

Please read the following - this is from a member of a 9/12 group in Westerville, Ohio

I was in my neighborhood restaurant this morning and was seated behind a group of jubilant individuals celebrating the successful passing of the recent health care bill. I could not finish my breakfast. This is what ensued:

They were a diverse group of several races and both sexes. I heard the young man exclaim, "Isn't Obama like Jesus Christ? I mean, after all, he is healing the sick." The young woman enthusiastically proclaimed, "Yeah, and he does it for free. I cannot believe anyone would think that a free market would work for health care. They are all crooks and thieves and don't deserve all of that money." Another said, "The stupid Republicans want us all to starve to death so they can inherit all of the power. Obama should be made a Saint for what he did for those of us less fortunate." At this, I had had enough.

I arose from my seat, mustering all the restraint I could find, and approached their table. "Please excuse me; may I impose upon you for one moment?" They smiled and welcomed me to the conversation. I stood at the end of their table, smiled as best I could and began an experiment.

"I would like to give one of you my house. It will cost you no money and I will pay all of the expenses and taxes for as long as you live there. Anyone interested?" They looked at each other in astonishment. "Why would you do something like that?" asked a young man, "There isn't anything for free in this world." They began to laugh at me, as they did not realize this man had just made my point. "I am serious, I will give you my house for free, no money what so ever. Anyone interested?" In unison, a resounding "(expletive) Yeah" fills the room.

"Since there are too many of you, I will have to make a choice as to who receives this money free bargain." I noticed an elderly couple was paying attention to the spectacle unfolding before their eyes, the old man shaking his head in apparent disgust. "I tell you what; I will give it to the one of you most willing to obey my rules." Again, they looked at one another, an expression of bewilderment on their faces. The perky young woman asked, "What are the rules?" I smiled and said, "I don't know. I have not yet defined them. However, it is a free home that I offer you." They giggled amongst themselves, the youngest of which said, "What an old coot. He must be crazy to give away his home. Go take your meds, old man." I smiled and leaned into the table a bit further. "I am serious, this is a legitimate offer." They gaped at me for a moment.

"(expletive), I'll take it you old fool. Where are the keys?" boasted the youngest among them. "Then I presume you accept ALL of my terms then?" I asked. The elderly couple seemed amused and entertained as they watched from the privacy of their table. "Oh (expletive) yeah! Where do I sign up?" I took a napkin and wrote, "I give this man my home, without the burden of financial obligation, so long as he accepts and abides by the terms that I shall set forth upon consummation of this transaction." I signed it and handed it to the young man who eagerly scratched out his signature. "Where are the keys to my new house?" he asked in a mocking tone of voice. All eyes were upon us as I stepped back from the table, pulling the keys from pocket and dangling them before the excited new homeowner.

"Now that we have entered into this binding contract, witnessed by all of your friends, I have decided upon the conditions you are obligated to adhere from this point forward. You may only live in the house for one hour a day. You will not use anything inside of the home. You will obey me without question or resistance. I expect complete loyalty and admiration for this gift I bestow upon you. You will accept my commands and wishes with enthusiasm, no matter the nature. Your morals and principles shall be as mine. You will vote as I do, think as I do and do it with blind faith. These are my terms. Here are your keys." I reached the keys forward and the young man looked at me dumb founded.

"Are you out of your freaking mind? Who would ever agree to those ridiculous terms?" the young man appeared irritated. "You did when you signed this contract before reading it, understanding it and with the full knowledge that I would provide my conditions only after you committed to the agreement." Was all I said. The elderly man chuckled as his wife tried to restrain him. I was looking at a now silenced and bewildered group of people. "You can shove that stupid deal up you're a** old man, I want no part of it" exclaimed the now infuriated young man. "You have committed to the contract, as witnessed by all of your friends; you cannot get out of the deal unless I agree to it. I do not intend to let you free now that I have you ensnared. I am the power you agreed to. I am the one you blindly and without thought chose to enslave yourself to. In short, I am your Master." At this, the table of celebrating individuals became a unified group against the unfairness of the deal.

After a few moments of unrepeatable comments and slurs, I revealed my true intent. "What I did to you is what this administration and congress did to you with the health care legislation. I easily suckered you in and then revealed the real cost of the bargain. Your folly was in the belief that you can have something you did

not earn; that you are entitled to that which you did not earn; that you willingly allowed someone else to think for you. Your failure to research, study and inform yourself permitted reason to escape you. You have entered into a trap from which you cannot flee. Your only chance of freedom is if your new Master gives it unto you. A freedom that is given can also be taken away; therefore, it is not freedom." With that, I tore up the napkin and placed it before the astonished young man. "This is the nature of your new health care legislation."

I turned away to leave these few in thought and contemplation and was surprised by applause. The elderly gentleman, who was clearly entertained, shook my hand enthusiastically and said, "Thank you Sir, these kids don't understand Liberty these days." He refused to allow me to pay my bill as he said, "You earned this one, it is an honor to pickup the tab." I shook his hand in thanks, leaving the restaurant somewhat humbled, and sensing a glimmer of hope for my beloved country.

Use reason, it is the closest you are going to get to Godly conduct
Clifford A. Wright