Fall 2026 - September, October, November

PIPELINE

COVERING NEWS FOR SCTA OF COCAINE ANONYMOUS

San Antonio Austin Laredo Rio Grande Valley Kerrville Cedar Park Corpus Christi

PREAMBLE

Cocaine 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 from their addiction. The only requirement for membership is a desire to stop using cocaine and all other mind-altering substances. There are no dues or fees for membership; we are fully self-supporting through our own contributions. We are not allied with any sect, denomination, politics, organization, or institution. We do not wish to engage in any controversy and we neither endorse nor oppose any causes. Our primary purpose is to stay free from cocaine and all other mind-altering substances, and to help others achieve the same freedom.

Fall 2026 - September, October, November

HOTLINE INFO



These phone numbers are available to anyone with questions about recovery. If you would like to be added to the hotline phone list, please contact: hotline@ca-scta.org

San Antonio – (210) 232-6382

Kerrville – (830) 256-0462

Austin (512) 339-4357

The Valley (956) 255-2576

Laredo (956) 413-6588

Corpus Christi (361) 364-7001

Español (210) 739-0588

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GROUP DONATIONS

Area Donations:

- **CA 183:** $50
- **Downtown CA, San Antonio:** $73
- **Dropkick Rocks:** $50
- **Spiritual Lines, CC:** $50
- **Cornerstone, CC:** $50

H&I Donations:

- **Common Solution:** $10
- **A Vision for You, Austin:** $104
- **Spiritual Lines, CC:** $50
- **Cornerstone, CC:** $100

Dropkick Rocks donated $100 for the 2027 SWR Convention

We collected $123 for the 7th tradition at the May meeting

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Fall 2026 - September, October, November

AREA ELECTIONS

Ratifications:

- **Secretary:** Diana T.
- **Archives:** Owen S.
- **H & I:** Ira H.
- **Newsletter:** Jordan W.
- **Structure and Bylaws:** Albina K.

Nominations:

- **Unity:** Sarah C. and Sarah H.

Please visit www.ca-scta.org to view the Structure requirements.

We hope this is helpful and please consider stepping up for our Area.

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Fall 2026 - September, October, November

SERVICE OPPORTUNITIES



Hey Fellow Service Junkies!!! We are now accepting resumes for the Steering Team positions for the 2027 C.A. Southwest Regional Convention to be held in San Antonio on October 22-24, 2027. Scan the Bar Code for the resume format and get it turned in!! Once the Steering Team in place, we will begin filling the General Committee positions. This is a great way to learn how putting a convention happens!! Don't hesitate to contact Bea or Susan if you have any questions!

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Fall 2026 - September, October, November

EVENTS



2027 Southwest Regional Convention "Meet Us At The Crossroads"

(Accessible QR link is on the next page!)

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2027 Southwest Regional Convention "Meet Us At The Crossroads"
QR Link

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2027 Cocaine Anonymous World Convention "Beyond Human Aid"

May 27–31, 2027 - Seattle, Washington

Registration Link: https://caws2027.org/

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Fall 2026 - September, October, November

SUBMISSIONS

Experience, Strength & Hope

Dear readers,

I am grateful to have the opportunity to serve CA for the South Central Texas Area! The theme of this Newsletter is "Surrender." My journey with learning the true meaning of the word is characterized by many failed attempts that can only be characterized as "half measures". In the past I would surrender completely to my addiction and at later points, to God as well. But only until I was out of the dumpster fire that I had found myself in. Once the edge had been taken off my misery, I was back to my own self-will, and I would put God on the back burner until the next self-imposed crisis. It was only until I stopped dipping my toe into the program and the futility of my attempts at figuring out my addiction - and fully jumped in, that things began changing. I'm talking a full commitment – not another flash in the pan. A commitment that had to stay long after the mood that I made it in, had left. This meant a full surrender to what being an alcoholic and an addict meant and doing the work even when, especially when, I didn't have the motivation to. A true acceptance to my core of what that entailed, and what I must do if that was my own self-diagnosis. Next came the solution and turning my will over. Saying a 3rd step prayer, and not just once but continuing to turn to God every day and in all aspects of my life. I started the internal work of the steps and realized that the change I needed wasn't based in adding positive aspects to my thinking but more of becoming aware of my defects and turning to God to remove these things. I do my job of rowing the boat, but God steers now. I turn to God to help me add value to others' lives today and as my life continues to become more beautiful and peaceful, I make sure to constantly remind myself that He is the one making all of this possible.

It's been an honor to share these experiences of our fellows with you and I thank all of you for your submissions and my recovery.

-Jordan W.

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When I first heard I must surrender first thing that came to mind was that I was admitting to defeat. Well in the context of recovery it doesn't mean defeat. What it means is letting go of denial acknowledging the problem and being willing to be open to a change in life. In step one I admitted I had a problem. In step two I acknowledged at there was a higher power that could help me overcome my insane way of life. In step three I became willing to turn my life over to the care of my higher power and began a new way of life. These three steps were my start to a life of recovery and living a life full of hope, joy and gratitude.

- Eloy A.

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I remember when I was first told about surrender, I thought there was no way I was going to give up. Next, I was explained to how Surrender meant victory, victory over death, addiction and misery. It meant to stop fighting a battle I wasn't going to win on my own.

Now today by surrendering my will and my life to God, I get to fight from victory, not for victory, because He has already won every battle. Any time things get tough or even when things are going well, I surrender daily throughout the day and say to Him "Thy will, not mine be done". I am constantly reminding myself that I am no longer running the show. At the bottom of page 87,88 it says, "We are then in much less danger of excitement, fear, anger, worry, self-pity or foolish decisions." Once I continue to practice working this every time it continues to work. Today I get to experience a whole new life of joy that I get to share with others of like faith.

Today I get to live a life free of fear, "We trust infinite God rather than our finite selves. We are in a world to play the role he assigns. Just to the extent that we do as we think he would have us, does he enable us to match calamity with serenity."

Everything the enemy meant to destroy us, God has touched it to our greatest strength to use to help others.

Clarence

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Fall 2026 - September, October, November

For a long time, I thought surrender meant losing. I thought it meant admitting I wasn't strong enough to handle life on my own. Cocaine Anonymous taught me something very different: surrender isn't giving up—it's letting go.

My journey in recovery began more than 33 years ago. In the beginning, I had to surrender to one simple truth: my way wasn't working. I couldn't control alcohol or drugs, and I couldn't fix myself through willpower alone. I needed a Higher Power, the Twelve Steps, and a fellowship of people who understood.

But surrender didn't end when I got sober.

More than three decades later, I still have to surrender—sometimes daily. I surrender people, expectations, resentments, fear, and my need to control outcomes. I can do the footwork, show up, be of service, and do the next right thing, but I have to remember that I am not in charge of the results.

Recently, life brought me from New York to Texas and into a new chapter of my recovery. I had to surrender what was familiar and become willing to build connections in a new fellowship. The C.A. members I've met here in South Central Texas have reminded me that wherever I go, I never have to recover alone.

Today, surrender has become much more personal. It means trusting my Higher Power when I cannot see what comes next. It means accepting that some doors will close, some people will leave, some prayers will be answered differently than I hoped, and life will not always unfold according to my plans. At 33 years sober, I'm still learning that lesson.

There are moments when I still want answers. I still want certainty. I still want to reach for that imaginary steering wheel and tell God which direction I think we should be going. But recovery keeps bringing me back to the same place: open hands, an open heart, and the willingness to say, "Your will, not mine."

Today, I don't surrender because I've lost hope. I surrender because I have hope.

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I have lived long enough in recovery to see that some of the things I fought hardest to hold onto were the very things I needed to release. And some of the blessings I could never have planned for myself only became possible when I finally got out of the way.

Thirty-three years ago, surrender gave me a chance at life.

Today, surrender teaches me how to live it.

And tomorrow, God willing, I'll surrender again.

- Albina K., San Antonio, TX

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Hello, my name is Darren Anthony Eliah Mizes and surrender is something I barely learned and am still learning how to do daily. I'm an addict and always have been, which means I'm a fighter. Fighting a constant losing battle or at least was, until this last time out using. I was literally brought to my knees. I had a drug induced cocaine seizure and I would urinate in bottles when I had a restroom to use. I was so worn out I couldn't get up unless it was to score or get more. I would be so hungry I would put seasoning on ice cubes to trick my brain into thinking I was eating so the cramps would stop. One night I was so desperate and tired of fighting and losing, I called out to the Lord to save me because I couldn't and wouldn't save myself. I had worked step one through three before even stepping into recovery again. Without knowing, I surrendered and felt indescribable peace - instantly feeling I no longer had to fight anymore. Christ saved me and showed me mercy. – Two months later, I still find it hard to believe my life. I am in recovery and I take it more seriously than ever, I'm able to breathe. I have clothes on my back I am sober and only after truly surrendering my life and will over to my higher power.

Fully submit and watch the beauty of recovery work in your life. I believe God's grace and mercy work. It's not easy though. I must surrender my will all day every day because I am an addict and can't leave that side any breathing room. Over time I realized I get to surrender and no longer have to fight. Give it a try.

- Darren M.

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When first got into recovery my definition of surrender changed because this was the first time that by giving up control over my addiction and direction in life, my life actually began to get better. Up to this point all I saw were problems with no real solution. Every time I tried to do something about it, I would end up with the same tragic results. It wasn't until I sincerely accepted that I was an addict and revealing my underlying defects of character that things began to change. Without a higher power things were bound to stay the same but once I started surrendering my will and became reliant upon my higher power's will, I started gaining freedom as well as peace. Each day as long as I surrender and allow room for growth, asking for my higher power's guidance, I continue to see change and my life becomes better. Even the bad times are manageable because I'm no longer living purely out of self will.

-Alexander

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The thing about surrendering was that it was hard for me at first because of my ego, but 35 days being sober I surrendered my life to God and my life has been changing. I'm happier, but don't get me wrong, I still have an ego but it's not as bad as when I first got sober. But surrendering was the best thing I could have done in my life because if not, I would still probably be doing foolish things, or be dead.

- Jacob

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In recovery, we speak constantly of "Surrender." We surrender to a Higher Power, we surrender the illusion of control over our addiction, and we surrender to the program itself. To the outside world, surrender looks like defeat. But in the paradox of recovery, this total abandonment of our old ways is the very thing that saves us. In return for letting go, we are given our lives back—multiplied in ways we never could have imagined. This surrender opens the door to rebuild the relationships fractured by our using. But the most profound miracle hasn't just been catching a glimpse of who I was before the chaos—it has been reclaiming ME. To get here, I had to walk squarely through the fire of struggle, strife, grief, and deep sadness. Through the grueling, beautiful work of the steps, and alongside deep, intentional therapy, I didn't just clean up the wreckage left in others' lives; I sat with the wreckage I caused myself, and I chose to heal it. Today, that pain has been transformed. In its place is a profound new freedom and a fierce, quiet desire to keep pushing forward into the light.

- Kayce F.

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My Sobriety Journey: From Surviving to Living

The Beginning

The best way to start this story is at the beginning. I was born addicted to heroin. My mother struggled with heroin addiction throughout her pregnancy, so when I was born, I went directly into foster care while she entered a girls' home.

For thirteen years, I had about the best childhood in foster care a girl could ask for. Then my mother got sober and decided she wanted to be part of my life. She showed up, and I said yes. I moved in with her shortly afterward, and we began trying to build a life together.

Six months later, she relapsed and sent me to live with a woman she called my aunt, who was actually her best friend. I was thirteen, exposed to drugs, alcohol, and serious trauma, and trying to numb abandonment, fear, and pain I did not know how to carry.

Learning to Numb

High school was a breeze academically. I was good at math, reading, and writing, and made straight A's. School was one thing I knew I could do well. Around sixteen, though, I stopped caring. With no money, I began selling weed, smoking for free, and convincing myself I had figured out a system.

At eighteen, I graduated and started working third shift at Waffle House. Soon I was introduced to methamphetamine—a bumpy three-month ride with almost no sleep. My mother was sober then, and when she learned I was using, she helped me get clean.

I kept smoking weed because, in my mind, it was not really a drug. It was how I maintained "normal"—a creative definition, looking back. I had my own place and did whatever I wanted for years.

The Façade

I began bartending around twenty-one. It seemed perfect: I was comfortable onstage, people threw money at me, and customers bought my drinks. I could drink at work while maintaining the facade that I was okay and life was okay. It was, in fact, a dumpster fire.

At twenty-three, major surgery left me afraid that pregnancy could be dangerous. Fear shaped my choices, and blackout drinking made life less predictable. At twenty-five, still unsure how to live, I traded weed for cocaine for the first time.

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I fell in love. Cocaine felt like the answer to everything. From twenty-five to thirty-three, I used cocaine, smoked weed, and drank daily. I could not stop, did not have a reason to stop, and honestly did not want to.

At thirty, I developed an allergy to hops overnight. This was a serious plot twist for a devoted Bud Light drinker. A doctor confirmed that beer was no longer welcome in my body, so instead of considering sobriety, I considered alternatives. Addiction is nothing if not resourceful.

After Hurricane Harvey devastated my hometown, I moved to Austin and bartended on Sixth Street, where tequila and I got along far too well. Downtown eventually became too fast-paced, so I took a job at Topgolf. I became a manager and trainer—capable and successful at work while my private life unraveled.

Rock Bottom and a Choice

One afternoon after a training shift, a small celebration became a night out. Walking back to my car, I was attacked and critically injured. I reached the emergency room and spent two days in intensive care. There, I had a spiritual awakening: this was it. I had a choice.

On October 27, 2019, I chose never to drink again. But alcohol was not my drug of choice; cocaine was. I used it for four more months without a drink. At about four in the morning on February 1, 2020, I used cocaine for the last time. I am proud to say that I have not had a mind-altering substance enter my body since that day. I am a proud recovering member of Cocaine Anonymous. It has not been easy, but it has been beautiful.

Finding My People

About eighteen months into sobriety, I was attending Alcoholics Anonymous, working the steps, sponsoring women, and doing everything I thought I should. After I shared about drugs, someone said, "You need a meeting called CA." I did not know what that meant, but I went.

I found the same book and steps, but room for my whole story. I could speak honestly without shame. These people had been where I had been, understood what I understood, and loved me as I was.

I was elected secretary, then treasurer. Later, someone asked me to sell chips and literature. I thought, "I sold drugs for fourteen years. Surely, I can sell chips and literature." It became some of the most meaningful fun I had ever had.

At my first area meeting, I was elected to serve. For two years, I sold chips and literature from my car—just like I once sold drugs from my car, only now the inventory came with serenity and receipts.

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Now I serve as an area delegate. I travel, attend the World Service Conference in Dallas, and vote on matters affecting our fellowship, from literature and bylaws to service boards. Not to toot my own horn, but I am kind of a big freaking deal.

A Reason to Live

Before this program, I had never found a lasting reason to stay sober—or be alive. It gave me principles, direction, a sponsor, accountability, friends, and a reason to live one day at a time. It gave me hope, joy, and purpose.

Sponsoring others is one of my greatest joys. I walk beside women and men through the Twelve Steps, watch them have spiritual experiences, celebrate milestones, and step into service. Recovery does not stop with us; it keeps moving through us.

I love my life today. I love myself today. And because of that, I have the capacity to love others.

If no one has told you today, I love you—and thank you for being part of my program.

- Charly H.

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Fall 2026 - September, October, November

STAY TUNED, THE THEME OF THE NEXT NEWSLETTER WILL BE

"DISCIPLINE"

SO START PREPARING YOUR SUBMISSIONS FOR THE WINTER NEWSLETTER AND SUBMIT BY DECEMBER 14TH. THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR SERVICE!

CLICK THE QR CODE BELOW FOR A LINK TO THE NEWSLETTER EMAIL ADDRESS:

Future Submissions Scan QR Code to Submit

newsletter@ca-scta.org

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