

In Search Of
AN
ORGASM

What Wild & Crazy Things
People Do To Achieve One!

Copyright© 2020. All Rights Reserved.
FIRST EDITION, 2020 eBooks & FlipBooks Formats, 2023

PRINTED IN THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
Detroit, Michigan USA

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication
Data is available upon request.

ISBN# 978-1-883766-01-6

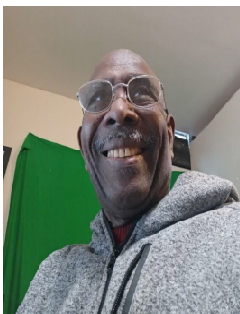
No part of this book may be used or reproduced
in any manner whatsoever, without written
permission of the author, except in the
case of brief quotations and
specific notations, embodied in critical
Articles and Reviews.

This book may be used as a study guide, and/or a source of reference,
with adherence to International Copyright Laws and Regulations.

All books are available in printed & eBook & FlipBook formats, Spoken Books Audio CDs & MicroSD
formats, and are in written in several languages (upon requests), and are available online:

<https://www.ReadEbooks.org>
[eMail: readebooks@usa.com](mailto:readebooks@usa.com)

ABOUT THE AUTHORS



Horatio M Bennett is a Jamaican national residing in the United States of America. He migrated to the USA as an exchange student in 1967. He studied at Greer Technical Institute, Marygrove College, Highland Park Community College, Eastern Michigan and Post Universities (Human Services).

Horatio is a published author with 8 books in print, and is a former NPR Talk Radio host, a newspaper publisher, and was inducted in the **Detroit Music Hall of Fame (1984)**.

In 1971 Horatio Bennett created the then annual ***Detroit Caribbean Carnival***, an event which drew thousands to the downtown Detroit every summer. He is listed the Detroit chapter of ***'Who's Who in Black America,'*** and is a Civic Service Award winner. He is the recipient of the ***"Spirit of Detroit"*** award by the Detroit City Council. He is founder and director of the ***Horatio and Natasha Bennett Foundation*** (HNB Foundation), a nonprofit organization dedicated to serving the destitute and homeless; giving blankets and care packages to the needy on the streets of southeastern Michigan since 2014...

Horatio Bennett is an Ordained Minister of the Gospel. In 2008 he contracted Prostate Cancer - of which he is a survivor. In 2016 he was diagnosed with the West Nile Virus - and also a survivor. He has certificates in Life Coaching and Social Psychology from New Skills Academy, and Positive Psychology from Harvard Medical School.

Natasha Bearden-Bennett was born in Detroit, Michigan. She was an educator in the Detroit Public Schools and Charter Schools Systems, and a former member of the Georgia Board of Education. She holds education degrees in the states of Michigan and Georgia. Natasha had her own online website: (www.PleaseHelpMyGrades.Com); a study and reference guide for global elementary students, and a resource for home-schooling parents. She was a gifted musician and actress, and played the flute in her local church orchestra. Natasha appeared in ***Tyler Perry's House of Payne***, and had her own music CD. Her voice also was featured in several audio CDs and cassettes. Mrs. Bearden-Bennett was co-founder of the ***Horatio and Natasha Bennett Foundation***- a nonprofit organization that regularly gives our free blankets to homeless and destitute people in South-eastern Michigan. In 2020 Natasha Bearden succumbed to Liver Cancer after an 11-month battle.



Horatio M. Bennett now lives with his new wife, Dr. Odeather Allen Bennett, PhD., in Farmington Hills, Michigan.

In Search Of AN ORGASM

What Wild & Crazy Things People Do To Achieve One!

By Horatio M & Natasha Bennett

Before we go into the meat of our book, we must talk about Prostate Cancer; what it is and the numerous effective ways in coping with it.

Let it be understood that our book is not about how to detect, deal or cure cancer. Our book is basically about our search to achieve an orgasm – After removing prostate cancer...

Cancer can be a deadly disease, but it does not have to kill you, if handled properly...

A loaded gun is a deadly instrument, but it does not have to kill you, if handled properly. A car can be deadly, but it does not have to kill you, if handled properly...

For every situation, no matter how bad or hopeless it seems, if handled properly, it can be contained...

Anybody see where I'm going with this?

Whatever your problems are, it will depend on how you handle it!

It all depends on what you do with it.

If I get a gun, I'm most likely will not shoot myself, BUT if I happen to do that, there are steps I must take to prevent from being killed, or maimed. Same thing with a car. I will not run over my foot, but if I happen to do that, there are steps I must take to prevent from being permanently impaired. No difference, if I am affected by cancer, there are steps I must take to prevent from being dead, crippled, or otherwise severely impaired.

In essence, whatever ails me; there are proactive steps I must take to prevent deterioration, or even death. We will be discussing the arts of being proactive ... action taken after the fact.

When I was diagnosed with prostate cancer, I had several options: Wait and see what will happen to it. Will it eventually go away?

That amounts to '*wishful thinking.*'

Will it lie dormant, not progressing or regressing?

That is '*hopeful thinking.*'

Should I use chemo/radiation?

Should I have surgery and remove the darn thing, with the hope it will be totally eradicated?

This was definitely a '*God-inspired thinking.*'

These are calls to take action, or we can become inactive, or even passive. The '*do nothing*' syndrome.

In collaboration with Natasha, my late wife, the then hopefully, my life-long partner, we knew we were faced with these multiple choices from which we should choose.

This was not a '*me thing*' any longer.

This was indeed catastrophic, and it would gravely distress my life, family and friends. This is why we must realize that any incident that negatively affects us; invariably infringes on the lives of others around us.

How we address our personal concerns will certainly influence those closest to us in some way, and this is why it is so important to act unselfish

as we go about dealing with our personal issues. We should not set fire to our property without thinking about how it would affect the neighbors’.

It was during this period of my life when my wife and I realized that I did have an obligation to humanity. I could not leave now.

Tash needs me.

My family, especially my kids needs me.

My community depends on my contribution to its welfare and growth.

There are lots of time left to “...*be as good as I can, to as many as I can, for as long as I can...*”

There are still a lot of people to whom I have not expressed the goodness required for a quality life. I simply need more time, period!

We must make the right choices because too many depends on a favorable outcome.

The essence of this book.

The discovery of me having prostate cancer was devastating. There were many reasons for this, most I have already discussed, but there was a bottom-line.

A deep-down fear; a harsh realization:

I WOULD NOT BE ABLE TO HAVE SEX AGAIN!

As selfish as it seems, it was the ever-present attack on my manhood.

For the wives who are reading this book, know that your man is thinking about this, and most every other man on the face of the earth, whether he is homosexual or heterosexual, or both. This is why we will look at some of the ‘wild and crazy’ things people will go through to achieve an orgasm.

Achieving an orgasm is the desire of most, if not all living creatures, including humans, animals, birds and amphibians. The desire can manifest from several ultimate goals: procreate, pleasure, need to hurt, and the natural adherence as dictated by nature. This brings us closer to our hypothesis; “*What one would do to achieve it...*”

Yet, before we begin to explore this premise we should look at how we, as human beings, considered to be the most intelligent of all creatures deals with this emotion. With no thoughts of ever losing this function, the need to achieve sexual satisfaction can be an overwhelming '*thrust.*'

With the emergence of an ongoing 'free and unrestricted social order,' "*...if it feels good, do it!*" mentality we see the pursuits of pleasure taking center stage in most all leisurely activities.

There are many challenges surrounding the necessity to chase this desire for satisfaction, and most of them are not devious.

Some of the most common culprits are age and lack of desire, so we will look at other factors causing one to lose the sense of sexuality, now defined as Erectile Dysfunction.

This is directly attributed to the male organ, or penis. If a penis cannot achieve hardness, or erection, it's considered dysfunctional, and this is the whole spectrum of this scenario.

Look at some the things which cause a male to be challenged with the task of '*trying to get it up!*'

Partner conflict; (such as an argument or marital stress) can cause impotence, as can performance anxiety; emotional disorders such as depression, anxiety disorder and panic attacks can all lead to erectile dysfunction.

Erectile Dysfunction (ED), in itself, is also defined as the inability to achieve and/or maintain an erection sufficient for satisfactory sexual intercourse.

This was once a taboo subject, but in a more open society, men are seeking help.

Medical science has now discovered that it is a medical, problem aggravated by a psychological condition.

Erectile dysfunction may cause or exacerbate psychosomatic problems such as poor motivation, feelings of inadequacy, frustration, denial and low self-esteem, and may ultimately lead to depression.

If I want to achieve an orgasm after prostate surgery, I must act on it. It will not come natural; hence this book. The more we know and understand the situation at hand, the more able we were to deal with it.

Prior to us making a decision, we must first explore the possibilities. We must do due diligence; research what a prostate cancer is, its effects and treatments.

Prostate cancer should not be an over-whelming catastrophe. It is a catastrophe, but it should not be out of our realms of understanding. We should whittle it down to our basic comprehension.

There is no mystery about the cause of prostate cancer. This type of cancer has many causes and they are well-known. Treatments basically never deal with the reasons why it first grew, but instead only focus on remove the growths themselves, which is often of little help. Dealing with it naturally means finding the reasons why it grew and removing them which is a far more effective way than just removing growths.

“...Prostate cancer, like all cancers are self-caused and it’s far more important to search for those causes and remove them instead of just treating it. This approach will then strengthen the body to assist in removing the cancer naturally.

The more you choose to get involved and be proactive about your health the greater a difference you can make to the successful outcome of the disease.

Prostate cancer doesn’t have a single cause, it has many causes. Factors that contribute to it are; a diet high in saturated fats which is mostly found in red meat, high fat dairy products and carcinogenic substances in our processed food, nutrition deficiencies because of our wrong food choices, our sedentary lifestyle which is our lack of exercise and toxins we use every day in the form of chemicals.

A big contributing factor to prostate cancer is the consumption of processed meat or pressed meats which contain the food additives sodium nitrate and sodium nitrite. These two food additives are also contained in hot dogs, sausages, hamburgers and ham. It is legally used to stop bacteria

forming so to extend the products shelf-life. Another cause is diets low in fruit and vegetables, most of which contain cancer fighting properties.

Most treatments today concentrate only on symptoms which is the growths themselves and that doesn't actually do a lot to help a patient regain the level of health necessary to keep the cancer from returning. There is no question that treating prostate cancer naturally is far more effective because natural ways deal with the reasons that first caused it to grow and when you do that the bodies ordinarily will self-heal through the immune system.

The majority of this type of cancer is slow growing and will seldom pose a threat to someone's health, especially if that person is elderly. Screening for the disease has become controversial in recent years, especially with the PSA test which can be highly irregular. Doctors have expressed concern that large numbers of men are being subjected to severe side effects which are incontinence and impotence.

There are many changes one can make to help overcome prostate cancer and some simple dietary changes are a great start. For instance tomatoes have been described as a prostate's best friend because of the lycopene they contain and it is common knowledge that both tomatoes and broccoli when eaten together can significantly improve the survival rate of someone.

Also, increase your consumption of omega 3 fatty acids which are found in flax seed oil, extra virgin olive oil, coconut oil and avocados.

Because it is slow growing, there is no need to panic and that will give you time to learn a little and choose your treatment options. Treating cancer naturally won't work without a proper "anti-cancer diet." There are many vegetables, fruits, nuts, grains, etc. that actually contain nutrients that kill cancer cells and stopping it from spreading.

There is no mystery about prostate cancer, if you want to live free of the disease you must make changes and eat fresh food, which is food in its natural state, eat in moderation and take adequate exercise. Treating it naturally is far more effective whether the cancer has metastasized or not..."

Supporting article Source: Alan Wighton (<http://www.ArticleBiz.com>)

I'll be honest with you: a prostate exam is no fun. No guy looks forward dropping through for the annual check-up; but if you're smart, you'll bite the bullet and go anyway. Regular screenings can not only save you a lot of pain and discomfort – they may just save your life.

What is the prostate – and why does it need to be examined?

The prostate gland is a doughnut-shaped organ that is part of the male reproductive system. A healthy prostate in a younger man is only about the size of a walnut. The prostate sits just under the bladder and is wrapped around the beginning of the urethra. It is surrounded by nerves that control erections and its primary function is to produce a liquid that enriches and protects sperm.

Unfortunately, as guys get older this little organ tends to act up. At times, some of the symptoms are simply a sign of aging; however, in many cases prostate trouble is an indication of a more serious problem. Prostate cancer is a primary concern, but other prostate disorders can be just as uncomfortable and a serious concern for male health.

So if you are experiencing symptoms like difficulty or discomfort while urinating, reduced ability to get an erection, blood in your urine or semen, or painful ejaculation, it's important to have your prostate checked out. Even if you aren't experiencing any symptoms, it's still wise to be screened from time to time, as you can pre-empt and prevent problems before they crop up.

What should I expect during a prostate exam?

A prostate exam can be done fairly quickly and easily by your doctor. It might be a little awkward and uncomfortable, but it should be pain-free and over in just a few minutes.

Many guys who go in for their first prostate exam don't realize that it involves the doctor inserting a finger into the anus to examine the prostate gland, so your doctor will likely discuss the procedure with you before getting started. He will answer any questions you might have and he'll make sure you understand what's going to happen

Next, you'll be asked to remove your pants and bend over a counter or examination table. Wearing sterile gloves, the doctor will lubricate both his

finger and your anal opening. As uncomfortable as you might be, the very best thing to do at this point is to relax completely. Go to your “happy place” and relax your sphincter muscles as the doctor inserts his finger.

Once his finger is inserted, the doctor will examine the rectal walls, feeling for the pelvic structure along the left, right, and posterior sides. Finally, he will examine the prostate gland, which is located on the anterior rectal wall. He will examine the surface of the gland, taking note of its size, consistency and shape. He will check the lobes as well as the gap that separates the two lobes. He will ask if you feel any tenderness or pain when he touches various parts of the gland.

Finally, the doctor will remove his finger, and congrats! Your DRE (digital-rectal examination) is complete. Once he has removed his hand, he may examine the fecal matter on the glove, possibly transferring some to a lab slide for further examination if necessary.

At this point, sometimes your doctor will also do a PSA test. He may choose to do this if he notices any irregularities, or simply for a more thorough screening. This is a simple blood test that measures your levels of PSA (or Prostate Specific Antigen), which is a protein made by the prostate gland.

What should I do to prepare for a prostate exam?

Well, you’re off to a good start. Simply knowing what to expect can help speed the process along, minimizing any potential awkwardness or discomfort for you. Remember, as uncomfortable as you might be, the doctor is a professional and he very likely does prostate exams on a daily basis. Relaxing and discussing the process openly with your doctor can take a lot of the discomfort out of the procedure.

Other than that, there’s not much else you need to do to prepare. If you have hemorrhoids, however, you may want to let your doctor know so that he can try not to bother them. Just be prepared that there may be a little discomfort if hemorrhoids or anal fissures are present, and there may be a little bleeding after your exam. This is not a cause for alarm, however, and will clear up fairly quickly.

What happens if the doctor finds problems?

Once your examination is complete, your doctor will explain his findings. If your DRE (Digital-Rectal Examination) findings are normal, that means all's well, and you won't need any further tests until your next scheduled prostate exam (usually an annual procedure).

If the doctor does find some abnormalities, however, he might suggest a PSA test at this point. Otherwise, he might schedule a follow-up visit a few months down the line. At your next exam he will check to see if anything has changed or if the concerns have cleared up on their own.

If your PSA levels are high and the doctor finds abnormalities on your prostate, the doctor will then recommend further testing, including a prostate ultrasound and/or biopsy. This will give him a better idea of where the problem lies and how to remedy it.

Remember though, even if the doctor does find that some things are a bit abnormal, that doesn't immediately mean you have prostate cancer. There are other conditions – completely benign ones – that can cause similar results.

Whatever your results though, regular screenings ensure that problems are caught quickly. Catching a prostate problem right at the start, means that it can be treated and cleared up with far less difficulty.

So men, don't wait around till you run into trouble. A little momentary discomfort is a worthwhile trade for a long, happy, healthy life surrounded by your family and friends. Do yourself a favor and get your prostate checked out.

Source: Free Articles from ArticlesFactory.com

How we became victims, leading to a now fully-emotional advocacy
Our Story

In early 2007, at 64 years old, I was diagnosed with prostate cancer...

I'm now 81 years old (2023) and have had prostate cancer surgery for some years ago. I did not know when I first contracted the disease because I had no physical ailments to warn me that something was wrong with my

body. We will be emphasizing, repeatedly, the importance of having REGULAR medical checkups.

As an AfroCaribbean male, my perceived invincibility kept me from believing I could not contract such a disease that would eventually challenge my masculinity...

As long as I live I would be that virile ‘Mandingo;’ created to satisfy the sexual needs of my wife and myself!

Ladies, married or not, know what your man might be going through. The fear, sometimes resulting in shame and inadequacies. This is amplified by accepting the untruth that sex stops after prostate surgery.

After surgery I could not ‘*get it up.*’ My wife, bless her heart, tried several ways, Viagra, Cialis, injections, and enormous amount of oral stimulation (blow jobs). We even went to Las Vegas and tried one of the ‘professionals’ to get me hard. (We will explain in details later in this book). Nothing works...

Being diagnosed with prostate cancer is a devastating blow.

This was not supposed to happen to me. I was then only 64 years old and in general superb health. I was strong as an ox. I could lift a boulder. Of course, I had diabetes which was controlled. I did exercise regularly (if the weather was good) I would go running. In bad weather I used my indoor exercise machines in my gym. The track machine is my favorite... I could exercise for hours and watch television at the same time...

I was OK!

Of course, I did not have the regular checkups that men were supposed to have, but never did, especially African-American, or as in my case, AfroCaribbean.

It makes no difference from where I came, as long as I am a black man, I am an African, and very prone to prostate cancer. I did not know all this until I began researching the disease, AFTER it had attacked me!

Medical checkups were far down on my list of things to do. My wife had always insisted I have checkups, but ‘*I feel fine.*’ Nothing was wrong with me, I insisted. Well, since Natasha was such an ‘*overly-persistent wom-*

an,' (euphemism for a 'nagging bitch'), I finally decided to 'humor' her and went to see the doctor.

WHAMMY!

The cancer had struck, and I was SCARED (*stiff?*)

This is where we paused to emphasize the importance of us men, especially African-Americans, to visit the doctor, OFTEN.

Ironically, I'm not of African-American heritage. I am African-Indian-Jamaican-Caribbean, as I previously disclosed, so we see that prostate cancer can affect men of EVERY RACE, COLOR, HERITAGE and KINDRED!

Oh yes, white people too, but that is left for a white survivor to write his book.

I know we, as black people, especially the men, believe we are invincible, and all that masochism, but if it's even for the little lady's sake, go see a doctor. I lost two older brothers to cancer simply because neither took it seriously. One did not go at all until it had gotten so bad- nothing could be done. The other did not follow through after the diagnostics.

Go visit a doctor, for Christ Sake!

For the woman's sake!

For the family sake!

For the sake of humanity that will suffer your loss because you left early before making that one last contribution that might have made such a difference in a confused and suffering world. Your purpose might not yet be realized. Humanity needs you around a bit longer!

Go see a doctor, even if you feel you are in the greatest of health.

Was I scared of dying?

I never really gave that much thought. I am a devoted Christian so my afterlife was pretty secured.

So why was I so scared?

Two things...

FIRST, I was scared that my wife would not make it without me – we were so dependent on each other – not so much in a physical or economic sense, but we were emotionally tied up in each other, and if I was to leave her she would be distraught, to say the least... on top of losing a ‘best friend,’ and I could not bear see her go through that!

SECONDLY, if I went through the proposed surgery I would lose my manhood!

Tash and myself spent millions of hours researching the options available to me, and there were many. I previously mentioned the ‘*wait-and-see,*’ ‘*radiation or chemotherapy*’ or ‘*invasive surgery.*’

We had decided on the surgery

I was no different from the next guy. If your manhood is lost, you have lost everything. What good was a man without an occasional erection, followed by a couple orgasms?

Well, obviously, neither was going to happen. Prostate surgery would have made sure of that.

Could I accept it?

Could I go through the rest of my life, that is, if I survived the surgery? I never heard of anyone being crippled by a cancer surgery. I’m pretty sure I could physically make it through life. It’s the sex thing, or lack of it, that bothers me.

During numerous consultations with my doctor, and before that, many advocates of ‘life after prostate surgery,’ it was drilled into my subconscious that I should not expect to be sexually active after the surgery. I learned a lot about the Prostate Gland. Never thought about it before...

The prostate gland has an important job: it produces a thick, milky-white fluid that becomes part of the semen, the liquid ejaculated during sexual activity. The gland isn’t big -about the size of a walnut or golf ball - but its location virtually guarantees problems if something goes awry. The prostate gland is located just below the bladder and in front of the rectum. It also wraps around the upper part of the urethra, the tube that carries urine from

the bladder out of the body. That means prostate problems can affect urination and sexual function.

A desire to have sex would be greatly diminished, or in most cases, gone. We thought this over and discussed it thoroughly with my doctor, and came to the realization that my active sex life will fizzle. I would not want to have sex anymore. I would not feel the need to have sex anymore. I would not have any desire for sex anymore.

I guessed I could live with that. I do not see why it should matter much. It was not that I would WANT to have sex, but could not!

As I understood it then, after a prostate surgery my 'DESIRE' for sex is GONE, kaput!

Nil!

No Mass!

Vanished!

Obliterated!

Reduced to nothing!

The problem with this is NOT actually the desire to have sex, but whether you can SATISFY the craving if it somehow materializes. So if I have no desire it should not be a problem.

So why was I so scared?

Hey, I will not feel like having sex anymore, so what's the big deal?

My wife, that's what!

Would we ever be able to have sex again?

We have both accepted the fact that it may not be possible, ever again!

Could I, in all sense of fairness, ask her to be celibate?

Would the absence of a fulfilling sexual relation cause her to leave me?

Let's face it.

Reality Check!!!

Tash is just a little less than twenty years younger than I am. She is a healthy, active and a voluptuous woman – the Very Best!

She does not have prostate cancer, so why should she have to give up sex? THAT was what I was so scared about. She would eventually leave me (understandably so) for a virile, younger mate, or even an older one without this sexual-challenge, who could satisfy her emotional and sexual desires...

OH BOY!

I love my wife very, very, very much, so I decided I should not, could not be selfish, considering that she is undoubtedly one of the most unselfish persons I knew, or might ever know - I must think about her, and her feelings.

After the surgery I opted for a divorce – realizing that I would only be a hindrance to her, both emotionally and physically. I would be her ‘cock-blocker!’

Of course, and much to my relief, she would have no part of a divorce. She does not believe in it. We were an inseparable soul mate!

She said we have spent many quality years together, having known her for most of twenty years three, and married for five at the time.

We had great, memorable times together. We have visited 39 states in the Union, and have traveled to Jamaica twice, the Bahamas, and Las Vegas twice.

One summer we both drove 9,200 miles from Georgia to California, stopping at every point-of-interests across the Great States of America. We were a fun couple!

Natasha reiterated that we went into the relationship together, and would come out together, or go under together. That was the characteristic of Natasha, vintage Natasha.

OK, so everything sounds good.

We would both face and fight this dreadful disease – come-what-may.

In 2007 I went into Saint Joseph’s Hospital in Georgia and had the surgery.

During the recovery process I was equipped with an attached plastic bag in which to urinate because my bladder was not sufficient to contain the ejection of urine.

When I left the hospital I was to keep this obnoxious intrusion on for an indefinite period of time, possibly until I no longer needed it. There was no approximate length of time for me to keep this contraption on, and it was a high probability that I would be permanently attached to it, like a second set of nuts, but dangling or strapped to my thigh.

I remembered how when it was time to empty or change this most objectionable contrivance, Tash would roll me over to my side and gently empty, or remove the bag, filled with foul-smelling waste. She never complained or objected when such times arose, and they were often...

This went on for most of a year. I remembered having to go to church with this, and having to chose seating in the back, away from others, in fear of contaminating the area with stale urine, emanating from my 'pee-bag.'

I often times wondered how and why Tash tolerated us sleeping together, in spite of this objectionable odor.

The following year we were relieved when the doctor told me I could now do without the bag. My urinary tract was now able to effectively relieve my bladder.

That was my very first step to the healing process of my prostate cancer surgery.

All during this time, from the moment of surgery to the removal of my 'pee-bag,' I dread the realization of not being able to have sex, ever again.

Now, remember my wife had assured me that it was OK if we did not to have sex anymore, and all the 'politically and psychologically-correct' things to say, yet, I was now a confused and apprehensive person. I also realized that all the emphasis' were being placed on me, but what about my wife?

I was definitely not totally satisfied with the arrangement. I KNOW she would eventually want to have sex. She was healthy and still young.

This bothers me like nothing else.

It reaches a point where I was afraid to go the bed, in fear of her asking to be intimate. I would sit in the study watching TV or playing video until I hear her retire, then I would give her another hour to fall into that deep sleep, before I quietly went to bed...

Oral sex became an overly consuming part of our intimate relationship, but it has its drawbacks. Let me point out that oral sex on a woman is called 'cunnilingus,' and it is an oral sex act performed by a person/ male or female, on a female's genitalia (the clitoris, other parts of the vulva or the vagina). I somewhat perfected this method, realizing that it might very well be the ONLY way I could satisfy my wife. I did believe I brought her to orgasmic heights on most occasions, but somehow the total, mutual, hard-core satisfaction was missing.

Previously during sex we would BOTH experience orgasms, and the enveloping moments of the post-effects. Now I could not share in her erogenous fulfillment. I was merely a spectator or an instrument of production.

And that was how it was for most of the years following my surgery. All throughout that period we tried just about everything to get an erection, and although the doctor already told us it MIGHT never happen, we still did not want to give up so we both held on to the word, 'MIGHT.'

It was telling us there WAS a possibility I could get an erection... and that was when the search began, continued, and intensified.

We tried prayers, plenty of prayers, then Viagra, Cialis, painful injections, herbs, oils, lotions...whatever was advertised with a promise, or a potential, numerous kinds of injections, herbal and clinical formulas, pumps, artificial attachments, and eventually porno-graphy.

These were about some of the the hardest things to do since we were both devoted Christians, but we were desperate!

Of course, before we are being condemned to hell by some of our 'sanctified' readers, we did our very best to rationalize all this. This will be something you will find yourselves thinking about as you go off '*in search of an orgasm.*'

We did mind committing such challenging acts of morality but since we were eternally secured, with a room awaiting us at the end of life's journey, we were willing barter in exchange for an orgasm, '*...the things people will do to achieve one...*'

It was a reluctant admission, but we chose to tell the truth, repentance followed!

But yet NOTHING works.

Should we have given up?

NO WAY!

In the summer of 2009 we went to Las Vegas on vacation. This was during one of our two road trips to Vegas. It was just a vacation, but in the back of our minds we were still in pursuit of the elusive '*moment.*'

We checked into the hotel on The Strip. Bright lights, seemingly happy people, and too many people looking for happiness; riches and '*things not to tell others outside of Vegas.*'

The promise of Sin City!

We pulled into the hotel parking at about 9:30 in the evening. Well, since we had driven, approximately 1,800 miles, and with me doing the last leg of the trip, I was tired and chose to get some rest before we explore this '*magical city.*'

Tash, who has slept the final miles of our trip, was not sleepy so she wanted to venture down to the casinos. (Christians in a casino?) We did not, and still do not believe that it is a sin to have fun. If the 'fun' leads to an abomination, then that's a different thing.

Jesus Christ is still our Lord and Savior!

Anyway, on her way out, she mentioned that when I was rested enough I could join her, and casually cautioned that if anyone knocks on the door, I was to first see who it was, and if necessary, open it. I idly thought it was a strange statement since I was a grown man and would indeed check to see who it was before letting in anyone – '*look both ways before you cross the*

street, 'don't touch the hot stove, 'do not take candy from strangers...' and such.

All moot advice since I was 67 years old and do understand and respect the standards of safety. I simply put her thoughtful admonition and went to sleep.

I do not remember how long I slept, but sure enough, I was awakened by a soft knock on the door. I mentioned soft because it was barely audible, yet it awoke me. In retrospect, I wondered if I was really asleep.

Anyway, I went to the door, and remembering Tash's WARNING, I peered through the peephole and saw the most attractive young lady standing on the other side of the door. I blinked rapidly, wondering if I was still asleep, and managed to utter, "*May I help you?*"

She put on a great smile and softly said, "*Your wife, Natasha, asked me to come up!*"

In total awe of her pretty face (the only part of her I could see through the peep hole), I opened the door for her, stepping aside for her to enter. Now, don't get me wrong, I allowed this very attractive young woman (I saw the rest of her, and she WAS attractive) into my room BECAUSE she mentioned my wife's name; she was somewhat associated with my Tash.

I began to internalize this situation. Was this young lady one of the hotel staff whose responsibility was to prepare our room, even though we had already settled in?

She certainly was not dressed as a hotel maid. In fact, she was scantily dressed with enough exposed flesh to tempt the serpent in the Garden.

I feebly asked what was this about, and she looked me straight in the eyes (I did get to see her hazel/brown eyes and smartly ached brows, with long eyelashes seductively batting at rapid intervals), and said, "*Natasha told me you have a problem and I was to try and see if I could help you..*"

PROBLEM?

What problem?

Then it hits me.

I knew.

We were still in search of the elusive orgasm, and my ever-caring and creative wife had considered this young woman as a possible solution to our dysfunctional problem...

I was speechless, which was a good thing because it allowed her to take the initiative. She told me to remove my clothing, which I did, with her delicate assistance. She told me her name was May, and that she was prepared to do whatever she could to get me sexually prepared for my wife when she return to the room in 30 minutes.

At this stage, let me describe May to you.

She was obviously of mixed Asian and African-American race with dark, almost golden complexion. She was about five and a half feet tall, weighs about 130 pounds, long black hair and well proportioned physique. She has even, white teeth, and a smile that would melt the paint off an aged battleship.

Was I thinking about adultery, fornication, cheating or any of the numerous sins attached to these moments?

NOT!

During the 25 minutes, May performed every known acts of sexuality known to man, plus some not yet created – even in Las Vegas standards... with the ultimate goal of producing an erection...

NOTHING WORKS!

What a waste.

One foot closer in hell and still no orgasm!

I later learned that she was paid \$300 for her services.

“We were in Search of an Orgasm - and the things we were prepared to do to achieve one...”

In the prevailing years we were never short of experimenting with different process with which we hoped could produce an erection. Throughout this book will be the common thrust: the achievement of an orgasm...

When I first discovered that I may not be able to have sex again it dealt a devastating blow to my manhood.

Note, I did not say I would not be able to sexually satisfy my wife, even though that would eventually emerge, in light of the realization of a possible-failed relationship and marriage, but the effect it would have on me as a man. I am not a selfish person, and I do love and care about my wife dearly, but this new awareness deeply questioned my contribution to a 'whole family structure.'

There are certain things I did not tell my wife, as I continue to comprehend and find understanding to my dilemma.

At nights when I was supposed to be in bed, I would spend a lot of wasted time in the basement, backyard and puttering about; anything to keep me away from the bedroom at nights, and I would eventually go to bed after my wife falls asleep.

I was in mortal fear that she might try to get me to do my 'manly duties,' not fully realizing the negative mental, physiological and psychological effects this would have on me. This become even more overpowering if you really want to please your partner, but cannot!

Ironically, my wife and I enjoy sex as much as the next couple (who wants to). There are the unmistakable rewards of the thrill of those orgasmic eruptions, emphasized in the loud throat grunt, the squealing of delight, and of course, the emotional release.

As earlier stated, I'm 17 years older than my wife, yet I am in anticipation of the ultimate wonderment of a total orgasm. Being in fairly good health and the undying love, respect and admiration for my wife, inspire me to be in expectant of a full, satisfying sexual experience at all times, at any given moment, or of a promise of an encounter of ecstasy...

I do not, did not, believe that my age could be of any deterrence to this ideal youthful eagerness...

Now at 75, my enthusiasm towards sex is heightening with each encounter, yet many people as they get older do not put as much emphasis on sex as they once did in their younger years. They feel comfortable in their

relationship, and even have a hard time finding time to enjoy a romantic evening or even a quickie during their busy lives.

NOT ME!

Orgasm remains a very important aspect of my sexual encounters. Let me point out that above all its benefits, it has ascribed greatly to my overall health, not just to flatter my enormous Jamaican male ego. Would you believe that if more couples have rewarding sex and great orgasms it not only will reduce stress, but cut down on violence and aggression in society?

Oh, yes!

Couples that enjoyed frequent sex and orgasms are less aggressive and less violent than individuals that seldom had sex. A good sexual frolic that resulted in a strong orgasm does produce rewards in long-term effect of soothing the savage breast and helping to produce healthy life balances.

It is sad to say that the collusion of violence in sexual encounters is the results of the need of sexual satisfaction. This is why people will do most anything in order to get that satisfaction.

Are we saying that a rapist only seeks satisfaction, and after the act, will cease his/her anger?

NO, not by a long shot, even though it is known to happen. During an impromptu sexual encounter, the average guy or girl gets their '*nuts off*' and then slithers off...

Not so during a violent, aggressive episode. The evil person who seeks to rape another is most often motivated by the need to control the other person.

After the act, he/she may advance to the stage of administering more hurt; culmination his/her victory. A rapist rarely attacks a physically dominant person, but grasps at a less, more threatening subject.

Even bestiality – the male as the aggressor - engages the more docile victims; sheep, goats, cows, chicken, donkeys and mules. Why not a horse or a bull, or even a pit-bull? The possibility of danger is more obvious. It would be safe to define a rapist as a cowardly insecure individual; either man or woman.

How important is sex in the lives of a couple, or in a relationship, temporary or permanent?

How important is a loving sexual relationship to a society?

Have we forgotten the periods of the Sixties when the prevailing chant was, '*Have Sex, Not War?*' Is it possible that if more people would '*make love and not war,*' the world might very well be a more friendly place?

I firmly believe that a couple living together should spend quality times making love. Now this does not necessarily mean repeat sexual activities, but to cherish and nurture the wellness of their being. I also firmly believe that the absence of repeat sexual activities will not necessarily enhance a relationship, no matter how much in love the parties are. Sex is a prerequisite to an orgasm, and orgasm is the release of a vital pent up emotion; like rain to a plant that needs to grow.

While I may satisfy my wife and bring her to orgasmic contentment, it will still lack the shared intimacy required for mutual fulfillment.

After trying numerous different types of methods to achieve hardness and orgasm, we went back to our doctor. He saw our determination, equaled with desperation, and suggests an implant. We did not fully understand this but anything with a potential we were willing to try.

We may also point out that this was not suggested by some quack on television, a pornography video, or an ad in Playboy or Hustler magazines. This was coming from a reputable doctor associated with the biggest hospital network in the State of Georgia.

My wife and I had several discussions about this. The thought of an invasive serjry has its own built-in fear. This might very well be the 'crazy' thing people will do to 'get a nut!'

After about a month of consultation with the doctor, a sex therapist and a 'manufacturer,' we all agreed to the surgery, and it was an expensive one. The cost was a little under \$12,000.

Were we about to pay that much just for the opportunity of having an organism?

Was it THAT important?

Please do not decide now. After you have finished reading this book, go ask your soul-mate if *'busting-a-nut'* can be worth \$12,000.

This took all our life's savings and the sale of other valuables to raise the money, but we did and have the surgery.

It did not last long; about two hours, and I was able to leave the hospital four hours later. Now, in all this, and in spite of the enormous cost, it was not guaranteed to work. The doctor had told us that this was a relatively new device and its success was largely dependent upon the users.

Another thing was that because of how the apparatus was attached, I may not be able to feel any sexual emotion, but otherwise would be able to physically satisfy my wife; meaning it "*A happy wife makes a happy home!*" was for her benefit, not mine.

As long as my wife was happy I was willing to make it happen.

Now let me describe the contraption to you...

It was an implant - a plastic tube with a liquid container or reservoir to hold special liquid. There was a rubber ball; serving as a manual pump placed in my sacrum, where my once-cancerous balls were removed during the prostate surgery, and when we want to have sex I would simply *'pump up'* the rubber container which sends the liquid to the tube lining my dick; making it hard. The liquid stays in during inter-course - keeping the dick solid strong, and I am able to thrust into my wife's vagina, hopefully invoking orgasms, hers.

At this stage, let me post something I read on an online source:

"...Lots of people are taking advantage of all this extra time at home to start new workout plans and improve their health. Why not consider giving a little of that extra time to someone who is probably feeling a little less buff than usual? Yes, your penis. Now is a great time to pump your penis up with a little stretching and exercise to prepare for all that summer loving that (hopefully) will start to open up again soon. Here's your primer on getting your willy in shape for a smokin' summer.

Do Men Really Exercise Their Members?

Yes, yes we do, and we've been doing it for a long time. And we aren't talking the nudge-nudge-wink-wink penis push-up. We are talking legit exercises. Men in Asian and African cultures have been doing special stretching exercises for centuries to preserve penis length by elongating the penile tissue.

What Benefits Come with Regular Penile Health Exercises?

Let's talk motivation, aka, why you should do regular penis exercises. Ready for a lot of reasons you should commit to a few minutes each day of stretching your schlong?

Well, here they are:

- Penile exercises preserve penis length by keeping tissues in the member healthy and oxygenated.
- You'll find yourself having more intense orgasms.
- Expect health benefits like better function in the prostate and urinary system.
- Say goodbye to constipation-related discomfort!
- A little penis stretching has been shown to increase sperm production, which is great news for those wannabe dads out there.
- And the final benefit of doing penile exercises is... having more sexual stamina and improved performance.

Ready to get started?

Three Power-Up-Your-Penis Exercises

For best results, perform these three sets of exercises daily as directed. While they can be done almost anywhere, choose a private area that allows plenty of freedom of movement, and ideally with a mirror to ensure you are doing them properly.

Also, unless the exercise specifically says otherwise, all of these exercises should be done with a flaccid, unexcited penis. And for the guys still rocking their foreskin, be sure to gently pull it back before starting your exercise session.

Penis Exercise #1: The Pump

For this exercise, men can have a semi-erect or flaccid penis - whatever feels best for him. Hold the penis with both thumbs over the shaft together and the rest of the fingers underneath to support it. Then move the skin back towards the body for ten seconds. Be sure to treat the penis gently and don't impede circulation. Repeat this multiple times with a pumping action. Over time, aim to pull it back a little further to get better results, but always be gentle and mindful when handling the goods.

Penis Exercise #2: The Up-Down-Side-to-Side

Holding the head of the penis with your hand, gently pull the penis skyward, and hold in position for ten seconds. Next, pull it downward for ten seconds. Following the same motion, go right for ten seconds and then left for ten seconds. For best results, do this circuit once or twice a day for up to five minutes.

Penis Exercise #3: The Accordion

This one is a little trickier than the others but think of it like an accordion player wandering through an Italian restaurant. Start by holding the head of the penis in one hand and gently pulling it away from the body. Do this for a count of five, three times. Then still holding the head with one hand, position the other hand on the higher end of the base of the penis and pull it toward the body for a count of five, three times.

Now gently, very gently, pull in both directions simultaneously for a count of three and then retracting for a count of two, like an accordion. Feel free to move your hands to get the best positioning and the best gentle stretch. Do this daily for a minimum of two minutes.

After all that exercise, a penis can use some extra TLC. Follow up this penile pump up with a specially formulated penis health creme (health professionals recommend Man 1 Man Oil , which has been clinically proven safe and mild for skin) to further encourage elasticity and muscle tone. This type of crème also heals and rejuvenates the penile skin for soft skin and a stronger member by way of vitamins A, B, C, and E. This crème is specifically created delicate penile skin to strengthen it while infusing it with youthful bounce..."

Article Source: <http://EzineArticles.com/10310368>

Initially, as told by my doctor, I might not feel any sensation, except with the knowledge that I was satisfying my wife. I was willing to go with that!

Anyway, after less than a year of *'mechanically fucking my wife,'* I began to feel a slight degrees of eroticism. As we progressed, the feeling become more and more conspicuous, and within a month of the start of this wonderful sensation, I began to ejaculate.

Because my prostate was removed I could not produce semen anymore – but now I ejaculate pee that gives me the same sensation as a *'cum.'* (excuse the language, but I felt I had to throw that one in so I do not sound like a doctor explaining the process to a patient) - I must remain a REAL person who fucks and enjoys fucking – even at age (now) 81.

Naturally, the extent of my performance will now ONLY depend on how long I am able to continue fucking. I'm very healthy so my performance time is 60 to 90 minutes of continuous stroking, plus an added extra 30 minutes spent in oral exchanges - and another 15 minutes cuddling and soothing after sex - to me, the most important part ;-).

I stop only when, and if, I get tired. Even after I ejaculate (cum) my dick still stays hard. I will have to press a little button to let the liquid flows back into the reservoir. This button is attached to the pump located where my balls should have been, or were.

My wife sometimes can resume her satisfaction by giving BJ- remember my dick stays hard until I let it down (how convenient). Neither of us complains (remember she's 17 years younger than myself) yet both of us are completely satisfied.

It is our hope you will enjoy a satisfying sexual relationship with your husband, wife, boyfriend, girlfriend, or a casual encounter. May I remind everyone that I am still and Ordained Minister of the Gospel and does not condone sex before marriage. That is call fornication, and God sees it as a sin. The real joy in a relationship is by the act of marriage where either part-

ner experiences the knowledge of owning, and be owned by someone who cares...

It was seven years later, and we were still in an ongoing height of ecstasy whenever we make love, and that is about the average, three times per week – every week. We are ever so mindful of this gift and nurtured the ability to cherish each glorious moment, long moments!!!

We have not taken it for granted, which is why we have no reservation in telling others about it. God has given us a testimony, and a second chance,’ and the world ought to know about it.

Every opportunity we get we are talking about this amazing new lease on life, and just in case we might forget that we are serving a bigger purpose, other than our victory in our quest to ‘*achieve an orgasm – after prostate cancer,*’ I contracted the West Nile Virus in 2015.

This was the darnedest thing, as if contracting prostate cancer was not enough!

Here’s that story...

I was at a backyard cookout at a friend’s house in the area of Evergreen and McNichols in Detroit, Michigan when I felt the small sting of a mosquito. I looked down and saw a red welt where I was bitten. I mentioned to my wife that a mosquito has just bitten me, and how it was instantly swelling.

Almost immediately I felt a chill, and after mentioning it to my wife, she suggests we go to an emergency care.

To me it was a silly insect bite, not a dog bite, but through experience, especially with the diagnosis of my prostate cancer, I allowed her to take me to the clinic.

I explained the occurrence to the nurse in attendance that gave me some antibiotics and sent me home. When I reached home I began to feel very cold, then hot, then cold again. I do not know if I should wrap myself in a blanket or get an ice pack.

Before I continue, I must point out the difference of how this new emergency was handled, as opposed to my prostate cancer situation.

We had used the education learned from dealing with the cancer sequence to effectively handle this emergency. The lesson here is, from every crisis we have in life, from it should come meaning to be used in future instances of like, or even unconnected situations. Sometime we go through experiences so we can be prepared to deal with even greater challenges.

I do not believe that God gave me cancer, but He did give me the ability to survive it, and the propulsion to write this book so we can help others dealing with the disease.

Now we are faced with what I considered an even bigger medical challenge.

You see, medical science have been working on the cure of cancer for decades, many decades, so the hope of success was more imminent. While, on the other hand, this new encounter was still basically a new medical challenge for us.

The night I went home after going to the emergency clinic, I could hardly sleep. I was given antibiotics and told to go home and get rest. That was all they knew to do in such situation. The clinic had no idea how serious my condition was. We did not either. All we knew was I was sick again!

When I tried to sleep I became restless, tired, energetic, hot, cold and confused. In the morning Tash decided that we go to the hospital, which we did, and immediately I was admitted in emergency.

That evening I felt very strange began hallucinating. I did not know I was going through this because I have never hallucinated before. All I knew was something was very wrong.

The room was dark with lights flashing and things moving around. I tried closing my eyes against these but they were as visible in my mind as they were in my eyes. This continued for several days. In the meantime the hospital did not seem to know what the causes were. They continue to feed me antibiotics.

Every morning, for the 8 days, I was awoken by a team of medical students, led by a doctor and one guy who apparently came from the DDC (Department of Disease Control). I was questioned, tested, poked, tested again, questioned some more and poked again. Everybody had a clipboard on which they were making notes, I think.

I was fed hospital meals but never had the appetite to eat. In the meantime my skin began taking on a look, and feel like the back of an alligator. It was black, scaly and itch like nothing I ever felt before.

Within the next 12 hours my skin began peeling. Layers of epidermis came off like I was removing a glove or a pantyhose (I wore neither).

After a few more days I was able to get up to use the bathroom (previously I had to the 'bottle-thing' - reminiscence of my prostate cancer 'pee-bottle.') I was also able to take a bath by myself (I never objected when the pretty nurses dry-bathe me).

At first they said it was possible Lime Disease, but the symptoms did not relate to those with Lime Disease.

I was still being fed antibiotics, instead of medicines designed for people with known ailments. This was still a relatively new medical challenge, so there were still experiments going on in labs across the globe. In the meantime, the good 'ole fit-it-all' antibiotics were being dispensed.

It was five days after I was wheeled into the emergency ward before they came to the conclusion, and realization that it was the West Nile Virus, and not Lime Disease...

I did not know then, but during the ensuing weeks, five people in two surrounding counties came down with this Virus, and three died. I was one of only two survivors.

I added this occurrence to emphasize the mission God has blessed us with. It is from these episodes we formed our ministry. *"Be as good as we can, to as many as we can, through whatever means we can, for as long as we can..."*

We are determined to let everyone know that within us lie a strength that enables us to overcome even the most insurmountable adversities.

The foregoing prose was taken from one of our previous books, “*How to be a Good Person – Without Being Religious,*”

**“We are made whole, but yet incomplete,
We are made perfect, yet with faults,
Still, in all this we are giving the necessary tools to
complete the perfect work
He has started.
We have the insights to see our broken dreams,
and the ability to fix them.
There is some good in the worst of us,
and some bad in the best of us.
It is up to the most of us to reconcile
the difference.”**

Getting the penile implant was a blessing – onto itself. I was able to please my wife, and at the same time, enjoy the pleasures designed by God to be shared with a ‘*life partner.*’

It is also important to remember that your situation might not be as extreme as mine. I’m sure that a vast majority of men who had prostate surgery came out ‘*standing.*’

You might very well be among the ones whose challenges dissipated within a short time, thus removing the need for painful injections, fornicating with a pretty Las Vegas model, herbal concoctions, Viagra, Cialis or an eventual penile implant.

Also, understand that even if you ended up not being able to ‘*get it up,*’ and could not afford the implant, with an understanding partner you will be able to still live a full life of fellowship.

While sex is important, it should not be an all-consuming emotion. My wife and myself were emotionally prepared to live out the rest of our lives simply enjoying each other and basking in the light of the moments we are with each other...

Still, if you do chose to be '*in search of an orgasm,*' and is contemplating an implant, just know that it will work.

Remember, at first, it did not work as expected, but with hope, persistence and determination, it finally came through.

IT WILL!

Just believe that it will!

STILL, you might want to discuss the implant possibility with your/his doctor. Mine was expensive (almost \$12,000) but it will be worth seeing the repeated look of satisfaction on your partner's face, and your own '*return to full and strong manhood.*'

If for any reasons your husband not regain his '*status,*' then the strap-on is NOT an option. You will BOTH need this, or him having to realize that someone else will have to satisfy his wife - and you WILL NEED your own sexual satisfactions.

Remember, your man was not born this way. It was an operation, a surgery that causes this. It is nothing to be ashamed of. There are over 130 million men in AMERICA today that cannot effectively perform sexual intercourse.

The word IMPOTENT is out-dated! The French perfected oral intercourse, and Doc Johnson popularized the hollow strap-ons for men. I had one, and often used it sometimes when the wife has the need for a bigger dick.

The surgery did not make my dick bigger. It is still 5 inches short, but stays hard as a rock. That's enough to bring my wife to several multiple orgasms, and '*several*' and '*multiple*' are not synonymous. She cums 3 or 4 times, then another 3 to 4 times.

Ladies, if your man had '*the surgery,*' or even if he did not, but is unable to perform to your satisfaction, tell him that you need Mr. Doc Johnson.

In fact, go online and purchase one, then hand it to him and say, "*Jimmy, do your thing...!*"

That's what it about!

LIFE IS NOT OVER AFTER PROSTATE SURGERY!!!

In my situation, after the surgery, and the implant, my weeny did get firm as time goes by. Statically, most do not get beyond firm, or at least, not hard enough for a full insertion. It might just flops around.

After your prostate surgery, in the next few months, wait and see what happens. You both **MUST** both be patient.

Ordinarily, if your penis is to regain its firmness /hardness, in spite of the possibility that it might not, it might take months for that to happen. It's all in the blood flow. Don't go off *'in search'* just yet.

No Viagra, Cialis nor injection – (which hurts like the dickens) will make it hard. No need to worry now. After about six months, if it does not get to your desired hardness, time to call in Doc Johnson, or talk to your doctor about an insert.

Medical technology is more advanced than you can imagine, so Mr. Lazy Pecker could be standing tall and hard after the appropriate operation.

I wished there was a David to tell me and my wife all this, then we would not have lost years in being frustrated. This is the sole purpose of this book; there is always hope...

Yes, as my wife and I both agree, you must exercise a lot of **PA-TIENCE**. It is the key, **BUT** in the meantime you need to add excitement in both your lives. **HENCE** some good Hard Core Porn from YouPorn.com.

Others might say, *“Oh no, it will only frustrate him because he cannot perform...”*

Bullshit!

He **KNOWS** he can't perform, but in his masculine mind he wants to see some fucking and pussy eating, and cock-sucking going on. You husband is going through the very same process we went through. The cancer was contained in the prostate which is why we had the surgery to remove them.

Ladies, do not discuss your man's situation with your girlfriends. You can expect them to begin looking around for some virile male friend to intro-

duce. Remember, you really do not want to break up your relationship/marriage. You simple want a satisfying sexual relationship.

It is best that you talk to his or your doctor, and tell him that your man's hardness did not return in a reasonably given length of time, and you need help!

Foremost,

As a parting advice, ladies, do not try to make your husband perform, especially if he does not want to. That will only frustrate him. If he wants to kiss and touch and feel and lick at it, let him, and make him know you are enjoying it, even if you have to lie a bit. My wife did that (she swore she did not...) Still, I know she would have wanted it otherwise, but she did try not to make me feel bad or guilty about my then lack of performance, and it worked!

Ladies, be proactive. Get him a good hallowed 8-inch Doc Johnson strap-on from Adam & Eve Online, or any other mediums of like-sorts. This will give him the feel of fucking his beautiful wife, girlfriend or significant other, and you WILL get the feel of her being 'administered' by a strong dick.

Also ladies, my suggestions to you is getting a dong to serve yourself while all this is going on. Sometimes you do need some personal '*your time*' to stimulate and relieve your own pent-up eroticism. Do this often, and sometimes in his presence, with his help!

Be creative!

It's your life!

Enjoy it to the fullest, together.

At this time I must mention that I lost my dear wife, companion and best friend to Liver Cancer this past January 7, 2020.

On her way from school one evening, she felt like she was having the flu and stopped by the nearby hospital. During treatment for the alleged flu, it was discovered that Tash has Liver Cancer, and it Stage 4.

She had no symptoms. We were planning on driving down to Belize, via Mexico that summer. She did not last a year, and died in my arms at home...

Tash wanted to use this part of the book to personally address her friends and other female compatriots...

“...Ladies, this is from me, Natasha, the wife, to you...”

At any age, every man should go to the doctor regularly, but do they?

NO!

Horatio was not sick. It was a check-up that discovered the prostate change in his PSA number that prompted us to dig further and find the reason, Prostate Cancer.

After the diagnosis, we were given several choices in a line of treatments. We were given a lot to think about.

We had decisions to make. We had researched chemo, radiation, whole foods, medicine, traveling out of town to talk to other doctors for a second opinion, surgery completely removing the prostate, and the ‘*wait and see*’ options. Well, right off the bat, we dismissed the option of wait and see, which meant doing nothing but hoping for a change.

First of all, the best thing his doctor spoke of and gave the pros and cons, was a complete removal of his prostate.

Using ultrasound and CAT scans, and all the fancy new stuff that medical science has to offer, they spotted several small spots on his prostate that turned out to be cancerous. So whatever that entailed, we were ready for.

We chose the ‘*radical surgery.*’ It was the best option for us, and we were glad we did, because it turns out that the part of the prostate we saw with only a few spots on it was deceiving.

It turns out that when they began the operation to removed the ‘few spots,’ they discovered that underneath the prostate, and out of sight, was covered with cancer.

Yes, on the other side of the prostate we could not see because it was next to other organs, and hiding an abundance of cancer...

I remembered coming home one day from work and seeing my baby in tears I said what happened, who died, are you alright?

He said everyone was fine and he was trying a new method of getting an erection. I rushed in to see what it was when I discovered a syringe next to his penis. I asked what happened and he said he gave himself a shot with a mixture from the doctor.

He said the doctor told him it would be painful but he figured he could take the pain. His penis was big, not hard. It was so painful that neither he nor I could touch it. He was in such pain that we had to put cold compresses on it to get it to come down from the swelling.

That was the end of that.

It didn't work.

Please don't try that one, although it was recommended by the doctor who did the surgery on his prostate as an alternative method for an erection.

Well, while I think everything is OK, my baby's thinking about a way to satisfy my wild sexual inhibitions. I'm thinking, "*any nut is better than no nut at all.*"

And he is thinking.

I've always come with excitement and variety in my love making, I have to keep it going. I am thinking, I am so happy to have him, he could have been gone.

And he is thinking if I can't satisfy my baby, I might as well be dead. So you see, we are on two different pages.

My solution is to make sure he knows how much I appreciate God answering my prayers and allowing us this time together.

His solution is to find other ways to make me the girl who tells her friends how happy she is in the bed that at a 70 year old man is the best thing that ever happen to her and she recommends everyone girl in the world get one.

So I try and keep everything the way it was. It was sooooo good that I did tell my friends they needed an older man because they know what to do. I did brag that since I have been married for 8 years now, I have not done it the same sequence twice.

I did tell my friends that it was he as eating my pussy soooo good that one time that I hollered out, "Thank you Jesus!"

We both stopped and laughed for about 10 minutes. That was one strong orgasm. He wanted that back again. The way it was. The way I thought I was still making it. It probably was that way, but not to Horatio. He knew that he was not doing the things that I would brag about.

He lost some of his creativity when he lost his erection., He lost his other leg, no pun intended, he felt crippled by the lost of his erect penis, not his penis, it was still there, as useless as it was to him.

It still made me happy. Just being there is enough for me to work with. He knows how creative I am. That's what he like s about me, among other things. Had he forgotten when he had his circumcision and vasectomy?

How it took him so long to heal that I begged just to look at it and lay next to it without touching it. He forgot how I cried for him to let me touch it a little bit.

How I tried to trick him and put his attention on other stuff while I brushed up against it and fell into it by mistake over and over again. Did he not forget the prayers we said together, asking God to intervene and help us keep the love we had even though I thought I could not make it.

How you would not touch me because it would make you hard and you were afraid it would hurt. Doesn't that mean, I just love the thought, idea, view, smell, sound, faintest touch, taste of it. I don't need anything else.

I had memories of what it could be so I was satisfied with what it was. I knew that if he could it would be that way again, so I was very happy with other methods of the same goal, just different ways to get there. More to the point, I tried to understand where he was at but he could not explain it.

I gave him space; I let him indulge in whatever way he chooses...

In Vegas I had tried to entice him with May from China or Japan, it didn't work, and cost me hundreds of dollars.

We were getting desperate.

We prayed numberless times, trying to invoke God into the mess we were creating; the hole in which we were descending at a rapid pace...

And while prayers always worked, in every situations, our patience was defeating any involvement God has in the matter. We were simply too much in love, *'wild and crazy'* to think of our faith in God, and the promises He has made; *'...not to leave us or forsake us...'*

Just as it didn't work for us with May in Vegas, it seems as if prayers was not working for us now! God was not speaking to us...

OK, Horatio, let's look for another way to get you up and running. So I guess for the first time, I realized that I'm not the only one looking for an orgasm. He is too.

Sometimes a man Just wants to get his rocks off!

What kind of orgasm is he missing is the question now? He used to holler like never before, I always thought that if he died during sex, he was at least a happy man.

What a way to go.

So that is a whole other subject.

He needed to feel like he used too.

I don't know how he felt before. I just know he was happy. I just know he was satisfied. He was exhausted and through when he busted his nut.

Ohhhh! What a revelation!

My baby needed to be like he used to be. Otherwise he might have felt dead inside no matter what I did.

He often said that he didn't feel like a man. But if you don't know what a man feels like you don't know what he means. I think he meant that his erection proved to him that no matter what he was going through; at least he still had that.

He knew that because a simple kiss from me got him prepared to throw down. I took that for granted.

I took that as a compliment and not a series of events that happens upon initiating sex. It didn't take much to get my honey to the place of no return. That's what I liked about him, among other things.

His nut was important, just as much as mine. He did yell louder than me. Does that mean his orgasm was stronger than mine?

I think not.

Love is strange. I remember not having sex for 2 years and it not being a problem. Now if I don't have sex regularly, I feel out of sorts.

Love is funny.

I am not knocking whatever it takes to find yourself because only you know what you need to feel secure and have self worth and it is not anyone's else view or opinion of you that matters. You are in charge of you.

I told myself that I could never understand how he felt so I just had to understand how to understand. I tried to reason that it is like a dog marking his territory. It says that I own this spot or this was once mine no matter what you do to it now, it will forever be mine because I can smell it.

Well, it must make a man feel like he is in control of the universe. It must be the opposite of how I feel when a man stands up for me and makes me feel secure. He is the one standing, willing to take whatever he has to for me to be protected. I can understand that. I need him to feel like a king so I can feel like a queen. That is something that I cannot mess with. So, we continued on the quest for both our orgasms with hope, prayer, and faith.

Well, I've said so much so far, no need to be shy now. We went in search of our orgasms full steam ahead. If one half of a whole is rotten the whole can slowly deteriorate. If you don't cut off the foot infected with gangrene, you could lose the whole leg, so in other words if my baby is not good it is only a matter of time before I am not good.

So my focus is on him. How can I make him see that he IS good and will always be good and as long as I think he's good, nothing else matters. Well the joke is on me, because it is not what matters to me; it is what mat-

ters to him. I tried costumes; maids, fairies, cowgirls, hula girls, cats, tigers, fireman, army men, cooks, school girls to name a few. I tried different virtual play situations; strangers meeting, being picked up at a bar, traveling to strange exotic places...

We mentally created adult parties, imitating stuff we saw on TV. ...toys, shows, shops, clubs, bars, ranches, boats, caves, oceans, hot tubs, outdoors, parks, bathrooms, elevators, hotels, rooftops, buses, trains, hallways, friends homes and relatives, homes. We let our imaginations run wild...

I could go on forever.....

We didn't find it.

We left all that behind and went back to the drawing board. I told Horatio that everything was going to be alright, but he was discouraged and still in a funk. So the doctor told us about a procedure that would give him back what he had, his thoughts of satisfying a woman, his life of being a man with the tools of the trade, his arrogance of knowing he can do what he set out to do, his big, long, hard, DICK..."

(End of Tash's commentary)

The Penile Implant was indeed a blessing to both of us. I had the feel of being able to exercise my full masculinity, in full force...

And Tash was once again experiencing the joy of a woman being used to her full satisfaction.

Like we mentioned before, we had implored a 2 inch in circumference and an a full 7 inch in length of Mr. Doc Johnson. That worked for a while but it lacked the skin-like softness, even though we opted for the most human-like libido...

In a final analysis, nothing can substitute the REAL DEAL. The beauty of the Penile Implant is that she is being touched by the actual thing; me. And with the ability to 'pump-it-up' at will was the final acceptance of ecstasy!

Tash I spent the most of eight years in total sexual bliss AFTER my surgery We knew it might not last; anything mechanical can wear our or

malfunction at any given time, so we made sure we were having the full use while we were able, and that was four-day-a-week able.

For whatever reason, God did not forsake us. His Holy Spirit was always there to keep us convicted., if and when we would listen.

God understands the frailty of the human sexuality. King David, a man *'after God's own heart,'* failed when he lusted after Bathsheba; committing murder in the process. Samson sacrificed his great, God-given strength for a bout with the luscious Delilah, and Abram impregnated his maid...

I am not justifying our actions, which we knew were challenging, but the God we serve is a Forgiveness God, and in our prayers of repentance, we know He heard and understands our predicament...

God found it necessary, and in His Will for our lives, chose to take Tash home. God is a Sovereign God who has total autonomy to do whatever He considers best for our lives; individually or collectively!

The story ends here, but the challenges continue...

Now at 81, I am faced with the dreaded thought of having to continue living a life without the most cherished person by my side.

The Foundation is still intact, thanks to our Board that are diligently carrying on the work in caring for the homeless and destitute.

My focus has changed, but my commitment to live a full life is still a focal point in my everyday existence...

Natasha will ALWAYS be with me - in Spirit. I know she would want me to continue living the life we envisioned...

A week after Tash passed on, I was cleaning up and basically trying to occupy myself so I may not fall apart. Her absence was as conspicuous as the warm Detroit summer, or even the coldest Michigan winter. And as I began to move things around, I discovered little stick-up notes she left behind the bed headboard.

"Remember to take your medication and keep the doctor's appointments."

"Make sure you water the plants in the house."

“If you need help, call Carl and Karen” (our neighbors and best friends).

“I love you dearly and wished we could be together always.”

Tash was still thinking about me even during the final hours her frail body rocked in pain as she cried out for morphine...

I was fortunate to be lying beside her, holding her in my arms as she breathe her last breath; a soft sigh and she was gone... FOREVER!

I was in Search of a Life Without Tash, and the Somber and Calculated Things I am doing to Achieve the Peace she wanted for me.

People said I should not question God as to why He took my beloved Tash when He did, but there is nowhere in the Bible that says it was a sin to question God. John the Baptist, on his final hours before being beheaded, he sent messengers to Jesus, questioning if He was indeed the Sent One...(Luke 7:22).

Thomas, one of Jesus' disciples doubted if Jesus was really risen from the dead...(John 20:24-29). So it is OK to entertain uncertainty sometimes. In fact, such doubt can lead to research that unveils discovery that cements a stronger degree of faith.

The Bible says if we lack wisdom (understanding) we should ask God who is very liberal in handing out such things.

I lacked the wisdom in under-standing why Tash was taken, and so I asked God... and will continue to do so until He finds it necessary to reveal this to me, or NOT! Really, if we want to know stuff, we ask Him (James 1:5).

People going through trying times, as in these days, are faced with doubts as to their relationships with God, and it is OK to have concerns, as long as they will not conjure lack of faith.

It is faith that will keep us through the many challenges that life has to offer.

It is faith that keeps us intact; knowing that our trials are there to strengthen our resolves in knowing that Jesus Christ 'got this!'

The almost 29 years I spent knowing the ‘nicest’ person in Natasha, is now the memories I cherish of her.

We were indeed, “Wild and Crazy,” but Jesus was Always the Center of our lives!”

Now, many may ask, how can we be so assured of the Eternal Life God promised, amidst all the Rotten, Wild, Crazy and evil things we did...

Well, we must remember that our God is a Forgiveness God, and it doesn't matter how bad we went off track,

“...He's Willing and Just to Forgive us of our sins and to cleanse us of all unrighteousness...” (1 John 1:9).

Let me further emphasize here that we first did the Romans 10:9 thing together, years ago (“...believe in our hearts...”) then when we faltered, we did 1 John 1:9.

He has it all figured out, way ahead of time because He knew Tash and myself best; knew our shortcomings and anticipated our failures, and so, has prepared His Acts of Redemption, laid out especially for us...

He Got This!

He got our backs, even when we did not have His!

As a Minister of the Gospel, this experience God has allowed me to go through has equipped me to more effectively, through better understanding and empathy, minister to others, especially those facing these kinds of challenges...

There has to be a Divine Reason why God has carried me through a Rupture Appendicitis, Prostate Cancer, West Nile Virus, Covid19, a grazed gunshot wound to my head, and the numerous other catastrophies, unbeknownst to me, just for a time as this when Satan seeks to destroy all he can before his eventual sorry-ass end!

And even though I still do not understand why God took Tash when He did, I can assure, it is all part of the Plan He has for me...

And through it all, I learnt to trust in Jesus, and to depend on His Word... No matter how ‘Wild and Crazy’ things get!

Thank you, Heavenly Father for the years you allowed Natasha and myself to experience the Joys and Pleasures of Life that could only be possible with You at the helm!

Today, I am again happily married to a most wonderful woman in the world. Actually, it's a Fairy Book Story in how we met.

She has been single for the past 30 years- and literally threw herself into her work. She is a Doctor (PhD., Social Worker), with her own very successful practice - from which has since retired.

We both were two lonely love birds waiting for the wind to blow in our opposite directions so we would eventually come together.

It did, on an unusually warm day in January, 2022, after a few months of 'courtin,' we got married - and are the happiest gerontological couples in the world...

All this is info... for another book...

