So a lot has been happening recently. But I’m high so I’ll just speak my thoughts and we’ll talk about whatever comes out. My phone broke officially last night and I can no longer see the screen because the purple/blue plague of broken pixels spread to cover the entire screen today. It’s day 1 of no phone, and I wanted to document these feelings.

I definitely feel slightly different. I no longer have a crutch or a way to get out of sticky situations just in my pocket. I feel like I am not up to date on social media and I feel like it’s so hard to get in contact with people or to stay in contact. And yet I am still so connected to everyone. Because it really isn’t that big of a deal. But I’m realizing how normal phones have become in everyday life. It’s almost a necessity for everyone around me and it’s crazy to think that I am the same way. I want so badly not to be, but I’m realizing that I’ve gotten so used to just having my phone with me everywhere. Why is this something we never talk about? Is it good or is it bad? There is no way to know…

Were we put on this Earth just to be a certain way? Just because we never interacted through technology before now doesn’t mean it’s a bad thing… maybe we were just created so that we could experience all the ways of living that there are to experience. In which case I can experience life with technology, or without technology. It’s changing times and it can be interesting to take a step back sometimes and try to picture what life would be like if it was just fifty or so years in the past. I live in 2017 now. Twenty seventeen!!! That’s so crazy.

I think I might actually become fluent in Spanish… I’m so excited. I’ve really wanted this for a while now. Whether or not it means I’ll actually end up living in another country, it’ll at least encourage me to travel and allow me to connect with so many people that I wouldn’t have been able to connect with otherwise. And I’m actually holding myself accountable to it. I’m not backing down now. I’m so excited.

I think that Grandpa might be close to passing away. Yesterday he was not really responsive. He couldn’t talk, and when Mom went to visit him it didn’t seem like he recognized her really. They think he might have had another stroke while sleeping. But this one seems really bad. My grandpa is a fighter though. He’s walked away from many worse things than this before. I know that I can’t control what happens, but I just want him to be happy and to not be in any sort of pain. He has really changed a lot in these past few years.

Whenever I talk to him now, I try to ask him about his past, I ask him about stories from his past. Last time I got the chance to I think it was at Thanksgiving. I asked him about what life was like as he was growing up. He told me a little bit about all the places he’s visited. He talked about how great travelling was. He told me that British people smelled bad. And that he’d only go back to London if they made more baths. I pictured him travelling and I pictured that person that he was when he was my age. It’s so crazy to try to put my life in perspective compared to life in other times. Like what I was saying before. I think that he is ready to move on whenever that time happens. I can’t speak for him. But when I’ve spoken to him recently, over Christmas I got to visit him (and there were mini-horses there too!) and he’s been telling me recently about how he’s getting old. And how he doesn’t think he’ll be around much longer. I think that he’s been reflecting on that a lot recently. I try to put myself in his shoes, and I just can’t even imagine. It must be so crazy to have been around for 97 years and to know everything you know and experience everything you’ve experienced and just feel the effects of age to that extent and to try to make the peace that you can with the way that life works. It’s such a scary and sad thought, but it also doesn’t have to be.

Not even in like a religious sense or anything like that. But just in terms of life and the way that everything comes into balance. An equilibrium. Even science proves that everything eventually sort of comes together (besides Entropy, that’s always in disarray). I just feel like instead of being afraid of something that is so unknown to us, we can try to be positive about something that we have absolutely no control over. It’s good to be contemplative and it’s okay to worry, because that is usually inevitable. But, lately with so much loss happening around me. I realize that I can’t let myself dwell so much on those scary thoughts. I can’t obsess over why certain people die in certain ways, and how those things affect me and so many people that loved them. It slowly kills me when I think about that too much. I think that in order for me to cope with loss, it’s good to reflect and remember good things (like my mom was saying), but I also can’t obsess over reasoning why something had to happen. I just need to try and stay positive and try to be thankful for being able to be a part of that person’s story. And be grateful that they got to be a part of my story. It’s a nice thought to realize that a lot of life is really about making connections with people. And being a positive influence and a happy person in life. I think that it’s easy to get caught up in little things that seem like the world now, but in the future, when I’m 97 or older even, I’ll never remember a small class that was hard and stressful, I’ll remember the amazing friendships that I formed in college. I’ll remember the people that I was able to positively impact. Or the people who made a lasting impact on myself. I’ll remember the stories and I’ll remember getting to know people that are all unique and different from one another. I’ll think about the friendships that I was able to actually keep over all of those years, and I’ll reminisce about the ones that got away. But, nonetheless, I’ll look back and I’ll feel good. About my life, and everything I was able to accomplish. I’ll look at everything I wasn’t able to accomplish. And I’ll feel full. I’ll know that no matter what, I lived a life, and I was able to experience so many things. And for that I’ll forever be grateful.

I love my family, and I love my grandpa. I am so fortunate to have the life that I do. I wish the best for everyone.

Love and Warm Thoughts

Jessie J. Smith

Age 20