

# THE PIPELINE

Volume 61

August 2019

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## Step 8: “Made a list of all persons we had harmed and became willing to make amends to them all.”

The most important aspect of this step is this: do NOT think of any of the following steps. Treat this like it was the last step. This is hard to do. The 12 steps are all printed on the wall for any of us to read and most of us read through them our first couple of times inside the rooms.

Personally, I read through the steps, and thought I could get through them in about 15 minutes. They seemed basic enough to me. As I worked through the steps with a sponsor, they took on a whole new view. And when I came to this step I knew amends had to be made. So emotionally, I moved passed this step before it was even finished. Here, the suggestion I offer was offered to me and it helped. First off, you have to run through list with a sponsor because some amends will not need to be made, others made immediately, and yet others that may take a long time to pay back, etc... This process requires you to stay away from the action found in step 9 and concentrate on what action may need to occur. Step 8 is a reflection/evaluation step. It makes clear what needs to be repaired, paused or left alone. Worrying about what you may or may not have to say is useless when there are

so many facts at hand. For example, I've been working through the steps with my sponsor again and most of the people I put on my list I did not have to make amends to. Then there were other things that turned up on my fourth step that had to be looked at. A gentle leading from a sponsor focusing on this step only is essential.

The other part of this step may forget... “and became WILLING to make amends to them all...” In my experience, I don't know of anyone who was willing to make every amends on their list the first time they went through them. Here, I find it benefits to make three columns: those I'm immediately willing to make amends to, those I'm not so excited to make amends to and those I am absolutely NOT willing to make amends to. Here, we find we can be honest and not feel pressure of whether we have to or not. We can look at them as they are knowing there is a place we can begin. For many this is the beginning that allows us to move into step 9 with enough willingness to start the process.

Rich B.



New Number: 1-877-700-METH

# THE SASSY SPONSOR

Dear Sassy:

Why does Bill Wilson mention in the 12 & 12 about utilizing the group as your “higher power,” yet the group or meeting is a human power greater than me, not a higher power?

Signed, Deep Thinker

Dear Deep Thinker,

You wish to be philosophically comforted; I get it. I, too, ponder such weighty matters with my (over) analytical mind, and I, too, know that there

is power in words. The language we use is important. I also have picked apart the program’s literature, trying to make sense of similar questions –

questions that are, in essence, as old as man himself.

What your question boils down to is, I believe, that you wish to qualify the word “higher”. Who says a group of humans can’t constitute a

“higher” power? “Higher” here just means “greater,” and a group of addicts is definitely a greater

power than a single addict. If everyone in that group wanted to kick the sh\*t outta you, they could, and you couldn’t stop them. They have more power!

But seriously, try not to think so much.

You’re looking for reels of lunar flight, when really, you should just focus on: Do these people have a solution to my problem? And we do! If it helps, try these synonyms for Higher Power found in the Big Book: Creator, Maker, Father, Spirit, God, Great Reality, and Supreme Being.

—Love, Sassy

## Sober Haiku by Daniel C.

I kept on knocking  
To leave my will at the door  
And then it opened

## CMA EVENTS

The 2019 H&I awareness day committee is looking for people to submit their best logo for our current years theme:

Breaking the Chains :Taking the reins

Deadline for submission is July 20th

Contact: Garth K. (602) 754-2169

**Celebrate the Art of Recovery Expo  
“Breaking Down Barriers”**

**September 28th, 2019, 10am-2pm**

**Phoenix Convention Center**

**For event tickets:**

**[www.celebratetheartofrecovery.org](http://www.celebratetheartofrecovery.org)**

**Volleyball Tournament**

**September 21, 2019**

**More details to come within the following months.....**

**Tradition 8: “Crystal Meth Anonymous should remain forever non-professional, but our service centers may employ special workers.”**

The concept of CMA remaining nonprofessional stems, in part, from the same reasoning given for Tradition Seven. CMA learned quickly that money interferes with spirituality. Doctors and religious leaders may play their part in the lives of many alcoholics, but CMA could not employ such people to stand among their ranks. Sponsors and other individuals who help their fellow sufferers in CMA must do so out of compassion—not for the sake of lining their pocketbooks. Moreover, they help because they find that doing so tends to help them in return. Those who tell their stories must also do so for the sake of reaching others. Without the Eighth Tradition, some may be inclined to misrepresent themselves just to make a few bucks. This helps no one.

Unfortunately, a large organization such as CMA occasionally needs help. Early groups attempted to enlist volunteers for these jobs, but to no avail. Many did not enjoy the work and therefore neglected to perform it. Still, they needed people to manage their offices and to look after their

meeting places. In modern groups, some of these tasks are managed by volunteers. But thanks to the Eighth Tradition, those who require paid help are permitted to seek it without fear of rebuke from the General Service Board. Otherwise, programs in CMA may grind to a halt, and those who suffer from addiction would be left without assistance.

Unless we happen to work with the General Service Board, there aren't many ways to practice the Eighth Tradition as written. But we may still learn some valuable principles from everything discussed above. First, note that the early groups' initial decision not to employ special workers arose largely from fear. They were so afraid of conflating money with spirituality that they ignored their own needs. Naturally, this served only to enhance those needs until there remained no other option. We must never ignore our needs out of fear.

Ryan W.

The 12th Step instructs us to put our principles into action by carrying the message of recovery to the addict who still suffers. The CMA Service Structure provides opportunities for accomplishing this. Come to a committee meeting and find one that's right for you!!

Hospitals & Institutions - 1st Tues., 7:00pm  
Trinity United Methodist Church, 3104 W. Glendale Ave.

Public Info & Outreach - 4th Tues., 7:00pm  
Denny's, 2801 N. Black Canyon Hwy. (I-17), Phoenix

Central District (CADI) - 3rd Tues. - 7:30pm  
Fellowship Hall, 8910 N 43rd Ave #102, Glendale

Communications - 2nd Tues., 7:00 pm  
Lambda Phoenix Fellowship, 2622 N. 16th St.

Events & Fundraising - 1st Wed., 7:30pm  
My House Sober Living, 7625 N. 39th Ave. Phoenix

Literature - 4th Tues., - 7:00 pm  
St Mary's Episcopal Church, 6501 N. 39th Ave., Phoenix

# Crystal Meth Anonymous

## Sunday

5:30 pm  
**No More G**  
8615 E Main Street Lot F97  
Mesa, 85207

7:00 pm  
**The Young and the Methless**  
2610 W McLellan  
Phoenix, 85017

7:00 pm  
**Backyard**  
4012 S Central Ave  
Phoenix, 85040

7:15 pm  
**No Half Measures**  
545 E Palm Park Blvd  
Casa Grande, 85122

7:15 pm  
**Misfits**  
2601 E. Paradise Ln  
Phoenix, 85032 (K)

7:21 pm  
**Tweezerz- Я -Us**  
5143 N 28<sup>th</sup> Dr  
Phoenix, 85017

7:30 pm  
**Break the Ice**  
5116 E. Thomas Rd  
Phoenix, 85018

8:00 pm  
**Life or Meth Squad**  
9430 N 11th Ave  
Phoenix, 85021

8:15 pm  
**CMA Rocks**  
7523 N. 35th Ave  
Phoenix, 85051

## Monday

6:30 pm  
**Life or Meth Squad**  
9430 N 11th Ave  
Phoenix, 85021

7:00 pm  
**CMA in the Pit**  
2601 E Paradise Ln  
Phoenix, 85032

7:15 pm  
**Branching Out**  
7523 N. 35th Ave  
Phoenix, 85051  
(Women only)

7:30 pm  
**Misfits**  
244 N. Extension R.  
Mesa 85201

7:30 pm  
**Spun-N-Done**  
7523 N. 35th Ave  
Phoenix, 85051

7:30 pm  
**New Hope**  
2622 N. 16th St  
Phoenix, 85006 (LGBT)

8:00 pm  
**Humble Pie**  
12838 N 22nd Pl  
Phoenix, 85022

8:00 pm  
**No Half Measures**  
545 E Palm Park Blvd  
Casa Grande, 85122

## Tuesday

6:30 pm  
**CMA Rocks**  
9625 W Sahuaro Dr  
Peoria, 85345

6:45 pm  
**Sunup Shinedown**  
13627 N 32<sup>nd</sup> St  
Phoenix, 85032

7:30 pm  
**Broken Glass**  
1626 W Denton Ln  
Phoenix, 85015

7:30 pm  
**Misfits**  
4415 S Rural Rd  
Tempe, 85282

8:00 pm  
**The Meth Lab**  
8910 N 43<sup>rd</sup> Ave #102  
Glendale, AZ 85302

8:30 pm  
**Methican American**  
1632 E. Flower St  
Phoenix, AZ 85016  
(Women only)

## Wedne

6:00 pm  
**Service Junkie**  
6501 N. 39<sup>th</sup> A  
Phoenix, 85018

6:45 pm  
**Broken Glass**  
13627 N 32<sup>nd</sup> St  
Phoenix, 85032

7:00 pm  
**Valley of the**  
4430 N 23rd A  
Phoenix, 85018

7:15 pm  
**Misfits**  
1632 E Flower  
Phoenix, 85016  
(Open to Men)

7:30 pm  
**New Hope**  
2622 N. 16th St  
Phoenix, 85006

8:00 pm  
**Kicking Tina**  
749 W 2<sup>nd</sup> St  
Mesa, 85201  
(Open / LGBT)

Meeting list published monthly. Times and locations can change without notice.

Please email John at [jinomo751](mailto:jinomo751@gmail.com)

Website: [CMAAZ.org](http://CMAAZ.org) | Hotline: 1-877-70

# Central Arizona Meetings

## Wednesday

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**Spun**  
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& Women)

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06 (LGBT)

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## Thursday

7:00 pm  
**The After Party**  
1124 N. 3rd St.  
Phoenix, 85004

7:00 pm  
**One Day at a Time**  
2601 E. Paradise Ln  
Phoenix, 85032

7:00 pm  
**Tweaker for Life**  
4430 N 23<sup>rd</sup> Ave  
Phoenix, 85013

7:00 pm  
**Maverick Methology** 4425  
W Olive Ave, Ste 200  
Glendale, 85302

7:30 pm  
**Position of Neutrality**  
13627 N 32<sup>nd</sup> St  
Phoenix, 85032

7:30 pm  
**Tweaker's Paradise**  
2720 E Thomas Rd  
Phoenix, 85016

## Friday

6:30 pm  
**Tweaker's Hope**  
4415 S Rural Rd.  
Tempe, 85282

7:00 pm  
**Sundown Shenanigans**  
2610 W McLellan  
Phoenix, 85017

7:00 pm  
**The Trenches**  
545 E Palm Park Blvd  
Casa Grande, 85122

7:15 pm  
**Misfits**  
3104 W. Glendale Ave  
Phoenix, AZ 85051

8:00 pm  
**Fresh Grounds**  
12838 N 22nd Pl  
Phoenix, 85022

8:30 pm  
**CMA Rocks**  
13627 N 32nd St.  
Phoenix, AZ 85032

## Saturday

8:00 am  
**Valley of the Spun West**  
6609 W Ocotillo Rd  
Glendale, 85301

9:30 am  
**There is a Way Out**  
8910 N 43rd Ave.  
Glendale, 85302

12:00 pm  
**Break the Ice Too**  
6501 N. 39<sup>th</sup> Ave.  
Phoenix, 85019

4:45 pm  
**Knuckleheads**  
8607 N 59<sup>th</sup> Ave  
Glendale, 85302

6:00 pm  
**Shot Out**  
4430 N 23rd Ave  
Phoenix, 85015

7:00 pm  
**The Dope Show**  
3702 N 13<sup>th</sup> Ave  
Phoenix, 85013

7:15 pm  
**The Misfits**  
13627 N 32<sup>nd</sup> St  
Phoenix, 85032

8:15 pm  
**Crystal Clean**  
4430 N 23rd Ave  
Phoenix, 85015

ut notice, please phone or visit our website for the most current details.

[7@gmail.com](mailto:7@gmail.com) for any updates.

**0-METH (6384) | List Updated: May 16, 2019**

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# My First Addiction Was Sex

*Late spring semester of my college freshman year, the phone in my dorm rang.*

*“Can I speak to David?” the gruff voice at the other end implored.*

*“This is he.”*

*The voice at the other end then offered to perform oral sex on me. A sexual act that I had been fantasizing about for years, but not knowing how to approach guys, it only lived in my mind... and in the pictures I downloaded to my computer from digital bulletin boards.*

*I had known for years that I was gay, but the internalized homophobia and self-loathing I felt through my high school years was compounded by the need to be “normal.” And by “normal” I mean straight, or at least being perceived as such. The summer after graduating high school, I had insinuated to my mom one night that I thought she was disappointed in the person I had become. The following morning, I found a two-page handwritten letter on the kitchen counter about how proud she was of me, about what a good person I was, about how I was smart, kind, compassionate, and loving... and how she hadn’t screwed up raising me since I was straight. After all, this was the early 1990s, a scary time before antiretroviral meds when AIDS was still running rampant and completely unchecked. There was no way I was coming out to my parents like I had been planning before college started.*

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*That day in the dorm almost a year later, it seemed like the clouds had parted and a beacon of light was finally shining down on me. I was a gay man. Oh sure, I told the guy I was straight but just curious, because after all, I wanted that experience. But soon, we were meeting regularly in the dorms, in the woods, underneath the railroad tracks. He even put out a booty call the day I was moving back for my sophomore year... with my parents still in the room! I fell in love with the higher education I was receiving.*

*The summer between my sophomore and junior years, I stayed on campus for a research fellowship. The dorms had recently been upgraded with the latest tech—ethernet. Being an awkward technogeek misfit, I could not have asked for a more perfect scenario. What I felt uncomfortable doing face to face in the bars and clubs, I could easily do behind the virtual barrier of a computer screen. Cruising the online bulletin boards, I discovered internet relay chat (IRC). My initial intention was to connect with other gay men, become friends and perhaps find a boyfriend. I wanted to experience what it was like to go on a dinner date. It wasn’t very*

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long before I found a guy who I really connected with, who lived fairly close and had a car. We didn't have webcams yet, so we couldn't exchange pictures. We went out to dinner, and though the conversation flowed nicely, I didn't feel any sparks between us. He treated me because I was a "poor college student" and in my mind, that was reason enough to go back to my dorm room to have sex. After all, I had only been with one guy before and life was supposed to be a buffet where I could sample all those fine cuts of meat, right?

But I actually didn't get to explore that much before I started seeing someone. I guess you could call him my first boyfriend, but he was more like a sugar daddy. He was cute, 34 years old, and a lawyer. He drove a Mercedes. He had a nice apartment and an awesome dog named Roger. He always treated me to dinner and to shows; he even offered to buy me a car repeatedly, but I refused. I spent many nights at his place and we'd lie naked in bed talking after going for the gold. After a few months, he told me he loved me. I told him I felt the same way, but saying those three words made me feel uneasy. I had so much more life to experience. We talked about how after graduation, I would find a job close by and move in with him. Perhaps I kept refusing his offer to buy me a car because I would feel obligated to do just that.

During this time, I started to feel more comfortable in my own skin. I began the process of coming out, first to my good friends. The process was scary, but they were overwhelmingly supportive. In fact, they were more concerned that in my first sexual experiences I wasn't using protection though I was tested regularly. But their support made me more confident in myself, and my new reserves of inner strength and fortitude made my "boyfriend" jealous. He soon tried to forbid me from seeing my friends; he refused to meet them, even though they wanted to meet him. He wanted to be the only one to validate me; his controlling nature had reared its ugly head. Seeing his true nature gave me

the courage to break up with him. My only regret was I also had to leave Roger.

For my senior year, I convinced my parents I had to have a car to work with my lab partners, who lived off-campus. That 10-year-old Camry opened a whole new world! No longer did I have to invite married guys on the down low during their lunch breaks to my cramped little dorm room to bend them over the creaky bed frame. No longer did I only have the chat rooms to talk about what it would be like to sample that smorgasbord. My fantasies could become my reality; I experienced the freedom of being able to hook up with whomever, whenever I wanted. It didn't matter if it was 10 o'clock at night or 10 o'clock in the morning. If you sounded hot, I would drive to Philly or to Baltimore or even D.C. I got what I wanted, even if I wasn't that into you. Driving all that way, I could overlook a little issue like that; I would just imagine I was having sex with Kevin Costner or Bruce Willis.

As graduation approached, I started to tire of hooking up. That was quick, right? Despite my "extracurriculars", I graduated in the top 100 out of a class of about 4000—and second in my engineering class. And I realized I wanted more for myself. I wanted to find love. I felt torn in two: I loved sex and hooking up, but my trysts were leaving me emotionally and spiritually empty. Yet my first attempt at a relationship was dysfunctional at best.

I knew that the journey to find love was fraught with heartbreak and disappointment, so once I started graduate school that fall, I decided to split my efforts. I would decide on whether I wanted sex or a date before I went online. I was pretty successful at keeping my two lives separate, mostly because guys that I dated wouldn't last more than a couple of months. I was still traveling all over God's green earth for that ultimate hookup I hoped would turn into the love of a lifetime. But I was also branching out. After coming out to everyone—including my parents—I found I could flirt



with and come on to guys out at clubs. I had a really strong connection with one guy I met, Jamie. Our bodies were so in sync, we made love five times the first night. This had to be it! I had found my soulmate. Then he decided to go back to his ex, and I was devastated.

Deciding love was hopelessly out of reach, I threw caution to the wind and stopped playing safe. This was the year that the first antiretroviral meds were approved, the miracle drugs known as protease inhibitors, and a whole crop of websites and chat rooms popped up where guys were interested in bareback sex. I enthusiastically joined the fray.

Over the next couple of years, I had two objectives: finish up grad school and play raw with reckless abandon with as many guys as possible. My focus turned away from my previous haunts of Philadelphia and suburban Bucks County and toward the infinite possibilities of New York City. Many a Saturday night I spent in the shadowy corridors and back rooms of sex clubs seeking validation to fill the void inside by countless meaningless encounters. Dating and finding a boyfriend were the desperate pipe dreams of the innocent and the naïve; I was becoming wise to the ways of the weathered gay soul, to use and to be used for as long as I could get it. And when I least expected it, along came Michael.

About two months before I finished grad school, I went on a job interview. It started out like many I had gone on before: first I met with human resources, then the hiring manager, and then a few of my potential colleagues. Michael was the last person I talked to. He was handsome, with tousled dark brown hair and sparkling blue-green eyes, and I definitely got a vibe. But surprisingly, it was the eyes that did me, those kind eyes. As he reviewed my résumé, he recognized oldest mentioned he had attended the annual drag contest the previous fall. The interview quickly evolved into a discussion of my work with the organization along with flirting from both sides. I got his number... but not the job!

Catch the rest of the story on [www.crystallmeth.org](http://www.crystallmeth.org)



The CMA H&I Committee proudly presents

**Battle of the Bands 2019**

**Breaking the Chains**

**Taking the Reins**

Does your band have what it takes? Come battle it out and show us if you have got what it takes.



Date: 7/20/2019

Time: 3p-930p at Trinity United Methodist Church

3104 W Glendale Ave Phoenix, AZ 85051

Questions about entering call Brian at 480-569-5733

**2019 C.A.D.I. CONVENTION**

CHICKEN & RIB DINNER  
COMEDY SHOW  
HOMEGROUP POTLUCK LUNCH

2 WORKSHOPS  
2 SPEAKERS

LIVE MUSIC BY DJ INNERSEED

8/17/19 10AM-10PM  
@ TRINITY UNITED METHODIST CHURCH  
3104 W GLENDALE PHX, AZ 85051

UNRESERVEDLY UNDER GOD'S CARE & DIRECTION

PRE-REG - \$40  
AT DOOR \$50

CALL CHRIS S. @ 602.607.7546 FOR REGISTRATION ?S

WWW.WEBSITENAME.COM