

Where's My Fortune?

By Conor Walsh

Today, I went and visited my grandmother for lunch. She told me prior to coming over that she was in the mood for Chinese, so I brought her spring rolls and lo mein while I had chicken and broccoli. When it came time to have our fortune cookies, there was no fortune inside of mine. I joked with my grandmother that I had no future, while she retorted, "maybe it's that you will have nothing to worry about." I like her interpretation of the situation better than mine, though that is not necessarily realistic or true.

Last week I told you all how I started the V Shred 90 Day Program. And only 3 days in, I told y'all that it was already kicking my ass. On Friday, I did all of the main workout, and the last thing to do was my HIIT, my "high intensity interval training." The idea was to do ten burpees followed by twenty seconds of rest and repeat for 15 minutes. With 5 minutes left to go, I collapsed onto the floor. My legs and arms completely gave out on me. They were spazzing out, and I could not put any weight on them. I shuffled over to my couch and propped myself up, and just sat there, trying to catch my breath and regain control over my arms and legs. I texted Harrison soon after telling him what happened. I honestly felt at a breaking point. I kept asking him why I was doing this to myself, was any of it worth it, and why does being in shape and healthy require torturing myself?

I continued doing it through the rest of the weekend, but I must have overexerted myself more, or did an exercise wrong, because my back has been killing me for the past few days. I've taken it lighter since then. I even posted in the Facebook group for V Shred about my experience. An admin got back to me saying that this is typical, and that with consistency and training, it will get easier. He recommended, like Harrison, doing an amount of reps and sets that worked for me. There is pushing oneself, and there is pushing oneself to the limit.

And boy, do I feel like I am pushing myself to some limit. I have no consistency to my days. I try to plan out a day and get my work down, but it just hasn't been successful. You want to make God laugh? Tell him your plans. Again, it's been more snow, more errands, more unexpected phone calls and emails, and more appointments. I just had to make an unexpected car payment, and that hurts my savings for a new computer. Frankly, I've been trying to save my money for a few projects and necessities, but it's been going so quickly. As for my work, I feel like I'm falling behind. The only truly consistent thing I do is Walsh Wednesday. If I didn't do that, I probably would have no marker as to what day it is. I'm not finally sitting down to do anything until 8-9pm after I make dinner. Now, the night is a nice time to get things done because it's quiet and no one needs me, but by like 9pm, I am spent. And it's not like I've been sleeping well recently. That 8-9 hours of sleep I boasted about in prior installments is gone. I've been having nightmares for the past two weeks. I normally have some weird dreams when I do dream, but this has been a constant onslaught of terror. I don't think I've ever had consistent dreams this bad. I've resorted to sleeping with the lights on again.

"That First Step" started out as a betterment challenge, and I expected to inform you all about the progress of the journey, and give tips on everything, but somehow this turned into my weekly therapy session, as you see a man slowly descend into insanity once again.

My friend Scott sent me this thing that said “self-sabotage is also:

- Not asking for help
- Rejecting praise
- Isolating yourself when hurt
- Saying yes to everything
- Putting your needs on hold
- Procrastinating on important tasks
- Trying to be perfect

Now, I’ll admit, I’ve tried asking for help to some degrees. If you’ve listened to Walsh Wednesday, you know that I had an affinity for the bottle a good amount of 2020. Well, I hit up a couple friends one day because I was really struggling, telling them to call me out if I started drinking on a stream we were doing later. Now, just sending that message alone was enough accountability for me not to, but they were great, and I appreciate them.

I’ve always sucked at accepting praise. I may joke about being a narcissist at times, but very often I don’t see the good people see in me. I live with myself, I know all the ugly.

And then there is isolating when you’re hurt. We are already isolated! There’s nowhere to go! My social life consists of grocery stores and doctor’s appointments. Not to say I don’t talk to or message friends, but we are all burnt out, and have little to offer in conversation at times. We all want to talk to each other, and be with each other, but we are all exhausted, and few of us have healthy outlets to explore. So instead, we fester in all of our issues.

Procrastinating important tasks. That’s what I’ve been saying this whole time- I don’t have time to do anything I need to do. I just get by with doing what’s needed to stay afloat, but I feel like I’m trying to tackle a brick while everytime I try to sit down and work on my content. I have people relying on me for some of these things, and I am not fulfilling my end of the bargain, and I feel awful about it. But I’m honestly the only person who can be doing what I’m doing most of the time. Those around me are all strung out and burnt out, too, and I’m the most available. If I didn’t put my needs on hold, I don’t know how these other things would be accomplished.

Lastly, trying to be perfect. I stopped trying to be perfect a while ago. I’m simply doing. That’s it. “Do or do not. There is no try.” It’s either you make it happen, or you don’t, and lately, I feel a lot of the don’t.

The second half of this challenge was to work on my mindfulness and my mental health, and honestly, I’m slipping. I’ve been feeling quite resigned, and I’m going through the motions to get things done. Meditation has not been working like it would. I try to listen to everything going on in my head; however, it gets so frantic, and I’m struggling to concentrate. It’s a whirlwind of emotions, feelings, voices, concepts, regrets, and things I need to do.

Frankly, I’m not sure how to spin this positively this week. That’s reality, there isn’t always a bright side to be found right away. But I guess that’s it, “right away.” It all takes time. I’m just gonna have to spend some time figuring this all out. Hopefully next week, I have something better to share. Until next time, keep stepping.