

Found my way home thanks to GYE

Posted by Hopeful2 - 09 Apr 2015 04:02

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I can't believe that I'm actually starting to post, especially about something I always thought I'd take with me to my grave alone. I've long ago (before I signed up for GYE) given up on ever beating this horrible disease. It seemed like a losing battle, so why try, right? But then I came across GYE and it's been beyond anything I could've hoped for. But let me first introduce myself to everyone and get to know each other. Everyone here seems so open and honest with themselves it's so refreshing....

I can't seem to remember when and how it all started but i can remember mast..... when I was 13 (maybe even younger I'm not sure) I remember doing it in the shower at home fantasizing about my next door neighbor -who was much older and I had nothing todo with ever, no girl friend or anything - who was just really pretty and I would get lost in fantasy. Lots of just looking at magazines, bikini clad women... And some more mast.....

And then the promises. The promises how I would never do it again. And the guilt. And how much of it! I would feel so horrible about myself. Years of trying to stop and years of feeling how Hashem must hate me, obviously didn't help, other then make a bad situation even worse. Later on in yeshivah I would to run to the bathroom to mast.... (can't remember the frequency) often and berate myself and try to stop but couldn't obviously.

I would buy newspapers. Even Jewish ones. Anything that had pictures of girls. I wasn't picky if it resembled a girl it was fine. I even had a book in yeshivah which was actually a holocaust book, that had some family pictures and I'd mast.... on those. And how I would feel so guilty that I'd mast..... I mean on a holocaust book!?

I'd beg and cry to Hashem to help me that He take away this nisayon, even if it meant never having kids. I'm sure you can relate...

Then came technology cellphones and movies. I'd buy a SIM card and surf for naked images on my phone and mast... Then I'd break the SIM card promising myself never again.... Yea yea.... Then go and buy some more SIM cards. I always wanted to break the phone out of frustration but was never able to.

Then I got married and whadda you know?? Marriage did not solve the problem! No chiddush here....

Just another incident I remember.... before I got engaged even before the shidduch was redt, I made a Kabbalah that I would abstain, as a zchus for myself to get engaged. It was so painful. White knuckling all day. Wrestling back and forth yes no yes no, and I wasn't even successful. I made it for about 4 weeks (longest probably ever, until now) and mast...even before I got engaged. Hashem did his part of the deal but I couldn't come thru,.... I remember not actually touching my eiver because I said I wouldn't, but I writhered in bed rubbing myself until I just let lose....

I was convinced I'd never have any kids as a punishment from shamayim. I believed Hashem hated me and so I grow up with a relationship with Him that if I'm good Hashem will take care of me and if not He'd hurt me very badly. A real childish way of thinking, but something I struggle with until this very day. I'm trying to feel His infinite kindness and mercy, but it's tough.

So I got married and have the most adorable kids. But my addiction didn't get better. Especially with an iPad at home that was filtered and not supposed to be at home in the first place.... It was then, about 4-5 years ago, then I started watching real hard core p..n and it just got worse and worse. Weekly, daily, anything stressful would send me straight to my iPad. It didn't help that my father passed away, which added loads to my plate and I just needed my drug even more then ever

After having been hooked on mast.. & p..n for so long I couldn't imagine ever stopping. Until I watched the GYE video last month. I said I gotta give it a try. I signed up. Took the 90 day challenge I'm up to 45! days clean. Never reached that, I don't think. I started reading the attitude book, the white book, the 12 steps, the forums, and it's all been such an eye opener for me. I now realize that porn comes after lust and lust means (for me) just looking at modestly dressed women who are pretty. I never realized how harmful just looking was for me. Then I realized that after every look came a fantasy. On that woman or about others. I have come to realize -thru GYE - that looking for me, equals watching porn. Cause if I look today I will definitely be watching porn tomorrow.

And as a result the past few weeks my eyes are sealed shut. I don't look anywhere I shouldn't. On the streets on the subways, I even took of my glasses when day last week, when I took the train to Manhattan. And I was like that's for frummies, c'mon! Be normal, but yea for someone as sick as me, I need to do that for my sanity.

Not looking has helped me take the battlefield away from porn, where I stand no chance, to a bit smaller fight, (still mighty hard, but doable) my thoughts. Anytime a fantasy thought pops into my head I remind myself, if I delve into it, I'll end up at the screen where I will definitely lose. It's also helped not have to feel as if I'm fighting and fighting and tiring out. I'm actually surprised, I thought it would've been much harder. The other times I've tried to stop were white knuckling and impossible. This time it's tough and hard, but it's about me not lusting. If I lust in my thoughts about other women I cannot abstain. However if don't fantasize, I stand I chance.

The past few weeks have been extremely stressful for me yet I haven't had too many urges to act out bh.

Its allowed me to finally feel good about myself and be closer to Hashem in many ways. Closer to my wife and kids. Much calmer with myself. This pesach I feel a real personal yitzias mitzrayim. Finally out of slavery. Finally some real hope.

Anyway I hope I didn't tire anyone reading this, it's just so exciting to be writing this out and I'm dying to get into the other topics around here but I figured I'd post here first. Reading the forums and everyone's tips and suggestions have proven to be a great help. So happy to be here Baruch HaShem.

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by Hopeful2 - 23 Apr 2015 14:12

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[cordnoy wrote:](#)

[Hopeful2 wrote:](#)

All spouses swap phones at the end of the day, right?

If that, heaven forbid, would ever happen by me - I believe the phones would swap spouses!!!

Lol! Oy Vey!

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by shlomo613 - 23 Apr 2015 22:36

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[Hopeful2 wrote:](#)

Quick update.

Quick observation, the more in-tune i am with my lusting, the more i realize how many things trigger me. And I don't mean trigger as in automatically wanting to watch porn, I mean triggering thoughts, triggering desires.

Here's an example, I see a couple walking down the street. 2 months ago i would've looked at the wife just out of "curiosity and enjoyment", and later find myself in front of the computer with an insane urge to act out and wonder why. But now I learnt its a trigger for me so I don't look

[...]

Another example:

Looking at my wife's phone when i come home from work to see her text messages with her friends. All spouses swap phones at the end of the day, right?

Sounds pretty innocent, no? Not for me i realize! I now see that I'm triggered to think about other women when i read their texts. How cute they sound, how smart, etc..

I would never have dreamed that these things would be a trigger for me, without all the realizations I've been learning here on GYE. Who knows what other "innocent" things I'm doing

that are actually triggers!

Now my battle isn't about watching porn, it's holding myself back from reading my wife's texts! Those texts are toxic for me! Its much easier not to look at the phone, then fighting the urge to watch porn. Gotta move the battlefield as far back as possible!

Hope

Great observation. I've experienced this 100%

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by Hopeful2 - 26 Apr 2015 03:31

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Gut Voch all!

I just came across an article i wrote a while back, its about life in general, but i think it can be applied to our struggle. Here it is.

## Mountains of Promise

Once upon a mountain gazed a Shepard toward the valley below. He watched his fellow sheepman graze the grass with wonder. The question gnaws at him. Why haven't they begun their ascend yet? It's been so long since he was with them down below. What was it 6 months, a year?? He could not recall. He remembered the days and months before. The enthusiasm and hope they had given each other how they will soon start climbing the insurmountable mountain. They mapped and planned. Studied the terrain, figuring out the best route for the finest grass in order to sustain the flock in reaching it's ultimate goal: The mountain peak.

No one can remember how it all started. Was it fable or reality. One old man claimed he knew someone who had reached the peak and was fabulously rich as a result. He spoke of wealth

and opulence, while his eyes would roll with a distant glaze, leaving one to wonder why he never even attempted to try. He's long been senile they said and many shrugged it off as old folk tales.

But not this group. They were determined to get there no matter the price. They knew that one day, they would reach the ultimate. They would be the ones that would finally prove that indeed there was a paradise atop the mountain. They were well prepared for the climb ahead. They knew of all the difficulties, yet they weren't scared off.

After months of preparation they had made up each would go his own way and meet at the predetermined location at the foot of the final bend before the summit.

It was at this point that the Shepard stood with his sheep in bewilderment. Where was everyone? He saw the supposed leader of the group just a couple of feet ahead of everyone else, at the foot of the mountain, way down below, not moving. He could not believe his eyes. They must have turned back, he thought to himself. Did anyone make it, he wondered? Was he really the only one that got this far? It couldn't be. Granted the incline wasn't easy. Harder then expected. However, after all the talk and hype had everyone really given up?

Well, he definitely wasn't waiting around for them. He had come too far to stop now. But it wouldn't leave his mind. What held them back? They were so determined!

He could not continue. He needed to figure it out. He sat down and soon got lost in his thoughts. What set him apart from the rest of them, he pondered? What made him succeed while everyone else stayed behind?

They were tough and brave. What went wrong?

It then hit him. They all wanted to get to the top. Everyone does. Everyone wants. The difference it seemed to him was this. The climb up is what makes the peak so great. So awesome. Having been born at the top or hopping a ride upon an eagle, one can only enjoy the view. That's all. And how long can you sit there enjoying some beautiful view? They were too focused on just being there already. Completely missing the crux of the magnificent mountain called life. Not understanding the inherent value of the actual trek, makes the climb all but impossible. It's simply too hard, if not downright vicious.

Realizing the mountains immense riches and accumulating as you go along is what propels us further. The process, is the real paradise. The peak is just an illusion if you've missed the journey.

Taking a step back and realizing our surroundings is imperative in reaching our ultimate goal. Without it there is no goal. The goal is the journey. The ups and downs. The peak is the facade of life. There is no peak. There is no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. It's the rainbow that's worth all the gold in the world.

Yet we seem to miss it again & again. Chasing after fantasy and pipe dreams while missing the beauty of the process. Always believing at the next bend is were we'll finally get to pick up our happiness. Get thru this last struggle and we have made it. It's all an illusion meant to distract us from thinking. It's right here. Right now. It isn't a happening. It's a choice we have to make so that we can finally get to enjoy the mountains vast and intricate twists and turns.

That is why so many of us fail. This is why we become despondent and discouraged. Because if we are only doing this to get to the peak, we're setting ourselves up for disappointment. The peak is a mirage. Always within sight but out of reach.

Stop trying to get there. Quit dreaming of the time when we will finally get to kick back our feet, take off our running shoes and just enjoy. That is the mirage of life. Not allowing us to enjoy the expedition. Look around get in touch with your surroundings, stop craning your neck upwards. Focus on the five feet around you and you've reached the goal of that plane. And move on.

The process will allow you to keep your eye on what matters. You'll experience the joy and serenity that pushed you to start climbing in the first place. Allow yourself to feel it and sprint forward!

Good luck Cragman!

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE

Posted by dd - 26 Apr 2015 05:51

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Hi Hope!!

That's was a very honest and meaningful post (as many other of your posts). Realizing what the triggers are really set back the battlefield.

Just wanted to thank with a post not just the thank you button.

KOP and KUTGW!!!

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE

Posted by Hopeful2 - 26 Apr 2015 14:35

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Hope

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE

Posted by Hopeful2 - 07 May 2015 23:24

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Hi all, Long time no post!

I'm holding by 74 days clean bh, but I'm feeling horrible.



I'm plagued by thoughts of shmutz all day and can't seem to stop obsessing about them. Bh my shmiras einiyom is very good and that's very encouraging, but I'm white knuckling the urge to sit down and watch something dirty....

Life's been extremely stressful lately (seems like I'm always saying that) and I feel like I'm falling any second. I just want to give up and give in. Yesterday I was touching myself were I shouldn't , I quickly stopped by grace of Hashem, but I can't go on this way! And now again, these feeling of "I can't" I "need to watch" are here again and are overwhelming me.

Does this ever get easier?

Hope

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by shlomo613 - 07 May 2015 23:48

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Hopeful2,

Get off your backside and have a jog.

Here's a deal: we're online at the same time as each other.

You answer me within the next five minutes that you're going now out for a 3 minute jog right now (stroll or fast walk doesn't count) and I will go out for a jog without changing out of my pyjamas!

Why? I don't know. Crazy. Yes.

Let's check in with each other after the jog. Two yidden on different continents doing something crazy cos they've got no better idea.

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE

Posted by Hopeful2 - 07 May 2015 23:53

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Hi shlomo613!

Love it!

Hope

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by shlomo613 - 07 May 2015 23:55

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Haha. I gave you my word it's in pjs so it is. See ya soon

Going out right now for a 3 minute jog! I'll give you a few minutes to get out of your PJ's!

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 08 May 2015 00:00

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Oh I thought that was Pharaoh running down my block...

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by shlomo613 - 08 May 2015 00:08

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Okay whoever a pulse is slower is the winner.

Only joking. How was it? What next?

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by shlomo613 - 08 May 2015 00:09

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Very funny my friend. I did 191 seconds cos I'm sure there's a shmitta that 180 isn't 3 minutes

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by shlomo613 - 08 May 2015 00:13

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What's going on hopeful? Did you have a puncture? Whose shiur are you using?

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Re: Found my way home thanks to GYE  
Posted by shlomo613 - 08 May 2015 00:15

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If I may be so vain. How could you confuse me with pharoh. He was short and fat with a funny hat, bulging lips and a weird beard.

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