

Snake River Intergroup Newsletter

This is a question that has come to mind. We were reading from the Big Book of AA in the "More about Alcoholism" chapter. I asked "what

does it mean to be spiritually fit?" One answer was: progress with the steps, clearing up the wrongs, making yourself right with the world. Another answer was living the principles of the recovery program.

What does that mean?

When we are walking in truth, when we desire to do God's will, we are at peace with God and other people. We are trying to be of service to God and our fellow man. We are not looking to take advantage of anyone. We are not upset because we are being taken advantage of. We are no longer demanding every one follow our script. We are no longer trying or wanting to be in charge. We are not trying to see what we can get away with.

When we are actively working the steps, we are at peace with God, at peace with ourselves, peace with others, and in the business of keeping the peace. Once we finally understand that using food to find peace does not work; once we understand that we are actually forfeiting our peace with God, ourselves and others, we are less likely to want to do that.

I realize that it is very easy to forget. All I need to do is stop consciously taking care of myself. Every day that I wake up grateful for another day of life -grateful for the opportunity to be abstinent, grateful to be in close daily contact with God, and grateful to be of use to my fellow man, I am less likely to be obsessed with food. -Anonymous What Does it Mean to be Spiritually Fit?

*Posted in OA Southern Arizona Jan/Feb 2014
Desert Recovery Newsletter*

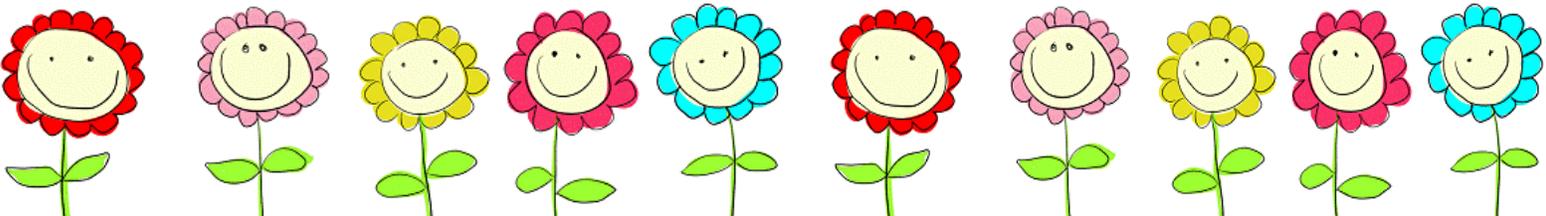
Region 1 Board
will Present a
Workshop at the
Sun Club in Hailey!

August 10th
12:30pm - 4:30pm

Everyone is
Welcome to come
and be inspired!

Intergroup will be
at 10:00 followed
by Lunch 11:30—12:15

Catered by Esta.
Call (208)720-6717
esta2133@gmail.com
or Brown Bag!



Revisiting Step One

Over the past three months I have been revisiting step one in our program. This process has been full of inspirational revelations. For the first time in my life, I chose to trust my Greater Power and another human being with the truth of my compulsive overeating. Admitting that I am powerless over this disease and finally asking for help with abstinence.

"Abstinence in Overeaters Anonymous has become the most important thing in my life bar none". When I first heard this OA saying, I thought it was quaint, but ultimately ridiculous. How could abstaining from certain foods and certain behaviors (or anything about body weight) be all that important in the grand scheme of things? How could abstinence matter in light of everything else going on in the world, in my family, in my life? And yet the mystery behind recovery was compelling. I saw others changing before my eyes. I saw spirits being lifted up all around me. I saw people with a spring in their step or a smile that reaches all the way to their eyes. I knew from their sharing that they had put down the food and picked up the steps. "They must have done the hard work." I thought to myself. "Keep coming back" is what my soul heard.

We do this stuff with a whole lot of faith. It is almost impossible to do it otherwise. When I came into the rooms I didn't have much faith. I didn't really even understand what faith felt like. It took me three and a half years of working our program to get to a place where I had just barely enough faith to put down the food for one day to see what would happen. Something only another compulsive overeater would or could understand. My life without compulsive overeating is



terrifying. At least that's my mind's best working hypothesis. Now I know that working the steps out of the Big Book was, and continues to be, an act of faith. Funny how different things look in hind sight.

In reworking step one with a food sponsor, my abstinence has become the first step principle: Honesty. I keep honesty as my guiding light. I don't have control over my compulsive overeating, or my other compulsive behaviors, but I do have the ability to choose to be honest about every bite that goes into my mouth.

So I do that, one day at a time, one meal at a time. And when I did finally put down the food for real, I guess I went through something the Big Book calls an essential psychic change. At first it was excruciating. Like having my flesh peeled away from my bones. Then, for a few days I felt like a little hermit crab who had lost her shell, scurrying around on a sunny white beach; blinded, scared and freakishly vulnerable. She was nearly bashed against the rocky shore; gulls were everywhere! Thank God for those program friends who took my calls, answered my text messages and loved me till I could feel safe again. Gratitude doesn't begin to describe the awe of being met in this way.

Continued

And then, just as suddenly, Life became quite the opposite. Energy rushed in. Everything was alive, and exciting. I fell in love with the world. Vitality arrived on a high speed train, gritty and shocking in its completeness. Those gulls on the beach became the most spectacular creatures I had ever seen. I stared at my own hand for half an hour as if I had never seen my hand before, mind blown by the beauty, the tendons, and the capabilities. Logic told me it was just another manic episode, but I knew it wasn't. Something was different.

It was as if I had lived 30 years in a skin that was terribly constricting, not of God and not at all my own. Apparently for today, God has removed it and in its place a new skin is taking shape. It is right sized, flexible and semi permeable. It is a gift from an abundant and loving universe and one I don't get to keep. I know this gift to be on loan; a daily reprieve contingent on my willingness to be of service in this world. I pray I don't forget it and when I inevitably do, that you will remind me.

A psychic shift is an everyday event in the world of recovery. It is amazing and ordinary all at the same time. I don't pretend to understand why recovery is this way, yet three things I know for certain: Miracles happen, love is expansive, and there is a place for us. I'm just a garden variety compulsive overeater and I have a fellowship that matters. I love you guys.

S

Anniversary's and Milestones

Pat H June 25, 1971.

This is a new item in our newsletter. We need everyone to contribute!

SPECIAL TOPICS AND REGION ONE RECORDINGS

Region 1 is providing audio podcasts to "Inspire Recovery" throughout our region and beyond. They are provided at no charge and may be listened to as often as desired. Please consider a small donation to help cover some of the audio recording costs required to make this possible. Thank You!

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