

I Am Liberalism

I am liberalism. I kill. I destroy. But mostly I distort.

I twist “compassion” into compulsion: one of my greatest triumphs. I start with “children’s health and safety” and finish with a SWAT team breaking down a family’s door in the middle of the night and taking the children away—[all because a two-year-old child had a fever](#), the fever went away while mother and child were waiting in the doctor’s office, and the mother decided not to take the child to the hospital as the doctor had advised. All three children went to separate foster homes.

I twist “elderly care” into euthanasia.

A desire to help the less fortunate, I mold into taxes, bureaucracy, and a whole forest of regulations.

I twist truth into “your truth” and “my truth,” which means no objective truth at all; and my servants in the schools and colleges see to it that my truth always wins and yours always loses.

I twist “freedom” into crime and anarchy. In any city where my servants run the government, you’ll find trash and refuse on the sidewalks, the casualties of drug and alcohol abuse, tents pitched among mounds of rubbish, and multiple habitual offenders released within hours of being arrested, to continue their careers of crime.

I twist “love” into jail time for anyone who declines, on religious grounds, to cater to the delusions of the sexually confused. I twist religion into “hate,” and “tolerance” into intolerance for all things Christian.

I twist “diversity” into coerced uniformity of thought, severely punishing any deviation from the politically correct.

I twist “justice” into rage and envy, racial strife, and “education” into ignorance, narrow-mindedness, and sheer misinformation. It’s hard for me to decide which serves me better, the boiling-over anger and frustration that I pass off for justice, or the towering walls of lies and silliness that I call education. I would hate to part with either of them.

I twist “peace” into violence in the streets, “pride” into a parade of shame, and “progress”—oh, how I love progress!—into the deterioration of everything it touches. Visit Detroit and you’ll see what I mean.

I twist “science” into a morass of superstition, imaginary end-of-the-world scenarios, “settled science” that you’d better never dare to question, and a continuing excuse for growing the government and acquiring new and ever more intrusive power.

I have twisted “choice” and “women’s health” into a billion-dollar abortion industry. Indeed, these euphemisms have been so effective that I’ve been able to move on to out-and-out infanticide. I have high hopes for this, looking forward to the day when in the name of choice, not only babies but prattling, toddling children will be sacrificed to some such malarkey as “reproductive freedom.”

To make a long story short, I twist everything—and people love me for it! There is nothing healthy that I can’t make unhealthy, nothing sweet I can’t make bitter, nothing light I can’t make dark. Whole industries, whole institutions in government and society, bow down to me—news and entertainment media, the schools and universities, an entire political party in your two-party system, plus a fair-sized chunk of the other party, and an international ruling class that won’t be satisfied until they lay the whole world at my feet. There is an appetite for power that cannot be satiated—and by making it appear to be wise, compassionate, just, and even inevitable... I own it.

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I have discussed these and other topics throughout the week on my blog, <http://leeduigon.com/>. Stop in and visit; a single click will take you there. You can also find my articles on <http://www.chalcedon.edu>.

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