



The Truth About Lies

The truth about lies is that they are both wrong and unproductive. For me, lying has always been a response to being challenged. When I was 12, I was the new kid at a school that really pushed me for the first time. I adapted to the stress by lying. Instead of finishing my work on time, I would say that I had handed it in but forgotten to attach the document, or would fudge the date, or would make up some absurd excuse. It didn't take long for people to notice, and I got in trouble with the school and with my parents. I'm lucky that I was in a place where people cared enough to call me out. Yet to this day, whenever I'm faced with a difficult obstacle, my first thought is to think of what excuse I have for avoiding the work. What is changed is that I fight the instinct. I have internalized the enormous good in both the moral and practical sense that comes from honesty. Lying has never worked out for me, and honesty has yet to lead to anything other than clarity or fulfillment or the lessening of a burden.

Beauty

The big open field in Wonalancet, NH with the tiny white church getting hugged by the White Mountains and the almost-black sky



"In the time of your life - live! That time is short and it doesn't return again. It is slipping away while I write this and while you read it, and the monosyllable of the clock is Less, less, less, unless you devote your heart to its opposition"

(Tennessee Williams)



My mom, who shows me that I'll be beautiful the rest of my life if I'm anything like her



The smell and feel of humidity in the Northeast late at night when you are still out late in your sundress



Joan of Arc | Jules Bastien-Lepage
Metropolitan Museum . New York

I look at this painting at least twice a year, whenever I return to the Met. I return to connect, for a small moment, with the person who showed it to me for the first time when I was 22 and scared of what the world would bring. Then, as now, I loved Joan's relentlessness of waiting for a higher purpose as a woman in a society where purposes were small and predefined.