

My life, my struggle, my triumph

Posted by StoppingForever - 27 Nov 2011 04:44

Dear friends,

I'm grateful to gye providing a platform where I can finally anonymously share my story, I will write more in the future with Hashem's help.

This is an article I wrote after Sukot, and never published..

Tishrei is over, and the mundane mercilessly returns. I'm certain you filled your reservoirs with spirituality and joy for the year, I for one did, at least I tried too. For myself the holidays present a paradox. On one hand I experience an exceptional high of spirituality and joy. On the other hand, I'm left with too much time for thought and introspection 'it' suddenly engulfs me, and I begin to feel empty, fearful, angry, pained, and an overall feeling of despair. I feel worthless, emotional pain accompanied (at times) by physical pain. What is 'it' you ask? I will explain.

Born in Israel into a multi-sibling family, and moved to the US at the age of three. I was an ordinary child who grew up in the tri-state area, and attended local Yeshivah and day camps. When I was nine, my parents decided to send me to sleep-away camp in the mountains. My parents were of meager means at the time, but have still somehow scratched together funds to send me away to camp, where I was subsequently molested by my counselor.

I wish that I can say that was all.. The creep who was supposed to look out for my welfare, and instead molested me, used sadistic, physical and emotional abuse to frighten me from saying anything, details are unimportant, picture your worst nightmare as a child, and multiply it exponentially.

As I got older, it became evident that I was hurting, I was unkempt, I always looked depressed, and slept in late all the time. Needless to say that my academics went down the drain. It was at that time, that a "friend" of the family tried talking to me, I jumped at the opportunity to talk to someone, (which turned out to be a grave mistake). This sub-human creep tried to convince me, using psychobabble and twisted logic that my only chance to heal, is if I re-experienced the abuse again, and forced myself to enjoy it. He spent countless hours explaining to me that he has only my well being in mind, he only wants to help me feel better, and he ever so humbly

offered his "services". What a sub-human creep, lower than low, sicker than sick, worse than a jungle animal. This man took advantage of a suffering, emotionally unstable teenager. Sadly, he ended up raping me, and his abuse went on for well over a year, until subsequent logistical circumstances have thank G-d distanced this beast from me.

These two sub-human creeps managed to alter my life in unimaginable ways in the space of two short years. First robbing me of my childhood, and innocence, and subsequently by shattering what was left. I was near suicide on several occasions in subsequent years. It is a miracle that I'm here telling this story.

I turn fifty soon, and continue to suffer daily. I was, and continue to attend therapy, to no avail. My childhood and innocence was stolen, I was left feeling empty and worthless. Nothing I do fills the void. I know some say "Just get over it, move on", anyone who says that has not experienced a serious trauma in their life, and does not know the consequences. It is no different than telling a cancer patient to get over it and move on. Here is what it is like to be me:

Imagine a life where you cannot enjoy watching your children grow up, because you are too caught up in your own pain and suffering. Imagine a life of broken or damaged personal and professional relationships.

Imagine a life where:

you struggle with an addiction relapse every few years.

you are too bogged down to put your qualities and talent to good use.

you know that were it not for the 'stuff' you struggle with, you could have been a very successful person, both materially and spiritually.

you have no friends with to discuss your pain with, because they cannot relate to you.

you continually get startled by every noise, and always expect disaster to strike.

you need to choose feeding your family over some of the new innovative treatments available for you.

no one around you really can, or for that matter wants to understand you.

That is what my life is like.

My friends, I'm not a victim, because i will not let myself be a victim, and because I refuse to give up. No one around me even knows what I go through on a daily basis. I never thought I would turn for others for help, but I have reached a point of desperation.

I am grateful to gye. I started my 90 days journey. My motto is: stopping forever.

While I continue to seek out conventional medical means to help myself, I have come to the conclusion, that in order to truly heal I need a miracle, a true miracle. I reach out to all yidden, rachmonim-benei-rachmonim, with the following appeal, If you can, please say Tehilim (even one chapter) for my healing, and my material and spiritual sucess, as well as for the healing, material and spiritual sucess of others who suffer like me. You do not need my name, Hashem knows who I am, and knows what to do with your prayers.

In return I give a breacha to anyone who says Tehilim, that Hashem protect them from all evil, and give them health, parnassah and nachas from their family.

Sincerely,

StoppingForever

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph

Posted by StoppingForever - 01 Dec 2011 06:56

Thanks cy, dov, alex, gibor, gevura, you are the best!

..have a great today.

Chazak!

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph

Posted by StoppingForever - 01 Dec 2011 07:47

So today was:

Difficult... And I thought that it gets a little easier after a week. past recollections are all but forgotten.

I don't know if anyone here can relate to what I'm about to write, i will share it anyhow, since everyone here is very open about their struggles. Perhaps a shtikel chizuk from someone on the same boat / island / dessert.. K,k, to the point..

Long story short, my day started by me nearly being hit by two cars, on two separate occasions. All day long, wherever i walked, traveled, they kept coming out of the woodwork, very immodest, I turned to the right, to the left, they were everywhere. It was tough, I was successful b"h, i do not think i looked (intentionally) at all. returning from work, I'm on the bus and here is the rest of the story.

To add to my repot-ware of challenges, I have had a SSA issue, ever since I was molested. Not sure why, i think it somehow messes with neural pathways. (I have no issue with female attraction, it's both).

So I'm on the bus traveling home from the office, it's over an hour long ride, and I see a spot and sit down. And there is this guy, two seats away from me, I did not see his face, and I had this burning urge to look at him, which I resisted. And suddenly this guy (sicko) starts ever so subtly pleasuring himself, making it evident that he's sending me some sort of message.. and trying to get my attention, it became near impossible.

I thank Hashem for giving me the wisdom to have a Sefer in my bag, I pulled it out, started learning with all my might, it was difficult, very difficult. Guess what, this guy, stalker,sicko, hung around me the entire trip, I moved two spots over, and he moved two spots over.. I thought I'm going nuts.

I wanted to go to the front of the bus, but decided that I'm going to see this battle through to it's sweet or bitter end. I get like that sometimes, maybe it's a control issue, I need to prove to myself that I'm in control.. not so wise, or maybe it is, who knows.

This went on until the end of the ride, i kept having the urge to see who it is, or to just 'check if he's still there', I waited until he got off, yes we got off at the same stop, and I took my time, so as to lose him in the crowd. Bottom line, I won, didn't see his face once, and did not succumb to this 'devil in disguise of man'.. I should be happy, and I'm depressed. I feel like, will these tests ever end? will the YH ever understand that I'm STOPPING FOREVER? These are the kind of times I need watch out for, because it feels like a bottomless pit in my chest.

Friends, the roller coaster is in motion, and it's heading down.

Not a joke, I'm crying on the inside, I'm starting to tear as I write these words, these are the times when I simply want to die, the pain is unbearable, my only salvage is having all of you around, having a place to describe my feelings, my woes, that helps. I better hit the springs and hope for a happier, more cheerful tomorrow.

Believe it or not, getting this all of my chest is making me feel a little better.

Chazak!

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by shemirateinayim - 01 Dec 2011 10:19

How's for an overdue welcome.

I will bli neder try following your story and progress, don't know you yet, or too much about you.
But what do you know about the 12 steps? i'm not asking if you are "working on it" or
"working them", rather do you know what on earth they are?

As R Twesky has pointed out, it's chaval that EVERYONE doesn't live by them. (if you want a
yeshivish or Chassidish 'alternative' try ?? ?? from R Ittamar Schwarts the 'Bilvavi mishkan
Evneh'.....it's identical.).

You may benefit from it more in the general sense, than just staying sober. And to my limited
understanding, that's the point of it (not the sobriety, the new life with sobriety 'on the side')

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by chaimyakov - 01 Dec 2011 14:20

Stoppingforever,

i am also facing a renewed, reinvigorated yh these days. When i invited him to leave he
through a tantrum to end all tantrums and has tried a dozen ways to "reconcile" with me and get
back to the "good ol' days" when we were such great "friends" and cared about each other. Of
course this is a load of manure, but after wallowing in manure for so long it isn't as repulsive as
it once was. i am following some advice i read somewhere on the boards that when an evil
thought or desire pops into my head i just say to it, "thank you for dropping by, but i can't visit
with you now, Goodbye!" and show it the door. i am also finding that while filters worked for me

for a while, i soon needed to upgrade to accountability software as well and i am planning on joining at least one SA group online and i am prepared to find a live group if needed and whatever else it might take until the yh understands that i mean business and he will have to find a new "friend" to hang out with. No, i don't think he will go away forever, i am an addict until i take my last breath on this earth. i will always have to deal with his evil ways, but my true friend is Hashem Yisborach and as long as i need him to(forever) he will stand by me, hold my hand and even pick me up and carry me when needed. He is my biggest supporter, my loudest cheerleader and my greatest help. He is also your biggest supporter, your loudest cheerleader and your greatest helper. Continue to keep Him close and as you did on the bus so well, let Him carry you when you need Him to. They say on the boards that over time the struggle becomes ingrained and second nature and the attacks are not as severe as they are during these initial days of battle. i haven't reached that point yet in this battle, but i have experienced in other battles in my life that this is true. i wasn't raised frum and the things i ate, places i went and things i use to do held sway with me for some time, but now i can truly say about these previous vices " i am unable to violate". B'ezras Hashem Yisborach we will also be saying the same about this addiction in the near future.

Hang in there and keep on steiging.

chaimyakov

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph

Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 01 Dec 2011 14:48

Dear Stopping,

I am with you all the way.....I could have written most of your post myself, many times...

The pain you feel is the death throes of the YH, trying to make you feeling bad about feeling good for fighting back. It can be so confusing at times. But in the end it makes us stronger.

Hang in there...and Keep On Trucking!!!!

Gevura!

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by ZemirosShabbos - 01 Dec 2011 16:19

wow, that's something SF, thanks for sharing

more power to you

chazak ve'ematz!

Keep on trucking no matter what

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by gibbor120 - 01 Dec 2011 16:57

We're with you SF. That was quite a challenge!

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by alexeliezer - 01 Dec 2011 20:03

SF -- that was a HUGE win!

It's depressing to fight so hard and walk away with seemingly nothing.

We're used to swift, intense highs.

A sober life is one of more sublime simcha. And I know you will have it.

BTW, not at all surprised about the SSA, given your story.

Rock on!

Alex

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by aaron - 01 Dec 2011 20:29

First and foremost,

This is one of the most inspirational threads developing. you truly are a gibor. i feel priveleged to be a fellow gye member. i dont know how u were able to continue running as you did but its absolutely phenomenal.

one idea..... bad thoughts can't be forced out but rather slowly drifted out.

much like a youtube video that you don't want to watch, slowly decrease the size of the window and simultaneously bring up one of your fondest memories of life. let the fond memory grow larger and larger until no more bad video remains on your internal screen.

may we continue to benefit from your tales of gevurah , no matter how they end.

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by Dov - 01 Dec 2011 20:53

The battle lines must, must, must be drawn back. Further and further back every day. It takes patience, but really has gotta happen.

I am not one for struggling at all, and feel it is not what recovery is about. But if I must struggle (and I sometimes do, indeed!), then I need to struggle with the abizrayas rather than the arayos. For example, if lusting is what I see as the problem I am concerned about, then that means that touching myself in a sexual way is no longer an issue for me - I do not even wonder of struggle with it. If looking at myself or at my privates is my concern, then I will not be even thinking about touching myself in a sexual way. If concern for others is what I am really trying to do, then using their images by staring at them and undressing them with my eyes is not a thing I will be struggling with as much...etc., etc.

If I struggle with the same thing that is the sign of not being in recovery. My battle lines either draw back, or I have not really accepted that anything is out of bounds for me, yet. That means I still believe that I can afford to use it, cuz I really still think I can control and enjoy it. And that is stupid (besides being not true).

If I cannot be clear about exactly what my uncontrollable sick behavior habits are, then I will never even get close to this.

And if I cannot admit them to another safe person, then chances are that I have not really admitted them to myself yet, either.

Blah, blah, blah....

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by StoppingForever - 02 Dec 2011 07:26

Thank you all for your kind words, it makes all the difference. And yes, I'm feeling much better today.

Thank you Dov, that was as always, deep, to the point, and very much actionable if I put my mind to it.. I will try to look at it that way.

For the first time in my life, i'm not simply sober, i'm making internal changes. So having removed all addictive behavior from my life, which also included food, smokes, and the like, i'm running on dry. It's like laying on the operating table without anesthesia. The pain is raw, and i'm not medicating it.. so things get rather depressing when i'm faced with a significant challenge, or someone hurts my feelings, i become like a damn kid...

The truth be told, I should read my own post about resilience, I think some of you might appreciate it as well, this is the link.

www.guardyoureyes.org/forum/index.php?topic=4826.0;topicseen

May we be strong, may we be healed, may we be redeemed.

Chazak!

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by gibbor120 - 02 Dec 2011 14:52

Hi SF. Have a great shabbos!

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by StoppingForever - 06 Dec 2011 04:12

It's amazing what Shabbos does. I hybernate on Shabbos, daven, study.. And then comes Sunday.. Followed by Monday.. It's challenging for one reason. The security of the home

base helps me forget and .. Lower my defenses, so returning to the mundane comes with shell shock.

Today was certainly easier than last week. There is another guy, this YH is next to me at the office.. BH was able to avoid looking the entire day. Very difficult, but I guess doable.

One of the convoluted (i)logical arguments of my YH goes like this: when I am strong and resilient, i simply prove that I'm able to, and will then be punished for all the times I did not stand strong... I know that the argument is crazy, it is not Jewish. It is actually the other way around: Hashem forgives us when we commit to change our ways, he sees our commitment and dedication to him. Hashem has no desire to punish his children, and will wait long, and at times sends many small warning shots (if even that) He is an 'erech apayim'.

So if YH tries to sell you a boat, tell him you are not on the market for a boat now, tell him you are on the do-not-call registry.

Last week I said some extra Tehilim and cried allot, it helped me feel better, and also B"H introduced exceptional success for me at work

I tank you all from the depths of my hear for all your chizuk posts. They really help. I read some of them more than once.

Chazak!

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Re: My life, my struggle, my triumph
Posted by alexeliezer - 06 Dec 2011 18:12

The Y"H is a dirty player. Any trick, any weakness is fair game.

If the end of the thought process is "so I might as well do it" then you know the Y"H slipped one in there. There's no other explanation.

Shteig on!

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