

Folks

Journal Entry December 19, 2018

Thought on waking: Invisible Homelessness. LaMont Atkinson, Kamron Sammons, Terra Mangsen.

These people – highly opinionated, proud – engage in impoverishing behaviors that lead to homelessness, that they do their best to conceal.

I have admitted them into my life. I have trusted them. I have admired them. I have let them charm and manipulate me. I have let them steal my time. I have spent money on them and in some cases given them money.

On Facebook last night, Kamron came clean about being homeless while he was posing as an Amway success. He was living in his car on kale and raw eggs. Now he fancies himself a pastor. And he was trying to convince me to get involved in his “business.”

I don't feel sorry for him. I feel deceived. I feel angry.

LaMont is in self-destruct mode now. He has also dabbled in Amway. He also has delusions of grandeur. But he's so angry that he has literally gone dark on Facebook, replacing his photo with blackness and his name with “Resilient Strong.”

Last night I canceled plans to spend Christmas with him because, after the Terra Trauma, I just do not feel willing to be around negative energy like his anger. I do not want to spend Christmas listening to him ramble about all the things that anger him. I'd rather be alone than do that.

I bought a couple of nice topcoats, took one of them to be tailored a couple of days ago. Together with the hats and the umbrella, they are reminders to me that I need to protect myself from the elements . . . not just wind, snow, rain, and cold, but also foolishness, insanity, pride, delusion, narcissism, nihilism, and hostility.

This country is paid for by a small group of functional people. The top 20%, people making more than \$150,000, pay 64% of taxes. People making \$51,000 or less pay 17%. Those are the bottom 60%: ordinary, everyday folks, whom we see coming and going on the street every day.

People at the very bottom – the LaMonts, the Kamrons, the Terras of the world . . . the Reinas . . . have no earned income at all. They are living off of others . . . parasites.

Another example of this would be my dad and Sharon.

And they're very proud, very angry, very noisy, full of opinions. They're very time consuming. They do a lot of projected self-loathing.

Since August 2015, I have logged 17,801.43 waking hours. Of that, I've spent 8,868.23 with, or on, people . . . 417 of them, to be precise. 21, or 5%, have taken 80% of that time.

Of those 21, I value four: Randy Huntley, my son, my father, and Doug Broersma and his business. The rest have been a waste of time.

What about the other 95%, the other 396 people? Who's valuable to me?

Of the 417 people who've taken my time, I value 54, or 13% because we have congruent interests, they've been

honorable in business, they're family, and/or they're respectable.

The rest, accounting for 4,825 hours, including Reina, Terra, Sakeenah, the Roetcisoenders, Brady Mayson (whom they referred), all priests, online dating prospects, petty small minded clients, and people from my past toward whom I feel nostalgic or sentimental, I don't value.

One could say they've been a waste of time. In one way or another, they've abused and trifled with me; they've been silly, stupid, foolish . . . inconsequential, irrelevant, contemptuous, disdainful, hostile, indifferent, and/or unappreciative.

This realization comes to me with shocking clarity like a cold splash of water and is only possible because I track time like it's money and can run a report that summarizes my time by the people to whom I've given it, and sort them.

What shall I do with this finding? Shall I withdraw from most of society, become an elitist, stop caring about ordinary folks and giving them any of my time and attention?

No

But it has taught me that I don't need to get so wound up about people because only a handful truly matter to me. With the rest, I can be more easy going and not so eager to spend time on them; stop begging for their attention because they'll probably waste my time anyway. Be a lot more aloof, not so eager to engage.

It has taught me that I do need to be more protective of my time, and selective in business prospecting.

Seeing these facts also gives me a profound sense of freedom and relief because it clears my schedule of everything that isn't important. Suddenly, I feel like I have a lot more time for new adventures and a better life, or time to just relax. It relieves me of the stress of juggling so many relationships, of concern about how others feel toward me, of schedule and priority conflicts.

And beautiful women who throw themselves at me . . . they have issues. They're broke, stupid, foolish, crazy, or drunk, or something . . . maybe all of the above, and more

I need to be a lot more selective with women, employing the [Muse Traits](#).

Live, and learn.

Kris Freeberg