OK – So I’m starting a journal right now, before I turn 30. My goal is to try and write the rest of my life. That’s probably my problem because I have never or hardly ever followed through with anything in my life. So I started tonight – to write and I’m starting it completely out of my comfort zone. I am writing in the back of this because the front, middle and near the end were already drawn on – that’s me – start it, think ahead, draw in the back of the book and skip all those blank pages from the beginning – then discard it until another day – yet steadily yearn for it or maybe even for another.

I’m not sure that I’ve ever been completely truthful with myself. Some things are better off forgetting. I want to be a better person. I believe that is the reason for my compulsive shopping – I want to ∆ me. I want to be able to complete tasks, to do the things I want to do – but to have the things I need to do done. I thought of a new religion for myself tonight… in the shower. I thought that my problem is mostly poor self-discipline and that if I made myself do things for a “spiritual” cause – then I would actually follow through with things. SO – I decided that I would stop smoking marijuana during the week – I would pick a day for my “church” – on that day – I would smoke it and then meditate, walk through nature, shower, and workout – it would be a reflection sort of – maybe I should then write down my thoughts – like I’m doing now – catalogue them. You think that’s how the Bible was written?

I think most of the time, great ideas come to people that are smoking pot. It stimulated and opens your brain in ways that are beyond the normal. But – it shouldn’t become an every day thing – if used too much – you stop having mind expansion – it turns to mind loss. I do NOT want the latter.

Do people always do crazy things the older they get? I will be 30 in August. I haven’t really taken the time to actually think about it – and what it means to me to be turning 30. I feel like I’m getting wiser on the inside and older on the outside – but I don’t feel like a “real” woman – or I don’t feel that I look like one yet.

Right now at this very second – my life is great. I have wonderful people and things in my life. I have wonderful situations – but am I happy? Right now… Yes. Why? Because I’m doing exactly what I want to do. Am I happy all the time? No. I believe it’s my lack of self-worth. I get depressed when I don’t do what I’m supposed to do. I feel that every day I should wake up at 6am and work out, feed all the animals, shower, eat breakfast, pack my lunch, water bottle and coffee – go to work by 8 – stay until 5, be home by 5:30, make dinner, eat, clean and feed animals – work on house chores until 8, spend an evening with my girlfriend, go to bed and do it all over again. That is the person I want to be. I’ve been pieces of all those things before but instead, this is my routine:

Some days I wake up at 7:30 – call work and tell them I’m some place in the field (on voicemail) – so back to sleep with my little dog, Diego. Wake up between 9-10 – watch TV a bit and get dressed, leave the house and do whatever I must do at work for the day – leave early, or – go shopping for something I don’t need – and I come home and veg out alone for a couple of hours – sometimes I sleep. Chrissy comes home at 5PM and I hang out with her for an hour or so before we buy dinner and walk around the house/ land and finally we shower and go to bed. She usually wants to make love. So no – I’m not happy with myself right now.

Chrissy is amazing. She is a wonderful girlfriend – but she can be a bit controlling – I know she doesn’t want to be – but she can’t help it. She loves me and doesn’t want anything to ever mess with that. I spend so much time with her. The other day – she was upset with me because I hung out with Amy for like 20 minutes to watch the end of a Disney movie – and I called first to tell her. She was upset because she and I had talked about spending the afternoon together in bed, but I guess I figured that spooning could wait 20 minutes. I enjoy getting out with other people sometimes – and I don’t do it a lot – I don’t even really have a “best friend” besides her (and Lori – but she’s in GA) So I don’t know why Chrissy would act so hurt – I spend every waking second with her.