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Hey Listen...How it got started...But, why bother?...Cousin Leo...A possible reaction from those who use ASL...Winter Birds...Ironing versus "wrinkle free"...What did I learn?...How I learned to iron...Today I dragged out the iron, etc...

All, a lead story in the Indiana Gazette declares:

The Trump administration is arguing that requiring real-time American Sign Language interpretation of events like White House press briefings "would severely intrude on the President's prerogative to control the image he presents to the public(.)"

This stance by the administration has precipitated a lawsuit, *National Association of the Deaf, et al versus Donald J. Trump, in his official capacity as President of the United States, et al.* The case is being heard in the United States District Court For The District Of Columbia, Civil Action No. 25-cv-1683 (AHA).

How it got started...

Evidently Trump felt that the distraction of American Sign Language (ASL) interfered with the message/image that he wanted to convey to anyone watching when he spoke. (Also, as this was a practice during the Biden administration it was apparently scorned by Trump making it dumpsterworthy.)

But why bother?

For the life of me I cannot understand how accommodating the needs of those who communicate using sign language due to a disability diminishes the image of Trump. Quite to the contrary, I would think when he supports this accommodation it would reflect well on him. It's almost like the difference between helping an old lady cross the street versus pushing her in front of a car.

The number of people who rely upon ASL is slightly greater than 500,000. That is not a lot of people. And it is not established how many of them are watching White House related broadcasts. But, I don't really believe that's the point. Eliminating ASL is bad manners, at best, or deliberately callous, at worst.

Cousin Leo...

My first cousin once-removed, Leo, was born deaf. I wanted to get to know him. In order to communicate with him I mastered the one hand alphabet. It was not difficult. The only problem that I had was the fact that he was 100% fluent and spoke very quickly. Since I was willing to learn the one hand alphabet, he was willing to slow down. He also had an unusual sense of humor; once suggesting that we get our hands dirty so could tell dirty stories.

A possible reaction from those who use ASL...

I suspect that there are several people in the ASL community who are ready to communicate their feelings to the administration. My hunch is that it would be an expression using only one finger.

Winter Birds...

One of my favorite birds hangs around all winter in Wisconsin. It is the Crow. This morning I was looking out of the window and saw this winged critter:

Given its size I was wondering if it was not a Raven. We have plenty of each species in my neck of the woods.



Watching them fly is fascinating. Each species does barrel rolls. (Ravens are more inclined to do this.) They stick around all winter. I don't know where they get enough to eat, but the fact that they stick around tells me that they are not starving. (Something that I have never observed was a neighborhood cat stalking a bird of this size. It's unlikely that it would be a good idea for the cat.)

Ironing versus "wrinkle free"...

The other day I was figuring out what shirt I wanted to wear. Not a really fascinating topic to write about, but it gets better...

I plucked my first choice off the rack and noticed that it looked like I'd slept in it. I hadn't. As a matter of fact it had been laundered and I put it in the closet assuming it would be ready to wear. After all, the label said wrinkle free. I learned something.

What did I learn?

I learned that I needed to refresh my ironing skills. I had the apparatus (1) a steam iron and (2) a very nice ironing board similar to one that my sister, Nancy, has. She recommended it. I bought it. I never used it. The iron, is also in mint condition, never used. And just in case I was inspired to iron I had bought a gallon of distilled water to use in the steam iron, thus, preventing calcium buildup.

How I learned to iron...

Believe it or not, my father taught me how to iron. I couldn't tell you why he had this knowledge except that I knew he liked shirts to look right. I also picked up some pointers from two people that I miss and think of often, Rena Thomas and Mattie Farrington.

They were at the house a couple of days a week helping my mother. [Note: Mattie Farrington was active in Camden politics. A lot of the views that I still hold were learned from her.]

Today I dragged out the iron, etc.

As today was not just cold but slightly windy (7°F with the wind chill factor that took it down to -3°F) I was not very eager to leave the house except to get to the gym. To liven things up I set up the ironing board. Tomorrow, I will give it its inaugural run. [Note: By the way I have two steam irons. Neither has been used. The reason that I have two of them is because I, believe it or not, misplaced the first one. I couldn't remember where I put it. Undaunted I bought a second iron. After that I noticed that I put the first iron on a bookshelf. Was using it as a bookend.]

First yawn...

Until tomorrow...

Ken

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