

JulesRules #1

Words are meaningful

Ricky offers encouragement and real talk

Often times, many people struggle with coping; dealing with the rigorous **day-to-day** obstacles. *Rick* takes the time to speak to people in a non-condescending; judgmental way that is refreshing; inspiring and helpful.

Here are a few of his recent musings. Thus, named in honor of his wife ~ **#JulesRules**

#TheBalancingAct

"Life is a balancing act. It's always moving and changing. As individuals, we have to be flexible enough to move and adjust with it to keep our balance. When we are in a relationship, we have to keep balance within ourselves and find balance in the relationship. Neither of these tasks are easy. We keep identifying a need and adjusting in a healthy manner to keep balance. We are constantly adjusting and balancing, or we don't live a healthy and productive life. We just exist." My wife gives the greatest and most humbling pep talks ever. She finds a way to always bring out the best in me.

#Truth

If you are easily offended by the truth, don't read this. I am speaking in regards to my own life and my own choices. "Sir I am sorry that I drove drunk and killed your daughter because I was passing out at the wheel. I am a good guy." Luckily I never had to say that but I made the choice to drink and drive numerous times. "Sir/mam I am sorry that I stole your money that you worked your ass off for to feed your kids and pay your bills. I needed it to get high and to feed the addictions of my other friends. I am a good guy." I have had to apologize for that many times. I used to consider myself a pretty decent person who was making bad choices. The reality of it was this. It didn't give me the right to do bad things to good people. It didn't cancel out the turmoil I was causing in people's lives. When folks told me I was a good guy but making bad choices, it gave me the okay to keep doing it. Saying, "I am sorry," was my way of manipulating a situation. Apologizing for the hundredth time doesn't cut it anymore. I proved my apologies didn't amount to shit, a waste of breath. Staying sober is hard. Staying high is easy. I was given every avenue to do well and it took me being held accountable before I chose the right road. At the end of the day, I knew exactly what I was doing. The reality is that some make it and some don't. The ones that make it, ask them who was at fault and that will be your answer as to why others keep going back to the same mess.

#Sheeple

Something I haven't spoke too much about was when I used to impulsively and compulsively

gamble. I hadn't thought about it until Julie and I were talking about places I had never been. She mentioned Las Vegas. I said that probably wouldn't be a good place for me. I shared with her my gambling experiences. I didn't have a problem with it until I began using meth. I already had obsessive behaviors so add gambling into the equation of a meth high. I can't tell you how many times I have given a gambling machine my entire pay check. I would have good intentions of paying child support or bills but as soon as I got high, my thoughts were clouded. I would sit on those stools and it was like the lights of the machines drew me in. I would be sweating and broke. The reason I distance myself so far from gambling and alcohol is because it is legal. If I know an environment is destructive to my mentality, I avoid it. Be safe out there my friends.

#OnPolitics

This is why I refuse to feed into the media or politics. A few months ago the government was going to take all of our firearms and impose Martial Law. Some weeks later ISIS was coming to impose Sharia Law. After that, all cops and Caucasians were bad. Now athletes are sitting during the National Anthem. When chaos is created, money is generated. Don't be a sheep my friends. I believe what I see in front of me. That is just my personal stance. Have a blessed day to all.

#RealTalk

I am not speaking for everyone so please read what I am saying before you react ;) In my life I had been diagnosed with the following disorders; OCD, PTSD, Bi-Polar, depression, and a sleep disorder. Not all at once but I had been prescribed Xanax, Buspar, Luvox, Trazodone, Abilify, Xyprexa, Zoloft, and Seroquel. I loved going to the doctor because I knew I would be comforted, coddled, and given an excuse to receive medications. I was sitting outside this morning thinking about how much better I felt knowing I was not giving a physician or a pill control over my life anymore. I enjoy having command over my mental and physical health. When Julie and I met, I told her I was done taking the Seroquel. It created a monster in me. I spent two months detoxing. I vomited every night at 6 pm. I would strain so hard my nose would bleed. It was a living hell. To get all of these chemicals out of my body and to feel healthy, it has taken me close to three years. I was determined to let my mind lead and my body did follow. Looking back I am not sure if all of these diagnosis were accurate. I choose to think I was my own worst enemy. Have a blessed day friends.

Ricky is living the dream day by day after surviving his nightmare. He wishes you - and everyone - that peace of mind that comes with Living Life Large and real.

ALLRIGHTSRESERVED:KpKronicleLLC ~ Kevin Pritchett