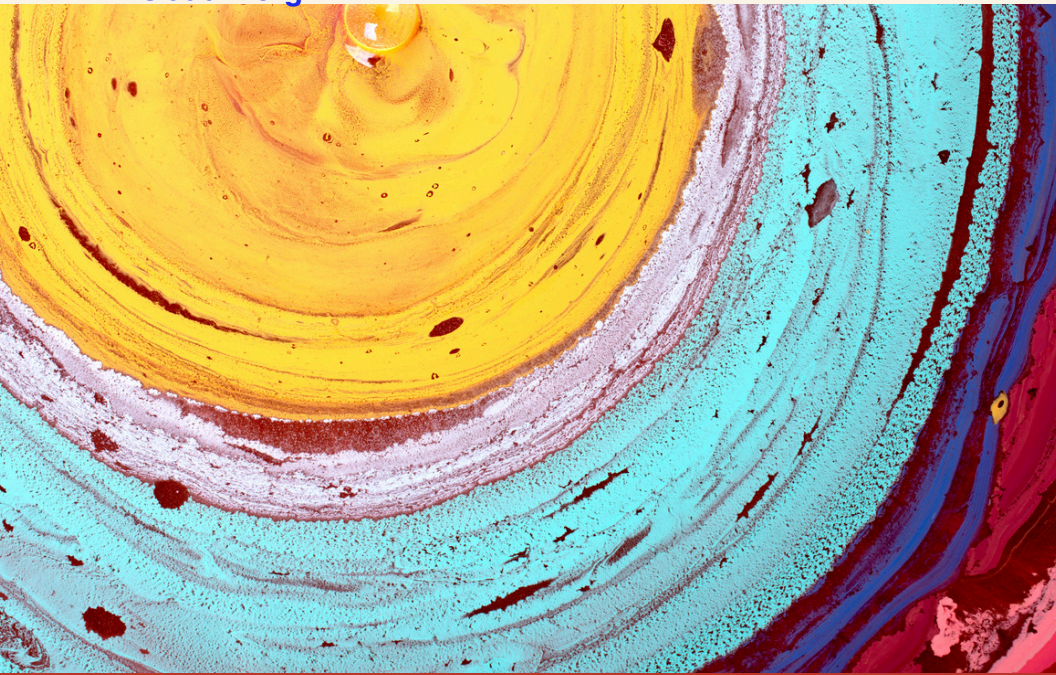


OCTOBER 2025

# HEADLINE MUSE

The Creative Recovery edition of *Headline News*,  
the monthly newsletter of the Greater Delaware Valley  
Intergroup of S.L.A.A.

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



Featuring writing,  
poetry, and art by  
members of the  
fellowship of S.L.A.A.



to the first issue of *Headline Muse*, a collection of poetry, prose, and artwork created by members of the sex and love addict community. Within these pages, you will find voices that are raw, searching, courageous, and deeply human. They speak of struggle and surrender, of heartbreak and healing, of the ongoing journey from isolation toward connection, intimacy, and self-love. The creative work gathered here is not meant to define sex and love addiction, nor to represent the views of Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous as a whole. Rather, these are individual expressions—personal stories and reflections shared in the hope of offering honesty, insight, and resonance.

*Disclaimer:* The opinions, experiences, and artistic expressions in this magazine belong solely to the contributing writers and artists. They do not necessarily reflect the views, positions, or policies of Sex and Love Addicts Anonymous (S.L.A.A.) or its fellowship.

We invite you to read with an open heart. May these words and images remind us that we are not alone—that creativity can be part of our healing, and that through sharing our truths, we make space for hope.

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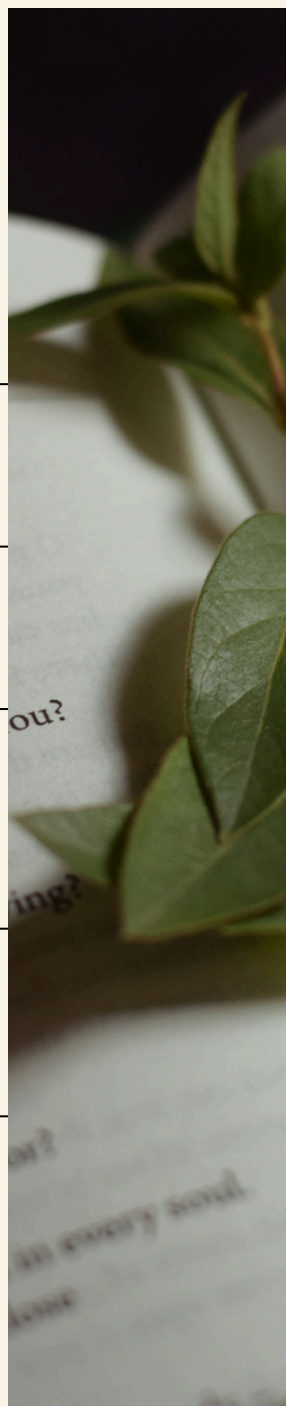
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# Basement Window

*By Paul B*

There's a window in the furthest section of my basement that looks out on another world. The placement of this window is a little awkward; to reach it you have to squeeze between the boiler and the water softener. And it's set low down on the wall, lower than you'd generally want a window. I've put a little African stool there and an electric fire to make things comfortable. I spend a fair bit of time on that stool, mostly at night—night-time here that is—when I can't sleep. But other times too.

The window first appeared several years back, an October Tuesday. At least that's when I first discovered it . . . but perhaps discovered is the wrong word because I already knew it was there. Like someone had whispered in my ear and that was what drew me downstairs to the basement. Or not whispered—more like the knowledge had grown within me, ripening until I became aware of it at last.

What to tell you about this other world, a planet I suppose? Long days they have and long, long nights: stars but never any moon. By day an orangey light reveals a gravelly surface dull in color. No hills or water or animals or trees or anything of that sort. No seasons to speak of either but they get a lot of weather I imagine, though I'm not sure why; there's nothing you could point to, nothing being blown about. To be honest it's not much to look at, this planet of mine, but I wouldn't have it any other way.

I even think of it sometimes when I'm at work, or standing in line at the bank. It's nice to call to mind my window then and wonder what's going on there, even though it's probably nothing. (It has occurred to me that things do go on there, only I lack the means of perceiving them. Had I the right sensory equipment, I might 'see' organisms, life, a whole civilization taking shape, one so radically different from ours as to defy imagining. But I don't really believe this.) Calling to mind my window lends a fresh perspective to the day; it makes me smile. But I haven't told anyone about it because I know how people are. I know they'd want to see it for themselves and then of course they'd have something to say. They'd spoil it with their words.

Do I ever think of going there? I do not. Mine is not that kind of window, the kind you can raise or open. Besides which, I'd be blown away like tumbleweed, if the pressure didn't get me first, crush me like a soda can. It's not as if I'm a dissatisfied person; my life has its pleasures and diversions. I may live alone but I enjoy other people well enough. You needn't think me some kind of oddball. I just like to sit down here sometimes, gazing out through my window at this strange, quiet world. Wouldn't you?





Journal Cover  
Created by Bill M.

# Caged Breath

By Amber C.

I haven't fully recovered yet, but I'm working towards beautiful steps to get there. I journal, sing, write, box breathe, worship, and meditate all day and every day. Recently, I've been working on trying to turn all flashbacks and intrusive thoughts around. Sooo hard, and it makes me want to give up, but I refuse to be defeated by the enemy.

I'm told I'm not enough, or that I need to hide because I'll continue to get hurt. But coping tools, being my own cheerleader, the presence of God, my mom, my kids, and my dog remind me I can't give up. My family wants to give up from everything we've been through, so I have to be the pillar that keeps us together. If we don't stand for anything, we fall for everything.

I want to share something I wrote to help put my troubled thoughts on paper: I find it harder to breathe in my nightmares and in real life... I'm in a cage in my dreams and in real life... I'm tortured in my mind constantly... I seek refuge and strength from God. Why does everyone want to hurt me? People are not safe anymore... no one to run to on earth... I try to run upward but gravity brings me back down... if only I was aerodynamic I could escape this world and go into another dimension... I'm scared, terrified... feel like I'm already in hell but the sun shines to disguise the fact we are in hell. Everything that touches my skin makes me cry... dust, odors give me flashbacks... people make me have panic attacks and so do constant flashbacks. I'm constantly in a state of panic.

Why can't I be a kid again, when I used to be bubbly and made everyone laugh? Now I have zero friends. Everyone wants me in a psych ward but no one wants to help me in the now, to help me maintain. I can't sleep because what if someone sneaks in my window and starts taking advantage of me or my family... I have to stay alert and stay alive. God is our saving grace... the only one who sees me... the only one who is our Creator and Friend. No one else. This is not home... nowhere feels right. God has something great for this family.

I tried saving our leaders in my head but it's not working... more and more stuff happens every day. Everything is imploding. I just wanted one person in the flesh to have my back, but I can't trust anyone. God, Mom, my sister, and my kids are all I got, but even we seem too broken to know how to truly love. God, I know you will restore this family though... our past does not define us. The voices of insecurity and brokenness are a human experience, but not our identity.



# Choice

*by Damon M*



We have choice  
Despite our inner voice  
Sometimes of reason  
Sometimes of inner-noise

The scales lean to the side we  
give more weight to

One side is for the best  
The other may lead to  
eternal rest

It all depends on how you invest

One of recovery  
One of demise

When much in doubt  
Look to the wise

A path has already been made by those  
who have suffered and those who have prevailed

No need to walk down the road of those who have failed

A path of recovery exists in  
12 simple steps  
A path of destruction lies in  
our own complicated mess

So when in doubt call upon your recovery  
friends

Their weight is so powerful and immense  
the scale will lean to the side of serenity  
but it all depends

If you just tell on your disease  
that can lead to the end

We have a choice!

# Surviving Love Addiction

by KatRina A

I am Powerless  
Thoughts and emotions keep me captive  
I have lost the ability to control myself  
Loving is to give one's whole self;  
What if...  
You couldn't love just one person  
What if ...  
You are torn between two, three, more?  
Each person has a part of your heart  
Shattered pieces on strings  
Constantly being pulled in opposing directions  
Which way do you look;  
Who do you give your attentions to today, this minute?  
Oh, to be in Love!  
Feeling those powerful sensations  
Feeling cherished,  
Needed ...  
Wanted ...  
Yet, is it real?  
An answer you do not want, NO  
It's an addiction  
Slowly eating your emotions  
Your love, your heart.  
Love addiction is real  
Powerful  
Scary  
7 You are willing to risk anything just to feel the honeymoon phase over again

Over and over, forever  
Never truly focusing on one person  
Torn between many  
A disease of the mind ...  
The heart.  
You have a fixation,  
You are mesmerized by your lover  
Yet, feel nothing but guilt,  
Frustration ...  
Anger towards your spouse.  
An obsession with a lover and a life you never lived  
Daydreams of all the "What ifs" of life  
Acceptance of your powerlessness is the first step  
Admit you are not as strong as you thought  
Understanding this will open your mind and give you a better life.

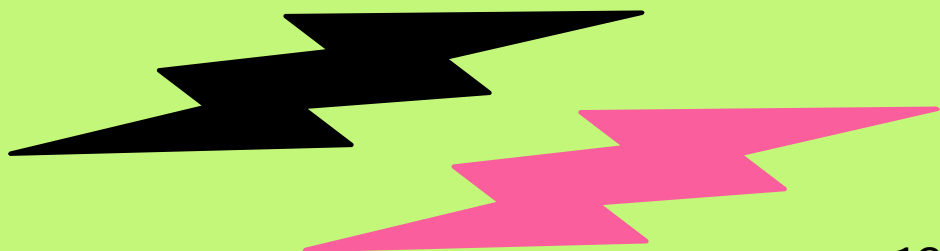


# ★ **BLOCK HIM!**

His kisses were Alluring, Soft & Sensual  
But he was just an A.S.S.

Why is it so hard to believe  
that you actually deserve the best?  
He's no good for you; He never reaches out  
Do you think you're even on his mind?  
So why in the world are you constantly  
obsessing about him all the time?  
Girl, block him - You know it's time you quit  
Block his ass - Aren't you tired of it?

All the whining and pining, and wishing that he'd text  
There's more to your life than inconsistent sex  
Block him - And then you won't have to wonder  
Block him - Go ahead delete his number  
If he can't get to you, the mystery is done  
Move on with your life, the best is yet to come



# Untitled

by Kolbe E.

Where is the light?  
Why fades its glow so fast?  
As gloom climbs back and fear sets in  
Returns the darkness of my past.

Why stand I still?  
Why can't my feet progress?  
Rooted down but breaking up  
My wholeness shattered, less and less.

Why can't I choose?  
Why can't I find the will?  
Resolves dissolves and firmness melts  
And weakness turns, no changes still.

Why me the path?  
Why must this road I trod?  
My heart rebels, though mind still knows  
For me this is my path to God.



# This Too Must Pass

by Kolbe E

Flowers wilt and drooping hang  
The sun descends, pulls down the shade  
Of night, and that which first was made  
Must end and too the song it sang.

Like morning mist that flees the ray  
The joy of summer runs on past.  
Its been ordained, "It cannot last"  
For these things too must pass away.

A creeping cloud as dark as doubt  
Is cast when stars recede from view.  
Choices, pathways, covered too  
As night takes o'er within, without.

Winter storms shake up the ground  
And stir the mind in violent dance  
Till will is frozen in a trance,  
Like earth covered o'er by snowy mound.

But melted ice can water grass  
And darkness shudders when a ray  
Shines faint, to herald promised day  
For it's been said, "This too must pass."



# The Addict's Prayer

*By Kolbe E.*

Darkness deep within  
Attacking me and overwhelming me with sin.  
Lord, I beg thee, set me free!

God's great gift to man  
Perverted, ruined when its grasped with sinful hand.  
Lord, I beg thee, set me free!

All my strength is gone  
Failing, falling further in habituated wrong  
Lord, I beg thee, set me free!

My soul's distorted sight  
Is locked on sin its back turned to the light  
Lord, I beg thee, set me free!

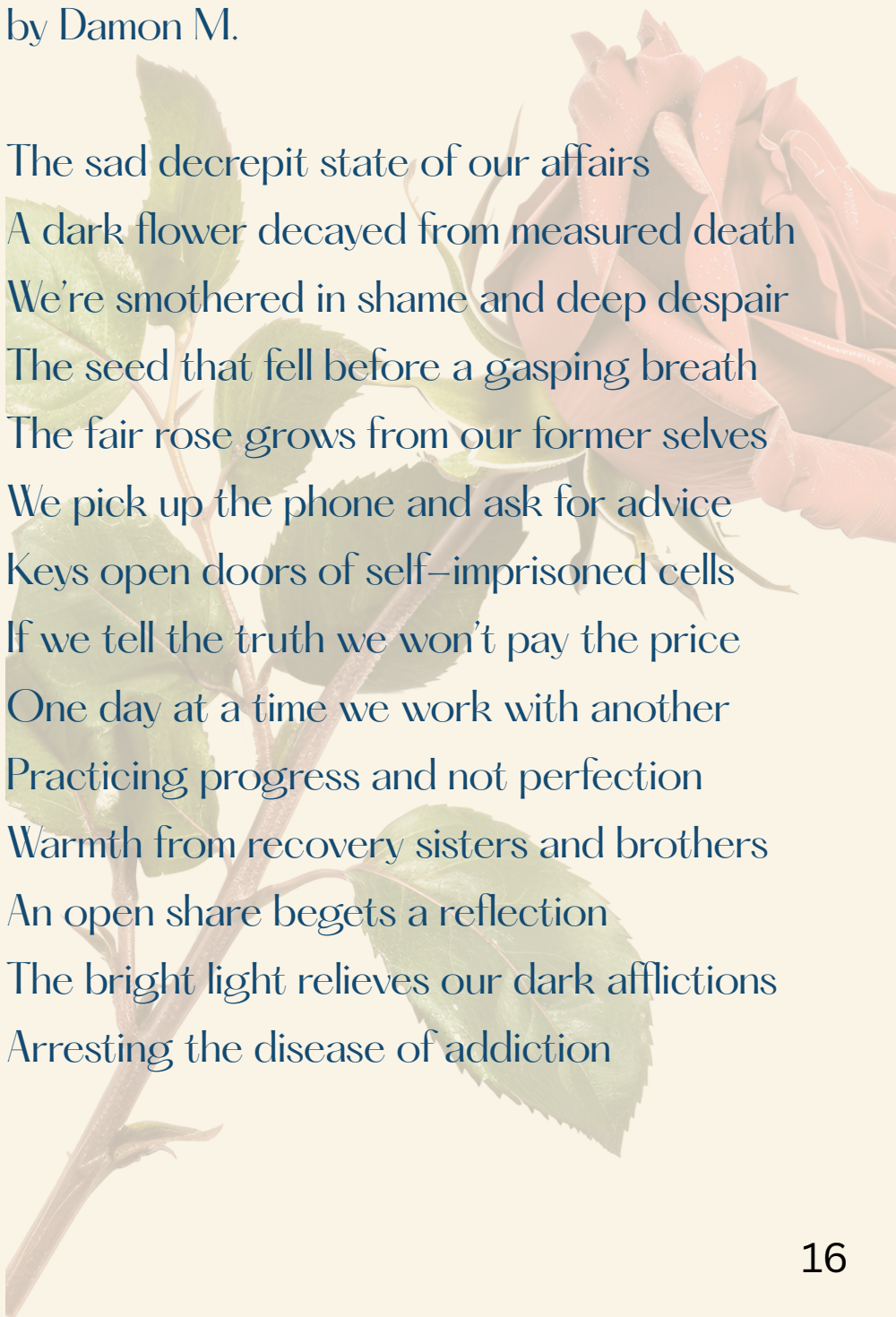
O how far I am!  
Chained in dark I cannot even see thy hand.  
Lord, I beg thee, set me free!

My soul avoids thee still  
Choosing death instead of hardships in the weakness of the will.  
Lord, I beg thee, set me free!



# The Fair Rose

by Damon M.



The sad decrepit state of our affairs  
A dark flower decayed from measured death  
We're smothered in shame and deep despair  
The seed that fell before a gasping breath  
The fair rose grows from our former selves  
We pick up the phone and ask for advice  
Keys open doors of self-imprisoned cells  
If we tell the truth we won't pay the price  
One day at a time we work with another  
Practicing progress and not perfection  
Warmth from recovery sisters and brothers  
An open share begets a reflection  
The bright light relieves our dark afflictions  
Arresting the disease of addiction

# **My Journey of Recovery from Sex and Love Addiction: A Testimony of Freedom in Christ**

*By Kathy S.*

For 10 years I diligently practiced Tibetan Buddhist Tantra, believing it to be the highest path to enlightenment. Only later did I realize it was occult sex magic—astral encounters with demons disguised as Buddhas. We were taught to visualize ourselves as these entities, in male and female forms, represented together in union, believing desire would transmute into blissful nirvana.

I now see this as mental pornography and astral abduction. In modern culture, Tantra is promoted as a way to enhance pleasure and expand consciousness. Yet without a committed relationship, such pleasure easily becomes a gateway to sexual and love addiction. Over time my sexual energy became hypersensitized, fueling fantasy. When I befriended a man online to discuss Tantra, it began innocently but turned into obsession. During meditation, I saw him in my mind.

In S.L.A.A. I learned the word limerence—an intense, obsessive infatuation—which perfectly described my state. Soon I began having vivid dreams, waking with anxiety and fearing violation in my sleep. My energy felt chaotic, ungrounded, and overstimulated to the point of exhaustion.

To regain sobriety and cut ties, I turned to S.L.A.A. Out of desperation, I also followed a friend's advice to pray to Jesus for deliverance. I discovered teachings warning of lust's spiritual bondage and the dangers of self-sex, pornography, and fornication—warnings that resonated deeply with my bottom line in recovery. During deliverance, I played Christian prayers nearly nonstop, especially at night when dreams left me vulnerable. What began as pleading with Jesus soon uncovered deeper forces—in meditation, the image of my friend twisted into Tantra deities, revealing shapeshifting demons. In Christ's authority, I learned to command every evil spirit to leave.

For example: “I cast you out, spirit of lust, spirit of masturbation, spirit of pornography, spirit of adultery, and any other spirit you need to name, by the Name and Blood of Jesus.”

At that moment I realized the truth: I had been caught in spiritual warfare. I asked Jesus to shield me, even placing crucifixes on the parts of my body where I felt attacked, trusting His power to break the cycle. After two months of torment, the demons left—pain rolled out of my body. Deliverance was complete, but vigilance remains vital.

When temptation comes, I turn to Scripture, prayer, and even ice packs to break limerence. Like any chronic illness, sex and love addiction requires daily vigilance; protecting recovery is protecting life. After such violation, sexual and romantic attraction became disorienting—I could not always discern whether it was natural desire or demonic interference. I chose celibacy—chastity of body and spirit—to purify my energy and return to innocence. Though lifelong celibacy is rare, my long-term partnership thrives without sex, grounded in trust and care, showing that true intimacy does not require physical union.

I later started an S.L.A.A. meeting for others drawn to chastity, sometimes for religious reasons. For me, celibacy is not fear or legalism but wisdom and protection. Abstinence is a shield, not a punishment. Just as alcoholics must avoid even one drink, some in S.L.A.A. may need lifelong abstinence, since even small entanglements can trigger overwhelming relapse. In S.L.A.A., I also learned the term anorexia, defined as “the compulsive avoidance of giving or receiving social, sexual, or emotional nourishment.” As this is another form of sex and love addiction often discussed in meetings, I will focus here on lifelong celibacy—a path rare and often misunderstood, yet one I hope others may consider as a healthy possibility.

Many in recovery use abstinence as a temporary step toward healing or finding a healthy partner. I had no such wish. After

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exploring the benefits of celibacy—honored in monastic life for clarity and self-sovereignty—I came to see it as a desired outcome for myself. Rather than treating abstinence as a waiting period, I embraced it as a way of life, choosing to steward my energy rather than gamble on what I cannot control in another. The Holy Spirit gave me a vision of my sexuality as a flower bud—pure, creative, unfolding in beauty. Each misuse had torn its petals and scorched its roots. In prayer, I felt that flower restored, and since then the body’s triggers have vanished. This chaste, celibate path has become my shield—strengthening trust, deepening connection, and guarding against lust.

My celibacy is not avoidance; it is spiritual sobriety. Christian tradition also warns of Incubus, Succubus, and spirit spouses—demons that seduce in dreams or visions to drain through sexual contact. I believe casual sex, masturbation, and pornography are earthly “step-down” effects of these spirits, sustaining vast industries of lust that siphon human life. Though not biblical, Christian tradition sometimes describes Asmodeus as the demon of lust, a ruler said to command legions. Modern culture glorifies sexuality, feeding pornography that seeks immediate self-pleasure rather than the cultivation of loving partnership. Such habits imprint lust into spirit and body—hijacking the body’s most powerful system and binding a person across dimensions. This opens doors to demonic influence and makes freedom difficult.

My conclusions come from both research and experience. Two passages crystallized my understanding. Genesis 2:24: “That is why a man leaves his father and mother and is united to his wife, and they become one flesh.” This reveals why separation from a wrong partner feels like tearing limbs—because two have already been bound as one. And Ephesians 6:12: “For our struggle is not against flesh and blood, but against the rulers, against the authorities, against the powers of this dark world and against the spiritual forces of evil in the heavenly realms.” This showed me



that sex and love addiction is not merely physical weakness but spiritual bondage. The pain of the flesh is only the symptom; the deeper cause is captivity to dark powers.

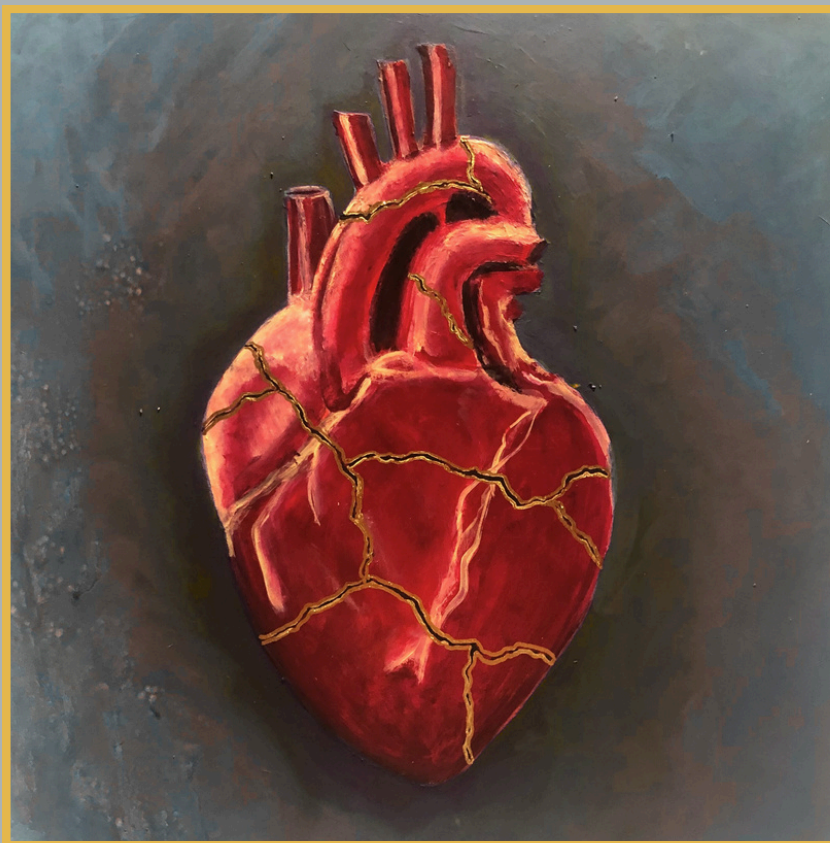
*Conclusion:*

I share this testimony in the hope that it helps others see that fleshly addictions are not merely habits of the body but battles of the spirit. Addiction is spiritual warfare, and no human effort alone can defeat the powers behind it. My own deliverance came only through complete surrender to the power of Jesus Christ—who conquered these evil spirits with His supernatural authority and through the earthly support of His deliverance ministry.



# Kintsugi Heart

By Lisa S.  
Acrylic on Wood  
2023



# My Recovery Story

*by Barry M.*

SLAA saved my life. Not just in a manner of speaking, but literally. My life unraveled in January 2018 because a person who I spiritually and emotionally damaged in 2004 came forward to tell her story in the most public way possible. Having lived with this pain I caused for 14 years, it was time for her to tell her story. It was not just her story but it was mine as well. I am on the wrong side of the #metoo movement.

That January of 2018, I wanted to die because of the searing pain, the guilt, the shame, the hopelessness, the loss of so many things, some obvious, others not so obvious.

I became homeless, my career was over in an instant, my retirement was gone, my legacy was gone, and some very important people in my life ceased being my friend. I failed my family, my friends, my business, and most importantly, myself. I had a breathtaking public fall from grace, and it was supposed to happen just like that. I accept it, though some days better than others, thanks to my recovery in SLAA. It was SLAA that I turned to immediately after my public outing. I dove in and it saved my life.

My story, though it certainly made some in the rooms of SLAA uncomfortable, had to be told for my very survival.

I lost nearly everything because of this disease, but because of the fellows and the program and my higher power, I am blessed to be here to tell you a tiny bit of my story. I lost everything, but because of SLAA, I found myself.

# See, I'm an Addict

by Kiki A.

See-

I'm an addict.

A young girl who never grew up.

Who's been chasing the divine in all the men who didn't love me

Who abandoned me physically and emotionally.

See-

I'm an addict.

Chasing the mother wound,

Seeking love, affection, parenting, and approval.

Looking for a mother alive in all the holograms.

See-

I'm an addict.

Projecting my trauma and pain on men.

Changing, controlling

Manipulation with an ache,

A primal desire.

Through intense emotion--

Longing, wanting.

A siren's call.

Seduction and fantasy.

Wrapped in his arms

I breathe him in like a coke addict

A high of transcendental euphoria.

Mistaking him for unconditional love.

Until-

My life becomes so unmanageable

That to deny the pattern

Is to deny god.

The withdrawal isn't worth the high

The only cure is total surrender.

Grace

Gratitude for finally identifying the ailment,

The hungry ghost.

All the while

Thinking it was love

It was addiction.



# Real Love

by Lisa S.

We knew the hunger, sharp and deep,  
a restless fire that stole our sleep.  
We chased connection, lost our way,  
and woke in shame at break of day.

But grace was waiting, clear and kind,  
a Power greater than our mind.  
It met us in our darkest hour,  
and showed us love has healing power.

In circles where the broken meet,  
we found the ground beneath our feet.  
With every story, every share,  
we learned the weight is less to bear.

We practice trust, we learn our worth,  
new roots of love take hold in earth.  
One day, one step, in truth we live—  
receiving love, and learning to give.



## Moods by Hannah A.

I'm in one of my writing moods  
Where I feel everything and nothing.  
I type or write my emotions  
Like a story someone can read  
If reading it makes it relatable or real at all.  
We all want something real but fail to be real with ourselves.  
Look at the irony,  
Because the worst person to lie to is yourself.  
So lie next to me  
But don't lie to me.  
My life feels like a mosaic--  
Picking up the broken pieces,  
Praying the fragments don't slice me too deep.  
Hoping one day, they fit a bigger picture,  
A more beautiful picture.  
These relationship wounds got tossing and turning  
After the sun decides to sleep.  
Self medicate these scars,  
Picking my poison to numb this pain.  
Fix wounds of rejection with approval.  
But true love comes from within,  
So I burden every relationship--  
Making them my idol,  
Asking them to be my God,  
And revive me from this heart attack,  
Because my heart feels attacked.  
In this world where we use before we get used,  
See, my perspective is twisted,  
Too tainted to capture God's true love.  
I'm sorry for the weight on human shoulders,  
hoping to just be God's soldier.

## Dave's Glass Art

*by Dave S.*



This is a piece of handblown glass art I made in 2021, in my first year of recovery. I was doing a lot of inner child work and coming to terms with anger I had carried around for 50-plus years. This piece captured how I was feeling about that work and the challenges of clearly seeing the feelings of that little boy. I had only been blowing glass for 4 years and, with some expert assistance from one of my teachers, the piece well-surpassed my own expectations. I treasure this piece and keep it near me as a reminder to never stop caring for and loving that little boy.



# The Showgirl's Prayer in Sequins

*by Rebecca D.*

She was rhinestones on fire—  
a chandelier in fishnets,  
hips keeping time for prophets  
and audiences who mistook  
performed desire for truthful  
devotion.

They wanted her sparkle.  
Never her silence.  
They wanted her body.  
Not her breath.

O G-d of the orchestra pit—  
where were You  
when the crowd tossed their  
hunger at her feet?  
Did You watch her smile—  
that broken stained-glass  
window—  
and count her tears like coins  
in the basket?

The neon bell jar of attention is  
her heroin.  
Love me, love me, tell me I'm  
enough!  
A leopard print coat cloaks her  
wings of crushed roses.  
Byron would have swooned  
over her silhouette.  
O holy howl—Ginsberg  
would have baptized her in  
sweat and cigarette smoke.

But like Ginsberg, she seeks no  
baptism.  
L'dor v'dor.  
She lights candles on Friday  
night.

And slowly,  
She remembers...

Your G-d is in the ordinary.  
In her fishnets drying on the  
radiator.  
In the lipstick print on the wine  
glass.  
In the moment between shows  
when she slips off her heels  
and prayed without words.  
In the smile of her daughter.

She knew she was wanted.  
Never loved.

Until –  
the Torah scroll slowly became  
the mirror.  
Letters dancing in silver dust.  
She read herself aloud.  
She kissed her shoulders like  
tefillin straps.  
She pressed her forehead to her  
own chest  
and felt the Shechinah stir.  
Now she dances for G-d alone.  
The Divine drunk on sequins.  
The angels tossing roses from  
the mezzanine.  
Her body—  
a psalm.  
Her breath—  
a shofar.  
Her silence—  
a covenant.  
And she says:

I was wanted—  
but now... I am loved.

# In My Own Skin

by Ari F.

Self love, self worth,  
Comfort in my own skin.  
Why not be me and  
Not try to fit in?

Letting go, just choosing  
To be me.  
Relax and pray,  
Just accepting serenity.

Breathe a deep  
Sign of relief,  
Let go of pain,  
Let go of grief.

God is my guidance  
For each move I make--  
The journey decided,  
The road to take.

The sun, the moon,  
The breeze in the air,  
The warmth and comfort,  
A whole lot of care.

Just enjoy and accept,  
With each little thought.  
No right, no wrong  
A rest taken, not fought.

My new story comes  
Just as it should.  
No plan of action  
Or one I thought I would.  
A God given gift--  
To travel and be free,  
Surrounded by love,  
And just being me.  
I'll keep on smiling,  
And keep going on,  
Because God is my guide  
To follow along.  
I love my life.  
The time passes so fast,  
Yet I am here,  
Pura Vida to last.  
A continued life so pure,  
A life of me.  
The journey I wanted,  
Of peace and serenity.



*By Ari F*  
*3 years and 8 days sober*

Marriage; a word that seems to  
hold such symbolism, such hope.  
Instead I used lying and  
manipulation as my choice to cope.

There was coping with my image  
and my low self esteem.  
Then always trying to make a  
fantasy be more than just a dream.

I wanted fulfillment from one who  
was simply not there.  
I wanted love, compassion,  
tenderness and a whole lot of care.

A life with a one and only, a life that  
could be such bliss.  
But then each new person would  
start with just a kiss.

I found ones to make me smile, I  
found ones who would adore.  
But all I did was get a hit, still  
always wanting more.

A dream of safety and monogamy  
would not be quick to find,  
Eight years of marriage, along with  
the constant wandering mind.

The frustrations and the struggles,  
the agony and pain.  
The love I wanted, I couldn't find.  
The tears would flow like rain.

I couldn't figure out why I could  
not feel complete.  
Then November 2013 I finally felt  
defeat.

A place full of hope, so much joy  
and so much love.  
Then working Step 2, I found a  
Higher Power from above.

The grace and peace, I could finally  
see.  
I was not alone because I found  
recovery.

It was so much of me where this  
missing piece was.  
I needed to surrender to my God  
up above.

I couldn't do it on my own for  
many years before.  
It was time to allow the  
unmanageability to be no more.

A new phone number, a move,  
many people to leave behind.  
But what I didn't know it was  
actually me I would find.

With work and support and  
knowing I was not alone,  
This new place called SLAA, I was  
now calling home.



It's a place with comfort, warmth,  
and the honesty so pure.  
Now that I found what I was  
missing, my old life could be no  
more.

The tears I would have, would now  
be true,  
and now be real.  
The emotions I had, and the  
vulnerability I would feel.

I didn't know such a life could exist.  
I listened, I waited till I got the gist.

Recovery isn't going through the 12  
steps and then it's done.  
It is a lifelong process, where my  
days may not always be much fun.

It's responsibility, it's real, it's peace  
and serenity.  
It's doing my best to stay far away  
from the insanity.

A song, a location, a calendar date--  
These are common triggers, I try to  
escape.

They can bring me back to the old  
times that I wish to forget.  
But without them I would never be  
here working the steps.

A rigorous process, with not ever a  
straight line.  
But all I have to do is see it one day at  
a time.

Remembering that the old times are  
what got me to be here.  
And now I can live a life with far  
less worry and far less fear.

I must be here with God and be here  
with me.  
Faith, hope and being present, a life  
of serenity.

Thanks to acceptance and thanks to  
the past.  
Now each day I move forward as if  
it's my last.





## Tikkun (Repair)

Rebecca D.

Watercolor, Acrylic, & Charcoal on Paper

5"x7"

2025

*By David P*

As a member of SLAA and AA, I often make comparisons. Though the results of a slip in AA can be catastrophic, slips in SLAA are also catastrophic but usually the chaos and mayhem are internal. Having experienced both, I'm not sure which is worse. Seriously.

My acting-out took off shortly after COVID. I'd share this with my AA sponsor, and he encouraged me to try SLAA but "I thought I could (or should) handle this myself". That sounded familiar.

In my work with my AA sponsees, I hammer the point that the steps are the solution to our thinking problem, because our thinking always precedes drinking. As we fix the thinking problem with the steps, the drinking problem is simply lifted as we shift our focus to a relationship with a Higher Power.

I don't fully understand why I am reluctant to do this for myself in SLAA. Maybe I'm not fully ready or I haven't lost enough. Or maybe I don't fully understand my real problem. Is my Higher Power disappointed when I act out? Probably, but that's not up to me to decide.

After some quiet prayer, it seems to me that the real issue is tied to my attempts to manage my discomfort after acting-out. Rather than sit quietly and ask for direction, I usually conclude that my HP thinks I am unworthy, and then I decide how I should properly display (or more accurately fake) my remorse to restore myself into HP's good graces. This is so onerous that it drives me to seek relief by acting-out more. Does this sound familiar?



Probably my biggest challenge, and my biggest fear is being in a relationship with myself. Most of my acting out is a frantic search for someone, anyone, other than me. Am I not also deciding for HP what He should think here too by me avoiding this fundamental, primary relationship with myself? What if my determination that I am not worthy is wrong, and has been all along?

SLAA's Steps 4 through 7 hint that I can have a different experience. In these steps I can see my patterns, the causes, and what is affected by my acting-out. Finally, I see my role and fulfill Step 2 by gaining, for once, sane thinking through an honest attempt to connect with my HP. I open myself to myself, to another and to HP in Step 5, become okay with letting go of all my managing in Step 6 and ask HP for an enduring connection in Step 7.

Despite this work, I just have days since acting-out last. Yet when I seek connection, the impulse becomes less urgent and I get a pause that never existed before. By dropping my mighty effort to make things right with my HP (according to what I think), I finally get a glimpse of what's in store for me on the other side of withdrawal. And I am reminded of the SLAA promises and realize I'm okay in the moment.

## LET GO

by Michelle N

Fall turns into winter and let go.  
Winter turns into spring and let go.  
You are in pain and let go.  
You are in joy and let go.  
You are angry with god and let go.  
You love god and let go.  
You yearn for a partner and let go.  
You are married and let go.  
Work is dysfunctional and let go.  
Work puts you in the zone and let go.  
You do not have many friends and let go.  
You feel the abundance of friends and let go.  
You are afraid and let go.  
You have no fear and let go.  
You can work hard doing the best you can with what you have and let go.  
You can rest and watch smart TV and let go.  
You can seek greater work and let go.  
You can stay at your job and let go.  
You can feel like a have-not and let go.  
You can feel like a have and let go.  
You can do yoga and let go.  
You can be too tired for yoga and let go.  
You can eat a good lunch and let go.  
You can cut corners at lunch and let go.  
You can write in your journal and let go.  
You do not write and let go.  
You can ponder the reasons for your divorce and let go.  
You can think of your aging father and let go.  
You can think of your abusive brother and let go.  
You can think of your pitiful brother and let go.  
You can think of your ailing mother with dementia and let go.  
You can think of the sisters you never lived with and let go.  
You can fight, create, dream, struggle, and let go.  
You can go to S.L.A.A. meetings and let go.  
You can be good with stuff and less good with people and let go.  
You can be a leader and let go.  
You can be a follower and let go.  
You can feel fear that you are alone and let go.





You can feel loved and let go.  
You can feel unloved and let go.  
You can watch him drink too much and let go.  
You can watch him not drink and let go.  
You can wish he loved you more and let go.  
You can accept him where he is and let go.  
You can be on meds and let go.  
You can decide to go off meds and let go.  
You can be a matriarch host and let go.  
You can always be the guest and let go.  
You can have sex with him and let go.  
You can yearn for sex with him and let go.  
You can be repulsed by sex and let go.  
You can collect things, and people and experiences and let go.  
You can let things slip away and let go.  
You can take a deep breath, count to 10 and let go.



# EPILOGUE

At the end of these pages, what lingers is not just ink and image, but the heartbeat of our shared humanity. Each poem, story, and fragment of art has carried a piece of truth into the light—truth that was once hidden, feared, or carried alone.

This collection is not an official voice of S.L.A.A., nor does it speak for the fellowship as a whole. These are the voices of individuals, rising and weaving together, testifying to the possibility of change and the mystery of grace.

May these offerings remind us that recovery is both fragile and fierce, private yet communal. May they encourage us to keep writing, keep reaching, and keep walking hand in hand toward freedom, one step, one breath, one word at a time.

