



called it "intense".
 to Greece, and someone
 school orchestra's trip
 the covers on my high
 journal with music on
 I had this leatherbound
 And I've kept it up since.
 that I wrote in every day.
 started keeping a journal
 year of high school, I
 In December of my senior

When my family went
 to Paris in fall 2004,
 I started a new journal
 and wrote entries
 sporadically.



sometimes start a diary,
 which would usually last
 a day or two. I'd vent
 about having to clean
 my room or speculate
 about boys I might like.

I now have over eleven
 years' worth of filled
 journals, housed in two
 states.
 I think
 I write more than I used
 to. My journals are the
 account of my life and
 when things get compli-
 cated or intense, so
 more. Once I read an
 article about journaling
 that said you shouldn't

journal every day because
 that was too much rumi-
 nation. Oops. I write all
 this because I don't want
 to forget it. I want to
 remember. But sometimes I
 worry by writing everything
 down I'm emptying these
 things from my memory.
 I'll only be able to remember
 them by rereading. But when
 will I ever do that? And
 what if I lose the physical
 journals? What if my

Eleanor Glewwe
 Feb. 10, 2019

Journaler

Obsessive

of an

Confessions



house burns down?
 Or what if it doesn't?
 Am I going to carry
 an ever-growing library of
 journals with me for the
 rest of my life? (Why not?)

The compulsion to write
 everything down, especially
 things that feel deep and
 important at the time, is
 strong. I fall behind because
 there's so much I want to
 recount, so I write at the
 bus stop, in lecture for
 the class I'm TAing, in



In my life so much happens
 that I would like to write about,
 but then something else happens
 & things are always happening.

from "Memorial"
 by Gina Myers

airports. I have to get it
 all down. Sometimes
 stuff falls by the
 wayside, but I'm obsessive
 enough to keep going,
 usually. This is why these
 lines from a poem by
 Gina Myers (who writes
 for my college's alumni
 magazine) struck such
 a chord with me. They
 were perfectly relatable.
 Turn the page...