

Trump is a Buzzkill.

And someday, you'll be very, very grateful for that.



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When I was a deluded Democrat, I watched *The Handmaid's Tale* in horror, certain it would be the fate of our nation because of Trump. I thought Trump was the King to fear in the following passage from the Declaration of Independence.

“But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new guards for their future security. —Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former Systems of Government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute Tyranny over these States. To prove this, let Facts be submitted to a candid world.

Allow me to submit some facts about myself to a candid world.

I thought that described Trump until I started praying to be relieved of hatred for him.

It's a long story but the most important part is a miracle. During a GI tract illness causing me horrible pain on a daily basis, I asked God to remove anything contributing to my physical pain. Knowing hatred of Trump could not be helping, I prayed specifically to be relieved of it. (Read Napoleon Hill's Outwitting the Devil if you want to know about the power of specific prayers.)

In December of 2019, as a result of my daily prayer, I began to reclaim memories and critically think about the United States of America in a way I hadn't before. I was looking for evidence. I went against the grain of my personality and began acting like I had an unappealing college class, required for graduation.

The last tweet I remember as a lefty was “the most dangerous person to deceive is the self”. It was in response to a pastor from Nashville who had been praying for Trump and participating in an effort to end human child trafficking. I thought that was an assessment of that pastor. I was actually talking about myself. (most people Tweeting are, either deliberately or unconsciously)

God granted me an opportunity in an acquaintance from my hometown who moved to my area. We began neighborhood walks. She worked for the TV show “The Apprentice”. Her firsthand experiences of Trump included anecdotes like a quick cell phone call from him. “5th Avenue is a mess”. For a lowly locations scout working her way up, tardiness could mean termination. “He didn't have to do stuff like that” she said. This caused me

to remember my original impression of Donald Trump before I fell victim to a subtle program going on in my hip business (music) in my hip town (Los Angeles). I knew enough not to boast about it, but the truth was, watching the Apprentice helped me navigate setting up my production company. I had read a couple of "The Donald's" books. I liked the way he talked to, and about his kids on Oprah.

I discovered I had several conservative friends. They never judged or questioned my beliefs, so I assumed they shared mine. Turns out they just didn't need to "cover" shared political beliefs, ever, in order to simply show up and be a friend. I was aware that a couple I dearly love were conservative, and I refused to judge them for voting for Trump in 2016. My conversations with the husband of that couple definitely accelerated this process.

One of those conservative friends began sending me videos. The uncut speech in Charlottesville was pretty astounding to digest. Videos of him talking to families of all races and backgrounds in the Oval Office, a quiet moment of him being kind to a child. What the heck? Why haven't I seen any of this stuff? I kept thinking.

I was still suspicious of Trump, and myself, for opening up to this process. I was witnessing that I was indoctrinated enough to watch videos of him with ear buds, literally looking over my shoulder for fear someone in my family would see them. That was educational, to witness myself. It was also humbling and shameful to admit that I had taught my kids it was okay to hate someone without having the whole story.

I kept thinking about how Trump doesn't drink. That really stayed with me. I was a square in the music business and I simply feel most comfortable with the one who isn't drinking at the party. It's real with them, while you watch everyone else slip into a fuzzy, dodgy place. 'Trump is a buzzkill to those who spiral and drift', I thought. 'He's on, he's sharp. He's not toasting and escaping, ever.' That intrigued me.

Trump doesn't just not drink, he hates alcohol. Picture the guy who orders an orange juice under the hand painted ceiling murals and crown molding during cocktail hour, in all its anticipatory glory, at a fundraiser in a fancy hotel. Everybody is two rounds in, letting details slide. Non verbal codes and contract are activated, virtuous or not.

Exaggerations are unanimously and unconsciously permitted. Then the guy who doesn't drink purifies the vibe, and everyone resents it. They want to be blurry.

I accepted that God works through everyone, and everyone includes Trump. I know. I cringed at that theory too, when I was a Deluded Dem, but it's true. If you believe that God or life force works through everyone, you do not get to pick and choose personal exceptions.

Trump's a money guy, and money guys are a buzzkill! We all know a married couple's health and fidelity could be better diagnosed by their financial manager than their priest, pastor or marriage counselor. Numbers don't lie. The bottom line guy knows what's happening, and tells what's happening. And that is what Trump did when he got to DC. I am not going to draw conclusions on morality here and I do not paint him a savior. However, I find "missing context" a most ironic phrase in the desperate censorship we currently see on social media. Because I think when you measure the fact that some of the people Trump has verbally eviscerated on the Internet could be involved in unspeakable harm, you find yourself evaluating him for sticks and stones in the face of really bad people who may deal in skulls and bones, if you know what I mean. (look into secret societies) Once President, Trump faced the bottom line. He found out what was happening, and exposed and trimmed the staffs that carried it out. That's when he really went from a person everyone loved (particularly in Hollywood) to a major threat.

That's why the hatred of him metastasized and persists.

He's a threat to the nefarious agenda that is out to destroy this country.

Freedom starts inside

My walking pal told me that Trump's daughter Ivanka wrote a paper on human slavery and trafficking when she was in high school and he respected her interest in it. She was a teenager. Since I had intuitively gathered that he loved and respected his children after their appearance on Oprah, I had to admit that was an intuitive moment I pressed down and tried to forget in order to align with the programming on him.

An admission ticket to liberal circles in the indie music business was often purchased with at least a little disdain for him, and I wanted to belong. But I couldn't deny what I

sensed, while I didn't want to admit it. "He must've hired great nannies" someone once said. That worked for awhile. But dang that pervasive hunch, bothersome to my liberal mission: his children liked him and they respected him. And yes, as a result of respecting his daughter's concern and interest, he made history by being the first president to prioritize eradicating the \$150 billion dollar international human slavery and trafficking business. Not much mainstream press about the biggest business there is, which touches every single system and service, public and private.

Why not?

Speaking of human slavery through trafficking, Epstein's slap on the wrist in the mid-2000s in Palm Beach was very likely because of Trump. He banned him from Mar-a-Lago for messing with an employee's daughter. He bought a building out from under Epstein because he prefers loud, rude, grand gestures over leaving someone off the guest list or establishing a politically correct, low opinion of someone. I appreciate a grand gesture of betrayal with a child predator, don't you?

I could go on, and on, and on, and on, and on about the press I did and didn't see from 2016 until 2019. The pictures and video I didn't see. The pictures I did see, doctored blooper shots with his daughter that were made to turn our stomachs or other unappealing visual innuendos that were "missing context". (There's that phrase again. Is it starting to dawn on you?) You really have to dig for documentation without spin.

When I was driving along the freeway in LA in 2017, letting NPR raise my blood pressure with their sing song-ey virtue signal speak, waxing poetic about how he was emptying offices in the White House, I didn't know it was an indication that he was challenging corruption in an effort to slim down government. All to restore our free republic.

By dismissing accepted norms and protocols that were unwritten but deeply revered by former presidents, he was being a buzzkill to the distorted unspoken political insider norms and trappings. Protecting us from vague NGOs that went from \$0 to \$3M overnight. (How?) Heck I didn't even know what an NGO was and if you don't either it's a Non-Government Organization. I also didn't know who sponsored the NPR News Hour I tuned into regularly. (I do now.) The special interest groups that appear to be perched on such high moral ground that you can't see into them all have an agenda. When you

realize you don't actually have the facts on NGOs but never admit that to yourself, you are supposed to feel shame, by design, because that flood of shame will block you from looking further into them. The shame will cause you to act like you know and rely on a canned answer about idiots on the right, like I did. But many do not know who runs these special interest groups, who it harms, and who they serve. If they did, their hearts would stop them from supporting certain causes, immediately.

Conscious or not, (and good people are unconsciously involved) most small interest groups are a storefront for a rickety stairwell down, into a cul-de-sac of conformity leading to a plan for utter darkness.

How bad? BAD. Open air prison, phone as warden, AI as god.

Surveilled smart cities on social credit, the end of bodily autonomy, surrender to the digital and not the Divine, a "you'll own nothing and like it" hot mess.

Reminds me of the Dutch producer who spun around in his chair once, while we were working on a song. I had reverently referenced his home country. Suddenly animated he said "oh yes, the Netherlands, so revered I know, we are the happiest...bullshit! They never say the suicide rate! Communism kills!"

If you think that big money and small interest groups aren't affecting you, please look again. They have infiltrated practically every single town in the country, whether through enthusiasm or complacency. "Liberal" (radical) City Councils and School Boards predominantly stand with a fraction of the nation. The transgender community (.007% of us) along with it's allies, is attempting unnecessary, irrational, harmful policy for the 99%, especially innocent children, all over the country. And it's not because love is love. It's because agenda is agenda. Along with that, toxic theories on race. And I'm WAY too sick of the show involving the fashionable little illness that has been dominating all of our lives since March of 2020, but it's connected to that too. Historically, evil is accomplished by causing people to think that current events are separate, complicated, impossible to comprehend, and unrelated. Not true. It's all one crisis. The truth is obvious and simple. Lies are hidden and complicated. Fearful thinking is splintered, heart centered awareness is whole.

You know what I'm talking about. I represent you. I titled this so liberals would click on it. I see you hiding in silence, and I know your fear because it was mine. I have been wanting to write this article for almost a year, but I was too chicken s***. I feared all the people in my life who need me to keep hating Trump would judge me. And that's after already losing all of my friends and professional acquaintances by June of 2020 for standing against the medical tyranny.

I am not afraid anymore, and I don't hate Trump. (I don't think I ever did, actually.)

Who am I? I am the daughter of a red haired Irishman who had PTSD from growing up in poverty with five siblings and hardworking parents who immigrated from Westport in County Mayo, Ireland. I wrote a song about him and, and ever the Sagittarian optimist, he humbly said "you make it sound worse than it was". He became a physician because he was "sick of being poor". He never forgot what it was like, though, and his waiting room was full of black and brown people who didn't have insurance. He HATED Big Pharma, stood opposed to their TV ads becoming legal and prescribed yoga before surgery in the 70s (before it was cool). I thought all doctors accepted paintings and crocheted blankets for hip replacements. I grew up in a beautiful home in the suburbs where I was definitely encouraged to discriminate but instead I watched my father's face.

When the next door neighbor made her Mexican cleaning lady's 16 year old daughter sit and wait in a hot car for 8 hours while she worked, I saw his face and felt his disgust and that did more for me morally than my school, church and community. I was taught anti-racism because I watched my father's face and what it said about what was wrong, and what was was right. I listened to his common sense. I watched his feet. He used his vocation and his life energy to serve others and evaluated content of character. The fact that I am writing this to prove my white face to the toxic "woke" intellectual and emotional terrorism taking place is sad, but I will do anything to rule out dismissal, so that I can be heard and give people permission to be themselves, liberate themselves, and take back their lives, communities, and this country.

I have been in the Arts since my father's determination to keep me from becoming a "suburban daffodil" put me on a train to the Art Institute of Chicago for a college level drawing class at age 12. I have worked as a painter, a dancer, an actor, a voice over

artist, and a singer/songwriter in addition to dozens of side hustles, since then. Among the top five memorable compliments I've received as a singer is the time I walked into a wedding band audition and the bandleader said "I thought you were black!" He had heard me singing "You Don't Know Me" on my demo. I walked on air that day. I have had the privilege to work with the public, encountering all races of transgender, gay, and straight people from many religions, walks of life and cultures for over half my life. My first dance teacher was black. My first agent was black. I have also taught yoga to people from all walks of life. I was a no-brainer candidate for the left's movement, but the truth is my entire "lived experience" (a phrase that signals) proved them wrong.

In my years of being a proud card carrying woke lefty artist, once living in my van and literally obsessed with oppression and Native American experience, I still accepted that I was a part of a small subculture. I did not need that to change.

When I found out what the "compassion" and transgender awareness, CRT, etc was really about, I felt incredibly duped. You should too, if you're still stuck in it. They make a mockery of good-hearted souls. I paid dearly under the hypnosis of the radical left. It contributed to losing my chance to bear children. God restored the years the locusts had eaten. I married a parent and was granted a chance at a different kind of motherhood, times two. I am a proud lion-hearted stepmama who can see right through the spiritual theft taking place in our children's public schools in California, under the guise of falsely lit virtue. I have stood in the face of incredible scrutiny and social rejection, between my kids and that shot.

You can try judging me and putting me in a box now, to dismiss what I see and know, but you won't be able to, and I refuse. I can sense how I am scanned for whether or not I'm religious, if I'm from the south, have a pink MAGA hat, if I'm a Republican, and on. I'm not anything but a human being with a heart beating in her chest who is her father's daughter. I am as allergic to hypocrisy as he was, and I read as much as he did. I am in a heart-centered patchwork quilt of emerging thinkers who refuse to donate emotion to logic and policy. It is now emerging as a whole new movement of moral individuality within community. And I am calling out the boxes into which people keep trying to shove truth tellers like me. They only help continue the charades currently going on. Just stop. Be human. Think. Contemplate God.

Y'all,

Just. keep. picturing. Trump. at. the. fundraisers. declining. a. cocktail. He's a buzzkill. He is not ever altered. He is in reality, and a lot of people who know what is really going on are in reality too. Most of them will not be allowed at Christmas dinner this year over a mandated shot and propaganda fueled news shows that tell you to reject your loved ones. Because pure evil in the form of public health representatives have weaponized what was once private, personal medical information.

But don't listen to me, do your own research.

It's not about Trump, y'all. And if you don't volunteer to go find this stuff out for yourself soon, I think the emotional pain and mental anguish will force you into it.

I'm a born teacher, so here's my 4 HOW-tos. Please get started.

WRITE WITH A PEN EVERY MORNING. Write ANYTHING. IT HAS TO BE WITH A PEN. On paper. Three pages. Write "this wacky canceled songwriter on Substack said to write well well well don't know what to write..." I mean anything. Doodle. This will do more for you than you can possibly imagine. It is a neurological therapeutic, heart to pen, and recovers the self. It's free, but for a pen and penny notebook. Write gratefuls or letters to God, goals, dreams, gripes, wishes, rage letters, anything. But just WRITE. Three pages. Every day.

READ. Read the Constitution, read the Bible, read the Bhagavad Ghita, read studies, read novels, read the horizon, read the label, read the signs. Read anything. Read.

BREATHE. Breathe calmly while still, and also break a sweat and breathe consciously while out of breath. Find a fitness video that's free and follow it or just dance to songs you loved when you were 16 or run up a hill. Just MOVE and then BREATHE and feel. Get in your body, not your phone. Your body is your home.

Seek information from individual voices. Find individual people who openly share their values with you, and are doing research and curating information. Seek cultural, medical, spiritual and political, information from individuals and groups that are not beholden to massive corporate conglomerates. Some may even work for them but are not limited

by them. This will feel ODD. You will be tempted to go back to familiar sources that look slick. That's when you may become aware of narcissistic abuse and the trap of appearances. If a citizen journalist video is a bit rickety, but is the truth as you see it, listen to yourself. Don't watch TV commercials. Mute them and look out the window at a tree until they are over. (I have been doing that as a practice since 2006) Once you start curating your finds, you'll realize there is crossover between topics from different voices, because it is all one crisis. Everything that is going on right now is related. I am not going to name anybody, like say for instance Dr. Christiane Northrup MD or the podcaster Chris Paul or or Peter McCullough MD , it is up to you to find yours. (wink wink) But seriously— do your own work. remember how much you heard that in school?

Get the big picture from 10,000 feet. Form your own opinions about people in the public eye in a rational and calm way without emotion. Stop feeding the system that requires you to react and not respond. Stop indulging in high levels of intense emotion about people you have never even met. It will open you to looking at principles and policy and it will open us all to the Truth. Not "a" truth for a certain group, (which is moral relativism, a Satanic tenet) but THE TRUTH.

2/22/22

Update. Just found this. First I thought it was funny that I wrote an article about Trump ordering an orange juice, only to find this clip of him being the only one at the table without one. But then I listened closely and in light of the suspicious things I've learned about NATO in the past two years, I just really appreciated the rational thought and direct communication. I was too busy getting brainwashed into hatred on this day in 2018 to understand what was actually happening here. Check it out?

Trump and Stoltenberg get into tense exchange at NATO summit



4 Comments



Write a comment...



JPat Jan 23, 2022

Yes. We were left out of Christmas dinner.

♡ LIKE 💬 REPLY ...

1 reply by Amy Loftus



Ethan Allen Dec 11, 2021

Hit it out of the park. Keep it up 👍

♡ LIKE 💬 REPLY ...

1 reply by Amy Loftus

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