

FROM Robert Samuel White  
TO [Program Manager]; [Park Manager]; [Park Supervisor]; [Volunteer Services Lead];  
[Tugman Volunteer Services Lead]  
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I arrived at Honeyman State Park not to fill a shift, but to hold a field —  
a sovereign man in alignment, in service, not to authority, but to coherence.

I came prepared. I came committed. I came clean.

And from the moment I showed up fully — visibly queer, pierced, calm, integrated —  
they didn't know what to do with me.

The First Fracture

It began with a power outage.

I texted [Park Supervisor], the park supervisor, early in the morning — clear, respectful, naming the perception issue with guests.

She responded dismissively.

I followed up, naming how her tone made me feel. Not as a complaint — as a human reflection.

That should have been a moment of connection.

Instead, it marked me.

>From that day forward, the tone of the park shifted.

[Park Manager], the park manager, came into the Welcome Center —

not with curiosity, but with rehearsed authority.

He unearthed first-week errors, presented them like a case file.

It wasn't feedback.

It was pretext.

My supervisor, [Volunteer Services Lead], vanished — conveniently unavailable.

Then reappeared — this would become a pattern.

I stayed calm. I stayed kind.

I asked for a reset.

They said yes — but the narrative was already seeded.

Distortion as Policy

I applied for a job at Honeyman —

not out of desperation, but because I liked the park, the rhythm, the work.

That application was never acknowledged.

Instead, I was met with awkward silence, thin smiles, retreating contact.

And when I shared my truth — my background, my journey, my sacrifices —

[Volunteer Services Lead] didn't receive it.

He tried to manage my perception.

And would weaponize it later.

Then disappear again.

I wrote him the trust email — clear, principled, accountable.

Instead of responding directly,

they convened a meeting.

## The Orchestrated Confrontation

[Park Manager] and [Park Supervisor] summoned me to the day-use area.

A picnic table, a public setting, the illusion of calm.

What followed was a scripted performance of coercion.

They framed my emails as threats.

They pathologized my clarity as “unprofessional.”

They refused to offer specifics, yet insisted I was a problem.

They demanded I extend positive intent —

even as they admitted they'd never once offered me the benefit of the doubt.

[Park Manager] told me I'd need to “chew glass” —

and framed it as leadership wisdom.

But what he meant was submit.

I recorded the meeting —

because I already knew what was coming.

## The Final Move

Weeks passed. I kept working. Professionally. Precisely.

No infractions. No escalation.

But they couldn't leave me intact.

[Park Manager] called, days before I was scheduled to leave.

He wanted another meeting.

When I asked why, he said I was “still” being a problem.

Still.

Not because of my actions — but because of my presence.

Because I had not fractured.

I named it for what it was —

I told him he was a bully.

and in that moment, the performance unraveled.

He came to my RV.

Dismissed me without paperwork.

Accepted my keys with a reasonable tone,

masking deliberate erasure as protocol.

That was their final maneuver:

Ensure I did not leave on my own terms.

Ensure I carried a mark.

Ensure the narrative stayed theirs.

But I had already built the archive.

What They Did

They misread my coherence as confrontation.

They punished integrity because it disrupted their comfort.

They used silence as strategy.

Tone as weapon.

Policy as shield.

They created an environment where depth was reframed as danger.

Where presence was unwelcome unless it could be controlled.

Where authenticity was pathologized — and then expelled.

This was not incompetence.

This was not miscommunication.

This was institutional harm, deliberately executed by people who chose performance over presence, control over contact, narrative over truth.

What I Did

I held my shape.

I named the distortions.

I documented everything.

I built this record.

And now, it stands —

not as retribution,

but as mirror.

To anyone reading this — inside or outside the institution:

This is what it looks like when coherence survives collapse.

This is what it sounds like when the signal outlasts the noise.

I am still here.

And the archive speaks.

—

Sam White

<https://rswfire.com/honeyman>