

*Rolland Berehr*

# DEAR DEVIL:



# CONFESSIONS OF A CHRISTIAN SEX ADDICT

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## INTRODUCTION

I once desired to be a Roman Catholic Church priest. Father Chris. Thank God he made me wiser before I became one. I would have been the worst priest ever in the history of the 'holy' Catholic Church and blemish its 'blameless' name. A tall, dark skinned boy from a dungy small town of Chitungwiza in the beautiful country of Zimbabwe, had I been a priest, I am confident that my love for the 'forbidden fruit' would have poured scorn on the vows of chastity of the Vatican Church. Wait! I am building castles in the air, busy thinking so highly of myself, Pope John XII was wicked! Imposing himself as the leader of the Catholic Church at the age of sixteen in A.D 955, historians agree that he is one of the most scandalous popes in the history of the church.

Peter De Rosa has no kind words for him.

*“Even for a pope of that period he was so bad that the citizens were out for his blood. He had invented sins, they said, not known since the beginning of the world, including sleeping with his mother. He ran a harem in the Lateran*

*Palace. He gambled with pilgrims' offerings. He kept a stud of two thousand horses which he fed on almonds and figs steeped in wine. He rewarded the companions of his nights of love with golden chalices from St Peter's. He did nothing for the most profitable tourist trade of the day, namely, pilgrimages. Women in particular were warned not to enter St John Lateran if they prized their honour; the pope was always on the prowl. In front of the high altar of the mother church of Christendom, he even toasted the Devil."*

Hands down, I wouldn't have outshined him. Come on, how on earth could I outshine somebody who slept with his mother. Even for a momma's boy like me... it's unimaginable. His Holiness kicked the bucket at the age of twenty four. He was murdered by a green-eyed husband who caught him with his wife in *flagrante delicto*. For some reason, which I am yet to discover, I feel like a distant relative of Pope Innocent VIII, who was the leader of the 'great and mighty Holy Roman Catholic Church' from A.D 1484-1492. Isn't it ironic how he named himself Innocent yet there was no trace of innocence in his conduct? McClintock and Strong noted that, the pope's conduct was reprehensibly crooked.

*“He had seven illegitimate children by different women and was, besides, married when he took orders....his children numbered sixteen, all of them children by married women.”*

Now we are talking. I would have gladly followed in his footsteps... effortlessly.

My name is Christian Jacob. I was born exactly a month after Valentine’s Day in the year 1991 at Seke North Clinic in Chitungwiza- a high-density dormitory town 30 kilometres south east of Harare. Born in a family of devout Roman Catholics, I was baptized on the 13th of April 2003 at St Monica parish in Seke Unit N and took the name Martin as my sacramental name. Ever since I heard the story of Martin de Porres of Peru, the patron saint of mixed-race people, public health workers, barbers and all those who advocate for racial harmony by Mai Mugavazi, my Catechism teacher, I became a fan.

He was born in Peru on the 9<sup>th</sup> of December in 1579 to a freed woman of Panama and a Spanish grandee of Lima. He was mixed. His parents never got married and his father deserted the family after the birth of his sister. What hurts the most is that his father never liked him from birth because he took the features and the dark complexion of his

mother. “Being mixed came with a lot of bad labels- “war souvenir,” Or “half breed.” Mai Mugavazi narrated, taking her bible from the wooden coffee table that sat comfortably in the middle of the lounge. “With all these negative circumstances around him, like many men, Martin could have grown up a bitter man. But he chose to be bigger than the negative circumstances. Instead, he chose to become a Dominican brother and lived a life marked by prayer and service to others.”

I became a fan.

I grew up being told that I was a mistake. I wasn't planned. Which is baffling considering that I am the last born. “After your brother died, we decided not to have another child,” my father used to say. “I was startled to hear your mother saying she was pregnant.” These words were my daily bread. Stubborn and adventurous, everyday my father had something to yell at me about. And, his tone always had that slur of regret that I was born, and a pinch of doubt. Was I his son? Though it broke my heart and injured my self-esteem, I always found reasons to smile and be of service to others. Instead of being bitter, I became better in those little acts of love. I became

known among my peers as, “that little dark boy who always lights up the room.”

Passionate about my Catholic faith, I became an altar boy a week after my baptism. I went on to join the Sacred Heart of Jesus youth guild soon after my fourteenth birthday. And by the time I reached sixteen, I convinced myself that I was called to be a priest- *Baba vezvoMweya*. I was an altar boy for six good years and during those years of service, I can gleefully confirm that I missed church not more than ten times. I made sure I attended every Mass. The question is, what was the motive behind my service in church? Attention. Attention from who? Girls. Why girls? Because there were a part of me I couldn't live without.



## *THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE*

1 January 2020

Dear Devil

First and foremost I would like 'to thank you so much' for messing up with my mind for a decade. Most important, I will forever thank you for introducing me to Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, who is now my Lord and Saviour. Without you messing up with my mind and my life, I wouldn't have known that two thousand years ago he died for me and gave me the power to trample upon your head (I promise you, one of these good days I am going to pee on top of it). I remember quite well when you were in control of my mind, how confused and heartbroken I was. You deceived me into thinking you were the only person who understood me. I offered you a place in my heart and once you took over, every day of my life became filled with drama, pain, confusion, and doubt. You didn't end there. You made me feel hopeless and worthless. Life became meaningless. I became rebellious and eventually became helplessly and childishly

yours. I will never forget how you tormented my spirit and nearly shattered all my dreams. Nineteen years ago you sent one of your agents to sexually abuse me, not once and not even twice. Although I was young, I knew that she was evil. However, age got the better of me and I kept my big lipped mouth sealed. I didn't know what to do or who to tell until you came to my 'rescue' and made me believe what was happening was part of growing up. You 'comforted' me and told me I shouldn't stress about it. "Most cute boys like you, at one stage or another, go through such an experience Christian," you whispered in my left ear and I believed you.

You knew how angry I was at myself and at that agent of yours for using me as her sexual object daily, for three good months. I was angry at myself for being too weak and vulnerable; I was angry at her, for being too strong and inconsiderate. Did you tell me to forgive myself? Did you advise me to forgive her or talk to somebody? There were so many men out there who were willing to have sex with her any time she needed to. My brother Gilroy was one of them. Why then did she decide to force herself on me? For Christ's sakes why? Is it because I was too weak? Is it because she didn't believe she was good enough or beautiful enough to get

laid by men of her age or older? Only God knows. Or maybe you know too. I am tempted to believe that maybe you had a 'father-son talk' about me, like the one you had about Job once upon a time. Did He give you the permission to deploy your shameless agent to strip away my innocence? For what purpose? Was it a test? Did I pass? Was it a lesson? Gosh, my head hurts. Can you offer an explanation please!

I know you were watching the first day it all started, that sunny Friday afternoon. A bloody Mary and a bowl of popcorn you were having, sitting on a skull decorated cathedra with a Cuban cigar in your left hand. With a huge grin on your face you saw how she came into the bathroom where I was bathing. You saw how she took off her clothes, and forced me to participate in her 'ashu ashu' ritual as she called it. I know you enjoyed watching her caressing my 'insignificant,' uncircumcised rod; how she knelt in front of it and put it in her reeking mouth. She sucked it like a filthy hungry puppy sucking the breasts of a startled, wretched dog, whilst pressing my skinny body against the door. For Christ's sake I was too young for all those antics. She didn't end there. "Chris, now it's your turn to kneel." She commanded and stood with her back against

the wall opposite the shower. The stern look on her face that was accentuated by her piercing, demonic, megalomaniac eyes gave me no option but to oblige. Now that I am mature and discerning, I believe on that fateful day, Tsitsi was either under the influence of some drug or she was possessed or both. I knelt in front of her, confused and traumatised. I felt the coldness of the wetted floor touching my knees as she clutched my head and pressed it in between her thighs. I closed my eyes. She rubbed her vagina all over my face with sheer intensity. Within a few seconds, she started concentrating more on rubbing it on my lips. She moaned... took deep breathes... and moaned again. Five minutes later, she gasped and squirted on my face. The whole of my face was covered in... It hurts. This is how I lived for the ninety plus days that followed. Her cum became my daily bread. Call me cum face.

Do you still remember how she threatened me after that? How she made it so clear that if I mutter a word to anybody, she would not only cut my balls and 'feed them to the dogs' but she would divulge to everybody that I had the habit of sneaking into her room whenever she was dressing up? Jesus Christ, Mary and Joseph, I did it once! There is no way I could have told my parents what she was doing to me. They

wouldn't believe me either. To them she was this fragile, heartbroken woman, whose abusive husband had left her for a delectable young *mademoiselle*. On the contrary, to them I was this stubborn young lad, who was trialling far too much for his age. Once, my father was called by my primary school Principal because I, and my best friend Pardon, were caught in the girls' restrooms during break time. Twice, he was called by my class teacher because I was caught necking and fondling Monica, my primary school crush, under the table.

Was I a bad kid? Not really. About me getting into the girls' restrooms, I was just curious to know what they looked like. Pardon, on the other hand, innocently wanted to see how they urinated. What about me necking and fondling Monica under the table? As embarrassing as it is to admit, on both occasions it was her who initiated the 'game.' I am one unlucky Negro. With this in mind I ran out of options. I knew no one would believe my story even if I had to say it standing on top of the tallest mountain- The mighty Mount Everest. Your ruthless agent capitalised on this bad record, and made me her sex toy. You professed that you understood what I was going through. But, you never told me to forgive myself or to forgive her so I could be healed and live a happy life. You never

helped me to say it out to my parents or any trusted member of the society so I could get help. Rather, you told me to conceal my anger, keep what was happening as a secret and learn to live with it. Little did I know you were planting in me the seed of lust and sexual immorality that kept me in bondage for a decade.

You surrounded me with ‘demons’ which made it so difficult to resist you. My brother Gilroy (like John the Baptist who paved the way for Jesus) prepared the way for Agiel, the biggest ‘demon’ of them all. Gilroy used to bring different girls, of different ages and sizes at home and had sex with them in our small, but neatly kept, bedroom. I remember vividly how you’d encourage me to go and peek through the window or to sneak into the room and hide under the bed just to get a glimpse of what was happening- hear the dirty talk, the squeaky sounds of the bed and definitely the soft or loud moans of whoever was being ‘serviced.” “Chris, this a perfect chance for you to watch and learn how you perform when you are in bed with a woman,” you said.

## THE BLACK SHEEP

On the 25th of December 2009, after much thought and tears, I finally made the decision to renounce my Catholic faith because I couldn't prove, biblically, some of its doctrines. As an Advanced level Religious Studies student, I started questioning some of my long held beliefs. The more I searched for answers, the clearer it became that somehow I was being misled. Chief among the doctrines I was not at peace with was the use of images and relics in church. I cringed every time I bowed or knelt in front of a wooden cross, or the statue of Mary the Mother of Jesus praying to her to intercede for me when the bible clearly states in 1 Timothy 2:5 that Jesus is the only mediator between God and men. One Good Friday service I refused to bow and kiss the Cross that was placed on the altar, 'as a way of remembering and honouring the sacrifice Jesus Christ did at Calvary.' I was suspended from participating in all youth activities for three good months.

One Tuesday morning, on my way to school-Zengeza High One, I met a good friend of mine,

Kudakwashe Nzombe, who was an ardent Seventh Day Adventist. Kunta was his nickname. We were desk mates and astute defendants of our faiths. To make the journey short and exciting he decided to school me about the Decalogue. "Why is it you Catholics, your ten commandments are different from those of us Protestants?" He asked wiping his Polar branded spectacles with a clean, small white fleece cloth. "I don't know about that." I replied hesitantly. I also took off my spectacles and started wiping them with the tip of my school tie. It was written all over my face that I was lying. Since grade five, I knew very well that the Catholic Decalogue was different from that of the Protestants. That Tuesday morning was just not the day to debate about it. The reason why I was so afraid to engage in such a discussion was that I didn't have the solid facts to defend why 'my' ten commandments were different from 'his.' He caught me off guard. Sensing my discomfort, he grabbed the opportunity and gave me his piece of mind. "I am not surprised that you don't know." He continued. "Many bible-believing..., even the so called spirit-filled, tongue-talking Christians don't know that the Catholic's version of the Decalogue is different from that of the Protestants." He took the case of the spectacles



that was in the left pocket of his blazer, placed them there, and returned the case in the pocket. So typical of him. Every time Kunta engaged somebody in a faith shaking argument, he always took off his glasses.

“Why is it important to know that anyway? Is it like a password to heaven or a passport to paradise?” I interjected, waving at my high school crush, Martha, who was walking on the other side of the road with her friends. She waved back. My heart skipped a beat. For a moment I forgot about the faith shuddering conversation I was having with Kuda and started appreciating Martha’s beauty... in my heart. Truth be told, Martha was gorgeous. Her hazel eyes, uniquely and seductively piercing, gave her an aura of grace that made her so attractive. Skin type five on the Fitzpatrick scale, her flawless brown skin made me crack up every time I set my eyes on her. Martha was two streams behind but a year younger than me. We first met on her first day in High School. I was already in my third year. She asked me where the Library was, and instead of pointing to the direction, I escorted her to the Library making small talk. And since that day her beauty always enthralled me... but I never had the courage to tell her how much I wanted her to be my girlfriend. “The difference only brings

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