



September 25, 2009

Dear Friends:

MORONIC MALAISE

While the Mormons might have their Temple in Salt Lake, it is important to note that we are also blessed to have what should be called, the Moron Tabernacle on the banks of the East River in New York City. Some might refer to it as The U.N.

For the last week, the Big Apple has rolled out the red carpet while clogging up streets and making millions of New Yorkers miserable as the UN Thug Reunion Spectacle commenced again in all of its Third World socialistic splendor and glory.

With all of the talk of government waste, right under our noses, we've blown billions and financed this zoo that is one of the most wretched symbols of sleaze our shores have ever seen. I am truly convinced that the clandestine and hidden stories of this Freak Fraternity would in fact be stranger than anything Orwell or Huxley could have dreamed up.

Occupied by predominately large living leeches who bulge with arrogance and excess, they flash their Diplomatic Immunity Decoder Rings, while running roughshod over our laws, stealing all the secrets and equipment they can, jamming free food, double parking in the streets while covering up their unseemly peccadilloes and girl chasing exploits. Then they straighten up just enough to solemnly stagger down the aisle of the General Assembly chamber to cast every vote in their magic carpet bags that seek to harm and demean the very place that welcomed them in first place.

I promised myself to just stay away from this stuff this week 'cause I knew it would just get me up in the tree again. I was going to be good and just think about the baseball playoff race, the Hornets' latest big trade or how well Drew Brees and his boys have been doing. Anything to get my mind off of the pending shenanigans. But, I am ashamed to admit, like Michael Corleone's loud lament, "They keep pulling me back in!"

I should have recognized the inner rumblings early last week when the pristine, cosmopolitan anchor pitched it to the reporter on the Afghanistan street. The prerecorded part of the piece featured the SOT (TV talk for Sound On Tape) of that mournful howling wail coming from the afternoon prayer time. The video showed the close up face shots meant to spike the compassion and sensitivity meters. Many of the faces were covered up because of their religious bondage and "all around" oppressive darkness.

Linda and I looked at each other and said what does that side of the world have to offer anybody? The product of their blindness screams out from the screens. "Look at us, look what our God has done for us! We are hot, dirty and disease ridden and the rest of the infidel world needs our old time religion! We have no technology unless we get it from you, we don't have flushing toilets and when we get the new 2010 Mustang, it has four legs! Oh, God is good! Join us today or die!"

As the report continued, the cameras were approached by a swarm of pitiful people who, with tattered baskets, were offering pieces of fruit along with other trinkets just to get some pennies to survive for a few more days. Especially sad were the women who stood there. They are beat down, covered up, oppressed and kept ignorant by the very fools in the limos and \$1000 suits at the U.N. (Where are our Women's rights advocates when we really need them?). They all had a three thousand year head start on us and we're the villains?

I turned the channel needing a SportCenter fix and found myself saying, "Is that Ann Curry in a burka?" Well, there she was, the NBC News star, in her syrupy, soft speaking, secularly pious act of enlightenment, knee to knee with Ahmadinejad. She was gladly in the snare of giving honor to a fool. Two words, video ipecac.

The little liar in the leisure suit didn't disappoint and while the demonic eyes glistened with reprobate hate I

wondered, what would happen if he bumped into a few good ole boys from LSU, Ole Miss or Alabama?

Then, the next channel had a former President, likely the most inadequate of the 44 member brotherhood, who periodically, while needing his attention moment, spouts off incoherently and who, for years, has also had the propensity to go easy on anti Semitic behavior. With all due respect, he just needs to get his Habitat hammer and go build a barn somewhere. Perhaps then Qaddafi wouldn't have to pitch his tent in a New Jersey front yard.

Then on Wednesday, the Homecoming festivities got more convoluted.

With the New World Order blueprints stuffed snugly in his back pocket and sandwiched between apologies for America and appeasements for the rest of them, our President sounded the alarm that global warming is now an "irreversible catastrophe". As Neil Diamond said, "pack up the babies and drag the old ladies".

As a linchpin in the freedom snatching scheme to control every part of our lives, the global warming hoax continues to weasel its way into every level of influence and it is evident, the gospel of the relentless social engineering mob will continue to be preached.

In the process, to top the week off, we got complemented by Castro and Chavez. Saints be praised! We must be doing something right.

Unfortunately, all of our last few Presidents have missed great opportunities to stand before that group of buffoons and say, "America, God shed His Grace on thee! Now, deal with it, pack your Gucci bags and be out of Dodge before 5 o'clock tonight. Go back to your goats, your tents and outhouses." It hasn't happened yet but it doesn't hurt to hope and pray.

Perhaps someone can lovingly advise the President that the warming he is concerned about is actually the hot air from all the subversive windbags sitting right in front of him. I say, send'em all home and turn that prime property over to me and Trump to develop a giant World Missions Project and Conference Center that would proclaim the goodness of Jehovah God to all the nations. It's time to turn that Moronic Monument into something a bit more honorable.

Michael

The
LifeGate