

ROAD TO RECOVERY

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Welcome to another edition of our SCPOAI Newsletter, with many thanks to Dana for her tireless service as editor.

Your GRs (group representatives) are working hard to keep the south central PA intergroup welcoming to all. We are beginning a new meeting in Manchester, PA (not on the schedule yet but will be soon), the SCPOAI Retreat is about to kick off, thanks to Diane and the entire Retreat 2024 committee, and we have IDEA Day planned for November. We do need a chairperson for IDEA Day, so please consider stepping up to serve for this one-day workshop in Camp Hill. This is a wonderful service opportunity, please don't miss your HP's nudges to serve. Our intergroup has so much to offer you, the individual OA member. This newsletter and our robust website, thanks to Amanda, are chockful of recovery resources for you. While we're each our own person, we do nothing alone in OA. Do you have a home group? Do you have a sponsor? Do you sponsor? Are you studying OA literature with other members, apart from your regular meetings? How's your HP time going as of late? Do you make outreach phone calls or texts to other members? Enjoy the warming weather and reach out to another compulsive eater today.

Peace,
Geri K Our Chair

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Region 7 Contacts

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Step 4- Courage

Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves. Spiritual Principal- Courage

Tradition 4-Each group should be autonomous except in matters affecting other groups or OA as a whole.

Concept 4-The right of participation ensures equality of opportunity for all in the decision-making process.

Step 5- Integrity

Admitted to God, to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.

Tradition 5- Each group has but one primary purpose — to carry its message to the compulsive overeater who still suffers.

Concept 5- Individuals have the right of appeal and petition in order to ensure that their opinions and personal grievances will be carefully considered.

Step 6- Willingness

Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.

Tradition 6-An OA group ought never endorse, finance or lend the OA name to any related facility or outside enterprise, lest problems of money, property and prestige divert us from our primary purpose.

Concept 6-The World Service Business Conference has entrusted the Board of Trustees with the primary responsibility for the administration of Overeaters Anonymous.

Members Share

“ FORTUNATE TO GO TO OA RETREAT AT CAMP HEBRON “

IT WAS A VERY WONDERFUL WEEKEND RETREAT...
WITH SO MANY RECOVERING MEMBERS TO MEET.
THE MEETINGS WERE ALL FILLED WITH SO MUCH SHARING...
TOUCHING ALL WITH EMOTIONS OF UNCONDITIONAL CARING.

JUST WALKING INTO THE FRONT DOORS AT THE START...
FEELING SO WELCOME FROM EVERYONES' HEART.
IT'S LIKE BEING AT A SAFE PLACE THE WHOLE WEEKEND...
THAT WAS SPECIAL FROM THE BEGINNING TO THE END.

WHEN MEALTIMES CAME AROUND TOUCHING EACH...
BY HAVING SAFE PEOPLE TO SHARE WHILE WE EAT.
ABSTINENCE THROUGH OUT THE MEALS WAS GREAT...
FOR I FOUND MY BODY, FELT IT WAS SATE.

THE SET UP OF ROUND TABLES WITH EIGHT OR MORE EACH...
HELPED US ALL TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER, SO NEAT.
PRESENT THRU THE WEEKEND WAS SO MUCH CAMARADERIE...
WITH SHARING PAIN OR TEARS, EVEN LAUGHTER I'D SEE.

GATHERING TOGETHER FOR THE RAFFLE WAS ALSO EXCITING...
EVEN FOR THOSE NOT WINNING, THE JOY FOR ALL WAS ENLIGHTENING.
DURING FREE TIME WAS SPECIAL FOR EACH TO CHOOSE...
A CRAFT, HORSE RIDING, OR NAP TO SNOOZE.

HEARING THE SPEAKER ON THE DAY WE WERE TO GO HOME...
HE GAVE AN INSPIRING PRESENTATION THAT WAS ALL HIS OWN.
HIS STORY DID TOUCH AND CROSS SOME OF OUR JOURNEYS TOO...
WITH POWER POINTS FOR ANY OF US TO FOLLOW THRU.

THE TWELVE STEPS AND TRADITIONS WERE PRESENTED WELL...
FOR EACH OF US FOR OUR RECOVERY WITH TIME WE CAN TELL.
GRATITUDE FOR SO MANY THINGS ON MY RETREAT...
FROM THE MUG OPENING MEETING AS WELL AS THE FUN BINGO SEATS.

HEARING BEAUTIFUL GUITAR MUSIC AS WELL AS THE PIANO...
FROM GIFTED TALENTED MEMBERS HELPING US TO MELLOW.
HAVING A WONDERFUL ROOMMATE WAS A GIFT FROM H.P....
AS WELL AS EVERYTHING THIS WEEKEND I COULD FEEL AND SEE.

I BELIEVE I CAN SPEAK FOR EVERYONE THAT WAS THERE...
THE SCPOAI RETREAT THIS APRIL OF 2024 WAS A GREAT AFFAIR.
MUCH GRATITUDE AND APPRECIATION IS SENT OUT TO ALL...
THE MEMBERS WHO MADE THIS POSSIBLE FROM THE BIG THINGS TO THE
SMALL !!!!!!!

Deb E Mechanicsburg

The Bookmark

My ideal morning is unrushed and allows me the time to sip a cup of coffee while soaking in the wisdom of a few daily readers and taking the time to absorb what I have read. In anticipation of a period of recuperation following a medical procedure, I got myself a new daily reader and tried to convince myself that I was being given a gift of a series of such mornings.

My new daily reader was not like the others in my collection. It did not have dates on each page. Rather, each page is simply another passage, unrelated to the one before or after it. So really there is no particular need to go through the book in order. Except I am a compulsive overeater. I am a compulsive compicator. I am compulsive. And I want to go through the book in order. So I needed a bookmark.

Every day for a solid week, I would page through the book until I was reasonably certain that I had found where I left off the previous day. I didn't want to dog ear the page, because that would put the book in less than perfect condition. (Ah, yes... perfection!) And every day after reading a passage and closing the book, I would tell myself that I should really go downstairs and get one of the bookmarks from the little box of bookmarks I had ordered last year. Or, I should go to the kitchen and find the little butterfly bookmark that came with a gift basket I had won at an OA marathon. And every day, for a solid week, I did neither of those two things.

On about the seventh day, as I was about to close the book, I realized I had a packet of sticky notes sitting next to me. They had been there since I came home from the surgery. All of the sudden it dawned on me that a sticky note would make a great bookmark! It also made me wonder how many solutions my Higher Power gives to me and places right under my nose but I am too busy waiting for the solution that I have deemed perfect, MY solution, that I look right by it.

May I be receptive to answers that are not generated by my self-will. May I be willing to consider that my solutions may not be the best. May I open my eyes and see what is right in front of me and trust that I already have all I need.

The Light, the Dog, and Me

Mornings start early around here. Our two hound dogs and all the kitties expect breakfast

around 4:30 AM which is generally before the sun comes up, no matter what time of year it is.

There is a whole process, a fixed routine, that includes Rosie, our biggest hound, climbing on

the couch following breakfast and flopping her head over the back of the sofa to look out over

the yard toward the cornfield.

There are a couple of buildings between our house and the cornfield, and one of those buildings

has a faulty dusk-to-dawn light. For whatever reason, the light turns on and off, and increases

and decreases in brightness. Rosie just can not accept this. As much as she tries to go back to

sleep, she can't resist growling and barking and fretting over this light. This part of the daily

morning routine continues until the dawn has made the artificial light invisible. No amount of

coaxing and reassuring and repetition of process is enough to convince Rosie that she does not

need to worry about that light. It will take care of itself. The only thing her fretting gets her is a

The Toothbrush

A while back my dentist recommended that I switch from a manual to an electric toothbrush. Of course I complied. She's the expert, plus I am still cultivating the ability to say "no" in an effort to please people. So I bought my electric toothbrush and immediately started using it after the initial charge. Naturally, I threw away the instructions along with the packages. Who needs to read instructions? I know how to brush my teeth! I've been brushing them for years, thank you very much.

One day my young adult daughter was standing at the bathroom door, chatting away as I brushed my teeth. She had bought herself an electric toothbrush right around the time I had. There I was, scrubbing my teeth furiously as I had been doing for many, many years, while the head of my new electric toothbrush whirled away. After a moment of silence and a confused look, my daughter said, "You're not brushing your teeth right, That's not how you're supposed to do it." (Now wait a minute. I've been brushing my teeth for over half a century. I think I know how to brush my own teeth!) She went on to explain that I was supposed to focus on one quadrant of my mouth at a time and not move the brush around so much. Not only that, but there was a little "beep" the toothbrush made after 30 seconds to let me know it was time to move to the next quadrant. You know, I had heard that beep, but I thought it was just letting me know that I was brushing too hard.

I had just learned a lesson from my new electric toothbrush. Sometimes we actually do not know what we are doing. Sometimes we need to read and follow directions. And sometimes the way we have always been doing something are not effective and we need to be open to trying it a new way. That is a lot like compulsive eating and OA. I mean, who doesn't know how to eat? Actually, I don't. I don't know how to eat sensibly. And all the things I had tried in the past were not working and never had. In Program, I was given a new way of eating, of living, and I needed to listen and read and follow directions. But that is not all. Not too long after I had learned that, in fact, I needed to brush my teeth a new way, I found myself once again, scrubbing furiously - in one quadrant, mind you! - under the illusion that if I moved my hand faster, the 30 seconds would pass more quickly. I was in a hurry, you see! Was that crazy thinking or what? If I work harder, I can make time move more quickly?!? Of course it doesn't work that way. Thirty seconds is 30 seconds, whether I brush my teeth calmly, letting the brush head do its share of the work, or I thrash the brush around in my mouth, trying to control time.

Recovery is like that, too. I can push and insist and keep trying harder, but I will recover in my High Power's time, not mine. It is a lot more comfortable to do my part and let HP (like the brush head) do the rest. Either way, I will recover in my Higher Power's time, not mine.

Who knew there was so much to learn from an electric toothbrush?