



*New Wilderness*  
ADVENTURES

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This is a long letter. It has lowlights and highlights but it's my story. I pray that you will stick with it and read it with an open heart because marvelous is the gift of life that God has given to me through His work of rescue:

Ever since I can remember, my parents created an environment of love, openness and acceptance in our home. My mom and dad loved each other, their children and the Lord and tried their very best to raise me and my brother as God would have them to. Much of my life's rescue is because of their love and to my father's memory I dedicate this letter.

When I was 6 years old, I was at my best friend Travis' house. His grandfather had given him a \$2.00 bill. It was kind of his grandfather's trademark. He was proudly showing it to me, and I really wanted it. So when he wasn't looking, I stuck it in my pocket. I came home, and within a day or two I showed it to my parents. They asked me where I got it. I said that Travis' grandfather gave it to me. So they decided to ask his grandfather, and of course they found out the truth. My parents made me return the bill and that was the first time I remember feeling truly humiliated, guilty and shameful. I am sure after I received a spanking for lying and stealing that love ensued with Godly instruction, but as I write this right now, I vividly remember the feeling of humiliation, shame, and guilt.

When I was in school, in 4<sup>th</sup> grade, I was given the responsibility to make change for the students from the drink machine at school. It was a very small private school, and they would allow me to open the drink machine, take the money case, and go classroom to classroom making change. It was a very big responsibility in the school and especially for somebody that age. It wasn't long before my integrity/morals failed. And for several months, I began to slowly steal, 1, 2, 3 dollars at a time. I actually had enough money saved to buy a video game. It caught up with me. And I was found out. That secret was brought into the light. Once again, the humiliation came.

Later, when I was 12, I made a profession of faith while at Carowinds, local theme park, with my church, New Hope Baptist. I knew something had happened, but I didn't really understand what, it just seemed like the right thing to do. My parents were so proud. They wanted me to tell everyone. But, I wasn't so proud. I really didn't believe much had happened and I still felt shameful and guilty. My mother wanted me to call my aunts and all I wanted to do was hide under the table. A few weeks later, after I was baptized, I was at a neighbor's house, and he showed me a Penthouse magazine. I sadly thought it was the best thing I had ever seen, which began an addiction and long assault against my intimacy with the Heavenly Father and those around me. However, through my salvation, the Father's love, the love of my family, and my growth through my church family, there was a lot of light shining into the secret life I was living.

My father, who had a heart attack a few years earlier, was now retired. He spent a lot of time in my life, taking me to ball games, fishing, my paper route and to school. I only know now as an adult, the rescuing

God was doing in my life through my father. I only wish I would have brought him into my secret life, but I didn't.

As I got a little older, I sadly got a lot better at covering things up. On the surface, all accounts would say that I was a very good young man who excelled at school, was good at sports, and a leader at church. And although these things are partly true, what I was feeling on the inside was constant shame and guilt. This continued through middle school, high school, and into college.

While in college, I had the privilege to meet my beautiful wife Krystal "Kryssy". We fell in love, and made plans to be married. The year is 1999, also the year that my father passed away from another heart attack. It crushed me although I didn't know how to grieve. My heart was very hardened. I was getting ready to start my life as an adult with my wife, and felt the death of my childhood with my father's death.

June 9<sup>th</sup>, 2001 Kryssy and I were married. I would like to say that my secret life was over. That with marriage the addiction was gone, but I'm not writing to you today to cover things up....it continued. I began to work as a youth and children's pastor at a local church. I was just out of college, newly married, I was confused, and I didn't know squat. I didn't even really know what my calling was. I became very depressed, but hid it well. I turned to my addiction rather than communion with my heavenly Father or intimacy with my wife. My heart folded. I tossed in the towel. I hit rock bottom.

GOD ALWAYS ORCHSTRATES A RESCUE FOR THOSE THAT ARE HIS. God began that work of rescue in me with salvation, and then with my Father's dedication to me as a young man, and now in the story, as a depressed young man with an addiction and a loss of hope, God sent Mark Folk into my life, the director of New Wilderness Adventures.

Mark and his family had come to a church function, and after we met, he gave me the book *Wild at Heart* by John Eldredge. I put it on the shelf. Things at the church deteriorated quickly, and the pastor forced me out. I was confused and hurt. For the next 6 months, I was severely depressed. I didn't have a clue what to do. I put my myself and my wife through hell.

In 2003, I took a position in Marietta Georgia as Youth and Education Pastor. Things were looking up. I was able to stay away from the addiction for a while. Marriage seemed pretty good. We were making more money than we ever had. But very quickly we found ourselves in a lot of debt, and my addiction and depression kicked back in. It always seemed as if I were powerless to the addiction although I hated it and in my heart of hearts didn't want anything to do with it. Ex. Romans 7.

Not long after that, there was a time when I lied to the Pastor, and he called me on it. Once again, the shame, guilt and humiliation engulfed me. I didn't like feeling this way, but really didn't know what to do about it. I wanted to run, just to go bury my head in the sand. I wanted to not be seen.

After some time, we had a concert at the church by Eric Peters. He came in my office, saw *Wild at Heart* on the shelf, asked me if I had read it. I lied and said that I did, and that it was good. That conversation led me to call the person, Mark Folk, who had given me the book. Mark and I talked about the book, New Wilderness Adventures, about my heart, and about the possibility of NWA leading a boot camp for my church.

In April 2004, NWA lead a boot camp in the North Carolina Mountains, for a few churches, from the Atlanta area, ours included. One of the questions that Mark asked at that boot camp was "What does God think of you?" He asked us to go out on our own, and to ask God that question. I did, and I really didn't expect to hear anything, but I felt God say to my spirit that I was his *beloved son*. I don't know how to tell you what that meant to me. You see, I really didn't believe this about myself. The things I thought were truest of me were shameful, guilt ridden and humiliating. God broke all that with his words of love. After the next session at boot camp, about "the wound" while spending some time alone with God, I asked Him why I was so shameful, guilty and humiliated and why I was so miserable in church ministry. His answer was kind. Christ

said that He was giving me a heart like his and that Church ministry is not what He had designed me for. It took me another day, but I got up the guts to tell Mark. He didn't give any long theological answer, or ask me to lie down on the couch to give me counsel. All he said, as one man to another man is "Good! You know what you need to do". This gave me great release and freedom.

This crucial time in my life was a major rescue. Kryssy and I were making plans to go to Seminary, and start a path that would have been hard to turn from. But God said to follow Him, and He would set us free.

I quickly resigned, and we moved back to North Carolina. I began to participate in New Wilderness Adventures events and weekly Band of Brothers meetings. **I was very hungry for the faith and authenticity I saw in the men of New Wilderness Adventures.**

In October of 2004, I went to my first Ransomed Heart Boot Camp, lead by John Eldredge the author of Wild at Heart. While there, during some time alone with God, I was desperately praying for release, healing and help to get rid of the secret life nobody knew. I was so blessed to have a friend there, Walter Arnold, who I was able to share my secret with. And rather than making me feel like a shameful, guilty, and a humiliated sinner, God used Walter to show me the love of a Father. God told me to take Christ's hand and that we would walk through this journey together. That He would show me my good heart and help me realize the love that God had for me.

Shortly after that, while going through counseling, I was still fighting through depression, and lied to my employer and to my wife about being sick to my stomach and stayed home from work. She came home and I was actually eating 2 big macs and 2 large fries. She obviously knew I had lied and asked me what else I had lied about. All of the weight, guilt, shame, humiliation that I was feeling came out. I didn't want it to come out right then however. I desired to not hurt her and tell her in a better environment. It was so freeing though but a very untimely confession. It was as if I took a load of bricks, and moved it from my shoulders to hers. It was like salvation for me, but devastating to her. However, it marked the beginning of the rescue of our marriage.

The next few years were a whirlwind. At first I thought I would loose my marriage. But on one occasion while Kryssy and I were at a beautiful mountain lake, she pulled off her ring. My first reaction was that she was going to throw it in the lake and stomp off. I desperately needed to be reassured. But something very redeeming happened. She pointed to it and said, "a ring is round and it has no end!" We cried and cried and committed to walk, in our marriage, with the Lord.

Our marriage and personal lives began to get tremendous healing and life through counseling, mentoring, Bands of Brothers/Sisters after the occasion on the Lake. I had Godly men reassuring the love that I knew God had placed in me although not quiet yet realized. Kryssy and I were growing closer to God and each other. God was making me into a husband and upright man of God. God taught me how to deal with the secret life through fighting for the intimacy of our marriage. God's hand helped me order my life. Not just from a behaviorally standpoint, that came naturally, but Christ taught me spiritual order. Since our move back to North Carolina, I had been volunteering with New Wilderness Adventures and desperately wanted to be invited onto the staff. That did not happen. I still had more healing to take place and more journeying with God. There was more life to discover and wholeness to encounter.

Another blessing entered my life on August 26<sup>th</sup>, 2006. Our son Jackson Westby Sailors was born. And with the birth of my son, God's calling on my life became very clear, which is to be in a strategic position in God's kingdom as a man who will rescue and then disciple men into the image bearers that God has intended them to be. In short, I'm called to ask the hard questions, love strongly and walk with men on levels most people are too scared to go to. I told Mark this in early 2007, and said I felt called to do that as a missionary through New Wilderness Adventures. He invited me onto the team.

For a little over a year our family has been living in that calling. If you are reading this letter, you have most likely heard a lot of the stories from the past year either through letter or our blog [www.thesailorsfamily.com](http://www.thesailorsfamily.com). I hope you feel connected to the ministry that we do and the stories we tell. As you have read the story of my heart's rescue and subsequently my family's rescue, please know that I am going after men and families' hearts with the same intensity of love, dedication, and faith that it took to break the bondage of shame, guilt and humiliation in my life as well as the fortitude to fight for my marriage and now my son's heart. I am asking the hard questions.

Today is Thursday, August 7<sup>th</sup>, 2008 at 12:30 AM. Kryssy and I are awake still fighting for each other's hearts. As we write this story, she realized that she was still carrying some of the humiliation that I placed on her years ago. Now her response is that of a maturing Warrior Princess, who understands her husband's love for her, the Heavenly Father's desire for her, and her desire for Freedom. So we prayed through that humiliation together, and she is now free of it.

I know this has been a long letter, but I wanted you to hear, YES, in short, my story, and know why I am a missionary and life coach with New Wilderness Adventures. I have written you a lot of letters, many of you I have talked to on the phone, some of you I have met for lunch. I have tried to connect you with the vision of NWA, with the men and families hearts that have had their lives changed and the great need that is out there. I was asking God about what to write in this letter, and HE said, in Humility, tell them your story. So here I am laid open and bare before you, No Skeletons in the closet, just me. A man is constantly being rescued, called to rescue men and their families, through the MIGHTY power of God.

Will you stand with my family? This letter has been transparent and at the end I don't want to sugar coat it and just ask you to pray about it and walk away. This ministry is greatly needed. You've seen in my previously letters all the statistics as to the condition of men and their hearts and how that effects their families, the church and society around us.

Just the other day, once again, I had an elder in a local church call me and tell me of his burgeoning addiction to pornography. I am counseling him now and asking him the tough questions. As much as he would like for me to give him three things to do and say that will make him stop; I cannot. Because ultimately, it is not about the behavior and the pornography but about his intimacy and about the wounds he received as a little boy. What this man is seeking is not related to his physical body but is related to his deep spiritual need for connection with Holy Lord. Through Christ work, Jesus will heal this man, his family and use him mightily but this may have never been possible if God had not done the work he has done in my life and had not placed me in this man's life and given me the TIME to spend with him.

I usually ask you to prayerfully consider joining us in this mission. I usually leave it at that, or maybe thank you for being vital and hope you get the hint. But, as I was talking to a friend, I realized that kind of language really cheapens and devalues what I do. It almost is apologetic.

I have a crucial role to play. Every second I have to spend on raising support or working a job takes me away from my calling. It takes me away from elders who need help, from young college men who are confused and unsure of whom they are, from a man who thinking about having an affair and from families who are suffering and close to calling it quits.

Giving to the mission is crucial. You have a crucial role to play. I need your support. Yes, your prayers and encouragement but also financially. Kryssy and I currently only have \$600.00 a month in monthly support. That is not even covering living expenses not to mention ministry. It's not cutting it and if something doesn't change, I am going to have to get a job and that will take me away from ministry and my heart. Men will suffer if I cannot do ministry. We are trusting God that you will help us. We are trusting God that you will become a monthly donor or increase your support. Please support us.

Please detach the form below, fill it out and send it to us. Any gift is accepted.

My family is thankful for you! We are praying for you. If this letter has stirred something in your heart, and you would like to have lunch or talk, please call me. I have put one of my cards in this letter or if someone you know needs help, give them my card.

Thank you in advance!

Greg, Kryssy and Jackson  
[www.thesailorsfamily.com](http://www.thesailorsfamily.com)  
[www.newwildernessadventures.com](http://www.newwildernessadventures.com)



Return to: New Wilderness Adventures  
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- We encourage you to give electronically through our website. Go to <http://www.newwildernessadventures.com/donate/why.htm> and select my name on the pull down menu and follow instructions.

Other ways to give: Time, Land, Estates, Be Quests, Gas Cards, Gift Certificates, Corporate Giver, Church Partnership, Speaking Engagements, Volunteering Your Time, Matching Gifts and Joining our Intercessory Prayer Team.

I would love to speak with you directly. Many of you, I don't have numbers for, would you please give me a call or give Kryssy and I an opportunity to sit down with you and tell you more about this ministry?

New Wilderness Adventures is a 501(c)3 not for profit ministry. Financial support is tax deductible.

[www.newwildernessadventures.com](http://www.newwildernessadventures.com)

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