
VIEWS LETTER

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AWD's Views, News & Other Things of Interest

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When the Dust Settled

~By AWD

Suddenly things didn't seem to be right. The aircraft wasn't accelerating like it should, and it seemed heavier than it ever had before. The field seemed rougher than when we landed and the grass taller and thicker. Something was holding us back and not allowing us enough speed to get airborne. I had a white-knuckled grip on the yoke with one hand and was trying to push the throttle through the firewall with the other. I began to feel like a monkey on the back of a running greyhound—about to lose his funny little hat—barely hanging on with both hands. It seemed that I had been transformed from a pilot into a frightened little passenger absent any control of my immediate destiny. I began praying under my breath! "Please God, let us get airborne! Please God, don't let me screw up! Please God, please!" Dead ahead and above were treetops, and behind the trees were several dangerous electrical wires which lay stretched between sets of double poles. If we flew into them we would be dead for sure, it could decapitate my brother and me, or worse, we would burn to death dangling in the wires twenty or thirty feet above the ground. Finally, we became airborne, but only in ground effect. There was no possibility of clearing the obstacles ahead. I started a shallow turn to the right, and I could see more obstacles in this direction, but they were farther away. The speed began to increase slightly. The ground below was now filled with ditches and brush that was four to six

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BOOK REPORT: *by AWD*

The Relentless Tenderness of Jesus.

By Brennan Manning

There is little doubt that most people and especially my readers will agree with me that the center of Christianity is Jesus Christ. He is the center of His Gospel and should be the center of everyone claiming to be a born again Christian. I will not attempt to define Mr. Manning's intention in writing this book, or what he was trying to convey, but I will transcribe some of it below, and you can decide for yourself. Reading this may prick your interest enough to find a copy and read it. He has much to say and most of it, if not all of it, has touched places deep within my being.

Chapter 8 is titled "Reckless Confidence," and one of many paragraph reads:

Some people play with Gospel imagery, mesmerize you with word games. They believe what they are saying and persuade others to belief. But the ideas stay lodged in their intellect and the words stay caught in their throats. Beautiful head-trips are all they are. They never internalize mercy. They never risk, they never leap in trust, they never surrender to reckless confidence. The worst sin in their lives is that they exempt themselves from grace.

Continuing on from Chapter 8:

One of the telltale signs in the contemporary American church that trust in God is on the wane is the meteoric rise of legalistic religion. It will continue to flourish and attract an enormous

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Be who you is, because if you is who you ain't, you ain't who you is.

~ Larry Hein

feet tall. As the landing gear hit one clump of brush after another acceleration became impossible. I felt that I had no choice but to pull back the throttle and land the airplane as best I could—straight ahead. The landing was rough and noisy, little more than a controlled crash. When the aircraft finally came to a stop, the prop was bent, and one of the wings had suffered major damage. There was no way to fly this airplane out of here. I was finished, the airplane was finished, but thanks to God's grace, no one was hurt. My brother was fine, and there were no injuries to any property on the ground.

My ego was suffering, it was bleeding to death, and I began to feel my world ending. Only hours earlier it had been one of those glorious Saturday mornings when soft breezes and warm sunshine made future dreams exhilarating. Now, all my emotions were a dark shade of gray. The future seemed dreary. I was a failure, a stupid person who had almost killed my little brother and me. Moments before I had thought of myself as a rooky aviator just waiting for the opportunity to prove my worth. I had been caught up in a fantasy of preconceived grandeur. But now, those dreams of being Captain Evans in a Boeing 747 SP on short final into Hong Kong International had vanished. If I had been of Japanese descendents, falling on my dagger would have been my only option. I was consumed with disgrace and the agony of defeat.

The owners of the aircraft that I had rented were less than happy when they learned that it was seriously damaged. They wanted their pound of flesh.

I was broke, driving an old car, and living at home. I had to have help with money to rent the airplane. I had no extra flesh to offer much less a whole pound.

The owners were paid several thousand dollars by their insurance company to repair the airplane, but of course less the deductible. The owners perceived that I should be required to make up the difference, and then some. They hired an attorney who attempted to talk me into sending them a check for several thousand

dollars. If I had had the money I would have gladly sent it to them, but it was all that I could do to make ends meet.

I seemed to be very much alone. I remember what a friend told me after the incident. He was a highly respected person who is still working in aviation. He said to me, "Evan—know and remember this. In your situation the FAA (Federal Aviation Administration) is not your friend—be careful what you say, and how you say it." I took his advice to heart, although, my experience with the FAA was not confrontational at all. I was honest, but tried to speak only when spoken to by the FAA inspector. He turned out to be an okay man who later gave me a check flight to make sure that I was competent. He offered his explanation of what had happened, and how I should have handled it. He filled out the blanks on the necessary pages which certified that I was a safe aviator. This was the official blessing from the 'administrator' that allowed me to legally fly again. Although a dirty smudge on my record, I could still experience the joys of commanding an airplane in flight.

There was still the issue of this pound of flesh that the airplane owners wanted. It was a troublesome burden that seemed to be my constant companion—a ball and chain that I couldn't seem to free myself of. I met with a friend from my church and told him my problems. He laid hands on me and prayed for me especially on this issue.

The next day, for some mysterious reason an older man came into the retail store that I was managing. I was searching for advice and encouragement from anyone. I am the oldest of three boys, my Dad had passed away recently, which made me feel even more alone and frightened. It was a time in my life that I was trying especially hard to be a good brother for my younger siblings. This older man represented the father that I no longer had, and he must have sensed my need because after my needling him for legal advice, he looked me directly in the eye with a grandfather's kindness and said. "Evan, tell me exactly what you have done, and tell me all

of it.” Unexpectedly and all of a sudden a rush of relief filled my being. It was as if my prayers were being answered and Providence was providing for me right there in that retail store. I will always remember that moment. Peace and calm began to flood my being.

I could mention all the details that happened, and how the manager of the flight rental company had been rude and cold to me. How I felt the lawyers threats that stung like a whip. How I learned about insurance and the way it really worked. Now unexpectedly during this time of constant turmoil God had provided a savior to snatch me from the fire. Honestly, I was overwhelmed. And just thinking about it now, causes me to tear up.

When Mr. B. J. Cooper walked into the store that morning, I introduced myself and asked him what he did for a living. I was, and still am a bit nosy, but in a warm and friendly way. He told me that he was a lawyer, and when I asked him what kind of a lawyer, he quickly replied, “A damn good one!” I then spent the next few minutes trying to explain that that was not what I meant—that what I meant to ask him was what kind of law was it that he practiced. I had been humbled right off the bat, and I could tell that this lawyer was one to be respected by his opposition. He answered that his specialty was Aviation Law. I immediately started quizzing him for information that might apply to my situation. This is when he made eye contact with me and became a grandfather figure in my life.

As I recall this too was a Saturday morning, and Mr. Cooper spent it with me as I gave him a blow-by-blow description of what had happened, and what was going on.

He gave me detailed instructions of what I should do which included timing of when to act and react. He invited me into his office for more consultation. He advised me that I should proclaim or declare to the opposition that he, Mr. B. J. Cooper, represented me. To make a long

story short, my problems with the owners of the airplane disappeared. Money or fees were never mentioned by me, or by Mr. Cooper. Mr. Cooper had both represented and opposed almost everyone who was anyone in aviation, giant corporations such as Piper Aircraft, Cessna Aircraft, Continental & Lycoming Engines to mention only a few. And now, this precious older gentleman was the very same man who out of his generosity and kindness, had pulled me out of what I perceived to be an extremely hot and consuming fire.

Mr. Cooper called me one morning and said, “Evan, — B. J. Cooper here. The good news and bad news is the opposition agreed to settle for nothing if I agree not to sue them.” I asked him “What should I do now?” and I will never forget his reply. “Evan, don’t look a gift horse in the mouth.”

I was so relieved that I didn’t know what to say. I didn’t say much of anything except thank you.

It was several months before I saw Mr. Cooper again, and it was inside of an elevator full of men in dark suits with serious looks in their eyes. We made eye contact, and he asked how I was doing. I never saw him again. I often wonder if he realized what an impact that he had had on my life.

Finally, the end of this story is that God is good and provides all that we need. I still fly as often as I can. I am a better pilot than before—safer, smoother and still cherish every minute that I’m airborne. I gave up on a career in aviation and went into the insurance business. My life is not without problems, but I have been blessed with a lovely wife and two wonderful children. I am not rich by any means, but there is and always has been plenty to go around. ✨

This is a true story than happened more than twenty years ago as told to me by my friend Evan Evans of Bakersfield, California.

Beware of the human holiness that denies the reality of the natural life—it is a fraud. ~Oswald Chambers

Naively Excited

We decided to find a cheap way to fly. The three of us searched Trade-A-Plane and all the airplanes were priced at more than what we wanted to spend. So, we decided to buy an aircraft in a basket. One of us held his A&P certificates, (Aircraft & Power Plant Mechanic) and the remaining two were more than willing to devote the time necessary to get-R-done. We floated a loan from a husband of a relative who was a VP in a bank about a hundred miles away. We bought an airplane that was in pieces but most of them were intact. This basket case was located somewhere north of Oklahoma City over 250 miles away. Two of us spent a weekend driving loading and driving back against a strong headwind. Our average speed was in the thirty MPH range on our return. We had to rebuild a wing, replace a windscreen, the rear window, and repair the firewall. We purchased special tools—an air compressor and other required riveting tools.

We got-R-done, and she was a fine old bird that actually flew. I flew it a little as did my partners. Once with a partner and one of the other partner's family on board in route to a town a couple hundred miles away a cylinder head came apart. A forced landing was safely made and no one was harmed. We talked about it for a while.

We managed to beg the local police department to escort us about ten miles from the place of the forced landing to the airport. One partner sat in the airplane and rode the brakes as the one of the other partners towed the aircraft with his Volkswagen. It was an unbelievable sight because the wingspan covered the entire road. We repaired the engine, and the aircraft flew once again.

Suddenly, one of the partners filed bankruptcy, which left the two remaining unable to make the monthly payments. We put the aircraft up for sale and sold it at a great loss. The two remaining partners paid the remainder of the loan off. It took over a year to get out from under this debt. We were young then, and we survived. The two of us who remained decided that it was cheaper to rent an airplane when we wanted to go flying than it was to buy one.

Things were cheap then. I think our total loan was around six thousand. Eighty Octane fuel was about fifty cents a gallon. You could rent an aircraft like the one we bought for fourteen dollars an hour.

Reminiscing By ~ AWD ~

The Greatest Gift

For many, if not most of us, the greatest stumbling block to overcome in order to receive the gift of salvation is the ability for us to accept God's acceptance of us. It's a difficult proposition to believe that the Almighty God of Creation sent His only begotten Son to live and die a tragic death for us mere mortals. It's most difficult to understand that this same God is not at all interested in our turning over a new leaf or cleaning up our act. He only wants us to accept His acceptance of us, and He will do the rest. The greatest mystery in the history of mankind is the power of Jesus on that wooden cross where all our sin debts were paid. It seems so preposterous.

We can believe these unbelievable truths only after we choose to accept the faith that only God provides. A faith that is necessary to accept His acceptance. It's free, it's miraculous, and it's available—we only need to ask Him for it and then receive it.

Then, and only then, we will experience a profound change in our being. We suddenly understand the need for repentance. We will feel ourselves being transformed from physical to mystical. Without warning, we are humbled and feel the deep burning desire to follow and obey the God of the Bible. Unexpectedly, Jesus Christ becomes a person, and a companion. The true meanings of Christianity, Christmas, and Easter are revealed, and now dwell deep within us. All of a sudden, the burdens of fear and worry, and the weight of sins are dissolved by an incredible and imperceptible Divine Love. We become spiritual beings that want to express our gratitude to God but don't have a clue of where to begin. Finally, we relax in the fact that we are accepted and loved by our Abba, the Abba of Jesus.

When this happens, it is mind-boggling! Although, the physical and the spiritual are at odds and struggles continue, there is a newfound peace that is profound and un-understandable. Doubt evaporates and all of a sudden we know to Whom we belong. ■ ~ By AWD ~

IN THE PRESENCE OF A KING

The golfer Arnold Palmer once played a series of exhibition matches in Saudi Arabia. The king was so impressed that he proposed to give Palmer a gift. Palmer demurred: "it really isn't necessary, Your Hinness. I'm honored to have been invited."

"I would be deeply upset," replied the king, "if you would not allow me to give you a gift."

Palmer thought for a moment and said: "all right. How about a golf club? That would be a beautiful memento of my visit to your country."

The next day, delivered to Palmer's hotel was the title to a golf club. Thousands of acres, trees, lakes, clubhouse and so forth. . . .

The moral of this story is: In the presence of a king, don't ask for small gifts!

By ~ **Brennan Manning** ~ *Transcribed from his book The Relentless Tenderness of Jesus. Above title my own.*

GRACE

"To be struck by grace does not mean that we are simply making progress in our moral self-control, in our fight against special faults, and in our relationships to others. Moral progress may be a fruit of grace, but it is not grace itself.

Grace strikes us when we are in great pain and restlessness. It strikes us when we walk through the dark valley of a meaningless and empty life. . . . Grace strikes us when our disgust for our own being, our indifference, our weakness, our hostility, and our lack of direction and composure have become intolerable to us.

Sometimes at that moment, a wave of light breaks into our darkness and it is as though a voice were saying: "you are accepted. You are accepted by that which is greater than you. . . . Do not seek for anything; do not perform anything; do not intend anything. *Simply accept the fact that you are accepted.*"

If that happens to us, we experience grace. After such an experience, we may not be better than before, and we may not believe more than before. But everything is transformed."

~ **Paul Tillich** ~

From his book, The Shaking of the Foundations pp 161-62

TENDERNESS, *continued from page 1*

number of devotees. For legalism is born of fear. It is a religious response to human fear. What makes legalism so attractive is that it meets a basic human need—security.

It makes absolute something that is humanly manufactured—man-made-laws—and then goes on to justify its position by declaring that what has been absolutized is so by God's will. As Dick Westley notes in his book *Redemptive Intimacy*, the advantages of that reasoning are not small. We create a very solid foundation for our lives because the God who has been absolutized by us *can never surprise us*, since He is in a way a being of our own making. We know what we have put into Him, and so we know exactly what we can expect to get out of Him. We planned it that way. Keep the laws, and the laws will keep you. And so we invest our lives with conviction and certainty, not to say fanaticism, which are the hallmarks of nearly every legalist.

Manning also quotes a fellow by the name of John McKenzie:

Morality spoils their religion. They suffer from a legalistic hangup. They believe that fulfilling the external prescriptions of the law automatically guarantees the fulfillment of the purpose of the law. But if the fact of my adhering to laws (which I may truly need) does not further the final goal of my life, which is to know Christ Jesus and live his Gospel, then mere external conformity does little if anything.

In the latter part of Chapter 8 Manning states:

The meaning of Easter is more than hope beyond the grave, more than the infallible guarantee that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the pledge of my own. His Easter victory means first His sovereignty over the living as well as the dead. The risen Christ is Lord of my life right now, meaning He is God above all gods of the unreal world out there—security, power, wealth, beauty or whatever else makes false claims on my life. Easter means for me empowerment to

**The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly
is to fill the world with fools. ~Herbert Spencer~**

freedom, the freedom to be a living fulfillment of the first commandment, “I am the Lord Your God. . . You shall have no other gods before Me.”

Every Easter brings to mind that beautiful story found in Nikolai Arseniew’s book *Mysticism in the East*. Comrade Lunachatsky was lecturing in Moscow’s largest assembly hall shortly after the Bolshevik Revolution. His theme was “religion: opium of the people.” All the Christian mysteries are but myths, he said, supplanted by the light of science. Marxist science is the light that more than substitutes for the legends of Christianity. Lunachatsky spoke at great length. When he finished he was so pleased with himself that he asked if anyone in the audience of some seven thousand had anything to add. A twenty-six-year-old, Russian, Orthodox priest, just ordained, stepped forward. First he apologized to the commissar for his ignorance and awkwardness. The commissar looked at him scornfully: “I’ll give you two minutes, no more.” “I won’t take very long,” the priest assured him. He mounted the platform, turned to the audience and in a loud voice declared, “Christ is risen!” As one man, the vast audience roared in response, “He has truly risen!”

May that response find an echo in your heart and mine because the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead is the source, the reason, the basis for the inarticulate joy of our Christian lives. Christ is risen, alleluia! He is Lord of the dance, the dance of the living. He is the Lord of laughter; our laughter is the echo of His risen life within us. He is the risen Lord of glory who in sovereign authority can say: “Blessed are you who laugh now, because you can bring the joy of Easter to others. But blessed are you only if you can laugh at yourselves, if you don’t take yourselves too seriously, if human living doesn’t revolve around you and your needs. Only if you can take delight in all of My Father’s creation—in the sun and surf, in snow and star, in blue

marlin and robin redbreast, in Cazanne, Olivia Newton John and veal scaloppini, in the love of a man or woman and in the presence of the living God within you. Only if your laughter means that you have let go in reckless confidence all that shackles you to yesterday, imprisons you in your small self today and frightens you with the uncertainty of tomorrow. Blessed are you who laugh, because you are free!

This is a worthwhile read. I recommend it to everyone especially those in search of knowing the heart of Jesus and his relentless tenderness.

SHELBY DOUDNEY SCHNAUZER DOG

Time ran out for Shelby on Monday morning the 19th of November, 2007. She was almost 14 years old and was a faithful companion through thick and thin. Her only faults were an occasional dig in the back yard, and she would bolt away when given a chance outside the premises.

Ashley was with her when she passed. She will be severely missed by all the Doudney’s here in Mustang.

I miss her more than the others because I’m a dog just like Shell, only a little smaller and a couple years younger. She and I were really close. We were more than just friends. We would spend hours basking in the warmth of the sunshine. We would share the sadness of losing Jazz together and discuss our hopes and dreams of future events. She would comfort my fear during the springtime thunderstorms and keep me warm on cold, winter nights. It has been more than three months since she has gone, and there is still an emptiness in my heart that lingers. When the crashing of thunder and the flash of lightning causes me to tremble is when I miss her the most. It’s not often that one is blessed with such a friend as Shelby.

Her passing caused all kinds of sadness around here. Linda and the Boss were visibly upset as was Ash who was with her when she died. No one knows or understands the emptiness that a departed loved one leaves in the heart of those who loved her.

Faith is the courage to accept acceptance.

~Paul Tillich

Except of course, those who have experienced such tragedy in their own lives.

Enough about that, neither Shell nor Jazz would want me to linger on the negative. I'm sure that they both are in a better place reminiscing about events in the past, and enjoying the pleasure of each others company. I'll manage somehow to live a little longer. I intend to look after and love Linda and the Boss the best I can. Linda said that she couldn't handle the loss anymore, so she doesn't plan on adopting any more of us dogs. I'll be the last of the Doudney Dogs.

Other than the above-mentioned sadness and loneliness things haven't changed that much around here. The Boss still spends a good portion of his time either writing or he is at the farm or coming back from the farm with all kinds of weird animal smells on his clothing.

The other day I felt betrayed when the Boss comes home smelling like ANOTHER FEMALE dog. Come to find out, he has been taking care of Veddar Doudney Pit Bull Dog when Ashley is on the road. I should have known this because Ashley always smells of the V-Dog. And, as I have been told V-Dog is a big old puppy that never even grows. Her only real faults are shedding, and if not exercised regularly she may start chewing up things around Ashley's house.

It is a scary time for all of us Doudneys as L'Lana is in a very difficult and critical pregnancy with the future Doudney twins. We are all hoping and praying for their safe delivery. I'm writing this in advance, and by the time this "Viewsletter" arrives we hope that there will be a couple of spanking new, healthy Doudney identical twin girls on the road to a long, healthy and fruitful life.

Got to be going but not before I say a word of encouragement. You know that your time on planet earth is limited, so for the sake of time make the most of it. Love your neighbor and enjoy God's creation. Don't sleep too much, the sun is shining out there so go out and enjoy it.

CAM

Enough

A child was born,
He lived, he grew;
Aft three score ten he died.
Most unaware...
Some knew him well;
His friends and family cried.

Along the way
He'd never shirked
His duties to fulfill.
He'd served with love
His nation, God
And kin as e're they willed.

But as was told
For memory's sake
He'd often rocked, and pined
The many tasks
Yet left undone
For oh, so little time.

Reflecting on
The flag draped box
Which now becomes his cuff,
When comes my day
May some man say,
"This soul... he'd done enough."

~Gaylon Stamps, August 17, 2007

Consecration (being dedicated to God's service) is our part; sanctification (being set apart from sin and being made holy) is God's part.

~Oswald Chambers

LIARS LOANS

~ James Cook

A left-wing columnist, writing in the New York Times, blamed the mortgage mess on lack of regulation. As usual, these socialist solutions are wide of the mark. This was, first and foremost, a government induced problem. We would agree with the columnist if the government were to further regulate itself. But, that won't happen.

The central bank (*federal reserve bank*) was the main culprit for sub-prime failures. First, they artificially lowered interest rates, which motivated buyers. Then they flushed the system with exorbitant amounts of newly created money and credit. Lending was loose and that caused the demand for real estate to overheat. The Fed fostered a boom. Mr. Greenspan has proclaimed his free market views on economics in the past. Unfortunately, they didn't include sound money.

That lending practices descended into the realm of the bizarre can be attributed to human folly. This you cannot regulate against. As Herbert Spencer pointed out, "The ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of folly is to fill the world with fools." Years ago, we wrote about the lack of oversight when mortgages were bundled up and sold. The originator of the loan suffered no loss if it went bad. Few of us were aware that mortgage applicants no longer had to verify their incomes. These "stated income" mortgages became known as "liars loans." Furthermore, poor credit became far less important in sub-prime lending.

A lot of this lending came about because of the Community Reinvestment Act, a government program that forces banks to lend in poor neighborhoods. Any kind of new regulation that would have reduced these mortgages wouldn't stand a chance. Liberals can't have it both ways.

My old buddy, Howard Ruff, hit the nail on the head when he wrote, "The markets should ruthlessly teach the stupid and the greedy: 1) the dumb borrowers; 2) the greedy mortgage companies; 3) the short-sighted bankers."

The government's solution to the mortgage mess will be more of the same. Inflate our way out through further credit expansion and currency debasement. International markets see this chicanery. They punish the dollar. That drives up the price of raw materials and everything we import. Domestic inflation worsens. According to Richard Russell, "The Economist Magazine puts the year-over-year dollar index of "all items" up 16.7%. They put the price of food up 31.6% year-over-year. So our government tells us that 'core inflation' is running below 1%. And people take these figures seriously."

I had this sudden premonition that the U.S. might

hit the skids. Despite entrepreneurs like Steve Jobs, Bill Gates and other high tech innovators, despite the miracles of capitalism and the greatness of America, the government just may have screwed things up so badly that we are going down. If the dollar ever gets replaced as the world's reserve currency, we're moving from feast to famine in a heartbeat. I suspect the heyday of America is behind us. We've got way too much socialism. We're probably at the midpoint in the transition from capitalism to socialism. Half of what we earn goes to taxes and half of the people are subsidized, including people who don't work, farmers, owners of gasohol plants and immigrants.

The socialist philosophy has proved ruinous whenever it's been tried. It spreads poverty. Those who believe in more government are selling out America for their runaway social sympathy. It feels good to look down your nose at the masses who have less intelligence and compassion.

The key to the future of our nation will be who gets the blame for the mess that our overly liberal government has made of things. If it's the free market and capitalism, kiss your country goodbye. If it's big government and the liberals who endowed it, we have a chance. ♠

Don't be confused before asking yourself who is really at fault here? Is it the Government? Is it those who work in the Government? Or could it be us, "we the people?" We the people are responsible for those inside our Government, and accountable for their actions and their behavior in regards to the use of the power granted them by their positions. Whether they are elected or not, we are responsible for seeing that they obey their oaths sworn by each of them to uphold and support the Constitution. This is our duty.

The Constitution and the Bill of Rights were put in place by men who understood the sinfulness of man. Each of them understood that even the best of men would eventually be corrupted by power. This worried them to the point where they built a Government that protected the people from those serving within the Government, and the Government itself.

Humanity including those serving in the government of the United States have a tendency of thinking only of themselves or at least of themselves first before anyone else. In America, which is a Republic not a democracy, there is the rule of law—a line drawn that differentiates right from wrong. In America, that line is the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. For many simple reasons all of the democracies in history have eventually self-destructed, then some clever despot, claiming to be their savior has taken over. This pattern is beginning to appear right here in United States of America.

Think about this, many of the very same things that took place in Germany in the 30's and in Italy in the late 30's when two great Despots took over their democracies is taking place right here in America today. No one will be more hurt than you and your posterity if those in our government are allowed to freely commit treason and insurrections. It is up to you and me. Call treason what it is, and that is treason. ~Comment by AWD~