Dear Diary,

Sometimes when I go to write in my diary, it takes me a moment to begin typing.

It’s generally because I am realizing that I have too many things to say or too many experiences to share and not knowing where to start.

Right now I am feeling that way. I also am not sure what I want to say because I feel like how I portray my experiences and thoughts in these words is what I will remember these times as when I reread this in the future. So I am sometimes reluctant to be so optimistic while typing, because journaling helps me get through hard times, but I wonder if my optimism is real or not.

Even writing those words worries me… because I *do* think I am optimistic, and I don’t want future Jess to think that 24 year old Jess thought she wasn’t optimistic.

Does this make any sense?

Well, let me set the scene a bit then.

It is Christmas day, at 4:45pm. I am in the old office room that I worked in when I lived in Santiago de Cali. Wesley lives here now. He is roommates with Carlos and he is dating Vanessa. He is getting really good at Spanish. He is living my dream…

However, I’m happy for him. If anyone was to live my dream I would want it to be Wesley. It’s time someone felt some healthy jealousy towards him.

Anyways… sorry I got distracted from setting the scene.

I am high. I just got casually high from my tiny pipe that I accidentally smuggled back to Cali with me (which is pretty ironic considering I bought it here originally).

I started smoking again in Colorado, and then I was concealing that I was smoking from Dylan, which was pretty bad. So on our “fake christmas” celebration night together, I got really emotionally frustrated at myself and I admitted to him that I had been stealing his weed to smoke, and that Matt had been emailing me about being suicidal and in and out of the hospital, and that I hadn’t got rid of the Marimba yet, and that I take adderall sometimes and it can make me angry.

He wasn’t thrilled. But he handled it all pretty well, because it was a lot.

Anyways, after the emotional recovery from the next day, we pushed through, but it was still rough because I was leaving the next day for Colombia.

Dylan can be so melodramatic.

I love him so much, and I am so happy that I am with him, and obviously I want to be with him and stay with him (otherwise I wouldn’t be with him), but damn that boy can be dramatic af.

I’m gone in Colombia for 3 weeks and to him it felt like the end of our relationship, the end of his world, and the end of the universe. It was really immature of him to act the way he did towards my trip here.

But now that I am here I am mostly just worried about him. I wonder if I would be as sad as him if I was spending christmas alone…

Part of me thinks that I would actually be totally find spending a holiday alone.

But maybe I just idolize being alone so much because I never get the opportunity, and if I were to actually be alone I would realize how much it sucked.

The grass is always greener.

Christmas was really fun today with Wesley, Eric, Vanessa, Carlos, and Laura. I loved learning about Colombian traditions and being in a new place that wasn’t Utah or Colorado. I needed a scenery change.

Now that I am here though, it feels so different.

Part of me feels so incredible being back. I feel independent and strong and good at Spanish and adventurous and rested and happy and content. I also feel nervous and anxious and worried about COVID and also the fact that I am not sure if I am in Cali as my best self and also that everything just feels different being here this time.

But I think that overall me being in Cali and not in my usual places is really good for me right now.

I think I might be falling back into a problem with Weed.

But I’m not positive.

I keep making excuses to smoke it though, and I can’t stop smoking alone.

Honestly though, it’s break. It’s fine because I have done literally *everything* for once. I have **literally nothing on my to-do list right now except to chill the fuck out!!!!!**

I fucking love it.

So I think it’s okay to reward myself over a break and to let go a little and to smoke some.

I don’t plan on smoking hardly at all in 2021.

I think I actually have a game plan that I literally just made in my head 2 seconds ago.

What if I say “no smoking in 2021, except for 30 days.”

Then it’s less about a streak (which can feel daunting to break) and it’s more about self control over how often I smoke.

Then if I have a rough week and need to decompress, or I’m at a party celebrating with friends, or I just need a fun night alone or with Dyl… I can smoke without feeling shameful or angry at myself.

I love this idea.

Only smoking 30 days in 2021. I can keep a count on my phone and write down all of the days on there.

Other things I plan on doing in 2021:

* Meditating every single day
* Tracking my food again (just to get more in-tune with my body.. Oh and also to lose weight)
* Lose weight (it will make me feel more healthy, energetic, comfortable, and confident)

I have other ideas, but these are the big ones to start with. And of course less weed. This year I went more than half the year without weed. Next year I will go 12/13 of the year without weed. I will be more energetic, more healthy, more in-tune with my body and the food and nutrients that I am putting in it, and more confident as a result of all of that.

I would really love to start focusing on my gut health. I think that the serotonin in my gut is to blame for any depression that I feel, honestly. Once I get my gut in complete control, my world will be in my complete control.

Actually, right now I would love to look up gut health and make a plan for 2021!

I want to become the best me I can be. For now, that includes continuing to date Dylan. If he makes it into my PhD program… that is definitely going to complicate things. But I’m choosing to not get involved if that is at all possible.

Anyways -- paragliding here is one of the best feelings in the entire world. I need to chase those kinds of feelings. Community, happiness, bliss… bhavana.

These are a few of my favorite things ;)

I’m 24. I’m not supposed to have it figured out yet. It’s cute that sometimes I do think that though. Maybe some day I’ll have it more figured out.

For now though… I think I need to enjoy this moment and see it as a rare window of opportunity to not take life so seriously for a moment.

Take some time away from social media perhaps.. Smoke some weed.. Have authentic conversations with people who I know and don’t know. Try new things.

I lied the other day when I told Dylan that I don’t attribute my success to others. I really do, a lot actually.

It is my whiteness, my class, my parents, my brothers, and everyone in and out of my communities who has crossed paths with me that have built me into the person I am today. It is thanks to the lovers for building my confidence, it is thanks to the community for building my courage, and thanks to my haters for building my strength.

I am fierce, but I am this way because of those who have encourage and pushed me towards the path that I am on.

It is, however, my path to walk.

Sometimes I may skip.

Sometimes I may run.

Sometimes I may trip.

But I will always continue. Forward, backwards, left or right.

This path is mine to walk.

And walk it I shall.

~ Jess

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