

Dearest Addiction,

Thanks for being my faithful friend. You have been my companion since childhood from many of my earliest memories. You've taken many different forms throughout the years – from hating and judging others, to voyeurism, to compulsive masturbation, to lying, to cheating, from violating others to violating myself, to stealing, to overeating, to starving and throwing up, to obsessions with myself and others, to anonymous dangerous sexual encounters, to hours spent in pursuit of pleasure, to days spent in search of the next image, to replaying conversations and sexual memories, to nights lost partying and drinking, to hours smoking cigarettes I didn't even want.

You've been there to fill the voids in my life. When I couldn't reach out to others, you've been a constant friend. When I felt rejection, real or perceived from others, you've always patiently waited for me to return. When I've been lonely or hungry, you were there with open arms and lots of food and drink when I needed it, or withholding it from me when you knew I needed control. I've spent entire days and weeks with you, safely hidden in the privacy of my mind, room and computer. You've helped me avoid the pain of reaching out to others and having to invest or take risks. Dearest addiction, you've been my oldest friend. When I was too shy or insecure to make relationships in the real world, you were there, waiting and knocking patiently and insistently in mind.

Dear one, the time has come to say good bye. It is time for me to grow up and take on new challenges with the outside world.

You see, our time together has come with a great cost. I've lost entire days and weeks of my life. My mind is littered with countless images that, even now, are just a moment away. I feel you knocking and crying out at this moment. But, I've found real and true love in Jesus. It is not personal, but you see, I was always made for him because he made me. I belonged to him before I even entered the world. I just didn't see it! I settled for false intimacy with you for moments of adrenaline rush and safety. You won't see it, but though you've tried to be my friend, you've wrapped me in chains that have literally choked my air and my heart.

No more will I be calling on you. I will not run headlong into your arms where you can seduce me once more with your wiles and charms. You see, that is not real living. Feels like it for a time, but it is not. My head is cloudy, my emotions dulled, my senses dimmed and my heart aches under it all. It is time. It's time for me to step out on my own, hand in hand with Jesus. No more will I spend hours thinking of how I can sneak off to be with you. You will not have control over me any longer. Your love felt real, but it was not!

There's no point in trying to hang on. His love is greater than our greatest moment together. It took a while to see it, but it is true. His love has broken

through and it's reaching out to hold me. I can't wait to steal away with him and dance with him. He's the guardian of all my days and I don't want him to ever let me go. He *really* knows me. You do not. If you knew me, you'd know that you're killing me. Your lies taste like honey, but go down like poison and slice me from the inside out. My insides are shredded, but Jesus is pouring healing into them. Your wounds could be fatal, but Jesus has promised the elixir of life if I will but reach out and take his hand. He has a condition, though, for his love. His condition is that I follow him fully and truly. I cannot have two loves. So I have made my choice and you see, there is no turning back. It is true. No more will I visit you or steal away for kisses of death.

You cannot have my mind, my body, my hands, my eyes, my mouth or control any longer. You have taken far too much from me as it is. I've no regrets in this decision except that I am sorry I have taken so long to see the light. But, you silly thing, you've had me blind-folded! Jesus took off the cloak and it was like seeing a whole new world!! I cannot even describe it. My best day with you is nothing compared to this. I'd rather be a janitor in his house than spend another moment in the dark with you.

Rejoice, though. You kept me safely yours for years. Do not weep and do not try to take me back. Our time is done. Oldest friend, I leave you for an even older and truer love. And, addiction? This is not a break. It is a break up.

Piss off.

Yours no more,
Adam