Dear diary,

I am on the procrastination train and I will continue to ride it for as long as I can until the stress sets in and boots me off.

Things are a bit strange. Coronavirus has us all self-quarantined in our homes right now. I decided I won’t go to yoga tonight, for myself, for my roommates, and for my community.

The stores are empty of people, the shelves in the grocery stores are empty of supplies, my motivation to get work done is lacking as well… times are very odd indeed.

I must say I am incredibly lucky. Today dad sent a text into our family group chat that says:

“*Your grandparents were called to war. You’re being called to sit on your couch. You can do this.*”

That is sticking with me quite a bit. Things could be *so much worse*. But they aren’t. I just need to stay home, stay healthy, and feel grateful.

I probably won’t go visit Claudia in Venice this upcoming weekend. Part of me thinks that I was looking for an excuse not to go all along. But actually not at all because of her (I would love to see her and spend time with her) but rather because I have been desperately searching for time alone and to catch up on my projects. Ironically, I will have that ability for the next few months… and I’m sure I’ll get sick of it.

Too much of a good thing…. (grass is always greener mentality).

I was talking with mom this morning on the phone and she told me that Grandma isn’t doing so well. She is getting small, thin, and frail. She is reaching the end of her life. I am going to call her this evening, and try to call her at least every few days from here on out. I am sad to know that she is nearing the end, but I am also feeling a sense of comfort and hope that I haven’t felt in a while. This came up after I read my diary entry from March in 2017 a few minutes ago. In that entry, I was talking about how grandpa was nearing the end of his life. He was getting ready to go too. I was writing about how conflicted that made me feel, but also how I could approach the inevitability of death with my heart open and my head up. Honestly, I am continually inspired by my past self. I like to joke that I constantly think I am immature and my past self never knew what she was talking about, but when I look at old diary entries… I see quite a bit of wisdom in what I say, pretty frequently. I am going to try to keep that same mentality about grandma. I will embrace her age and this time by making sure that I let her know how much she means to me, and I will allow my body and my mind to feel the grief of losing her slowly; but I will also use this as a symbol of the beauty of life. I will allow her to inspire me to live my best life and to be my best self, and to know that when I am her age, I will be happy with who I became, who I was, what I did, who I connected with, and my time here in this body.

I am feeling so healthy. Sure, I have been having some difficulty getting out of bed in the morning, sure I have been struggling with eating too much in one sitting at times (as I have struggled with for most of my life), sure I have had moments or days of frustration and mental fog…. But I know that I am dealing with these natural ebbs and flows of life in the most healthy way possible.

I am 54 days into my break from weed. This is the longest break I have taken since weed became a part of my life. Sure, I still get cravings at times. But I feel *so* much better knowing that it no longer has control over me. I feel much more comfortable socially, much more holistic spiritually, and much closer with myself.

Reading who I was this time two years ago, in the heights of my addiction, eating disorder, and depression… I am so proud of how far I have come.

I know that I will never stop growing and learning, I don’t plan to.

But I am happy to take a step back to allow for a moment of reflection and gratitude in myself and who I am becoming.

My body is a temple. My soul is beautiful. I am worthy of the love that I can give to myself.

I am so grateful for my physical being. I am so grateful for my mom, my dad, Wesley, and Eric. I am so grateful for Julie, Thomas, and Christian. I am so grateful for Claudia, Yeng, and Sam. I am so grateful for Matt. I am so grateful for my yoga teachers. I am grateful for my academic colleagues. I am grateful for Shamika and Dylan. I am grateful for everyone doing everything they can to make it through these weird times.

I am grateful.

~ Jess

23