

Singularity's Journey

Posted by Singularity - 12 Jul 2016 09:18

Well here I am, aaaagain! Actually this is the first time I've posted in this forum but I've decided to give it a 90-days go. Again. Oh boy.

BH married, 2 wonderful kids and a good job. Good learning and constantly striving for closeness to Hashem. Now have to kick this habit.

I'm in two minds. One one hand, it's good to track progress and discuss your falls and high moments. It gives chizuk for the long haul ahead. However is there not also an idea that the less attention you give something, the less of a problem it is? Any ideas?

Well here I am on day 1. The bulk of Shavuos to Rosh Hashonah is about passed. We're in Bamidbar - a desolate stretch of Torah (from Beha'aloscha at least) where we as a nation fell gravely and were beaten time and time again, due to Ta'avah and Kavod. All put to an end by Pinchas's sole act of zealousness, the seal to all the impure outflow. And I feel it reflects in the time of year. Nothing's happening! No Chagim. Worse, 17th of Tammuz, 9th of Av. It's the Yetzer Hara's playing ground and I always get knocked down strongest here. It's a *metzi'us*. So I wish to be a phoenix rising from the ashes of a downtrodden nation. And let's all be that together iyH.

Elul will be a lot easier I feel. It's the desolate months of Tammuz and Av that pose the real challenge. But let's see how it goes. Day 1!

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Re: Singularity's Journey

Posted by cordnoy - 28 Dec 2016 01:20

The way we deal with addiction in the meetings and with the steps is b'davka with the spiritual.

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Re: Singularity's Journey
Posted by Shlomo24 - 28 Dec 2016 03:47

My point was missed. I meant that lust isn't only a ruchniyos problem. I wasn't referring to the solution or anything.

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Re: Singularity's Journey
Posted by Spike Ed - 28 Dec 2016 10:39

Hey Singularity, been following your posts a bit and i see you all over, just wanna say hi and keep up your great work, nice that your as active as you are and hope to bup into you more on some other forums!

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Re: Singularity's Journey
Posted by Singularity - 03 Jan 2017 10:17

Thanks spikey! Hope to catch you too, in the world of avatar or beboping around the galaxy.

Shlomo, not quite catching you...

what gashmiyus reasons for lusting? It feels good? I admit, everything has a dual component. Heck, maybe running could be more *ruchniyusdik* than learning Torah at some points in my life? Heretical? Don't know.

Day 33! Yesterday we had a maggot infestation!! >. Just one little fly. to lay a few little eggs. And then, well, I hope you get the symbolism.

I upgraded my monstah truck to a MONSTAH truck. See y'all on the sunny freeway.

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Re: Singularity's Journey
Posted by Shlomo24 - 03 Jan 2017 15:57

What I meant is that if one's life is truly unmanageable than more than just his *ruchniyos* is affected. His *gashmiyus* is also affected.

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Re: Singularity's Journey
Posted by Singularity - 06 Jan 2017 07:53

[Shlomo24 wrote on 03 Jan 2017 15:57:](#)

What I meant is that if one's life is truly unmanageable than more than just his *ruchniyos* is affected. His *gashmiyus* is also affected.

For sure. I waste time. Money. I feel like a lethargic lump of spleen.

But I still feel the root core of lusting is *ruchnius* whereas the root core of running is *gashmius!*

Okay on to the thoughts of the day/week:

So my wife's foot is getting better BH! And our boy just celebrated his first birthday! Today!!

And I judge people less about not being frum. Which is good. Well more like I don't have the time to judge people because I'm trying more to worry about what they actually need. I heard once: other's *gashmiyus* is your *ruchniyus*. It rings true to me.

Also I don't have the time to judge people because I'm running and actually feeling good about myself.

Like a scene from Friends. Rachel has no date, and Chandler says to her "Well, I can ask guys

at my office, how'd you like that?"

She replies, "That would be wonderful, thanks! Hey-- why have you never suggested this before?"

He replies, "Well, for once I have a girlfriend, I'm actually happy. So I no longer feel the need to prevent others from being happy."

I'Havdil, but it's true.

I'm happy in life. A beautiful wife. Two wonderful kids. A third on the way!

I'm healthy, Hashem has given me the strength to run, and progress in it, to feel thin, able to fit into my clothes, to learn with vigour and *daven* with clarity. I know more who I am, what triggers me.

Just yesterday, after paying the tax authority a lump sum of undeclared income tax, I was hit with *another* lump sum I needed to pay. I was perturbed but kept in mind, *I cannot do anything about it now; I must phone them tomorrow*. And continued to have an absolutely pleasant night.

So the dealio is that even though I have been donating to my *yeshivah*, they are not affiliated with the tax-exempt status of the broader organisation under which these institutions run and I can't get a tax certificate. And I was told that after all the donations. And now the tax authorities have denied my donation and demand tax for the amount. And that would proper wipe out our savings. And it's stressful.

But for the first time I was the one to tell my wife "Well, I feel fine, please don't freak out!"

Because What's there to freak out about? Just gotta ask Hashem. But this is the third step, no? What an opportune time for this event to happen, because our SAA fellowship is on the third step this week. And I gotta be cool about it. It's not my money.

Putting in *histadlus*, for sure. Going to dispute it. But I can't let it ruin me. Recovery has taught me how to deal with life. I'm not an expert and these are small border skirmishes, yes, but they will give me the mindset and ability to deal with real stuff when circumstance takes on my more established fortresses in the heart of the homeland of my world.

BH Keep on trucking, or horse-wagoning, if you live in medieval war times, and may all our recoveries be profound and insightful.

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Re: Singularity's Journey

Posted by Shlomo24 - 06 Jan 2017 08:18

Beautiful. Suggestion? I'm good at dealing with the big stuff when it happens, such as the loss of savings. I can talk the talk. But fear always seems to creep in afterwards. I would suggest you allow yourself to feel whatever comes up. It may not seem so now, but my experience is that once the initial adrenaline is over I actually begin to feel all the crappy things I didn't want to feel.

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Re: Singularity's Journey

Posted by Singularity - 06 Jan 2017 09:03

Thanks. I'll keep it in mind. I'll watch out for danger signs.

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Re: Singularity's Journey

Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 06 Jan 2017 14:50

Sing, just when I was getting used to the scary Anime guy you changed it again!

But I get it, that thing on the squash racket is a Black Hole!

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Re: Singularity's Journey

Posted by MayanHamisgaber - 15 Jan 2017 20:48

Hey singularity why did you switch back your avatar??

GYE - Guard Your Eyes

Generated: 11 April, 2025, 05:08

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Re: Singularity's Journey
Posted by Gevura Shebyesod - 16 Jan 2017 02:40

[MayanHamisgaber wrote on 15 Jan 2017 20:48:](#)

Hey singularity why did you switch back your avatar??

Because he didn't like my Pshat?

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Re: Singularity's Journey
Posted by thanks613 - 16 Jan 2017 06:28

[Singularity wrote on 06 Jan 2017 07:53:](#)

I feel like a lethargic lump of spleen.

Great line!

I liked the rest of the post too..

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Re: Singularity's Journey
Posted by Singularity - 16 Jan 2017 07:09

For me, it's a squash racket. Check group 196 for a deeper Pshat.

But it's contingent on when you've hard refreshed the site last. Try Shift+F5 and you'll get my favourite sport.

Or maybe my avatar is like a mood ring. Right now I just feel sporty.

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Re: Singularity's Journey
Posted by Singularity - 16 Jan 2017 07:49

I'm just checking in.

I want to post something long and deep, but really, things have been going so well, I don't have much deep or long to report on. BH! Keep it Simple, I guess.

On Friday, I just decided to "pull off" an 11k run. BH! I have worked myself to the point of healthy fitness! It works wonders for my confidence.

Friday afternoon, I had a fallout with my father. Long history. Messy, dreadful. He cheated on my mother and practically abandoned us kids emotionally and physically when I was in my formative years. Around Grade 1 to grade 8-9. On and off.

When there's a point where my mother and father might meet, I close off. So on a Friday, my dad comes and hangs out with the kids and stuff for a bit. Then he leaves and my mom comes. So this time my mom came a little earlier. So I my dad knew to leave, but cursed my mother in the interim, and I screamed , "DAD!", and my wife tried to calm me down.

So I kicked a cupboard and the hinge broke. I stormed into our bedroom and slammed the door shut, threw a duvet and lay down, trying to calm myself down.

And trust me, that's an *improvement!* I'm actually proud that I didn't scream back worse things. And I defused myself a lot quicker than I usually would.

And my wife saw my parents exchange words. And she came into the room and told me she was so proud that I actually turned out **normal**, despite growing up with that kind of stuff.

That was a big comfort for me.

Then the whatsapp attacks began. My dad said my behaviour was awful etc and then did something I always feared he would.

He threw everything he does for us, back in my face.

That's how it was growing up. He would do something for us, and OH BOY, WOULD HE NEVER LET US FORGET IT!

So it's been a peaceful stretch, he even got us sushi every week! And seemed a lot more different, better. But I always had my reservation because I suspect even though he is putting on a play of being frum, the *kippah* and all, he isn't actually pursuing a path of change. And Friday affirmed that. And all the good he did us, all the favours he did for us, all got thrown back at me. And resentments that have been boiling for months, years, like not being Sandek a year ago while my father-in-law has been twice!

But I could have pursued the whirlpool of hate and (once again) listed the countless things he had done and subsequently forgot, of no consequence, throughout the years. And I really love doing that.

But he doesn't ever listen, so I just shoot myself in the foot.

But I had a funny dialogue with him. He asked why I didn't phone my sister on her birthday. I told him her birthday was on a shabbos, the shabbos ended at 7:40PM and it was New Years'

Eve (for me, no issue, but I know she's a party animal. Well, she's at least a dubstep DJ). I had no data or airtime (now I admit I should have bought airtime, even though it would have been replenished with the new month). I also said that I tried to phone, and even did contact her that Friday afternoon. I then tried to phone the Sunday morning, first thing. But couldn't get hold of her. So he texted me:

"Poor excuse. 0/10"

So I texted back:

"Wow. Same score as your fathering over the years" (I know, what a *chutzpah!*)

So he texted:

"I think you forget things. You were educated, went on trips etc..."(Even though some of the things he mentioned, my mother actually paid for)

So I replied:

"Wonderful. If fathering meant paying for things..."

And he hasn't replied. But that last line stuck with me. I don't want to be that for my children. I want to be there for *them*. For plays, recitals. To cheer them on in their own goals. To give them *chizuk* when they need it. I told my mother I'm so scared I'd end up like my father. She said it would never, *ever* happen. I am happy for the support but wish I was more confident in myself.

And I carried on my *erev Shabbos* duties, all the while thankful that lusting was much lower on my list of possible ways to deal with all this anxiety and hurt!!!

But I was really tired, hungry... all the HALT thingies, except for lonely, BH! Our place was a mess, but we had a wonderful Shabbos. And the hurt came up again through the Shabbos, but I could deal with it better, in my own way.

One of the rabbis has his house as like, an open house. And it provides a good shortcut to the shul I go to. So as I was walking through his garden, I peeked in a window for a split second, to someone's room. And I know this certain Rabbi has a young daughter. And I thought I saw someone sleeping.

And I felt this rush, tingling in my entire body. BH I had only looked for an instant of a second. But I realised what just happened.

I just lusted.

Subtle, but there. The feeling, at least. The thrill that I could have seen someone. I am more aware of it. I love the awareness. And I walked to the shul, contemplating it. And Not wanting to do it again. Please. God.

I think that the more I progress in recovery, the more subtle my lusting will become. I guess because the YH can't attack so blatantly anymore. I hope.

Once again, I admit I am powerless. My life, without God's help, is completely unmanageable. I don't want to start again. I want 24 hours. That's all.

But then we had guests. My Chavrusa. And we had his wife too. And it was a trigger for me. I'm in two minds. I want Shabbos guests. But our place isn't so big. So we can't have lots of people. So we have a couple at a time. But maybe it's not the healthiest for me. I don't know. I never looked at her more than a second at a time, and almost never communicated. I feel like an insane person. But I guess that's an addiction. I'm insane. She's married. Her husband's right there. But I knew that if I looked at her for more than a few seconds, I'd have taken that first sip, and promptly been sent to the abyss. I was cognisant of the fact. It was sobering.

Nothing else has happened. I'm going to try work on the Fourth Step the next two weeks. Fearless Moral Inventory. I've never done a *Cheshbon haNefesh*. I hope the exercise is refreshing.

Huh. Look at that! Long, deep post! Who knew!!!?

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