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(Malcolm Muggeridge, Jesus, The Man Who Lives)

Chapter Sixteen

The Black Side of Passion: Monsters

Insight #16 Mortals can become supermen or superwomen in their ability to love and bless through connecting with the powers of God--and they can become supermen and superwomen in their ability to hate and hurt by choice and connecting with the powers of evil.

When I was a little girl, I was terrified of the closet at the foot of my bed. I would lie awake expecting something or somebody--a monster--to jump out and get me. When I could stand the fear no longer I would call to my Mother, “Momma, Momma. Help! Wake up. I’m scared!”

Eventually she would wake up and call out, “What’s the matter?”

“I’m scared,” I would whimper, “I’m scared of monsters.”

“There are no monsters.” She would call out. “Go back to sleep.” Her soft voice and presence in the night comforted me, so I went back to sleep, but I still wondered if there were monsters in the closet.

As a mother myself, I say the same thing when one of my little ones call out in the middle of the night, “Go back to sleep; there are no monsters.” But it’s a lie and I know it. There *are* monsters, I read about them almost every day in the newspapers, or see them on television. They do not look like the ones that I created in my imagination as a child, with huge, hairy heads and red flaming eyes. They look like ordinary people--like those who fix the telephone, or those who bag our groceries. It is not what is on the outside that makes them monsters,

but what's missing on the inside--their hearts; they no longer feel sympathy or empathy. They go about life with a brutal, cold callousness that sets them apart from normal people.

Monsters are those whose sexual passions are twisted completely opposite the Creator's design--to create circles of love. Their sexual cravings have nothing whatsoever to do with love, honor and cherish, and everything to do with hate, dishonor and despise. They are recreated to become a weapon to kidnap, rape, molest--even murder. Their pleasure comes only after another's suffering and pain. Their crimes--when committed without feeling--show the absence of love and the *presence of an evil, destructive force*.

The Brutal Force

Tolstoy, the Russian novelist, refers to this the force of evil when he wrote: "besides the blessed spiritual force controlling (our) souls, there (is) another, a brutal force. . . (which will) not allow. . . humble peace. . ." To ignore this power is like ignoring the existence of electricity.

This force that battles against virtue is like a constant undercurrent pulling us down and away from our divine selves. The youth--and we ourselves--need to clearly understand that entering into the mystique can lead to darker and darker forms of sexual exploitation. Masturbation sex--using someone's body as an apparatus for sexual gratification, can lead to collusive sex--pausing conscience for a mutual masquerade, then to predatory sex--satisfying the craving for sex and pride with the thrill of the hunt, and then to criminal sex--acting out the rage inside through sexual satisfaction that comes only with another's suffering and pain.

Feeding on a steady diet of the dark attitudes towards sexuality (usually involving pornography) they eventually develop a disease that modern medicines can't touch. Again, a disease that dulls the conscience, corrupts the mind, cankers the heart, and deadens the soul, and stimulates natural passions until they become unnatural--and destructive. This is one of the most important factors in the journey of understanding. When sexual satisfaction only comes with the high price of another's suffering and pain, a monster is created. Monsters no longer feel; they no longer care, they are children of the darkness--by their own choice.

The research into the black side of the mystique--criminal sex--was not easy; I read book after book on pornography, perversion, and prostitution. I interviewed police officers and attended seminars on sexual addictions. I listened to personal stories. I prayed for divine

guidance to understand--and find answers. I learned everything I didn't want to know about sexual deviancy. Through it all, I recognized the "brutal force."

Super Powers to Hate and Hurt

We are recognizing the monsters and the powers of evil when sexual crimes are committed that go beyond our comprehension and beyond normal human capacity to hurt. We are recognizing a monster when the act is cold-hearted and callous. We are recognizing a monster when we find our minds spinning with thoughts such as: I understand sexual desires, but to go that overboard? . . . Why? . . . Why would anyone do such a thing? . . . It's absolutely senseless. . . . It's sick, bizarre. . . . I just don't get it. . . . It's beyond me. . . . I can't understand it; what gets into these people? "

We can maybe understand this better by contrast. Those who are true to themselves, and together with God, have Divine spiritual strength to live and love more abundantly. They may even experience miracles in their lives. Moses' power to love and bless the Israelites was magnified by the Lord when he parted the Red Sea. Deborah loved and blessed her people by leading the armies of Israel to victory. When the lame man asked Peter for alms, he answered, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." (Acts 3:6) Peter lifts the man up, and he walks. *Mortals can become supermen or superwomen in their ability to love and bless through connecting with the powers of God--and they can become supermen and superwomen in their ability to hate and hurt by connecting with the powers of evil.*

We will never begin to understand man's inhumanity to man, or the dangers of exploitive sex until we recognize the undercurrents or the "brutal force" as Tolstoy calls it. Our spirits *feel it*, and naturally fear it--at least in the beginning--especially as children. Little children are extremely sensitive to these feelings--like I was when I called to Mother in the middle of the night. But if we gradually accept this force into our lives, it can become addictive. Then in a spiritually deadened condition, there's a craving for it--even a temporary rejuvenation in it all--for the energy, the excitement, the thrills.

This power is addictive and spiritually deadening. It drains the human soul of the ability to control thoughts and actions. If we plug a lamp into the electrical socket, it connects with a power source to light the room. When we stay connected to God--the Creator--we maintain feelings of love and the power to manifest that love, but if we choose to

disconnect from that source, we lose feelings of love and the spiritual stamina to keep from sliding into the dark side of passion.

Again, there are natural laws that govern the universe; there are natural laws that govern the soul. We can choose to love, honor and cherish the family of God, or we can choose to hate, dishonor and despise them, but in doing so we cannot escape the natural consequence--the deadening of the soul. That which is no longer used, needed, or wanted becomes extinct. It's called natural selection. It works in nature and in humans. Souls that are dying seek sensual stimulation and shock to feel alive again.

In a Moment of Panic, She Ran

Several years ago, we owned and loved a gray, appaloosa horse named Wednesday. One morning I went out to her corral and discovered a huge pool of blood where she usually stood; she was gone. I knew that with the loss of so much blood, her life was at stake and every second counted. In a panic, I grabbed her halter and began running, frantically searching and praying to find her. I ran through the bushes that lined the creek thinking that she might seek refuge in the brush, but she was not there. Over and over I prayed for help, but the impression kept coming that I should stop looking and call the Humane Society. I wouldn't listen; I had to find her--*now!* I didn't have time to call anyone.

I kept running through the creek bed, thinking she had to be hidden in the bushes. Finally, not finding her, I ran into the house and called the Humane Society, wondering at the time how this call could possibly make any difference. How could they know where she was? I told the man who answered the phone what had happened and asked if anyone had seen an appaloosa. "There's been a horse found just off Monticello road," he said, "she collapsed and died on the side of the road; maybe that's your horse."

The place he described was just a few blocks away from our house. I jumped into the car and drove to it. A crowd had gathered around her; she was lying in a pool of blood stone dead. It took time, but eventually I pieced together what had happened. She evidently punctured herself on the rusted handle of an old plow that had been overlooked in the brush, bled through the night, then in a moment of panic, began running until she collapsed from the loss of blood.

I think this story has great meaning because when we are disconnected and drained from life, we too can panic and run aimlessly searching for anything to feel alive again, especially sexual stimulation.

We cannot understand the dangers of the black side of passion without understanding the reality of the undercurrents or evil. Journalist Malcolm Muggeridge, a great British writer, describes his belief in the Adversary:

“Even those who are prepared in a vague way to acknowledge the existence of a deity draw the line at the Devil,” said Malcolm Muggeridge, British journalist. “A Devil representing the contrary principle, destructive rather than creative, malevolent rather than beneficent, is another matter, and quite out of the question. Personally, I have found the Devil easier to believe in than God; for one thing; alas, I have had more to do with him. It seems to me quite extraordinary that anyone should have failed to notice, especially during the last half century, a diabolic presence in the world, pulling downwards as gravity does instead of pressing upwards as trees and plants do when they grow and reach so resolutely and beautifully after the light. A counter-force to creativity; destructive in its nature and purpose, raging far and wide like a forest fire, and burning in the heart’s core-- pinpointed there, a fiery tongue of fierce desire. Have we not seen this Devil’s destructiveness making a bonfire of past, present and future in one mighty conflagration? Smelt him, rancid-sweet? Touched him, slippery-soft? Glimpsed him, sometimes in a mirror, with drooling, greedy mouth, misty ravaging eyes and flushed flesh? Who can miss him in those blackest of all moments, when God seems to have disappeared, leaving the Devil to occupy an empty universe?” (Jesus, The Man Who Lives, p.51)

Monsters are those who, like the appaloosa, are so spiritually weak that they lose the strength to resist the forces of the undercurrents. Westley Dodd, a monster who collected pornography and stalked children while they played in parks, said, “I liked molesting and did what I had to do to avoid jail so I could continue molesting . . . My behavior became predatory and uncontrollable.” (Time Magazine, The Devil’s Disciple January 11, 1993, article, by Nancy Gibbs.) Note: The title of

this article, "Devil's Disciple" says it all. Having given into the undercurrents, Dodd lost all control of himself and his sexual cravings, and followed like a zombie the biddings of the black side.

Gary Bishop, a molester and murderer, said before he was executed,

"Pornography was a determining factor in my downfall. . .I spent hundreds of dollars on these magazines and films. . .Some of the material was shocking and disgusting at first, but it shortly became commonplace and acceptable.

"As I continued to digress further into my perverted behavior, more stimulation was necessary to maintain the same level of excitement. Finding and procuring sexually arousing materials became an obsession. For me seeing pornography was like lighting a fuse on a stick of dynamite. I became stimulated and had to gratify my urges or explode. . .My conscience was desensitized and my sexual appetite entirely controlled my actions."(Victor Cline, Ph.D., Pornography Effects Empirical and Clinical Evidence.)

Taking a Life or Using a Life

Sexual crimes have been equated with the horrible crime of murder and some have thought this to be too harsh. But is it? Is there much difference between taking a life and using a life? The rapist who finds pleasure only with another's pain--is this not close to the cold-blooded heart of a murderer? The child molester who steals innocence and childhood is kindred spirit to one who steals life. Life once taken cannot be restored; the peace of mind of the rape victim cannot be restored, and the bloom of childhood cannot be restored. Such twisted abuse of the powers of sexuality reek of a dark force. Those who find sexual satisfaction only when they destroy innocence are monsters.

There are actually few who will become monsters, but continuing to exploit others for sexual advantage can eventually create a monster--without conscience, without sympathy and raging with uncontrolled lust. This is the greatest danger of sexual exploitation--hardly ever mentioned, but vital in understanding the dangers.

Summary

Just as there is a Higher Power that lifts and energizes our natural capacity to love and value human life, so there is also a lower power that drains and deadens our capacity to love. Under its influence, we find ourselves less and less in control of our thoughts and actions. We slip into complacency or worse--contempt for others and ourselves. We

have the choice to either reach up for the light or allow ourselves to be pulled down to the darkness--both powers are real.

Each of us has the potential to become either beauty or beast, to become more like the beautiful child we were, or to become less--less alive, less loving, less free. We are born loving, open and explicitly honest, but we can choose to be insensitive, closed and cunning. Born to be alive, but we can choose to sink into stagnation. Born to be free, but we can choose the bondage of drugs, or worse--the bondage of out-of-control sexual passions. Born to bond together in loving relationships, but we can choose to twist this power away from love. Monsters do not turn wax cold overnight; it's a process, a process that goes in fast forward with pornography, sexual exploitation and the forces of the undercurrent. Then decision by decision the capacity to love is weakened while the capacity for indifference, apathy, even despising is strengthened. Twisting the powers to love into powers to use and abuse opens us to the brutal forces of the undercurrents. We are not created to breed without also bonding in love; even the most cunning of predators know that almost always they must use the magic word "love" to open the way for sex. Those who degrade it all to a barnyard romp can eventually expect to become animalistic.

I still don't like to believe in monsters. I would love to believe that there are no monsters--no one who would come in the middle of the night, jump out of closets and hurt my children or me. I would love to see the world like it is at Disneyland--beautiful, no litter, freshly painted, smiling kind faces and happy sounds, but *my denial will only increase their power.* Monsters are out there, but none were born that way. There are no babies who come to us without hearts vibrant and overflowing with love; something happens along the way. Monsters are not born; they are a recreation. Created by giving away their light, and taking in the darkness.

The next section will explore how we seduce ourselves in the process of seducing others.