



# The search for sunrise never really ends, does it?

Well, I'm on my way to 47 (by the time I publish this, if I ever do) and I have ideas, I have plans, I have dreams and I have goals that are clearer now than I think they've been in a while.

I've said it before, the first thing is a job so I can generate enough income to do what's next.

## **What do you want?**

Travel... shitloads of travel

The idea is to remain in motion. There may be times when I have to return to replenish the piggy bank, but I want to believe that I can also do that remotely and sustain travel for a longer time than I have in the past.

I want to make sure that I do the things I want to do while I can still do them.

There is a forge in Oregon ([Dragonfly Forge](#)) that teaches how to forge Japanese weapons. I've dreamed for years to be able to craft my own weapons, particularly a naginata... it'll be interesting to see how this works out :)

love alone is worth the fight

I'm on the slope down to 50 now... some of the questions I've asked in the past are more pointedly relevant now.

Did the choices you made in '94 (when you decided to stay the first time), '98 (when you decided to stay the second time), and '04 (when you decided to become a US citizen) still stand? Were they right choices? Are they still?

***Does it matter?***

Miss you paradise

One of the things that terrify me about going back to Chile for any length of time and for any reason is that, when I was back in '99, I didn't know the place and I didn't know the people.

I've never lived in Chile as an adult on my own. I left when I was almost 20 and I stayed with dad when I went back...

That's why I've felt more comfortable to be in other parts of the US or in Europe. At least there I have no reason to feel bad for being a stranger, I am one.

We are tonight

So we run back to the start to do the whole damn thing over and over again. If we had to change things, what would I keep and what would I do over?

This is what it feels like

The same questions keep circling back and keep changing even if the answers remain the same.

**Who are you?**

## **What do you want?**

But this time they have a twist. I've been thinking about family and two things dawned on me: I've always defined myself in terms of how other people see me and seldom, if ever, in terms of what I want or who I am.

It's subtle to realize and humbling to accept that you've been looking at things from a perspective that, maybe, wasn't yours.

Times like these

This is also important to me because I'm starting to think in terms of legacies. I have no children and, unless I find someone extraordinary to make me change my mind, I don't think I want children after all.

It triggers too many memories of my fucked up childhood and, although I know I'm not my dad, it's hard to separate him from me in this aspect.

The Garden