
VIEWS LETTER

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JUD ! YOU ARE ON F-I-R-E ! GET O-U-T OF T-H-E-R-E !

Our in-flight refueling process was necessary and routine because the F-8 Crusader could not hold enough fuel to fly from California to Hawaii.

Soon, after plugging-in to the tanker, my fuel gauges stirred, showing that all was well. In my cockpit, I was relaxed and confident. My thoughts were, "In a few hours I knew we'd all be having dinner at the Kaneohe O'Club on Oahu ."

My fuel gauges indicated that the tanks were almost full. Then - THUD ! I heard the crack of an explosion. Instantly, I could see the RPM gauge unwinding with the tailpipe temperature dropping. The engine had quit – a flame-out !

I punched the mike button : "This is Jud. I've got a flame-out !"

Unfortunately, my radio was already dead; I was neither sending nor receiving.

I quickly disconnected from the refueling tanker and nosed over, into a shallow dive, to pick up some flying speed to help re-start the engine. I needed those few seconds to think.

I yanked the handle that extended the air-driven emergency electrical generator (RAT) into the slipstream hoping to get ignition for an air start. The igniter's clicked gamely, and the RPM indicator started to climb slowly, as did the tailpipe temperature. For one tantalizing moment I thought everything would be all right. But the RPM indicator hung uncertainly at 30 percent . . refused to go any faster.

Jet fuel poured over the canopy and the RED FIRE WARNING light blinked ON. At the same instant, powered by the RAT, my radio came back on. And a great babble of voices burst through my earphones.

Fuel was pouring out of my aircraft . . from its tailpipe . . from under the wings . . the fuel had flowed together, then it ignited in a great awesome trail of fire !

I told my flight leader : " I'm getting out ! "

I took my hands off the flight controls and reached above my head for the canvas curtain that would start the ejection sequence. I pulled it down hard over my face and waited for the tremendous kick in the pants, rocketing me upward.

Nothing happened ! The canopy was designed to jettison in the first part of the ejection sequence. But it did not move. It was still in place. And so was I.

I reached down between my knees for the alternate ejection-firing handle, and gave it a vigorous pull. Nothing happened. I was trapped in the burning aircraft.

The plane was now in a steep 60-degree dive. For the first time, I felt panic softening the edges of my determination. I knew that I had to do something or I was going to die in this sick airplane. With

great effort, I pulled my thoughts together and tried to imagine some solution as a voice in my earphones was shouting : "Ditch it!"

That suggestion must have come from the re-fueling tanker skipper or one of the destroyer commanders because every jet fighter pilot knows you can't ditch a jet fighter and survive. Upon impact with the water, it would usually destroy itself.

I grabbed the control stick and leveled the aircraft. Then I yanked the alternate ejection handle once again. Nothing. That left me with only one imaginable way out : jettison the canopy manually, release your seat belt and harness, then jump out of the aircraft.

I was not aware of any Crusader pilot who had ever used this World War II tactic to get out of a fast flying jet fighter. I had been told that this procedure, of bailing out of a jet, was almost impossible. The Crusader's high vertical fin's were almost certain to strike the pilot's body and kill him.

My desperation was growing, and any scheme that offered a shred of success seemed better than riding the aircraft into the sea swells. I disconnected the canopy with my hands. And it disappeared with a great whoosh.

To move the tail slightly out of the way of my exiting body, I trimmed the aircraft to fly in a sideways skid . . . nose high and with the rudder trimmed in a ' crab ' to the right. I stood up in the seat, and held both arms in front of my face.

I was harshly sucked out of the airplane. I cringed as I tumbled outside, expecting the tail to cut me in half ! But instantly, I knew I was uninjured. I was going too fast, so I waited . . . and waited . . . until my body decelerated to terminal velocity. Then I pulled the parachute's D-ring and braced for the opening shock.

No opening shock. I heard a loud pop above me, but continued falling rapidly. As I looked up, I saw the small pilot chute had deployed. But the main, 24-foot parachute had not opened ! I was stunned with disbelief and horror as I saw the parachute's neatly arranged white folds in a bundle entangled by its shroud lines. Frantically, I shook and jerked the risers in an attempt to open the main chute. That didn't work. Hand over hand, I pulled the parachute bundle down toward me, then wrestled with the shroud lines trying to get the chute to billow open. But, the parachute remained as a closed bundle with shroud lines wrapped around it. All the while I am falling like a rock toward the Pacific ocean.

I noticed a ring of turbulence in the ocean. It looked like a big stone had been thrown in the water with white froth in the center. I quickly realized it was my Crusader crashing.

"Would I be next to crash?"

Again, I shook the parachute risers and jerked on the shroud lines, but the rushing air was holding my chute in a tight bundle. I began to realize that I had done all I could reasonably do. I was just along for a brutal ride that may kill or severely injure me.

I have no recollection of positioning myself properly nor even bracing for the impact. In fact, I don't remember slamming into the water at all. At one instant, I was falling fast toward the ocean. Suddenly, I was very cold. And in an eerie world of half-consciousness, I thought : "Am I alive ?"

I finally decided : "Yes, I think I am . . ."

The cold water helped clear my senses. But as I flopped around ingesting water, I began cough-ing and retching. The Mae West around my waist had inflated. I concluded that the shrill whistling sound that I had heard was the gas leaving the CO2 cylinders as it was filling the life vest. A sense of urgency gripped me as my mind told me there were some task I was supposed to do next. Then it dawned on me what it was. I need to get rid of the parachute ! It had billowed out underwater, and it was now tugging me down.

I tried reaching down for my hunting knife located in the knee pocket of my flight suit. I had to cut the shroud lines before the parachute pulled me under for good. This is when I first discovered that I was injured severely. The pain was excruciating. Was my back broken ? I tried to arch it slightly and felt

the pain again. As I tried moving my feet, I could feel my broken ankle bones grating against each other.

There was no chance of getting that hunting knife, but I had another, smaller knife one in the upper torso of my flight suit. With difficulty, I extracted it and began slashing feebly at the spaghetti-like mess of lines surrounding me.

Once free of the parachute, I began a tentative search for my survival pack. It should have been strapped to my hips. And it contained my one-man life raft, canned water, food, fishing gear and dye markers. Not there. The impact had ripped it off my body. "How long would the Mae West sustain me?" I wasn't sure, but I knew I needed help fast. The salt water that I had swallowed felt like a rock in the pit of my gut. And, here I was, solo, 600 miles from shore, lolling in the deep troughs and crests of the vast Pacific. And my Crusader, upon which we had lavished such affection, was sinking thousands of feet to the ocean's bottom.

In about ten minutes, I heard the drone of propellers. Flying very low, the pot-bellied, four-engine refueling tanker came into view. They dropped several green dye markers near me and some smoke flares a short distance away. Then they circled overhead and dropped an inflated life raft about 50 yards from me. I was so pleased and tried to swim toward the raft. When I took two strokes, I almost blacked out due to the intense pain. The tanker circled again and dropped another raft closer to me, but there was no way for me to get to it . . . then in it . . . in my condition.

The water seemed to be getting colder, and a chill gripped me. I looked at my watch, but the so-called unbreakable crystal was shattered, and the hour and minute hands were torn away. I tried to relax and surrender to the Pacific Ocean swells. I could almost have enjoyed being buoyed up to the crest of one swell and gently sliding into the trough of the next, but I was in such excruciating pain.

In about an hour, a Coast Guard amphibian plane flew over and circled me as though deciding whether or not to land. But the seas were too high. And, I knew he couldn't make it down, then make a successful take-off. He came in very low and dropped another raft; this one had a 200-foot floating lanyard attached. The end of the lanyard landed barely ten feet from me. Using only my arms, I paddled gently backward. I caught hold of it and pulled the raft to me. I knew I couldn't crawl into the raft due to my physical condition. But I was able to get a good grip on its side and hold on. And this gave me a little more security.

The Coast Guard amphibian pilot gained altitude and flew off and found some minesweepers returning from the Far East. He was not able to tune to their radio frequency, but the ingenious pilot lowered a wire and dragged it across one of the minesweeper's bows, then rocked his wings heading back toward me. The minesweeper captain understood. He instantly veered off and headed at top speed in my direction.

I was fully conscious during the two and a half hours it took the minesweeper to reach me. I spotted the ship while teetering on the crest of a wave. Soon, its great bow was pushing in close toward me. Sailors in orange life jackets were crowding its lifelines. A bearded man in a black rubber suit jumped into the water and swam to me.

"Are you hurt?" he asked. "Yes," I said. "My legs and my back." I was now very cold and was concerned about increasing numbness in my legs. Perhaps, the imminence of rescue had made me light-headed for I only vaguely remember being hoisted aboard the ship. I was laid out on the ship's deck as they cut away my flight suit.

"Don't touch my legs! Don't touch my legs!" I screamed. I don't remember saying that. But then somebody gave me a shot of morphine. It erased part of my extreme pain.

An hour or so later, a man was bending over me and asking questions. A doctor had been 'high-lined' over from the cruiser, USS Los Angeles, now stationed along side the sweeper. He asked me, "You have a long scar on your abdomen. How did it get there?" I told him about a serious auto

accident I'd had four years earlier in Texas , and that my spleen had been removed. He grunted and asked more questions while he continued examining me. Then he said, "You and I are going to take a little trip over to the USS Los Angeles; it's steaming along side."

They got me into a wire stretcher, and hauled me, dangling and dipping, across the watery interval between the ships. In the Los Angeles's sickbay—thank God they gave me another shot of morphine before they started thrusting all sorts of hoses into my body. I could tell from all their activity, and their intense, hushed voices, that they were very worried about my condition. My body temperature was down to 94 degrees; my intestines and kidneys were in shock. The doctors never left my side during the night. They took my blood pressure every 15 minutes. I was unable to sleep, until finally, I threw-up about a quart or more of seawater and my nausea was relieved a bit.

By listening to the medical team, I was able to piece together the nature of my injuries. My left ankle was broken in five places. My right ankle was broken in three places. A tendon in my left foot was cut. My right pelvis was fractured. My number seven vertebra was fractured. My left lung had partially collapsed. There were many cuts and bruises all over my face and body, and my intestines and kidneys had been stunned into complete inactivity.

The next morning, Dr. Valentine Rhodes told me that the U.S.S. Los Angeles was steaming at flank speed to a rendezvous with a helicopter 100 miles off shore from Long Beach . At 3:30 that afternoon, I was hoisted into the belly of a Marine helicopter, and we whirled off to a hospital ship, the USS Haven, docked in Long Beach.

Once aboard the Haven, doctors came at me from all sides with more needles, tubes, and X-ray machines. Their reaction to my condition was so much more optimistic than I had expected. So, I finally let go a few tears of relief, exhaustion, and thanks to God and to all hands.

Within a few months, I was all systems go again. My ankles were put back in place with the help of steel pins. The partially collapsed left lung re-inflated and my kidneys and intestines were working again without artificial prodding.

The Marine Corps discovered the cause of my flame-out, was the failure of an automatic cut-off switch in the refueling system. The aircraft's main fuel tank was made of heavy reinforced, rubber. When the cut-off switch failed, this allowed the tank at high pressure, to go beyond its capacity. The tank burst like a rubber balloon causing a flame-out and very spectacular fire.

We will never know why the ejection seat failed because it is on the bottom of the ocean. The failure of the parachute is a mystery also. Like they say, "Some days you are the dog, but others you are the dog's fire-plug."

Do I feel lucky ?

That word doesn't even begin to describe my feelings. To survive a 15,000-foot free fall with an unopened chute is a fair enough feat. But my mind keeps running back to something Dr. Rhodes told me during those grim and desperate hours. He said that if I had had a spleen, the spleen would have most certainly ruptured at impact and I would have bled to death internally. Of the 25 fighter pilots in our squadron, I'm the only one who didn't have a spleen.

That always gives me something to think about. Perhaps it does you as well.

Source : Chapter 7 in author Ron Knott's new book : 'SUPERSONIC COWBOYS' (which shares forty-five Crusader stories) " I Fell 15,000 Feet And Lived " by Cliff Judkins [abridged]. Amazingly, Cliff Judkins not only survived this ordeal but he also returned to flight status. He was flying the F-8 Crusader again within six months after the accident. After leaving the Marine Corps, he was hired as a pilot with Delta Airlines, later retiring as a Captain.

In the case of freedom, the consensus of the people must be that self-reliance, free markets, private property, sound money, and enforceable contracts are indispensable to prosperity, peace, and happiness. ~Dr. Ron Paul

The Metamorphosis of a Teacher

As she stood in front of her 5th grade class on the very first day of school, she told the children an untruth. Like most teachers, she looked at her students and said that she loved them all the same. However, that was impossible because there in the front row, slumped in his seat, was a little boy named Teddy Stoddard.

Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed that he did not play well with the other children, that his clothes were messy, and that he constantly needed a bath. In addition, Teddy could be unpleasant. It got to the point where Mrs. Thompson would actually take delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold X's and then putting a big 'F' at the top of his papers.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's past records, and she put Teddy's off until last. However, when she reviewed his file, she was in for a surprise.

Teddy's first grade teacher wrote, 'Teddy is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners... he is a joy to be around.'

His second grade teacher wrote, 'Teddy is an excellent student, well-liked by his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home must be a struggle.'

His third grade teacher wrote, 'His mother's death has been hard on him. He tries to do his best, but his father doesn't show much interest, and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken.'

Teddy's fourth grade teacher wrote, 'Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and he sometimes sleeps in class.'

By now, Mrs. Thompson realized the problem, and she was ashamed of herself.. She felt even worse when her students brought her Christmas presents wrapped in beautiful ribbons and bright paper, except for Teddy's. His present was clumsily wrapped in the heavy, brown paper that he got from a grocery bag. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents. Some of the children started to laugh when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing, and a bottle that was one quarter full of perfume.. But she stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on, and dabbing some of the perfume on her wrist. Teddy Stoddard stayed after school that day just long enough to say, "Mrs. Thompson, today you smelled just like my Mom used to."

After the children left, she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit teaching reading, writing and arithmetic. Instead, she began to teach children. Mrs. Thompson paid particular attention to Teddy. As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she encouraged him, the faster he responded. By the end of the year, Teddy had become one of the smartest children in the class and, despite her lie that she would love all the children the same, Teddy became one of her 'teacher's pets.'

A year later, she found a note under her door from Teddy telling her that she was the best teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Six years went by before she got another note from Teddy. He then wrote that he had finished high school, third in his class, and she was still the best teacher he ever had in his life.

Four years after that, she got another letter, saying that while things had been tough at times, he'd stayed in school, had stuck with it, and would soon graduate from college with the highest of honors. He assured Mrs. Thompson that she was still the best and favorite teacher he had ever had in his whole life.

Then four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time he explained that after he got his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still the best and favorite teacher he ever had. But now his name was a little longer.... The letter was signed, Theodore F. Stoddard, MD.

The story does not end there. You see, there was yet another letter that Spring. Teddy said he had met this girl and was going to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago, and he was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit at the wedding in the place that was usually reserved for the mother of the groom. Of course, Mrs. Thompson did. And guess what? She wore that bracelet, the one with several rhinestones missing. Moreover, she made sure she was wearing the perfume that Teddy remembered his mother wearing on their last Christmas together.

They hugged each other, and Dr. Stoddard whispered in Mrs. Thompson's ear, "Thank you Mrs. Thompson for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me that I could make a difference."

Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back.. She said, "Teddy, you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't know how to teach until I met you."

(For you that don't know, Teddy Stoddard is the Dr. at Iowa Methodist Hospital in Des Moines that has the Stoddard Cancer Wing.)

~By an Unknown Author

**We can't all be heroes because somebody
has to sit on the curb and clap as they go by.**

~Will Rogers

Re: Barack Hussein Obama: I Told You So! Yes I Did!

*By Howard Galganov
Montreal, Quebec, Canada
July 23, 2009*

When Obama won the Presidency with the help of the LEFTIST media, Hollywood and Entertainment Liberals, Ethnic Socialists (ACORN), Stupid Non-Business Professionals and Bush Haters, I wrote: It won't take six months until the People figure this guy out and realize how horrible a mistake they've made. And when they come to that realization, the damage to the United States of America will be so great it will take a generation or more to repair - IF EVER.

The IDIOTS who not only voted for the Messiah, but also worked [hard] to promote his Lordship, are now left holding the bag.

Here are two things they will NEVER do: They will NEVER admit to making a Blunder out of all proportion by electing a snake-oil salesman with no Positive social history or management experience of any

kind. They will NEVER take responsibility for the curse they've imposed upon the immediate and long term future of their country.

In essence, the people responsible for putting this horror show in power are themselves responsible for every cataclysmic decision he makes and the consequences thereof.

In just six months, the Messiah's polls are showing the following: On Healthcare Reform - He's going under for the third time with polling well Under 50 percent, even within his own Party. Even though he might be able to Muscle a Healthcare Reform Bill by using Chicago BULLY tactics against his Fellow Democrats, it will just make things worse. On Cap and Trade (Cap and Tax) - The Fat-Lady is already singing. On the Stimulus Package (Tax and Spend) - His popularity is in FREE-FALL. On the TARP package he took and ran with from President Bush -It's all but Good-Night Irene. On the closing of GITMO and "HIS" war on what he no longer wants called the War On Terrorism - He's standing in quicksand with his head just about to go under. On a comparison between himself and George W. Bush at the same six months into Their respective first term Presidencies - Bush is ahead of him in the Polls. On a comparison between He Who Walks On Water and the 12 preceding Presidents between WW II and now - Obama ranks 10th. On a Poll just conducted that asks who would you vote for today between Obama and Mitt Romney - It's a dead heat. Between Obama and Palin - Obama's ONLY ahead by eight Points and she hasn't even begun to campaign. It seems to me that Obama Wants to be everywhere where he shouldn't be.

He's personally invested in [totally insulting] America 's ONLY REAL Middle Eastern ally (Israel) in favor of Palestinian Despots and Murderers. He's traveling the world apologizing for the USA while lecturing others on how to do it right, when in fact and truth, he has no experience at doing anything other than getting elected.

He went to the Moslem world in Egypt to declare that America IS NOT A CHRISTIAN NATION while he heaped praises on Islam where he compared the "plight" of the Palestinians to the Holocaust.

The Russians think he's a putz.

The French think he's rude.

The Germans want him to stop spending.

The Indians want him to mix his nose out of their environmental business.

The North Koreans think he's a joke. The Iranians won't acknowledge his calls.

And, the British can't even come up with a comprehensive opinion of him.

As for the Chinese, he's too frightened to even glance their way. [After all, China now owns a large portion of the United States .]

Maybe, if America's first Emperor would stay home more, travel less, and work a little bit instead of being on television just about everyday (or forget About his Wednesday Date Nights with his Amazon Wife) or stop running to "papered" Town Hall Meetings, perhaps, he would have a little bit of time to Do the work of the nation.

In all fairness, it wasn't HARD to be RIGHT in my prediction concerning Obama's presidency, even in its first six months, so I'm going to make yet another prediction:

OBAMA WILL PROBABLY NOT FINISH HIS 4-YEAR TERM at least not in a Conventional way.

He is such a political HORROR SHOW, and so detrimental to the USA and his Own Democratic Party, that the Democrats themselves will either FORCE him to Resign or figure out a way to have him thrown out.

Who knows, maybe he really isn't a BORN US Citizen and that's a way the Democrats will be able to get rid of him.

[He is a citizen, but not a naturalized citizen with both mother and father being US citizens.]

Or - MORE LIKELY THAN NOT, the Democrats will make Obama THEIR OWN LAME DUCK PRESIDENT.

I don't believe the Democrats have nearly as much love for their country as they do for their own political fortunes. And with Obama, their fortunes are rapidly becoming toast.

The Democrats can keep on blaming Bush for EVERYTHING, but that game's already begun to wear real thin.

Their mantra was "WE DON'T WANT FOUR MORE YEARS," which the STUPID people bought, since McCain was nothing at all like George W. Bush.

The new mantra will soon become: "WE DON'T WANT SIX MORE MONTHS."

We the people elected Barack Hussein Obama and as a result we will pay a price. Who knows—— the election of Senator Scott Brown in Massachusetts could be a pivot point for President Obama. He could change his mind about a lot of things, however, these changes are about as likely as a zebra losing its stripes. Other countries in the world see things from a different perspective which may be a clearer view as the above article indicates.

~Comment by AV Yaw

There is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge, and fox and squirrel.

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson

Around the House

By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

It is January 21, 2010, and this will be published in May, 2010, so keep that in mind as I explain the happenings of the past few weeks——It isn't pretty!

On Christmas Eve, there was this terrible blizzard. I'll never hope for a "White Christmas" again. We received 14 inches of snow and it came from the north with a 25 to 40 knot wind. It was a real pain to go outside and do my business if you know what I mean! We had company from Texas, Linda's Mom and Step-Dad, Inez and Homer Henslee. Of course their pet, Jock Henslee Poodle Dog, was with them. He is noisy, and the Boss claims that he should have been neutered, but no one pays much attention to the Boss. Of course, I have to be pinned-up at night——Jock sleeps with Mamie and Homer.

The humans were to meet at Andy's house to watch the children open their gifts and find what Santa had left for them. Dogs are second class citizens around here, and we didn't get to go.

Snow drifts were everywhere and some were three or four feet deep. The Boss was out early with his shovel in hand and moved several hundred pounds of snow from behind Mamie's Cadillac as this was the car we were taking to Andy's. The sky was clear, and it was very cold.

To make a long story short——once the snow was removed from behind the Cadillac, the Boss managed to break his ankle in a couple of places. He was giving the driveway a few final touches, and slipped on some ice forcing his right foot in and under. He said he heard the bones breaking as he fell. He was in a lot of pain, but he persevered and drove the group to Andy's house. There was a lot of driving to be done and everyone thought he was the only one capable of driving in such bad road conditions.

Later that Christmas day, the Boss went through the storage unit and found an old velcro cast he had used during a previous ankle injury. With his ankle bound in the cast, he drove Mamie and Homer back to Texas and then back home on Saturday the 26th of Dec. He didn't get to the doctor until the 28th of Dec. then surgery on the 6th of Jan. Nobody knows the trouble we have seen except the Boss, Linda and me. All I can say is that it hasn't been pretty. The Boss has been farming via the help of his friends, neighbors and relatives back in Detroit. The Boss won't let me say anymore than that.

The Boss's Dad passed away early in February, and he and the family traveled to San Antonio for the Funeral. To hear him tell it, the funeral was a great experience although it wasn't without tears of sadness and joy. We are all getting older!

The Boss is still hobbling around on crutches and is hoping to be 100% soon. I'll be glad when he is back to normal, I tell ya, I get real nervous when he is letting me in and out of the house. I'm a little afraid that he might fall, and worse than that, fall on me.

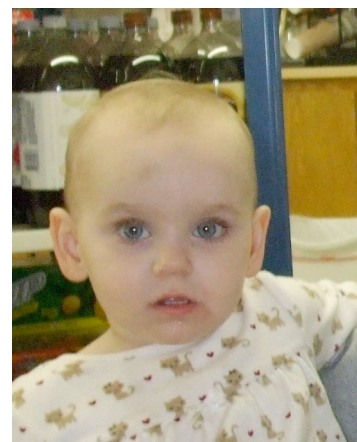
I'm glad that winter is history for the first part of 2010. I'm glad that I wasn't born a Malamute way up North in Alaska somewhere. I don't think I could take it.

The family seems to be doing well. The Boss was disappointed when the Vikings were beaten by the Saints. He was really pulling for Brett Favre. Somehow, Andrew managed to wiggle his way out of taking L'ana, his lovely wife, to the Super Bowl. You see, ten years ago, Andy shot off his mouth to his wife (who is a Saints fan) saying that if the Saints ever went to the Super Bowl, he would buy tickets and take her. I didn't get all the details about how he got off the hook, but he did. And, as you already know, the Saints won the ball game. Andy, L'ana and the Super Bowl Bet will be a whole other story for later, that is if we get all the details.

Gotta go, keep sniffing the wind and stay dry!

~*Barkley*

In the truest sense, Christian pilgrims have the best of both worlds. We have joy whenever this world reminds of the next, and we take solace whenever it does not. ~C.S. Lewis



Father & Daughters

Twenty years from now you will be more disappointed by the things you didn't do than by the ones you did. So throw off the bowlines. Sail away from the safe harbor. Catch the tradewinds in your sails. Explore, Dream, Discover.

~*Mark Twain*

That all folks!