Selling diamonds. Learning Ruby.

Making a digital bucket to put my words in.

Esme’s loving stream of words… words beget words.

In the beginning was the word.

Watching Mr. Rogers and the intentional loving way he using language.

Modeling positive, affirming behavoir.

Expressing it in song and play.

The “Simplicity” of the show -- how elaborate it would be to produce a show like that and have it be so consistently beloved by the most difficult to contain and corral pie slice of our population. There is a saintliness to him. He is not talking down to the children, he is talking to them, through all the other fucking bullshit that usually spews from the television screen and it is just the most beautiful thing. I occasionally watch Fred Rogers testimony to congress in Blah, Blah time when I need a quick catharsis. A reminder that the good things in this life are simple and settled and “unexciting” or not unexciting, but that things do not need fireworks and explosions and a cheering squad and an applause sign to be good and exciting and real.