

PACE

April/May 2011

OA

WEB:
WWW.MIDHUDSONOA.ORG

OA EVENTS:

BUSINESS MEETINGS:

New Paltz, NY

Saturdays on odd months, at Family of New Paltz, Route 32, 1pm - 3pm
March 12th, May 14th, July 9th, September 10th, November 19th (IDEA Day) 2011

MINI-THONS:

Wappingers Falls, NY

“Restoring Our Relationships - Using the Traditions to Improve all our Relationships”

Saturday, April 30th, 2011, 1-3pm, Zion Episcopal Church, Satterlee Place, suggested donation: \$6 (if you can't pay, don't stay away), call Mary Ellen with any questions at 845-565-1342

Summer Mini-thon in August; location to be announced

REGION 6:

Albany, NY

April 9th and in October 2011

White Plains, NY

Region 6 Convention, October 21-23rd, 2011, Crowne Plaza, downtown White Plains, www.oanyc.org/iheartrecovery

WEEKEND

Beacon, NY

“Big Book Study in Style”, May 20-22nd, 2011. Brochure available online.

RETREAT:

WORLD SERVICE BUSINESS CONFERENCE:

Albuquerque, New Mexico

April 25-30th, 2011

- NEWSFLASH -

OA May Retreat:
Day Trippers
welcome!

Donations

Red Hook - \$31.80

Middletown - \$100.00

New Paltz (Monday Evening) - \$100.00

Cornwall - \$180.00

Anonymous - \$100.00

Your donations are the main income we have to pay for the hotline, website fee, and other expenses. We also use them to send our representative to the World Service Business Conference.

FROM THE A.A. GRAPEVINE ARCHIVES & GOOD FOR OA:

A hole only has to slip 11 inches to become a noose!

It is not speaking that breaks our silence, but the anxiety to be heard.

It is not he who has little, but he who wants more who is poor.

taken out of Oasis newsletter, Montreal English Intergroup, shared with PACE by Rica. Thank you!

Abstinence is not a destination; it's a way to travel today.

That was sort of a case of imagination versus reality, which brings back a story we read somewhere about a teacher who asked her eighth-grade class to give an example of the difference between those two words. Finally, a young lad spoke up. "When you get stung by a bee," he said, "the sixteenth-of-an-inch length of his stinger is reality. The rest of the two inches is imagination."

If our life is poured out in useless words, we will never hear anything, will never become anything, and in the end, because we have said everything before we had anything to say we shall be left speechless at the moment of our greatest decision.

Listening to the radio during a fierce thunderstorm, I heard the newscaster say: "More than sixty thousand Northern Californians are without power this evening." My first thought was, I bet a lot more than that are powerless tonight!"

OA MEMBERS REFLECT

AMAZING GRACE -

What astonishes me most about this program is the community of overeaters who, through shared experience, strength, and hope help me recover, one day at a time. In staying in touch with other OA 12 steppers, I witness miracles happen all around me, all the time. This precious life is not just about me anymore. I am not just excited about the change in my own life now. Today, I take pride in a fellow member handing in her job resignation in spite of her intense fear. I clap and am grateful for someone else's abstinence and weight loss. My ears and heart are wide open, and I am delighted at an OA friend's upcoming graduation, another's long-planned trip to Africa, and at everyone's courage to choose recovery from this insidious disease. I am not alone anymore. My recovery depends on sharing my good days and my bad days, on my joy at others' successes. I am not in this program to get ahead, to be perfect, to be cured. Rather, I am here to learn that I am enough, that I have enough, and that I don't need to overeat to feel safe and loved. The latter I get from HP and my OA community. And that - is enough! -S

REFLECTIONS OF MYSELF

"I'm a very light eater," says the old lady with blue hair to the waitress and her friend as the cup of soup is put in front of her. I am eating my tostada and reading yet another book on eating disorders. No sour cream. I'm not eating the crust or the chips - just good, nourishing beans, beef, lettuce, tomato, onion and cheese, I tell myself... and decaffeinated coffee. As I finish this mental inventory, I feel my hunger leaving.

I WISH I DIDN'T EAT SO FAST.

I have so much I want to do when I finish here. That birthday present needs to be gift wrapped and mailed. I really should do that. And send a card with a letter. But I want to buy more supplies and do some black-and-white sketching. I chew more slowly. Two teenagers come in to order pie, then call the waitress back to put ice cream on it.

"What difference will it make?" asks one. The other replies, "It will make it easier." The blue-haired lady, who sits facing me, slowly and methodically chews her cracker, her mouth demurely closed. They have been discussing their inability to understand drug addiction, the horror of it and its relationship to their adult children. The salsa burning comfortably and warmly in my stomach nurtures me, and I smile at the sensation.

I BECAME LOST IN MY BOOK FOR SEVERAL MINUTES

My attention is caught when I hear the whispered words, "Just stick it way down" from the teenagers' table. The waitress brings me more coffee; one of the girls inquires about the restroom, then goes in that direction. The two older ladies leave. I'm full but I don't want to leave the rest of my lunch. How good is left-over tostada? I used to live on pizza. I found it good for breakfast, lunch and dinner - old, cold, dried out, whatever. But I was overeating then, and anything not green and crawling away was worth eating.

The girl comes back from the restroom. My suspicions are confirmed: she vomited. Her nose is red, her eyes are watery, and she has an embarrassed, sneaky manner - a hope that no one has heard her or knows. The first girl asks in a semi-whisper, "Did it work?" and is answered, "Uh-huh."

They're all reflections of myself. I decided to take the doggy bag and go home. Thank you, OA and OA friends. I don't have to give in to my eating disorder. I have guilt-free eating. And I'm worth it.

- J.M, Hamilton, Montana (Lifeline 8/95)

I see the details and fret over them; my Higher Power sees the big picture. This is my HP's plan for me:

To be free of fear;
To march after every single dream;
To recognize where my passion is;
To let my passion loose;
To be strong of mind, body, and spirit;
To grasp for all the good things that could be mine;
To love unreservedly;
To keep the real priorities in front of me;
To experience joy without limits.

When I am able to accept that this is my HP's will for me, I see the need to stay out of the picture. My plan wasn't nearly as good.
- Voices of Recovery, 3/22

APRIL MINI-THON

Mid-Hudson Intergroup sponsors an OA MINITHON

Restoring Our Relationships

Using the Traditions to improve
all our relationships

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Zion Episcopal Church, Satterlee Place.
Wappingers Falls, NY
Suggested donation:\$6

(If you can't pay, don't stay away.)

Any questions, call Mary Ellen 845-565-1342

