Dear Diary,

Happy last day of March! Things are a bit weird over here.

I’m in quarantine in Boulder. I’ve been working from home for about 2.5 weeks now. I go on runs pretty much every day to get some fresh air. Matt left for the desert so he wouldn’t dwell on not being able to see me in Boulder. Grandma passed away. I got rejected from the GRFP last night. The podcast is about to launch. My roommates and I hang out pretty much every day.

Yeah, it’s funny how quickly life can turn around.

First, I’ll write about the most important thing on that list: Grandma.

I think when you are expecting someone in your life to leave soon, it allows for more time to digest and grieve beforehand, so that when it actually happens you don’t feel caught off guard. That’s what happened to me with grandma. I said goodbye to her in my meditation a week before she passed away. I got to speak with her on the phone twice after that. Once when I really thought she was on her way out, another when she was doing better again! I think that was the universe’s way of reminding me to cherish every moment always, because it’s not up to me when people go.

After Grandma passed, I took most of the day off to be outside and to *connect* with others. One of the biggest takeaways I have from Grandma is when she told me (shortly after Grandpa had passed) “Jessie, it doesn’t matter what you do in this life, it matters who you connect with.”

Since then, I’ve been really focusing on my connections with others. I decided that grieving didn’t need to be alone. I went to Matt’s house and did a tea ceremony to celebrate Grandma’s life. I cried, I felt, and I loved. It was wonderful.

I think about Grandma quite a bit. I feel happiness that she is out of her pain and that she might be with Grandpa and her first son right now. I feel grief for all of the things I was never able to ask her. I feel relief for the family for not needing to worry about her anymore. I feel hope for my father that he can find healthy ways to allow his grief to be felt.

I love Grandma unconditionally, I always will.

It was hard to not be home with family when this happened. It feels strange to not be there right now when everyone else is, even though I fully could if I wanted to.

I am listening to my intuition on this one. I know that I will get more of my work done here right now, and I know that being in my home in Boulder makes sense. In the summer I’ll likely go there for a month (give or take) to spend time with the family.

I feel really happy that Matt left. Not in a bad way though. It’s making me appreciate him a lot more, and also reminding me what is important to me. I don’t need to feel like I am giving up who I am for someone, and I was starting to feel that way with Matt.

When he returns, I think I will explain to him that I need to be exactly me, and if he fits into that, then that’d be wonderful. If not, then I don’t want to waste his time. I know he feels *so* strongly for me… but I also know that I can be honest with him about anything. I have been, and I will continue to be.

I am really grateful in this quarantine.

I haven’t been focusing on gratitude this much in a long time.

I am so grateful that I still have my job. I am so grateful I can still pursue my important passion projects. I am so grateful that my career and life still has an actionable purpose. I am so grateful to be in a living situation with amazing roommates and to live in a large room where I can do what I want and need to do. I am so grateful for my family. I am grateful for zoom and the ability to be virtually with anyone. I am grateful for the fact that I got rejected from the GRFP. I even meditated on my gratitude for the rejection after receiving it last night. I recognized that this is a sign that I am meant to continue teaching (because I wouldn’t have been able to if I had gotten the reward). I am so grateful that I’ll get to continue teaching and diving deeper into that for the foreseeable future.

I’m grateful for making my bed.

Every morning I have been waking up, doing a quick sun salutation, making my bed, drinking water, listening to “Here Comes the Sun” by the beatles, and just breathing happiness and gratitude into my morning and my day before beginning it.

It has been helping keep my sane in these times of weirdness. It feels really great to be pushing for optimism and hope right now.

That’s exactly how I feel: optimistic, and hopeful.

(And of course, grateful).

~ Jess

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