

From: [David Kraemer](#)
To: [Covid Affiliate Archives](#)
Subject: FW: One Person's Response to Communal Fear 7.8.20
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From: Morris Allen <mojo210al@icloud.com>
Sent: Wednesday, July 8, 2020 8:59 AM
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Subject: One Person's Response to Communal Fear 7.8.20

NO WAGON WHEEL CENSUS 7.8.20

As a result of a lack of attention to detail when my car went in for its physical last week, I had to take it back to the shop early [this morning](#) for a repeat visit. It means that I will not be able to get my early morning walk in prior to the start of my working day. Somewhat upsetting—but certainly not a serious issue that will change the course of my life—or probably even my day. It does provide me with an opportunity though to explain my writing rules a little more clearly. I have a 1-1 ration of walking with writing. The number of minutes I spend walking is the time that I give myself for writing. If I walk 53 minutes—then from start to finish—including sending off the daily piece must be done in 53 minutes. [This morning](#), having not walked, I am giving myself the 32 minutes it took me to drive to Inver Grove Toyota, meet with the service manager, review the events of last week, thank them for their response and drive home thanks to Phyllis picking me up so I wouldn't have to wait until the car was finished.

My all-time favorite *New Yorker* cartoon was the one with a man speaking from a podium to a completely empty conference hall. On the lectern behind which he was speaking was speaking was the organization's branding symbol. The wording around the plaque announced that this was a convention of the "Functional Families of America Association—the FFAA". The joke was and remains a great one. The fact of the matter is that were there such an organization—the crowd size would be about what it was in the cartoon itself. That is not to say that there aren't great families that exist. Though partial, I believe Phyllis has raised a great family and has a great deal of which to be proud. But the truth of the matter is that every family has its faults and its fault lines. Every family has made its mistakes and every family has elements that prevent its most healthy functioning because each of us inside the family has our own issues and own needs and wants that may at times conflict with the needs and wants of others who share our genetic or household code. For most of my life, I have held to a principle that went something like this: "what happened in [265 Holly Street](#) or [3901 South 39th Street](#) or [2161 Theresa St](#), stayed in [265 Holly street](#) or [3901 South 39th Street](#) or [2161 Theresa street](#)." And that rule was probably a good rule for any family where the foibles and missteps that were made were mostly benign and were not acts of violence or abuse or negligence—but were the foibles of everyday living that each of us must come to understand how to deal with as a result of living inside a family. I think it is a pretty good rule and one that most healthy-albeit not always fully functional as the joke goes—families live with.

As a result, I am not a big fan of people telling stories of their family's missteps in order to sell a book or appear on the TV talk shows. I was not really sure that it made sense for a niece of the President to write a tell-all book using her own expertise as a clinical psychologist in order to expose his faults. For me, I already know the President is not the kind of person I would want as a friend or as a mentor. I certainly wouldn't have wanted him as a partner or a parent or a sibling. But what concerns me as an American are the policies he espouses, and implements, are antithetical to the country that I believe we aspire towards and desire to live in. And here, as a result of policy differences with his party and his positions, I would do anything to see a different person emerge victorious in the upcoming Presidential election. I initially sided with the President --not over the curtailing of the freedom of speech or the attempt to ensure that a non-disclosure agreement was maintained—but rather on the “pashnisht” argument (A Yiddish word that implies more than unnecessary and unbecoming all at once). But then the reports of the text itself started to come out. And what you see is a highly tragic and stunted individual whose use of power to hurt and harm is a result of psychological harm for which he has never been fully able to address. And as a result of these lingering issues that have filled him with uncontrollable anger and hurt and a viciousness towards others, one begins to understand that it is almost impossible to separate the harmful policies that he enacts against those who are the “other” in his eyes. Children in cages, cutting off immigration into this country, failing to take any responsibility for the death of 130000 Americans, as a result of refusing to alter his approach, declaring an affinity for racists and others filled with the same rage and hate, the list is almost endless after 3.5 years of this presidency and all of these policies are sadly inseparable from the story that his niece has told. This tell-all book is not simply the pulling back of the curtain on a family that is truly a model for the dysfunctional family itself, it is an opportunity to understand that the mental health of a person elected to the highest office in this country might be a more important criteria to address than the political skills or the age of any candidate running.

Oh--36 minutes of writing—and my car is ready. The functional mechanics everywhere are celebrating. Wish every mistake could be so easily fixed. Morris

Sent by my iPad