

Conviction Dad, Fearful Dad

What the Diamond Hands Teach Their Kids About Conviction That Jeets and Panic Sellers Do Not

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The Two Dads

I grew up with two father figures who had completely different approaches to money and investing.

My Fearful Dad was a traditional thinker when it came to finance. He grew up believing in job security, steady savings, and that real money came from the stock market or a 401k. He called Bitcoin monopoly money and kept all his savings in a bank that paid him 0.01 percent interest. He believed in securing the bag by securing nothing, only selling when it was too late and panicking at every red candle.

"Son," he would tell me, "the moment your NFT collection goes up ten percent, sell it. You do not want to end up like those lunatics who ride it to zero." He believed volatility was dangerous and that only a fool would trust digital assets.

Then there was my Conviction Dad. He was a Chad, a giga-whale who had been in crypto since Bitcoin was traded for pizza. He bought and held, inscribed rare ordinals before they were cool, and laughed at jeeters who sold at the first sign of a dip.

His ledger was full of assets, his stack of Satoshis thicker than an Ethereum gas fee at peak bull run, and his diamond hands were stronger than Mt Gox security should have been.

"The market is just shaking out the paper hands, son," he would say. "If you do not believe in your bags, why are you even holding them?"

These two fathers shaped my view of crypto and money. One saw trading as survival, the other saw investing as an art.

One played not to lose. The other played to win.

Security vs Commodities - The Great Debate (this will be a heading, so please make it bold and large)

"Son," Fearful Dad once said, "Bitcoin is a scam, Ethereum is sketchy, and meme coins are pure garbage. The SEC is coming for all of them. If it is not a security, it is just a pump and dump."

Fearful Dad had his heroes—Jim Cramer, Gary Gensler, and every other talking head who always seemed to time the market. "Son, you just have to follow the experts. When they say crypto is dead, you sell. When they say it is the future, you buy back in."

Conviction Dad nearly fat-fingered a collection-wide bid on OMB while laughing. "You mean the guys who told you to sell Bitcoin at ten thousand and buy it back at sixty-nine thousand? The same guys who warned about crypto fraud while banks collapsed under their watch?"

Conviction Dad did not care about regulatory theater—he cared about financial freedom. "Crypto is not about regulations, son. It is about sovereignty. The moment you realize decentralization is king, you stop thinking like a peasant and start thinking like a sovereign."

Fearful Dad clung to bonds and bank accounts that barely outpaced inflation. Conviction Dad stacked sats, held Ordinals, and laughed as Fearful Dad panic-sold right before every all-time high.

"Profit is profit," Fearful Dad would say, locking in measly ten percent gains while Conviction Dad let time do its work.

Wealth is not built by avoiding risk—it is built by understanding and managing it.

Fearful Dad checked his 401k once a year. Conviction Dad checked his cold storage every morning.

One trusted gatekeepers. The other trusted code.

The Importance of Decentralization Education

Fearful Dad always preached the safest path to wealth Go to school, get a degree, work forty years, and retire with a solid 401k. He would sip his morning coffee, staring at his bank statement like it was a sacred scroll.

Son, he would say, crypto is a scam. Just invest in index funds and bonds like everyone else.

Conviction Dad nearly choked on his black coffee the only thing he trusted from the establishment.

Son, do you really think the rich are sitting around maxing out their 401ks No They are holding scarce assets while inflation drains the savings of the weak

Fearful Dad believed in trusted institutions. Conviction Dad believed in trustless networks.

They teach you how to be an employee. I am teaching you how to be sovereign.

Fearful Dad would jeet at the first sign of red candles, panic-selling his Bitcoin at a twenty percent dip only to buy back higher when CNBC announced Bitcoin to one hundred thousand

I told you, son, the market is too risky he would say right before clicking Buy at the local top.

Conviction Dad held strong, stacking sats, collecting Ordinals, and laughing as Fearful Dad got shaken out by the same market cycles that real Chad whales used to accumulate more.

Assets equals freedom. Liabilities equals dependence. Which side are you on

Son, the banks want you broke, the schools want you obedient, and the system wants you dependent. Escape the matrix. Learn decentralization.

The Rat Race vs The Chad Race

Most people in finance are stuck in The Rat Race—grinding paycheck to paycheck, one bad decision away from turning their bank account into a ghost town. They clock in, clock out, and wonder why they are still broke.

Fearful Dad believed in the safest path possible. Get a stable job, save a little, and stay far away from crypto. "It is all a bubble," he warned, treating Bitcoin like it was some kind of financial boogeyman.

But Conviction Dad saw things differently. To him, The Chad Race was the only game worth playing—a game where you let your assets work for you while others punch the time clock.

"Son, why trade your time for money when your money can trade for you? Stack Bitcoin ordinals, DCA into conviction plays, and let the normies panic sell while you accumulate. The only ones making it are the ones who think long-term. Look at BRC-20 tokens like Ordi, memecoins like Pepe, and the entire Ordinal Theory—real chads saw the vision early and reaped the rewards."

Fearful Dad got nervous at every correction, hitting the eject button the moment things got shaky. Conviction Dad saw dips as opportunities, scooping up cheap sats and watching as the weak hands scrambled for the exits.

This was the difference between grinding for scraps and setting yourself up for true financial autonomy. The real winners were the ones inscribing history, not the ones panic-selling it.

The PumpFun n' Dump and Faith in God

In the world of investing, there are builders and believers—and then there are gamblers and degenerates.

Fearful Dad was not even in the conversation—he was too busy watching CNBC and telling me crypto was a scam. But the real problem was not him. It was the ones who were not just in crypto, but were completely lost in it—the true degens.

These guys lived for PumpFun launches, casino-style leverage trading, and chasing every new memecoin presale. They would bet the house on a 100x, only to end up sleeping in their car.

"Bro, this next one is different," they would say. "Just one more trade and I will make it all back."

But they never did.

Conviction Dad had a different perspective. "Son," he told me, "money is not evil, but the love of it is." He quoted Matthew 6:33:

"But seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added to you."

Degen life was a trap. It was not about building wealth—it was about gambling. Instead of making it, these guys were wrecking themselves, alienating their families, and replacing God with green candles.

And when those candles stopped pumping, when everything turned red, their lives did too.

They had chased digital numbers and lost their soul in the process.

But here is the thing—it is never too late to turn back to God.

Respecting Your Parents & Elders

Not everyone will believe in your dreams.

Fearful Dad, like many others, doubted new technology. He couldn't understand why I believed in Bitcoin, Ordinals, or digital assets, and heck maybe even runes. He didn't grow up in a world where money could be decentralized, and that's okay.

The mistake? Thinking that just because he didn't believe, I should disrespect him.

Conviction Dad reminded me, "The financial system doesn't come with a manual on success or mentality. Be patient with your parents, just as they were patient with you growing up."

Fearful Dad wasn't against me—he was just raised in a system that punished risk and rewarded obedience. He grew up in a world where trusting the banks was normal, and financial freedom meant having a "good credit score."

He wasn't trying to hold me back—he just didn't understand the new rules of money.

"Honor your father and mother"—which is the first commandment with a promise—"so that it may go well with you and that you may enjoy long life on the earth." - Ephesians 6:2-3

Respect doesn't mean agreement, and patience doesn't mean compromise. Just as Conviction Dad held through market crashes, I had to hold through my parents' skepticism.

That also meant resisting the urge to quote tweet "It's over boys, pack it up" whenever Jim Cramer declared a bull market was inbound. Conviction applies not just to trading, but to how you handle doubt—both from the markets and from the people you love.

If you let every red candle make you panic, and every word from your parents anger you, your portfolio may act accordingly.

Conviction isn't just a strategy—it's a mentality for both markets and life.