

THE FIRE EATER

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Old Blue and the Fishy Stimulus Package

by Al Benson Jr.

16 February 2009

I was walking back home from the post office the other day when I chanced to see Old Blue over near a ditch by the roadside. He flapped his right wing at me and I walked over. I mentioned that I was surprised to see him way out our way when he usually hangs out down by the bayou. He said he figured to change his fishing spot for awhile, and there is that ditch out by us that has tadpoles and various other heron snack food in it. I asked him why the decision to change locations and he told me that there is some federal government fish and game man out at the bayou and he's trying to peddle some federal program to all the great blue herons out there. According to Old Blue, the federal government is supposedly trying to stimulate the national economy, and part of their stimulus plan is to start feeding all the great blue herons rations of fish every day, compliments of Washington, D.C.

The government man said that if the herons just started taking this government fish they would never have to fish for themselves again. All they'd have to do is to wait in line each day for their kettle of fish directly off the government truck and then just haul it home for free. Old Blue spoke up and asked who was going to pay for all that fish every day and the government man said that the lucky taxpayers would be more than happy to foot the bill so the herons could be fed instead of having to work to feed themselves. Old Blue then asked where they would get all the fish needed to feed all those blue herons and the government man said that the government was going to establish a whole new batch of fish farms that would grow nice, clean, uncontaminated government fish for all the blue herons and that this action would doubtless really help to stimulate the economy. Not only that, said the government man, if this project worked well with the great blue herons, then the feds were going to try it out on the various species of egrets, little green herons, pelicans, and all the rest. The end goal was the federal care and feeding of the entire bird population of the whole country. The birds would no longer have the responsibility for taking care of themselves. A benevolent federal government would do it all. Old Blue then inquired about those illegal Mexican herons he's had some problems with awhile back and asked if the government was going to feed them also. The government man said they were most definitely included in the feeding program, as it would not be federally compassionate to exclude them, or any more of their kind that have come over since.



Old Blue

Now Old Blue is a thinking heron and, at this point, he wondered what the reason for all this was. He was told that one of the end results of this federal compassion was that the government hoped, at some point down the road, to enroll all the great blue herons as voters. That way they could pay the government back for its avian compassion by voting to keep the present administration in office. Blue wondered about this voting thing. He was sure that was only for human critters,

not birds. But the government man told him not to worry about that—at the proper time he'd bring voter registration forms by so all the herons could make a chicken scratch at the bottom of the form and then the government people would fill in the rest of the form and so the blue herons would all become duly registered voters along with illegal aliens, welfare deadbeats, and those people who have been dead for years but somehow manage to escape the grave every election year so they can vote, and vote, and vote...

The government man went on to state that this administration wanted to be known as the most caring and compassionate one ever to grace the pristine political halls of Washington. It wants to be known as the administration that does everything for everyone, that makes all your decisions in life for you, and maybe, at some point in the future, makes the decision as to when your life should be terminated so you can have “death with federal dignity.”

The more the government man expounded on the glories of the new messianic government the more it sounded like what us human critters long ago labeled as plain old socialism and collectivism—the federal government running everybody's life. Shades of Abraham Lincoln! And, according to Blue, that ain't even for the birds!

So Blue had departed the bayou for awhile, after discussing with his fellow herons what all this sounded like to him. He also told me several more herons would be arriving shortly, as they didn't like the sound of it either, so they'd shift fishing holes rather than take part. Old Blue said that without the personal responsibility of herons to provide for their own needs and those of their families, what was left for them? Good question. Maybe some of the human folks that are hoping the federal gravy train will stop at their front doors need to be asking that same question. Maybe they could take a lesson from Old Blue and his friends.

About the Author

Al Benson Jr.'s, columns are found on many online journals such as The Sierra Times and The Patriotist, and The Fire Eater. Additionally, Mr. Benson is editor of the Copperhead Chronicle and author of The Homeschool History Project, a study of the War of Southern Independence. The Copperhead Chronicle is a quarterly newsletter written with a Christian, pro-Southern perspective.

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The Big Love

For Saraniah King Aston, on her 28th Birthday

by *MacDonald King Aston*

13 February 2009



Ten past seven the stars over Baltimore keeling starboard,
The last miscible stirred, the little girl stood for a while
By the door. Outside the dogs scratched in the alley, bored
Already and sweating. But for her it was the sky above,
Itself an omen worth the watching, for, and she smiled,
Daddy had told her a hundred times: “The Big Love,”
(And he always looked so serious), “is up yonder there,
Not down here with the catwailing and the caterwauling
Of streets and storms, skeeters, spiders, ticks, and all their
Kith and kin. No,” he’d gravely intone, “it’s up yonder
How the Big Love lies and waits of a night to sing
The names of those it knows.” She would always wonder
Aloud, “But does it know me?” and her daddy, cigar
In hand, would say what he always said, “There are
Some who never know or get to know, and some who
Know already.” He’d pick her up, swing her around
The room, and kiss her twice. “And one thing is true
And always shall be, sweetie—pie. You are the child
Of the last shining of the last light, and you were born
To that light, to that love, and to me.” The candles worn
Low, he’d say, “Now blow them out and make your wish.”
Twenty years later, she’d stand by a door in a holy land
And wish once more for the same thing: to wholly vanish
Into her daddy’s arms, and to walk again, hand in hand
With the Big Love while the stars above sang her home.

About the Author

*MacDonald King Aston is a Fire Eater, writer, musician, artist, father, and husband.
A member of the Choctaw Nation, his folks have lived in Dixie for over 10,000 years.*



Fire Eater Interviews

Listen to the interviews with Al Benson, Jr., and MacDonald King Aston on the five-part series: The War Between E-States. (Courtesy of Keith Hansen) Check out Keith's informative website, Beyond The Grassy Knoll at the same time!

A Gift

by David Kelly

10 February 2009

Every now and then it is with pure delight that we receive a true gift, a gift that may not necessarily be tangible, but still of great substance and of meaning. A gift you will never forget. It could be a gift as simple as spending time and getting caught up with a long lost friend, or the embrace and forgiveness from a loved one. It could be a brand new guitar that you've been eyeing for years but just couldn't afford. Maybe that diamond ring and the promise that came with the symbolic joining of two in love. Or as in my case, a gift I received through the selfless act of genealogical kindness.

I received an old pocket-size New Testament Bible that was given to my great-grand-uncle, Samuel Hollingsworth Robins, while he served the Confederacy in the War Between the States. This Bible was purchased at a swap meet back in 1981 as it had long been lost from my family's ownership. The gentleman who purchased the Bible only sought to give this Civil War era ephemera as a gift to his son, who was a Civil War buff. The Bible was tattered and missing its cover. The pages were stained and worn from years of use and neglect. This Bible had a page of a still visible inscription, that proudly showed the owner of this Bible to be Samuel H. Robins Phillip's Ga. Legion Woffords Brigade McLaws Division Longstreets 1st Army A N Virginia.



Samuel Hollingsworth Robins' Bible

Outside of this inscription, this Bible was nothing other than an old beat-up Bible. With the inscription and my earlier knowledge of Samuel's history, this Bible was priceless. The gift of this Bible allowed me to hold onto a piece of my family's history that saw many facets of life including the ugliness of war. This gift has inspired me to build what I had gathered on Samuel and his life, but I never took the time to piece it all together. Until now.

Samuel was the first born son of William Albert Robins and Mary "Polly" Robins (nee Allred). He was born on a farm near Dalton, Georgia, which was home to his Robins' and related families since before the American Revolution. Sam was one of six known children to survive to adulthood. His father William was a veteran of the Florida Wars and had lived closely with the Cherokee. He would pass through their lands to Tennessee with an Indian passport on his person that guaranteed his party's safe passage to visit with his Uncles who had found their way west via the Tennessee River.

Samuel's family farm was not far from Hollingsworth Fort which was built by Sam's grandfather, Jacob Hollingsworth, in 1793 to protect his family from Indian attacks (what's left of the fort stands today as a historical site). The nearby

region where Samuel grew up had been settled by his relatives and was now his personal playground. The fertile clay soil that blanketed the farm was as much a part of Samuel as was his upbringing in the Methodist faith. I'm sure it was quite difficult for Sam and his siblings to miss a single Sunday service. Their father was a farmer and businessman in the local timber industry, and a lay minister with the local church. It was written by Samuel's sister, Mary Louisa Robins (a frequent writer with the Atlanta Constitution), that their father, William Albert, died peacefully while reading his Bible to one of his grandkids when he was "taken home" to Jesus in May of 1874.



Hollingsworth Fort – North Georgia ca. 2003

Samuel left school in September of 1861 along with his brother Henry and enlisted in Company B of Phillip's Legion, Georgia Volunteers Infantry, to serve in what many thought would be a short war against the Yankees. During this time of service to the Confederacy, Samuel had this pocket-size New Testament Bible with him. There is no way to be certain if this was his Bible from home or if he received the Bible as a gift from a traveling minister. We do know that he did inscribe his name and unit in the Bible which helps to date the Bible to be in his hands at just before the battle of Fredericksburg. Samuel's unit was in the thick of the action and he fought alongside his two brothers, Henry, and recently-joined William Elias. The battle of Fredericksburg was one of the most lopsided battles of the entire Civil War, with the Confederates holding high ground and inflicting heavy casualties on the Union troops.



Samuel's backyard – The Mountains of North Georgia, ca. 2007

The Civil War was the first time that many young men would find themselves more than a few miles from home, especially the men who served the South. I could not imagine what went through the minds of the men during the conflict as the battles were waged and the massive loss of life took its toll on their psyche. I can only hope that Sam's Bible gave him comfort and allowed him to find guidance in his spiritual growth, as the world around him and his compatriots was full of uncertainties and death.

Samuel and his brothers managed to survive the war unscathed, fighting with the Northern Virginia Army in the battles of Second Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Brick Church, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Knoxville, and the Wilderness. At the Wilderness, Samuel's luck ran out. He was shot in the left knee and spent the next

seven months recuperating. I have to believe that his New Testament Bible was close to his heart as he lay recuperating in a field hospital not knowing if his wound would become infected or if he would be able to walk normally again.

His faith and his desire to return to the fray obviously helped him to heal, and brought him back to serve with his unit once more. He returned to fight the last days of the war with his brothers. Samuel was captured along with his brother Henry on 6 April 1865 just outside of Appomattox. William managed to escape capture to stand with Lee's army in surrender a few days later. Samuel and Henry were imprisoned at Newport News where Henry died of the measles. Then two months later, Samuel was moved to Hampton Prison, where he was finally released on 19 July 1865. Samuel's Bible, the Bible I now possess, was witness to my great granduncles' suffering during the closing days of the war. Holding the Bible in my hands, I can sense the calm this book probably held for my great-grand-uncle as he tried to see good in a future that seemed dim, while he thought of defeat and of the horrors of the last four years of war.

Samuel returned home and embarked in the timber business in Tilton, Georgia. Back at home, Samuel finished his education and then married Mary Osborn, a native Tennessean on 21 October 2 1866 in Tilton, Georgia. Their marriage produced six children, two of which, Arthur and Ettie survived to adulthood. Edgar, Olin, Lula, and Ella died in their childhood from various childhood and water-born illnesses. Losing a child is probably the most emotionally painful event that a grieving parent will go through. Seeing the condition of Samuel's Bible as it is now, all worn and tattered, gives me hope that his Bible was once again used as a source of comfort to his aching soul.

In 1872, Samuel and his young family emigrated to northwestern Arkansas and settled in Johnson County not far from his brother William's family. Sam taught school and managed his 123 acres of land, 50 of which was cultivated. He built his own home with the assistance of his carpenter brother, William. He had three acres of orchard and four acres of fine meadows. He seemed to finally have found a new start away from the scars of war that had impacted his family's home in Georgia. Mary and Sam became earnest members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South and raised his children in that faith. I can imagine him sharing his little New Testament Bible with his children, reading and teaching his children the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I don't know much more about Sam's next 20 or so years. I do know that he moved to Claremore, Oklahoma, about the time that his younger brother, William, had moved to Ft. Smith, Arkansas, in about 1905. It seemed that the Robins family was attracted to the riches of the Oklahoma Territory that had been opened to settlement. Sam became a Justice of the Peace and held unto that job until his death at 80 years of age. He applied for a Confederate Veterans pension in 1918. On his pension application he clearly wrote that he "enlisted to shoot and shoot until the job was done." The application did help resolve some confusion over him and his dead brother, Henry Robins. It also showed me what kind of man he was and gave me a glimpse of this 77-year-old man's life. Samuel and Mary stayed in Claremore until their deaths in 1921 and 1926. Their son Arthur, and daughter, Ettie, both married and produced children that I have not found to have survived to adulthood. It seems that Samuel's twig of the Robins family tree had stopped growing.

Since I have been researching my Robins kin, I found this quote describing my Robins family members in a local Arkansas publication printed in the late 1870's. It imparted:

The Robins are of English-Norman and Irish blood, fearless and frank in speaking what they believe to be the truth and zealous in any undertaking. No matter their employment, they love the farm and a book...their religious creed is equally divided between the Methodist and Baptist faith. They will not sacrifice principle for friendship or popularity.

From what I have learned about my Robins kin, I would have to say that quote was incredibly accurate. With what I know about myself, it is without a doubt that I have this blood in my veins.

It is my humble opinion that it was a fitting new page for the adventure of Samuel's Bible to somehow find its way back to the bloodline that had held onto it for more than 100 years. Sam's Bible most likely was passed onto either to his son or daughter after their parents' deaths. Then after they themselves had passed away, this Bible, worn, torn, and tattered, missing its cover and yellowed with age, ended up at a flea market in northeast Texas. It's only value was its living proof

of Civil War history. So a caring buyer saved this Bible as a unique gift for his son through his purchase. The receiver of that gift kept the Bible with his other War Between the States collectables until late last November, when he felt the need to repatriate the Bible to the survivors of the Bible's inscribed owner's family. That's how I came to be holding Samuel's Bible.

I'm sure there is so much more that this Bible can share with us that I will never know. It is what I do know and have learned about the Bible's original owner that makes this Bible a gift that will keep Samuel's history alive for generations to come.

About the Author

David Lee Kelly, is a father, writer, family historian, and an honourable gentleman. He was raised in a Southern family living in the Southwest. He is a Life Member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and a card-carrying Fire Eater. David like many Fire Eaters, has personally seceded from the united States, and questions all authority while only kneeling before God.



From Mike Tuggle

Mark Twain's Battle Hymn of the Republic

Thought I'd share this, just for laughs. Mark Twain wrote this as a protest against the brutal subjugation liberation of the Philippines, but it would've been apt for the War of Northern Aggression, or Iraq and Afghanistan, for that matter. Enjoy:

Mine eyes have seen the orgy of the launching of the Sword;
He is searching out the hoardings where the stranger's wealth is stored;
He hath loosed his fateful lightnings, and with woe and death has scored;
His lust is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the Eastern dews and damps;
I have read his doomful mission by the dim and flaring lamps—
His night is marching on.

I have read his bandit gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my pretensions, so with you my wrath shall deal;
Let the faithless son of Freedom crush the patriot with his heel;
Lo, Greed is marching on!"

We have legalized the strumpet and are guarding her retreat;
Greed is seeking out commercial souls before his judgement seat;
O, be swift, ye clods, to answer him! be jubilant my feet!
Our god is marching on!

In a sordid slime harmonious Greed was born in yonder ditch,
With a longing in his bosom—and for others' goods an itch.
As Christ died to make men holy, let men die to make us rich—
Our god is marching on.

(The Rebellion Blog at <http://dixienet.org/rebellion/rebellion.html>, 5 February 2009)

Pressure From Above—Pressure From Below

by Al Benson Jr

27 January 2009

Several years ago a young college revolutionary, James Simon Kunen of New Left persuasion wrote a revealing little book called *The Strawberry Statement: Notes of a College Revolutionary*. I guess, in his own way, he was trying to explain what those “spontaneous” campus riots of the 1960s were all about. In some areas his observations were a bit naive, but in some areas he seemed to show some perception. I remember some of the young folks of Mr. Kunen’s era. They were indeed naive and unfortunately, many believed the drivel spewed by their Marxist professors without question.

On page 130 of his book Kunen made the following observations: “Also at the convention, men from Business International Roundtables—the meetings sponsored by Business International for their client groups and heads of government—tried to buy up a few radicals. These men are the world’s leading industrialists and they convene to decide how our lives are going to go. These are the guys who wrote the Alliance for Progress. They’re the left wing of the ruling class.” Interesting observation.

He went on to mention about how these people wanted Eugene McCarthy in as president, but they felt the only way for McCarthy to win was for the radicals to act up and make McCarthy look like more of a centrist instead of a leftist. This is reminiscent of tactics that are still used today to befuddle the American public—the Democratic candidate is made to look really left-wing to scare people off so they will end up voting for the “conservative” Republican, who is every bit as left-wing as the democrat. However the Republican will, in his campaign, utter a few conservative shibboleths and that is usually enough to insure his election. The useful idiots who mostly vote today will never check out what he says against what he does. That never occurs to them.

On page 131 Kunen continued: “We were also offered Esso (Rockefeller) money. They want us to make a lot of radical commotion so they can look more in the center as they move to the left.” Here Kunen is right on the money. His comments prove the older conservative truth that the American people are being and have been led, for years, down the garden path and have been subjected to the old Communist tactic known as “pressure from above and pressure from below.” This pressure is always applied pretty much the same way and always used to achieve specific goals in the agenda of restricting our God-given liberties.

A prime example was the so-called “Patriot Act.” Congress was coerced into voting for this monstrosity without ever having had the chance to read it. It was supposed to protect us from those nasty terrorists when all it really did, overall, was to enact severe restrictions on our liberties. Will the new Obama regime repeal this thing, or even parts of it? Don’t hold your breath.

Then we just had to go to war with Iraq because those nasty thugs led by Saddam Hussein had all those weapons of mass destruction that they were just waiting to unleash on New York City, or wherever. Problem was, they never were able to find any of those weapons of mass destruction, no matter how hard they looked. But not to worry—we are now being told that we may have to invade Iran, or maybe Syria, because they are all doing the same things Iraq did. I find it interesting that, in the middle east, what we constantly end up doing is making war on all those countries that Israel doesn’t like. And that subject is one that most Christians in this country, at this point, are light years away from even trying to deal with.

But, for a moment, let’s go back and analyze what this young radical told us—wealthy industrialists in this country buy up leftist radicals so they can look moderate while the radicals look like barbarians. And the average American, caught in the middle, will always look to government for protection against the barbarians at the gates—and the government is more than willing, at the cost of your liberties, to “protect” you from those their friends in big business have recently bought and paid for to scare you into trading your liberty for security. And, of course, part of the “security” they provide will be gun control, in order to “remove the guns from the criminal element.” Anybody buying that old dead horse deserves to get fleeced! It will be interesting to see what the new socialist administration under Obama does in the area of gun control/confiscation. And you had better believe they plan to do something.

Thanks to our government school miseducations most Americans have lost the ability to really grasp what the politicians are doing. We can't seem to grasp the concept anymore that we have to check out what these people say against what they do. Until we begin to relearn that basic concept things will continue to go from bad to worse. It is almost as if the Lord has blinded our eyes to the truth so that we will continue to believe the political fables. If that is truly the case, then this country is under judgement and the need for national repentance is there—for many sins. Will our churches wake up and lead the way?

For those who might be interested in a little history, I would recommend a book published back in 1976 called *The Rockefeller File* and written by Gary Allen. I am told it can now be found on the Internet and it is really revealing reading.

Be sure to visit Al Benson, Jr.'s blog, Anti-Establishment History. While you're there, check out his articles on "Christmas As War," and "The Lincoln/Obama Two-Headed "Messiah" (Parts I and II).

It's Been A Pleasure

By David Kelly

22 January 2009

I can remember clearly how seaweed would sometimes brush up against my legs as I rested on my surfboard, out behind the surf waiting to catch that perfect wave. I always felt I was sitting on the edge of the world, just moments away from a decision that would lead to an ecstatic rush. This somehow always resulted in leaving a smile on my face, regardless of whether the mighty Pacific would grind me into the sand bars below the surf, or if I would arrive onto the shore, unscathed and ready to impress the young bikini-clad ladies sunning themselves on the beach.

The summer sun rarely showed its face on most of the days I remember being at the beach. The South Bay beaches of Southern California are notorious for low clouds and fog that form as the warm summer air flows over the cold waters. Nevertheless, I would leave the beach and head home a few miles away, guaranteed to awake the next morning looking like a cooked lobster. I can thank my Scots-Irish genes for that!

I remember fondly my coming of age years in Southern California. From the horse-race tracks to the club scene in Santa Monica and Hollywood, to the parties at the beach or the cabins in the snow in the San Gabriel Mountains; or the food and cultural experiences that I was exposed to. I enjoyed many firsts of my life during this time. From pulling tar off my feet when I surfed near the Standard Oil refinery pipeline to my first date with a young lady who could have been Cindy Lauper's twin sister. I remember all this as if it were yesterday. I remember everything, good and bad.



But it wasn't just yesterday that all of this happened. You see, here I am sitting in my optometrist's examination chair, waiting for the Doc. He walks in, sits down next to me and looks at my chart. He has a stern look on his face as he reviews my chart, which was freshly renewed with my glaucoma test results. My doctor then looks up and views the digital results of my eye map. He shakes his head and said pointing to my chart, "You know what this means?" I respond, "Well no, you're the doctor." Then pointing to my birth date, he circles my age and exclaims, "David," he pauses, "you're old. I'm sorry I'm the one that has to tell you this, but I see this everyday. You are my job security." Now I'm puzzled. I have known Dr. Wilson for over 20 years and he and I don't mince words and have always enjoyed great conversation during my visits. So I ask, "And is there anything you can do?" "Nope, it's a one way street," he rattles back.

So I change the subject and ask, "Do you have any good news?" "Yes, your eyes are incredibly healthy for a man your age, and should allow you great vision till your 90 or at least 100. But I can't say that will be true for the rest of you."

How I love the honesty of my doctors. After my exam was over and we got caught up on our personal business, Dr. Wilson wished me well and said, “It’s always a pleasure to visit with you.”

Driving home, my mind wandered as I thought how quickly my life has passed by. I swear to you all, I was just 21 years old a few years back, playing craps with my father at the Sahara Hotel Casino in Las Vegas. But then I began to reflect on all that I have done and all that has happened in my life so far. My son will be 21 in May. My father will have been gone 20 years that same month. I’ll be celebrating my 28th year of marriage to my lovely wife this fall, a woman whom my friends thought would divorce me in less than two years. My baby girl will be 13 years old before Christmas. And yes, I’ll be 50 in August. It’s hard to believe.

Now, I’m not too terribly worried about being 50 years old. I’m actually in better health and physical shape than when I was 40. I’m wiser and feel quite optimistically confident about my future. Back in 2000, my son wagered that I would not live long enough to see the second half of the 21st century, or 2051. Well that was all the motivation I needed, him thinking that his father couldn’t make it to 91+.

So this year marks my 50th year on this earth. I plan on doing all I can, God willing, to win my bet while I hopefully enjoy 50 more. The first half-century of my life has been an adventure. It’s been more than that... It’s been a pleasure. I can only hope the next half will be the same.

About the Author

David Lee Kelly, is a father, writer, family historian, and an honourable gentleman. He was raised in a Southern family living in the Southwest. He is a Life Member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and a card-carrying Fire Eater. David like many Fire Eaters, has personally seceded from the united States, and questions all authority while only kneeling before God.



Obama's Curious Inaugural Rhetoric

By Paul Kengor (Courtesy of Bazz Childress)

Something quite notable was said before an audience of tens of millions of Americans on January 20, 2009. And although I wasn't the only one who noticed, the full implications seem to have been missed.

Alluding to the American founders, President Barack Obama, in his Inaugural Address, stated: "The time has come to reaffirm our enduring spirit; to choose our better history; to carry forward that precious gift, that noble idea, passed on from generation to generation: the God-given promise that all are equal, all are free, and all deserve a chance to pursue their full measure of happiness." This seemed to be a reference to the Declaration of Independence, or at least to the principles in that sacred political document.

The moment I heard those words, I immediately noticed—as did others who quickly commented—that Obama neglected two crucial things from the most famous line not only in the Declaration of Independence but in the essence of the American founding: 1) He left out the unalienable right to "Life;" and 2) He left out the words "created" and "Creator"—the God who "endows" that "Right," a right which is a "self-evident" "truth."

This slight was significant for a myriad of reasons. Chief among them, it is patently clear — as it was to the American founders—that one must have life before one can even begin to entertain liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That is why that quintessential right is so fundamental and unassailable, as theologians and political philosophers alike have long pointed out in their admiration of the founders and their Declaration.

When I say "founders," I mean founders, since Thomas Jefferson himself wrote that very line, which was then preserved and approved in a series of edits and revisions to Jefferson's text by John Adams, Ben Franklin, and the entirety of the Continental Congress.

Even that, though, does not get to the heart of what Obama pronounced. Whether the new president—and his speechwriter and staff—realized it or not, he appears to have inter-mixed the core of the Declaration of Independence with the core slogan of the French Revolution: "liberty, equality, and fraternity." He seems to have integrated the guiding document of the French Revolution, the Declaration of the Rights of Man, with the guiding document of the American Revolution. There, too, in the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the emphasis on "life" is replaced with "equality," as it was in the new president's Inaugural Address. In the French manifesto, the word "life" is non-existent, as are the words "God" and "created" or "Creator." That was no accident by those who spearheaded the French Revolution.

*(Excerpt from article. Paul Kengor is author of *The Crusader: Ronald Reagan and the Fall of Communism* (HarperPerennial, 2007) and professor of political science at Grove City College. His latest book is *The Judge: William P. Clark, Ronald Reagan's Top Hand* (Ignatius Press, 2007).*



Thought For The Day

(Courtesy of Robert Lloyd)

Calling an illegal alien an "undocumented immigrant" is like calling a drug dealer an "unlicensed pharmacist."

Southern National Congress Press Release

(Courtesy of Bazz Childress)

For Immediate Release Southern National Congress Issues Remonstrances and Petitions for Redress of Grievances

Rome, GA; January 14, 2009 – Today the Southern National Congress (SNC) released seven resolutions called Remonstrances and Petitions for a Redress of Grievances, passed by the Congress during its historic first session December 5–7, 2008 in Hendersonville, NC. 100 Delegates from Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia met to take up matters of great concern to the Southern People. After a spirited and well-informed debate, the SNC passed the remonstrances dealing with these vital issues:

- 1) Failure to secure the borders and halt the mass immigration that threatens to overwhelm our communities and economy;
- 2) Just war and lawful defense, including the sovereign right of the People to decide on war through a proper (Constitutional) declaration;
- 3) Just law, protection of liberty, and the threat of rogue government;
- 4) Preservation of Southern agriculture and the rights of smallholders vs. the abuses of corporate agribusiness;
- 5) Sound money, just economic policy, and Government expropriation and crimes against our livelihoods;
- 6) The sovereign right of Southerners to their own natural resources, especially oil and gas in the Gulf Coast;
- 7) The individual citizen's unalienable right of armed self-defense.

Thomas Moore of Virginia, elected Chairman of the SNC at the First Congress, explained, “The term ‘remonstrance’ means to protest, but in a constructive manner. This form of dissent has a long tradition in the historic struggle for political liberty in the English-speaking world, going all the way back to Magna Carta in 1215. It was a key element in the founding of the United States and the U. S. Constitution, which guarantees the citizen the right of ‘petition for a redress of grievances.’ A remonstrance reminds the authorities of their duties and their failures. The petition for redress appeals to them to return to the governing principles of law and justice they have violated.”

The SNC is a representative assembly of citizens of the Southern States, providing an alternative, legitimate forum to express Southern grievances and advance Southern interests in a way that is no longer possible through today's political process or the major political parties. It convened in the spirit of great Southerners like Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and John C. Calhoun to preserve the Southern legacy of individual liberty and a small federal government which is the creation, servant, and agent of the sovereign people acting through their respective States, and is strictly limited to its enumerated powers.

Chairman Thomas Moore observed, “It has become clear to most Americans that the U. S. Government no longer represents the people's interests; it represents the interests of the highest bidder—the big corporations and the money power. We Southerners have been among the most loyal and patriotic Americans, but in sadness we now have to acknowledge that Washington, DC has forfeited its moral authority by its folly and its unlawful acts. If our

Remonstrances and Petitions for a Redress of Grievances are ignored, then the people of the South who still love liberty and justice will have no choice but to withdraw their consent from this corrupt Regime.”

Debates on the seven resolutions demonstrated a high level of knowledge, insight, dignity, public-spiritedness, and respect for the views of others. And there were dissenting views.

Mark Thomey of Louisiana, elected Vice Chairman, said, “America’s ruling elites believe the American people, and especially we Southerners, lack the knowledge, discernment, and ability to govern ourselves, and so we must put our fate (and our wealth) in their hands, no matter how corrupt they have become. But the SNC Remonstrances and Petitions have thoroughly exploded that worn-out mythology. These seven resolutions could stand proudly alongside the historic documents produced by America’s Founders. In fact, if the Founders could return from the past, they would recognize immediately that the SNC follows directly in the tradition of political liberty they bequeathed to us.”

The seven Remonstrances and Petitions for a Redress of Grievances may be found on the SNC website at <http://www.southernnationalcongress.org/resolutionsindex.shtml>.

News media representatives or Southern citizens seeking information about the SNC should direct their queries to Mr. Jonathan Ingram, Chairman of the SNC Media and Public Information Committee, at jonathaningram@juno.com. SNC Chairman Thomas Moore is available for scheduling radio appearances or other interviews at chairman@southernnationalcongress.org.

Galway Moss Responds to Attacks on Clint Lacy

(See Clint Lacy’s post on the Southeast Missourian)

Clint,

The IQ level of leftists appears to be somewhat crippled. Perhaps, therefore, you should take pity upon them. For example, “jakebanzai” actually wrote (and I’m not kidding): “The beauty of a Black person from the Party of Lincoln becoming president would have been amazing.” Apparently Mr. J. Banzai has not completed his education yet, since he does not know that Lincoln was racist and would gladly have signed the “original” 13th Amendment (making slavery forever legal in the original America). Amusing, though. President-elect Hussein is but half black, and was raised in a white family. What makes Mr. J. Banzai call him “a Black person” (and why is black capitalised, by the way?). In any case, the only thing “amazing” would be a white-black person coming from the Black Republicans of the 1800s.

Then there is the usual leftist name-calling. A “teafortwo” called you a “waterhead,” as did a “Matt-D30s” (couple virile names there, eh?). But more telling of the leftist IQ deficiency is the glaring lack of logic in their communications (or attempt at same). Thus, because Bush did X it is just dandy that Hussein does X. (According to Mr. J. Banzai: “Wasn’t it Bush who proposed the first “bailout” consisting of tax-payer funds and no oversight to determine how the money was spent?”) A simple course in basic logic should reveal the embarrassing fact that because Person A did Event X does not mean that Event X is right (or wrong) because Person B does Event X. Event X must stand on its own. At least if you go by logic, which is to say, using one’s noggin.

Perhaps my favorite example of logic-crippled posts to your article was by Mr. Harvey Joe, who whined that your blog was a “waste of perfectly good webspace.” Now, allowing that “perfectly good webspace” is itself ipso fact undefinable, old Harvey Joe actually violated his own logic by posting to a “waste” of that “perfectly good webspace.” If it is a Very Bad Thang for Clint Lacy to “waste perfectly good webspace,” does it not follow, again using Logic 101, that it is also a Very Bad Thang for Mr. Harvey Joe to do the same? Ah, but how about the downright ouch-embarrassing comments of Mr. T. Salad? After the usual leftist name-calling (Clint, didn’t know you were a Neo-Nazi), Salad attempts a derogation of President Jefferson Davis of the Confederate States of America by attempting to link President Davis with a “Confederate Party.” It would appear that Mr. Salad does not know that what he calls a “civil war” was actually the opposite: a war between two countries (and certainly not parties). He also does not know what most Yankees, of

course, do not know: the War is not over, nor will it ever be. There is no letting go. Nor should there be. The only good Yankee... but I digress.

My plantation hat off to you, Mr. Lacy, for daring to speak the truth, even in front of the mentally challenged (is that the PC formulation?). As far as the seating of Burriss, a simple reading of the document known as the Constitution of the United States of America should set things straight. Even for the leftists, presuming their reading skills are adequate to the task.

Galway Moss
Editor, The Fire Eater

Fort Sumter: Did You Know?

South Carolina had ceded property in Charleston Harbor to the federal Government in 1805, upon the condition that “the United States... repair the fortifications now existing thereon or build such other forts or fortifications as may be deemed most expedient by the Executive of the United States on the same, and keep a garrison or garrisons therein” (The Statutes at Large of South Carolina [Columbia, South Carolina: A. S. Johnston, 1836], Volume V, page 501).

Work on Fort Sumter had begun in 1829 and had still not been completed by 1860. Unfinished and unoccupied for over thirty years, the terms of the cession were clearly violated and it was thus “void and of no effect.”

Consequently, the fort was never the property of the United States Government, as Lincoln claimed in his first Inaugural Address, and, upon secession from the Union, the only duty which South Carolina owed, either legally or morally, to the other States was “adequate compensation... for the value of the works and for any other advantage obtained by the one party, or loss incurred by the other” (Jefferson Davis, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, Volume I, page 211).

Such being the case, the occupation of Fort Sumter by U. S. troops was technically an act of invasion and the Confederate forces in Charleston were wholly justified in firing upon them.

(Dixiepedia [southernhistoricalreview.org])

The System

by Al Benson, Jr.

1 January 2009

Most people in this country, whether they realise it or not, are not nearly as free and independent as they would like to think they are. In the past few generations we have grown up with the mistaken belief that this is “the land of the free.” Well it isn’t, and hasn’t been since 1865 when the War of Northern Aggression supposedly (but not really) ended.

In our day we are held captive by a Marxist culture of perpetual “reconstruction” which is always changing, shaping, molding and politically kneading all of us until one day we will supposedly emerge from this dialectical process as “citizens of the world” (the new Soviet man). We will not be able to think with the clarity our grandfathers had. We will lack the ability to understand the world as they (at least some of them) did. We will not be able to view our history

“We are so ignorant anymore that we don’t know what we don’t know.”

and heritage as many of them did. We will be as intellectual yo-yo’s, pulled hither and yon on the strings of the internationalists, and we won’t have the sense to realise it. A major part of what makes all this possible is our government (supposedly public) school system, that mysterious system of (mis)education that has made the vast majority of us spiritual and intellectual dum-dums. We are so ignorant anymore that we don’t know what we don’t

know. We are so benighted that we think we now know it all. Talk about clueless in Carolina, that's us in spades! I have a friend in Georgia who used to be a public high school teacher in North Carolina, Randy C. Murray. In 2007 he wrote a book which he self-published, called *Legally Stupid: Why Johnny Doesn't Have to Read*. It can still be purchased from Peach Pine Publishing, P O Box 171, Ludowici, Georgia 31316. Check it out on the Internet. Mr. Murray exposes the sham that the public school system is regarding real education with this book. It is not always easy reading, but if you stick with it you will learn how public schools really operate. He notes, on page 25: Besides, students know somebody somewhere will waive some requirement and allow them to get by (pass) without learning this skill or acquiring that content or core knowledge. Grades will be inflated and diplomas given (literally). American colleges will continue to choose between lowering their own academic standards to accommodate low public school standards or offer incentives to foreign students to fill seats in our college classrooms that our own students are unqualified to fill.

He notes that, in many cases, students only do what they want to do. He observes: If the student does not want to read, they say you should not expect him to read and thereby frustrate the child by requiring him to do something contrary to his "learning style." Instead you should read to/for him or allow various other capable students in the class to read aloud. So-called experts now say hearing someone else read is just as good as reading it yourself.

I say "hogwash" to that theory. I know personally that I do not retain nearly as much by hearing something as I do by reading it, and if I read it and don't grasp something I can go back and reread. Once I've heard it, it's usually gone. But then, the idea with public schools today is not to have the student retain too much—just enough to pass the yearly test, which is supposed to prove how well educated he is. More hogwash! Check into Mr. Murray's book for a shocking dose of what really goes on in our government schools. Another thing he mentions, which should concern us all, is how history books are being revised. Of course this has been going on in this country since the 1860s, with the advent of "reconstruction." He observes that: Some so-called social studies textbooks targeting middle schoolers depict Islam as a positive true religion but Christianity as negative and mythical. These California public school textbooks have actually re-written American history, replacing our Judeo-Christian origins with an Islamic heritage to promote self-esteem among black students, public schools in Atlanta, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Oakland, Washington and Portland deliberately falsified history textbooks with what is called "Afro-centric curricula." For example, did you know the great Greek philosopher Socrates was African? Me either. Aristotle, also African, studied philosophy at the library in Alexandria, Egypt, which was quite a feat since that library wasn't started until 25 years after he died.

This is the type of drivel public school youngsters are plied with nowadays. But then, is this really new? When the government school system, replete with Yankee teachers and curriculum, moved South after the War of Northern Aggression, as a major part of "reconstruction" they came South to rewrite our history because, after all, the winners do get to (re) write the history books don't they? And so Southern children were brainwashed into thinking that what their grandfathers fought for was wrong, and thus began the inculcation of the Yankee/Marxist mindset in the South that has continued apace until this very day. It goes on even as I write this. The Bible states that knowing the truth will set us free. It first of all refers to the spiritual bondage that Jesus Christ came to release us from, but in principle it also refers to all other areas of life. Yet we in our day are far from free. For the most part we don't know the truth of our history and heritage, and that is by design.

We have been mostly brainwashed with lies, and so we are still in a form of historical bondage—even as our captors whisper in our ear that we are "the freest country in the world." Sound familiar? We remain so blind to the truth and so ensnared by historical myths and lies that we don't realize the first thing we need to do to begin to find out the truth is to get our kids out of those brain laundries we call public schools—the same ones where we were "educated" and lied to. For Heaven's sake, let us begin to take our children (secede) out of these institutions of "learning" and begin to learn some real history ourselves so we can pass it along to our kids. Once you begin, it's a life-long search, but if you are sincere before the Lord in doing such you will never be sorry.

Trail and Wagon Track

by Al Benson Jr.

January 2009

The wagon track it winds along, o'er the mesa top,
it crookedly lays upon the land, as tho t'will never stop.
The wheel ruts are very deep; the trail very wide.
And such a trail, after a hundred years, man can't even hide.

The trail slashes a rutted course o'er the broken land.
Many of the wheel ruts fill up with the drifting sand.
On the trail, in many places, grow cholla and yucca too,
yet nature, for all her growth, won't hide the trail from view.

The trail follows the mesa top, for many and many a mile,
then drifts into an arroyo, there to abide for awhile.
The arroyo floor is lush and green; its walls are all rock-strewn.
And each of these black old rocks, it was by God's hand hewn.

This old trail, this wagon track, whatever it may be,
was made a hundred years ago, and was followed by me.
I walked the same way that they walked.
Could hear their voices as they talked.

This is the country they walked and rode through.
This is the trail they followed true.
Many a month they traveled, and many a day,
Across this country to Santa Fe.

The same old trail remains today,
same as when I first went this way.
Now a hundred years later, I'm back again,
to walk this trail as I did then.

*Written during the summer of 1967, near Black Mesa, Oklahoma, not too far
from the Cimarron cut-off on the old Santa Fe trail.*

Home Is Where?

by Al Benson Jr.

January 2009

Three o'clock in the mornin'
On a west Nebraska road
Coyote scurryin' in the brush,
O Lord, I sure am tired.

Eight o'clock in the mornin'
Near Black Mesa, Oklahoma,
The great high plains, and cattle driftin'
An me thinkin' 'bout folks at home.

The weather sure is hot
In this part of New Mexico,
An' we stopped at a place where they'd not even give water
To a bunch of thirsty Navahos.

Now that was somethin' I couldn't see,
Just 'cause their skins was red.
You even give water to a mongrel dog,
A'int an Indian more important than a dog?

Rode lots of roads, both days and nights,
Been over this country wide.
Thought lots of times 'bout some folks back home,
'Cept no more I a'int sure where home's at.

Home, I guess, is lots of places,
Where I have lived an' been,
But people is always more important,
'Cause I'm just not sure where home's at.

I've camped around, an' lived around,
An' worked some here an' there,
But a man needs God, and folks to love
An' where those is that's home.

(Written near Bartlesville, Oklahoma in the summer of 1967.)

Mississippi Sea

by MacDonald King Aston

January 2009



Two from Calvin E. Johnson

Hollywood comes to North Georgia

By Calvin E. Johnson, Jr.

19 February 2009

Have you ever seen the movie “I’d Climb the Highest Mountain”?

This wonderful classic movie was made during the 1950s, when families spent quality time at the movies, where Coca Cola was a nickel, hot-buttered popcorn a quarter, and for a mere quarter you might see a double-feature film, cartoon or a western. It was also during June 1950, when North Korea invaded South Korea and soldiers said goodbye to their wives, sisters, brothers and sweethearts to fight a war many miles away from home.



America saw sad times during the 50s, but there was also much excitement in the North Georgia Mountains. This was the year that the movie “I’d Climb the highest Mountain” was filmed in Georgia’s red-clay hills. The 1910 novel that became a movie was written by Georgia’s own Corra Harris and was entitled “A Circuit Rider’s Wife.” It told the story of a young Methodist preacher

and his bride as they moved to the Georgia hills to pastor a local church. Much of the movie was shot around Helen and Cleveland in what is called the Blue Ridge Mountains.

When Corra Harris died in 1935, Hollywood screenwriter Lamar Trotti, of Atlanta, Georgia, wrote the screenplay of her book. Trotti earned his fame far from Georgia, but had kept his love of his home and its history. After World War II, Henry King, a successful director, worked with Trotti to produce the movie for Twentieth Century Fox. King had made the religious films “David and Bathsheba” and “Song of Bernadette.” He was born in Christiansburg, Virginia .

Susan Hayward played the role of Mary Elizabeth, the preacher’s wife, and she narrates the story. William Lundigan played Reverend William Thompson. Both gave fine performances about a country preacher, his wife, and the Christian life of a small town in the rural South. Their faith is tested by a deadly flu epidemic, a child drowning at the church picnic, and the miscarriage of their child. The faithful strength of this couple brings the people closer to one another. Mary even talks a tight-fisted old man out of money and buys Christmas presents for the poor children. The supporting cast includes: Rory Calhoun and Gene Lockhart, father of actress June Lockhart. Alexander Knox, of the movie “Wilson,” played a non-believer who was touched in the end by the goodness of the preacher and his wife. Even though Knox lost a child, he now saw his children just as happy as other children and told Reverend Thompson that he and his family would look into the future with an open mind.

In an emotional scene, Minister Thompson asks all married couples to hold hands and repeat their marriage vows. This is a scene worth repeating—many times! The movie’s climax is classic Hollywood. Thompson, as a circuit-riding minister, is transferred to another church. He and Mary bid their congregation farewell. In real life, Susan Hayward became very fond of the mountain people, many of whom played extras.

An early 1900s automobile was needed for the movie. The producers found Otis Mason in South Carolina with a 1912 vintage Overland in running condition. However, he was the only one who knew how to drive it. Mr. Mason appears in the movie as the driver and just had one line: “Yes, Ma’am.” What would you give for just one line in a movie? Especially a line that husbands use all the time!

The movie ends with the Lords Prayer sung slowly and reverently. The original music by Sol Kaplan and music direction by Lionel Newman is wonderful. This beautiful Technicolor classic is about the dirt roads, farmlands, old buildings, and Georgia Mountain folks. Edward Cronjager received praise for the film’s Technicolor cinematography. “I’d Climb the Highest Mountain” was filmed during the golden era of Hollywood. It premiered on 17 February 1951 at Atlanta’s Paramount Theater. Susan Hayward was honored by the Georgia State Senate with a resolution declaring her an “adopted daughter of Georgia.” Hayward, born in New York, married a Georgian, and they made Carrollton, Georgia their home.

Today, this film is rarely seen on commercial television. The Trinity Broadcasting Network (TBN), a Christian Network, did air the movie several times during the month of February 2007, which marked the movie’s 56th anniversary.

They don’t make movies like this anymore.

Jim Limber Davis—Black History Month’s Forgotten Story

By Calvin E. Johnson, Jr.

21 February 2009

God’s children, of African, Asian, European, Hispanic, American Indian, and Jewish ancestry, were once told stories about the men and women who helped make America great. When I was a child, the heritage of our ancestors was very important to both young and old, but today, politically correct thought has taken the place of historical truth, and many schools, streets and parks, named for our beloved forefathers and mothers have been changed. I write this

article as the Sons of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, a Southern fraternal-historical group (www.scv.org) is looking for a location to unveil an historically correct statue depicting Confederate President Jefferson Davis and two of his sons: Joe and Jim Limber. Jim was a black child adopted by the Davis family and Joe was tragically killed by a fall in 1864 at the Confederate White House in Richmond, Virginia. It is ironic that a statue of the Union president, Abraham Lincoln, was earlier unveiled in Richmond, Virginia, but plans by the Sons of Confederate Veterans to erect a statue of Confederate President, Jefferson Davis, has apparently been met with less enthusiasm in the old Confederate Capitol where Davis and his family are buried. It is also reported that the SCV has even received a cool reception from Jackson, Mississippi, as a possible site for the statue, the state Davis and his family called home during the last years of the president's life. But there is good news with the following show of support recently published in the Jackson Mississippi Clarion Ledger newspaper:

The Director of Beauvoir—Davis's last home—says he'd love to have the life size bronze sculpture of the former President of the Confederacy. Richard Forte says the statue of Davis, with his hand extended, looks like it's welcoming people to Beauvoir. (www.beauvoir.org)

Why do today's historians praise the memory of Abraham Lincoln but ignore the many accomplishments of Jefferson Davis? Some people write that Lincoln supported the abolition of slavery but Davis was a racist. If you read Lincoln's first inaugural address from 1861, you will discover that Lincoln supported a bill that would have given the South a way to stay in the Union with slavery protected by a Constitutional amendment. If the South's only intention in seceding from the Union was to keep its slaves, wouldn't the South have accepted such a deal?

In 1989, a magazine article caught my eye. This was not an ordinary story, but about a black child, a Confederate President's First Lady, and the Southern presidential family. The story was written by Gulfport, Mississippi, freelance writer, Mrs. Peggy Robbins, and is entitled, "Jim Limber Davis." This is my summary of Mrs. Robbins' splendid story. On the morning of 15 February 1864, Mrs. Varina Davis, wife of Southern President Jefferson Davis, had concluded her errands and was driving her carriage down the streets of Richmond, Virginia, on her way home. She heard screams from a distance and quickly went to the scene to see what was happening. Varina saw a young black child being abused by an older man. She demanded that he stop striking the child and when this failed she shocked the man by forcibly taking the child away. She took the child to her carriage and with her to the Southern White House.

Arriving home, Mrs. Davis and maid Ellen gave the young boy a bath, attended to his cuts and bruises, and fed him. The only thing he would tell them is that his name was Jim Limber. He was happy to be rescued and was given some clothes of the Davis' son Joe, who was the same size and age. The Davis family was visited the following evening by a friend of Varina's, noted Southern diarist, Mary Boykin Chesnut, who saw Jim Limber and wrote later that she had seen the boy and that he was eager to show me his cuts and bruises. The Christmas of 1864 would be memorable for the Davis family and probably the best Christmas Jim Limber would ever have. A Christmas tree was set up in Saint Paul's Church, decorated, and gifts placed beneath it for orphan children. The end of the War Between the States was coming and Richmond was being evacuated. Varina and the children left ahead of Jefferson Davis. The President and his staff left just hours before the occupation by Union troops.

Varina and the children were by the side of Jefferson Davis at his capture near Irwinville, Georgia, and again the family was separated. Jefferson Davis was taken to Virginia to spend two years in prison. Mrs. Davis and her children were taken to Macon, Georgia, and later to Port Royal outside of Savannah. At Port Royal their Union escort, Captain Charles T. Hudson, made good his earlier threats to take Jim Limber away. As the Union soldiers came to forcibly take young Jim, he put up a great struggle and tried to hold on to his family as they to him. Jim and his family cried uncontrollably as the child was taken. His family would never again see him or know what happened to him. The Museum of the Confederacy in Richmond, Virginia, is home to a portrait of Jim Limber Davis in the Eleanor S.

Brookenbrough Library. I thank Mrs. Peggy Robbins who wrote the Jim Limber Davis story in 1989, and the Southern Partisan Magazine for publishing her story in the second quarter issue (Volume IX of 1989).

About the Author

Calvin E. Johnson, Jr. is a freelance writer, and author of the book "When America Stood for God, Family and Country," and a member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Letter to the Editor: My Old Kentucky Home

As our Constitution continues to be ignored, side-stepped, and generally trashed, I believe it is time to re-evaluate what it means to be a citizen in these "days and times." The basis of this government is the notion of the "consent of the governed."

What has happened to us in the last 145 years? In the mid-19th century everyone knew what the government was supposed to do and what it could not do under the Constitution. If you asked someone where he was from he would invariably answer with the name of his state, for the state was his country. I am a Kentuckian. Everyone knew that all government was LOCAL GOVERNMENT. When the notion took hold that the FEDERAL GOVERNMENT was the final arbiter of what happens, and the people forgot what kind of government they were supposed to be living under—so was the basis of the government.

America has been transformed into a Socialist State where the federal government determines where you can spend your money, how you can run your farm or business, whom you can hire or fire, with whom you must associate, with whom you go to school, what is to be done with the inheritance your fathers and mothers worked a lifetime to store up for you, and where they will send your sons and daughters to die in conflicts in which there was no declaration of war (just as in every conflict since WW II), and at what percent you are taxed (when taken all together it is currently 35-45%) of your income is paid in taxes in one form or another). You will pay homage to the Godless masters in Washington D. C.

I have lost faith in the government. It has lied and stolen far too much from me and you to ignore it any more.

I love my country—Kentucky. But I will no longer fly the flag of the federal government. I will instead fly the flag of resistance, of states rights, and of rebellion—the last flag of the Confederacy—the third national flag. The last flag of a people who knew what the government had the right to do—not in any support of slavery (which they knew was dying) but as a sign that not everyone has been taken in bondage.

Join me in this protest and help educate those around you to the danger that faces us.

("Denny" Lee Lacy, CSA Citizen, KY1-Cn01 Commander, Southern Confederate Front, Kentucky Division, Confederate Society of America. Deo Vindice, Resurgam, Sons of Confederate Veterans) Note: Text has been edited slightly for clarity and ease of reading.