

March 20, 2020

Yesterday was the first day of spring. Taryn left this book on the porch - it reminds us both of my mom. In these times, that's comforting. The alarm bells started ringing two weeks ago about the Coronavirus but it's just now getting bad.

Jasper and I have been quarantined since Sunday. My blood type and autoimmune condition make me particularly susceptible. Working from home is nice and I love the way everyone is talking & connecting online.

The President's mismanagement is going to kill so many people - it's awful just sitting here waiting for it. California went on lockdown yesterday and the country issued a legal order of quarantine. The economy is a mess & Jasper lost her job. I'm so grateful to still have mine. It's hard to move forward on ambition

in this state. I've had a headache
and upset stomach for five days
and am praying it's just the
seasons changing - I always have
a hard time with those
adjustments.

Jasper and I are moving our
energy into something close and
more connected than ever - it's
the bright light in this darkness.

This is going to change the
whole world forever - I am
excited about the chance to
make it better - but scared
of what else may come instead
- fascism breeds in these kinds
of emergencies.

March 23, 2020

I'm working out and baking like Martha Stewart watching Trump kill us with his inaction and buffoonery. The news from Italy is terrifying - no one over 60 is being treated anymore. The dead are piling up to be burned without funerals.

California and New York are sounding the alarm - 86% of us expected to be infected. I have Hashimoto's Disease, an autoimmune disease that poses an additional risk factor. Jasper and I are on total lockdown - no one in or out.

So far we are still doing okay but our small house makes it hard to find alone time + individual space. I work out most of the day, trying to channel my anxiety. I'm getting ready to turn our music room into an office - a huge job - and am thinking I should start a garden. I'm worried no one is planting crops - who knows what fall will bring. It's quiet.

March 24, 2020
Spent the day turning the spare room into a combination office, art studio & music room. We figured out how and it is changing everything. It feels like I'm crawling slowly back into myself after being gone a very long time. I find myself craving books and quiet & creative pursuits, growing less interested in climbing ladders, career or otherwise. Who would have thought it would take a global crisis to bring my spirit back home... especially when it slipped away so quietly I almost didn't notice. I crave comfort now. but find myself reaching for it in deeper places than the back of my refrigerator. I am so blessed to have this home, my job, a wife whose company I still crave after 14 years and these two sweet cats. Now I can only hope Trump doesn't kill us all with his narcissism & general idiocy.

March 27, 2020

It's hard to work from home. Every insult from The Chair feels magnified. I have an interview to be an EO today but it's less secure + pays less... something that feels too risky in these uncertain times - especially with Jasper not working. I'm diving into creative work instead, building an art studio + reading books, and trying to finally set down the ambition that has been the driving force of my last 40 years. To that end, I've also started going back to my herbal training, looking ahead to ongoing supply chain disruption and shortages. I'm even thinking of starting a garden, despite not really being a person who enjoys that sort of thing. It's amazing what an apocalypse and facing the very real possibilities of an early death will do for motivation. Most of all, I'm trying hard to find pockets of peace + gratitude... something unfamiliar for a fighter. I guess this is what age does, and I suppose I am grateful.

Ginger Tea/Infusion

Ingredients

1 large ginger rhizome
1 1/2 cups water
1-3 tsp honey (raw preferred)
1/8 tsp cayenne pepper
squeeze of lime

Directions

4 pieces of ginger (thumb sized) juiced or grated then infused in just off the boil water then rested 2-4 hours covered. Reheat + add honey, lime, cayenne + stir.

Dose

Drink 4-6 cups daily during infection.
Will last 24 hours refrigerated

Properties

Antiviral and antibacterial
Immune stimulant
Use at 1st sign of illness to ward off onset of upper respiratory infections
Eases pain, inflammation, nausea, gas, cramps,
loosens mucus, promotes sweating, stimulates appetite

Update:

March 27, 2020

The governor has gotten our state 100 million masks, 4000 ventilators, new hospitals and hotels for healthcare workers.

The federal government has failed us but I am so grateful to live under a serious governor who is doing everything under the sun to save our lives.

March 29, 2020

Going into week 3 of official quarantine. We have settled into a routine involving work, home cleaning, workouts, movies, art-making, cooking and dancing. I'm trying to rise above the low hum of constant anxiety to enjoy it. Then the life insurance bill comes. Or a family member calls. And there is only fear.

As we watch the numbers of the dead and infected tick up every hour it's hard not to think ~ what if I'm next? As we navigate that fear, we watch Trump + the GOP lead us ever deeper into a fascist state, and we can't leave the house!

I am in fear for our future, for the future of democracy, for my own life's ambitions. I am equally grateful for my home, my cats + my love Jasper. And thank god for Nancy Pelosi!

March 30, 2020

I have a new boss who needs me to get her up to speed. Today was a full work day with no time for much art or peace. Jasper and I did sneak in a jog though it's funny how I only run when I'm grieving. The marathon after Dad died was cathartic. The late afternoon wanderings after mom passed were the same. Now it feels like I'm grieving the whole world, the death of all I knew, or thought. I stink so high heaven - unusual for me. I think it's because all I'm sweating out is fear, anxiety and sadness for what could have been. Every person we pass is a potential threat. The news is starting to say there will be a second wave of infection in the fall - maybe by then we will have the tests we need to keep us safe.

March 31, 2020

I had the date wrong ^{today.} yesterday.
The days all just run together
now. Jasper and I are sitting
together watching Rachel Maddow and
starting to hear from friends
who are being denied masks by
their employers. People are scared
all the time - a sort of low-level
hum, an underlying vibration
that feels as though we are all
teetering between our best and worst
selves, taking bets on which wins
out. The death toll today is 3,558
with 178,036 infected nationwide.
The unemployment rate is 9%.
It's all falling apart - all I
can hope is that this is just
the part before we finally do better
as a society. It's got potential
to be a hard reset but also, I'm
so tired. I've been fighting for 38
years and I've lost some of my energy.

April 1, 2020
More than 4,000 are dead. Today
Trump set a Naval blockade, claiming
Venezuelan drug lords were killing
us. People believe his nonsense
and distractions and I'm genuinely
afraid that we are at the start
of a long descent into autocratic
or dictatorial rule by this
ruthless cunt. Minutes later, he
told a reporter that undocumented
folks would not be cared for,
essentially condemning them to
die. The press is so used to his
antics no one even followed up.

There are still no tests → they
are essentially assuming we will
all get it and just counting on
herd immunity. For old folks,
or those with underlying conditions
like my autoimmune disorder,
we are on our own. I wonder if

the rest of the country will just go back to their lives, leaving us to continue our isolation untill we just dissapear or die.

The national stockpile is almost empty while the admin allows US companies making masks to upsell all their product overseas.

Church services are not cancelled and those who attend are getting infected + spreading it rapidly.

It amazes me how cruel + selfish our culture is even now in this emergency that touches us all.

April 5, 2020
Today was the worst by far.
I found out that a colleague,
Dr. Erik Witherspoon died of COVID19.
He's the first real friend I've lost
but I don't expect him to be the
last. Josie is getting better.
Jack is on Day 20 but blessedly
out of the hospital + at home!
He mailed me a giant box of
goat cheese! People who know your
preferences are the best. He was the
Best Man at our wedding and
one of my dearest friends. Sadly
the government guidance didn't
kick in early enough so when
he got it he wasn't tested +
promptly went to Disneyland
thinking he just had a bad
cold like Typhoid Mary. I'm
so grateful he and his husband

seem to be okay. The stories from infected friends of not being able to breathe scare me more than anything.

The friendly stray cat we have fed for years and named Stanley showed up a few weeks ago with a neck wound that has now gotten so infected we are sure he's septic. So on top of everything, we are probably going to have to euthanize him - a heartbreaking end to years of building trust with such a wild creature. I cried all day and watched fantasy movies about benevolent zookeeping wizards.

This is finally starting to feel really, really hard.
No end in sight.

April 7, 2020

Stanely seems a bit better today. It's a bright spot in an otherwise difficult time. He's still touch & go though.

I work out every day, trying to channel some of the rage I feel watching Trump & the GOP lie over & over as they blame others for their corruption & incompetence while the death toll ticks steadily upwards. 12,000 dead today & counting.

Trump is firing all folks in charge of oversight & pushing drugs that are unproven in which he own stock. GOP Senators sold all their stock & bought in Zoon and medical long before telling us there was danger.

My cousin & Angel Stanal behind him blinded by this

loyalty. I never thought I
would see a ~~right~~ dictator
rise to power in America but
I REALLY never thought anyone
I knew would be on the
Dictator's side.

My parents are rolling
in their graves. My grandparents
too.

I know this isn't the world
they fought for.

I turn 39 in 2 days. I'm
glad I have no children
to protect from all this.

I raised \$1400 so far for
the LGBT center in my birthday
fundraiser for the kids &
without care right now.
I'm changing to feeling
useful

April 9, 2020

Today I turn 39. Jasper brought in all the flowers from outside and put them all over, and we lit all the altar candles. My fundraiser for the LGBT Center made its goal of 2500.00 so that was an awesome gift. I had a chat with my new boss - clearly I said too much as usual but I suppose we should get to know each other + that's certainly me. I'm not sure about this job still but I have hope. I want her to help me climb a few ladders though I suspect I'm not the kind of person she ordinarily sticks her neck out for. I have a job interview in an hour with

Cal OES which I'm not sure I
want either but hey - take
the meeting right? All day
friends have been calling
and texting and I have to
say this might be one of the
best birthdays I've had in
a long time. Jasper cleaned
and made me breakfast - twice.

Simple pleasures like snuggling
with her on the couch and sipping
bourbon on a zoom call with
my NLP Class X family are more
meaningful than presents or
parties would ever be. I'm
turning inward, breathing into
myself, listening to the pieces
trying to rise from wherever
I buried them by being too

busy and ambitious. My soul was hungry for silence, for art, for deeper love than the kind you find at cocktail parties.

I showed Jasper my favorite photo books today, walking her through the images that moved and shaped me when I was young. Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, Edward Weston, Sally Mann, Nan Goldin - you can see so much of who I became and the choices I made in the pages of their books.

Bringing painting + photography back, even journaling, brings me back to a more authentic version of myself. Someone I thought was long gone but really there, ignored + overlooked all along - by me. I'm not doing that ever again. One more year till 40.

April 12, 2020

My sense of community keeps growing. My fundraiser for the center is almost at \$3,000, Sam keeps dropping off eggs from the farm, Zoom call invites with old friends keep coming, and Alicia just sewed & send us masks. This kind of network is what I've been chasing all the years since I left San Francisco and New York.

It's Easter. We ordered donut delivery and cleaned the house. Jasper and I are planning a garden in a way we never have. We are scared more than ever of supply chain disruption.

They've stopped testing in any real way and Trump is agitating about sending everyone back to work by May 1st. There

is no way I feel safe with that
but I'll have no choice. My
boss is eager to put us all back
in an office in shared space.

So many people seem confused,
thinking that reopening will mean
there is no danger, rather than
that the hospitals are merely
able to handle the rate of surge.
More than 20,000 are dead and
half a million infected with
fears of a second wave in the
fall.

The Postal Service is on track to
fail if not bailed out by June,
but Trump is refusing to help.
He's worried vote-by-mail will
cost him the November election.
I fear we are past the point
of no return in our descent into
fascist autocracy.

April 15, 2020

It's harder to get out of bed,
or do anything these days. The
deep realization that we will
be dealing with this for YEARS is
sinking in. Along with the issues
in my marriage. Jasper and I
love each other deeply but might
as well have separate bedrooms. It
makes it harder some days.

Sacramento announced deep
enforcement today of stay-at-home
with hefty fines in place.

Trump pulled US funding
from the World Health Organization
and appointed the WWE guy to
the task force. It's hard to keep
reality on straight.

Trump supporters with
Confederate flags are protesting
restrictions today and I hate
to be cruel but part of me hopes

they all get sick + go home +
shut up.

Thank god for long calls with
Jason + Lawrence, plotting mutual
aid societies, designing our
backyard farm (the supply chain
is shaky) and debating possible
escape routes.

It's not enough to get me
out of bed for a whole day though.

Still, I'm grateful to have an
income, a house, and the
ability to isolate with
someone whose company I
enjoy. I'm afraid it's going
to be a long road to acceptance
for those still in the denial
stage. I guess it's good.
I have a lifetime of experience
with grief.

Today's death + illness totals:

Globally

2,047,731 infections

133,354 deaths

United States

632,878 infections

27,850 deaths

~ Only 3,000 people died on
Sept 11, 2001 and it changed our
entire country + culture. This
will be a sea change - I'm just
afraid of the ways it may
make it all so much worse.

April 16, 2020

The governor briefs daily at noon. While we wait, I check CNN for the latest numbers and whatever snarky truth-telling their Chyron writer has developed for the day. People are still dying at high rates but infection growth seems to be slowing. Hoping the restrictions are eased slowly enough to keep it that way.

Current Cases (as of noon)

2,101, 164	global infections
140, 773	global deaths

641, 166	U.S. infections
31, 590	U.S. deaths

My Postmates cancelled so we are running low on groceries & trying to figure out if it's safe to walk together under the enforcement orders.

April 17, 2020

It's my sister Melissa's birthday. She's eating sushi & drinking champagne. The protests in Michigan are ramping up, with Trump treating it like a revolution. I moved out of my office into my home office early before anyone woke up. Jasper and I did a huge grocery shop, with money we don't really have, but are prepped now to hunker down for another six weeks. The strain of a small house is wearing on us both. We had an argument about nothing. I'm thinking yoga and an adult coloring book are the only thing on the docket today.

April 20, 2020

The days are melting together to a point i'm actually enjoying the work La Kenya keeps heaping on my plate. I keep a daily workout regimen + try to either make art or garden or color every day. Yesterday Jasper and I cleaned out the back porch + planted our garden beds of wedding flowers + got our veggie garden seeds started. We are in an awkward space - loving but not talking and not touching. I wonder if we'll end up divorced after all of this is over.

The crazy protestors came to the Capitol today. Yelling + marching around without masks - I'm glad I wasn't in the office but so many friends are. All the Republican governors are opening up, I

Guess they decided it's okay
if people die as long as
the rich ones don't go broke.
My heart is breaking at how
stupid and cruel people are -
they are clear that they just
don't care who dies.
The numbers as of today.

US Total Cases: 776, 513

US Deaths: 41, 313

Worldwide Cases: 2, 458, 150

Deaths: 168, 906

There are mass gatherings worldwide.
I just can't wrap my head
around any of it - how can so
many people be so reckless and
so poorly educated?

April 22, 2020

Today was busy and exhausting,
all work + patientee handling
people for CCSWG, the center and
FOSA.

Today was and is a
struggle. I'll try again
tomorrow.

US Deaths: 46,609 . . .

April 28, 2020

We passed 1 million asses today. Trump ordered the meat plants to reopen + assured the owners they would be protected when workers die.

My fundraiser for the LGBT Center hit 4000 dollars today and the local generosity had me in tears.

Jasper is cooking up turkey burgers and we are both cranky from days of not being able to sleep.

Work is getting more aggressive but not harder. It helps keep things interesting.

All of us, cats included, are just staring at a very uncertain future. Also, the Pentagon confirmed aliens exist. So... yeh

April 29, 2020

I decided to bust out of my rut today. I'm watching a tiny baby squirrel climb on the fence out my window while listening to Tabby Biddle's webinar on being a Queen/working with female archetypes. It's way too White Lady Woo for me but I needed to shake things up so I'm giving it a shot.

She's talking about Pagan archetypes: Maiden, Mother, Crone. I'm in the mother stage but not raising children! It's hard to follow her logic but having known her for a while it's true I probably just need to roll with it.

She's going off on the Crone archetype as being too limiting for post menopausal women (seems personal).

Some of the Speakers have kind of an interesting set of ideas built around aging and their worth → it's fascinating to me to hear all the struggle around this

and it makes it abundantly clear that these are STRAIGHT women. It's always about now that I start to feel disconnected but I'm trying to hang in there.

It sounds like the next speaker is focused on gender-based violence, by a woman named Natasha (TED speaker) who I'm looking forward to hearing from.

I got interrupted by my boss asking if I would go to the office to print and mail some things instead of email them. It was very frustrating to have to explain AGAIN that it isn't safe to do so. What is WRONG with everyone that they don't get how viruses work?!

It's infuriating.

Death toll in the U.S. is 61,184 and more than a million infected. But she wants me to run copies. Sure. SMDH.

May 1, 2020

It's May Day and the grocery workers have gone on strike. It's a lovely day, no more briefings from Trump for a while. His staff hired a Barbie Doll press secretary instead - ostensibly so he couldn't tell people to drink bleach again.

What sort of person I wonder wants to support such awful leadership and policies that only make a select few rich and everyone else miserable?

Today I'm picking up starter plants for the garden, petting my cats and cleaning. The news shows states opening up across the country while scientists warn the risks and deaths will continue up to two years.

Now people won't believe it though. High risk people like me are

going to have to self isolate,
wear masks, clean obsessively
and stay far away from others
for years. Its so infuriating how
little others care about that.

I'm trying to break into a
new headspace but its hard to
stay positive when the country
is sliding into autocracy and
my life means little to those
in charge. I'm hoping to feel
better after the weekend and some
space from my boss who's
micromanaging is hard to take.

US Cases: 1,088,470

US Deaths: 64,069

May 3, 2020

Sipping coffee. Waiting to FaceTime my sister w/ dvd masks. Just did yoga + ate breakfast with Jasper. This slower pace suits me. I looked through my phone for old photos today, looking for pics of Marla for her birthday gift. I was stunned at how BUSY I've been these last years, jumping from one thing to the next, traveling events, after hours galas, classes and N.E.P. No wonder I'm exhausted.

As the country reopens, I'm glad for my high risk status + the opportunity to take it slow a little longer.

One lesson from the pandemic is that we need to be more self sufficient. The other, clearly, is a need to rebalance priorities and how I care for myself.

I've done a lot of lining and
I'm grateful for every second.

Now I'm ready for more
reflecting, and indulgence in
simpler joys - fresh baked bread,
gardening, cuddles with cats and
laughing with Jasper. My love
for her grows deeper and deeper
as we navigate this insane
time.

I keep thinking the time
has come for us to foster
children. Finally, I'm ready
to stay home and share
what I have learned and
to learn from the future.

May 5, 2020

Israel Family Farms is coming out to help us figure out how to affordably farm our backyard today. My boss is asking me to plan trips all over the state for her, refusing to believe that just because we can travel it doesn't mean we should.

I'm watching America reopen with no thought for public health. It's getting harder to explain to people that it isn't a public health decision - it's a political and economic one. For some reason they are determined to make others put themselves at risk as they do the same.

• Total Cases in the World: 3,646,206

Total Cases in the US: 1,199,238

Total Deaths in the US: 70,646

May 8, 2020

Two senior staffers in the White House tested positive. They still won't wear masks though. Trump started calling it The Plague.

Today, the unemployment rate hit 14.7% - the worst since the great Depression. Trump laughed about it, citing the stock market.

US Deaths: 76,706 and rising
I'm eating cheese + working on signage for the Commission.
We planted artichokes + watermelon under the full moon last night.

I'm trying not to hope too hard for Trump to just die.
It makes me feel like a bad person.

May 11, 2020

It's raining - unusual for California
Trump had a meltdown today
as usual, lying + attacking
the women in the press corps before
stomping off.

The only people who get regular
tests work around Trump, and
the numbers are rising.

We are 80,000 Americans dead
and counting, and I live
in fear that it will take
someone I love.

This man is destroying our
country with his selfish +
narcissistic bullshit.

There is a special place
in hell for him and
everyone propping him
up.

May 15, 2020

I stopped tracking the death toll in the last few days when a journalist working with Harvard researchers determined that due to undercounting the number of US deaths was probably already well over 110,000.

I'm sure I'll go back to it at some point, there being a morbid fascination with watching the American Empire collapse in real time. It's not the death count but the reaction to it that is most frightening. No one seems to care.

Trump continues to bully + engage in fantasy and his cult followers continue to believe in him. The old survivors of German occupation shout warnings that this is what it felt like when the Nazi's came to power - but no one listens.

My biggest fear came true yesterday
Trump extended our border
closures indefinitely. We must get
him out in November or I am
afraid Jasper and I will end
up fleeing as Ex-pats to some
country where we have no friends
and no cultural survival skills.

She's trying to get a job with
Sky Farms in Amsterdam for a
guy she used to party with in
New York. I just feel old and afraid.

I'm not 20 anymore and revolutions
are for the young. I find
myself not wanting to do much besides
garden and cuddle Jasper + play
with the cats. I got a Dolly Parton
coloring book yesterday - I will
be dining in on my call with
Marta today while I wish her
happy birthday.

May 15, 2020

I took today off (mostly) to work out + cook for Jasper. I'm patching Vampire shows + waiting for our Imperfect Box so I can make stuffed peppers. Jasper is having a hard day - we both got our periods + are feeling depressed. Venus has clearly gone retrograde. Some days all we can do is get through it and hope for better tomorrow.

Gardening tomorrow - it should help. Earthquake this morning has us all a little edgy. Death toll (official) around 86,000.

May 19, 2020

It's a beautiful day - warm and pretty. I woke up early to read and work in the garden. Mornings are the best part of quarantine - the easing into my day sets everything in a more positive direction.

Venus is in retrograde and I can feel it deeply, all relationships and beauty feel harder to connect to. I'm trying to make sure I am easy on myself.

The Senate is refusing more relief packages + Trump told the press he's taking hydroxychloroquine. The madness continues. Every state is reopening + my boss is eager to have us all in an office - I'm hoping I can telework through the summer.

US Total Cases: 1,510,988

US Deaths: 90,432

May 22, 2020

Jasper has been DJing for a few hours trying to shake off the funk she felt going to the bank + seeing so many people out, pretending the risk is gone.

It's so hard to feel placed so at risk by our leaders, and to watch the slow erosion of our faith in experts, science, and human decency.

So... today we dance.

US Cases: 1.63 million

US Deaths: 96,276

Trump is forcing churches to open. I guess he's saying no one is going to help so we better pray.

May 27, 2020

It's starting to feel like the rise of the thick rich around here. Trump is fully unhinged and can't stop golfing + tweeting about made-up crimes + how he plans to restrict our internet speech.

Every day one friend or another calls crying while work presses on, business as usual. I see notices for jobs that pay more but can't leave the security of state service right now.

Jasper isn't even looking for work anymore, she's writing a religion + gardening. She said yesterday we may never be in love like wives again. She's just waiting to see if she falls back in love with me. I guess that works for

now but it feels particularly
brutal in light of the apocalyptic
vibes we are all swimming in now.

I suspect this will all get
much worse before it gets better.
Meanwhile people are back to
their lives, oblivious to the pandemic
raging around them. Like Stalin
said, "1 death is a tragedy... 100k
is just a statistic." Today - the
statistic is a gut punch.

US Total Cases: 1,694,599

US Deaths (as of 2pm): 99,983

6/16/2020

The days sort of run together now. The uprisings over the death of George Floyd at the hands of the police have kept us busy for weeks. As the country settles and we start to process what it means that Trump went All dictator, there were tanks downtown, and protestors were able to take + torch more than one police precinct we are waking up to a terrifying case count.

We are working to defund Sac PD, moving in our usual activist circles + giving talks everywhere (via zoom). I'm pushing PD out of Sac pride + our PSA panel was a hit. The Black Artists Fund is taking off too. Meanwhile, dictatorship is closer than ever

and trump blames anti-
as police continue to murder
citizens in the street.

It's beautiful to watch 10's of
thousands of people gather
in Brooklyn in Support of Black
Trans lives, and others shut down
every bridge in the country. The
Seattle Autonomous Zone still operates
peacefully despite the President's
tantrums and a vision of
another world is slowly coming
in to focus.

Jasper and I have run a FB
group called Black Lives Matter: Allies
Unite for years. Over the last
two weeks our membership,
rocketed to 16 thousand!

We also, years ago, taught a series of workshops knitting together social justice and spirituality. We wrote a book together that we never published but have dusted off and the moment seems right to try (with some editing of course)

Two years ago, after the cops shot Stephon Clark and we were part of the response, Jasper developed an idea called The Black Bill of Rights. Now, after years of discussion, legal help and arguments, its time to release it. I wrote an Op-Ed for the Bee on it (ghost wrote as Jasper) for her to debut it. I wonder sometimes how the world would feel if it was ever public

just how much of the work for Black liberation in Soc was developed and written by me - a Creole but white for all intents and purposes woman.

The Black Women's march, Build Back better letter after letter, The Black Bill of Rights → I've been the ultimate hidden hand of PR + media for a local section of the movement.

Most of those who ask for my help talk shit + push me away as soon as I deliver. They know it matters. I'm so many people's dirty little activism secret.

Meanwhile, ~~there~~ today there are 2.18 million cases of Covid in the U.S. 119 thousand have died California's numbers are rising.

6/25/2020

Cases are rising in California.
Trump is still an asshole. Work is
a lot. I need a vacation.

Jason + Lawrence are getting
MARRIED! Only for them
will I risk my life to
venture out in the world as
a witness.

I'm on a call w/ Kemble Pope
talking K-Pop + digital activism.
Jasper is doing the 1st of 2
panels. We both did one for
the Kings yesterday. She's
going to be famous.

Current Cases in the US: 2.46M
Current Deaths: 126,000

6/28/2020

The Op-Ed I helped Jasper write ran in the Sacramento Bee today. The whole city read about the Black Bill of Rights! I'm so proud of her - she has speaking engagements + interviews lined up. My baby is a rockstar again!

Florida and Texas are a disaster. The neighbor is fixing the broken part of the fence and we are getting ready to celebrate pride in our backyard with grilling + whiskey + taking the cat for a walk.

Food is wildly expensive. Groceries today were almost \$500.00 for the two of us. And... Europe says Americans are no longer welcome.

8-19-2020

I had to take a break from writing. Fire season started & the air is full of ash. Covid is relentless with more people dead than any war. Trump is using the postal service to steal the election and we march daily toward misery in fascist America. The protests haven't let up but they don't make the news anymore. Joe Biden picked Kamala Harris as a running mate and I'm cautiously optimistic that we might still be able to salvage the American experiment.

Watching California burn again is an unsettling reminder that climate change will kill us all if we don't do something. Watching the GOP line up behind Trump to get rich off it all makes me think it might be for the best.

I work every day at home
for the California Commission
on the Status of Women + girls
throwing myself into my boss'
petty political machinations
as a distraction. Jasper and
I are still working on the
Black Bill of Rights and she
is still looking for a job.

With unemployment running
out soon I'm afraid of the
impending cliff. I keep
looking for better paying
jobs and am producing a
documentary on Tiny Homes
+ the Camp Fire. We only
have these lives and we have
to live them as best we can.

our garden is bountiful, although
currently covered in layers of
ash. Our cats are crazy but
keep us laughing + making
Tik-Toks + Instagrams of them
@guardingcats + @mavandrawr.

I work out daily + we
are both losing weight. Today
we started "go bags" in case we
have to escape. It's all just
about staying ready for the
next crisis - that's the apocalypse.

US Deaths: 172,511

US Cases: 5,507,556

We finally get our stone replaced
today!

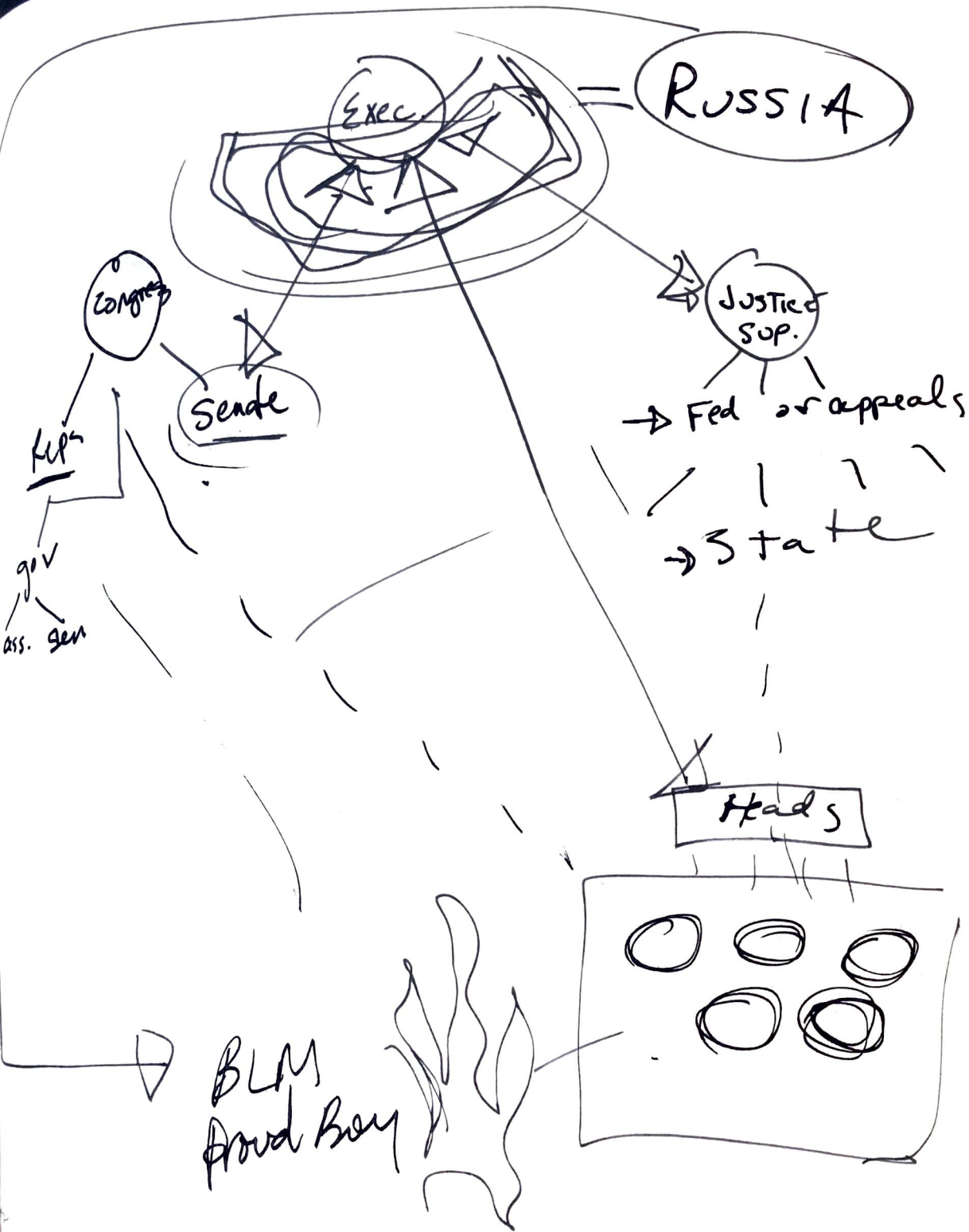
9/8/2020

The whole state is on fire again, courtesy of some idiots who felt the need to set off explosives to announce the assigned gender of their baby. Everything is orange and smokey, there is an historic heat wave in California and a massive blizzard in Colorado and Montana. Meanwhile the fascists maintain that climate change isn't real (it is).

The economy is going over a cliff and 2.2 million acres have burned - homes and businesses included. State parks are closed.

The wind brought a tree limb down on our power lines so we are sitting in the dark.

I hate my bosses' micromanaging & just want to zone out with a movie. It feels more hellish daily.



Sept. 14, 2020

Amanda and I finished our tiny house movie + submitted it to Sundance today. We sent in a Rough Cut + there is a lot left to do but it lifted my spirit in a way it hasn't been lifted in years.

I miss making movies + telling stories and am committed to doing it again.

Things in the US are getting worse. People have finally started waking up to the likelihood that Trump will not concede if he loses the election - we are all preparing for violence.

The college kids are throwing Covid parties + the CDC is lying to us about the dangers. They are all now saying a

Vaccine is not in the immediate future.

US Cases: 6,545,948

US Deaths: 194,367

Global Cases: 29,136,553

Global Deaths: 925,820

The entire West Coast is on fire. All but 18 of Cali's 58 counties are on fire. Our trunk is packed. The skies are neon orange and smokey → ash is raining from the sky and I have a low-grade malaise I can't shake. But I submitted to Sundance and life goes on.

9/21/2020

Every day is more frightening.
Supreme Court Justice Ruth Bader
Ginsburg has died. Trump is
threatening to replace her with
a religious zealot who seems to
think the Handmaid's Tale was an
instructional manual.

Every day is one step closer to
horrors that belong only in history.
I focus on the cats and
Jasper and work but the sense
of dread and rising panic is
becoming more difficult to bear.
I feel my age - I want kids
(older ones) to foster + land -
enough money to be comfortable.
I think it really is time to
leave.

10-5-2020

The whole damn White House is infected. Trump is tweeting up a psycho storm from his hospital bed, as every day the Senate + advisors are dropping like flies.
I'm researching ways to move to France ASAP.

This morning two justices on the Supreme Court threw a tantrum about gay marriage - essentially putting us on notice we might lose it.
I have to get out of here.

US Deaths: 209,928

They keep lying about Trump's condition. He took a joyride yesterday and seems to be releasing lots of faked photos. America is a mess.

10-12-2020

The opening hearings to confirm the handmaidens to the Supreme Court have begun. My rage at the nonsense spilling out of the mouths of Republican Senators on the Judiciary committee is flowing into aggressive house cleaning and gardening. Ben Sasse is particularly vile, translating his worship of Christian ideals into "a civics lesson" for the American people. His smugness has me yelling at the T.V.

Jasper's fingers are numb and her back + shoulder are injured. The cat won't stop crying at the window so get outside. Our water is so bad it's killing our trees even as we drink it and bathe in it and

it turns out that there was a whole Universe before this one that has just disappeared into a black hole. Apparently this one is likely to go the same way.

All of it has me dreaming about just moving to France, eating cheese + drinking wine.

until I die comfortably in 50 or 60 years having lived a peaceful and a political life.

Sadly, it was not meant to be. I only wish I could have fulfilled my purpose as a younger person. I am exhausted.

- Note: We voted early for Biden / Harris yesterday.

10-23-2020

Work is bad as always. Petty egos and battles over anthills. We are 9 days away from the election - some states have Sheriffs openly refusing to enforce election law (Michigan esp.). Everyone is scared and exhausted and on edge. The weather is changing too with winds picking up and the threat of fire always licking at our heels.

I planted our bulbs this weekend - tulips and irises. Is it strange that spring flowers feel like a lifeline? Something to look forward to... something alive and sweet.

The chandnaid is set to be confirmed tomorrow to the Supreme Court. This ensures that even if Biden wins, my life

will carry the scars of this time
for a long time to come.
We are really worried she will
overturn our marriage.

Early voting is marked by
violence and hours long lines.

Meanwhile, the case count
just keeps rising.

US Cases: 8,679, 483

US Deaths: 225, 495

10-31-2020

It's been an awful week.

Jasper's chosen family Liza Friedlander lost a million dollars in the stock market plunge on Monday. She sent her goodbyes, in her own way, climbed to the roof of her New York apartment, and jumped.

She leaves behind two sweet pit-bulls, two siblings, and thousands whose lives she touched.

It's Halloween / Samhain & we've had the candles burning all week.

I'm dreading trick-or-treaters with Trump-loving parents who will see the lights and wonder why we don't open the door to their truly unwashed hands and germs.

May the next year bring relief from this madness & misery.

Nov. 3, 2020

Election Day!

Been glued to the TV, praying
for our national nightmare to
end soon.

Trump seems sedated but it's
early still.

Trying to work - my boss is
just ignoring it all. I wonder
what makes people that way? I
couldn't do it.

Almost 2 million early votes
already counted in each state (avg.)

Nov 15, 2020

Update: Joe Biden won the election. Trump refuses to concede and has not allowed the results to be certified. It's Jaxper's 46th birthday and I'm doing the only thing I can do... baking a cake.

Nov. 19, 2020

He just tweeted that he is holding a press conference to announce that his lawyers will actually be handing him the election. His staff are saying he's trying to set as many global fires as possible so Biden can't put them all out. This small, petty man is taking democracy down while we all just watch.

11-25-2020

The Son of a Bitch still hasn't
conceded but he did allow the
transition to start. Then he pardoned
Mike Flynn. Work is rough but
trying to stay positive. Hospitals
are full nationwide.

11-30-2021

Tromp is vacillating between admitting that he lost + spouting wild conspiracies on Twitter. I'm just hunkered down, decorating for Christmas. My boss has ordered me to find a new job as she doesn't like me but can't find fault with my work + thus can't fire me.

The weather is chilly + it's time for fires in the fireplace and hot drinks finally. I'm afraid I planted all my bulbs too early this year + they started to sprout. I'm hoping they can go dormant but who knows.

The vaccine is finally approved but it will likely be another three or four months before we can access it. I feel confident that will be enough.

time to change my habits -
lose some weight before I turn
40 in April. I'm trying to start
my days with writing and
exercise. I'm a procrastinator
so the end of this lovely, long
home-bound period has me anxious
to use the time more to my
advantage. I must say that
I believe this time saved our
marriage - I and I have
fallen in love again. Still
no passion - but deep friendship
and respect have totally replaced
fighting and depression.

Now all we have to do is
get out of debt!

Dec. 1, 2020

It's finally freezing. My bulbs are dead im sure - one last heartbreak in a terrible year. Today, an unknown object hurtling through space is supposed to pass very close to Earth. People are sadly incurious about it but then again, we are all exhausted. We are tired, screaming, dust.

My weight has ballooned during the pandemic so today marks the first in an effort to get my body back into a healthier shape. Starting my morning with quiet will hopefully help to manage the cortisol levels sitting full time in my blood. Morning exercise + nutritious food are also on the menu but I don't ever want to cook. I need to get into better habits. My cat is chewing on all the Christmas decor and my tree hasn't been delivered.

My mind is full of mapping
a book I want to write on
the caste system within White
American culture and the comparisons
to Black cultural caste markers.

I'm pretty sure that an anthropologist
eye can fix a lot of what I
see as cultural miscommunication.
I want to apply to a PhD program

somewhere to get the support I
need for the research to back up my
theories but oddly, I can't

quite focus on it enough. The 5
days I just had off work helped
though. It's hard to be

gentle with myself as time
marches on, a new line on
my face daily. It feels like

I need to embrace the urgency
and do everything right now.

I guess that's the kind of stress
journaling is supposed to help
alleviate.

Dec. 2, 2020

I met my new boss yesterday. It looks like I might get a few weeks reprieve from work stress as JaKenya finds a way to untangle from micromangement - though who knows, if the next one is worse or better.

Trump pardoned the Traitor Mike Flynn who promptly turned around and started calling publicly for a military coup d'état and insisting that martial law should be declared. Everything is at a horrible tipping point - the Trumpies are getting crazier by the minute as the 3rd wave of the pandemic is racing through the country. I'm hearing that the Governor will be shutting down the state again but this time whole cities are in open revolt and I wonder how long before there are tanks in the streets.

We find out soon if the tiny home
movie got accepted to Sundance.
Amanda is already fundraising
for the next one.
I'm distracting myself as best
I can with Christmas.

US Cases	13,741,687
Deaths	270,881

(wet cat
nose
print)

December 4, 2020

5th day in a row working out -
writing as I wake up. I think it's helping
as far as managing stress. In one final
'Fuck You' from 2020, my Christmas tree was
delivered to the wrong address and it
looks like we might not get one this year.

Yesterday, the Governor announced new
State shutdown orders that trigger when
we get down to 15% hospital ICU
capacity. We are at 22%. Vaccines
are supposed to start shipping in
two weeks, but most people won't
have access for a few more
months. What, I wonder, will
we all have taken from a year
in isolation? Maya thinks
everyone is less empathetic.

I think it saved my marriage.
Well, sort of. Mostly. We did a
lot of work. It was a year of
therapy, alone time, a little
rest. Jasper may have gotten a

job yesterday so if that is
true I'll be able to pay off
one credit card by the end of
the year and the other by my
Birthday. I'm cautiously optimistic
that my 40th birthday adventure
trip (Kenya, Capetown, Morocco, Zanzibar)
might still get to happen next
fall. Either way we will go to a
beach for sure somewhere.

Smaller trip is (Morocco, St. Tropez, Monaco)
or Greece.

Total US Cases : 14,149,770

Total US Deaths: 276,406

December 10, 2020

17 states have filed in support of a Texas AG's supreme court request to overturn the election. Almost all of California is back on lock down with ICU capacity at

12%. My boss is acting crazy as usual and job hunting isn't going well as the country continues its free fall off the edge of a fiscal cliff. I decorated for Christmas though and Jasper and I are watching silly Christmas movies. We aren't focused on gifts this year but rather closeness and connection. It's lovely.

I was asked to potentially join a shark-tank of a lobbying firm. I think I might hate it but I might also be good at it. The money would be good and it would get me out of communications which would be really nice.

It isn't aligned with my purpose
at the moment though... and I'm
not sure it would get me closer
to my purpose either. It would
help I guess if I knew what
that was.

US Cases: 15,413,913

US Deaths: 289,970

December 11, 2020

I wake up every day determined to align with my true purpose - but I'm still not totally clear as to what that is. I'm trying to take care of myself - had a scare the other day but recovering now - and keep my job while looking for the right one. Jasper is writing a book and I'm so jealous of all her free time. She gets to create so many things as I work job after job that sucks my soul away. Still, I love her and I'm glad I can give her that.

Today is a long work day with people who still aren't taking the pandemic seriously.

US Total Cases: 15,632,336

US Total Deaths: 292,382

December 13, 2020

It's raining hard and I haven't seen Stanley in two days. I hope he's okay. He's a tough old stray but I love and worry about him.

Rocket keeps whining to go out, he loves to be wet so much.

I lit all the candles, made breakfast and cleaned the house while Jasper slept.

Today we are supposed to wrap + mail gifts for the kids + build a coffee table but I might just lay around and watch TV. I didn't sleep much last night. I keep asking, What's Next? What's my purpose? What should I do with the time I have left? All good questions... answers just beginning to bubble up though.

Ezra - ~~10/11~~ 10/11/?

Ezrina - 9/24/?

Tabasha - 5/15/77

Tanishika (me) 4/9/81

Alan Strothers (birth dad)

John + Amy Strait (adoptive parents)

George David Weiner
artPlays CEO (NYC-based)

Timothy Sherille

Unknown (trick baby)

The Heart is Secret /
Above all Things

great
grandma
Margaret Saxton

grandma
Mary Lorraine

(alcoholics) (Garc de Brew de creux)
great grandpa
grandpop ~~Joe~~ Joe +
STEP-grandpa (killed Mary, sexually abused Maggie)
Mark ?
(Pittsburgh plate glass)

grandpa | Billy Ray Clemmons
(Rayburn, MS)

step grandpa David Aster Troup
(Pittsburgh)

great Aunt Wanda Troup
Jehovas Witness

great Aunt Alex Malecki

all had Born Ft George Mead, MD
7/3/60

Margaret Troup (mom)

Sandy Troup (still alive?)

Terry Troup (killed herself - 1 year + 3 days apart from Maggie)
in her 20's
- living in OK
- had a child taken away from

December 15, 2020

Biden was officially certified by the electors yesterday. He's already started encouraging people to just forget it all happened. In the short run this may help quell the violence, but not prosecuting these traitors will, in the long run, simply leave the door open for more of the same. We, people, never seem to learn from our past mistakes. Democrats are jockeying and squabbling and he resembles a grandfather, feebly trying to please too many rambunctious kids. The pandemic is set to get worse before it gets better, even as vaccines started arriving in cities yesterday. There aren't enough of them - and the rich have already staked their claims.

Jasper and I are having hard conversations - ethics, what to do, how to escape... it all feels so exhausting. I love her though - and it feeds me.

December 25, 2020

Its a beautiful and peaceful
Christmas, hopefully our last
without a house full of children.

The cats are having fun with
ribbons and I burned the bacon
and theres a fire and snuggles
and so much love. I wish I
could bottle this feeling for
future, darker days.

1-14-2021

On January 6th the President of the United States and a large number of Republican Senators + House members incited a violent insurrection in an attempt at a coup. Thousands broke into the Capitol armed with guns, knives, zip ties and rope, hunting legislators who were counting the electoral votes. There were a few close calls and 6 people died - cops + insurrectionists -. One week later the President became the first in history to be impeached twice. The Senate is delaying trial, protecting the traitor even now.

The Covid death count is around 4,000 a day and 20,000 National Guard troops are sleeping in the Capitol until after the inauguration. Online chatter remains violent and we, as a nation, remain uneasy. History tells us that while this coup was unsuccessful, there is likely more to come. Jasper and I want to leave but don't

have the funds. She got a job yesterday after a year of unemployment so hopefully that will change soon.

The inauguration is in a week, followed we hope by a speed-up deployment of Covid vaccine. In the meantime, we spend days watching the news + trying to remain calm.

We are fatter, sadder and more afraid than ever.

January 21, 2021

Biden + Harris were successfully and safely inaugurated yesterday. Jasper got a job as a Comms Director and I am applying for new jobs anywhere I can to get away from my boss' abuse.

Biden is already putting things back together and ramping up vaccine production. We should be out of the house by May after a year + of being quarantined at home.

What a year. Jasper and I are back to being a couple - both of us are healing from the years prior. Overall, I have hope.

Now to take off the 30 pounds of quarantine stress weight before summer ☺.

January 27, 2021

The worst storm in years hit hard in Sacramento last night. The wind tore everything apart and sent our roof scattering across the lawn.

The government is in the calm before another storm, as we all take deep breaths and allow Biden to roll back some of the worst of Trump's reign.

Work is terrible as always but I'm trying getting through it. I'm trying to stay patient with the rudeness of my boss, while also interviewing at places that might appreciate my talent.

Our Internet is down which has bought me a day or so to read and relax and just watch the wind. I keep thinking about turning 40 and how I want the next 40 years of my life to go and what I need to do to make that happen.

February 2, 2021

Groundhogs Day. Just like that awful movie, things are repeating. I woke up to rain + the sweet Siamese stray we call Sophie on the porch. Fed her and Big Boy + checked on mama hummingbird in her nest. Fed Rocket + Quill, cleaned the kitchen and did yoga for 20 minutes. Jasper's pre-diabetes is getting worse and I fear may progress to full-blown diabetes if we don't make bigger changes. She's got to exercise (not sitting down anyway) but it's nearly impossible to convince her. I ordered nettle + cinnamon/turmeric tea and taking over the cooking, a chore I hate with a passion. But I will do everything in my power to keep up both healthy.

Trump's senate trial begins today. They have already telegraphed they won't convict but they didn't count on AOC telling her story on Instagram. Her

Vulnerability & fear as she recounted what it was like inside the Capitol that day, and the sense of betrayal by her colleagues for not condemning the whole thing... it highlights the worst of my fears as well. We are watching a coup in Myanmar right now that is, I suspect, a lot like what a successful one here might look like - no internet, no news, scary men with guns in charge, no real elections, closed borders...

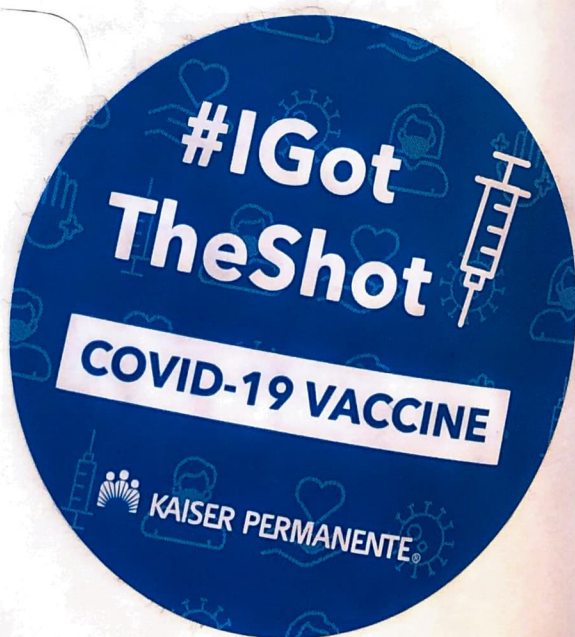
Jasper and I wouldn't be able to hide who and what we are if Nazis take over. We would be at extreme risk of being killed. I wish we had the means to leave the country right now. But the prospect is so overwhelming.

March 15, 2021

Jasper and I got our first dose of the vaccine yesterday. We are both very sore and very tired. Next dose scheduled for April 11th.

I'm in the final rounds of interviews for a job that would move us to Washington DC and

Jasper has said she doesn't love me romantically anymore. For now, we will stay married but the future is, as always, deeply uncertain. We need a new roof, Jasper's shoulder is a mess, life marches on.



May 7, 2021

We were so close... but not close enough. Jasper's dad is 73 and has no retirement savings. He worked as a housepainter + a month ago his 29 year old boss went to Florida for Spring break. J's dad is on week two in the hospital fighting for his life with Covid. Every day we try to keep him off life support. Every day gets harder. Jasper is a mess. I'm a mess. I'm fighting to save mulls which is also set to close + today Lauren Trestler announced she has breast cancer. Tomorrow, I have to research CDC protocols for burial. Its all just too much.

May 8, 2021

We were awakened at 4:30am with the news that Jasper's dad had to be intubated. It is now 4:30pm and she is deep in meditation as we have just been told it isn't working and that there is nothing more the doctors can do. He will either live or die on his own steam. I'm heartbroken listening to her sobs.

May 21, 2021
I got my first haircut in
a salon in a year and a half today. Jasper packed me a lunch - it was supposed to be a nice day. The calm before the storm of her dad's death - always impending. Instead, my brother who I haven't seen in a decade calls to tell me his girlfriend threw him out. He has no friends, no money, nowhere to go. He owes her 23k. Jasper says he can't let him stay with us. It looks like he's on the street. The storm is here. I'm heartsick and exhausted by so many years of grief. My hair looks amazing - very Tank Girl.

I couldn't keep writing 11-24-2021
almost a million dead and no
end in sight. We got our vaccines
and booster shots - but even the
vaccinated are getting sick.
We are both high risk - we haven't
left home in nearly two years.

We are closer than ever, hunkered
down watching America's slow march
toward facism. We have basically
given up. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving
and I am grateful for another
day alive, one more day with
my wonderful wife, one more
day I am warm, indoors, well
fed, and free. Who knows
how long it will all last...

Despite the hopelessness we press
on. Work is an opportunity to
help. My new boss is free of
ego and eager to work as a
team to do something about

The mess women and children
have been left to clean up. She
left it to me to develop a ^{fundraising} plan so I did - The California
Women's Impact Fund will be
adopted and used by the Commission
to support women-led efforts in
California and I'm proud of that.
That feels like a real, tangible
contribution to the public good that
I have made. I worked
closely with her as well to craft
and implement the Women's
Recovery Response Fund, using
\$ million in one-time budget
allocations to build a blueprint
for how to build a full economic
recovery for women. As always,
we got the worst of it - millions
lost jobs, were thrown into poverty

had to take on caregiving and as usual, had to hold everything together as the dead have started stacking up.

The numbers are rising again but protests have grown too. It's like school shootings - we just decided collectively that we would simply endure the horror rather than make any substantive changes. I worry as I watch us follow Carl Sagan's prophecy, sliding into superstition and darkness, clinging to nonsense and ignoring what we know can be verified.

In the US we have had 47.9 million cases so far - many with life-long effects.

775k people have died in the US alone. Globally it's more than 5 million. Many are children.

Tomorrow is our first

Transferring without Jasper's dad
or grandma. So many have died
and the rest of us are just
trying to grieve and stay alive.
There is a lot to be grateful
for, a lot to be angry about,
and so much anxiety. I'm glad
we haven't had kids yet. I
wonder if we will get the
Chance.