

Has the Pushback Started?

Christmas 2018 has come and gone—and God grant this Christmas season extraordinary power to turn our hearts to Jesus Christ, our Savior and our King—but it may be that we, the normal people of the Western world, have received an unlooked-for Christmas present.

It started with left-wing loons and feminists demanding that a certain lightweight seasonal ditty, “Baby, It’s Cold Outside,” be banned from the airwaves. The pills at “#MeToo,” trying to maintain their bizarre combination of neo-puritanism and liberated hookup culture, didn’t like it: all that man and woman stuff, bad news, don’t you know. And all throughout North America, the chicken-hearted twerps who run the radio stations hastened to obey.

They never expected what happened next. It was their biggest surprise since Donald Trump was elected president two years ago.

Up in Canada, 87-year-old [William Shatner, famous for his role as Captain Kirk in the original “Star Trek,” and for lots of other work in TV and in movies, led the counterattack.](#)

“Call into CBC [Canadian Broadcasting] radio all day and get them to play ‘Baby, It’s Cold Outside’ over and over until midnight,” the veteran actor urged the public. And the public responded.

Shatner attributed the ban to the “Myopia Censorship Club” of “2018 prudes.” Asked why he bothered, he replied, strongly, “I would think that censorship of classics because certain ‘types’ need to judge things through their own 2018 myopic glasses and demand they be stricken from history is important. Or is this 1984 only 34 years too late?”

Bullseye, Captain! That’s exactly what they want to do—erase

our history. They'd erase us in the bargain, too, if they thought they could.

All over the United States and Canada, radio listeners called their local radio stations to object, demanding that the song be played. One by one, two by two, the stations reinstated the song.

And next thing we knew, "[Baby, It's Cold Outside](#)" shot up into the Top Ten in the digital sales charts. Since the protests started, sales of the song went up by 70 percent. Who would have thought this funny little song from 1944, in its 1959 rendition by Dean Martin, could zoom to the top of the charts? Rallying against the killjoys on the left, normal people bought thousands of copies of the song—and got it back on many of the radio stations.

And so we've won one, for a change. But that's just a skirmish in a larger war. We have to keep pushing back, harder and harder—at every opportunity.

We keep wondering how we ever reached the point where absurdly small minorities got the power to tell all the rest of us what to do—what we can't say, read, watch, or listen to. Why do we have to cringe and cower and knuckle under whenever a handful of Far Left Crazy nuisances demand our compliance?

We got here because, while most of us occupied ourselves with peacefully carrying on the business of our daily lives, these absurdly small minorities worked like demons to take over our culture, lock, stock, and barrel. They grabbed the teachers' unions, the universities, Hollywood, the nooze media, publishing houses—anything that wasn't nailed down. They won the sponsorship of the Democrat Party. They got their favorite judges appointed. They worked at it incessantly, tirelessly, fanatically—and that's how they became our overlords.

But there are many more of us than there are of them, and I dare hope that some of us, at least, have awakened to our

peril. We do not want to be tyrannized by the Far Left Crazy! We're tired of the "pro-choice" crowd taking away our choices. We want our world back.

And we can get it, with God's help, if we work for it.

I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com/> . Stop in for a visit. A single click will take you there.

© 2018 Lee Duigon – All Rights Reserved

E-Mail Lee Duigon: leeduigon@verizon.net