

A Christian Response to Extreme Pornography Addiction



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Contents

Dedication

Introduction

Part One: What Is Pornography (Really)?

Chapter 1: Who Is John Boychuk

Chapter 2: What You Shouldn't Look At

Chapter 3: But What About Anne?

Chapter 4: Disposable Chapter

Chapter 5: The Bridge

Chapter 6: The Flame

Part Two: What Do I Do?

Chapter 7: The Firepit

Chapter 8: The Fuel

Chapter 9: The Pyrophobic: Skeptic

Chapter 10: Epilogue

Selected Bibliography

Dedication

To all those fearless souls that were brave enough to pick up this book.

Note

Proper names have been changed in order to protect the identity of women and men who were unable to approve their inclusion in this book. The content does not change, but don't expect to find some of these individuals. Real names have only been used where a name is already public record (i.e. national news story, famous author, celebrity, etc) or explicit permission has been sought to include that individuals proper moniker.

Introduction

Here I am, 32 years old. Twenty meters away lies the spot where a young man's cold lifeless body stood precariously close to kindling a 200 person strong race riot. Malaysia, where I live, is not a nation devoid of racial tension. In 1957 the British left Malaysia (then Federation of Malaya) for good. The racial divide between Malay, Chinese, Indian and the blessed but marginalized Orang Asli left as much turmoil as could be expected. Old Britannia beckoned our sovereigns, and at once (in no small part thanks to the British) the Malaysian power vacuum was thoroughly and resolutely closed with ethnic Malay rule.

Now to be under the law of a foreign belief, to be ruled by a people that so thoroughly demark themselves from others, leaves one acutely unresolved dilemma: Will we serve this new power? To be absolutely honest, I prefer to pose the same question in a slightly different form, namely: Who's the boss? Will Malay rule Chinese, Indian, Orang Asli? Will Chinese or Indian achieve the equality they seek? Will Chinese attempts at reformation and politics be met with the same resistance as that of the Malaya Emergency? Finally, who cares?

I care, most Malaysians care, but while you remain outside the country where I have been blessed to sojourn, I do not believe that Malaysian politics is the reason for you picking up this book. To be honest it

has little to do with our topic. An analogy could be made regarding the potency of addiction to pornography and the absolute rule of sovereign political bodies. Further analysis might place you and I alongside the Chinese or the Indian. We may see ourselves as a minority destined to rule, persuade and reason with a crowned head - in this analogy: pornography. Maybe we are not one for politics. Maybe we lay such a fundamental claim to our soul, person and spirit that we ignore all political potentates to enjoy our position as the authentic inhabitants of our physical and spiritual landscape. As Orang Asli we were here first and the machinations of politicians is of little concern to us. But again, that is not it.

Now I hate to use Malaysia. The beautiful country that it is, suffers too much from political theories and utterances. Unfortunately, it is where I am, and this volume begins with the story of a young man. Also probably 30ish, the young man lies on the pavement. His body is clad in green. Green shorts, not quite camo. Light green shirt. Sandals, white leather, perhaps white foam. It is hard to tell. The mans face is covered with a cloth, no bigger than a tea towel, that completely hides any hints of his potential identity.

Looking further back you see his near new vehicle. This car was made 10 kilometers down the road at Malaysia's premiere auto plant. It is a sports sedan similar in price and appearance to a brand new

Honda Civic or Accord. The driver's side door is missing. Not much else can be seen as far as damage except for the few pieces of his car and the other driver's vehicle; strewn about the accident scene.

Further back still are the young men who pulled the victim from the vehicle. They stand three abreast not paying much attention to their dead friend, but rather staring into the air in a nervous manner. Waiting. For an ambulance that would not have any function here? For a police car that could take any amount of time (it was later found out that at this very moment a police officer was also killed in the same small town, leaving the police somewhat unavailable)?

But the reason that the three men are so nervous is that as we zoom back even further we notice the two to three hundred young Malay men. Some have dismounted their motorbikes and mopeds. Others have pulled their cars over and entered the crowd with their vehicles parked less than 100 meters from the accident. Driving by the scene the young men look more like a crowd after a football match than observers of an accident.

You see, in Malaysia, the death of a Malay can spark retribution riots. Members of the Malay community upon finding the identity of the accidental killer, will proceed to beat to death, or within inches of death, any non-Malay that would take their life. The fear on the three friends' faces now appears in sharper

focus. The cost of this accident is not just one young man's life: it could be many.

Police arrive. The crowd is dispersed before the dead young man found company on that asphalt road. The local vendors take pictures and the crowd leaves while the victim is handled in the proper Malay/Muslim fashion. But this ending doesn't really illustrate the damage done. In this small town of 80,000, mostly university students, one is dead. The man under the tea towel shaped cloth was not going home at the end of the night to share macabre photos and tell stories of what almost was. This young man is dead. This young man who could afford a nice car, nice clothes and spend time out and about in our small town is now awaiting burial.

I imagine that whoever he was made no plan in his day for his eventual death. He thought about where he was going. He thought about details of his appearance that would make him stand out. His car had been cleaned and his alloy wheels looked as meticulous as his well kept attire. All that effort. Wasted.

That is really what this book is about. I don't want to write a book about death. But this book is at the end of the day what pornography is about. The book is about what pornography leads to. And finally this book is about a life lived with pornography. In short the book is about waste. Wasting a life.

I can't offer you any help unless you see what pornography really is. When I picked up my first pornographic video, I was probably 11 years old. That is the average age in the western world. At that age I was barely able to make an informed decision about what I just picked up. It appealed to my base faculties. I had little control over my juvenile senses. Now I was caught in a world of observation and sensation.

But years of addiction and now freedom have taught me one thing: you need to know the truth. This book is being put together primarily for my friends. Occasionally I have friends ask for advice because they are trapped in a life of porn. While I applaud their effort to remove their body from the mire that entangles them, it is not very often that the same person is quaking in fear. Don't commit murder, we get that one, it equals prison. Don't steal, OK we get that too, prison. Don't commit adultery? Don't lust after a woman? Are you serious?

The first section of this book exists for one reason: to highlight a clear picture of what pornography is. We already have books about sex that exalt its lofty characteristics (and those books are necessary) but this book seeks to look at the very real underside of sex. But I'm not going to leave you there. One or two people have asked me how I overcame pornography. And I do mean serious pornographic addiction. I know there are answers and as much as God has equipped me by His grace to utilize them, I

will share them with you.

Finally, this is a dark journey. My wife doesn't like the fact that I'm writing this book. She protests not because I should not write a book like this or that it does not need to be written, but that the process of thinking about and writing a text like this is quite overwhelming. Pornography and sexual sin is something that is no longer part of my life and it has not been for at least 6 years and another 3 years before that trying. I have no desire to relive those lessons that I've learned. For that reason I may not be the best teacher. Something about having to desperately cling to Jesus Christ because of our state and situation makes a greater trainer that I could.

That said remember what Peter said after listing necessary traits of a Christian: "But whoever does not have them is nearsighted and blind, forgetting that they have been cleansed from their past sins." I do not want to forget what Christ saved me from. Reading through this book which contains things I don't ever want to experience again, remember that Christ redeemed me from them all and He will do the same for you.

Let's begin.

Part One:

What Is Pornography (Really)?

Chapter One Who Is John Boychuk

John Boychuk was a pervert. A young man consumed with consuming. I wish my story was one of intrigue and subterfuge. I wish that one had looked at John Boychuk and saw the great archetypes: hero, villain, the oracle, the innocent, the caregiver. I must admit, I truly believe every good story is Biblical in nature. Star Wars has the evil villain spent on destroying the galaxy. Luke Skywalker is trained by a sage in all that is good. The primary purpose of his mission and that of his allies is to thwart all that is evil, redeem the antagonist and see the return of right and good against overwhelming odds. But alas, the odds are not really a factor because Luke, Han, Leia and Chewie have right on their side!

Man, if my life was like that it sure would make a good story. But it's wasn't. My story was a more gray affair. Monotone that reaches deep into a soul, stretches it over a page and reveals how utterly devoid of contrast it is. David and Goliath: God versus evil. Bridge on the River Kwai: war versus man versus self. Samson and Delilah: man versus nation versus woman versus grace. Gladiator: man versus injustice versus Rome. But none of that was a description of me. Perhaps I had wished it was. But it wasn't.

The reason this brief introduction to me exists is because it introduces you to a live test subject. Usually if you watch a documentary the opening

scenes introduce the filmmaker and their desire to explore their subject matter. It lends some authenticity to the film and it engages our trust. We see their genuine desire to report on this topic and that often remains the hook for the entire film. We keep asking how does this matter to me. For me, to present to you a book of facts and figures, anecdotes and stories, would be a huge mistake. Pornography is about people. It always has been. From the man who drew the murals on the brothels of Pompeii to the woman on the end of a webcam, pornography is ALWAYS about people.

So let's start with one person. The one person I can perhaps write about the most intimately. The failure. The gray shade of a boy. That person who was not to be pitied. The person who chose his fate, again and again. I begin by looking at one who was a wasted soul: me.

Porn was not a way of life for me. Growing up in Western Canada, my upbringing was almost perfect. Suburban house, neighborhood friends, not super popular, not ostracized. Happy. My father owned a small retail and manufacturing business. For almost 8 years it fed our family. Mom was a stay at home wife. She loved us. Most people actually thought we were probably the most well behaved, upstanding, successful family in the neighborhood. By comparison our problems never seemed manifest. No one looked at us and saw any fractures or flaws. And really that is how it looked to all of us, our family

of four.

Now growing up in Western Canada is a blessing and a curse. There was little we as kids could ever want. Nintendo, Sega, Cable TV, Personal Computers, Bikes, Pocket Money. But the cancer that infects every young boy from a non-Christian home in Western Canada is purposelessness. No matter how much you had it was never satisfying. So while I have heard stories of people addicted to porn for reasons such as escapism, it was never that way with me - not in the beginning. I can't even remember the first encounter I had with porn. It was so ubiquitous. Our communities young people, really in a way, anticipated it. Just as some young boy is eager for the next baseball season, we were eager to purchase, encounter, experience Playboy, Penthouse, Hustler.

How could you blame any young boy? The world was talking about "it". Growing up in the 80s and 90s gives you a funny perspective on sex. We weren't around in the 70s. We lived in a semi-rural semi-Christian utopia that forbade opening businesses on Sunday, fostered Amish/Mennonite communities and rarely ever saw flesh on a billboard. Remember I am not talking about any self-enforced censure. Western Canada in the late 80s didn't allow sexually provocative advertising as a matter of community standards - not Canadian-Pseudo-Moral-Religious law. The internet did not exist. VHS was just making inroads into communities. I remember purchasing

our first VCR while BetaMax and VHS were still battling it out. Personal media just began to exist.

Magazines, that was it. A friend or friend of a friend or a family member would purchase it, some boy would steal it from them and we would all pass it around. Really we didn't know what to make of it. Most of us viewed pornography before we were through puberty or could see and understand its effects. The environment of exposure existed before the biology of our young lives could influence our compulsions.

For me that changed very quickly. A friend's father had porn in his tool shed. As friends it was our duty to distribute our findings (alcohol, tobacco, pornography) as best we could. So, it was distributed, and as I would become a future engineer, I duplicated the video to 8mm at the age of 11. Pretty much every one in the neighborhood saw it. I don't remember that time in my life with much detail. But I remember that video (21 years later) almost frame by frame. As a kid I didn't even really understand what I was looking at. I knew I was hooked. Having experienced this at 11 without any encounter with a female or another person made me aware that sex was sensory - I can do this myself. That is not to say I would. It is merely to say sex is about me, no one else is really involved or needed. This is something sexual partners in the future would attest to.

And that was it. Not much more happened: a move overseas, a move back. 13 years old and various attempts to woo or engage some female really illustrated how difficult it was to romance someone without a care for them. My parents got a divorce. As part of the settlement I chose the parent to live with; my dad. I genuinely loved him as he loved me, however, him having a computer sealed the deal. In 1994 having a computer was a big deal. Games like Quake and Warcraft II were released. Multiplayer games were available. Modem sessions between friends lasted all night as we played whatever we wanted until we couldn't fight off sleep. It was a utopia. Computer, friends, freedom.

I have never once said that one of my friends or I were moderates. If we drank we drank (which wasn't very often), if we smoked we smoked (which we didn't as well) and when pornography was available we viewed it (often). When you are 13, everything is extreme. One smoke is all the way. One beer is far too much. So when it comes to pornography we had already gone far too far with a few magazines and a video. When the internet came along, shortly after electronic bulletin board systems, our access to porn was to be unlimited.

And what do you do? No one ever told you pornography was wrong. While you couldn't smoke or drink, our parents and friends did - on occasion. While we couldn't drive yet, we would. And while we couldn't vote, marry or get a job it would come

eventually. Pornography was just our eventuality updated. It was our way of taking what was obviously not wrong and drawing it closer. Adults kept the wine, beer and cigars. Porn was something else they were hiding. Now to a culture of teenagers liberated from not only parental discipline but often parental care - sometimes as a result of divorce, neglect, greed, parental problems, etc - we took control of this one aspect of who we were. Rebellion, out and out. But no one ever told us about consequences. In fact most of our parents were involved in porn somehow anyway.

So at 13 I and my friends had conquered the world. Occasionally our sexual sovereignty would come in conflict with reality, as a parent saw what we were doing, or our ostracism from peers became greater and more evident. But who cares. At thirteen we were embarrassed at getting caught not remorseful of what we did. Who were these people that we looked at? They were essentially the same people as our parents. We never met any eighteen year-olds. We never met anyone over our own age. These people didn't seem real. We downloaded images off of a computer miles away. As far as we knew the person in that picture didn't exist.

And that is a teenage sex addict. At seventeen I met my first girlfriend. It hurts to even write those words because I did not treat her as a friend and never really treated her as one should a girl. It is not to say I was not kind, as I should be. It was just that it was

all about me. She had low self-esteem as almost any young 17 year old does and that meant I was worshiped. It meant that I made the relationship about me. After breaking up with and getting back together with (all in order to pursue other sexual opportunities) I realized how horrible I had treated this young girl. She was not unattractive, unkind or unintelligent. Nothing about her lent her to the treatment she received from me, just her overwhelming desire for the relationship and perhaps a difficult childhood.

The point is, sex was still all about me. There were other women. Ones who I still remember. I didn't drink, so everything was calculated. These women were wooed. I cared little about them. I do now. Each one is important. Each I have spoken with. All I can see have scars.

I think we like archetypes because they appeal to who we want to be, who we are and who we know we should be. One strong archetype is the protector. When a deranged gunman entered a cinema in Aurora, Colorado, 12 people died. Men actually got up to protect their wives, girlfriends and dates when James Holmes started shooting. This is the protector. I wasn't that. Not that I have any desire to be that in these women's lives, but how I wish I could retroactively save these women from sexual relationships with me. None are better off. I remember the girl who said I could do what I wanted to her. The girl who everyone hated because she

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