

coward) and flashing back to this memory and that and analyzing it, I still find myself in a place of anger and sadness. I know that anger comes from not being able to control the situation. Incredibly, parts of me still wonder what I could have done to be the perfect girlfriend, parts of me still wonder if I was too curt and maybe rude on the phone, yet no part of me stops to think what he could have done to be the perfect boyfriend, or if he was mean to have done what he did. Well, I would have to leave it to me to think these things because I know he certainly ain't. Then I wonder what an awkward situation he must be in right now, with a father and mother and family (and maybe even country) that are all strangers to him, but with whom he must still play the part of familiarity. When I think of that I almost feel sorry for him. Fifteen years is a long time.

I would like to stop replaying the past in my head. And focus on learning my lessons only. I wonder when I will finally get around to start meditation. Maybe I need instruction.

I began to pray a little bit yesterday. I came up with a little prayer of my own.

Lord, teach my hard heart to surrender.

Lord, teach my hard heart to forgive.

Lord, teach my hard heart to trust.

Lord, teach my hard heart to love.

*I cannot ask you to do this or that
for me or the people who are or were in my life
because I know it is already done.*

I would like to limit the amount of time I spend each day thinking about this past relationship. Or at least to teach my mind to switch immediately to the lessons I am to learn from it, rather than uselessly rehashing material that only serves to sadden me.

The man who is for me will be spiritual, will be unafraid to expose his vulnerabilities, will not be made insecure by difference, will be slow and steady in everything he does, will be sensual, will be firm, and will be courageous.

The man I spent the past four months with was not such a man.

The man who is for me will read this quote, my favourite book quote to date, and understand right away why it brings me to tears:

It is true that sometimes when I cross Park Avenue, I'm struck with the peculiar sense of how exotic my surroundings are. The yellow taxicabs that go sweeping past, honking their horns; the women with their briefcases, who look so perplexed to see a little old Japanese woman standing on the street corner in kimono. But really, would Yoroido seem any less exotic if I went back there again? As a young girl I believed my life would never have been a struggle if Mr. Tanaka hadn't torn me away from my tipsy house. But now I know that our world is no more permanent than a wave rising on the ocean. Whatever our struggles and triumphs, however we may suffer them, all too soon they bleed into a wash, just like watery ink on paper.

Sayuri – *Memoirs of a Geisha*

I used to think that if I needed money I would be motivated to work hard at getting ahead. So my focus had been on ways that I could place myself in a situation of financial need, crazy as it sounds. This goes back to my earlier entry about needing to feel like I was one of the "people". I'm still on that mission, though now it is because I just want to be self-sufficient, live within my own means, and not as a way of motivating myself. I realize now that no amount of "poverty" is enough to make me work harder. I need to believe in what I am doing, believe in the value of what I am doing, in order to be motivated to work hard at it. If I don't