

FFBC

First Friday News & Views

Monthly Newsletter of the *First Friday Breakfast Club, Inc.*

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The next FFBC meeting is
Friday, December 1,
2017
7:00 a.m.



FFBC Meeting Location:
Hoyt Sherman Place,
15th and Woodland,
Des Moines, IA



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by Wednesday,
November 29.



FFBC Website:
www.ffbciaowa.org



Jackasses Exist

by Jonathan Wilson

Jackasses exist; assholes exist; bigots exist; sexists exist; blowhards exist; morons exist; narcissists exist; jerks exist; unstable people exist; pricks exist; bullies exist; sexual predators exist; philanderers exist; and self-absorbed clueless people exist. Those, however, are not terms that have universally accepted definitions. Each of us has had experiences with a wide variety of people and, among them, we have been exposed to people who define those terms for us. Sometimes a person may simultaneously define several of them, or even all of them for us.

If they exist, as they undeniably do, then when someone assigns that label to another person, it is not "name-calling" like children do on the playground. It's not like saying "you have cooties," or "you're a nincompoop," or "you're a homo" (before even knowing what that means), or "you're ugly."

**YOU
ARE A
JERK**

It's merely informing others within earshot how we personally define the term or terms we are using. We are saying to others, "Look at the behavior of that person; in my life experience, such behavior characterizes someone who is a jackass, someone who is a jerk, someone who is a bully, someone who is a moron. If you imitate that behavior, that's what I will consider you to be." It's shorthand for telling others how we see the world and the kind of behavior we consider appropriate and inappropriate.

So, for example, when the Secretary of State says the President is a moron, or, for emphasis, says the President of the United States is a "fucking" moron, it's not proverbial name-calling. It's not a matter of simply making up an insulting way to refer to another person, even though it most certainly is disrespectful, and intended to be. It is a matter of using the other person's behavior as that shorthand for disclosing what the Secretary of State considers moronic -- what he disdains, what he does not take respectfully from others, including even from the President of the United States.



[continued on page two]



The President may not be a moron *according to the definition of that term harbored by some few people, say, for example, his children, although I'm not all that confident that even they may not silently share Tillerson's assessment.* Even the President's children must have some personal definition of those disparaging terms. Given the President's erratic and often despicable behavior and rhetoric, I suspect that even his children have found it necessary, over the course of their lifetimes, to redefine the terms in order to remain loyal to their father; he is their "dinner ticket" after all. He is their "normal," sadly. I personally don't know how they can possibly define him outside their working definitions of the terms and, at the same time, preserve for themselves a shorthand for behavior that both points to their ever-changing definitions and still embraces only behaviors they'd be okay to see from the President's grandchildren. If they've managed to do that, I'd like to know how.

Words like *egomaniacal, bellicose, supercilious, narcissist, opinionated, pompous, despicable, megalomaniac, delusional, ignoramus, braggadocios, and sanctimonious*, were variously used by media-types to describe candidate -- now President -- Trump. While those terms are accurate and endowed with more universally recognized definitions among those who enjoy a vocabulary that embraces multi-syllable words, they are, sadly, lost on most people. Everyone, however, seems to have a visceral, working understanding of that first list of terms.

Just for the record, and so that you know more about me personally and what I respect and disrespect in civilized society, Donald J. Trump, President of the United States, epitomizes my personal definition and is my shorthand for: jackass; asshole; bigot; sexist; blowhard; moron (in agreement with Rex Tillerson, including his emphasis); narcissist; jerk; unstable person; prick; bully; sexual predator; philanderer; and self-absorbed clueless person. I've seen them all in people I have known over the years, starting in grade school. I'm not "calling him names"; I've seen like behaviors in Trump's actions and rhetoric.

Whatever your personal definition of those disparaging terms, Donald J. Trump is the definition of all those terms for me, simultaneously. He would not be welcome in my home. And, just so you know, for brief visits at least, those who are welcome in my home need only satisfy a very low threshold.



December's Speaker:

Matt Mardis-LeCroy

Mark Your Calendar

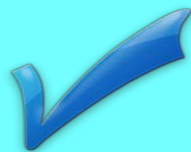
Our speaker in December will be Rev. Matt Mardis-LeCroy, senior pastor at the Plymouth Congregational Church in Des Moines. You won't want to miss. You are also encouraged to invite some of your friends to attend!!

Time is a great healer, but a poor beautician.

Make Your Yuletide Gay!



Briefs & Shorts:



Thanks to Steve Person for introducing our November speaker, **Dean Learner**, an attorney and retired Assistant Attorney General of the state of Iowa, who talked about what aging Iowans currently have to expect when they move to assisted living environments. Thanks to **Brian Taylor Carlson** for his work on the FFBC website. Thanks to **Wade Petersen** for his work as our newsletter production editor. Thanks to **Ryan Weidner** for his work as our technology guru.

Give this some thought: one incumbent on the FFBC Board of Directors doesn't plan to seek re-election. If interested, let Jonathan Wilson know.

Be sure to peruse the front table for a book you might like to read. **Book donations are always welcome.** Thanks to **Scott Kuknyo** for helping coordinate the book exchange.



Consider a tax deductible contribution to the FFBC scholarship fund, or a tax exempt testamentary gift, or both. We're all going to die, and we can't take it with us. Contact Jonathan Wilson for details.

A Hate Crime by Any Name

by Iowa State Senator Matt McCoy

Nearly two years ago in March, I stood on the floor of the Iowa Senate and asked my colleagues to please take up my legislation, which added **transgender** to Iowa's Hate Crime Statute. I spoke about the horrible murder of a 16-year-old gender fluid, popular teenager in Burlington, Iowa. Kedarie Johnson was bound, a bag stuffed in his mouth, and shirt pulled over his head. Bleach was poured in his mouth and over his head, and he was shot to death.

Kedarie was an Iowa kid growing up in a small town where it was tough to fit in. Kedarie was African-American in a population of 25,000 mostly white residents. Kedarie also had the burden of coming to terms with sexual orientation, gender identity issues, and exploring sexual intimacy. On top of these challenges, Kedarie's family had moved to Burlington from West Chicago, because his mother wanted him to grow up in a safe community. Despite all these challenges, Kedarie was popular and was accepted by students that attended school with him.

Iowa should be a safe place for all our children. It was not a safe place for Kedarie. Iowa law currently does not protect Iowans under our existing hate crimes statute for gender identity.

Transgender Americans and Iowans are at high risk for being victims of violence. They are some of the most marginalized individuals in our society. According to the Human Rights Campaign, more than 24 transgender people in the US have died due to violence. This is the most on record and not surprising.

Recently, Donald Trump tweeted that he was going to ban brave, transgender Americans from serving in the U.S. military. While his tweet was thoughtless and clearly an attempt to change the subject on Russian collusion, more than 15,000 transgender Americans awoke to learn their service was no longer valued. While the courts and military have slowed this effort down, a hateful message was conveyed to transgender Americans related to their worth.



Recently, Jeff Sessions, who currently holds the title of Attorney General, stated that transgender Americans are not protected in employment and discrimination matters. I don't believe that he is familiar with the equal protection clause of our Constitution.

The gay and lesbian community must do more to speak up and out for transgender Iowans. Statistically, this community has lower education, less access to health care, and suffers more from discrimination in housing and employment than any group in our society.

The two men who murdered Kedarie Johnson were charged with murder (*Note: one has thus far been convicted*). Was it a hate crime? Absolutely. I think it is important that Americans understand that this crime was an attack on an innocent human being who was murdered simply because they were living honestly. By just calling this a murder, we ignore the hatred that caused this senseless death. [*Note: we also ignore the secondary message that the crime sends to all others who are like Kedarie. It was not just a murder; it was a murder with a message.*]

Blade Runner 2049

Movie Review by Mark Turnage

When you helm a successor to a film with the cultural clout of the sci-fi staple **Blade Runner**, you have a legacy to live up to, and some would argue a vision to replicate. Director Denis Villeneuve honors that vision with a world that's true to the concept of the original, but is his vision more style than substance?

The cinematography alone is Oscar-worthy--nearly every scene from the film is a detailed artwork that in some cases doubles as social commentary on where we might be headed. Corporate takeover and global warming have run their course, leaving America a blight that vacillates between monolithic pyramids of corporate headquarters dwarfing the landscape and gray wastelands of snow on the outskirts of 2049 Los Angeles. San Diego is a garbage dump (not a commentary on the city itself, but on humanity's sprawling excess overrunning a city), and Sin City is a nuclear wasteland. What happened? How did they get that way? No explanation is given other than the implicit "humans screwed up," and it's a bit disappointing that these gorgeous set locations aren't given character themselves. But Villeneuve dislikes spelling things out for his audience. He prefers his characters to lead.

Ryan Gosling's Officer K navigates this broken world with the aid of his AI girlfriend, Joi (Ana de Armas, in a moving and earnest performance) and his no-nonsense superior officer, Lieutenant Joshi (Robin Wright). His job, like Harrison Ford's Deckard in the original, is a Blade Runner: find and "retire" older model replicants/robots that have free will and are capable (but not guaranteed) to turn against their creators. This is complicated by the discovery of a replicant who has given birth, a fact that could instigate war between humans and replicants (because robots and humans just can't get along). Fun fact: the original **Blade Runner** was set in 2019, just two years from now, and in the film's narrative gap of 30 years, little has changed in the world of **Blade Runner** beyond our capacity to crowd and control it. Jared Leto's Niander Wallace, replicant tycoon and technology baron, effuses that philosophy as a sociopathic tycoon playing God by building replicants that are physically incapable of harming their masters. This doesn't mean that they are incapable of harming other humans, however, as demonstrated by Luv (Sylvia Hoeks), Wallace's secretary and brutally efficient femme fatale, who seeks the replicant child solely for her boss to exploit as a means of production. The story, while engaging, is a slow build for a two-and-a-half hour film, which may try some moviegoer's patience.

One thing this reviewer found an interesting if puzzling choice was the prominent inclusion of classic American music on its soundtrack--Frank Sinatra and Elvis Presley both make holographic appearances in the film, and their presence is alien and ancient within the context of the surrounding soundtrack and setting. This tonal dissonance is an omen of death and danger, but also represents reaching for a past that isn't there anymore, a central theme of the film that ironically may be my biggest criticism of the film itself: take away the fan service to the original **Blade Runner** or a knowledge

of this film's predecessor, and you have a positively enigmatic film that might pass as a meditation of what it means to be human and have legacy. It's a beautiful film, but it cannot stand alone without an audience member's knowledge the original **Blade Runner**. See it if you're a fan of the first film or want treated to a visual triumph of cinematography.





Photo by Gary Moore

Dean A. Learner grew up in St. Louis, Missouri, and came to Iowa to attend Grinnell College where his then-girlfriend was also going. (The couple graduated and got, and stayed, married, moved to Des Moines, had a family, and are still here.) Dean Learner graduated from Drake University Law School, eventually serving as an Assistant Attorney General of Iowa, and as chief deputy Secretary of State. He was appointed Director of the Iowa Department of Inspections and Appeals by Governor Chet Culver in 2007. He resigned from that post in late 2011 to avoid giving the re-elected Gov. Branstad (whose supporters Learner had irritated by seriously enforcing the inspection regulations) the pleasure of dismissing him. Now retired from full-time lawyering, but still heartening liberals with his op-eds and letters-to-the-editor, Dean Learner can be reached at 5220 Shriver Ave, Des Moines, IA 50312.



Photo by Gary Moore

When Grassley Is In Assisted Living, It'll Be Too Late for Him to Do What He Should Do Now

by Bruce Carr



Our guest speaker on Friday morning, November 3, 2017, was Dean A. Learner, a retired Des Moines attorney now devoting his time and advocacy to health care, disability care, and oversight of nursing homes. Advised to open with a joke, Lerner had to admit that his topic, "Aging in Iowa," was just not funny (we laughed, nervously), and he continued with a public calling-out of Iowa's senior Senator, "Chuck" Grassley, for his false claim to being a champion of elders in Iowa nursing homes.

Anyone with Internet access will be able to listen to a complete audio recording of Dean Learner's passionate, if slightly wonky, talk by going to our Website, ffbc Iowa.org and clicking on the "Speakers" tab.

The background to Learner's "Nine Questions Addressed to Senator Grassley" is the Nursing Home Reform Act (OBRA'87), which requires the states and federal government to inspect nursing homes and to enforce standards by using a range of sanctions. Nursing homes are required by law to provide residents with regular evaluations, complete care plans, nursing services, social services, rehabilitation, pharmaceutical care, dietary services, and a full-time social worker. The Obama Administration's plans to update and strengthen provisions of this Act (in the Nursing Home Reform Act of 2016) have been vigorously opposed by healthcare administration associations and others. Learner disputed Grassley's vaunted "long record of protecting nursing home residents" with the following questions:

1. Will you fully support the new nursing home care regulations, or will you go along with the GOP's promise that every new regulation must be accompanied by the elimination of two existing regulations?
2. Will you propose legislation to codify a new regulation forbidding nursing homes from requiring that residents agree to binding pre-dispute arbitration agreements?
3. Will you support residents' rights to take their grievances against nursing homes to court, without inhibitions such as the GOP's tort-reform efforts limiting injured residents' claims?
4. Will you allow *The Des Moines Register* to attend your meetings with the nursing home industry? [Here Learner inserted a "Thank goodness for reporter Clark Kauffman and his continuing exposure of Iowa nursing-home failures."]
5. Will you disclose the campaign contributions you've solicited and accepted from the industry?
6. Will you propose additional funding to add [not cut!] and train a sufficient number of nursing-home inspectors?
7. Will you take action to prevent the Iowa Health Care Association, which lobbies primarily for-profit homes, from receiving millions of taxpayer dollars [through members' dues charged to Medicaid]?
8. Do you recognize the potentially devastating impacts of the American Health Care Act on the elderly and nursing home residents? Will you vote against it?
9. Do you have any plan to address the fact that untold numbers of nursing homes throughout the country are understaffed, with undertrained, poorly paid, disrespected, and scapegoated employees?

Dean Learner concluded by conceding, ruefully, that he was "not holding his breath" until he received Sen. Grassley's answers.

We Survived a Year

by Brian Taylor Carlson

A year ago, I was not this person. I was angry and I was confused. I felt like the country I loved had turned its back on me -- on us. I lashed out in Facebook comment threads and vented to LGBT Facebook groups. I unfriended people suspected of voting for a certain citrus-colored elected official, including my own blood relatives. I severed friendships that had spanned decades. I felt like I had lost them as allies in the long, arduous struggle for equality.

I, like many of our LGBT brothers and sisters, thought the results were going to be different. I remember sitting in stunned silence as the course of our nation's history took a turn for what I perceived to be the worst. Arriving home that night from an election party, I remember looking up at the sky and asking the universe, "Why?!" I walked around in a state of shock for a few weeks. But I finally picked myself up, brushed myself off, poured myself a giant glass of wine, and proceeded to drown my despair. For about six months.

I watched as the tweets continued from a twit. I watched as those horrid vertically symmetrical lips continued to spew saliva and incoherent clauses of conceit. Leading up to the Pumpkin Pussygrabber's inauguration, I became enshrouded with bitterness and rage and that was reflected in my writing at the time.

Needless-to-say, I was in a dark and depressed place, incapable of thinking positive thoughts of the new administration. I watched social media like a hawk, looking for signs of the inevitable. I fought with members of white supremacist groups. I fought with alt-right Richard Spencer supporters. I picked fights on Fox News. I trolled so hard, my hair turned pink and wispy, my eyes bulged out of their sockets, and my skin took on a shiny plastic sheen -- or so it seemed.

I lost myself in caring more about being a watchdog and less about the people around me, including myself. I was sure the new administration was coming for me at any minute. I was sure that our era of progress was going to start receding and we were all on borrowed time. I was sure I was going to be rounded up and placed in a death camp at some point in the next four years.

But I snapped out of it. Finally. And I started to see a different side of things. There's an old saying, "Tragedy plus time equals comedy." However mathematical this sounds, it rings true. My brain has a way of turning horribly tragic events in my life into something I can laugh, or at least smile, about.

And throughout this past year, we have had much to laugh about. From childish, misspelled tweets, to ridiculously unqualified cabinet appointments, to inability to deliver on campaign promises, to blatant lies, we can't help but chuckle at the ridiculousness of these shenanigans. We have been given daily comic relief. What we thought was a collective victory against progressive ideology is nothing but a farce and a fallacy -- an illusion of victory from a splintering and disintegrating party of seemingly unlimited scandal, exploitation, and devolving values.

Alec Baldwin has been gifting us with his impressions of Mango Unchained on highly anticipated episodes of *Saturday Night Live*. Late night television hosts have showered us with daily comedy sketches and monologues giving the ridiculous some well-deserved air time and collective sighs of relief. There are still outlets where we can get our daily dose of making fun of the stupidity that deserves it.

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Anyone who claims they can do at age 72 what they did at age 36, probably didn't do much at age 36.

Character is that force that enables a person to carry out a resolution after the mood, in which the resolution was born, has died.

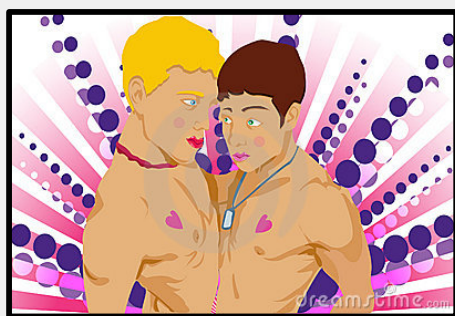
Gay Men and Consent

by Jordan Duesenberg

The issue of consent has been a hot topic the last couple of weeks, thanks to the likes of Harvey Weinstein and Kevin Spacey (and sadly amongst many, many others – George Takei, say it ain't so!). Obviously, I think these men are deplorable, and I never condone rape and/or sexual assault. However, with everything going on, it's really gotten me thinking about consent and the gay community – originally sparked by the **USA Today** article, "How does a Harvey Weinstein happen? Visit a gay bar with me."

In the article, writer Marc Ambinder essentially states that at gay bars consent is basically nonexistent, that gay men touch one another inappropriately, and that we are all complicit to sexual assault that occurs regularly in such spaces, so much so that we have normalized it. I agree that there typically is more touching at gay bars and it's not always invited, but I found myself getting defensive—which really made me ask myself, "Am I part of the problem?"

See, I've always looked at gay bars as places of freedom and sexual liberation. While I'm not the kind of person that will up and grab a stranger, I'm not necessarily going to get mad if it happens to me. There's always that one guy that you're not interested in, so you swat his hand away, no big deal, right? But, according to the various articles and think pieces that have been put out lately, that's sexual assault. Perhaps I am used to it. My friends and I even joke that the day that nobody grabs our butts anymore at gay bars is the day we scream, "I'm a MONSTER!"



CONSENT MATTERS

I tried to remember if I've always been so blasé about this. I distinctly remember one time, right after I came out, going to the Blazing Saddle and seeing a guy I used to work with at my first job out of college. I chatted with him, and he immediately put his hand down my pants like it was nothing. I remember getting upset and pushing his hand away – he gave me his card to contact him if I was ever interested (how old fashioned) and quickly went on his way. I remember immediately finding some of my friends and telling them what happened and making a joke of it over some drinks. I never considered it sexual assault – just some guy who went for it and struck out. Similar situations would occur over the years, and I would continue to joke about it or shrug it off like no big deal, essentially normalizing it.

But here's the thing, if that same guy were to do that outside a gay bar, I'd probably think of it a little differently. I'd probably get more upset and call the guy a creep, etc. So obviously, it does seem a little odd that I give gay bars a free pass – and even odder that I've never thought about this until now. I don't really have a solution to this problem, besides helping someone out if a guy won't leave another guy alone (I'm sure there are a lot of other things I could do as well). I guess, at the end of the day, I agree with a lot of what Ambinder had to say in his article. However, I'm still torn. I don't want to see queer spaces turn vanilla but, at the same time, I also don't want to condone behaviors that make others uncomfortable or feel unsafe.

*Shared joy is double joy;
shared sorrow is half sorrow.*

Swedish Proverb



In other words, the world is not as "doom and gloom" as I had previously thought, simply because an election didn't go the way most of us had hoped. It is still going on. We are still waking up the next day to live another comedy sketch, even though there are some days when we see the news, roll our eyes, shake our heads, and keep going. Because that's all we can do right now. There will be a new tragedy to transform into humor tomorrow, but we don't have to stop there. We can get more out of this.

This was only a stumbling block. This was only a lesson. We learn from it. We get back up and try again. The recent election gave us hope, and I believe the next one will show the Tangerine Dream that we mean business. While the world looks at our leadership with disdain and a tarnished eye, we have the time and the resources to regroup and reorganize. We can and will overcome this setback. The LGBT community has never been afraid of a challenge. It reminds me of a T-shirt I saw once: "He called me a 'faggot,' so I called him an ambulance." While I am not condoning violence, we do have every right to channel our anger and frustration into something productive.

While the Democratic National Committee is undergoing a restructuring, it is up to us on the grassroots level to continue the course and to keep discovering new leadership talent among us to advance to the foreground of championing equality for all LGBT citizens. A few recent examples are: a trans-woman named Danica Roem won a seat in Virginia's state legislature over a man who wrote a discriminating bathroom bill; a black man named Wilnot Collins took the mayoral spot in Helena, Montana – a first for the state – who happens to be a refugee from Liberia; and Ravinder Bhalla, a Sikh in New Jersey, became mayor of Hoboken. These are but a few of the many seats that saw some rearranging taking place across the country, and I imagine we will not see the end of this trend next year for the midterms.

In a time when the Cantaloupe Curmudgeon is calling leaders of defiant nations "short and fat," with blind eyes turned toward sexual assault allegations, a lengthy but fruitfully anticipated outcome of a federal investigation on the horizon, and getting romantically serenaded by despots and totalitarians in the Philippines (awkward), we need to keep reaching for equality not just for straight, white, old, fearful career politicians. We need equality for every single demographic in our country.



We are showing that we are turning our anger into resolve. We are turning a major loss into many wins. We are showing the world that the fight is not over. It never will be over. We are not irrelevant. Our numbers are not shrinking. They are growing. This is but a hiccup. The true test is whether we can swing things back in our favor.

As for Tweeto Von Cheeto, we will continue to cultivate our daily comic relief from his regrettable gaffes. We will still see through the pathetic narcissistic behavior. We will still laugh at the misspellings in the tweets, the incoherent babbling, the well-done steak with ketchup, and the dominoes of corruption and collusion as they fall into the void. A man afflicted with temporary bone spurs, who has reduced the highest office in our nation to the level of daytime television show, has no power over our laughter and derision. A man who makes a mockery of the office deserves to be mocked.

Personally, I have never referred to this man as President during this tawdry and tumultuous year. And I won't. I don't even speak his name.



"The National Anthem ends with a question that each of us is called upon to answer every time we sign it or hear it sung: "Oh say does that star-spangled banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free (from poverty, discrimination, violence, prejudice, oppression, voter suppression, second-class citizenship . . .) and the home of the brave" (enough to answer with a respectful protest by taking a knee). The answer is not for everyone a mindless, thoughtless, yes.

This Alice Ain't Nowhere Near Wonderland!

by Steve Person



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**First Friday
Breakfast Club, Inc.**

When I began my work as a tour guide at the Iowa State Capitol on August 4, 2001, I never dreamed I would be subjected to Active Shooter Training. Thanks to the irresponsible and regressive Republican-controlled Iowa Legislature that stampeded into the Capitol this past January, these thoughtless and clueless people passed into law the stupidest bill possible that allows people with concealed weapons to come into the Capitol. Now that is saying quite a lot, given the other ridiculous measures they passed—and aided by a not-too-smart administration that signed this stuff into law—limiting the collective bargaining of state employees, enacting “stand-your-ground” legislation, and gutting Planned Parenthood medical treatment. But I digress.

The asinine concealed gun law applies ONLY to the Capitol and not to any other buildings on the Capitol complex. Don't these idiot legislators realize that an active shooter will be coming after THEM? Unfortunately, anybody who might get in the way of a deranged individual with intent to kill will shoot those nearest while attempting to get to his intended target.

This misguided law is the brainchild of a member of the House of Representatives WHO OWNS A GUN SELLING BUSINESS! Talk about a conflict of interest. Yet no one bothered to bring this to the attention of other legislators, let alone the press.

Anyway, on October 20, Sergeant Steven Lawrence of the Iowa Highway Patrol, met with the tour guides to explain what to do in case an active shooter were to enter the Capitol. He spoke about the acronym, **ALICE**. That stands for Alert, Lockdown, Isolate, Conceal, and Evacuate. Of those five possibilities, it is the last that he stressed more than any other.

After three hours of listening to his fact-filled and lucid presentation, I came to the conclusion that the entire process could be condensed to one word—**RUN!** He said that when this event takes place, the best thing to do is get out of the way of the shooter by running in a zigzag pattern and staying away from walls. This sound advice is fine for an individual, but we frequently have a group of children with us. What do we do? As Lawrence explained, guides will have to keep in the back of their minds at all times where to go in case of an event. Fortunately, he pointed out that the Capitol is a building with numerous exits. Also, we know the building better than most and would have the advantage of where to go if evacuation were impossible.

Sergeant Lawrence stressed time and again that evacuation is the best choice. A second but far less preferable option is lockdown. Doing that in a public building affords the shooter a cornucopia of easy targets—sitting ducks as it were. Hiding under desks or other furniture is definitely not advised.

A final choice is to defend. Don't even think about that unless you are trained to do so. Again—**RUN.**

The duped-by-the-NRA legislators specified that a permit to carry weapons must accompany concealed weapon carriers. Some insurance! As Coco Chanel said, “Ignorance is a sin, but stupid is forever!”

