

My life, my struggle, my triumph

Posted by StoppingForever - 27 Nov 2011 04:44

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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 - 04 Mar 2012 20:45

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Baruch Hashem! 104 Days! Starting to think about the 1/2 year milestone.. this is a huge gap 90 - 180 at the same level.. but i guess that's the idea. Expanding the gap, stretching the muscle, reaching greater heights. Hashem please help us all to stay on track, and continue doing so.

Thank you all for your support! Happy & Holy Adar to all with Hashem's help.

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