The Countdown...

September 21, 2009 By Regan Hofmann

Well, in fifty-five minutes, on September 22, 2009, I will officially be a published author. I can not believe I wrote a book.

More than that, I can't believe you are all reading it. And being so kind and encouraging. What's so amazing is how you all see different things in the book. Different parts resonate with different people and in a way, it is fascinating to me as it's a window through which I see you all better. (Don't cry Sly! I know, I know!)

I wrote a piece about the book that appeared in Sunday's NY Post. See it here (don't know if it will show up on your computer but there was a rock climber repelling down the face of the article on my computer. Which was strangely appropriate as that's kind of how I feel. I reached my goal of writing the book, and am now sliding down, swinging slowly back to earth after struggling to summit.) A word about the picture. I look totally haggard partially because my local watering hole had the best retro tunes on on Friday night and I was allowed to stay with friends way past closing. And partially because the NY Post photographer took the pic on Saturday afternoon in my bright sunlit-strewn hayfield. Minutes after stepping into the sun, my face was encased in a tiny tornado of gnats, hence, the half-closed eyes to avoid them landing on my eyeballs. I accidentally swallowed a few while laughing, thinking about what my neighbor's cows (named Hamburger and Steak) must have thought of me alternately swatting wildly at the bugs and trying to smile. The must have felt sorry for me for not having a tail to swish the flies off my face as they do.

Anyway, for those of you who saw the piece in the Post...how hilarious was the juxtaposition of the "Weird But True" headline on the column to the left with the headline for my story: "HIV Fighter Lives to Tell Tale"? I love the Post. And I love that all my most well-educated friends admit to reading it religiously, even if they have to admit that it's a "guilty pleasure" in the same sentence. I was very grateful for the way the editors handled it. What a lovely editor I had. And, not that I'm a diva but as I live miles from the nearest country store, I asked if the photographer would bring me a Diet Coke as I'd been at my desk all day and was out of caffeine. He did! I'll try to post the photo...

Saturday, in between edits on the NY Post piece, I did the Mary Jones radio show in CT. There was a lovely guest host who said, in one of my all-time-favorite media moments: Now, I'm going to ask you a question, but you don't have to answer..how did you get HIV? Think I paused for a second? Nope. I'll post the audio clip when I get it.

Tomorrow is the POZ annual get together...Wednesday I am filming a TV show with Kenneth Cole, interviewing Dr. Eric Goosby, the new head of the President's Emergency AIDS Plan for Relief and then heading over to the United Nations where the Millennium Foundation is making a special announcement in front of several heads of state about an innovative AIDS funding concept. Then, it's off to the

Congressional Black Caucus in DC to support the National Minority AIDS Council...then a wedding. Thank heavens Sundays are days of rest!

Speaking of which, I’m off to dream of being a bestseller...Thank you so much for all of your support. I always wanted to be a writer. But I never imagined that the best part of being one was not holding the book in your hands, but rather seeing the impact it has on people you love, respect, and, in some cases, are just getting to know.

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