to the heap.

Talk about the rise and fall of a colossal ego. Just like the Hindenburg. Flaming gas and all. I'd started out in Recovery in 1992, as a textbook pornography and masturbation sex addict - couldn't stay out of the peep shows for more than five minutes. I think I'd memorized every video in more that seven or eight different porn palaces around the city. That takes dedication. Thankfully, with the help of a therapist and the sexual recovery rooms, by 1993 I found myself sober for the first time since the age of ten (when I was first introduced to the glossy pages of my dad's porno collection). Call it what you like: God, the steps, the rooms, willingness, willfulness, white knuckling - a little bit of everything seemed to contribute to an incredible five-plus years of back-to-back SRA sobriety! Unfortunately, this turn of good fortune didn't help in the way of ego-reduction. Did I mention that I have an ego the size of a Lincoln?

In those early sober years I found myself looking around the SRA meetings, dressed in my freshly pressed sobriety suit, wondering why

the other struggling sex addicts were not getting this sobriety thing. I had "gotten" it. I mean, how hard could this be? I found it tiresome that many of my fellow addicts continued to struggle with sobriety, coming to meetings announcing slip after slip while I maintained near pitch-perfect abstinence. I judged. Harshly. I was sustaining sobriety and I hadn't even gone to one of those fancy sex addict rehabs out West. The thing is, I knew I wanted sobriety and I stayed sober like a good soldier, damn it. I even used to think about what I would do if someone held a gun held to my head and told me to masturbate. Would I do it? I just didn't know.

So what is a guy with an ego the size of mine to do? I really don't want to be better than everybody else. It's lonely at the top. But it's so hard not to feel like I should be in charge.

Unfortunately, in 1998 my house of sobriety came tumbling down. Actually, it was completely incinerated. Ouch...that smarts. All that remained was some smoldering dust and a very confused sex addict with a generous serving of humble pie. I couldn't figure it out. How could this be happening to me? At the time of my slip in 1998, I had a good job, a relationship, and a couple of sponsees. Today (three years of relapsing later), I find myself in Chester, PA, in a Recovery house, having to sign out every time I go to Wawa for a cup of coffee or a banana.

During these three years of on-again off-again sobriety, I did everything I could think of to stay sober. I gave somebody all my money to hold. I even gave them my mailbox

key. That worked until I tried to break into my own mailbox with a screwdriver in the middle of the night (I had ordered a new credit card for acting out purposes). I even checked out the fancy rehab scene. Three of them. I'm very proud of my rehab sweatshirt collection (as well as matching rehab coffee mugs and key chains!) But I was continuing to hold onto control. For example, in my first five years of SRA sobriety I celebrated my anniversary with a couple of other guys who happened to have the same (or thereabouts) sobriety date. I always hated this because I wanted my own party - I didn't want to share the spotlight with anybody else. So, at one point during my relapse I mapped out in my head what day I'd like to have as my new sobriety date - not too close to anybody else's date, so I could have my own anniversary bash. Imagine the size of an ego that attempts to pick its own sobriety date based on not wanting to share an anniversary party. Boggles the mind.

I'm not saying that my ego and tendency to judge were the sole cause of my going into relapse (interesting...I almost wrote "soul" cause), but they certainly pointed toward a lacking in the humility department. So what is a guy with an ego the size of mine to do? I really don't want to be better than everybody else. It's lonely at the top. But it's so hard not to feel like I should be in charge. I've been conditioned for this. I grew up with a mother who drank every single day and didn't know whether she wanted to live or die. My father's idea of closeness was talking to his kids every once in a while long distance from a remote island in Micronesia. Frankly, I needed to be the Daddy (nobody else had applied for the position). There wasn't anybody around for me to

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SRA Tri-State Intergroup Report

- ◆ Intergroup will elect officers for next year - and groups will be electing new Intergroup reps - in December.
- ◆ In January, Intergroup plans to fill the following service positions for 2002: mail coordinator, phone coordinator, late night phone line coordinator and literature person. Intergroup reps and others are encouraged to attend the January meeting if they are interested in any of these positions.
- ◆ Intergroup is placing 8 outreach ads over the course of 8 months in the New York Press, a local free weekly newspaper with a circulation of about 100,000.

I Can't Do It Alone

By BM

I can't remember a time in my life before the program when I was not obsessed by sex.

I was the youngest of three sons. My mother had a miscarriage a few years before I was born. The fetus was a girl, and if she had lived I wouldn't have existed. So life started out as though it were a conspiracy against me. A number of brushes with death fed my addiction with the idea deep inside me that life was all a mistake.

I began experimenting sexually with boys at the age of nine or ten. The guilt was tremendous, but the thrill of doing something secret and forbidden was great. It seemed that boundaries were not necessary.

All through this my mother and my middle brother were dominant people in my life. My mother beat me and there was covert sexual abuse. My brother attempted sex with me when I was 11 and he was 16. I put a stop to the situation, but felt great guilt. No one in the family, let alone me, was able to acknowledge that I was being emotionally abused. It would continue for a long time.

We lived in a neighborhood with lots of girls to play with, and I initiated sex games with them. I became unpopular with all the fathers on the block and after that all my playmates lived some distance away.

Even when my brother ran away the household revolved around him. I stayed dreamy, scared, and lonely. I was sure that I was the only person in the world with a desire for my own sex. It was unspeakable.

Meanwhile I was trying to satisfy the insatiable with anyone who was available. I had a breakdown. Combining alcohol with sexual addiction lead me to become a wandering disaster.

In Grade 11, I had a compulsion for a Grade 12 male. I wrote him notes. Over the Easter Break, I wrote him a letter and posted it. I had no idea that I was being a nuisance, or worse. The police came to see my mother about it. They made a few threats and suggested I see a psychiatrist. The psychiatrist suggested that I should develop a more aggressive personality. I did, but only in a sexual way.

My reputation spread to the whole school and I learned even more not to express emotion, and to pretend that there was nothing wrong. I was pursued for sex, and I was glad to

oblige. I thought that it was paradise, and it magnified my attraction to masculine, in-trouble-with-the-law bisexuals.

I found bus depot washrooms at 17 and then the downtown gay crowd. I was horrified, and fascinated at the same time. My father died when I was 19, and my brother was arrested at the same time in Pennsylvania. When he got out, he returned to run my life and my mother's. I was failing at university at the time. We straightened it all out by eventually going on the run through the western states with stolen credit cards. I was content to wear beautiful clothes, drink martinis and champagne, and eat filet mignon. We attempted to keep running a Classic Packard and a Rolls Royce. My brother went back to penitentiary. I went back to school.

My failure at university was not helped by my growing dependency on alcohol, and neither did spending a lot of time in the washrooms. I had a crippling pattern of a pure, but forbidden love for unavailable males. Meanwhile I was trying to satisfy the insatiable with anyone who was available. I had a breakdown. I broke away from my brother and went into a full-fledged dependence on alcohol. Combining alcohol with sexual

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I Can't Do It Alone

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addiction lead me to become a wandering disaster. I was compared to the little man in the Lil' Abner comic strip who wandered around with a black cloud over his head. There was venereal disease, car accidents, fights, lost jobs, blown car engines, and episodes of violence. I raged at innocent animals, people and situations. I looked forward to the time when I would have the courage to commit suicide.

Toward the time when I joined AA at 32 I had two very disastrous relationships, and when I became alcohol sober, I worked very hard at inventorying sex and relationships. Then I just became more cunning (or so I thought). I fell in love with newcomers to AA, and preyed on them. After a very painful episode with two young men that I sponsored, I became free of relationships, and my life became pure promiscuity.

I moved to a house across from a park, and spent little time in the house. I felt that I could not go to sleep without masturbation, and that meant many trips to Seattle, where pornography was more available. I had \$20 stolen off me in a Video Arcade while I was in Seattle, and I was struck with unbelievable shame, even though I had the rest of my money in my truck. Friends just thought the whole episode was just part of me being a wild and crazy guy.

In November 1983 I went to an OA Meeting, and found out from a friend of mine about sexual addiction. Two nights later I stumbled across the first Twelve Step sexual addiction meeting that ever took place in British Columbia. I stayed sober for about four months but did not do the Steps. The meeting fell apart, and so did I.

A few months later, a friend and I resumed the meeting. I became sober for a month, and entered a difficult time of intermittent sobriety and guilt-racked acting out. I was once more contemplating suicide. I began to

work the Steps, as we read them at the meeting. When we got to the Ninth Step, I began my amends-making with the 'easy ones', meanwhile fearing the blind anger and confusion that were usual for the first weeks of any of my attempts at sobriety. Sobriety seemed inevitable, and I made what I thought was a bargain with God. I told God "give me your worst withdrawal," and I emerged slowly into the sunshine.

Fantasies and sexual thoughts are not inherently evil, but they must be released before I am helpless to maintain my sobriety. I try to give myself the gifts of prayer and calm self-counsel. Power and control of my mind and body are available to me, when I let go my unaided self-will.

I felt delicate and fragile for a while. I knew that I could not take sexual thoughts beyond a point where it was certain that I would act out. Still, I wanted to be open about walking down the street without the feeling that I wanted to hide my head. I had been in the habit of inventorying all males (and some of the females), and saying to myself, "is this the one, is this the one?" I began to accept people as they were, and to acknowledge my feelings.

I was attending the musical Godspell, and at intermission I noticed the large number of good-looking, clean-cut young people, and I felt guilt at feeling sexual about them. I then had a realization that I was reacting to energy and beauty, and that I could start a process of releasing them. I realized that I did not own any other person. I felt greater integrity, the right to be myself, and the rights of others to be themselves.

I try to keep a gentle awareness of my feelings and actions at all times. Fantasies and sexual thoughts are not inherently evil, but they must be released before I am helpless to maintain my sobriety. I try to give myself the gifts of prayer and calm self-counsel. Power and control of my mind and body are available to me, when I let go my unaided self-will.

It is one of my personal tasks to value my own honesty: the ability to verify my thoughts and actions. When I am open-minded, there is great freedom, liberty, and love in sobriety. Willingness begins by being aware that I come from a place where the only further options, were jails, institutions, and death.

When I affirm growth, change and serenity, those qualities are evident in my life. I do not have to be a remarkable kind of person to do this. I begin by remembering that I come from personal degradation. I was a person who thought that he could not stay sober, could not truly love anyone, and could be loved by no one.

At the time of writing this I am living with a diagnosis of HIV infection. When I first learned this I was in great shock, for I was also diagnosed at the same time with two kinds of cancer. I was eventually able to give thanks that, for over 12 years of sobriety, I have not been endangering anyone else. I have not advanced to stages of total acceptance and of knowledge of why things are this way. Right now I am in the stage of utilizing all that medicine and science can bring to me to heal my body. This is aided by the healing of my mind and spirit that has already taken place. The program tells me that much spiritual growth is awaiting me.

I once heard an addict say at a meeting: "I am not proud of what I did, and I am not ashamed of it, either." I am grateful that there were people who went before me, so that I can have reassurance.

I want to stay on the path of finding what I really am. What I can't do alone, my Higher Power and I can.

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Personal Story

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able pulp that I valued as much as the "rabbit" monthly - men's combat/adventure "journals". They lured me because they universally depicted women as full participants in the intrigue and mayhem. The ladies were almost always scantily dressed - armed and menacing. Lovely ladies who perpetrated violence (against men) fascinated me to no end. I found their wanton, brazen behavior refreshing. I spent many Saturday afternoons at magazine racks of candy stores and pharmacies consumed with fantasy.

The same was true with TV. It was always a big thrill for me when a Crime show or Western drama cast a woman as an outlaw. I was enthralled with women who casually murdered men. In bed I would replay these images over and over while masturbating to them. I would edit the fantasies and insert myself in them. My role was to exhort the women in their violence. The TV episodes were especially gratifying when female deception preceded the violence, as was the hip-swaggering bravado, which sometimes followed it. The exact moment of the destruction of the male target was the orgasm for me.

As thrilled as I was by the "rabbit's" offerings, I was in seventh heaven with the femme fatale. How I come to find eroticism in such stark behavior, I can only hypothesize. I sense that the physical abuse I suffered at my father's hands was a key factor. Up until I was six, I received my fair share of lickings and threats. He almost always wore a grimace and had a menacing tone. When he called me down to dinner, it was more a command than announcement. However, the physical abuse ended when I was about six and he thereafter favored sending me to bed early when he grew impatient with me. (While lying in bed, I could hear my friends still playing outside.) In a nutshell, he

taught me to fear and to expect speedy punishment. I came to associate his deep voice with the menace and the specter of bodily harm. He instilled in me a fear of bigger and/or older people around whom I became shut down, deferential, and extremely polite. I would sit still and appease them with a sickly grin. And although my father was a Liberal Arts college professor and a strong advocate of civil rights, once inside our house he metamorphosed into Joseph Stalin. He ran a repressive regime. I was scared. I was a cornered rat.

Even now, some of the Promises are coming true. I make meetings and do service; these are important tools for me. I am finally getting back on track after taking that long detour back when I was ten.

My relation with my mother was the diametric opposite. She was warm and benevolent. It was my mother who put quarters under my pillow whenever I lost a tooth. I have no unpleasant memories of her. Tragically, she passed away shortly after my tenth birthday. She died from cancer, bedridden intermittently in the months preceding her death. As a ten-year-old I was in the dark about her situation, until the night she was whisked away by the ambulance. She was removed from the house nearly comatose. I don't know if, at that moment, she was even aware of her three young sons.

My father had conditioned me to expect severe penalties for minor infractions. Now - my mother's sudden disappearance (from what seemed like routine sickness to a ten-year-old) brought my expectation of worst-case scenario to even mildly problematic situations. I had developed a doomsday sensibility. I could not stop from racing toward

catastrophe in my mind. I saw greater than expected threats everywhere. I was a defenseless victim always a short step away from being pulverized by people bigger and/or older than I was. I worried about school. If my grades weren't high enough, according to my father, I was destined "to work with my hands." In addition, when it came time to learn to drive I was reluctant to get behind the wheel out of fear of collision. I remember my father piped in with "No wheels, no social life."

Moreover, I had a bad case of Tourette's syndrome since early childhood. My symptoms included making loud barking noises and awkwardly jerking my head backwards. I became an object of scorn to my father and my stepmother as well as teachers and classmates who could not handle this form of eccentricity.

To all this dreariness, I found escape in masturbating. And, as I mentioned earlier, I sexualized female violence. I would act out daily, at first just to induce sleep. But over time I devoted more and more energy into this mind-numbing activity. I didn't know it then, but I understand it now: masturbating was the only way I could express my anger and resentment. In all my distress, I was too shut down to vocalize my own rage. So it came out sideways. And it always involved a lovely lady obliterating a male figure. From the very start I found wonton and willful actions by women exotic. I don't claim to know the psychology behind it, but I imagine that such a woman helped me to redress my grievances against all the perpetrators with whom I came into daily contact.

I masturbated so much that it deprived me of interest in people. Until I reached the promised land of 12-Step Recovery groups, I lived in isolation. This form of acting out was a closed system - I was buried deeper and deeper into my own head. Enjoying the company of others

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Personal Story

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became a chore to be endured. I preferred my fantasy universe and I saw people only as obstructions to my next acting out episode.

It wasn't until I began seeing a therapist in 1990 that I began to address my "self-will run riot." I wasn't going to him for sex addiction because I hadn't yet discovered it as an issue. Other troubles drove me to his door. Fortunately for me, this therapist knew of 12-step Fellowships and he recommended that I attend Obsessive-Compulsives Anonymous. O.C.A. turned out to be a tunnel to SLAA, which I still attend. From SLAA I reached SAA and I continue to attend one meeting there. And although I received enough serenity from these groups to curtail my acting out sexually at work, 100% abstinence was not a goal for me and sex addiction continued to be a relentless force when I found myself alone in my apartment.

By the spring of '96, I was ready to put more rigor into my Recovery. I had learned of SRA from several people in the S Fellowships I was attending. During the week preceding Memorial Day, I knew that I would have a lot of time alone, especially over the weekend. I was finally getting tired of these "lost weekends." I had seen an announcement in a neighborhood paper for SRA with a phone number and I decided to call in. My first meeting was that Friday night. Since then, I've been making several SRA meetings weekly and I've stopped masturbating.

SRA in particular has been instrumental in my Recovery. One clear benefit is that my sense of catastrophe lurking in every situation has ratcheted down a few notches. Even now, some of the Promises are coming true. I make meetings and do service; these are important tools for me. I am finally getting back on track after taking that long detour back when I was ten.

Murray

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basis were truly spiritual or indeed religious. In particular, he was very concerned about the interpretation of Step 3. AA did not define what alcohol you used to be a member. So naturally Murray was troubled that sexual sobriety was defined in terms of heterosexual legal marriage; sexual sobriety did not include common law or homosexual unions. Rather than a spiritual foundation, this is a religious one.

More seriously, it was exclusive. To remain in the program, a gay person had to deny what he knew he was - his or her very identity - and needed to deny the possibility of a sober gay relationship. In addition, Murray was distressed from the general feeling among members that the program was not ready for, nor exercised, the Twelve Traditions. For example, Murray was concerned that the founder seemed to have more power than the GSB.

When members from the East Coast of the USA expressed interest, he welcomed them as founders. The same was true of the members from California. He considered that because we were all developing the program we are all founders.

Because of a strong belief and commitment to the 12 Steps and Traditions, Murray tried to bring these concerns to GSB and various individuals. Although I agreed with Murray, I was unable to get a warrant to enter USA from the Immigration Department, so Murray had to do most of the discussion on his own. He was verbally abused by some of the members and was even shoved by one person. He always came back worried.

Although there was some support, Murray seemed to carry the main load. In 1990, there was a GSB conformation that said the only sober sex was in a legal heterosexual marriage. This excluded committed common law and committed same sex relations. Murray saw the only solution was to leave the program. We had explored other programs but they did not seem to give us what we wanted. We decided to form another program and we began to explore the idea in some of the Vancouver meetings who had people who saw the need for inclusiveness.

I still wanted to stay with the program in which I had nearly 5 years of sobriety because I thought they could be persuaded to be inclusive. Murray had the personal experience of how strong the feeling was at the General Meetings and although there was some of the same feeling in Vancouver, I still held hope for change. I discovered that the program did not share my optimism, for at my Fifth sobriety anniversary the leaders of the meeting told me that I could not even discuss the idea that there was sober gay sex. Slow learner that I am, the message finally got through to me and I phoned Murray that night and said that I was with him in establishing a new program, and very soon thereafter Sexual Recovery Anonymous (SRA) was born.

There was discussion about the founding date of our SRA program. Murray suggested November 12, 1990 as my decision at that time to start a new program made two people who constituted a 12 Step meeting. Coincidentally, Murray had attended his first SA meeting in November of 83. Two of the Vancouver meetings and the one at the prison agreed with Murray's position and sent letters of resignation.

Murray consistently insisted that WE, the members of the three British Columbia groups, were the founding members and that we, through the Group Conscience, would write the 12 Steps and Traditions of Sexual

Recovery Anonymous. Our first task was to define sexual sobriety in a respectful, inclusive and ultimately spiritually affirming way, "the release from all compulsive and destructive sexual behaviors". We added the corollary, "We have found through our experience sobriety includes freedom from masturbation and sex outside a mutually committed relationship."

Murray spread the word throughout his contacts and hoped for a stampede to join SRA. This did not happen. When members from the East Coast of the USA expressed interest, he welcomed them as founders. The same was true of the members from California. He considered that because we were all developing the program we are all founders.

It was only near the end of his life that he acknowledged the term founder for himself. He had always regarded himself to be the leader in founding the program. I know that he had serious concerns about being called the "founder". He did not want to be considered as the "fount of knowledge" whose word was "law" and he never expected to be seen as a person who could veto the General Service Board. There were times when he wanted to be the Bill W. of SRA. I know that he wished that I could have been the Dr. Bob.

He was so happy to go to New York to meet the members there and would have loved to go to California if he had been well enough. He always came back elated from the meetings in New York, feeling that the members were going to help make the program into a healthy one based on the inclusiveness and spirituality of the Twelve Steps. He would have attended more meetings, but because of illness and subsequent reduction in income he could not.

Murray was an excellent example for others in the 12 step programs, always ready to carry the message and be there to support members. He always encouraged his sponsee's and the rest of us to be sober, come to

meetings and do the 12 steps and traditions in the SRA caring way.

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For those of you who did not know Murray, I am including my perceptions of a very dear friend. I had known Murray since the summer of 1985. We attended meetings, retreats, writing sessions and social gatherings about twice a week. We were in constant phone contact and, at times, cosponsored each other. This meant that we knew each other very well.

He was a loyal and caring friend. He loved his family and always was a part of their lives. Murray, the brother, the uncle, the grand uncle, was a valued and respected member of his family. At his funeral, many people shared about his contributions to 12 step programs like AA, NA, OA, and DA and his value to his Unity in Action church. He was a strong member of his Cancer Support Groups.

Murray was outgoing and loved people. He was happy to go to meetings, conferences, spiritual programs and especially parties. He had to be very sick to miss any of these contacts with people. He read voraciously, especially autobiographies, political and spiritual books. He knew the stories of the old movie stars, especially the gay ones. He loved music - both classic and popular.

Murray loved to write. He wrote prose and verse. He was very pleased with his attempts at Haiku, a form of Japanese poetry. He had always planned to write a book for SRA but was never able to do it. When he finally stopped working and had the time, he did not have the energy.

Murray was very aware that he was a human being and he admitted to such things as his temper, poor money management and procrastination.

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Thanks to Murray, a Gratefully Recovering Sex Addict, from BM, Vancouver.

Further Lessons

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count on other than myself. I didn't have anyone to depend on...not even God. To surrender control (for this little boy) would mean anarchy. Or death. Or worse.

I have chosen to surrender a myriad of things already. I've already surrendered my job (a casualty of looking at pornography on the Internet), my relationship, my living situation, many close friends, my self respect, my sanity, my health (all those days and nights without sleep), my solvency, etc. I seem to have surrendered everything I can possibly think of except my need/want to be in control, to be in charge, to be better ...to be the Daddy. I've held onto this like the drowning guy in the 12&12 grasping for a life preserver. Some life-dingy! The anguish of letting go of control is so deep and powerful that it is simply easier to remain in command and authority, directing those around me like players in my cosmic tragedy. Great...

At any rate, as I walk from room to room in the Recovery house I'm living in, jobless, shaken from the many losses and shaking my head in wonderment, I think of the recovering man that I was four or five years ago - wearing my sobriety as an achievement. Mr. Sobriety, if you will. By the time of my relapse I was utterly unprepared to accept the fact that I too was human and not so different that those around me. I contain the same loneliness, grief, and rage. The same doubts, fears, and anguish. The same capacity for happiness. I'm not better or different or unique. An individual, yes. But not above or below. I don't have to be the Daddy anymore. One of my favorite affirmations today is as follows: "It is healthy and good for me to make mistakes." Wow...what a relief!

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SRA 12 Step Coordinator's Report

Website

Your SRA Web Site (<http://sexualrecovery.org>) is going great! We are getting 257 hits per week! Email activity: averaging 17 requests for information every month.

The website is renewed until Jan 2002. The URL Web name renewed until Jan 2003.

We closed out the old Compuserve site, So make sure all your literature has the new website address.

Regional Contacts

Bill W. - Vancouver
 Arnold A. - Los Angeles
 Wayne McK - Norway
 Arlan - NYC
 Mark M. - Massachusetts
 SRA-Anon - contact Kate M.

Thanks to these members for being of service, getting back to new SRA contacts.

SRA Professional Community Outreach

SRA was at the May NCSAC conference. To help increase the awareness of SRA in the professional community, SRA had a table at the National Council on Sex Addiction and Compulsivity held in San Diego in May. Over 400 sex addiction counselors from US, Canada, and Europe had an opportunity to find out that SRA was available. Many were very pleased to find out that an inclusive 12 step program with clear sobriety boundaries was available to their patients. A special thanks to the San Pedro group for helping with this effort.

New Meetings

We have had 17 "New Meeting" Kits requested in the past 7 months. A new meeting kit consists of all of the SRA literature that is presently available.

Our "New Meeting" email group now has 12 members attending. If you would like to share your E, S., and H regarding starting new meetings or are starting a new meeting, contact your SRA 12 Step Coordinator, Arnold A.

New meetings either started or about to start...

Orlando FLA - Still Forming - Jim D.
 Great Barrington - Active - Steve F.
 Columbus GA - Forming - Scott M.
 Boston, MA - Several members just formed - Mark M.

SRA Participates in Student Panel Discussion

Four members of the Los Angeles area meetings participated in a panel discussion with a class of 35 future counselors. In May, Mel H., Hank O., John, and Arnold A. from the Pasadena and San Pedro meetings shared their Experience, Strength and Hope with a class of counselors at Mission College in LA. It was an opportunity to provide these future members of the professional community with information as to what sex addiction was and that there was a 12 step group available to their patients. There was great interest by the audience as shown in the many questions they had for the panel. Thanks to Hank O. for arranging this panel discussion.

Contact the SRA 12 Step Coordinator

Arnold A at (310) 372-0306 or by e-mail at 12step@sexualrecovery.org.

A Call for Contributions to The SRA Communiqué!

The SRA Communiqué is SRA's newsletter covering timely information about SRA events and activities. It also serves as our "meeting in print." Please share your experience strength and hope with us through personal stories, articles about recovery tools you have found helpful or service you have participated in, humorous anecdotes, jokes or cartoons, or whatever you feel may be of interest to the SRA community as a whole.

Please note that all submissions are subject to review by the GSB and that we may not be able to publish all of them. Submit your work by mail, e-mail, or by handing it to your GSB representative. We prefer receiving electronic documents via e-mail when possible!

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The opinions expressed in the Communiqué are those of the individual participants and do not necessarily reflect those of SRA as a whole.