

## **Thursday, November 06, 2003 – 1:42 a.m.**

It is the night before I leave for my trip to Durham, NC for 3 weeks, and I'm left with a lot of mixed emotions. Part of me is excited about the opportunities that could open up from the connections I'll make, yet I am fearful that I will subconsciously sabotage myself like I have done in the past. Even though that fear will always be lurking in the back of my mind, I am trying to fill myself with positive thoughts of encouragement. I know that I will have a blast no matter what happens. I'll just be glad when the experience is over and I can look back on it all in retrospect and have more clarity.

I had a pretty good day today, though I didn't do much more than I absolutely had to. I always have intentions of accomplishing more than I know is humanly possible in one day; but during the course of the day, I procrastinate the things I know I can, and rationalize with myself that I'll be in the mood to do it another day. Lately, I haven't been in the mood or had the energy to do much more than I have to. I don't know if I am anemic or if another infection has invaded my body, but I don't have the energy that I need. It's not that I am depressed. To the contrary, my spirit could not feel more inspired. It is just difficult to motivate myself to do anything. On my last few days off, I have had to force myself to take a shower and go to the places I did. I have noticed even at work that I'm not able to carry as heavy a load as I once did. When I get home from work, the only thing I have the energy to do is sit in my chair and either listen to music all evening, chatting online, or watch TV. Alison thinks that maybe it's my body reserving up energy since I will need it during the next 3 weeks in Durham. I hope that's what it is. Yet the dichotomy of the situation is that despite my low physical energy, my mental energy could not be more high-strung, which is why I am still up at this hour.

I lie in bed and try to persuade myself to go to sleep, sometimes even begging myself, "Please, Terry... just go to sleep!!!" I will begin to feel like I am relaxing, then a thought will pop into my head about something, spurring another thought in a different direction, which will then produce other thoughts, and so on as the minutes and hours pass by on my clocks. Sometimes I will think that smoking another cigarette or self-gratifying myself will release the tensions and plethora of thoughts, but they never do. I just have to lie in bed, tossing and turning, until my mind finally unwinds and I drift to the other side. Once I finally do fall asleep, it is a rare occasion that I wake up raring to get out of bed or even leave my dreams. My dreams always seem so interesting to me, that choosing between them and the real world is sometimes difficult. I only wish I could have a conscious awareness of my dreams all of the time. I will often remember a dream very vividly as I awaken, only to have it vanish without a trace in minutes.

Speaking of dreams, I am going to try to create some now. I am beginning to feel relaxed, and hope it's enough to fall asleep. I want to be on top of the world tomorrow when I arrive in Durham.