

# THE PILOT

MID-CONTINENT INTERGROUP  
7701 E KELLOGG DR STE 835  
WICHITA, KANSAS 67207



## November 2011

### Work In Progress

Lifeline, July 2010

I am a compulsive overeater, bulimic and sugar addict who is powerless over food. This cunning, baffling and insidious disease has attacked me on all fronts.

This is my second time in OA. By the grace of God, I have not binged, purged or had sugar since December 28, 2008. I have found recovery, one day at a time, thanks to this beautiful program.

In October of 2008, I was as sick and insane as I had ever been. I joked I could eat sugar at every meal, but by then it had become reality. The ice cream cartons my husband saw appearing and disappearing embarrassed me. I thanked him for not commenting on it. I wasn't gaining weight, so what could be wrong with it? I still preferred to enjoy my drug (food) alone. Then the weight gain and purging returned with a vengeance. I could not break the binge-purge cycle and didn't know what to do. No amount of willpower, promises, therapy or medications could restore me to sanity.

One night, God showed me the answer before I knew the question. He brought me to a woman whom I didn't know had food problems; I poured my heart out to her. She took me to an OA meeting. I was home. This had to be the solution. It was working for others like me, and she had what I wanted. She became my sponsor.

Some people are struck abstinent. I was struck obstinate! Intuition told me OA was the answer, but I was stubborn, belligerent and noncompliant. Just enough willingness kept me coming back and calling my sponsor daily to say, in colorful language, I was not working the program, the Steps or my food plan. That willingness, coupled with complete honesty, led me to recovery. Too often I said, "Yeah but . . ." to her suggestions. She once said, "Talking to your addict is like being in a cage with a gorilla, and I can't go another round today." At a meeting a woman shared about a sponsee who every time she said "but," BS followed. That resonated with me. The next morning I called my sponsor and told her no more "buts"! I was ready to do anything she suggested, and she suggested I do everything. I agreed, but often with resentment, gritted teeth and eyes rolling. Later I could say, "Yes," with tolerance and acceptance.

By working the Steps and using the tools, I received the gift of abstinence. I have a disease and must abstain from certain ingredients: sugar, white flour, bread and pasta. My plan offers me freedom from the food. I try not to worry about what I cannot eat and focus on foods I can eat. I weigh and measure my food, and I weigh myself monthly (weigh in the kitchen and you don't have to weigh in the bathroom!).

My abstinence is the most important thing, and my total program: to abstain from destructive foods and food behaviors; use the OA tools; live the Twelve Steps to the best of my ability; and have a relationship with my Higher Power, God.

Today my mind is clear and my life the best it's ever been. Program transcends food, and I can work on my emotional and spiritual maladies. I no longer wish to inflict pain upon myself, and I am learning to love and forgive myself so I may be of service to others. I am learning about humility, gratitude, tolerance, patience, forgiveness, and acceptance of life on life's terms. I make a daily commitment to surrender my life and will to God's care. If I work my program, God grants me a daily reprieve from cravings. At times I recoil from my trigger foods as if from a hot flame.

It is not a happy-ever-after ending. I am a work in progress, in recovery one day at a time. Food addiction is chronic and progressive. It can be fatal. If I don't maintain my spiritual fitness, I will lose the Twelve-Step promises and return to cravings. As I work my program (it is work!), my disease is doing push-ups in the parking lot—a chilling thought. OA gives me hope I didn't have before, but I can't do this alone. When I struggle, I rely on God, the Steps, my sponsors, meetings and the wonderful people in the rooms. This disease is too strong for me, but God and OA are stronger!

— Deborah, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, USA

## “Because I Deserve Better” (Omaha Newsletter, Jan 2008)

When I came back to Program in January 2006, I wore a poncho that I had crocheted myself, which was incredibly too large for me and had large holes in it, by design. I did not own a winter coat because I was unwilling to go coat shopping, as I was convinced that it would be a fruitless, disheartening endeavor, just like it always was when I was a child. I knew that the sleeves would be way too tight and I would feel ugly and look like someone had stuffed me into a heavily insulated sausage casing. So I just wore my holey poncho, a scarf and some gloves. That was it. All winter.

That first meeting back, I also wore the only pair of work pants I owned. They were black. I'm not sure what top I was wearing, but I know that my hair was dirty and my teeth had not seen a toothbrush for a few days, at least.

As my sponsor and I began to work together and as winter progressed, she at one point asked me where my winter coat was.

“I don't have one.”

“Okay. So when are you going shopping?”

“Shopping?” I said, in the same tone I would use to say, “You want me to wrestle an angry grisly bear?!” I was not planning to spend any money on myself until I weighed 220 again! (I was at 320 at that point.) Hence, no shopping for a winter coat.

Then she found out about the pants. Same question—when was I going shopping?

“Oh, I'm waiting until I lose some more weight.”

Then she reminded me that I wouldn't want my child to have only one pair of pants. I would feel like a bad parent. I had to admit that was true. And she asked me why it should be any different for me. I went out and got some new pants. It felt so good. Why should it be any different for me? Don't I deserve to have clothes that fit, that I feel good in? Whether it's a new bra, having more than one pair of pants or decent clothes to wear to work, don't I deserve that? For years, the only reason I bought new clothes is when I had to — because my place of employment, which has a professional dress code, would threaten to fire me if I didn't come to work properly dressed.

Waiting until I weighed less was part of my disease. I hid out and ate more because I felt disgusting and not like someone other people would want to be around. I was putting off a fuller living experience.

What am I really telling myself when I decide to wait until I'm thin before I'm valuable enough to be properly clothed? I'm telling myself that I'm no one at this weight, that I'm not valuable enough to have a coat. In my world, at this time, only thin people deserved to have winter coats and more than one pair of pants, not to mention clean teeth and hair. Hmmm. That sounds a bit unmanageable. Where have I heard that word before?

Working the steps has changed my life! These days, I don't come close to getting fired because my clothes are too tight or too loose or inappropriate. I not only have a winter coat, I have **THREE** pairs of pants for work plus a pair of jeans, and I plan to get another two pairs for work since there are five days in the work week. I have cute tops and a skirt with sparkly things that I absolutely love, as well as a lighter coat for spring and fall and some sweaters. **WOW!**

When it's time to get dressed for work, I look forward to it because it's kind of fun to wear clothes that fit and look good on me. And I haven't lost 100 pounds by any means. This process of recovery started before I'd lost any weight in OA.

I also found out that I didn't have to go through this process alone. So I asked around and found out some great places for plus size women to shop. I had to have an OA friend go with me to ensure I would spend money on myself and to help me pick out things that I would not have picked for myself. My OA friend even had a coupon for me to use. We went shopping and there were even sales. It was like God was helping me. We had so much fun. It wasn't a bad experience in any sense.

So if you are wandering around thinking you need to wait to lose weight before you get some clothes that fit, if your clothes are stained, torn or just don't fit and you think you don't deserve better, remember, that is your disease talking, not your HP. Your HP wants you to love yourself and value yourself **AT ANY WEIGHT**. Your HP wants you to start **RIGHT NOW**. Remove the clothes that don't fit from your closet — toss them or sell them, whatever works. Get rid of the clothes you hate but put up with anyway. Same goes for the ones that you're waiting to fit into again. Believe me, clothing manufacturers across America are constantly making more clothes just for you!

Don't make your weight into your HP. It doesn't decide whether you're a valuable person or not. It is just a number and it changes. It shouldn't run your life.

My HP loves me at any weight, and I should learn to do the same.

~ Sheila N

*"Addiction" might be the best word to explain the lostness that so deeply permeates society. Our addiction makes us cling to what the world proclaims as the keys to self-fulfillment: accumulation of wealth and power; attainment of status and admiration; lavish consumption of food and drink, and sexual gratification without distinguishing between lust and love. These addictions create expectations that cannot but fail to satisfy our deepest needs. As long as we live within the world's delusions, our addictions condemn us to futile quests in "the distant country," leaving us to face an endless series of disillusionments while our sense of self remains unfulfilled. In these days of increasing addictions, we have wandered far away from our Father's home. The addicted life can aptly be designated a life lived in "a distant country." It is from there that our cry for deliverance rises up."*

— Henri J.M. Nouwen, *The Return of the Prodigal Son*



**Literature Selection: VOR, Oct 21**

*"We offer our own hope, our own courage, and our own experiences."*

*~Beyond Our Wildest Dreams, p. 33*

Hope was the first gift I was given. When my sponsor put her arms around my obese, smelly body, she said, "It never has to hurt like this again." In spite of my doubts, I felt hope. With that hope came courage. A deep inner courage resides within each of us. The disease has told us for so long that we don't have enough courage, but that is another of its lies. Tapping into that courage requires only the tiniest bit of willingness to change — to take a chance that the literature and people with long-term abstinence are telling the truth and that we deserve recovery.

Our experiences are our gift to the newcomer — and a reminder of how far we've come. I keep coming back because people are there for me when I need them most. It is a privilege to help keep the doors open and the lights on. Someone like I used to be is bound to walk in one day needing to hear, "It never has to hurt like this again."

## ASK Anna Nimity

Dear Anna,

Being a newcomer to the meetings, it seems to me Step One is a negative approach to my eating problem. If I am powerless over food, how can I ever find control?

*Questioning Step One*

Dear *Questioning Step One*,

The compulsive overeater can never find control through self-will. Admission of our powerlessness over food opens the door to a newfound power. When we accept the fact we are compulsive overeaters and believe we have an incurable disease, we begin to realize we can't handle life through self will alone. Being willing to reach out for help and stop trying to control the uncontrollable, recovery begins.

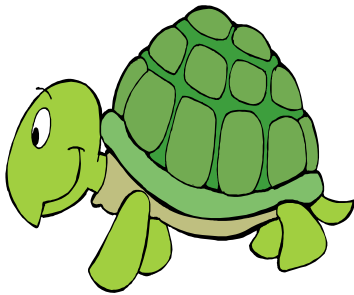
Yours in humble service,

*Anna*

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### MYRTLE THE TURTLE:

The only thing wrong with doing nothing is that you never know when you are finished!



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### Oct-Nov Big Book Reading List

16. 193	1. 44-49
17. 104-113	2. 50-57
18. 113-121	3. 182
19. 281	4. 328
20. 561-574	5. 458
21. 258	6. 268
22. 407	7. 474
23. 544	8. 219
24. 301	9. 544
25. 359-364	10. 30-37
26. 364-368	11. 37-43
27. 392	12. 535
28. 494	13. 486
29. 268	14. XI-XXIV
30. 58-63	15. 10 reasons to stay abstinent
31. 63-71	

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

Next Intergroup Meeting 6:30 PM Nov 8, 2011

Intergroup Office, 7701 E Kellogg Dr Ste 835

All are welcome!

[www.oawichita.org](http://www.oawichita.org)

### Mid-Continent Intergroup Treasurer's Report Sept 2011

#### Checking:

Beginning Balance	\$1261.73
Donations (\$553.26)	
KS Day (incl reimb)	\$ 150.00
Monday 10AM	\$ 20.00
Monday 5:30PM	\$ 20.39
Wed BB	\$ 22.00
Friday Noon	\$ 15.00
Sat AM	\$ 12.00
Mon 7:30PM	\$ 256.87
Step Study	\$ 57.00
Expenses (-\$362.43)	
Phone	-\$ 52.43
Cash for KS Day	-\$ 50.00
Rent	-\$260.00

Net (Donations minus Expenses) \$ 190.83

Ending Balance \$1452.56

(Publicity Budget = \$300; \$88.27 remg)

(Prudent Reserve = \$3364.79)



#### MID-CONTINENT INTERGROUP OFFICERS

(Terms are 2 years in duration, and are limited to 2 consecutive terms per position)

CHAIRPERSON:	Deb S.	316-734-6790 (2nd term, '11)
VICE CHAIR:	Laura L.	316-684-5904 (1st term, '10)
SECRETARY:	Mary M.	316-619-8140 (2nd term, '10)
TREASURER:	Jane V.	316-558-1625 (1st term, '11)
LITERATURE:	Jill C.	316-371-2045 (1st term, '11)
PILOT EDITOR:	Kirsten W.	316-214-9144 (2nd term, '11)
PARLIAM.:	Mary G.	316-652-8689 (1st term, '10)

All officers are willing to lend an ear for your concerns, comments and questions! Please thank them for their generous