

Inaugural Eyewitness: Is This Heaven? No, It's Iowa

There are times in all of our lives when monumental events take place that require our attendance. The days of Jan. 20 and 21, 2017 were such a time, compelling many thousands of Americans to Washington, D.C., for the inauguration of Donald J. Trump as president of the United States.

The faithful, knowing the significance of what was to take place, would not allow the issues of home, business, job, travel and money to keep them away. They were richly rewarded for their sacrifice.

We arrived Thursday evening for Friday's inauguration and left Saturday evening after the feminist rally. What an eventful two days!

I assume the inauguration and its activities were no different than any others. The day was filled with the usual snafus of losing relatives in large crowds, long lines for almost everything, security everywhere, mazes of fences. It took 30 minutes to walk two blocks. Phones were dead by 2:00 p.m. Cold, wet, lack of sleep, tickets that didn't work and being late for everything.

But none of the inconveniences mattered because we all came, not so much to witness another inauguration, but to witness history.

The Ceremony

We arrived in the red section by 7:15 a.m. for the program that was to begin at 9:30. Being my first presidential inauguration, I was quite impressed with all of the pomp and splendor of the ceremony.

I agreed with all political persuasions over the impressive display of our Constitution in action with the 220-year tradition of the peaceful transfer of power for the office of chief magistrate—the president. There was a real sense of American pride in the ceremony because nothing in life, especially in politics, lasts 220 years.

As the ceremony got closer to the swearing-in of the new president, things became more emotional because of who soon would be given the oath of office. It wasn't the usual globalist-controlled establishment candidate of either party. It was Donald Trump, the true American nationalist.

It was then that I thought, *Is this really happening? I can't believe it. Maybe it really is!* With the emotion came a *Field of Dreams* moment, *Is this heaven?* While meditating on what seemed to me to be a miracle of a Donald Trump presidency, on the big screen came the next speaker, Chuck Schumer. Then reality set in: *No, it's Iowa.*

After a good round of booing for Senator Schumer, which came from the cheaper seats in the back and moved toward the front, came the time for Donald Trump to take the oath of office and become the 45th president of the United States.

From Parade to K Street

From the ceremony, we moved as quickly as possible to the parade checkpoints, where we were met with a line that took 90 minutes to get through. Our parade bleacher ticket was useless because security would not allow any crossing of Pennsylvania Avenue. So we spotted an open area near 11th and Pennsylvania.

On the way, we had to go through a gauntlet of protesters who did not seem to like my Trump hat and proceeded to put their signs in my face, complemented by a barrage of unpleasant language.

We were fortunate to see the new president and his family in

their short inaugural walk. While waiting, we heard the stories of riots on K Street, windows being smashed and cars burned. Between the option of finishing the parade or checking out the action on K Street, we decided to head toward the riot area. There's something about having been a teen in Wisconsin in the '60s that compels one towards riots. It's just part of our upbringing.

On the way to K Street and the protest at Franklin Park, we saw the broken windows at McDonald's, Starbucks and Wells Fargo. From there, we came upon the *Washington Post* building with a completely burnt stretch limo in front.

I couldn't help but laugh to see the 90-plus riot police having to guard the entrance of *The Washington Post*, a national newspaper which for decades has encouraged leftist revolutionary activity, and who now needed riot police to protect their building from the revolutionary anarchists they helped create. The same goes for the damage at Starbucks—well-known as a business icon of political correctness. Sometimes anarchists just don't know when to stop.

One other humorous note, something I didn't notice until I viewed the pictures, was the "For Lease" sign at the ground floor level of *The Washington Post*. What has happened to America's former No. 2 newspaper? Riots, police protection and now having to lease out office space?

Dixie Visits D.C.

Visiting the District of Columbia from here in North Florida, 10 minutes from the Georgia line, was a little more intense than when Andy, Aunt Bee and Opie visited Raleigh. I was not aware that we were twice going to engage in heated arguments on the D.C. metro line.

Friday night, decked out in our tuxes and headed to the ball, we took the Metro from Maryland. On the second stop, an older man entered and, seeing our tuxes, let out a blast loud enough

for everyone to hear: "Donald Trump is a fascist pig!"

I followed with equal volume, "What university did you attend to learn to talk like that?"

After a few more exchanges, we ended our discussion.

After the ball, we made our way across Chinatown to the Metro station only to witness an old Cadillac speeding down the street being chased by six cop cars. I guess this is what happens on Friday night in the nation's capital.

After midnight, we barely caught the last metro back to Maryland. On our next stop, two female protesters in their mid-20s entered. We struck up a conversation with them about feminism, and it went south when I asked the question: "Don't you girls eventually want to find a husband who loves you, have babies, raise a family and have grandchildren you can enjoy in your old age?"

Well, when I mentioned the baby word, one of them became enraged and followed my question with, "You can take your (obscenity) Bible, beer and (obscenity) and put it (obscenity). From there, I wished them well as they left.

I need to be a little better prepared for the Metro on my next visit to D.C. But, all things considered, it was a very difficult week for the inhabitants of the nation's capital.

The Ball

As in all inaugurations, there must be a plethora of inaugural balls, and to my surprise, my ticket to the Freedom Ball actually did work. We arrived around 9:00 p.m. and were able to see the new president speak and dance with his first lady. Fittingly, the two danced to Sinatra's "My Way."

I asked an older couple from Alabama, "Is this a political victory celebration party or a beauty contest?" I witnessed one dolled-up beauty after another. In light of Saturday's

D.C. invasion of feminists, it was wonderful to see conservative female Trump supporters, who not only like real men but delight in the fact that God created them to be the fairer sex. My thought from the ball was that Trump's people need to use photos of the ball as a recruiting tool to pluck out the last few remaining men in the Democratic Party.

Undercover at the Rally

Sometime Saturday morning, after breakfast with friends, we decided to take the Doobie Brother's 1976 advice by "Takin' It to the Streets," and spy out the Women's March on Washington.

Near the capital, we were met with a huge crowd of feminists, shouting and carrying their homemade signs. We heard the noise of the rally speakers, so we worked our way through wall-to-wall protesters. After 90 minutes, we finally got within 120 feet of the stage. On the way, we took in every possible sign. My favorite was two older ladies holding duplicate signs with *Mad-Man* actress January Jones on the bottom and a text above which read, "I can't believe we are still having to fight this (obscenity)."

So much of the signage was filled with vulgarities and female sexual anatomy. It was disheartening to see young girls holding up these kinds of signs that their mothers had made. It is such a tragedy to see them so radicalized at such a young age.

Soon after we arrived near the stage, out strolled the 60's revolutionary icon and Communist Party leader, Angela Davis. Instead of "where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?" I changed Simon and Garfunkel's lyric to, "Where have you been, Angela Davis?" Angela, it's been 45 years. Her revolutionary activity now seems to be directed at the perceived evils of male patriarchy. Oh well, it was still an experience to see her in person.

Soon after Davis, up to the podium came the 58-year-old

Madonna, looking fit and energized. Her infamous reputation was not damaged in the least by her behavior.

The word “profane” is not enough to describe the “material girl.” Out came one vulgarity after another, to the delight of the crowd. The worse the language, the louder the cheers. Her threat to blow up the White House has now gotten her into trouble with the Secret Service.

After three hours inside the modern feminist movement, mentally and morally drained, we took Ricky Nelson’s counsel from his 1972 “Garden Party” and decided “it was time to leave.” I left thinking of the great disservice these feminists did to themselves and their cause with all of the foul language, signage, anger and radical rhetoric. What normal woman would join such a vile movement?

The Speech

In advance of the inauguration, I wondered what the text of the inaugural speech would be. Would Trump offer an olive branch to his many enemies with conciliatory language? Or would he seek a text with flowery language and try to come across as some kind of new American statesman? We ended up with neither.

Trump’s inaugural address was epic; a speech for the ages. It was unique to Trump and will prove to be one of the greatest of all presidential inaugural speeches. It was classic Trump—nationalist to the core. A speech for his people and one easily understood. The most striking thing in his talk was the gauntlet he threw down to those who follow the legacy of his predecessors and those in the platform of both parties. It was also a declaration of war on all things Establishment. A war, he explained, against those who use government to enrich themselves at the expense of the American people.

Trump’s war is one where he will gladly be the leader of the forgotten people of America: the middle class. It will be a

war against the global establishment for the prosperity of the American people.

Instead of softening his campaign rhetoric, he doubled down on anything and anyone who was anti-American. It was pure, classic, Trump Americana. So much could be said about his speech. Two of the best articles on this subject would be recent ones by Peggy Noonan and Joseph Farah:

The great fear of the enemies of America is not so much the speech, but the man Trump, whom they know will deliver on his promises.

Conclusion

Having attended the Republican convention in August, an accurate comparison between Cleveland and D.C. would be that Cleveland was a carnival with displays of protests, while D.C. was a war.

For the attendees visiting the inauguration in Washington, D.C. came a realization of what President Trump is up against in the battle against the forces of globalism and in his efforts to drain the D.C. swamp.

His most challenging internal enemies who will seek to oppose his reforms will not be the Democratic Party but Paul Ryan and other establishment Republicans within his own party.

I am writing this article during the second week of the Trump presidency and am still trying to sort out all the great moves he made in his first week. A friend called and said, "It's like Christmas every day!" What a start for our new "America reformer."

In his first week in office, I was taken again with another *Field of Dreams* moment: *Is this really happening? Is this a miracle from heaven?* Then I watched a replay of his inaugural speech and saw Paul Ryan sitting in the background and came

back to reality: *No, it's Iowa.*

Yes, the reality of “Iowa” and our present national condition should prompt from us two immediate actions:

- We must aggressively pray for the protection of our new president and seek to help him in his grand efforts to reform the federal government.
- We must also never forget that the realm of civil government is a limited realm. Our new “American reformer” can only do so much because his sphere of authority is a limited sphere. But what is unlimited are the reforms initiated by individual American Christians, Christian organizations, and the church. My reference here is to the realm of culture where we all live. This realm is unlimited.

Some of the areas where we need to labor are the reform of local government, the family, the rejection of feminism and the restoration of true womanhood, the vision for large families, the rejection of government schools, giving our children a Christian education and teaching our people a thorough and comprehensive Christian worldview so they can take their gifts and callings into the culture and change it to the glory of God.

We’ve been given a reprieve in Trump—a reprieve we don’t deserve. We have experienced a historic political awakening that has given us President Trump with a new and better political vision for America.

The greater and more important awakening that has not yet come is the spiritual awakening of Christian people. This is an awakening that will someday take place where Christian people will set aside all their religious games and activities for a new vision to expand Christ’s rule and Kingdom in the earth; a vision where the church can once again be the greatest and guiding influence within the nations and peoples of the world.

We are still “in Iowa.” Do not look to our new president as some sort of cultural savior. We need to get to work while there is still time. Western civilization is a creation of applied Christianity and its restoration cannot come politically. It must come in the culture and in the lives of the people. {eoa}

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