

SCA DC NEWSLETTER

Volume 1, Issue 6

By SCA Metro DC Intergroup

November 2006

My Story

By Kevin M.

The first time I ever heard about sex was when I was in 5th grade. A kid in my class and I were sitting together at lunch when he told me that if I went into my parent's bedroom and looked under the bed or the mattress I would find some sex magazines. Sure enough he was right. As a boy at 10 years old I was hooked. I became addicted to pornography. I spent hours and hours looking at the magazines and playing with other items I would find. When my family visited friends or other family members, I would sneak into the master bedroom and find any porn that was hidden there. It got to the point that I could actually smell sex. I was always so afraid that I would get caught, but I could not help myself.

In the mid 1970's "Streaking" made the headlines. It seemed that everywhere people were taking their clothes off and "streaking" across a football field or at other public events. The neighbor kids and I, (both boys and girls) began "streaking" in the woods. We used to play for hours in the nude and often played strip poker. I found porn along the street and in the woods. I also found many used condoms. I would bring the porn home and hide it for further inspection. I soon realized that I was attracted to the male models as opposed to the women. I also remembered how I had been attracted to my Dad's body when we would shower together. When this eventually stopped, I sought any and every opportunity to see my dad or any other adult male nude. I was a voyeur at an early age.

One day I found a new book in my parent's bedroom. This was a guide to sex, explaining in vivid detail every type of sexual practice. I shared it with my neighborhood buddies and we tried acting these out. These were my first homosexual experiences. One day my mom called me into my room where she pulled out "the book", and said that she had found it under my bed. She said that this was not a book that I should be reading. I felt embarrassed and afraid. This was the only conversation about sex that I ever had with either of my parents.

I spent the majority of my adolescent years alone. I had no friends and was brutally teased by kids at school. On a daily basis I was called a "sissy", "a faggot", "a fem" and many other terrible names. I did not even know what these terms meant, but they hurt nonetheless. Daily, I feared for my life. I hated school, especially gym class. I hated showering in the locker room for fear that I would get aroused. I wanted to die. I hated my reflection that I saw in the mirror.

I distinctly remember the day I masturbated for the first time. I felt incredible. I wanted to feel that way again and again, so I

continued on page 2

Editor's Comments...

Normally this space is reserved for recovery tips, but I'm a bit behind schedule, and this issue's story is a long one, so I'll make a few comments, and let the story speak for itself.

We're coming up on the holidays; Thanksgiving is on us. I like to think of the gratitude I've developed for the program, and the fellowship of the SCA meetings. My best wishes go out to all, but especially for those of you who will be facing loneliness and ongoing sagas of grief during the holidays. There is a season for everything, to grieve the darkness and celebrate the light that naturally follows. There is light for all of us if we persevere in recovery. Just keep coming to the meetings, use the phone, share, pray. Look for reasons to be grateful for life – I find gratitude is a great salve for the colder and darker feelings.

I've noticed a number of newcomers lately at some meetings. For you, if you are experiencing SCA or one of the S fellowships for the first time, let me encourage you. You have taken an important first step. If you are a little confused about what you need, or embarrassed or shy, just keep coming back and listening, you're likely to hear things you need. You'll meet people you want to relate to, learn more from. Get copies of the fellowship phone lists, and please don't be shy about calling anyone on the list and talking about your issues, reservations, fears, whatever comes to mind. Mostly, know that in your struggles you are not alone, and that within the fellowship there are many who have walked your path.

(Doug – filling in for Rod temporarily – Rod doesn't get behind schedule!)

NEWS

The 12th Step Committee: Reaching out to the Addict Who Still Suffers

There have been a number of first time attendees at meetings recently, hopefully due in part to the great outreach that has begun. There is such a need. If you're interested in becoming involved, please contact Ryan M. So far, most 12th Step service opportunities have taken only an hour or two at a time. We would welcome your participation!

Remember to participate in the **DC SCA's Blog site**. Members have found this site as a way to remain connected while at work and between meetings. If you are interested in becoming a member of the blog site, email dcscablog@verizon.net.

Please contact your editor, Rod F. at rodf@rodandtom.com, if you would like to share your story or contribute in other ways to the DC SCA newsletter.

My Story continued

began to masturbate multiple times daily. This, combined with pornography was the drug I needed to numb the pain. I always knew I was different. Yet, not really knowing what it meant to be gay, I felt that if I just looked at porn more. I would eventually become attracted to women in a sexual way. I also believed that if I knew as much as possible about sex, one day when I would have sex with a woman she would not reject me. I dated to men grew. I purchased my first porn. It was exciting and intense. I wanted more. On numerous occasions men exposed themselves to me. This only fueled my fantasy life.

When I left for college, fearing that I would not be accepted by the other guys in my dorm, I subscribed to two straight porn magazines. This allowed me to be cool. I spent hours at college looking at porn, masturbating and sneaking peeks in the showers. While in college I also became involved with Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship and surrendered my life to Jesus. I came to believe that my sexual desires were sinful and decided to give up pornography and masturbation. I also wanted to give up my homosexual desires. I daily asked GOD to help me in my struggle. I remained free from pornography for a number of years. I still masturbated, but not as often. I also drew deeper into the closet hiding my homosexuality. I was a virgin until I was 28 as I was so afraid to have sex with anyone.

Upon leaving college, I moved back home and found the pain of living with my dad and his new wife was too much to bear. I needed more than porn and masturbation could offer. I lost myself in church activities and hid in my religiosity. I sought therapy for depression and suicidal thoughts. Eventually, I told my therapist I was gay. A short time later, I began to live a double life. Half of my life was spent being a very active member of a Baptist Church. The other half was spent acting out at all hours of the night in adult bookstores, buying porn, calling the phone sex lines, cruising parks and restrooms, dancing at gay clubs and spending hours peering into windows with hopes of seeing someone in the nude or having sex. I met my first boyfriend at an Adult bookstore. My phone bills were well over \$ 600.00 a month from calling the phone sex lines and once I was on the phone for 8 hours. In addition to my therapy, I joined a SA group. It was difficult to participate in as I was one of only two guys who were gay. A short time later I quit because many of the straight guys felt uncomfortable with my sharing.

In 1999, I came out to my family and most of my friends, but also at the encouragement of my Pastor, I moved to Memphis, TN to enroll in an ex-gay "live-in" community where I sought help in an effort to be free from my homosexuality. While there, I learned a great deal. It was probably one of the best things I have ever done. I was given permission for the first time to be angry. I learned a great deal about expressing my feelings and using "I" statements. My sexual compulsion / acting out resulted in my being asked to leave the program. While in Memphis, I decided to combine my two lives and live my life as a Christian gay man. I know God as I understand Him, loves

me and cares for me.

About four years ago, I was transferred to DC. I was excited about living here as a gay man; although, I have found it to be quite difficult. In an effort to ease the pain I once again have sought comfort thru compulsive sex. I would go out to a bar, meet a trick, go home, have sex and feel lonely all over again. I wanted to find "Mr. Right!", but instead continually settled for "MR. Right NOW!" I was arrested with a "MR RIGHT NOW" for having sex in a public place. I can not count the number of men I have had anonymous sex with. Nor can I count the times I have had unprotected sex. I dread the HIV tests, and have contracted three curable STD's. A couple of years ago, I decided that all the consequences were not worth it so I opted to call the phone sex lines every morning and every night before I would go to bed. In my mind this was "safe-sex" Of course this robbed me of any healthy physical intimacy I might have or desire. I finally met a man with whom I was in a monogamous relationship with for two years. As a result of this relationship I no longer felt lonely, but I also no longer felt a desire for sex. Sadly I realized that sex for me had become ONLY a drug to ease the pain of my loneliness. So now that I was not feeling lonely, I did not want sex. Obviously, this caused a number of problems between my boyfriend and me. As a result, we often fought and became angry with one another. It was then that I did want sex once again to ease my pain, but not sex with my boyfriend as he was the one with whom I was angry. We eventually broke-up. I once again began to call the phone sex lines staying awake until 3 or 4 am just to try it "one more time." I also began to print internet porn at work. My life was spiraling out of control. All this reminds me that I have no idea what a healthy sex life is, but I know I want a healthy intimate sex life. So I found myself once again in a SCA meeting. I now have an encouraging sponsor with whom I am working on step one. Now I know what my bottom line behaviors are, and to date I have 171 days of sobriety from these acts. I think the fog of my sexual compulsiveness is slowly lifting and I can honestly say that I am feeling happy. I have recently been diagnosed with chronic Hepatitis B which really scares me. I still struggle with wanting to act out. Sometimes I just want to be held and/or to hold someone. I get depressed, and sometimes the pain is more than I care to bear, but I am persuaded by my fellow SCA family that by working the program, attending meetings, being brutally honest, being of service, and surrendering to my Higher Power, God as I understand Him, I will prevail.