



DELIVERED

TRUE STORIES OF
MEN AND WOMEN
WHO TURNED FROM
PORN TO PURITY

FOREWORD BY JASON EVERT

MATT FRADD

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TRUE STORIES
OF MEN AND WOMEN
WHO TURNED
FROM PORN TO PURITY

Matt Fradd
Editor



San Diego
2013

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True Stories of Men and Women Who Turned From Porn to Purity

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Foreword

By JASON EVERT

In 2003, while climbing in a slot canyon in southeastern Utah, outdoorsman Aron Ralston dislodged an 800-pound boulder that crushed his right hand against the wall of the canyon. For the next five days, he tried every conceivable method to free his pinned limb, but to no avail. Exhausted and dehydrated—he ended up forty pounds lighter—he began to waver in and out of consciousness, resigning himself to the fact that death was near. He carved his name, date of birth, and presumed date of death into the sandstone wall of the cavern and videotaped a goodbye to his family. Then, he began to hallucinate.

During his vision, he saw a boy, about three years old, walking toward him. Although Ralston wasn't a father, he knew that this child would eventually be his son, and the boy's existence depended upon Ralston's survival. When the premonition vanished, he fashioned a tourniquet. Using the torque of the boulder against his own weight, he snapped his radius and ulna and amputated his arm with a dull pocketknife. After wrapping his arm to control the bleeding, he hobbled out of the cavern into the light, and a rescue helicopter eventually found him.

Aron and his wife, Jessica, were married in 2009, and the following year they welcomed their first child into the world—a boy. The account of his harrowing experience be-

came the 2010 motion picture *127 Hours*.

Despite his life being in jeopardy, Ralston wasn't motivated to act upon the idea of amputating his arm until he realized that the life of his eventual child depended upon his willingness to suffer. It has been said that a knight cannot be brave unless he has love. In the same way, the liberation that Ralston achieved was made possible only through a radical sacrifice ignited by love. He had resigned himself to death. Love alone had the power to set him free.

There are two reasons why I begin a book on pornography with Ralston's story. The first is because I believe that when it comes to the topic of pornography, countless vocations hang in the balance. How many potential marriages have been lost because potential suitors have been too entrenched in laptop fantasies to bother with the demands of commitment and the fears of rejection by a flesh-and-blood female? How many souls have lost sight of their religious vocation because of the spiritual blindness brought on by pornography? How many marriages and families have been decimated? For each of us, the future depends upon our willingness to love.

The second reason I have used the metaphor of *127 Hours* is because many people feel crushed under the weight of their addiction to pornography and have tried countless methods to free themselves, only to find that their efforts are never enough. What they have not realized is that the solution to pornography addiction is love for the porn stars. This might seem counter-intuitive, since we have been taught to shun temptations at all costs. We've been told that erotic images are "bad" and "dirty" and so we must avert our gaze. However, a shame-based approach to overcoming our urges will never stand the test of time. While there's wisdom in having custody of our eyes, something very truthful is missing if the message never goes beyond this.

Since the dawn of creation, the beauty of the human body has been an invitation to love. When Adam and Eve first gazed upon each other's nakedness, they saw their call to love one another through making a total gift of themselves. Nowadays, this divine calling to love too frequently descends to the sterile and thoughtless response of lust.

What are we to do, then, if our desires aren't exactly inclining us toward heaven? First, we must realize that our longings can't be stuffed or ignored. They must be healed. When we fall for the lie that our only two options are repression or indulgence, it's no wonder that so many opt for indulgence. Thankfully, God is calling us beyond both these responses to a love that swallows up shame. For all of us who have been wounded by the effects of pornography, Jesus invites us to bring our ache for union and our desire for what is beautiful to him, patiently allowing him to untangle the distortions in our hearts. Through this painful purification, we gradually become free to love. In his eyes, our desires don't need to be extinguished but set ablaze.

While pornography—and all sin, for that matter—leads to isolation, love draws us toward union. In fact, the virtue of purity draws us to a deeper union with those in the pornographic industry than sin could ever offer. Pure love beckons us to unite ourselves to them through prayer, fasting, and other forms of intercession and activism in order to love them as they may never have been loved before. Their inherent beauty as persons is asking for response in us! Therefore, through the grace of God, every temptation can be transformed into an act of intercession. Each time we resist the allure of a model in an Internet pop-up ad, we ought to turn our hearts immediately to heaven, besieging God with prayers for the person's conversion. By doing this, we're responding to beauty with love.

When we fail to do this, we cave in on ourselves. C.S. Lewis described this well when he discussed the spiritual element of masturbation:

For me the real evil of masturbation would be that it takes an appetite which, in lawful use, leads the individual out of himself to complete (and correct) his own personality in that of another (and finally in children and even grandchildren) and turns it back: send the man back into the prison of himself, there to keep a harem of imaginary brides. And this harem, once admitted, works against his *ever* getting out and really uniting with a real woman. For the harem is always accessible, always subservient, calls for no sacrifices or adjustments, and can be endowed with erotic and psychological attractions which no real woman can rival. Among those shadowy brides he is always adored, always the perfect lover: no demand is made on his unselfishness, no mortification ever imposed on his vanity. In the end, they become merely the medium through which he increasingly adores himself. . . . After all, almost the *main* work of life is to *come out* of our selves, out of the little, dark prison we are all born in. Masturbation is to be avoided as *all* things are to be avoided which retard this process. The danger is that of coming to *love* the prison.

If you've wavered between loving the prison of lust and longing to be freed from it, you're not alone. The book you're holding contains riveting stories of individuals who have fought the same battle. These testimonies are compelling because none of the individuals seems superhuman in his or her ability to conquer lust. They're genuine. None won an easy battle. All wear the battle scars, and some humbly admit that they still have a long way to go.

While you read these testimonies, I encourage you to look within your own heart to discover why the allure of lust has overcome you at times. Few of us have been immune. While many assume that the magnetism of pornography is triggered simply by lust, I would propose that deeper factors are at play. For many souls, pornography is a false consolation. It's a drug that temporarily numbs unpleasant feelings of loneliness, suffering, anxiety, or boredom. Psychologist Jeffrey Satinover explains:

The filling of a false need leads to a temporary experience of pleasure which, for a time, overrides the genuine need it is hiding. *But the genuine need is not being met.* After an invariably short time, then, the original distress returns, stronger than ever for having remained wholly unaddressed. The transient experience of pleasure provides but the illusion of fulfillment; the disillusionment only sharpens the true need. Immediately the craving returns, again and again, and soon a habit has been established: the habit of turning to the fulfillment of the false need whenever the true, underlying distress is aroused. And it's always aroused because it's never filled.

Until these deeper needs are recognized and met in a healthy way, the allure of pornography will seem almost irresistible. But if the true needs are fulfilled, porn will lose much of its appeal and fascination.

My prayer for you, as you read this, is that these stories will give you *faith* that God will finish the good work he began in you, *hope* that victory is attainable, and *love* to overcome all temptations.

As you read the following pages, I am certain that the openness and honesty of the contributors will open your own

heart and invite you to make an honest inventory of your own life. The authors of this book have made a courageous gift of love to share their stories with the world. Therefore, before you turn this page, would you join me in offering a prayer for them? Let's ask God to continue healing their hearts, minds, and relationships. Let's also pray that God would continue to bless them for their commitment to live out their baptismal promise to reject the glamor of evil and to refuse to be mastered by sin.

Hail Mary, full of grace . . .

Introduction

By MATT FRADD

A little more than two decades ago, it required some effort to seek out and view pornography. One had to drive to the “adult” bookstore or movie theater in the seedy parts of town, or smuggle brown-paper packages from the mailbox and hide them in some secure location until it was safe to view their contents in privacy.

Today, it takes no small effort merely to avoid pornography. Thanks to the Internet, porn can be wherever you are: on your office computer, streamed to your TV at home, even on your phone. Our culture not only makes it easier to access porn, it has casually admitted porn into everyday society. Near-nude bodies and salacious headlines grab our attention from magazine racks at the grocery store; prime time TV shows and commercials are saturated with sexually suggestive images and dialogue.

In every way, pornography has gone mainstream.

It would be sad but not surprising to hear, then, that I caught my first glimpse of soft-core pornography during a visit to a relative's house at the innocent age of eight. I remember being mesmerized and confused, breathless and stunned, paranoid that a grownup might catch me looking at—I didn't know what, exactly—at any moment. I would soon learn that some of my classmates shared a similar fasci-

nation, and we began trading lingerie catalogues and creased swimsuit pictures torn from our parents' magazines.

No one ever told me there might be something wrong with pornography. Not my parents, not my priest, not my teachers—no one. And yet, every time I looked at it, I felt ashamed. There seemed to be something not quite right, not quite masculine, about my growing paper harem.

It was not until many years later that I could see with clarity why I had felt shame, why it was so obvious to even my eight-year-old brain that there was something wrong with porn. The reasons are many, and in the stories that make up this book, you will see some of them working their way into—and destroying—the fabric of people's lives.

You will see how porn emasculates men by robbing them of their God-given masculinity and leaving them as mere consumers rather than providers; how it degrades women by reducing the mystery and beauty of femininity to a collection of body parts, making them things to be used rather than persons to be loved; and how it destroys marriages by competing with them, making a mockery of true marital intimacy.

My own path to freedom has been difficult and in many ways is ongoing; but it has been infinitely rewarding. The men and women in these pages likewise serve not just as cautionary cases for the great harm that pornography can do, but as inspiring examples of the even greater work that God performs in the lives of those who seek his help. Porn is more prevalent than ever. But where sin abounds, there grace abounds all the more.

Delivered

From Slavery to Sonship

By JOE MCCLAIN

There was a man who had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the share of property that falls to me." And he divided his living between them.

—LUKE 15:11-12

Like the prodigal son in the Gospel, I took my inheritance from my father in an untimely manner. But it was a spiritual inheritance, and it was passed along unconsciously.

It was 1980, and my father was stationed at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio when I began to perceive the confusing way he treated my mother. I was six years old. I didn't understand what he was doing, but I knew it wasn't right.

What I didn't know was that my father was addicted to pornography and sexual promiscuity, and he treated my mother like an object instead of a person. Needless to say, this led to divorce, leaving my sister and me hurt and bewildered. All we wanted was our parents together under the same roof, even if they were always at each other's throat.

It was painful to lose my father's presence in my life, and more painful, when I did see him, to witness his new relationships. "Who are all these women?" I thought. "Why are you

so familiar with them? They are *not* my mother!”

I found my father’s sexual paraphernalia, and at seven, eight, and nine years old I often perused its detailed illustrations. I soon had my own stash of porn. I will never forget when a friend and I were caught with a *Hustler* magazine—in elementary school. My mother busted her butt to provide for my sister and me, and being called to school about this was not the proudest day in her life. She told me it was wrong, but I never heard *why* it was wrong. Sure, it felt dirty, but dirty felt good.

I remember hearing in Sunday school at the Church of Christ that premarital sex was wrong. “Really?” I thought. Even if my instructors tried to answer the question—and I have no doubt that they did—the answer surely didn’t take.

It was at this time that my mother’s third husband, Wes, entered our lives. Wes was a hardworking man, but he struggled with cocaine, marijuana, alcohol, and—oh yes, porn. By ten years old I had found his stash of pornographic videotapes and began watching them almost daily. Masturbation took root.

My sexual formation was based on my father and stepfather’s lifestyle, with its steady stream of pornography. All I ever knew about sexuality, love, romance, the value of women, and relationships was based on what I was watching on TV and finding in the magazines late at night with a flashlight in my bed. I thought this is what “making love” was all about, and what women were good for. This was the inheritance I took from my father at so young an age.

The squandering

Not many days later, the younger son gathered all he had and took his journey into a far country, and there he squandered his property in loose living. And when he had spent everything, a great famine arose in that country, and he began to be in want.

—LUKE 15:13-14

As a teenager it was my mission in life to have as many sexual relationships as possible before graduating. I was trying to impress my father; he had countless girlfriends, and so would I. I wanted to show my father that I was becoming a man who was made in his image and likeness, and I desperately wanted him to be proud of me.

So I, too, didn’t really consider women as persons; they were commodities to be consumed. They existed to please me, to meet my needs. As a senior in high school I took full advantage of girls who wanted to impress me—you know, to show me they could “meet my needs.” They wanted love, affirmation, acceptance, and security, and I wanted their flesh. I convinced one girl to give to me what she should have saved for the man whom God had destined for her in covenantal marriage: her virginity. Not many days later, I was no longer interested in her. Like the images on the porn tapes, she had served my purpose, and I was already looking to my next conquest.

In 1991, the first Gulf War broke out, and I was gung-ho to serve. But because Uncle Sam won’t take a seventeen-year-old without a parent’s consent, I had to do some convincing to get my mother’s permission. I was eager to prove myself to my father. He had served in the Army, and I wanted to serve in the Marine Corps. I’ll never forget the day that Sgt. Simmons picked me up at my mother’s apartment and shipped me off to boot camp in San Diego.

My father didn’t think I had what it took to finish boot camp, so he refused to put the “My son is a U.S. Marine” sticker on his truck until I’d “earned the title.” My father loved me, and I think he longed for his son to do better, to be better, than he had, even if he was unable to articulate it. My father went out of his way to show his love for my sister and me, but his concupiscent worldview kept getting in the way.

After three months of blood, sweat, and tears—literally—on my part, my parents looked on in amazement as their remarkably slimmer son, standing tall in his dress blues, received the Marine Corps boot camp’s highest award, company honor man. I graduated first out of a class of 450 U.S. Marines. I had earned “the title”: I was Lance Cpl. Joseph McClane.

Even though the Marines taught me discipline and some honor, my worldview hadn’t changed. In fact, things got worse in the Corps. Drinking, bar fights, strip clubs, porn, and chasing women were pastimes for most of the “Devil Dogs” in my unit. Perverse sexual conquest was all but encouraged by training instructors and senior enlisted folks. Better than winning the lottery, my permanent duty-station orders sent me to Kaneohe Bay, Hawaii. Like a wolf dropped into a pen full of sheep, I was let loose in a paradise full of scantily clad women.

A few summers before, when I lived for three months with my father in Stuttgart, Germany, we shared porn. Although we never spoke about it, I think it bothered him, somehow knowing that this is not what a father is supposed to do.

This kind of sharing developed into an unhealthy mentoring relationship in Hawaii. I was eager to impress my father with tales of all my womanizing. I recall long phone calls and his advice on how to keep one girlfriend from finding out about the other and how to prevent venereal diseases from ruining the party. I earnestly desired to live up to my father’s expectations of my sex life and did so to the fullest extent possible.

There was one young girl that stood out. She was eighteen and living with her sister and her sister’s husband, who was a staff sergeant attached to my unit. He began inviting me over to his house for dinner and to hang out on the weekends. I began sleeping with his sister-law but, as usual, grew bored

pretty quickly. As “luck” would have it, my roommate, Mike, got to know this girl as well, so I broke up with her, giving him a chance to step in—and giving me an easy out.

About a month later she called. “Hey, I’m pregnant,” she said, her voice trembling, “and I’m not sure if it’s yours or Mike’s. I’m scared. I think I want to get an abortion.”

“Wow, there is no way I want to be tied down with this chick,” I thought. Aloud I responded, “Yes, an abortion—that sounds like a good idea. Do you need money? Tell you what; I’ll drive you there.”

I checked her into the clinic and waited with her until the nurse called her name. I watched her go around the corner, then left the clinic and walked across the street to a shopping mall where I started scoping out the girls in the food court.

Upon my discharge from the Marines, I returned home to San Antonio and fell into a deep depression. I spent all my time and money on alcohol, strip clubs, and pornography, gaining a lot of weight and wondering about what occupation I should pursue. I ended up at my sister’s house in Oklahoma City. There was a radio broadcasting school nearby and she thought it would be perfect for me. I thought, “Yeah, chicks dig a cool deejay. I’ll hit it big—a great job, lots of pay, and lots of women.”

But ten months later, seven thousand dollars poorer and with a hundred and fifty “no thank-yous” from radio stations across the country, I sold my car so I could buy a train ticket east. My father was living in New Hampshire with his latest girlfriend and I felt that moving in with him would give me a fresh start. It didn’t take long to find my father’s porn stash and I started using it as often as possible.

I was able to land a couple of radio gigs in southern New Hampshire. One of them was as the news director at an FM station in Nashua. It was a good first radio job, and I had fun

as the “sidekick” in the morning drive slot.

It was at my first live remote broadcast, from a Nashua pizza joint in the summer of 1997, that Michelle introduced herself. She had been calling the show, and we had begun to talk off the air as well. I was enjoying our conversations, trying to make myself sound like the “hip” radio guy. She sounded so cute over the phone, but when I saw her I was caught off guard. She was stunning; and I knew right then and there that I wanted to marry her.

I wish I could say that my radio career worked out, but it didn’t. I had to make a choice: Follow the radio jobs or follow this woman. By the end of that year I was working for a local telecommunications company, trying to survive on eight bucks an hour. By the time I did get on my knee and present her the ring, I had worked my way up to project manager, which included a decent pay raise. Michelle said yes.

“But if we’re going to get married,” she said with some hesitancy, “you’re going to have to become a Catholic.”

I grew up in the Church of Christ, but I had fallen away as a teenager and didn’t really care what religion I was. All religions were the same. “Sure, I’ll become Catholic,” I said.

I signed up for RCIA classes at the cathedral in Manchester. There, I found people who tolerated me and my crazy worldview, foul mouth, and twisted sense of humor without making me feel like the biggest sinner on the planet.

One evening during class, I listened to the facilitator read the Beatitudes in St. Matthew’s Gospel and it struck me just how true it rang. “Jesus is talking about seeking holiness,” I thought to myself, “and I am everything the opposite of these beatitudes. I mean, I’m not ‘free’ to live or seek holiness!”

You see, I knew what I would do that night as soon as I got back to the apartment. By then I had high-speed Internet access, and all the porn I could want was a mouse click away.

That was my reality, not seeking holiness. I took every opportunity to indulge in lust—listening to the radio, watching TV, or even just replaying the images in my mind. I was a slave to my passions. But there, in that class, I had a moment of clarity. “It’s a good thing I have a long life to live,” I thought. “Maybe someday I will be able to seek holiness; maybe someday I will be ‘free.’”

The low point

So he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country, who sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would gladly have fed on the pods that the swine ate; and no one gave him anything. — LUKE 15:15-16

The priest who gave us instruction tried to set us straight, but I had convinced Michelle that we should live together before marriage. Surely we were living as man and wife, I said—just without all that stuff about commitment of the will, heart, and self that would have gotten in the way of my desire to have my “needs” met.

It was a busy couple of years, completing RCIA, receiving the sacraments, planning the wedding, getting married, buying our first house, and then having Michelle’s mother, sister, and two brothers move in months after signing on the dotted line. Yeah . . . good times.

Needless to say, I was feeling overwhelmed and suffocated. My work environment lent itself to my perverse lifestyle, and I was living like a drunken sailor. I yelled at my in-laws constantly, disrespecting them and making them feel unwelcome in my home.

In the spring of 2002, I was laid off. Now, not only was I not bringing home love, charity, and integrity, I was not even bringing home a paycheck. Combine this with the many

times my wife had caught me using porn, and she had had enough. She wrote it on a piece of paper: “We’re done. I want a divorce.”

The turn

But when he came to himself he said, “How many of my father’s hired servants have bread enough and to spare, but I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and I will say to him, ‘Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son; treat me as one of your hired servants.’” — LUKE 15:17-19

My world was crashing down around me. I had lost my job; I was losing my house, and now my marriage, too. I had nothing left, nowhere to turn, and nothing to hope for.

Desperate, I turned to the one person I was sure would not be there for me: God. I mean, I was never there for him, so why would he give me the time of day? I took up the Bible I was given in RCIA class and opened it to Matthew’s Gospel, chapter five, and began reading those Beatitudes. I didn’t know what else to do. I had no idea what to expect, so I just read them over and over again.

The confession

And he arose and came to his father. But while he was yet at a distance, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran and embraced him and kissed him. And the son said to him, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and before you; I am no longer worthy to be called your son.” — LUKE 15:20-21

My heart filled with so much emotion and desperation. I got down on my knees and said, “God, I cannot do this. You’re going to have to do this.” I cannot explain how, but in that

instant God allowed me to understand things that I didn’t understand the instant before. It was as if scales fell from my eyes. The moment before, I would have rationalized, “We were all born sexual beings. Premarital sex, masturbation, fornication, porn, free love . . . it’s all natural, everyone does it. Yes, of course we practice contraception; it’s irresponsible not to! I mean, after all, it’s her body, and who are you, God, to tell her what to do with it?”

In that miraculous instant, God allowed me great clarity, and I no longer made excuses for my selfish ways. Not knowing exactly how, I understood for the first time in my life that I had to maintain sexual integrity and practice chastity. For the first day since I was about ten years old, I would not masturbate.

The idea that women were not objects to be consumed but were made in the image and likeness of God, to be truly loved and cherished, confused and mystified me. My marriage was permanent, worth saving, worth working for—yes, even worth suffering for—and I would need to beg my wife to stay and work it out.

Another gift I was given that day was an insatiable hunger to know God. In the moment before, I turned to my Bible out of desperation. But now I could not get enough of God’s word. I had to have more!

I’d had a personal encounter with the living God, but I had no clue who he was. I was sent on a journey of discovery that would lead me back to the Catholic Church through the graces I had received in the sacraments.

The restoration

But the father said to his servants, “Bring quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring the fatted calf and kill it, and let us eat and

make merry; for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.” And they began to make merry.

—LUKE 15:22-24

A few weeks later I entered the confessional, begging God’s mercy for decades of debauchery, abortion, and licentious behavior. I didn’t really expect to receive it, but, as I knelt at the screen, I heard the voice of Christ through the person of the priest saying the most beautiful words I had ever heard: “I absolve you of your sins.”

How many times had I prayed for forgiveness, on my knees even, in the solitude of my bedroom, but had never heard God’s voice? Every time I watched porn, masturbated, or had sex with a woman, I was seeking satisfaction, but every time I found only shame. No matter how many times I “confessed” it privately, I never found God’s mercy, never received the assurance I so desperately desired.

But there, in that confessional, I came as a slave wallowing in the mud with the pigs, and my Father restored my dignity as a son of the most high God! I was lost but now was found! I was dead but was alive again! God clothed me in his mercy, and I was a slave no longer. Now I am truly free to pursue holiness, to live the Beatitudes. Now I realize that I was not born to lust but to truly love; for Christ came to set us free from sin and death.

Over the next several years our Lord led me to his cross, teaching me the vital tools of virtue, chastity, continence, and objectivity, so that I may combat temptations with a healthy Christian response. I learned to avert my eyes, to cut off the avenues of lust, and to avoid the near occasions of sin, praying to our Lady for help and reminding myself of the dignity and value of women.

I developed the skill to never allow a temptation to enter

my thoughts without a fight. God is truly good. He has blessed me with a beautiful, loving, patient wife and five rambunctious and wonderful children. In spite of my unworthiness, I’m blessed to spend my days sharing the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic Faith with others in my work at Fullness of Truth Catholic Evangelization Ministries. It never ceases to amaze me how God has opened doors; has offered me opportunities to be used by him, for his glory, in the lives of other men who have struggled, and still do struggle, with sexual sin.

Sharing my testimony with others even changed my relationship with my father. Unbeknownst to me at the time, in 2002, the same year God brought me to my knees, my father also had an encounter with Christ and gave his life to Jesus. Given the way he had lived his life, it would take some time before my sister and I realized the fruits of his transformation. I had received many letters over the years from him, but one stands out. He handwrote a letter asking me to forgive him for the sins he committed and for the effects they wrought in my life. He also wrote to my sister and my mother as well as others, asking for their forgiveness. I knew at that point he was no longer the same man. However, it was a talk I gave at a men’s conference in July 2008 that changed our relationship. After hearing my testimony, my father wrote me, “It was like getting to know you for the first time, son. . . . I am so proud of you.”

The cycle of sin handed on from one generation to the next will end with me. My father inherited pornography addiction and sexual license from his father, as I had from mine. We once talked of conquest together; now, thanks be to God, we talk of what we now love most—Jesus Christ. I have drawn the line in the sand and have declared, “This far and no farther!” My sons will not inherit this from me. They will not find porn in my home. My daughters will know that

they are precious in my eyes and daughters of the most high God, never to be used as objects, but to be truly loved and deeply understood. Although my father is not Catholic, we have much in common; and God is leading us on a journey toward the day when we shall sit together at the same table at the wedding feast of the Lamb!

Temptations will come, and I may fall again, but God, in his infinite wisdom, has given us the remedy to the wounds we receive in spiritual combat: the sacraments. What a gift we have in reconciliation—to experience our Father running to meet us on the road, falling upon our neck, and lifting us up from feeding the swine to feasting at his table in his kingdom as his sons!

Don't waste another moment of your life living in your sins, cut off from the life of God. Repent and confess, for, "Just so, I tell you, there is joy before the angels of God over one sinner who repents"! (Luke 15:10).