

# Taking a Knee

by G. Murphy Donovan



I have always been more than a little ambiguous about about taking a knee. For me, genuflection or submission is something you do to express humility before an idea or tradition greater than yourself.

Kneeling in church captures the idea.

You might also hit you knees for first communion, or any devotional reason for that matter. Then there is the ring kissing meme before a bishop. Hard to keep your feet in the presence of a crosier or red hat, even on a bad day.

Many parish clerics today will hit their knees before any altar boy whilst bishops look the other way. But that's another story.

Some men take a knee in front of their favorite squeeze for several reasons. You might want to propose marriage, beg forgiveness, or just show her a good time.

You might also have to take a knee when your knighthood comes through and you become Sir What's His Name or Lady Pop Tart. Knighthood is now the British equivalent of a daytime Emmy.

Politicians hit their knees for various reasons most of which cannot be discussed in polite company. Let's just say that azimuth kissing could be an Olympic sport in most state capitals including the District of Columbia.

A chocolate nose is like a purple heart on Jenkins Hill.

Nancy Pelosi took a knee the other day for a photo op and then she couldn't get up. She was genuflecting to BLM, not to be confused with the BVM, and had to be ratcheted to her feet by a black staffer. Some say the Catholic irony is often its own reward, but medical experts claim that too much Botox will make you top heavy too.

When your felonies catch up with you, and some Republican judge gives you five years; taking a knee in prison becomes a survival skill. Togetherness and man love, in concert, is the essence of community behind bars.

If the punk life was the good life on the outside, prison life is often a destination resort; three hots, a cot, and Bubba.

Before Colin Kaepernick came along, nobody took a knee during the national anthem. For most; we would stand, salute, put our hand over our heart or just fidget and mumble incoherently. The anthem is notoriously hard to remember, sign, or sing. Often we just smirked as some clueless celebrity missed all the high notes with aplomb.

The national anthem, not genuflection, might be the real reason folks are so touchy these days.

Bad music and violent sports have been fraying the American psyche for years. Female kick boxers, golfers, and NASCAR drivers take a bow here. Somehow, the *Star Spangled Banner*

clashes with broken noses, split lips, gushing blood, grown men trying to brain spectators with golf balls, or 50 thousand crackers waving battle flags and screaming for a 200 MPH car wreck.

I have always believed that Michael Jackson's "*Beat It*" is the more appropriate anthem to play before all American games. Not that self-abuse is the equivalent of professional sports *per se*