

Sermon #38: It's OUR world, Bubba.

The Good Reverend Roger

“Any man who never gets carried away should be.”

—*Oscar Wilde*

The Good Reverend has, believe it or not, been called crazy, on this very board (he's also been called evil, anti-American, and dangerously liberal, but that's a subject for another thread). Now, unlikely as that may seem, who knows? Perhaps it is true.

But what of it? Looking around me, I see no reason to follow what most people call “sanity” these days. Not because I enjoy being irrational—quite the opposite. What passes for sanity in America is irrational as hell, and I see no reason to go along with it.

So, by the strictest definition of crazy (not able to follow societal norms), maybe I am—But so are you. Consider: The “norm” demanded by society is based not only on the 1950s, but on a 1950s *that never happened*. We're supposed to be like Ward & June Cleaver, and never you mind distasteful things like McCarthyism, rabid racism, Thalidomide babies, and mind-numbing conformity.

Let's just peel back the vinyl on that little mythos, shall we? Much like the *real* 50s, every actor on that show was doped six ways from Sunday with enough tranquilizers to stun a moose. Hell, the Beav grew up and married June! What the **hell** is going on here?

I'll tell you what's going on here: the Cleavers really **are** America, but most Americans want to believe the lie, rather than the sordid truth. And why not? Who wants to think that their nation is a collection of fat, lazy pill-heads who bend over shamelessly every time someone yells “Com mies!” or “Terrorists!” while they drone their lives away in their cubes and in front of their teevees?

This is why I crack up every time I hear someone say how proud they are to be an American. That's like saying you're proud to be a Raiders fan—proud to follow a bunch of fat old jackasses who try to clobber the living blue-Jesus out of everything they don't understand, while resting on the laurels of those who have come before them.

Proud to watch homosexuals and people of the “wrong” religions get marginalized and relegated to second-class citizen status. Proud to watch their kids get shoved into a meatgrinder in Iraq, for no particular reason. Proud to ship their

jobs to Singapore. Proud of rights they no longer really have. Just what the hell are they proud of?

Now, being an American **used** to be something to be proud about (as long as you weren't, say, an American Indian or a black person)—because, even with all of our faults and crimes, we were a continually improving nation. We eliminated most of our faults (Amendments XIII and XIV, for example), and had plans for the rest... but then something happened. For some reason, we ran out of steam, sometime between 1964 and 1980. We forgot what was great about America, and started gloating about how powerful we were. We forgot our rights, having traded patriotism for jingoism.

And now we're getting the "government" we deserve.

So, to those who call me "unpatriotic"—and you know who you are—you can bite me. Rabid nationalism and jingoism isn't patriotism, and the concept of "my country, right or wrong" is just more moral cowardice, along the lines of "if you haven't done anything wrong, you have no reason to worry if the NSA is spying on you."

And this so-called "government" can bite me, too. If I'm not afraid of terrorists and commies under the bed, I'm sure as hell not going to be afraid of **these** jackasses. The more they try to control us (flag burning crap, "official religions", etc), the more likely I am to do those very things they are trying to suppress, even things I wouldn't normally be bothered with—just out of plain orneriness. Things of that nature make me hate that flag. They make me hate the United States of America. They make me hate all "normal" drones. They inspire me to knock crap over, just for the hell of it. A free man doesn't get told what to do or not do, when it comes to freedom of religion, speech, etc.

Is that crazy? Maybe... But I'd rather be crazy than a slave. And I am not alone in this—the system we live under demands a jello-mold type of conformity that is creating so many rejects that it *is becoming fashionable to be one*. And so the tide turns. It's almost worth it, just to see the increasing hate and outrage from the so-called "conservatives". The scorn of jackasses is, of course, a benediction.

So, as things begin to get weird, think of the freaks, the mutants, the little guys who you were used to stepping on. Think of the Gays and the Lesbians, who maybe are just a little sick of being a doormat for the Puritans who feel the need to dump on someone. Think of the Subgenii and Discordians... for, whether you can handle the idea or not, this century belongs to us.

We just haven't started collecting rent, yet.

Or kill me.



written in the spirit by

The Good Reverend Roger

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