Dear Journal,

Instead of spending the last hour journaling, I ended up reading my old journals instead. Which was definitely an interesting experience… I’m realizing that I forget **so much** of my life. It felt like most of the journal entries I read I wouldn’t have remembered at all if I hadn’t written it down to read later.

I’m really grateful that journaling has become a part of my normal life.

It is a great creative outlet and a good way to work through my thoughts at times. It can be therapeutic, cathartic, and a great way to remember things in the future. I actually think that my journaling has probably influenced my Medium article writing ability.

I have so much to say about Boulder.

A quick snapshot of tonight:

I was doing yoga on the floor while Julie and her boy-toy Dave did acro, while Matt played beautiful piano and Laura stretched on the floor…

A quick snapshot of yesterday night:

Thomas helped me clean out the fridge while Julie sewed bubbles onto her leotard for burning man and Matt and Laura were in and out hanging out.

I’m so fucking stoked about my living situation. I’ve never felt so immediately comfortable somewhere. I feel free to do yoga, to play my instruments, to make food, to hang in common areas, to stay in my room, to be myself, and to be *healthy*.

I can tell this is the perfect environment for me to cultivate a healthy lifestyle. I am already eating so healthy and in such healthy proportions. I think the key is living with really nice, social people, and with men honestly. I am really really happy about my roommates. I think they are perfect for me. They are genuine, interesting, smart, **super athletic,** fun, open, entertaining, talented, nice, caring… I can tell all of us are going to get very close this year.

I feel the start of something great here.

I haven’t had much time to think about my PhD yet..

I’m kind of trying to mentally check out from that as much as possible until next week, so I can be mentally relaxed before everything begins. I honestly only feel nervous when I hear others talking about how the PhD is so hard for them. Is it bad that I don’t feel like it’s going to be as hard for me…? For all I know this could be a super naive statement, and I’ll look back at this entry and laugh my ass off. Or… for all I know, I could kill it at the PhD thing and realize I’ve found my calling. We’ll see I suppose.

For now, I’m pretty high and it’s 11:51 pm so I’m going to let myself start to wind down for bed so I can try to get up early enough to do 8:15 am yoga at core power (3rd free week there, yay!)

Tomorrow I will meet the department and then get happy hour with everyone. I’m pretty nervous to meet everyone. I’m going to have to remind myself that it’s not any different than working a crowd of strangers, I’ve done that a million times now. I’m more ready than ever.

More soon!!!