
VIEWS LETTER

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AWD's Views, News & Items of Interest

May & June 2007

“The Bow”

By Gaylon Stamps

It's been a while since I have written a story, but I've been encouraged to write again. Here goes!

I hadn't thought of this incident for a long time, but while listening to some acclaimed screenwriters talk of their trade... speaking of honesty and truth, the story came to mind.

I grew up on Cowboys and Indians. I was usually the cowboy but sometimes enjoyed being the Indian as well. (If you didn't know, I AM 1/16th Indian.) Indians are cool because they didn't have to have guns. They armed themselves with creations of their wit and their tools. Of course, their main armament was bows and arrows.

Down the road about two miles from our house grew a little patch of wild trees. Once while riding by on my bicycle, I saw those little trees as “perfect” for making bows and arrows. I stopped, took my trusty pocketknife from my Levis pocket and began whittling away at the twig bases trying to harvest supplies for my idea. With my dull knife, progress was very slow. I thought, “I need a hatchet!”

Quickly, I mounted my bike (or trusty steed as I pretended) and raced to the house. I found the hatchet (as I imagined, a tomahawk) and returned to my little forest. Harvesting the

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Around the House

By Shelby Doudney Schnauzer Dog

I made it through the winter alive, however, I don't know how much longer that I can hold out. I can't hear a thing, my vision is getting weaker, and I itch all over. When I am finally so exhausted that I fall asleep, Linda will sneak up on me with an eye dropper full of some concoction for my ears—she gives me a whole new understanding to the phrase, “an ear full.” I love Linda, but I hate having anything foreign in my ear. What other curses must I endure? Surely there is some cause that I am here to uphold or accomplish to make my life complete.

The Boss is into Bible study, and also, the study of the Constitution. I don't know what he expects to accomplish. I doubt that he knows himself, but he seems to have purpose, and that is something that I seem to have lost along the way.

Linda has her Granddaughter Cayeden, and that little girl is becoming a handful. Linda accepts the challenges that Cayeden provides with a smile on her face even though it's often tiring. She is a good Grandmother.

Spring is here along with those wonderful springtime smells and warm sunshine. I think I can find a place to rest where Linda can't find me. Just the thought of that is exciting.

Keep your chin up and your nose into the wind, don't let your curses get you down—there are always blessings to be found. ~Shell

Above all, we must realize that no arsenal, or no weapon in the arsenals of the world, is so formidable as the will and moral courage of free men and women. It is a weapon our adversaries in today's world do not have. ~Ronald Reagan

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lumber was much easier now! I cut what I thought would be a good bow and several of the small, most-straight plants for arrows, bound them up and hauled them back to the house where I could become as a craftsman.

When I got to the house, I started stripping bark from all my sticks. Peeling the bark wasn't too difficult, even with my dull pocketknife, so that task went rather quickly. But to have a good arrow one must cut all the little bumps along the twig so it would be as smooth as possible. If there was a bump on your arrow, as it slid beside the bow during a shot the arrow could go astray. You'd miss your cowboy, and he could shoot you with his pistol! Not good if you're the Injun!

I worked on the arrows and got them as smooth as I could. I sharpened the points then whittled a slot for the bowstring in the opposite end. Then I began to work on the bow. I cleaned off all the bark but was having trouble getting the bumps off the bow. The bow-stick was bigger and "mature". The bumps were harder and tougher to cut! I worked and worked, then finally decided I'd whittled enough, yet, it was hardly smooth at all.

Next, I needed to find some string. But, where would I find some string? "Twine!" There was always some binder twine lying around in the cow lot from when Dad fed hay to the cows!

I went to the lot and started searching for the "just right" (that is, long enough) string for the bow. I found it! I pulled it up out of the muddy muck, cleaned it off and returned to my crafting.

Now, you have to know here that I was never a Boy Scout, so tying knots was not something I really knew a lot about. But somehow I managed to get the string attached to the bow with a mega-series of knotted loops on each end of the bow.

I was proud of my creation! It had been an all day project.

I had just finished when Dad came home from work. I could hardly wait to show him what I'd spent the day working on!

"Look what I did, Dad!"

He inspected my work and then commented, "Don't you know how to string a bow?"

"I thought I did..."

Dad untied my string from the bow and got out HIS pocketknife. I always was in awe of Dad's pocketknife. When I was allowed to use it, I noticed how it was always oiled at the pivot points of the blades and opened up smooth as silk! And sharp! Dad's pocketknife was always sharp as a razor.

Dad began to whittle. He whittled down the ends of the bow to flatten them some, then cut little notches to hold the bowstring. Then he asked, "How come you didn't cut these bumps off the bow?"

"I tried."

In only a few moments, it seemed, with his sharp knife, Dad had finished my bow. It was almost like he'd bought it at the store!

Then Dad took my bowstring and tied a loop in one end. He hooked the loop to one end of the bow, measured the string, and then tied a loop in the other end of the string. It looked too

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Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn't pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same, or one day we will spend our sunset years telling our children and our children's children what it was once like in the United States where men were free. ~Ronald Reagan

short to me! Then Dad showed me how to hook the end of the bow inside my left foot. Then by pulling the top of the bow with the middle against my knee, bending it, so that I could hook the string to the top end. Finished. I WAS AMAZED!

This creation looked much more like a REAL BOW than it had when I was finished with it! I really believed an Indian could have made it!

“Let’s go try ‘er out,” Dad said with a smile.

We went to the front yard and I handed Dad my best arrow. He looked at it, took his knife out, and made a better notch and loaded it, then drew the bow.

SSSSHHHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
THUNK! It went almost to the barn and stuck in the dirt! WOW! I was amazed!

And this was mine! Mine to do with as I pleased! There couldn’t have been a prouder kid! Proud of myself! Proud my dad helped. Proud of my possession!

Dad put a little finishing touch on the rest of my arrows. Then he said, “There ya go.” He went back into the house leaving me alone to learn about my new weaponry.

I shot my arrows. Some shots were better than others. I shot them mostly, just into the air. I couldn’t shoot my arrows out of sight so I could always find them.

The real problem was, I didn’t know what to shoot AT! Maybe Dad would have an idea.

I ran back into the house. Dad was visiting with Mom.

“Daddy, I need a target. What can I shoot at?”

“There’s some cardboard out in the well house. Draw you a target and shoot at that.”

I ran back out the door and headed to the well house. I found the cardboard, then thought, “Crayons!” I ran back into my room, tore through my junk drawer, found a crayon and then rushed back outside. I bent over the cardboard and started coloring circles for my target... bull’s eye and all.

As I was doing this, I heard my little sister, Ann, come up behind me. She was looking over my shoulder and she asked, “Whacha doin’?”

“I’m making a target for my bow and arrows. Don’t bother me! This is boy stuff.” She didn’t bother me, but continued to watch.

Finally, I got the target colored, then stood it up. I backed off about ten paces and notched an arrow onto my bowstring. I almost had my bow drawn, then, FLOP. My target fell down!

Hurriedly, I returned the target to its upright position, then marched ten paces back to try again. Same thing! Just as I was about to let the arrow go the target flopped over!

With a keen insight for the obvious, I decided there was too much wind. I needed something to hold the target up.

An idea flashed in my head how to remedy my problem. ANN!

Returning to the target I called out to Ann! “Would you please come and hold this target up for me?”

“No! You’ll shoot me!”

I shook my head and hung it in disbelief that my little sister had so little faith in me!

“I won’t shoot you! I promise. This is a big target. There’s no way I could miss it and hit you!” The target was about two feet wide and two feet high.

I thought, “How could I EVER miss

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When a person is born again, he knows that it is because he has received something as a gift from Almighty God and not because of his own decision.
~Oswald Chambers

something that big?”

I went over to the target and held it up. I stood as far to the side as I could and held it by just the top corner with my arm outstretched. I said, “See? Like this! If you hold it like this, you’ll be way far away, and there’s no way I could hit you.”

Slowly, she came over to the target and held it just as I had been doing.

“That’s right. Just like that! If you’re still afraid you can let go of it just as I shoot.”

Reluctantly, she stood there. I could see the fear in her eyes, but I knew she had nothing to worry about.

I got back into firing position, notched an arrow and drew the bow. I closed one eye and stuck my tongue out the side of my mouth. (That’s the way one aims the best, ya know.)

I took aim, so very carefully. When I was on the target, I let go of the string.

SSSSHHHHHHhhhhhh THUNK!

WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!

It was Ann! She was screaming! She grabbed her hand and was wailing like a Banshee! I’ve really never heard a Banshee scream, but I’ve heard all my life how loud it is!

“WAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!!!!! MAMA!!!!!!!!!! MAAAAAAMAAAA!”

I knew this was an emergency, and I had to do something quick! I had to get her to shut-up or my life was in danger!

I intercepted her as she ran toward the house. I grabbed her hand. “Here! Let me see!”

I looked at the hand she’d claimed was wounded. Sure enough. The arrow had hit her hand in that meaty part at the base of her thumb between the thumb and first finger. I don’t remember seeing any blood. Well, maybe a drop or two, but it was mostly just skinned up pretty

bad.

“That’s not too bad,” I said. “It’ll quit hurting in a minute.”

She was still crying, but moving from crying to that sobbing stage. You know how girls are!

“I’m sorry, sister. I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to.”

I think she was just about ready to forgive me and say, that’s ok, but it was too late. Her Banshee wail had been heard inside the house. Mom and Dad both burst through the screen door headed our way!

“What happened?” It was my mom who’d asked.

Ann cried, “GAYLON SHOT ME!”

She had been shot, but I was the one fixin’ to die!

I explained, “The wind kept blowing my target over and I needed someone to hold it up. Ann said she’d do it. I accidentally shot her hand, but it’s not too bad. I looked at it, and...”

Dad was livid! I don’t remember what all he said but none of it was good. It was mostly stuff like, how could you be so stupid?

He grabbed the bow, which I still had in my hand, and raised it above his head. I just knew he was fixin’ to hit me with it. My life flashed before my eyes, and I ducked for cover. And, being a dad myself now, I know that’s what he wanted to do. I KNOW that crossed his mind! But he didn’t hit me with it. What he did was worse! He grabbed the bow with both hands and racked it down across his raised knee. “CRACK!” It broke plum into!

When I heard the crack I looked up. I saw the anger in Dad’s eyes. I saw my perfect bow in two pieces. But that’s not all. He then grabbed

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"I believe there are more instances of abridgement of freedom of the people by gradual and silent encroachments of those in power than by violent and sudden usurpations.."

~James Madison

The Bow, continued from page 4.

up the arrows and they met the same plight. He took them all! With one mighty blow across his knee, they were all broken in two!

Along with the bow and arrows... my heart was broken. My creation had taken all day long, and completed with special help from my dad, which, because he was so busy working hard to raise his family, seemed to come so seldom. It seemed to be the worst day of my eight-year-old life!

I didn't get a whippin' that time. However, I would have gladly traded a whippin' to have my possessions back. But that was not to be. The deeds were done. It was over.

I felt pretty bad for a while. Why? Because I was so stupid. Because I had made a decision that had turned out to make me seem stupid. Forrest Gump's line was, "My mama always says, 'Stupid is as stupid does.'" I guess I know how he felt.

So, where is the truth and where is the honesty in this story? Honestly, looking back from my vantage point of today, I think Dad could have handled it differently. But also, I think he honestly handled it like most of us handle situations, as reactionists?. He reacted to his feelings and in the moment, broke my treasures.

Many times, we react to our feelings. Later then, we wish we'd thought it out and acted rather than reacted. But that's a hard lesson to learn.

But the truth is, I'd acted stupidly. Maybe stupidity deserves reaction. But was it really stupidity? Or was it just one of those moments that went very badly. I'll let you judge.

Another truth is that stupidity is usually classified by the judgment of others. We rarely classify ourselves as stupid. We live justifying our actions, or reactions as the case may be, realizing our abilities and our limitations.

Another truth is that we many times don't

know our abilities or our limitations. That's why we are encouraged to try, then try, try again. How else can we learn but by our failures?

This story is one that could be paralleled by any kid who has gone through the growing up process, or any adult, for that matter, on the road to maturity.

While we live, we learn. Sometimes we'll be judged brilliant. Sometimes we'll be judged stupid. Honestly, it's how we convert our knowledge to wisdom that will count in the long run. And I freely admit, I still struggle with that!

Cain reacted and killed his brother. Moses reacted and broke the tablets. Jesus just said, "Forgive them."

May I be so bold as to forgive and strong enough to accept forgiveness.

~Gaylon Stamps

July 5th, 2006

Addendum:

Just a few days after that incident I got up the nerve to ask Dad if he'd help me make another bow. With anger in his eyes he answered something like, No! And I'd better never ever see you shoot another arrow around here!

I was a teenager before I asked again. And with Dad's permission I bought a bow and some arrows at the sporting goods store. I never promised not to ask Ann to hold a target again, but I never did. I guess sometimes some things are just understood! Or, sometimes we are wiser with age.

I'm glad I didn't kill my sister that day! She's been a good sister through the years, and I would have missed her. I'm also glad my mom and dad loved me enough not to kill ME that day! I know it took a lot of strength for Dad, and I love him for my life.

I wish Ann would write HER version of this same story!

The trade of governing has always been monopolized by the most ignorant and the most rascally individuals of mankind.

-Thomas Paine, philosopher and writer (1737-1809)

What is Going on in Our Government?

Are there times when we awaken to new never-before-realized truths? Out of the blue, we realize that many of our government officials elected, appointed, and otherwise are dealing under the table with corporations, international bankers and others. Because of the subtlety, it is difficult to see how it is done, but to not realize that it is being done would, from the day of discovery forward, make you feel very foolish. And, foolish you felt the instant you grasped the truth of it. Once our eyes are opened to the truth, the subtlety fades and the reality of truth becomes apparent. Suddenly, we wonder why that we are the only person that can see it. Many acquaintances and associates see and freely admit that it is happening, but they are either a part of it or they believe that it is a necessary evil for our government to operate—both have been duped and most of what they believe is believed in an unconscious state of mind. The masses, on the other hand, don't have a clue.

The pharmaceutical corporations are a good example of what I'm saying. We can buy identical medicines in Mexico and Canada without a prescription for much less than we can buy them at our local Pharmacy. In this country, we are forced by law to get a prescription from our Doctor and then pay whatever the market demands for our medicines. Those who are in bed with these corporations such as people who work at the FDA, Senators, Representatives, medical doctors and good old boys who are well connected are laughing all the way to the bank. The pharmaceuticals scratch the backs of people that can grease the tracks for them and visa-versa. Those of us who are on fixed incomes with no medical insurance, well, that is just too bad—either we spend our savings on prescriptions or die waiting for Medicare to kick in.

Most Americans think that someone somewhere in government is supposed to look out for all of us. Are they looking out for themselves or us, and if both, who is first?

During our childhood, adolescence, puberty and into young adulthood the patriarchs of our families and all of our friends have led us to believe that all is well and that everything in America was designed for our advantage. Our government will take care of us, our families and all of our needs right down to the beer we drink and the tobacco we use. We were told not to ever talk bad about our government officials, that they were our friends, and that we have the best officials in the world. We were not to make waves because it is a “give and take” game that they play. We were gullible back then and believed that our government was filled with honorable men and women who loved us and would protect us to the end. If a problem arose, all that we thought we had to do was to give them a call or write them a letter; almost as if we could pray to them and due to their love for us—our prayers would be answered.

Suddenly, we realized that the fuel that moved those not-so-honorable public servants wasn't the love that they so often professed. Suddenly, we realize it is greed and lust for power that moves them. These professional politicians have little skill other than deceit and the crafty ability to sway opinions just like the lobbyist that many of them have become. They attach themselves to the corporate giants that are now doing all the moving and shaking, that dole out money, power and favorable election returns. Once they do their dishonorable deeds of influence, they simply hang on for the ride to riches, power and more influence. They are easily identified because arrogance is their closest companion, and greed for power is the fuel that drives them.

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"Hold fast to dreams, For if dreams die, Life is a broken-winged bird
That cannot fly." ~*Langston Hughes*

Does this sound like a dark fairy tale? This is no fairy tale, but it is a dark picture with a very dark future. It is taking place this very minute right here in America. Why do you think we as a Nation are so evolved in the Middle East? Do you really think that it is our love for the Iraqi people who are literally dying to kill one another? I don't think so. Could it be oil? After all in the year 2006, the oil corporations of the world made a PROFIT of over 120 BILLION dollars. PROFIT, NOT GROSS INCOME, BUT PROFIT. All the while, Middle America has less and less spending power. All the decent jobs are leaving the country. Why? Because corporate business does not share, and greed for profit and power is their motivation.

Are those in our government so greedy for power that they would sell America and the American People down the river? You had better believe it. Not only are our young men and women dying on foreign battlefields for oil, but Corporate America has been selling off jobs to Mexico, India, the Philippines and who knows, is China going to be the next big recipient of American Corporations?

George H. W. Bush during his presidency verbally spoke and was a proponent of "A New World Order." He, nor his son George W. seem to be very nationalistic men! Is there no allegiance to the Republic? Is the Constitutional Democratic Republic a thing of the past? Is it obsolete? Are some politicians so greedy that they would openly commit insurrection and treason toward the American People for a prominent position in this neo-democracy of a new world government?

The Constitution was created by "We the People," to protect "We the People and our Posterity" from many evils and one of those evils

is power brokers within our government. Every official from the President of the United States all the way down to the local traffic cop take oaths of office to uphold and support the Constitution. Why won't we American Citizens hold them to their oaths? If we don't do something soon we are going to lose our country to those arrogant and greedy power brokers? ~AWD

What About The So-Called Area 51?

"Area 51" is a top secret place in a very remote Nevada Desert that is supposed to house captured aliens and their spacecraft. No one in our government will admit much, if anything, about the place, however, it is protected by the military and the latest techno equipment. The place is a real place covered by the best veil of secrecy that the United States Government can provide. Doesn't it seem strange that such a secret is known about by so many people?

Suppose that the truth about "Area 51, and captured aliens" is a hoax deliberately implemented by influential people in high places.

1st. Is this scenario possible? And, if not likely possible then which is more likely, a hoax, or have we really been visited on planet earth by aliens from time to time since the late 1940s up until present day? And, if we have been visited by these aliens why is it such a secret?

2nd. Who would benefit the most from a hoax of this nature? If it is a lie or a hoax, could it save the American people from self destruction due to panic? Can a true Christian whose faith is built on a belief in Jesus Christ be convinced of

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If the world were merely seductive, that would be easy. If it were merely challenging, that would be no problem. But I arise in the morning torn between a desire to improve the world and a desire to enjoy the world. This makes it hard to plan the day.

-E.B. White, writer (1899-1985)

such aliens invading the planet? If Christians are not afraid of the possibility of aliens then can they be convinced that the hoax is to save the rest of the nation from its own false fear? The question remains; who would benefit from this probable hoax, and why?

3rd. Why would professing atheists try to destroy the integrity of Christianity? Why would it matter to them? Who would benefit from the destruction of a strong belief in God?

4th. What about fear, and the fear of extraterrestrial invasion, and what are the chances of such an invasion? Most intelligent people are not easily frightened with this prospect especially if they have faith in a loving, Almighty God?

5th. Is there any possible truth to the idea that this probable hoax was devised by the highest and most powerful people who have joined Satan in his endeavor to deceive and conquer the World?

6th. Could it be a possibility that the creation of such a hoax is a subtle effort to manipulate many people of the United States and the world into turning their backs on God, the Holy Bible, the Constitution of the United States, the Bill of Rights, America and everything that these things stand for?

7th. How could this secret place which is probably strongly promoted by secret societies and deceitful people be anything other than a conspiracy? Either way isn't it most likely a lie to the American people by those capable, some of them having made oaths to support and uphold the Constitution of the United States?

8th. This sounds far out doesn't it? Wasn't the premise of using this kind of fear tested for credibility with the CBS presentation of "The War Of The Worlds" by Orson Welles and the Mercury Theatre on October 30, 1938? Didn't the public believe it was real thus setting the stage for the implementation of an alien threat scenario?

9th. Shouldn't we Americans be upset when someone, especially someone who represents our government mentions "A New World Order?"

10th. Are we not being misled by believing this most probable lie? By our belief in it are we not giving up our liberty and freedom for a tiny bit of unity with the ignorant masses of the world led by the arrogant powers of deception?

I haven't said anything that isn't true. I have only asked a few very serious questions about real things and real places in real time. What do you think? I would love to hear from you.

~AWD

"We have staked the whole future of American civilization, not upon the power of government, far from it. We have staked the future of all of our political institutions... upon the capacity of each and all of us to govern ourselves, to control ourselves, to sustain ourselves according to the Ten Commandments of God."

~James Madison, 1778

Keep the cards, letters and donations coming. They are much appreciated.

VIEWSLETTER

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For I can testify about them that they are zealous for God, but their zeal is not based on knowledge. Since they did not know the righteousness that comes from God and sought to establish their own, they did not submit to God's righteousness.

~*St Paul Romans 10:2-3 NIV*

To Be or Not to Be?

This Remains the Big Question.

You and your family's health and longevity are important. You deserve to be healthy and as mentally acute and alert as you can possibly be. There are products available to help you achieve a better quality of life. Tunguska Blast is the very best dietary supplement on the market. The remainder of this Views Letter is devoted to You living a more energetic and rewarding life.

Tun•gu•ska – n. tung-gū'skə, Russian

1. a valley bordered by three tributaries of the Yenisei River in Siberia; 2. identified by scientists as the location of a mysterious event in 1908; 3. subject of a prominent theory that a near impact of an asteroid caused a concussion blast in the atmosphere; 4. site of an event of such force that the landscape of the region was permanently and remarkably changed.

A MYSTERIOUS EVENT

The Miracle of Tunguska

After nearly a century of study and research, scientists still can't explain precisely what occurred deep in the Siberian wilderness of Tunguska, Russia.

Some scientists have suggested a meteor strike, but if so, it was the largest since the pre-history of the earth, and it left no crater. Some have theorized a comet or the airburst of a meteor five or six miles above the earth which still does not account for the unexpected and unexplainable botanical benefits to the area.

This much has been proven: A cataclysmic event more dramatic than any since the biblical flood felled more than 200 million trees over 850 square miles. And, something about the event had the effect of impregnating the soil with a dense organic infusion resulting in "miracle harvests" of the herbs, roots, and other plants grown in that region.

The first anyone outside Russia knew about Tunguska was on the morning of June 30, 1908, when seismic instruments in London registered huge earth tremors originating in the Tunguska region.

As reports slowly began to arrive in Europe, scientists heard that a burst of light was witnessed more than 100 miles from the epicenter. The blast was calculated to have the power of 10 to 15 megatons...but without the contamination or crater an explosion would create. Quite the opposite was true: Rather than making a desert of Tunguska, the burst of light made a kind of Garden of Eden, an oasis of fertility only partly explained by the nourishing influence of the felled forests.

The Result

Herbs and other plants cultivated in the subarctic conditions of Tunguska grow at four times the rate of similar species harvested in more temperate climates. And, that's not the only difference: **Science is still unraveling the full nutritional significance of the Tunguska Effect.**

The Tunguska Effect and You

Tests on thousands of plants throughout the Tunguska River Valley showed accelerated growth and dramatically enhanced nutritional values. Soil studies have only partly explained this phenomenon, indicating that intense heat appears to have concentrated soil nutrients to a greater richness than even volcanic soil.

Science has harnessed that remarkable environment to grow and harvest a proprietary Tunguska formula to:

- **Boost your energy and stamina**
- **Support your immune system**
- **Increase your mental clarity**
- **Enhance your physical performance**
- **And much, much more!**

Just as science is unable to explain the Tunguska Event, science cannot fully anticipate the benefits of the Tunguska Effect in your body. That's why CyberWize, the company behind Tunguska Blast, is recording a living account of this amazing product's benefits.

TESTIMONIALS

Below is a sample of the overwhelming response this revolutionary product has elicited from people just like you. Read how others are benefiting from the Tunguska Effect.

I am a submarine pilot. I work 12 hours straight and having mental clarity is very important. Tunguska Blast is absolutely amazing! I am now having more steady energy and feeling much more mentally sharp. It's perfect for busy people.

Capt. Kevin Chan, Hawaii

My customers love it and thank me for introducing Tunguska to them. I tell them, Wellness is the only area in life that costs nothing to enjoy 100% of the time until it's lost. Stay well, drink Tunguska!

Michael Seebeck, Tennessee

I'm 47 years old and run 3 miles 4 days a week, so I use up a lot of energy. Prior to taking Tunguska Blast I was really feeling the effects of this weekly workout with sore, aching muscles, restless sleep, and I was tired all day long and suffering from Restless Leg Syndrome (RLS). Since taking Tunguska Blast, I'm sleeping better, I have energy that lasts throughout the day, and I have no more tired, aching muscles. I'm more alert and my concentration level has improved. I really love Tunguska Blast and encourage those who lead an active lifestyle to start taking this amazing product NOW!

Janis Nimori, Utah

Since I started taking T-Blast 3 weeks ago I have had incredible energy and a healthy glow. Thank you, Tunguska Blast!

Michelle Nixon, California

I had open heart surgery last June and was considered compromised. I work for an agency as an R.N., and was sent to a nursing home where I took care of four residents who were positive for the "A" flu. I feel my immune system got a real boost from Tunguska Blast!

Pearl Scherer, Illinois

I have not felt this good since my late 20's. In two days I felt great! And by the third day I could not believe it. My job requires that I stand for 8 hours, and by the end of the day I could hardly walk. Now, I could stand all day if I needed to! I am 56-year-old and now all of the pain in my neck, back, arms, legs is gone! No more swollen ankles and feet. I sleep like a baby now, and I feel so rested when I awaken in the morning. I feel happier/peaceful than ever inside.

JoAnn Joseph

Coffee, tea, water, Coke. No! Give us the Blast! This product is amazing. Our stress levels are in check, our focus is razor sharp, and we now have long and restful nights of sleep every night. Life, liberty, wealth, and independence with every bottle of Tunguska Blast!

Stephen & Margaret Bayliff, Maryland

*There is no dollar value that can be placed on good health. If and when you find yourself in a hospital—
—you will find yourself in a very dangerous place.*

Stress is the silent killer. In one way or another stress is almost always directly related to the cause of all serious illnesses. Tunguska Blast is the very best dietary supplement on the market. When used daily as recommended, Tunguska Blast takes an active role in countering the effects of stress on your body. It has changed thousands of lives in positive ways.

The regular use of Tunguska Blast will not only help to increase our longevity, but will help in our ability to focus on the enjoyment of living.

The Pharmaceutical Corporations of the World stand a chance of losing tons when people start taking the initiative when it comes to their own health.

Attached to this letter is one of my business cards. On the back is one of my web addresses. CHECK IT OUT. My phone number is on the front. Please give me a call, I would love to hear from you.

I hope and pray that we all can live long, healthy and productive lives.

The question remains; TO BE OR NOT TO BE. It's difficult to be if you're not healthy.

~AWD