
VIEWS LETTER

Volume 91, Issue 1

AWD's Views, News & Items of Interest

July/August 2013

<http://TheViewsLetter.com>

THOUGHTS ABOUT TRUTH

~*Adverse Yaw*

What can I say about the word truth? The lie and the use of deceit were first used in the Garden of Eden when Satan, while in the form of a serpent, said to Eve, "You will not surely die. For God knows that when you eat of it your eyes will be opened, and you will be like God, knowing good and evil."

As Eve had previously stated in this scripture, she knew that she was not suppose to partake of this particular tree because God had told them both not to do so. Why did she do it? What was she thinking? And, why did she deliberately defy Almighty God?

What about Adam? How could Adam be so deceived by Eve that he, too, partook of the forbidden fruit? They both used their freedom and liberty that God gave them to choose with to choose, and they both chose wrong. Maybe, they didn't know the difference between truth and fiction. It maybe that they wanted more authority, more power or more something. Who knows what they were thinking at the time, but the results of their thoughts are evidence that they were thinking wrongly. Whatever their thoughts were that caused them to believe these lies ultimately cost them their lives and caused them much pain and sorrow before their deaths. Why? These things happened because they defied Almighty God's specific instructions.

Deceit remains one of the most powerful tools used by Satan to deceive mankind into believing a myriad of things that are just not true. Telling people to search for truth and the importance of truth is similar to telling people to laugh because laughter is important for their health. We laugh because we feel that something is so funny, and we can't help ourselves but to laugh. Yes, laughter is good for our health and it doesn't hurt to try to find a little humor in almost everything. Laughter is something that cannot be faked nor can it be conjured up at will.

There are things worse than phony laughter. However, phony laughter is obviously an untruth or a lie. Have you ever attended the show of a standup comedian who is using old material that isn't very funny? (If you are watching it on TV you probably change the channel.) People are forcing themselves to laugh because they want to be happy, and in someway, they think laughing will do the trick. You may be laughing along with them to be polite or to go along with the crowd, but deep inside yourself, you know that the laughter is not true. Everyone around you seems to be laughing. How can this be? Why do intelligent people continue to believe things that are obviously not true? There are hundreds of reasons, in this case, they probably just want to feel good and happy. In all honesty, the heckler in the crowd is probably the only honest one there. Of course, there will be a few people that are not even smiling, and some who are asleep.

If (the big word, if) we were more interested in the truth than we are our own ideas of what truth should be we just might find it, we might have a new ability to see it, and we might have more ability to understand it.

Sir Winston Churchill, The Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain during WWII, said of truth, "Malice may attack it, ignorance may deride it, but in the end, there it is." Sir Winston's statement seems simple enough. Why is it that a vast number of Americans will not or cannot grasp this fact? The truth is that there are many political leaders (one in particular, and I won't insult you by mentioning his name) who demonstrates their willingness to use deception and deceit in almost everything they do. They are either incompetent or they are diabolical in their nature, full of envy, hatred and arrogance. Either way, these people have made the deliberate decision to deceive their constituents. Sometimes they have been deceptive so often

and for so long that they have become pathological, and they believe their own deceit. These are certainly bona-fide IGMOS.

The people that are easiest to deceive are the people that are interested in their own version of the truth. These people could care less about the real truth. They are interested only in themselves. They are selfish, arrogant and self-centered. These people are bona-fide IGMOS because they are incapable of knowing the truth. (Brings to mind the words of Jack Nicholson in the movie "A Few Good Men, "You can't handle the truth!" which was in fact a lie as well.)

Other people that are easy to deceive are the working people who scrape to make ends meet. Many of them hold down two maybe three jobs and are trying to raise children. They scrape and scrimp to keep food on the table. These people maybe a little ignorant but they are not moronic. Their biggest problem is that they are hurting, and they are willing to accept the lies along with the food stamps. (There is something we Christians could learn from this. People will be willing to hear the truth after a good meal.) With a little education and honest opportunity this group could learn to love truth.

Some Americans are 2nd, 3rd and 4th generation welfare recipients. Many of these recipients have learned to work the system. These are takers, and they are extremely unhappy people. The truth about work is that it is not a curse. Work is a fantastic blessing. Adam, the first man created by God, worked in the garden. The curses didn't begin until after Adam and Eve were deceived and believed the first lie. This group of Americans are bona-fide IGOMS.

There are people who gain their wealth from the status quo. These individuals have learned to churn the present political system. (Some of them are deceivers themselves.) They have learned to make money and obtain power during times of prosperity and/or during times of famine. They will go to whatever means necessary in order to create wealth and power. Wars, death, famine, destruction, desolation and pain are of no concern to them. Why would they be interested in truth? Truth would require that they be more productive and less decadent. This is another group of Americans who are arrogant, self-serving and think only of themselves. They believe the only truth is their own truth which in reality is not true at all. Truth would be extremely beneficial to them, but they can't see it because they choose not to see it. Why are they this way? I don't know. They are, however, another set of bona-fide IGMOS.

So, what is to be done? People cannot be forced to see and understand truth anymore than they can be forced to love their neighbor. Deceit and deception are sent to us in a powerful way by a powerful force. This force is evil in its character, and the highest evil within it is Satan himself.

The Holy Bible is one place where truth can be found. IGMOS would have you believe that the Bible is nothing more than a book of fables. But, the truth is that the Bible is much more than that. It contains the truth. It was written by God's instruction. Jesus, himself, stated in John 14:6, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me." IGMOS would have you believe another lie, in that Jesus is not who Jesus said that he was. But, you know what? There is evidence everywhere that Jesus was alive, that he was crucified, that he arose from the grave. and that he ascended to Heaven. Presently He sits by His Father in Heaven.

IGMOS and Communist would have you believe that we just happened, and that there is no Creator, no Christ, no Savior, no Heaven and no Hell. We just happened to evolve over millions of years of evolution. The very idea of evolution is such an obvious lie that it takes a bona-fide IGOM to believe it.

That is about all I have to say about that right now.

~*Adverse Yaw*

**In every waking moment, it is our next choice
that makes us who we are.**

~Melissa McPhail

ATTITUDE IS THE DETERMINING FACTOR IN THE MEANING OF LIFE

I just finished a wonderful book by Viktor Frankl, “Man’s Search for Meaning”

I was told that the only part of the book that might be of interest to me was the first part. But, I thoroughly enjoyed the entire book. The second part did require the use of a dictionary on occasion.

Dr. Frankl was an Austrian Psychiatrist who was incarcerated during WWII in several concentration and extermination camps in Europe. Twenty-five out of twenty-six prisoners did not survive those camps. Before his incarceration, he had developed a psychotherapy known as Logotherapy which dealt with more logic than many earlier forms of psychotherapy. (Keep in mind that my descriptions are of an uneducated student and layman.)

The book is an eye opener, and I recommend that people who search for truth and meaning in their lives give it a read.

A few things that I learned from reading this book:

My own theory that attitude is one of the most important aspects of living a life of meaning was confirmed by this book.

If a person has a WHY they will be able to determine the HOW. If there is no WHY in their life, they are left with a void and an emptiness. Life without a WHY is a miserable existence. (This might explain why unemployed people on the dole are so unhappy.)

Below is an excerpt from the ‘Afterward’ by William J Winslade. In this excerpt, he is quoting a Norwegian professor of philosophy who had been incarcerated in a Nazi concentration camp. He writes;

“My colleague remarked how strongly he agreed with Frankl about the importance of nourishing one’s inner freedom, embracing the value of beauty in nature, art, poetry, and literature and feeling love for family and friends. But, other personal choices, activities, relationships, hobbies, and even simple pleasures can also give meaning to life. Why then, do some people find themselves feeling so empty? Frankl’s wisdom here is worth emphasizing: it is a question of the ATTITUDE one takes toward life’s challenges and opportunities, both large and small. A positive attitude enables a person to endure suffering and disappointment as well as enhances enjoyment and satisfaction. A negative attitude intensifies pain and deepens disappointments, it undermines and diminishes pleasure, happiness and satisfaction. It may even lead to depression or physical illness.”

All of this brings to mind the popular song of the 60ies, “(I Can’t Get No) Satisfaction” by The Rolling Stones. Perhaps a better title for this song would have been “My Attitude is Crummy, and I’m so DISSATISFIED. But, then what do I know? I’m just an old retired Aviator.

~*Adverse Yam*

**Everything can be taken from a man but one thing:
the last of the human freedoms—to choose one’s
attitude in any given set of circumstances, to
choose one’s own way.**

~*Dr. Viktor Frankl*

Preparing For The Storm

Chapter 4

As Sheriff Joe helped Abby retrieve her fallen crutch, he noticed two uniformed policemen sitting in the lobby of the ER watching the Spurs game on TV. He was pleased to find a chair in a corner where Abby could sit in relative privacy as they waited on the doctor.

Both cops stood up as the Sheriff approached. The younger was a rookie and that was in the early training portion of his career. The older introduced himself and the younger cop to the Sheriff. They had no news for the Sheriff that he didn't already know from his conversation with the dispatcher. Their instructions were to notify the Detective assigned to the case as soon as the doctor made his report to them.

Joe explained to them about Abby and asked if they would watch her while he made some calls just outside. He asked them to come notify him as soon as the doctor appeared.

Joe motioned to Abby that he would be right back and went outside under the drive-thru and called the number that the dispatcher had sent him for Lt. Walters.

The phone rang once and a voice answered, "Walters."

"Lt Walters, this is Sheriff Joe Flynn. I understand that you have been assigned to the shooting of Elizabeth Washington. It that correct?"

"Yes Sir, I'm the one. And, I assume that you want to know all that we know which isn't very much right now." The detective replied.

"I would like to know everything possible, every little detail. Okay?" The Sheriff was very clear.

"I understand. We know that she was shot twice in the upper abdomen. We know that she got off two shots. However, we know that she didn't hit her target because we found both bullets logged in the wooden siding of the house across the street. There was no evidence left behind by the shooter, no casings, no foot prints, no tire marks, nothing. Hopefully, the victim will be able to give us a description of whoever it was that shot her. That is everything that I know at this time." The detective was very specific.

"Okay thank you Lt. Walters, please keep me posted on everything." The Sheriff closed his phone put it away and went back into the waiting room to wait with Abby.

A text message was sent from an unidentifiable cell phone in the San Antonio area to another unidentifiable cell phone in the Washington, DC area. The message read: "Mission is accomplished. The target was hit but not killed. You failed to mention that the target had police experience. She got off a couple shots at me. If you want me to work for you again you better pull your head out!" Both phones were destroyed as soon as the message was sent and read.

Another unidentifiable cell phone in the Baltimore area sent a message to the Sheriff's cell which read: "Release the prisoner immediately or others will be harmed more permanently! We will be watching."

Irritation to a point of almost rage struck the Sheriff when he read the text message. Now what, he thought. I must control my emotions!

His right-hand-man or in his case woman, was now in an ER surgical room, unconscious under the surgeon's knife. The doctor was trying to retrieve bullets fired at her by someone within our own federal government. If what they want to do was to get his attention, they just got it all right, and the more he thought about it the more resolve he had. Sheriff Joe Flynn was immediately transformed from a gentle giant to a vicious adversary. He would do whatever was necessary, no cost was too great, no stone would be unturned, he was committed to get to the bottom of this or die in the process. When it came to the fight he had always figured I'm already dead and nothing is left to do but the best that I can do.

This sort of emotion was easier to conceal from Abby than when they were both sobbing about the wounding of her mother. He kept his cool and said nothing to Abby. He had barely put his phone away when the doctor approached the policemen in the lobby. Sheriff was there before the doctor could say a word. The Sheriff introduced himself and awaited the doctor's reply.

"The patient has lost a lot of blood, one of the bullets nicked her spleen, and she could have easily died because of bleeding. We have removed her spleen and repaired other damage. Nothing else is serious. She should make a full recovery. She is upstairs in ICU and will remain there for the next few hours. She should be coming around and be able to talk in an hour or so. Please don't stress her anymore than necessary. Any questions?" The doctor, a reservist with two tours in Iran seemed to know his way around gun shot wounds. He was honest and frank.

Abby asked the doctor, "Is my mama strong? And, will her recovery be long?"

"She seems strong to me, and if so, she should be on her feet in a couple days. If you think of any other questions, I'll be here the remainder of the night so call me if you want." The doctor was looking directly at Abby when he answered.

"Doc, did you retrieve the bullets?" The older cop asked.

"Yes, we did. They are a very small caliber. Looked like 22 cal. to me, but I'm no ballistics expert. We have saved both of them. The ER nurse has them in a plastic bag, she will give them to you. Anything else?" The surgeon asked, then paused, waiting for their reply.

The Sheriff, the cops and Abby all thanked him as he turned and disappeared into the interior of the ER.

The Sheriff looked Abby in the eye as he held her close, "That is good news and a blessing that Liz will be back to her normal self soon." The Sheriff told her as they embraced for the better part of a minute, Abby saying nothing. Tears of relief streamed down her beautiful brown face as she didn't want to let him go. "Do you want me to call your brother or do you want to?"

"I will, Papa Joe. Right now, I just want to see my Mama and take her home."

"I know, Abby, I've got to get back to the office, but before I leave I want to get a couple of deputies here to look after you and your mom. For now lets find the intensive care unit's waiting room.

Abby knew that her brother would want to know. She called a friend who worked in the Red Cross and informed her of her situation. She begged her not to tell her brother what happened, but to let him know that she urgently needed to talk to him. She begged the friend to have him call her cell ASAP.

The Sheriff hung around for another hour waiting for Liz to awaken from the anesthesia. When she did come around, Joe was there. He spoke softly to her, but didn't mention the text message that he had received, only that he was going to have some of his deputies standing near. If she needed anything, anything at all, she was just to let him know. Liz was drowsy and unable to make sense. After making sure that Abby would be okay and his deputies arrived, he headed back to his home where many of his buddies still remained after the Spurs game.

They all sat in his den as he told them about the shooting and the text msg. Sheriff Joe was making ready for war, and he wanted to see how many of his friends were willing to risk life-and-limb to combat some of the evil in the world. All of them were ready. Most of them had led boring lives since they came back from Vietnam and were itching for something more exciting than a Spurs game on a Tuesday night.

"I'm going to need several hundred deputies. They all must be trustworthy and able to remain silent and stay in the shadows. I am depending on you guys to get your friends to help me. Only those who you know that can be trusted, and lets get them deputized. Actually, I could use a thousand good faithful and trustworthy men. If we can't remain under the radar on this accumulation of men there could be a small war. I want to know these men well, and I want them to protect me and all of my deputies especially Liz and Abby. They must be willing to use whatever means necessary, and conceal the fact that they are working for me. I must know them personally. You guys show up with a few of your friends at the Ruben's Taco Shop on Broadway every morning around 0700. There is a banquet room where we can meet. First meeting is to start morning after next." Sheriff swore in the group that remained at his home and dismissed the meeting with the admonition to get armed, stay armed and to remain in the shadows.

Sheriff Joe rang Abby's phone and asked about Liz. She told the Sheriff that her mom was doing great but was resting. Abby sounded tired, but relieved. She told the Sheriff that she had talked to her brother and that he was headed home and would be here in two days three at the most.

* * * * *

"Look, I have already told you! I know that we can't tolerate this cowboy County Sheriff arresting federal employees and locking them up without bail. We tried to put the fear of death into him and that didn't seem to

work. We should have eliminated him instead of what we did, but we didn't, so now, we will have to do something else." The Attorney General said talking to the head of Homeland Security on a park bench near the Lincoln Memorial. "The Dark Ops commander tried to tell me that, but I wouldn't listen."

"So what now?" Jane Napolee asked.

"We are down to two choices. We can forget about it and try to get our friends in the media to hide it or take this cowboy out," the Attorney General, Alvin Dyson, replied.

"I don't like this crap coming from a two-bit County Sheriff, and if he is allowed to succeed in getting this to trial and winning, it will be horrible news for the entire federal government. Every country bumpkin with a star pinned to his or her chest will be arresting any and all the federal employees that they don't agree with. I say take him out ASAP. Better to kill one man and put the fear into the rest of them. What do you think?" she huffed, struggled and squirmed on the narrow bench trying to make herself sound like a rough and tough customer. She wasn't anything like she imagined herself to be.

"Well, you need to know that there are major risks in an assassination, especially of an elected official. We just can't walk up and shoot him. We can get a sniper to take him out, however, this type of death points a finger somewhere—everyone would know that someone with the resources to do it that way, were probably the one who killed him. Of course, it could be blamed on drug dealers, but the drug dealers have friends in high places, and I don't think those friends would cooperate. Any assassination attempt might implicate the Government under the circumstances. The news of the TSA persons arrest is already in the San Antonio Express, the only newspaper that is still published in San Antonio. It made all the networks including the Spanish channels. Everyone is talking about it. People that fly all the time are sick of dealing with the TSA. It wasn't the smartest thing the Government has allowed to happen. There are better ways to protect the flying public," Dyson spoke, his focus on the trunk of a cherry blossom tree across the walkway from where they were sitting.

"What then?" the fat little lady asked impatiently.

"I don't know. Text me at this number, 943-561-1333 the code 2by4 if you want to talk, and I'll meet you here one hour after I receive the text. Okay?" And, I'll expect the same from you. Do you have a throwaway cell phone number?"

She told him yes and gave him the number. She got up and departed to the east, and after a couple minutes, he departed to the south.

* * * * *

Female Jail Guard Mary Armstrong approached the isolated cell of Edith Stone shortly after she had been photographed, finger printed and booked into jail. Mary was well built like a weight-lifter, but she was an attractive woman with a large kind smile.

"Hi, I'm Mary, and I'll be your guard for the remainder of the day. Is there anything that I can get for you or any thing that I can do to make you more comfortable?" Mary politely asked.

"You can tell me about your homophobic Sheriff. But, you probably won't! Will you?"

"Well, I can tell you this, Sheriff Joe is not homophobic. Okay? Look, I used to be lesbian, but, praise God, not anymore! I have talked to him several times over the years, and he could care less about a person's sexual life. All I know about Sheriff Joe is that he expects an honest days work for an honest days pay. I don't know what you have done but you are not here because of your sexual preference, I know that. Isn't the reason for your arrest treason?" Mary asked, although she knew the reason. "And, besides I'm not trying to trap you or get any information that could harm you. I don't even want to talk about why you are here. You are here, and I am here and there isn't much that we can do to change this. We all need friends and I'm only offering you my friendship. I lived a life of a lesbian for many years, and I know how isolated that can be. I'll be a friend, that's all, and nothing more. I have a job as a guard, but there is no reason we can't be friends. Thank about it. Okay?"

Edith remained silent with her back to Mary for the better part of a minute and finally answered. "I don't know what to think."

“Well, give it some thought, I’ll see you before my shift is over, and if you are still not sure, I’ll see you tomorrow. I have Saturdays and Sundays off, but I’m here Monday through Friday seven AM until four PM.” Mary turned and left the cellblock.

The prisoner never turned around to face Mary as tears were running down her face and dripping onto the floor of her cell.

Mary Marie Pritchett Armstrong was once an admitted but in the closet lesbian. In those days, she had no feelings of love for men or any man whatsoever. Her father didn’t want another girl when she was born, and she was the one that he didn’t want. She couldn’t please him as a girl so she pleased him as a boy the best that she could. He wanted a boy, but got Mary.

She didn’t realize her deep resentment toward him until in her mid-thirties when she met and received counseling from, Ethel, a Christian woman who had experienced similar treatment from her father. After befriending Ethel, Mary accepted Christ and became a born-again Christian. Finally, she understood why she had felt the way she had when she had been with women sexually. Then she met Charlie in Sunday School, they fell deeply in love and neither of them have been the same since. They have never had much money but they got by. They didn’t mind being poor as long as they were poor together, with each other.

* * * * *

Charles Raymond Washington, graduated from the second class of, MARSOC, Marine Corps Forces Special Operations Command and had attained the rank of E-7. He had been deployed dozens of times, had been wounded once and had already made more than a hundred combat jumps. All the missions he had completed, and he couldn’t talk about them except with his buddies in MARSOC. He was well respected by his peers and had the reputation of being fearless.

He was the spitting image of the man he was named after, Ray Charles. He loved wearing the big black, framed dark glasses and would walk around like he was blind. People would often ask if he was Ray Charles. His canned answer was, “No, Charles Ray,” then he would belly laugh and have the best time. Charlie was very tall, thin and nice-looking black man. Because of his resemblance to Ray Charles, he had learned to play the piano and could actually sing and sound a little like Ray Charles. He had the head movement down and had become quite the showman.

No one would ever suspect that he could be the lethal killing machine that he was. He thrived on the excitement of the hunt, the chase and the kill. He was very comfortable as a MARSOC Marine and had no intention of ever doing anything else.

When her brother reached Abby on her phone she was sitting with their Mama at the hospital. Liz was still drowsy from the anesthetic and was sleeping peacefully. The Sheriff had already departed after he had assigned two deputies as guards outside the room.

Abby spoke softly to her older brother who was seven years her senior. “Charles, Mama has been shot, but she is going to be alright. She is sleeping peacefully, now, and needs her rest. She lost a lot of blood Charlie, it scared me so,” she said as she began to cry softly. Her tears fell on her hand and the phone. “I don’t know what I would do without Mama.”

“I knew something was wrong when I got the call from the Red Cross. Wow! I’ll be there as soon as I can, probably no sooner than late tomorrow night. Are, you going to be okay? I love you, Sis. Take this number and call me if anything changes. Also if you could ask the Sheriff to call me when he can.” Charlie gave her the number and after goodbyes ended the call.

* * * * *

The morning after the arrest, the Sheriff met with several of his old friends and almost twenty new faces. All were younger, clean-cut and with at least a year of combat experience.

The Sheriff explained to them that he expected an attempt on his life. It could be an arranged accident or possibly a sniper hit, but that it would be attempted by professionals, and chances were good that they just might

succeed. He told them all as a group that being a deputy during this period would be extremely dangerous, and he would totally understand if any of them didn't want to take the risk for whatever reason. None of them declined. He swore them all in and set up a time for each of the new guys to come to his office for a visit. The Sheriff wanted to know them and for them to know him. He planned an hour for each of their visits. So, he asked that they show up in groups of three or four. The times were arranged.

The Sheriff realized that the world would go on without him. He knew that he had much more to contribute, and that he could do it better alive and healthy than dead or critically wounded.

The situation was touchy, Edith (Bobbie) Stone had been in jail less than twenty-four hours, and already his deputy/secretary had been deliberately wounded. Whoever it was behind this malfeasance had made it perfectly clear to him that they would go to any means necessary to have their way. It wouldn't bother him if it were only himself who was in harms way, but his Secretary, possibly her children and who knows who else they might harm or kill. Sheriff Flynn knew that he himself was probably the most important target. He was the fly in the ointment that was causing the problem. It worried him that should he be killed everyone else would fold, so he wouldn't allow that to happen, he just couldn't.

The Sheriff set traps for would-be intruders at his home, and he borrowed an old pickup truck from a trusted friend to drive which he parked a block away from his house. He didn't go anywhere, he just appeared there. He started thinking like he did when he was on recon deep behind enemy lines in Vietnam. He deliberately doubled his situational awareness. He started thinking about himself in disguise. It wasn't easy for an old man to be so suspicious about everything, but he knew his survival depended on it.

MORE TO COME NEXT TIME.
SEPT/OCT 2013 VIEWSLETTER.

Facts do not cease to exist because they are ignored.

~Aldous Huxley

Around the House

~By *Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

People say that a dog has a sixth sense about bad weather. They know it's coming long before it gets here. I don't know about that. But I do know that we have been hammered this Spring with scary weather. Less than 15 miles east of here in the city of Moore, a massive tornado came through like a giant vacuum cleaner. It just sucked up houses, cars, pets and people. Not to mention the poor horses, pets, people and property that were punctured and lacerated by flying debris. Someone in Heaven doesn't seem to like some of us Okies very much.

People are suppose to be much more intelligent than dogs! At least that is what the Boss keeps telling me. A week and a half after the Moore storm another one hits so near our house that everyone in town evacuated. The weatherman on Channel four was screaming for everyone in Mustang to evacuate. You would have thought that they had already launched a nuclear attack, and we were all going to die in five minutes. That didn't seem so smart to me! I could have told them that everything was going to be all right. The Boss kept telling me, Linda and the poodle dog, Jock, that this is worse than an evacuation in the event of a nuclear attack. I am surprised that a multitude of people, pets and

others were not totally destroyed by the panic. People were driving like crazy people on the last day of their life. Where is faith in God anyway? I don't understand people at all.

All four of us were stuffed inside the Yo truck headed to who knows where. Three and a half hours later we ended up in Chickasha out of gas and with nothing to eat or drink. Not only that, but the traffic isn't this bad in downtown Chickasha when they are having a double funeral and everyone in town is headed for the graveyard.

We found a service station/convenience store that was open with restrooms for the Boss, fuel for the YO truck, and something to eat for Linda and the Boss. I don't mind saying, I felt a little left out. Well, this isn't the first time that I have felt rejection. However, I'm a pretty tough little dog, if you know what I mean.

There were so many people at this store that the lines for using the toilet, and for paying out at the cash register were eight or nine people long. Seriously, you would have thought there was a press conference called by the President. The time of day was midnight or later! Never have I ever seen anything like it before in my whole life. I tell ya, people are strange critters, there is no doubt about that in my little dog mind.

Things have settled down considerably, now, that it is nearing the end of June. I've seen several Boat Tail Grackles but they are real flighty. I have managed to capture, kill and eat a small black bird. I think this one must have been a spring chick as there really wasn't much there.

The Frenchman, Jock, is getting lazy, he spends most of his time curled up in his bed. He is not near the pest that he used to be. He was always spoiling my ambushes, not so much anymore. I almost had me a Boat Tail yesterday. I'll get me one pretty soon. I have to get my sneaky skills sharpened up a little.

Well, the heat is taking over. It seldom cools down to much more than eighty degrees f. During the day it gets close to a hundred and to hear the news people and Linda tell it, it's always heat index and not the actual temperature. So, they will be saying 105, 108 and 110 deg. I'm with the Boss on this one. Hot is hot, it doesn't matter how you say it, heat index or actual temperature.

Well, I'm running out of my allotted space so I'll wind it up.

Don't forget to keep your nose headed into the breeze and watch your six. There was a hawk that got a little dog last week. No one has seen him since.

SEE YA LATER! ~BARK



**MY GRAND BABIES! CAN YOU SEE HOW HAPPY EVERYONE
IS?
ESPECIALLY THE OLD GUY!**

