

LOST in DARKNESS (Part 1) by D.E.

I found out about this blog from someone I consider a close friend. After 'careful' consideration I thought I'd share my story, and the judicial witch hunt of a sexually based case. I'll also shed some light on what 'some' go through in this environment once here.

At the very least, maybe I can help someone else, knowing they're not alone if they have the same feelings, issues and thoughts in the free world that I currently struggle with from almost 14 years of incarceration.

Darkness exist in many forms and variations and I have started and stopped this essay several times, each time feeling it creep upon me, bringing fears and emotions it took years to suppress, and hide from everyone that's ever known me, most of all family.

It may or not be appreciated, but for what its worth I pat myself on the back for having the courage to be vulnerable enough to go through this yet again. For me, its re-living the experience, putting it out for the world to see, to comment on, to hash and re-hash the events of my life and to be honest, it isn't easy.

I hope the one friend I do have (or had) in here will see this posting and will have a better understanding of why I am the way I am.

My name is D.E., I am currently incarcerated in the United States and this is my story.

I was arrested, charged and pled to a double life sentence, guilty to 2 counts of rape and one count of pandering sexually oriented material involving a minor.

Goodbye to some of you.

I was arrested April 1st and had pled to two life sentences ran consecutively, +5 years, before the end of May--for 25 years to life. I went from coaching teams many parents wanted their child

to be on in the city and YMCA leagues to prison in a month. More about this later.

The day I was sentenced was 6.06.06. 666 what a way to watermark the end of a wonderful life I had.

****A little background****

The town I grew up in had as many stop lights as fingers on one hand. Our family was a prominent part of the community, my mom special education bus coordinator, once recognized as 'Mother of The Year' by the governor of our state and my dad the president of a small manufacturing company which he later owned and I worked.

I had a younger down syndrome brother with two older football star twin brothers everyone knew, making me known as the cute little brother, the classic middle child of my family.

When you live in a small town every head turns when even a small thing happens and it wasn't long till our once prominent family started to be seen as having problems.

****Addiction--by a novice****

Addiction ran in my family and my dad warned me about it, mentioning he had issues with wine until his dad almost beat him half to death for getting drunk and wrecking his Studabaker when he was younger. Coming from someone who admittedly has an addictive personality, there is NO "cure." Sorry to some of the skeptics, but it is what it is. If you are "cured" from addiction, you never were to begin with.

There is only control or management, a daily conscientious effort to abstain from what ever brings the euphoria. Notice how I said it's my "personality." It's like being an introvert or an extrovert, it's not that you're "bad" if you have it or "good" if you don't, it's just literally who and how you are.

Also, addiction is 'whatever' increases the endorphins or brings the euphoric feeling. Its more than alcohol, drugs or food, it can be/is every 'thing.' Its a lack of control of anything that gives you that feeling, that rush.

I'd have to argue that if it were truly known (which is impossible to determine) 70 to 80% of the world population are addicts of one form or another. Think about it, and who would admit to some sort of addiction? Surely not an addict.

It's what makes you feel exceptional, what gives you that "rush" that makes you feel alive. For alot of people such as myself, we struggle controlling it and for others they make a conscientious effort to moderate it.

It (the addiction) is usually traded from one form for another once a problem is recognized and dealt with. Say from cigarettes to maniacally excercising, to alcohol, or food, to cocaine, to heroin, to sex, hell even sun tanning, which a girlfriend of mine died from after contracting melanomia from continual sun exposure. She loved to lay out in her little bikini, even bought a sun tanning bed because it felt so good. Even after finding out she had skin cancer, she continued. Feeling good killed an absoultely beautiful young woman 3 days before her 27th birthday.

What ever makes you feel good can and will spin out of control if your an addict and its left unchecked. Each time you'll quit the former only to replace it with another, but never beating the underlying addiction itself. Its truely a beast, an uncurable personality trait, its who you are, period.

Sorry all you money hungry clincs that advertise "we can cure or you can 'beat' your addiction," it just doesnt work like you say, and you set (us) up for failure when you say such things. Shame on you!

The only thing that has come remotely close is AA (alcoholics Anonymous) or Na (Narcotics Anonymous). Like they say, "its up to you," it works ONLY IF you work it. Meaning YOU must want to consistantly abstain from an overwhelming desire for that euphoric "feeling."

Thats why relapsing is so devastating. Theres is NOTHING worse than not wanting to do something, having the absolute ability to abstain but not the will power to do so. Then, ultimatley, and shamefully, looking at yourself in the mirror as a failure.

Its like having no control of your own body, it can drive you bannanas just thinking about it. This often makes no sense to some who don't struggle with addiction. Ask any admitted alcoholic or drug addict if he/she can drink a shot or use and not have their skin crawling for another or go to a bar without their body screaming for booze.

Now, I was beginning to see how I was, hating myself for doing these things, for going to these sleezy places where only weirdos go.

I rememeber getting in my truck after leaving, shamefully looking in the rearview mirror saying, "dude, what in thee hell are you doing."

Addiction is unforgiving. It takes peices of your soul chunks at a time, and its unblievably wicked and will make you turn on yourself and those you care about.

Even making the money I was, I still hit dad up for extra funds, needing more and more of the things that made me feel the way I wanted. I was living a double life and pulling it off, hiding everything from everyone, more importanatly from a girl I truely loved, who after 8 years became my fiance without really knowing who and how I was. Wanting to be "the man," I got a loan I wasn't prepared for and bought a house that we lived in for a few years,

again dad helping me with payments. (Which couldn't have made much sense to him).

I used to tell her I had to work swing shifts every so often to assure my debaucherous lifestyle would not be affected by our coexistence.

This is how crazy things can get. I'd wake up at 2am, leave a bed with an incredible looking woman next to me, drive 45 minutes (one way) to an adult book store, to see the extreme side of hardcore and get my "fix," and back home and to work by 6am. Its so f'd up when I acknowledge what I did, but its who I was. I remember my skin crawling feeling like one of the weirdos I passed in them creepy places as I left.

Thing is, God help me, I WAS one of them.

Jesus what would she think if she knew the real me?

Is it possible to be embarrassed of who you are, disgusted of what you've become, yet unwilling to change it? I was way beyond that.

Who craves such depraved disgiusting things? So much so that they go to great lengths to get it? Answer: someone out of control.

What would people think if they new how I was and what I was like? This wasn't really me was it, it surly wasn't what I wanted to be. When I came to prison medical said I would have been dead inside of 3 months if I'd continued my current alcohol intake, which no doubt I would have. I was at the edge of liver failure, swallowing a 5th of Crown inside of 30 minutes, only stopping because the bottle was empty.

I once fought a guy on New Years Eve when he took my half gallon as I showed no sign of stopping, facing alcohol poisoning if it wouldn't have been taken from me. Looking back now, I believe that was my objective all along. I wanted to die, hating the way I was and now, my secret was out and it was too late. Everything

about me was on the front page for the entire country to see.
(more of that later.)

I remember having the cold sweats once in jail, expelling the nicotine out of my body from the 3 pack a day habit I'd cultivated, uncontrollably shaking for weeks as my body reacted to the lack of alcohol it craved to calm itself.

It was sheer hell.

* * *