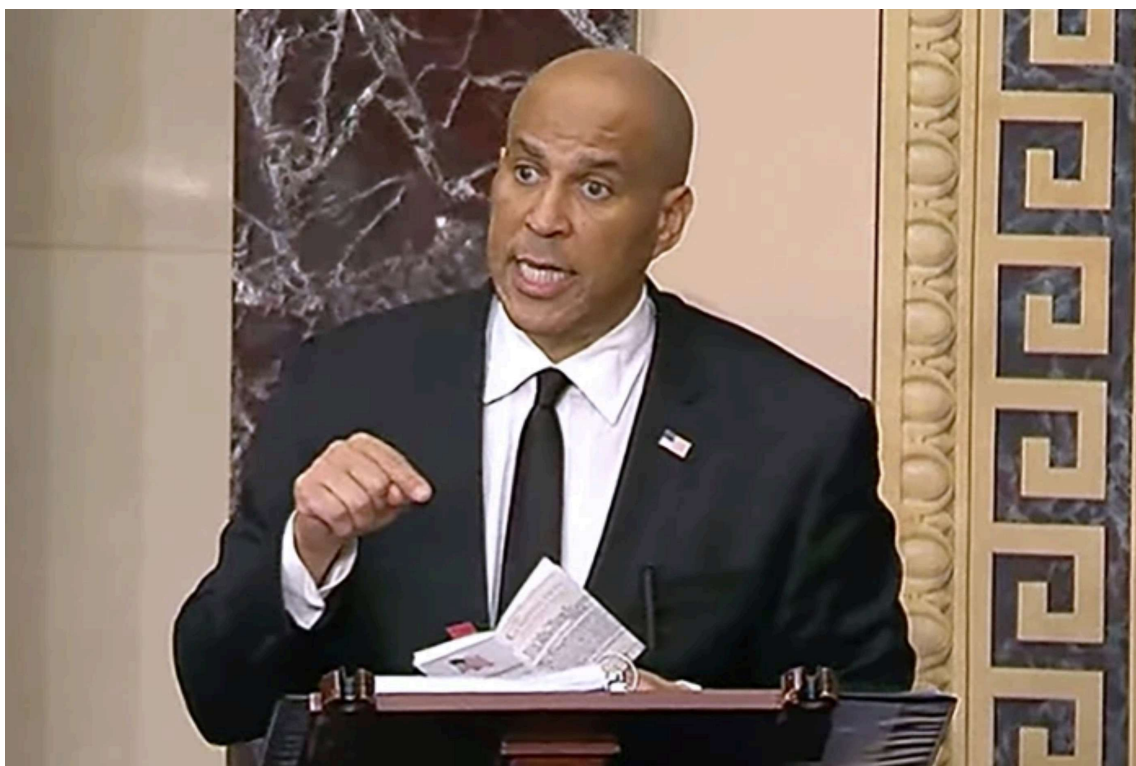


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Senator Booker is "THE MAN!" He held the floor for 25 HOURS!



AND he didn't need toe lifts!



Do Republicans now see the threat of being primaried is no longer a reality?

Elon has "given notice" he is leaving DOGE!

We will have a massive party if this comes true!



If there was any reason to prevent the deportation of people before a hearing the case of Kilmar Armado Abrego Garcia should be enough.

An "administrative" error? "Clerical error" A "clerical error" was when PayPal accidentally deposited over \$92 Quadrillion dollars in a very lucky guys bank account.

A 'clerical error' is shipping 1000 pounds of BS instead of the usual 100.

Can someone explain how he was not kidnapped.

And yet Kristie Noem claims she has no ability to have him returned.

Why?

She is right there, in El Salvador, violating the Geneva Convention by posing for a picture while wearing a \$60,000 Rolex. Is she so utterly incompetent and/or incapable that she cannot even ask someone to find him and bring him to her?

Can she not pick up the phone and say 'Oopsie??'

Either

1. The administration wants us to see this as a threat, now they can deport anyone they want without worry.
2. The administration is afraid to have him testify to the cruel and unusual punishment the prisoners are facing.

The administration knows that Also Kilmar Armado Abrego Garcia would become the poster-boy for the ACLU in their court fights.

In other words, Game over!



I didn't know Karoline ran for congress. I guess she didn't get elected...

Today is Liberation Day and when everything falls apart, Howie Lutnick is going to be the fall guy!

The Spaghetti Tariff Code

Location:

White House Lawn – “Tariff Transparency Tuesday”

Starring Karoline Leaveitout, America’s most rattled press secretary

Supporting Cast: 43 reporters holding four 500-page binders *each*

Props: An industrial-strength lectern made from reclaimed gas station signage

Karoline Leaveitout stood at the podium, flanked by two sad-looking interns holding aloft laminated **Tariff Flowcharts** that looked like crime-scene schematics for a pasta-related homicide.

The press gaggle before her looked dazed. Blistering sun. Sweat. Sunglasses. Eyes glazed. Each reporter was weighed down by a stack of binders so thick they had to be wheeled in on dollies.

“Good morning,” Karoline said, voice cracking like a broken windshield. “Today, I’ll be providing *clarity* on President Grump’s new Freedom Tariffs™ as part of Liberation Week’s Economic Reinforcement Initiative.”

No one blinked.

She took a deep breath and continued.

“Starting today, a 100% tariff will apply to vehicles where the *manufacturer name* and *vehicle model name* begin with the same letter—for any parts installed on the left side of the car.”

Confused murmurs.

“For example,” she said, voice shaking, “a Toyota Tacoma will be fully tariffed. But a Toyota 4Runner will only be partially tariffed—unless the rear-view mirror was manufactured in a country that rhymes with ‘Czech,’ in which case it’s exempt except on Tuesdays. Unless the car was built by college students during March Madness .”

A reporter raised his hand. “March Madness this year?”

“No. Any March Madness.”

The murmurs turned to groans.

Karoline pushed forward, one eye twitching.

“Now for Nissan vehicles: if the car name starts with a different letter than the company—like Nissan Maxima—then tariffs only apply to glass and plastic parts made on Tuesdays or Thursdays, if shipped through the Panama Canal, on a Chinese-owned ship, registered to a British

company, unless—” she paused to take a long sip of water, her hands visibly trembling—“unless there was a full moon during shipping.”

One journalist screamed into their binder.

Karoline adjusted her note cards, now sticking together with sweat and *possibly* tears.

“Tariffs also do not apply,” she continued, eyes wide like a cat in a thunderstorm, “to *vehicles manufactured during a Mercury retrograde*, unless the driver has a valid birth certificate proving they are not a Pisces.”

A gasp.

Someone in the front row started to weep. “My wife's a Pisces,” he whispered. “She’s gonna lose the Hyundai.”

Karoline tried to smile but only managed a sound like a balloon dying. “Household appliances,” she said. “A 45% tariff applies to all dishwashers manufactured using metal that was smelted during daylight hours. If the factory had fewer than three unionized workers, then the tariff becomes inverse, and the U.S. will pay the company.”

An aide leaned in. “Just skip to the electronics.”

Karoline nodded like she’d just been hit with a stun gun.

“Phones,” she croaked, flipping a page. “Phones will be taxed if the battery was manufactured during Ramadan in any year ending in an even number, and if the motherboard contains any non-woke lithium.”

A hand shot up. “What the hell is *non-woke lithium*?”

Karoline blinked rapidly. “It’s lithium mined with traditional values.”

Another hand. “Can you explain the tariff exemptions for QVC-purchased smart toasters?”

She looked down at her notes. “Only if they’re bought with a promo code and delivered by a USPS driver whose middle name is Earl.”

“But what if it’s just *E*?”

Karoline's eyes crossed slightly.

"Are e-bikes taxed?" another asked.

"Only if the tires were inflated in New Jersey. Unless it's an odd-numbered serial number, then they're sacred. Or something."

A journalist threw one of the binders into the air. "This isn't a tariff policy, this is a cry for help!"

Karoline leaned forward, gripping the lectern like a woman about to get swept into a hurricane.

"I'm just doing my best!" she squeaked. "Do you know how many footnotes are in Binder 4? Seven thousand! I had to cross-reference moon cycles, zip codes, and a spreadsheet titled 'Is It Communist?'"

She paused, on the verge of tears. "Please stop asking me about German washers. I don't know why the tariffs change if they're front-load."

A flash of lightning accompanied by rolling thunder sent Karoline Leaveitout—America's most rattled press secretary—under the podium like a child hiding from the monster under their bed.

From the hedge line, he emerged.

President JR Biden.

Not a ghost. Not a hallucination. A Founding Father returned from history's vault, eyes smoldering with the clarity of truth and the fury of forgotten sacrifice. His boots were dusty with liberty. His voice, when it rang out, felt like a bell tolling through two and a half centuries of American chaos.

"Karoline," he said, calmly. "Come on out now."

She peeked out from beneath the podium, mascara streaking like a melting flag.

“I tried,” she sniffled. “I read the binders. I rehearsed the flowchart. I even... I even *tariffed my own Prius*.”

There was a collective wince from the crowd.

JR Biden knelt beside her and offered his hand.

“You’re not the villain, kid. You’re just scared. And you’re doing the bidding of a man who confuses economic warfare with branding strategy. Come on. Let’s fix this.”

She hesitated... then took his hand.

He helped her up like a father helping his daughter off a playground where the other kids had turned mean.

Together, they returned to the podium.

JR stood beside her. Not in front. Not above. Beside.

“Listen up,” he began, not to the press, but to the country. “Let’s have a real talk about these tariffs. Because this mess isn’t her fault.”

Karoline sniffled again, trying to straighten her blazer.

“Tariffs,” JR continued, “are not some magical punishment we put on foreign boogeymen. They’re taxes. And guess who pays them?”

He pointed to the reporters.

“You do. The grocer. The mechanic. The grandma buying a new walker. You slap a tariff on imports, and the company raises its

price to make up for it. Who eats that cost?"

He turned gently to Karoline.

"Not Toyota. Not Nissan. Not Pisma. The people. Every single time."

She swallowed and nodded.

"But DOGIE said—" she began.

He raised a hand.

"DOGIE," he said with a smirk, "is a sad acronym pretending to be math. Their savings 'projections' are like unicorn coupons. You can't spend fantasy. Especially not when you're bleeding your citizens dry."

The press was scribbling furiously now, eyes wide, ears open.

"Karoline," JR said softly, turning back to her. "You know why they sent you out here? Because they wanted you to sell the pain. Wrap it in red-white-and-blue ribbon. Make people feel *grateful* they're paying more."

She choked back a sob.

"I didn't know what else to say."

He put a hand on her shoulder.

“It’s not too late to say the truth. Tariffs don’t make us freer. They make us smaller. More scared. And they don’t punish tyrants—they punish the working poor.”

Karoline took a shaky breath.

“So... the Freedom Tariffs™...”

“Ain’t free. Ain’t smart. Ain’t American.”

A long silence fell over the lawn. Then JR turned back to the press.

“You want to protect this country? Then stop waging economic war on your own people.”

He gave Karoline a small nudge.

“Go ahead, kid. Say what’s in your heart.”

She stepped forward slowly, trembling like a leaf in a hurricane.

“I... I think we should suspend the tariffs,” she whispered. “Until someone does the math... the *real* math. Not the kind written by a dragon and approved by a guy in a diaper.”

Laughter bubbled through the press corps—but it was warm this time. Kind. She wasn’t the enemy anymore.

Karoline looked at JR, eyes filled with something she hadn’t felt in years. Love.

“Thank you,” she whispered.

He opened his arms.

She didn’t hesitate. She hugged him. The kind of hug that cracks something open inside. A soft, shuddering cry pressed against the coat of a man who had helped write the Constitution and never stopped believing in second chances.

“You’re gonna be okay,” he murmured. “You just needed to stop lying for someone who wouldn’t shed a tear if you drowned in tariffs.”

He patted her back once, twice, then stepped down from the podium.

As he vanished into the sunlight, someone in the press corps whispered:

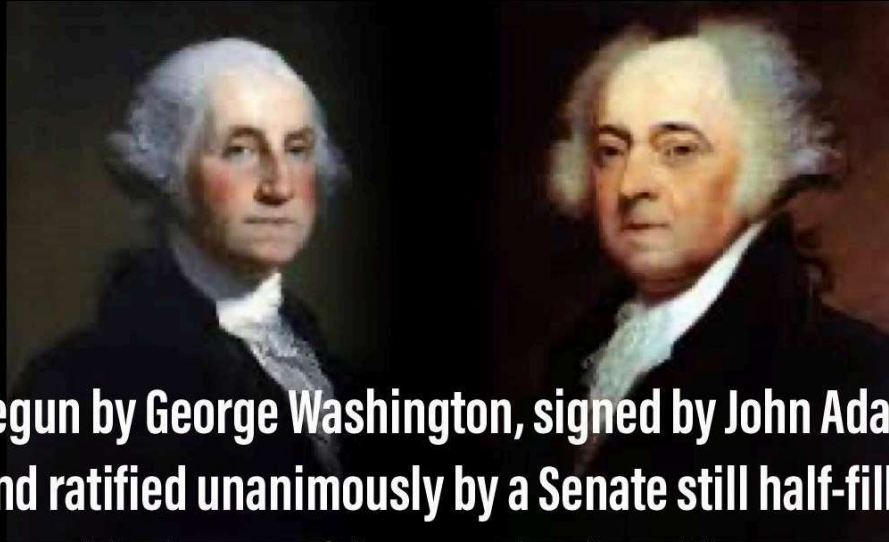
“That’s the first time I’ve seen a press secretary *grow a heart* on national TV.”

The crowd dispersed slowly, gently.

And in her binder, Karoline scribbled a note on the back cover:

“Tariffs are taxes. People aren’t pawns. The truth is lighter than the lie.”

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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