

March 27, 2021

Wow, you finally moved out of Wen's apartment. Bravo! Wen has been such a force in your life, and I don't know what brought you two together, but I'm glad you got out. Maybe he has some good qualities, but Wen sounds so controlling. You don't need him in any way, he's a TOXIC. (That's Bob's word for people with negative energy who it's better to avoid.) I feel like you must be scared, not knowing what will happen after getting out of this relationship. I know it took a lot of strength, but I'm so proud of you. In fact, March is the month of strength here at Black Feather Farm. Strength is different than endurance. It's about maximum force, pushing against comfort, pushing past your limits. You push and you push, as hard as you can, towards your goals. It's about physical strength, mental strength and emotional strength. We've been actualizing this idea by doing daily drills - one hundred push ups, one hundred squats, and one hundred sit ups. This, in addition to our morning meditation, the work we're doing to build our houses and our evening celebrations, has me barely able to keep my eyes open. Tashi has started sleeping with Sammy and she told me that the other night she fell asleep WHILE they were having sex. Like, during. But, anyway, I feel good. Maybe my rebirth is coming. I feel like I'm getting stronger just by going through the motions of being strong. Ona, you ARE strong. I've always known this about you. In my opinion, Wen has been trying to make you small for so long and you were able to tell smallness to fuck off. Like, fuck W. and his post-it notes. I see this really big life for you now.

It's funny. I see you becoming more and more independent (yay, bravo, queen!). Meanwhile, I can't imagine my life without the group here at Black Feather Farm. Like, I don't even know how I managed my life before. I've grown to love everyone and the smallness of life here. I mean, it's not a SMALL life at the farm. That's not what I mean. I guess I just mean that life here is very simple. Underneath all of the stuff we do, it's simple. I'm given tasks and I just do them, end of story. I don't have to make a lot of real decisions and, in a way, that's been a relief. Bob gave a lecture the other night on the concept of freedom, saying that freedom, too much freedom, can actually be this oppressive, stifling thing. He thinks people were happier back in the days when there were less choices. Like, we used to be happy to choose between vanilla, chocolate or strawberry ice cream. It was enough. Now there are hundreds of ice cream flavors to choose from and we can't decide which one to pick, or be happy with the one we picked because we suspect that we didn't pick the BEST one. Same with tv channels. I actually think my Roku has brought me more misery than joy. I spent so many nights not being able to figure out what to watch between Hulu, Amazon Prime, Netflix, YouTube and all the other channels. Anyway, I'm getting rid of my Roku when I go home. I just don't need the stress in my life anymore.

I'm really interested in your storefront project. We ARE sick, Ona, in so many ways - heart sick, brain sick, physically sick, soul sick - and the question I have is, how do we get well? What do we have to do to feel better? It seems like the minute things start to feel better, there are new threats to worry about. Have you heard about the new COVID-19 strains? Are you planning on getting vaccinated? Sometimes I feel like just

being alive is an act of strength. This whole year I've felt like I was in a zombie movie, just running and running away from death.

Oh, here's some news. I have a dog! A sand-colored mutt wandered onto the farm a couple of weeks ago. He looks like a German Shephard and Lab mix, but there's probably something else in there. I found him hiding behind the trash bins. I put up signs in town, but no one's claimed him, so I've decided to try to keep him. I named him Judy. I don't know why, he just looks like a Judy. He acts as if he's mine, and isn't it great the way dogs just give themselves to you so completely? He's got these large, perfect dog eyes and perfect sandy white fur that always smells like rain. I wish that I could describe his eyes to you. They're like - wells. Or dark planets with lakes. Or - I don't know - moons. I love him so much already. It's caused some problems for me here at the farm, keeping Judy. First of all, Bob doesn't really believe in the concept of pet ownership. He thinks animals should be wild and free. He didn't say I had to get rid of Judy, he just told me that I really need to think about my desire to OWN another living thing and what that says about me. Because Bob kind of expressed some doubts about Judy, everyone else on the farm has been weird about him staying on the farm. One person told me that I was undermining Bob by feeding Judy scraps. He's not allowed inside any of the buildings because everyone agrees with Bob that animals belong outside, but sometimes I let him in the kitchen for a few minutes because he barks and scratches and whines at the door. Barbara hates this (she thinks it's unsanitary for Judy to be around the food) and puts him right back outside.

I don't know. To be RAD, I don't WANT to give Judy up and I don't think that makes me a bad person. I just don't. Normal people have pets, right? Maybe I AM being cruel and selfish by keeping Judy. Maybe the fact that I want to keep Judy means that I have no ethics and that I'm a bad person. Maybe I'm the fucked up one in this situation. I mean, I'm trying really hard to be a better person, but also, there's a resistance in me, a rebellion in me, that I don't know how to deal with. I mean, I'm torn. I want to take care of other people, but what can I do if Judy doesn't WANT to be free? He just wants to be with me. He was alone before with no one to look after him and now he has me. But the other thing is that neither Barbara or Tashi feel comfortable having Judy in our trailer so I keep having to leave him outside which feels mean since it's still pretty cold outside. He barks at the door all night long and I usually end up bringing him inside to sleep with me on the couch. I've been moved to the couch now with Barbara and Tashi sharing the bed. "Animals belong outside," Barbara keeps saying with this little tight smile and Tashi keeps insisting that she's allergic even though I haven't seen any evidence of this. They're both mad at me so it feels like two against two, them against me and Judy. Tashi has been spending a lot of her nights with Sammy, but Barbara is NOT HAPPY. I might need to find a new place to sleep because I'm not willing to abandon Judy. The whole thing is really stressful. Like, why can't I just have a dog? It's not that deep. It's a dog.

In other news, we've been blessed here at the farm. Winnie and Veronica, two of Bob's girlfriends, are both pregnant and it's really exciting for us all. Like - LIFE - wow. I

know it may seem weird to you that Bob has three girlfriends - it was weird to me, too, at first, - but I actually have come to see it as really beautiful. Bob says his relationships are experiments with freedom and the need to possess things. When women are with Bob, they have an opportunity to work on their issues with possession. I know I've got issues with possession - clearly, since I'm clinging to Judy so tightly. Maybe if I had been able to share Chris, I wouldn't have lost him. Anyway, I hear Bob's an amazing lover. He's very, I guess you'd say, very experimental. Like, he does everything. That's what I hear anyway.

We threw a party for Winnie and Veronica when Bob announced the pregnancies. I made this really nice vegan cake that everyone loved. At the party, I noticed that Barb, Bob's other girlfriend, seemed really depressed about the whole thing. I didn't talk to her about it, I just gave her a hug at the party. I think I know how she feels. How can she not feel weird about it? None of us are as evolved as Bob. I know it's our job to be charitable and be happy about the promise of new life, but it's hard. It takes strength to get past feeling possessive and any other negative emotion; and really, it's so easy to be a TOXIC without realizing it. Bob makes it seem like Winnie and Veronica have fulfilled their ultimate purpose on this earth. As a woman, I can't help feeling inadequate. I mean, where's my baby? For that matter, where's my mate? I can't help wondering if I'm just a really broken person. Maybe that's why I don't have a lover or a baby. Maybe it's why I only have a dog.

I'm a little worried about the Natural Cafe. I mean, the money stuff. The bank account looks a little weird? To be fair, the money from my PPP loan is gone and business in Moody during the winter sucks even when we're not limited to take-out coffee, but... still? I didn't want to waste energy worrying about money here at the farm so I promised myself I wouldn't look at the company bank account, but last week I broke down and looked when I checked my phone for messages. There's hardly ANY money in the Natural Cafe account. Maybe folks in Moody just aren't drinking coffee right now? Sera left me a message that she had to let Ruth go. Ruth has been working at the cafe for six years. Sera didn't say why and I haven't been able to get ahold of her for nearly a week. I've been calling and texting, but she hasn't responded. I might try to call Ruth. When I'm trying to go to sleep at night, I worry that the Natural Cafe has caught fire, or that a pipe has burst and the whole place is flooded. I worry that a drunk person crashed a car through the window. I know that it's stupid, but the Natural Cafe is all I've got besides Judy now - and isn't that pathetic for that to be all I have? A vegan cafe and a dog? I guess I've got my house, too. I was actually thinking I might need to go back to Moody to make sure that everything is alright, but then Bob told me that it would be really weak of me to abandon everyone during our month of strength. I promised him that I would come back, but he - it's just really hard to say no to him. I mean, he's given me so much and he's right, the Natural Cafe is just a STORE. What's happening here at the farm is life stuff, it's soul work. Also, Bob told me that if I leave he's not sure when I can come back because the farm is a bubble and we have to be extra careful now with the babies coming.

Anyway, I'm sure Sera is on top of everything. She told me before that she doesn't really trust banks so I wouldn't be surprised if she was just keeping money in a shoebox in my house. Did I tell you that she's been staying at my house? I think I forgot to tell you that. It just seemed to make sense since she's looking after the store. Why bother to pay rent when she can stay at my place for free? I like the idea of her hanging out in my space. Maybe some of her positive energy will rub off on it.

Oh, here's some good news. The first tiny house is finished. It's so cute. It has plumbing and everything. We're waiting for Bob to tell us who gets to move into it. March in Thayer has been interesting to witness. There's less white from all the snow and ice, and more dark branches with little hints of the spring to come.

Love,
Bea

P.S. If you're thinking about doing a cleansing, hot water with lemon and a ten minute meditation in the morning is a good place to start.