

# Letter of Gratitude

by Jayce Eddison  
September 1, 2024

To the past, present, and future Workshop Sponsors of the B4U-ACT workshop,

I was a recipient of a scholarship for this year's workshop; I would like to share how it has impacted my life, how I treat myself, as well as how I treat others. I would like to convey how I thought I myself and others were better dead or even not having existed as all to realizing the humanity and the nuance of MAPs, as well as how the work of B4U-ACT benefits children as well

Your act of charity has enabled me and other people to find a light which will certainly spread throughout the community. There are no bounds which it will go. If you are considering on donating to the scholarship this year, please read the immense affect it has had upon my life.

For a very long time, I thought I was damned, that I would be a curse on my community. There has always been the use of boogeyman who is queer pedophile in order to ignore the human rights of those within the queer community. In the recent years, conservative legislation has been driven by this "beast".

For a very long time, I would live in denial despite my arousal. As I passed the gateway of the age of 18, the truth would slowly become more and more apparent. "Maybe they're just a twink," I would tell myself. "Maybe I'm just attracted to their abs," On and on, I would fabricate a plethora of excuses for I was taught that all pedophiles wanted to harm children and I have always been compassionate for everyone – especially children- which meant I could not have been attracted to minors at all.

For a very long time, I would mock the effort of those within the MAP community as well as their allies for provided a new viewpoint: not all MAPs want to harm children. In fact, most of them care deeply for children. Just as one may have BDSM fantasies does not mean they ought to be treated as someone who is doomed to kidnap people for sexual pleasure, doesn't mean someone who is sexually aroused by a minor to be doomed to harming them. And just as long as they do not do any act of harm, they should be treated as equals. But I thought, "That was just a lie made by pedophiles to rape children." For even those who were not MAPs who sympathized would be looked upon as such.

I could no longer deny that I was aroused by those who were well below the age of consent. Yet any resource seemed to be a trap to expose someone as a threat to the community and permanently wreck their reputation. I have heard of B4U-ACT yet I did not want to risk. For anyone who is connected to B4U-ACT, MAP or not, were marked as dangers. My outing would harm the queer community – including queer minors who would be branded as dangerous.

Yet recently, I came across a friend who went to the workshop. He explained to me a different way. I saw someone who was a MAP, in the flesh, living a normal life. He never

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harmed children and has always greatly cared for them. His decision to not sexually engage with a minor is due to a combination of his understanding of its harm as well as his empathy and care.

I was not in the best position to financially commit to such a trip. It would have cost me at least \$500 to \$600 in board and travel alone. It required me to stretch my financial means a lot further than I was comfortable with. The news of the scholarship left me elated.

My friend and I embarked on a journey into what was a great unknown for me. As the plane left, I knew that I was committing to going to what was either something that would bring great clarity into my attraction to minors or a great trap.

As the plane landed, the reality was beginning to sink in. I wondered what other MAPs were like? Were they like vampires? Was I leaving myself exposed to being branded as a dangerous pedophile? Would I meet Chris Hansen? (Even if I was not seeking to engage in sexual contact with a minor.) The cloudy weather left ominous tones.

When the bus drew to the hotel, I was shocked. There were MAPs as young as I was. They looked... normal. They were people. Which eventually led to my understanding that MAPs could be normal people and not dangerous beasts. It meant I myself could be human and other MAPs could be caring humans.

I met Dr. Richard Kramer who was very friendly, being a MAP himself. We eventually went to a restaurant and conversed with one another. The shame and illusion would slowly begin to fade away. I still had worth in society as well as myself. I was not doomed. I was not worse than nothing. I would likely not be better dead. And my existence was certainly not inherently a harm to everyone else.

As we continued to converse, I experienced something so rare in this planet – people being real. There was no one we had to please. What society had taught us was the worse was already open. We were already there. And if you were there, you were a MAP. There was no hiding. Throughout human history, people have decided to hide under a facade for the approval of others. This experience of openness, vulnerability, and truthfulness gave me a craving I never had before. A gift that I had to share. My actions on how I portray and treat MAPs have an affect on those who are in a similar position to mine or worse. I could do better for myself and others.

After a hearty meal, we had a meeting where we introduced our names and our “attractions”. It was so eye-opening. It shattered the glaciers! I never thought I would say, “I am Jayce Eddison and I am attracted to boys from 7-18 as well as men.” But it was such a relief. What I had been hiding all these years from myself, which cause so much stress and turmoil to spread like a cancer, had begun to be released.

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We continued to connect through talks and board games. Some people brought snacks. It was a community. The night went on and on. This letter of gratitude is already long enough so I'll cut to the next day. As much as I will compress the next few days, it was a barrage of kindness, self awakening, and clarity. If I were to include a quarter of what I had gained, this would be at least 25 pages!

It was the beginning of the workshop. There would be non-MAPs present. It was such a frightening experience. Even though no one would be outed as a MAP, it would be a test to be just as open as I had been the night before with other fellow MAPs to the outer world.

The workshop went. We shared resources, perspectives, and fellowship. At the end, the one who leads the science branch of B4U-ACT (I don't remember his name), gave a moving speech about how the attracts of a MAP could be viewed as a beautiful thing. That it is a beautiful aesthetic and emotion experience which could even be harnessed to help children. It does not only have to be expressed in a sexual or romantic manner. And it is not something that is inherently ugly.

That speech alone gave another MAP whom I had met the freedom that he did not believe that he had. He told me that he had been in self hate and self shame throughout its entirety. Another one, who was a therapist said that she did not understand how it was okay to merely be a MAP or how to frame it to her clients – whether or not she could have some compassion for them – until the speech he gave. How she treats MAPs as a psychiatrist will provide them the help that they need. Not only does it prevent MAPs from believing that they are doomed to abuse children, but helps the life of the MAPs themselves which adds to their potential of bringing something much more beautiful into the world.

After the workshop, we ate again at a restaurant. I had the honor of talking with the MAP who had the realization from the speech. Then we spent time having fun with board games and whatnot then went to bed.

I slept much more peacefully that night: I was no longer at war with myself, I knew that I was not a danger to children, and I can move on from judging other MAPs as well. I knew a truth which would make the world a better place.

In the morning, I bade my new friends and community farewell. I rode the bus to a clear sky. The beauty of the surrounding town shimmered. I knew that I would not have the depth of community as I had within the workshop, yet at least I had been changed. And at least I knew that others were given something to be freed from the weight of a lie that pervades society. I knew that we all could be caring humans.

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As much as I found hope, there are many more MAPs who do not know the possibility. There are frightened community members, family, and friends who know MAPs themselves yet remain in the closet of being sympathetic.

The scholarships, B4U-ACT, and all those who have attended or had been involved brought more light into my life.

If you can, please support these efforts. They cast great waves of illumination!

Sincerely,

A Minor Attracted Person,

Jayce Eddison