

December 6, 2020

Dear family, near and far,

Wow! What a year, right? I was doom scrolling the other night and, I can't remember who it was-- maybe Oprah or Ricki Lake, someone like that. Anyway, they tweeted something that really changed my life -- **2020 has taught us what's important, what we need to hold onto tightly and what we never knew we could live without.** I really sat with that thought as I glanced around my carefully curated, Marie Kondo'ed living room. That ugly "painting" that you, Aunt Marie, had gifted me a decade ago was gone. The Precious Moments figurines that you, cousin Eliza, gave me every. single. birthday had been donated so some other pathetic woman can gift them to their own family member they don't know very well. Every single thing that remained in my home sparked real joy. So, with that in mind, instead of my annual Christmas letter trying to recap my Facebook feed's highlights I'm going to Marie Kondo you all, my family.

Cousin Stu, literally the only conversations we've ever had have been you trying to convince me that I should be a prepper like you, that I am naive for having wifi in my home or carrying a driver's license on me "like some sort of sheep with a barcode on its neck". And you know what? That's fine, that's all fine. I can sit through a twenty minute lecture at every family get together. I'm used to men explaining boring information to me like they are doing me a favor, I've been on OkayCupid for five years after all. But the straw, the final straw was the mailing lists. This year "someone" subscribed me to every conspiracy newsletter and magazine, drowning me in stories of how to "reuse" toilet paper, the best canned foods for your "go bag" and how government-proof your cabin. I **know** it was you. Stu, you've been Kondo'ed.

Lucy, Christmas 2000 you knitted me the most beautiful, softest sweater and I was completely in awe of your talents. And you even spun the yarn yourself? Damn girl. I was absolutely touched by your generosity of time and talent, I never realized how much I meant to you. I started to feel guilty for all the times I thought about how you'd die alone with your cats. But you waited until I put the sweater on to tell me the "hair" it was spun from those very same cats. I don't feel guilty anymore. You and the cats have been Kondo'ed. I hope they eat you after you die.

Uncle Larry, Aunt Sara has been cheating on you for pretty much your whole marriage with various guys she met at her restaurant. Everyone knows, we all talk about it when you aren't around. And while I actually like you a whole lot, despite your complete obliviousness, you married into this family and when you guys get divorced you'll no longer be Uncle Larry, just... Larry. And I don't need a sad, 52 year old friend named Larry. Kondo'ed.

This is getting long and I don't want to have to waste multiple stamps on this so let's get right down to the meat of it.

- Aunt Dorothy, stop telling people your nickname is "Big D". You should google that.

- Alice, Christmas 2002 you drunkenly confessed you expected me to be in jail or something by now because I had such an attitude as a little kid. Spoilers, I was the one who keyed “cunt” into the side of your car that night. Merry Christmas.
- Uncle Robert, you brag to the family about how you visit me weekly at work. Well Rob, you are a really shitty tipper for a guy who is there to “support me”. And while we are on the subject, no one has a favorite Applebee’s. They are all trash, including mine. But I always spit in your lemonade so I guess we are even.
- Janet, you know what you did.
- Mark, I’ve always been wildly attracted to you (my first orgasm was to the high school yearbook photo of you as the A.V. club president). But, regrettably, you are my cousin and my sexuality is already confused enough. So boy, bye.

Now that all those unpleasant memories are out of the way I can talk about my absolutely favorite family member Grandma Lila. I was named after you and I was your little sidekick since the moment I was born. And as I got older our relationship only deepened. When I was a teenager you taught me how to grow marijuana in a container garden, bake “special” cookies and you listened to stories about every crush I had (remember “Mario”? well that was cousin Mark. Awkward.). You have supported me no matter what I wanted to do with my life and made me feel special, valued and loved. For that I’ll always be eternally grateful. But, Grandma, you are old, and Mom says you probably only have a few months left to live. I think I’d rather make a clean break now so you dieing or whatever doesn’t affect my vision board for 2021 (which is epic, btw).

With that, goodbye 2020 and goodbye dead weight.