

clarity and falls

Posted by tryingtobeme - 07 Jan 2013 04:44

I had put this in the wrong place. sorry for confusion; I didnt edit it, still raw...

Why are we so clear that we need help, and why we need help, and that we want help, right AFTER a fall. Last night was disgusting. The memories of the screen I really hoped never to abuse, and that I really thought was safe, make me appalled with myself. I leave for Eretz Yisrael in 3 days for a service trip, to work with and inspire teens, and I am up until late hours watching the most crass content satisfying myself. It wouldn't even be as bad had I been stressed or miserable before hand, but this is following a beautiful Shabbos. not an hour after writing a song about how I wanted to be better. In retrospect, I get what the problems are, I know the triggers, I know what I should/could have done better. Taka, I dare say I even wanted to, at first. but then when I realized that I had discovered unfiltered access to whatever I wanted, how could an addict say no to a yetzer like that. sure, I'll hate myself in the morning, sure, I'll require of myself a fulfillment of my agreement (I actually forgot about this until I was already recovering from the fall), and sure, I'll spend that moment spiritually dead, but say no?

further, I realized that as much as intellectually I get why I have to get clean, what I am looking for in p--n and what it is I need, I am not nearly as afraid as I once was. The first steps toward my fall last week, when I found a mildly (mamash treif, but not what my yetzer wanted=mild) appealing site, my legs mamash shook with fear of what I was about to do. last night when I found it, I gave up. I caved, knowing fair well that my yetzer had won. and if not for that tiny spark buried under pounds of shtus, I wouldn't even care. I don't know what to do. how can I feel again? How can I approach the Ribono shel Olam and tell Him I am sorry, and mean it with all of my heart, not just some? How can I allow Him to forgive, if He wants to? How can I do better? if I could feel, I would cry. I really believe that. but alas...eicha...ha Ir hayasa c'almona... my heart feels alone and broken...

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