The Ratchet and the Governor â€“ Tools for Today â€“ Part III

Description

Part II left you wondering what the answer is to the condition, where the Islamofascists are turning the crank, gleefully listening to each metallic *CLICK!* and the pawl first backs off, and then engages, one notch higher. The cable being pulled along is growing every tighter, symbolizing our emotional condition in regard to the GWoT.

I postulated before, that the carnage will grow worse. It is. It will, certainly through the installation of the newly elected Congress persons come mid January. â€œTheyâ€• (the enemy of all that is western in nature) will continue to turn the crank to make sure we are not turning our gaze away from the humanity being sacrificed for the sake of a few who desire to stay in powerâ€¦in positions so they may trade in human currency, much cheapened from anything we value it at, here in the civilized world. It is time for â€œthemâ€• to sprint to the finish line, which will be a few months into the Democrats control of both chambers of Congress, long enough to force a showdown (and in their mind a victory over) with the President by the Pelosi/Murtha/Rangel raging idiocy, which calls for more troops, while calling as loudly for the end.

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The 21st Century is seeing but the leading edge of the Killing Fields, not witnessed since the mid-70s. Maybe we have forgotten what genocide is. Maybe â€œweâ€• can turn a blind eye (no, we canâ€™t weâ€™re rubber-necking at the horrific nature of this equivalent of a bad car wreck on the Interstate) to what is more properly termed fratricide â€“ the killing of your own. Mark my words. Short of the President stepping forward and emulating the vision and compassion of John F. Kennedy in the name of freedom, the death of many Iraqis is closer at hand than we care to accept.

We, particularly as an American culture, know exactly how to fathom and manage all of this. We practice it almost daily, some might say religiously, and accept it wholeheartedly for adults. For children, we have paved a road for future mediocrity in the same arena, at the hands of the Liberals and their â€œtouchy feelyâ€• mindset.

So, what is it we know? Sports. We know it, we love it, we live it and breathe it. What is there in this analogy that can help us:

- A tough as nails coach is to be revered, for we know the outcome. The results are not today, or tomorrow, but across a lifetime;
- Strength is required. No excuses, get it or crawl to the sideline/bench in tears and get out of our way;
- Endurance is mandatory. Who likes a team who does great for the first period, and then looks like they got run over by a train for the rest of the game?
- Courage. Another ingredient, not in the same vein as in a war, but the desire to take risks when you see an opportunity;
- Refs make bad calls. Shout a few bad words and deal with it. Then, get back in the game, and re-double your efforts;
- We.Love.Winners. We donâ€™t recall the losers, because itâ€™s about winning;

- The â€œ12th Manâ€• can save your butt on a bad day. The fans, wearing your jerseys, the band, the cheer leading squad, the water boys, the managers and the groundskeepers all have a hand in your victory.
- We want to be around winners. We disregard our â€œpersonal spaceâ€• to crowd our bodies together for a glimpse of them, and reach out to get their autographs;
- Entire media outlets, let alone time slots are dedicated to these pursuits. We strain to hear over â€œthose rude people, who donâ€™t get itâ€• to hear the highlights of the game and the latest stats;
- We have people emulate entire league sports in a fantasy world, and use performance statistics (you know, TRUTH!) to estimate the outcome of the teams played in a virtual sense;

Need I say more? From this list, a thinking person could work through it and see where we are not doing that in this war, which, unlike sports, does have an effect on our ability to be able to put this amount of energy into the past-time of sports for a major portion of the population.

Somehow, itâ€™s not OK to:

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- Pummel the â€œother teamâ€• to a loss when itâ€™s people who will profess they want to win, and win everything;
- Understand that the leaders in this war arenâ€™t here to make you or anyone else feel good. They are here for one thing: To protect us;
- Think we all need that ability to endure. Not just for the one game, but the practice before, the game, and the entire season;
- Think all intelligence is supposed to be perfect all the time (except when you get a pass for Tomahawking camps where the enemy is no longer);
- To make disparaging remarks about men and women who risk their lives to make sure you can say any stupid think you want and to further tell them they arenâ€™t good enough to be anything but cannon fodder;
- To quit cheering the home team on;
- Present the truth about the game stats. Itâ€™s more palatable to make sure they arenâ€™t even true, and then act indignant when youâ€™re caught lying;
- Have people of courage and honor and strength near your children, even the ones who have come of majority age.

I attend most home games of a major team in town. I watch the rest. I have never really been one to watch, but age has itâ€™s limitations. I have spent a life, doing, and have been privileged to not only have had sports coaches, but some teachers who challenged my body and mind, so that I reached further and higher than I thought I could. Now I see the passion, the effort, the dollars spent by 20-30 thousand people at these games and know: We know how to win.

So I further wonder: Why canâ€™t we muster the same understanding and apply it to our very survival as a nation?

We do, but in the boot camps of MCRD and PI; at Great Lakes, Ft Jackson and Lackland AFB; in the Service Academies and in ROTC units around the country. Those are the teams and the coaches. Some are on the minors, some are playing in â€œThe Show.â€• But we have lost an ingredient we would never go without, and thatâ€™s the loud, positive crowd, in the stands, on the bleachers and at

the sidelines, exhorting us to try harder, yelling in approval of a great play, and yelling louder at each scoring.

We speak of the accomplishments of great coaches with reverence. We enjoy hearing the stories about how hard they made it on the players, and then nod out heads in solid agreement, that the sweat and aggravation produced incredible victories. We recount the successes they spawned, not only in sports records, but those who have gone on to professions and been standouts at their â€œgameâ€• there, as well. We know there is no easy path to victory, and in sports, we revel in the journey to the winnerâ€™s circle. Somehow, when it has come down to us â€œwinning,â€• we have lost touch with the skills, not even different from those I have just described, to be the victors in the GWoT.

It is men and women of our military chain of command, like these coaches we know of, who have the opportunity to reach up, via their team and release the pawl on the ratchet, and take the tension off the cable of our emotional well being. They sure could use a hand from the rest of us, as well.

Let me add a closing point to this line of thought: And at the end of the game, our nature is for the Winners to clasp hands with the losers and exchange such words as â€œGood Game!â€• while looking your opponent square in the eyes. Not before the win, after it is clearly won. That, also is a tradition we have followed in the wars of our past, and would also serve us well when it is done, the victory in our hands.

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More? Maybeâ€¦.

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