

## John Tripp/Bio

In the beginning, I created sleepless nights and loaded diapers for my loving parents in Northern Maine. Fast forward to adulthood - At 18, I graduated a small High School in Northern Aroostook County. I left that area, which seemed to have missed a couple decades of " progress ", and joined the Navy. Very little did I know the ways of the world then. The race wars, the drug culture of the 60's, and all the other debilitating progress which hit the rest of the nation was a complete shock to my system. Reading about it and watching Uncle Walter on the CBS Evening News report it seemed to be like fiction.

My induction into the military culture in 1973 was a wakeup call and probably the best thing which ever happened to me. Though I grew up working on farms and other hard labor, I never considered that a responsibility. The Navy taught me to be accountable to the entire country and to be responsible for things not of my own choosing for the first time. For a young anarchist, this was a struggle. Northern Maine in the days I grew up there was a very well do to blue collar area. The ideals put forth by the progressives seemed only logical to one who saw things through the eyes of a middle class country boy. If we had enough money, then surely the country was rich enough to allow everyone to live the life which I did. Such is the mindset of youth - the " if you are 20 and do not think like this, and don't have a heart argument " is only human.

The Navy taught me another thing quickly - affirmative action was not only unfair, it was not doable. I attended the first race therapy classes in the military. There you were not allowed to speak truth if it upset the minorities. It caused more hatred than it erased, and this trend has continued through the years. The child that left Maine only two years earlier as an innocent came back from his Viet Nam experience, spent on the beaches of the Spanish and Italian Riviera's, and had his dress whites egged at the airport in Boston. Clueless would be too kind an adjective to put on these tools of the left. Fortunately for the country, most saw the light. Some did more than that.

After my discharge in 1979, I spent a few years as a migrant bartender, going from Spring Break Caligulariums to Winter paradise's. During that short period of time I became addicted to the atmosphere of the decadent culture which this life is. I forgot every lesson I was ever taught by my elders, and it was the most memorable times I will ever have. I feel everyone should sow some wild oats in his or her youth. Without that experience, there is no baseline to compare future growth.

On a rainy day in the mid 80's, I was watching the new cable television experience, and chanced upon a C-Span book review of Thomas Sowell's " Vision of the Anointed ". This day is the turning point in my

life. It is the first time I ever rushed out to buy a book after seeing a review, and the first politically conservative book I ever read. His common sense and simple wording left me without any doubt that I had been all wrong all of my adult life. It was soon after that David Horowitz came out with his eye opening autobiography, " Radical Son ". This was the catalyst for my newly found reason for being, and I have not stopped being very vocal no matter where I was about educating the public on issues which determined America's future. Everyone should read this book ! There is no better testimonial that can be experienced than by reading this true radical leftist leader of the 60's movement and his transformation to what he is today - in his own words, " The Lefts worst nightmare ".

The twenty years after that I worked one full time job at a local hospital in Portland, Me, and always worked another, usually as a house painter or construction laborer. Ten years ago, I blew a gasket during a Chris Matthews show while working at the hospital, in front of 30 or so deep blue Mainers and Massholes, and my career there was over. I have worked for myself, selling anything legal I can for a profit ( hopefully ), and living in suburban Scarborough Maine with my wife. I collect coins, especially ancient ones, sports memorabilia and guns. I belong to a half dozen tea party like groups and do what I can do further our cause.

I would be a total ingrate if I did not mention I am a walking testament to the grace of God, and a recipient of a true miracle. A very digested version of this story involves me stepping on a tourmaline cross, which cut the bottom of my feet, which could not possibly have been where it was when I stepped on it. I was going out the door for the last time, due to a deep depression caused by a home invasion and theft of everything I had saved and my inheritance and my credit and my priceless personal collection of coins my Mother left me to preserve and pass on, amassed over 350 years by the merchant seamen from her side of the family, with a gun in hand and a black place in my heart. There is nothing so bluntly righteous than picking up a bloody cross on your way to oblivion ! It is through the Lord's graces which I will always act, and I guarantee the only way I leave this earth is when he calls me home.