



Stability, Peace, Happiness And What It All Means

I know I haven't posted here in a while. Truth is I've been hiding and keeping things bottled in because accepting the alternatives is too painful and too stressful to deal with in the current environment, both internal and external.

There are 3 or 4 areas that are particularly distressing and I want to dive on them now because, I hope, things will change in the not so distant future... but even if it doesn't I think it's time I face my own demons rather than tell others to do it.

Frustrations Are Us

Frustration is becoming more and more pronounced with every fucking recruiter who tells me they think I'm a great match and then disappear and just tell me it didn't match or a variation thereof when I call them about a month later.

I'm debating three things:

1. Do I want to change careers?
2. Do I want to move outside of California (and if so, where to)
3. Do I want to stay put and plow through this

Each of these options presents its own downsides.

I thought that's I was doing #1 when I applied for technical writing positions. Looking at the [position descriptions for Developer Advocate at Google](<https://careers.google.com/jobs/results/77536022008603334-developer-advocate-developer-relations/>) looks frightening. I have some serious doubts whether I can do it or not and I don't want to put myself in a position where I'll fail

I've wanted to move away from Instructional design and I thought that Front End Development was too much to be doing as a full-time position.

As I get increasingly frustrated I've moved back to Instructional design, in the understanding that it'd be a short term arrangement while I build a different portfolio.

But then I applied to an Instructional design position at the Googles with a

referral from Peter L.

So that begs the question: Assuming I get the position (big assumption but play with me here) How long would I stay at that position considering the perks and the money I would put into the stash fund?

<dt>I thought about moving to either Boston, Burlington, Seattle or Austin and look for full-time work there</dt>
<dd>I would never consider moving out of state for a short term contract or even a long term contract. There is too much uncertainty even with a full-time salaried contract position for my comfort. Remember what happened in Georgia and how much you hated the environment and how much you ended up hating the people.
<dd>Someone who, regardless of what I tell myself, means a lot to me would be moving from Austin to Seattle so that writes it off as a destination for now... and that's a bummer because I know I'd love the city and the people from my past who now live there (other than the ex). There is no way I can avoid her and no way I would get in between her and hubs to be and I know her well enough to want to avoid the problem altogether (we'll revisit this from a different perspective later)
<dd>All the cities in the list, with the possible exception of Burlington, have the big city vibe and I don't know how much Burlington has changed since I lived there... 22 years since I moved. Quite a long time.
<dd>That's why New York is not an option for me. The memory of my last visit to NYC still reminds of how unpleasant it was physically. Sure, you get used to things, but what would be the cost?

<dt>It doesn't seem like I have much of a choice to stay put and let the frustration fester
<dd>I don't doubt that mom would help me.
<dd>She offered me a trip to Chile that I turned down (stupid or not, I'm not sure either way) because I want to be here when the recruiter calls, you never know which one is the one that will pan out.

To Chile Or Not To Chile, That Is A

Question

I've been offered the possibility of travelling to Chile for a visit, the last one was from mom. It is not new... when I was in London last time I had to think hard if I wanted to go back to Santiago instead.

I thought that the wounds from dad's passing were starting to heal but I wonder if they actually have. It's surprisingly easy to feel resentment again against the people in his family (having 50% of DNA in common doesn't make you siblings) who I partly blame for what happened.

Another part of it is how much we've changed and how divergent those changes have made us. When I had almost booked the tickets a couple years ago I asked a friend (once upon a time a best friend) to be my wingman when traveling to visit my dad's grave (I didn't mention the why, I thought it wasn't necessary and that was probably a mistake as he wouldn't know my dad wasn't born in Santiago)... the first question asked between annoyance and incredulity was why would I need that.

If a friend asks me for support it goes without saying that they got it. No questions asked other than where and when. Yes, I know... I'm most likely reading too much into this, but I can't help but wonder what other differences may have grown under the surface and how much of an impact would they make in the way we communicate (or don't communicate) and interact (or don't interact).

I've said it before 25 years definitely change a person and I wonder how much

I have changed in relation to my friends and the people I grew up with.

The last (and only) time I've been back in Santiago was 19 years ago, when I had only been gone for six. It was such a weird case of reverse culture shock... It felt as if I hadn't left San Francisco and, I couldn't believe how much that hurt.

True To Yourself

Truth is, I don't really want to go back, even for a visit, and I don't think I would want to live there again. But, at the same time, I can't discount that a lot of who I am and my value system is based on Chile, who I grew up with, where I grew up and the life I lived up to when I moved to the US.

I also dread some of the things I'll have to do there. I have to talk to the other side of my dad's family and see what happened with that.

I've always been afraid that going back to Chile will be as a tourist, not someone who wants to get reacquainted with the life he left behind. I'm also afraid of how much we've all changed and how little in common we continue to have.

The Unbearable Lightness of Being

Every so often I'll circle back to Kundera, to Cortazar and to anime and TV that I've enjoyed in the past.

Lately I've been circling to Kimagure Orange Road: Summer's Beginning a lot and I wonder why.

I mean I usually go through Cowboy Bebop, particularly Ganymede Elegy, but that's another story and Cowboy Bebop in general hold a different place and meaning for me.

The actual DVD (since ripped and saved to a hard drive) reminds of a better time and place... where I was happy?

I don't regret choices I've made but I wonder if it's a time to revisit those choice and decide if the choices are still the best choices to make. I'm reminded of something someone told me a while back *you made the best decision you could with the information that you had at the time*. But I've never gotten around to evaluate the choices down the line and look at whether they are still worth keeping.

At some point I decided to stay single and not bother with relationships. Particularly after the last one I was in I've become a lot more protective of myself and guarded on who I say things to and who I get involved with.

What would I rather do? Travel and enjoy the kind of life that I like without having to depend on someone else's opinion on what to do, how to do it and when? Or work on finding someone who likes the same things I do so that traveling doesn't become a chore?

El tiempo pasa
Nos vamos poniendo viejos
Y el amor no lo recuerdo como ayer

Pablo Milanes

I'm halfway to the big 50. I remember talking not too long ago with one of my cousins who used to babysit me when I was younger, and who gave mom more than one heart attack about her little (and only) baby, we're getting old. There are 4 kids in his family (and 2 on the family of one of his brothers)