Rev's Reflections

People are People

What a weird couple of weeks.

On the week of August 19, I got to play with the kiddos enrolled in the Wünder Academy of Transformation. The 6-9 year olds seemed to enjoy my particular brand of silliness as they climbed all over me during the day as we made bread, pizza, fairy houses, and an outrageous roofless tent. During the evenings, I went home and watched every minute of the Democratic National Convention.

That Sunday, I hosted a big Dining for Dollars dinner on my porch, where we ate unexpected French food, sipped on Aperol spritzes and took the silliest picture ever, re-creating "I use the term loosely" Pierre-Auguste Renoir's Luncheon of the Boating Party.

The next morning I was up at 3 for a 6AM flight to California. I was exhausted, but more hopeful and buoyant than I'd felt in years.
My friend Mike and I arrived in Sacramento, picked up a rental truck, loaded his storage unit into it and headed east to his new home in Cleveland. When we hit Sparks, Nevada the transmission went *kaput*. It slowed us down, but even after a long day (I'd been up for 20 hours at that point) I was still buoyant.

Over the following three days we crossed the rest of Nevada, all of Utah, Wyoming, Nebraska, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and half of Ohio.

Honestly, I expected those very conservative states to be hostile to a couple of "coastal elites" like us. Two guys depicted as "grooming" children. But really…. Everyone was very nice. Welcoming. Interested in us and what we were up to. Everyone.

Even though I understand the way money is being spent during this particular election season, focused almost exclusively on swing states, the

most amazing part was that I saw virtually no political advertising! Hardly any signs, billboards, bumper stickers, flags or other "merch."

It left me almost feeling like we could just have one big porch party with all of our neighbors and get along just fine.

In Peace,
Rev Denis

