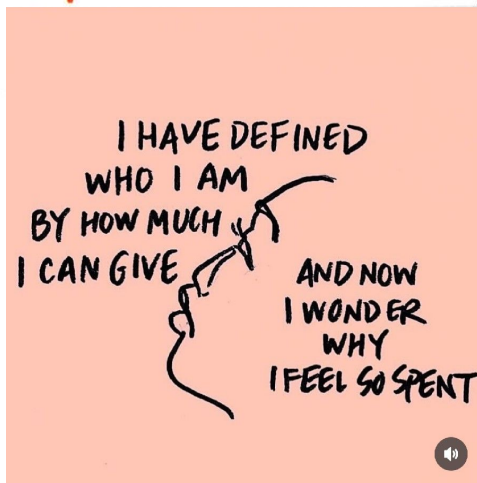


oneself is a surprisingly alien idea. But I do love and care for some precious things. If I look in a mirror and call what I see a precious thing, what happens?

Some actions become clear. Saying no to chores that just lie there needing done. Ask for assistance. View the work of organizing and dispatching chores to my housemates as a chore unto itself, and pivoting to fun stuff once I kindly asked everybody to do such and such. Instead of some grim "ok done, as you owed" after doing a thing, I literally pat my own shoulder and

call "good job, me" or whimsically "thank me truly." The hardest thing I've done so far has been to voice my own needs for folks to do things for me. "I would like to use the table for something, could you please clear it out?" I presume that it won't take so much fear-fighting to pose these requests as I practice them more.



↓
Elwing Si'ong
@elwingbling
(Instagram)

Ultimately, I'm hoping that rebalancing the usage of my energy will allow me to use it towards more joyous doings. It has been my experience that engaging in art or reading requires a bit of gumption. Without that, I fallback on the dopamine drip of the infinite scroll. I look forward to see how these habits I'm willing to form hold up. I may call on you to hold me up to it.

Benoit Hamelin
benoit@benoithamelin.com



Source of this paper:
<http://benoithamelin.com/20250309-of-energy.html>



Of energy

Musting is draining; joy is fulfilling; a bit of one's gas is necessary to ignite one's joyful bonfire.

I have a handful of lists of ideas, some written down, others dreamed of wistfully. Yet, when counting down the hours of a week not spent working for other people or sleeping, the top activity is all too often rotting away doomscrolling. Was that fun? I can't remember it fondly. So why did I not spend that time making, or crafting, or coding, or reading, or journaling?

Answer: I was tired.
Too tired to focus on
fun. Too tired for joy.

Over the past few weeks,
a critical source of this
fatigue came to light:
I fear being disliked, or
unloved. This fear seems
to be a godawful pillar
of my chronic anxiety.
I have a bunch of strange
behaviours stemming from
this dread, ~~like~~ one of
them is **obsessive care**,
of those around me in
particular. I have tacit-
ly accepted to do more
than my fair share of
house chores. It's what
good men do, yes? I get
up before the sun is up
to ~~wash~~ wash the
dishes and clean the

kitchen while having
my first coffee kiss of
the day — I mean, I
can't just enjoy coffee
while the house is in
disarray, who does that?
I handle chauffeuring
on demand, and it helps,
and whatever the kids
ask for out of the blue,
right there on the spot —
it's what a good ~~dad~~ dad
does, yes? I spend week-
ends fixing things up
in the house and cat-
ching up what I failed
(failed!) to handle dur-
ing the week — it's
my house, this work is
owed to those who dwell
in it. My to-do lists
are like a stupid grass
lawn — it grows, I gotta
cut it, all the time, and

I keep it green by ap-
plying fertilizer.

Obviously, this regime
burns me out to black
soot at regular intervals.
I get cranky, with hurt-
ful mood swings. I eat
too many sweets and
snacks. I don't observe
a proper sleep schedule
(my superpower is going
to sleep on a whim; life
is unspinnable, I know), so
mood issues worsen. I
start dreading, I'm bad
at my work, I'm bad as
a partner, as a father,
I don't deserve love. It's
a few weeks of dark ~~crap~~.
The word here is CRAP

So, yeah — caring out
of fear of unlove.
Obsessively.

It's my friend Nikali
who showed me
me a trailhead
off of this bad
place. ~~She~~ Relating to
this story, she came
across a key idea:

If you treat yourself
like a precious thing
you will start appre-
ciating yourself as
a precious person.

My obsessive caring for
others, driven by fear of
unlove, ended up leaving
me unloved by my own
self. No one will know
I need to be cared for
if I don't care for myself.
The way to love me is
best demonstrated by loving
myself.

Of course, I find this
confusing. To love