

Waving Bye-Bye to Common Sense

I happen to believe that the whole notion of man-made global warming is a load of hooey. After all, it's a matter of record that temperatures were rising and falling long before the Industrial Revolution took place, and have continued to fluctuate even after the advent of the internal combustion engine.

Furthermore, I believe that Al Gore and the various grifters who have promoted the notion that we could control the weather if only we would agree to return to the Stone Age are only looking to line their pockets by scamming the rest of us. Still, I'd be lying if I said they haven't wormed their way partially into my heart by providing me with more than a few laughs.

For instance, in 2009, they decided to hold the week-long U.N. Climate Change Conference in Copenhagen. In December, no less, when the temperatures hovered in the low 20s and there were four inches of snow on the ground. And yet some people insist that God doesn't have a sense of humor.

More recently, the Russians sent a ship down to the South Pole to report on all the melting ice that was leaving thousands of penguins homeless. As you may have read, the ship became icebound and the crew had to be rescued by Chinese helicopters. Even the penguins were chuckling. I swear you can't make this stuff up.

What's more, these folks whose deity is Chicken Little never tell you what would be so terrible if the earth did warm up a bit? Would it be so awful if grapes could once again be grown in England or if baseball season could finally get underway in April without all that damn snow on the ground?

The one doomsday story they seem to enjoy dragging out is that if all the polar ice disappeared, it would raise the level of the Pacific Ocean, and liberal haunts such as Seattle, San Francisco and L.A., would wind up under water. And they actually think that's a bad thing!

In case you missed the news, Eric Holder, a fellow not widely known for his sweet nature, has decided to grant compassionate leave to lawyer-cum-terrorist groupie Lynne Stewart, who was supposed to stay behind bars until 2018. It seems that she has cancer and is not expected to live much longer.

As a rule, I'm not opposed to compassion, but this is the woman who achieved public notoriety as the lawyer for Omar Abdel-Rahman, aka the Blind Sheik, the mastermind behind the bombing of New York's World Trade Center in 1993 and any number of other murderous attacks. Osama bin Laden regarded him as a role model and often sang his praises.

Although it is troubling enough that an American would volunteer to be Abdel-Rahman's mouthpiece, Mrs. Stewart's efforts far exceeded providing him with a defense for the indefensible. She also served as his conduit, using her status as his lawyer to pass along the Sheik's marching orders to his followers. It was for aiding and abetting a convicted jihadist that she was tried and sentenced.

I can't help recalling that the last time compassion was the flimsy excuse for springing a terrorist, it was Abdelbaset al-Megrehi, the man responsible for blowing up the airliner over Lockerbie, Scotland, killing 290 people. He, too, was allegedly on his last legs when the English sent him on his way, but he somehow managed to hang on for three more years. Perhaps it was the hero's welcome he received upon landing in Libya that gave him a new lease on life.

Aside from the way that Barack Obama was sold to the American public, there has probably never been a more remarkable

example of successful marketing than the way that sodomy has been re-packaged. Both in movies and on TV, homosexuals have been promoted as asexual beings, sort of like large teddy bears who just love to hug and cuddle, with nary a mention of anal intercourse.

One needn't be Phil Robertson to be revolted by the disgusting practice. I mean, honestly, if you knew that a friend, co-worker or neighbor, made a habit of, say, sticking his fingers in poop, would you be okay with it because what people do behind closed doors is none of your business, especially if done in the name of love, or would you feel you had the right to think it was filthy and abnormal behavior?

Might you at the very least find yourself reluctant to shake hands with them?

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