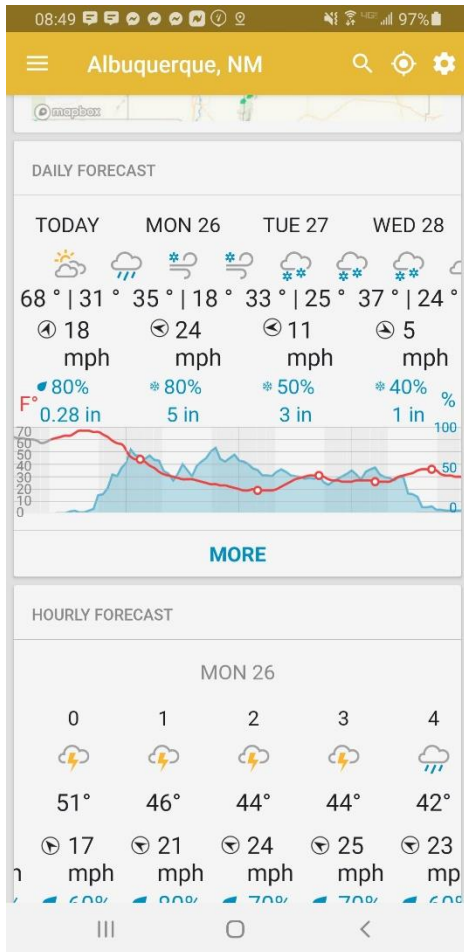


[Pdf of Weather Report to date](#)

[The Weather Report for April \(below\)](#)

[The Weather Report for May-June](#)

[The Weather Report for August-September](#)



THE SHERMAN RED-SKY-AT-MORNING WEATHER REPORT

Sunday Morning October 25, 2020

Something familiar about that date . . . wasn't that the day that God created the world, in 4004 bc? I shouldn't be flippant, but we humans can look funny at times. All glory to our God who *did* create this universe for us to enjoy Him in! But flippancy abounds for good reason: I googled the question but got "Did you mean: what was Bishop Hunter's date for the creation of the world" And the correction was just to add the apostrophe, because I had entered "Bishop Hunters," because the oral transcription memory machine didn't know about Bishop Ussher. Nor did I know how to spell his name. But even if I had typed it in correctly or incorrectly, the little brain in the virtual keyboard would probably have switched to Hunter, a baseball player. It changes my entries to names I never knew, or capitalizes words that apparently were the name of some obscure band somewhere in the all too recent past (in that little bit of popular history in which American youth knows its way.)

But the creation date was October 23. That's the day we voted. Fittingly, the next day we drained the swamp, and today in a little while we go to the Caribou house to drain the swamp. Those of you in humid climates may not know about evaporative coolers. Swamp coolers. Professionals are trying to talk people here into using big motors to compress and decompress freon, giving up on these messy but comfortable and economical coolers. They work. My fiberglass model at San Pablo is 40 years old and doing well. Letting it drain a little whenever the pump is running (over the side of the house in a hose to the base of the plum tree) keeps it remarkably clean. Otherwise they become the Dead Sea.

So Sylvia started out with Stella at 7, daylight time outliving its welcome, in a warm 57 degrees, due to cloud cover, which we have not seen for 45 days. A rosy band lay across the mountain, didn't last, yielded to a comfy cloudy day, to do the cooler and bring in all the tomatoes.

THE SHERMAN CANCELLED WEATHER REPORT

October 18-22, 2020

Greetings, Family and Friends,

The great Central New Mexico birthday bash is wrapping up. Kids are 6, 2, 4, and 8, these past Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and today, that is, on the 14th, 15th, 17th and 18th. And include Wendy, today, too, far off in Maryland, seven times the age of one of those kids. But no one is seeing anyone, because the family is waiting out a covid exposure . . . and no one in all of 21st century Western science can tell us if masks help or if we're all going to get it no matter who we believe.

Meanwhile, this is day 38 of the Picnic Weather Extravaganza in Albuquerque. Except for a few gusts of wind and the hints of smoke and haze that come and go, reminding us of trouble in the far west, we have had spotless weather, hardly a cloud, surprisingly warm, but with a cooling trend, and the mornings getting dark. We rise up in the dark, and Sylvia and Stella get out at 6:45 in the first light. Two more weeks of daylight time.

The tomatoes are winding down but there's a stack of green ones on the counter. We like to put them in a glass bowl and watch them turn red one by one. The large red cherry tomatoes put on the best show. Last year we ate our last fresh one on January 12th. One zucchini came back with a burst of enthusiasm and has produced four or five big ones these past weeks. The beans like the cool days and are giving us a handful now and then.

I made a photo poem about the moon, how it disappears in the east as old and reappears in the west brand new—about 36 hours between them. Tonight will be the first easily visible new moon, but I saw it off Friday morning and welcomed it back Saturday night at 7:15. The new moon is shy; it gives you a quick wave and goes to bed. [Click here for a Pdf.](#) Oldmoon.PDF. I also did a piece on the autumnal equinox: [darkandlight.PDF](#)

Tom Brady is revisiting all his old enemies, under the guise of a new quarterback for the Buccaneers. So today he and Aaron Rodgers will have at it down there in Florida. **(Disaster for Rodgers and Green Bay!)** If you are totally disgusted with the NFL, I understand. You can spend the time watching internet news and getting totally disgusted with . . . well, I won't say. I decided to skip the politics for one pleasant Sunday morning. I am brimming with fervid thoughts, so much so that I just used a word I have never used before. Had to look it up. So, anyway, 16 days remain. Don't vote yet, if you haven't been listening to Andrew Klavan, Erik Metaxes, Ben Shapiro, Matt Walsh, Dinesh D'Souza, Candace Owens, or anyone who has ever appeared on One America News or Fox News. Or if you have not read Blitz, by David Horowitz. Oops! I got political!

Breaking News:

Indications are that the New Mexico governor has cancelled the weather. For 42 days we have had no rain, no serious wind, no cloud cover, and temperatures ranging only between 45 and 85. This is so we can meet and eat outdoors for the winter months. So I get up every morning and look at the boring little temperature

curve and another week of 0% precipitation chance. But the Governor of the universe has plans for our pleasant, boring skies.



THE SHERMAN WIDELY SCATTERED WEATHER REPORT AUGUST 24 - SEPTEMBER 7 2020

Once again, we in Albuquerque are trying hard to find something to complain about, other than covid, unemployment, tenants not paying rent, terrible reports always about our city's sins and afflictions, such as child abuse, shootings and car theft, being in our seventies, masks . . . well, actually, there is plenty to worry about, if not to complain. But the weather? No doubt this is the hottest August I've seen. Usually the temperature drops 10 degrees and the humidity rises a little, but day after day my remote thermometer reports 96, 98, 100, with a humidity of 1%. (It's a cheap unit.) In fact the humidity is under 15 every day, and if you stay out of the blazing sun you can be comfortable in the mid-nineties. Then half the time the early evening clouds over and fierce winds batter us this way and that while the temperature drops 10 or more degrees, 30 degrees, by sunup. No rain, though, so this is not the August of Albuquerque fame. In July I counted 10 showers and 1.95 inches, but only spatterings since then, leaving the desert wild flowers beaten down and dusty. This week mornings are cool and strangely luminous with the gold glow of smoke from wild fires here and far away. By afternoon it's a hot pallor where the blue sky belongs, and you can't see across the valley. Time to stay inside and read books.

But I didn't figure anything out.

"Figuring" is not the right figure of speech. Too much control.

There is some kind of humbling understanding that we who are following Jesus need to reach, but I'm conflicted. Repentance? Yes! The Spirit is clear on that.

But what do we think about the foolishness and abominations circling around and beckoning to us from a possible future that is dreadful to behold?

I decided to just write down some facts, claims, questions, beliefs. excerpts . . . randomly. Trying not to impose *my* order on this assortment.

“Masks are useless. They just make it look like the government’s doing something.”
(an official in London during the deadly smog ordeal, 1952)
(from *The Crown*, season 1, episode 4)

A riot is the voice of the unheard MLK Jr.

Please listen with an open heart Brie

Please read [The Color of Compromise](#) Shannon
What we need is to take the posture of a learner and a servant, and say, “You tell me what you need,” and not assume that I have the solution to your problems.

Jesse (a pastor in the “war zone.”

Our coming alongside people is not about us and making ourselves feel better, but it’s legitimately about coming along side, and in order for that to happen we need to listen and learn and take our cues from the people who are experiencing the problems. *Jesse*

A good way to recognize and defeat savior complex, is to know that yourself need a savior, and that’s what makes Jesus so important. *Believers Center pastor 1*

The moment you go defensive, you lose the ability to be taught. *Believers Center pastor 2*

The silence is more hurtful than our failures, in our attempts. *Believers Center pastor 1*

A Riot is the voice of the unheard. **MLK Jr.**

It is possible to be so open minded your brain falls out. G.K. Chesterton

I opened my heart to the world, and the world came in. Bob Dylan “False Prophet”

Liberalism is a mental illness. The Klavan

Conservatism is a mish-mash The Klavan

Have you stopped ignoring Andrew Klavan yet?
Have you stopped ignoring Ben Shapiro yet?
Have you stopped ignoring Erik Metaxes yet?
How about Amir Tsarfati?
Have we stopped ignoring Martin Luther King Jr., yet?

If you want to preserve the nation at all, you would be on the right.

In the 1960's and 70's conservatives felt the country was falling apart due to influences of the Left.

If the Democrats win the election, "political correctness" will dominate public life with little opposition from government, the press, industry, or education. Jerry

Have you figured out yet what political correctness is?

A powerful person doing the right thing will have many enemies. Sylvia

(Fill in the blanks with me! The expressed thoughts are of a little-known correspondent. Call him "He/She" or "Him/Her." Another person could also be a body of voices; three others are known figures.)

_____ liked and respected _____ and feared what might happen now that _____ was in power. He saw only chaos ahead. Like many others in _____, he considered _____ to be capricious and meddlesome, inclined toward dynamic action in every direction at once. But the public adored him. In his diary, _____ blamed _____ for this surge in popularity, writing, "One of _____'s cleverest moves has been to make _____ Public Enemy Number One, because this fact has helped make him Public Hero Number One at home and in _____"

To _____, it seemed as if a miasma of dismay settled over _____ as the potential consequences of _____'s [position] began to register. "He may, of course, be the man of drive and energy the country believes him to be and he may be able to speed up our creaking military and industrial machinery," _____ wrote. "But it is a terrible risk, it involves the danger of rash and spectacular exploits, and I cannot help fearing that this country may be maneuvered into the most dangerous position it has ever been in."

(borrowed from Erik Larson, The Splendid and the Vile 2020, pp. 21, 22.)

Donald Trump said that the MS13 gang members in the NY area are "animals."

Nancy Pelosi said that Trump lacks respect for undocumented immigrants. After all, everyone has a spark of divinity.

Nancy Pelosi crowed that Donald Trump “is impeached forever!” Acquitted forever, too, btw. Most facts, if true, stay true, btw.

Under the leadership of Pelosi, the House of Representatives wasted the last year we had before the pandemic. The president was able to do his job pretty well without the House actually coming to work. The House has some respectable, well-intentioned members in both the minority party and the majority party. But no one knows who they are.

Having Pelosi two heartbeats from the presidency is not as bad as having Kamala Harris one beat away.

Pelosi says we need to tear down statues carefully, so as not to hurt anyone.

Ocasio-Cortez says we shouldn't use chemical weapons against our people. She cried.

“The Democratic Convention Is a Reality Check for Trump”

Democrats turned over their convention keynote speech last night to a split-screen array of 17 diverse young leaders one day after news leaked that Republicans had invited to speak at their convention the white suburban couple who brandished guns at a multiracial group of Black Lives Matter protesters outside their St. Louis home in June. Even with all else that has happened during Donald Trump's tumultuous presidency, there may not be much else you need to know about the lines dividing America in the 2020 presidential election.

*MSNuendo coverage of day 2 of the Democratic convention
Just the facts. So you can decide for yourself.*

Donald Trump is a wrecking ball to the spirit of political correctness.

The Holy Spirit (probably) to Lance Wallnau

Plus she's corrupt. As San Francisco District Attorney, she failed to disclose exculpatory evidence affecting over a thousand cases, including a case involving a man on death row. While California Attorney General, she used underhanded methods to scupper a deal that would have funded failing hospitals, because the Service Employees International Union-United Healthcare

Workers West didn't like the deal. A lawsuit charges the union promised her 25-million dollars in campaign contributions in return. And when pro-life activist David Daleiden got hidden camera recordings of Planned Parenthood executives discussing peddling dead baby parts, Harris went after — wait for it — Daleiden. She sued him by means of an unprecedented use of an anti-eavesdropping law. According to documents secured by pro-life group Operation Rescue, Harris has received over 80-thousand dollars in campaign contributions from various Planned Parenthood organizations. *Andrew Klavan, daily@dailywire.com 08/18/2020*

The problem of covid19 deaths is predominantly a western European or American problem because we don't have access to hydroxychloroquine. We need to eliminate the spider web of fear. *Dr. Simone Gold*
Chicago medical school and Stanford law school

An amalgamation of Marxism and radical Islam.
What is the present civil unrest?

Two weeks have passed. Weather Update:
Note the pattern.

Low-High,*

Low-High

High-Low

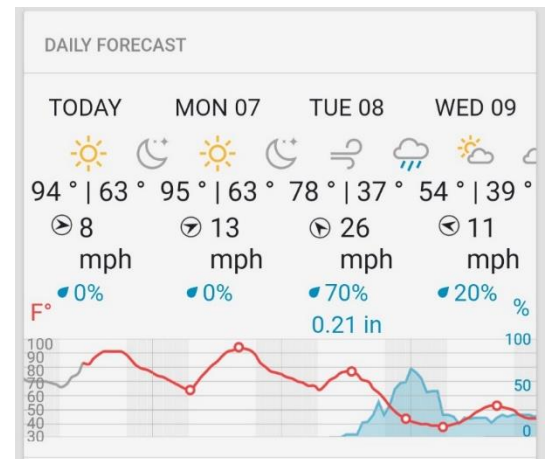
Lower

High 40 degrees lower
than today and labor day.

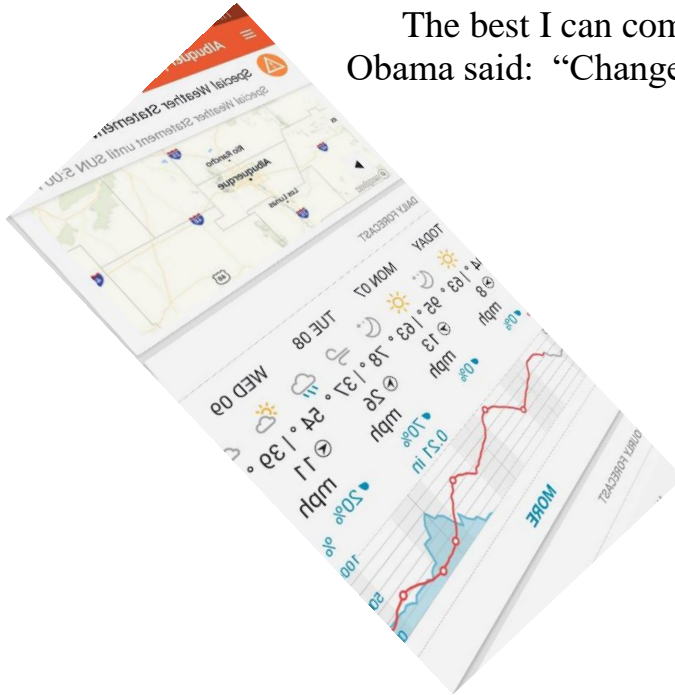
*95 today at 230 pm

August was the second hottest August on record.
Record high for Sept. 7 is 98. Record low for Sept.
9 is 43.

We may set a record for close togetherness of a new high and a new low. And for greatest high-low difference in 48 hours. I'm trying to find the political significance of these facts. They call it Global Fluctuationism. Nobody is sure whom to blame.



The best I can come up with is what Barak Obama said: “Change!”



[Top of the Document](#)



**THE SHERMAN
GALACTIC WEATHER
REPORT
MAY 6 - JUNE 3 2020**

Two weeks ago it was so simple. The American Right thinks the Left is incapable of not hating the president for every move he makes, and the Left thinks the Right is congenitally incapable of

seeing how totally stupid every one of those moves actually is. 39 words and we get total closure in our conflict. And, as for that pesky Covid 19, we were all pretty much lined up like sheep to do what the government felt was best, even if that meant economic disaster. Continuing as normal would, in this view that we all pretty much accepted, lead to medical disaster, overwhelming the hospitals and

president and governor is not much fun. Of course, those losing jobs and businesses, and those suffering with the disease are the real judges of what is or is not fun. But not knowing what to think is disturbing. Party spirit is one way to know what you think, but once you identify it as party spirit you no longer fully believe it, and you're released into the land of Nod.

I have steadied myself pretty much on the belief that the authorities and their plan were the best we could do. But I could feel the cracks widening, the hidden, inner tension seeping out here and there, and then, in a few days, everywhere—well, not like WW II or anything, but widespread anger and frustration and cries of unfair and government overkill. And not just like fussy kids, but also like driven ideologues of several persuasions. In no time the issues shook themselves into our favorite Us-and-Them: Left and Right: communists and rednecks, Deranged and Deplorables. So, now if you are Left you say lock 'em up, and if you are Right you say get back to work, and the left can accuse of right of not caring about the lives of the elderly, and the right can say the left is advancing its global agenda of control. Was ein Schweinerei!

As much as I wanted to not play the blame game, the suspicions overcame me. Is this an accident of nature? A result of a dangerous environment, the Chinese “wet market”? A research accident? Germ warfare? I have been told that humans can't create a virus; I've been told that one can be modified, even that there is genetic proof that certain sequences in it could only have come from the lab. Eric Metaxas, usually a source for me, had a guest who was sure it was man-made, a badly intentioned research effort gone awry, covered up by Dr. WHO. Others say Dr. Fauci and Bill gates are collaborating on a pricey vaccine that none of us should take. I can only imagine the diatribes and denunciations when mandatory vaccination raises its head. Two weeks ago, I was cringing hopefully at the approaching politicization of these decisions, and suddenly we're half way to Armageddon.

What was this about an eccentricity at the heart of things? Well, you know that if the big bang were uniformly expanding, nothing interesting would be appearing, and it might shrink back to nothingness with a quiet little chirp and be done. But energy became matter and somehow veered off in many directions and then began to gravitationally recollect itself as galactic dust, stars, planets, plant and animal life, even human life, the perpetual Schweinerei of planet Earth. God is One, Good, Everlasting, Beneficent, Holy, and Glorious, but humans scurry around in distressing fashion, hardly knowing where to turn. Our schemes to understand get lopsided and too complicated. If it were just us versus them and vice versa, that's

simple, but it doesn't make sense, and it creates two universes, or 7 billion. So exactly what is the Big Picture, with regard to God, humans, power, truth, and conflict?

I said last time, tune in for news about the double-mindedness that pursues us all, and I said somewhere that you should all listen to Andrew Klavan, who makes sense, and also to Ben Shapiro, both Jews, thus gifted with a cultural constitution that suggests there might be some hope for the human race—both conservatives, which means they turn back to some kind of special hope, a transcendence to which we are accountable. But I said Shapiro could be a double agent, and, if so, of a special kind, not knowing this about himself.

I refer only to the fact that Klavan is a believer in Jesus, a baptized believer in Messiah. Shapiro is not. Whether atheist or religious, Shapiro does not believe that Jesus is the answer to life, nor that only faith in His sacrificial death can deliver one from guilt. Klavan does, and that makes the one great difference between these two fiesty, irreverent conservative colleagues. In their world of political commentary it is barely visible. In the whole world it is the seed of difference bound to blow up in our faces.

My previous message was called The Sherman Global Weather Report, because, even though I am one of those Christians aware of my deep divide with humanism, and thus suspicious of a coming globalism—as per President Obama apologizing for America's lingering nationalism and exceptionalism—both hailed proudly now by President Trump—even though . . . I nevertheless felt a global spirit on the first days of our neighborly presence on the streets, properly distanced. I felt a little teary-eyed about the fact that this event from nowhere was all over the globe, and we were all in it together. Liberal neighbors, democrats, of who knows what religion or lack thereof, maybe other Christians or conservatives mixed in quietly, all in it together as humans on the globe where a pandemic has got our united attention. But even while that early charm was upon us an alarm went out to the virtual church of a concert, “At Home Together” about to be broadcast on the big three networks and the Spanish station, for 6 hours or more, featuring Lady Gaga and stars everywhere secreted in their homes. We were warned it would be filled with the most sinister globalism come-on ever trumpeted across the continents. You pretty much get to sign up early for the anti-Christ's up-and-coming new release.

So we did pray against it. We didn't watch it. This felt a little Fundie and not very cool, but sometimes what lies beneath comes out and breathes in your face; this

nicey-nice community spirit of the air waves was more than our getting all teary-eyed about being together in this pandemic. An ideology was raising up its head. So I said last time tune in again to help me figure out the double-mindedness, but I didn't get far, this past month. The problem got messier, the suspicions more far-reaching, the pandemic more resilient—or are they just telling us that? The search for a source to trust, here on earth, regarding this problem . . . well,

Shannon and I made some progress discussing these matters. She and Evonne passed on the observation that “Conspiracy theory is not a Christian virtue.” I wanted to joke a lot about “conspiracy theory theory” and “conspiracy theory theory theory” (don't ask), but the more sober point is that we get our acceptance and security from being in Christ and benefiting from His work, so we don't need the additional righteousness of being in that special group that has noticed the evil goings-on of certain nefarious groups. So if I ever do figure out who's who in this carnival of health-care-economic-disaster governance, I won't be justified by doing so.

June 3. My “May” letter is struggling to finish itself. And now . . .
.Riots! Sometimes what lies beneath comes out and breathes fire in your face!

THE SHERMAN GLOBAL WEATHER REPORT APRIL 2020

Where does one break into this conversation?

We used to talk about the weather—the *one thing you have in common with the strangers around you, and the only thing you don't already know about your friends and family far away*. Now this. A global conversation. Apart from a few ripples on the surfaces of our complacencies, many of us are “fine,” as always, *as ever?* There is a new concern to the question, a depth of sincerity—out here on the wide streets of our neighborhood—touching obliquely on how, even if we are *fine*, we have never seen anything like *this*. The *concerningness* of the situation surrounds us quietly. If your age is 72 or more and still increasing, the middle-agers have sincere concern for you. And we have concern for those who are dependent on a normal economy. But all of you know this, so where does one get into the conversation, and *to what end?*

It's been 3.5 years since I wrote a "Sherman Weather Report," November 4, 2016, just before the election. I reported a huge, garrulous yellow cloud bouncing around on the ridges of the Sandias above us, and a cold, dark wall of clouds approaching from the west, and I invited a political interpretation. Which candidate would make the most horrible president?

I said that Trump was alarming in surface ways,

Clinton foreboding in deep, ideological ways.



So I lost three email friends and offended a few others, and then I stopped writing these “weather-is-political” web-page blogs. You can still find that one on my new richstonemessages.org site. <https://richstonemessages.org/losethreefriends.htm>

One reason I’ve been slow to get back to this is that I stayed busy writing, finishing up my *Message to the Messianics* study of Hebrews and Messianic Judaism, talking to Messianic Jewish Publications and Resources about publishing it. After a year and a half I decided to publish it myself, but by then I had already begun a book in philosophy, jumping in suddenly, with inspiration from Jeremiah 33:3— *Call to Me and I will answer you, and I will tell you great and mighty things, which you do not know*. I hope to wrap up my search for a satisfying metaphysical position as a theist wanting to strike a pose with science. It’s called *The Unexamined Life of the Physical Sciences, as Glimpsed in the Origins and Mind-Body Confabulations*. More likely I’ll call it *Consciousness and Creation*. So I’m two years into that, and 70 single-spaced manuscript pages.

It’s slow because I’ve read about 20 books in the “origins” and “mind-body” area, mostly through Kindle and Audible. Sometimes it takes two or three weeks to get ready to write another few paragraphs. Then there were some standout books unrelated to science and religion, which an indefatigable urge in me wants to tell you about . . . but, *another time*. I have also been held back by the task this past year of abandoning my richstone.org domain—email was out of control—changing the hosting company, the domain, my email names, and the programs I use for email. This worked, because my business-organizational inbox gets cluttered, but

jerry@richstonemessages.org does not, nor the third one. I still have jersherm at gmail. But I failed all year to contact the people on my list who knew me at richstone.org! Procrastination! But also a struggle about programs. Outlook seemed ugly and unfriendly. My cell phone will set up an email account in a few steps while Outlook balks and quibbles and sends me back to the host for top-secret codes. I settled on Postbox, but my contacts, about five different databases, were a mess. Just this week I salvaged a decent list of about a hundred people—right after I dropped my laptop and had to get a new drive with help from the professionals and then reinstall most of the programs. Just now I’ve seen that Postbox does not really understand mailing to a list, and I can’t copy the list into the Bcc slot. All of this makes me want to write and write in my “Grumblings from the [Garage](#)” pages, but we haven’t got all day—*Or do we?*

Hey, guess what?

It was my mistake.

Postbox mail functions normally.

Thus the framed motto in my virtual shop:

“Most of what I complain about I don’t yet understand.”

(Maybe this will help us in politics)

The real problem, down deep, is that when I sit down at the keyboard with no task but to capture something about this time and place, I lapse quickly into “experimental” mode, and the topical synapses fire wildly in too many directions. So in early 2017 I wrote an essay, a contest entry, about the Sherman Weather Report, what it was, how it destroyed itself repeatedly by being too effusive and self-referential, its risks of narcissism. I didn’t win, but that may have been because I failed to at least smirk at Donald Trump. (If you’ve got all day, see <https://richstonemessages.org/TheShermanWeatherReport.pdf> .) This letter quickly headed down that erratic path, but I reined it in.

As an old guy, walking to the park with the dog day by day, I tried to listen to a book about the quiet advance of old age. I hoped it would be a good description of the aesthetic and spiritual niceties of being mildly decrepit. But I couldn’t stay with it. Something was dragging it down. Whatever ailed it could certainly ail these old-guy protestations of mine, too, but I think there is a crucial difference. That book was not based on The Light. The Way and the Truth and the Life. Jesus. That He makes all the difference in the world is an understatement, but also a mismatched metaphor: “in the world” we have tribulation, and knowing Jesus as one’s Savior does not fix all the things in the world. It may not fix this pandemic for some of us,

even for some I know and love, even for me and mine. Pandemic or not, I'm about to turn 73. The guarantee is that He will be with us and in the end we will be with Him. That fact I hope will light up and lighten up anything I try to write, but I may be burying it beneath a bunch of unworthy literary word-games, so I should get back to my question, *How do I return to the question of three and a half years ago, whether Hillary Clinton or Donald Trump would make the more dangerous president?*

I cheated, you realize, because my question before was not that, but, *How does one enter into the conversation that everyone is having, all over the globe, about the corona virus?* (What could I say that a billion people are not already saying?) But these questions have fused together. The fear about Donald Trump now includes blaming him for the virus, or at least for the spread of it, and for the lives that could have been minimized by any less hate-worthy president. *Their blood be on him.*

Not really, of course, but in the thought bubble of the liberal-left press, and of those under its sway. Conservative pundits have branded this, "The Trump Derangement Syndrome" (TDS). Wikipedia says this is "a term for criticism or negative reactions to United States President Donald Trump that are alleged to be irrational and have little regard towards Trump's actual positions or actions taken."

One example of TDS is the bias in the Urban Dictionary's definition of TDS: "1. A term used by many supporters of Donald Trump in an attempt to invalidate anyone that happens to disagree with the stupid ____ that he is doing." Then the term is applied to Trump supporters: "1. A diagnosable medical condition in which the afflicted blindly follows "The Chosen One" Donald Trump. The afflicted is incapable of free thought, unable to criticize the actions of "The Chosen One" (or the capacity to perceive any criticism of Trump), and incapable of accurately perceiving the world."

Wow.

Have we ever been more severely divided? The Left keeps snarling at Clinton's "deplorables," and it argues that the Right has lost "the capacity to perceive any criticism of Trump." It can also be argued that the Right has become incapable of seeing any value in the thoughts of Democrat leadership. But these are the same claim, because losing "the capacity to perceive any criticism" means, in this context, not hating Trump, which means not seeing any value in the thoughts of Democrat leadership. To test whether the Republicans are capable of seeing value in a Democrat idea will require that there be some valuable ideas.

I know I sound like a snide smart aleck, and I have pledged not to write any political stuff if I cannot also show the sin of the Right. You just have to look harder. It's not lighting up the world trade center.

I am not neutral. This is not a pure us-them battle in which each side is as right as the other. "*We always did feel the same, we just saw it from a different point of view-ew,*" Dylan tells us, rhyming with *blue-ue*; but Mr. Ambivalent can be trusted to smuggle in a decisive conclusion on something (e.g. *Think Twice, It's not Alright*). In any case, this is politics, not poetry. Instead of a nihilistic stand-off, I see a long-term historical drama. Humans have tried forever to please themselves in thinking they are doing what God (or the common good, etc.) requires. Some learn that He requires surrender and faith in His Goodness, while most continue in their human efforts to be strong in the right ways. Those efforts can be both religious and moral-political, and you can be religious in a Biblical way or even in an anti-biblical way—if you think that the religious-political power structures of the West are harming the legitimate human in her quest for autonomy. Men, too, as long as they “intersect” somewhere with the downtrodden.

But this gets complicated. You'll have to buy my book, *The Ishmael Factor*, and take a month of Sundays . . . well, this April, for instance. Better yet, start listening to Andrew Klavan on YouTube or on Ben Shapiro's *Daily Wire* online. (Christian loved-ones who can't stomach Donald Trump, *do* listen to Andrew Klavan!) He wrote *The Great Good Thing*, an education in itself and the story of how a secular Jew can think his way to putting his faith in Christ. But he's smart and funny. One indication that the Right might be right is that its people still have a sense of humor. Biting, yes, especially Ben Shapiro (as compared to Klavan) . . . not too sweet, and thus *possibly* a double agent—if you can be one without knowing it. But Klavan can insult mightily, too, so maybe this is our secret smirking sin under cover of journalistic commentary. But there is little humor in the cold grimace of those clouds advancing from west.

Parting glimpse:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A3JeZ_pQYck
Eric Metaxas interviews Ann Beiler who wrote *The Secret Lies Within*

Wow.

Hardly ever has a book title done *double entendre* like this one. I didn't read it (yet). I know she's an Amish kid / wealthy woman who created a global company selling pretzels. Looks like a self-help book. But the title is not a sentence about success, pointing to a Source within that is 98% human. It is the subject of a sentence about what might be hiding inside. *What Lies Beneath*, to call up a creepy film on the same theme. "Lies" is a noun. So if we want to show that the Liberals are crazy and we Conservatives are good, or vice versa, that's easy enough. But to discern the doublemindedness that pursues us all . . . well, stay tuned!