

Essay

December 2009



A Fond Remembrance

A quarterly publication of Sexaholics Anonymous

The Twelve Steps of Sexaholics Anonymous

1. We admitted that we were powerless over lust—that our lives had become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves, and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our shortcomings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong, promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual awakening as the result of these Steps, we tried to carry this message to sexaholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

Essay is the quarterly publication of Sexaholics Anonymous

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Sexaholics Anonymous

is a fellowship of men and women who share their experience, strength, and hope with each other that they may solve their common problem and help others to recover. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop lusting and become sexually sober. There are no dues or fees for SA membership; we are self-supporting through our own contributions. SA is not allied with any sect, denomination, politics, organization, or institution; does not wish to engage in any controversy; neither endorses nor opposes any causes. Our primary purpose is to stay sexually sober and help others to achieve sexual sobriety.

—Adapted with permission from the AA Grapevine Inc.

Sexaholics Anonymous is a recovery program based on the principles of Alcoholics Anonymous and received permission from AA to use its Twelve Steps & Twelve Traditions in 1979.

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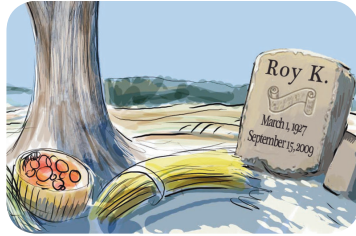
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Newcomers: Contact SA by telephone toll-free at 866-424-8777; outside North America call 615-370-6062; email at saico@sa.org; or visit SA website at www.sa.org.

A Fond Remembrance of My Good Friend Roy K.

I would like to share my memories of Roy K., who was perhaps second only to my father in influencing my life for the better.



drunk.” I experienced a shudder of absolute identification and knew he had nailed my problem.

At the time, I had taken a “geographical cure” to my first

My first contact with Roy was through a “Dear Abby” letter that appeared in the New Orleans *Times Picayune* in June 1981¹. In the letter, the writer described his battles with pornography, prostitutes, street behavior, affairs, masturbation, and loss of self worth. His fatal malady was lust; he was a “sexaholic.” He signed the letter “Set Free in L.A.”

I was floored by this letter. I was reminded of a portion of “Bill’s Story” (*AA*, 9), in which Bill asks his newly sober friend, “Come, what’s this all this about?” and the friend replies, “I’ve got religion” (*AA*, 9). Bill said, “I was aghast.” This is how I felt after reading that Dear Abby letter. In the letter, the author defined his problem by a single word—lust—and he had the guts to admit that he was a sexaholic, a “sex

professional job in New Orleans, sight unseen. Unfortunately, I had taken myself along, and I was horrified at the depths to which my sexual addiction was taking me. After barely one year, I experienced myself splitting into pieces, watching myself going to places that terrified me. I wanted to stop but could not.

A friend from work decided he would write to the address provided by the writer of the Dear Abby letter, to obtain more information. When he received a response, he passed the contact information on to me. Not wanting to hurry any, I waited three months to call. I dialed the number and Roy picked up on the first ring. I told him I was interested in the program. He shared a bit and mentioned the sobriety definition. He encouraged me to attend any Twelve

¹See *Beginnings. . . Notes on the Origin and Early Growth of SA* (p. 10). Copyright © 1985, 2003, SA Literature. All Rights reserved.

Step group to get the ball rolling. At the close of the call, he said he was glad I had called and said, “God bless you.” I felt like the lowest form of life on the planet— yet I could not remember ever having heard this phrase from anyone, much less a stranger.

Roy did not know a stranger in the SA fellowship. Once someone reached out, he gave of himself unstintingly. He was warm and welcoming, never judgmental to the newcomer. Roy tolerated contact with unsober me for almost 18 months as I steadily went further down into my disease. Even more astonishing, he asked me if I wanted to be on the SA mailing list! He was preparing drafts of a book and wanted people to read it. The book had a personal story and a brief format to get a meeting started. It described the Twelve Steps of the SA program. I didn’t understand any of it, but I hung onto every letter and envelope that had the SA message of recovery in it.

I drew the last card in my deck of half-measures: engagement and a projected marriage to someone I had drafted for the cause. I never heard a single note of criticism from Roy in the months I had deluded myself that I could be cured of this progressive and fatal disease. I know that what I

received from Roy was unconditional love: the very thing that I had searched for and now had found.

By the time I gave up and accepted that I was powerless over lust, I had moved to another state. I was connected with an SA group in Forth Worth, TX. A year previously, Roy had directed me to write a Step One, formatted into three columns: “What Happened,” “How I Felt,” and “What This Told Me About Myself.” Still under the toxic influence of lust, I ran madly away and couldn’t pick up the pen—until I connected with my new group.

I finished my inventory and gave it away at one month of sobriety. Despite group membership of men who were in various stages of recovery from the disease, Roy counseled me to keep the focus on myself and to really commit to my group. I walked through the door and into the Light.

Roy called frequently and often gave me phone numbers of women who needed to speak to other women.

All members’ numbers and addresses were given to just about anyone who asked. I started to receive letters from total strangers, some of whom lived

thousands of miles away. I had never heard of this, but I tried to act as if I understood this imperative to stay in



contact with others who wanted and needed the program.

I met Roy for the first time in the Spring of 1982 in Los Angeles. He took me to a meeting in the city. There were four of us. One of the members suggested a reading from Paul that describes the characteristics of love: “*Love is patient, love is kind. . .*” Again, another gift I was offered that baffled me. Seven years later, this verse was included in my wedding to my husband, Dan.

In the interim, I moved again, lost my group, and hung on with car meetings. I would sit in my car and speak with anyone who would listen to the message I urgently repeated. In 1986, while studying for comprehensive exams, I was assaulted. The perpetrator was never found, but I subsequently received “The Joy Response” from Roy. Members will find this story today in *Recovery Continues* (38). The manuscript arrived at the best possible time. It was another one of the quiet miracles I experienced through Roy K.

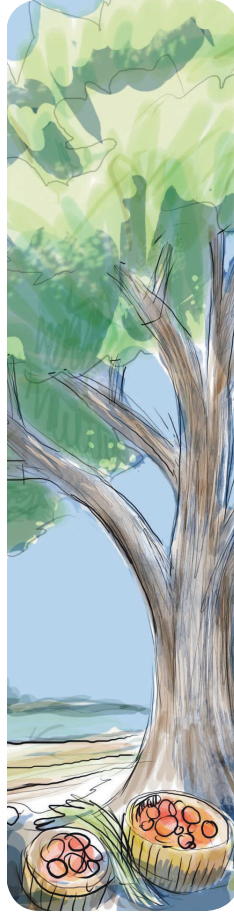
The year 1987 was a turning point for me. I was at the end of my rope without a committed meeting

in my community. I had tried dating briefly, always bookending with Roy. I was beginning to believe that my recovery was optional, that maybe what I had wasn’t all that

much after all. The previous December, I had finally made it to an international convention in St. Louis. I met my sponsor, Sylvia, who sponsors me today. I met Jean and a few others with whom I shared a true fellowship. I was asked to lead a retreat in the Seattle area and I asked Jean to be a co-leader. I met friends such as Murray R. of Surrey, B.C. (Murray has passed on, but I understand he remained sober to the end of his life).

Perhaps the biggest thrill for me in recovery was Roy’s invitation to me in August of 1987 to serve on the infant International Group Conscience Committee. This was the forerunner

of the General Delegate Assembly. My gratitude knew no bounds when I was put forward as a servant for the first Board of Trustees. I cannot express what this meant to me. I was going through a difficult time



and SA service was the shining light that always propelled me into forward motion. Without Roy's encouragement and support, I might have given up entirely on myself and on SA.

I was asked to serve in the years I lived in New York (1989-1994), and Roy and I had a falling out. Sometimes we addicts can aggravate each others' issues and defects of character. For a considerable period of time, the phone calls from Roy stopped.

When I returned from a Northwest Regional retreat in May of this year, I received a message that Roy had called. Several days later, he called again. After several days and weeks of discernment, I returned the call. Again Roy picked up after the first ring. He was calling to make

amends. I accepted his amends, and he accepted mine. I believe we spoke again a few weeks later. I was in an SA meeting when a home group member announced that Roy had lost his battle with cancer.

I have grieved for Roy and have allowed myself to experience the strong feelings I had for this fearless man who spoke his truth to have victory over lust. His life was a testament to his determination and grit to see that the message of sexual sobriety would reach all who suffer from this terrible disease. His commitment to this life-giving fellowship is echoed through the words in any gathering of two or more who seek the comfort and solace he modeled to us, his friends.

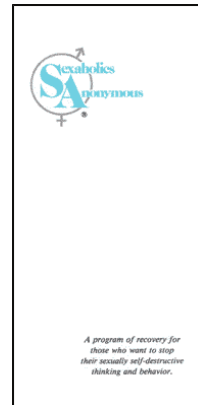
—*Yours in love and service,*
Katherine D.

The Effect of One Life

The first I heard of Roy's death was from a message on my voice mail. I felt a sudden and deep sadness to hear of his passing. For the past 25 and-a-half years, my life and my recovery have been interwoven with Roy's. I was first introduced to the concept of sobriety through the SA brochure that he had written. Over the years this man was always available to talk to me and share with me his experience, strength, and hope of recovery. Roy

would never be too busy to help mentor and mediate those of us in Nashville when crises or stresses would occur about the program.

Here in Nashville, two of us became sober prior to the writing of the White Book. Our sobriety was based on

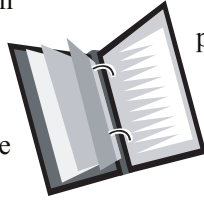


the original SA brochure. We waited anxiously for those articles that Roy would write. When they came, they were single 8 1/2 by 11-inch sheets, usually typewritten on front and back. I remember that we would put these sheets in loose-leaf binders creating our own books. We were so relieved when the first edition of *Sexaholics Anonymous* (the White Book) was published. Roy sent this first book out from his garage office. The original books were 8 1/2 x 11-inch soft paper, with gray paper covers.

How unbelievable it is to watch, when God is in the equation, what can develop from just an idea in a man's mind. Roy had an idea for developing a Twelve Step program to help people recover from sexual addiction. Here I am, a recipient of his God-given idea. Needless to say, no one except possibly his wife will ever know the amount of time and work Roy devoted to giving us what we have today.

Roy gave to me not only knowledge from his writings but

examples of his everyday life concerning recovery. Roy would not only share his progress in recovery but would always share his weaknesses too. He taught me that sharing from my weakness was a tool of recovery that I could never minimize.



In thinking about Roy's passing, I was inspired by the awesomeness of it all. It is awe-inspiring to know that one man can so positively affect the lives of so many people with God's help. Through Roy, God has been able to keep me physically and spiritually alive through my recovery in Sexaholics Anonymous.

Roy gave us the example of the influence we can have on those around us. All we have to do is stay sober one day at a time—using the Steps, trusting in God, and helping others—and we too, with God's help, can positively influence the lives of people around us as Roy did. Roy was a living example of God's miracles that can be reflected in our own lives.

—Harvey A., Nashville, TN

His Love For the Fellowship

I first met Roy—at a distance—when I attended my first international convention in Oklahoma City in December 1985. I had about four months of sobriety back then. Someone pointed Roy out to me but I did

not formally introduce myself.

I remember that one of the guys attending the convention confessed that he did not conform to our sobriety definition, but he called himself sober anyway. He participated in

all of the sober activities, such as accepting sobriety coins. Just before the Saturday night banquet, I noticed Roy standing at the entrance to the banquet room as this same guy came walking down the corridor toward the room. I was within earshot when Roy confronted him quite audibly, saying, “*You are not sober in this program!*” and then walked away.

I was shocked to hear this, but at the same time I learned a lot about Roy and about his commitment to our program, as well as the importance of our sobriety definition to the unity of our fellowship. This was a source of comfort to me at the time.

Over the years, Roy and I talked on the phone from time to time. One evening, early on in my sobriety, my wife and I were cooking in the kitchen, preparing supper. Things were not well-organized in our kitchen. I was desperately looking for a cooking utensil and was becoming frustrated. Without any verbal communication between my wife and me, I turned to find her standing behind me with the exact utensil I needed. She probably did that because she was afraid of my rageful anger. This did enrage me because I felt watched by her and very helpless that I did not find it myself.

Before I was able to vent on my wife, the phone rang and it

was Roy. I don’t remember now what he called about but he made the mistake of asking me how things were going. Needless to say, he got an earful and when I was finished ranting he said, “Why didn’t you just take the spoon and say thank you?” There was silence on both ends of the line. With that simple question, I was humbled.

Here was an opportunity to express gratitude to my wife. I really had not done much of that before this—and I blew it! But I learned a big lesson in acceptance. After that,

every time Roy and I talked, whether on the phone or in person, he remembered my wife by name, and would ask how she was.

I had other dealings with Roy over the years on the phone and in committees. In all of his dealings, Roy always expressed his love for and commitment to the SA fellowship, and all of its members. Roy certainly went to any length for sobriety. But he also went to any length to help us and encourage us—both verbally and by his example of how to live the best life, by God’s grace through SA’s principles and the Twelve Steps. It is still hard to believe he is gone. He will always be in my mind, heart, and prayers—and I believe he is in a much better place to help us now than he ever was.

—*Yours in God’s Love and Sobriety, Dave G.*



Carrying the Message

I remember when I first met Roy, in 1983. He appeared nervous around me, but not nearly as nervous as I felt around him. I expected to find a number of sober women who could tell me how to stay sober. I found only a few women, and none of them had six months of sobriety in our program. In fact, I had the longest sobriety time behind Roy and Jess L.—and I only had one month! Roy always had a rapport with newcomers in the program. Over the years I have come to appreciate more and more this trait that he demonstrated.



I have tremendous respect for Roy because he gave so much of himself. I am so grateful to Roy that he listened to the God of his understanding and carried that message through his writings, his recorded recovery talks, and his personal contact with program members. I would not be alive today without Roy's written message and his personal example of recovery.

I appreciate Roy's wife for sharing him with us. Over the years she has been so gracious, understanding, and a faithful companion to Roy. Thanks be to God for Roy K. and to the SA program of recovery.

—*Sylvia J.*

A Gift to Us All

I attended my first SA meeting in 1988 at a Methodist church in Nashville, Tennessee. At the time, Roy had nine years of sexual sobriety. Back then, the definition of “old-timer” was three years of sobriety. Roy was years ahead of the “new” old-timers. When Roy died this past September at the age of 82, he had more than 25 years of sexual



sobriety. His life and his sobriety were a gift to us all.

I first got to know Roy through the White Book and the *Essay*. At the time the White Book was an 8 1/2 by 11-inch perfect-bound white cover edition.

I still have my first copy with its smudged covers and torn binding.

I also still have in my files the cover of the April 22, 1974 issue of

Time magazine that Roy mentions in “A Personal Story” (*SA*, 20). After Roy read the cover story of that *Time* issue, entitled “The New Alcoholism,” he got up and called Alcoholics Anonymous. He attended his first AA meeting that night, as a possible program of recovery for the “sex drunk.”

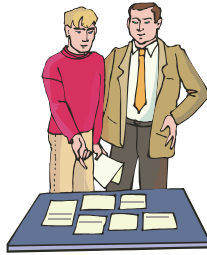
I too was touched by that article when it came out. For a number of years I had been concerned that I could not relate to any woman without having sexual thoughts about her. While I did not yet identify myself as a sex addict, I felt there was something important in that article for me.

Roy’s identification of sexaholism as a spiritual disease also echoed my own experience. His description of his attraction to “Azura—the Queen of Magic” (*SA*, 10) fit me perfectly, although I used another fairy-tale female as my object. His 18 suggestions for “Overcoming Lust and Temptation” (*SA*, 157) were helpful to me in my early sobriety. I would write a paragraph on one section per day in my journal. When I completed Number 18, I went back to Number 1 and started over. I was grateful for that exercise.

Twenty years ago there was an effort to mail the *Essay* newsletter to everyone who wanted a copy. Each issue included articles written by Roy and others. I read every issue and

found the articles to be helpful to my recovery.

During my first year in the program, the White Book was being edited by Roy and an editorial committee of three—including Nashville’s Jean P. I remember looking at Jean’s marked-up copy one day after an SA meeting and thinking she had some helpful suggestions. For example, she suggested replacing gender-limited language in “What is a Sexaholic and What Is Sexual Sobriety?” (*SA*, 202) so that women would feel more included. The current form of *Sexaholics Anonymous* (published July 1989) was the result of the group effort of that editorial committee.



In 1990, I attended my first International SA Convention, in Nashville. I managed the literature table for the event and was glad to have the new copies of the newly edited *Sexaholics Anonymous* as well as *Member Stories 1989* to sell along with AA literature and our SA pamphlets.

I remember that in Roy’s Saturday evening talk to the fellowship, he shared the agony he experienced in having his *Essay* pieces shortened or changed by editors. As a writer myself, I could understand the struggle with having my carefully drafted prose being modified or even cut. However, Roy understood the

value of the group editorial process in improving the final version for the good of the fellowship. I remember thinking this was Tradition Two in action: “. . . Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.”

At the Chicago conference in 1992, Roy announced that he would step back from Central Office management. It was a slow process to move the decisions for what was to become the SA International Central Office (SAICO) from Roy and the secretary in California to a committee of seven halfway across the country. However, the Northridge, CA earthquake accelerated that process. Damage to the building that housed SA led to a decision to move the office to Nashville in 1994.

The Central Office Oversight Committee facilitated this move. We flew Roy and his wife to Nashville to participate in decisions regarding the new office. As it happened, the two of them stayed in my house. I was thrilled to be their host. I was blessed to be able to serve them meals and spend time talking with Roy and his wife about the SA fellowship and about themselves.

Roy frequently ended our talks with a prayer. His desire to connect with God was powerful. At times he seemed to feel that he fell short in this

connection—yet his writing and work for SA were clear evidence of God working through his life, day after day.

Roy cared passionately for the suffering sexaholic. Over the years, he would regularly develop a “magic bullet” for suffering sexaholics. That is, he would have an insight into a way of working the Steps, or of using the early AA experiences, or of using prayers or some other technique for becoming and remaining sexually sober. He wanted something to work for the struggling sexaholics—and he persistently sought God in these matters. He strongly desired to connect with the power of God in all things.

As SAICO developed, Roy focused more on writing other literature, speaking, and working with sexaholics in the Los Angeles area. We lost touch for a while. Thus, in October 2008, I was happy when Roy called one day to talk and to clear up any lingering tensions there might have been between us. While he would not talk about his illness, I knew from others that he was struggling. What we did talk about was our relationship with God, our desire to have our common welfare come first, and our mutual willingness to clean up anything which separated us.

At the end Roy asked me if I had any final thoughts for him. I said only that I think he sometimes missed



knowing how much people cared for him and how grateful we have been that God used him in forming SA. I hoped that he would experience that more deeply in the months to come. With that, we said goodbye.

With Roy's passing has come new awareness of my gratitude. The sponsor Roy wrote about in his story (SA, 23) was Chuck C., the author of the AA pamphlet "A New Pair of Glasses." To know that we in SA benefit from the legacy of Chuck C. is thrilling. Chuck's advice to Roy in the midst of a bout of anger with his wife to "sit down and eat your supper" (SA, 164) is an immense gift to couples in our fellowship. Having listened to



Chuck's tapes many times, I could hear Chuck C. in Roy's messages.

Roy often said he did not like the title of "founder." Yet he filled the same role in our fellowship that Bill W. filled for Alcoholics Anonymous. While other sexaholics helped spread the fellowship far and wide, Roy was most certainly the central figure in founding SA as we know it. He was part of God's plan to spread hope and a chance to recover from a serious illness to thousands of others through Sexaholics Anonymous. For this we can never be sufficiently grateful.

—David M., Portland OR

My Path to Recovery

I had been in the program for several years before I finally met Roy K., although I believe we talked over the phone during those first years. I remember Roy's passion for spreading the message, his courage, and his principles. Those qualities came through clearly in his conversations as well as his writing.

I joined SA in 1984, a few months after breaking up with a fellow who had been my "lover." This man had died suddenly of a mysterious new disease, which we now call AIDS. I was shocked that a man who seemed so healthy had died

so suddenly. I was consumed by fears: would I start having sex with people without telling them I was infected? In desperation I prayed, "Please help me, Lord!"

Not long after those desperate prayers, I "happened" to overhear another same-sex-attracted man talking very loudly in public. He shared that he was a member of a new Twelve Step sexual abstinence program that advised complete mental and sexual abstinence for



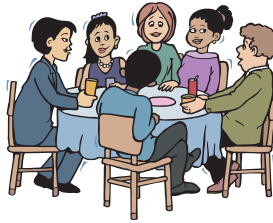
lust and sex addicts. It was called Sexaholics Anonymous.

I had never heard lust discussed as an addiction, like alcohol or illegal drugs, but I recognized the similarities. I joined this new program and was told that I would have to stop lusting. Paradoxically, the wording of SA's Step One reflected how impossible that would be: *"We admitted that we were powerless over lust—that our lives had become unmanageable."*

During my first few years in SA, I wanted the sobriety definition to be redefined. I thought Roy was puritanical. I considered that the sobriety definition—no sex with self or anyone other than a heterosexual marriage partner—would be impossible for me. I was right. By then, I had become consumed with lust. I could have never stopped on my own. Fortunately, I kept coming back. I found that with the help of God and others, it is not impossible. But it was difficult. To stay sober, I needed the help of the recovering men and women whom God placed in recovery with me.

At the meetings I attended, most of the other men talked about their acting out with women. However, I readily identified with them, and they with me, no matter what our ways of sexual acting out had been. They did

not scorn me; they were helpful. I learned that meetings are safe places. It is okay to be honest. God gave me the grace to keep coming back. After only a few years of working the Steps and sharing with others, I began to realize something very surprising: I was getting far more real love and acceptance in the meetings than I had ever gotten in my sexual relationships.



It took me a few years before I recognized the wisdom of my program's definition of sexual sobriety. During these struggles, Roy loved

me and others enough to tell the truth, even when it was unpopular. He did what God called him to do. He kept reiterating SA's bottom line and insisted that the sobriety definition applied to men and women of all backgrounds. Today, I have found this to be true for myself.

Even as my physical health has declined, my spirituality and self-awareness have grown as a result of my continued pursuit of this God-given program. Roy did more for me than I can possibly express. Many wonderful blessings came my way when I finally learned to surrender to this program, surrender my lust, and work the Steps in SA.

—Anonymous

Just Another Bozo on the Bus!



Dear Roy,

More than 21 years ago I entered the program you founded, and I have wholeheartedly appreciated your dedication to us ever since. Our meeting was already using a sobriety definition clarification similar to that which years later was adopted in Cleveland. This definition made perfect sense to me.

What was harder for me to understand was your reluctance to govern. The service work I did—as well as the appreciation expressed by my fellow members for it—stroked my ego. I tried very hard to keep others' appreciation from going to my head, telling myself that the service is its own reward. As the years progressed, the ego flares diminished and I understood your stated desire to enter a meeting and not be recognized, but to be "just another Bozo on the bus." This is another lead of yours for which I am very grateful.

When we disagreed, you wrote, "Yes, we seem to differ on the matter of . . . as might be expected in such matters of personal judgment . . .", and you thanked me for my honesty. You did not insist that your judgment was correct, but instead offered another path, which I was pleased to accept. Your leadership and humbleness stand hand-in-hand as an inspiration to all of us.

Thanks again my friend. May you be at peace with "the God of your understanding."

—Larry H., Delegate, Mid-Atlantic region

At the Airport

I was at the airport and I was struggling with same-sex lust. Roy was at the airport also. He said, "Let me pray with you." I said, "I'm struggling with that guy over there." After praying he said "I would encourage you to go up to that person and talk with him, see how he is doing." That is what I have done and that has been very powerful for me in making real connections with guys that I have difficulty with.



—Anonymous

Praying for People We Resent



In July 1985, a man loaned me a copy of an earlier version of the White Book. I read it twice in two weeks.

My mind was numbed by remnants of the lust drug, and I couldn't take in a lot of it. But what I remember is the tremendous feeling of hope I felt after decades of misery and failure. I began to believe that I could get clean of the terrible obsessions and compulsions that haunted me.

I remember one time in particular when Roy helped me personally. It was September 1987. The SA group I was in had just self-destructed over issues between personalities. I was one of the "personalities." I was full of anger and fear toward another member. I felt alone with my disease.

I called Roy.

He told me to pray for that other member. He told me to pray that God would give that member everything he needed to be happy, and that God would give him more than he gave me. That was hard! I wanted the other man to suffer. I said the prayer daily, although I didn't really want what I was praying for. I don't know if it did the other man any good, but it started a change in me. Since then, I've prayed that prayer for others. This has been a powerful prayer for me.

Today I feel sadness at Roy's death, but an immense sense of gratitude for his life and work.

—Art B.,
*Kingscourt
Group, Ireland*



An Instrument of Grace

I never had the opportunity to meet Roy personally, but I feel the same about him as what I've heard he said about all of us: that we are his family. I first encountered the White Book in 1985, when I was in a recovery group that met in a counseling center. The group did not use the SA format exactly, but one of the group members also attended an SA group in Dallas and had a copy

of the White Book. He offered to get a copy for anyone who desired one. I purchased a copy but never read it much until several years later.

After the recovery group, I had been trying to do the "Lone Ranger" thing and recover on my own. This didn't work out so well for me. Then I remembered that there is a national organization for sex addiction, so I got out my White Book and looked

up SA. In 1988, I began attending an SA group in Milwaukee and have been in the program ever since.

I have been greatly helped by reading the White Book as well as Roy's other writings, including a book that he wrote under a pseudonym. To me, his anonymity in his writings shows great humility. His writings have also helped me work through some of my struggles about defining my Higher Power. Roy

knew who his Higher Power was and he shared this as he felt led, without pushing his own concept of God on anyone.

Roy has certainly been used as an instrument of grace in many lives.

—David B., Alaska



Upcoming International Convention

"Fellowship of the Spirit," January 8-10, 2010, Nashville, TN

The Middle Tennessee Fellowships will once again host the winter International Conventions. Our theme describes the result of following the journey of Twelve Step Recovery: when we thoroughly follow this path, we will have a spiritual awakening and enter into the "Fellowship of the Spirit." Often, the result of that awakening is a passion for carrying the message of hope and recovery.



During the convention, we plan to have a simple and tasteful memorial of our founder Roy K. who passed away in September. But rather than merely mourn his loss, we want to celebrate the gift that he brought to us through his journey of recovery.

We invite you to trudge the road of happy destiny with us in January, and help us carry the message. A program has been developed around our theme, and many great topics are planned, with speakers and panel leaders from around the country.

For more information, visit our web site at www.sa-sanonconventions.org, call our hotline 1-877-434-9006, or send us an email at SANIC2010@gmail.com.

We will gladly email you printable versions of the full flyer or registration page.

We look forward to seeing you in January!

A Great Burden for Sexaholics

It was 1993 and I was barely three years sober when I flew with my sponsor to my first big convention in Nashville, TN. I can remember how excited I was to meet all those wonderful long-time-sober members whose voices and stories I knew from the tapes! It was like being in heaven, I thought, to be all together in this beautiful hotel with these people who, for me, were icons of sobriety.

The Friday night sobriety countdown was a big event. I was thrilled to get my three-year coin from the hand of Sylvia J., and watched with awe as she and Harvey A. and Jess L. received coins for nine and ten years.

And then Sylvia called out—“Eleven years?” But no one came forward. “Twelve years? Thirteen years? Fourteen?” There was silence in the hall, but we breathed with a growing excitement. “Fifteen years? Sixteen years?” The suspense was almost palpable.

“Seventeen years?” And suddenly a lean, lithe figure bounded up the steps to the podium. Roy K. had been pointed out to me at lunch; I



recognized the hawk-like head with its shock of salt-and-pepper hair, and as he turned to face the applause I saw the easy grin that seemed to be compounded of equal parts deep kindness, wry amusement, and a sort of pained surprise.

Seventeen years! It seemed a fabulous number to me then, a sum past reckoning, certainly unattainable by ordinary mortals. And yet there he was, living proof: never mind the musty past, here stood a miracle! And we applauded with all our hearts the man who had brought us all together, by persevering through a terrible sickness into miraculous recovery.

Now, 16 years later, as I celebrate 20 years of sobriety, I have come to know more of what that moment—that celebration of sobriety—really meant. I have seen beautiful vistas and walked the rocky road in my own journey. I can understand better what it must have cost in human terms: the desperation of trying to create a program for sex addiction when it had never existed before, the pain of flying blind without an SA sponsor or an SA group. I have read the excerpts from Roy’s journal, as printed in “Beginnings.”¹ In January 1979,

¹*Beginnings. . . Notes on the Origin and Early Growth of SA.* Copyright © 1985, 2003, SA Literature. All Rights reserved.

after three years of sobriety: “There’s a fire in my bones. A slow-burning fire that was ignited the day I walked into the program.... I long to ‘tell my story’” (6). Then two months later, when another effort collapses: “Fifth meeting. No one shows. Despair hits again” (8). And then in 1981, when there are still no meetings: “Had a great burden sweep over me for sexaholics” (9). And I am in awe of the perseverance and courage it took to fulfill that burden. I am in awe of the power of Providence that worked through this flawed human being, sending him that burning fire, so that I might find sobriety in SA. To quote Roy, “I can’t conceive of such a provision for *me*, but I accept it” (*SA*, 121). And I thank God that when I was ready to stop, there was a home group and a sponsor—and a

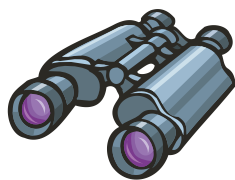


White Book!—ready for me. That I had only to stoop down and pick up the kit of spiritual tools laid at my feet.

Thank you, Roy. You worked out this impossible program through the crucible of your own experiences and recovery, and in doing so, introduced us to “the God of the Impossible” (*Recovery Continues*, 121). You opened the door to a new era of hope for the sexaholic, and showed us a pathway beside which is an inscription which reads: “This is the way to a life of sobriety.” In following this path, I discovered that God was doing for me what I could never do for myself. As the agent of a loving God, you have my deepest gratitude.

—Mike F., Rochester, NY,
Delegate, NE Region

An Unwavering Vision



I had been attending SA for two months when I ventured out to Nashville for the January 1990 International Convention. Seeing that sea of people in that ballroom, I was sold on the SA fellowship. But not on what it stood for.

I had entered the gay lifestyle four years earlier, in an attempt to fit in somewhere where my same-sex attractions would be understood and

welcomed and not scorned or judged. I joined gay organizations and a church, and tried to integrate my interior feelings with an external life I wouldn’t have to hide. I “came out of the closet” to some of my family members. But the part I couldn’t tell anyone was the desperate and dangerous anonymous sexual

behavior I was engaging in.

Then I hit an emotional bottom and crawled into my first SA meeting. I intuitively knew that those people had what I wanted. For a while I also tried another S fellowship that on paper seemed more tolerant and enlightened, but I didn't sense that same peace there.

So now in Nashville, I tried to figure out how I could educate others about the need to be more inclusive and to amend the sobriety definition to include "spouse as you understand spouse." I found out that there was a hard and mean contingent—headed by someone named Roy—who wouldn't budge on this and just didn't get it. I felt immediately rejected and judged and I copped a walloping resentment.

At that convention, I met some folks from New York City who also felt that things in SA needed to change. Over the next year I cooperated with them and helped edit appeals to the fellowship. I went to conventions and talked of the injustice of being discriminated against. I was angry, and I was sure that Roy and his group were wrong. But underneath it, a part of me craved acceptance by him and the others. I stayed sober—obstinately—and knew they couldn't throw me out. I cringed that the program was about



God and thought that those believing people were weak and needed to buck up and get a life. I couldn't see that I was judging the very people whose judgment I dreaded.

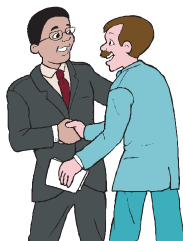
But in year two of sobriety, something happened. I began to listen to the people who were talking about God and sensed that they had a real relationship with Him—whatever He was. It struck me that maybe I was missing something. I read in *Alcoholics Anonymous* that "many spiritually minded persons of all races, colors, and creeds were demonstrating a degree of stability, happiness, and usefulness which we should have sought ourselves" (AA, 49). I saw that although I had some honesty and willingness, the open-mindedness was missing.

I began to seek God in earnest. I could sense that others in the fellowship were praying for me. I got to that place where I could finally see that "either God is everything or else He is nothing" (AA, 53). Maybe I was the one who wasn't getting it. I had to surrender everything—my lifestyle and all my notions of who I was and what I needed and how SA needed to change. And when I did that, I met God as I came to understand Him. Everything changed. God began to show me who He was, and who I was in His eyes.

Now, at conventions, I could see

that Roy had a deep friendship with God and had been given a vision from which he knew he couldn't waver. Roy knew I had been against him but he never shunned or disrespected me as I had done to him. My anger melted away and I apologized to him for the way I had rejected him and had worked to tear down what God had given him to build up. It was a transforming moment. I apologized to others in the group as well. Only God could bring about such a change of heart.

Roy received me with the same warmth that he had always wanted to show me, if only I had let him. Only someone who had experienced deep forgiveness and grace could extend the same to another who needed it so desperately. Over the years, he



kept on giving in the spirit of loving friendship.

And Roy never stopped going deeper in surrender and honesty before God. As the vision God gave him became more refined, he would offer the same vision to us in SA. At the 2007 Maryland Convention, he challenged the fellowship to embrace lust sobriety beyond mere sexual sobriety.

We in SA will always be challenged by the courage of the one God chose to stand firm in that message before Him. It is now our turn to hold onto the vision, and stand firm in that message. I believe that Roy is up there preparing a way for us sexaholics—the ones he called “his people.”

—L.A.

Condolences from the UK



Dear SA Fellowship:

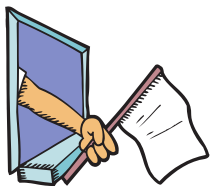
I am writing to you on behalf of the SAUK

Intergroup. At our last meeting in London, we read out loud Roy K.'s article "The Searchlight of the Spirit" from the September 09 Essay. We also sadly learnt of Roy's death. I was asked to relay to you our sincere thanks for Roy. We have paid tribute to him and his inspirational messages over the years. We are so grateful for his life and work, and particularly for how he helped so many onto the "right road" to freedom and true happiness.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes to his family.

—Yours sincerely, Alan G., Acting Chair, SAUK Intergroup

Absolute Surrender



Roy K., the founder of our program, died peacefully last September. He had

suffered from cancer. He was in his early eighties.

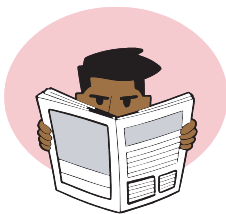
It is difficult to overstate the importance of Roy's influence to our Dayton group (let alone to SA in general). We were a floundering group between 1998 and 2001, with a reputation in Dayton (as one person later admitted to me) as "the place to go if you don't want to recover!" Then in January 2001, a few of us went to the SA International Conference in Los Angeles and heard Roy present this new idea called the "Absolute Surrender." He distributed copies of an article he had written called "Lust Recovery: Part II" (*Essay*, Issue Two, 2000, front page). We took the article back to Dayton, and asked members to lay aside the reading of *Sexaholics Anonymous* for awhile and instead read this article. They agreed—and lives began to change.

Deeply inspired by Roy's challenge in the article to work with other sexaholics, two of us began practicing an activity we had recently heard about called "daily renewals." We obtained a daily renewal sheet

from an SA member in the New England area, and began taking turns calling each other daily and asking and responding to the questions. We began to experience a new level of accountability, support, friendship, and challenge.

We wanted to share our excitement with our failing group but received no support from the membership at the time. Therefore, inspired by Roy's challenge in the article to work with newcomers, we developed a process that provides newcomers with basic guidance so that they can develop sound recovery practices from day one. Our lives—

and the lives of the people who experienced this newcomer orientation—continued to change, all



inspired by Roy's thoughts in that article.

A year or so after the 2001 International Conference, a group of us went to a weekend conference in West Virginia where we heard Roy speak. He spent some private time with a few members of our group because word had spread that something special was going on in Dayton and he wanted to support us.

I was able to keep in touch with

Roy over the years and receive his wisdom during some challenging times in our group's history. I have met very few people with such single-hearted devotion to God and recovery. I am saddened for his family and for the wider SA family at his loss, but also I rejoice for him, because he is

now healed both physically of his pain and spiritually of his addiction. He is "cured" of lust. And I take comfort at the thought of his rejoicing before the Lord.

—*Peace, John P., Dayton, OH*

Taking the Actions of Love

In January 1994, I attended my first SA convention in Rochester, NY. After the Friday evening session, I joined a small group of people standing around Roy. I've been fortunate on a few occasions to meet certain rare individuals who have the true gift of presence. Roy was one of them. I was struck by the clarity in his eyes, the openness of his face, and the direct way he spoke. When he asked, "How are you doing?" there was no sense of small talk in the question. We were immediately talking about the life-and-death issues of sobriety, recovery, and serenity. The conversation lasted only a few minutes, but I knew that I wanted what Roy had.

The next day, Roy spoke after the noon meal. He emphasized the importance of "taking the actions of love," and that if we do so "the feelings will follow." He said that, for him, he never had the feelings first. He always had to make himself take the actions of love first, and then

the feelings might follow.

At the time, I had been in SA for only 21 months, and sober for the last 11 of them—whereas Roy had a dozen or more years of sobriety. I thought that at his stage he couldn't possibly be completely serious about having to take the actions first. I thought he might sharing that for the sake of the the newer members, so that we might identify a bit more with his story.

But I held on to those words of his, and as time went by I gradually came to see that what he said was not only completely true, but that most importantly it was true for me. Taking the actions, even when I don't feel like it, has become an essential part of my own road to recovery.

I learned something else from Roy a few years later. I called him on the phone one day during a difficult relapse period that I was in. He asked me to tell him what was happening,



and I began talking about my lack of sobriety and what I was trying to do about it. After a few minutes, Roy cut me off abruptly, saying in a sharp voice: “Why did you call me?” He sounded angry, and I said nothing for a moment; but then it occurred to me to ask him: “What do you hear in my voice?” He said, “What I hear is I, I, I, I, I. I’m doing this, I’m doing that. If it’s you that’s doing everything, you’ll

get nowhere, because you haven’t surrendered.” Then we had a long conversation about surrendering to God and what that looks like. This was one of those important milestones on my continuing journey to humility.



Thank you, Roy!
After all those years of trudging along with us, I hope you have reached your Happy Destiny.

—Brian H., Toronto,
Ontario, Canada

A New Vocation



Though I did not know Roy personally, I was deeply moved by the news of his death. I heard him speak once at an International

Convention in New Jersey and I liked him: a dignified-looking older gentleman. Roy’s passing reminds me of the great gift SA has been in my life, a gift which I would not have today were it not for this man.

I started my recovery journey in another S-fellowship, but it was in SA that I saw real pain and real honesty, and I knew SA was for me. I got sober in June of 1999 after I finally hit my bottom. What followed was a gift beyond gifts: continued sobriety while working the Steps.

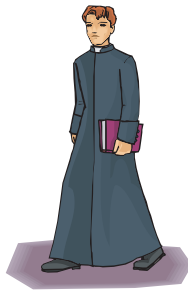
What beautiful first months and years of recovery those were: the one-day marathons in nearby cities, the friends I made, and the ups and downs of getting sober. The gift of discovering myself—my feelings and desires—for the first time without my drug.

Two and a half years into my sobriety, God began to address other areas of my life that needed to change, especially my vocation. God made it clear to me that He wanted me to get involved with Church. This made little sense to me because I had no faith in the Church message—but I wanted to be a part of the spiritual community. I was attracted to the ritual, the Scriptures, the different kinds of people with their flaws and virtues. It seemed much like an SA family, but different. Then I attended a retreat for young professionals,

where I encountered the Higher Power I had been running from. After that weekend, I felt a shift that would push me into a new life.

I clung to my SA involvement: service work as well as keeping up with SA friends, my sponsor, my AA group, and my SA meetings. But with all this effort I was only maintaining sobriety. God wanted to work on another area of my life, and until I let Him, there would be no real progress. Still, my SA activity, meetings, and service kept me on track to finally make the great surrender of my life and turn my vocation and career over to God.

I had almost five years of sobriety and was ready for a relationship with a woman. I finally had an appreciation for marriage and a respect for family life. But as I prayed, I began to sense God calling me to a radical life of celibacy and ministry as a priest. This was not easy, but when I said “yes,” I began a new life. I quit my job of five years and entered the seminary.



At first, I found that I was hopelessly behind the other seminary students both socially and emotionally. It took much grace, psychological work, and miracles just to survive. But six years later, I am on the verge of completing seminary and being ordained a Catholic priest. Though I cannot now attend recovery meetings, I continue to work on recovery through the *Essay* newsletter, other SA literature, and an occasional SA contact. I thank God every day for keeping me sober for one more day and ask to stay sober during the night. Sobriety remains the bottom line in my life—without sobriety I could not function in the role God has for me.

Today I thank God for SA and for Roy K., who founded the program that allowed all this wonderful change in my life. Without Roy there would have been no SA as I knew it and perhaps there would have been no recovery, or sobriety, for me. Thank you, Roy. May you rest in peace.

—Anonymous

Elevators

I was riding the elevator at the convention in Philly a few years ago. I think it might be the last Roy attended. The elevator door opened, Roy stepped in, and he asked if this was the way to the newcomer’s meeting. I’m pretty sure that was not the first time he’d used that line.

—Anonymous



A Life-Changing Program

I first met Roy at a meeting at a regional convention in Irvine, CA in 2006. As the meeting was about to begin, I heard someone whisper, “Hey, there’s Roy K.!” The room was crammed with maybe 50 people, and I spent the rest of the meeting trying to guess which one he was. When a friend introduced me afterward, I was surprised that he was not one of the men I had picked out. Instead, he was a humble gentleman who had made no attempt to impress the group or take charge, but who had simply led with his weakness. Since then, both in personal interactions with Roy and observing him at meetings, I was always impressed by his honesty and humility.

In the fall of 2008, shortly before Roy’s surgery, he called to make an amends for a misunderstanding he remembered from one of our conversations. I did not feel he owed me an amends, but I was happy to be able to speak with him once more, and was again touched by his humility.

In 2001, when my husband and I first came to SA, we were on the brink of divorce, and I was spiraling down into a very deep pit. I had been struggling for most of my life with

a compulsive “habit” that seemed too shameful to speak of to anyone. Then my husband started attending SA meetings, and I started reading his White Book. In it, I was amazed to find the perfect description of my obsession, as well as clear directions for attaining the solution: sexual sobriety through the Twelve Steps of SA. I read through the book several times before I summoned the courage to attend my first SA meeting.

Since I walked through the doors of SA, my life has changed in ways far beyond what I ever could have imagined. My husband and I, working the SA program together, have seen our marriage transformed by the grace of God. This past June, after eight years of recovery, we celebrated 21 years of marriage. Because of one man’s persistent efforts to bring this fellowship into being, I have the ability today to be a faithful partner in a marriage—and to handle all areas of my life more successfully.

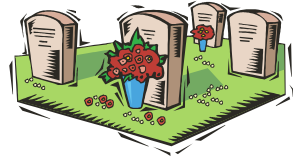
I’m grateful to have been able to get to know Roy, if only for a short time. But even if I had never met him, I will be forever grateful to him for developing the program of recovery that saved my life. God bless you, Roy, for all you have done for me, for our family, and for our fellowship.

—Barbara F., San Diego



Reflections on Roy's Death

I lost my father a year ago. I know that he was liberated from the old body that tormented him. However, I never knew for sure that he looked upon his death as a spiritual passage to a higher level of consciousness. During his last hours of consciousness, I tried my best to reassure my father that he was going to a better place, for he had a spiritual attitude toward life.



So I meditate on Roy's death with the belief that he was liberated from his tormented flesh, and I trust that he made the changes in his life to nourish a spiritual life—a new life he could certainly look forward to after death.

Many writings about death cite the carrying to the other world of the things that were worshipped in the previous life. In this way, one who has not freed himself of earthly bondage would still be bound in the afterlife, until his soul works its liberation, perhaps. He would remain, for awhile, tormented about satisfying the desire of the flesh without even having a body.

I have faith that Roy's soul is joyous and free, for he had found the serenity to accept the things he could not change and the courage to change the things he could (including writing a book about it!). He now has the joy of the eternal promises of the world of spirit. I rejoice that he left sober.

—Martin D.

My First Conference



In September 2007, I attended my first regional conference in Irvine, CA. This was my first conference and the first time I had driven alone early on a Saturday morning (for 1 ½ hours) for my recovery. I was 29 years old and two years sober.

At the conference, I attended a

very large SA meeting. Only a few chairs were empty. We tried to sit in a circle but one end was misshapen because the large group did not fit easily into a circle.

In the meeting I shared something I had earned from previous meetings that day: that if I act in

love toward my sister even if I don't feel loving toward her, it could heal our relationship. My youngest sister and I were not speaking to each other because of a stupid fight we had about laundry. The tension I felt while living in my parents' house with my sister was wearing me down. I shared about my gratitude at having a solution to this problem.

I noticed a man with white hair sitting at the far end of the room. As I sat in the meeting listening to members share, I remember thinking that the white-haired man must be the oldest in the room. When he shared, he seemed really passionate about the addicts still suffering around the world. I thought that he must have been an SA member for a long time to think and share the way he did.

After the meeting, as I was talking with my sponsor, I saw the

white-haired man walking straight toward me. I wondered what he wanted to say. But he simply shook my hand, thanked me for my share, and left.

I turned to my sponsor and said, "That was nice." She said, "Cool! Roy K. liked your share!"

"Who is Roy K?"

"He started SA!"

"Oh." I was embarrassed that I had been in the program since 2003 and didn't know who started SA. Then I was grateful that I didn't know all that beforehand, because I got to see him as a person, just like everyone else. He seemed very kind.

I was sad to hear of Roy's death, but sharing his memory helps me to mourn him.

—Sara D., *San Diego*

Memories

I remember being at an SA retreat in Oregon in 1995, when an old-timer named Harry gave Roy a hug during a speaker meeting, forgiving him for something. I was quite moved.

A few years later, I was invited on a Twelve Step call by Gary W. with Roy in Laguna Niguel. We all did a Third Step prayer with the guy. I don't think he "jelled," but it was powerful!

Another time after an Intergroup meeting in West Los Angeles, Roy gave me a copy of one of his books. I still owe him \$10.00. I guess I'll have to throw a little more into the hat when it comes around.

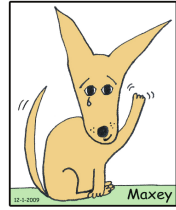
I miss Roy. He helped me a lot.

—Steve P.



We'll Miss You, Roy

Writing from your heart the vision splendid,
Endowing SAs hence to know God's power,
Let love for fellow members be unended,
Let the healing Twelve flourish and flower.
Make no mistake the struggle wasn't light,
In message winsome, the messenger was fought,
Stayed fixed in purpose with no end in sight,
Seeking recovery where no others sought.



You've blessed us all with peace instead of "pleasure,"
Once loving vanity, then others for God's sake,
Unearthing Twelve and Twelve like buried treasure,
Revealing concrete steps that we could take.
O soul, once tossed on lust-strewn sea,
You've harbored safe in His serenity.

—Randy M., Greater KC SA

~~~~~  
*Final Words from Roy K.*

## Stand Fast!



*Following are the last three paragraphs from Roy's final letter to the fellowship (Essay, September 2009, p. 30)*

I love this fellowship—with the whole history of its problems and adversity. God is doing for us what we could not do for ourselves. We are "more than conquerors" through Him who loved us and called us into being for the glory of His grace. Stand fast. Times may get tougher. Contend for the truth. Above all, let us be ready to offer, through our own personal lust recovery testimonies, what increasing thousands will need and seek. And above all, let us love one another in the truth.

I believe a new beginning awaits us as we discover the impossible reality of lust recovery under God and humble ourselves before him so he can pour out his blessing on those who suffer.

I thank you for your lives and service. May God bless you all. Be blessed and be a blessing as you work together this week and in time to come.

—Roy K.

## Beginnings

*A pamphlet entitled "Beginnings: Notes on the Origin and Early Growth of SA" (available from SA publications) provides detailed information, partly drawn from Roy's journals (see Beginnings, Foreword), about the early days of the SA fellowship. Following are a few brief excerpts, highlighting some early milestones.*

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### The Recovery Connection (p.1)

20 April 1974 – Roy reads the *Time* magazine feature article on "The New Alcoholism," which describes it in terms he identifies with in his sexual obsession. The article also says recovery is a matter of survival and tells about AA's success and how one of the principles of recovery is carrying the message to others. His journal entry reads, "Oh Lord, help me to find someone to help."

...

### The First Try (p.2)

5 December 1975—Meets with a prostitute and her brother at College House, Hollywood Presbyterian Church, hoping to start a meeting to overcome lust. "We talked about our sins and God's mercy." They had a deep and meaningful time together, but no one comes back, and the meetings fall apart. He wonders why. Concludes it's still mixed in with the illness. Journal: "Oh God . . . I can't do it. All has failed . . . And my emotions are so bound up in it."

...

### The Second Try (p.3)

Thanksgiving 1977—Sober again now for twenty-two months, and feeling he can't stay sober without others who want sexual sobriety, he impulsively runs an ad in the *L.A. Times*:

#### ADULTERY

Anyone who wants to stop but can't. Yes, we're serious. 213/5554017 After 5:30 PM or weekends.

A couple of dozen desperate, frightened men call, mostly in the wee hours of the morning. "In talking with these men . . . by phone, I merely told them my story: what it was like, what happened, and what it's like now. But I had nothing else to offer them! No group, no meetings, no literature, and no fellowship, without which there is nothing."

...

### The Fourth Try (p. 6)

15 January 1979 . . . "There's a fire in my bones. . . I *want* to carry the message to the one who still suffers . . . I'll *never* be 'ready.' I'll never be mature, sufficient enough in my own strength, etc. But I can't stay

---

sober one day in my own strength ...  
Nobody's going to do this thing for  
me; I'm going to have to go out there  
myself and just start . . ."

...

### "Not by Might Nor by Power . . ." (p. 9-11)

10 May 1981 – Roy accidentally happens across the May 8th issue of the LA. Times in the kitchen, and his eye catches the "Bed-hopping Wife" headline (he never read Dear Abby). A woman signing her name WEAK IN ILLINOIS writes Dear Abby: "I wish there were an Adulterer's Anonymous for compulsive adulterers: I am one and there's nothing I can do about it." Roy's Journal: "I'm taken completely aback. Knew I had to respond." He shows it immediately to his wife. They say together, very simply, "This is it." They know they must try to reach WEAK IN ILLINOIS and carry the message.

11 May 1981 – Roy writes a Dear Abby letter, responding to and hoping to reach WEAK IN ILLINOIS by telling his own story, but not mentioning SA directly. In a separate cover letter he tells about SA (there wasn't much to tell)

...

22 June 1981 – Dear Abby runs

a column, carrying mixed excerpts from Roy's Dear Abby letter, the background information from his cover letter (not meant to be published), and some of her own ideas. It appears in some 1100 newspapers in the United States and Canada, producing some 3000 mostly desperate inquiries. Without any viable SA group in existence, the SA message is shotgunned across the United States. Roy and his wife handle the avalanche of mail in their garage.

...

### First SA Conference— The Principles Are Hammered Out (p. 11-12)

25,26 July 1981—First fellowship wide conference, Simi Valley, California. [Nine members] come together to meet and be with other sexaholics. Most have no groups at home . . . It was the first SA meeting for most and very powerful for all.

Afterthoughts on the conference (also called a "convention") from Roy's 30 July letter to the attendees:

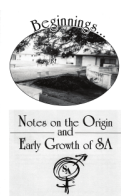
"The feeling of oneness was remarkable. Can't help feeling the unity was due in part to our individual commitment to what we're after—freedom from the obsession of lust and sexual sobriety. . . ."

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### Want To Know More?

Order "Beginnings: Notes on the Origin and Early Growth of SA" for \$1 per copy at

[www.gohands.com/sapub/pamphlets.cfm?id=1669](http://www.gohands.com/sapub/pamphlets.cfm?id=1669)





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## A Note from the Delegate Chair



Dear Fellow SA Members:

*This quarter I would like to share my deep gratitude for Roy K.'s impact on my life, as I have expressed in my following letter to him.*

*May we in the fellowship continue to surrender our will to God's will, and dedicate ourselves in unity to Sexaholics Anonymous. Be active guardians of the fellowship, and continue to find serenity, sobriety, and progressive victory over lust. Our common welfare in unity depends on each one of us and is paramount to our recovery. God bless all of you as you serve one day at a time.*

—Mike S., GDA Chair

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Gratitude for a Day Spent With Roy

Dear Roy,

It is comforting to know that you are with Him who sustained you throughout your life. I'm grateful that you started Sexaholics Anonymous and stuck to your direction from God. When we spoke recently, your primary purpose was to remind me of how to focus on "The Searchlight of the Spirit" by following His path and giving thanks to God each day. You reminded us all to be one in unity in lust recovery and sobriety, and to be humble.

When I was sitting with you on your porch this past summer, sharing about the SA fellowship, you kept asking, "What is the greatest need of the Fellowship?" I remembered that my therapist had told me I was hopeless, but you helped me understand and accept that I am not hopeless unless I fall away from God's influence in my actions and in working the Steps each day of my life. You shared with me that SA is not for everyone. It is for those who want sobriety and victory over lust, accepting what we have and moving forward.

Your love for the fellowship was not overshadowed by your fear of the fellowship and its direction. You kept reminding me of the need to accept the program as it is. Your message has always been to keep the principle of sobriety and lust recovery moving forward. In speaking with you, I felt your urgency to encourage the fellowship to follow the spirit of the program and stay the course that was set out in the 70s and 80s.

I was grateful that you had to take a nap, so I could visit with your wife. What a gift she has been to the program. Going into your office in the garage, I felt warmth and peace. What a gift that was! I was moved by your

excitement in explaining how you finished the ceiling off with the wood, and how you used this room for solace and for keeping the message going. I was overwhelmed by your organization and the amount of material you have stored. As we read one of the articles in your files, then discussed it, I felt blessed as you shared how God directed you to write it. You kept reminding me it was God and you were only a vessel. I wanted to find a way to live in this garage for a year, just to read and discuss the fellowship.

Our time together was a gift to me from God. It was comforting to sit, share, and feel a oneness of spirit. Thank you for being a beacon of light for SA and for giving so much of yourself for others. I care about you and am grateful for the many opportunities we had to share the fellowship of the spirit together.

—Mike S.

SA Announcements

New Groups



USA

Bloomington, IN (2 meetings)
Bremerton, Washington
Little Rock, AK (additional meeting)
St. George, Utah


Scranton, PA
Saginaw/Midland, MI
Wilmington, NC
Windsor, CT

South Africa

Durban



Group News From Reno, Nevada



The Reno, Nevada group has two meetings a week and a four regular members. We have a web site and are working on other ways to pass the message about our meetings, in a manner that is attractive and not promotive. We welcome SA visitors to northern Nevada or the Lake Tahoe area.

—Paul T.

French-Speaking Member Available to Assist other SA Members

I'm Javier from SA in Barcelona, Spain. I saw in March 2009 Essay that a member was looking for other French speaking members. I have lived most of my life in Paris, France and have been sober since August 15. I offer myself as a contact for any French-speaking member who desires assistance or fellowship.

If interested, please contact me through essay@sa.org

Trustees and Delegates can be reached at saico@sa.org

Calendar of Events



January 15 - 17, 2010, UK Winter Convention Wales, United Kingdom. For more info contact steve.e.2007@gmail.com

February 27, 2010, One Day Marathon, Atlanta, GA. Info at 770-853-9874 or email hopeinga@gmail.com

March 6, 2010, One Day Conference, Albuquerque, NM. *Awakening the Spirit Within*. Info at serenity@ultraspace.com or www.sites.google.com/site/abqs-groupsconference

March 26 - 28, 2010, SA Australia Conference, Cotter, ACT, Australia. *A New Way of Living*. For info call 02-8250-0180, contact saoz.net, or email austrelia@sa.org

May 15, 2010, Spring Conference, Seaford, Long Island, NY. For info call 516-634-0632, contact www.salongisland.org, or email recovery@salongisland.org.

June 11 - 13, 2010, Northwest Regional SA Spring Retreat, Raymond, WA. Info at www.puget-soundsa.org or www.sanorthwest.org

Upcoming International Conventions

January 8 - 10, 2010, SA International Convention, Nashville TN. *Fellowship of the Spirit*. See info below.

July 9 - 11, 2010, SA International Convention, Chicago, IL. *Sweet Hope Chicago*. More info soon.

Submit events to be listed in Essay to saico@sa.org

Submit info to be listed in March 2010 Essay by February 15, 2010. Please submit dates, theme, place, and points of contact.

Please contact an international operator for guidance on making international calls.

Events are listed here solely as a service, not as an endorsement by Essay or SAICO.



Upcoming International Convention *Fellowship of the Spirit*

January 8-10, 2010, Nashville, Tennessee

Many great topics are planned, with speakers and panel leaders from around the country. A simple and tasteful memorial of our founder Roy K. is also planned.

For more info, contact us at www.sa-sanonconventions.org, call 1-877-434-9006, or email SANIC2010@gmail.com. The website includes links to convention and hotel online registration. The Sheraton hotel convention rate is \$99 per night for up to four guests per room. Mention the "Fellowship of the Spirit" special rate when making reservations.

Subscribe to Essay. *Individual subscriptions are \$12.00 per year. Multi-year subscriptions are \$12.00 for the first year, \$10.00 for each subsequent year. Group rate is \$10.00 per year for 10 or more subscriptions sent to one address. Essay is also available by online subscription in PDF format. For more information contact saico@sa.org or Essay, PO Box 3565, Brentwood, TN 37024-3565, USA.*

The Twelve Traditions of Sexaholics Anonymous

1. Our common welfare should come first; personal recovery depends on SA unity.
2. For our group purpose there is but one ultimate authority—a loving God as He may express Himself in our group conscience. Our leaders are but trusted servants; they do not govern.
3. The only requirement for SA membership is a desire to stop lusting and become sexually sober.
4. Each group should be autonomous, except in matters affecting other groups or SA as a whole.
5. Each group has but one primary purpose—to carry its message to the sexaholic who still suffers.
6. An SA group ought never endorse, finance, or lend the SA name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property, and prestige divert us from our primary purpose.
7. Every SA group ought to be fully self-supporting, declining outside contributions.
8. SA should remain forever non-professional, but our service centers may employ special workers.
9. SA, as such, ought never be organized; but we may create service boards or committees directly responsible to those they serve.
10. SA has no opinion on outside issues; hence the SA name ought never be drawn into public controversy.
11. Our public relations policy is based on attraction rather than promotion; we need always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio, films, and TV.
12. Anonymity is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities.

Essay presents the experience, strength, and hope of SA members. Opinions expressed in Essay are not to be attributed to SA as a whole, nor does publication of any article imply endorsement by SA or by Essay. Manuscripts are invited, although no payment can be made. All articles submitted are assumed intended for publication and are subject to editing. All materials submitted become the property of Essay for copyright purposes. In submitting articles, please remember that SA's sobriety definition is not debated, since it distinguishes SA from other sex addiction fellowships. SA is not a forum for non-SA sobriety. In submissions, please do not reference unadjudicated illegal actions.

Thank you, Roy

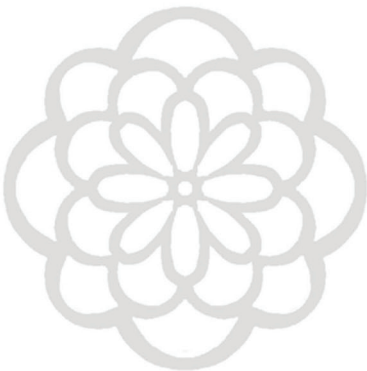
We had a newcomer meeting tonight - a fitting way to honor our founder's passing. At the close of sharing, we read the final paragraphs of "A Personal Story" from *Sexaholics Anonymous* (p. 25):

I can't believe that the person I'm writing about today is the same one who used to think and do the things I've been describing. Actually, that other person was a slave; he was living in a world of fantasy and illusion, only for himself, and always alone. He had never matured through emotional adolescence and was spiritually dead. He could not cope either with his own emotions or with life in the big world out there, and was constantly running. Running to satisfy demands and lusts that could never be satisfied. Running from who he really was; running from others; running from life; running from God, the source of his life.

The running is over. I've found what I was really looking for.

Thanks for letting God use you, Roy.
May you rest in peace.

Steve S., GDA Vice Chair,
September 15, 2009



*God,
Grant me the serenity
to accept the things I
cannot change,
the courage to change
the things I can, and
the wisdom to know
the difference.*