Just like that, more than two weeks go by.

Sitting in the daze of the drugs.

What am I hiding from?

My inability to admit that I know that being home is in many ways bad for me.

I am breaking out, gaining weight, feeling stressed, shifting in hormones, lashing out, feeling angry, obviously not acting like my best self, and making drugs a bigger priority than almost anything else.

Does this mean that even though I know it would be better for my physical and mental health for me to live away from the family… I know that internally I would hurt too much to know that I could be there with them, and to not be here.

So, I stay. I stay because this is a wonderful opportunity.

I am with family.

I am surrounded by love.

I am fortunate.

I am grateful.

(thank you for the last minute conversation Wesley - love you!)