

Friday, February 13, 2004 – 2:36 a.m.

Today marks the 8th-month anniversary of the day that changed my life. The day I found out I was HIV-positive. Though I've counted each month one-by-one since June, this is the first Friday that has fallen on the 13th since that day. While I don't know if there are any sweeping changes that will happen today, this day has made me look back over the past 8 months to acknowledge how much I have grown as an individual.

It bothers me that I cannot fully intuit what changes might occur today. I keep reminding myself that no matter what happens, or however unexpected it might be, there is nothing life can challenge me with that I cannot overcome and then master. After all, what else *IS* there that could happen besides my own death (which I do not fear)?

Even though I know that writing is the best way for me to express my emotions and thoughts, I always put other experiences ahead of it. I will rationalize with myself that "I don't have the time," or "I'll do it later," but the days turn into weeks and then months, and I haven't recorded any of the experiences or thoughts I had. Of course, on the flip side, writing in retrospect always gives me the clarity needed to see the reality that was.