



In Search of an Identity: Confessions of a Lost Soul (9/1/22)

I'm lost. Most of my adult life I voted Democratic. I knew who I was. I had never voted Republican for anything until Jimmy Carter's second term. However, the label Democrat was in my blood, as my parents, uncle, and grandparents ran local Democratic clubs. Bill Clinton brought me back once again, but after happily supporting him the first time and seeing who he was personally I couldn't vote for him a second time.

Then my party asked me to support **Hillary**. No way. I understood who she was long before most of my Democratic friends did. Some are still holdouts.

That nonsupport made me a "Despicable". At least I was someone. I had an identity. However, voting for Trump, actually voting against Biden (I worked with his staff for decades) has totally taken my identity away. Who am I?? Fortunately, the governor of N.Y. has said who I'm not. I'm not a New Yorker. I differ with her and need to move (preferably to Florida). Let the tax base be damned (at least the mayor might still want me).

Now, the President has stepped in (or stepped in it) and in his attempt to unify the country has alienated half. To his credit, I now know who I am, well, almost. I am apparently part fascist. However, I'm still struggling with my identity. Which part of me is a fascist and which part isn't? And the part that isn't, what is it?

The President isn't finished speaking, maybe I'll get lucky and find out.