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# Mickey Johnston #1

Mickey's Crisis of Faith - The black SUV glided silently down the coastal highway, its tinted windows shielding Speaker Mickey Johnston from the bright moonlight. Mickey sat rigid in the back seat, his hands clutching a leather Bible so tightly that his knuckles turned white.

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## Mickey's Crisis of Faith

The black SUV glided silently down the coastal highway, its tinted windows shielding Speaker Mickey Johnston from the bright moonlight. Mickey sat rigid in the back seat, his hands clutching a leather Bible so tightly that his knuckles turned white. His mind was still a swirling vortex of confusion and terror, the lingering effects of Egon Tusk's mushrooms mixing with his own mounting doubts.

In his altered state, Donold J. Grump's booming voice echoed in his head. "Matthew 6! Don't pray in public to show off!" The words burned like fire, unraveling the foundation of his evangelical certainty.

*What if Grump's right?* Mickey thought, staring blankly out the window. *What if all the yelling, the rallies, the declarations... what if it's all wrong?*

The driver glanced at him through the rearview mirror. "You okay, Mr. Johnston? You're looking kind of pale."

Mickey blinked and forced a weak smile. "I'm fine. Just... tired. It's been a long night."

The driver nodded, saying nothing more. Mickey shifted in his seat, his hand brushing against a small box sitting on the seat beside him. Curious, he picked it up and opened the lid.

Inside was a neatly wrapped sandwich and a slice of cake, along with a folded note. He recognized Grump's large, loopy handwriting instantly:

**Save for Lunch – DJT**

Mickey's stomach churned. The sandwich smelled earthy, almost too earthy, and he suddenly recalled the strange taste of the mushrooms from the previous night's dinner. He slammed the lid shut and shoved the box away, his pulse quickening.

"He's trying to poison me," Mickey whispered to himself, the paranoia creeping back in. "That's what Satan would do, isn't it?"

He clutched the Bible tighter, muttering a prayer under his breath.

By the time the SUV pulled into his driveway, Mickey was trembling. The driver helped him inside, offering a concerned look, but Mickey waved him off and locked the door behind him.

The house was dark and quiet, save for the faint ticking of a clock in the living room. Mickey sank into his favorite armchair, the Bible still in his hands. He felt unmoored, as if his faith—the one thing that had always guided him—was slipping through his fingers.

Kneeling by the chair, he closed his eyes and pressed the Bible to his forehead.

“Lord, I need You,” he whispered, his voice cracking. “I need answers. Show me the truth. If Grump is truly Satan, give me the strength to stand against him. If I’ve been wrong, show me the way. I’m begging You, Lord. Lead me.”

With tears streaming down his face, Mickey opened the Bible at random, placing his finger blindly on the page. Slowly, he opened his eyes.

The words stared back at him, clear as day:

**“Teacher, which is the greatest commandment in the Law?”**

**Jesus replied: ‘Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your mind. This is the first and greatest commandment. And the second is like it: Love your neighbor as yourself. All the Law and the Prophets hang on these two commandments.’” —Matthew 22:36-40**

Mickey gasped, his heart pounding.

The passage was familiar—one he’d quoted many times in sermons—but tonight, it felt like a lightning bolt to his soul. Mickey read it again, the words burning into his

consciousness.

*The Two Commandments... not the Ten*, he thought, his fingers trembling as they traced the text. *Jesus Himself said these were the most important. So why do we focus so much on the Ten?*

He thought about the rallies, the slogans, the constant push to display the Ten Commandments on courthouse lawns and in public schools. It had always seemed so righteous, so necessary. But now...

“Why do we push the Ten,” Mickey whispered, “when Jesus gave us Two?”

The thought unsettled him. The Ten Commandments were the bedrock of evangelical teaching, yet here was Jesus, simplifying everything into two straightforward principles: Love God and Love Others.

Mickey’s mind raced. He thought about the rallies he’d attended, the speeches he’d given, the protests he’d led. How often had those actions been about love? How often had they truly reflected the spirit of these commandments?

And then, unbidden, came another question: *Was Grump right about Matthew 6, too?*

He shuddered, remembering Grump’s smug tone as he cited the passage. Mickey had always dismissed the idea that public displays of faith could be hollow, but now... now he wasn’t so sure.

Mickey stared at the Bible, his heart heavy. “Have I been wrong?” he asked aloud, his voice echoing in the empty room.

His gaze drifted to the box of leftovers on the coffee table. The mushrooms seemed to taunt him, a reminder of the surreal chaos that had brought him to this moment.

He thought of Grump's boastful confessions, his brazen pride, and the strange golden aura that had surrounded him. Was it possible that Grump was both a deceiver and a messenger? Could Satan speak the truth to sow confusion?

"Lord," Mickey whispered, clutching the Bible again. "I don't know what to believe anymore."

The clock ticked on, the silence of the house pressing in on him. For the first time in years, Mickey felt truly lost.

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