

Howard Curtis has caused me so much grief. I'm all mixed up with feelings of anger, hurt, and disgust. Only now do I understand that he abused me – and I recently learned that I wasn't the only one. It pains me, gives me such anguish, to know other boys were hurt just like I was. He might have thought it was fun at the moment to give a kid alcohol and then molest him through the night, but as an adult it has taken much therapy and a woman with a heart of gold to help me overcome my learned behaviors that were taught by him both directly and indirectly and to understand the damage he has caused.

I have lived my life as a scavenger, having sex with any guy who had alcohol or drugs, with those substances leading to more other sexual adventures. I can't believe I lived a life like that. I've lived it throughout my youth since I met Howard. I am now someone with sexual identity problems and intimacy problems. Did or does he have the same? I guess not, if they were satisfied by his pattern of lust after boys that were under age – way under age – like 11 and 12 years old. Like when he started touching me and much more.

I've gotten diseases, I gotten a mixed up sense of self worth, I've tempted myself at sexual parties where there was plenty of crystal meth around – all knowing that somehow, somewhere I wasn't like this before, I wasn't supposed to be like this. I used to be kind and giving and so naive. All that trust was put into my friend, Howard. To learn that my sneakiness, my cheating, my abuse of my body - all came from learning it from someone like him. It comes as no surprise to know that I still care about him. Many victims of abuse cannot seem to cope with the fact or rip themselves apart from that closeness they once had with each other.

Howard needs help – I don't want to and will not become like him. It hurts me to be around 11 and 12 year-olds. I fear them and I am uncomfortable with them. It's because of him that this emotion of fear overwhelms me and causes me to cry. He had a great life, jobs, a family, a chance to help others, and he took advantage of that power to abuse little kids, perhaps many more than I could imagine. I was selected because I was so naïve and how foolish I was. He probably thought he could be and at times was like a big brother or father to me. He swooped me up in Boy Scouts, made me feel special, and then placed me at work by his side at the Library. How convenient for him. I wasn't the only one who that happened to, was I? I mean, at least two other boys have had similar experiences that he never told me about. I wonder why he never said anything.

You would think by the time a boy reached age 16 or 17 I would realize that what was going on was right or wrong, but I didn't – Howard groomed me into thinking it was okay. He brainwashed me. That is so wrong. I cannot believe he did that to me.

I once was so much more caring. Now I've turned bitter and cold. I hurt. I feel pain, I have had miserable life experiences. I try to block him out, as it is the only cure I know of that can help me live a sort of life that would be meaningful. To forget and move on as most of my gay

friends have done in their own lives. I'm trying to overcome my mental blocks by having sexual relations with my partner as a female. But it's so hard after having sex with many men to now live what would be considered a more normal life – the life I always wanted to lead. I became addicted to sex, and I blame him for teaching me what it was like. Howard's reign with me started right around age 11 or 12 until age 19. He groomed me. How dare he?! What gave him the right? There is nothing wrong with anyone being gay as long as you don't hurt anyone else – that is when it becomes a big problem. I just want my girlfriend and myself to be sexually satisfied with each other but I get depressed over it, because it is very difficult. I am working on it.

Yes, I have grown, but I still feel like a child who needs to outlive his past that haunts him. The nightmares, the memories, the awful feeling that my friend was a child molester and not just any old molester, but a serial child molester, this pains me. How can I forgive him? Would he even ask for forgiveness?

I've lost my financial planner career. I lost my 3-family home. I lost my Cadillac. I lost my senses. I lost my well being. I have bipolar now. Because of the traumatic sexual abuse that occurred as a child I have to take over 7 different medications to calm me down and help me live day-to-day. I could have lost my life several times, because of having sex with guys who have HIV because I just didn't care. I've been institutionalized several times and I almost lost the love of my life, my everything. She has been there and helped me through all of this emotional abuse and complete turmoil.

The cards he wrote me are still in my possession and make me wonder what he was thinking when he gave them to me. Well, I kept them and found all of them and put the pieces back together of my life I once took for granted. Things are not supposed to happen the way he directed me, as a director of a library – he showed me that life with men brings heartache and pain but if you still have sex and throw in alcohol or drugs it gets better. Well it never did, after several failed relationships, I realized that he took a choice away from me. Instead of listening to my needs he followed his own sick needs with me and with others. I am surprised. I do truly feel bad for him. I wonder who hurts more, deep inside?

I will pray for Howard, as I am now a Christian, for his safety and well-being. His journey in the next few years will not be easy. I hope God gives him the strength to somehow carry on.