



Inflection points

I've been thinking a lot about inflection points... you know, the points where life changes depending on the choices you make.

I'm remembering Mary Anne... can't really believe it's been over 20 years since I last saw her... and the times that takes me back to... Vermont, Macro and everything that was associated with the times before California. It's an inflection point because of the different paths that would have happened had I chosen to stay and not move and the people who were there if they'd still be around.

I was wondering why those memories and why now of all times.

It's taken me a while to realize that there's another inflection point coming and I don't know if I'm ready/able/willing to deal with the consequences of whatever decision I make in the next few months.

I'm accepting that for the first time in almost 25 years I'm not happy here in the US and, as I try to build a safety nest that would allow me to move elsewhere or to travel and plan for the near future I'm finding it harder and harder to reconcile the world I'm living in and those around me with the values I want to live by.

I'm also concerned about the future both in terms of location and safety net. I may or may not have insurance for 2019 or beyond because of political expediency and because people decided that it was ok to fuck up people with pre-existing conditions because they can. I also never expected it to be the reason why I don't talk to some people whom I really considered friends (and others I deeply respected), how OK I'm with that and how polarized the world has become as a result.

Job hunting sucks when you make it to phone screens or make it to interviews and not get it or have the job be withdrawn. I'm getting ready for more disappointment this week and I do wonder how much more can I really take before breaking.

Money doesn't make you happy but sure as hell it helps.

I'm starting to think about short and long-term options. They all look interesting but they also look scary as hell.

I didn't know this but apparently unless you renounce your Chilean citizenship you don't lose it, same as your US passport and citizenship. So that opens the chance of going back for a long-term stay.

What for? I don't know... I haven't really been back in 24 years and it's starting to tug strings I didn't even know were there. There's still a question of returning to do what and for how long before I get bored and want to do something else?

Chile is also about closing old wounds that have been with me for a while. It's about letting go and forgiving others and myself and to finally move forward.

There is more to it... there is a healthy dose of fear and uncertainty in going back too. I don't think any action is free of weight and guilt and pain. I missed a full life cycle of my friends' lives.

I also wonder if Spain is still a solution. I know that as Latin American born citizen I don't need a visa for entering Spain but I wonder how will it play out for a residence visa. It's also a matter of being in the zone so I can travel to different countries either long or short term without needing a visa either :)

I'm hoping to have a travel budget this year... it'll be smaller than before (unless...) but it'll force me to be smarter in where I go and what I do... and I may also restrict how long I stay wherever I decide to go.

Putting aside the choice of long-term homebase, where would I like to go if money wasn't an issue?

I definitely want to do London or Amsterdam again... I really want to enjoy the city. I really want to immerse myself in the cities and get to know them better.

I want to do south east asia at some point. Tess Vigeland's photos continue to inspire and tease about what's out there... I owe it to myself to explore the world and not let depression win.