

honesty:back to the begining

Posted by strugglingandstrivngBT - 25 Aug 2010 01:42

I wanted to share my background, at least in the context of this forum. I actually wrote the story before this intro, and I'm feeling a bit numb (my defense mechanism) and confused about my spiritual holding place. I'm not sure what I'm looking for, perhaps no more than understanding and honesty.

When I was around 8 years old I was in my bathtub, and realized that if I rub myself a certain way, it felt really good. Then I figured out that the shower head on a certain setting felt good too. This was happening during a time that I was dealing with a lot of depression and mood swings, which would eventually be diagnosed as bipolar, and later depression.

From then on, I was touching. I used to be afraid the doctor would be able to tell what I was doing, and it was wrong, though no one ever told me it was (not from a religious family), and I just sort of kept at it. Soon (I cant remember the age exactly) I found that certain scenes in certain movies had certain images that I liked. I also found a cable channel that had blurry videos all the time. This was one of my favorite hobbies for a while. When I got a bit older I found a stash of real stuff, and I would love it when my family would go out so I could stay home...

Also around middle school, I realized that other guys were developing quicker than me. A lot of them were dating and talking about doing things I desired, but was way to self conscious and at least in part to "moral" to do. In order to fill my desires, I continued on alone, finding more and more sources for material.

Since around when all this began, I would also have fantasies about romance, and just cuddling; very innocent, but sort of codependent.

When I was 15 I got my first girlfriend. She was nice enough, and we really didn't do much sexually. A lot of (in that culture) innocent stuff. I wasn't pleased with her lack of commitment, and left the "relationship". Within a month, I found someone else, just as codependent and even more craving physical intimacy than I. We were very active, though didn't actually have ____ for months. When we did, I freaked out. I was not at all emotionally ready (still around 15/16), and we never did that again. Things began to not work here too, and I left the relationship.

Then I found my "ex". She came from a broken home, herion addicted mother, father who died when she was younger (also an addict), alcoholic brother overseas, and she used substance fairly often. Yet I saw something in her that I still believe exists, but is covered in a lot of whatever. She also came from a circle that was not so prude.

After three months were became active, and we really were. Most free time. Also began with substance abuse (I was never "addicted" to drugs, but I did use them a lot even though I was intellectually against them.)

I sincerely (thought I) loved her, and after a little less than a year, we decided to move together to where I currently reside.

The “spark” started to dim as we endured issues (we lived with my parents), and eventually I moved back to her mother’s house 800 miles away. That wasn’t such a good idea and I moved back.

While away I was completely monogamous, but would discharge at least once a day. I also didn’t really do anything else but read angry philosophy, work, and talk to her. She was against p—n so for the most part I avoided it.

Then she moved back down and we got an apartment. Around this same time I stopped taking my medication (mostly wasn’t helping at all, though some was probably.) Work was very stressful and we were fighting a lot. The relationship began to turn into “the only thing that made me happy”, and while at any given point either of us “wasn’t in the mood” our intimacy began to consist almost entirely of passionless release in the most nonromantic ways. I began to desire other people, she lost interest and to save time, it blew up in our faces bad. I became a psychological mess, and she cheated on me (though we may or may not have been “together” at the time). It was overall bad. And that whole self esteem of my abilities never fully went away, so I couldn’t act with anyone else. Unaware of most of the sexual parts, a Rabbi I was just beginning to talk to recommended going to Israel to figure out who I am (I had had a previous experience there and really felt like me, felt sober, though I didn’t know it, and literally wasn’t). I thought that was a great idea!! Right after I moved 800 miles again to try to fix things. Another long story short, it didn’t work, and I moved back alone, heartbroken and fairly unstable, potentially suffering Post traumatic stress disorder. I spent the next year going through major ups and downs, which ultimately led me to becoming frum and was for the better. However, before actually becoming observant I had a lot of very depressed moments, and the only thing that really made me feel “good” was looking at girls that looked like one I would want to replace her with (looked like her) and etc etc.

I have since come a long way (though it doesn’t feel like it right now) and have almost entirely stopped the habits. What has remained is the desire, the lust attacks whenever I see people, this block in my spirituality that stems from the same thing I was always missing and inability to see people as people and just objects to be avoided. The ironic thing is, I’m very judgemental of people who don’t dress modestly and aren’t in my opinion fulfilled, or morally/religiously to par with my standard. I’ve learned to combat this, and where it comes from to some degree, but it’s still there. While I’ll found Hashem’s ways and ideal, I don’t know if I’ve really found Him.

But I’ve recovered a lot since then, and I’m not at the bottom I was once at. So it’s very hard for me to initiate the 12 steps, to really complete my teshuvah, and overcome my addiction. Codependency has ruined my life, not P and M, but the desire (partly physical and biologically normal) is getting in the way of living. I don’t seek images or action, but female bodies have become triggers. Images a signal that my body feels it is supposed to act on. I become physically aroused at inappropriate times, without any conscious desire to act.

I have no control, but due to what? Nothing of my present doing (for the most part). I feel like a

dry drunk, but what was I drunk on? I still hide to some degree, but behind what I was created to do anyway (Torah). It's all very confusing. But I wanted to share this. This is my honesty, to the best of my ability right now. There is so much more that has happened, but none directly related to my P and M issue. Thanks for reading

Kol Tov!!!!

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Re: honesty:back to the begining
Posted by Jooboy - 25 Aug 2010 01:51

S&S BT,

Thank you!! for sharing your story. I always find it inspiring when people have the honesty and openness to share the truth of what is going on and what went on.

You've come such a long way and have so many challenges that you are using to grow and strive. I relate to your having difficulty starting the steps. I find that going to face to face meetings and seeing other people making progress as they work steps is a good motivation to help get started.

Thank you again

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