

TWO MEN: John McCain, the Phoenix; Obama, the Barnyard Mama - MabuhayRadio

Written by Jesse Jose

Friday, 31 October 2008 09:45 - Last Updated Tuesday, 04 November 2008 15:02

Y'all know the story of the phoenix, right? The phoenix was a legendary bird that was burned to death and became a pile of ashes. But this bird had magical powers and out of the ashes, resurrected itself to become its magnificent self ... again. This magical bird reminds me of Sen. John McCain.

I am not saying now that Senator McCain has got magical powers. Maybe he does. I dunno. But he seems to have the knack to keep on resurrecting himself.

As y'all know he was a Navy jet fighter pilot during the Vietnam War, flying off from flight decks of aircraft carriers, day or night, to bomb military targets in North Vietnam. One day while on a mission, he was shot down by enemy surface-to-air missiles and was presumed KIA (killed in action).

But, like a phoenix, he survived. He crash-landed his plane and suffered a concussion, a broken arm and a broken leg. From a small lake where his plane crashed, he was fished out by enemy soldiers, beaten and hog-tied and became a POW in that infamous North Vietnamese prison, called by its inmates, "Hanoi Hilton." It was a POW camp reserved for captured flyers.

When McCain's captors found out that he was a son of a Navy Admiral, they offered to release him. But John McCain defiantly told his captors: "Release those others first who were here

before me.”

His captors hated him for that defiance. Repeatedly, they savagely beat him ... and tortured him. They broke his body. But like a phoenix, John McCain survived the torture. Five years later, when the war ended, he was released, broken in body, but not in spirit. Yeah, just like a phoenix.

After retiring from the Navy, he ran under the Republican banner as senator of his home state of Arizona, and won. In Congress, he had a fondness for “reaching across the aisle.” He developed a reputation as a “MAVERICK” among his fellow Republicans. He butted heads against the Bush/Cheney/Rove team. He clashed against his peers. He fought for what he believed was right for this country that he unquestioningly loves . . .

The silence of the Silent Majority of this country has a sound. And you’ll hear its roar come November Four. Its roar is: COUNTRY FIRST!!! And out of that, John McCain, the phoenix, will emerge from the ashes of media biases to victory.

Fast forward to this presidential race. During the primaries, John McCain, the phoenix, was also given up for “dead” and buried, under the proverbial totem pole. As y’all know, on top of the pile, were Huckabee, the Baptist preacher and Romney, the Mormon, and Rudy Giuliani, the former rough-and-tumble mayor of a rough-and-tumble city, known as New York City, “the city that never sleeps.”

But, like a phoenix, and yes, indeed, you've guessed it; John McCain crawled out from under the pile to become the candidate to battle the so-called "Anointed One," the "Messiah," the "Rock Star," B. HUSSEIN Obama. The battle now rages. Four more days, this epic battle will be all over.

And once again, John McCain, a true American hero, and MY HERO, has been written off by the Obama lapdog media as "dead." The polls said so, they said. In the 1980 presidential race, when Ronald Reagan fought against Jimmy Carter, the polls also said so, that Reagan "trailed" Carter in double digits ... but the polls were proved wrong. Reagan came back from behind to win the White House.

The same thing happened in 2000 between Bush and Gore. Bush, according to national polls had 48%, while Gore had 43%. Gore came back to win a 0.5 percentage points, but lost the Electoral College. Polls are ALWAYS wrong, and whoever would believe polls as gospel truths are total morons.

The silence of the Silent Majority of this country has a sound. And you'll hear its roar come November Four. Its roar is: COUNTRY FIRST!!! And out of that, John McCain, the phoenix, will come riding in from the ashes of media biases, smiling from ear to ear, flanked by two gorgeous-looking women. On his left would be the quiet and gentle, Mrs. Cindy McCain, and on his right, his VP, the Alaskan warrior princess and corruption slayer, Ms. Sarah Palin.

THE BHO DOCTRINE IN THE BARNYARD: What follows was sent to me a cyberspace friend. He told me that my “admirers” might enjoy reading it. It’s food for thoughts, I think. It’s easy reading. Enjoy:

There was a little red hen who scratched about the barnyard until she uncovered quite a few grains of wheat. She called out all of her neighbors together and said, ‘If we plant this wheat, we shall have bread to eat. Who will help me plant it?’

‘Not I,’ said the cow.

‘Not I,’ said the duck.

‘Not I,’ said the pig.

'Not I,' said the goose.

'Then I'll do it myself,' said the little red hen, and so she did. The wheat grew very tall and ripened into golden grain. 'Who will help me reap my wheat,' asked the little red hen.

'Not I,' said the duck.

'Out of my classification,' said the pig.

'I'd lose my seniority,' said the cow.

'I'd lose my unemployment compensation,' said the goose.

'Then I'll do it myself,' said the little red hen, and so she did. At last it came time to bake the bread. 'Who will help me bake the bread?' asked the little red hen.

'That would be overtime for me,' said the cow.

'I'd lose my welfare benefits,' said the duck.

'I'm a dropout and never learned how,' said the pig.

'If I'm to be the only helper, that's discrimination,' said the goose.

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'Then I'll do it myself,' said the little red hen. She baked five loaves and held them up for all her neighbors to see. They wanted some and, in fact, demanded a share. But the little red hen said, 'No, I shall eat all five loaves.'

'Excess profits!' cried the cow. (Nancy Pelosi)

'Capitalist leech!' screamed the duck. (Barbara Boxer)

'I demand equal rights!' yelled the goose. (Jesse Jackson)

The pig just grunted in disdain. (Ted Kennedy)

And they all painted 'UNFAIR' picket signs and marched around the little red hen, shouting obscenities. Then the farmer (B. HUSSEIN Obama) came. He said to the little red hen, 'YOU MUST NOT BE GREEDY!'

'But I earned the bread,' said the little red hen.

'Exactly,' said Obama, the farmer. 'That is what makes our free-enterprise system so wonderful. Anyone in the barnyard can earn as much as he wants. But under our modern government regulations, the productive workers must divide the fruits of their labors with those who are LAZY and idle.'

They all live happily ever after from that OBAMA DOCTRINE. But the neighbors of the little red hen in the barnyard became quite disappointed in her. She never again baked bread because she joined the 'PARTY' and got her bread free. And all the Democrats smiled. 'FAIRNESS' had been established. Individual initiative had died, but nobody noticed. Perhaps no one cared ... so long as there was 'FREE BREAD' that the 'RICH' were paying for. **JJ**