

## FOR BAILEY

Hi everybody. When something this inexplicably tragic happens there's an impulse to look for a good reason—a simple why. In this instance I can see only two possible reasons for losing Bailey—one is that it will serve as a wakeup call and bring the fentanyl crisis home and into plain view and make it very real. The other is so Isa, Fiona and I can experience what we have in these past few weeks, culminating in today. We are shattered, but what will allow us to find joy and peace in our lives going forward is knowing that we have all of you, and that Bailey had and has all of you. It's nothing short of astonishing--and it's profoundly humbling.

We forever will grapple with grief and rage and cruelly unanswerable questions. All we can control is how we navigate that. These days my mind swings wildly from being a jumbled mess (even more of one than usual) to experiencing moments of absolute clarity. And as I stand here one thing is clear above all others. As Isa said, the only true way forward for us is with gratitude. So thank you for everyone who made today possible. Thank you to those of you who loved Bailey, who taught or coached Bailey, who put up with Bailey, who mentored Bailey—especially you Doc Eason--who befriended Bailey, who hired Bailey, who cared for and about Bailey, who listened to Bailey, who helped Bailey in any and every way. Thank you to the two strongest, most inspiring women I know, Isa and Fiona, for keeping us intact. And thank *you* Bailey for every minute of

the 18 years that you gave us. Well, maybe not *every* minute...You were a teenager.

So who was the miracle that was Bailey? I'll try to bolster the portrait everyone's given you. From the time she was little and was Duncan, Bailey was lightning in a bottle. She was engaging, engaged, curious, and thinking and talking circles around everybody, especially us. Everyone who met her wondered "what amazing things is this kid going to go on to do." We'll never know that of course—it's the cruelest of those unanswerable questions. I'm not going to dwell on what could have been, but relish what was and what still is. Bailey did plenty of amazing things in the time she was here—the most amazing of which was simply being herself.

She was a fencer and a theater geek. She was a marshal artist. She could play the hell out of the bass and loved Motley Crue and Noah Kahan. She was a self-styled philosopher. She loved horror movies and rom coms. She was very much 18 and light years beyond her years.

Bailey sported spikes through her eyebrows and floral shirts. Her room décor blended swords and stuffed animals—it definitely could have used a queer eye makeover. She collected knives and legos. In other words, it was complicated being Bailey. Maybe too complicated.

She never wanted any one thing to define her, and we don't want her incomprehensible death to define her.

She lived with a lot of pain, a lot of self-doubt and a lot of questions about who she really was, and she kept much that from us because she didn't want to be a burden. But she was on her way to answering those questions. She had found a world in the theater that was more tolerant and more equitable, one driven by creativity and camaraderie, not greed or excess or exclusion. It enabled her to focus a mind that never, ever stopped churning. And we were beyond proud of her for finding her path and passion.

She was my daughter but also my friend and music companion. We travelled far and wide to see music—and go to magic conventions, including one in Columbus, Ohio. In late January. Twice. Not to mention Vegas in mid-August. Not sure why those couldn't have been switched up... We saw Elton John's last show at Dodger Stadium. Los Lobos at the Fillmore in San Francisco. Steve Earle at the Troubador. The Who and Robert Plant at the Royal Albert Hall in London. David Byrne in Boston and on Broadway. The Stones in Denver. She wanted to experience all these legends with me before they exited or hung it up. It was the old soul in her. And believe me, I never could have fathomed a world where Keith Richards would outlive Bailey. But here we are.

On June 3 Isa and I took Bailey to the airport here to fly to New York to start a dream job on Broadway and launch her career in the theater. As she was walking into the terminal I said, "Hey!" She turned around and I kidded, "Don't do anything stupid."

Those were my last words to her—and obviously they held as much sway as my words usually do.

Bailey did do something stupid. And she did something illegal—most of us have at some point. She, like so many others, didn't deserve to die for it.

That night Bailey got some heroin in New York, likely from someone she trusted, that was laced with fentanyl. Her dream life lasted less than 12 hours. The fentanyl Bailey ingested is up to 100 times more powerful than heroin. Picture 10 grains of salt—that's a lethal dose. It's everywhere—including this valley--in every recreational drug you can think of--and in black market prescription drugs. It's all made in China, and this is nothing short of state-sanctioned terrorism and mass murder. Unless you're lucky, you often only get one chance with this drug.

Bailey didn't deserve to die for trying to find peace, to calm her mind and her doubts, when nothing else worked. She was murdered plain and simple, by a web of faraway labs, brazen cartels, and local street dealers that was far beyond her control. We know some of you here today have been through this situation with loved ones and fentanyl. Stories like Bailey's stand out because she came from a family like ours and a place like this. But if recent trends hold, Bailey will be one of at least 100,000 people who will die this year from fentanyl poisoning just in the US—people from every conceivable socioeconomic, racial, ethnic and geographic space. It's the leading killer in the

US of people from 18-45. Many will be experimenting or using a drug for the first time. Many will be addicts who will never get the chance or will run out of chances to at least try to quit. Their lives all matter, and this madness has to stop.

Please understand that if this can happen to our family it can happen to anyone. Bailey struggled with her mental health and with her place in the world, but she had amazing therapists, she had a loving, attentive, supportive, thoroughly engaged family and tons of folks like yourselves who loved her for who she was. We and many others were beyond involved in her life. She saw a lot of the world and looked forward to seeing much more of it. She had friends that mattered and who cared about her. She was in love. And still this happened. Bailey was a victim of her own impulsiveness, her 18-year-old sense of invincibility and a global geopolitical criminal nightmare. It's crazy.

People have said we're courageous for talking about this so openly. But what choice do we have? We'd be aiding and abetting the killing and committing societal malpractice if we didn't speak up. If we can stop one other person, one other family, from falling prey to this then Bailey's death will have *given* us all something instead of having just *taken* so much away.

The hardest part of this--other than the 100 proof grief--is thinking that because Bailey was here for such a short time that she will be forgotten. She managed to pull off the ultimate trick and make herself disappear. But don't let her fool you this

time--please don't let her disappear. Please think about Bailey every now and then...when you see a magician or go to the theater or if you suddenly feel like dying your hair purple.

Isa designed these spectacular rings to bind us as a family inscribed with the words "there will always be light." For us, and I hope for you, that light will always be Bailey. And Bailey, please know that the world already is much less interesting without you. I just hope that peace has found you, and that Steven Sondheim has hired you to stage manage the biggest, baddest drag musical that ever was. Thank you all again for being here for us and for Bailey. We love you.