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none of these papers need a brief description. I understand them better, while
you know all about it. I'll give a
**Love, Sex, Lust
and
Mass Confusion**

James Yoder
12-25-91

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Sumi,

I'm not sure why I decided to put these papers together for you. I think that you are the only one who could appreciate them. Let me first make it perfectly clear that these papers are NOT for the general public, or anyone else for that matter. So keep these tucked away so no one will know about them but you and me. Some of these papers need a brief background so you can understand them better, while some others you know all about. I'll still give a brief background anyway.

Just a Stranger On The Outside Looking In

I wrote this when I was chasing after Kathy Smith. I chased her for about six months before she finally said that she would go out with me. I normally don't chase after a girl so hard or so long, but I fell in love with her eyes and personality.

The Pain a Stranger Can Cause

(I really don't like this title) I wrote this some time after me and Kathy broke up, and I began to realize how much pain I had caused Kathy and how much she loves me and I love her. Unfortunately it was too little, to late. I guess that this is just part of life.

Love

Just my ideas of love and emotions. I think I still need to refine the beginning. In an attempt to I made the essay Reality which mom & dad have. The only problem is that the end is weak with this one! So both lack in one way or another.

Kara

This is a letter I wrote to a girl that was in my English class. I gave it to her the second to last day of class, right before I graduated from SUSC.

Lust

This one is quite recent, and if Michelle Bidwell ever sees it she will kill me so you better not show anyone!! Dadra is a nice girl but I think what really got me about her is that she is an incredible lover. She is magnitudes better than anyone I have ever been with(not really a lot of people). Every time I think about the unbelievable amounts of energy and skill she has I about faint. If only Michelle had half of that. Ahh, sex is not everything, but it certainly is a great distraction.

Anyway, I have been thinking about the relation Dadra and I have, and I think it is more lust than love. But isn't that the way most men begin their relationships? I don't think girls do, but I know most of mine(Kathy possibly excluded) were initially based on lust that grows to love if the relationship last long enough. So what happens when you know the one you love is not a sexual dynamo? I think you can give me some insight here, I need to talk to you about this.

Just A Stranger On The Outside Looking In

Most people have been inside all their life. Well, I've been outside and I can't get back in. Sometimes it gets mighty cold out here, (that's when I wish I could go back in and sit by the fire with them and be warm again). But, I've never froze.

I realize that even if I can get in I'll still be out, for I've been out and will never forget the outside. Most of them have never looked out the window. They dare not leave their fire to even look about the house let alone look out.

Other times it's spring and I play in the fields and climb the highest peaks and would rather die than be locked inside, at night time I lie on my back and see the stars in the sky and realize that we are all on the outside but they just don't realize it because they are inside cuddled together next to the fire.

Once, while looking inside, (for it was very cold that day), I saw a girl looking out, we looked at each other; I could see she wanted to come out, so I invited her out to play with me, but her master beckoned her and she had to choose. And she did.

Although it's mighty cold out here by myself, I've still got the stars, (The stars are prettiest on cold nights).

One particularly stormy day I was looking in the window, wishing I was dry and by the fire, the girl came to look out the window again, we spoke and I told her about the storm, she said that I shouldn't look at the clouds but at the lining, I told her she couldn't see the clouds or feel the cold bite of the wet wind, she didn't have to be concerned about being hit by the lightning.

She didn't understand, she just saw green fields and summer flowers outside.

So we stood hand to glass looking at each other, (These are the times I want to be in by the fire with her). But I know I would die locked inside. Most of the insiders would dwindle out here in a day, but I know she could live out here and bring warmth to the cold nights, I would teacher her about the stars and she could show me the flowers, and the fields.

But no, her master beckons and she must obey. I know I don't fully understand why but I think she fears losing the security that her master offers. She says she is scared to take a chance on the danger of the outside, to which I reply, Stay inside where you will be warm for if you were to come out with me we will see the peaks and run in the fields but when I'm gone winter will quickly approach and then not only me but you will be in the cold by yourself standing in the snow covered fields with nothing but the memories of the spring and hot summer spent together. Then there will be another stranger in the world on the outside looking in. Wishing they had stayed inside.

James Yoder
May 21, 1991

The Pain A Stranger Can Cause

It has been five long, hard years since I met that girl in the window. Day after day for months she and I would spend hours looking through the window at each other. With each passing day the house she lived in became colder and colder; till finally one day she decided to come outside with me.

When she finally came out we immediately ran to the fields leaving the house far behind. Those days spent in the fields were the best days of my life. She showed me flowers in the field that had more color and vibrance then any I had ever seen. Sometimes we would both lie on our backs and watch the huge white lazy clouds pass overhead. Other times I would chase her round and round in circles in the field till we were both so dizzy that we would pass out on the soft grass.

We had a hammock in a grove of trees that we would spend many of the hot summer days in. I remember she would take a nap while I would just lie there beside her looking at the beautiful girl I had stolen from someones jewelry box. This girl was more precious then gold with eyes more beautiful then opals.

These were the moments that the black fear would come over me like a thunderstorm. I dreaded the lonely days she and I would both face without each other. It hadn't been winter for so long, I hoped that It never would come again, but I knew it must. I knew the fall winds would come very shortly to sweep me away from my beloved one.

Then one fall night the wind took me from my love while she slept and placed me on a pillar two miles high in the sky where it has always been cold. When I look over the edge of this pillar I am just able to see my little artist lying in the bitter snow shivering and wondering why I left.

Sometimes oldman winter will wake me up in the middle of the night and drag me to the edge of the pillar to show my artist crying from the pain of the bitter cold and say to me, "Look what I have done.", like a proud father of a child. This is when I realize that these black deeds, winter and wind are my own. I am not a victim, these are my slaves.

Most of the times I fell that I have no control over these powers but there have been other times that I have called on both winter and wind to drive my artist from the field that she waits in. I have watched them beat and batter her trying to drive her off, yet she waits and will not leave. I love her and after I witness her devotion, my cruelty and stupidity, like mad dogs, devour me. All that is left when they are done is guilt.

I am scared and cold and many times I am not pleased with life here on the pillar. Many times I have tried to construct shelter from the rocks that litter this land and each time the wind has knocked it down on me. Countless times I have thought of scaling the sheer walls that keep me from my lover, but each time fear as overpowered me. I am not the same strong youth my lover once knew. We have both been beaten with reality and deep scars are all that there are to show. Yet, during the coldest nights I have the memories of the bright spring mornings and hot summer nights we spent together and I am able to endure.

LOVE

Since I am writing about love, you might expect that I am an expert on this subject. On the contrary, I am writing in this subject for exactly the opposite reason. To understand why I have done this, you must understand my philosophy on emotions. My understanding of emotions and the significance they have on me has evolved over the last ten or so years in my life.

The first phase of my emotional development was pretty much average for a boy in a family of eleven who was very much loved by his parents and brothers and sisters. I was taught to love all and to respect my elders. I was raised to believe in god and the power and truth of the gospel.

The second phase began at sixteen with the question of whether I believed in the Mormon religion or not. This ended at the age of twenty-one with the conclusion that emotions could not and should not be trusted. That was a hell of a conclusion, but I had my reasons and my justifications for this. I performed some in-depth study in philosophy on the subject of truth. The conclusion I reached was the same as most of the great philosophers had reached. I decided that emotions are not dependable because they are based upon our senses.

For example, we see a father offer himself to be killed in place of his son. This touches us, and makes us cry. Now, this is a television show, we are watching two actors who are not experiencing any of the emotions that you and I are perceiving. So, our emotions have been fooled; therefore they cannot be trusted in all situations.

Third phase, age of admittance. This age is new, exciting and sometimes down right frightening! I have now come to the realization that there are what, I would term, reality realms. I am not sure how many realms there are, but I have only discovered a few so far. From year one to fifteen I lived my life in a reality that my parents made for me. This was a nice realm but as I grew older, I realized that there were flaws in this realm. At first I tried to patch up these cracks but as I did, larger ones would appear. I finally realized that I must create a reality based on what I believe and hold to be true, not what others did. So, venturing out of my parents reality I discovered the first realm. Logic.

This realm is bright, cold and precise. It is a realm that I feel most of us need a whole lot more of in our life, and one that I devoted my life to in phase two of my life. It was particularly attractive to me because it answered so many questions and makes so much sense. My time in this realm was well spent, I feel that I got to know this territory as if it was a person. Time and time again, as doubt crept into my mind about things in this realm, it would say to me, "Do you question my wisdom, doubt me? Great! do so, with logic I will answer. You can not deny the truth of what I say." Math is the language spoken here, and no man, no nation, NO GOD can defy the truth of it.

Up to this point all queries were encouraged and usually
answered. One day I was playing in this realm and I found a door
that was marked off limits. I opened this door and have been making
short excursions into this new found realm every since.

The realm of emotion is nothing like the realm of Logic. Logic
is well lit; the only shadows are the ones that cover the door that
leads into the realm of emotions.

Emotion is like hanging on the pull-up bars by my toes, like
spinning on a merry go round until I'm dizzy and almost ready to
throw up. It's colorful, bright, dark, loud, happy, sad, lonely, and
rolly-polly. Each adventure into this realm introduces a new
combination of these, and sometimes totally new emotions that I had
forgotten from phase one of my life. There are broken promises here,
and many unexpected surprises and some disappointments, but, all in
all it's a realm worth getting to know better.

I now realize that there are questions to which logic cannot
answer; those must be left to Emotions or possibly to some other
unfound realm. I have just begun to conceive how large the realm of
emotions is, it may be endless, I have a lot of exploring to do. This
is why I can't just say "My name is James Yoder, I'm gonna tell you
about love, I'm an expert on it." Because emotions are an adventure.
Even though some of us have more experience and maybe have a rough
topographical map of the area, no one is a master of any given
emotion. Like Sinbad, each of us are on a trip; we have the rudder
in our hand. If we keep a sharp eye out for potential dangers we can
usually avoid them, barring bad weather. Do I know where I'm going?
Hell no! but I'm enjoying the trip.

KARA

You seem to be a girl that is on fire. You seem to somehow have tapped a source of infinite energy. I can see the fire in your eyes, the power of your smile and the halo of energy that lingers around you. You stand out like an opal in a jar of glass beads.

I have met three girls in my life that have such magnetic personalities. I know you see me staring at you in class. I'm sorry if it seems rude. I don't quite understand it, but I get immense pleasure from seeing you smile--which you do quite often. Girls like you are so rare; young, vibrant and beautiful. You are physically beautiful, but what makes you exceptionally beautiful is your personality that somehow manifests itself in your looks and movements.

So why haven't I asked you out(besides my haircut-a moehawk)? I have asked out two girls with the same fire as you and have found that I somehow drain part of that energy. I believe it is because we have separate and incompatible realities. I don't think one is 'better' than the other but I know which I must have. Like you I once had a fire in me. I traded most of it for knowledge. Not to say that I feel you are ignorant. Not at all, you seem very bright. I believe that your reality consists of love, trust and belief. These are desirable elements and I hope you are able to keep them all.

My reality consists of only knowledge. Knowledge has a lot of heavy baggage that goes with it; doubt; evidence of inconsistencies in people, religion, beliefs, leaders and even loved ones. Worst of all as more knowledge is obtained, there is always the growing awareness that so little is known and understood. Your reality is self supporting and complete. Mine is full of nothing but knowledge. There is no right or wrong; no good or bad; no devil or god, only cause and effect. Not a terribly happy place, but one I must have for I feel it is THE REALITY. One good thing has come from this reality, it is the understanding that truth really doesn't matter so much--even if your reality is incorrect,(I'm not saying yours is) as long as you are pleased with it and it makes you happy then it is the best reality there could be for you.

Most realities you can step into and out of like open rooms in a house--Mine is a cell, once you enter you can never leave. Please keep away from this reality it will crush you like a rose gets pressed in a book. It is most apparent in philosophy and if you study science to close it can sneak up on you like a phantom in the dark.

So why have I written you this long dreary letter? I'm not quite sure myself. Maybe I just want you to know you are special and I hope you will never doubt yourself. Beware of people who might try to get you to change the standards you believe in. Choose these standards yourself because they are what you think is right not what others or a religion tells you is right.

Beware of the deceivers for they are the most dangerous. They look nice and normal and even go to the same church as you but they are distorted and will try to drag you down if you give them a chance. Once you discover them, waste no time and cast them out.

Certainly we all make mistakes, and if you do (we all have), don't let that pull you down deeper. Put your conflict into perspective; everyone makes mistakes try to learn from them and go on in life.

James Yoder

12-10-91

LUST

Dear Dadra,

I have been trying to figure out where and what I have done so wrong to have made you become so disinterested in me. The best I can figure is that you are upset with me because of the relationship that Michelle and I have. Yet, when I talk to you about it, you never seem to get upset. And when I ask you if there is anything wrong you never say that there is.

I feel as if I have been buried alive and am slowly suffocating. You are the source of my pain and delight. When you are around me it is like a breath of fresh air. When we are together you give me every indication that things are going fine between us, yet when you leave my stomach turns and tells me that you won't be showing up for a long time to come. Sure enough, you never have come to see me any of the times you have said you will "try" to come. I'm lost, I have tried to position myself so I can get a bearing on things and figure out where I am, and start to work my way out of this pit, but every time you leave me you take any leverage that I have and I find myself suspended in this deep dark pit with no sense of direction, so I don't know if I am digging myself deeper in or deeper out.

Whether they know it or not, everyone has a priority list. I judge how well I have performed in our relationship by where I am on this list. Some how, I have managed to go from near the top, just above soccer, to the bottom below tanning, and weight lifting. I know that I must have made plenty of mistakes to get this low on the list and I would be only too happy to correct them, but I can't seem to find out what they are. I can't read your mind, I wish I could. If I could I would fix what was wrong and have you right back here by me where I want you.

Maybe you have just lost interest in me, and I am not anything that you expected when you first met me, but you are too kind to tell me to get lost. If you feel this way please let me know so I can bandage my wounds, and try to go on with my life. Perhaps you think that I have done you some great wrong, and you are trying to make me suffer as long and as much as possible - If this is the case, you are doing exactly that, and you are very skillful at it. You don't seem the type to do this. I think that you must have had very strong feelings for me to make love to me, and I have them for you.

The only thing you have hinted to me about being a problem is Michelle. I told you that things are over between us, and they are. If this trip to NC bothers you, I will skip the trip. I can't ask her not to go because she paid for her ticket. If this is what it will take to have you; then so be it. Just let me know, I'm sure I'll get to see my family in another 3 or 4 years.

I know I have said some really stupid things that have made you upset. I make mistakes and say things that I really don't mean. I'm a male what do you expect, I have a special ability of putting my foot in my mouth. Tell me when I say something stupid, and I will think twice about it and probably agree with you. I think that I have indicated to you that I could find another girl if I had to, and I could, but it would probably take another 6 months to a year of looking. Besides that I don't want another girl I want **you**, I need you, but if you don't want me I will adjust.

I want a long and lasting relationship with you, and I am willing to give what I need to have that. You must let me know what I must give. I'm not very good with figuring things out on my own. Hell, I've only had two serious relationships so you better believe I'm making mistakes by the dozen.

I want you more than I have ever wanted a woman before. But you are going to have to let me know if you have any desire for me. I will be home after 8pm every day this week and weekend. During the day you will be able to find me either in Lucy Ziurys lab, in the basement of D wing, or up in H534(which is where my new office is). If you don't get hold of me by Sunday night I will take it as indication that you would like me to get lost and leave you alone, and that is exactly what I will do.

Love, James