I was reading the Shantideva quote earlier.

I was crying a lot and suddenly had all of this stuff to write down.

It is very personal sounding stuff, which I wrote for myself, but it came to me all so clearly so I really wanted to send it to you.

My worst opinion of my self is that I was just somehow lazy enough to get by in school that I wasn’t good at and didn’t learn from. And now I’m right back at square one all the time. I’ll believe I was perhaps just indulging in being back in school and not at work, like a 20 something addicted to anything, which I was to many things at the time (cigarettes, alcohol, masturbation and porn, tv, food, procrastination on my work). I cop out on everything.

The only thing that wasn’t that way, that I didn’t feel like a failure about, the only thing I didn’t give up on was my role as student body president, which has no value, and amounted to nothing more than deeper indulgence. Or maybe my last relationship, which I ultimately caused to end by moving away from New York to go to school again.

This is all also true about my time in college before.

I think this to myself.

I might imagine it even started before then, as a teenager, something in high school. A regressive collapse of dignity, brought on by a resentment of not feeling adequately satisfied by the rewards of my dedication to the system of the institution I was about to depart from, like being a “good student”.

I say this to myself now

I just want to help everyone

I don’t know what to do

I have been thinking a lot about my parents, and the limitations and obstacles they deal with. So many are obvious about my mother. She has been poor my whole life. Now she is homeless. She does not have a very big or resourced network of support. She has a huge storage of stuff with no place to put it that sucks her income away, and now no longer has a car (which has served as her home in the past), so she is in a really precarious position. She is staying somewhere temporarily, but will have trouble making enough money to move in somewhere without a car in LA.

My father’s situation is more subtle, he is also trapped, despite his decent income, I know he feels not only unfulfilled, undervalued, and unconnected from his job that he has had working for his own father since he was only 16 years old. But he also feels isolated from the rest of his professional industry, since he works in a small and underdeveloped family operation. This certainly reduces his confidence and agency in considering alternative income, or in attempting to advance the business development of the family company, which would necessitate the manifestation of a certain kind of working relationship between my father and his which is not within the emotional scope normalized between them.

He may be able to break away, or transform. As I know he wants to. I hope he finds his way.

And then they have each other.

My mother’s car lease was under my father’s name, a favor he did for her, because she has no credit. She paid for everything, but it was in his name. My father took the car back last fall. A little bit before my mom was ready (the lease was on extension)… although from his perspective he had been generous. He did not offer to help my mom co-sign for another car. There were a few months of hearing about this from my mom. She’d read my father’s texts to me. They have a problem with trust and communication between them, so things can be pretty negative. He did not want to be involved anymore. He emailed me and explained a version of this to me, then asked me to help her search for no/low credit car loans. I appreciated that he told me what was going on between him and my mother, a topic which he often withheld or made rather difficult to discuss when speaking to me before, but I was unable to really help my mother secure any part of her life in any meaningful way. I don’t have those powers.

I wish all the time that I could help them both more

I feel lucky