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Senator Kennedy went on and on about how NPR did this or that crazy story, with one story proving that somehow birds are racist. How much the senator was butt-hurt over this and other articles is unclear, but you would think he was delivering judgement on the wicked with his rebuke.

To be clear, Senator Kennedy was a Democrat, graduated magna cum laude from Vanderbilt, a Juris Doctor from the Virginia School of Law and in Law and got a Rhodes Scholarship to study at Oxford where he graduated with first class honors.

His fake and very lame Mr. Haney impersonation from Green Acres and his silly grin belie a very smart individual. But he is still very incompetent.

To be clear, the \$500 Million goes to way more than just NPR, it also goes to fund wonderful shows like Sesame Street. While the amount may seem large, the total cost is about \$1.40 a year per American, or twelve cents a month.

Isn't Big Bird worth that?

BTW - in 2021 Louisiana needed \$21.4 billion in federal tax dollars and yet under Senator Kennedy he has allowed his state to fail miserably.



Senator, If you could just cut your take even five percent, (5%) that would fund Big Bird, Ernie, Elmo and Nina for years to come.

Please save Big Bird!

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

Enjoy the following Part two is available

<https://themushroomheadedmartian.com/senator-kennard-2>

I bet you cannot read this without hearing their voices...

Sesame Street - Part 1 - A Burrito, a Trip, and a Big Yellow Bird

Senator John Ugli Neeley Kannard, better known by his nickname Senator Junk, prided himself on being tough, no-nonsense, and above all, a warrior against wasteful government spending. So when he went on TV and proudly declared that he was going to defund NPR and "finally kill off that socialist propaganda factory, Sesame Street," he was feeling pretty smug.

That was, of course, before the burrito.

The Senate cafeteria wasn't known for its culinary delights, but today, Junk had been gifted a "special" burrito from an anonymous donor who claimed it came from "the best chefs in Maga Logo." If he had been more perceptive, he might have noticed the subtle glow of the sautéed mushrooms tucked between layers of cheese and beans.

But Junk was a man of appetite, and after wolfing down the burrito with a swig of Diet Dr. Pepper, something *strange* started to happen.

The world wobbled. The Senate chamber around him seemed to stretch and distort, colors melting into one another like wet paint. The marble floors turned to bright pavement, the dull gray walls into vibrant brownstones, and the distant murmurs of politicians into the gentle melodies of children's songs.

Then—BOOM.

He was standing in the middle of Sesame Street.

"Wha—?" Junk rubbed his eyes. The street signs read 123 Sesame Street, the sun was shining, and down the road, he saw a giant yellow bird staring right at him.

"Hey there, mister!" came a warm, familiar voice.

Junk's breath caught in his throat. Standing in front of him, tall, feathery, and radiating pure childhood nostalgia, was Big Bird.

"Welcome to Sesame Street!"

Senator Junk stumbled backward like he had been hit by a freight train. "This—this ain't real. I'm hallucinating."

Big Bird giggled. “Well, maybe a little! But that’s okay, sometimes learning new things can feel a little weird at first.”

Junk clutched his chest. “I—I must be dreamin’. Maybe I had too much diet Dr. Pepper. This can’t be real. I was in the Senate, I was defunding NPR—”

Big Bird tilted his head. “Ohhh, that explains it! You’re one of the people trying to take away our funding!”

Junk felt a bead of sweat roll down his forehead. He did not like the sound of that.

Big Bird leaned down, lowering his voice like he was talking to a frightened child. “Why would you want to do that, Senator?”

Junk scoffed. “Because it’s wasteful! Sesame Street? This whole thing? It’s just... a bunch of talking puppets! We got real problems in America—borders, crime, DEI nonsense, kids need to learn *real* things.”

Big Bird’s feathers ruffled. “But Senator Junk, we do teach real things! We help kids learn their ABCs and 123s! We help them understand emotions, kindness, and how to be good neighbors! Kids who watch Sesame Street do better in school—there’s studies on it!”

Junk crossed his arms. “Hogwash.”

Big Bird reached into thin air and, somehow, pulled out a giant research paper.

The covers read: *SESAME STREET’S IMPACT ON CHILDHOOD EDUCATION, BY HARVARD, YALE, AND SCIENCE ITSELF.*

“Actually, studies show that kids who watch Sesame Street enter school ahead of their peers, especially children in underprivileged communities! We help bridge the education gap. And we do it for free, so that every kid—rich or poor—can learn.”

Junk’s mouth hung open. “Well, I—I mean, sure, some kids like it, but...”

Big Bird narrowed his eyes. “Senator Junk... did *you* watch Sesame Street when you were a kid?”

Junk’s eye twitched.

“Did you learn your ABCs from us?”

“No!” Junk snapped. Then, after a pause: “Well. Maybe.”

Big Bird smiled. “See? We helped you too! And I bet we helped a whole lotta people in your district!”

Junk swallowed hard. The Sesame Street theme song floated through the air like an accusatory lullaby.

Big Bird leaned in closer. “So why do you wanna take that away from kids today?”

Before Junk could answer, he felt a tap on his shoulder.

“Hey, Bert, look! It’s a grumpy senator!”

Junk spun around. Standing next to him were Bert and Ernie, smiling like they had just found a lost puppy.

Bert adjusted his striped sweater. “Ooooh boy, Ernie, I don’t know. He looks like he needs a nap.”

Ernie chuckled. “Or maybe a rubber ducky!”

Junk scowled. “I don’t need a dang nap! And I sure as heck don’t need a rubber ducky!”

Ernie gasped. “Everyone needs a rubber ducky, Senator Junk! He’s the one who makes bath time *lots of fun!*”

Bert sighed. “Ernie, let’s stay focused. Senator Junk, we heard you want to get rid of public television. That means you wanna get rid of us!”

Junk rubbed his temples. “You—you two are puppets! You don’t need funding!”

Bert adjusted his glasses. “Actually, we do! See, public funding lets us reach kids *all over the country*—kids who might not have books, kids who might be learning English, kids who don’t have fancy schools.”

Ernie nodded. “If you take away PBS funding, lots of those kids will miss out on learning and having fun at the same time!”

Bert shook his head. “And besides, public broadcasting is only a tiny fraction of the federal budget. It costs taxpayers just \$1.40 per year. That’s less than a cup of coffee!”

Junk froze. “Wait. One dollar and forty cents?”

Bert nodded. “Yep! That’s it!”

Junk’s face turned red. He had spent his entire career ranting about “wasteful spending” on public television... and it turned out it cost taxpayers less than a Snickers bar.

Bert leaned in. “Senator Junk, be honest... did you even *check* before you tried to cut our funding?”

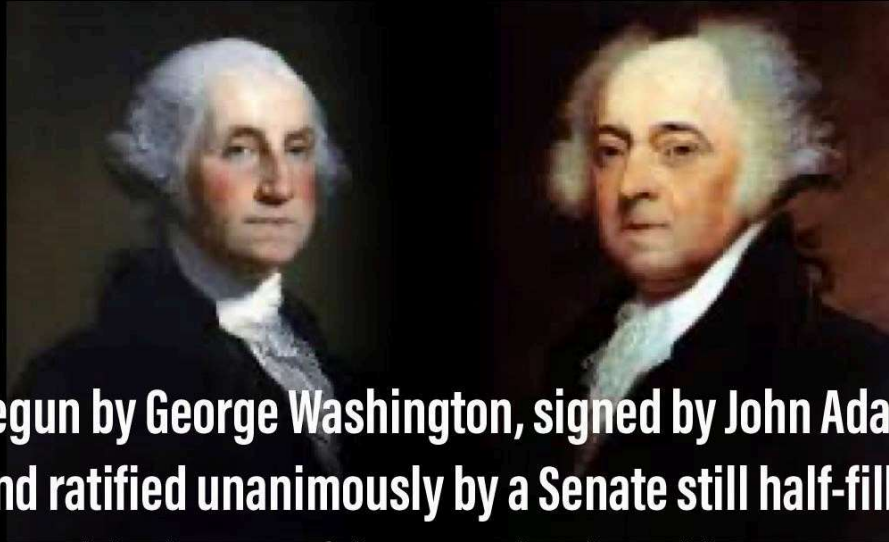
Junk opened his mouth... then shut it.

Ernie grinned. “It’s okay, buddy. Learning is what *we’re all about!*”

To be continued...

[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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