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We have all heard the devastating news that USAID has been gutted due to allegations of massive corruption within the organization. As a result over two billion dollars in contracts to our Midwest farmers has ended very abruptly.

Karoline Leavitt, the press secretary has listed numerous areas, but each and every one has been debunked. Even if you don't accept a Left-coast rag's "dubious claims," you deserve answers.

<https://www.theoaklandpress.com/2025/02/07/the-white-houses-wildly-inaccurate-claims-about-usaid-spending/>

We need to call on our local, state and federal representatives and demand that Pam Bondi, our new Attorney General, show us the proof of the corruption and bring charges against the thieves. If this is going to have such a massive impact on our farmers, we want those who broke the law punished.

We are living thru trying times, with Covid having separated us from our neighbors, something I hope we can overcome.

The following came from an article on Becky Voss and her DEI initiative under the president's first term:

On a slide deck about the program, a full page is devoted to DeVos, featuring her portrait alongside a message attributed to her: "Diversity may

be viewed as cliché, but I believe that getting to know, working with, befriending and including people who are different from ourselves is enriching and expanding.”

During the two-day training sessions, conversations revolved around the idea that everyone sees the world through a different lens and that it can be difficult to understand how people in disparate situations think and feel, according to participants who spoke on the condition of anonymity for fear of losing their jobs.

“There was no gender bashing, no culture bashing,” said one participant who did the training in 2017. “It was just, ‘People are different. Accept it. And the quicker you can accept it and acknowledge it, the better working relationship you can have,’ which would mean a better bottom line.”

She recalled that the facilitator asked them to group themselves based on identities. At first, the groupings were obvious — race and gender, for instance. But then they joined with others based on factors like family background and education. The lesson, she said, was, “You may think you are different, but you are more alike than different.”

A second staffer who also participated during the first Trump administration recalled that attendees were asked to consider their own prejudices and to imagine how it might affect students if teachers or principals behave in a biased or prejudiced way.

The full article is here:

<https://www.msn.com/en-us/channel/source/The%20Washington%20Post/sr-vid-80rqc6nyixce6picdgj2xqky37nwmxnxb6qbymrpww5gb78xhwns?>

How is this now so hated by so many I cannot understand in light of Jesus's commandment to love your neighbor.

I escape in my own world, <https://themushroomheadedmartian.com/latest>

Enjoy the following:

The Art of the Smear

Pam Blondi had never considered herself an emotional person. She preferred control, calculation, and an air of detached competence that kept people slightly

afraid of her. It was a cultivated persona—one she had honed over decades of ruthless ambition.

But at this moment, standing in her immaculate office, staring at the *Grump Tower* paperweight lodged in her broken 75-inch 8KHD television screen, Pam was very, very close to losing her goddamn mind.

She could still hear Caroline Leaveitout's smug voice echoing in her skull:

We have an active investigation into USAID, and the Attorney General will be announcing major indictments by Friday. While previous claims may have been slightly miscategorized, Pam Blondi has unearthed new charges that will finally expose the full scope of corruption. The President is so confident in this evidence that he has scheduled a press conference with Ms. Blondi on Friday to detail the shocking crimes."

Pam's hands curled into fists.

They set me up.

The White House had thrown her to the wolves, and she didn't even have a damn bone to toss back.

She grabbed her laptop with both hands and *slammed* it down onto the desk with a sharp crack. Pieces of plastic scattered across the floor.

The door to her office burst open, and Greg LaCraw, her Chief of Staff, skidded to a stop. He took one look at the shattered laptop, then the paperweight sticking out of the TV, then Pam's face—

—and turned right back toward the door.

"Greg."

Greg winced. "Look, Pam, whatever's happening—"

Pam picked up her phone and started dialing. "I need proof of corruption, Greg. Now."

By the time Pam hung up her fifth phone call, she was out of patience.

Ted Snooze had given her *nothing* useful. He kept rambling about how USAID had helped the Taliban decades ago, as if that was somehow relevant to the

current crisis.

Rick Schott had congratulated her on “the whole LGBTQ+ / transgender switcheroo,” delighted that the public had latched onto the idea that USAID was funding gender-affirming surgeries overseas (it wasn’t). But actual evidence of corruption? *Nothing*.

Andi Oggling reminded her that the \$6 million to Egypt had been from Grump’s *first* term—completely useless.

Even worse, her calls were being dodged. She tried three more senators—voicemail. Another—“In a meeting.” Another—radio silence.

And then, the media started calling her.

Her assistant popped her head in, looking nervous. “Pam, you’ve got about fifty journalists calling, *all at once*.”

Pam narrowed her eyes. “Why?”

Her assistant swallowed. “The \$2 billion loss to Midwest farmers.”

Pam blinked.

“What loss?”

Her phone buzzed—Washington Beagle, a top-tier political reporter. Normally, Pam would make them wait. But something was wrong, and she needed to know what.

“Pam!” the journalist chirped, her voice far too eager. “Can you confirm what specific new charges you’ve found against USAID? There’s talk of billions in losses from the Midwest farm industry.”

Pam stiffened. “What do you mean, ‘losses’?”

The journalist didn’t even hesitate. “Since USAID’s funding freeze, the U.S. isn’t exporting grain like before. Farmers were relying on that market. Now they’re stuck with full silos, with nowhere to sell. They already bought their seed, their fertilizer, their equipment— but without export contracts, there’s no demand.

“They’re panicking, Pam. They need to know—was this administration prepared for the fallout? What’s the plan?”

Pam's stomach dropped.

She had not been briefed on this.

She ended the call without answering.

Greg stared at her. "So... that sounded bad."

Pam exhaled sharply. "The Midwest is on the brink of a full-blown farm crisis, Greg." She massaged her temples. "Do you have any idea what that means?"

Greg sat on the edge of her desk. "It means ***Grump just nuked his entire base.***"

And he was right.

Midwest farmers had been Grump's most loyal supporters—but farming wasn't just "planting crops and making money." It was seasonal, with razor-thin margins, and every investment was planned months in advance.

Farmers had already bought:

- Their seed.
- Their fertilizer.
- Their equipment.
- Their water allocations.

And now? They couldn't sell their crops.

Their silos were already full from last season, and without USAID's export markets, there was nowhere for the new harvest to go. If farmers stopped planting, the entire supply chain collapsed:

- ✗ No grain for processing.
- ✗ No feed for livestock.
- ✗ No food for grocery stores.

And worst of all? This wasn't something the government could fix overnight. Farming wasn't flexible. If you missed the season, that was it. You lost everything.

Pam suddenly realized why the journalists were desperate for answers. If farmers couldn't sell, they wouldn't just lose money—they'd lose their farms.

This wasn't a stock market crash where people lost numbers on a screen. This was livelihoods, generations of family businesses, about to go up in smoke. And they had two days to come up with a reason why this was happening.

Pam paced her office. They needed a distraction.

"Greg," she said slowly, "how bad is the news coverage?"

Greg scrolled through his phone, his face growing paler by the second. "It's the top story on every network, Pam. Even Faux Newz is covering it." He frowned. "Wait. Shawn Vanity just called it 'Biden's Farm Crisis.'"

Pam perked up. "Can we shift the blame to Biden?"

Greg sighed. "No. The USAID freeze was literally Grump's order."

Pam gritted her teeth. "Then we need something bigger. Something that will drown this out."

Greg hesitated. "Like what?"

Pam tapped her chin. "*Terrorism?*"

Greg blinked. "...What?"

"Think about it," Pam's mind was racing. "We release explosive new allegations—something terrifying—we can change the conversation."

Greg narrowed his eyes. "Like?"

Pam grabbed a notepad and started scribbling.

Possible distractions:

- ☒ Link USAID to terrorist groups. (Even if it's fake, let the media run with it.)
- ☒ Say they funneled money to cartels.
- ☒ Claim USAID was used to spy on Americans.
- ☒ Push a fake scandal involving Ukraine.

Greg watched her, looking vaguely horrified. "Pam... we don't have proof for any of that."

Pam smiled coldly. "Greg, *have you met me?*"

Greg exhaled. "You're going to make it up."

Pam tossed the notepad onto her desk. "I'm going to give the media a new story."

Greg rubbed his temples. "Jesus. Okay. Do we have a fall guy?"

Pam's eyes gleamed. "Melanomia and Insania."

Greg whistled. "Calling in the crazy cavalry, huh?"

"If anyone can give me something real, it's them." Pam picked up her phone.

"And if they don't, well..."

Greg nodded. "We make it up."

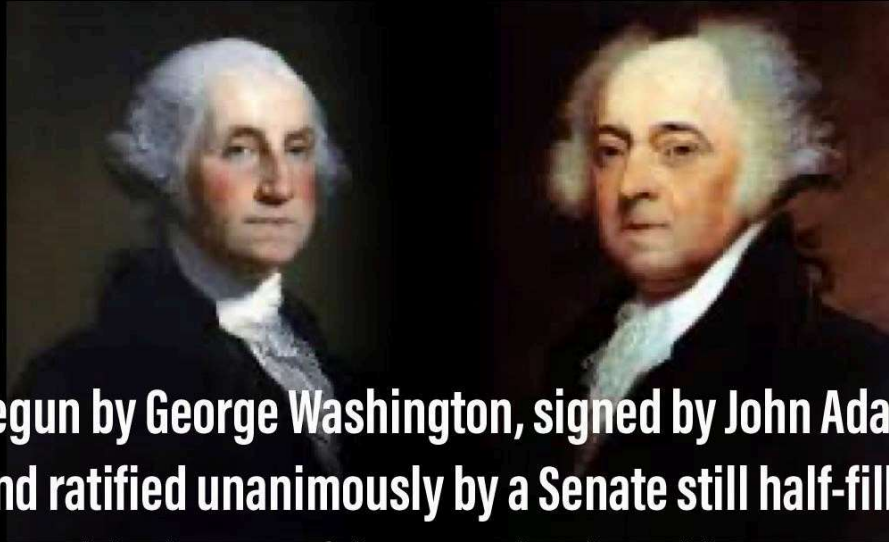
Pam grinned. "Exactly."

She had two days to fabricate the biggest lie of her career.

But that was what she did best.

[Download Attachment](#)

The 1797 Treaty of Tripoli



Begun by George Washington, signed by John Adams and ratified unanimously by a Senate still half-filled with signers of the Constitution, this treaty announced firmly and flatly to the world that **"the Government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion."**

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