

Rush Limbaugh Passes – Now I’m Doomed

Today, on the station I once listened to Rush on, they were taking calls from folks who wanted to tell about when they first started listening to him. As I was listening I wondered when it was when I first caught him on the radio. Then I remembered. I was heading to a National level SCCA Solo II event, when I was a total greenhorn rookie racecar driver, in my 1995 Z28 Camaro. It was Sep of 1997 (apx 24 years ago).

Sister Connie and I both had vacation time to take that month; she wanted to see America too. So, she asked to tag along. We were heading to Kansas City for the race I was going to be in, but we were somewhere out in no-man’s land (south east WY or just crossing into NE) and I was bored. So, I told Connie to turn on the AM radio and see if we could pick up something to listen to. She hit the scan button and it scanned around the dial a couple times. Nothing but static. But then it locked onto a weak signal about 5 minutes later, and it started coming in good enough we could hear the guy talking.

I was 43 and Connie was only 37... still in our prime you might say. There were cell phones and GPS, but hardly anyone (including us) had them and coverage was only in a few cities anyway. Nothing like nowadays. You were still on your own travelling cross country back then.

Anyway, this guy Rush was making a lot of good points about whatever he was covering, and I thought it was pretty good stuff. Well, in about 2 minutes Connie reaches over and starts manually screwing with the radio dial; right as Rush was wrapping up what he was saying on a good news story. WTF!!! “Connie, turn that guy back on! What are you doing?” “That guy is a CREEP. Are you seriously listening to him??!” “What the hell is your problem? He was making some great points. Turn him back on.” She just folded her arms. So, I hit scan and it dialed him back in again. There was nothing else to lock onto anyway.

I was a happy camper and thought she just had a bug in her butt, for some strange reason.

So, we get about a mile or two more down the road and Connie f-ing flips out. I mean she seriously had a cow. Boy, Rush was pushing her buttons for some reason? No logic to it at all. I agreed with every sentence that came out of his

mouth. Connie just fumed in silence. But not for long... All of a sudden SHE BLEW UP!!!

“Stop this fucking car!!!! Right NOW, god damn it!!!”

WTF!? “What is your problem?”

“Stop this fucking car!!!! I can’t stand it. Let me out!!”

So, I haul it down and pulled over on the shoulder, and she jumped out. I got out and she was screaming and kicking dirt and had her fists clinched and was ready to fight. I walked around to the passenger side, but didn’t get too close.

“God damn it! I can’t stand that MOTHER FUCKER!!!” She started crying and screaming at the same time. I thought, OMG, I have a freaking basket case nut job to deal with here. So, I walked up and grabbed her in a bear hug and held her tight, and took her head and put it on my shoulder, and tried to calm her down by whispering in her ear to take it easy. “It will be OK, Connie, just settle down.”

Finally she stopped screaming and whimpering and settled down. She’s lucky she didn’t pass out from hyperventilation or something.

“Can we just not listen to that guy anymore? Please?” “OK. OK. Just don’t freak out on me anymore. Besides, it’s a long f-ing walk home from here. You know that right?” She wiped her eyes... “Yes. Let’s just go ahead and go...” And she finally gets back into the car.

The rest of the trip, and the race I was in, turned out AOK. It was one of those “significant emotional events” you never forget when you have your crazy ass sister with you. ;^)

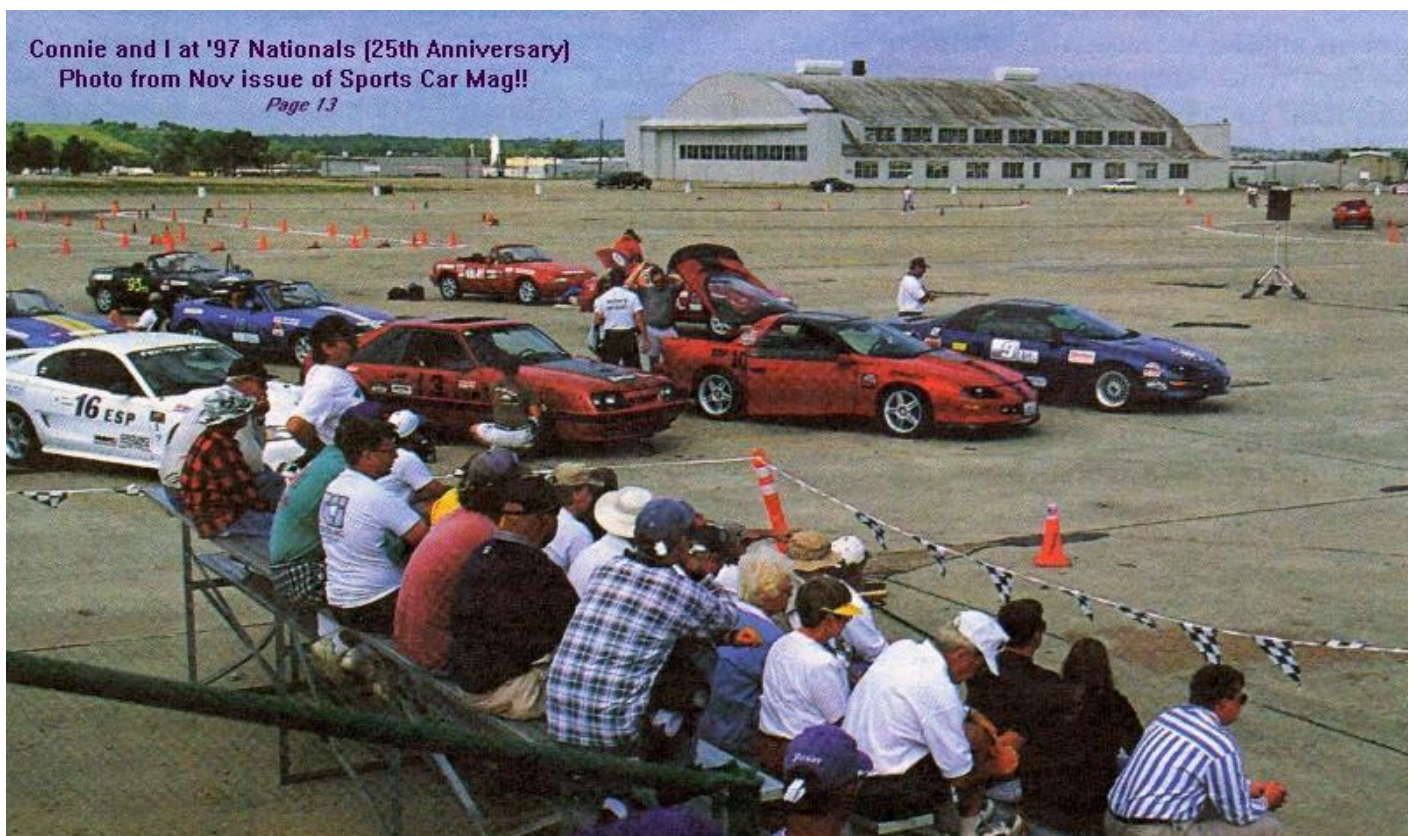
That was the day I got to know both **Rush** and my libtard sister, **Connie**, a LOT better. LOL.

I never got really hooked on Rush until around 2005. But, any time I was bored and wanted to listen to talk radio, I’d hit scan on AM and hope he was there. When he was, I was a happy camper again.

P.S.

After the 2020 election I swore I'd never talk to another Marxist Libtard Demoncrap again; sister Connie included. But then mom passed away, Feb 15, 2021, just a couple days before Rush. Well, Connie has figured out about six reasons to email or call me now; to ask questions about how to deal with mom's Will, etc. It's like she still wants me to help her calm down even though she has a freaking husband with two arms and a shoulder she could easily go to if she has another panic attack. I swear to G mom passed away just to force me to start talking to Connie again. Pretty soon it will be Carolyn calling me also.

Fuck?? I guess I'm doomed.



I'm standing behind the red Z28 Camaro