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# NEWSLETTER

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Volume 12, Issue 1

AWD News and Other Things of Interest

May & June 2000

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## When all else fails, keep a-goin'!

By Don Taylor

This is the last column I'm going to write for publication this year (1999). However, I don't intend for this to be my last column. I plan to keep a-goin'!

Recently, I ran across a little book titled '101 Famous Poems.' It was published in 1929 and contains some beautiful classics. One of those is Frank L. Stanton's "Keep a-Goin." I want to share it with you.

If you strike a thorn or rose,  
Keep a-goin'!  
If it hails or if it snows,  
Keep a-goin'!  
'Taint no use to sit an' whine  
When the fish ain't on your line  
Bait your hook an' keep a-trying'  
Keep a-goin'!

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## In Combat

*This is a condensed version of a speech Brig. Gen. Mark Welsh gave to cadets at the U.S. Airforce Academy on Aug. 26, 1999:*

Over the years I've been asked to talk about Desert Storm, and not long ago I was asked to give a presentation on lessons I learned in that conflict. I sat down to make a list of all those great lessons I wanted to pass on to future generations.

When I finished I only had about 15 items, and realized that none of them were lessons learned. Every one was a person, or an event or just a feeling I had. But I have never forgotten them, and never will.

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## On a Wing and a Prayer

by Rick Reilly

*Writes for Sports Illustrated.*

Now this message is for America's most famous athletes: Someday you may be invited to fly in the back-seat of one of your country's most powerful fighter jets. Many of you already have -- John Elway, John Stockton, Tiger Woods to name a few. If you get this opportunity, let me urge you with the greatest sincerity....

Move to Guam. Change your name. Fake your own death. Whatever you do, do not go. I know. The US Navy invited me to try it. I was thrilled. I was pumped. I was toast!

I should've known when they told me my pilot would be Chip (Biff) King of Fighter Squadron 213 at Naval Air Station Oceana in Virginia Beach.

Whatever you're thinking a Top Gun named Chip (Biff) King looks like, triple it. He's about six-foot, tan, ice-blue eyes, wavy surfer hair, finger-crippling handshake -- the kind of man who wrestles dyspeptic alligators in his leisure time. If you see this

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Whether the weather kills your crop  
Keep a-goin'!  
Through 'tis work to reach the top,  
Keep a-goin'!  
S'pose you're out o' ev'ry dime,  
Gittin' broke ain't any crime;  
Tell the world you're feelin' prime  
Keep a-goin'!

When it looks like all is up,  
Keep a-goin'!  
Drain the sweetness from the cup,  
Keep a-goin'!  
See the wild birds on the wing,  
Hear the bells that sweetly ring,  
When you feel like sighin' , sing -  
Keep a-goin'!

Isn't that great? What a wonderful way to encourage others to persevere, try again and press on toward your goals.

To me it says, 'Don't quit, you'll get it. Don't start crying, just keep trying.' I want to add a few thoughts to Stanton's

### **Keep a-goin'**

I'd like to send this message to the folks listed below. It is also for you if you need a little encouragement. To the business owners who are struggling with hypercompetition---keep a-goin' . To the farmers and ranchers who feed us all----keep a-goin' . To the medical providers who are growing increasingly tired of long hours, grouchy patients and growing bureaucracy---keep a-goin' . To the teachers who are being stripped of discipline and reason in the classroom---keep a-goin' . To the truckers who grow weary with the pounding miles as you haul the goods we need to buy---Keep a-goin' . To the students who are struggling to keep up in class----keep a-goin' . To senior citizens who are wondering if life is worth the effort----keep a goin' . To the writers who are at a loss of words----keep a-goin' . To the families who are fighting hard to keep their heads above the financial whirlpool---keep a-goin' . To the people feeling hurt, anger and pain---keep a-goin' . To the men and women in our armed forces and law enforcement agencies who wonder if their efforts are still appreciated---they are---keep a-goin' . ↗

### **Tough Times Pass**

Yes, life goes on. Ecclesiastes 3:1 says, 'To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven.

There is always a reason that we go through the hard times. Though we don't get to choose our trials, we do get to choose whether we give up or hang on. I can tell you that hanging on is the best solution.

Never have great things come to those who give up. Nearly every great and successful person was simply a regular person at some time in life. The difference between the good and the great is that the great---keep a-goin' . It is the best advice I could ever give you.

*Bettye Berry of Commerce, Texas sent this article to AWD News. Isn't it great!*

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### *Combat Continued from page 1*

Every kind of combat is different. Aerial combat happens at about 1,000 miles an hour. It's hot fire, cold steel, instant death and big destruction. Ground combat is not that way. Those of you have heard infantry soldiers talk know that ground combat is endless time, soaking fear, big noises and darkness. Either way, your first combat is an intensely personal experience. Today I'll tell you some of the things I remember.

One week before the Desert Storm air campaign actually started, we were flying missions to northern Saudi Arabia to practice dropping simulated bombs at night on targets in the desert, so those of us who didn't routinely fly night missions would be ready if the war started.

On this particular night, when we were done with our run, we hit a post-strike tanker to gas up and then headed back toward the base. I climbed up to about 42,000 feet, plugged in the afterburner, put on the autopilot and leaned back in that tilt-back seat to stare at nature. It was a gorgeous night. Then, out on the horizon, I saw something I had never seen before and haven't seen again. It was a beautiful, huge white halo that went all the way around the moon. I'll never forget that halo.

I also won't forget that when I landed that night, my assistant operations officer met me at the bottom of the ladder to tell me we'd lost an airplane. The pilot was a young captain named Mike who had joined us only two weeks before because he'd stayed

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back in Utah to get married. He was on his second night ride.

We think that somehow Mike got a light on the ground confused with his flight lead's rotating beacon. He hit the ground going 600 miles an hour--he died relaxed. I don't think dying relaxed was good news to his wife when I called and spoke to her after we'd confirmed he was in that smoking hole, or to his mom and dad when I called them. I'll never forget those phone calls. And I'll never forget looking at his airplane, the helmet with his name on the visor, his spare G-suit hanging under the wing, and his crew chief saluting the jet while bagpipes played "Amazing Grace" in the background. Every fighter pilot on base had on big stupid sunglasses so nobody would know he was bawling. And I won't forget thinking, *How many more of these are we going to have when the war starts?*

The night before the war, we gathered our squadrons together at about 5 p.m. to give them their first briefing. Then I did what I thought was a real "commanderly" thing --- I told them to go back to their rooms and write a letter to their families. In that letter they were to shed all of the emotional baggage they'd otherwise take into combat. I told them they didn't fly until I got that letter.

#### **Writing That Letter**

Now, if you haven't had the pleasure of sitting down and thinking about your family, of telling your children you're sorry you won't be there to see their next ballet recital or Little League game, that you'll miss their high-school graduation, won't meet their future spouse or get to know your grandkids, you should try doing it on a piece of paper at midnight, from 9,000 miles away. If you haven't had the pleasure of telling your parents how important they were to you, or told your wife how the sun rises and sets in her eyes, then you haven't lived. I'd recommend it. I won't forget writing that letter.

The next morning we got up at about 1:30 because we had a 2:15 a.m. briefing. All my guys met in the chow hall, and then we jumped in cars to drive down for our mass briefing. As we drove down the road parallel to the runway, two things happened. The first was that Col. Tom Rackley's 421<sup>st</sup> fighter squadron lit its after burners as part of the first launch of the Gulf War. At 20-second intervals they lifted off, accelerating to about 400 miles an hour ↗

and disappearing at the end of the runway. I suddenly realized that it was the first time I'd ever seen airplanes take off without lights. We were blacked out for combat, and it was pretty sobering.

Then, as we were about halfway down this road, one of the guys in the car pointed. On the right was the base's tent city. Thousands of people--all those who weren't working that night--had come out of their tents when they heard the afterburners. They were in uniforms, in jeans and cutoffs; they were wearing underwear, pajamas--everything. But not one of them was talking. They were just watching these airplanes take off.

Also, each person was somehow in contact with the next. They were holding hands or arms, or they had an arm around a neighbor's shoulders or back or they were just leaning on each other. These people didn't even know each other. But they were all Americans. They were all warriors. And they were all part of the cause. I will never forget their faces in our headlights.

Later that morning, our initial briefing, we went to the life-support trailer where all the flying gear for my squadron was located. Now, anybody who's been in any kind of flying squadron knows that life support is a pretty raucous place. You're giving people grief; you're arguing about who's better at what---something is always going on and it's fun. That morning there wasn't a sound, not a whisper. I dressed listening to zippers as people pulled on flight gear. As each one left I wondered if he'd be coming back that afternoon. I'll never forget watching their backs disappear into the darkness.

During Desert Storm, Father John was our squadron chaplain. Father John was popular because he was the first guy to buy you a whiskey, the first guy to light up a cigar, the first guy to start the party and the last guy to leave. We knew Father John well and he fit in great with a fighter squadron.

The first day of the war, as I walked to my jet, I noticed that he was standing right in front of the nose. "Hey, I thought you might like a blessing before you go," Father John said. I immediately hated myself because I consider myself fairly comfortable in my religion, but I never thought of that. So I knelt down on the cement and Father John gave me a blessing.

As I was getting ready to climb up the ladder,

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*Combat continued from page 3.*

I noticed all these guys running out of the darkness; my other pilots had seen me and wanted Father John to bless them, too. So he did. And when everybody came back safe from the first sortie we decided: "That's it, Father John has to bless everybody." And from then on it didn't matter if you were Jewish or Baptist or Muslim, Father John gave a blessing.

Later on, talking to Col. Rackley, I found that Father John did the same for his guys. And every time I landed from a combat sortie, every single time my canopy opened, I'd first shake the hands of my crew chief, Sgt. Manny Villa, and then I'd climb down the ladder to Father John, who'd bless me and welcome me home.

A year and a half later, Father John dropped dead of a massive heart attack. Too much whiskey, too many cigars and too many parties, I guess. By the week after he died, 16 of the 28 pilots who flew in my squadron in Desert Storm had contacted his family in Stockton, Calif. They called from Korea, Europe, Australia and all over the U.S. to tell his family about Father John, and to bless him and ask God to walk him home. I'll never forget Father John.

Early in the war, we attacked a barracks complex in northwestern Iraq. There's a guy I want to tell you about who had a lot to do with a number of holes in that barracks' ammunition storage bunkers. His name's Ed.

Ed left for the desert while his wife, Jill was pregnant with their first child. Obviously, he couldn't go home for the birth. One night, my exec woke me up and told me I had a call at the command post. It was my wife, calling from Utah, who said, "Mark, I'm at the hospital in Ogden, and Jill is in labor, and she's having problems. Is there any way we can get Ed on the phone?" We went and roused Ed, and brought him down to the command center. And as he held the phone with one hand and talked to his wife, I sat in front of him in a chair and held his other hand. I could see the happiness in his eyes every time she talked back to him. I could see the worry and the pain in his eyes every time another contraction started and he heard her gasp or scream. I saw him smile when he heard his son, Nate, cry for the first time, 9,000 miles away. I'll never forget Nate.

Twelve hours after Ed hung up that ↗

phone, he was in a 12 ship of F-16s that hit those bunkers. It was the best battle-damage assessment we had in our squadron during the war. Ed went from a caring, loving father and husband to intense, indomitable warrior in just 12 hours. I'll never forget watching the transformation.

One of the most important things about combat is sound. Anybody who's been there will tell you that the things you hear are things you remember the longest. I want to tell you about two things I heard that I'll never forget. The first one was during one of our missions in the Baghdad area. An F-16 from another unit was hit by a surface to air missile. Over the strike common frequency, we listened to the pilot and his flight lead talk as he tried to make it to the border so that rescue could get to him. He'd come on every now and then and talk about how the oil pressure was dropping and vibrations were increasing. Then his flight lead would encourage him to stick with it.

This went on for about 15 minutes. Finally he said, "Oil pressure just went to zero." And then, "My engine quit." And then, "That's all I got. I'm outta here." There wasn't another sound on that radio for another 15 minutes.

The other thing I heard was when the ground war actually started and an F-16 pilot was shot down in the middle of the retreating Republican Guard. A call went out asking if there was anyone with the ordnance and fuel who could go to him. A lot of people responded, but the first one I really paid attention to was the voice of an Army Chinook helicopter pilot, who came on the radio and said, "I've got this much gas, here's my location, I can be here in this many minutes. Give me his coordinates, I can pick him up.

Now everybody knew where the Republican Guard was, and everybody knew he was right in the middle of them. And you need to remember a Chinook is about the size of a double-decker London bus with props, and it doesn't have guns. We kid around a lot about inter-service rivalries, but I guarantee that I would follow that Army helicopter pilot into combat. I'll never forget her voice.

### **Highway of Death**

One of the last things I want to mention is the Highway of Death. This road leads north out of Basra, and was a retreat route for the Republican Guard until they were cut off. What's significant is

*See Combat Continued on*

that I killed people there. Me.

Combat is an intensely personal thing. I'd killed people before this war, but this time I saw them. I saw the vehicles moving before the bombs hit. I saw soldiers firing up at me, then running as I dropped bombs to make sure they wouldn't get away. War is a horrible, horrible, horrible thing. There is nothing good about it. But it is sometimes necessary. So somebody had better be good at it. I am. You better be. I'll never forget the Highway of Death.

As I was flying back with Col. Rackley's squadron to the East Coast of the U.S., we checked in with the first U.S. air-traffic control site of the entire route. Col. Rackley said something along the lines of "This is Widow flight: 24 F-16s coming home." And the air-traffic controller responded "Welcome home, Widow." And then at regular intervals for the next five to six minutes, every airliner on the frequency checked in and said something. "Welcome back." "Good job." "Great to have you home." "God bless you." About 10 minutes after that I got my first glimpse of the U.S., the coast of Massachusetts. I sat in my cockpit and I sang "America the Beautiful" to myself. I'll never forget how bad it sounded or how proud I was when it was over.

Take a look at this flag, folks. Those white stripes indicate the integrity that you represent here at the Air Force Academy and that you had better carry with you into our Air Force. Those stars are the courage of all the people who have gone before you. They belong to you now. And that red is for Mike and for the millions more like him who died serving their country. And in the not too distant future, one of you is going to be standing up here talking about your experiences in combat to the classes of 2015, or 16, or 17. This is who you are. And this is what you face in the United States Air Force. You are damn good. You need to get better. All these people I just talked about are counting on it.

*You may have seen this article in the Wall Street Journal.*



**Those who will not reason, are bigots, those who cannot, are fools, and those who dare not, are slaves. - George Gordon Noel Byron (1788-1824).**

man, run the other way. Fast. Biff King was born to fly. His father, Jack King, was for years the voice of NASA missions. ("T-minus 15 seconds and counting..." Remember?) Chip would charge neighborhood kids a quarter each to hear his dad. Jack would wake up from naps surrounded by nine-year-olds waiting for him to say, "We have a liftoff."

Biff was to fly me in an F-14D Tomcat, a ridiculously powerful \$60 million weapon with nearly as much thrust as weight, not unlike Colin Montgomerie. I was worried about getting airsick, so the night before the flight I asked Biff if there was something I should eat the next morning. "Bananas," he said. "For the potassium?" I asked. "No," Biff said, "because they taste about the same coming up as they do going down."

The next morning, out on the tarmac, I had on my flight suit with my name sewn over the left breast. (No call sign -- like Crash or Sticky or Leadfoot -- but, still, very cool.) I carried my helmet in the crook of my arm, as Biff had instructed.

If ever in my life I had a chance to meet Nicole Kidman, that was it.

A fighter pilot named Psycho gave me a safety briefing and then fastened me into my ejection seat, which, when employed, would "egress" me out of the plane at such a velocity that I would be immediately knocked unconscious. Just as I was thinking about aborting the flight, the canopy closed over me, and Biff gave the ground crew a thumbs-up. In minutes we were firing nose up at 600 mph. We leveled out and then canopy-rolled over another F-14. Those 20 minutes were the rush of my life. Unfortunately, the ride lasted 80. It was like being on the roller coaster at Six Flags Over Hell. Only without rails. We did barrel rolls, sap rolls, loops, yanks and banks. We dived, rose and dived again, sometimes with a vertical velocity of 10,000 feet per minute. We chased another F-14, and it chased us. We broke the speed of sound. Sea was sky and sky was sea. Flying at 200 feet we did 90-degree turns at 550 mph, creating a G-force of 6.5, which is to say I felt as if 6.5 times my body weight was smashing against me, thereby approximating life as Mrs. Colin Montgomerie.

And I egressed the bananas. I egressed the pizza from the night before. And the lunch before that. I egressed a box of Milk Duds from the sixth grade. I made Linda Blair look polite. Because of

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*Wing & a Prayer Continued from page 5.*

to be egressed. I went through not one airsick bag, but two. Biff said I passed out. Twice. I was coated in sweat. At one point, as we were coming in upside down in a banked curve on a mock bombing target and the G's were flattening me like a tortilla and I was in and out of consciousness, I realized I was the first person in history to throw down.

I used to know cool. Cool was Elway throwing a touchdown pass, or Norman making a five-iron bite. But now I really know cool. Cool is guys like Biff, men with cast-iron stomachs and Freon nerves. I wouldn't go up there again for Derek Jeter's black book, but I'm glad Biff does everyday, and for less a year than a rookie reliever makes in a home stand.

A week later, when the spins finally stopped, Biff called. He said he and the fighters had the perfect call sign for me. Said he'd send it on a patch for my flight suit. What is it? I asked. "Two Bags."



## IT'S ALL IN HOW YOU LOOK AT IT!

**Note:** This is an exact replication of National Public Radio (NPR) interview between a female broadcaster, and US Army General Reinwald who was about to sponsor a Boy Scout Troop visiting his military installation.

INTERVIEWER: "So, General Reinwald, what things are you going to teach these young boys when they visit your base?"

GENERAL REINWALD: "We're going to teach them climbing, canoeing, archery, and shooting."

INTERVIEWER: "Shooting! That's a bit irresponsible, isn't it?"

GENERAL REINWALD: "I don't see why, they'll be properly supervised on the rifle range."

INTERVIEWER: "Don't you admit that this is a terribly dangerous activity to be teaching children?"

GENERAL REINWALD: "I don't see how...we will be teaching them proper rifle range discipline before they even touch a firearm."

INTERVIEWER: "But you're equipping them to become violent killers."

GENERAL REINWALD: "Well, you're equipped to be a prostitute, but you're not one, are you?"

*The radio went silent and the interview ended.*

*Take from incoming e-mail. \**

## LONELY, LONELY, LONELY

*By Shelby Schnauzer Doudney Dog*

Depression is about the only word I can use to describe those of us Doudneys that are a part of the canine family. Ashley, Andy, and the Boss are gone most of the time. Oh, the boss comes around a couple days a week, sometimes less than that and sometimes not at all. Linda is spending more and more of her time when she is not at work at Andy & Ashley's apartment. We are just three healthy adult women dogs left here with plenty of food, water, and yard to guard. I don't mind telling you that I suffer from hours and hours of loneliness with nothing to do but wait for someone to come in where I can at least get a reaction if not some interaction. Oh, don't get me wrong I love my schnauzer sisters, but they are suffering from the same boredom that I am, and they aren't much fun to be around. I am often tempted to bite one of them for the pleasure of a little dogfight, something to take the monotony out of this life, but that wouldn't solve my problem and would only create hard feelings and more problems.

When the boss is home and sitting at his desk, Jazz and I take turns dropping in on him. I always approach him very quietly and rest my lower jaw on the boss's leg until he stops what he is doing and takes the time to pat my head or pull my ears a little. He thinks that we like it if he pulls our ears 'just a little bit' as he says. We don't mind it at all, but a simple pat on the butt would do just fine, but a little ear pulling is his way of telling us he cares. Jazz isn't tall enough to do that so she has to put both front feet and her face on his leg. It gets the same response for her. Camry never bothers him. I think she is still a little afraid. She just can't get used to the noisy way he operates. One thing for sure she couldn't make it as a gun dog. The noise would drive her crazy.

Nothing unusual ever goes on around here any more; it's just more of the same day after day. I do enjoy life a little more when the boss is around. He puts on a little Bob Dylan and the atmosphere is filled with a little more noise and life takes on a little different color or shade.

Ashley has just landed another job. I hope she keeps this one for a while. She is now the second bureaucrat of the family. She is working for the Oklahoma State Department of Corrections. (*Linda*

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*Lonely continued from page 6.*

used to work for the Government.) Thank goodness that she isn't a Guard. She is a receptionist, and she is excited about it, as is her mother. Hopefully she will learn some good things, and not lose all faith and hope in humanity. She will be exposed to a lot of different folks, and most would be considered less than desirable. I certainly hope that this exposure isn't detrimental to her health, attitude, or general outlook on life. The boss was very hopeful that she would move back home and go to school full time. I hate it but I don't think that is going to happen anytime soon. He just mentioned to her that he would hate to live to be an eighty-year-old man and have his daughter waiting tables in a truck stop while still in her forties. He is just like most parents and has high hopes for his children.

The boss thinks he is going to be farmer of the new millennium, as his goats have produced ten new kids since Christmas Eve. I hope to get to see one of these goats sometime. I have never seen one; however I have seen some of his photos, and they are strange looking creatures. Of course the canine in me would probably cause trouble. I'd probably like to chase them and see if I could bite them. The boss comes home with the smell of them on his clothes and I must say they have an interesting but despicable odor.

The boss is still enjoying the thrill of flight even though there have been three crashes in the past three weeks or so. An Airbus somewhere outside of the country, the Alaska MD88 off the coast of California, and the DC8 Cargo plane near Sacramento, California. The boss says 'If it's not Boeing he's not going.' I don't think he is too worried about crashing; if he is he sure doesn't let on about it. He was thankful that the Alaska flight wasn't a Boeing 737.

Well, this is about all I have to report this time. There is little else to tell.

May the warmth of the springtime sunshine warm your spirits and the gentle breezes bring sweet fragrances to up lift your hearts. Though depression is sometimes a part of living it doesn't have to last forever. Please remember dogs need to be loved almost as much as you need to be loved.



Keep those cards, letters and donations coming and I will try to put together some interesting reading just for you. AWD News, 1015 West Drochester Way, Mustang, OK 73064

## Thus saith the LORD

Jeremiah 17: 5-11

**Thus saith the LORD;** Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the LORD. <sup>6</sup>For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, *in a salt land and not inhabited.* <sup>7</sup>Blessed is the man that trusteth in the LORD, and whose hope the LORD is. <sup>8</sup>For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and *that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.* <sup>9</sup>The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it? <sup>10</sup>**I the LORD** search the heart, **I try the reins**, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings. <sup>11</sup>As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.

**rein** noun<sup>1</sup>. Often **reins**. A long, narrow leather strap attached to each end of the bit of a bridle and used by a rider or driver to control a horse or other animal. 2. A means of restraint, check, or guidance.

**reins** plural noun 2. The seat of the affections and passions.

It seems to me that the LORD has given each of us the reins of our own heart, to control it, as a means of restraint, check, or guidance. The second definition calls reins the seat of the affections and passions. Either way the LORD alone tries the reins.

It is useful to know that the blessing comes from trusting the LORD, and the curse from trusting in man or flesh. When I think of man I can't help but think of my own arrogant little self, and from all that I know, I can assure you that *the heart is naturally deceitful above all things and desperately wicked*. This knowledge is gained from reading the scripture and from experience searching my own heart. The knowledge of Whom to trust and the wickedness of my heart are valuable bits of information, and useful when compassion is needed when dealing with others that have similar afflictions.

*Bible Text; KJV: definitions; The American Heritage® Dictionary of the English Language:: Comments by AWD*



**If you think education is expensive, try ignorance. -Derek Bok**

## 'Monastery of Silence'

Brother John entered the 'Monastery of Silence' and the Chief Priest said, "Brother, this is a silent monastery, you are welcome here as long as you like, but you may not speak until I direct you to do so."

Brother John lived in the monastery for a full year before the Chief Priest said to him:

"Brother John, you have been here a year now, you may speak two words."

Brother John said, "Hard Bed."

"I'm sorry to hear that" the Chief Priest said. "We will get you a better bed."

The next year, Brother John was called by the Chief Priest. "You may say another two words Brother John."

"Cold Food." said Brother John, and the Chief Priest assured him that the food would be better in the future.

On his third anniversary at the monastery, the Chief Priest again called Brother John into his office. "Two words you may say today."

"I Quit." said Brother John.

"It is probably best." said the Chief Priest. "All you have done since you got here is complain."

flight from New York to Phoenix that was diverted to Albuquerque, FBI agent Doug Beldon said. Denise Laverne Brown, 39, had an initial appearance Tuesday before U.S. Magistrate Lorenzo Garcia, who ordered her held on a charge of interfering with the performance of a flight crew.

### Flight security incidents.

**Monday** -- America West Flight 2186 passenger Denise Brown, 39, of New York, is arrested after allegedly assaulting the co-pilot. The New York to Phoenix flight with 128 passengers and five crew members aboard was diverted to Albuquerque.

**Thursday** -- Passenger Peter Bradley, 39, of Blue Springs, Mo., shed clothes, broke into the locked cockpit, attacked pilots and grabbed for the controls before he was subdued, authorities said. Bradley was one of 43 passengers and five crewmembers aboard Alaska Airlines Flight 259 from Mexico to San Francisco.

**Nov. 19, 1999** -- Two Arizona State University doctoral students from Saudi Arabia were handcuffed and hauled off America West Flight 90 at the airport in Columbus, Ohio, after flight crew members said that the men asked suspicious questions and that one jiggled the cockpit door.

**Oct. 21, 1999** -- Two New York City men were arrested for verbally assaulting two America West flight attendants on a flight from Las Vegas to New York. The flight was diverted to Wichita, Kan.

**July 1997** -- Two passengers boarded a flight in Los Angeles and became disruptive after the crew denied their request to be upgraded to first class. The male passenger grabbed two coffee pots from the galley, which he wielded as weapons, and poured coffee on two flight attendants. The female passenger pounded on the cockpit door and yelled that she had a gun.

**December 1996** -- A 32-year-old Algerian man flying from Detroit to Frankfurt, Germany, choked a flight attendant and a female passenger. His excrement also contaminated one of the aircraft's food service galleys. The man's attempts to hijack the plane failed because he was too intoxicated.

**July 6, 1996** -- Passenger Gary Lougee struck a fellow passenger and a flight attendant, tried to break into the cockpit and open an emergency door on a US Airways flight between Savannah, Ga., and Charlotte, N.C.

**June 1996** -- At the San Francisco airport an intoxicated professional wrestler was asked to get off an airplane while it was still at the gate because of his condition. He became combative in the passageway from the aircraft to the terminal and had to be restrained by police and several bystanders.

*Source: Arizona Republic and Air Line Pilots Association*  
**Do they pay me enough to do what I do four days a week?**

## Air-rage

*By Peter Corbett and Mary Jo Pitzl (not complete article)  
The Arizona Republic March 22, 2000*

Add **air rage** to the list of things to fear while flying. Two attacks on airline flight crews in five days, the latest involving America West on Monday, and more than 1,200 reported cases of passengers disrupting flights since 1995 have highlighted growing tensions aboard the nation's commercial aircraft. "I think we're getting more calls of unruly passengers, and assaults on flight attendants," Lt. Thomas Dahl of the Phoenix Police Department's Sky Harbor International Airport unit said. Flight delays, crowded planes, snippy airline workers and alcohol spark some passengers to verbally and physical assault flight attendants and pilots, industry observers say. In rarer cases, passengers' behavior turns from abusive to bizarre and violent. In Monday's incident, an intoxicated New York woman struck the co-pilot and threatened a flight attendant on an America West ↗