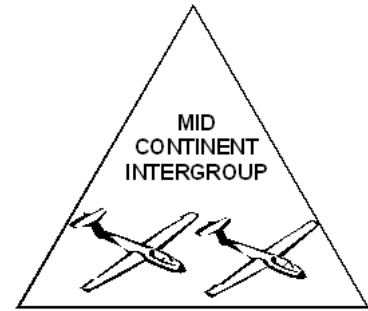


# THE PILOT

MID-CONTINENT INTERGROUP  
7701 E KELLOGG DR STE 835  
WICHITA, KANAS 67207-1767



## May 2013

### Literature Selection ~ *Twenty-Four Hours a Day* ~ 18 May

#### A.A. Thought for the Day

We're in A.A. for two main reasons, to keep sober ourselves and to help others to keep sober. It's a well-known fact that helping others is a big part of keeping sober yourself. It's also been proved that it's very hard to keep sober all by yourself. A lot of people have tried it and failed. They come to a few A.A. meetings and then stay sober alone for a few months, but usually they eventually get drunk. *Do I know that I can't stay sober successfully alone?*

#### Meditation for the Day

Look by faith into that place beyond space or time where God dwells and whence you came and to which you shall eventually return. "Look unto Him and be saved." To look beyond material things is within the power of everyone's imagination. Faith's look saves you from despair. Faith's look saves you from worry and care. Faith's look brings a peace beyond all understanding. Faith's look brings you all the strength you need. Faith's look gives you a new and vital power and a wonderful peace and serenity.

#### Prayer for the Day

I pray that I may have faith's look. I pray that by faith I may look beyond the now to eternal life.

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### Literature Selection ~ *Voices of Recovery* ~ 18 May

"Believe that you can be abstinent. You will be. Believe that you can have sanity, peace of mind, and freedom to live the life you want. You will have them. Believe that you will recover. You will."

— *For Today*, p. 354

Believing in something that seems impossible requires a leap of faith. The gift of abstinence, freedom from compulsive overeating, the peace and sanity which result from working the program seem like elusive dreams to the newcomer or the relapsers. Faith requires that I keep doing what works, no matter what. Sometimes it takes days, weeks, months, or even years before I can see and feel like I have gotten "it." And when I do "get it," I don't get to keep it because the "it" keeps changing.

The hope and belief that things will get better is not a tangible commodity that I buy; it is something I must earn. I believe it is possible for everyone to be abstinent, to recover, and to have all our dreams come true. We get what we expect, so "expect a miracle." We are *all* miracles.

### Literature Selection ~ *For Today* ~ 16 March

*Nothing in life is more wonderful than faith – the one great moving force which we can neither weigh in the balance nor test in the crucible.*  
Sir William Osler

I never saw it, touched it, smelled it, swallowed it with water or had it injected into me with a hypodermic needle. But it brought about what no pill, no shot, no book, no lecture, no prayer has ever been able to do. It broke my compulsion.

"It," of course, is faith. From the moment I stepped in the door of my first meeting, OA gave me faith that this program would work for me. *I believed*, against all the odds, that it would work — and it did.

My faith in the power of the twelve-step program is stronger than ever. It has never failed me, and it will not fail anyone who can put aside doubt.

**For today:** Compulsive overeating is no match for the twelve steps. There are people who need to hear that, both in and out of OA.

### Literature Selection ~ *Lifeline Sampler*, p. 68-70

#### I Believe!

I believe in the program.  
I believe in a Higher Power.  
I believe in the AA Big Book, which tells me I have a threefold illness: physical, emotional, spiritual.  
I believe that "when the spiritual malady is overcome we straighten out mentally and physically."  
I believe the shortest route to recovery is by going directly to the twelve-step recovery program outlined for us in the Big Book.  
I believe compulsive overeaters can be spared years of struggle, years of fighting for self-discipline, years of rigid dieting followed by equally abandoned eating.  
I believe my recovery began when I stopped trying to figure out what OA is all about and started concentrating on the instructions of the recovery program as they are given to us in the Big Book.  
That's how I found abstinence: by going to the basic program, working it to the best of my ability and helping others, as the alcoholic pioneers did.  
I was given this program three years ago. I had tried desperately to lose weight every day for seven months, but after years of dieting, losing weight and regaining it – plus more – I found I was totally unable to diet. My doctor suggested I join a weight-losing group. He told me Overeaters Anonymous is the best of them all.  
I believed him. I lived the program for six and a half months. I was relieved of 95 pounds. My character defects diminished. I was a far more accepting, loving, giving person.

Why, then, was I again compulsively overeating? Why couldn't I stop? Why couldn't I stick with the food I needed to maintain my weight? Why were they trying to convince me that "calling in" my food would do it when it didn't?

The Big Book says don't be concerned with the whys. I may never know the answers. I now believe that the answers come, through my Higher Power, when I need to know them in order to help others. My probing only perpetuates the self, and the Big Book tells me I must be rid of self and strive to do God's will.

That is what these steps are giving me: a deep, trusting relationship with God based on the unshakable conviction that God always gives me what I need.

Before turning to the steps, abstinence for me meant dropping 10 pounds or so I had regained and then promptly returning to the nibbling that always turned into binging. Today I am experiencing a contented abstinence unlike any I have ever known. It feels real and comfortable, not at all like the artificial "high" of all those false starts.

I believe my recovery is contingent on admitting and really believing that I am powerless over food, powerless to control my life, powerless over people, places and things. I am powerless to do anything about any of my character defects. As I admit and keep mindful of my powerlessness, God can and does help me through the process of the steps. The lifting of countless burdens makes me ever more willing to turn my will and life over with no reservations.

Each morning brings a new surrender, a new admission of my powerlessness and a new commitment to abstinence through steps one, two and three. It is a quiet time, a new beginning, a new day.

I believe studying the Big Book and following its directions is giving me contented abstinence, automatically, just as promised.

I am powerless to give advice as a sponsor. When I start giving advice, I am abusing this beautiful program and putting my own recovery in jeopardy. All I can do as a sponsor is listen with patience and then offer the one suggestion that works every time: Keep it simple. Try the basic, unadorned program. It works.

To those who want to know how, exactly, to proceed, I say: Read the Big Book, follow the instructions given there and let's get together and start the journey through the steps. By the time we have worked thoroughly and honestly through the first nine steps we indeed begin to know a new freedom, as stated in the promises.

A Higher Power – God – led me to OA and into recovery. God is leading me in effective sponsorship, following the procedure that worked for Bill W. I am grateful to all who helped me along the way, whom God used as channels.

I am grateful for the freedom from obsession, the tremendous peace, joy and serenity that have been granted me. The journey goes on – and what a journey it is! – but the search is ended. The insatiable yearning is being satisfied. The emptiness within is being filled. And it is all coming about through these twelve simple steps.

My greatest joy is the growth I have experienced through the privilege of working with overeaters who want recovery.

I am grateful to OA. I am grateful to AA for the use of their *infallible* program. I am grateful to the OA person who brings Big Book recovery to our area every year via an annual retreat – a great factor in my finding my own way in the Big Book.

My wish for every compulsive overeater who wants recovery is that you, too, find your way in this simple program. Put your total faith and trust in these steps. They show the way to "let go and let God." This is the way to contented abstinence and a peaceful, satisfying life.

Whether any of this is helpful to others I do not know. The only thing I feel certain of is that this program works if we let go of all the embellishments so many of us try to bring into it.

Through honest, total abandonment of self in the process of working these twelve steps, we will begin to experience the freedom and contentment for which we yearn.

— June 1980

## Literature Selection ~ *Seeking the Spiritual Path*, p. 13-14

### My Journey to Belief

When I came to my first OA meeting twenty years ago, I was angry at God. I had prayed for my husband to quit drinking about fifteen years earlier, and I became angry when God didn't give me what I asked. I had never before prayed for anything for myself. How dare God not give me what I asked!

My growth in this program has been slow. In the beginning, I'm sure it was because every time I heard the word God, I wanted to get up and leave the meeting. But I was thoroughly defeated. I didn't know what else to do. I kept coming back because I wanted to lose weight and be happy. I saw this happening in other people's lives in OA, and I wanted it for myself.

I was miserable when I came to OA. My husband and I were not getting along; my older son was not speaking to me; my younger son was in the Navy (in the Philippines); I detested my boss. I had nothing positive in my life.

After a year of going to meetings off and on, I got to Step Two at a retreat. I came to believe that a power greater than myself could restore me to sanity. At that point, the power still was not God, but my OA group, the people in OA, and my sponsor. It took me another year to get to Step Three, when I was willing to turn my will and my life over to God. I still didn't see God as this wonderful entity to take care of me, but I didn't think God could be any worse at handling things than I was.

After I took my first Fourth and Fifth Steps, I began to accept that God loved me just as I was. It didn't matter that I was not perfect and I would never be perfect. I also got involved in service beyond my group level.

I believe it was working the Steps to the best of my ability, and service, that helped me see God as a kind, loving entity who only wanted the best for me and for all his children. It was then that I fired the judgmental God of my childhood who was always out to get me. I now have a God who is a friend I can count on. I believe the only people who fail in Twelve-Step programs are those who leave. I did not come to this program to find God, but that is what happened as a result of working the Twelve Steps. I am very grateful that I didn't leave before the miracle happened to me.

Keep coming back. It works.

— Minnesota USA

## Literature Selection ~ *Overeaters Anonymous (2<sup>nd</sup> ed.)*, p. 190-198

### — selections from "The Atheist Who Made a Zif"

A compulsive eater, they say, is a sort of guilt detector. If there's any guilt around, you pick it up, take it home, feed it, love it.

I felt guilty as a kid because I used to have nightmares all the time. They were always the same. Some devil or monster was chasing me, and I'd wake up screaming. This happened when I was about ten years old. In that same year, I figured out a way to get rid of these dreams. I became an atheist. Since there was no God, He wasn't going to send devils or monsters after me.

I stopped having the nightmares. I would say, "Go ahead, throw a lightning bolt at me. I know you're not there. It's all those weak people who need to believe in God. Me, I'm strong. I don't need you."

What I did need was to eat and eat. At thirteen, when all the other boys were starting to go out with girls, I weighed 200 pounds.

... The night I hit bottom is very clear in my memory. My roommate was home. This guy was the greatest ladies' man in all of Southern California. He would go out to a bar or someplace and come home with a beautiful woman every night. That night he had come in with a girl, and I could hear them talking upstairs. I was sitting on my bed with my package of goodies next to me, eating and crying. I thought, "There's no sense trying to quit eating because I can't. For some reason I'm different from other people. The only choice I have is to just enjoy my food. I'm going to lose my job, and

I'm going to die, but hopefully when I go it'll be fast; I won't have to be an invalid.

I had never heard of the Twelve Steps, and I knew nothing about Alcoholics Anonymous, but that night I took Step One. I admitted that I was powerless over food and my life was unmanageable, right at gut level. And I also took Step Three, in a way. I made a decision right then and there to turn my will and my life over to my Higher Power, which was food. But it was a good start. It set the stage.

... On one visit, the doctor ran an EKG and a heart vector. He told me things were not good. "You can't afford to gain any more weight," he said. "You have to lose it, or you're going to die."

"I know that," I said, "but don't bother to give me a diet because it's a waste of your paper."

"When you go outside," he said, "I want you to ask my secretary for the OA phone number. I have a patient who is a member and she said to have people like you call her."

A woman answered the phone. "I want you to tell me all there is to know about this Overeaters Anonymous," I told her.

"I can't do that," she said. "It's too complicated to explain."

I really believe that God put this woman there because if she had tried to tell me what Overeaters Anonymous was about, I would have said, "Phht," and gone out and died. Instead, I went to a meeting. I sat in the back row behind a post. Two large women sat down on either side of me. I couldn't get out.

When the meeting started, the first thing I heard was "God." I thought, Hah! Now I know. The next thing, they're going to want to convert me and they're going to bless me and dip me in water. I see what the gimmick is now.

When they called the coffee break, I saw my chance. I got up and started to leave. But people flocked around me and started talking to me. It seemed I was the only newcomer there. Before I could escape, the meeting started again. The speaker started off by saying, "I used to be 325 pounds and now I'm 180 pounds and my goal is to be half the man I once was."

I thought, "Uh-huh." Then he passed his picture around and it didn't look as though it was touched up. It was a real snapshot. I didn't hear anything else that night, but after the meeting I had to talk to that man. I had to know the secret. I had to make sure he was real. He invited me to go to coffee with the group.

"No, I can't," I said. "I'm busy. Winchell's will close in three hours."

But they kept asking me and it appeared obvious that they really wanted me. No one had wanted me for anything in so long that I went.

At home, I began thinking: The speaker was thin, and she used to be fat, too. Maybe I'd better get a sponsor. I realized that I had only one telephone number – the woman I had first talked with. When I called and asked her to be my sponsor, she said, "I'd love to."

I called her every day for five months, and I got to love that lady. She was about sixty-two years old and six-foot, three-inches tall, and she talked like a truck driver. I didn't try to con her, ever. She said, "Do it," and I did it.

My Higher Power began evolving the day I heard someone suggest that nonbelievers make "a zif." I was an atheist, not an agnostic. An agnostic has doubts. I had never doubted anything. I knew there was no God. When I learned that "a zif" meant "acting as if," I was told that I didn't have to believe in anything. All I had to do was say, "God, I don't believe you're there, but anyway, I'd like such and such."

"You're asking me to be a hypocrite," I said.

"Oh, heaven forbid! You could be a glutton, a thief and an egomaniac—vicious in every possible way; you could smell bad, you could look bad, but by God, we don't want you to be a hypocrite!"

I said, "Okay, I'll try it."

At first my Higher Power looked like my sponsor. Then he looked like me. Then, like a kind old man with a big beard. My Higher Power has always been a loving Higher Power. My sponsor told me, "You can choose anything you want, but it's got to be benevolent, not malevolent." So I started to develop a Higher Power that was sort of a

spirit of the universe, and if I was in touch with that flow then I would go the easy way and good things would happen. And they did. Things just happened, one right after another. Beautiful things.

One morning I was eating breakfast and reading my twenty-four hour book when there was an earthquake. The house was rocking back and forth, and I felt a great rush of warmth several times. It was as if God was with me. He was rocking me back and forth in His arms and I was smiling. Nobody smiles during an earthquake. I sat there at the table and I picked up the twenty-four hour book and opened it and it said, "Fear not fire or earthquake." A cold chill shot through me, and I went upstairs and took a shower with one eye open, thinking, "God, please don't be standing there when I get out of this shower because I'll die. You're not supposed to be there."

It got so I was praying for parking places and getting them.

About nine months ago, I was standing in my kitchen and I felt the warm flash again. I'm happy to say it's back. I have a good conscious contact with my Higher Power. We talk to each other. He knows I'm a screw-up, that I do things wrong. But he doesn't mind. He loves me pure and true, as only a perfect being can love. I can't love you that way, and you can't love me that way because we're not perfect. Only he can love us that way.

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### Literature Selection ~ *Alcoholics Anonymous* (4<sup>th</sup> ed.), p. 53-55

When we became alcoholics, crushed by a self-imposed crisis we could not postpone or evade, we had to fearlessly face the proposition that either God is everything or else He is nothing. God either is, or He isn't. What was our choice to be?

Arrived at this point, we were squarely confronted with the question of faith. We couldn't duck the issue. Some of us had already walked far over the Bridge of Reason toward the desired shore of faith. The outlines and the promises of the New Land had brought lustre to tired eyes and fresh courage to flagging spirits. Friendly hands had stretched out in welcome. We were grateful that Reason had brought us so far. But somehow, we couldn't quite step ashore. Perhaps we had been leaning too heavily on Reason that last mile and we did not like to lose our support.

That was natural, but let us think a little more closely. Without knowing it, had we not been brought to where we stood by a certain kind of faith? For did we not believe in our own reasoning? Did we not have confidence in our ability to think? What was that but a sort of faith? Yes, we had been faithful, abjectly faithful to the God of Reason. So, in one way or another, we discovered that faith had been involved all the time!

We found, too, that we had been worshippers. What a state of mental goose-flesh that used to bring on! Had we not variously worshipped people, sentiment, things, money, and ourselves? And then, with a better motive, had we not worshipfully beheld the sunset, the sea, or a flower? Who of us had not loved something or somebody? How much did these feelings, these loves, these worships, have to do with pure reason? Little or nothing, we saw at last. Were not these things the tissue out of which our lives were constructed? Did not these feelings, after all, determine the course of our existence? It was impossible to say we had no capacity for faith, or love, or worship. In one form or another we had been living by faith and little else.

Imagine life without faith! Were nothing left but pure reason, it wouldn't be life. But we believed in life—of course we did. We could not prove life in the sense that you can prove a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, yet, there it was. Could we still say the whole thing was nothing but a mass of electrons, created out of nothing, meaning nothing, whirling on to a destiny of nothingness? Of course we couldn't. The electrons themselves seemed more intelligent than that. At least, so the chemist said.

Hence, we saw that reason isn't everything. Neither is reason, as most of us use it, entirely dependable, though it emanate from our best minds. What about people who proved that man could never fly?

Yet we had been seeing another kind of flight, a spiritual liberation from this world, people who rose above their problems. They said God made these things possible, and we only smiled. We had seen spiritual release, but like to tell ourselves it wasn't true.

Actually we were fooling ourselves, for deep down in every man, woman, and child, is the fundamental idea of God. It may be obscured by calamity, by pomp, by worship of other things, but in some form or other it is there. For faith in a Power greater than ourselves, and miraculous demonstrations of that power in human lives, are facts as old as man himself.

We finally saw that faith in some kind of God was part of our make-up, just as much as the feeling we have for a friend. Sometimes we had to search fearlessly, but He was there. He was as much a fact as we were. We found the Great Reality deep down within us. In the last analysis it is only there that He may be found. It was so with us.

We can only clear the ground a bit. If our testimony helps sweep away prejudice, enables you to think honestly, encourages you to search diligently within yourself, then, if you wish, you can join us on the Broad Highway. With this attitude you cannot fail. The consciousness of your belief is sure to come to you.

### SKY PILOT'S "FUEL" FOR FLIGHT

"The present state of the world and the whole of life is diseased. If I were a doctor and were asked for my advice, I should reply: Create silence! Bring men to silence. The Word of God cannot be heard in the noisy world of today. And even if it were blazoned forth with all the panoply of noise so that it could be heard in the midst of all the other noise, then it would no longer be the Word of God. Therefore create silence."

~ Søren Kierkegaard

#### ASK Anna Nimity

Dear Anna,

I am a nonbeliever so how can I accept Step Two when it includes the following assertion: "Came to believe"?

*Belligerent*

Dear *Belligerent*,

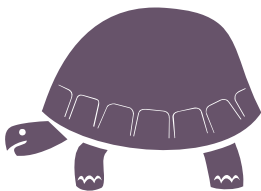
OA does not require you to believe anything. It simply encourages you to have an open mind and a willingness to act "as if."

Yours in humble service,

*Anna*

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Myrtle the Turtle:  
Seeing and acting with the  
eyes of faith gives full  
meaning to our whole life!



.....

#### "BIG BOOK" READING LIST FOR MAY 2013

1	72-80	17	289
2	80-88	18	437
3	246	19	219
4	193	20	476
5	301	21	246
6	535	22	553
7	359-364	23	232-239
8	364-368	24	239-245
9	544	25	XI-XXIV
10	208	26	512
11	Gratitude List	27	382
12	171	28	458
13	407	29	398
14	328	30	531
15	122-129	31	338
16	129-136		

### ANNOUNCEMENTS

Next Intergroup Meeting 11 June 2013 @ 6:30 PM

Intergroup Office: 7701 E Kellogg Dr Ste 835

All are welcome!

www.oawichita.org

### Mid-Continent Intergroup Treasurer's Report for period ending 5 April 2013

#### Checking:

Beginning Balance (3/12/13) \$ 1053.16

#### Donations

Mon (10:00 a.m.)	\$	20.00
Mon (7:30 p.m.)	\$	191.00
Wed BB (5:30 p.m.)	\$	57.13
Fri (noon)	\$	0.00
Sat (9:30 a.m.)	\$	.00
Sat (1:30 p.m.)	\$	.00
Insurance Refund		355.49
Monday (5:30 p.m.)		61.00
Corrective Adjustment		

Total Donations \$ 684.62

#### Expenditures

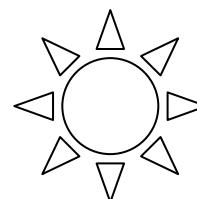
Telephone	\$	(0.00)
Public Info.	\$	(54.00)
Off Exp.—Stamp	\$	(0.00)
Incorporation	\$	(120.00)
Rent	\$	(260.00)
Pilot Copying	\$	(97.85)

Total Expenditures \$ (477.85)

Net (Donations – Expenditures) \$ 206.77

Ending Balance (4/5/13) \$ 1259.93

Publicity Budget \$ (28.76) \$ (28.76)  
Prudent Reserve (12/31/12) \$ 3372.39 \$ 3372.39



### 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	(2 <sup>nd</sup> term, '11)
Vice Chair:	Laura L	316-687-5904	(2 <sup>nd</sup> term, '12)
Secretary:	Barb H	316-733-2136	(1 <sup>st</sup> term, '12)
Treasurer:	Jane V	316-558-1625	(1 <sup>st</sup> term, '11)
Literature:	Jill C	316-371-2045	(1 <sup>st</sup> term, '11)
Pilot Editor:	Bruce C	316-630-0863	(1 <sup>st</sup> term, '12)
Parliam.:		[unfilled]	

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