

THE DADDY DIARIES



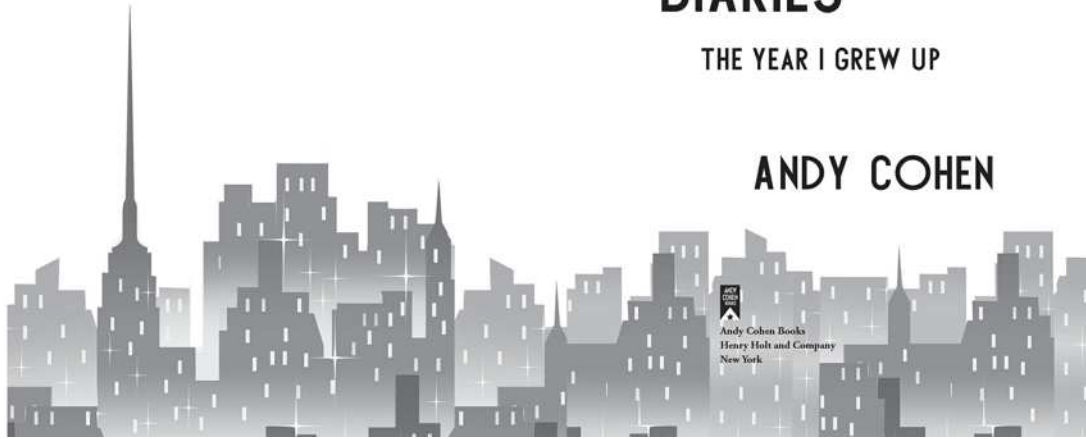
— THE YEAR I GREW UP —

ANDY COHEN

THE DADDY DIARIES

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To Ben and Lucy

INTRODUCTION

This is the continuation of *The Andy Cohen Diaries* and *Superficial*. Since I last published the *Diaries*, my mind went two places.

First, I developed an undercurrent of minor paranoia that I'd sold people out, told too many stories that weren't mine to share. (I keep hearing Howard Stern asking in an interview if I was *sure* everybody in this book was cool with me putting them on blast.) I ultimately came back to the idea that I actually *do* know the line between what to say and what not to, and that it *is* just my paranoia.

The second thing that happened is that, as a result of the book, I obviously became aware of what I did every day for two and a half years. It's jarring seeing in print (for publication!) all the trivial details of one's day-to-day existence. The wonderful side effect was that it cemented my decision to actually have a child, something I'd spoken of metaphorically but never meaningfully pursued.

As I approached fifty, it was clear I was either doing it or not. The repetition of my summers specifically (glorious as they were) made me wonder: *Is that all there is?* The way things were looking, it seemed I could continue this wonderfully free life of self-indulgence or try to anchor myself in a more meaningful situation. I never expected the ways it would energize my family, or how close Ben would become to his "Ma and Pa" through nightly dinnertime FaceTimes that began during Covid and have continued through plenty of in-person visits.

★ ★ ★

A lot has happened since the last diary. The year before Ben was born, I lived what I called my final period as a totally unencumbered man. I said yes to everything: Grand Marshal at World Pride in Tel Aviv? Shalom! Hosting the *Attitude* Awards in London? Of course! Villa in Capri? Ciao! Boat in Greece? Please! It was a blast of a year, but it solidified for me that yes, there was something missing. I was ready to have a child.

My home has since been rocked by a seismic addition and a sad departure: the birth of Ben and the rehoming of Wacha. If you read the last *Diaries*, you know about my love story with Wacha. In the years following his rescue, my priorities shifted, and my heart opened. We were a duo: We slept together. We roamed the streets of the West Village at all hours of the night. As I stepped out of the shower every day, he was there to lick my legs dry. And this dog from the hills of West Virginia became a superstar, appearing on my show, hobnobbing with celebrities, flying to the Hamptons in helicopters. He had bad hips—common in his breed—and got one replaced.

Something about the surgery changed him, or sparked something in his past. He became distrustful of vets, groomers, and his dog walkers. I never shared this, but he was occasionally threatening. He bit me, my assistant, Anderson, and a couple others—but I was able to pinpoint a reason each time. In 2016, I sent him to Los Angeles for a month of extensive rehabilitation with an incredible trainer, in the hopes of stopping any aggression. He returned as sweet as ever, and going to the vet and groomer became manageable. Still, there were one or two other incidents.

When Ben was born, I felt a new kind of happiness I had not experienced, and it was obviously the biggest change in my life since I welcomed Wacha into my home. They coexisted, with Wacha showing normal signs of jealousy when I doted on his little brother. But there was eventually an incident, a month before Covid shut the world down, that spurred the heartbreaking realization that I couldn't trust that Wacha and Ben could live safely under the same roof. My heart ached; I felt like my skin was a weighted blanket. After six years, I said goodbye to my constant companion. I still miss him after I shower. I miss the sound of his paws on the floor when I come home. And I miss his weight on top of me first thing in the morning.

I am not the same person I was when I got Wacha. He opened me up to love and, ultimately, to having a family. I think of him with the peace of mind that we were meant to come into each other's lives exactly when we did. We rescued *each other*. Also, I know he's doing exactly what he was born to: he's following his nose in Vermont, living with the amazing man who took care of him when he was with me when I would travel out of town. We still see each other, but it's hard, like seeing an ex.

I thus began the Covid lockdown brokenhearted, but I look back on that year in total wonderment at the time I got to spend with Ben. We were

together in the city for a few months (me doing *Watch What Happens Live* from my office), then we got to spend four months in the Hamptons (hosting the show from my executive producer's basement) before going back to the city. I know that year was so horrible for so many, but for me, life stood still in the best way. It was a year in which plane trips were replaced with tucking Ben into bed every night. We had endless, uninterrupted playtime. I hosted "Covid Saturdays"—sushi dinners with my old friends Jeanne and Jackie, where they got to bond with Ben for hours every week. It was a year of intense quality time that, as a single dad, I'm really grateful to have had.

★ ★ ★

On the topic of quality time, something I'm leaving out in this book—and this you'll thank me for—are the details of the consistent schedule I keep with Ben. I don't detail it much here because it would be monotonous and, I think, boring, but for my own fatherly pride I need you to know that I'm up with him every single morning. I either get him ready for the day or take him to school (three days a week until the fall when it became daily). Because of my schedule with Radio Andy (two mornings a week) and *WWHL* (five shows a week, mainly after bedtime), I'm in and out with him all day and night. We have had lunch together more days than not for his whole life. I tuck him in at night as much as I can be home for. I am incredibly fortunate to work with an amazing nanny—whom I call Margot in the book—who is with him during the week and when I go out of town. On weekends, we're home alone. For Lucy, Ben's baby nurse, Theresa, returned and lived with us for six months.

I started writing another *Diary* during my wild year before Ben was born, but stopped in horror at the thought of my son one day reading it. And on that note, there's certain stuff that isn't making the cut in this book. I don't share much dating stuff. If I get into a serious relationship, it's going in the *Diary*, but I'll never get another date if I share them all. I am dating. I am also messing around. I would love to share every sordid detail of nights of passion with you, because I consider us friends in my head, but I'm just ... not writing about it. (This is why I won't go on a reality show—when I can edit myself in print and tell you exactly what I want you to know, how am I going to leave it all in the hands of an Andy Cohen type somewhere?! Dreadful!)

In the spirit of *The Andy Warhol Diaries*, some of the references and names in these *Diaries* may appear without exposition. Hopefully you'll recognize the names of many of my old friends who have appeared in my previous books. In lieu of a glossary, let me just remind you that my old friend group is: Jeanne and Jackie (friends from St. Louis since seventh grade, whom I affectionately have referred to as my own original Housewives), Straight Dave (college roommate), Grac and Amanda (college/coming out and beyond), Bruce (best pal since '94; father of Ava; together, we make Brandy!), Liza (twin of Jamie and TV super producer who I met through Bruce), and my *WWHL* team, led by Deirdre (my executive producer).

WINTER

IN WHICH I ...

BLOWTORCH THE MAYOR OF NEW
YORK CITY

GET A STAR

WAKE UP WITH A STRANGER

SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 2022—NEW YORK CITY

Considering how much I drank and how little I slept, I should've woken up with a massive hangover this morning, but I was wired and spry! Anderson and I had so much fun last night. I think it was a great show despite awkward satellite delays—which had me sputtering and interrupting (more than normal)—and the rants. *The rants!* It felt so *good*, ranting on CNN, about ridiculous things: *Diana, the Musical* (dancing AIDS patients?), Mark Zuckerberg (slowly killing all our souls)—oh, and “Fake Journey.” They performed on the Seacrest stage, behind us, and I got covered in confetti and started feeling a way about them and said they’re “propaganda” and not *real* Journey without Steve Perry. Sidenote: when you start calling something “propaganda,” chances are that you’re drunk.

The big rant was about de Blasio, who once again *ruined midnight* by torturing us with his dancing after eight (I said four) horrible years as mayor. The city has gone downhill under him. Fuck that. Anderson was pulling me back by my hood. (I lunged forward a step with each outburst.) Anyway, we also had Cheri Oteri doing a hilarious character, surprised Regina King with Jackée, Amanda Gorman, James Taylor. Between Omicron and Betty White dying yesterday, we had to turn it up, and I felt pressure to get Anderson wasted and giggling to ensure total fun on the air.

I was unsuccessful in getting Anderson to announce that his new boy is arriving in five weeks, and that’s probably a good thing, since then I wouldn’t have been able to keep *my* baby news quiet—which would’ve resulted in chaos at home, given Ben’s lack of understanding of what’s about to happen. As we pulled out of Times Square en route to Sarah Jessica’s after the broadcast, I saw the de Blasio rant on Twitter, and my mouth was on the floor. “I said, ‘*Sayonara, sucker?!*’” I shouted! I turned to Anderson and said, “I said ‘*Sayonara, sucker?!*’”

“Yep!” he said bemusedly.

I had no recollection! At SJ’s, Jeff Richman said that rant was the wildest thing he’d seen on live TV in a long time. As we sat around talking, I wondered if that was a good thing or a bad thing. Then I started wondering about all my other rants. Did I actually go too far?

I got home and was so wired from the excitement of the night that I spent a few hours chilling, listening to music. Everyone seemed to really like our show online, especially the de Blasio thing. Woke up with Ben

this morning around eight. Let him watch *Sesame Street*, which is our weekend thing. He grabbed the bongos Grac gave us and pounded away at the “Letter of the Day” theme song. Tweeted that I was a bit overserved last night, then posted a story on Insta showing people I was up and functioning and tagging the Mujen and De-Nada I’d been drinking.

I sat on my phone looking through a hodgepodge collage of texts about the night. Claire McCaskill (“the trashing of de Blasio was epic! Love you!”), Kristen Johnston (“HIGHLARIOUS”), Marie Osmond (hers just said “happy new year,” so I don’t think she watched), Harry Smith (“Love drunk Anderson”).

Then Jeanne texted, “how are you holding up?” When one of your very oldest friends sends a smoke signal that everything must *not* be okay, you shudder. I said, I’m good. She said, “Any backlash?” I said no, everyone hates de Blasio. She was relieved to hear it. Our conversation gave me cause for pause as I realized there were a few key people I *hadn’t* heard from (my parents, for starters), which then made me wonder whether I’d actually done badly.

I then went into a ninety-minute shame spiral, wondering if the show was actually horrible, and then realized I’ve done this exact spiral the day after hosting New Year’s Eve for the last four years. (The first year, in fact, was arguably horrible.) It’s just the weirdest show to host—on the one hand, it’s wallpaper for other things that are happening in people’s homes, and on the other, it’s on for five hours and everyone sees it and has an opinion of it one way or another. After checking in with my parents, who were thumbs-up, and rehashing with Anderson (“I had a ball”), I felt better. (I always feel better after rehashing with Anderson.) The de Blasio thing is trending on TikTok, according to someone’s daughter. As the day went on, I saw a headline that I’d trashed Ryan Seacrest. While I was yammering about Journey, clearly *loving* the sound of my voice powered by endorphins and tequila, apparently I called everyone on ABC “losers.” I was like, “Oh damn,” and a couple hours later texted Ryan apologizing. He’s a good guy, and I like him. Spoke to Jeff Zucker, who said they’re getting a lot of calls about the de Blasio thing and they may need to release a statement. When the network is releasing a statement about your messy rant, you’re in the doghouse.

I went to bed early.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 2022

Went to Zazzy's Pizza with Ben, and on the walk there was fist-bumped by five different strangers thanking me for what I said about de Blasio, which made me feel great! Lunch dates with my boy have gotten even better lately: we can now sit and have conversations in which we actually understand each other. I mean, they're not *deep*, but we can certainly volley about Elsa and Anna, who I was CONVINCED after his inaugural viewing he would not care about. Now he doesn't shut up about them. *He needs a sister!* I keep floating the idea to him, and at first, he loved the baby idea but now he thinks we should put a cat in the new room. I need to check if I'm still allergic, because otherwise I'd get one.

Ben's imagination is wild. On the way home, he spent an hour running around the AIDS Memorial Park, fully entertained by a dry fountain, while I collected more fist bumps! Tyler Cameron texted and said, "I love you man." He shivers me timbers. One of my leftover quarantine traditions—"Covid Saturdays" (which can happen on any day) with Jackie and Jeanne—is still going strong, and they're still so fun. Ben adores them, and Hopper the dog. Ordered sushi from Sugarfish for the first time and loved it. (It's making me hungry thinking about it as I type.) I asked Jeanne why she sent concerning texts after New Year's, and she said she'd seen the de Blasio rant and had to turn it off because she thought it was going to trigger my downfall. She said she saw it all crashing down from that clip. Jackie's niece FaceTimed to say she has Covid and that the de Blasio thing was epic. I said, "*See, Jeanne?!*"

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 2022

In the cab to Sirius, Twitter tells me Howard is talking about me. I turn it on to hear his Joan Rivers-like impersonation of me. Do I sound like Joan? He liked the de Blasio thing but went nuts about what I said about Journey. Also, he thinks I drink too much. And he and everyone on Twitter are ripping on me for tweeting that I was "overserved." You can't try to put something delicately on Twitter. Tone or intention doesn't read. YOU WERE DRUNK, NOT OVERSERVED! DON'T BLAME SOMEONE ELSE! ALSO, YOU SERVED YOURSELF. I would like to respond to each and say, "I know, sweetie. I know."

On Radio Andy, I apologized for the Seacrest thing, because there is now a raft of headlines that imply I personally attacked him. By apologizing to Seacrest, I actually turned it into a bigger thing, because

today became a whole new round of press rehash with the new “news” that I apologized. I already texted him and should’ve just left it at that. By the way, I haven’t heard back from him. Kelly Ripa tells me he knows what clickbait is and not to worry. Went to *WWHL* for the first time since Covid shut us down right in mid-Christmas, and the vibe went from Christmas cheer to January bleak.

The Salt Lake City reunion is on Thursday, and it looks like my hour-long New Year’s Eve day pep talk with Mary M. Cosby about showing up to the reunion had no effect on her. She wants to leave the show, and I encouraged her to leave it while also having the last word and not giving that to the other women. So that didn’t work. She’s not coming. And now Jen Shah’s team is convinced that we gave the questions to Erika Jayne in advance of the Beverly Hills reunion (we didn’t), and they want the questions for Jen (we won’t). Came home to a long Magna-Tile session with Ben, and we had a moment where Ben was Patty Duke to my Anne Bancroft in *The Miracle Worker*, when he kept asking me something and there was *one* word I wasn’t getting. I made him repeat it eight times until finally I was on the floor, in his face, trying to understand. It was *garage*. *He wanted me to build him a garage!* We high-fived when I figured it out. It was a moment.

Mid-build, I picked up my phone to see my timeline full of people reacting to the news I’d been fired from CNN—instant diarrhea, even after I saw that it came from Radar Online, which just makes shit up and quotes anonymous sources. The problem is they get picked up by other outlets, and that’s what was happening. I made a flurry of calls and found out I was indeed not fired and that CNN would release a statement saying I’d be back next year. Announced to my parents during their dinnertime FaceTime with Ben that they might see in the news I was fired but it’s not true. My mom didn’t take the fake news lightly.

“WHAT?!?!?! You need to EXPLAIN THIS AGAIN!”

I did and got an “Oh Jesus.” Jeff Zucker called and said I was a dipshit for believing Radar Online (true). The headlines changed by the time I had dinner with Amanda and Grac at La Sirène on Eightieth and Amsterdam, the former space of that ’80s/’90s vintage store Allan & Suzi. (It felt like sacred ground!) We were the only ones in the restaurant. Shaken by my near-firing, I was talking to the girls about my resolution to spend less time on Instagram (that had led to my rant against Zuckerberg), which I think is a complete waste of time yet is an intense addiction. I said if I can do thirty

minutes a day then I'm good. Tomorrow, that starts. Since we were the only people in the restaurant, we were doing very inappropriate things at the table that I cannot put into print because I am a father now and expecting a second child. (Okay, maybe there was a little playful flashing at the table.)

TUESDAY, JANUARY 4, 2022

Started the day with an early tea party with Ben. He “makes” me whatever I want, every special order accepted. Didn't pick up my phone for an hour while we were chilling before breakfast. Felt great! All the news today is that I didn't get fired. So it was a fake story about getting fired that turned into stories that I wasn't fired. I called in to Stern. It was a fine appearance. I refused to apologize for being drunk on NYE and having a ball. However, he is worried about my drinking, which is based on me being drunk on NYE and having a bar on *WWHL* and him seeing me at parties in the Hamptons years ago. I pointed out his flawed receipts. I'm trying to get him to bring Robin's news back. How do you get rid of the news on that show?

Worked out with Stanny today and taped three *WWHLs*; we are back to all-virtual guests—which felt very depressing—but still a masked audience of fifteen or so. Covid shows are so efficient, but it takes more to drum up some energy. Barbuto reopened! Now they're at the end of Horatio Street, where I had dinner with Amanda for her birthday, part deux. Split the brick chicken and carbonara. Unbelievable. (I did nothing inappropriate at the table.) Colbert did a funny thing about NYE on his show. He showed the rant and said usually people get drunk and rage on television then have to explain themselves to Andy Cohen, not the other way around. Ha! Oh, my Instagram usage today was good—maybe twenty minutes total, and I feel like I missed nothing.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 2022—NEW YORK CITY TO LOS ANGELES

Today, all the news is that I refuse to apologize for being drunk on NYE. Anderson called and said, do you realize it is five days since we did that show and people seem to *still* be talking about it? Did radio from home. Ben helped me pack for LA. I took some THC tincture with two hours left

in the flight, and it turned my world upside down—in the best way. The only drawback was when I landed, I got paranoid that TMZ was going to be waiting for me at the airport. (See: misunderstood comments about Kathy Griffin in 2017.) I armored myself with AirPods and a double mask, but thankfully there was no camcorder to be found. (And that will be the one and only use of the word “camcorder” in 2022.)

Went straight from LAX to Bruce’s, where we had dinner. We are planning something fun for the night before I get my star on the Hollywood Walk of Fame next month. There was some talk of cancelling due to Omicron, but we are pushing forward given that we’ve been trying to get this on the books *since 2019* and my family is more excited about it than anything else I’ve done (besides have Ben), so I just want it to happen while we are all healthy and before Number Two comes. I go to the Sunset Tower where I get a Covid test. Texted Mary M. Cosby to see if she’s coming to the reunion tomorrow, and she said she is “keeping hope alive,” with a smiley emoji. So ... what does that mean? That means she isn’t coming. My Instagram use was horrible today—I caved on the plane and was hooked for *hours*. But I gave myself a pass. *I was on a plane!* The Fake Journey controversy is still RAGING on Twitter, and now Neal Schon himself is tweeting at me like a madman!

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 2022—LOS ANGELES

The woman who knocked at my door at 7:00 a.m. to give me yet another Covid test did not care to hear that I had Covid three weeks ago, thereby making the test useless. Texted with Kelly, who said Seacrest is in Italy and didn’t bring up the clickbait stuff to her. Onward! Got an email from the *New York Times* who is working on a profile of Kathy Griffin and wants my comments on why my punishment for going off on the outgoing mayor was different from hers for holding an effigy of the president’s head. Joy! (What else can be *said*?)

Half the production staff got Covid in the last couple days, and it’s incredible the reunion happened at all. I had Lisa Shannon in my ear from home, with a headache and fever, and Nick directed the show by Zoom from home! Mary did not show up, as expected, and by the rules (which I referred to as the “Maloof Code,” and I guess it really is, given she was the first to not show up at a reunion), she’s off the show. Lots of reaction from the SLC women on that.

Considering her trial (for wire fraud! and money laundering!) is in three months and she is potentially facing fifty years (!!!!) in prison, Jen Shah showed up in purple velvet with a showgirl ring of feathers circling her head and crystal boob embellishments, as easy breezy as I've ever seen her. It was a totally different energy from Erika, who has faced no charges but was considered the villain. Jen says she's innocent (crocodile tears?) and told me it was racist to speculate about where she got her money. The set of the reunion was an ice-fishing environment, with real ice and lots of feathers. It looked like we were in Pixar's version of a reunion. Since the day was so long, and there were a bunch of delays, I gave myself another pass on Instagram usage. I left the reunion feeling like I didn't do my best. Did I go hard enough on Jen? Did we talk about any of the fun stuff? Whitney commented that she felt like we hadn't discussed everything, which got me wondering. We wrapped at eight thirty, and I had a tequila at the Tower and crashed. Oh, and more tweets from Neal Schon—all day long!

FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 2022—LOS ANGELES TO NEW YORK CITY

The MedMen on Robertson is out of that tincture I like. (I went on the way to the airport.) John Mayer FaceTimed me from his Covid-bed while I was killing time at LAX to report a rumor that he'd bucked his Omicron to hit the San Vicente Bungalows with me for dinner. I told him I was seen having a late one at the Tower, so that's proof. Neal Schon is still rage-tweeting, and John said to never get in a fight with an '80s rock star. Their wrath is intense. I guess he's been *through it* with Richard Marx and a few others.

Anderson and I somehow agreed to act in a radio play that Patti LuPone is producing. We're playing a gay couple, and Patti herself is coming over to direct us tomorrow morning. I can't believe it. I'm a *terrible* actor. I wonder how Anderson will be. Better than me, is how.

The greatest hugs and euphoric reunion with Ben tonight when I got home. He was in his yellow PJ set and smelled so fresh right out of the bath, hair neatly parted, with his big smile and little teeth. I could just die.

Hickey came over for a nightcap. I don't believe the nightcap culture exists outside of New York City. People don't *drive* to a friend's house for a nightcap. It's been a constant part of my life since I got here, in 1990,

and having so many West Village pals especially lends itself to the habit. I will never move. I love it here.

Watched the Housewives episode of *Project Runway* before bed, and it was very fun. I look like I have lipstick on, and crazy makeup. I need to know if other people think I look as crazy as I do. I guess the internet would tell me. Before bed, John FaceTimed to see if I'd be on the return of *Current Mood* on Sunday night. I said yes. Speaking of Instagram, I once again gave myself a pass today because I was on a flight, with post-reunion brain jelly. That included a long Instagram Q and A in which I shared that my favorite porn star is Steve Hammond, on whom I do as deep a Google dive as I can probably every two years to find out what happened to him. Someday, in my heart of hearts, I'm hoping to hear from "Steve" one way or another. In my imagination, he now lives on a ranch in Montana, where he is a carpenter. He suggests I come visit and see what the quiet life is all about. But the real truth is that I think he was gay for pay and I fear he isn't alive. Porn stars burn fast and bright.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 2022—NEW YORK CITY

Ben was too deep into *Sesame Street* to pay the "Queen of Broadway," Ms. Patti LuPone, any mind this morning when she showed up with her (amazing) son Josh to record Anderson and me for her radio play. We set up shop in my closet, and Patti gave us the *full* backstory on our characters, our motivations, and the *mise-en-scène*, though Anderson and I were of the "Let's just press play—and record—and see what happens" vibe.

I was fine, and Anderson was perfect as my erudite wine connoisseur husband. I told him he is fantastic at playing pompous! Patti had two shows today, and I'll be holding my breath that she didn't catch Omi at my house.

Ben and I built many houses/garages/planes/tunnels out of Magna-Tiles, but he kept destroying what I'd built and asking for more, which was making me nuts. We played an extended game of catch with mini basketballs, and every time the ball was thrown, he said, "Good catch!" I tried to explain that he should only say it after someone *caught* the ball, but that didn't land. Liza saw the *Runway* episode and my "lipstick" didn't register to her. Phew. Watched two episodes of *And Just Like That* in advance of dinner with SJP and Amy at Barbuto (twice in one week). I

was feeling good that I matched a beige mask with a camel coat, but then it made me sad that I was proud to match a mask to a coat. We had a lot of big laughs and long stories at dinner, and the girls walked me home. Danny had put Ben to bed and was watching *Rent*, the movie, and man does it pale in comparison to the stage show. I got carried away watching, though. I love *Rent*! My Instagram usage today was TOO MUCH. I need to focus. Enough with giving myself passes!

SUNDAY, JANUARY 9, 2022

I was so insane about Ben not being in front of a TV for the first two years of his life (with an occasional exception for *Trash Truck*) that I harbored guilt all day for the whopping 130 minutes of *Sesame Street* I let him watch this morning. It's *educational*, right? Ben and I went to Corner Bistro for burgers and fries, and it was pure joy sitting there with him—the best part of my day. A family on the other side of the restaurant was in deep negotiation about phone time for the kids, which was a preview of things to come for Ben and a reminder that I'm a runaway train with the phone. I'm hoping to channel Instagram time into diary time. He napped and I napped, deeply.

My mom is aflutter about what to wear to the Hollywood star thing. I have been on the receiving end of “What am I SUPPOSED to WEAR?!?” calls throughout my life. Jackie came over for dinner, and I took the ornaments off the tree but can't figure out how to disconnect the lights on this fake tree. I hit a dead end in the process, and now I wonder how long I'll be tortured by the silver and gold towers. Will I have to Google the answer? I am such a Jewish man: helpless. (Although most Jewish men don't have two fake Christmas trees.)

Right after I put Ben down and was gearing up to be on *Current Mood*, I got a text from John that was like a punch in the gut: “Andy, Bob Saget died.” Bob *Saget*? Bob of the sweetest out-of-the-blue emails telling you he saw you somewhere and you're doing a good job and he loves you? Bob of the tireless effort to fight scleroderma, which took his sister's life? Bob the big, huggy mensch who I really got to know on Mayer's fortieth birthday trip to Brazil?

Time stands still when someone dear vanishes from life.

MONDAY, JANUARY 10, 2022

It was a blue night that transferred into a blue morning. Everything was blah. Ben didn't want to go to school, I was so blue about Bob Saget, and it was freezing cold. My heartfelt remembrance of Bob on the radio this morning was accentuated by John (Hill, not Mayer) telling a story of Bob fingering his friend in a parking garage, in the early aughts, and how the act of digital pleasure might be construed as intrusive, but that his friend reported not only how adept he was but how gentle he continued to be after pleasuring her. I feel like Bob would've *loved* that memorial! He was a gentle man and a gentle lover.

And how was I supposed to know peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches are banned from school?! Thankfully, the little girl with the peanut allergy was out today with Covid (I'm celebrating that she was OUT, not that she was sick with Omicron), so they let Ben have some of the sandwich. We taped two shows today, and I had dinner with B. J. Novak at Morandi—our first solo date. (We've always been out with others.) Was nice sharing stories about Bob. B.J. gave us a New Year's resolution for CNN, and it was to give more compliments—ironic, given that was just Bob's specialty. Dinner was a smash. It was one of those nights where, in the warmth of the restaurant and the honesty of the death of a friend, you find safety in your companionship and both wind up spilling a parade of very personal secrets that you know will fall in an entirely safe place. On the walk home, in the cold, I was happy to see the restaurants packed inside; maybe everyone feels like they'll just get Covid and see what happens. Very Ron DeSantis.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 11, 2022

Not sure I remember all of B.J.'s secrets, which is probably a good thing. Today was the coldest, and I convinced Stanny to come work me out at home, which was fantastic because Ben joined us and made it incredibly fun. He had a playdate with Wyatt at the house, and it felt very cozy here all day. TRITE SENTIMENT ALERT: before Ben I thought this house was a home, but he made it so. I still miss Wacha every day and can't forget his sad wail when I said goodbye to him during our last visit. It broke my heart. We've only seen each other five or six times since he's been living with Sherman full-time, but every time is great until we say goodbye. Tried to teach Ben how to play catch today, which one might characterize as the blind leading the blind. But damn it, I *do* know how to