

SCA DC NEWSLETTER

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By SCA Metro DC Intergroup

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My Story

By Craig C.

There are two experiences in my sexual compulsive life that, for me, will live in infamy. The first experience was when my addict as it currently exists was born. I went into a back room of a gay bar when I was 26 years old and was pulled into a 15 year addiction of anonymous sex. That night was thrilling, exciting and shameful, and I remember shaking like a leaf the entire time. I couldn't handle it. The second experience actually has a date: April 15, 2009. This was the day that my partner confronted me on my sexual addiction and I surrendered myself from an uncontrollable life.

My sexual maturity is a unique story because I did not become sexually active until I was 17 years old, and did not have sex with another person until I was 22 years old. I always knew that I was gay as early as elementary school, but somehow I believed that being attracted to other boys was wrong and shameful. While I saw my first Playboy when I was in kindergarten or first grade, it wasn't until I found a magazine with pictures of men in 4th or 5th grade that I knew I was attracted to men. The shame of being a sexual being was also taught to me in my Catholic upbringing. I was taught that pornography was bad, masturbating was a sin, and that I would go to hell if I was gay.

I always thought my childhood was pretty normal, but I have come to realize with therapy that my upbringing was fraught with traumatic events with a little "t". I was born with vision problems and would have been considered legally blind if I was an adult. At two and half years old, I was fitted with eyeglasses and was finally able to see. I grew up in a family for which certain emotions were not allowed, particularly anger and sadness. This was a coping mechanism my parents learned when they grew up in their broken families. Whenever I was angry or sad as a child, I felt that I wasn't allowed to have those emotions. Later on, I realized that my sex addiction fed from my feelings of sadness, anger and loneliness. When I was 9 years old, my father's job transferred and we moved away from all my friends (and nice weather) in California to the east coast, where I had no friends. I was clinically depressed for months and the move changed my outlook in life.

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Why Have A Recovery Plan?

By Randy G.

I have been in recovery for over four years and thought that I had a good sexual recovery plan that was working successfully for me. My plan has been fairly simple and straightforward; not a long list of do's and don'ts that often seem overwhelming. My recovery plan is focused specifically on the very nature of my addiction which is any situation that allows me to build a relationship with a woman beyond that of a normal business-like working relationship.

I have had three affairs with women that I have worked with over the past 20 years. They all built up from an over-familiarization with one another while in the work environment. In fact, there were several periods of time when I was totally reckless and seemingly hell-bent on self-destruction by virtue of some of the wild office shenanigans I would allow myself to perform. I was out of touch with reality.

When I finally owned up to the fact that I was sexually addicted and had to break the cycle, I created a plan that would help me prevent that cycle of reckless abandon to which I am prone. I made a change in offices so that the new office was open to view from others, instead of an office that was hidden over in a corner. I stopped working on the project that kept me in contact with the latest office fling, and have purposely tried to ensure that I do not work on new projects that allow such a relationship to start. Whenever I have meetings with women counterparts, I always make sure another person is present, and that I sit on the opposite side of the desk or conference table to prevent physical contact.

Since late 2005, when I finally admitted that I was totally out of control and my life had become unmanageable and started attending the SCA 12-step groups, I have strived very hard to adhere to my recovery plan. I thought that I was doing well until a recent incident showed me that I cannot afford to be over-confident. I must strive harder to pay close attention to all the little details that could well make the difference between sanity and hitting the slippery slope into a relapse.

This incident started with a short-notice request for me to travel with a female co-worker to Omaha, Nebraska, for one of

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My Story continued

I did not learn how to masturbate until I was 17 years old. Since I was such an abnormally late bloomer, my therapist and I have come to believe that I may have been abused even though I have no memory of this. It wasn't until I was 22 in which I had sex with a male friend from college and had my first co-dependent relationship; he was a pothead. I remember this experience quite vividly and was remarkably similar to my first sexual compulsive experience. The day after our first encounter, I was so shameful of the event that I took a shower and imagined myself trying to clean the filth of the experience. A year later I realized that I was gay and that I did not have the energy to live a straight life.

After I graduated college, I decided to come out and told my parents and family that I was gay. They took it quite well with little or no drama. My next relationship was with an alcoholic man -- another co-dependent, emotionally unavailable relationship. I had my first real relationship with a man for which I had to be emotionally available at 26 years old. It was in this relationship for which my addict as it currently exists came out. I started withdrawing in this relationship, and eventually started to meet men online for quick hook-ups.

My relationship with my current partner has been very much a co-addictive, co-dependent relationship for the 13 years we have been together. Whenever I couldn't deal with the intimacy of our relationship, I would start going to the gym and have sex with men in the shower area. It eventually would progress into cruising the public restrooms near my work at lunch and going to the adult bookstore for anonymous hookups. After 3 years of anonymous sex, I had to tell my partner that I was having sex outside the relationship and we both went into individual and couples counseling. That worked for a while and I was able to be monogamous for a period time. However the inability to deal with the intimacy in my relationship with my partner pulled me back into my addictive behavior. Looking back at it now, I spent most of my time creating a web of lies to cover up my increasingly addictive behavior. Last year, my partner confronted me on my behavior by noticing my detachment from the relationship. I needed help!

My experience with SCA was a beacon of hope for me. In my first meeting, I immediately recognize at least two people in the meeting from my past hookups. Although I was a little afraid that people who I used to know in my life would know my secret, I realize now that's the point -- to not to have secrets about this. If there is one activity that has given me my year of sobriety, it's been the ability to come into an SCA meeting and to talk about my addiction to include my fears, triumphs and trials. My relationship with my partner has become even stronger, and we are both growing as individuals and as couples. And for that I am grateful.

Why Have A Recovery Plan? continued

my projects. When I received the notice, the co-worker had already made reservations, and told me her flight times and where she was staying. Also, she had already rented a car at the airport. So, without any thought, I booked flights that nearly matched hers and a reservation at the same hotel. I also thought that if she was driving, then I would not need to rent another vehicle.

When my wife and I had our weekly therapy meeting, my therapist asked me my plan to ensure nothing happens on my trip, especially since it has happened while on travel previously. After admitting that I hadn't made any special arrangements, we discussed that it would be safer for me to rent a second car and change my room reservation to another hotel, so I wouldn't be in close proximity with the female co-worker.

Right after my weekly therapy session, I learned that there was a good probability that the trip would be rescheduled because of problems with the system we were going out there to observe. I did not make the changes in my reservations, thinking that it might all have to be changed or cancelled in the few days remaining until we traveled. I also didn't make the changes because I was somewhat embarrassed to tell my co-worker about the changes.

The trip did not get cancelled. We travelled though nothing happened between me and the female co-worker. However, after returning and telling my wife and therapist what I did, I clearly noticed the disappointment on my wife's face, and the disapproving look of my therapist. Since that trip, I thought hard about why I did not take the safer alternative. It simply made no sense not to change hotels and rent my own car, even if the rental cost may not be reimbursed. This was clearly much safer for me, to prevent the close proximity I placed myself into by sharing the car with my co-worker, which also led to going out to eat each evening together. As my therapist stated, the small cost of a rental car for a week is certainly a much lower cost than the hurt I caused my wife, or for a divorce if I had strayed.

That is why I need a recovery plan, and why I always have to think clearly about the choices I am making and their impact on not just myself but the other important people in my life; my family. I have been blessed with a very supportive, caring wife and children, but it will always continue to depend on my choices to stay sexual sober and follow the recovery plan that I need to achieve that goal.