

Written by  
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As a child, many of my friends kept diaries but it wasn't my thing; I just wasn't a dear-diary kind of kid. I remember that for a while when I was 12, I had moved away from my best friend of the time and I would write to her about my daily events, but that only lasted for a couple of months. I was just not interested in writing that much, besides I was too busy making new friends. (My dad was in the Air Force so we moved a lot.)

I first kept a journal after Jim died in 1993 after reading a book about grieving and ways to overcome some of the feelings that were coursing through me at the time. It was definitely therapeutic and I have reread that journal a few times since, just to see who I was back then. Boy, I was in a lot of pain!

This is the longest, most accountable thing I have ever maintained and it too is very therapeutic. It is also helpful when I am trying to recall what we were doing or where we were at a certain time in the past two years. I try to write about our days events (or whatever else comes to mind) in the evening after dinner or occasionally, if I am so inspired, I will write late in the afternoon. Sometimes, if I am too tired, I'll leave it knowing that some time through the night, I'll wake up with something burning into my brain. However lately I don't wake up at all and because I am having such a sound sleep, getting up just isn't going to happen. Besides, since Jim's death in 1993, a solid night's sleep is a real rarity for me so I see these nights as a gift of sorts (and one that I am really loving).

Maintaining this online has kept me accountable and forced me to write daily which has been great for me. I find that I am more observant of the beauty around us and more appreciative of people we meet and places we visit. No matter when I write, I am still enjoying it and I hope to continue to do this for a long time to come.