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Has George Soros gone Broke and Woke?

I am sure the Republican "leadership" will be quick to blame George and his woke mob of paid agitators for the 1200+ protests across the nation this weekend. How much did he have to pay and what bus company got the contract to bring these fraudsters into so many locations?

The organization (and costs \$\$\$\$) would have had to be huge, enormous, numbers like no one has ever seen before. I mean, damn, how did Antifa and the radical leftist Democrats find the hundreds of thousands (millions?) of people (paid actors!) all across the United States?

The owner of Maga Logo won his own golf tournament again with a totally unbelievable score of 15! His golf was so perfect that on three holes the ball went into the cup, and then incredibly bounced out of the cup and flew into the next holes cup. Three times!

Sadly no one caught these feats on camera.

Marco Rubio wrote on Twitter : "I am taking actions to revoke all visas held by South Sudanese passport holders and to restrict any further issuance to prevent entry into the United States, effective immediately, due to the failure of South Sudan's transitional government to accept the return of its repatriated citizens in a timely manner."

The Dodger's signed 17 year-old Joseph Deng in January, a 17 year old pitcher with a 95 MPH fastball. If the current administration wants to really see the country revolt, start pushing DEI in sports. I cannot wait to see the return of an all-white basketball team.

Let's not forget about all the DEI in The Avengers! Women with super powers? A guy who turns green when he gets mad?? Will they finally redo "The Black Panther" with an all white cast, including the panther?

Will Hollywood now be forced to remake Moana or Mulan or Coco?

Another child died of measles in Texas while we made millions on tariffs paid by penguins.

If that sounded cold, I'm sorry. I'm interviewing for a position with the current administration and I want to make sure I fit in...





[Brooke Rollins](#) talked to Jake Tapper about the trade war and her clown filter wasn't working...

I love how she laughs at the penguins. She did make one comment that I find absolutely believable.

She claims that the people she is working with are:

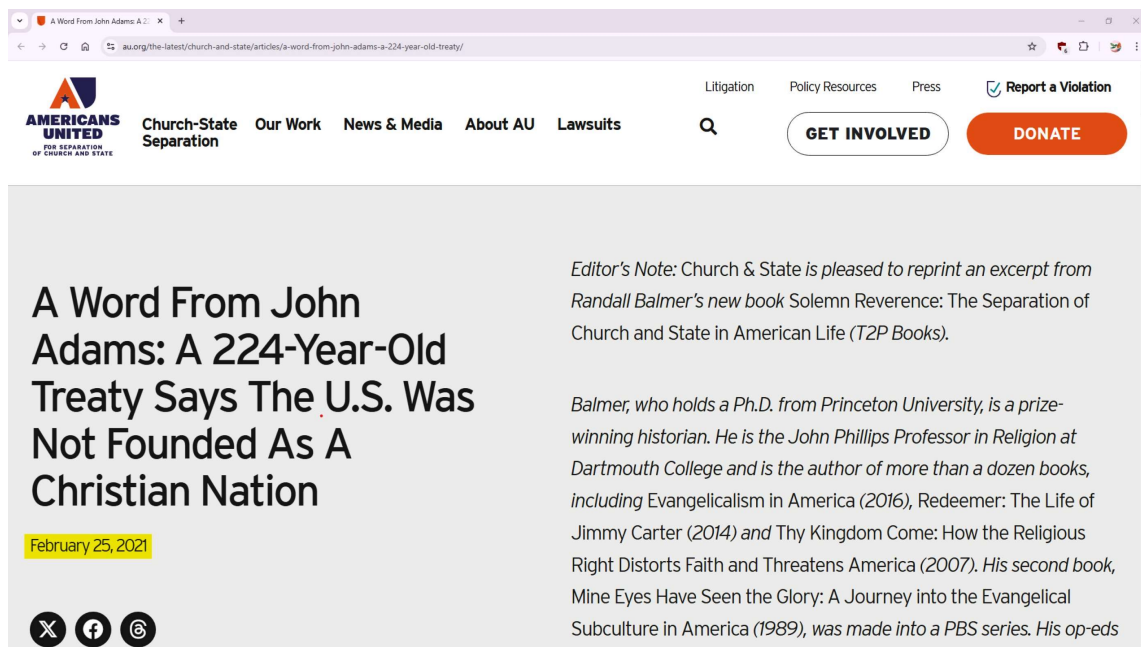
"the smartest people I have ever worked with"

Not a doubt in my mind!



Turn out the lights  
 The party's over  
 They say that all  
 Good things must end  
 Call it a night  
 The party's over  
 And tomorrow starts  
 The same old thing again

For those of you who have never seen [Willie Nelson](#) without a beard.



Here is the link to the [article](#).

I would like to thank those who pointed out my math error...

Deist – Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Paine  
 Congregationalist - John Adams, Sam Adams  
 Anglican – Madison, Hamilton, Patrick Henry  
 Episcopalian – John Jay

4 votes for Deist

**2** for Congregationalist

3 for Anglican  
1 for Episcopalian.

Deism Still Wins!

Part 2 of the Donnie Jr. Chronicles can be found [here](#). There is talk of a possible "prisoner swap." I wonder who Canada, (think Justin Trudeau) would swap for Donnie Jr.?



The second Noodnick Award is split this week between none other than Bullshit Barbie, AKA Karoline Leavitt and the Minister of Misery, Stephen Miller. Their comments about how Judge Xinis is a Marxist and that he does not have jurisdiction over the president of El Salvador on the return of Kilmar Abrego Garcia are as disgusting and as heartless as can be.





In a post on X, White House deputy chief of staff Stephen Miller referred to Judge Xinis as a "Marxist", who "now thinks she's president of El Salvador".

White House Press Secretary Karoline Leavitt said: "We suggest the Judge contact President [Nayib] Bukele because we are unaware of the judge having jurisdiction or authority over the country of El Salvador."

Mr. Garcia's family, including his wife Jennifer Vasquez Sura and their five year-old son with autism, are US citizens. They have been calling for his release since his deportation in mid-March.

Erez Reuveni, The lawyer representing the government admitted in court to their mistake and conceded he did not know the legal basis for the expulsion.

Reuveni acknowledged the mistake in court Friday and told a judge that he did not know what authority the U.S. used to deport Abrego García. Six years ago, an immigration judge found that Abrego García had testified credibly that **he could be harmed or killed by gang members** in El Salvador and should not be removed.

What could the lawyer tell the judge besides **the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?**

He has since been put on indefinite leave.

Attorney General Pam Bondi said:


"At my direction, every Department of Justice attorney is required to zealously advocate on behalf of the United States. Any attorney who fails to abide by this direction will face consequences."

In an interview on "Fox News Sunday," Bondi likened comments to "a defense attorney walking, conceding something in a criminal matter."  
"That would never happen in this country," she said.

I have never been in criminal court, but I have seen a lot of cases on TV and I do recall hearing that word, concede, along with another legal word, stipulate. The defense will stipulate...


I bet if our AG called Hollywood, they could send her several scripts along with their legal experts on how criminal trial work...

Or, she could just use Google...


In a court opening, a defense attorney might concede certain facts or aspects of the case, but this is a strategic decision, not necessarily an admission of guilt, and is often done to build credibility or focus on specific areas of contention. 

Here's a breakdown of why a defense might concede during opening statements:


**1. Building Credibility:**

Conceding an indisputable fact can establish the defense attorney as honest and trustworthy, which can help jurors be more receptive to the rest of their arguments. 


**2. Focusing on the Core Issue:**

By conceding certain points, the defense can shift the focus of the trial to the key areas where they intend to present a strong case. 


**3. Strategic Advantage:**

Sometimes, conceding a minor point can be part of a broader strategy to undermine the prosecution's case or highlight weaknesses in their evidence. 

**Example:**

A defense attorney might concede that the defendant was present at the scene of the crime, but argue that they were there as a witness, not as a perpetrator. 

**4. Affirmative Defense:**

An affirmative defense is a reason why a defendant shouldn't have to pay damages, even if the facts in the complaint are true. 

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I am sure legal experts could give a few more...

Is her message now telling attorneys to ignore the law, screw the truth, lie to the courts and judges?

"Don't worry about committing perjury, we got your back. If you dare to tell the truth you will be fired!"

Or publicly shamed?



## Karoline's Fall

Karoline Leaveitout practically *skipped* down the polished marble halls of the Executive Office Building, the small heels of her pumps clicking a cheerful rhythm.

Her heart was still pounding from the rush of standing beside President JR Biden at the podium — a real Founding Father! A man who actually *cared* about truth, about the country. He had treated her like a daughter, spoken gently, explained so clearly that tariffs were just taxes on the American people.

When he hugged her afterward and said, "Tell the truth, Karoline. Even when it's hard," she had *sworn silently* to do just that.

She opened her office door with a big, proud grin.

And froze.



Stevie Boot-Liquor was already inside, slouched in her chair, his muddy cowboy boots propped on her desk, leaving dirty scuffs across her official Grump Presidential Stationery.

His tie was loose, his shirt half-untucked, and he clutched a massive 64-ounce soda that sloshed as he jabbed a finger at her.

"What the hell was that, Karoline?" he barked.

Karoline blinked. "What—what do you mean?"

Stevie sat up straight, his face red and sweating like a Thanksgiving ham left too long in the oven.

"You told the *truth* out there! About tariffs! About prices going up! About the DOGE numbers being junk!"

He slammed the soda onto her desk, splattering cola across her papers. Karoline's face fell.

"But... but Stevie," she stammered, clutching her hands together, "isn't that what we're supposed to do? President JR Biden said—"

Stevie cut her off, sneering.

"President JR Biden?!" he mocked. "That antique? That relic?! Forget him. This is about *Grump*. This is about *power*. About *winning*."

He stood up, looming over her.

"If I sniffed your shoes right now, do you know what I would smell?"

"Treason! You think tellin' the truth is gonna help us? We lost in 2020, Karoline. We stole the 2024 election by the skin of our teeth—barely scraped by thanks to Stevie Boot-Liquor's patented B.S. Machine."

He thumped his chest proudly.

Karoline's lower lip trembled.

"But if our agenda to make America Great Again is really so great, why do we have to keep repeating those same lies over and over? Even Peter

Douchy from Faux Newz is starting to call me out in my lies. Faux News!

"And... and lying is wrong. It's one of the Ten Commandments. Thou shalt not bear false witness..."

Stevie laughed, loud and ugly.

"Darlin'," he drawled, "the Ten Commandments ain't a suggestion list. They're a checklist of things you gotta break if you wanna *win* in politics."

Karoline looked horrified.

Stevie stepped closer, lowering his voice like a sleazy preacher.

"You think your precious little honesty saved you today? Huh? It's gonna destroy us. DOGE's savings numbers are fake. The tariffs are gonna gut the economy. MAGAland's already fallin' apart faster than a Kmart bicycle in a hurricane."

He jabbed a finger into her shoulder.

"Only way we survive is if people *believe*. Believe the lies. Believe that Grump is savin' 'em. Believe that Grump is their *king*."

Karoline gasped.

"K-King?" she stammered.

Stevie nodded solemnly.

"King Grump the First. It's the only way, darlin'. Grump ain't just a president anymore. He's a *movement*. A *messiah*."

Karoline shook her head, trying to resist.

"But—"

Stevie smiled coldly.

"You want a job next week? You want your face on TV? Or you wanna be workin' the fry station at MAGA Burger?"

Karoline swallowed hard.

The sparkle that had been in her eyes after the press conference started to dim.

Slowly, like a puppet whose strings were being cut, she slumped into her chair.

Stevie leaned in close.

"Say it," he whispered.

Karoline stared at the desk.

"Say it."

A tear slid down her cheek.

And then, brokenly, she whispered:

"Grump... deserves to be King."

Stevie clapped his hands once, triumphant.

"Good girl. Now practice. Full sentence."

Karoline, her voice dead and mechanical, repeated:

"Grump *is* our king. Grump deserves to rule."

Stevie grinned like a hyena.

"Attagirl. See? Wasn't so hard."

Karoline Leaveitout sat frozen in her chair, her whispered words —

"Grump is our king..." still hanging in the heavy, stale air of her office like a ghost.

Stevie Boot-Liquor loomed over her, grinning.

"One more thing, darlin'," he said, tipping his soda cup toward her like a priest offering a final blessing.



"Time for your *shamin'*."

Karoline blinked, confused.

"S-shaming?"

Stevie's grin widened.

"Yep. Puritan style. Old school, baby. Think our Founding Fathers. You told the truth on live TV, Karoline. You let the poison of *honesty* infect the faithful. So now, you gotta purge it. Publicly. Officially."

He leaned down, his breath hot and sticky like a swamp.

"The Freedom Caucus is waitin'. They're gonna test your soul, girl. Gonna question you for hours until they believe you're pure. Until they believe you've repented."

Karoline's face drained of color.

"But—" she whimpered.

Stevie slammed his soda down again, splattering more sticky cola across her desk.

"No buts. You *wanna work* in this White House, you *gotta crawl back* into their good graces."

He pulled out his phone and tapped a few buttons.

"Oh, and we're filmin' the whole thing for MAGA-Patriot-Freedom-Faith TV. Real-time loyalty purification."

Karoline stared at him, tears welling up.

Stevie didn't care. He grabbed her by the elbow, yanking her up.

"Let's go, Judas," he muttered.

He dragged her down the hall, past aides who averted their eyes, past interns who snickered behind their hands.

When they reached the heavy oak doors of the Executive Conference Room, Stevie threw them open with a flourish.

Inside, the lights were dim, the air thick with the smell of old leather and burnt coffee.

Rows of men in MAGA hats and ill-fitting suits sat in a circle, chairs arranged like a tribunal. At the center was a wooden chair — solitary, exposed.

And standing at the door to greet her, arms open wide like a wolf welcoming a lamb, was Gumbo Gordon — the Freedom Caucus' unofficial enforcer, a man with a handshake like a snapping turtle and a smile like a cracked gravestone.

"Well well well," Gumbo drawled in his syrupy Southern accent. "Look who we got here. Miss Truth-Teller herself."

Karoline shivered.

Gumbo grabbed her hand in his huge, meaty paw and squeezed just a little too hard.

"Don't you worry now, sugar," he said, guiding her inside.

We're just gonna *talk*. Just gonna ask you some questions. Over. And over. And over. Till we're sure you're good and proper again."

Stevie Boot-Liquor clapped her on the back hard enough to make her stumble.

"Be a good girl now," he chuckled.

"Smile for the cameras."

Karoline's eyes darted around the room.

Cameras were everywhere — little blinking red dots on tripods, bodycams strapped to grim-faced Freedom Caucus members, even a giant MAGA-Patriot eagle emblem spinning slowly on the wall behind the chair.

She was shoved toward the center, toward the single wooden seat.

A voice from the circle barked:

"State your name for the record."

Karoline's throat was dry.

She sat down heavily, staring into the dozen merciless faces around her.

"K-Karoline Leaveitout," she croaked.

Gumbo leaned forward, his grin widening.

"And what was your crime today, Miss Leaveitout?"

Karoline's lip quivered.

"I... I told the truth."

The room exploded into jeers.

"Truth ain't free, girl!"

"You broke the sacred bond of loyalty!"

"You weakened King Grump!"

Another voice boomed:

"Do you *repent*, Karoline?"

Tears streamed down her face.

"Y-yes... I repent."

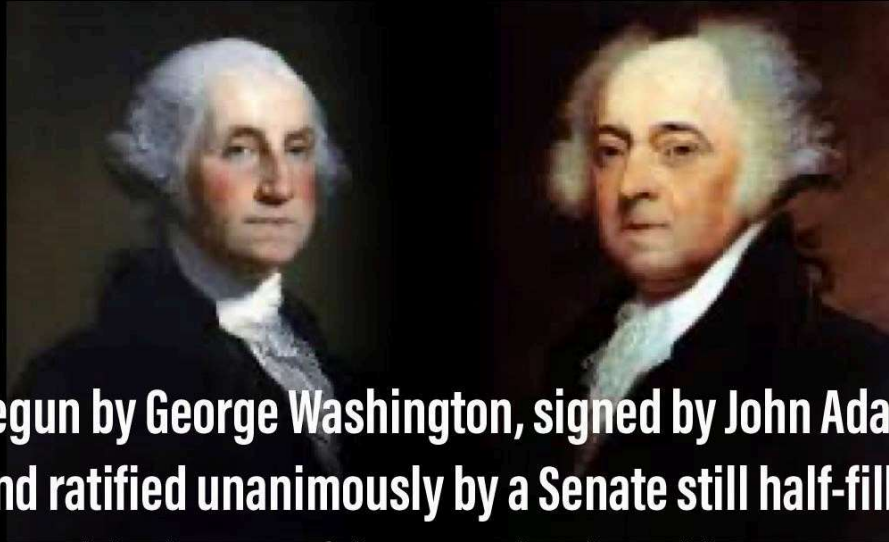
The cameras zoomed in.

Stevie Boot-Liquor leaned against the wall, sipping from his giant soda, chuckling to himself.

It had begun.



# 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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