

# Freedom's View

A COMMENTARY ON GOVERNMENT FROM ATOP THE CAPITOL

[www.FreedomsView.org](http://www.FreedomsView.org)

*"All the other alternative facts you need to know"*



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Special Limited Covid-19 Edition

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## ABOUT THIS (TEMPORARY) NEW FORMAT

This issue is unique among all the many others I've published since the Inauguration of Donald Trump as the nation's 45<sup>th</sup> president. A victim of benign neglect and old age - it *was* 7 years old – my hard drive crashed. Although I have recovered the files for this newsletter, getting them in the right place so I can continue to publish editions at [www.FreedomsView.org](http://www.FreedomsView.org) will take a good deal of time. (As much as I would like to lay the blame at the President's feet, alas, the fault lies solely with me. Besides, the blame-shifting game is ALWAYS destructive.)

Therefore, this issue will be emailed to some of our known readers. I ask only this of you: should you deem an issue sufficiently worthy, please forward it to friends and acquaintances who can tolerate it. Thank you.

This issue begins with a send-up of a Broadway comedy hit that you might have fun streaming to you. On the page of new and old memes, I hope you will find some that are on target. Finally, these times necessitate some practical, straight-up helpful resources. "When Being Cooped Up Is Driving You Nuts" provides an example of how to "reframe" your experience into a more hopeful vision. We'll need to do that *a lot*.

For all the newness of this approach, I hope you'll see that I'm still keeping a faithful watch: sounding the alarm, poking fun, passing along useful information, and – especially – helping you to maintain *hopeful courage*.

So, join me in taking a page out of the playbook of old Pontius Pilate and redeeming it: wash your hands (often), withdraw to a protective distance (of at least 6 feet), consider wearing your own mask when you must venture out to a store or similar place, and (by all written and electronic means) keep in touch with each other!

~ Armed Freedom

\* \* \* \* \*

## ANY DAY NOW, NETFLIX WILL STREAM THIS . . . SADLY, NOT!

But don't worry. *The Best Little Whore House In Texas* is widely available for streaming while you're helping to "flatten the curve" of infections by pretending to be a hermit. Should any not understand the relevance of TBLWHIT, we present *our* take below.

# THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN ~~TEXAS~~ D.C.

**IN THE ORIGINAL PLAY** . . . Miss Mona (Dolly Parton) runs the Chicken Ranch, a brothel with a long history in a small Texas town. The locals have a good relationship with the institution, and Mona is respected in the community. The sheriff, Ed Earl Dodd (Burt Reynolds), also looks out for the Chicken Ranch due to his past with Miss Mona. However, when pious reporter Melvin Thorpe (Dom DeLuise) exposes the brothel, outside interests want it shut down, putting the governor (Charles Durning) in a tough spot.

**IN OUR VERSION** . . . Miss Take (Kellyanne Conway) puts a good face (*ahem!*) on the swirling maelstrom of lunacy and ineptitude in La Casa Blanca del Marisma, a brothel for power brokers with a long history in Washington, DC. GOP members have received a Platinum-Level, free pass card into it. Miss Take is respected by the GOP, except for her husband George, who, privately sees his madam for what she is. The Senate's Sheriff (Mitch McConnell), like most of the patrons, prefers to dress in drag. He looks out for La Casa Blanca del Marisma due to his well-hidden past with the kinky Miss Take. However, when righteously indignant lead House Impeachment Manager (Adam Schiff) exposes the brothel for what it is, powerful conservative Republicans want the investigation shut down. The President (Donald Trump) is, as always, in a *seemingly* inescapable bind.



Singing and dancing his way through this showstopper, the President sings of how he bobs and weaves so that *no one can hold him responsible*.



Our *very slight* adaptation of the play's lyrics appears on the next page.

## Ooh, I Love to Dance a Little Sidestep

(These original lyrics by Carol Hall Feat are just slightly adapted)

Fellow citizens, I am proudly standing here to humbly see.  
I assure you, and I mean it - now, who says I don't speak out as plain as day?  
And, fellow citizens, I'm for progress and the flag- long may it fly.  
I'm a poor boy, come to greatness. So, it follows that *I cannot tell a lie*.

Ooh, I love to dance a little sidestep, now they see me now they don't-  
I've come and gone and, ooh I love to sweep around the wide step,  
Cut a little swath and lead the people on.

Now my good friends, it behooves me to be solemn and declare,  
I'm for goodness and for profit and for living clean and saying daily prayer.  
And now, my good friends, you can sleep nights, I'll continue to stand tall.  
You can trust me, for I promise, I shall keep a watchful eye upon ya'll...

Ooh, I love to dance a little sidestep, now they see me now they don't-  
I've come and gone and, ooh I love to sweep around the wide step,  
Cut a little swath and lead the people on.

Now, Shifty Schiff, I don't know him, though I've heard the name, oh yes.  
But, of course I've no contact with Zelensky, so what he is doing I can only guess.  
And now, Shifty Schiff, he's a blemish on the face of our good town.  
I am taking certain steps here, I'm calling up Bill Barr 'cause someone's gotta close him down.

Ooh, I love to dance a little sidestep, now they see me now they don't-  
I've come and gone and, ooh I love to sweep around the wide step,  
Cut a little swath and lead the people on.

Ooh, I love to dance a little sidestep...  
And ooh, I love to sweep around the wide step...  
Cut a little swath and lead the people on.



## **SOME OF THE REGULARS AT LA CASA BLANCA DEL MARISMA**

***FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT:*** Senate's Sheriff Mitch McConnell; Spinner for the President, Miss Take; Toady to the President, Mike Pence; and Lead Senate Suck-Up, Lindsey Graham.

***MIDDLE ROW TO RIGHT OF M<sup>C</sup>CONNELL:*** Her-Lying-Lips-Are-Falling-Off Stephanie Grisham (alleged to be President's Press Secretary but is actually his Lead Media Basher.)

***BACK ROW BEHIND THE SENATE'S SHERIFF:*** Lack-of-Education Sec'y Betsy DeVos; "If She Wasn't My Daughter," Ivanka Trump; the Impeached President, Donald J. Trump; Senior-Adviser-on-All-Tough-Things-But-Batting-Only-.168, Jered Kushner.

### ***HERE'S YOUR COOPED-UP-AT-HOME DIY PROJECT -***

LEARN THE "LITTLE SIDESTEP" SONG BY GOING TO THE YOUTUBE SITE BELOW. ASSIGN PARTS, DRESS LIKE THE FOLKS ABOVE, AND EVERYBODY JOIN IN THE SINGING! GOT A VIDEO CAMERA (MAYBE YOUR PHONE?) RECORD IT AND SHOW IT TO FRIENDS AND RELATIVES.

SEE HOW LONG IT TAKES FOR A SOCIAL SERVICES TO ARRIVE, ASCERTAINING WHETHER YOUR FAMILY NEEDS TO BE INVOLUNTARILY COMMITTED FOR TREATMENT. ALTERNATE PLAN: STREAM THE COMEDY TO YOU. ENJOY!

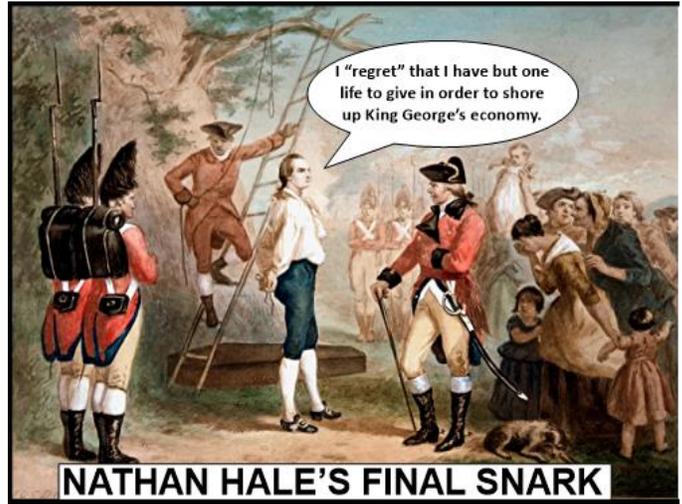
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AALREbJZEZk>

# OUR MEMES: OLD AND NEW

## BANANA REPUBLIC DEMON POSSESSES TRUMP

**"SHITHOLE" COUNTRIES GET THEIR REVENGE**

Jerry Falwell, Jr. searches for an exorcist.



**"Wartime President" Trump holds briefing on the War on Covid-19.**



Dr. Deborah Birx, M.D. tells it like it is.

**"You go to war with the Administration you have -- not the Administration you might wish you have."**

*- Adapted from a comment by former DOD Secretary, Donald Rumsfeld. (Piers Morgan, upper left corner)*

## FAUCI BRIEFS NATION ON COFEFE-45 OUTBREAK

Urges Country Not to Confuse the CDC&P with President Trump's Own Center for Delusional Conspiracies & Politicization



Urges Country to Avoid Fox News in Order to Avoid Infection with New Cofefe-45 Virus



### **COOPED UP AT HOME DIY PROJECT**

- FIND A PIECE OF PAPER AND ROUGH OUT YOUR OWN MEME BELOW. ON YOUR COMPUTER, GOOGLE FOR THE IMAGES, CUT AND PASTE THEM TOGETHER WITH A FREE OR INEXPENSIVE PHOTO EDITOR!

**NOTE:** On Page 1, I indicated there would be some practical resources for your consideration during these challenging days. A frequent reader of these editions has submitted the article below, at the urging Fr. Newel Post of the Washington Post, who is both his pastor and one of my trusted advisors. I want to thank Newel and the author for providing us with this essay.

Stay well! Laugh often! Love much!

~ *Armed Freedom*

### **WHEN BEING COOPED UP IS DRIVING YOU NUTS**

by Jim Truxell 4-5-2020

My wife, Sandy, and I were recently released from two weeks of self-quarantine to our apartment in the Independent Living section of a continuing care retirement community. We had contact with a friend who tested positive for Covid-19. We're glad that our friend, although she felt quite miserable, didn't require hospitalization. She reports that she is now on her second day of finally feeling like her old self again, although she's remaining at home. We continue to be symptom-free, and as "normal" as is possible for two eccentrics. On April 1, I donned my fool's cap and we both celebrated our release by finally taking a walk outside.

Like many others, we're trying to adjust to not being able to indulge in our usual group activities, especially those outside in the spring weather which is now stutter-stepping its way into Northern Virginia. Along with millions of others, we're needing to cope with being cooped up together for an extended, indeterminate time. So far, we have not killed each other!

Meditating about my frustration about being confined by our four walls during our quarantine, I noticed my mood had begun to change. I began to acquire a satisfying fondness for these four walls upon which we have hung our favorite paintings and graphics. No longer do I regard them as enemies enforcing our confinement, but as allies of ours . . . *and* of our community.

The shift happened as I re-read a poem I wrote long ago. Its words helped me to make that shift in perspective. Since I hope it may do the same for you, its backstory may be useful.

In 1992, during my 40-year career as a pastoral counselor, one of my clients was approaching the core of her painful issues. One day, she asked that universal, pertinent question: "How long?" How much longer would she have to come to see me before she had worked through her issues sufficiently? In her question, I heard echoes of the prophet Isaiah (6:11ff) when he asked the same question of God. Boiled down, God's response was discouraging at best. It indicated there would be a very long time ahead in which things would get worse.

I talked further with my client about how all her hard work had brought her to this critical point. I suggested to her that neither of us could know exactly how long, and that she had some hard traveling ahead. But, I continued, it's essential to go into the darkness in order for a very bright light to dawn. Although this might feel like entering the valley of the shadow, I assured her that I would be with her every step of the way and, if necessary, between sessions.

(CONTINUED NEXT PAGE)

In the intervening week, the poem below came to me. At our next session, I read it to her. Just as the poem had helped me no longer to resent our four walls, so it helped her to acquire a new respect for the walls of her psychological defenses that had long protected her: walls that, appropriately, were so slow to yield in the ongoing therapy process.

May the same poem be similarly useful to you. In the meantime, consider taking a page from the playbook of Pontius Pilate and redeeming it: wash your hands and keep a protective distance (but, by all electronic and other means, do keep in "touch" with one another!)

## Nuts!

*Unless a seed fall to the ground and die, it cannot bring forth new life.*

~ Jesus, a rabbi from Nazareth

Spring begins with a CRACK! of the bat  
In a park with the cheers. . . .  
Spring begins with a CRACK! in the heart  
That breaks, spilling tears. . . .  
Spring begins in the dark  
Where there's no one who hears  
The shell of the nut going CRACK!  
Listen!  
The green shoot appears!

Behind brown hardness since the Fall,  
It waits. . .silently. . .darkly  
And wishes for  
All it's worth to be known. . .  
Its secrets bare. . .  
But not here! Not there!  
Not now! It is too soon.  
(The sun, at noon,  
Yet is slanting low.)

And so, defended 'gainst the mortal cold,  
Its own counsel keeps, and sleeps  
Down within the humus  
And the mold:

Where it is grateful for that structured, strictured,  
Boundaried husk which  
Gives not life,  
Yet saves it by the purchase of some time:

Swaddling time . . . holding time. . .  
Until, in time's fullness, ready=-  
It answers the subversive call of Spring:  
That perverse Mystery of death and birth so mingling.

CRACK! the shell's embrace is broken free,  
Releasing -- in giddy, adolescent mirth --  
Into the damp and warming earth  
A new, green wager that now the sun is right.

But what of that now-spent shell,  
Whose broken, ugly shards repel  
The notice of squirrels and  
Other connoisseurs of Spring?  
A funeral of dignity and celebration  
Is its due.

So, let the word go forth,  
Sounded by the trumpets on the vine,  
That it gave up its life in the fine  
Service of protecting what it could not give:  
Abundant liveliness to live!  
Above let its marker be the green,  
Rich extravagance that once was only dream  
In silence and in secret.

And on that marker let its epitaph be read:  
"I held on not too long, too tight,  
But broke and bled,  
To let the green life out . . .  
Certain that the sun was right!"

© 1992  
James M. Truxell

*NOTE: This poem was first published in A Guide for Caregivers: Keeping Your Spirit Healthy When Your Caregiver Duties and Responsibilities Are Dragging You Down, W. Benjamin Pratt (Read the Spirit Books, an imprint of David Crumm Media, LLC, Canton, Michigan, 2011).*