

St. Peter and the Senator

By Sovereign Dave

While walking down the street one day, a US senator is tragically hit by a truck that ran a red light. He dies instantly. As his soul arrives in Heaven, St. Peter meets him at the entrance to the Pearly Gates. "Welcome to Heaven," St. Peter says. "Before you settle in, it seems there is a problem. We seldom see a high official around these parts, you see, so we're not sure what to do with you."

"No problem, just let me in," replies the Senator as "I am an important man". St. Peter replies:

"Well, I'd like to, but I have orders from higher up. We really want to be fair about this decision, so what we'll do is have you spend one day in a Democracy called Hell and one day in the Republic called Heaven. Then you can choose where to spend eternity. You will feel quite comfortable Senator for this is not unlike the foundation of the country you served when you were alive: the democracy exists in Washington D.C. [and the territories] whereas the Republic exists in the 50 states of the Union. I will not judge you on the hideous sin regarding your keeping the Republic portion hidden from the people you served. This will be revealed at judgment after your choice".

The senator reflected on his past life: it was true that he did do nothing to dispel the false myth of citizens in the republic of the states needing to proclaim themselves "U.S. Citizen" on government forms—especially when that later appellation should rightly be only reserved for those in the democracy of the territories and D.C.. Pondering in thought the Senator justifies his actions quite easily: "Those sovereigns in the republic cannot govern themselves as well as we can govern them. It was for their welfare that I did those things for them".

"Really, I've made up my mind. I want to be in Heaven," says the senator." St. Peter replies: "I understand, but we do have our rules..." And with that, St. Peter escorts him to the elevator where he goes down, down, down until he finally reaches Hell. The doors open, and he finds himself in the middle of a green golf course. In the distance is a fabulous clubhouse that proclaims "Welcome Taxpayers to the Exclusive Jurisdiction of Congress—a haven for "U.S. Citizens"". Standing in front of it are all his friends and other politicians who had worked with him. Everyone is very happy and in evening dresses. They run to greet him, shake his hand, and reminisce about the good old times they had while getting rich at expense of the people they supposedly represented. However, he feels there is nothing to feel bad about because there are social programs

for every person. There are big signs proclaiming, "from each according to his ability, to each according to his need." Much to his surprise there is little anarchy and no guns or weapons save for the ever-present smiling Dept of Homeland Security proclaiming they made the world safe for Democracy. This indeed is not the hell he heard about! After all, when he was living, did he not help establish a Democracy in Iraq?

They play a friendly game of golf and then dine on lobster, caviar, and champagne. The devil is even there. He seems like such a really friendly guy who has a good time dancing and telling jokes with them—particularly the DOJ, IRS and the Federal District Court judges. While his visit was short he visits the elaborate sporting arena; there are free sporting events for all the people. He hears one of his fellow politicians remark at how happy the common people are when attending such free events and how he feels it is the very definition of a "free society". They are having such a great time that before the senator realizes it, it's time to go. Everyone gives him a hearty farewell and waves while the elevator rises. The elevator goes up, up, up; the door reopens on Heaven, where St. Peter is waiting for him.

St. Peter meets him and says: "OK Senator, now that you've had a taste of Hell, it's time to visit Heaven". As the 24 hours pass while he is in heaven, heads of state are mixing around, joining a group of contented sovereign souls moving from cloud to cloud, playing the harp, and singing. There is no big government. He asks, "What happens when one sovereign deprives another sovereign of rights?" The response: St. Peter banishes them to hell. "Some punishment!", he thinks. They have such a relaxing, swell time, before he realizes it the 24 hours in heaven have gone by and St. Peter returns again.

"Well now", St. Peter proclaims. "You've spent a day in Hell and another in Heaven. It is time for you to choose your eternity. Are you ready to make your decision?"

The senator reflects for a minute before answering: "Well, I would never have said this before the past 48 hours... I mean, Heaven has been delightful and all, but I think ... I'm going to Hell." So, St. Peter has him sign--under penalty of perjury—an application for a Hell SSN and an IRS W-form proclaiming he's a "U.S. Citizen" and escorts him to the elevator, and once again the Senator goes down, down, down to Hell. As the doors of the elevator open, he finds himself in the middle of a barren land covered with waste and garbage. He sees all his friends dressed in rags, picking up the trash, and putting it in black bags. All have SS numbers on their foreheads. Others are in big jails with showers proclaiming, "Work will Set you Free." The devil comes over and puts his arm around his shoulder, and gives him a sly smile.

"I don't understand," stammers the senator. "Yesterday I was here, and there was a golf course and beautiful country club. We ate lobster and caviar, drank champagne, danced, and had a really great time. Now all there is this wasteland full of garbage, and my friends look miserable. What has happened?"

The devil looks at him, smiles, and says, "Yesterday we were campaigning for you and paying for everything using Federal Reserve Notes; today you voted for us, we showed you the real value of those notes, and you relinquished by signature and oath your sovereignty to ME "