



The Long AIDS Walk Home

May 23, 2007 By [Shawn Decker](#)

The AIDS Walk NY was a success. Our team, Supersnack, raised over \$30,000... we beat Whoopi!

One thing I've come to realize is that these NY AIDS Walks aren't necessarily designed for thinbloods or people with AIDS. Where is Anderson Cooper when I need him? I did an AIDS Walk here in C'ville that wasn't too bad, and one in Harrisonburg years ago that was literally a three block jaunt. Admittedly, the last one was kind of lame and I could have crawled it had I been equipped with kneepads.

I know NYC is bigger and better than everywhere else, but is an AIDS Walk really the place to flaunt your superiority? What if China hosts an AIDS Walk that is 20 miles long? Or, God forbid, Los Angeles?

After witnessing the pathetic site of me trying to get out of a booth after the Walk, Gwenn put a moratorium on my participation next year. After seeing the sadness in my eyes, which matched my broken body, she relented. "Well," she said, "you can do half of the Walk. If we both do half that's a whole Walk, right?"

She has a point.

Poor Gwenn, every year her birthday falls on AIDS Walk weekend. But this year, we were ready, and on Saturday night we celebrated the occasion by going to see the Broadway show Avenue Q, an adult-themed Sesame Street of sorts. For instance, one of the "muppets" is addicted to porn. Classic. And the opening theme song is called "It Sucks To Be Me".

For the last few days, we've been redecorating our home, which greeted us upon our arrival with a fresh coat of paint in the living room and bathroom. (I chose the bathroom color, no joke, "Positive Red".) On Monday, new carpet was installed... the room is so relaxing now and, no, the money you donated to my AIDS Walk fund did not pay for any of these items. Really. Seriously...

But don't worry, I'm not going to spend my 30's blogging about home renovations. and in addition to all the homebody stuff, I'm getting ready to play some Synthetic Division shows as well, one tomorrow in DC and then again here in Charlottesville on Saturday.

It really seems like everything has turned around since last week. That friend who was in the car

accident has spoken for the first time, naming everyone in his hospital room. This shows that he is definitely with it.

It sounds morbid, but the death of Falwell was the turning point. Since then, it's been nothing but good news all around. I'm not one to kick dirt on someone's grave, but I am going to say that the air here in Virginia breaths a little bit easier without the big guy sucking wind.

I know, love the bigot, hate the bigotry. Personally, I'd rather hate both. It must have sucked to be him.

Positively Yours,
Shawn

Thanks so much for the donations:

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