

TODAY'S JOURNAL

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My journals are usually never about what happens in my day, but more about what feelings I am left feeling at the end of the day. Today I am left feeling a bit more at ease now that I have had a talk with Jade about this assignment. Before having this talk, I didn't know what sort of family I fit into or if my family is like a typical family. I mean I do not have such a great relationship with my family. At this point in my life, I am closer with my friends and consider them more 'family-like' than my actual family. My friends are my fictive kin. Do not get me wrong... I love my family and respect them for everything that they have done for me and sacrificed to get me to where I am today but, I am not as close as I sometimes wish I was with them. One thing that definitely keeps us from having a closer relationship is that my parents lack trust in me when it comes to doing certain things and I don't really help the situation with my stubborn, hard-headed self. The thing with my family is, they come from a very strict traditional Kurdish family. Our cultural background in its own sense has caused some intergenerational trauma and those traumas have unfortunately been passed down to my parent's generation and finally to my siblings and I's generation. My grandparents live in Turkey, where if they say that they are Kurdish, they will be imprisoned or even murdered by the hands of the government. Thus, my parents have a certain lack of trust when it comes to governments, so when they came here, nothing really changed that much. It's just now they are scared for my siblings and I, and that if we were to 'act up' in any sort of way, something bad would happen to us. I do understand where they are coming from and will forever respect their opinions, but it does inhibit what I am allowed to experience and what I am not because of their fears.

However, I have never once hesitated to voice my disinterest with any of their decisions. In fact, I think I have gotten more expressive in voicing them. Although sometimes me standing up for myself has gotten me into trouble sometimes, I am still a good daughter. I do what my parents tell me to do (if it is reasonable), I help around the house, I help them with any financial matter, and when they need help with disciplining my sister. So, when they try to reason with me, with something that does not make sense to me and they say to do it because they are my parents, sort of upsets me. I know this is sort of a millennial sort of thinking, but I am my own person who has been financially and medically responsible for myself since I was seventeen years old. Because of my condition, I had to grow up a bit earlier than I thought and things sort of changed for me. I have to make sacrifices that not many 22-year old's do in my daily activities. Not every day is promised for me, so it does not feel right when I argue with my parents over unreasonable choices. This brings me to why I consider my close friends my fictive kin. Although I am a very closed off and reserved person, my friends have never once given up on me and have actually stayed with me through my ups and downs. They have never once judged me despite not agreeing with me on a certain matter. In fact, despite not agreeing with me, they have still supported me. My friends are the reason I exist and stay to exist. They are my confidants, my therapists, my sanity, and they're even the bane of my existence sometimes. We honestly don't have THAT much in common, but we do try to understand one another and listen to each other when needed. On the next page, I would like to introduce my family by choice.



These people are my family. I have never once had a serious fight with them that didn't get resolved in more than a couple of hours. This does not mean that nothing is easy with them, but it is worth it. I have never been more understood than I am with them. My best friends: Daniel Alvarez, Janessa Niann D'sa-Bailey, Denise Roleda, Rhye Banerjee and Mercedeh Safarian, are my supporters in everything I do. They believe in me like no one ever has. I have never felt more supported, loved, cared for, and respected for by anybody else. They have my unconditional love and support and I know I always have their unconditional love and support as well.