

# The Place I Go Without Thinking



Reflecting, as I look forward, with the 3 years that have passed by since I started this blog.

For my blog anniversaries, I've stuck with the classic *Recap of the (blog) Year* and count of views, but something about analytics and numbers didn't impress me nearly enough as much as my own courage and determination, which really matter the most.

Earlier this week, I was out with one of my friends and I spoke about how crazy it is that I was only 17-years-old when I first created Livin'Lin in 2015. Three years wasn't long ago, but lots has happened since then. The most obvious reason being I was still in high school, I've had the privilege to travel to several places, and like everyone, I had to go through so much more emotionally. I've kept every single one of my 56 (now 57) articles online, no matter how much I hate reading them, mostly because I end up thinking "Oh god. Why did I share that?" Even with Instagram, I thought of doing the whole detox and delete routine to start with a clean slate, but I decided that what I've said in the past doesn't reflect who I am now.

In my very first Introduction article, the first paragraph I wrote was this:

**You may be wondering why I chose to create a blog. If you want a short and simple answer, it would be because I want to showcase and keep track of my journey of self-growth; my thoughts, my realizations, my ambitions, my adventures, and my loves.**

I feel like I annoyingly share that I started this for myself, and I guess I'm in awe that it's stayed that way. I never think of how long it's been since I've started this journey, I just happen to always find my way back to an outlet for me to just write. With almost every other platform and project I've been part of, I've somehow lost myself in the mix, but the version of myself that emerges through writing comes so naturally.

I'm in my own little world and headspace when I write for Livin'Lin. It's only when someone in the *real world* mentions my blog that my bubble pops and I awkwardly answer "Oh hahaha thanks, I forget that people can read this" or when I get a new rare subscriber to my mailing list. Maybe that's my word of advice as someone who writes; **write like no one will read... 'cause then you'll know you're doing it for you.** Even when I write

promo captions, I assume that no one will *actually* click on it and that I'm just another scroll on someone's news feed. It's all good. I spent four hours of the late evening/early morning writing out feelings that I tried to articulate in the best way possible for me to move on from them, and the least I could do is share the outcome of all the work I put in.

## **VULNERABILITY = STRENGTH**

Other than my big "social media break" that I started going through last April, there's one article that stands out, which I wrote last November. It's called Livin'(L)in Love; an article that I not only spent writing with tears falling down my face for most of the writing period, but it was also a big step out of my comfort zone.

Contrary to pop culture and a lot of articles you see online, I keep my love life very private. The article I wrote months ago is probably the one I'm most proud of because I was able to write out my feelings, without revealing the actual context of my situation. I remember thinking "There's so much going on inside of me right now, and I really want to write about it, but I also don't want people to know what exactly it is I'm referring to..." so I ended up referencing songs from a really poetic album I was into by interpreting a few songs.

I guess it was also difficult to even consider sharing because of how seriously I take romantic relationships in this day and age (literally), but I had a gut feeling that I wasn't the only one who felt this way. Although we have our own ways of viewing relationships, we all go through heartbreak, loss of self, and a whole other set of general human experiences, that aren't normalized for normal people (compared to celebrities who's love

life is always in the spotlight). I constantly challenge myself to write feelings into words and felt like I really did that with this one.

I sometimes worry how I'm perceived in real life, considering that my articles are based on the darker and bluer emo subjects, such as social anxiety and being in situations having to do with emotional black holes, but throughout this blog's journey, I've also accepted that I'm just a "colorful emo person," as in someone who's just deep in her feelings, recognizes both the negative and the positive in situations, and for the past few years, has chosen to focus on the negative aspects.

I think that for this blog in particular, I try to write about subjects that people are uncomfortable with talking about -- the hidden realm in all of us. People feel connected to hearing about real issues we all go through, especially because we're taught to always put on a brave face. It's the things I can't understand right away that push me to write so that I *can* understand, and it isn't at all a coincidence that people find comfort in that.

## WHERE I AM NOW

I'm still processing how blessed I am with my life right now. If I close my eyes and imagine more desires and dreams, it isn't unusual that I start crying at the fact that they're already in my life. I've managed to get roles in extracurriculars that I've always wanted, my next steps in life are clear, and most importantly, I've got a strong tribe of friends and family who support me.

I never thought I'd hear my mom tell me "**Follow your dreams. I support you. I'm right behind you**" so often, in a genuine tone (and always when I need it most), and not one that I've eased down all my high school years

when I strayed away from studying something that is more practical. I'm actually writing this late night of Mother's Day, and I've got to say that our mothers/parent figures are truly the backbone of our strength. Maybe my subconscious just needed to hear that I'm being supported through my own life stepping stones for me to have the strongest foundation of confidence for my dreams.

Only half way through this year, so many of my manifestations that I've been meditating on have come into physical reality, and I couldn't be more astonished, yet grateful that they're in my life.

**It being my third year anniversary since I've created Livin'Lin, I've got to shout out the people who actually take time out of their day to read my "work." To the old and new friends, to the moms of friends, to acquaintances, to random strangers; everything shared here is written from the heart, and I find it such a privilege that somehow, my storytelling of personal life experiences is inspiring and helpful in some way. I sometimes forget that anyone can read this, so when people shoot me a message or a comment, I still get that little jolt of energy rush within, in surprise that my voice was heard. I guess I'm still getting used to being receptive to the good that comes my way and accepting my place in this world; that I'm never alone and that I've got something special to offer. I wouldn't have recognized the latter without your support, and I am truly grateful.**