

## **Jim from 2008**

My story begins when I was about 3 years old. I wouldn't eat my oatmeal so my dad poured it on my head. I can remember that and I still hate greasy or messy things on my body. Next came the bed wetting and since I didn't stop, my father would put me outside in front of our house on the curbside to wash my clothes and sheets. Everyone walking or driving by could see me. Both of these things made me keep looking for admiration.

Growing up I was pretty small. I was 5' 2" and 103 lbs in the 10<sup>th</sup> grade. Since I was so little, I was not able to compete with the bigger athletes, so no admiration there. I became the class clown hungry for attention and a twisted admiration. Then I started to grow and I graduated at 6'3" and 185 pounds and had a little success at basketball.

By the time I was big enough and had reached puberty, all of the girls that I thought were cute were going with someone else. I dated a few girls from other high schools my junior and senior years of high school.

During the summer after graduation I found a group of very popular guys to hang out with. We found a bar that would serve us all beer and I spent the better part of the next five years there. Most of the group played sports in Junior College and I became pretty popular. The girls were plentiful and I was what I thought, in heaven - girls, sex, alcohol and friends. What more could I ask for? I was respected and finally felt admiration. I met my wife during this time and she was almost four years younger than me. She was just one of many and one day a friend asked if he could ask her out. I said "sure" and they were married for a couple of years and then divorced. I ran into her again down in Manhattan Beach at a bar and we got together and dated her for about three years and then we married. I wasn't faithful during that period that we dated and continued my adulterous behavior for the next 35 years.

I had a great job that kept the family financially secure and it also kept me out late and I was drinking and always looking for another sexual conquest. After retiring, I kept up the sinful ways and was actually in affect leading two lives. This had been the case for all of my married life. One life I led was the great father of a wonderful son and daughter. I coached Little League for them and donated my time to various charities; was the Parents Club President and ran the Bingo at our Church. The other life, of course, was full of indiscretions with prostitutes or any women willing to sleep with me.

For many years I was not, what I thought to be unfaithful to my wife, but I was doing pornography on the computer and finally I was caught. I thought the images were so exciting but my wife of 40 years could not compete with these girls. Finally after having sex 2 or 3 times a year with her, she caught me viewing the porn. She told me it was the same as cheating. She threatened to divorce

me and I was crushed at being caught. Ashamed and broken, I begged for another chance. She said if I confessed all my indiscretions we might have a chance to heal our marriage. Over the next 10 days I confessed and each day I got more and more depressed. My wife then took me over to a dear friend's house. She thought he might be able to help by hearing my confessions that were all written out. I spent the night mostly on my knees praying to God for help. I was crashing into a deep depression and was so full of guilt and shame. My wife picked me up the next day and checked me into a behavioral unit at the hospital. I had suffered a mental breakdown and it took me over three weeks to return home.

An old friend from high school came to visit me when I was in the hospital a couple of times. He told me when I got out that he would take me to his Church. I attended regularly on Friday nights and I am also in my third 12 step program on Sundays. My wife and I are still together, soon celebrating our forty-fourth wedding anniversary. God has shown me the way to be a proud Christian, faithful to my God, my wife and my family. I know I hurt a lot of people with all my sins. However, I have confessed them and God has blessed me with so much support from my family, and my Church. I have found a small group that is there for all of us to share, to care, to pray and to help the needy. I was baptized two years ago with my old high school friend. I thank the Lord for providing these programs for those of us who need them. Operation Integrity has certainly been a blessing for me.