

November 29, 2025 at 11:59 PM CST

1.

Let it Snow, Let it Snow, Let it Snow.

All, I think I'll start with a dull bit of news. It has been snowing here in rural Wisconsin. The accumulation? About 4 inches [101 mm]. I'm not going to go outside to measure it; I'll trust my look-see. The temperature is 24°F [-4C] and the windchill has it down to 9°F [-13C]. On the bright side, the snowplows don't have to be out. Not deep enough. I knew there was something positive to rejoice about.

Something that is Odd...

Am I imagining that there is a mixed message when the president of the United States PARDONS Juan Orlando Hernández, once the president of Honduras, who turned Honduras into a Narcostate. He is the same man who once boasted that he would “stuff the drugs up the gringos’ noses.” He accepted a \$1 million bribe from El Chapo to allow cocaine shipments to pass through Honduras. (Source: NYT 11.29.2025)

Notwithstanding the basis for the Hernandez conviction, yesterday, President Trump announced that he would pardon Mr. Hernandez, 57, who Trump said was a victim of political persecution, though Mr. Trump offered no evidence to support that claim. (Ibid)

Is there anything wrong with this picture? Especially when the administration states that it is poised to attack Venezuela for its involvement in dumping drugs into the USA? Something seems out of whack.

You can't sell if no one's buying...

I know I've talked about this before. And I hope it will not bore you by bringing it up again. But there is a question for which there seems to be no answer. The question is this why can't we do more to discourage drug use? I certainly don't have the answer. Just because I don't have an answer that doesn't mean there is none.

What puzzles me is the absence of a coordinated federal and state government program to discourage addiction. And we can't do it by just telling people it's wrong to be addicted. We have to figure out why they are and go from there.

Leg Cramps...

I had kind of a lull in my writing, so I reread what I have just written. I decided it was probably too preachy and not very practical. I was doing not much more than giving a blinding glimpse of the obvious when it comes to the contradictions regarding the president of Honduras and Venezuela. I am ready to change topics – How about leg cramps?

My Experience...

Calf cramps in the morning can really get the day off to a bad start. When I feel them coming on the first thing that I do is to stretch and hold the stretch until I feel the cramping sensation diminish. Once the cramp seems to be subsiding I help myself to a heaping tablespoon of French's Mustard, washing it down with a glass of water.

I don't remember where I heard that mustard, particularly French's, would be helpful. All I know for sure, is that it does help me. (Note: I can assure you that I cannot remember how I came across this remedy, but I did not get it from Robert F Kennedy, Jr.. That's for sure.)

An Ultimate Irony...

Bruna Ferreira entered this country, from Brazil, on a tourist visa, as a six-year-old child. It is safe to say that she did not enter alone, rather with adults whose duty was to protect the child. The child was to leave the United States on June 6, 1999. That didn't happen. Instead she remained in this country.

An interesting twist to the situation is the fact that she has an 11-year-old son by one Michael Leavitt, the brother of Trump Press Secretary Karoline Leavitt. Ms. Leavitt is the godmother to the child of Brunna Ferreira and Michael Leavitt. (Note: When I read all of the facts surrounding this matter I hear the voice of the SNL Church Lady saying, "Isn't that special?")

The situation is freaky.

Speaking of Freaky...

What I'm about to relate has happened to me once before. I am fluent in Spanish and I don't hesitate to use it when speaking to native speakers. To me, it makes no difference which language I am using because I have a handle on both.

Someone was eavesdropping on me while I having a cup of coffee with a very good friend of mine from Mexico. Within moments after I left the restaurant I found that I was being followed and confronted by the person who had been sitting at an adjacent table. They approached me and said, "I thought you was an American." The tone was not pleasant. I asked why they said that.

"Because I heard you talk Mexican to that guy. Where you from?"

At that moment I realized that I had two choices one was to give a smartass remark and tell them to take their prejudices stick them where the sun doesn't shine or tell them that I was born in Camden, New Jersey. I had given that answer once before under similar circumstances. I did it again. Then, I excused myself and walked away quickly. You know, I think this is going to happen again.

First yawn...

Until tomorrow...

Ken

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