

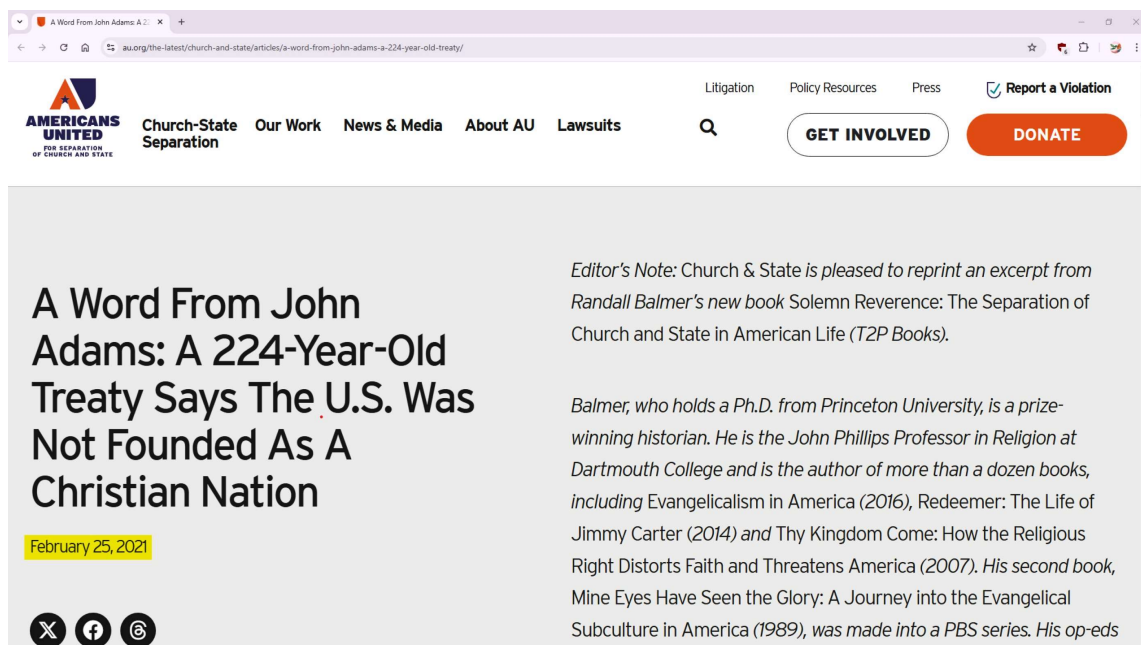
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I, along with every Veteran, every American with any feelings or compassion or empathy have no words that are appropriate at this time.

As you are aware I am a staunch advocate of the separation of Church and State. Doing a little browsing I came across this [article](#) from Americans United, one of the groups that fight to keep religion out of our public schools.

Pushing religion on kids doesn't work.



I wonder why they didn't use this in the Louisiana 10 Commandments case? Louisiana tried to claim James Madison said something about the 10 Commandments being important, but it is as fake as Faux Newz.

What Did Madison Actually Say About Religion and Government?

Madison was a **strong advocate for the separation of church and state**. In fact, he was:

- The chief author of the First Amendment, which guarantees freedom of religion.
- A critic of religious entanglement with government authority.
- Opposed to government funding for religious activities.

Some of his real quotes include:

 “Religion and government will both exist in greater purity, the less they are mixed together.”

— *James Madison, Letter to Edward Livingston, 1822*

 “The civil government functions with complete success by the total separation of the Church from the State.”

— *Letter, 1819 (commonly paraphrased from his essays and notes)*

For those of you unaware of the religion of our founding fathers:

George Washington	Formally Anglican/Episcopalian, but privately reserved Deist
John Adams	Congregationalist (later Unitarian); very critical of Catholicism and rigid orthodoxy
Thomas Jefferson	Raised Anglican, but a self-declared Deist; cut up the Bible to remove miracles
James Madison	Anglican (Episcopalian), but strong defender of church-state separation
Benjamin Franklin	Raised Presbyterian, but leaned toward Deism and moral pragmatism

George Washington	Formally Anglican/Episcopalian, but privately reserved Deist
Alexander Hamilton	Anglican/Episcopalian; more religious later in life, though rarely doctrinaire
Samuel Adams	Congregationalist; more traditionally devout than many peers
Thomas Paine	Open Deist; <i>The Age of Reason</i> critiqued organized religion fiercely
Patrick Henry	Anglican, one of the few strongly orthodox Protestants among the prominent Founders
John Jay	Episcopalian; more religiously devout than many peers; supported Christian morality in government

Here is the first paragraph from the article:

At the first meeting of the Continental Congress in Philadelphia, John Adams recalled many years later, ***a motion to open the gathering with prayer “was opposed because we were so divided in religious sentiments*** – some were **Episcopalians**, some **Quakers**, some **Anabaptists**, some **Presbyterians**, and some **Congregationalists** – so that we could not join in the same act of worship.” Samuel Adams, John Adams’s cousin and a firebrand from Boston, finally rose and broke the deadlock. Pronouncing himself “no bigot,” he allowed that he “could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue, who was at the same time a friend to his country.”

If our Founding Fathers were unable to even agree on how to pray at the first meeting of the Continental Congress, why would anyone believe they could agree on one version of Christianity?

And then I think President JR Biden zapped me.

I had one of those rare moments when life's ironies meet religious zealots. Evangelicals believe that their version of Christianity is the correct

version, (of course) and they want to force their version on everyone else, claiming theirs is the religion of our Founding Fathers.

Sorry. Evangelicals are as sadly mistaken on the Bible as they are in American History.

Here are our Founding Religions:

ChatGPT gave me the following descriptions on the religions:
(meaning I take no responsibility...)

Round One: Let the Inquisition Begin

Congregationalists (Puritan-leaning)

- Want strict morality, mandatory church attendance, and public shaming stocks.
- Hate bishops (sorry Episcopalians).
- Would love to reinstitute the *Blue Laws*.
- Say to Evangelicals: “Your flashy emotional revivals are theatrical nonsense.”

Episcopalians (Anglican elite)

- Love hierarchy, structure, and status. Bishops? Yes, please.
- Say to everyone else: “We were the Church of England, *you* left us. God save the King... wait, President.”
- Think the Puritans are fanatics and the Quakers are weird.

Quakers

- Pacifist. Egalitarian. Believe in the inner light.
- Want no war, no oaths, no hierarchy, no slavery.
- Say to everyone: “You’re all violent, power-hungry, and too loud.”

Presbyterians

- Governed by elders. Big on education, Calvinism, and predestination.
- Say: “You’ll all go to Hell unless God said otherwise—and He’s already decided.”
- Suspicious of all emotion-based religion. Sorry, Evangelicals.

Anabaptists

- No infant baptism. No military service. No swearing oaths. Live like it's the Sermon on the Mount 24/7.
- Want to live in the woods and ignore the state.
- Say to everyone: "We reject *all* of this. You're all idolaters."

Anabaptists are more commonly know as Mennonites or Amish.

So my question is: *Which of our Founding Father's religions will we chose?*

- Anglican/Episcopalian
- Congregationalist
- Presbyterian
- Deist

Deist – Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Paine

Congregationalist - John Adams, Sam Adams

Anglican – Madison, Hamilton, Patrick Henry

Episcopalian – John Jay

4 votes for Deist

3 for Congregationalist

3 for Anglican

1 for Episcopalian.

Deism Wins!

If our Founding Fathers would have pushed for a "National Religion" they would have picked Deism because all of their faiths could, at the very least, agree that there is a God.

They even put In GOD We Trust on our money.

BTW - One group was excluded...

Catholics

- Absolutely not welcome. Hated and distrusted in nearly every colony.
- Feared for their loyalty to the Pope.
- Denied voting rights in many states until well into the 1800s.

✗ Verdict: **Papist spies with creepy rituals.**

And then we have ...

👤 Evangelicals

- Didn't exist in 1776.
- Would be seen by most Founders as emotional, loud, unstable, and way too into snake handling and prosperity gospels.
- Rejected by **every** founding group for lacking theology, structure, or decorum.

✗ Verdict: **Heretics** with bad hair.

Speaking of Bad Hair Days...



Rocky & Rolled: The Donnie Jr. Chronicles

Part 1: The Moose Is Loose

The sun hung high over the jagged ridges of the Rocky Mountains as Donnie Jr. tightened the straps on his stars-and-stripes ATV helmet. Behind him, his three most loyal adventuring bros—Chet, Kyle, and

Randy—revved their engines like overcaffeinated 7th graders who'd just discovered torque.

"Time to *reclaim nature*," Donnie Jr. declared, eyes shaded by wraparound camo Oakleys. "Like Lewis and Clark... if they had monster energy drinks and firearms."

Chet, the designated navigator, squinted at a screen strapped to his arm. "Okay, GPS says turn left at the angry tree."

Kyle frowned. "That's in Russian."

"I bought it off eBay," Chet replied defensively. "It's authentic Soviet military surplus. Way better than Google Maps."

The group rolled out into the forest, tearing through underbrush, ignoring posted signs that read:

NO TRESPASSING – PRIVATE LAND

RESPECT WILDLIFE

They weren't there to respect anything but the echoes of their own masculinity.

Suddenly, Randy let out a yelp and slammed the brakes. "Bro! BRO! Moose! Five o'clock!"

Sure enough, just off the trail, a young moose stood in the clearing. Small, doe-eyed, barely five feet tall.

"Aww, it's like a toddler moose!" Donnie Jr. grinned. "Let's get a selfie. For America."

"No, let's *chase it*!" Kyle shouted. "Content, baby!"

They revved up their engines and peeled off into the woods, hooting and yelling as the frightened mooseling galloped through the trees.

That's when the real moose showed up.

First came Mama Moose—taller than the ATVs, her antlers casting shadows like aircraft wings.

Then Papa Moose—a full nine feet of raw, furry vengeance with hooves like dinner plates and the gaze of a vengeful forest spirit.

“OH DEAR GOD!” Chet screamed, yanking the handlebars as they veered wildly. “WE’RE IN A HORROR MOVIE!”

“THE GPS IS SAYING SOMETHING!” Kyle shouted.

“It says ‘prepare for glorious death,’” Chet translated, weeping.

The moose gave chase.

The woods became a blur—trees, branches, shrieks, and one moose-slap that sent Kyle flying into a patch of poison ivy.

They crashed through a wire fence marked with a faded maple leaf, hit a scarecrow made of Tim Hortons cups, and landed in an enormous pile of cow pies.

Steam rose from the cow manure like shame from a failed coup.

As they lay twitching and moaning, a drone buzzed overhead. A speaker crackled:

“YOU HAVE BEEN FILMED HARASSING THREE PROTECTED MOOSE UNDER CANADIAN WILDLIFE LAW. THIS IS A FELONY OFFENSE. REMAIN WHERE YOU ARE. AUTHORITIES HAVE BEEN DISPATCHED.”

“Wait...” Donnie Jr. sat up, cow pie on his chin. “Did that say *Canadian*?!”

“We crossed the border,” Randy said in a whisper of horror. “We invaded Canada.”

Donnie Jr. stared at his soiled boots. “This... this is January 6th all over again.”

Sirens wailed in the distance.

Mounties were coming.

Donnie Jr. tried to stand, but slipped and fell back into the mush with a sad thud, his Oakley's now bent and fogged with shame. Chet sat on a pile of broken fence, still clutching the Soviet GPS unit like it might start issuing life advice. Kyle had hives from the poison ivy and was now shirtless, bright red, and covered in hoof-shaped bruises.

Randy? Randy was trying to hide behind a bush that was barely taller than a garden gnome.

The drone continued its slow circle overhead, blaring:

“YOU ARE TRESPASSING. WILDLIFE HARASSMENT IS A FELONY. LAY ON THE GROUND AND REFLECT ON YOUR POOR LIFE CHOICES.”

Then came the sound of tires on gravel. Calm. Deliberate.

Out of the treeline rolled two Royal Canadian Mounted Police SUVs. Red and white, with moose silhouettes on the sides and a polite authority that screamed, *We will arrest you gently, but firmly.*

The first Mountie stepped out: tall, stone-faced, sunglasses gleaming. His uniform was pristine. His mustache was majestic.

The second Mountie followed, holding a clipboard and sipping from a Tim Hortons coffee. She raised an eyebrow and called out in that signature, terrifyingly polite tone:

“Would the gentlemen in the manure kindly remain motionless?”

Donnie Jr. sprang to his feet, flinging cow pie everywhere, arms flailing.

“Do you know who I am?!”

Both Mounties paused. Then the clipboard one grinned slightly.

“Of course we do,” she replied. “Why do you think we’re smiling?”

The other Mountie pulled out a small, leather-bound book titled *“Very Dumb Americans We’ve Been Warned About.”* He flipped to page 73 and pointed.

“Right there—Donnie J. Grump Jr.,” he said. “Photo taken outside Bass Pro Shops. Known for trespassing, confusing moose for elk, and frequent misuse of the term ‘patriot.’”

“Also,” the clipboard Mountie added, “once tried to claim diplomatic immunity at a beer pong tournament.”

Donnie Jr. opened his mouth, but only a wheeze came out.

Randy tried to bolt, only to trip over Chet, and both fell back into the muck like synchronized idiots.

“All right,” said the mustached Mountie. “Let’s have a look at the vehicles.”

The Mounties began a slow, methodical search of the ATVs.

First came the empty beer cans. Then the maps with coffee stains and mysterious Russian scribbles. Then the duffel bag.

Inside were four handguns, two AR-style rifles, and one shotgun — none of them registered in Canada, none declared at a border crossing, and all of them illegal under Canadian law.

The officer whistled low.

“Well, well. Unauthorized firearms. That’s a big no-no up here, fellas. Especially since you crossed into Canada illegally. Guess what that makes you?”

Chet gulped.

“Tourists?”

Another Mountie chuckled.

“Criminals.”

Donnie Jr. started sputtering.

“You can’t arrest us! We’re Americans! We have Second Amendment rights!”

The lead officer nodded sympathetically.

“Sure you do. In America. Here? You’ve got the right to remain silent... and the right to wish you’d read a map.”

One by one, the group was cuffed and lined up next to their muddy ATVs. Donnie Jr. tried to protest, but every time he opened his mouth, a Mountie tightened the zip-ties on his wrists.

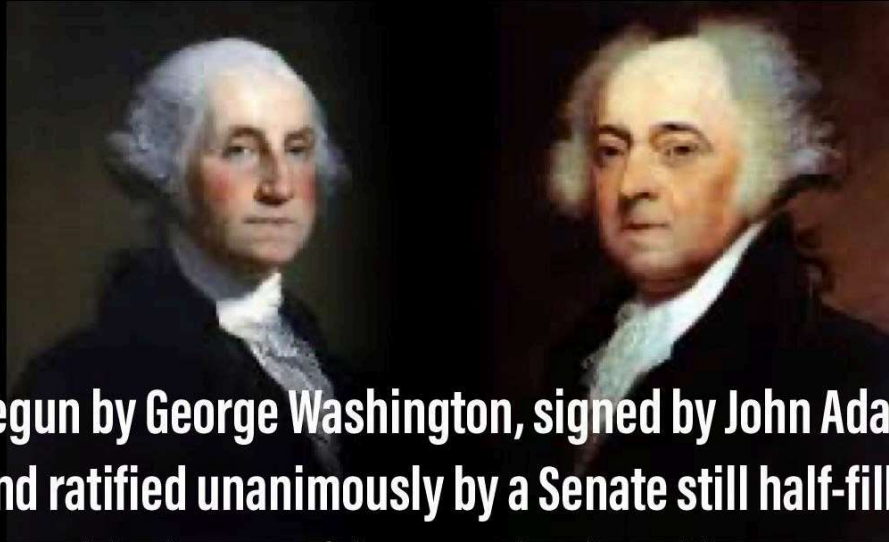
Another officer leaned in and said kindly:

“Don't worry, bud. The jail's heated. And tonight's poutine night. You're gonna love Canada, eh?”

Behind them, the wrecked scarecrow leaned drunkenly against the broken fence — a silent witness to the dumbest international incident of the year.

to be continued.... Monday!

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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