

In This Issue

Members share about disclosing their sexual compulsion to those outside of the rooms.

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Interview with Eric

The SCAnner interviews a member who came into the rooms not expecting to tell his partner about his addiction.

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Judy ponders not only her own willingness to share, but others' willingness to hear.

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Coming Out as a Sex Addict



Winter 2007

From the Editor

Last night, the room temperature in my home group had become so stifling that a group conscience to open the door quickly passed without objection. I raised my hand to support this remedy along with the rest of my heat-stricken group members. But, when the door was actually opened and sharing in the room continued, I squirmed a bit in my own discomfort with the removal of the room's protective barrier. I felt exposed and extremely vulnerable. I suspected what passers-by, which were relatively few at this time of night, were leering as they passed to get a good look at what a sex addict looked like. Someone in the group shared his similar feelings. In that moment, I realized how much I had come to take for granted the safety and comfort that the rooms offer the recovering addict. However, conducting a meeting with an open door also cast a not-so-flattering light on the shame I often can feel as a sexually compulsive person.

When I was actively acting out in my sex addiction, I always carried this fear that I would run into someone I knew while entering or exiting the seedy places I frequented. I sought safety from those feelings in dark rooms, dimly lit anonymous places. Though lurking in these places served my compulsive ritual and helped me feel "safe" from these and other feelings, those dark places also provided a fertile breeding ground for my festering shame. It's been well over three years since I've numbed myself in those places, and yet last night I realized the shame is still there. It's not as viscerally potent as it once was, but it hasn't disappeared.

I came into the program after an enormously shaming event. My partner of five years had discovered that I had been unfaithful and that I had been acting out in the relationship with anonymous sex partners. It was a devastating moment for both of us, and our relationship hung in crisis. When I was acting out, I had feared this moment in my imagination over and over again, but the fear of discovery never stopped me from engaging in my risky behavior. My addictive mind continued to pacify this fear with false grandiose notions that I couldn't ever get caught, that I was somehow immune from discovery because I was so vigilant and clever. But I was trying to control something that was fast becoming more and more wildly out-of-control. In that instant when I realized I was caught, I felt my whole illusory world cave in on me. What's worse was the devastation reached beyond just me. The reality of the wreckage that surrounded me and my partner finally shattered a myth born in my sex addiction that I was engaging in a victimless activity.

The recovery process continues to be a long road for me and my relationship that endured. My partner and I managed to work through that crisis and to rebuild a healthy, intimate relationship, one that requires continual nurturing

for growth. It's still not always easy for me to talk about my disease with my partner or anyone else outside the rooms. I fear hurting my partner. I still swell with shame.

As an addict, I tend to look for quick fixes. Years before coming into the rooms, I sought the help of a therapist to help me "figure out" what was going on with my compulsive sexual behavior. I believed that if I unburdened myself with this secret, that somehow I would be cured. In my interview with Eric in this issue, he shares a similar feeling that confessing will somehow fix everything.

In a similar experience, I remember the years preceding my coming-out to my parents as an anxiety-laden time when I lived in fear of rejection, shame, and uncertainty. I was entirely focused on figuring out the right way to tell them. I was directing all of my attention to that future life-changing moment when my fate would be decided by performance in this single event. I had never considered the disclosure as one tiny incident in a long, ongoing process. Coming-out to my parents was difficult, but it turns out that continuing the conversation after the coming-out is just as hard. Like Judy shares in her piece, the issue often remains unspoken. There have been many moments in my recovery, where I've thought that confessing a behavior would remove it entirely. Sharing secrets in the rooms, working a first and fourth step with my sponsor, talking with a therapist, and coming clean with my partner have all helped to cleanse me of my toxic shame. None of these events in isolation has turned out to be the climactic turning point that my addictive-prone mind has wanted them to be.

I rarely feel like I know the answer of when it's appropriate and potentially helpful to disclose my compulsion outside of the rooms. Like John shares in this issue, I rely on my higher power to guide me. For me, that higher power includes a network of people in the rooms, my therapist, my sponsor, and my partner. I try not to work out these tough questions in my head and instead bounce my conflicts and confusion off others.

In this issue of the SCanner, I'm pleased to present some member shares which focus on the topic of disclosing our sexual compulsion to friends and family out of the rooms.

Dylan H.



Interview with Eric

Eric attended his first SCA meeting in April 2005. When he came in, he had not disclosed his acting out to his partner. After spending some time in the rooms, he found himself faced with the challenge of living up to a promise he had made to never lie to his partner. Eric shares his experience in the interview below.

Tell us how you initially came to the program.

I started to have a relationship with this person I'm still with today. I really, really felt connected. For the first time, I felt something really special. I didn't think I had a problem, because I just thought everybody was doing what I was doing. When I met this person, I remember praying and asking God, "Please let me respect this one. Let me honor this one." I thought I was unfaithful to other boyfriends because I was not strong, and I was not a good person. So, I thought, "Please God, with this person, let me good. Let me respect him." I didn't know I had a problem. In the beginning, the first couple of months were fine. The day after I got my HIV test-negative—was the first day

I went into the steam room and almost acted out. Then I went again and then a little more. Then again, and again, until I just lost it. For the first time, I tried to stop, and I couldn't. Before, I never tried to stop.

I started going to a therapist. And it was really hard. Nothing was happening. After one point, he told me about this, about SCA. And I remember I was shocked, really. I started crying. It was really horrible, because my mom is an alcoholic. And I thought all my life I've been wanting my mom to stop drinking, and this is what I'm now asking God to stop, because I could not imagine stopping.

Had you heard of SCA Before?

No. I heard my roommate making fun of a friend of his that went to it, and I remember thinking he was an asshole for that. But back then I sort of heard it but didn't hear it. But that day in therapy I heard it. It was a Tuesday, and I went to my first meeting on Friday.

When you started in the program, did you think you would handle this on your own or did you think at some point you were going to have to involve your partner?

It was almost more like confession. That was not the most difficult part of me to go and say everything. I mean it was difficult, but it was not the hardest part. Because I thought, "I'll go, I'll say everything, and everything will be fine. Come on let's fix it now."

Were you thinking about "confessing" to your partner?

No. Not at all. I thought I'll just stop it, and then I won't have to tell him, ever. It'll be fine. I'll just stop it, and then we'll just continue and be happy. Basically, I'll just go and do what my doctor says. If I follow what this authority figure says, I'll be a good boy, and things will be fine.

I hated it in the beginning. I hated the people. I did not want to be with these people. I'm not like them. I'm not, I'm not. It was really bad. I even said it one time in a meeting. But, the truth was, I started hearing things, and I was like, "Oh my God. I understand what they're saying." I understood. So, I just kept going.

Did you have to hide where you were going?

Because my mom is an alcoholic, I told him I was going to Al-Anon. So, that helped. He was super happy that I was doing something for myself. I was feeling like a hypocrite, but I thought at least I was doing something good. Although in the beginning in the first few months, I was still acting out. It was really hard. But, then I made the plan with a friend on a napkin in a diner on my lunch break. The next day I broke it. I acted out totally unexpectedly. And then after that I stayed on it.

So, you have a year and some months on your plan?

A year and three months.

How did you arrive to the point where you were ready to share with your partner?

I started getting very involved in it. Motivated with it. I see now that my main motivation was him. Not exactly me. It was for me only in that I really wanted that relationship, and I didn't want the relationship to end. I started working the first step, really diligently. Really, really focused. And I was getting better. So, little by little, I was getting too

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upset every time my boyfriend told me that he loves me. Inside I thought, "If you only knew what I've done. If you only knew what I was like." I don't think I ever lied in that he never asked me directly "have you been unfaithful?" So, I managed not to lie, but I would ride the train in the morning, and it got to the point where I couldn't breath. I would cry during my lunch break. I would cry on the train, because it was too much pressure when he told me he loved me when I was alone with him. I needed peace. I needed it to be clear. I thought, "I love this guy, and he deserves the truth." He deserves to know who I am. I think my therapist was always thinking I should tell him. He never told me to. He was always trying to tell me what the concept of being completely honest would be. I thought it would be impossible, because I thought he was going to break up with me. By that time I had a sponsor who was very spiritual. I reconnected with my spiritual side.

Was there planning involved in your telling him or did it just happen?

I didn't think at all when I came in that I would ever tell him. I thought he was going to break up with me. That is what I thought. But, when I couldn't take it anymore, I spoke with my sponsor, and he asked me, "Has God ever left you alone?"

I thought, "No. I cannot really say that." That thought of God or higher power helped me think that I would be OK, even if the worst happened, which I thought was going to happen.

So, what happened was every time my boyfriend told me he loved me, I would say to him "Are you sure?" "Whatever?" "In any circumstance?" A couple of weeks would go by with my stupid jokes like this. One day I called him the morning when I got to the city, because I always call him when I get into the city. I was having my eggs, and I called him and said, "Hey, I'm in the city."

He said, "Ok. Good bye. I love you."

And I said, "Are you sure you love me? Really, really love me?"

He asked, "Is there anything you have to tell me?"

I had made a point to my sponsor never to lie to him. So, I was like "fuck." I said "yeah."

He said, "OK. What is it?"

I said, "Well, it's about you and me and my therapy. It has to do with my meetings."

He was driving, and the call got disconnected. I said, "Thank God," because I didn't know what to say. So, I immediately called my sponsor. And then, I called my friend from program.

"He's asking me! What am I going to say? What am I going to say?"

This friend said, "Do not say anything on the phone. Do not tell him over the phone. You have to say it in person. Because, it's going to be very difficult."

So, I managed to avoid his calls when I met with this friend from program. And I said, "I'm going to have to tell him."

In that time, my boyfriend sent me a text message saying, "Have you been with someone else?" He kind of figured something out. And I did not answer, so he was freaking out.

So, at lunch, I was with my friend, I called him. And he was starting to ask me directly, "Have you cheated on me?" And I would say, "I have to talk to you in person. I won't talk to you over the phone." My friend wrote on a napkin "I will meet you now. I won't say it over the phone".

My boyfriend was saying, "This is the worst thing you could do to me. Tell me now. Don't do this to me."

It was horrible. I had a meeting at work, but I just left work and got into a cab across town. I met with him in a car. And I started bawling. And I just told him, "The meetings I've been going to are not Al-Anon. They are SCA."

I had I think 80 days on my plan at that point. "There's a plan I've been writing. I have a sponsor." What he did which was very typical and horrifying. He started asking me details by details. He asked me about persons, friends, places, times, numbers, circumstances. It was really grueling, but I answered everything.

Did you answer him truthfully?

I could not lie anymore. If anything, I really needed clarity. I thought, "truth will set you free." He made it very easy, because he kept asking, asking, and I was answering. Actually, it was pretty horrible, because I did have sex with friends of mine that he already knew, and it was really hurtful. It was very hard. For some reason, he trusted me. He

trusted my concern, and he trusted that I had discovered this. At the end, I asked "So what do you want to do? Leave the house for awhile?" He said no. I couldn't believe it.

Prior to this, had you shared your dilemma of "Telling him or not telling him" in the rooms?

I shared constantly. I was so ashamed that people would think, "Oh my God, that guy with the boyfriend is going to talk again."

"Just my boyfriend. Me and my boyfriend."

"I don't know if you guys know, but I have a boyfriend."

I was so embarrassed, but I talked. I shared and shared and shared and shared. Some people gave me advice. Some people didn't. Some people told me I didn't have to tell him under any circumstances until after a year on my plan. I just

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found out, you find your own way in the program. Because, I just couldn't do that. I had to tell him.

Did your partner have any personal experience with recovery that helped make it easier for him to see sex addiction as an illness?

Before I told him, he realized he was an alcoholic. One time, he called me at the office. He was crying and saying he thought he was an alcoholic, and I said, "That's fine, no problem."

By the time I started SCA, he had started going to AA meetings, so that helped. The language helped. That did make a difference. We were able to talk.

And we do have a big compatibility on the spiritual side, even though, I had lost myself from it. What he told me afterwards that my honesty to him was one of the most attractive things, and it made him think of me as more virile, masculine or something like that. Even though, it was very difficult for me to think of myself as strong, he saw it as a sign of strength. I think that maybe it was strength because I really thought he was going to break up with me, and I was terrified of that. But, I still thought that I could not lie to him anymore. Or have him in the darkness with this strange idea of who I was or what I was going through. So, I think he cherished that.

Did this open up something in your relationship?

I think this gave the relationship a chance. It would have ended not long after that time. I see that very clearly. And it would've been horrifying if he would ever found out. He's not perfect, but he really tries to be an honest person. Honesty is very important to him. I think if I had not shown some sign of being trustworthy, he wouldn't have been able to forgive me.

So, it's been a year since you told him. How do talk about it now?

At first, it was amazing. My boyfriend forgave me. Thank you, God. And I would go to meetings and tell people about how amazing it was. He told me that if I remembered anything else, he wanted me to tell him. So, the next few days, I kept remembering things. "Oh, yeah. I did do something in the train station by our house." It was really, really grueling. Poor guy. I was little anal about being specific. But, I just need to let it out. It was great for a while. But, after a month or so, he kind of woke up to the reality, and he would say, "Whoa. Wait a minute. What exactly did you do with this person?" And I would say, "We just kissed." And he would get so upset. And he told me, "I don't think I could take it if you had a slip, even though I know you love me, I don't think I could take it." Other times he would be very concerned

about me going out to the gym. It required a lot of humility. My instant reaction was "Fuck! I've been honest with you. And that's enough, right?"

Do you think this is something that requires constant discussion?

I think he understands everything, but every once in a while he'll call me and ask me, "Where are you?" and that "where are you" comes with a little suspicion. He tries to be very respectful. But, sometimes I hear that little worry in his voice. Also, there was a time when I was masturbating next to him in the bed because he was too tired, and he basically shamed me. "What's that? What's the difference between that and acting out?"

So, we've gone through different stages. But, I realize that the channel of intimacy to talk and share about this is open. I don't have to tell him every single thing I'm struggling with him. I don't think it's healthy for him or for me. I have it very clear if anything should happen and I cannot guarantee it won't, I will absolutely tell him. That's

something that I have made very clear. That helps me to know that if I ever have a slip, I have to tell him, and that could mean the end of the relationship.

How would you counsel somebody who is wrestling with the question of "to-tell or not-to-tell?"

I think it's very personal depending on the person's circumstances. What helped me was to go to meetings and listen. Share, too, but mostly listen. Some people were advising me absolutely not to tell and some people wouldn't say anything. At the end of the story, because I was able to share and get feedback and information, I came up with my own decision. It felt right. I knew inside that I could not go on. If you look for the answer, you'll find it. It helps a lot to have a sponsor—to have a one-on-one outside of the big group. Definitely, put it completely in the hands of your higher power. With all the pain in my heart, I let it go. It was the best thing for my boyfriend, because I love him and he deserves my truth. Because I couldn't hold it in anymore, I was willing to risk it all. But, I didn't risk it just like that. I really thought there was something else with me. And even in the worst-case scenario, I would be OK. I trusted my higher power.

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Coming Out as a Sex Addict or The Sound of Silence

by Judy K.

When I started sharing my participation in SCA with friends and family, the experience was very different than my coming out as a lesbian in the late seventies and early eighties. While a typical response to my coming out as gay was, “I don’t care if you sleep with _____ (fill in your choice of bizarre classifications); I still love you and support you.” The SCA revelation has been met over the years with one thing: silence.

I told my father and stepmother in a letter after being in SCA for a few years. Either I blocked out their response, or there was none, more likely the latter. My brother and his wife know about my being in SCA, but I don’t remember how I told them, or when, or what their reaction was. In both cases, my family members already knew I was in Al-Anon, so this was not the first time a 12-step program came up in conversation. My sister-in-law’s family has experienced dealing with alcoholics, so the Al-Anon thing proved somewhat useful, and I gave one of her family members an Al-Anon daily meditation book years ago.

Several friends know about SCA, and how important it is to me, but I do not

remember much discussion about it or specific questions. Again, maybe I have blocked some of this stuff out, but my sense is that the people I have told have not known how to respond or what to ask, so they don’t say anything.

What all of this has taught me is that I don’t need to tell people I am a sex addict in recovery, unless there is some good reason. It does not bring me closer to people, in my experience, and it may push people away, since they really have no idea what being a sex addict or romantic obsessive means, and what it feels like to deal with these issues.

As a person with an intimacy disorder, I have an uncanny ability to say the wrong thing, which puts up a wall between another person and me. Before I choose to tell another person about SCA and sex addiction, I need to check in with my higher power and maybe a program friend, to make sure my motives are good ones. The goal is to be more intimate in a real way, rather than falsely intimate where I am almost intentionally making someone reject me.

On Saturday, I was out at fellowship with people from another program, and I got into a private conversation with a young woman that I never spoke to before, but that I felt drawn to. We started talking about being groped on the subway, and I ended up telling her that I was also in recovery for sexual issues. I don’t know if I told her because I thought she might be a candidate for SCA or another S program, or because I was attracted to her and thought I would cre-

ate some false intimacy (intimacy, as some of us call it) to feel closer to her.

I do know that if I hadn’t agreed to write this, I wouldn’t have told anyone about that moment, and that choice, and would have kept my motives unexamined.

The grace of recovery lies in humbly sharing what I know, and especially what I don’t know, and being willing to listen to what you know and don’t know about being a sex addict trying one day at a time to recover.

John

I’ve learned in recovery that telling people about my addiction is important but not a requirement. The only person I must be honest with at all times is me. It took a tremendous amount of pain and suffering before I could break through the denial and admit I was a sex addict. I don’t ever want to forget it.

Deciding who in my life should know about my sex addiction is a complicated question. I live with a healthy dose of caution about disclosing it to just anyone. However, there was a time when I imagined telling certain people would somehow make all the hurt I caused go away. That was a fantasy. Being honest will not necessarily repair the pain I may have caused people in my life. Trust takes time to repair.

Not everyone close to me knows about my sex addiction, but many do. I remember the day I told my mother. I’d been dumped yet again by another Mr. Right, and the pain of withdrawal was overwhelming. Uncontrollably sobbing on the phone like a heroin addict going through detox, she asked what was wrong. I told her the truth. I’d gotten involved in a relationship without being healthy enough to be in one, and the relationship ended. I told her I was seeing a therapist who specialized in sex addiction. She listened compassionately, and the truth was out. We haven’t spoken about it since, except when I excuse myself from family gatherings because I have to go to a “meeting.”

In therapy, I discussed disclosing my sex addiction to people close to me. At the time, my ex-boyfriend had somehow reappeared in my life, and my therapist was pushing me to tell him about my addiction. I never did. The relationship ended several months later. Was it because I couldn’t be honest? I don’t know, but I have committed to being as honest with my next partner as I can be.

The ninth step says we make amends to people we have hurt as long as the amends doesn’t injure them or us any further. I believe that is a good rule. I’ve seen others disclose to the wrong people and cause more pain. I’ve also heard of the truth being used against a person in a custody battle.

Recovery from sex addiction has been incredibly challenging. Talking to a sponsor, sharing in the groups, and asking for guidance from a higher power is the bar minimum before I make the decision to tell someone about my addiction. Is it the best way? I don’t know. It’s been my way.

Sharing with My Partner

by John M.

I had been in a committed relationship for four years. I had also been acting out in the wet areas of health clubs for a year before I disclosed this behavior to my partner. Before and during my acting out, I would get a rush that I sought out again and again. Afterwards, I felt guilty because it was inconsistent with a monogamous relationship. I did not call it cheating because at the time it did not involve physical contact. I became less and less interested in initiating sex with my partner as my acting out continued and became my preferred substitute.

My partner first suspected that something was wrong in our relationship five months after I started to act out. The more I acted out, the more I withdrew from my relationship. I just was not present with him. He asked me if I was having an affair, and I told him no. We decided to go for couples counseling. Counseling taught us better communication skills and how to look at our issues from the other person's perspective. I had been harboring a lot of resentment toward my partner regarding sexual, financial and even general fairness issues. This resentment triggered my acting out. As the result of the skills I learned in couples counseling, I was able to let go of most of the resentment I had for my partner. But, I never discussed my acting out during these sessions and after a few weeks we felt that we learned enough to stop counseling.

After about a year of my acting out, the guilt I was feeling started to build, and it began to affect my sexual performance with my partner. During one particular time, I suddenly could not perform. There was a tremendously awkward aura. We turned over and went to sleep, but I felt that I was going to have to explain what happened to me the next day.

We had dinner plans with another couple that next night, but I decided to cancel them. My partner went to work early in the morning. I thought and prayed about what I should tell him later that day. Ultimately, I decided to tell him the truth when we sat down together in the late afternoon after he got home from work.

I started off by telling him that I never had kissed anyone else while we were together, nor did I touch anyone else sexually (which was true then) or have any intercourse with anyone else. But I used the phrase "that said," to create a link from the previous statement to tell him that "I think I have a problem." I described my acting out behavior.

My partner later said that after hearing this, he felt like he had been hit in the gut. He had thought again that I was having an affair. Fortunately, at that time, my acting out did not progress into having physical contact with anyone else. He said later that if it had, he probably would have left me.

First, he was shocked but tried initially to be supportive. Then, he became angry and separated from me for five

months. During that time, I went into counseling, stopped acting out, tried an SCA meeting and incorrectly thought I did not need it, and worked on re-building our relationship.

Since then, I have disclosed three subsequent relapses to him. My first disclosure of a relapse was during a therapy session. The therapist recognized my honesty, but this was very painful to my partner.

The second time my partner figured out that I relapsed due to my line of conversation, and I admitted it when he asked me pointblank. He gave me an ultimatum to stop acting out, or he was going to leave the relationship.

The last time I disclosed a relapse was another time after my partner asked me if I was acting out. This time, he tolerated my acting out because I was going through a period when I was strongly considering leaving our relationship. My acting out behavior devolved into physical contact with others during this time.

Since my last bottom a few weeks later, I have been on my Sexual Recovery Plan for the past five-and-a-half months.

David C.

I attended my first SCA meeting in 1999. It was not long before recovery became a powerful part of my life. The first time I identified myself as a sex addict, I felt a sense of relief. I finally had a definition of what was going on with me. At first I was reluctant to share with friends and my family members that I was a sex addict.

My Sex Addiction had been the primary way to mask my feeling of low self-esteem and self-hatred. I felt embarrassed and ashamed that I was a sex addict. I thought, why wasn't I alcoholic? This would be much easier to disclose! I am not suggesting recovery from alcoholism is in any way easy, I know this is a serious disease that can kill. It is just more common and understood in our society.

I went about disclosing my sex addiction by telling friends that I was not feeling good about myself. I explained that I had difficulty with my self-esteem and experiencing intimacy. Feelings of pain, sadness and loneliness always seemed to manifest with the ending of many short-lived sexual relationships. It started with quick, easy sex, usually initiated at places that I felt ashamed to be in. This, along with my unhealthy choices for dating relationships, caused me to seek my path in recovery.

The friends I confided in were supportive as were the family members I told. I did not tell anyone or everyone. This was my first step in making healthy choices. I confided in people I felt that I could trust to support me. I made some mistakes in my choices and allowed myself to be imperfect.

The other learning experience important to me was learning not to be judgmental of myself or people who were not in 12-step recovery. When I started in recovery, regretfully I let go of some relationships that were meaningful.

Today, I strive for balance with relationships in and out of the rooms.

Three Poems by Matt Q.

It

Unmoved and unmoving dust
graced with thoughts of rising
believes its bones may yet breathe
more than flute song
trilling through an empty marrow case,
surrenders to its remaking.

It writes litany of errant past
upon unwinding linen shroud.
Finding voice, it speaks these deeds aloud.
It hopes a future free,
prays the heart be shriven clean.

Moving forth, it gathers names
of those clambered over to reach its grave,
compelled to find each wronged and salve the wound,
kiss the scar.
It keeps words handy, the balm ever near.

Emptied of all but praise and hope
it finds and succors the rising dead.
It, made human at last.

On a Dime

(An Acrostic)

Turning pockets inside out, counting change
Held for years; the lucky coins that weren't
Ever lucky. How to account for lost
Time. Time spent hoarding time away from those
Who could scratch surface and find base metal.
Edge serrate or smooth, the same bland profile
Left or right stamped on every last exchange.
Vendor beware. One can never keep self
Entirely away from others. I gather
Smooth pebbles, all open fields, blue flowers:
Touchstones which affirm today, each moment
Entire in itself beyond all sorrows
Past, unreachable distant days squandered
Sold for future never yet arriving.

Losing Blood

Grim
as a battlefield memory
of monsoon rains, the mud,
a friend's blood
trickling toward some distant river.

My son's eyes—steel gray
flashing to blue—
Storm clouds and water.
Shell shocked, bitter, grieving
my hands
and their imponderable motions.

Grieving my shadow, six
months long
in the fall of his sixth year
fading to seven.

I am powerless to separate
His grief from his blood,
His sorrow from my hands,

His guilt from my damnation.
Exchanging childhood
for baseless self-recrimination,
steeping long years
'til it ferments to anger
at my callous disregard
sown in frailty—

His frailty.
Longing for the father
who was absent in his presence
and ever present in protracted absence.

Both of us will long a lifetime
to raise the dead,
to separate spilled blood
from mud and the river
and give it life again.

Contribute Your Experience, Strength, and Hope

Planning is already in the works for the next issue of the SCanner in Summer 2007. The next issue's topic will be Acting Out on the Internet. Next Fall's topic will be Slips and Relapses.

If you have some experience, strength, and hope that you'd like to share on this topic, submit it! Your experience is valuable to other addicts.

The SCanner is in need of long stories (600–1200 words or about 1–3 double-spaced pages). Additionally, the editor also accepts "Short Shares." These should run about 200 words or a 1/2 double-spaced page. If the SCanner is our meeting in print, think about the long stories as qualifications and the "short shares" as members' shares. Illustrations, photos, or any other graphic representation that creatively expresses the topic will also be considered. These should be submitted via email in an electronic format.

All submissions should keep in the spirit of the 12 traditions, and the SCanner editor reserves the right to edit any content as necessary.

Get working and submit! The SCanner Editor looks forward to your contributions.

Submit to:
scannereditor@sca-recovery.org