

IndComing.org > Blog >

Got Kicked Out For Suggesting Balance in Sexual Satisfaction ^{of} ~~by~~ Wife

by Sterling D. Allan, 228033

Nov. 7, 2023

When I got married in 1999, I made a commitment to myself that every time I had sex with my wife, I would endeavor to do what it takes for my wife to have an orgasm. It is not easy for a woman to get to that point. It takes 10-15 minutes of pleasurable energy. Once she gets to that point, it is easy to get her to come again, and again (until she gets sore).

I have found that because of how much energy this takes, it balanced my desire for sex with her's, to around once a week. In our near 15 years of marriage, there were maybe two times when I was unsuccessful.

I see this information to be something all couples should emulate, primarily for the wife's sake; but it is also plenty enjoyable/pleasable for the husband. Balance is a good thing.

In too many cases, the husband gets satisfaction, with very little reciprocal satisfaction for the wife. I knew of a woman who had never had an orgasm in about ten years of marriage.

No~~o~~ doubt most men try, but they don't try hard enough to attain the objective. They get frustrated too easily. There are tips/methods, but I'm not going to get into that in this present piece. I didn't have any training, I just did what seemed to make sense (plenty of experi-

②

ence from previous lifetimes). For me, having that commitment is ~~what~~ what spurred me to attain this objective.

Our sex life was wonderful.

There are going to be people who are very uncomfortable with what I wrote above. I would argue that the level of discomfort will be proportional to how far away they are from this ideal. It will be highly disconcerting for people who don't even try to achieve this. But people who do it well ^{are likely to} will be in agreement with the ideal.

This was illustrated in a massive way in my life yesterday. I was in the "Emotional Resilience" class, around the manual by that name, published by The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (© 2021). We were on ~~the last of ten lessons, "Moving Forward with Faith."~~ Finishing the 9th of 10 lessons, "Providing Strength to Others." ~~On~~ On p. 155 is this question, "Discuss: What has helped you balance taking care of others and yourself?"

As I read that question, I thought of the above concept and wondered to myself, "Should I bring this up?" The Davises (volunteer LDS couple doing the class) don't seem like they'd be amenable to me bringing this up. "But this is such a valuable concept, and it actually ties extremely well to how the question is worded," I thought. I had a premonition that there would be consequences, but quickly felt, "Let's do this!"

Given what I said above, you can pretty well

guess how this turned out.

I started by asking if I could bring up something that ties in but that it relates to sex in marriage. Bro. Davis very tentatively said, "Maybe; it depends."

I then said, "When I got married, I made a commitment to myself that wherever my wife and I had sex, I would do what I could so she would have an orgasm."

As soon as I said "orgasm," you could see their hackles go up. Both of them. I went from being a fellow member of the class of peers trying to improve their lives, to suddenly being an ogre who had just said something absolutely terrible.

Wanting to clarify ~~to~~ to redeem myself, I said the part about it taking 10-15 minutes for a woman to get to orgasm. No, that didn't help the angst in the room. ^{Quite the opposite.} ^{A gain, again.} I was shushed as if I had said something horrible.

This wasn't getting better. To them, I was egregiously out of line.

Still wanting to redeem myself, I said, "This does tie to the question." At that point, a fellow inmate and helper with the class AV equipment, Bryce essentially told me to shut up.

^{Feeling so disrespected for a perfectly valid and valuable point:}
"I wanted to get up and leave and have nothing more to do with this class on "Emotional Resilience." Who could miss such a valuable point about a key element of marital success—a balanced sexual pleasure by being attentive to the wife's needs.

Apparently the sentiment in reverse was even stronger. An hour or so later, a couple of officers came to my section and called me down to tell me to "roll up" (pack my stuff to move). I asked "why?" not yet making the connection. They said, for making inappropriate comments to volunteers. Still puzzled, not yet making the connection, I asked, "Can you give me an example?" When they mentioned this morning's class, I was still puzzled. [Bear in mind that in writing this now, I have the benefit of more than a day of hindsight and conversations with many fellow inmates and officers. I've seen a wide array of sentiments, from complete agreement/empathy to utter denial. One inmate friend said, "I love you but you just make things up. It doesn't take 10-15 minutes." I'm guessing his former wife faked things so he wouldn't feel bad/inadequate.] I asked if I could explain to them^(officers) what happened — give my side of the story. He said, "It's not going to change what's going to happen."

I started into an explanation, and the officer said, "But you didn't stop when they ~~asked~~ made it clear they didn't want you to continue. You disobeyed a Volunteer's request." He told me I was being moved to B-1 (Bear One, where the gang-bangers are) on "probation"; and that I would be getting a major write-up. He was not in the least bit

(5)

4 When I got to B-1, a compassionate officer said I was going to B-4 because I didn't fare well in B-1 last year. I ended up in section 3 where I was before, and ~~was~~ moved to Green for my safety.

Sympathetic ^{to} my paradigm #
Before leaving GLS 4,
As I told several inmates what happened (most were very sympathetic) I said I was grateful for what is unfolding because it puts a spotlight on this issue and how uncomfortable people get with it when they are not in line with this balance. I said I would be writing an article (this present piece) to put on my blog. I wrote a brief explanation for my fellow inmates and taped it to the wall, so they could get my wording of what happened. I also sent a message via my tablet to our branch President Biddaloh to explain what happened and to ask him to intervene so I could get back to Green housing soon (where inmates go for programming prior to release, so they're on their best behavior). I'm guessing he is very sympathetic to where I'm coming from. He and his wife have that glow.

There are a couple of things that I see pointing to God's hand in this unfolding. First, synchronistically, yesterday was my second daughter's birthday. Second, yesterday morning I performed for inmate Kevin Garbin (son?) an arrangement I did in which I play hymn 166 on the piano (with embellishment) while singing hymn 165 "Abide with Me" for a talent show the next day. It turns out those lyrics stand in ^{stark} stark contrast to how I was treated yesterday upon ~~bed~~ arriving

An inmate from the pod I was assigned to put my stuff out in the hall to protest my being there.

in this section but no pod wanted me there. ^④ I was hoping to play it during prelude for a Fireside here last night (C.T. Christensen filmmaker), but Sister Lilywhite sternly told me "don't sing." They missed out.

I love the line from "The Chosen" where Jesus says "Get Used to Different." Society gets so stuck in status quo that they rigorously ~~off~~ oppose change, without scrutinizing whether it is an improvement.

Just now, during the 9 pm "count", Officer Fraughton said to me, "You're back so soon?" I said I'd love to tell him what happened. He joked (??) "Nah, I'll just assume the worst."

As far as the officers are ^{generally speaking,} concerned, they see me as yet another revolving door sampling — another Flub-up. So this kickout is also a form of slander of my good name (with God).

This is part of taking up the cross and suffering the shame of it.