

May 17, 1988

Dear Mom and Paul,

It's been a long time since I've written, I know. Things never seem to slow down around here. I keep thinking they will, but they haven't, and there seems to be no indication that they will. So I guess I'll have to do this letter in bits and pieces-- as usual.

I'm typing on the computer at the Switchboard-- I just got out of my support group meeting. It was kind of a strange meeting for me-- so many people talking about their parents, so many parents talking about their children. I guess I take some things for granted. I feel your love and your support and I count on it always being there. It's hard to believe that there are people who have felt the same way and were very surprised and disappointed when their families behaved differently.

Anyway, I came out of the group meeting and needed to take a walk. Tom, one of our neighbors, usually gives me a ride home. He wasn't there tonight. I think there is one more us I can catch but I will probably take a cab. It's a pretty long bus ride and I'm tired.

Tom has been going to the group for over a year, since his lover Joe was diagnosed last summer. Joe died two months ago. I hope that Tom doesn't stop coming to the group-- I really listen to him a lot and learn from him. I think I learn every week from someone, and there are always new people coming in and out, so we all share things that help one another.

The group is for friends, lovers and family of people with AIDS. There is another group for people with AIDS that meets at the same time in another room. Lots of crying, lots of hugging. And sometimes lots of wonderful laughing.

David and I went shopping Sunday for cloth to make some quilt panels. They're for the Names Project, the "AIDS Quilt." The quilt was here in Houston on Mother's Day and it was wonderful. I was there all day, talking with friends, hugging, working at an information table for the Switchboard. There was a candlelight ceremony at the end outside the Convention Center. Then about forty of us went back inside and folded up the panels. And loaded them onto the truck. They were going on to New Orleans. It's a 20 city tour, and it will end up in Washington this October.

David and I are planning a sort of quilting bee with a lot of the switchboard people. We're going to make space in the front room and the living room-- everyone will bring cloth and sewing machines and we're going to make panels and mail them to the Names Project in San Francisco. The panels will be in the quilt in Washington this fall. I have two to make, one for my buddy Stephen in Cincinnati, and one for my buddy Ken here, who died a few months ago. David wants to make a panel for his friend Patrick.

There's so much going on, I wish I had time to tell you more.
But I need to get home so I can get to work in the morning. I
will try to write more soon. Just a couple of weeks till we'll
be there in Cincinnati, I'm really looking forward to it. I miss
you both and

Love you,