

Where I'm at

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 16 Jul 2009 19:45

To whom it may concern,

My name is Uri. I live in the jerusalem area and i am a sex and love addict. This took me a long time to come to terms with, to say the least. But that we'll get to in a second.

I am finishing now my third year in beis medrash. While i have had success in my learning b'h, i have a source of shame and anguish that has caused me great depression on a constant basis. I lived (live really) two lives; my yeshiva/religious life which is the source of much admiration and pride from my parents and rebbeim. And then there is my "secret life", where I spend time ranging from 10 minutes a day to almost full off days fantasizing and worse acting out of all sorts. I feel like the worlds biggest hypocrite. It bothers me even more cause i find sincerity and honesty of the utmost importance, and i have to stand and watch myself trample all over these traits. After several years of therapy i have recently come to the realization that basically all of my "major" issues have come from this place. I have major issues in getting close to people and keeping friends once i feel that they know me too well. i have a hard time sitting by myself due to my uncomfortability of sitting with a unsatiable sex addict (however ironic that might sound). The need creeps up all too often, followed by a crazy need to satisfy it. There are several paths to this: porn, masturbation, contact with a sexual girl, and, strangely enough, eating out at restaurants, but that we'll get to a diff time. Anyway, there is one main girl, as there always is. we have had the weirdest on and off relationship, to say the least. the jealousy and overprotection i had with her is still a shock to me even. anyway im tired so i shall continue this

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by kutan - 03 Aug 2009 21:30

I usually get the leftovers at 10pm.

Helps with the budget, you know.

Besides, with us men, why clear the table if its stuff you can eat?

I'm still growing, just in the wrong direction.

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 03 Aug 2009 22:55

I have fallen...

more to come in the morning.many thoughts.right now i may as well take advantage of this and
get a good nights sleep.

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by Tomim2B - 04 Aug 2009 01:16

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by TrYiNg - 04 Aug 2009 06:59

Uri, jst remember we love you and are here for you, no matter what happened...

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by Tomim2B - 04 Aug 2009 08:49

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by Sturggle - 04 Aug 2009 09:17

Uri, just to repeat what Trying already said, we are here for you. Whatever it is, whatever you're going through, whatever's coming up. And, hey, you fought and won many a battle. One loss..., negligible. And here's a little something that someone once wrote to me, thought you might find it helpful...

struggle my heilege friend,

do not be afraid of falling, and do not be so ashamed. i can only speak for myself but im sure this applies to others as well saying that u are a tremendous source of chizuk here. u have a lot of tumah all around u and your struggle is very real. yet u persevered over and over. 3 weeks, brother! thats a lot of won battles! u may have lost a battle last night but you are forsure winning the war! keep posting tzaddik-uri

with love and admiration,

struggle

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 04 Aug 2009 11:05

Let me share a bit about myself:

I grew up a pretty lonely kid. I lived in a neighborhood without many frum people, and my self esteem (thanks to daddy) wasn't the highest. I spent many a summer day sitting in the park alone wishing some kid would come over and ask me to play with them. Didn't happen much.

When I was around 13, I was introduced to a new friend. This friend swore loyalty and constant companionship. And indeed he kept to his promise. I had company over the long summer nights, someone to chill with when I was bored, and someone to pick me up when I was down.

As I grew up and started to make more friends,I never forgot about my first "real" friend.That was partly because he had no intention of letting me forget him.But anyway,I had no thoughts of desertion.

I went through my different stages of school,and we got closer and closer,developing such an intimate relationship as none could even imagine.After a while,he began to become part of me.That interconnection only became stronger over the years.Friends were aware of the relationship,but not of the depth of intimacy of it.I even had several girlfriends over this period,only to return home later and spend intimate moments with my "friend".

To make a long story short,I became religious somehow in my late teenage years.I informed my friends that the intimate moments would have to stop.We could still be close,but the heavy stuff would have to take a break.He wasnt so happy,to say the least.He resisted often and I gave in alot.But,as ashamed as I was to admit it,I still needed and craved that intimacy.It gave me a sense of security and comfort that I did not have without him.

A few short weeks ago,I finally came to the awakening realization that this intimacy and this whole "friendship" was slowly and surely destroying me.I knew what I had to do,and with a firm and decisive tone informed my lover that things would be ending permanently.He discouraged me,didnt take me seriously,said "yea,like you haven't said that before.I told him that I was as serious as I could be.maybe more serious than I've ever been in my whole life.As the realization dawned on him that I was stubbornly set in my decision,his pleasant and comforting demeanor fell away suddenly.I watched with horror as I saw my "friend" for what he really was:evil.I was shocked and hurt,but this only made my decision firmer.I turned and walked away.I started walking towards a new group of friends,a chevra of tzaddikim who I had all too much in common with.They would be my new friends.

But my friend was not going to give in so easily.He had a iron strong hold on me,and he wasn't going let me get away with a fight.He grabbed my leg and started pulling me down into the abbyss,his abbyss.I look down and see only darkness and death.I struggle in any way possible.But he is all too strong.I feel myself being pulled down.I am worn out and exhausted from my struggle."Please stop!".I was begging him.I was crying tears that have been stored for years.If he didnt drown me,my tears certainly would.

This battle went on for days.One day after another,just trying to keep my head above water.My "friend" had this devil look on his face,determined to destroy me for abandoning him.

My fight became not about not drowning, but staying in my decision. I counted the days I did not let go. 1...2...3..4...10...13..14. At this point I was already drowning, but my fight had changed. 15....I could hear voices in the distance. I recognize the voices of some of new friends, my true friends, whose inside I knew contained only gold, unlike this monster who is attempting to kill me now. I try responding, but I do not have enough strength. Some reach for my hand, but I do not even have enough koach to raise it. 16....Just keep counting, I tell myself. But the fight is coming to a close. The water is by my neck. 17...NOthing else matters but the number. My head is already underwater, and I see bubbles surface as I shout with my head underwater "18!!" As I fall, I finally understand. 18. Life.

Death is only temporary, while life is eternal.

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by the.guard - 04 Aug 2009 11:15

Uri, this brought tears to my eyes. I have to share this in the chizuk e-mail today! It sounds familiar to the a chapter in the book "The first day of the rest of my life". Let me quote:

As I struggled in my efforts to actualize everyone's expectations, I wasn't aware of the deep pit that was opening up inside me. It was a pit of loneliness that just got deeper as time went on. My subconscious dealt with this by creating a wall of sorts, deep inside my heart. At first, this wall was just between me and myself, but as time went on, it became a wall between me and the rest of the world. I closed up inside myself, and slowly began to withdraw from life and from the world around me.

And then on one clear day, a new friend entered my life: "Lust". The loneliness, which had been my lot in life for so long, suddenly disappeared like it never was. "Lust" made me feel more wanted and desired than ever before. I felt that I had finally found my true friend, a friend in times of need. Whenever things were hard or I felt down or lonely, "Lust" would appear to be there for me, as if to encourage me and give me a false sense of belonging and acceptance.

And so, as the years progressed, "Lust" accompanied me where ever I went. While everyone else had such high expectations of me and made demands accordingly, my dear friend "Lust"

had no demands of me at all. All that "Lust" wanted was that I feel good and be comfortable, and forget the cruel world around me. In "Lust", I always found a listening ear, offering comfort and solace.

All was good and well, until one day I discovered that this dedicated "friend" was actually the very thing that was not letting me make progress in life and achieve my goals. I asked "Lust" to give me some space and let me be a little bit, but "Lust" was not willing to accept this under any circumstances. And suddenly he changed his appearance. From a good friend in times of need, "Lust" became an unrelenting and cruel oppressor that dwelled deep within me and used my weaknesses against me - weaknesses that he knew better than anyone, often better than myself.

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Re: Where I'm at
Posted by - 04 Aug 2009 12:39

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Re: Where I'm at
Posted by Ykv_schwartz - 04 Aug 2009 14:13

Uri,

Thank you for sharing. B"H, your ratzon is strong. Just your control gets low. Over time, I am sure you will regain that control that you desire.

I would like to share with you the following well known principle: When a person decides to break his physical desires, the beginning is easy, but then the yetzer doubles its efforts against you. (See Michtav M'Eliyahu page chelek 1, page 225 where he discusses this principle in context of addictions) Eventually the physical desire becomes so strong that man can no longer resist and he gives in. The Gemara in sucra tells us that the yetzer hara of a tzadik appears like a mountain. The reason is that since he continues to battle it, it gets bigger and bigger. Do not let the fall be a sign of failure. Let your 18 days of sobriety and stubbornness to prevail be a sign of success. Let it stand as a reminder that it is possible. Let it encourage you for future success. As long as you continue to put in efforts, you are considered a tzaddik.

You are a great inspiration to all of us. We have no doubt you will pick yourself up and start over again.

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Re: Where I'm at
Posted by kutan - 04 Aug 2009 14:17

R' Yaakov,

So well said!

Thank you, and Uri, thank you.

Last week I posted to you how your thread and posts are helping me immensely with my shmiras eynayim in the terrible NYC city... and they still are!

Baruch Hashem, and baruch Uri.

kutan

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Re: Where I'm at
Posted by Mevakesh Hashem - 04 Aug 2009 14:51

Uri,

Your post has brought tears to my eyes, and I am sitting here weeping.

Your "friend" is our "friend" and he is indeed a devil and an evil thing, yet to so many of us for too long he connived his way into our hearts!

You will come out of this battle victorious my brother.

Stay Strong!

Chazak V'Ematz!

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by kutan - 04 Aug 2009 15:19

Uri,

I never ever claimed to be an expert on neshumos. Only a kutan. But I've got a hunch that you've got one special neshama!

never met a 20 yr old who is able to touch so many people.... *without even trying to!*

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Re: Where I'm at

Posted by 7yipol - 04 Aug 2009 18:20

Uri,

I never ever claimed to be an expert on neshumos. Only a kutan. But I've got a hunch that you've got one special neshama!

never met a 20 yr old who is able to touch so many people.... without even trying to!

Everyone here is in awe. I think Kutan summed it all up perfectly.

Personally, Im not sure Uri's fall was a win for the yh at all. Never have I seen someone put up a fight like Uri did. 24 hours a day and night he battled not to give in, and I mean *battled*. EVEN AT THE FINAL MOMENT HE PUT OUT A LAST DITCH CALL FOR HELP! At the moment when all logical thought is buried under desire, he still raised his hand above the water and screamed for help! I know.

Uri, you didnt give the yh what he wants. He didnt want those few minutes of release. He wanted you to quit, to bury your head in shame and to run from your new GYE community, unable to meet our eyes.

I dont believe he expected the fight. And what a fight it was!

And what did you do *RIGHT AFTER* ? You came straight back to GYE, admitted your fall, and then went to sleep. YOu didnt give your 'friend' the pleasure of being the last thought in your mind as you drifted off. You closed your eyes on pictures of honest, caring friends, who at that very moment may have been reading about your fall, yet you still knew that you could count on them being there in the morning. No one would be running away in disgust. You knew that.

How wisely you set the stage for your immediate return!! By the time you logged in today, posts of encouragement and love were waiting to greet you!

And more than that. You posted such wisdom, such honest to goodness straightforward honesty from the heart, that you have us all sitting here in wonder and awe. Your return, and reply has strengthened not only yourself, but all of us. AND *THAT WAS THE VERY LAST THING THE YH EXPECTED OR WANTED!!!!*

So as I said; Im not sure Uri's fall was a win for the yh at all. It was a win for Uri, and a win for all of us.

Chazak v'ematz - and forward!

Your very proud mommy, 7 up

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P.S. I know you said no more compliments, but I just cant help it when its pure truth. So tough