

April 6, 2020

Day 18 of (?): Shelter-in-Place 2020

I felt compressed this morning. That feeling didn't shake off easily. I put on my most outrageous necklace and texted people who live in my phone. It turned into a good day.

Getting dressed happened in phases. I couldn't shake my anxiety this morning, but I kept trying. Different attempts had different impacts.

The highlight of the day, amid texting with different people, came from my husband. He walked over to the front door and put on his jacket. He stood and looked at the door for a moment, smiled, and took his jacket off again.

He said, "I just wanted to remember what it felt like to get ready to go somewhere."

We laughed. I smiled. It was exactly what I needed—him, too. I *wanted* to be happy.

The dress was already on, but it wasn't enough to get me focused and drawing. It was a marvelously comfy, kind of formless, *easy-to-wear-and-not-care*, silky-feeling dress. This was the first time I'd worn it. It was off to a good start. The silliness of my husband made me realize that I needed more oomph. I put on big jewelry. My Frida Kahlo bracelet reminded me that art could be therapeutic, so I should get on with it. My giant faux-bone necklace made me feel much tougher than I had when I woke up. It also made me giggle. Giggling was paramount.

