



Volume 25, Issue 8
August 2025

Summer Days

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HERstory / HIStory



Book your appointment
to share or update your
story! Let the history
books know you.

Aug 16th
11 am ~ 5 pm



HERstory / HIStory
Project

Please Share Your Story

Even if you have shared
before, it is time to
Update Your Story.


Share Your HISTORY

All stories video recorded
for LGBT Center Archives


Call Randy @ (937) 623-1590
To make your appointment
or email:
randy@gaydayton.org

All Histories will be recorded at the Greater Dayton LGBT Center
136 N. Saint Clair St, Dayton, OH 45402

Calendar of Events



August 4,	7:00 PM	LGBTQ AA Group	Center
August 5,	6:30 PM	PFLAG Dayton Author Meeting	Center
August 6,	6:00 PM	Rainbow Eldercare	Center
August 7,	6:00 PM	LGBT Center Board Meeting	Center
August 7,	7:00 PM	Yoga at the Center	Center
August 11,	7:00 PM	LGBTQ AA Group	Center
August 12,	6:30 PM	PFLAG Dayton Month Meeting	Center
August 13,		Q+Youth Center Activities	Center
August 13,	7:00 PM	Positive Attitudes	Center
August 14,	7:00 PM	Yoga at the Center	Center
August 15,	7:00 PM	Dungeons & Dragons	Center
August 16,	11:00 AM	HERstory/HIStory Project Recordings	Center
August 18,	7:00 PM	LGBTQ AA Group	Center
August 19,	7:00 PM	Gatlyn Dame Group	Center
August 21,	7:00 PM	Yoga at the Center	Center
August 22,	7:00 PM	Religious Trauma Support Group	Center
August 25,	7:00 PM	LGBTQ AA Group	Center
August 26,		Q+ Youth Center Activities	Center
August 27,	7:00 PM	Positive Attitudes	Center
August 28,	7:00 PM	Yoga at the Center	Center
August 30,	11:30 AM	Coffee and Conversation	Center



Delete the negative; accentuate the positive!

Donna Karan



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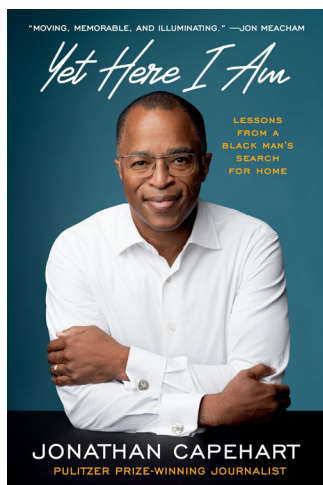
Book Reviews

by: Terri Schlichenmeyer

aka: "The Book Worm"

bookwormsez@yahoo.com

"Yet Here I Am: Lessons from a Black Man's Search for Home" by
Jonathan Capehart c.2025, Grand Central \$30.00 272 pages



One hand over the other.

That's how you climbed to where you are now. One rung at a time, hand over hand until you reach the intended goal. Yes, sometimes you went backward before you ascended again or you had to move sideways past a barrier. And sometimes, as in the new memoir, **"Yet Here I Am" by Jonathan Capehart**, you got a hand up.

His mother refused to talk about it.

When little Jonathan Capehart inquired about his father, who died just months after Capehart was born, he was met with a look that told him not to ask again. He didn't learn the truth until

he was well out of childhood: his father had left Capehart's mother long before Capehart's birth, and though the man visited afterward, "he didn't stay long...."

The loss stung but things turned out well anyhow. Capehart had many father figures throughout his life, paternal relatives who kept him in the family loop, and his maternal grandpa who played a big part of Capehart's upbringing. Young Capehart spend his summers in Severn, North Carolina, playing, visiting, gathering lessons and wisdom from his mother's parents and aunts. In Severn, extended family was everywhere, and it's where many of Capehart's best childhood memories spring.

He also has many cherished memories of his mother, and books. He was always a reader, and schoolmates recognized it. They also "knew I was a little 'funny,'" he muses because, at ten years old, he knew he was gay. His mother had had to teach him the hard truths in "how to be Black in white spaces" but college friends gave him safety for "self-discovery." Also at the tender age of ten, Capehart became fascinated with electronic

media, and decided that he wanted to work at NBC, later interning at the *Today* show for two summers. At nineteen, he met a mentor who demanded excellence, and who shaped Capehart's career.

Twelve years later, that same mentor offered Capehart his own MSNBC show...

As memoirs go, "Yet Here I Am" is a solid okay.

It's not earth-shattering, nor is it wildly fascinating. It's not exciting or heart-wrenching or even all that emotional, but it's not terrible, either. Overall, it's smack-center, a "5" on a one-to-ten scale, and there we are. Moving from his middle-class childhood in which he vaguely understood the racism present in his mother's hometown, to a wildly successful career in media and the mentors who helped him get where he is, author Jonathan Capehart shares his story with a casual tone that's calm and matter-of-fact. Readers get a nice look at the workings of journalism and what it's like to win a Pulitzer Prize, but if you're expecting the kind of excitement you want in a deadline-racing newsroom, it's not here; instead, Capehart writes in a decidedly unruffled manner that's really pretty tame.

Still, Capehart fans will absolutely want to read this memoir for its thoughtfulness and its satisfactory ending. Not a fan? Then "Yet Here I Am" could be a long climb.

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LAND OF THE FREE (Terms and Conditions Apply)

by Andrew Joseph Duffer

I didn't celebrate the Fourth of July this year. I haven't in many years—because most Americans keep their heads buried in the sand, except on the Fourth, when they lift them into the clouds just long enough to watch fireworks burst above a country that's burning below.

Their heads are never where they should be—and that's exactly how those in power want it.

Because if you're not paying attention, then you won't be horrified.

This isn't the land of the free.

It's the land where freedom is rationed—right alongside insulin and food—where billionaires buy Supreme Court rulings and fly private jets over tent cities, while over 600 anti-LGBTQ+ bills sweep the country.

This is the land where women have fewer rights than they did 50 years ago.

Where doctors hesitate to save lives out of fear of vague, brutal laws.

This is the land where, if you're Black, Brown, Indigenous, disabled, or an immigrant, they want you just visible enough to exploit—and just invisible enough to forget.

This is the land where voter suppression and police brutality aren't just common—they're normalized.

Where Indigenous land was stolen, handed back in fragments, and now even that is being stripped for profit.

Sovereignty is ignored. Treaties are trampled.

It's the land where we criminalize homelessness instead of solving it.

Where poverty is treated like a crime, not a crisis.

We can't find housing or mental healthcare—

but we found millions in days to build a barbed-wire concentration camp in a Florida swamp, called Alligator Alcatraz, surrounded by gators and guards.

There's no budget for compassion here. But there's always one for cruelty.

Wages are stagnant. Rent is extortion. One medical bill can ruin you.

All public schools and healthcare have become battlegrounds for religious control.

Christianity is no longer practiced— it's legislated. The separation of church and state is dead. And democracy is next—thanks to Project 2025.

They want Trump to control every federal agency— the DOJ, even the military.

They want to replace public servants with loyal extremists, and erase every check and balance.

You're not unpatriotic for calling this out. You're just awake. And "woke" is the last thing they want you to be.

This isn't a nation. It's a machine. A machine that feeds on rights—and spits out power.

A gated community with a graveyard underneath. So what exactly are we supposed to celebrate?

Ask the woman forced to give birth to her rapist's child. Or the trans teen too afraid to pee at school. Or the immigrant father in a cage, while his child sleeps on concrete.

Ask the unhoused veteran who served a country that won't even serve him a hot meal. You want to honor America? Then tell the truth. Because truth is the only kind of patriotism left. And the truth is—we are not free.

Not while billionaires buy elections and churches write policy. And they're not even hiding it anymore.

They don't want democracy. They want dominance. And they're betting that you'll be too tired, too numb, or too distracted to stop them.

Because this system doesn't just depress—it exhausts. It wrings you out.

The American Dream was never a promise. It was bait. And we fell for it.

America didn't break—it worked exactly as it was designed to.

The system isn't failing—it's functioning. Feeding the powerful. Draining the rest of us dry. And if that makes you sad—good. That sadness means you still have a soul.

Use it.

I'm not just talking to the people who are hurting. I'm talking to you, too, Republicans. You're letting this happen. And if you're feeling something in your chest—something unsettling, heavy, or hard—don't run from that. Lean into it.

That ache in your gut is your conscience whispering that something is wrong.

Question what you've been taught. Be brave enough to disagree with your families.

Strong enough to challenge your husband. Honest enough to admit you've been lied to. Because silence doesn't keep you safe. It keeps you complicit. And history is watching. You think this is about politics. It's about power.

About who gets to live freely—and who has to live quietly, until someone decides they shouldn't live at all.

You think you're safe because your church told you this was right.

Because your 401(k) is doing fine. But authoritarianism doesn't stop where you're comfortable. It starts there. You think your privilege is a shield. It's a leash.

You don't have to agree with me on everything. You don't even have to like me. But if you love this country—then prove it.

Protect the people it's trying to erase. Because you're next.

And I'd rather stand beside you now—while there is still something left to stand for— than watch you learn too late.

The boots are already on the ground. The laws are already written. The ink is drying.

And when the silence comes, it won't be peace. It will be the absence of every voice they erased: every queer kid, every person of color, every immigrant, every protest silenced.

And in that quiet will feel calm—until you realize it's just the calm before your storm.

That's when you'll remember our warnings. Because it always starts with cheering—and it always ends with history.

People think it will never happen again. You're not safe. You're spared—for now.

I'm not anti-American. But I won't put my hand over my heart and pledge allegiance to a country that makes it beat out of fear.

Share Your Story: The HERstory/HIStory Project Seeks Voices for LGBTQ+ Archives

by Rick Flynn

We are calling on individuals to contribute to a vital initiative aimed at preserving the rich tapestry of LGBTQ+ experiences. The “HERstory / HIStory” project invites community members to book appointments to share or update their personal stories, ensuring that these narratives become a permanent part of the historical record.

Scheduled for August 16th, from 11 am to 5 pm, this dedicated day offers an opportunity for both new participants and those who have previously shared to contribute. The project emphasizes the importance of updating existing stories, recognizing that lives evolve and new perspectives emerge over time.

All stories collected through the HERstory / HIStory project will be video-recorded and preserved within the LGBT Center Archives. This commitment to video documentation ensures a dynamic and accessible record for future generations.

This initiative provides a crucial platform for individuals to contribute to a collective memory, ensuring that the struggles, triumphs, and everyday lives of LGBTQ+ people are not forgotten. It's an opportunity to leave a lasting legacy and inform future understanding of LGBTQ+ history.

To make an appointment and share your HERstory or HIStory, please contact Randy by calling (937) 623-1590, or email randy@gaydayton.org.



When I learn something new - and it happens every day - I feel a little more at home in this universe, a little more comfortable in the nest.

Bill Moyers



A vibrant karaoke poster for 'The Stage Door'. The background is a dark stage with a floor of colorful, glowing circular lights in red, blue, green, and yellow. Two bright yellow spotlights beam down from the top. On the left, a white silhouette of a person singing into a microphone is positioned next to a large, detailed gold vintage microphone. On the right, another gold vintage microphone is shown. The text 'The Stage Door' is written in a white, elegant script font in the upper center. Below it, the word 'Weekend' is written in a large, white, cursive font. At the bottom, the word 'KARAOKE' is written in very large, bold, pink block letters.

The Stage Door

Weekend

KARAOKE

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DG	Drag	M	Men	Y	Young

1. Daddy's Den and Patio, 301 Mabel Street 252-2976 (M,L,E,S)
2. MJ's on Jefferson, 20 N. Jefferson 223-7340 (F,M,D,S,E,DG,V,K)
3. Right Corner, 105 E. Third St 228-2033 (NH,M,T,E)
4. Stage Door, 44 N. Jefferson St 223-7418 (M,L,C,K,T,NH,E)
5. Natalie Clifford Barney Historical Marker
6. The Greater Dayton LGBT Center, 136 N. St Clair 274-1776

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Open Daily @ 3 pm ~ 2:30 am