

Thursday... Wednesday

Thursday, September 12, 2019

I feel as though I view the world in general somewhat like how I take multiple choice tests. There are always a few options that I can immediately throw out as not right for me. Other times there are clear decisions that I mark as true. But most frequently (more frequently than on tests themselves luckily) there are questions where I am stuck between two options and even after I've made my choice, I still wonder what would've happened if I'd picked the other one. I don't always like how much I contemplate the "what if?". It wastes energy, is inauthentic, and, in this life, you won't ever know for certain what would've happened if you'd picked a different option among the infinite spectrum. There are times when it's amusing to question what might've been, but there are other times when dwelling diminishes one's quality of life.

After finishing my comm quiz, I walk from College Hall to Cataldo. Mentally, I'm thinking through which question I may have missed as there had been one where I had been going back and forth between answers and one that I had indeed missed according to my final score. I move with my head mostly down, intent on getting a donut to indulge my voracious sweet tooth. As I enter the door leading to the Contemplative Cafe, the lady working there and I make eye contact and start laughing. Beginning last semester, my friend and I would often stop by after our jazz dance class in order to get a quick snack since she didn't have time to get a full meal before her next class. The worker came to recognize us through our frequent visits and requests for a donut and milk. I have five classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays this semester so my mid-day meal consists of whatever I've squeezed in my backpack for the day. Since I've been finishing in class video lessons before the end of the class period, I've had time to continue this delectable tradition. The same worker is still there every time.

She greets me as I approach, still laughing, and asks me which donut I want. I decide on a maple donut with no milk today. She hands me the donut and I hope that it satiates my sweet tooth for a short while. As I sit at the table to eat my donut and work on a bit of reading, it strikes me that, despite the decent amount of interactions we've had, I still do not know the worker's name. I make a mental note to remember to ask the next time I go.

I finish my donut and some of my reading and prepare to head to my last class of the day. I walk out of Cataldo and am greeted by sunshine. It is a "perfect" day—3pm, sunny, 76 degrees. I take a deep breath and look around, acknowledging that this will be one of the last days of perfectly pleasant weather left in this year. I realize that the next time I can have this feeling of warmth is when a whole school year, with all the changes it brings, will have happened. Funny enough, I had just been talking to a friend about how I wanted it to be Friday instead of Thursday. Now, however, I notice that I need to be mindful of the present despite its sometimes mundane nature from day to day. For it is better to live in and appreciate the present, while sometimes thinking about the possibilities of the future, instead of contemplating the "what ifs?" of the past and the things that cannot be changed.

Wednesday, March 25, 2020

Even a quick errand to check on mail and grab something to eat aids tremendously. My package had not yet arrived but I did get to send the postcard I'd been meaning to send. And a

Wolffy's double cheeseburger and shake hit the spot. It also rained this morning and the extra crisp air felt blissfully sharp on the lungs.

Ambulance and fire truck, with sirens and lights blaring, stopped by the house next door on the corner this evening. I saw a stretcher go in, but I couldn't tell if anyone came out. Both vehicles left calmly. Still, I feel I won't forget the flashing red dancing through the open panels of our blinds. For a moment it felt like a prison. Stuck inside, no way to help, nothing even to do. Just watching the world outside crumble in red... I couldn't see if they brought anyone inside the ambulance... Both vehicles left calmly. Whatever situation had occurred was at least under control. Or as controlled as it could be. And so we carry on.

It grows darker.

I close the blinds for the night.

Thursday, September 17, 2020

Look at it this way. When they tell your life story, the parts where you struggled and succeeded will be the best parts to see.

Wednesday, February 3, 2021

Many negative events, both globally and on a more personal level, have occurred in the past year and I have certainly felt their toll on me. However, the other day I decided somewhat spontaneously that I do still have an active role in how I perceive their influence on me. My very attentive boyfriend noticed the shift in me and asked what had changed. I replied, "I decided not to be sad anymore." More specifically, I decided to acknowledge my sadness and not let it outweigh the rest of my emotional experiences. I know there will continue to be days where this is easier than others, but I look forward to seeing the outcome of this newfound resolve.