

# TURKEY SHMURKEY



Portugal | 2012 © Alicia Kae Miller

*Phew. We made it.*

Thanksgiving 2020 reminds me a lot of 2012 when I thankfully lost a bruising Northern California City Council race.

Doubt lurked around every corner of my life.

I was working full-time, both candidate/campaign manager, and in the middle of a divorce. The genius "I will tell you what you need to know, not what you want to hear" campaign motto that I came up with **was not** resonating.

One word sums up the state of Alicia in 2012 =  
OVERWHELM.

During a post-election "win or lose" trip to Portugal, I cut a tragic figure as I stood gutted and alone at the edge of the Atlantic Ocean on Thanksgiving Day. For context, The Algarve is a warm-weather beach destination. Thus, only the lonely go to the Faro District in the winter months.

*Strange, yet, familiar.*

Thanksgiving 2020 was odd.

Still, I found comfort, despite the distance from my loved ones this year. The reason for my comfort was, per usual, there was an altercation. In my family, Thanksgiving would not be Thanksgiving without some brouhaha. The best part about this year's drama was that it took place via text.

Just as I did in late November 2012, after taking in Moorish architecture, Fado, and the stunning City of Lisbon, I am laughing.

While texting is convenient, a meaningful conversation is next to impossible. Time and time again, "she/he said," ensues, and the next thing you know, you are eating take-out turkey and pumpkin cheesecake, alone.

Just like in-person altercations, by Saturday, the text "duke it out" was a thing of the past. With our catfight, a distant memory, the annual watching of Jodie Foster's [Home for the Holidays](#) proceeded without a further hiccup.

One of my favorite lines by matriarch Adele Larson, played by Anne Bancroft, speaks to the exhaustion of expectation

I'm giving thanks that we don't have to go through this for another year. Except we do, because those bastards went and put Christmas right in the middle, just to punish us.

Just like my expected family sparring, I laugh and cry at the same parts every year.

*It's December, and you know what comes next.*

While life is surreal just now, it is comforting to know that we can count on individual family traditions, such as a quarrel and my brother wearing a napkin on his head to signal that he is ready for dessert.

We are undoubtedly in for further isolation but take comfort in that you are not alone because we are all in this together.

Until we meet again, lean in, and embrace this moment, for it is already gone. ❤️

Yours in Solidarity, -akm

*December 2, 2020*

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PREVIOUS

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JUSTICE

NEXT

## FREE FALL

INTEGRITY, LIBERATION

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we?*

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