

SCA DC NEWSLETTER

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By SCA Metro DC Intergroup

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My Story

By S. L.

My parents were West Coast society people who gave uproarious parties, worked hard on boards, put my older sister and me in the “right” schools, and plunked us down to chat during cocktail hour. That’s where the problems began. An awesomely smart, witty and principled woman, Mom was a nasty, sloppy drunk. Dad, a likeable man-about-town, was happier when drunk but had sudden fits of rage for no apparent reason. Family “bonding” was watching TV together.

In puberty I masturbated over males, had one gay experience, and pursued make-out sessions with girls. I was a pretty good athlete but also artistic. Dad wandered off emotionally around then, but Mom didn’t. One time—between drinks and dinner—she “explained” the facts of life by touching my chest, armpits and groin to indicate where to expect pubic hair. Another time, late at night, she swaggered into my room as I masturbated, rubbing the blanket’s hard protrusion and asking “Whuzzat?”

Sent to an all-male Eastern prep school, I was pleased to find that excelling in art and drama, which I did after a few years of sports, had little “fairy” stigma. I continued petting girls from nearby schools (going “all the way,” awkwardly, at 16) but yearned for male sex. This happened with a fellow student in my senior year and resonated for years. My next gay experience was at 29.

Enrolling at Berkeley in 1966 was exciting, but draft fears, college-level courses, marijuana and pressure to be hip and heterosexual (“free love”) proved too much so I had a nervous breakdown and got fat. My parents engaged a dull—no, crappy—Freudian shrink who blamed my “tendencies” on them (!) while encouraging me to date women. After losing weight and successfully re-entering college, I started a roller-coaster relationship with a seductive yet dangerously immature young lady who came with me to Washington after I got a

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Drop the Rock (Steps 6 & 7)

By R. M.

My eight years in the SCA program can be summed up in one sentence: I’m struggling to accept that my Higher Power has created a place for me in his universe that’s exactly the right size for me. If I stop resisting that fact – stop trying to be bigger or smaller than that space my H.P. wants me to occupy – then life gradually gets better, and I make spiritual progress. I can either struggle with the constant burden of resistance, or “drop the rock” of self-centeredness that continues to drag me back down into acting out.

Anyone who hears me share knows that I lose this battle as often as I win it! But I understand that “dropping the rock” is central to my long-term healing. It goes beyond being abstinent from my bottom lines to include every aspect of my character and how I choose to live my life.

The Program summarizes the concept of right-sizing or dropping the rock nicely in the word “humility.” Humility implies demystifying my character defects by asking my H.P. each day to remove the ones that stand in the way of my usefulness. In order to do that, I have to know what those defects are (Step 5), be willing to have them removed (Step 6), and ask for help from my H.P. (Step 7). And then – here is the key – I have to “act as if” my H.P. has already answered my prayer. I must choose to act as if the Promises are coming true in my life today.

What I love about this process is that it represents progress from Step 3. When working the Third Step, I learned to simply trust in my H.P. and turn everything over in the hope that things would work out better than if I tried to control them. Step 3 for me was a reaction to the symptoms of my addiction and the struggles of withdrawal. In contrast, dropping the rock involves several things simultaneously:

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SCA NEWS & EVENTS

DC SCA Social Event: Come join your fellow SCA members for dinner & a movie on Saturday, March 29. Dinner will be at 6:30 pm and a movie (TBD) will start around 9 pm. Contact S.F. for more information.

The DC-SCA Intergroup is looking for a **12th Step Chairperson** to coordinate efforts to reach out to sex addicts in the Washington area who may be attracted to the fellowship. Responsibilities include attending monthly intergroup meetings and working with a small team of volunteers to manage outreach activities. Please contact R. M. for more details.

Please welcome S.L. as one of our new editors. You can contact him, D.P. or R.F. if you would like to share your story or contribute in other ways to the SCA DC newsletter.

My Story continued

museum job in 1975. We married a year later. "Are you a homosexual?" she asked. My answer ("I don't think so") seemed honest at the time. When she slept with someone on our first anniversary night, I told myself, This is it; it's time to come out. I found a good shrink this time who started me in group therapy, and no one gave a hoot when I declared I was gay. Hallelujah!

The Sexual Revolution in the late 1970s was great. Now divorced, I regularly stayed up 'til dawn disco dancing and bathhouse-trolling, had sex with tricks and several women friends and a succession of mini-relationships with guys. Then, in 1980, I met my current partner at a non-gay dinner party. He was my age and genre, had California in his background, laughed at my jokes and was relatively good in bed. In 1983 we moved into a joint apartment. I worked hard in those early years to make the relationship work--a good idea because AIDS had arrived.

You'd think that being successfully partnered would quell my gay fantasies, but no: I rented videos, bought skin mags, masturbated next to my sleeping partner, flirted aggressively and became hooked on porn sites once computers came on the scene. In the late 1990s, now 50-ish, I developed a crush on a 15-years-younger clergyman who spurned me, then traded sex vibes, unconsummated, with a Latino restaurant worker whose route overlapped my dog walks. Like a moth to a flame I discovered acting out--parks, toilets, masseurs, subways, alleyways, stalking, and peeping tom-ism. To the world I was part of a well-adjusted, popular couple. Privately I was in Hell.

At my first SCA meeting in December 2002, I cried like a baby because I was no longer alone. You, the group, were my first Higher Power because I didn't act out for 24 hours after I promised you I wouldn't. I soon realized that it wasn't boredom and so-so sex that drove me to act out but depression and rage about getting old and a threatened job. Was I a sex addict? Absolutely. I'd always lost myself to something (food, liquor, dope) to escape scary situations, and this was no different. Then, dead-end crushes with a handyman, fellow artist and preppy acquaintance (all following the clergyman pattern) helped me see I was a love addict as well. SCA helped me slow down and look at everything. I learned to love rather than hate myself, which in turn enabled me to love and trust others (beginning with my partner, with whom I now have good, loving sex) and to respect, not denigrate, my talents and accomplishments. I now live life with minimal angst. If I'm not serene, I ask myself why. I "act out" my good qualities. Pondering the future, I feel nothing but hope and joy.

Drop the Rock continued

awareness, willingness, asking for help, and a conscious effort to act as if I'm living in the solution.

Despite all of these new habits, I can't claim to work a perfect program. I'm grateful that my compulsive cycle around pornography has become progressively less dangerous -- yet it hasn't disappeared entirely from my life. I still act out. When I do, I know exactly what I'm doing: I'm rebelling against the boundaries my H.P. has set for me. On those days, I consciously make the choice not to drop the rock -- and I find myself between that rock (my character defects) and a hard place (white-knuckling my program). Obviously, I have a program of recovery that I can turn to for support, but only if I can muster the humility to ask for help.

My long, slow, painful progress in recovery seems to be my H.P.'s way of teaching humility to this extremely prideful and self-centered person. Clearly I won't be ready for long-term sobriety until I have the humility to appreciate and enjoy it -- so I guess I have to learn by doing. Fortunately, recovery is also progressive; it took me years to develop my addiction, and it's going to take me a while to lead life on life's terms. I'm not afraid, because God has been with me every step of the way in this journey so far.