Dear Diary,

It’s interesting to me how I so easily repeat parts of my life over and over again.

Right now I’m struggling with smoking weed and binge eating. I’m isolating myself from my roommates and from meeting new groups of friends. I didn’t want to do this here. I have a feeling it has to do with the fact that I didn’t really get a break before coming to Boulder and after traveling.

That was my intention, and I do think that it was a good choice. I wouldn’t have been able to have the conclusion I was able to have for traveling in Colombia and I wouldn’t have been able to see everyone in San Francisco if I had given myself a little bit of a break before Boulder.

But, I think that it unintentionally made my body and mind so drained from the last year that I needed to take time to myself this last week.. Which unintentionally turned into my smoking, which of course turned into me isolating (because I get afraid to interact with others when I’m secretly high), which gave me an excuse to eat things I didn’t necessarily want to since I wasn’t in view of others, and last night I ended up in my room binging on dark chocolate covered raisins while belligerently high and avoiding hanging out with anyone on a Friday night.

Part of me thinks about my loneliness in the last week and wonders if it’s self-induced. I feel like when I have nothing but plans going on, I can get easily overwhelmed and be dreaming of a schedule with nothing going on. But then when I finally have a schedule with nothing going on, I find myself sad and lonely and all I want to do is smoke and eat.. Which makes me feel *awful* the next day.

I am mostly worried about this spiraling out of control like it did last winter in SLO. I feel like my environment won’t allow that to happen this time, mostly because I am living with people that won’t allow that to happen. I may have my own room, but I’m not alone.

I’m trying to be patient with myself as I get adjusted to Boulder, but it’s been a little bit harder than I anticipated. Maybe it’s because there is something about Boulder that feels so familiar, like SLO and Park City, but I don’t know it well enough yet to have a true sense of familiarity. I know that it will take time for me to get there, but for now I find myself getting frustrated that I don’t know the quickest paths to get somewhere, or the most optimal place to go, or the best coffee shops for studying, or the best yoga studios and climbing gyms, or the best hiking trails and hide-out spots…

I know it’s a bit ridiculous to expect to have this kind of knowledge about a place that I have only officially lived in for **2 freaking weeks**. But for some reason I am getting so impatient about feeling at home here.

It’s like I already want to have a bunch of friend groups and know every street like the back of my hand and run into people that I know everywhere and have a yoga community that I teach to…

I think that I might have gotten a bit spoiled in Cali. Even though I lived mostly within a 1 mile radius and saw the same people every day, I felt like I built a community so quickly there. Here, it’s not happening quite as fast. It also probably has to do in large part because I don’t stand out here, I am easily one of many smart, blonde, hippy girls in Boulder. In Cali, that was something unheard of.

I guess it is good how familiar and comfortable I feel here already though. I can already tell that by the time my first semester is done here, I’ll feel similar to how I did after a few years in SLO.

I just reread my journal entry from about 2 weeks after moving to Cali. I was actually hoping a little bit that I would have been struggling in the ways that I am struggling right now, but I forgot that 2 weeks into Cali I was actually feeling *on top of the world*. I was close with the Israeli guys, getting close with the hostel workers, and crushing it in my professional world. I was having a ton of realizations about the person that I am and I was feeling incredible from it all.

Then I remember when the Israelis left and when the hostel got quiet for a while. I was really struggling. I can’t compare Boulder to Cali. Everything was so different there. I practically killed myself for those first two weeks with little sleep making sure that I did everything I possibly could. I was prepared for that kind of lifestyle because in Bogota I spent practically 3 weeks straight doing nothing and interacting with no one. I was ready to go all in on social events.

Here in Boulder, this last week has been therapeutic for me. It hasn’t necessarily been the healthiest when I look at how much I’ve been smoking and eating when I don’t necessarily want to, but I think that I needed a little bit of a social break to recharge.

I am an extrovert. I thrive when I’m around others. I love meeting new people and pushing myself out of my comfort zone. But **I can’t do that 24/7.** I need time for rest. I need time to recharge.

I think something that I can work on is accepting when I need a rest and not getting angry at myself for it. I didn’t go to wine wednesday to meet Liam and his friends this week, because I was too high to feel comfortable to go. At the time I was a bit angry with myself for having done that, but I think in hindsight I’m realizing I just wasn’t ready to keep meeting new people yet. I needed a quick breather. I also turned down his proposal to go backpacking this weekend. I also turned down Laura’s proposal to go canyoneering this weekend. I don’t think it has to be a bad thing. I’ve been giving myself time for me this last week. It will only make me stronger and more capable of being myself in front of others when I’m ready to put myself out there socially again.

Something else I’d really like to start working on is better self acceptance. I think there’s definitely a bell curve for acceptance. I don’t think it’s necessarily a good thing for me to act like I did in Bogota, where I was totally in acceptance of my binging. Because that normalized binging to the point where I did it way too frequently. I think in the first two weeks (before I got the terrible cold sores on my lips) I was feeling complete body and mental acceptance which was incredibly amazing. But, I think that I was lying to myself in that last week because I was clearly not accepting my binging tendencies. I was clearly not accepting my body. I was unhappy, but I was trying to hide from it.

I think that I need to find a happy medium. I need to be stern about smoking and binging so that I don’t spiral into a path I’ve already been down numerous times. But, I need to be accepting when I can’t control everything and when I have rough days.

Right now I know that I am smoking too much. I know that it isn’t benefiting me positively and socially. I know that it is contributing to me waking up and feeling immediately unhappy. Today I woke up and felt a little bit like I did during my depression and on the reserve… just a general anxiety about what I am doing to my body and to myself.

I think it’s hard for me to admit that I should stop smoking or that I should cut back on smoking, because then I feel like that much more of a dumbass when I continue to smoke. If I choose to ignore my problems, then I don’t have any accountability when I continue to smoke at night.

Even right now, I was just thinking about how I want to go home from this coffee shop and smoke so that I can edit my videos. But then I thought through it more and realized that if I go home and smoke right now, at 2:18 pm on a Saturday, I’ll just end up eating too much food, and then I’ll feel like shit for the yoga class that I want to go to later. And then I’ll feel like shit for the rest of the day, and isolate and seclude myself from Thomas, the only person home this weekend. Then I’ll feel really weird for doing that and seclude myself even more for the next few days, and in the blink of an eye, my long ‘relaxing’ weekend will be over, and I’ll be in a bad place mentally for the upcoming week.

I’m writing all of this down, but I’m still craving going home and smoking.

**Why does smoking hold such a huge power over me? What do I like about being high so much?**

Yesterday I started wondering if smoking is even bad for me. I wondered if I’ve started to make it a bigger deal than it needs to be. In a sense, I think I’ve done that with binging. I think there’s a lot of times where I’ll eat a little bit too late at night, or maybe a tiny bit more than I wanted, or maybe something not super healthy and I’ll group all of those into the collective ‘binging’ term. When in reality, those kinds of things are super normal, and I don’t need to constantly shame myself for not eating perfectly.

Is the same true for smoking? Do I actually have a problem or am I making it a problem by obsessing over a ‘problem’?

I wonder if I was to completely normalize my smoking in the way that Nanaki does and just was super open and up front to everyone about how much I love being high and how I’m high all the time if it would still be detrimental to me. I think it might be idealistic to think so..

I think it’s pretty obvious that smoking contributes negatively to my life in a lot of ways, but most of the negatives seem to come from when I hide that I am smoking. I think that smoking weed in general is something I have such a hard time letting go of because I think there are a lot of ways it actually positively benefits my life. It allows me to relax, get out of my head, feel creative inspiration, and chill the fuck out when I have a hard time doing so sometimes.

What do I do?

I already know that I’m going to smoke tonight. But I wonder if it’ll be accompanied by over-eating. When I detach the smoking from overeating, I’m generally happier and not judging of smoking at all.

If smoking is just smoking and not overeating / face picking / procrastinating… then I **love when I smoke**.

I need to find some hippy friends here.

When I was at that hippy party the other weekend, I felt so comfortable. I was actually a bit uncomfortable at the way that the people I was with were acting. They were clearly not a chill open-minded hippy crowd. But I wanted to be with people who were open and didn’t give a fuck. It made me miss Koh Phangan.

Lately Koh Phangan has started to feel like a dream in a far away land.

I feel like I needed every part of my travels for me to become who I have become today. I wouldn’t trade any of it for anything. But I will say that by far the most cathartic time and happiest place of all of my travels was Koh Phangan.

I think back to when I would motor bike through the rolling hills and look out over the ocean, sometimes high but most of the time completely sober. I would look people in their eyes and smile with all of my heart into their soul. I would get high from my own happiness. I was nurturing myself. I was **loving** myself and everything about me. I loved the world. I felt no stress, no pressure, I felt like I was able to be patient and happy and relaxed for the rest of my life. I felt like I could stay there forever.

But maybe one of the things that made it so great was that it was fleeting.

If I had stayed too long, maybe it too would have become nothing but a dull memory.

I fear that in life.

I fear that the longer I stay in places, the less fond I become of them.

The longer I stay somewhere, the more likely I am to engage in binging, the more likely I am to find the parts of myself that I don’t like, and the more likely I am to associate those bad habits with the place that I am living in.

I already have seen these things happening in Boulder, which makes me a bit sad. Because I’ve barely been here for 2 weeks, and I was hoping to see how long I could go without engaging in any bad habits.

Maybe it’s a good thing. Maybe I need to recognize that my physical location isn’t what causes me to act badly towards myself. It’s me. And if I continue to find that the thing that makes me want to leave somewhere is when I don’t treat myself well… then I need to solve this issue on the inside first, regardless of where I am.

Maybe it’s a good thing that I’m struggling a little bit in Boulder to start off my time here. That means that it can only go up from here.

I’m honestly just feeling a bit angsty in general. I don’t know if it’s the post-travel blues finally catching up to me in my few minutes of respite that I’ve found this week. I don’t know if it’s the depression seeping in as I smoke and eat myself to sleep at night. I don’t know if it’s the fact that my IUD has worn out and I’m having a rush of foreign hormones taking over my mind…

Maybe it’s a combination of all of that.

I think now is the perfect time to practice acceptance.

I think now is the perfect time to practice patience.

I think now is the perfect time to remind myself the importance of confidence.

**I am capable of so much.**

**I have come so far.**

**It is *okay* to be afraid.**

**It is *okay* to not be perfect.**

**It is *okay* to have bad days.**

**But I can’t attribute who I am as a person to those bad days.**

**I have to push through and I have to push forward.**

**The most important relationship in my life is the one with myself.**

**I MUST SHOW LOVE FOR MYSELF.**

**I MUST ACCEPT MYSELF.**

**I LOVE ME.**

**THROUGH THICK AND THIN. I *LOVE* ME.**

**NO MATTER WHAT.**