

4/27/05

So, I turned 25 last month. That's a quarter of a century, you know. 2 days after my birthday, I found a gray hair. But I didn't pluck it. I wanted to leave it so that I could find it again and show people. But I haven't checked it out in a while. I wonder if its still there. Or if there's more by now.

Getting older doesn't bother me. At least not yet. I think if I'm still single and struggling at 30 it will get me down a bit. But I don't want to worry about it.

I just feel that I'm getting closer to the age that I've always felt. I once read that we are born with a mentality of a

certain age. Which explains why some men never outgrow a high-school mentality, for example. Or why some little kids have a maturity beyond their age.

I'm not sure where I fall in that, but I've always felt older than I actually was. I mean, I definitely had my immature, young, stupid moments, but that's unavoidable.

Where does time go? Days seem to be a blink of an eye. You wake, you fall asleep. What happens in between should be more memorable than that.

I guess that's what brought me to this, literally, this journal. I haven't regularly written in a journal in many years. Who knows if I'll ever

write in here again after tonight,
but at least I got these thoughts
down. Heck, this thing was only
7.99 at Waldenbooks.
gotta love those
bargains.



I'm freaking out
lately. For the first
time in my life, money is causing
me real stress. I knew it was
inevitable, but I hoped I could
avoid that monster forever. You'd
think ~~my~~ living next door to my
parents and getting a roommate
would help me to be more financially
stable. It does, in a guess, but
somehow I've managed to over-
step it.

Okay, that's enough financial
talk. That will get me nowhere.
On to more spiritual things.

In addition to this fine book, I purchased John Edward's Crossing Over book. Love it. Almost done with it. Sometimes I wish I could see dead people. Maybe just once.

I gave plasma yesterday and the nice phlebotomist, Helen, struck up conversation by asking what I was reading - John Edward - have you heard of him?

Oh, my cousin was a psychic - it freaked me out.

And she goes on to tell me about how it ran in her family but she never got it, she never wanted it.

She wished me luck with my photography after she asks the polite "where do you work" question. I said she should

ask her cousin about it for me.

It's funny where life takes us,
if someone had told me a year
ago

you'd be living next door to
your parents! In your old
house! With Scott Bloedorn!

And you'll love it!

And writing in a journal
in your parents' old
bedroom, in the room that
Grandpa died!

I'd've rolled my eyes and
laughed a bit.

But I'm glad I'm here. For sure.

Do get to burn my garbage.

And park in a garage.

These are beautiful things.

I quit smoking. Again.
Damn that habit!

I miss it. I'm so jealous
of smokers right now.

It's been a week.

I'm stronger than those
damn cancer sticks.

Drinking some detox tea.
I try to be healthy, but it's
like I'm too lazy!

I've not eat McDonalds
since January.

I haven't bought meat since
February.

I take vitamins

Lots of fruits + veges.

I try to drink a lot of water.

I joined the gym.

These are things that would
lead one to believe that I quit

Value my life. And I do. I value a high-quality life of health and happiness. I just wish something so unhealthy didn't make me feel so happy!

I used to think I knew it all, although - I must say I at least knew that one day I would think I was pretty silly for, well, being so silly. I'm really quite stupid. Don't know much about much. NOT an expert in anything. So I'll try to be an expert on me.

Jrusa Marie Halbach. b 3/22/80
to Richard and Karen

NOT meant to be famous.

Happy with simplicity.

Thrives with bugs.

always on the edge of sanity.
too busy "being busy" to
notice much.

TV junkie - wastes too much
time on fictional lives.

But that's nice to escape
from my own, I guess.

Hard worker - sometimes.

hard to tell if I work too
much or too little. So that's
my struggle. Always feel
as if I could do more.

~~STRESS~~ sometimes that's my
middle name. I think what
stresses me out the most is
feeling like this stress will
never end - like it can only
get worse. What an awful
thought stresses me out
just writing it down!

Hmmm

I feel better already.
seriously.

This is good for me.

I'm out of thoughts worth
noting at the moment.
A good time to stop.

+ 10:36

5/15/05

I feel content today. More
content than I've felt in a long
time. I made a list & finished
it (most of it). I avoided my
phone (mostly). I worked out
(a good amount). I made a list
for tomorrow & I'm ready to
embrace it.

I miss my family! Okay,

so they are right next door, but I saw them nearly every day last week. Now I haven't talked to the girls in two days, and I miss them!

Family is just so important to me. It's a ~~che~~che thing to say, but I really mean it, I really feel it in my heart.

Mike graduated from college this weekend. I came to the ceremony late, so I sat up in the balcony by myself when he walked across the stage. I actually felt myself choke up and yes, a few tears came out. I always get emotional at times like that. I feel silly, but it feels good, too.

It's funny when I think about what makes me happy.

like today, I feel really happy. I really spent the entire day alone. Spoke to a few random people briefly at the gym, but really I was alone there.

Talked to Scott a bit but didn't really engage in conversation or spend time with him. Just the crazy cat. It feels good to know that I can be so content on my own, but it worries me too.

I find that if I spend a lot of time with one person, they tend to get on my nerves. I annoy myself when that happens. I mean, I like people, I love being around people and growing relationships with them, but I find that

it has to be on my own terms
I don't like it when people want
to get too close or spend too
much time with me. Then I
back off. I don't know why that
is. I'm not sure if it's really
a bad thing though.

The one thing I want most
in my life, that I have always
known that I wanted, is
a family of my own.

I've never dreamed of the
great wedding day. I dream
of a great marriage.

I don't just want to have
kids, I want to be a great
mother.

I find it interesting that it
is the one thing I am not pursue
right now. My actions are more
toward a goal of independence.

And I do treasure my independence, but its the opposite of needing someone. I want to need someone too. I want to be needed.

I just believe that it will take that one person to get me to that point. That person just hasn't come into my life yet - at least not that I can see.

Silence. Its odd how it can be so comforting. When it is silent I feel closer to god; like its just me and him. My soul can see more clearly when all the earthly sounds are quiet. Its those silent moments where my "list of things to do" goes away. The only thing I want to do is just be.

T 10:52

5/22/05

I didn't shower today
and I didn't get up till 2pm.
Scott & I planted the garden.
Funny how it had become a
burden on my list of things
to do.

Then we watched Star Wars
all day.
watched the season finale
of Extreme Makeover Home Edit.
Desperate Housewives
Carry Anatomy
Life was good today

T 12.45am

6/5/05 11:42pm

→ ⚡

The lamp just went out
The damn cat tipped it over. Broke
The bulb.

Just finished Wally Lamb's "I know
This much is true" all 900 pages
of it. Great book. Makes you think.
Left my mind reeling.

What is it that I like about my
own handwriting? I find myself
watching my hand write ~~instead~~ instead of
commanding it to. It's like a work
of art. And I don't mean to define myself
as an artist. Just an observation.

I find myself having a recurring
thought lately: "This world is messed
up" It really is. We believe in things
simply because we're told to. We've all
been taken for fools. We go to our
Piggly Wiggly and purchase our
Tostitos and Crest and chemical vegetables

just because it's what we do. I find myself questioning everything I've become so cynical. I don't believe anything I hear. I don't trust anyone, really.

I scoff at traditions. Weddings? Ugh! Why? Traditions have lost their roots. We do things just because everyone else has done them that way. Then we claim to be "so different" when we're one step off.

But I can't say this to most people because they don't understand. They don't want to change their view of life anyway. Not unless we're told to and everyone else does the same.

Far too complex to jot down on paper. Just a lonely gym rambling

10/5/4

July 10, 2005

I feel extreme clarity right now. I cannot explain it but I'll try. Now I don't know if I can carry Scott's home.

Now he's in the shower.
I just feel calm. Peaceful,
joy.

I think I've come to a few realizations in the last few weeks and it all hit me today.

I was floating in my parents' pool this afternoon. No one was home so it was quiet.

I had a conversation with God.

Again I meditated a bit.

Since I went out drinking for Jimmy's bachelorette party last night, my brain is a little slower. I was in a mood to be quiet, to think.

I asked God to send me my soulmate
I think I'm ready. But he'll know
when I'm ready.

I see things so clearly right now.
I'm where I'm supposed to be.
Doing what I'm supposed to be doing.
It feels good.

I'm sitting in the backyard. Someone
is lighting fireworks to the south,
left over from the fourth.

It's so beautiful here. I think about
that every day. I'm so thankful
for all I have.

I've been having these thoughts
about how I feel like I'm going to
die young. I dreamt of my own
funeral just the other night. I do
know where these ideas are coming
from. It's not morbid. It's not sad
or creepy. It's peaceful. But I can't
tell anyone.

maybe it's just my head romancing
the idea of the impact of my life.

What people would say about me
after I die.

It's not that I want to die. I love
life. I've come to several beliefs.

We all are souls. The important
things in life are intangible. These
are things that the soul feels
and learns. We are put on earth
to learn lessons. To mature our
souls.

I believe that we have many
lives. That our soul comes back
after our loved ones from this
life have died and returned to
the other side. We have guides
on the other side who act as
an inner voice. We get back when
"it is our time" when we've learned
the lessons that this life was

supposed to bring us. It's a circle
people that I refer to here as
being "surface" - not very deep,
not very wise, not mature, are
young souls. They have not
evolved yet very far. I find it
hard to relate to these people.

NOT trying to sound egotistical. I
know I have a lot to learn. I love
life. It's our obligation to enjoy
it. We are not put here to be
miserable. We are to love, to live
to help each other, and to be
happy and grateful.

I've been blessed with so
many amazing souls in my life.
I'm so grateful for these beautiful
people who've come into my life.
I hope they can say the same
about me.

I'm afraid for anyone to ever read this. These are my thoughts. The reason I write them here is because I cannot share them, most of them at least.

9/5/05 LABOR DAY!

What a lazy but full weekend

I'm wondering if I found my soulmate last night. Kelly - I went out in Stockbridge after going to the fair and cheers w/Tim! Wes Bunnell was there. I don't know something just clicked inside of me. I've never felt so calm & so excited at the same time. That's how I still feel today. We shall see. I asked God to show me my soulmate when he knows I am ready. I trust in God.

God has found a new place in my life, in my heart. He was never misplaced, only waiting to settle in to a good spot. My Christianity has resurfaced and I feel anew.

It's a good feeling.

I feel beauty in my life.
It is all around me in a physical sense as I sit in my backyard on this beautiful day - 'windy'! But I also feel beauty in my heart, and in the hearts of those I love.

I am so blessed and amazed by the things that have happened in my life, it overwhelms me to think about it. God has certainly taken care of me, and I know he will continue to do so.

I love this feeling of peace. I know that it will be replaced by the feeling of working hard and focusing on things that "need to be done" tomorrow, but I am grateful for how I feel right now. I ask nothing more.

I've only written two pages today so far but I feel like I've explored my entire soul in these words.

We get so involved in the piddly, unimportant things that cloud our lives, that we do not stop and appreciate the broad, simple, beautiful things that are worth our attention.

I am being called to do great things. My life has meaning. I have a place in this world at every moment. I must fulfill it.

I feel that writing much more would dampen the focus of my words today.

Life Goals

to be a good daughter
to be a good spouse
to be a good sister
to be a good friend
to be a good boss
to be a good employee
to be a good community member
to be a good citizen
to be a good person

to love all others
to help all I can
to not be selfish, self-absorbed
to always be grateful

to be a good mother

to be good.

10/20/05

2nd Place. Volleyball season is over. It's been a great ride! I really love all those girls. It's been a great ride. It's an extraordinary opportunity to be able to be seen as a role model in these young lives.

It's been such a pleasure. So now I'm at that turn-around point. Time to reevaluate what my goals are and what to do with my time.

Donate plasma 2/week

Go to GhostTown 3/week

Take vitamins

hormone balance

drink tea

eat healthy

quit smoking

start yoga

make schedules/routine

read books

watch movies