

Hello

Posted by teshuvahilaah - 06 May 2010 01:19

Where do I begin... and how do I keep from crying?

For years, I have struggled with my impulses. It hasn't been easy, however, it wasn't always hard. The problems compounded when I got internet, and, as Chazal teach, the aveiros, being done so often, become as permitted and so easy to slip into, again and again. If only I could say my sins were limited to images and m____. Things became worse and this is why I am here.

Let me tell you a little about myself, please. Firstly, I am not Jewish. I am nearing the end of a conversion period that has lasted several years. Most of my life, since I can remember, I have been a very spiritual person. Most of my life, I have been locked into the joy of being close to G-d, honest with G-d, loving G-d... in the way of our fragile humanity, I have also crumpled before the pressures, usually those of my impulses. How many times have I wondered at my actions? Cried? Too many times. And too many times I have dipped again into darker places.

I live in a major metropolitan city. My friends, particularly at my shul, love me. And I love them. How grateful I am to have found such a wonderful and warm family. My words cannot do justice. Can you imagine my deep regret over my latest actions? My lusts had driven me - to the pit of hell and beyond.

This great error happened over one week ago. I am having a very hard time writing this. One of the reasons I am here writing this at all is to thank every single person on this site. I do not know how I stumbled onto this site, but I did. It has helped me immeasurably, bringing me back to a sane mind. Reading the many experiences here has given me much hope.

I really wanted to just tell someone what has happened. Reach out to another human being. I have since done a lot of soul searching, teshuvah. I feel human again. Just a few short days earlier, I was contemplating the worst, so great was my aveira. So fallen was my sense of self worth, so completely destroyed.

Somehow, I live. I still hope. I am making teshuvah, one moment at a time. I am tempted to be ashamed to say that someone like myself can do teshuvah, but I cannot say that. The reason is that what I feel is genuine. I realize I have a home, afterall.

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[For tznius reasons, I have edited this, my first post. I came to this decision after having scoured the Internet for similar life experiences among frum Yidden and not finding any. Being that this is a public forum, I feel it better not to publicize my error in detail, even the limited detail/intimation to which I had limited the original relating of events. When I first posted, I was desperate to hear another voice, a Jewish voice, a Jewish heart, that would help me in my shame. B"H, so many have leant there hearts to my support. For that and so much else, I am grateful beyond my ability to express. My aim is to join a support group, where I can air out what is inside, heal and grow. Thanks again to everyone. Edited 05092010.]

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