

Get In On the Joy!



By Lee Duigon

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Opening Night at the Democrat National Convention: “women” parade around the scene costumed as abortion pills.

And across the water, Britain’s new Labour government (that’s “Off-the-Wall Far Left Crazy” in American English) [has threatened a government crackdown on “harmful beliefs”](#). They’ve vowed to go all-out, no quarter asked or given, against “extremism.” If your beliefs ain’t right, the cops will bite.

In France last week, a 72-year-old man was sentenced to “re-education”—he got a break: it was originally going to be a prison sentence—for the, um, *crime* of showing disrespect for government officials. (That would explain why so many creepy individuals wind up in government. They’re welcome nowhere else.)

Has the whole Western world collectively lost its mind?

Because they have to conceal the fact that it’s us they’re laughing at, and that the prospect of devouring our liberties makes them positively giddy, Democrats have staked a claim to a soon-to-be legendary Politics of Joy. “We’re the happy, jolly ones, and that’s why you should vote for us! Trump and Vance are a couple of gloomy guses, really weird! And they’re gonna *force* women to have babies!”

Hence the abortion pill parade. Democrats believe women live

in dread and fear of not being allowed to have an abortion for the asking. No joy for them.

But vice-presidential candidate Tim Walz has the answer: tampons for boys. Because, you see, "gender" is 100 percent fluid, you really are whatever you say you are, and that whole male/female thing is so yesterday!

What? That doesn't expand your lungs with joy? Well, then, how about this—wide-open borders, with Free Stuff for everyone who breaks our immigration laws? Hey, Kamala Harris is our Border Czar: she's had oodles of practice, bringing in millions more Democrat hangers-on.

If that doesn't do it for you, we've also got fabulously costly electric cars, puberty blockers for your kids in school, communal cooling centers for when we take away your air conditioners, and a foreign policy that no one in his right mind can ever hope to figure out.

What's not to like? Heck, we like it—and we're the Party of Joy!

Now you know why Kamala laughs so much. She'll make a great president! Her joy is simply overflowing, punctuated by Mr. Walz's belly laughs.

Don't you want to be in on it, too? We've got tons of stuff to laugh about, and we don't mind sharing it.

Oh! And getting back to those women masquerading as abortion pills—well, there's no such thing as too many abortions, is there? Just as there isn't really any such thing as a "woman." There are only people who *identify* as women. That's what makes Tim Walz laugh so hard. You'll be laughing, too, once you embrace this truth.

So why not join us in our mirth? We offer you a top-to-bottom revision of America that makes the Chicoms look like amateurs.

Look and see: Britain and France are leading the way. Surely we can overtake them—and create a new America where Harmful Beliefs can land you in a labor camp.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://www.leeduigon.com/> . Click the link and stop in for a visit: we promise not to rat you out for your beliefs. My articles can also be found at www.chalcedon.edu/ .

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