Dear Diary,

I am *tired*.

It’s been a long last few weeks, I’m not going to lie.

Last weekend was so incredible in so many ways. I was so happy to see all of the extended family.

I played guitar and sang Red River Valley for Grandpa at the family party we threw for him. I cried in front of everyone, but I still did it. I’ve thought about that moment for *years*. And even then, it was still a last minute decision to play the song. I’m **so glad** that I did it though.

I fucking love my family.

I love how close we have all gotten, and how we have really persisted through thick and thin together.

Eric told me that mom has been sober for 55 days now! I need to talk to her about that. I am so **so** happy to hear that.

I love Wesley and Eric so much. I’m so happy to have them as brothers. I’m so lucky.

Wesley loves Colombia. He’s fucking thriving there. I’m so so happy for him.

Eric seems to be doing much better than he was. He is getting a lot of attention on Hinge and has a lot of upcoming visitors in Venice, plus he’s moving out in a month or two. I think that all of the people and the idea of near change will be really good for him. I’m going to keep calling him every morning though.

I am so fulfilled with my family.

I wanted to write about a bunch of other things and catch up, but honestly it’s 10:36 pm and technically my body thinks that it’s 1:36 am with the time difference from the East coast + daylight savings, and I have to be up early… so I think I’ll call it a night for now.

More soon.

~ Jess