



May 28, 2010

Dear Friends:

CLEANOUT CONFESSIONS

After two strong morning services and a whirlwind of activity for the last few weeks, last Sunday Night was a fun R and R night as all four of us were finally home at the same time. While getting comfortable and debating if The Donald was going to fire Holly or Bret, the male questions of our evening dinner arrangements were soon broached.

Lovely Linda is a conscientious provider of cuisine, both functional and gourmet, and we have no complaints in that department. In fact, she consistently does more than she has to, especially based on the fact that I recently caught myself entertaining the possibility of buying some Sansabelt pants. I resisted.

Back to the pre Apprentice meal plan; Linda tenderly addressed us, "You guys can have whatever you want (we thought, "Yea, Mom!"). Then she finished, "provided that you can find it in that refrigerator or pantry". Refrigerator Surprise Nights are always eventful and we quickly figured that if it couldn't be nuked, it would be eaten cold. Bottom line, no pots and pans were coming out on this night. Soon, the buffet was on and eclectic fare followed.

The choices were vast: Pizza, Seafood Pasta, Nathan's Hot Dogs, a few hamburgers, a Saturday Night Steak, salad and sandwich stuff, oranges and watermelon, 5 Lean Cuisine choices, wheat chips and ranch dip, leftover green beans and other veggies, and as last resorts, the trusty Cheerios and Cinnamon Toast Crunch Cereals were available. In the freezer, Ben and Jerry's Peach Cobbler and Cinnamon Bun flavors were calling.

A great night was had by all and by the time Bret Michaels (who needs big time prayer) was picked, we were happy and full. And as an added blessing, we had helped the Lady of the House by cleaning out the fridge.

Well, I've just written over 300 words about clearing out our fridge. I know that doesn't sound too spiritual but it does bring me to the business at hand. After some of the events of the last few weeks, I have a bunch of prayer issues crowding my brain and in order to keep the top of my head from blowing off, I'm gonna clear out some of the junk today. I'm sure it won't be as satisfying as our Sunday Night escapade.

On Wednesday, we woke to the news that our National Debt had now reached 13 Trillion dollars. But it won't stay there for long. Some of the smart guys say that in 8 months, that number will hit 14 Trillion with 15 Trillion arriving 7 months later. Mix that reality with the blind bailouts and silly stimulus antics and we've got a mess that we cannot comprehend.

Earlier this week, we got more good news . . . personal incomes are now at a new low but we have hit a record high in the dispersion of benefits and entitlements. Simple math is being ignored. On Monday, University of Michigan economist, Donald Grimes, said, "This trend is not sustainable".

Each day, we are getting more like the European Union (that is the real goal) and hopefully we can soon emulate Greece by having 1 in 3 of our citizenry on the government payroll while demanding more from the rest of the world.

In a tepid defense, some low level mouth piece said that we just added 400,000 new jobs. Turns out most of those jobs are part timers for the goofy census.

Last week, the President of a neighbor nation, while standing in our White House, decided to lecture us about our Nation. He seemed to forget that he had messed up his own country so bad that, every minute, many of his loyal

subjects are zealously tunneling or pole vaulting to get here. After all, invade any other country and you get detained, arrested or shot. But sneak into mean, cruel America and you get a Welcome Wagon basket complete with a check and legal representation. I don't have time to get in to the "drug stuff".

This guy should have immediately been dressed down and escorted out of the side kitchen door where, a month earlier, Netanyahu had been unceremoniously shoved out on the street. Can you say, "Piñata?" Shamefully, he was agreed with and was rewarded with a State Dinner with some major Va-va-voom like Eva Longoria and Beyonce.

Regarding Memorial Day . . . in May of 1868, General and Mrs. John A. Logan wanted to establish a Day of Remembrance to honor those who had died in service to our nation. Thus, Memorial Day started as a day to decorate the graves of the brave who sacrificed for liberty. Fast forward to May 2010 and you will hear our West Point Graduates being passionately told how important it is to shape an "International Order".

The "cat is out of the bag" with a focused agenda to denigrate and dilute America's greatness and uniqueness. Any hint of American Exceptionalism will be put in the cross hairs. Next thing you know, Memorial Day will be scrapped for some tribute to Woodrow Wilson's inane "League of Nations" socialistic delusion. Read your history books while you still can.

On top of this, as incredible as it sounds, some clown just got the approval to build a mosque at the site of the 9-11 Trade Center tragedy. Conversely, attempt to build a Christian church near one of their holy sites and you will loose your land, your family and your head, literally! It is a mockery to the 3000 who perished and who never came home. It is also a detestable testimony to the short memories of carnal man and the darkness that clouds them.

And now, the oil leak. As I write, it sounds like this latest plugging attempt might be working (PTL) but we're in to the fifth week of this foolishness and this time, you sure can't blame the Louisiana boys. Thus far, they have been the only ones thinking clearly. The Feds have nobly called for hearings. OMG, that should warm your hearts.

Our resilient coast folks who have rebuilt their homes, their lives and their businesses and are again facing another huge wipe out possibility as meetings are being held. I just hope that this tragedy and these folks have not been held hostage to some sort of subtle rejoicing in order to railroad more oppression and control.

I pray that this current action is effective but if it is not, it might be time to say, get out of the way and let our Parish guys loose. Bobby, Billy, David, Mary and the other Parish Presidents along with a Shrimp Booted, Cajun Convoy have been on "go" for three weeks. They couldn't do any worse than the Moe, Curly and Larry Cabinet officials. Even James Carville and Mary Matalin agree on this. Let'em at da "earl"!

I'm not near finished; there is still a whole lot more up there trying my mind. Unfortunately, all of this unburdening cleanout hasn't helped much. In fact, I feel worse. Guess I will just have to stand on the words of David . . . "The Lord sat enthroned at the Flood, and the Lord sits as King forever. The Lord will give strength to His people; the Lord will bless His people with peace" (Psalm 29: 10-11). I know this, the feeding on and the setting of our minds on the Word is our only real hope.

Hey, you know what? I think I feel better already.

Michael

The
LifeGate
