

Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!

Posted by Human being - 04 Jan 2022 22:00

Hello Everyone!!!! I'm in my early 20s and single. My life has been an interesting journey of growth and dreams, anxiety and *bitachon*, and finally, sadness and hope.

My father is emotionally weak and socially awkward. He was never and is still not someone in my life I can turn to or connect to in any meaningful way. On the contrary, I feel extremely uncomfortable sharing my emotions around him, because he feels so uncomfortable himself with emotions and reacts in such anti social ways to emotional expression that it makes me feel really really dumb expressing emotions around him.

My mother was not someone I could turn to when I was younger either. She was an angry, verbally abusive, and a scary enemy. Every morning I walked on ice waiting to be berated and screamed at for doing nothing. For simply being me, because my mother was angry and needed someone to blame. She would scream at me for anything as long as she was in a bad mood. I never knew what her mood would be. She sent me to school in sloppy and nerdy clothing. And because I showered once a week, I came to school smelly at times.

I grew up with such guilt. That *I'm* the reason my mother is so sad and angry and *I'm* the reason my father is so depressed. I'm a nerd and an inherent awkward weirdo.

Because of this, I was a prime target for bullying, because I was a depressed, down and sloppy kid. I felt like the worlds biggest failure.

I was bullied for 6 years in elementary school from primary to 6th getting tackled, beaten up and verbally abused every day.

The fun didn't end there. My rebbi in primary physically abused me as well, giving my cheek a hard twist and then lifting me up from my twisted cheek because I did the grave sin..... of not lending someone my marker, from my new package of markers that my mother got me.

I became an anxious wreck. I sat in my primary desk biting my nails out of anxious desperation until they bled. I didn't have anyone to turn to because I couldn't rely on my mother who was a dangerous figure in her own right. I couldn't rely on my father either

because I knew he didn't know what in the world to do with himself to be a father. He is insecure, unsure, and so feeble. Nothing to lean on in times of stress. 1+1 (insecure, unsure, not confident and feeble + extremely uncomfortable/weird with emotional expression) = I didn't have a father. I had one physically, but that did nothing for me emotionally. On the contrary, not having had a father at all, would have at least took away my self blame and garnered sympathy.

Then came puberty.

ouch!

I wasn't given a "bar mitva shmuezz" (IE sexual education.) Instead, my father hired a rebbi to tell me "If you fall down then get back up again"

(A 45 minute car ride that gave me no information about what I was supposed to feel bad about and get back up from). The first time I had a wet dream I thought I was dying. It was really traumatic. I thought something was seriously wrong with me. I started doing my "research" to figure what was going on

Warning: Spoiler!

and began realizing that theirs "this thing" that married people do and the stuff coming out of me probably has something to do with "that". I then started feeling a lot of sexual curiosity and began exploring with my younger siblings. I had a lot (like ALOT) of sexual experiences when I was 11 and 12 with my younger sister. I sexually abused another sister [and brother] although

at that time I had no clue what that even was.

All I knew, was that I was bad. Like really really bad. Like bad enough that I thought if my father would find out he would throw me on the street. Or my mother would beat the hell out of me.

I thought a gruesome death was coming to me from shamayim because I was such a vile human being. As I got older and I started to come to a realization of what I had done to/with my sisters and brother I began to feel worse and worse and worse. ~~I thought~~. never mind, *I knew*, I was the worst person in the world.

I distanced myself from yishivishness in order to mentally ~~distant~~ (disassociate) myself from my past. Although I was still shark and very Frum. I started learning missilas yesharim every day, whom I used as an imaginary father figure for the next few years.

Then started my next challenge. My father was now lost. He had a son that was no longer yishivish and he didn't have any clue how to be a father to this new kid. The new identity I had created had caused me to practically lose my father, even physically. (he would never touch me, hug me, kiss me, pat my back. nothing. For the next 6 years (all my teenage years) the relationship with my father consisted of 1 phone call a week if he was lucky with a quick "how's everything" "fine" "good Shabbos"

I didn't have a father or mother to turn to at all. This continued through my teenage years. I had packages of guilt and shame sitting in me with no one to tell me I'm a good person. I continued hiding my terrible secret that I'm really the worst human around)

I remember the first time I masturbated. I knew I had now done the worst thing known to mankind. I was over. I didn't have Hashem to turn to either now. Slowly this turned to porn and it metamorphized into my way of finding safety and comfort from my anxiety.

?In summary, I had 0 secure attachments to turn to for safety and emotional regulation. I was just abandoned. I lived in a house with a bunch of people whom others called my parents and siblings, but to me they were strangers invading my space.

Fast forward to today. Baruch Hashem I've found a rebbi that finds me valuable enough to sit with me in my pain and be the first person i can come to for safety.. (My rebbi has stood by myside throughout although I'm always scared I'm going to lose him when he finds out all i has inside)TYH!

My mother Bh has improved tremendously and is someone who i can get some (albeit very limited) safety. Bh she is no longer scary. TYH!

?I have been in therapy and regained control of my life and I've taken many steps towards moving on. TYH!!

?The challenges are still so real and painful. I've developed a disassociated mind that has 2 states. 1) When i over-feel. I feel like a scared bullied traumatized little 5 yr old and I'm so terrified of being alive because i have no attachments (older protective people) to turn too. 2)when i under-feel. When ever I'm not committed to people, my brain takes the easier route to avoid the fear and terror of living without attachment. It sends my 5 yr old away to the recesses of my mind, where I no longer perceive it as "me" anymore. It makes life confusing and disorienting. It makes me feel so much shame because I have a really hard time explaining to people what is going on with me. Both my underfeeling state and my overfeeling state appreciate different friends. Different activities. Many friends wonder why I haven't called them in so long and then all the sudden want to chill with them every day. I feel like I cant get married because one part of me wants to be less Frum, is outgoing and confident while another one is more yishivish, quiet and a scared little boy. (I DO NOT HAVE DID!! [dissociative identity disorder] my parts know each other and I don't get amnesia)

I suffer emotional flashbacks and sometimes randomly want to cry and be my chavrusas little baby. I want my physiatrist to be my mother and a youtuber to be my older sister.

Porn was a huge safety for me. My younger parts crave emotional intimacy from a mother figure. One can imagine how to a broken brain, porn is the safest thing around. People being intimate and open in a non judgy way. For the younger parts of me porn = safety. For my older parts who are less yishivish and don't have parents, porn is the same thing. a safe place to get away from the scary concept of being totally disconnected.

My father still gives me no affection, attention, or time. He simply doesn't know how to. To give you an example of what it means to have a father with no social skills, I'm going to give you one example. He one time told me "I never believed you would become anything". He didn't even do

it out of anger or hate. He simply didn't 'chop' how hurtful that is for a son to hear that from his own father. Its not even his fault. He simply doesn't know better. He himself wishes he knew better.

?There's a part of me (**more yishivish younger part**) that hates hates hates HATES anything yishivish because it triggers me to back when I was a yishivish and frightened little boy, biting my nails off with anxiety. in my 'Inner Childs' mind **Yishivish=petrified, and in extreme danger with no one to turn to.**

This part of me is literally allergic to learning , davening, yishivish singing, Shabbos, yom tov, many mitzvos etc. etc. etc.

In addition to the part above that is allergic to anything yishivish, there's another part of me (**less yishivish older part**) that really dislikes everything my father enjoys. This part feels that the things my father spends time with and enjoys are the things that stole his love for me. He loves his things instead of loving me. This makes me hate hate hate anything yishivish as it reminds me "I'm not worthy of a fathers love" "I'm worthless". "I'm useless".

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Baruch Hashem I've never turned to any illegal substances and I don't even have a smartphone. But I'm living in a weird world. One part of me is a "shtark" guy In a shtark Yeshiva that lives by the missilas yesharim and wears a hat and jacket. That keeps and is happy keeping all the mitzvos and wants to learn 3 sedorim a day. But another part of me hates all of it and it triggers me to feel useless and worthless. This trigger is really intense and triggers an extreme hatred of anything that reminds that part of my father. (IE Anything yishivish.) Shabbos is hell first seder is hell davening is hell. I do all of them but their hell for one part and regular life for another.

I'm growing and I love Hashem and I'm slowly learning to cope. I will beezras hashem get married (my different parts are compatible).

I will be able to understand others and hopefully heal one day. I'm already healing to a significant degree and I'm feeling more and more like a single person. Anyone who read till now is a huge tzaddik. Btw even though a lot of pain is expressed here, I'm bh happy and ready to uplift myself and others!

I have my work cut out for me! 90 days here I come. Whether I fall or not it will always be my goal.

?Any chizuk or people that have had similar experiences that want to share is appreciated!

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!
Posted by OivedElokim - 05 Apr 2022 17:10

[Human being wrote on 04 Apr 2022 02:21:](#)

So i finnally got eveyday accsses to GYE. I previously only had it on computer. Now i have it on my phone. Thier was a tecnical difficulty. Bh im back to 7 days and learning on the job.

I think i may get a partner to call when im feeling weak. Im still hesitant and nervous i will get somwone who will be judgy and offer advice and sh*ttos

Feel free to PM me for my number. I'm happy to talk to you when you're feeling weak, or any

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!
Posted by Human being - 03 Oct 2022 05:39

Deleted. I started a different thread for venting.

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!
Posted by Human being - 03 Oct 2022 05:54

That being said tonight was my hardest night in over a month. the amount of times i started searching keywords that can lead to inappropriate content was like 5 times. It all started by me wanting to download some videos and then a movie trailer with *** scenes came on on auto play. I didn't gaze at it but i scrolled past it a second time knowing it was there. Thank god i didn't watch porn or masturbate but i am so upset that i saw *** scenes. I made me feel like giving in. Thank god I didn't give in. I really hope it doesn't happen. In at 38 days. My second highest streak ever.

I'm also really depressed nowadays. When the winter starts coming in and its rainy it makes me want to close my eyes and drift off to sleep and wake up in the summer. I really need some support for my depression and anxiety. if anyone wants to be there for each other over email to vent, validate, share and care that would be amazing. I'm from a pretty yeshivish background and accepting curious and nonjudgmental. I've been in therapy for over 3 years and I'm in between 20-25. I would love to correspond with people going through similar emotional health challenges to #share and care. I love connecting to people and being there for others too of course in a non judgmental way!

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!
Posted by ??? ???? ???? ??? - 03 Oct 2022 14:11

Its so healing. Besides for not watching porn, I'm also Actually FEELING the feelings I've been running away from my whole life.

That is a great insight, @Human being. Yes, we may not want to feel angry or sad, but when we actually sit with the feelings, we heal. Awesome! I wish I could give you a hug after that emotional post. Sending you a virtual one!

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!
Posted by Human being - 04 Oct 2022 02:53

Thank you everyone for all the love. Love you guys too. If you ever need to vent feel free!

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!

Posted by Human being - 07 Oct 2022 00:48

41 days. I'm looking back to my first posts and I'm stunned at how far I've gotten! TYH!

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!

Posted by Human being - 07 Oct 2022 01:00

I'm starting to realize just how damaging it was for me that my father didn't give me a proper bar mitzva shmuezz (sexual education)

The fact that I had no clue what this weird stuff coming out of me was and i thought something was wrong with me was really traumatic. I had some vague knowledge from a rebbi whom my father asked to tell me "the shmuezz" about something to do with liking girls and if i fall to get back up but i had no clue what he was talking about.

Thinking back, this is the reason i thought im the worst person in the world. I thought I'm some kind of inherently flawed pervert who was going to burn in hell big time and die some sort of gruesome death for all my perverseness. This lead me to do things that were even worse (because i was anyways "bad". Which lead me to believe im some kind of perverted monster.

I wish my father would have gave me a sexual education so i knew i was normal and not an inherent pervert. Its so engrained in me that im bad, that even now many years later a part of me still feels like a sick monster. Anyone else had the same thing happen?

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!

Posted by ??? ???? ???? ??? - 07 Oct 2022 02:25

Growing up in a non-Orthodox environment, I had sex education, so I cannot join you personally. However, when I was in yeshiva, I was mentoring a high school bochur. He asked me about his wet dream. He said that his father told him to speak to his rebbi and his rebbi told him to speak to his father. He thought something was wrong with him, as you also experienced. I assured him that it was a normal bodily process and that there was nothing wrong with him, but at the same time I didn't know how much education to give him, being a 20-year-old bochur, unfamiliar with what is allowed and not allowed to be shared in that community.

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!
Posted by Human being - 12 Oct 2022 01:15

Made a *geder* of not going on the internet over *bain hazmanim* unless someone I know personally is in the room with me. It has worked wonders thus far. Best *bain hazmanim* of my life! 47 days and onward! approaching my record of 58! (although i stopped caring so much about days and im instead I'm focused more on the roots of my challenge.)

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!
Posted by Teshuvahguy - 12 Oct 2022 02:00

I also have depression and anxiety disorder and came from an unhealthy home and learned at an early age to use porn and masturbation as self-soothing tools. It feels inconceivable to think that I could stop forever. It is a strong crutch. Add to this my SSA and I feel like how can Hashem love me or forgive me for my thoughts alone, never mind the garbage I look at and masturbate to. Before I was frum I was addicted to sex with men. It was a compulsion I could not control. At times I had sex with several men a day. It dominated my life and took precedence over everything else...my work, marriage, everything. When I became frum, somehow with Hashem's help I stopped acting out with men. It was truly a miracle. So I know that habits that I thought were impossible to break are actually breakable. So maybe I am just not ready to give up gay porn and masturbation, even though I feel terrible when I do it and fight hard not to. How can I be a good Jew when committing such terrible sins? But the idea of letting it go is terrifying. Please go easy on me if you respond. I am already hurting and don't want to be hurt more. I was on here 6 years ago and dropped off out of frustration.

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!

Posted by Vehkam - 12 Oct 2022 02:09

Have you considered sex addiction therapy?

Don't beat yourself up. If you are trying to improve you are already ahead of the game.

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!

Posted by Teshuvahguy - 12 Oct 2022 02:29

[Vehkam wrote on 12 Oct 2022 02:09:](#)

Have you considered sex addiction therapy?

Don't beat yourself up. If you are trying to improve you are already ahead of the game.

Was this response to my post or someone else's?

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!

Posted by Vehkam - 12 Oct 2022 13:56

[Teshuvahguy wrote on 12 Oct 2022 02:29:](#)

[Vehkam wrote on 12 Oct 2022 02:09:](#)

Have you considered sex addiction therapy?

Don't beat yourself up. If you are trying to improve you are already ahead of the game.

Was this response to my post or someone else's?

Was a response to your last post prior to mine

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Re: Didn't know there are people who don't masturbate!
Posted by Teshuvahguy - 12 Oct 2022 14:45

All I know at this moment is that I feel alone in this struggle, I feel like a failure, I seem to be afraid of losing whatever I get from this behavior or I'd put filters on my phone that I cannot get around, I know what a huge aveira it is so I feel like Hashem must hate me (I used to have actual sex with men until 15 years ago—before I was a Baal Teshuvah but I read that there is no Teshuvah for certain acts so not even sure if I am forgiven even 15 years after stopping the behavior). I'm just sad and don't have a lot of hope. I have a good life except for this need to watch gay porn and masturbate which I can only fight off for so long and then it overwhelms me. I need help but don't know where to get it. A non frum therapist would not see anything wrong with either being gay or masturbation so I need someone who is frum to help me but who could I ever trust where I live?

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