
VIEWS LETTER

Volume 95, Issue 1

AWD's Views, News & Items of Interest

March/April 2014

<http://TheViewsLetter.com>

Please Flush When You're Finished !

A True Story

Since the tragedies that took place September 11, 2001, things have changed on all airliners. We now have a new improved bullet-proof cockpit door that really lock. It's supposed to be so strong that a burley fireman with a large fire axe would require more than a few minutes to get into the cockpit. Heaven help us if we are unconscious, and the airplane is burning.

This event took place on one of those tired morning departures from the East Coast that pushed off the gate just before dawn. Our circadian rhythms couldn't have possibly been more out of kilter. It was 4:00 am in Phoenix and 3:00 am if you happen to live on the West Coast like I do. And, we had already been up for at least two hours. Needless to say that everyone on this crew is operating on less than normal rest. If you are lucky you might get a few minutes more than four hours sleep—if your lucky!

Ted and I were flying a three-day trip, and it was the first time that we had flown together. We seemed to get along fine, however Theodor, as he liked to be called, seemed to be a little anal. Being a little anal is okay, we all have our flaws, if he wanted to be anal that was fine with me. He was capable, and he did his job. Due to the fact that we didn't have a lot in common, our conversations were really brief.

The First Class flight attendant had a calm quality, very kind blue eyes, a pleasant face, a beautiful smile and the typical eye-catching body of a thirty-something-year-old American girl. My first impression of her was that she was attractive, but on the shy side. However, I soon realized that she was anything but shy as her personality was similar to that of a mama bear with cubs. I was part of the story and witnessed much of it myself. Everything below is Beth's own words as she tells her story.

We had been airborne long enough to reach cruise altitude and in the middle of service to the 140 some passengers. The cockpit crew called needing to use the restroom. When this happens, the cabin crew has to drop what they are doing and accommodate the cockpit crew. All of this is a new procedure since 911. When one of the pilots leaves the cockpit, the one remaining must be in his seat to monitor the flying of the aircraft. One flight attendant must sit in the cockpit while the pilot uses the restroom. When they are finished they either call or makes a secret knock, and the flight attendant who is inside the cockpit will look through the peephole in the cockpit door in order to ascertain that all is safe and secure before opening the door to allow the pilot back into the cockpit. The first class flight attendant, who was me on this particular morning, is supposed to guard the cockpit door from the cabin side. This procedure takes place each time a pilot needs to use the lavatory. The most considerate pilots will usually use the lavatory one right after the other which saves time. When they do this, the cabin crew has more time for the passengers.

After the Captain finished, the first officer went in the lavatory and did his thing. As soon as he finished and the flight attendant who was stationed inside the cockpit returned, I decided that I would use the facility myself, in order to save time, of course. Well, lo-and-behold, the first officer didn't flush, so before I could use the toilet I had to flush it. I thought to myself that that was rude and un-called-for. I immediately placed him in the bone-a-fide jerk category of pilots that I know.

About two hours later, the same scenario took place. I stayed close to the lavatory door to hear if First Officer Theodor was going to fail to flush again. Sure enough, he didn't flush!

"Excuse me Theodor, but didn't you forget to flush?" I politely asked.

“No I didn’t forget to flush. I don’t flush. I don’t touch anything in there. I did once, and it caused me to become very ill. I don’t touch anything in aircraft lavatories. Okay?” he replied with all the authority his three stripes could muster.

“Well, as-a-matter-of-fact, you are going to touch something in there today because you are going right back in there and flush the toilet! Why should any of my First Class Passengers have to flush for you? Why should anyone of the crew have to flush for you?” I was peeved. If it hadn’t been for the curtain between the passenger seats and the forward area, all of the First Class passengers could have seen just how upset I had become. I’m sure that they might have heard the conversation, but I hope not.

Ted looked at me eye-to-eye and stated in an arrogant and I’m more important than you attitude, “This conversation is over!” He then called the cockpit via the flight-phone, and the flight attendant inside opened the door to let him in.

I followed him into the cockpit and told the Captain, “Teddy here refuses to flush, and I don’t think it is right for any of my First Class passengers to have to flush his toilet. I’m not going to flush it for him, and I don’t think any of the crew should have to flush it for him.”

Before the Captain could say a word, Ted looked at me and stated again with his arrogant smirk, “I’ve told you this conversation is over!”

“Okay, the conversation is over. And, now I’m going to lock the forward lavatory and placard it out-of-service. Then when we get to Phoenix, I’m going to hand carry an irregularity report describing in detail what has happened here to the Chief Pilot myself.”

The Captain interrupted and said. “Hey, hey, hey, hold your horses, don’t lock or placard the lavatory inoperative. I’ll go flush it myself right now, and when you get to Phoenix you do what you have to do. Okay?” the Captain said as he got out of his seat. Then, we went through the whole security scenario again as the Captain went into the lavatory and flushed the toilet. As he returned to his seat, we made eye contact, and I could tell that he was a little proud of me standing my ground about the flush.

I hated it that the Captain flushed. However, I was committed to lock the lavatory and placard it out-of-service if it didn’t get flushed, and I wasn’t going to flush for Teddy ever again.

I filled out the irregularity report, and hand carried it to the Chief Pilot after we landed in Phoenix just like I said I would. The pilots in the Chief Pilots office were appalled after reading my report and asked only a few questions. I really thought that nothing would become of it, but a week or so later, I passed the Captain on one of the concourses at Sky Harbor.

He looked my way with a big grin on his face and said, “Hey Beth. I thought that you would like to know that Ted got called in to the Chief Pilots Office. I bet that he’ll flush next time.” The Captain was laughing about the whole thing. As I look back the event was humorous, although, when it was happening, it was serious business!

Three weeks later, I flew with Teddy again, however, I was working the very back of the aircraft and didn’t have any direct contact with him. I did receive a cold look from him a time or two. I checked with the first class flight attendant, and he did flush the one time he used the toilet. Maybe, I did thousands of First Class Passengers a great service, I hope so.

This is a true story! Names were changed to protect the guilty. It just goes to show you that a good flight attendant is always looking out for his or her passengers. And, the Captain did the right thing. Cruise Altitude is no place for a personality power contest. A safe landing is always a successful landing, and Ted was properly reprimanded later.

~Adverse Yaw

**How do you tell a Communist? Well, it’s someone who reads
Marx and Lenin. And how do you tell an anti-Communist?
It’s someone who understands Marx and Lenin.**

~Ronald Reagan

Religious Knowledge

Much is said about faith, and about knowing God and about salvation. Who on this earth can make another person understand what it is like to walk with God or to personally know him? How can a person make another know about a personal relationship with Jesus? I, we, or they can only try to tell them and try to make them understand. Some are better at it than others, but to tell someone what their relationship will be like and to define it in a finite way is impossible. We can tell someone what it is like to be weightless. We can tell them that it is fantastic and enjoyable, but until they have been weightless themselves they will not know what it's like. To know God and to have the Holy Spirit to live in us is the same. We can tell others that it is awesome, and that having it should be their ultimate goal in life, but until they experience it for themselves, they will never know. Does that make sense?

Read what AW Tozer has to say about things such as this. You won't read writing like this every day. ~AV Yaw

Three Degrees of Religious Knowledge

IN OUR KNOWLEDGE OF DIVINE THINGS three degrees may be distinguished: the knowledge furnished by reason, by faith and by spiritual experience respectively.

These three degrees of knowledge correspond to the departments of the tabernacle in the ancient Levitical order: the outer court, the holy place and the holy of holies.

Far in, beyond the "second veil," was the holiest of all, having as its lone piece of furniture the Ark of the Covenant with the cherubim of glory shadowing the mercy seat. There between the outstretched wings dwelt in awesome splendor the fire of God's presence, the Shekmah. No light of nature reached that sacred place, only the pure radiance of Him who is light and in whom there is no darkness at all. To that solemn Presence no one could approach except the high priest once each year with blood of atonement.

Farther out, and separated by a heavy veil, was the holy place, a sacred place indeed but removed from the Presence and always accessible to the priests of Israel. Here also the light of sun and moon was excluded; light was furnished by the shining of the seven golden candlesticks.

The court of the priests was out farther still, a large enclosure in which were the brazen altar and the laver. This was open to the sky and received the normal light of nature.

All was of God and all was divine, but the quality of the worshipper's knowledge became surer and more sublime as he moved in from the outer court toward the mercy seat and the Presence, where at last he was permitted to gaze upon the cherubim of glory and the deep burning Fire that glowed between their outstretched wings.

All this illustrates if it does not typify the three degrees of knowledge possible to a Christian. It is not proper that we should press every detail in an effort to find in the beautiful Old Testament picture more than is actually there; but the most cautious expositor could hardly object to our using the earthly and external to throw into relief the internal and the heavenly.

Nature is a great teacher, and at her feet, we may learn much that is good and ennobling. The Bible itself teaches this: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise." "Behold the fowls of the air." "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." Reason working on data furnished by observation of natural objects tells us a lot about God and spiritual things. This is too obvious to require proof. Everyone knows it.

But there is knowledge beyond and above that furnished by observation; it is knowledge received by faith. "In religion, faith plays the part by experience in the things of the world." Divine revelation through the inspired Scriptures offers data which lie altogether outside of and above the power of the mind to discover. The mind can make its deductions after it has received these data by faith, but it

cannot find them by itself. No technique is known to man by which he can learn, for instance, that God in the beginning created the heaven and the earth or that there are three Persons in the Godhead; that God is love or that Christ died for sinners, or that He now sits at the right hand of the Majesty in the heavens. If we ever come to know these things, it must be by receiving as true a body of doctrine which we have no way of verifying. This is the knowledge of faith.

There is yet a purer knowledge than this; it is knowledge by direct spiritual experience. About it there is an immediacy that places it beyond doubt. Since it was not acquired by reason operating on intellectual data, the possibility of error is eliminated. Through the indwelling Spirit the human spirit is brought into immediate contact with higher spiritual reality. It looks upon, tastes, feels and sees the powers of the world to come and has a conscious encounter with God invisible.

Let it be understood that such knowledge is experienced rather than acquired. It does not consist of findings about something; it is the thing itself. It is not a compound of religious truths. It is an element which cannot be separated into parts. One who enjoys this kind of knowledge is able to understand the exhortation in the Book of Job: "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace." To such a man God is not a conclusion drawn from evidence nor is He the sum of what the Bible teaches about Him. He knows God in the last irreducible meaning of the word know. It may almost be said that God happened to him.

Maybe Christ said all this more simply in John 14:21: "I . . . will manifest myself to him." For what have we been laboring here but the sublimely simple New Testament teaching that the Triune God wills to dwell in the redeemed man's heart, constantly making His presence known? What on earth or in heaven above can be a greater beatitude?

~A.W. Tozer

Chapter Eight

After checking the security of the handcuffs, Joe dragged the man from the entryway through the house to a patio near a nice sized diving pool. He gave some thought to torturing this man who just attempted to end his life, but he knew that it would be a waste of time. This man was nothing more than an assassin who didn't know the particulars of why, he only knew who the victim was to be. He was to follow orders from the team leader, do his job and collect ten thousand or more US dollars from a numbered Swiss Bank account. Several agencies of the federal government had access to thousands of operatives just like this one which are commonly known as and called assets. To torture this man would only be an act of pointless cruelty, and besides, it's against the law. Joe was one of the few law enforcement officers in America who actually tried to follow the law.

A more immediate problem was to transport this guy to jail. There are at least two others out there who can't be paid until the job is done and whether they knew it or not the job was far from done. Remarkably, Sheriff Joe was very alive, although a little tired from lack of rest.

After more careful consideration, Joe used a bucket of water that he had scooped from the pool and doused the man. He came to and was more than a little startled. But, he settled down once he realized that he was caught and secured with a pair of strong handcuffs. Joe helped him to his feet and led him into the dark kitchen where he placed him on a kitchen chair.

He looked him in the eye as best he could with nothing more than moonlight to illuminate the two men. "Do you realize how lucky you are that I don't drown you?" Joe asked in his normal, gentle voice.

The man said nothing. He may as well have been a mute. During Joe's earlier search, he had found a new roll of duct tape which he had placed in his jacket pocket. He removed the tape and taped the man's mouth so securely that he could only breathe through his nose. Joe thought, if he

can't breathe though his nose he will just have to die, but the prisoner didn't seem to have any trouble breathing.

The Sheriff then dialed Charlie Ray's cell number from the landline that was still active in the house.

Charlie Ray answered, "Hello."

"Charlie Ray, this is Papa Joe, and I could use some help. Are you still driving a rented car?"

"Yep." He kind of sounded like his mama to the Sheriff, but had a much more masculine voice.

"If you could, I would appreciate if you would come and get me. The car that I've been driving has been compromised. There has been another attempt on my life, and I have one of the suspects in custody, however, there are at least two of them still out there. I don't know where they are or exactly what they look like. I suspect they are driving a CRV, but I don't know the make or the color. Look for a CRV on your drive here, okay?"

The Sheriff gave him the address and instructions of exactly what to do. It would probably be close to an hour before Charlie Ray would arrive. A nearby volunteer fire department had been there for half an hour and had just about contained the fire. Actually there wasn't much left to burn by the time they arrived. The roof was gone as was the garage door which would reveal to anyone looking that there was no car in the garage.

The Sheriff peaked out the peep window in the front door and saw the rocket launcher lying in the front yard. He wished that he had gotten that earlier, but too late now. He would just leave it for the time being.

Charlie finally arrived and pulled into the garage as they had discussed. The Sheriff had disabled the light and closed the door before the car door was opened.

"Hey, it's great to see you Charlie Ray, did you see a suspicious CRV as you came in?"

"No, I didn't."

"You are armed, I hope?"

"Yes sir, I am."

"Okay, good. Two things, we need to retrieve the rocket launcher from the front yard and load the prisoner into the trunk of your car. I'll secure him a little more with duct tape. Then I'll ride down low in the back seat, and you will drive us all to jail. Your mom is arranging for a secure and secret cell for our prisoner. Any questions?"

"No questions, sounds like a cake walk to me, lets do it." Charlie Ray spoke quietly as if on a mission in the dark of night in Afghanistan. "Do you know anything about the prisoner? Like who he is or who hired him?"

"Not a clue. He has nothing on him but finger prints, and he hasn't spoken a word." the Sheriff answered with a hint of disgust. "I'll watch the Prisoner Charlie Ray, and you step out of the front door and retrieve the rocket launcher. Okay?"

"Now, I'm not through taping you. If you cooperate, I'll finish at the car, otherwise, you will have to hop to the car. Which is it?" The man said nothing, but stood up submissively. Joe led him back through the kitchen and into the garage. The only illumination that the Sheriff allowed was a small D-Cell flashlight. After placing the man in the small trunk of the Toyota Camry, the Sheriff used the remainder of the roll of duct tape to secure the man's legs. Charlie was back with the launcher.

Charlie Ray took the wheel, the garage door was opened, and he backed the car out of the garage. The garage door was then closed, and they were on their way toward San Antonio and the Bexar County Jail.

The Sheriff was crazy about this young man, Charlie Ray. He had practically raised him from adolescence until he had joined the Marine Corp. The two men, one very young and black, and one very old and white were for all practical purposes, father and son. They had a deep and strong

relationship, however neither wanted to force themselves upon the other. The difference in color was unnoticed by either of them.

Now that Charlie Ray was involved, the Sheriff had begun to regret ever offering him a job. Danger seemed to follow the Sheriff around, and many people had been killed who were near the Sheriff. The Sheriff loved this young man so much that the thought of harm coming to him because of a job troubled him very much. Death as a Marine in Afghanistan was one thing, but to die as a Deputy was almost something that Joe couldn't think about. He refused to think about it. If he went back to Afghanistan and retired from the Marine Corp as an old man, that would be good, and if he took the job, not so much so. Joe suddenly hoped that he didn't.

Charlie Ray was driving through the outskirts of Bulverde toward US HWY 281. The Sheriff had fallen asleep laying crunched up in the back seat, when suddenly out of the shadows on the left side, a black SUV struck the Toyota Camry just aft of the rear seat with enough velocity to spin the car into the center of the roadway. The two tires on the passenger side of the car caught enough traction to cause the car to tumble side over side three complete revolutions before ending up-right in the middle of the road. The drivers side air-bags were deployed, and for a split second, Charlie Ray didn't know up from down. The Sheriff was knocked totally unconscious and was temporally incapacitated.

The first thing that Charlie noticed was that black SUV was headed in their direction, and bullets were striking the car. The driver and the passenger in the SUV were both firing repeatedly in their direction.

Charlie tried to restart the car but it wouldn't start. Charlie grabbed his handgun and took careful aim at the driver as the SUV was rapidly approaching. He took two, carefully aimed quick shots that both hit the driver in the forehead. The SUV swerved off the road and into a ditch. It struck the opposite side of the ditch with enough force to most probably kill the other occupant.

Charlie climbed out of car and dragged the Sheriff out of the back seat and onto the side of the roadway.

A rocket came from 100 yards down the road and hit Charlie's rented Camry. It burst into flames. So much for the guy in the trunk. Where did this shooter come from? I thought there was only two of them! Wasn't there? Charlie thought.

Charlie checked the Sheriff for bleeding and broken bones and didn't find any. He then tried to revive the Sheriff, but no such luck. Joe did have a good size goose-egg on his right forehead. His pulse was normal. Charlie hoped that he was okay and said a prayer for his mentor and friend. He then hid him in the bush under a fallen tree. After reloading his handgun with a full magazine he was ready to search, find and destroy this shooter.

He sat quietly near the Sheriff and listened. Shortly after the rocket hit the car, the fuel tank erupted. Once the fuel was burned up, the fire settled to a constant state. Charlie could smell the burning flesh of the guy in the trunk.

Stealthy, the shooter was approaching the burning car from the same side of the road where the Sheriff was hidden and Charlie was sitting. In Afghanistan, Charlie would have already known if this was a bad guy and would have simply pumped a couple rounds into him. But what if this was a farmer or a kid playing the roll of a sneak? Charlie couldn't just kill the guy, although, that would have been the safest thing to do.

Unexpectedly, Charlie saw the guy first, and he was wearing night vision goggles. He was carrying a small automatic weapon, probably an Uzi or a Mac-10. Now, there was no doubt! This was the bad guy! The decision was made . . . wait only for the best kill shot and do it.

Seconds later Charlie pumped two 45-caliber rounds into the skull of the bad guy.

"What's going on?" the Sheriff asked as he was slowly coming around.

“It is a bit wild to say the least, but I have just ended the lives of three of your enemies.” Charlie whispered. “How do you feel Papa Joe?”

“Well, I have a major goose-egg on my head, and I have a little head ache, but other than that I think I’m okay. What that smell?” The Sheriff asked.

“Some of the odor is my rent car burning. The burning flesh odor is the guy that was in the trunk. There are a couple dead guys in the black SUV, and another that I just shot less than twenty feet from here.”

“Charlie Ray can you get a signal on your cell?”

“My cell went up in smoke along with my rental car. Avis isn’t going to be happy and neither is AT&T. You still have yours. Do you have a signal?”

“How did you know that?” the Sheriff asked.

“I felt it in your pocket when I checked you for wounds and broken bones after I dragged you down here.” Charlie answered.

“You are the best Charlie Ray, you pulled me out of the fire and saved my butt, and I’ll be eternally grateful. Thank you, Charlie Ray! You know that you mean a lot to me, as much as anyone on this earth. I don’t want to get mushy, but I wanted you to know. Okay?”

“I know, Papa Joe, you are important to me, too. Do you have a signal on your cell?”

“Barely have a bar and a half.”

The Sheriff then called Liz and asked her to send someone that she could trust in an unmarked car to pick them up. If they hurried, maybe they can get to us before someone from Bulverde shows up. Liz was very aware of the fact that someone very powerful within the Federal Government was trying to eliminate the Sheriff. She knew someone who lived in Bulverde and they should be there momentarily. They did and departed the scene unnoticed.

They stopped at the first pay phone and notified the local authorities who were sleeping on the job. Dawn was swiftly approaching.

As Sheriff Joe was reminiscing the events of the day. He felt comfort knowing that this ending of these four attempted assassins would be a great puzzle to those who had hired them. They would know that Joe had won, but it would be a while before they knew it.

What kind of feeble-minded human being would try and murder an elected law officer and for what? Joe knew that it was all about power. Power over the poor, ignorant American people who had become so lackadaisical that they would believed almost anything, particularly if it came from an official of the Federal Government. The world had become so godless that they would follow any old dog. They would assume that if it was a dog it had to be a hunter. All dogs don’t hunt.

Chapter 9 will be available in the Viewsletter Issue 96, May/June 2014.

Half Truths

Is there such a thing as a half-truth? Anyone with a logical mind can understand that if you taint a truth with a lie, it is no longer a truth and has become a lie. And, if you fail to know the entire truth you maybe, and probably are, dealing with a lie . . . particularly if much of the story is deliberately hidden. Although, a statement may seem to be true at first, when the whole story is revealed the error becomes obvious. Often doubt is used to promote ones side of an argument particularly if that side of the argument is untruthful. Much time could be spent on semantics and example after example could be shown about the duplicity of half-truths. One thing is perfectly clear, and that is; **THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH** is as rare as hens teeth, therefore, it is a valuable commodity in the world today. If only people were interested and knew its use.

Typically, most Americans think of the Declaration of Independence as a document that was used to announce our separation from Great Britain, and that the Constitution of the United States, is a list of rules and laws for the American people. NOT EXACTLY!

Very few Americans have a clue as to where our rights come from. Where do we the people of the USA receive our rights? The first document written and ratified by our forefathers was the Declaration of Independence. This is where the answer to this question is found. The second paragraph of this document reads:

“We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.”

The whole truth is that we get our rights from our Creator. Not the President, not the Congress, not the Supreme Court, but we get our rights from God, the Creator of all things including the Universe. He is The Sovereign God, the Highest of the high. There are many more rights other than life, liberty and our pursuit of happiness, however, most of them could be placed in one of these three categories. Second question? Why did our founding fathers see the need for a government? The answer to this question is in the very next paragraph of the Declaration of Independence, and it reads:

“That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.”

It is not difficult to understand that Almighty God gave us our rights, and our government was instituted to protect those rights.

What is the Constitution all about? The preamble to the Constitution answers this question, and it reads:

“We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America.”

If you read the Constitution, you will find that this Document does two very important things. First, it defines the government and second, it limits the power of the government. The limiting of governmental power is a very frustrating truth for many people. Many professional politicians (those who have remained in office more than two or three terms) are starving for power and hate being limited. Most of them are University-educated, and many have law degrees. They have been trained by the best of the best on what to say, when to say it, and to place the spin always in their own favor. Half-truths are their tools of choice, and they have learned how to use them in a worldly and wise way. I encourage you to read the Constitution and all the amendments. I think you will find that what I am saying here to be true.

Now having this understanding of the Declaration of Independence, and the understanding of the purpose of the law of the land which is the Constitution, let's read an amendment that is contradictory to the heart and intent of the Constitution. There is overwhelming doubt and some evidence that the 16th and the 17th Amendments were never lawfully ratified. However, for the purpose of this essay, I will set this argument aside. Instead, I will try and point out some obvious half-truths.

The 16th Amendment reads: “The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several states, and without regard to any census or enumeration.”

What State of these United States would ratify such an Amendment? It is obviously a contradiction to the whole heart, soul and intent of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. This obvious half-truth changed much of the intent of the Constitution and caused much of it to be reworded.

Now, this so-called taxing power, The 16th Amendment, and the IRS (the IRS is nothing more than a collection agency for the Federal Reserve Bank) are used to intimidate the American people. They are used to place fear in our church leaders, they are used to punish the party that is not in power, and now they are used to implement the Affordable Care Act. The 16th Amendment and the Internal Revenue Service are two of the many half-truths that the Wordsmiths of our day are using to intimidate, rob and enslave Americans. Not only does the 16th Amendment smell like deceit the IRS is NOT a part of our government just as there is nothing Federal about the Federal Reserve Bank.

When any employee of our Government promotes half-truths to be true, not only are they dealing in falsehood they are committing insurrection and treason.

~Adverse Yaw

Around the House

~by Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

I suppose that it comes with the territory of getting older, but I have developed a weak stomach. It seems that if the Boss drops something on the kitchen floor and fails to pick it up right away, I will grab it and eat it. Or if Linda or the Boss offers me too much popcorn which they used to do, and I ate it which I always did, I just might puke it back up in the hour that followed. It has gotten to the point that the Boss calls me Puker-Dog. That may sound funny to you, but I don't appreciate it at all. There is no humor in puking especially when a tiny little pile of vomit on the carper causes such a tumultuous hullabaloo from the remainder of the family. Goodness! You'd think I was a leper, it's only a small little pile of puke, I wish they'd give me a break. Oh well, I refuse to have anymore bad thoughts today. I'll only entertain good, clean and wholesome thoughts. Enough about puke!

I have come to enjoy listening to the music that the Boss listens to, artists like Andrea Bocelli, Katharine McPhee, John Denver, Randy Travis, Nora Jones, James Taylor, Peter, Paul and Mary, and the older ones who have already gone, artists of yesterday like Elvis Presley, Ella Fitzgerald, Louis Armstrong, Perry Como and Eddy Arnold. Music is awesome. The Boss claims that music is a connector to higher dimensions. Oh, he listens to much more than these, but these are my favorites. This is the kind of music that seem to relax me and help me to forget any anxiety that may have crept into my mind. I agree with him that good quality music is a gift from the Creator.

Not to sound negative or unappreciative, but this cold weather has got to stop. I'm too old to be tippy-toeing through belly-deep snow. Do you know what I mean? Can you feel my pain? Global warming? Give me a break! Many people and dogs who have some sort of platform and the ability to communicate with the masses often use fear to manipulate their audiences. Well, it should be plain enough to see that there is really no such thing as 'Global Warming.' Fortunes have been extorted from the IGMOs of America because of fear. Another thing! How stupid are we to believe that these wind turbines are profitable? Is it stupidity or gullibility? Which ever, it is expensive. Big time Gov. Spending!

Well, I can't wait for Springtime. I'm getting all geared up for setting some ambushes for BoatTails.

Well, I'm out of room, gotta' go. Keep your nose into the wind!

~Bark