

*May 4, 2018*

9:42 pm

The boys asked me today how many more sleeps until the May long weekend.

The weather still isn't quite warm enough, but it won't be long now.

Every year we pack up the car, head to the lake, and disappear for a few days. No schedules.

No alarms. Just fresh air, campfires, and more marshmallows than any of us should probably eat.

It's become our thing. Maya, Ben, and Ali's family, meet us there every year. ♡

The boys spend weeks talking about it. They'll race to the shoreline the second we arrive, collect rocks that they absolutely have to bring home, and somehow convince themselves they need to pack every flashlight we own.

I love that they still get excited about the little things. I'm looking forward to this trip, as I always do. I just need to finish up these last couple of chapters before sending off to my editor. Then, I will be free to relax for a while. Hopefully the weather will be good. May isn't always the warmest at night but it can bring some beautiful sunshine with it throughout the days.

I think we're all ready for our first camping trip of the year.

*July 17, 2018*

1:33 pm

I've spent far too much time thinking about Chad today. Actually... that's a lie. I've spent far too much time trying not to think about him.

Nothing about him makes sense. One minute he looks at me like I'm the only person in the room. The next, it's like a wall goes up and I can't reach him no matter what I say.

I've caught myself wondering more than once if I should just walk away before I get any more attached.

Maybe that's the smart thing to do.

Maybe it's exactly what everyone else would tell me to do.

But then I think about the little things.

The way he notices when I'm cold without saying anything.

The way he watches a room before he'll let himself relax.

The way he seems to carry something so heavy that he doesn't know how to put it down.

I've seen the anger. I've seen the distance. I've seen moments that should probably make me leave. I've seen all of it. But I've also seen flashes of someone who almost seems... lost. I don't know which version is the real Chad. Maybe they both are.

I don't have the answers. I just know that walking away feels a lot easier in theory than it does in reality.

Maybe tomorrow everything will make more sense.

Or maybe I'm just telling myself that because it's easier than admitting I'm already in deeper than I planned to be?