
VIEWS LETTER

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“Smitten”

“The Sound of Music,” my all time favorite movie will always touch me on an emotional level. It was showing at the Esquire Theater and was the destination of my first date with the love of my life! We drove the thirty-five miles from our little hometown of Panhandle to Amarillo, Texas in an awkward silence, accompanied only by the background music on the radio. It was the silence of a giddy, uncomfortable place in time and space that makes one hesitate to reveal anything personal or controversial that would cause a negative assumption on the part of the second part. In small town America, when all grades of high school, junior high and elementary school are basically on the same campus or located together within a two or three square block area, everyone knows just about everyone, at least on a superficial basis. Gary Beddingfield was in the last semester of his senior year, I was a sophomore, and I superficially knew that he was a good-looking, senior class favorite, and an all-round-athlete who played football, basketball, ran track and played golf. He had been playing golf all season, and his tanned skin enhanced his sky blue eyes, blond hair and great smile! Also, among his assets were a cocky sense of humor, a contagious laugh and a brand new, 1966, cobalt blue, four on the floor, Pontiac Lemans. I was smitten!

What attracted him to me, he would say, was that I was at least cute enough to capture his attention. I relished it in the form of teasing every day after our shared band class as we waited the too few minutes in the hall for the bell to ring—summoning our departure to the next class period! After several months of flirting in the hall and with his sister, Janie’s encouraging assurance that I would accept, he finally asked if I would like to see the movie, “The Sound of Music!” It was the newest movie in town—the theater was packed! We eventually located two seats together on the very front row where we spent the next several hours looking straight up at the big screen, I didn’t mind, as I my hand was being affectionately held by the cute guy I’d had a crush on since seventh grade!

Earlier that Spring, Gary was at our house waiting to go on a summer FFA camping trip with the Ag teacher, my brother, my cousin, my dad and his brother who were helping sponsor the trip. A silly game of catch with a baseball and gloves was our very first encounter. To this day, he continues to tease me about the long, baggy, white shorts I was wearing, and the fact that I didn’t play like a girl!

“The Sound of Music” exceeded its billing! The musical composition was grand, the Austrian setting was breath taking, and the story was dreamily romantic! One of the lines in the dialogue that impressed my heart was the admonition given to Maria by the Reverend Mother when the family was trying to escape into Switzerland to avoid the Nazi occupation of their homeland. Rendering hope, the Reverend Mother said, “When God closes a door, He always opens a window.” Throughout my life, this has been a very encouraging axiom to remember. Recently, I heard an interesting version of this infamous saying. The altered truism states, “When God closes a door, He always opens a window, but it may be hell in the hallway!”

Most of our existence is experienced by either going through a door of challenge, struggling through the hallway or scrambling out the other door to refuge. Maneuvering life’s journey, we have

been honored to pray for friends as they have faced difficult challenges in their hallways. One asked to pray that "God's will be done in her challenge, and that she would be given the grace to accept His answer." Another friend asked to pray that, "The reality of their situation would come gently." Still another friend asked to pray that, "She would have peace of mind and heart to hear what God is saying and to take the hard steps of working on boundaries and communication." The list goes on. These are prayers that would suffice most any challenge, any hallway that we might face. We have asked for those prayers as well. Rearing four children, and having eight grandchildren, as well as both my parents, and Gary's mom in our lives has exacerbated great joy, but has certainly not been without its challenging hallways! I believe that one of the most important things we can do is to never face the hallway in isolation. Even if the pain of the hurt is too great to ask for human assistance, we can always choose to take God and His promises with us into and through the challenges of the hallways in our lives!

As I pen these words, I am looking back across a myriad of years, a litany of hallways as well as innumerable seasons of joy! Sunday, January 22, 2012, I will have spent forty-three years married to the still handsome man who, on our first date, introduced me to the movie, "The Sound of Music." I'm still smitten, and I praise God that He allowed us to choose marriage! Gary, the forever and always, love of my life, has continued to affectionately hold my hand, not only through exuberant times of joy, but also to lead me through the challenges of our hallways with his deep abiding faith in God, broad shoulders of tireless strength and a generous, tender heart of courage. The joys as well as the hallways we have encountered, together, have served to strengthen our bond of commitment to marital love, and to cement our adoration and dependence upon the Lord, God of all creation, whom we gratefully serve...just wish we still had that Lemans!

Written by: Ann Beddingfield

For: Gary

In honor of our Forty-third Wedding Anniversary

Morality is the master-builder everywhere, whether in individuals or nations. ~James Allen

**A quote by
Abraham Lincoln:**

"Let every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the revolution never to violate, in the least particular, the laws of the country and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of '76 did to the support of the declaration of independence, so to the support of the constitution and laws, let every American pledge his life, his prosperity and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the laws is to trample on the blood of his fathers and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in the legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. In short, let it become the political religion of the nation."

~Abraham Lincoln (1809 - 1865)



The political religion of our nation has been corrupted over the past ninety-nine years. What are "the laws of the country?" What is Mr. Lincoln talking about in this quote?

Because of the lackadaisical attitude of the typical semi-educated American the above words have become hyperbole with little real meaning. It does not matter what the Declaration of Independence states, if no one reads it, much less studies it. It doesn't matter what the Constitution defines as law for our republic, and the fact that it limits governmental power over the people if the vast majority ignores it. It doesn't matter that history has been repeating itself since the very beginning of time if the gray matter between our ears has become so numbed that the only service it provides is a computer to run and regulate the function of our bodies. Our country is a Nation of Law but few Americans care about anything other than their own selves; they are perfectly willing to ignore the protection of these documents for a few phony and unattainable promises by the progressives (nice word for pre-communist) who have taken over our government. How can a mother teach her youngsters something that she does not know or understand? Public Schools and the law, Seminaries and Constitutional Law, both, are oxymoronic. I know of only one college dedicated to teach the truth about our founding fathers, and the documents that define our Nation. Only one! I never hear reverence for Constitutional Law preached from our pulpits. Most preachers throughout the land don't know the difference between Constitutional and Communist manifesto. Very few Senators and Representatives know and understand the Constitution that governs them. This is revolting (it maybe that they prefer ignorance and it's self-serving benefits to truth). It's most disturbing how the Supreme Court kowtows to the attitudes and wishes of the majority.

America has lost her way. She is fast asleep on a run-away train that has crested a very tall divide and is accelerating to the bottom of a very steep and long grade. This train has already accelerated to a point and speed of no return. The final consequence is very grim, and it is most hurtful to those who realize what greatness America once had. These are facts that are disheartening to say the least.

Prayer is the only true hope for America because it will take a miracle of biblical proportions to alter the direction of this nation.

~Adverse Yaw

**INDIVIDUALS, FAMILIES AND NATIONS EACH
GROW AND PROSPER IN HARMONY WITH THEIR
GROWTH IN MORAL STRENGTH AND
KNOWLEDGE; THEY FALL AND FAIL IN
ACCORDANCE WITH THEIR MORAL DECADENCE.**

~James Allen

TAXES

I just received my tax return for 2011 back from the IRS. It puzzles me!!! They are questioning how many dependents I claimed. I guess it was because of my response to the question: "List all dependents?" I replied: 12 million illegal immigrants; 3 million crack heads; 42 million unemployed people on food stamps, 2 million people in over 243 prisons; Half of Mexico; and 535 persons in the U.S. House and Senate." Evidently, this was NOT an acceptable answer. I KEEP ASKING MYSELF, WHO THE HECK DID I MISS? *~Author unknown*

The following is my attempt to tell a story. Hopefully it will be interesting enough to keep you reading until the end. If it is boring, if it seems obviously stupid, if it is unattractive or offensive to you in anyway, please let me know. I have had my doubts as to whether or not I should place it here. I would love your criticism even if it is blunt, harsh or even if it seems cruel. Sock-it-to-me! I figured I should get my feet wet or forget about trying to be a story teller. ~awd aka Adverse Yaw

Chapter one

The Violation

"Hey Liz, could you come in her for a second?" the sheriff asked his deputy/secretary over the intercom.

"Yep," she replied as she appeared at the door.

You remember the new deputy, Harry Pritchett? And you were present when I warned him about lying to me a couple months ago?"

"Yes sir I remember."

Well, I understand he called in sick yesterday, and I saw him on TV at the Mavericks game last night. So, please check that out, the sick part I mean, and if it checks out that he did call in sick. Then, sometime today when you find the time, get in touch with him and give him the opportunity to resign. If he refuses, cut him his final check and collect his equipment because he is fired.

Joe had been Sheriff of Bexar County for the past four terms, and the vast majority of his constituents admired and loved him. He had become known by those who loved him most as "No Bull-only Joe," Not only did Joe abhor dishonesty, he didn't like foul and vulgar language.

Anyone who admired virtue & truth found that being around Sheriff Joe was a warm and pleasant experience.

Joe was still in his sweats as he sat with his feet propped upon his desk scanning the front page of the San Antonio Express. He had just completed a four-mile run in a little over 30 minutes and was enjoying the peacefulness that endorphins in his bloodstream always gave him. He was a young 68 year-old, and he liked the way that physical exercise made him feel.

One of three direct phone lines to Joe's office had been in use for the past three minutes. Suddenly, it was flashing and his door burst open. Standing in the doorway was a black woman slightly overweight, with pleasant features. The expression on her face was one of anger and disgust. She stood there for a few seconds staring at a polished brass artillery shell, a keepsake from Joe's Army days that occupied a place beside his desk. She seemingly found it difficult to speak. Standing rigidly tall with her fists on her broad hips, she finally managed to get the words out. "Abigail is holding on line one. She said that she has been the focus of a big scene at the airport, bless her heart, you could feel her embarrassment over the telephone—said that some lesbian TSA person had been feeling her up like a horny high school boy. Said that she had never been treated so roughly with such total disregard for her personal privacy nor her handicap. She said the woman fondled her breast and try to penetrate her with her finger through her panties. I'm thinking, with or without your permission, that I should take a nightstick to that TSA person and work her over pretty good before I arrest her for the crimes she has done. It's bad enough that my baby has to be handicapped much less put up with some federal government employee sexually molesting her crippled body. I'm telling you Sheriff Joe, I'm going to

kick some Dike's ass if something isn't done about this." Even then she was cautious about using the word ass when talking with her boss and friend.

"Wait, wait do you mind if I talk to Abigail? Let's not get too excited before we think about what we are up against here."

"You know you can talk to my Abby, go ahead, she is on line one."

The Sheriff punched the blinking light and said, "Abigail, I understand you've had some problems there at Airport Security? Okay," and long pause as Abigail was explaining everything. "Okay. Is the TSA supervisor handy? Okay. . . ask him if he will talk to me?" Longer pause. "Oh, he says he's too busy. That's okay, ask him his badge number and his name, and if he will give you one, get a phone number, I'll hold, go ahead and ask him. Okay you have all that? Now ask for the name and badge number of the woman who patted you down. Okay I'll give you back to your mom, and you can give her all that info. They aren't holding you are they? You are free to go? Okay, before you try to leave ask if your free to go." Short pause, "great can you drive ok? Okay, take the shuttle to your car and come on down to the office, and we'll talk. Abigail, you know that I love you as much as your mom does? We will see you in a few minutes, you be careful. Okay?" He placed the phone back on hold.

"Liz, I've never known that little gal of being that upset. It's noticeable and it makes me angry, too. You go and get all the info, and I'll do some ciphering about this situation. I'm gonna hop in the shower and get dressed. I'll be ready to be sheriff in less than 15 minutes. Joe installed a shower in his private bathroom and had the room enlarged to accommodate his treadmill. He would work out sometimes two times a day.

He immediately phoned the County DA's office which was two floors below. Someone on the other end answers, "Is Corky there? Oh, in court? Who is the new guy, the old retired judge that got tired of fishing and was hired by Corky last month? What is his name? Okay, got it—Barron Wiles, let me talk to him, please." Short pause. Hello, Judge Wiles, This Sheriff Flynn up stairs, I understand you are practicing law as an appointed prosecutor, is that right? Good. Can you come up to my office? I would like to visit for a few minutes. Great! Okay, check with Elizabeth Washington, I'll tell her you are coming. Take your time as I won't be ready to see you for another 15 min. Is that okay? Okay, I'll see you in about 15-20 min.

"Hey Liz," he called over the interphone. Her reply was always "Yep." "A fellow by the name of Barron Wiles is coming up and would you show him in as soon as he gets here? "Yep." "Thanks Liz."

The elder Judge/appointed prosecutor stood in the doorway. He was six-foot-two if he was an inch which was a half inch taller than Joe. He couldn't weigh more than 190 lbs. He was as skinny as a T-post. The sheriff arose immediately and shook his hand as he introduced himself. "Judge Wiles, I appreciate you coming up, please have a seat. Can I get you a cup of coffee?" he asked as he walked back to his desk.

"Sheriff Flynn, please call me Don, my whole name is Barron Don Wiles. You can call me any of these names, but please don't call me judge. That was ten years ago that I was an elected county judge in Carson County for five terms. I finally got so bored that I refused to run again. Some counties don't have any real problems that require a judge, honestly, I was bored. Most of the time was spent in my office twiddling my thumbs. What can I do for you?"

"Okay, great. Don, you just call me Joe okay? I can already tell you and I are going to get along fine. Your Boss, Corky, is a real eager beaver, but she can't seem to get many convictions. I'm glad you are on board because I have a problem at the airport, and I want a conviction."

"So, tell me about it. What can I do?"

"Legal advice for now. I don't want this screwed up because of my own ignorance. You met Elizabeth as you came in. She is my deputy/secretary. Did you say that you wanted some coffee?"

"Yes, the elder lawyer replied, "black nothing in it, just coffee."

"Okay, just a second." The Sheriff got up and left the office and went to the coffee pot located near Elizabeth's desk and got two Styrofoam cups. He filled them with fresh, hot, black coffee. Back to his office and after giving Don one of them, he returned to his desk and took a sip. "Elizabeth has been my partner for the better part of ten years. She is a single mom, and her oldest child is in the Marine Corp. in Afghanistan. He is a good kid but we don't hear much from him as the Marine Corp. and combat seems to be his element.

"Her second child, Abigail, is a beautiful, mulatto girl. She is 19 years-old, and she is breathtakingly beautiful. However, she contracted Spastic triplexia muscular dystrophy at age nine. It was so sad. I've acted as a surrogate dad since just before that. She calls me Papa Joe, and I love her like she was my own. Her muscular dystrophy has effected three of her limbs, and she has a moderate speech impediment. However, she manages very well. She received a full ride scholarship from Yale due to her academic excellence. She must have a photographic memory. If she missed a test question it was always the error of whoever was grading the test paper. Not only that, she is beautiful inside and out. She is the most loving person that I know. Almost to a fault, she would help anyone she could and many times she would try to help some people that she knew she couldn't, but she would try anyway. An angel with a personality of grace, and a mind like a steel trap. She is already a Junior because she completed her freshman and Sophomore work in just one year. This is a very special, young lady.

She can walk with the aid of crutches and talks with moderate difficulty. There for a while, I had difficulty understanding her especially when she was excited about something. But, she is getting better, and I am learning to hear what she is saying better. She managed to arrange her schedule to where she could spend last week here at home to help celebrate her Mom's birthday. Today, she was trying to return to school in Connecticut, and she ran into a problem at the airport. Partly because, I should say mostly because, a lesbian TSA agent molested her during a pat-down. She took complete advantage of her in a most embarrassing way. Of course, the fact that we live during a time when it is fashionable for the tail-to-wag the dog doesn't help her situation any. It was all I could do to prevent her Mom from going to the airport with a nightstick to seek revenge. I want revenge, too, but justice is better. There has to be a way to lawfully take control of our American heritage, and a way to stop this sort of abuse from happening again. I realize that we must try and keep aviation safe from Radical Muslim terrorist, but there is smart and there is stupid, this is stupid. I'm sure there are things that I have left out, and I don't even know the whole story yet, but, what I have stated is the truth as best as I can tell it. What are your thoughts about how we can handle this?"

This story rips me at my insides. Sounds to me like an ugly person who happens to be a lesbian has allowed lust to control her behavior. There is no way of proving it, but you and I know what happened. We could arrest her and file sexual harassment charges or even molestation charges, and she would be out in less than 24 hours. Then by the time of her trial, if we could get the Grand Jury to cooperate, it would be more trouble than it would be worth. I truly doubt if we could even get her fired. It seems that society almost condones perverted and tainted behavior. I'm not recommending it, but I'm afraid that your deputy's idea of how to exact revenge was about the best you are going to get."

"Rats! Don, there has to be something that can be done. I am sick and tired of the federal government riding roughshod over my constituents and now my partner's daughter. She is handicapped for Pete's sake, and we are supposed to protect people like her from people like this—a less than human pervert, who molested her. I don't mind admitting it, this one hits home, and it hurts. Maybe, I should have been paying a little closer attention to what is going on at the airport. I'm just sick about this!"

"Well Sheriff, there is an outside chance that we could keep her locked up for a long time and, furthermore, if we win the prosecution against her it could at least cost her her job and her pension. And the best case scenario, she could be hung by the neck until she is dead. Well I tell ya, what

happened to Abigail is one of those things that has happened many times since 911. The TSA has gotten more and more powerful, and this has become a serious problem. The fact is that each and every time that a person is searched by TSA, that person has had their Constitutional Rights violated. And, anytime someone violates the rights of an American and that someone is an employee of our federal government, they violate their sacred oath of office. When they violate their sacred oath they are committing insurrection to the Constitution and Treason to the American people. This is against the Law of the Land. This is treason, there is no bail available for anyone who is legitimately accused of committing treason. If what you have told me about this event is true, there has to be witnesses and some of them just might be willing to come forward. Caution must be advised. The feds will come at you full force. You could even be assassinated! Attacking one of their own causes them to fear you. Just think about all the Senators, Congressmen, Judges and White House officials who are guilty of treason. If you go after them with any amount of serious commitment, I suggests that you arm half the county as your deputies because there will be powerful people that will wish you dead. Many of them have close connections to clandestine elements within our government.”

“Hey Don, I’m pretty near dead anyway! I’ll be seventy in a of couple years, and besides that, there has been more than a few dozen that have tried to kill me in Viet Nam. The Lord has been looking after me for my whole life. I’m not going to start worrying about a few **clandestine** elements.”

“I know all that, but I’m just telling you what you are up against. I’m in a similar boat myself so you can count on me to prosecute, of course, I’m only a worker bee around here and haven’t been elected so I may have to tip-toe around the local powers. I think Corky is pretty fair, and Judge Simpson has the reputation of being tougher than a Woodpecker's lips. We will have to get our ducks in a row, get our feet wet and see what happens. So, from what I have heard about you, and I like what I’ve heard, I’m all in.”

“Thanks Don, and it’s nice meeting you. Are you going to be around the office all day?”

“Yes,” he stated as he arose and offered the Sheriff his hand and a sturdy shake, “I’ll be around, call me anytime, and it was nice meeting you, Joe.” Joe sat back down at his desk and noticed that the Spurs made the headlines and were in the playoffs. Huh, Spurs could be the big winner this year, he thought.

His thoughts went back to what the judge had said about being in danger if he pursued the attack on anyone federal, especially, for treason. The department had sixty-five, full-time deputies, and all of them could be trusted, but that’s not many to fend off all the people that the FBI, the CIA and the Secret Service could throw at him.. Sixty-five deputies was not much protection after all things were considered, and this could be a very hot issue with the liberal news media.

Most of his friends were vets of the Viet Nam era, some had served with him in-country—each of them had seen combat—they were more like brothers than friends, however, seldom was anything mentioned about that part of their lives. It all happened forty years ago, now, they talked mostly about politics and professional sports. They drank a lot, mostly beer, but some hard liquor as well. Each had dealt with his own version of PTSD. Joe was in the best physical shape of them all, although he occasionally drank a few too many beers. His daily workouts kept him trim and fit for the older guy he had become. These half a dozen men are ones that he could truly trust. They had similar convictions and knew about watching out for their buddies backsides.

There was a tap on the door, and the Sheriff answered “It’s open come on in.”

“Hi, Papa Joe. You said to come and see you,” she said as she walked to the divan with the help of her crutches.

“Yes Abby, how are you holding up?”

“Okay, I guess. I hate to be a problem for you, but I have never felt so humiliated in my whole life. I felt like I was going to die! Why does this have to go on? I don't understand perverted people.”

“Gee Darling, I don’t know why. All I know is that it is a horrible thing, and that it is out there. It’s my job to try and eliminate it as best I can and bring the bad people to justice. And, I’m going to try and do just that, I promise. You don’t have to go over all the nasty details with me, but you need to know that if we get this to trial all of the details will come up and come up in a public way. You do understand that, right Abby?”

“Yes sir, Papa Joe, I understand.”

Okay, just know that every time we strike the bad guys it will make things better for others. Please keep this in mind when you are going through the worst of this ordeal. Okay? Because the worst maybe yet to come.”

“Okay.”

“Now, I want you to file a complaint with Deputy Judy Simpson—she is a good deputy. It would not be good for you to file this complaint with your Mama. She was ready to go to the airport and work this person over with a nightstick after she talked to you. Besides that, I suspect that this will become something of a news item. Now, if we could keep the main complaint to be the action of the TSA person to violating your Constitutional Rights and not so much a sexual violation, we will be better off. Know this, that no one has the right to search you unless they have a warrant signed in ink by a Judge with proper jurisdiction. You are a citizen of the State of Texas and of the United States of America, and you are protected by the Texas Constitution and the US Constitutions. Okay?”

Joe punched a switch on the intercom and asked, “Elizabeth could you come in for a second?”

Elizabeth came in and sat down by her daughter.

The Sheriff continued his monologue, "Okay, I want you both to be heads-up about what we want to accomplish here. First, we want to eliminate this sort of behavior from airports all over the country. Second, we want to seek justice for you, Abby, and for all others who have been abused by TSA employees. Although I realize that due to the climate of fear immediately following the tragedies of 911, and that that fear continues today, there is no way that we can eliminate TSA completely. But, I believe that we can place the fear of retribution in its correct context. In other words, people who use their office as a TSA Official for purposes of lust should be punished, and it may or may not be possible to prosecute for sexual misbehavior as well as we can prosecute for failure to uphold the oath of office required by the Constitution. Failure to honor a sacred Oath to the Constitution is insurrection to the Constitution and treason to the American People. Treason can be punishable by death. Least case punishment is that the guilty party will lose their job and all pensions associated with that job.

Hasn't the tail been wagging the dog long enough for people to know the difference? From where I sit, it looks as if someone doesn't do something, and do it soon, everyone will be do-wagers. How will that work? Chaos worse than war, I would say! I want you both to have an idea of how bad it may become before I have this person arrested. Any questions? Okay I'll have her picked up and jailed within a couple of hours.”

Maybe more to come next time, we will see how it goes. ~Adverse Yaw

Around the House

~by Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

Well, finally the Christmas celebrations for 2012 has come and gone. Linda and the Boss don’t get too excited about decorating with a lot of greenery, electric lights and plastic blowup figures, etc. etc. etc. The Boss and Linda get excited about children, grandchildren and food. The Boss made his annual trip to Amarillo to pick up Mammie and Homer which went well. We had our very first real cold spell with snow.

It snowed Christmas Day which brought back memories of the broken ankle that took place three years ago in the middle of a blizzard early on Christmas morning. Mammie, Homer and that French Poodle, Jock, got reacquainted. Gifts were exchanged, and everyone is another year older.

After watching the Big Screen HD TV we got last Christmas which is about all I seem to do anymore, I noticed that the celebration about the birth of Jesus didn't seem to be as prevalent as in past Christmas celebrations. This worries me because even a lowly dog such as myself can understand that we just didn't conjure-up ourselves into existence. We each are individual masterpieces created by a Creator, and created for a purpose. Fortunately for me, I understand my purpose in this life, but I have my doubts about some of the humanity I see on the television and other places. Most of which seem to be wondering aimlessly about in various states of oblivion.

In a more positive note, the Boss tells me that there are some fantastic families he has seen who do know their purpose and have come together to fulfill the will of the Creator. He says that seeing loving families together celebrating the birth of Christ makes his heart soar like a hawk.

Strange that he would mention a hawk. I've been told to keep a sharp lookout for hawks that might drop out of the sky and snatch me from the back yard. This thought makes me shudder all over. I better have me a place to hide handy. Just in case.

Well, as usual, the Boss didn't leave me much space to express myself. That being said, I wish everyone a happy and prosperous 2013. Keep ears perked and your nose pointed into the wind, I'll be keeping a sharp eye on the sky for Hawks! ~Bark



Grandchildren Are the greatest thing ever!

Upper Left to right clockwise
Emma, KK, VonWetzel, Addie
&
super cool Cayden

THAT'S ALL FOLKS

