



## I Grew Up with the Truth — Now I Watch Them Bury It

### Description

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I grew up believing truth had power. That facts could stand on their own — maybe bruised in the headlines, maybe doubted in the moment — but ultimately stronger than lies. And when the truth got too hard to face, we had satire. A comedian could say what a politician couldn't. Laughter was a lifeline — not just for humor, but for honesty.

Now I watch that lifeline being cut.

The recent cancellation of *The Late Show* hit harder than I expected. Not because I thought Stephen Colbert could save the country with a monologue, but because I saw the message behind it. This wasn't just a show ending — it was a warning. When those in power start making parent companies like Paramount nervous, satire becomes expendable. Not because it isn't working — but because it is.



"Welcome to the Paved Garden  
where truth gets trimmed,  
and satire gets the axe."

Then came the threats against *The Wall Street Journal*. Trump warning of lawsuits if they print a story connecting him to Epstein — whether the article is airtight or not — sends a message louder than any denial: "Tell the truth, and I'll destroy you." And just like that, the reporting gets delayed, the story shelved, the truth silenced.

This isn't about left or right. It's about a shift in the ground we're standing on. We used to debate the facts. Now we debate whether they matter at all. Truth has become a liability. Satire, a threat. I never thought I'd see the day when a punchline could get you canceled — not by angry audiences, but by political pressure disguised as business decisions.

I don't know where we go from here. But I do know this: when leaders fear jokes more than journalists, we're in trouble. And when journalists start pulling punches to keep the lawyers away, we're already there.

So yeah, I miss the laughs. But what I miss more is what those laughs meant — that we still had the freedom to question, to expose, to *say it out loud*.

And I'm not ready to give that up.

### Category

1. Daily, or my first cup of coffee

### Date

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