

Life

Posted by shmirashachaim - 16 Oct 2016 19:18

Hello everyone

I'm not making a new user name this time rather a new thread. A new beginning. Haven't written anything for a while but have been snooping around. A lot has happened in the last few months but not up to writing about it. No matter how painful life seems, no matter how much hell I am in, I look forward to a happy life, a good life, and a meaningful life.

I am starting a new period now and it will be extremely challenging. I hope- no will, learn and implement what I learn, in order that I can have that fulfilling and meaningful life that I have always wanted.

Lust isn't just wrong. It ruins everything. I am committed for today to GUARD MY LIFE. One day hopefully I can enjoy life. Doesn't seem like it right now but living in the future isn't living. The past, at least for now, is impossible to leave and it will haunt me for a long long time, but I need to leave the future and not let that haunt me as well. I need to live in the present, no matter how hard and painful it may be, and- without taking the destructive escape route of lust, take the next best step, one day at a time.

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Re: Life

Posted by shmirashachaim - 25 May 2018 13:52

Thanks again Cordnoy and Gevura

You articulated it well for me.

Are your calls recorded by any chance Cordnoy?

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Re: Life

Posted by cordnoy - 25 May 2018 14:12

[shmirashachaim wrote on 25 May 2018 13:50:](#)

Thanks once again Cordnoy and Gevura.

Seems to me that you articulated it well.

Are your calls recorded by any chance Cornoy?

Yes.

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Re: Life

Posted by shmirashachaim - 29 May 2018 12:19

Thanks. I'll listen to it then. How can I get it? Didn't see how on the website.

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Re: Life

Posted by shmirashachaim - 30 May 2018 20:25

I have been clean for 24 weeks, which is the longest streak since I got entangled with this stuff. I remember the warm feeling that came over me on the day that I surpassed my last streak. It wasn't a feeling of success, rather it was a feeling of some sense of normalcy, some sense of release from the shackles that I once saw enclosed so tightly around me.

Of course, whenever I feel like I'm on a particularly good streak, that voice of confidence in the back of my head pops up even stronger. Usually, that other voice (am I the only one around here with a bunch of voices in his head?)- the voice of caution, pipes up as well to remind me that "streaks" can be deceiving, evidencing this with the longer streaks of mine and that of others that saw their end. But this time the voice of caution had significantly less of a case to present, as I *didn't* have a longer streak then this one.

But, I guess I have been blessed in a weird sort of way, because recently it hasn't been the smoothest of sailings (perhaps I need to get a boat more like Cords). Unlike in the past, where streaks would often have lust leave my vocabulary and me galaxies away from this stuff (that is, at least until a heavy urge comes along), these past few weeks I have been visited by many thoughts of lust. Nothing happened past the thoughts. No crazy urges, no issues with shmiras einayim, and no struggles with fantasy. I went about my day as the thoughts came and went.

But... the thoughts came. A lot. This went on until friday, when things started to get rough. Feelings started creeping up. and I started to feel as if I was losing focus. Monday got worse (I'll save you from the details of all emotional stuff that was going on that day). Acting-out all of a sudden seemed sweet again. Diverting my eyes on the street felt a little more like dragging my eyes. I was nervous that I wouldn't make it past the day.

But, thankfully, I did get past it. The past couple days things leveled out, and I'm still here. But, luckily, this is just in time for a very big test coming up in a week. Last time I was in this situation I failed. And I can't do so again. So, I guess this is another blessing, as it forces me to be aware of the fact that as I'm still so fragile I really need to plan ahead for it.

My ego is like a bad friend. The pesky one who has a hard time understanding that I'm just not interested in doing certain things anymore. I guess in this way he is like my other "friend" who's responsible for bringing me to this lovely website. Yes, it's (not so) funny how the process of trying to "become clean" for me is susceptible to some other not such clean stuff, like smugness and the desire for recognition. But, although my friend probably won't leave me entirely anytime soon (as I said, he's clingy like that), for now I am hopefully not going to give him the attention he wants. The past few weeks have been extremely timely, and I need to take a step back and reassess a few things.

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Re: Life

Posted by Hashem Help Me - 31 May 2018 23:03

Beautiful post. Sounds like you experienced a form of withdrawal which is normal and to be expected. Keep it up buddy. we are all rooting for you!

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Re: Life

Posted by shmiraashachaim - 26 Jul 2018 19:09

Going to uncharacteristically make this short. Don't have much energy. Will cut to the chase. Hopefully some point will come across. Hopefully somewhat clear. Not thinking things through so much.

I fell.

30 weeks. Gone. Just like that. 30 seconds of decision making demolished more than 30 weeks of hard work.

I didn't think it was going to happen. It couldn't happen. I honestly felt that due to my circumstances if this would happen again it would be the end of where I would like to go in life. Done. Cupoot. Game over.

Sitting there afterwards, shocked about what just happened, the voice of so many months saying that life is over if it happens again, ringing in my head. How does one process that life just fell apart, literally just like that, literally in from of my eyes? I couldn't. Almost two weeks of doing whatever I can to distract myself from the numbing pain. Falling again and again, giving into every little impulse over and over, for almost two weeks straight.

Finally left home. Sister took me to the airport. After some prodding, I dumped the entire week of events on her. She said that this notion I had in my mind this entire time of it being the end of everything if I fall was ridiculous, that there is no such thing as endings, that life is about getting up after the fall, no matter what, until the very end. There is hope.

She gave me chizik, and just speaking it all out felt as if a heavy boulder was taken off my shoulders. But I don't think it's so simple. I'm still in the twilight zone. Half-in-half out of the trenches. Still haven't processed it fully. Still don't know what to do. I'm hesitant to spring back because it seems that springing back entails eventual pain. Things all over the place right now. Quasi doing what I am supposed to be doing. Quasi getting things back in order. Quasi seeing what next step in life is. Quasi everything. Blah. Everything just plain blah.

To be continued.

Or the end.

Dunno.

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Re: Life

Posted by Markz - 26 Jul 2018 19:18

1) That was not short

If you feel like you're holding on by a thread, that's a bigger problem, no?

But hey, you're in good league with other guys here, myself included, that are on the way out of
2) "Life" is not short and not is your thread
tusting and not reached there yet...

Hatzlacha brother!

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Re: Life

Posted by cordnoy - 26 Jul 2018 19:33

Sorry.

Your sister is right.

Godspeed.

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Re: Life

Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 26 Jul 2018 20:22

Not gone. Not demolished. A setback and disappointment, yes. A mind-numbing swamp that you need to climb out of. But one bad choice (even if it led to 2 weeks of acting out) does not negate over half a year of good choices. And the next choice is still yours to make.

Hatzlacha and KOMT!

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Re: Life

Posted by Markz - 21 May 2019 01:32

Hey Shemira, how's 'Life'?

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Re: Life

Posted by chosemyshem - 07 Aug 2024 14:56

[shmirashachaim wrote on 05 May 2017 21:09:](#)

It's been awhile since i've utilized the virtual world of GYE. Most of you probably don't remember me (maybe a few? Marks? At least you?). For various reasons after posting once after a long break, I decided to move on. To be honest, I felt uncomfortable when I logged on for the first time a few days ago. I wasn't used to GYE. I wasn't used to the discussions, the jokes, or the bright/not-so-bright ideas. Listening to a secret group of guys talking about their petty/insane issues and discussions gave me a weird and almost squirmish feeling. The first thought that popped into my head was that I am above this. I'm in the "real world".

But what does it really mean to live in the real world? GYE is not just a chat room (at least it shouldn't be).The guys who are joking, discussing, and giving advice all have one common goal (at least they should), and that is to live in the real world. To live in the real world isn't automatically accomplished by the fact that one isn't spending time on anonymous online forums. Living in the real world means to live without hypocrisy, secrecy, or shame. In a sense, the guys on the forum can even be on a higher level than many quote-unquote "real world regular " people because they are actively and desperately pursuing their potential, which is what the real world should be about.

Without going into all my thoughts on what GYE is about and why I left, I would like to share one aspect of those things that has been my mind.

One of the ways GYE can help guys live in the real world (at least potentially- or at least I thought potentially) is by helping them redefine what the real world is. Talking for myself, one major component of this struggle is living in two disparate worlds: 1) The “real” world and 2) the “fake” world. The real world being the one with friends, family, learning, growing, etc. The fake world being the one with a racing and confused mind “going to the bathroom” or driving to unsavory places doing unsavory things with unsavory people. The real world is real while the fake world in a sense is not because they just can’t coexist and therefore can never “meet” each other (ayin Captain Kirk in the Dov quotes if i’m not making sense). One might suggest that GYE can bridge those two worlds and hopefully give clarity on what is in fact real.

Yes, many caution that the GYE forum can be insufficient (i.e. I got kicked off by Cordnoy) or even unhealthy. Unfortunately, (again talking for myself) it didn’t seem sufficient for me and that was partially because it did not bridge the two worlds to the point that it should have. It might even have just become another part of my “fake” world in a way. I, through the urging of GYE’ers, initiated to merge the two worlds (by telling my Rebbe), and not long after the two worlds unexpectedly collided and exploded on their own..

I am kind of still protesting even as I write this. I am not coming back after a major fall (at least not right after). Or any fall for that matter. And I have been doing things for recovery. Don’t get me wrong. There was a time I felt GYE was “entertaining” in a way, often I found it to be an outlet for my emotions, and it also ended up being a place where I could connect to some really good people. But it also puts me in a world where my ego doesn’t want to be part of. However, after some time since I left and some thought about why I left, I now feel that GYE might once again be an appropriate role in my recovery (which I need) and that I can benefit from as I have in ways in the past. I think it is time to at least see if I can let it help me fulfill my potential in the “real” world; one thing is that now that the two worlds apparently decided to get to know each other this well, perhaps GYE now can be at least part of what helps keep my real world defined. I guess I’ll see how it goes.

My life has been difficult. I would like to be positive but that is the obvious and no one can deny it. I remember the first time I read a lifelines article and being proud that I wouldn’t be able to write any story for that section of Mishpacha; thinking that thank God my life was not interesting enough for anyone to get entertainment from before they take their Shabbas nap. But then the time came when unfortunately I realized that I can indeed write quite a captivating lifelines article. Funny how things change. Then there was that time that I happened upon the horror section of the GYE stories page, thinking how terrible the stories are and being comforted from the fact that I can’t write a story in that horrible section. But, once again, I found myself with the means to write an article for there as well. Funny how things change.

I always said: “God has a sense of humor; I just don’t always get it”. But life has taken a toll on me far beyond any humor. How do you smile when life is so sick? How can you laugh when everything is so gray?

But here I am. I guess I am not giving up. At least for today I am moving forward. At least for today I am putting one foot in front of the other and hoping that one day I won't have to tell my feet what to do and that they will want to jump and skip by themselves. I often don't see that and I often have felt guilty in even attempting to see that. But what else am I supposed to do?

Here I am. Back on GYE and ready to joke, discuss, and take advice on all my petty (and insane) issues.

I know that this was a little bit of a meggila; for those who made it until the end should not worry; I am not planning on writing one so often.

Hope to post more soon

Shmira

A powerful post on a very powerful thread.

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