

I always thought my home life was normal. We lived in middle to upper middle-class communities and had all the comforts we needed. However, there was an acute lack of love and nurturing from my dad growing up and a serious lack of parental involvement. Dad rarely spent any time with us kids and I remember him being angry and detached most of the time. Even at a young age, I remember being scared of him, but still seeking his approval. So, my brother, sister and I were largely raised by our mother. With my dad being so angry and detached, I naturally gravitated to the love and acceptance of my mother. In fact, looking back, there were no positive male role models in my life. We were not involved in church and all my uncles and other male relatives were dysfunctional...involved in adultery, drinking, carousing, etc. I had no one to model what it was to be a man and I had a deep need to connect in a healthy way with healthy men.

Even as a small child, I had a preoccupation with sex. I remember having sexual encounters with other kids as early as five years old. Most of these involved "show and tell" or "playing doctor" with some touching and even mild oral contact. My family moved several times during my elementary school years and everywhere we went, I found myself seeking out opportunities to explore my sexuality with other kids. Though there were sometimes other boys around, the focus of my attention was always with girls. When I was 9 years old, we finally settled in a neighborhood in Marietta where I would come into my teen years.

There were so many sexual encounters at that time in my life that I struggle to remember them all. As boys, we used to run around our neighborhood at night "streaking". Sometimes we would sneak out of our house late at night and go streaking and do malicious things. We had way too much freedom and not enough parental involvement or accountability. One day a friend of mine and I coerced a girl who was our age to strip for us and walk around modeling in the nude. We got caught and my parents sat me down and talked to me. I was so ashamed, but it didn't curb my preoccupation with sex. It was at the age of 10 or 11 that I discovered the magazines in my dad's closet. They were mostly Playboy and Penthouse and I was drawn to them. There were also some Playgirl magazines there and I was curious about them, too. My parents had a book call "Everything you Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask". I would read through the pages for hours learning everything imaginable about every kind of sex and at the young age of 11. It was this book that taught me about masturbation.

In the summer of 1975, I had just turned 12 years old. School was out for summer and a group of five boys from our neighborhood had gathered one afternoon at the house where two of the boys lived to swim in their pool. On this day, my life would change forever. The pool was above ground and had a high privacy fence around it. The parents of the boys who lived there were gone for the day, so we had the whole place to ourselves. After swimming awhile, the bathing suits came off and we all started skinny-dipping. None of us had gone

through puberty yet, and it was not uncommon for us to skinny-dip in the creek or the lake. However, on that day one thing led to another and before we knew it, we were all back in the house, naked and fondling and performing oral sex on each other. This went on all afternoon. I remember feeling so dirty and guilty, but at the same time I was hooked. Following that day, all I could think about was that encounter. Something inside me changed that day. I began a life of conflict that would stay with me for years to come. After all, boys aren't supposed to do this kind of stuff.

From that point on, I became consumed with other boys. I would stare at the other kids in the locker room at school, hoping no one would notice. I was always thinking about that day at the pool and fantasizing about having sex with other boys. At the age of 13, I molested a boy who was six or seven. His parents were friends with my parents. I probably molested him two or three times and then the family was transferred out of state. Some time later, the boy's dad came into town and visited with my parents. The next day, my dad sat me down and told me that he knew what had happened with me and the boy. I broke down in tears. My dad also told me that he knew that I was masturbating and told me to stop. The only advice he gave me was not to take out my curiosities on little boys. Following that incident, my mom asked me if I needed to go get some help, to which I replied "No, I can handle it on my own". I was too ashamed to talk about what was going on with me, so I just shrugged it off hoping it would all just go away. My parents didn't press the issue and we never talked about it again.

Over the next several months, I continued the "playing doctor" episodes with some of the younger kids in the neighborhood. I was masturbating several times a day and I also continued to have one-on-one sexual encounters with one of the boys from the pool. His name was David. As young teens, we played football, and shot fireworks and went camping and fishing and all the things that boys do...except there was this other part. We continued to have sex for the next year or so until we got into high school. After that, it started becoming clear that these "encounters" were awkward and unnatural and so they started occurring less frequently. David was beginning to get interested in girls and so we saw less and less of each other. I definitely wanted to keep our thing going, but David didn't want to. So, here I was 14 years old and a freshman in high school with these desires and no way to express them. Even at that time, I knew I wasn't supposed to be attracted to boys, so I decided to stuff it down and pursue relationships with girls. I made the decision that I did not want to be gay, so I would just pursue a heterosexual lifestyle. However, the homosexual desires never went away.

It was also during this time that I was introduced to pornographic films. A friend of mine had some 8mm movies and a projector and a group of us got together at my house to watch them. I still remember the feeling...I was very aroused and excited, but it all felt so dirty and cheap. All the messages I was getting about

sex were completely in conflict with God's plan and these seeds were planted deep inside of me.

I really didn't date in high school because I was overweight and insecure. However, the summer before my junior year in high school, I was 16 years old and working at Six Flags. It was there that I met a cute girl who showed me the first real female attention that I had ever experienced as a teenager. We dated for over a year and just after my 17th birthday, I had sex with a girl for the first time. We continued to have sex and after awhile I got bored with our relationship and broke up with her. I had gone away to the Governor's Honors Program that summer and lost a lot of weight and got in really good shape. I was getting a lot of attention from other girls and so I began dating girls from my high school. I dated a girl named Sandra Nemeth through my senior year and she lost her virginity with me. All the while, I was still cultivating a fantasy life by reliving in my mind all the encounters that I had as a young teen. The images were burned into my brain and I could pull out a "tape" and pop it in and play the whole scene in vivid detail in my mind. This went on for years.

After high school, I went off to college at UGA without any idea what I wanted to do with my life...all I knew is that I wanted to go to college. As you might expect, my desires didn't go away. I had developed a habit of masturbating daily and continued fantasizing about other boys and replaying the "tapes" from my early teen years...still completely in secret. While in college, I molested my roommate in his sleep on two separate occasions. I also touched another boy in his sleep while he was passed out in a dorm room where we were all sleeping following a party. My roommate confronted me about touching him in his sleep and I made up a story that I must have been sleepwalking and dreaming about my girlfriend at the time. I was so scared of being found out that I nearly made myself sick. In my sophomore year in college, I was living in an apartment off campus and I ordered some gay pornographic magazines. This would be the first time I had ever seen gay porn. I ended up destroying the magazines because I felt so dirty when I looked at them.

After trying college for two years, I realized that my heart just wasn't in it, so I moved back home and went to work full time at the Kroger store where I had worked in high school. They paid well and I enjoyed working there. While I was there, I continued in my pattern of dating girls and cultivating my thought life in secret. My cousin and I started a rock band and I spent two years working and playing rock music. In 1984, one of the guys I played music with offered me a job at his company selling computer hardware and software. I quit Kroger and moved to Norcross and started my career in computers. However, I wasn't very good at sales, so I was fired after six months. I went back to work for Kroger at a store that was close to my apartment in Norcross. I dated one girl who worked there and we were sexually active...all the while, I continued to fantasize about boys.

It was January of 1986. I was still working at Kroger and did not realize how my life was about to change. I heard that there were two new girls transferring to our store from other stores. They both started on the same day. I was off work that day, but made it a point to go by and introduce myself to both of them. There had been such a clique at the store when I hired on there and I was glad to have some new faces to work with. When I met Becky Andersen, I was instantly captivated by her. She was married and had two small children, but she was so together and she made me feel differently than any other woman I had ever met. She was so real...there were no mind games. I felt like I could just be myself (that is, the "myself" that I was willing to show everyone). I knew she was married, but I couldn't help how I felt about her. After about three months, we confessed our feelings for each other and our relationship started. She asked her husband to leave in April of 1986 and I moved in with her that same weekend. I still had the same impure desires when we met, but for the first time, I wasn't consumed by them. My attention turned mainly to her. We lived together until November of that year when we were married. I walked down the aisle that day with a secret in my heart that I had vowed to take to the grave with me.

As the years wore on and the newness of our marriage wore off, my thought life got more active. I was still masturbating frequently and replaying those same tapes from my teen years. I was also having more and more difficulty making love to Rebecca. The wedge between us from the infidelity in my mind caused greater and greater distance between us through the years. I was feeling the pressure to "perform", but my desires were elsewhere. The demands of my career, family life and church kept me quite busy and I was able to manage my addiction. However, things continued to get worse and worse for our marriage.

It was also during the first few years of our marriage that my addiction took me to a new low and I did something deplorable; I fondled two of our kids in their sleep... [REDACTED] and [REDACTED]. [REDACTED] was probably four or five and I fondled her one night while she was asleep and while Rebecca was at work. On another occasion, several years later, I also fondled Michael in his sleep. He was probably 3 year old at the time. Again, this happened while Rebecca was at work. On both of these occasions, I remember being particularly enslaved to my addiction and definitely not in my right mind. I have carried this horrible secret with me, and as hard as it is to confront, I have to confess it. Of everything I have done, this is the thing that I am most ashamed of and I am deeply sorry for allowing myself to sink so low.

In 1995, I was introduced to the internet. My job would sometimes require me to work late hours and I would surf the internet to pass the time. One night while I was working late, I stumbled across some homosexual images. That night, the smaller hook in me became a harpoon. For the next two years, I frequently visited pornographic websites both at home and at work. I had such a fear of getting caught, but I couldn't help myself. I kept looking for more lewd material

and I seemed to always gravitate toward images of younger men and teen boys. It was also during this time that Rebecca and I were interim youth pastors at our church. I was struggling with an attraction for young boys and was in a position of spiritual leadership over several boys in our youth group. That year, while away at an overnight youth outing, I touched one of the boys in his sleep. He didn't wake up and never knew that I had touched him.

My addiction to internet pornography continued on for the next 2 and a half years. In 1997, we joined Metropolitan Church and I began to hear about deliverance from besetting sins like mine. At this point in my life, my addiction had almost completely taken control of me...my mind was flooded with sexual thoughts most all the time. I was having difficulty functioning at my job and at church and I had become completely worthless and self-absorbed at home. After attending the Promise Keepers Stand in the Gap event in Washington DC, I felt the Lord calling me to confess my sin, but I was still too scared to confront it. In 1998, while on another youth outing, I touched another boy in his sleep. Again, the boy didn't wake up and did not know that I touched him. Later that year, my marriage was crumbling under the weight of the dishonesty and Rebecca was about to snap. I had lied to her for too long and I could no longer bear the pain of what my secret was doing to me, to her and our family. I made an appointment with a counselor and for the first time in my life I confessed to another human being that I was attracted to other males. I felt like the weight of the world had been lifted off my shoulders. It was in that counselor's office that I began to understand how predictable this type of addiction is for someone who had the kind of childhood that I did. And because I was in church and walking with the Lord, I believed that God had a plan to bring healing to me for my addiction and my attraction to males. However, I had made such a mess of my life that I would spend the next several years trying to pursue my own recovery while dealing with a severely broken marriage, and trying to become a good dad for our kids. I joined a men's group at church in 2000 which eventually became the Avenue Group. In this group, I learned some practical steps toward coming out of my addiction. I was able to get a handle on my addiction to masturbation and pornography by being accountable to other men over these issues in my life. I was able to share this whole story with two men in that group, but I could never break free from the guilt and shame over the fact that the desires have never gone away. I have been able to get some freedom from the bondage of sexual addiction and it has been over four years since I played one of the "tapes" from my teen years. In the summer of 2002, I had a relapse and looked at pornography a few times. I was able to cut this off quickly by confessing it to the men in my group and have been free from pornography ever since.

Today, I still battle an attraction for young men and am working with a therapist to get to the root of why the attraction is still there. I've been able to determine that there is a part of me that is still stuck in my teen years and that I'm holding onto something that will never happen. I realize what a lie this is from the enemy and am taking the necessary steps to "flee from youthful lusts" as the Bible tells us to

do. I feel like my main issue is facing the truth about all this and allowing others, particularly, Rebecca, to see who I am. I am so ashamed of the fact that I still have these unhealthy desires and I don't want anyone to know about them. I know that I have hurt my wife deeply and the dishonesty seems unforgivable. However, this is the truth. I know that I have to trust Christ and "confess [my] sins to one another so that [I] may be healed" (James 5:16). It is with that purpose that I write this letter. I am tired of living in fear of rejection and it is with courage and determination that I take this step of faith to tell my story so that Christ may receive all the Glory.

In Him,
Kevin