## Shame and Guilt

A member shares: What drove me to seek such a shaming escape as Sex and Love Addiction? I was thunder-struck when an SLAA member shared with me a comparison of guilt and shame. He said guilt came from making a mistake, and that harmful shame came from being a mistake. That was me. I was a mistake, not one of the real people, a wrong person. I learned at a young age that I shouldn't be as I was and that my wrongfulness must be hidden from others or I would be exposed. This was where my disease began. It was not that night when I first acted out with a stranger. It was at the age of seven when I decided I was different from the others. It was a thousand experiences that led to that moment and followed it. I had been lost in this world, all the while knowing it was my own fault. I knew I should do things right to be a good person.

My approach to SLAA was in the same vein. I abused the program, making the Steps and service into tyrannical "shoulds" which I could not do well enough. I compared myself to others with painful results. I spent hours trying to figure out how I could be okay even though I was afraid to do the "right thing." I can fight this fight no more. My expectations about how I should be or how the world should be have to be surrendered. I cannot truly give up as long as things have to go my way. When my control is out of the way, I can follow my Higher Power's lead. Acceptance removes the tension of my ego's demands. My ego says, "You should be free of lust, or you should be willing to do this or that."

Acceptance and humility say, "This is the way I am right now, Lord. I ask you to take my defects, but I offer myself to you just like this. I cannot give myself to you as I am not. If I should be better or different than I am, I'm denying who I really am. The false me I have to protect cannot be healed. Oh, I want to change, Lord, and I will grow as you lead me, but I cannot let you in until the real me is free to come out in acceptance."

I know that I have a brother somewhere whose brokenness is like mine. I cannot say how much I want him to know that *he* belongs here, that *he* is okay in this moment even though his insides tell him he is unacceptable. The peace is coming, my brother. Little by little, even I can see my God doing for me what I cannot do for myself.

