



## **I have a lot of questions....rhetorical, you don't have to answer them. I'm conflicted, angry, and hurt so you may want to skip this monthly news & updates.**

I actually credited the president for uncovering all the racism and sexism that was hidden away around us. I was, like, "Thank you! Now no one can deny the pile of shit we live with! Here it is, front and center, for all to see."

I take it back. Please, PLEASE let's all pretend to be nice again. I am so heartbroken at the ugliness and hatred running rampant all around us. I'm sad. I think I may be even a little depressed. And, I'm angry.

I'm all those things when a woman I love dearly says she was sexually assaulted as a teenager when she was drunk but that she would never "ruin a man's life 30 years later" by bringing it up." She said it was hers to deal with. It broke my heart...and, as much, it broke my heart that I was struck speechless and didn't present a cogent response by telling her she would not be ruining anyone's life with the truth...people effect their own lives with their actions and that if someone had sexually assaulted my daughter, or any woman...including her, when they were teenagers I would have no problem with the assaulter meeting consequences 30 years later.

I'm even kinda angry that everyone is talking about how articulate and credible Dr. Ford was. What if she hadn't been? What if she'd been a woman who wasn't as educated or humble or able to choke her words out without anger and hatred?

How could all the woman standing behind the president while he was mocking Dr. Ford keep a straight face? There were about half a dozen women back there, I promise you there was at least one woman in that group that had been sexually assaulted at sometime in her life. But even if I'm wrong in my psychic, sweeping generalization how could a woman laugh with a man mocking a woman about her sexual assault? How?

And how do I still love men who are so vile on FB and say the most ignorant, mean spirited things? How do accept that people I love spit out racial slurs in an offhanded manner. I am conflicted. I'm angry. I'm sad. I'm confused. I'm disappointed. And frankly, I'm sick of being overly sensitive. Why do these things bother me so?

And why do we feel we shouldn't say these things out loud because it will just "stir the pot" and cause people to argue? Someone said to me recently, "You like to argue." I DON'T, I REALLY DON'T. I actually deserve an Academy Award for keeping a straight face and my mouth shut SO MANY TIMES A WEEK! I don't want to talk about hateful things going on but I don't be quiet about it either. I feel that to be silent is wrong, too. And I know that stating my frustration and opinion isn't going to change anyone's mind. I don't think I'm trying to change anyone's mind. I just need to say I'm sick of it. I'm conflicted and heartbroken at how cruel we are. Not you. You're darling, but others.

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### **Tuesday Night Classes will Resume in the New Year**

### **Monday and Friday Chakra Healing Historical Trauma Resumes this Friday, Oct. 12th.**

You may have noticed Julie's been MIA from the studio. She went back to grade school for six weeks. We missed her and appreciate Nathan for stepping in. For now, Nathan will be our evening class..Mondays. He's a wonderful teacher. Check our his class.



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### **I think I should be done here, I've said more than enough, as usual.**



I want to write a little more to end on a positive note but I'm too pissed off. I really am.

This morning I thought I'd sooth myself with a fire in the fireplace while I wrote this (and I remembered to open the flue (sp?)) but the smoke billowed out so profusely it set off the fire detector. The animals freaked. I got the place cleared out and really don't mind it at al and kinda like the lingering smell...except I don't like the animals freaking out part, I feel bad about that. Jake followed me around like a herding dog, I think was afraid I too stupid to evacuate if there was a fire. He looked very worried.

Anyway, the house smells good...and woody. I feel as if the house and I have been smudged and I want to use that to start a fresh day...I'm going to try to not be angry and so emotional...God help me. No, really. That's my prayer. God help me.

By the way, I'm going to be starting a blog soon for a project I'm starting that has a two year prep time. I'll tell you all about it when I'm in a better state of mind. Enjoy your day, the day I like to call **Indigenous People Day.**

XOXO