Dear Diary,

This evening is taking an interesting turn… not bad or wild or crazy… actually pretty good, but definitely unexpected.

I feel like I felt when I was growing up in Park City.

Experiencing the seasons changing in a way that I haven’t felt since high school is sending me back in time.

It’s interesting because on my bike ride home today in the cold rain, I felt the sun setting behind the thick grey clouds and I felt urges and compulsions that reminded me of rainy winters in SLO.

Now, being home in my room as the sun went down, and warming up my cold body with thick clothes and hot tea… I’m feeling my brain going even further back than SLO.

I feel, *mellow*.

Even Thomas said I seemed really mellow when I went upstairs, and Julie said she could feel my energy as I entered the kitchen in the room next to her.

Hearing them say that made me feel so good.

I’ve been procrastinating a bit tonight, and it reminds me of procrastinating in high school. I don’t feel stressed about it. I feel at ease. I feel in control of my life. I feel no urges to smoke right now. I feel no urges to eat right now. I just want to sit in my new camping chair and play the ukulele. I want to sip on my coffee and do some extra work until I’m tired. I want to treat my body well and treat myself well. I want to love myself.

I feel *good*.

I’m really excited to be here this winter and experience real winter again. I’ll definitely need to buy more winter clothes and some water proof gear… but it feels good to experience the seasons again. I didn’t realize how much I missed that.

I love the Fall. It used to be my favorite season. I haven’t experienced a real Fall all the way through since 2013. This will be the first time in 6 years.

I was just inspired to get out my oldest diary and start reading some of the entries from around this time of year. It’s crazy how quickly I change and grow.

Just 7 years ago I was getting over Kip. *Kip.* My first real kiss/fling/anything.

7 years ago is nothing. Some of the other students in my cohort were already finished with their Masters 7 years ago, and here I am getting my PhD at 22.

I AM GETTING MY PHD AT THE AGE OF 22.

I was actually kind of double taking on that thought earlier today. I don’t think it’s fully hit me yet… the extent of what I’m doing, and at such a young age.

I think it’s important to take a step back every once in a while and appreciate how far I’ve come.

Just 4 years ago in my diary around this time I was writing about how in love I was with Nick. I was writing about getting ready for my 2nd year of College…

And now, here I am. Teaching 2nd years, 1st years, and even 3rd years. I’m teaching the PhD students in my cohort and not in my cohort, helping them in the classes we are in.

I. HAVE. COME. SO. FREAKING. FAR.

I am so proud of myself.

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And now, more procrastinating to do.

So much fucking love,

Jess.

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