Copied and Pasted from my gratefulness for today:

“Today I am grateful for

My mom. This actually might sound fucked up but I’m going to try to not phrase it in a way that would be. During this break I saw a LOT of myself and the problems I’ve been struggling with the past few months in my mom. When I got home and saw her secretly getting drunk and lying about it, or trying to secretly smoke, or eating snacks and then obviously feeling upset about it, and reflecting that feeling of being upset on the people around her, and her obvious discontent with her own body or certain things in life and the way that I could pick up on it (because it’s exactly how I ask when I’m discontent about certain things). Seeing all of that was exactly what I needed to kind of slap myself in the face. I was looking at an alternate version of myself and I can now see what that might seem like on the outside. It definitely motivates me to create change, a LOT of change - and I am hoping that reflecting back on this week will allow me to keep striving to look forward in that way. I love my mom, and I hope I can help her with some of these things as I learn to overcome them. But for now, I’m just grateful that I have her in my life and that she and I (if we both learn to lean in to each other) can probably really help each other through this time by either leading with example or referring to each other’s bad habits (which are reflections of our own bad habits). Either way, I’m grateful for my mama. I don’t mean anything bad by saying any of this either, I think it was just an important observation for me and a little bit of a turning point seeing the similarities between her and I during this break.”

It’s hard for me to actually write this out and to think about it. I think of all of the times that I’ve walked in on my mom obviously trying to hide alcohol in a cabinet. Or trying to mask that she’s pouring hard alcohol or wine into a coffee mug to mask what she is drinking even though I can obviously smell it. Or when I can tell she is blatantly drunk but she thinks that no one would notice. Or now that she’s trying to smoke, seeing her do the same exact things but with a vape pen and me walking in and seeing smoke still lingering in the air.

It reminds me of all of the times I’ve ended up smoking before meeting up with friends or going to class or just at any point during the day. When people would ask me if I was high I’d usually try to be honest, but I definitely lied a few times. I would secretly get high upstairs and try to waft the smoke away so that if Margarita or Trevor walked upstairs they wouldn’t be able to tell what I had done. I see so many of the same signs in my mom that I see in myself.

Why do we do this? Why do / did I feel the need to hide my smoking from the people I live with when I know they wouldn’t care how much I smoke? Why did / do I feel the need to get high when I don’t need to and when I can learn and grow so much more from experiencing life sober in certain circumstances? What am I trying to numb myself from by being high when I know that it’s going to be a decision that I will be unhappy about later?

The same goes for food. Why do I mindlessly eat when I am fully aware that I am doing so? Why do I continue to take bites and bites on end when I can physically feel my stomach in pain from fullness? Why do I allow my cravings for carbs or for sugar to take control of me entirely even though I know that it will make me full overly full and bloated and promote self-hatred triggers later on?

I don’t know the answers to these questions. And I’m not sure if I ever will.

But I do know that I am created by my environment. I may be more influenced and prone to some of these addictive and compulsive habits by genetics or the environment I grew up in, but I don’t have to be anymore. I can easily find ways when I’m at home to overcome my addictive and compulsive habits - so how can I implement that into my every day in SLO?

I think it comes down to actually surrounding myself with people more no matter what. It’s really hard for me to find time alone when I’m at home, especially in the kitchen. So maybe if I find that I am alone at my apartment, I’ll just do whatever it takes to not be there. I’ll either go to campus or the front porch or a coffee shop or Yeng’s or Sam’s or Claudia’s. Or maybe I can make my place nice enough that others will come over more often instead. Either way, the key for me (and honestly probably my mom too) is connection.

I’m really glad my mom got excited about reading Willpower Doesn’t Work with me. I’m hoping that us sharing this experience will allow me to open up to her about some of the things I’ve been going through. Regardless it will just be very good for her to read in the first place. And for me to finish.

Alright, my eyes are getting blurry so I think it’s time to retire. I’ll update again soon. But for now, this has been a wonderful break and time for rest and reflection in order to learn and grow.

Much love world. <3