

Exiled In The Land Of My Birth



Once upon a time there was a war.

Not the traditional type of war involving uniformed armies using real guns and bullets to shoot at each other.

This war was about values, family, honor, morality, self discipline and culture.

On one side were those who believed in tradition and the practice of proven rules, values, principles and self discipline handed down from generation to generation.

On the other side were the "Secular Humanists". Those who believed that "anything goes". No self discipline or personal responsibility was required and consequences were not important as long as they only applied to others who were required to pay the bill.

If you were a member of the first group you were made fun of, mocked and marginalized by members of the second group whose goal was shutting you up and getting you to comply with and accept the agenda of the Secular Humanists.

To a very large extent the Secular Humanists, aka "Progressives" owned the education system, the news media, entertainment industry, courts and justice system.

"Political Correctness" was metastasized to the extent that the First Amendment was compromised. A mob could march down the street shouting "Pigs in a blanket - Fry them like bacon" or "What do we want - dead cops - when do we want it - now" and that was considered protected free speech. But, if someone questioned the "official" position on such things as "Man Made Global Climate Change" and other popular political agenda issues, such as even late term abortion, it was considered "hate" speech. Such an individual was made the subject of public ridicule and in some venues even subject to legal and civil penalties.

The weapons of the Secular Humanists were varied. From half truths (lipstick on a lie) to junk science to propaganda and intimidation. Their desired ends justified their using any means to accomplish their political and social agenda.

I ended up not as a "Stranger In A Strange Land*" but as a "Stranger In My Own Land". Or, to paraphrase the title of this little essay: "An Exile In The Land Of My Birth".

My only comfort lay in the knowledge that ultimately I would not be a citizen in this fractured land.

Stop Pulling the Wagon

Are You Tired Of Government Lies, Hypocrisy and Corruption?

"This world is not my home, I'm just a passing through....." (Albert E. Brumley - copyright 1965)

Bob Bandy

*** Stranger In A Strange Land - A Novel by Robert A Heinlein**