

Momo II: Another try

Posted by Momo - 17 May 2009 10:10

Hi everyone,

After originally joining this forum, my first streak was the best for me (24 days). That was accompanied by almost daily posts and the chart. More important than the number of days, during this streak I really felt the Kedusha and that was an amazing feeling. I felt that I was actually getting rid of lust from within me. However, after I fell, I gave up with the forum and chart, and had smaller streaks. I make efforts to try again, however, I never reached the feeling of Kedusha during the shorter streaks (that were between 5 and 20 days). I also never felt that I was getting rid of the lustful feelings. I was just counting days until the next fall.

Anyway, I'm ready to try again with the chart and posting on the forum. I'm ready to make a REAL effort again but I've been feeling very lonely for the past few days, and I need the chizuk from this board to remind me that I'm not alone, and someone cares if I try or not.

Here's another try to feel the Kedusha and attempt to rid myself of the lust...

My first clean day was May 12, so yesterday (May 16) counts 5 clean days so far.

May HaShem help me.

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by imtrying25 - 08 Dec 2009 10:56

[Momo wrote on 08 Dec 2009 10:47:](#)

I have cutie kids.

I have a wife.

I love shnitzel, but it's not for supper. (BTW, I could eat shnitzel every day!)

That's my positive statements for the day??? I was thinking I need to say something more substantial, like "G-d loves me, regardless" and "If G-d kept me alive today He must believe in me even though I don't".

That is substantial. Yes what you wrote about G-d is true but lets start off slowly. Get off that 18 wheeler and get on a tricycle, is what Dov would say. Anything positive is substantial, cuz thats what your working on.

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Re: Momo II: Another try
Posted by Momo - 08 Dec 2009 11:00

[imtrying25 wrote on 08 Dec 2009 10:53:](#)

Think about , although you have so many hard times during the day, whats waiting for you at home. Everyone knows theres nothing like a child looking up at you and smiling, especially when that child is yours.

Wow, heavy stuff. Food for thought.

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by habib613 - 08 Dec 2009 11:02

i need sleep....

good night all.

smile, momo ;D

and give the baby a kiss from his tanta

g'night

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by Momo - 08 Dec 2009 11:04

[habib613 wrote on 08 Dec 2009 10:55:](#)

chill a little, i think.

not everything or anyone has to be perfect.

so yeah, Hashem kept you alive today, and He's waiting to see what you're going to do with that life.

but isn't that a whole lot of pressure for someone who's suicidal?

ya know what i'd say?

yeah, well then if i waste today then maybe he won't give me a tomorrow...

not good.

relax a bit. smile. life's good. do what you can to serve Hashem, go out of your way for mitzvos, but Hashem knows w're human.

Of course I'm a perfectionist.

You pinned me down 100%. That's why I like it when you post b/c I know you understand what's

Your words are wise. 7up's right, you are wise beyond your years.

Thanks,

good nite

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by the.guard - 08 Dec 2009 11:32

Why does everyone else get sympathy and chizuk responses and I don't:

inside my head.

Momo, I think it might be the way you smell. Do you take showers **at all**? Maybe you should try deodorant.

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by the.guard - 08 Dec 2009 11:36

Why does everyone else get sympathy and chizuk responses and I don't:

;D ;D ;D

Ok, now for a more serious answer. I think it might have to do with what Imtrying25 said, Uri explains what he's feeling, so we can answer him better. You just wrote "I HATE MY LIFE!". And although the color and size of that was impressive, we couldn't do much more than offer a joke or two to show we care and are there for you...

On the other hand, Uri wrote yesterday:

I am having a very hard time now that I am letting go of control and I am feeling alot of pain and fear and insecurity.

I am,unfortunatly,lashing out at the only people who can actualy help me out of fear of trust and love,and feel the urge to run from everything constantly.

I have been attempting to take control of my fears and life and it is getting me nowhere as usual,just hurting me.

I have been resisting the control of authority on all fronts(as usual) and I will try to behave better in the future.

And also:

is rav shlachter right about all this???

im letting go of control but i dont find any trust coming in.

and im afraid of trying to get trust from pple cause that's "control"

am i not understanding something?

all that's happened is that my gaava is increasing like crazy,i keep thinking i have all the answers,i take on all these cases,im mean to pple im close to,and i desperately desire a woman to be with.

i thought i was on the path of recovery.

instead i just make myself sick.

There's a lot of good questions there to address...

;D)

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I'm a dog 2

Posted by Momo - 08 Dec 2009 12:11

OK, this isn't expressive as Uri's, but it expresses how I feel in a different way.

This time I made an effort for it to rhyme, as Uri requested.

I don't care if you like it or not. I think it's brilliant.

Sung as a rap song (think Eminem).

I'm just a dog

Lying on the ground

Covered with fleas

Playing with my chewed up bone, if you please

Too tired to get up

I don't even know how

Lying on the ground crying bow wow wow

I feel your kicks upon my side

I open myself up to you

I've got nothing to hide

Except nobody's kicking me

Not even a tap

The only pain I feel

Is self inflicted

(OK, the last part doesn't rhyme. It's called poetic license!)

I lie all day wishing for someone help me

Laying and waiting, waiting and laying

I expect someone or something to come to my rescue

Not realizing that the answer is within me and not you.

Yeh, Yeh.

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by Ano Nymous - 08 Dec 2009 13:24

Momo,

Nobody posts in my thread either (unless it's about ice cream or sushi). It's a bit depressing sometimes, but I'm used to it. I think the reason is that I don't really post much in the way of questions ASKING for advice. I just post my count (what day I'm on) and hardly anything else. I just don't have much to say most of the time. I think if you ask questions which people have (or think they have) the answers to, you will get a response. For example, try asking why nobody posts anything in your thread except for ice cream and sushi jokes.

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by Momo - 08 Dec 2009 13:27

Sorry you feel so lonely Ano.

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by sci1977 - 08 Dec 2009 15:16

Think positive thoughts and positive things will happen.

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by the.guard - 08 Dec 2009 15:43

That was a great poem Momo, but you need to put a question mark at the end so we have

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 08 Dec 2009 15:51

some question to address

What?

I thought it's because I'm incredibly good looking!

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 08 Dec 2009 15:55

invitrofertilitygoddess.com/wp-content/uploads/cute%20puppy.jpg

ihasahotdog.files.wordpress.com/2008/05/cute-puppy-pictures-outside-needs-hug.jpg

api.ning.com/files/l2bwYX3LPa9iCJttDgpOf5E7iKe1Dj5oYSQrBfgLuvzZRqww*o*8tZpO5Ea7ojJXdoHtEV08nalvMFnu-d*vt3q3LAqsA9wV/BrownDogCutePuppyFaceCloseup.jpg

careersindia.net/puppy.jpg

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Re: Momo II: Another try

Posted by letakain - 08 Dec 2009 17:06

hi, momo.

here's a story that i heard before Y"K.

remind me of you...

one time there was a young boy. he was 20 years old. it was right before purim and his parents asked him not to get drunk. they warned him of the dangers and cautioned him not to hurt himself.

but the boy had bad friends.

he got a little high, a little drunk, and then stoned, and after a while, he couldn't even walk straight anymore. he tried to stumble homeward but he couldn't even see straight. he fell in a pile of mud and didn't even know which street he was on anymore. he tried to get up but after a few more drunken steps he fell and scraped himself.

he lost hope and soon fell into a drunken stupor in a soft pile of garbage bags in a dark alleyway.

when he woke up, he didn't know how many hours had passed or even if it was already the next day or a few days later. he looked at his surroundings, at his filth encrusted clothes and at his bloodied arms and legs.

he was scared to go home

he was scared his parents wouldn't let him in

that they wouldn't love him anymore

that they would scream in horror

that they would chase him away

but he had nowhere else to go

his parents were his only hope

so he walked home

he almost didn't even knock. his bloody hand as he raised it to the door knocker only bore further witness of his betrayal. but he knocked anyway.

when his parents opened the door they opened their arms and the boy began to cry.

"Totty, Mommy- i'm home" he sobbed

they looked away from his injuries, his foul smell and his soiled clothes.

they hugged their son and said

"we're so happy you made the effort to come home. we will help you

you will be clean again

we will give you new clothes

we will repair our relationship

we love you."

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