

# 21

## Unforgiven

*Donald Trump wins by losing, maybe.*

It is the year 2022, January 21. Twelve months after the somber swearing in of the 45th president of the United States, six months after The Censors restored then unrestored Donald Trump's social media accounts, though Trump had not posted anything on the accounts until this day. A year after Congress voted to impeach Trump for his role in the riot that broke into the Capitol and dared to vandalize its sacred precincts. Then, politicians both left and right breathed a collective sigh of relief that at last, the blunt needle in their side had been eliminated. Even though the Senate once again, narrowly failed to find him guilty, it was enough to assure Trump's many enemies, that as a politician, he was done for.

Or so they thought.

Trump's new post to his restored Twitter account stunned the world. Everyone thought he had gone away, probably playing golf at one of his resorts, and good riddance. The post said: NEW RALLY — BUY YOUR TICKETS NOW! And the link went to Trump's new web site that immediately opened up with a pulsating image of a MAGA hat that was inscribed: TRUMP LOVES YOU. Tickets were \$400 each at the Ohio Stadium, or \$50 streamed to your living room. The rally would be on April 15, Good Friday. He had considered seriously scheduling the rally on President's Day, but finally decided against it. Good Friday made much more sense, as his forthcoming YouTube video would reveal. This would be a rally like no other, details to be announced within a few weeks.

The details that emerged over the next couple of days were vague, sketchy and tantalizing. Members of Congress and the Senate from both sides of the aisle would probably be participating, along with personalities from the dreaded main stream media. Maybe Trump was going to do what the media had

harped on ever since his impeachment. Start his own political party, just like Berlusconi did in Italy back in 2007.

The stadium tickets sold out within a week, all 102,000 of them. Streaming tickets were a little slower on the uptake, until the announcement came with further details of the show. There was much puzzlement. What was the point of a rally if he could not be elected to any office because of his impeachments? Though technically, not found guilty by the senate, nevertheless every poll showed belief in his guilt was overwhelming.

On March 31, Trump appeared on a new YouTube video. It was brief, and created an uproar. The video opens with a long shot down a red carpeted aisle of Trump kneeling facing an altar, bedecked with photographs of his family surrounded by lush flowers from Florida, looking up at an ornate gold ceiling and glistening organ pipes. He then stands, turns, and we see that he is dressed in something like a choir boy's robe. His hair is all ruffled, looking a bit like that of his former counterpart in the United Kingdom, Boris Johnson. His face and expression is something to behold. It is long, corners of his mouth turned down, jowls of his cheeks prominent, pale, even pallid. Although the robe covers his body, there is a sense that it is much larger than it used to be, rotund perhaps. And then he speaks in that very familiar voice, the almost hidden New York accent:

“The last time I spoke to you was on that awful day when some of you, well meaning, but nevertheless foolish, broke into our sacred Capitol, the heart of our government. I said then that ‘we (not ‘I’ but of course I do) love you, go home in peace.’ I am here today to acknowledge that, buried in my accomplishments as your president, I did many wrong things and said many hurtful things to and about many people. And after my impeachment, I now know that I did not do enough to prevent the attack on the Capitol. And the impeachment has at last revealed to me that those who oppose me do so because I am a horrible person, not because of my politics.”

Trump turns to the altar again and looks up. The organ quietly plays the hymn “Forgive me my Lord.”

He then turns back to face the camera, drops to his knees and raises his hands up high, looks up at the gold embossed ceiling

and then looks right in the camera and recites along with the music, “Forgive me, forgive me, O my Lord; I slipped and sinned, and in wickedness; Fooled and erred, I await Your mercies.”

He stands again and clasps his hands together, then speaks into the camera, his mouth in its characteristic expression, the corners dipping down, but his cheeks trying to raise a smile. Or so it seems. Then the words came out, words than people did not expect, though they anticipated something that would disturb and shock. They were not disappointed. Trump said, almost wistfully:

“I know many of you will not believe me when I say I am so sorry for everything that has happened. I bear full responsibility for who I am and what I’ve done. But I also know that just saying I am sorry is not enough to satisfy all of you, and I mean all of you. I have therefore decided, after much deliberation and seeking the advice of God, to undergo a time honored way of making amends for my sins, to be whipped until my blood runs, and to undergo this well-deserved punishment before a capacity crowd in the Ohio stadium and streamed online. During that whipping I will also pledge that I will never commit these sins again, never use the term fake news, and never ever say hurtful things to anyone. There will be much more that I will promise. I only hope that after my punishment, you will all be able truly to forgive me.”

The media and political reaction to this speech was predictable. Extremists of either party called it deplorable or pathetic, but others in the center saw it as a positive step. The many Christians, who would make up a sizable part of the audience, understood immediately what was happening. It was Trump’s first shaky step to rehabilitation, redemption, then love, true love—messianic love, that is. The media, as usual, was unable to figure out what was happening. They had, after all, ferociously fed on all his past sins, so their automatic reaction was to accept this latest spectacle as more of the same, as another of his sins, so called. As far as the media were concerned it mattered not a bit whether Trump was sincere or not, truly sorry or not. It was spectacular news. And that meant money. So Trump’s announcement achieved already an important win over the media, its cynical approach to everything, exposed by the

very object it derided.

However, the greatest challenge to the politicians and their handlers on either side of the aisle was to figure out, once they had posted their various one line responses to the video, how or whether to react to this incredible event. The sensible among them counseled a wait and see approach. But the vast majority of them were so used to reacting in hateful ways, that they simply went along with the ebb and flow of Twitter announcements. The careful handlers pointed out to their bosses that for now it was probably best to say nothing; after all, Trump was no longer president. But even though they were all greatly relieved that he had been replaced for over a year now, the tendency was to forget that he was no longer president and to react accordingly. This was Trump's terrible legacy. Nobody would ever forget his presidency. Generations to come would all hear the stories; though it would be centuries until historians were able to sit back and evaluate his achievements and their positive or negative characteristics.

Of course, they did not have to wait long. Just two weeks.

Trump's handler, Steve Canon, now restored to the level of handler and friend once again, was charged with working over selected members of congress and the senate. Since the Democrats owned both houses, he first approached Sticky Shoemaker, leader of the senate, who initially refused to meet with him and had one of his subordinates respond. "Mr. Shoemaker has made it clear that he wants no part of this and considers it yet another foul attack on his own religious affiliation and the Jewish people. Everyone knows," said the handler, "that the Jewish people do not whip sinners. They stone them."

Canon, not one to give up easily in the face of aggression replied, "of course, you are right, but we cannot allow stoning, because it might kill President Trump."

Shoemaker's subordinate quickly replied, "he is no longer president, please do not call him that."

Canon considered arguing that everyone still referred to Clinton, Bush and Obama as presidents, but decided it was not worth it. He turned to move on to his next interview but he had

no sooner left, than was called back to Shoemaker's office.

"Senator Shoemaker will see you now, but make it brief," said the handler.

Canon entered the office to see Shoemaker leaning back in his chair, his feet on the desk, hands behind his head. Canon nodded and took a seat without being asked.

"Steve, so pleased to see you out and about, and not in jail," said Shoemaker with a big smile, the big smirky smile his opponents detested. "We have some early results on public reaction to Trump's pathetic video."

"No kidding?" answered Canon.

"I will participate in the following way. Although I do disapprove of the dreadful actions of the impeachable Mr. Trump, I am prepared to participate so as not to insult our good Christian Democrats. Jews and Christians are united against Trump." Shoemaker took his legs off his desk, leaned forward in his chair and said with deliberate pomposity, "our religious differences are slight," and quickly added, "that's not for publication."

"So?" asked Canon.

"I will, that is as leader of the Senate, select and supply the whip."

"O.K. But we already have one that we borrowed from the Museum of Torture," said Canon with a straight face.

"Frankly, Steve, we do not trust Trump, for good reasons. Having been fired once by him yourself, I'm sure you can understand. Besides, we want to make a clear statement, show bipartisan collegiality in the face of this ghastly man who will not go away. We see this as an opportunity to at last put him behind us."

Canon shrugged. "O.K."

Shoemaker continued. "I have already set up a Forgiveness Committee to decide on what kind of whip and how many strokes we will administer, and breaking from tradition, I have appointed a Republican to chair that committee."

"Who?"

"It is not official yet, but it will be former leader of the Senate, Mitch Deadpan."

"Fine. I'm sure my boss will approve of that. However, we

had thought that Speaker Felosi might want to decide how many strokes of the whip would be applied.”

“I will convey that to the committee. I doubt that they would object to that,” said Shoemaker with his characteristic smirk.

Canon stood up to go. “Excellent. I’m on my way to meet with Speaker Felosi now.”

“Just one thing, Steve.”

“Yes, senator?”

“I do not think we can deliver the choice of whip before April 15. It’s a very complicated undertaking, as has been pointed out to me from some preliminary information I have received from CIA operatives, who know most about these things.”

“That’s fine. Unless of course, your chosen whipmaster wants a rehearsal.”

Shoemaker did not respond. He was already looking down at his desk and writing.

Canon was shown the door by a subordinate, and handed over to yet another intern, who ushered him through the various passageways to Speaker Felosi’s office. There, he was introduced to one of the interns who inhabited the busy area outside the entrance of Felosi’s office. The intern knocked lightly on the door.

“Come!” came the voice familiar to all.

“Sit, Mr. Canon. Or stand if you want. I just spoke with Mr, Shoemaker. Assuming a knotted whip, four half-inch leather strands, five feet long, and two foot handle, the number of strokes will be fifteen.”

Canon remained standing and said, “OK” and turned to leave.

“Of course,” she added, “depending on the skill and strength of the person who does the whipping, the number may have to be adjusted.”

“Agreed. We already have a nomination for the whipper.”

“Who? A Democrat, I hope?”

“We thought that it would be better to have a Republican, so the Democrats can keep, shall we say, clean hands of the whole affair.”

“Who is it, may I ask?”

“Arnold Schwarzenegger.” Canon could not hold back a slight grin.

Felosi’s face erupted into a great smile, to the extent that it was possible.

“An excellent choice Mr. Canon! I am beginning to think that we have turned the corner on Trump.”

Canon was not quite sure what that meant. “Does that affect how many strokes?” He asked.

“What do you think, Steve? It seems about right to me.” Felosi grinned yet again.

“Fine with me. I’ll have to mention it to the Donald, but I know that he has given iron clad assurances that he will accept anything that either side of the aisle proposes.”

“And Schwarzenegger has agreed?”

“Yes. He was really upset when he delivered that video on Kristallnacht. He is waiting for the Senate Committee on Punishment and Forgiveness to deliver the chosen whip to him so that he can practice the strokes.”

“Thank you Steve. And you have my best wishes for a successful event.”

Canon held back yet another grin. Trump had done it again. “Don’t these guys know what they are agreeing to?” he thought. But then he thought again. He admitted to himself that he had no idea what the outcome of this outrageous spectacle would be. Especially as Trump had been impeached not once, but twice. Was Trump, his former and current boss, angling to get Congress to annul the impeachments? Could President Biden issue a pardon? That not likely either.

Trump’s YouTube video went viral of course. Many millions all around the world viewed and commented. Some expressed their disgust. Others asked cynically, what was he up to? Others, and these were the majority, could hardly wait for it to happen. Some posted suggestions as to what kind of whip would be desirable, and others made what they thought were jokes, that Shoemaker should wield the whip and Felosi stand there counting the number of strokes. And maybe President Sage Bush could be the one to tie Trump to the rack or whatever would be used to hold him still, and Hillary Clinton could rip the shirt

off his back. And the former First Lady Michele Obama could apply salves to the wound, perhaps the first small sign of salvation, give him his ray of hope.

The most amazing thing of all was the worldwide clamor for tickets to attend the event. Not even Canon had foreseen this outpouring of—no, not sympathy, one hesitates to give it a name—prurient concern, let's say agogness, an appropriately ugly neologism. Both houses of Congress passed resolutions demanding that a special section of the stadium be set aside for members, and both bills had tacked on to them a demand that the Royal Family of the United Kingdom be given pride of place even though Prince Charles had recently called for the United States to pay reparations to the Royal Family for their own insurrections against them in 1776 or thereabouts.

The day came, the stadium packed to capacity. Interviews with those in attendance revealed an amazing fact: there were equal numbers of Trump lovers and Trump haters. At last the great division that had overtaken the people of the United States of America had been healed! And it was the promise of Trump's punishment, his public humiliation and suffering that had brought the people of the USA together. Unity at last! And who should they thank for this amazing accomplishment? After all, President Biden had campaigned on bringing the people together, unity not division. But it could not have happened without someone to punish, and Trump, willingly so it seemed, had offered himself.

And here is where the first step back to divisiveness raised its ugly head. The New York Philharmonic, arranged on a stage in the center of the arena, played the hymn "Forgive Me Oh Lord" as a solemn procession entered the stadium. Cardinal Bell led the way, carrying the whip placed on a large satin cushion in front of him. He was accompanied by Mayor Charlatan, arm in arm with his new wife Bwana Brawley, followed by a score of altar boys singing the hymn. Then followed Trump himself, stripped down to tight fitting jeans and bare torso, the front end of the large wooden cross resting on his shoulder, the rest of the cross supported by the shoulders of significant members of the golfing fraternity, all of whom at some time or other had accused Trump of cheating at golf (perhaps the worst sin of all).



Naturally the social and formerly secular media erupted with outrage that Trump would mock Jesus in this way, and this on God Friday of all days. A flutter of gasps and giggles of surprise rose from the audience. But after the initial reaction, the usual boos, hisses, and streams of abuse echoed around the stadium, followed by the old Trump chant of “four more years” then overcome by the detractors with a boisterous “lock him up.”

After a circuit of the arena, pausing twelve times at which Trump dropped to his knees and struggled to rise up each time, the procession halted in the center of the arena. Trump climbed the steps of the stage and sat on a huge chair, obviously designed to look very much like the electric chair that was first used in New York. Then a nervous, hurried voice blurted over the very effective PA system. “Quiet Please! Quiet Please!”

It was the voice of NBC’s almost equally disgraced Chris Cuomo. “People of diversity!” he called, and half the crowd responded with cheers of approval. “I first apologize for having accepted the doubtful honor of compering this awful event. But quite frankly, even though this disgusting personality has been impeached twice over, it is my less than humble opinion that impeaching is not enough, given the terrible damage this idiot has done to our great country and to the world order.” Cuomo pranced around the stage like a rock star, lapping up the cheers of approval. He even took off his loose jacket and showed off his bare arms and tight muscles.

The crowd responded by chanting: “Whip! Whip! Whip!”

To which Cuomo responded, “patience! We will get to that! But first, I want to call upon none other than Samantha Showers, former Ambassador to the United Nations, who will perform the first act of punishment, a time honored practice originating in France after World War two.”

The crowd reacted with deep murmurs, an immediate symptom of on-setting boredom. Samantha Showers took the mike from the reluctant Cuomo.

“I’ll be brief,” she said, to which the crowd clapped and cheered. “During the German occupation of France in World War Two, I am ashamed to say that many women gave themselves over to the Nazis. When the war ended these women were

appropriately punished for sleeping with the enemy.”

More murmurs of boredom. “Lock him up,” came the cry rippling around the stadium.

Showers continued. “Their punishment was to have their hair shaved off. And that is what we will now do to the twice impeached president.”

Duomo darted across the stage to retrieve the mike, and handed Showers the electric shaver. She immediately strutted across the stage, her long blond hair waving in the breeze. Trump sat, tied into the chair, face expressionless. With big sweeps of the shears she shaved off the dyed, lifeless locks that had been such a point of derision from his detractors.

“Traitor! Traitor!” came the chant from half the crowd.

“Stand tall! Stand tall!” chanted the other half.”

Showers stepped away and took a small bow. The job was done, and Trump sat still, looking vacantly ahead.

Suddenly the crowd went quiet. Would he really do it? Let himself be whipped? Surely that was going through the minds of all the spectators. There sat Trump stripped down to the waist, his distended belly drooping over tight jeans, and his shoulders drooping even more than was his usual poor posture; his bald head seeming too small for such a large body. There was something pathetic about the whole scene. Tears of anticipation formed in the eyes of both his detractors and loyal supporters. But it was time. Trump had promised it and as his supporters knew, he always did what he said he would do. He kept his promises. He was loyal to them as they were loyal to him.

Duomo beckoned to Schwarzenegger, who came forward looking slender in tight jeans and a Never Trump T-shirt that accentuated his well-known muscles. Cardinal Bell presented him with the whip, which he took and held high for the crowd to see, then examined it carefully, running the knotted strands through his very large hands. Duomo ordered Showers to untie Trump’s arms and legs and the chair was moved to the center of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra for the conductor’s stand as he conducted the next piece which was, again, “Forgive Me Oh Lord.”

They set up an A-frame and tied Trump to it as though he

were an Australian convict of a couple of centuries ago. It had been Trump's outlandish intention to have himself whipped on the cross that he had born upon entrance to the stadium, but the social media had erupted with such vitriol, damning Trump for portraying himself as the second Christ, that Canon quickly dismembered it and hid the bits under the stage. Schwarzenegger positioned himself before the A-frame and swung his whipping arm a little. He paced out how far away from Trump he should stand in order to lay on an efficient and effective stroke.

The crowd stirred, anxious and impatient. It wanted action. There was also jostling in parts of the stadium because some wanted to get a position where they could see Trump's face, others wanted to see the bloody lines on Trump's back where the lash broke the skin. The crowd became even more restless when it realized that the A-Frame had been set up to face the large box of the official party of esteemed leaders of the USA, indeed, the world. In fact it resembled a crowd that had been imported from England's Royal Ascot. Front and foremost of this elegant gathering sat Prime Ministers Trudeau and Johnson, Prince Charles, and wedged in between them President Biden and their several female attendants, including Vice President Kamala Harris, though she had initially refused to attend because, she said, it reminded her of the savagery that her ancestors suffered at the hands of Britain's imperial rule. No representatives of Islamic countries attended, seeing nothing special in the event, all expressing satisfaction that the West had at last followed the example of the Middle East. Behind these elegantly dressed important people were various members of the British parliament, shabbily dressed, as were those from the lower house of the Congress, with the exception of Speaker Pelosi who outshone them all in her pink satin and lace dress with a fancy collar reminiscent of Queen Elizabeth I. Behind them all were the US senators, a mixed bunch if ever there was one, led of course by Shoemaker in his twenty year old suit. Many of this crowd sat low in their seats, frequently sneaking out to the concession stands. It was as though they were embarrassed to be there, or thought that maybe they shouldn't be there but couldn't resist going, didn't want to miss the spectacle.

The security guards dotted all around the arena were getting a little nervous. They sensed the growing restlessness of the crowd. They worried that a far right or left supremacist might do something violent. To make things worse, there was a short delay when Duomo resisted giving up the microphone so it could be attached to the A-Frame near Trump's mouth in order to catch his cries and howls of pain. In place of his microphone, Duomo now held a stack of very large poster-size cards. Stepping forward, he held the first card above his head and pranced around the stage as though announcing the round number of a boxing match. It was the number "one."

The crowd erupted in an applause that quickly died down. Schwarzenegger raised his arm and brought down the whip with an audible "swish." Trump's body stiffened, and he yelled out in pain, the words just discernible, "Forgive me! I am so sorry! Oh Please!" The crowd erupted into cheers and applause. Many called out: "Give it to him Arnold! Give it to him!" These were probably mostly Trump's detractors. Others cried (actually cried): "We love you! Love you!"

Schwarzenegger did a round of the stage, showing the whip and brandishing it a little. Duomo raised the next card. Trump called out, More! Give me more! All that I deserve!"

But then an ominous sign emerged on the arena. An ambulance quietly rolled out and did a slow lap then parked next to the stage. A medic emerged dressed in full biosecurity regalia. The crowd gasped. The figure looked like an alien from somewhere. And suddenly a thin voice wafted from one of the children present, "ET go home!" The crowd broke into laughter as the chant gradually took hold: "Trump go home! Trump go home!"

Trump strained at his bonds and waggled his head, trying to get Duomo's attention. Samantha Showers saw it and tugged at Duomo's arm. The mike, the mike! Give the medic the mike!" called Trump. The medic stepped up on to the stage and removed his mask and helmet. It was Doctor Ben Parson. Duomo held the microphone to Parson's face.

"I am here to administer any necessary emergency assistance to the President, I mean former President, I mean Mr.

Trump. After each stroke of the lash I will check his heart and, if the skin is broken, at his request and against my advice, pour salt on the wounds.” A buzz of excitement filled the arena and Parson replaced his helmet. Showers pulled the microphone from Duomo and placed it back on the A-frame. Parson placed his stethoscope on Trump’s chest and after a moment nodded to Schwarzenegger.

Schwarzenegger took his place and lashed out, this time with what was clearly a harsh, stinging stroke that broke the skin of Trump’s back in several places. Blood ran down his back and on to his jeans. Those able to see his front saw trickles of blood find their way over his bulging stomach. Parson stepped forward, checked his heart and sprinkled salt on the open wounds.

“I am so, so sorry! I am so, so sorry!” cried Trump, the audience very used to his habit of repeating everything he said several times over, all throughout his presidency, especially at his rallies. But this was not a rally.

Or was it?

It seemed not, especially as people from both opposing factions made up the crowd. Yet it was surely concerning to the political pundits in attendance (they were watching on television in the bars and rooms that surrounded the stadium with no direct view of the arena, relegated there by Trump who said that it was all they deserved), that the crowd was really into it. They seemed to “get it.” And Trump was truly “getting it.” Getting what he deserved and, paradoxically, “loving it.” The talk show creatures would later call this “narcissistic masochism,” in a feeble attempt to deny the truth of his suffering. Was he not sincerely asking for forgiveness? Was he not sincerely sorry for all that he had done? If this could not convince the onlookers who had unwittingly become part of the punishment, that Trump was truly sorry for his sins and crimes and the hurt he inflicted on friends and foes alike, what would?

Must we continue through all fifteen of the strokes? In fact, once four strokes had been administered, responded to by the pleas for forgiveness and cries of pain exuding from Mr. Trump, the crowd became gradually more silent. One could put this down to sheer boredom, as happens in a cheap movie that relies only

on violence to entertain. Or a growing callousness of the onlookers, unmoved by the pain inflicted, an adaptation to the evil that confronted them. Surely intentionally inflicting such pain on any individual guilty or innocent, and participating in the enjoyment (is that the right word?) or satisfaction of inflicting the punishment, is surely an evil in itself. Even if the one punished clearly deserves it? One wonders whether many in the crowd were asking themselves the same questions. The strange thing was that after the first four or five strokes, the crowd started to dwindle. And by the time the fifteenth stroke was applied, close to half the stadium was emptied. The block reserved for the esteemed persons remained a block. They would see it through to the end.

As the number of strokes neared fifteen, and the cries from Trump became more and more feeble, the crowd came close to silent. Trump's supporters, of course, were mesmerized by his devotion, and what they took to be his forthright honesty. Of course, quite a few of them thought he had done nothing that required forgiveness, and many thought that his positive achievements counterbalanced his faults. The detractors were, however, the most perplexed. They had indulged themselves in a kind of distasteful revelry, seduced as they were by the Trump public and open plea for forgiveness, and, they had to admit, the violent way in which he suffered and pleaded for forgiveness. Surely his plea for forgiveness, as sincere as it might be, was nevertheless something that they could not forgive? Were the Never-Trumpers also Never-Forgivers? For many, they came to realize that they were locked into a kind of circular logic that they vaguely sensed had become a compulsive ritual. And so they had become silent, or they left.

It would be more accurate to define this incredible display of openness on Trump's part and his begging for forgiveness as something simpler. He was, after all, a simple man. Was that not the main characteristic that his supporters loved? This contrasted with his detractors taking his simplicity as idiocy. And the simple answer to the very difficult moral questions thrown up by his amazing foray into punishment, its deserts and forgiveness, is that this was simply another way for Trump to overcome his

detractors. Impeached or not, he would win in the end, no matter the personal costs. Trump did not like losers, but loved winners. He could not be a loser. This was his last ditch effort to erase that loss. He would push his opponents further into the moral confusion that had become, in the 21st century, the obvious lead weight that drove both their rhetoric and legislative agendas. Surely the media had understood that Trump would never go away, impeached or not. Indeed, it was good for them if he remained actively in the limelight. This spectacle showed them that he did not need to be elected to any office to win over the public. The question is, having won them over, what next? Or is winning simply satisfying for its own sake?

The Great Men of history, all of whom liked winning and despised losing, in different ways (mostly by risking their lives on behalf of their followers) posed these moral questions to their populace, supporters or detractors. In most cases, these moral problems were eventually solved by getting rid of the Great Man, whether by killing him (Julius Caesar) or by exile (Napoleon) so that the puzzling moralities inextricably mixed with politics as we have seen with Trump, can be glossed over, with the pretense of their solution. It is not until another “Great Man” arises that humankind will be confronted with these impossible moral logics. Take note, though, and this is advice for Mr. Trump. The exploits of all such Great Men are recounted over and over again in histories, plays and movies. Such an attractive thought for one who seeks to join the immortals! However, it is also very clear that this fact of never forgetting the Great Man lies at the heart of never forgiving. No matter to what lengths Trump goes to be forgiven for his sins, they will never be forgotten. The only sure way to forgive is to forget. And what Great Man wants to be forgotten?

*Moral: At the altar of punishment, forgiveness is impossible..*

Colin Heston