It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Trouble - 23 Mar 2017 20:22

So, I was driving, and yes it was a few miles past the speed limit as I was skimming the ash out of my Amaretto pipe, but who does the city think it is to make the limit 25 mph? There are no children running out between the cars, at least, there weren't any when I was driving. And while it is also true that I was looking at the sidewalk on the other side, as there was a cute bais Yaakov (or what looked like one, and why do they need to make their uniforms so similar?) girl walking with bobby socks, you heard me! Bobby socks! Where are the Rabbanim? What are the principals and teachers doing? Can't they see what these girls are causing the boys and the men in this city? It's not like we are in some darfshtatt in Texas! This is holy-ducking BoroPark! They should know better and they don't! I am not even discussing the length of her skirt. My goodness gracious! Don't they check the sizes before they release the uniform skirt! Appalling! So, anyway, yes, I was looking out of the corner of me eye; ok, I'll be honest (you hear that? I'm actually admitting here, so don't go off on me), it was more than the corner, but who can blame me? I'm a guy and I'm normal and I exercise; I'm good looking and attractive, and these girls are dressed to kill (their teachers and parents will burn in Hell for this)! And then, it happened! The guy/gal in front of me driving the fancy delancey Lexus, just stopped. The gall! I hate these people who think they can press the brake whenever they ducking please. Brakes should be used at the end of the blocks, and then, only if there is a light, or if there is a blind man crossing with an elderly woman. So, back to the story (I do not understand why you keep interrupting me): "It" braked all of a sudden, and I needed to slam on my brakes (while I was still thinking of you know what, and you know whose fault that was), and my car swerved (which is another thing; why can't they make cars like they used to that stop when you press or tap on the brakes; now, they skid to the side, jerk and then stop; idiots!), and it was then that I heard the screeching, scratching sound. I wasn't sure what it was, but it did seem that it was coming from the truck which was parked illegally to my right; yes, can you believe it? Illegally! He had at least four inches between his wheels and the curb! What's up with that? All they do is drive and yet they can't park like a normal human being. Somebody on the side started waving his hands in the air, motioning for me to stop, but there was no way I was gonna listen to a Salem menthol smoking grunt of a guy. If it was his truck, then it's just his fault, and I will clear that with a couple of my Rabbeim shortly, and if it wasn't his truck, who does he think he is to smoke in public, and menthol to make it worse. I needed anyways to chase down that short-stopping-Lexus-driving son of a bitch who caused that scratching sound! As fate would have it (and fate always screws with me, except when it's hashgachah pratis that I should be tested based on the high level that I'm on), the Lexus made the light (if you can call it that, for the yellow was already turning red, and it was clear to anyone that he ran it), but I missed it. Two yeshivah boys were smirking at me, holding up a dangled side mirror with several wires coming out of it. It was then that I lost it! And who could blame me? I jammed the gear into park and ran out of the car, yelling at those two boys (who anyways should be in seder now; what's up with that? Is there no learning anymore in Yeshivah? This would never have happened if I was appointed the First year Beis Medrash Rebbe, like it was so deserving, and instead, they appointed that so-called masmid, halachah expert, who just happened to be the nephew of the Rosh Yeshivah! Sick nepotism is what I say, and look at the catastrophic results!) to wipe their smile off their faces. I screamed, "why the Hell did you pull my mirror off my car?" They looked at me with that glum

look, as if I was nuts. This really ticked me off. They said, "Excuse us mister, but your mirror came off when you sideswiped that truck." It was then that I realized, and thank God that I am 61 days clean (of any unclean thoughts involving various genders in various places at various times without first doing fifteen pushups and reciting tehillim chapter 09 backwards), for it was only due to my sobriety streak that I was able to realize that it was all a slap on the wrist for me looking at the uniformed girl (and a friendly reminder that I should probably get a filter, stop watching movies (mostly r rated), not shake any business associate, acquaintance, acquaintance's friend, etc hand, shoulder – and of course if they bump into me or get within my daled amos, I cannot be faulted), and I should keep my eyes, hands and feet on the road, which reminds me: Where is that crazy Lexus driver?

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by GrowStrong - 05 Apr 2017 17:06

Trouble wrote on 05 Apr 2017 16:35:

Workingguy wrote on 05 Apr 2017 14:43:

Ok. I think you're being pretty clear. And then yes, it is much easier to blame others than to take responsibility. But it actually becomes harder in the long run, because considering that you can't really change others the behavior will continue and you'll be busy blaming but frustrated that things don't change. When you take responsibility, you have the ability to change situation because you could change yourself.

Thank you for that.

You even got me thinking.

How motivated does one need to be to really, truly change?

You see many/some people come on here saying that this is it! It's been 12 freaking years and I tried everything; I said the entire tehillim, I once spoke to my mashgiach, I fasted every other Monday and Wednesday, I changed barbers, I learned chovos halevavos with Rabbi Miller's elucidation, but this behavior still exists. Now what? Is he ready for change? Is he even willing to listen? Dov writes and talks all about the rewiring of the frummie brain; are these guys gonna have what it takes to change? Will they beat to death all their old ideas and hashkafos and beliefs? Am I gonna? Is the time now to say, "You must change, Marvin Kaye"?

Its the million dollar question.

Since so many manage to break free without having to hit rock bottom, what did motivate them.

And there is no million dollar answer..

But to answer your specific question,

They need to be as motivated as if it were life or death.

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Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Workingguy - 05 Apr 2017 18:43

GS,

That's pretty dramatic. I certainly don't feel life or death and I only did way in the beginning of recovery.

What motivates me is that it is depressing to be headed downward, not to grow. Also, what motivates me is the more I feel I CAN do better by looking at the progress of people here and fixing certain other things in my life, the more I WANT to do better- bc why would I settle for crummy addiction if I can be alive?

But when I didn't believe jay I can do better, addiction was a fine way of life because I didn't have a better option.

====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Trouble - 05 Apr 2017 20:15

Workingguy wrote on 05 Apr 2017 18:43:

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But when I didn't believe jay I can do better, addiction was a fine way of life because I didn't have a better option.

Mr. Workerguy,

I appreciate what you wrote, but isn't it like a catch-22 almost? Addiction was a fine way of life when you didn't believe, but when you did believe you could do better, you were able to push away the crummy life for the living life. This belief/non-belief can come and go, for sometimes, we are steeped in that depression and perhaps even lust that we tend to forget recovery mode and then we don't believe. I'm not asking to argue; just to discuss.

I have a very dear friend who goes back and forth with this. Sometimes life is crummy in addiction mode, but sometimes, it is just as crummy in recovery mode. The conclusion therefore is: why bother?

But I do agree with you: Seeing others in recovery, and living a good, healthy life can and does do wonders to our beliefs. The intro of one or two of those books should say something like that as well.

Thanks

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Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Workingguy - 05 Apr 2017 21:44

Reb Trouble,

Here's how I would put it. People who think/know that they can do better than they're doing now usually will find a way to do better. When that doesn't happen, it's because they're doing the best they think they can.

Most of us don't think addiction is he optimal state, but when we don't think we can do better, it provides a lot of things- something to do and be busy with to distract from fear, pain, loneliness, or even having to face that we are in a place that we never wanted to be.

When we feel we can do better- even with hard work- were often willing to do better because there's a sense of accomplishment, pride, and self esteem that makes it worth it. And it becomes worth the bother.

Ill give you a personal example. I've had/have challenging intimacy, although it's getting better. I believed, and actually still believe, that a good chunk of it is my wife's issue.

It it used to be the best excuse to act out. Why not? It will never get better, and what am I supposed to do?

But at a certain point I started doing better in other areas of life even though this one didn't change. And then no matter what she did in this regard, my thought was- if there's one thing I DON'T want to do, it's act out. Not for her, and not because I realized it's not her issue- but because my personal development wouldn't be compatible with me acting out just because my wife wasn't available. It had nothing to do with changing my attitude about her; it had to do with changing my attitude about me. Because I believed it was worth it.

If it all seems the same in recovery and addiction to someone, then they just haven't found a

good enough reason to stop- be it a negative consequence, incentive, or just believing they can.

Does that make any sense to you? I appreciate the conversation/dialogue.

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by GrowStrong - 06 Apr 2017 08:27

Workingguy wrote on 05 Apr 2017 18:43:

GS,

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What motivates me is that it is depressing to be headed downward, not to grow. Also, what motivates me is the more I feel I CAN do better by looking at the progress of people here and fixing certain other things in my life, the more I WANT to do better- bc why would I settle for crummy addiction if I can be alive?

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====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Trouble - 06 Apr 2017 12:56

I appreciate the dialogue as well.

It usually gets to a point though where I'm all out of thinking.

So meanwhile, I will leave it at that, for the moment.

Practically speaking, a "troubling" event occurred this morning in my wife's bed. As I was helping her with her back and shoulders (as she was even up for several hours in middle of the night in the kitchen), our son sauntered over from my bed (his bed) and began the hike to her bed. (And to all you smart alex, there is a response to your question.) My wife looked at me and said with a smile, "Here comes trouble." If she would only know.

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Singularity - 06 Apr 2017 12:58

Workingguy wrote on 05 Apr 2017 13:13:

Trouble wrote on 05 Apr 2017 13:02:

Singularity wrote on 05 Apr 2017 09:18:

Is there ever a situation where blaming someone else would actually be beneficial? I'm excluding *dafka* situations like a murder trial or something. You know, like you blame the judge for talking slowly.

Is there ever a situation where blaming others would NOT be beneficial?

Blaming others makes for a much easier life.

Isn't EASY what we are all striving for?

I think very few people on these forums are striving for easy. If they were, they would probably be back on the sites that they used to be on.

Actually, in the period just after acting out, I find coming on here very "easy". Well, at least until I get another craving..

====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by cordnoy - 07 Apr 2017 01:38

Trouble wrote on 06 Apr 2017 12:56:

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Practically speaking, a "troubling" event occurred this morning in my wife's bed. As I was helping her with her back and shoulders (as she was even up for several hours in middle of the night in the kitchen), our son sauntered over from my bed (his bed) and began the hike to her bed. (And to all you smart alex, there is a response to your question.) My wife looked at me and said with a smile, "Here comes trouble." If she would only know.

If that ain't double trouble, I don't know what is.

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Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by MayanHamisgaber - 07 Apr 2017 01:44

Singularity wrote on 06 Apr 2017 12:58:

Workingguy wrote on 05 Apr 2017 13:13:

Trouble wrote on 05 Apr 2017 13:02:

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Actually, in the period just after acting out, I find coming on here very "easy". Well, at least until I get another craving..

I didn't find doing anything easy

====

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by cordnoy - 26 May 2017 00:21

Trouble wrote on 23 Mar 2017 20:22:

So, I was driving, and yes it was a few miles past the speed limit as I was skimming the ash out of my Amaretto pipe, but who does the city think it is to make the limit 25 mph? There are no children running out between the cars, at least, there weren't any when I was driving. And while it is also true that I was looking at the sidewalk on the other side, as there was a cute bais Yaakov (or what looked like one, and why do they need to make their uniforms so similar?) girl walking with bobby socks, you heard me! Bobby socks! Where are the Rabbanim? What are the principals and teachers doing? Can't they see what these girls are causing the boys and the men in this city? It's not like we are in some darfshtatt in Texas! This is holy-ducking BoroPark! They should know better and they don't! I am not even discussing the length of her skirt. My goodness gracious! Don't they check the sizes before they release the uniform skirt! Appalling! So, anyway, yes, I was looking out of the corner of me eye; ok, I'll be honest (you hear that? I'm actually admitting here, so don't go off on me), it was more than the corner, but who can blame me? I'm a guy and I'm normal and I exercise; I'm good looking and attractive, and these girls are dressed to kill (their teachers and parents will burn in Hell for this)! And then, it happened! The guy/gal in front of me driving the fancy delancey Lexus, just stopped. The gall! I hate these people who think they can press the brake whenever they ducking please. Brakes should be used at the end of the blocks, and then, only if there is a light, or if there is a blind man crossing with an elderly woman. So, back to the story (I do not understand why you keep interrupting me): "It" braked all of a sudden, and I needed to slam on my brakes (while I was still thinking of you know what, and you know whose fault that was), and my car swerved (which is another thing; why can't they make cars like they used to that stop when you press or tap on the brakes; now, they skid to the side, jerk and then stop; idiots!), and it was then that I heard the screeching, scratching sound. I wasn't sure what it was, but it did seem that it was coming from the truck which was parked illegally to my right; yes, can you believe it? Illegally! He had at least four inches between his wheels and the curb! What's up with that? All they do is drive and yet they can't park like a normal human being. Somebody on the side started waving his hands in the air, motioning for me to stop, but there was no way I was gonna listen to a Salem menthol smoking grunt of a guy. If it was his truck, then it's just his fault, and I will clear that with a couple of my Rabbeim shortly, and if it wasn't his truck, who does he think he is to smoke in public, and menthol to make it worse. I needed anyways to chase down that short-stopping-Lexus-driving son of a bitch who caused that scratching sound! As fate would have it (and fate always screws with me, except when it's hashgachah pratis that I should be tested based on the high level that I'm on), the Lexus made the light (if you can call it that, for the yellow was already turning red, and it was clear to anyone that he ran it), but I missed it. Two yeshivah boys were smirking at me, holding up a dangled side mirror with several wires coming out of it. It was then that I lost it! And who could blame me? I jammed the gear into park and ran out of the car, yelling at those two boys (who anyways should be in seder now; what's up with that? Is there no learning anymore in Yeshivah? This would never have happened if I was appointed the First year Beis Medrash Rebbe, like it was so deserving, and instead, they appointed that so-called masmid, halachah expert, who just happened to be the nephew of the Rosh Yeshivah! Sick nepotism is what I say, and look at the catastrophic results!) to wipe their smile off their faces. I screamed, "why the Hell did you pull my mirror off my car?" They looked at me with that glum look, as if I was nuts. This really ticked me off. They said, "Excuse us mister, but your mirror came off when you sideswiped that truck." It was then that I realized, and thank God that I am

61 days clean (of any unclean thoughts involving various genders in various places at various times without first doing fifteen pushups and reciting tehillim chapter 09 backwards), for it was only due to my sobriety streak that I was able to realize that it was all a slap on the wrist for me looking at the uniformed girl (and a friendly reminder that I should probably get a filter, stop watching movies (mostly r rated), not shake any business associate, acquaintance, acquaintance's friend, etc hand, shoulder – and of course if they bump into me or get within my daled amos, I cannot be faulted), and I should keep my eyes, hands and feet on the road, which reminds me: Where is that crazy Lexus driver?

And I realize the blame is on me

'Cause I knew you were trouble when you walked in

So shame on me now

Flew me to places I'd never been

'Til you put me down, oh

I knew you were trouble when you walked in

So shame on me now

Flew me to places I'd never been

Now I'm lying on the cold hard ground

Oh, oh, trouble, trouble, trouble

Oh, oh, trouble, trouble, trouble

Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Trouble - 22 Jun 2018 14:34

bb0212 wrote on 26 Mar 2017 13:02:

Kinda speechless here. No clue what to say or what the hell is going on here. Very confused and kinda lost. **Not looking for trouble**, but what's happening in this thread?

You weren't looking; that's why you bumped into him!

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Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Trouble - 01 Aug 2018 19:18

Trouble wrote on 23 Mar 2017 20:22:

So, I was driving, and yes it was a few miles past the speed limit as I was skimming the ash out of my Amaretto pipe, but who does the city think it is to make the limit 25 mph? There are no children running out between the cars, at least, there weren't any when I was driving. And while it is also true that I was looking at the sidewalk on the other side, as there was a cute bais Yaakov (or what looked like one, and why do they need to make their uniforms so similar?) girl walking with bobby socks, you heard me! Bobby socks! Where are the Rabbanim? What are the principals and teachers doing? Can't they see what these girls are causing the boys and the men in this city? It's not like we are in some darfshtatt in Texas! This is holy-ducking BoroPark! They should know better and they don't! I am not even discussing the length of her skirt. My goodness gracious! Don't they check the sizes before they release the uniform skirt! Appalling! So, anyway, yes, I was looking out of the corner of me eye; ok, I'll be honest (you hear that? I'm actually admitting here, so don't go off on me), it was more than the corner, but who can blame me? I'm a guy and I'm normal and I exercise; I'm good looking and attractive, and these girls are dressed to kill (their teachers and parents will burn in Hell for this)! And then, it happened! The guy/gal in front of me driving the fancy delancey Lexus, just stopped. The gall! I hate these people who think they can press the brake whenever they ducking please. Brakes should be used at the end of the blocks, and then, only if there is a light, or if there is a blind man crossing with an elderly woman. So, back to the story (I do not understand why you keep interrupting me): "It" braked all of a sudden, and I needed to slam on my brakes (while I was still thinking of you know what, and you know whose fault that was), and my car swerved (which is another thing; why can't they make cars like they used to that stop when you press or tap on the brakes; now, they skid to the side, jerk and then stop; idiots!), and it was then that I heard the screeching, scratching sound. I wasn't sure what it was, but it did seem that it was coming from the truck which was parked illegally to my right; yes, can you believe it? Illegally! He had at least four inches between his wheels and the curb! What's up with that? All they do is drive and yet they can't park like a normal human being. Somebody on the side started waving his hands in the air, motioning for me to stop, but there was no way I was gonna listen to a Salem menthol smoking grunt of a guy. If it was his truck, then it's just his fault, and I will clear that with a couple of my Rabbeim shortly, and if it wasn't his truck, who does he think he is to smoke in public, and menthol to make it worse. I needed anyways to chase down that short-stopping-Lexus-driving son of a bitch who caused that scratching sound! As fate would have it (and fate always screws with me, except when it's hashgachah pratis that I should be tested based on the high level that I'm on), the Lexus made the light (if you can call it that, for the yellow was

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that crazy driver ran off with the pm's, chats, negative karma and now he even hacked the 'recent posts' section! What the Hell!?!? It's probably my wife though.

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Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Markz - 01 Aug 2018 19:46

DEFINITELY

And you used to be able to chat with her, and now they removed that too ;-(

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Re: It's all their fault (and that's the truth!) Posted by Trouble - 05 Sep 2018 03:09

Here's what I'm not getting: GYE has a list of rules and strict policies as to what constitutes a fall and what doesn't (and I'm not delving into the machlokes between SA, PA & GYE regarding

this), and if you dare, Heaven forbid, "lightning will strike you down" fall, then you are a Zero! You must start your nezirus again. But, if you post on the forum about your fall/slip/whatever, or if you call a partner, mentor, adviser, then there is nothing to worry about: "Don't worry, look at all those counted days, they never leave you, those weeks and months are yours forever, you have gained tremendously, big deal - everyone looks where they shouldn't and many watch inappropriate stuff, you are a tzaddik nistar v'nigleh, you're the inspiration - you bring feeling to my life (no one needs you more than I), today is the only day that counts, just brush up & dust up and rev your engine even louder."

So, why the Hell do I need to start again? If anything, I should get a double credit!? Maybe even a free Slurpee and a three-minute credit slip to watch youtube trailers!

And what'sup with those guys that send me those mushy messages how much they like my posts? Can't they _ _ _ _ ' read? I'm not inspiring; I'm Trouble!