

introduction

At the age of 13 I had my first female conquest. Somehow I managed to attract one of the hottest centerfolds of the time. She quickly became my sexual play toy. It was amazing—she would make the trip from Los Angeles to my home in rural Missouri just to get a piece of my 100-pound, scrawny frame. We had fantastic sex, and I often planned my day around our illicit rendezvous. Mostly, we met in the bathroom while my mother made dinner and my father read the newspaper. In retrospect, perhaps our sexual relationship was not as satisfying for her as it was for me. Given that she was a famous centerfold in a girly magazine and I was a pimple-faced, pubescent nobody, the two actual players in my first sexual relationship were, in reality, my brain and my right hand.

If you had known me during the time my brain was marinating in lustful thoughts, which pretty much made up the years between the ages of 13 and 30, you would have con-

sidered me a completely functional person. I was not a pervert nor did I have a problem with pornography. You could count on one hand the number of raunchy movies I have seen, and although an occasional smut magazine made its way into my hands, I was never a subscriber.

As I grew up, I got my hands on real, live women. A few of those connections developed into mature relationships, but my secret lust life always kept me from experiencing depth in those relationships. I was basically a normal guy who had a heck of a time keeping women off his mind.

Conquering lustful thoughts has been the greatest challenge of my life, hands down. So many times I would think to myself, *You know, other than having a problem with the lust-sex thing, I'm a pretty good guy.* Although I reasoned away my sexual thoughts as natural, I still felt guilty. I knew that having sex in my head with strangers was wrong. Even worse were the mental liaisons I enjoyed with women I knew personally. These innocent women would be horrified to know the things I did to them in the privacy of my own mind.

The good news is that I have conquered this problem. Fifteen years ago I would never have imagined it possible to kick the lust habit. After a lot of hard mental work, I am where I need to be. Married more than a decade, I have spent most of that time lust and masturbation-free. Purity of thought is now so natural for me that it is no longer a struggle. It's more like a habit. I simply got out of the habit of letting my libido control my mind. It is not that lust is dead;

rather, I have redirected my sexual energy in a positive direction—towards my wife.

If you have a penis or know someone who does, you will benefit from reading this book. While written by a married man for married men, this book is a must read for women and single guys too. Women readers will be privy to what really goes on inside every guy's head. Single guys who plan on getting married will be able to put the lust problem to rest long before they say "I do."

I will speak openly about the details and nature of my lust-sex challenge as well as the exact steps I took to get to where I am today. Be advised, however, that you won't get far into this book before noticing words like "tits" and "ass" used to describe the finer parts of a woman. Please don't be offended. As a devoted Christian, I believe women are beautiful creations of God. But in order to tell the story as it actually happened, I have to use the words I used at the time. During my teens and twenties, I never fantasized about "bosoms"; I thought about "tits." I also never gazed fondly at a woman's "rumpus." If you're a guy who uses the word "bosom" to describe a woman's tits, then you might need to have your mama hold your hand while reading this book. This book isn't raunchy, neither is it sugar-coated. Aside from the adult-themed material, this book would be rated PG. If you have seen PG-rated movies, you should have no qualms with my choice of words.

If you're a married guy, you cannot call yourself monogamous if your mind is wondering about, slithering

from one woman to the next. Mental monogamy is the foundation upon which a great marriage is built, so until you deal with your slithering mind, your marriage will suffer. The lust problem will get addressed either by doing something about it now or by living with the consequences of not doing so from now to eternity.

You can take many roads. You can choose the path of purity of thought, you can stay on your current path of lustful fantasies, or you can take your thoughts to the next stage and engage in flesh-to-flesh sexual impropriety. All of your loved ones will be affected for the better or worse depending upon which path you choose. As a man, you have as much going for you as I did to conquer this problem. I hope that you are man enough to take on this challenge.

My recommendation is to keep reading . . .