

Uri's Cheshbon Hanefesh

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 29 Nov 2009 20:49

An addiction always reflects deeper issues. And I have those issues and will attempt (gulp!) to face up to them more than ever.

In the duration of my introspection, there will be things written that sound questionable (do I believe in G-d and such). Please do not get offended and write angry responses because this does not reflect my true belief or at least not that I am aware of (at this point).

This is not a conversation; rather a diary in which to pour myself out. Read if you want. Don't if you don't want to. Therefore, please **DO NOT REPLY**. Moderators also, this thread is locked for a reason. This is not the place for philosophy. Thank you very much.

Now, to begin, what better place than Judaism.

I grew up in a very modern home where Torah was definitely not the priority. I went along with the community, and ended up pushing major boundaries.

Now, after my aliya, my "well-secure" life folded under me. I was outside of my element, away from my friends and girlfriend (read: no securities) and essentially demanded to change and fit the Israeli mold.

After several futile attempts, I retreated to my room where I was safe and spent a month or so sitting in front of the computer mas*****.

I was miserable.

Looking back, it is now clear to me that as my controls were non-existent/didn't work, I felt tremendous fear and could barely bear to be with people as I feared being "finished off". I was "safe" at home with my sex. I meanwhile dreamed of my last girlfriend (who had recently dropped me) day and night. I was obsessed. Deep stuff. I was a core. No shells left. When I was away from the computer, I felt like a weak baby. I decided that this was "me" under all the wrappings.

I also decided that once I got out of this place, I would never return again.

I now understand that in a way, it is essential for me now to return to this place, and see myself outside of all the shells and shields and everything.

Who am I?

Anyway.....

somewhere around this time,I discovered Judiasm.

So,I found myself empty and only barely alive.

I remembered hearing of this G-d somewhere and that you can ask Him for help whenever,and if there was ever a time,it was now.

So I opened a siddur and attempted to daven.

To my amazement,I found it quite enjoyable.

It wasn't just enjoyment.

It was a connection to life.

I felt secure.And this feeling of security made me feel alive again.

I was reborn.

But I decided that it would not be right (read:I would not have this feeling of security that made me so happy) unless it was both ways.

Which was a problem,obviously,as I was addicted to pornography and masturbation.

I struggled to be as jewish as possible for years,sometimes succeeding,sometimes not.

At some points I became so frustrated at my inability to be happy with my yiddishkeit that I left it for periods.

Right now I am really barely religious.

I am shomer shabbos,but I do not really daven,learn,or anything really.

It was clear to me for a while already that my religion was something I did to feel secure.Not for G-d,but for myself to feel happy.

Now I ask myself:

Do I even believe in G-d and the Torah?

What are my true motives?

What is my deal?

Right now, religion pisses me off. I just get annoyed and restless when faced with davening or learning.

Why?

Am I annoyed at my own insincerity?

Do I not want to give up my control to G-d and His laws??

Do I view G-d the same as I view my other father: overdemanding, never satisfied, abusive, etc...

When, if ever, can I break that image?!

More to come...

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Re: Uri's Cheshbon Hanefesh

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 29 Nov 2009 21:16

Growing up with my father was not/is not an easy thing.

It was always very hard to gain his approval and acceptance of me.

When I was really young, I did all I could to make him proud.

My father was my hero and anything he found important was important, and anything not was, of course, not.

So I became a pitcher in a little league.

I attempted to learn how to play classical piano.

I did my best in school.

But it was never good enough.

I was quite dissapointed in myself,as you can imagine.

I mean,my father was right obviously.

My pitching was not controlled enough and steady enough.

I did not practice enough piano.

My grades did not measure up to my brain.

As a child,I was quite desperate for attention.

I was a comedian in class,and a loud kid in general.

I was pretty popular.

So why was I so self-concious?

Why did I always feel like I had dirty secrets?

Why was I so desperate for friends??

I began to hate school.

I could not get 100 every time.

But I could get a 60 any old time.

If I could not get his approval,at least I could "not care" about his approval.

Less painful.

Dissapointment was strongly felt whenever my father spoke to me.

My grades dropped further.

I was sent to social workers left and right.

I just sat there.

Better than opening up my mouth and having them discover that I did not have any real issues.

Now I ask myself:What are real issues??

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Re: Uri's Cheshbon Hanefesh

Posted by jerusalemsexaddict - 30 Nov 2009 15:17

So it should be clear enough from the previous two posts that I am a person who grew up with alot of pain and shame.

I hid myself in the deepest recesses and painted a new image of "Uri".

A cool,smooth,confident guy who had no deep secrets and was enjoyable to be around and personable.

This image needed alot of affirmation and strengthening and soon i became quite popular.

But I was plagued by long bouts of depression.

Until a very short time ago,and even continuing alot now,most of what I did/do was either to A)protect this image of myself towards the outside population, or B)To minimize or remove my feelings of pain and depression/restlessness.

It's amazing how deep the human is and how natural and impulsive the need to feel secure is even to the point that I (hardly) ever realized I was fooling myself.

At this point now,I look at my life,and I ask myself:

How much of what I do now falls into one of these two categories?

To be honest,I'm a little afraid of what the answer might be...

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