

ATTENTION: SOCIAL MEDIA POSTINGS AREN'T FOR WEENIES

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WE LIVE AND LEARN; SOMETIMES IT'S HARD!

Postings on Facebook, LinkedIn, Instagram, Pinterest, YouTube, Twitter, etc. aren't for Weenies. It's hard work and takes a lot of creativity, patience, and planning. This book has the posts I did every day for a year. It started as a cathartic practice getting me through a tough time. It ended with me feeling healed, motivated, and a little melancholy.

I found that the comments, ideas, and encouragement from my many followers kept me moving forward and continuing.

I began in February 2020. My youngest sister died of stage four breast cancer on February 1, 2020. She had suffered all through the holidays and died just after turning 55 on January 18th.

I'm the oldest of three girls, always feeling bad for my father living in a house with four women and one bathroom. Somehow - we all managed.

When my sister, Sue, died, she left a lot of baggage to clean up and a wake of destruction I never could have imagined.

My husband, Skip, and I cared for my parents for most of our married lives. My dad passed in 2006, but before he passed we had kind of taken over paying the utility bills, taxes, and mowing the lawn each week on Sunday after church. We'd get some groceries and bring lunch.



This continued even after my middle sister, Ellen, moved in with Mom and Dad before he had died. Ellen was divorced and a single parent of a daughter that was grown and not living with her Mom and Grandparents. Ellen didn't work for almost the full six years she lived there. When she did finally work, she moved out and my sister Sue, and her husband Steve, moved in. My husband and I were given the story it is a reprieve for us

after taking care of our parents so long. They had it covered and would maintain the house and make sure the bills were all paid and Mom had good care. We were happy someone else took over. We had paid those bills for about 20 years. But, it was a repeat of what Ellen was doing. Neither worked, although we were told Sue was working, neither had SSI, but they were happily living off my Mom's SSI and my father's pension.