



Freedom's View

A Commentary on Government from Atop the Capitol

www.FreedomsView.org

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A THOUGHTFUL LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Freedom,

I know this letter is far too long and, on that basis alone, probably won't be printed. That's okay, though, because I just needed to get something off my chest. I figure that you've been around long enough - seen enough of how Congress works - that you'd understand my complaint, even though you might not agree with it. You're someone I can talk to.

For the record, I'm a 42 year-old woman, a mother, and psychotherapist. Sometimes I work with survivors of abuse. While I've been subjected to things like the usual cat-calls from construction workers and premature groping on first dates, nothing I've experienced rises to the level of what I'd call abuse.

Until now.

In this "cultural moment," when the subject of abuse is in the headlines, I think it's appropriate to ask whether or not most of the elected GOP members of congress are guilty of abuse. It seems to me that they have been and certainly now are.

Abusers are basically about one thing: *power*. They're so insecure that they'll go to great lengths to insure they don't lose their power.

Like addicts, so great is their need to protect their "supply" of whatever they're seeking (votes in this case) that they'll use their power to control and abuse others to make sure they have it. Consistent liars, they'll make false promises and then break them; and, when cornered, they'll point a finger of blame at their own victims. They'll promise the moon to gain your trust: then they'll moon you, or worse.

With sexual abusers, it's not so much the sex they're after as it is the exercise of power over another. While it's mainly an issue of men abusing women, about 14% of men report women abusing them, and this probably reflects a serious under-reporting.

So why do I say so many in congress, particularly in the GOP, are abusers? It's because they're so overwhelmingly into using their power for their own needs at the expense of others they have promised to care about. Like accused sexual abusers such as Harvey Weinstein and Roy Moore, they promise good things but deliver the opposite. They do not use the power they've been given by voters in behalf of the voters, though their silver-tongued rhetoric makes claims to the contrary. They've seduced us and conned us. Then, when they've finished sweet-talking us out of our ~~virginity~~ votes, they've betrayed and abandoned us.

I wouldn't blame you for thinking I was stretching the notion of abuse. But consider: as voters we give them *immense* power to reach intimately into our lives. *Congress touches us in ways almost as intimate as sex.*

There's hardly an aspect of our lives that congress *doesn't* touch, and many of their laws and regulations have benefitted me. They've tried to make sure that I wasn't swindled out of my money by deceptive advertising; that the food I eat is wholesome, and the medicines I take are likely to work as advertised. They've relied on empirically-based facts to try to make the air I breathe and the water I drink healthy. They've even attempted to make sure my daughter will have opportunities to enjoy areas of nature unspoiled by humans. And they've tried to humanize our capitalism so that the effects of competition won't further pollute and endanger the environment. These are a few examples of the ways congress intimately touches me, caringly and with my consent.

But what do you call it when congress touches me intimately in ways I never wanted? What do you call it when the president, with a stroke of his pen, undoes these protective regulations with nary an objection from the GOP congress which is oh-so-quick to give consent to cabinet and agency nomin-

A RINGING CALL TO STOP THE POLITICAL ABUSE

ABUSE CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

ees dedicated to this undoing? What do you call it when they promise one thing and deliver the other? What do you call it when they exercise the power I've given them against me, knowingly assuring me *falsely* that the data shows they're acting in my interest? And, perhaps even more to the point, what do you call it when they have the power to stop others from abusing me and refuse to do so? I don't call it party politics. *I call it abuse.*

We've not had so much lying from a president since Richard Nixon. At least back then congressional *Republicans* finally stood up to him! We've not witnessed such dismissive cruelty and a full-fledged assault on our institutions since Joseph McCarthy, although what's happening now is, arguably, even worse.

Perhaps we have President Trump and the GOP congressional dissemblers to thank for it, but America is getting fed up with all the *constant lying*: lies about the mainstream media trading in fake news which gives cover to authoritarian regimes while alienating our foreign allies. It is the President and his GOP cronies who are doing the lying. We're fed up with whoppers like, "In exchange for your vote on Tax Reform, we'll give you, little lady of the middle class, the biggest tax cut in history!"

Frankly, I don't care if the abusers are Republicans or Democrats: they have an obligation to make *credible* promises and then to do their damndest to keep them.

People tell me I'm naïve, that if you talk straight to the American voters they'll never elect you. And they cite Walter Mondale's 1980 acceptance speech for his party's nomination for President: "Let's tell the truth. It must be done, it must be done. Mr. Reagan will raise taxes, and so will I. He won't tell you. I just did." And then they remind me "Mondale lost to Reagan! Politics are politics!" Right, and that's just as helpful as saying, "Boys will be boys." *That's enabling behavior.* It's not an excuse.

Yes, I know: I sound ever so idealistic, don't I? You're damned right I am, and America is finally remembering its ideals and insisting on bringing them back into our political process! *That's part of what's happening now* with the #MeToo movement!

New generations of voices are joining with voices of those gray-haired voters of my parents' generation who never lost their focus on American ideals. We're insisting that, while our politics will always be contentious, they should be based on demonstrable facts, straight-forwardly presented, and always – *always* – with a focus on our American ideals and a determination to keep faith with promises made to the voters who give our leaders their power. *Anything else is an abuse of power.* As for those who stand by and do nothing – those who stay silent, only wringing their hands in private and watching the abuse and destruction taking place – *they're abusers, too*, because they have the power to stop it but don't. The saying is true: "All that is required for the triumph of evil is that good people do nothing."

We've been here before. As Bob Dylan in 1964 sang (poorly):

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside
And it is ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-
changin'.

I'm past tired of being touched intimately and wrongly by this president and his congressional backers. I'm tired of being abused.

Thanks for listening, Freedom.

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The writer, who requested anonymity, has spoken eloquently from her head and heart. We're pleased to print her contribution to this topic in full. ~*Armed Freedom*

*Below, Top: Abusive boss (Dabney Coleman) is trussed up by his fed-up employees. Below, Bottom: His victorious employees (Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton, and Jane Fonda) celebrate. From the 1980 hit movie is 9-to-5.*



# WE HAVE POWER, TOO, BUT WILL WE USE IT?

## WILL WE *FINALLY* DO SOMETHING?

December 14, 2017

WASHINGTON, DC ~ *Armed Freedom*

Today marks the 5<sup>th</sup> year since 20 first graders and their teachers were gunned down in Newtown, Connecticut. Still, no significant gun control regulations have been enacted to help prevent such tragedies. Yet it *is* possible to respect the guaranteed rights of legitimate hunters to hunt, and the right of others not to become the hunted by those who are ill or evil. The following poem was written just 3 months after Newtown. Its searing words should bring up short congress and the often-too-silent public even more now, than they did then.

### TWENTY FIRST GRADERS AND THEIR TEACHERS

© March 28, 2013

Fifty seven:

The percentage on that crisp  
Mid-December morn who wanted  
Laws that would contain, or  
Warn  
Of the deranged who,  
Tighter-torqueing his fantasies,  
Emptied capacious magazines into  
Twenty first graders and  
Their teachers.

Forty seven:

The percentage now, three months on,  
Still wanting laws to contain --  
But, please,  
Let us refrain  
From one that that goes against the  
grain  
By regulating that so coveted  
By sportsmen, or those  
Deranged  
Who seek  
The death of  
Twenty first graders and  
Their teachers.

Thirty eight:

Perhaps the number who  
Little or nothing did, but  
Surely heard or  
Spied  
The assault on Kitty Genovese . . .  
Raped while she  
Died.  
Perhaps they cried . . . or at least  
The next day reading of it  
Sighed,  
"So what ya gonna do?"  
But that was way back in 1964,  
Forty eight years before  
The death of  
Twenty first graders and  
Their teachers.

And nine months hence . . .

When we mark the passage of a  
Year?

Will we cluck our tongues and  
Summon up again a  
Tear?

After all, what can you do?  
Surely others have a bigger  
Megaphone than me or you  
To intervene, to call a cop, to  
Stop  
The deranged slaughter of a  
Kitty Genovese, or  
Prevent the deaths . . .  
Each one an Innocent . . . of  
Twenty first graders and  
Their teachers.

How can we love them?

We dare not count the ways, so  
Helplessly we watch, and hold our  
Breath.

After all, what can we do?  
Evil is eternal.  
Can't root it out.  
Our voices are too weak.  
Surely someone else will

Speak a word or

Pass a law prohibiting.  
That's their job, after all.  
They're the government,  
Are they not?

Thirty eight percent:  
Decreasing with every  
Passing month . . .  
Filing taxes, planning  
Spring breaks,  
Electing popes.

But in this

Broken spring  
No taxes will be spent,  
Nor papal words decree  
An end to that so  
Easily available: the means to mount a  
Spree  
So very, very easily,  
Slaughtering once again the innocents.  
Life will go on.  
It has to.

We can't just dwell in the past.  
So, please . . .

Do not think that we are, thus,  
Deranged!

We are the United States,  
An exceptional nation,  
Indispensable.

Besides, as a great spiritual leader

Once said,

We've got to

"Leave the dead to bury their dead."

Twenty first graders

And their teachers.

