

PACE

“Positive Action Changes Everything”

The Mid-Hudson Intergroup Newsletter

February/March 2010



Spring Retreat

Mid-Hudson Intergroup is hosting a 12-Step Study retreat at St Lawrence Friary in Beacon, NY. There are a limited number of openings, so send in your deposit soon. The flyer and registration form can be downloaded from our website:<www.midhudsonoa.org>

UPCOMING EVENTS:

March 21 - Intergroup meeting, 1pm
April 17 – Region 6 Assembly
April 24 – minithon

DONATIONS:

Beacon	50.00
Cornwall (Sat. & Tues.)	100.00
Stone Ridge	60.00

We appreciate group donations to Intergroup. They are the main income we have to pay for the hotline, website fee and other expenses.

Contact information:

Website: www.midhudsonoa.org
Hotline: 845-657-6603
Meeting changes: 845-783-5715
Chair (Hilda) – 845- 226-4769

Doing a Google search on food addiction will sometimes bring up <www.aa.org>. Mid-Hudson Intergroup is working with Google to try to get our web site to come up in the same way.



SPRING INTO ACTION

Come to our Spring Minithon on April 24, 1-3 pm, First Presbyterian Church, 50 Liberty St., Beacon. Download Flyer from our website.

Member Share:

Higher power led me into sanity, order and recovery. For me the knowledge of a graced period of 12 years of abstinence gave me order, sanity and peace of mind. From then on I knew OA had the only method of recovery that would bring sustained relief from food being my master. I had a major uncontrollable binge for about 9 years always going to meetings and calling my sponsor. I could not stick to a food plan when I chose to add my dark black foods. These foods brought on my COE to a peak of insanity and my life was totally unmanageable. I knew in my heart that abstaining from white carbohydrates, sugar and flour would bring me recovery but I could not do it alone. I was graced with the opening of 2 meetings relatively close to my home about 45 minutes away. These meetings suggested this type of recovery. For me to be successful with a food program, I need to be told what to eat and to be held accountable through commitment and honesty. In this weakness comes strength to keep my food in place. God, today, is doing for me what I never could do for myself only because I opened my heart and let him in. My food sponsor and step sponsor love me exactly the way I am and I believe they are messengers from my H.P.. I am grateful for my new food abstinence. My head is clear and I am taking good care of myself. I can go to a friends house, a wedding, a party and entertain friends without indulging in my black foods. Thank you all. the greatest service I can do is to stay abstinent and spread this message to those who are still suffering.

Anonymous

Member Share:

11th Step and Writing

Recently, I have been able to resume my 11th Step meditation practice after an extended lapse during which food seemed to be more of a focus. I had been wanting more at mealtime and sometimes considering my red foods as if they had been miraculously transformed to white foods: red foods being those that I need to eat by the container once the container is started (regardless of the size of the container - one pound, two pound, pint or half gallon) and white foods being those I eat in abstinence only as my body requires for nutrition. This is always a danger sign for me, the red flag of warning that a binge might develop. I have learned to honor these red flags and step up my Step work. So it was that I returned to meditation practice.

Meditation practice can open me to deeper troubling situations by calming the voices of food and other distractions which I use to avoid such situations. If I still am unable to crack the shell of resistance, these situations can erupt to force me to deal with them.

This past week, I blew up at my wife because she preempted what I viewed as my role in an effort to help me. Remembering that "If it's hysterical, it's historical.", I was able to put aside my rage to do what needed to be done. After surrendering my anger to my HP and making amends, I inventoried the event to look at its emotional content. I found control and perfectionism. The role of which I was so possessive was one developed out of a need to do things perfectly, namely, my way.

It would not seem that the simple task of getting the car out of the garage could be a source of Domestic War. However, I had long ago decided that my wife could not do it properly. I judged that she opened the door too long, letting-in too much cold air, and thought she idled the car in the garage too long with the door open while she strapped on her seat belt letting the garage get too much exhaust gas. I felt she dawdled, so I decided to be the one to take the car out of the garage so it could be done my way; more perfectly, 15 seconds faster than she did.

Clearly, my need to control such simple family chores was making my life unmanageable. I began the simple prayer to my HP in which I surrendered my need for control, begging that my HP take this need from me. I took up the tool of writing to ask why I needed to control things. I used the technique of asking the question with my right hand and writing the answer with my left hand. The writing led me to fears deep within me of being a 'bad boy', of failing to meet my mother's requirements, of her anger with me. I added these fears and the resultant need for perfection to my surrender prayers.

After praying this way for several days, I found myself driving from one store to another obsessed with finding the best way to avoid getting caught behind a driver who might be unwilling to make a right turn on red. At that point I was given the grace to recognize the pain this obsession was causing and to pull over and stop to ask, "What is going-on here? I was given the grace to see that I am caught up in a web of perfectionism: What is the fastest way to go from store A to store B so as to waste the least gas and time? Where is the gas cheapest, lest I spend a penny more than I need? Where is each grocery item the least expensive? What is the best way to do every single task? This net snares me to be the sole audience of a ever-present Greek chorus of "You can do it better!" by which I am endlessly cited for failing to be a "good boy".

I find that this is the way surrender prayers seem to work for me. They help me to hear my HP's voice telling me about my problems and so I was able to stop in that parking lot and listen to my HP. This enabled me to feel the insanity of my endless search for perfection and the inevitable self-judgements this aroused. I experienced the madness of life lived this way, setting criteria which cannot be met, insuring self-condemnation. As I share this here, I breathe a sigh of relief filled with hope that I may be free of this misery, that the chorus can be dismissed, that I can love myself as I am, warts and all.

Anonymous