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enough of them twittering the same note with reference to the same person to elect a Pope. Can you imagine cardinals from Europe, the North American continent, and Australia, mates, kissing the ring of a black man, a member of the race that is more despised, reviled and scorned than any other on the face of the earth? Although my wayward prodigal brothers and sisters, why do I call you that? Because you hail from my continent. My motherland is your motherland. That's why you are my brothers and sisters. You kind of bleached out, but in the old days it was not so. So sometimes when you all are of a mind to ask me or somebody of my complexion who is conducting himself or herself in a way you don't like, why don't you go back where you came from? First of all, I came from Omaha, Nebraska. But let's take it where you really mean--go back to Africa. I was never there, but if we're talking about our origins, I'd say, well, let's you and I link arms and we'll both go back where both of us came from. That's how arrogant these people are who call themselves Caucasians. But here I am. If I'm that black man, I put my black hand out with that magical ring on it and I get a scowl, because the Pope can do whatever he wants to--he can grin, he can play, he can joke--and I make those white European cardinals kiss my ring. Then those Australians, who took the land from the original people and still discriminate against them, make those cardinals kiss my ring. Then those North Americans, who had their country in America built by people of my complexion stolen from the motherland, who dug ore from the mines, who helped build railroads, who worked in infested by diseases areas producing rice, indigo, cotton and every other product, you all kiss my ring. You think that's going to happen? Absolutely not, and I know it's not going to happen. So my religion is not going to be like that. What is my religion? The Rescue the Poor Defenseless Prairie Dogs from the Predations of Sinful Homo Sapiens. That's the name of the religion, and it is against my religion to kill prairie dogs. You don't respect my religion? Fine. If my religion were like yours, you would feel an affinity because it's close enough. I had talked about an editorial in the Omaha World-Herald this morning. Some guy had had what he called a blessed piece of unleavened bread, they call it a host, and he put it on eBay and some other artifacts that Catholics apparently think a lot of. So some fellow, instead of letting it be bid up to a high