

Responsibility Can Be A Heavy... Blessing

Sometimes I think it would be nice to give up on responsibility. To be just as irresponsible and statist as the neighbors and family members you see every day who are bumbling their way through the world, leaving a carefree path of destruction in their wake.

This past summer I had saved up over half the money I needed for something I wanted. Notice I said “wanted”, not “needed”- just a fun purchase. But then I found the sick kitten. Then another of the family cats got sick and needed vet care.

Although the GoFundMe donations mostly took care of Whiskers’ needs, I also had to empty my fun fund. Its balance still stands at zero. But that’s OK. I knew what I was getting into when I took on the responsibility of saving Whiskers (and caring for the other cats) and it was worth it. I was also telling my daughter just this morning that I would have a lot more money if I didn’t feed the feral cats who live on my porch. But this is another responsibility I took on of my own free will.

Sure, most people would probably see those as trivial “responsibilities”; nothing compared to the responsibility I have to my daughter. It’s also trivial compared to my human responsibility to not archate against any other individual I encounter. And those who see these other responsibilities as trivial are probably right. But they are all responsibilities I consciously accepted. To ignore one responsibility would make it easier to ignore others.

Still, sometimes it’s tempting to just behave like others do. Toss responsibility to the wind. Do what I want at the moment and don’t worry about the consequences.

But I can’t.

Whether it’s the responsibility to take care of the animals who depend on me for their lives, the responsibility to my daughter (and even my adult son), or the responsibility to not archate- I take them seriously, even if I sometimes fall short.

It’s popular among the intelligentsia to make fun of the “red pill”, but responsibility is included in that “pill” and once you’ve taken it, I don’t think you can go backward and accept being like those who made the other choice. Whatever your responsibilities are, you’re not going to feel good unless you meet them to the best of your ability. Even if it sometimes feels like responsibility is wearing you down.