



accepting what you're afraid of as the price of moving forward

I don't recall such an intense session with any of the many therapists or shrinks I've seen in the last 37 years. It was painful but it was also necessary as it forced me to accept things that I might not have wanted to deal with otherwise.

I'm not discounting the wounds that are still open in Chile but I'm starting to accept that they are the cost of moving forward and that I've deliberately avoided those wounds out of fear.

It also comes to the point of prioritizing what it is and how will things happen when/if they happen to work out.

Prioritizing Life

Get a fucking job is the top priority right now. Given all the advantages I have, it doesn't have to be a high paying job, it has to generate income before I can start thinking about what I want to do next.

Chile will come next. It kinda has to.

The more I think about it, the more it has to be on the map and it has to be towards the top of the priority list.

Asking yourself where is home is one thing. Finally deciding where home is, that's something completely different. I have to accept that I grew up there and a large chunk of my formative years happened there.

As much as I've avoided the trip and been afraid of changes both there and in me; I have to admit that there are things I want to do and I can only do there. One of my biggest dreams has been to do a big web project about Neruda and his world... and the houses and the foundation are there so that's the only place where it can happen.

Who do you know? Does it matter?

How well can you say you know someone you haven't seen in almost 30 years?

This is part of why I'm scared about going back to Chile. I don't know anyone anymore... I mean I know who they are and what they do but I don't know what has happened with/in/on/about their lives since I last saw them. I haven't seen some of them since we graduated high school in '92.

But I'm curious as to what it would be like to visit Santiago and other part of Chile as a tourist and what would that take. Do I have the guts to be the outside-looking-in guy, again?

What comes next is an interesting question. There are so many things I want to do and places I still want to visit...

I may have come to terms with bachelorhood but I've replaced it with a need to discover, to find new experiences that will challenge me and let me explore new places.

Part of me wants to return to what's known and comfortable, Amsterdam, London and San Sebastián call me and I find the lure hard to resist.

But there are other things that I haven't done that still burn bright on my bucket list... Japan, cycling through Africa, South East Asia and many other small things that are still intriguing to me.

Projects and ideas that have been running around for a while.

One of my biggest dreams has been to do a big web project about Neruda and his world... and the houses and the foundation are in Santiago.

Perhaps taking a serious dive into publishing and tool creation would help save me from stress and boredom. Perhaps this could also be something to monetize in the future.

"Travel Chronicles" is another concept that I find interesting and that, to a degree, I did when I went to Amsterdam and London, but I want to really do it on my next trip, regardless of where it is.

Acceptance is another part of the equation. Knowing when to fight and when to surrender is important too, as it is understanding what shape will the fight take.

The past is gone, the future hasn't happened, we only have the present. It's one thing to know this intellectually but it something completely different and scary to internalize it at a gut level.

It gives life a sense of urgency that is scary and exhilarating at the same time; at times I let the fear drive and at others I want to explore every little thing that is around me.

