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For those Americans who still follow Christianity, yesterday was called the Day of Confrontation. I would recommend reading Matthew 22 and maybe then question your religious leaders as to why they still preach that Ten is greater than the Two.

The president of El Salvador visited the White House, and I think he may need a better translator or a refresher in his English. If he releases Mr. Garcia, he could put him on a commercial airplane and fly him back to America, no smuggling needed.

By the time you read this, a contingent of Congressmen and Senators are going to El Salvador to try and negotiate to see him, and if possible arrange his return. Let's hope and pray they will return with him

The "never will be ready for prime-time" players who committed an "administrative error" are so scared of his testimony that even if he is returned to a US port of entry, they will detain him, sending him either to another country or returned again to El Salvador.

If that is the case, do you think Canada would accept him?

The DOJ claims, very erroneously, that the courts have no jurisdiction in "Foreign Affairs." Granted this is coming from someone who had the Epstein binders on her desk and very publicly accused an innocent man of being a very high-ranking gang leader.

We tried this once before, at Guantanamo Bay, where Ron DeSantis "may or may not" have engaged enemy combatants in waterboarding. This claim misinterprets the Court's authority and the meaning of the Constitution.

Key Precedents:

- **Boumediene v. Bush (2008):** The Supreme Court held that foreign nationals held at Guantanamo Bay had the constitutional right to habeas corpus — the right to challenge unlawful detention — even outside U.S. borders.

Meaning: The executive branch cannot evade judicial oversight simply because foreign relations are involved.

- **Hamdi v. Rumsfeld (2004):** The Court ruled that a U.S. citizen captured on the battlefield and designated as an "enemy combatant" still had the right to **due process** — notice of the charges and a meaningful opportunity to contest them.

Meaning: Even in matters of national security, the government is not above judicial review and must honor the rule of law.

For all the upcoming [50501 Movement](#) news, protest dates...

In the world's Most Extreme Cognitive Dissidence Cases - Howie Lutnick is taking the fall for the total and complete tariff failure while Karoline Leaveitout claims it is all "The Art of the Deal!"

DOGE has failed to even come close to their promises, and, according to an [NPR story](#), may have illegally accessed data. Their lack of real savings can now be found [here](#).

While it is a slightly more professional website than mine, their numbers and mine are very close. As of now it is only \$11.7 Billion, which is about half of what the CFPB returned to taxpayers defrauded by financial institutions.

As for those SSA claims of children not even born...

For those of you unaware of how to pull off a simple scam, the whole idea is to not appear outside of the norm. Why take the risk of raising a red-flag if you don't have to?

To pull off such a scam, it would take people on the inside, with access to the program code, and the ability to bypass all security protocols. Checks would have to be bypassed at the highest levels to allow the kind of fraud DOGE and Emptee Gee claim.

I would assume that the AG, the DOJ and the FBI are tracking all of the fraudulent payments, contacting the banks, reviewing the associated bank accounts, running the security footage...

Here is as an example of something that sounds "fraudulent!!!:"

Secretary NoMama, under pressure for her lack of results, now claims that she has reunited over 5,000 unaccompanied children. The process is handled by the Office of Refugee Resettlement, usually requiring weeks or months to prevent any chance of child trafficking.

As a reference, the past two administrations processed about 40 ~ 60 children a week. Part of the time requirement is

- **Parental vetting and background checks** (taking weeks or even months);
- **DNA testing** to verify familial relationships
- **Home studies and child welfare screenings**

- **Coordination with foreign governments and NGOs** in cases where parents have been deported or are unlocatable.

Lets do some simple math:

Jan 24 ~ April 15 is 80 calendar days

Minus weekends and holidays that number is 55.

$5000/80 = 62.5$ children a day.

$5000/55 = 90.9$ children a day.

This is assuming that DOGE has not gutted their staff. Given that we have seen no appearance by Secretary NoMama on Faux Newz in reference to this miracle of miracles, I think we can safely call that bullshit!

Can you see how simple math raises a serious red-flag?

In the world of Unconstitutional

The administration is also now threatening to prosecute dissenters of the current administration's new agenda with the potential charge of treason.

Is it now treason to send out emails like this?

I have moved a couple of the usual email attachments to [here](#) and added two new ones.

The first is an open letter I would like everyone to send to all of our elected officials. It talks about how free speech, even stating that the 2020 election was not stolen, is protected speech under the 1st Amendment.

The second is an open letter to Secretary of State Marco Rubio. He has issued an "Anti-Christian" directive that requires very detailed information on your coworkers if you feel they may be engaging in any activity where someone "could be seen" as attacking Christianity.

I have a few questions.

If scientists now discuss evolution, is that considered anti-Christian, even if it is done in a classroom or laboratory?

Is it anti-Christian to keep claiming that our Founding Fathers were Christian when the majority (four of them) were Deists?

Is it anti-Christian to ask Evangelicals to stop public proselytization, especially by public employees of the federal government as it violates a commandment given to us by Jesus in Matthew 6:1~5.

Is it anti-Christian to Love God and your Neighbor.

Someone should also tell Secretary Rubio that he should talk with a friend of his, named Senator Rubio. His sole and only purpose for being in that meeting was to pop up on queue and state that foreign affairs are under the sole control of the Executive Branch...

Almost as if they had rehearsed their lines!

It seem that Lil Marco forgot that it is Congress that declares war.

He also seems to have forgotten that it was Congress, including several of our Founding Fathers, in the very chambers he use to sit, who ratified the Treaty of Tripoli.

You're old self would most likely slap your new self for being a puppet!

For those of you who live in Florida, DC, or really anywhere...

**Tris**

@trisresists.bsky.social

This is something we can all do. 📌

File a complaint with the FL and DC Bar to have Pam Bondi disbarred for not complying with the 9-0 Supreme Court ruling to return Mr. Garcia from El Salvador.

**Matt Barclay**

To have Bondi disbarred in Florida for going against a 9-0 Supreme Court ruling to return Mr. Garcia from El Salvador to his home and family, fill this out and email back in. Her bar number is: 886440. Washington DC has an online form. Anywhere she can practice, file a complaint for going against a 9-0 SCOTUS ruling. <https://www.floridabar.org/public/acap/filing-a-complaint/>

Noodnick Time

Stephen Miller wins by claiming reuniting a father with his wife and autistic son would be like kidnapping him.

Can any of us fathom losing our own father this way? How does his wife sleep, how are his children managing with the trauma?

America use to have a heart, a soul that cared for our neighbors.

But that's not how it used to be
When the jester sang for the king and queen
In a coat he borrowed from James Dean

The day the music died!



The Return of Mr. Garcia

(what we all hope, wish and pray for.)

Location: Presidential Palace of El Labrador, San Madero

President: *His Serene Democratic Highness, Don Reynaldo Amado del Pueblo Primero*

The ivory towers of the Palacio del Pueblo glowed in the morning sun, crowned with flags that fluttered not in pride, but in memory—for every man or woman wrongfully taken from their families, and every child left behind in tears.

Inside, President Don Reynaldo Amado del Pueblo Primero stood behind his carved cedar desk, reviewing a stack of reports—each one documenting an “administrative error” from the Grump administration.

Each one a name, a face, a family broken.

The gilded doors opened with the squeak of ambition and sweat.

Stevie Boot-Liquor entered, patting down his hair, pasting on a plastic smile, and bowing far too low.

Stevie (nervously): “Your Highness! Such honor to be in your presence. El Labrador, of course, is our favorite democracy. The beaches! The cuisine! The—um—stability.”

Don Reynaldo barely looked up.

President Reynaldo: “Is that so? You came to sniff shoes last time. What do you want now?”

Stevie (laughs awkwardly): “Yes, about that. Pure flattery, of course. Part of diplomacy. We’re all friends here.”

President Reynaldo (cold): “What is it you’re here to ask?”

Stevie shifted uncomfortably and pulled a crumpled memo from his pocket.

Stevie: “We were thinking, given the recent *confusion*—with Mr. Garcia—that perhaps... perhaps it would be best... *for everyone*... if he stayed here.”

Don Reynaldo looked up, his face unreadable.

Stevie (rushing): “I mean, really—it’s best for him! The climate! The food! We’ll even pay! Think of it as a humanitarian favor. Quiet. Dignified. You don’t need the bad press, and we don’t need the embarrassment of welcoming home a man we deported in violation of our own court order.”

President Reynaldo (calmly): “You are asking me to hold him hostage?”

Stevie: “Oh no! No-no-no. I mean—detain is such a dirty word. Think of it more like... a *forever vacation*.”

President Reynaldo (rising): “And how, Señor Boot-Liquor, would you describe your own suggestion back in Washington—when you told your media friends it would look like *smuggling* him back?”

Stevie (eyes widening): “I... I may have said that. But only—only for optics!”

President Reynaldo (furious): “Then allow me to explain something in language your soul might finally understand.”

He stepped out from behind his desk, voice rising like thunder over the plaza.

President Reynaldo: “You kidnapped him. You tore him from his home, ignored your own judges, and dumped him into my country like garbage. You branded him a gang member with no evidence. You left a child—an *autistic child*—without a father, and a wife without her husband. That is not immigration policy. That is state-sanctioned *abduction*.”

Stevie took a trembling step backward, but Don Reynaldo advanced.

President Reynaldo (continuing): “Mr. Garcia will not remain your political inconvenience. He will be leaving today. He is currently in my private residence, with clean clothes, breakfast and very strong will. Mr. Garcia will return to his family, —not in shackles, not in shadows, but as a father and a husband.”

He walked to the window, looking out across the sea.

President Reynaldo: “As for the others you deported—those you dumped with no due process— I will be reviewing each of their files. If they are proven to be actual criminals, but not gang member, they will be sent to their country of origin. But if they were innocent—if they were victims of bureaucratic cruelty — Then I will be calling upon the International Criminal Court to consider this a violation of human rights.”

Stevie collapsed into a chair. His voice was now a whisper.

President Reynaldo stepped to the center of the room, his hands behind his back, chin raised with the dignity of a man who had lived through

dictators and never bent a knee.

He looked directly at Stevie Boot-Liquor and spoke in a voice sharp as obsidian.

President Reynaldo: "You said you wanted him to stay here? That you'd rather bury the mistake than face it? Well, now you won't have to worry about that." He gestured to a guard at the door.

President Reynaldo: "Mr. Garcia will return to his family in America. And *you*... will take his place."

The room went still. Stevie froze mid-sweat.

Stevie: "I... I don't understand. What—what are you saying?"

President Reynaldo (smiling slightly): "A prisoner swap. One man wrongfully taken for one man who came here willingly to lie, to insult my country, and to beg to sniff shoes like a fool. You'll be held in our national jail—not as a prisoner of conscience, but as a prisoner of consequence."

Stevie staggered backward, bumping into the velvet drapes.

Stevie (voice rising): "No! I—I have a family! A *wife*! Two kids and a dog! I'm lactose intolerant, I can't sleep without white noise!"

He dropped to his knees and began crawling toward President Reynaldo, tears now dripping freely.

Stevie: "Please, Your Serene Highness! I'll do anything. I'll rebrand! I'll even denounce Grump! I'll testify against him! In Court! I know all his dirty little secrets. I'll sniff *your* peoples shoes! Please don't leave me here! I'm too oily to survive prison!"

President Reynaldo raised a hand, and two palace guards stepped forward. Their boots and uniforms gleamed, untarnished by corruption.

President Reynaldo (to the guards): “Take him to the central jail. Feed him. But no media access, no mirror, no cologne. Everyone is tired of him sniffing shoes.”

As Stevie screamed and begged, kicking uselessly in his bespoke loafers, the palace doors opened once more. Mr. Garcia walked in—dignified, upright, his face calm, but his eyes burning with years of quiet pain.

President Reynaldo stepped aside and gestured to the guards.

President Reynaldo: “Take Señor Garcia to the airport. His wife and child are waiting for him in America.”

Stevie lunged toward the door, but the guards had him by the elbows now, dragging him backward.

Stevie (sobbing): “You can’t do this! I’m white! I’m *important!* I have a blue check mark! I’m trending in three states!”

President Reynaldo (without looking back): “Yes. You are trending—for once, in the right direction.”

As the marble doors closed behind them, Stevie’s screams faded into the echoes of justice.

And the people of El Labrador watched from their balconies with quiet satisfaction... as a man who had once trafficked in cruelty was finally made to feel its sting.

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."**

[Open Letter to the US Congress](#)

[Open Letter to Secretary Rubio](#)

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