

Mel here-

It is currently 12:43 in the AM, and we just left the truck stop in Pecos, TX, en route to El Paso and then Juarez.

I have been awake for 21 hours, and I just spent five minutes trying to figure out if 'disparency' was actually a word, or if my brain was going offline. I'm still not actually sure.

This is our 4th trip across the border since June. The strength and beautiful souls of our friends there make us feel alive in ways I can't explain. The levels of abuse and injustice they have endured before they came to the shelter has kept us in the righteous, productive kind of anger.

This is who we are. This is what we do. From Chicago to LA, to Argentina to Juarez. We are a badass lady gang who is looking to untangle the world as much as we can.

Sometimes it looks like hauling oxygen tanks across the largest state in the continental United States (gah, Texas. I love you, but driving 9 hours feels like it should be at least three states' worth of traveling), sometimes it looks like speaking to a group of college students over zoom, sometimes it looks like going to DC and yelling at extremists on all sides of feminist spectrum in the same day.

Life is too large to be contained in one or two issues, and because we strive to advocate for the dignity of the vulnerable, amplify the consistent life message, and agitate the status quo, we are constantly building up structures that protect life, or tearing down everything that doesn't.

It's good work worth doing, and speaking for myself, it is truly one of my greatest honors.

This year has been hard. In a lot of different ways. For everybody. So many places are in need of care and attention and funds. I know we are one voice among millions. But that doesn't mean that we need you any less.

We are going to keep doing this work as long as we can. And that's going to take funds. Destiny is the only one who gets paid, and believe me when I tell you the work she does is deserving of a raise. Considering the hours worked, she doesn't even make minimum wage. She's going to take this part out and I'm going to put it back in and then take her phone away because it is fact and the truth is worth telling.

We need your help paying for our travel as we take needed items to Juarez, or go kick shit in DC. We need your help assisting the people who cross our path who need an influx of diapers or gas money or temporary housing.

So far in 2020 52.6% of all funds that have come in went right back out again to people who needed our help. The rest went to Destiny's small, tiny, not-quite-even-a salary, the newsletter, email, and bookkeeping software we use to keep the wheels rolling, and the design, printing and shipping costs of our merch.

We want you to know where your money goes because we work hard to not blow it. You're as much a part of this venture as we are.

So... in the words of Jean Ralfio's sister that my 1:09 AM brain refuses to name, "MONEY PLEASE!" We have a generous donor who has pledged to match up to \$10,000 by the end of the year, and we're only about a third of the way to that mark.

We do this with your support, or we can't do it.

Swag bags will be sent out to a few random donors along with other bits and baubles. Who knows what your donation will get you. You know, like in addition to a world that is being pushed towards a greater understanding of the value of life.

Click the link, do the thing, we love you and we like you.