

The gorgeousness of this journal demands content of a beautiful nature.
Hello Friday, you're a cold one, aren't you?
Reflections on a long weekend on foot.
Social media in the morning leaves me anxious.
Thoughts.
Happy birthday, Michelle!
A blue ink... Monday.
Remember this day.
She's in Canada!
Today has the distinctive scent of writing wafting around me.
It's still pitch black outside.
I do love the meaning of Desiderata.
I woke up yesterday cocooned in the van.
My beloved Wednesday!
At the desk.
Phone call with Gab the other day.
A beautiful day in the garden yesterday (chooks are happy and dogs are tired).
Good morning.
Wonderful Wordy Wednesday.
Megan's birthday.
I've just read George Saunders' newsletter.
Long hikes take a lot of time.
It's occurred to me just how many words I'm churning out each day.
There's one.
A very interrupted sleep.
Feeling angsty!
Is it the 'depths of winter' thing?
What is it about this date that make me think I've got something to remember?
Do you know, the 17th was auspicious after all?!Good morning!
Pilgrim – a traveller, a wanderer.
I used to walk everywhere on my own.
I'm ravenously imbibing everything I can find on the Camino and I'm not nearly sated.
The process of preparing for a colonoscopy is a lonely one.
Good morning!
Fog outside my window.
Off on a writer's adventure today.

I forget others aren't used to writing with a fountain pen.

Good morning!

As I drove out to Kangaroo Flat yesterday Jordyn made herself known to me.

Balance.

I'm realising just how many good things are ahead in the next few months.

I've woken feeling the promise of ok-ness.

A glorious day.

Remembering how wonderful and novel and rewarding the mere sensation of pen on paper brings.

Alex's friends are here.

I took to bed.

When you're sitting in bed for the second day in a row enduring a cold that renders you effectively voiceless there's only one place to go.

Feeling so much better and yet still so gross...

Productive cough.

I waste the first hour(s) of my day in such indulgence.

Today feels like a 'To Do' list kind of day.

Pen in hand.

Scene: coffee shop, main street, Yarrowonga.

Most indulgent morning view ever.

Gather it from memory.

I sat with Nan and Pop and felt calm.

Need to work.

I'm learning Spanish and Ian is studying Ford Transit fitouts.

Thoughts swirling and tasks unfurling and making dreams come true can be a tricky business!

Good morning all!

Dear Diary,

I've made my own coffee.

Wow!

I love being at home!

And so what now?

Wednesday

I am, it seems, irrevocably and forever more associated with the flamingo.

Happy birthday Melissa!

I'm so distracted by cake and yet I'm not eating any.

I'm at the dining table in Ocean Grove.

Ah, Wednesday, welcome back.
The crows are ever-present this Spring.
When you read your friend's debut novel and it's great!
Gab and Tim are on a road-trip and the photos are beautiful.
It was a big weekend.
The Isolation Journals prompt this week is *write about a time you had a breakthrough in despair...* and I couldn't remember a single moment.
So this is an unexpected and unwelcome turn of events.
I love learning Spanish!
Daylight Savings is back!
Kids came home.
Sometimes training sticks... journal writing really only works in bed.
Every now and then the prompts in the Isolation Journals trigger something in me.
Data sucks when...
I walked over 20km yesterday.
Question – why do I care that noo-one really reads the blog?
Once upon a time I wrote a book.
What would happen if I turned on the light when I woke at 4am and wrote my Pages then?
An incredible day is dawning outside the Eyrie.
As I set up my lap desk I realised it's because of you, dear diary, that I sit in bed for so long after waking.
A quiet revelation.
I need to process the referendum.
I went out on Country with Djaara yesterday.
What is your prayer?
Snow is falling in Calgary!
Thank goodness for Wordy Wednesdays!
My morning routine is growing in complexity and I quite like it.
I owe you an apology.
Today Emanuelle goes in for her wiring and MaxxFan installation.
So much to tell you.
The TBR pile feels, finally, under control.
A hot night.
The benefits of a proper sob.
If she's not doing everything she can to annoy you, is she really your mum?
It's been a year of Adapting.

The crows are the loudest.

My baby is 23.

Flights to Tassie.

Questions.

My favourite day of the week.

Things that make me happy.

Ominous clouds this morning.

Perhaps the waking up process is magical.

Bittersweet, the last Pages.