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I'm not sure you know this, but I gave up trying to fit into society at 18 after an abusive and dysfunctional first 18 years. I loved finally being free. But being free wasn't like being free as a kid. I tried to conform by getting a steady job or a steady anything, which always led to crushing boredom for me. Once I had learned a thing, I didn't see the point in doing it repeatedly, except for needing the money. It wasn't as fun as doing something new. And so I wandered and drifted. Looking back would have meant taking the blame, responsibility, and guilt for selfishly doing what I wanted to do. I hurt others, so I didn't look back. The pleasure of going forward was too good even to consider stopping.

The years seemed to be going by slowly, but when I looked back, it was decades later. Not many years after that, and maybe a decade ago, I decided my life was without deep meaning.

I had chosen a life of pleasure, which kept me from remembering my past and from falling into the pit of unimaginable pain I had escaped from.

I began the long and complicated path of extricating myself from the small yet lucrative business I had created, only to develop a heart problem that almost killed me. But I didn't die, and eventually, having reconciled my past, my plan to once again drop out of society's idea of what life is about and what my idea is for my life came to fruition.

It took much longer than I thought.

I've paid for my selfishness with voluntary self-punishment for the wrongs I've done and I made amends to those I hurt without expectations. I've also forgiven the wrongs done to me without having received any apologies.

I'm living a meaningful life now, and I'm happy. Occasionally, I'll meet someone, and we'll hang out for a while, and I'm happy until the boredom begins to set in.

I'm like this now:

I pay attention.

I'm astonished by life.

I'm happy and optimistic.

Yet, there's too much meanness today for me to have many people in my life. I've lost several friends of 20 or more years because their societal choices made their speech mean to those who chose differently. My heart isn't mean, and I feel I need to protect it. I have rarely watched the ever-so-pervasive news for several years and genuinely enjoy not thinking or talking about opinions based on conjecture.

As the mind empties the daily trivia society clutters it with, you become free to think your thoughts.

The End.

Written by Peter Skeels © 4-7-2024