Dear Diary,

\*Pause to take a smoke break from the bong and put some gooood musik on\*

[Caribbean Blue - Enya]

The only thing that is real is the present moment, nothing else.

The present moment is a constant evolution of the unknown into the known.

The future being the unknown.

The present being the known.

The past being remembered.

Even the past isn’t necessarily ‘known’ -- it is often forgotten.

We only remember the memorable. Or at least, the things we *deem* memorable.

Simply subjective observations chosen to be scribed in history.

Our future however, is not scribed. It isn’t even pre-scribed. (written before).

That, would be determinism.

Do I believe in determinism…? Well, I’m not sure.

HUH. That’s funny, I just realized I don’t often share my beliefs or my opinions about things in my journal… I mean, I express what happens to me and I express how I feel. But it is rare that I actually document the way I feel about the world.

Perhaps I should do that more.

I suppose I did that when I was journaling regularly while traveling throughout Asia. I kept writing down my opinions about several key aspects of life every few months to chart if my opinions were changing.

Though, the opinion categories I chose weren’t all encompassing by any means. It was categories like “how I feel about technology” and “how I feel about family” and “how I feel about money.”

Actually, now that I am writing all of this down, I am realizing that I am intrigued as to how I would answer those questions now…

Maybe if I’m feeling inspired I’ll do that in this entry.

Though, maybe not.

Because at the moment I want to finish my previous train of thought.

This was all inspired by my yoga teacher Matt by the way. He says some really trippy thoughts that stick in my brain and make me think about the nature of reality a lot.

And today he talked about the present moment being the only thing we know and how the future is just the unknown becoming the known.

I fucking love that shit.

So anyways, we got on determinism -- as you do before going into downward dog -- and I am now realizing I haven’t written out my opinions about determinism in a diary entry before, most likely.

[i should probably get moving - boxboys]

**Is this why I don’t have opinions about the world?** Is it genuinely because I haven’t taken the time to reflect on topics like this on my own without the influence of others on my brain?

I truly am a chameleon, just taking on the opinions and beliefs of those around me. But when I’m alone… then what do I really believe?

I suppose I go back and forth on determinism. At times I think that we are simply particles and atoms floating through space and time at a specific speed heading in a specific direction solely based on the nature of matter and space, and technically if we had all of the data and information in the entire universe (and the ability as humans to understand all of that data) we too would be able to predict our future. We are simply inputs and outputs. Actors that respond to stimulus with behavior. We have no free will. It’s all determined for us already.

But then I pause.

And I realize I don’t believe that entirely. Because there’s something… something *more* to it all.

It’s like syntax versus semantics.

Our syntax might tell us to take in input and respond with output - but our semantics aren’t as predictable.

Our semantics are our meaning.

I can feel pain. I can feel the consequential emotion that results after my c-fibers fire in my brain.

I can measure the brainwaves that cause this pain under an MRI machine.

But… I can *feel* pain.

I know personally how my pain feels. I can attempt to describe it, but I cannot allow you to feel it for me.

My pain is something that only I will ever know. Your pain is not the same as my pain, nor will it ever be.

What your pain is? I’m not sure, I can’t measure that under a microscope.

That, is semantics. That is our meaning.

You can’t measure meaning.

You can’t predict meaning. Not even with all of the data in the world.

Because you can’t predict something that isn’t measurable.

To conclude, I think it is truly egotistical to think that we as humans could ever have it all figured out.

How in the world could we ever even begin to understand it all? There is so much more out there that we will never understand.

And that’s okay.

Maybe I am here for a reason, for a purpose.

Maybe I’m not.

Either way, I am always still going to try to live the best life that I can bring myself to live.

I think I’ve been learning a lot about myself lately.

I’ve been becoming my best self slowly and slowly. I think this might be the version of myself that I like the best. Or possibly tied with the version of me that lived on Koh Panghan.

I’m confident.

I’m studious.

I’m well-rounded.

I’m driven.

I’m passionate.

I’m welcoming, and warm.

I’m loyal.

I’m trustworthy.

I’m capable.

I’m beautiful.

I’m brilliant.

It feels *really* good to write all of that out. I don’t care if it makes me feel narcissistic to write positive things like that about myself. I truly do feel them all. Not always, but I’m working on that.

Tonight I was looking at myself naked in the mirror and I started to cry.

I told myself that I loved myself to the point of tears. I was just so happy to be in my imperfect little meat sack of a human body.

I love learning to love everything about me and about this world.

It’s fucking hard, let me tell you.

But it is so constantly rewarding when I stick with it.

Lately I’ve been trying to develop a holistic life outside of my work. I think it’s been going well.

I consistently do Salsa on Thursdays -- I go alone! And I’ve been making some fun friends there too :)

I am consistently going to the Baylor house for game night or craft night on Wednesdays.

I am consistently doing biweekly game nights with the PC high school crew (Paige, Morgan, and Tori)

I am consistently swimming laps at the rec center on Wednesday afternoons.

I am consistently making hiking plans (or going alone) on weekends.

I am consistently going to dance or music events with friends on a biweekly basis (unintentionally).

I am consistently taking time to myself to unwind and either read books (finally!) or watch tv (but less than before) or draw tarot cards or journal or take care of my plants or clean and decorate my apartment.

I have hobbies!!

And I am also developing and cultivating my community in the background :) I’m going to paste the final list I made for my treehouse warming party here again, because it has likely changed since I last pasted it :)

**My boulder community**

* Julie: out of town
* **Courtney: coming!**
* Kenzie: out of town
* **Christian: coming!**
* **Paris: coming!**
* **Joe: coming**
* **Keekee: coming**
* Rachel: invited
* Austin: invited
* **Samantha: coming +1!**
* **Ronnie: coming!**
* Janet: not going to join
* **Laurie: coming!**
* Lauren: Can’t make it :/
* (Spencer and Kyle 😭)
* **Kel: coming!**
* Dylan…? —> NOT GOING TO INVITE
* **Thomas: coming!**
* **Lida: coming!**
* **Austen: coming!**
* **Jack: coming!**
* Stephanie: Can’t make it :/
* Todd: Can’t make it :/
* Michael: If he’s in town
* Brianna: If she’s in town
* Andrea: Going to get back to me
* Laura (Courtney’s friend): Probably can’t make it but will see
* **Perrin: coming!**
* **Alex: coming!**
* Preston: invited
* **Azia/Adam(?): both are coming!**
* Kevin —> NOT GOING TO INVITE
* Nick: can’t make it :(
* Connor + Johanna (Nicky’s friend, you have Jo’s contact in your phone) + Ray (Nick’s friend): can’t make it :(
* **Hannah Smith: coming!**
* **Brady + GF: coming!**
* Cynthia (rock climbing friend):can’t make it

Others to invite:

* **Claudia: coming!**
* Morgan
* Paige
* Tori
* Yeng: coming as a surprise I think 🧐 hehehe
* **Sam: coming!**

My community is getting so robust!! I am so proud of myself for putting myself out there and really diving in head first to all of this.

I’m casually dating the perfect man for me to casually date -- Kel has just enough red flags (a little self absorbed and immature and conflict-inciting) to make me not be interested in a relationship, *and* he isn’t interested in one either! But he also makes me think about him just enough for me to crave seeing him and to feel excited about every time that we hang out.

I am also POTENTIALLY casually dating my first woman!!!

Hannah Smith.

They use they/them pronouns. But wow they are gorgeous and cute and also they were trained by Jenna Hendstrom to do breath of love!!!

It feels like the universe brought us together for a reason.

I get confused if they are interested in me romantically or not.

Because we had that whole winky face exchange at my party…

But then we also had what I thought was a date (I even paid for their smoothie to make sure I indicated I thought it was a date).

And… we didn’t kiss! We hugged for a long time which was nice but no kiss - neither of us made a move.

I’M SUCH A CHICKEN.

Anyways, I am excited to push myself to experience that progressing.

I am nervous to date them… because they are honestly relationship material.

And I am scared as shit that if I pursue that at all… then I might end up in a relationship. And I am loving who I am so much right now being single.

I hope they understand my lifestyle when I eventually explain that I don’t do relationships to them…

You see? This is why Kel is perfect -- zero expectations.

Let’s see if Hannah can be onboard for that.

Fingers crossed…

Anyways - I think this was a really nice session. I feel good getting a lot of those thoughts down from my head to the paper!

You know what they say about scribing what happens to you right? It turns the past into things that are partially known, or at the very least remembered.

It allows us to imagine that there is more that is known than the current moment.

Funny, huh?

And that, my dears -- is called a literarily genius entry of a diary.

Full circle baby.

More soon,

Jess

Age: 25