

Seeds on Fertile Soil

Sometimes... well, *most* of the time... advocating liberty seems like a losing battle.

Socialism, the politics of envy and theft, is getting more and more popular among the ignorami- almost no one notices the lies told to promote it.

Hatred of migrants is over-the-top, and those who *don't* hate the migrants excuse horrible things done by a tiny few of them just because they feel that they can do no wrong since they are "victims" of one thing or another.

There are too many cops (*one* is too many) and they are growing more brutal, whiny, and entitled every day.

And the only "solution" people talk about for any of this is v*ting.

Some days it drains all my energy and makes me want to give up.

But, *occasionally* something turns that feeling around.

I've told a few select people about this already, but because of the personal nature of it I haven't spread it around too much; I don't want to violate anyone's privacy. A couple of months ago, out of the blue, I got a nice private message on one of those Evil Socialist Media Platforms.

The writer doubted I would remember him (but I did). We'd had an online conversation about 14 years ago (I remember where I lived at the time, and that was a time of great turmoil in my living arrangements), only for a couple of days. He was a Republican and a Constitutionalist. I pointed out that Republican politicians didn't obey the Constitution any better than the Democrat politicians, and that if that was what he really valued, he should probably be a Libertarian instead. Note that I don't remember ever saying I thought the Constitution was a *good* thing, or that I was a Libertarian Party supporter (although I was closer to both of those positions 14 years ago). I was just pointing out something I thought would better fit him, personally. And I always *love* to see people abandon the DemoCRAPublicans for *any* reason.

But he didn't seem to like it much. In fact, I felt like he really *hated* me. So I let it drop. I actually did think about him a few times over the years, feeling bad that he seemed to hate me. But I didn't expect to ever hear from him again. So to say his message surprised me would be an understatement.

Because in his message he admitted that back then he thought I was a wacko, but he no longer did. He said he becomes more libertarian every day, and so does his wife. He still

has a ways to go, but that's one person I would have never dreamed would budge an inch.

So, you really never know who will hear you and let it fester in their mind until it sprouts and takes root. Keep scattering the seeds. Some WILL make a difference.