



Diary Entry 2

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I've always known this about myself. I'm quite stubborn. If you know me well, that won't come as a shock. By the end of 2024, I realized — almost without trying — I had achieved everything on the vision board I had created at the start of that year. It felt effortless in hindsight, like the pieces had quietly fallen into place behind the scenes.

So naturally, I was determined to check off everything on my list this year. I held onto that same energy, the same expectations — maybe a little too tightly. I clung to goals that no longer resonated, to a vision that no longer felt like mine. I tried to force it, thinking I had to follow through simply because I had once said I would. I don't like breaking my word, and perhaps if I'm being honest with myself, I was too stubborn to admit that those plans had expired.

But that's okay.

With the shift in seasons — the soft letting go of summer, the quiet arrival of fall — I'm reminded by nature itself that release is a form of growth. Trees don't mourn their leaves; they make room for renewal. I'm learning to do the same: to gently let go of what no longer serves me and create space for what does. Not out of failure, but out of alignment.

This is my reminder to myself: it's okay to change your mind. It's okay to grow beyond your old intentions. We only get one life, and it's too precious to spend living by outdated dreams or borrowed definitions of success. We are allowed — meant, even — to evolve.

Love,
B

