

# Musings

Saturday, September 19, 2009

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## Blog for a Hog

\*I've had this odd psychological hunger lately. And my pants are tight.

I'm sure it's being caused by anxiety. And pie. Lots and lots of pie.

\*It's not just my typical addictive, I'm-gonna-eat-a-dozen-maple-bars, kind of hunger either. It's the kind where something's wrong upstairs. (The mind- not the taste buds. They're fine.)

\*The wonderful thing about our bodies is that when we start go gain weight suddenly, it's usually an indication that there is something wrong that requires urgent addressing and humans are naturally vain enough to do it. Right now it's my anxiety.

\*Since I surrender my obsession with my body to God everyday, asking that He make my body how He wants it to be today, I can only assume that he's answering my prayer and that there is a unique blessing in my pants being too tight and me walking around with ghetto booty.

\*I'd like to blame my medication but I know and have seen, time and again, the the spiritual cure for obsessions trumps the side-effects of any drug.

\*I'll be sad when Pivo dies but I'll also be so grateful that my black clothes don't have visible dog hair on them.

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About Me



Kathleen Adams

I really despise long walks on the beach.

\*Sometimes during times of weight fluxes I think, "Oh no- I'm physically repulsive!" but I know that when a guy likes a girl, his love either blinds him or puts a positive spin on her faults.

\*What are faults anyway? Many of the things people love about me, others hate about me. Unless it directly opposes St. Paul's instructions on charity, it's probably simply their opinion, their decision, therefore their problem, not mine.

\*Pivo is tall enough to eat a stick of butter off the counter. Well, frankly, so am I.

\*I think I'll make my next relationship my last because, c'mon, break ups suck.

\*My goal right now is to become the healthiest person I can because I assume I'll love my husband so much that I'll want him to have the best wife possible.

\*This means to rid myself of all self-pity and blaming others for my any unhappiness and discontent in life. If I expect people to make me happy then that is too much of a burden on them because joy is a spiritual condition, therefore impossible to obtain from other humans.

\*Besides, if others affect my peace of soul then I have to humbly admit that I'm not strong enough to handle them. Then either learn how to handle them or remove myself from the situation till I can. Because frankly, if I'm a wreck, then I'm in no position to help them.

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\*When others say, "I can't deal with your problems when I can't handle my own!" I smirk because I know a secret- getting out of ourselves and helping others is the only way to gain enough distance and perspective on our own.

\*I've noticed that certain memories, even if they're just normal, neutral memories, carry a "feeling" attached. Often they have a "sadness" because it was a sad time in my life. I don't like those feelings. I think I'm going to get rid of them. Okay...done.

\*It's so annoying how I'll secretly be pissed off at someone but then when I see them, I totally forget because I'm so happy to see them.

\*Once I was mad at someone for a week and kept forgetting that I was mad. But I told myself, "No no! This person was wrong! They need to learn that there are consequences to their actions." 'Cause, you know, I've got a weird sense of ethics.

\*At a bus stop last year a person mentioned that a few years prior I had snapped at him. This was a week after I was out of detox, and I was at the beginning of AA meeting attendance. Therefore I was legally insane. He, who's been sober for over a decade, asked me if I was an alcoholic and not just a heroin addict because then I didn't belong. I snapped back that of course I am and that it's none of his fucking business anyway. When he mentioned that, of course I apologized, mentioned that I was out of detox and crazy, and asked him to forgive me. He thought about it and said, "Okay." You know what though? I'm glad he said something because I'd felt bad for two

years.

\*I was right though. But I could've said it kindly.

\*I'm kinda weirded out that Jim Carroll died because I assumed that anyone whose autobiography is *The Basketball Diaries* had to be invincible.

\*My phone's ringtone is such a catchy song that when it gets stuck in my head, it reminds me that I've gotta call someone back.

\*One time this old lady in a nursing home was complaining about losing her eye sight and I said, "You're lucky. These people are ugly."

\*Another time she wanted to use the restroom and I asked if she could hold it because it smelled so bad, like her roommate ate poop and then pooped that poop. She was shocked and then laughed.

\*The best tips I ever made were when I was working as a bartender in a strip club. I never judged the guys unless they didn't tip me. Then I thought, "Pervert."

\*I've found that the best way to do something completely original is to screw it up in such a way that no one would want to mimic it.

\*One time a monk told me that a couple was complaining about their marriage. The wife said that it was %95 her husband's fault. He said, "Well, fix your %5 and tell me what the numbers are then."

\*For awhile I couldn't handle all the unhealthy relationships in my life so I went and saw a relationship counselor alone. My theory was that

even if it was just my improving my part, well, that's still a healthier relationship.

\*The most profound thing I found out about my relationships is this: don't put up with abuse. It's not good for me, and it's especially not good for them.

\*When someone raises their voice at me, I immediately shut off my ears because they've crossed a line of sanity and I won't know what is real and what isn't.

\*Besides, if someone can't control their temper then I don't care what they say anyway.

\*Notice that chronic complainers tend to contradict their complaints in later complaints.?

\*I'm so guilty of most the stuff I complain about. Why do I complain then? Because my low self-esteem still expect people to be totally better than I am in every way.

\*Instead of saying, "I don't understand how this person can...I always..." I say, "Wow. I'm so grateful that I've learned not to do that."

\*Okay, I gotta go work out. Which means sitting on a pilates balls watching the Colbert Report.

Posted by Kat at 2:03 PM

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