

“I CAN DREAM AGAIN” CHAPTER HIGHLIGHTS

CHAPTER 6 – LOOKING FOR LOVE IN ALL THE WRONG PLACES

Distorted Passion

Billy and I were going steady with identical twins, Donna and Denise. Donna was my girl. I thought, *I will love her forever*. My heart was vulnerable to distortion, rebellion, and perversion. I was a teenage train wreck looking for a place to crash. Worse than that, my older brothers were telling me that life’s only real enjoyment was found in drugs, theft, violence, and sex. My older friends and brothers had one goal: to break my virginity and prove I was now a man.

Sexual experimentation releases an appetite that cannot be satisfied. I unleashed that distorted passion with Donna, which we called “love.” We were together a year and a half. As I was entering seventh grade, we learned that Donna was pregnant at the age of 13. I was relieved when her mom helped her get an abortion, but that relief turned to guilt, and guilt turned to pain. It became just another excuse to hide behind booze and drugs. After the abortion, our relationship deteriorated and we drifted apart. I lost my passion for her because of the emotional trauma we experienced. The relationship ended in frustration and despair.

I was entering a crucial time in my life with no real parental guidance. In my family, no one feared God except my mother. I thought the world revolved around me, making me feel good, and meeting my emotional and physical needs. This lie caused me to abuse scores of young girls. I was curious about women and furious at how life had treated my family. Confused, highly emotional, and without conscience, I was tormented by lust. So, I started having relationships with many girls. More of them got pregnant, and more innocent lives were aborted.

Driven by Insecurity

I was driven by insecurity. These relationships gave me a false sense of accomplishment, acceptance, and self-esteem. I had no concept of what love was, so I thought I was in love with any girl I was with. This often resulted in jealous rages. I could not see beyond the moment. How could I think about tomorrow when today was not finished? All I cared about was my own selfish gratification.

With the influence of my older brothers, I was destined to become a gigolo. I listened to them talk about their sexual activities and even watched them at times. My brothers were handsome and had reputations as being tough and wild. They were womanizers. Like me, they found their social acceptance and security through their ability to pick up girls at their convenience. From the summer after I finished sixth grade until I met my wife, Miriam, I lived this way. I was so driven that, even after I had fallen in love with Miriam, I could not remain faithful to her.