

A TIME TO PREACH, A TIME TO IMPEACH
A Meditation for the High Holidays, 2017

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Intelligence agencies have agreed, they have decreed, there's been a misdeed, there's no doubt about it. Cyber-attacks and disinformation, emails gone awry, all gave the election a black eye, and now we have the long necktie, and a White House pigsty, quoth the raven and the pundit rabbi.

We thought the election was fair and square until we discovered, au contraire, the Russian bear who slept in our bed and broke our chair, and now we find ourselves in a living nightmare. The Soviet despot has waged warfare!

Now as I compose these words I wonder, by the by, what new news by next week will implode, will explode, will unload. With more revelations and allegations, accusations and demonstrations, how often will I need to re-write my exhortations?

He can fire FBI directors and prosecutors one by one, but the investigation into conspiracy won't get undone. It has a life of its own, it will not condone nor postpone its march to the end zone, when we will finally dethrone.

Witch hunts, they scream, it's all fake news, I'm just waiting for them to blame the Jews like Rosenstein, Goldstone, Mnuchin & Cohn. And don't forget Javanka, a mitigating force we were told, but with nothing to show for it that story is old. When all else fails they'll always blame Hillary and Barack for their conspiratorial tie-in to the lying, conniving, imaginary Elders of Zion.

Meanwhile, hearings carry on and ask probing questions, like did I ever meet a Russian and have a discussion? Sorry, I can't remember, I had a concussion. I also plead amnesia about Tunisia and Polynesia.

Nyet, nyet, I'm no spy, just look me in the eye, I wouldn't lie. Or fib or prevaricate or tell an untruth. But I'll impede and mislead and plead the fifth. Your questions I'll withstand and reject out of hand. *Ya nee paneemayoo*, I do not understand.

I've never met Sergey, Natalia or Vlad, I don't know Boris or Natashia either, my bad. But in college I read a little Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, so sad. Oh, to be in old Stalingrad with Putin, dear comrade.

Still, investigations dig deeper and follow the money, connect the dots, unraveling knots and nefarious plots. And when all is said and done, there is one unavoidable conclusion: If it walks like a duck and smells like a duck and quacks like a duck, it's collusion! No confusion, no delusion, no illusion, it's clear as day, it's collusion!

High crimes and misdemeanors, tis the season, I see no reason, let's call a treason a treason. Obstruction, obfuscation, or just plain perjury. Pick your crime. It all will still rhyme with plenty of jail time. Enough already of the blatant over-reach, it's high time to impeach to impeach to impeach. To resist and protest what is despicable, let's cast out the bums hypocritical who threaten catastrophes on a scale apocalyptic. I say this with evidence empirical and also rabbinical.

How will it end, this scandal, this shame, brought by the one who shall not be named? We've had enough condemnation and denunciation and plenty of oration. Now we want impeachment and conviction and then resignation, and if all else fails, there is always my favorite, defenestration. Which means throwing someone out of a window, and better yet, a high tower, a pretty obvious demonstration of who is no longer in power.

No, I am not supporting violence. Please, let's not come to that. I hope for peaceful transition and a restoration of civility, and stability and tranquility, and no more hostility.

And on that day – may it come soon in the year ahead! – there will be festive partying, a show of fireworks bursting in air, strangers kissing strangers in Times Square, all to celebrate the end of that calamitous billionaire, who finally will have gotten kicked in the derriere. And that, let's hope, will be the end of this nightmarish affair.