
NEWSLETTER

Volume 14, Issue 1

AWD News and Other Things of Interest

September & October 2000

LIBERTY

*America, Love It or Leave It! they say!
Why not Love It & Fix It?*

Today, many well meaning people go along with anything that the government imposes upon them because "It's the law." The Framers of the Constitution of the United States understood that there was one Lawgiver and man-made regulations should never be allowed to usurp the individual's duty to his Creator and Sovereign Lord. *Do we understand this concept?*

In churches today across America, preachers frequently remind us to pray for our rulers. It is absolutely imperative that we remember WE THE PEOPLE are the rulers in this country. This is a sacred trust from God, and we need to be more diligent about our task. Duty to God demands that we oppose tyranny, which robs the individual of liberty.

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BROTHERS

My brother and I were great pals even way back in the seventies when I was a short seven year old and he was a tall and much larger eleven year old. He always led and I followed. We lived in a suburb of Chicago and were very typical boys, always on the prowl, looking for something to get into, and most times it was something that was no good.

There was the time that he talked me into getting in the clothes dryer. He said, "This will be a really cool ride." So I obligingly climbed in and he turned the dryer on, and away I went over and over and over. It didn't take many revolutions until I was yelling, "Stop this thing! I'm getting sick!" I could hear his laughter over the roar of the dryer motor and I could tell that he was delighted with my distress. As I was spinning over and over, I was yelling, "I am about to puke!" I was grateful when he finally opened the door and let me out. He wanted to ride also, but to his great dismay he was unable to get inside.

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Encouragement

ANOTHER DIAPER CHANGE for my newborn, Zach. Hadn't there been about a thousand today? It seemed that way; I was so exhausted and blue. But as I laid the baby down for changing, I noticed a note on the stack of diapers.

"Zach appreciates it, and so do I." Only one person could have composed that note----my husband. I noticed other notes as I walked through the house. On the washing machine: "Thanks for taking a load off our minds and off our dirty bodies." On the stove: "Thanks for great meals." On my pillow: "I love you."

Proverbs 25:11 says, "A word aptly spoken is like apples of gold in settings of silver." A word aptly

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we be faithful to secure it for our children as our forefathers secured it for us?

Patrick Henry's famous "Give me liberty or give me death!" speech is perhaps the most famous example of American commitment to liberty; however, the story behind this speech is largely untold. As Paul Harvey says, "Here's the rest of the story..."

Patrick Henry's famous speech was the result of his witnessing the brutal beating of a man. The beating was so severe that the man (and others like him) died. When Henry asked of the man's offense, he learned the man had been preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ without a license from the Crown. We are closer to those kind of requirements than you may want to believe. Are we prepared to pay the price for liberty?

Below is the full transcript of the speech from the Yale University web site. However, to completely appreciate this speech, I believe it is best to also read the astute observations of John Roane who was present and heard the speech. Mr. Roane had the great pleasure of watching Patrick Henry deliver this famous oration, and his commentary is included below.

Those of you who put aside busyness for 6 minutes and take the time to read this material will reap the great reward of a deeper appreciation of the meaning that liberty had to those who fought so valiantly for it.

Our forefathers have passed the responsibility on to us. Will we be faithful to the cause? Time will tell.

Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Death

Patrick Henry, March 23, 1775.

No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the House. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The questing before the House is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfill the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and, having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations that cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation, the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British

ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves *longer*. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free-- if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending--if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained--we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. The millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable--and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace-- but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? **Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me**

Observations of John Roane who was present and heard the speech:

"You remember, sir, the conclusion of the speech, so often declaimed in various ways by schoolboys, 'Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!'

He gave each of these words a meaning which is not conveyed by the reading or delivery of them in the ordinary way. When he said, 'Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?' he stood in the attitude of a condemned galley slave, loaded with fetters, awaiting his doom. His form was bowed; his wrists were crossed; his manacles were almost visible as he stood like an embodiment of helplessness and agony. After a solemn pause, he raised his eyes and chained hands towards heaven, and prayed, in words and tones which thrilled every heart, 'Forbid it Almighty God!'

He then turned towards the timid loyalists of the house, who were quaking with terror at the idea of the consequences of participating in proceedings which would be visited with the penalties of treason by the British crown; and he slowly bent his form yet nearer to earth, and said, 'I know not what course others may take,' and

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he accompanied the words with his hands still crossed, while he seemed to be weighted down with additional chains. The man appeared transformed into an oppressed, heart-broken, and hopeless felon.

After remaining in this posture of humiliation long enough to impress the imagination with the condition of the colony under the iron heel of military despotism, he arose proudly, and exclaimed, 'but as for me,' -- and the words hissed through his clenched teeth, while his body was thrown back, and every muscle and tendon was strained against the fetters which bound him, and, with his countenance distorted by agony and rage, he looked for a moment like Laocoon in a death struggle with coiling serpents; then the loud clear, triumphant notes, 'give me liberty' electrified the assembly. It was not a prayer, but a stern demand, which would submit to no refusal or delay. The sound of his voice, as he spoke these memorable words, was like that of a Spartan paean on the Field of Plataea, and, as each syllable of the word 'liberty' echoed through the building, his fetters were shivered; his arms were hurled apart, and the links of his chains were scattered to the winds.

When he spoke the word 'liberty' with an emphasis never given it before, his hands were open, and his arms elevated and extended; his countenance was radiant; he stood erect and defiant; while the sound of his voice and the sublimity of his attitude made him appear a magnificent incarnation of Freedom, and express all that can be acquired or enjoyed by nations and individuals invincible and free.

After a momentary pause, only long enough to permit the echo of the word 'liberty' to cease, he let his left hand fall powerless to his side, and clenched his right hand firmly, as if holding a dagger with the point aimed at his breast. He stood like a Roman senator defying Caesar, while the unconquerable spirit of Cato of Utica flashed from every feature, and he closed the grand appeal with the solemn words, 'or give me death!' which sounded with the awful cadence of a hero's dirge, fearless of death, and victorious in death, and he suited the action to the word by a blow upon the left breast with the right hand, which seemed to drive the dagger to the patriot's heart."

Final Comments:

There are now those among us who have the same unquenchable thirst for liberty and the dignity of a free people and who are just as fearful of the usurpations of liberty as those who have gone before. It is to these ends: life, liberty and the pursuit of justice that the common law courts have come back into existence...not for the selfish avoidance of law, but to uphold the law and to dignify all men and for the preservation of liberty for everyone.

I am hopeful that if people of faith and principle will arise, we can stem the tide of evil that threatens to engulf us. However, if we remain asleep we will perish in the chains of our own apathy.

By An Unknown Patriot

"This year will go down in history. For the first time, a civilized nation has full gun registration. Our streets will be safer, our police more efficient, and the world will follow our lead into the future!" - Adolph Hitler, 1933

**"Ideas are more powerful than guns. We would not let our enemies have guns, why should we let them have ideas."
- Joseph Stalin.**

Another event that I have never forgotten was the day that I almost killed him. It probably took place during the summertime right after my brother's maturity was far enough along that my mom felt she could depend upon him to look after himself and me while she was at work. In previous years she had had to make arrangements for someone to watch us while she worked since my father had passed away several years before and it was just the three of us.

When I look back, this particular memory always brings uncontrollable laughter, so much so that I always have tears in my eyes. At the time this event was taking place there may have been tears too, but they were not caused by laughter, at first anyway.

Mom had saved up enough money to buy a very nice Hide-A-Bed. The day after its delivery, Mom went off to work as usual, and my brother and I remained at home alone.

It was a bright beautiful Illinois morning; the cool fresh air felt good, but only hours later the summer's heat would take charge and depress any adventurous spirit that my brother and I could conger up. Something about mornings, the way they feel and smell, a sweet aroma at the first of the day, makes a kid feel free and alive. We were both up wide-awake enjoying the morning and out to find an adventure. We decided to start the day's exploration with the new furniture.

My brother was sitting on the Hide-A-Bed in the living room admiring the newness of it with a proud air of part ownership. I joined in on the pride part for a while, and it felt great. We were all healthy, Mom had a good job, and now this new piece for the living room represented success and security. Life was truly good. We were sort of overwhelmed with the joy of the moment.

I can't remember exactly whose idea it was, but I suspect that it was my brother's because he was full of ideas, and I was always ready to be included on any and everything that came up. On this particular morning someone decided it would be cool to make the Hide-A-Bed down into a bed, so we very carefully took the cushions and pillows off and placed them properly to the side. We opened the bed and it was a magnificent sight! Now we could have our friends over to spend the night.

Of course, Mom had long ago placed the room off limits for play and loitering, and I knew that we were in the wrong the minute we sat down on the new couch, but she was safely at work, and our

short-term independence felt awesome.

We were both lying on the new bed and having a great time when my brother thought it would be a neat idea for us to hide in the Hide-A-Bed. He said that I could lie sideways on the bed and he could fold it up and put it down ready for the cushions and I would in fact have disappeared. I was game and like an obedient little brother I lay there while he folded me up the Hide-A-Bed. It was really cool. I was there and then I was gone. It was almost like having a magical power. I could feel the weight of my brother as he sat on the couch, which was without seat cushions. My brother hopped up, re-opened the Hide-A-Bed and *SHAZZAM* I was back from the unknown.

Well, my brother wanted to do it too; therefore, I did the same for him. I should have known that it wasn't such a good idea the instant I found myself struggling to get his much larger torso compacted into the mattress on the first fold. With great effort I folded the Hide-A-Bed up and pressed it down, just like he had done for me. The *instant* the bed was folded down with my brother hidden inside, I could hear his very muffled voice yelling, "*I can't breathe! Get me out of here!*" When I tried to get him out, I found the weight much too heavy for my seven-year-old body. I pulled as hard as I could but got no results. It was like the mattress was stuck and wouldn't budge. I yelled back that he was too heavy. As I tugged, I was thinking that we were in big trouble now. I was accidentally killing my big brother, and Mom was going to be furious. I became very anxious because I could hear the anxiety in his muffled, yelling voice. "*Help! Get me out of here! I can't breathe!*"

I tugged; he yelled. The panic in his voice caused

me to panic, but I kept tugging. I tried again and again to free him from his tomb, but I couldn't budge the thing. He yelled, "*Get the neighbor, and hurry.*" The neighbor was a very elderly ninety-year-old lady and it was a major effort for her to walk. So I yelled back, "What good would that do?" He screamed, "*Call the fire department!*" His very muffled voice was now becoming weaker. I didn't know the number for the fire department, and I was so upset that I didn't think of calling 911. I was too panicked and too scared to think straight. I must have resembled a chicken with its head cut off.

What could I do? I was determined to try one more time. Adrenaline flowing, I jerked with all my

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1 as hard I as could, and it moved a little more. Finally using all my strength, attacking it like a kid possessed, I managed to get the bed over center and the rest was easy.

I collapsed beside my brother on the bed and we lay there for several minutes, both of us catching our breaths and sighing sighs of relief. He was grateful to be able to breathe again, and I was grateful that I hadn't killed him.

If you ask my brother today to recall the time that he was nearest to death, he will tell you that it was that morning in the Hide-A-Bed.

Just a few days after the Hide-A-Bed incident, the three of us were sitting around and my mom matter-of-factly asked us what we did with ourselves when she was at work. My brother and I had already had several giggling exchanges thinking about the near-death experience. We confessed about the Hide-A-Bed event, and the three of us had a great laugh. It was only a few days after that the Hide-A-Bed was gone; I don't know if Mom sold it, took it back where she bought it or gave it away. I just know that we never saw that Hide-A-Bed again; it was replaced with a less dangerous piece of furniture. However, I doubt that my brother or I would have ever gotten into it or any other Hide-A-Bed again! Not even on a dare!

My brother is now a successful Oral Surgeon and I'm an Airline Pilot. And every time I think of that morning, I laugh, not just because it is so funny, because it is very funny, but also because my brother is still around, and I didn't kill him. He is a great brother and I love him.

True story about Richard Amborse. By AWD Edited by JCI.


By AWD Edited by JCI 

Encourage: Continued from page 1.

experienced how a short note can pack a lot of encouraging power, especially if it's unexpected. Anyone is a candidate for an encouraging note.

The timid, lonely or hurting. When I was discouraged in a job search, I was boosted by a simple note from a faraway friend, telling me she was praying. One woman corresponds with prisoners, reminding them that the real answers to their problems are found in Jesus Christ.

Those who influenced our lives. Pastors, teachers and bosses hear enough negativity. One secretary told me her boss's most precious file was one labeled "encouragement notes."

Even years later, we can write and tell people what they meant to us. One time I wrote a pastor 

whose church I attended in college. Shortly after sending that note, I was able to visit his church. When I introduced myself, he linked my name to my letter and gave me the handshake of my Life!

Those in spiritual service. Notes bridge the distance for missionaries. One told me how grateful she was for even simple news like births and marriages. Church nursery workers or custodians find a job challenges balanced by simple notes that start off. "I appreciate how you"

Our own families. Our own families also need the affirmation of notes. I felt especially cherished when my husband left those notes around the house. One time my daughter left me a boost: "Dear Mom, you are such a NICE GIRL. I will always be grateful for you. LOVE YOU, Inga-."

Many people claim writing notes is too hard. They need to meet Kenneth, who was left paralyzed by a stroke at 31. He cannot speak, but he can pray---and write. He communicates through an alphabet board, signaling with his eyes to a helper which letters to write down. Through this laborious process, he sends out two to three notes a day. One time he blink-dictated a letter to his pastor; the pastor told Kenneth, through tears, "I can't share the details, but you don't know what your note meant to me."

When we practice the ministry of encouragement, our words need not be polished or flowery. They can be conveyed on something as simple as a postcard or a sticky note. The most important thing is that we ask God to show us who needs a boost---and then sit down and write it.

By Jeanne Zornes

Copied from Focus on the Family monthly magazine October 1999 issue. 

The Green Commandos

In March, 40 officers divided into 10 four-man teams swooped in with helicopters in a pre dawn raid to seize six suspects in Dorchester County Maryland

The principal suspect, Robert Gootee, was hauled from his bed and led away in chains. His wife was not allowed to call anyone, nor were her neighbors allowed to come in to comfort her, for four and a half hours.

What was the offense that precipitated this action? Was the four-year investigation that led to the armed raid concerned with terrorism, serial homicide or a major drug ring? What type of criminal offenses were involved? Who were these brave law-

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enforcement agents who defied death to make the arrests?

You had better sit down.

Gootee was charged with possession of an undersized striped bass, striped bass out of season, untagged striped bass, possession of summer flounder out of season, failure to tag and check deer within 24 hours and possession of a loaded weapon in a vehicle. The agents involved were from the state and U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. And the target for the raid was the Golden Hills Hunt Club.

Gootee, the club treasurer, was hauled away with such "evidence" as deer and duck mounts and a framed photograph of his retriever bringing in a duck.

Eventually, 24 other club members were charged with related offenses, including failure to wear sufficient fluorescent orange while hunting.

We're in serious trouble, folks.

Even as more Americans wake up to the reality of the dangers posed by the gun-toting federales who brought us Waco, a new breed of armed-and-dangerous green commandos is turning our forests into police states.

Check out a report in this month's issue of usually low-key Field & Stream magazine: "Looking for firepower, firefights and other fun stuff? Forget the SEALs; Fish and Game is the place to be."

"Wardens may be watching too many cop shows. How else can one explain why increasing numbers of them seem to reject their workday reality and the routine of dealing with essentially law-abiding people in favor of a world in which the everyday sportsman is an ex-army commando ready for a shoot-out or a high-speed car chase?"

The story continues: "Recruits to wildlife law enforcement now spend more time learning how to break down the doors of alleged poachers than how to differentiate the various species of sunfishes. The April 1999 issue of Wildlife in North Carolina describes the boot camp that would-be officers go through in that state: 'Relentless physical exercise, material training and plenty of barracks inspections are the norm for the first two weeks of wildlife recruit school ... this includes 40 hours of firearms training as well as many hours mastering defensive tactics to disarm suspects.'"

The piece goes on to explain that the rationale used by many agencies for such official militancy is a claim that game wardens are "seven times more likely to be killed during an assault on the job than ↗

any other type of law officer." Trouble with that statistic is that there is no basis for it in fact.

According to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in 1997, 65 law enforcement officers of all kinds nationwide were killed in the line of duty. Not one was a warden. Whoops!

There seems to be an active effort by government to portray hunters and other sportsmen as dangerous hombres -- all potential killers. That was the picture painted by some involved in the planning of the Maryland raid.

Richard McIntire, spokesman for the state's Department of Natural Resources, explained: "We were dealing with people who are known to have weapons, and who are proficient in their use."

Yeah, so? America is a land free precisely because the people have historically been armed and self-trained in how to use firearms. The Constitution not only protects the rights of individual Americans to bear arms, it actually suggests -- and, I believe, accurately -- that it is akin to a sacred duty for citizens to be armed and vigilant.

Of course, the picture of the woods as territory occupied by armed anti-government militiamen and dangerous scofflaws doesn't hurt one bit when it comes time to convince legislators that the green cops need more money for training, weapons and manpower. (Remember, the initial assault on Waco was a public relations dog-and-pony show designed to persuade Congress the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms needed more funds.)

It's not surprising, then, that after the raid in Maryland some American flags in Dorchester County were flying upside down. Not surprising and not unwarranted.

By Joseph Farah 9/8/99

"Giving money and power to government is like giving whiskey and car keys to teenage boys." -P.J. O'Rourke

**If I can stop one Heart from breaking -
I shall not live in vain ♥ If I can ease
one Life the Aching ♥ Or cool one Pain
♥ Or help one fainting Robin into his
Nest again - I shall not live in Vain.
-Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)**

"Enlighten the people generally, and tyranny and oppressions of body and mind will vanish like evil spirits at the dawn of day."

--Thomas Jefferson

I MAY BE THE YOUNGEST BUT NOT THE DUMBEST

By Camry Doudney Schnauzer Dog

I have been around long enough to realize just exactly who I am and how I fit into the general scheme of things around here. I am neither proud nor ashamed of the fact that I am the wisest of the three canines that presently abide here in the Doudney Household.

I have learned the pecking order and realize that I am in fact the youngest and tied with Jazz as the smallest. Viciousness is not a factor because I'm not a fighter; I'm much too nervous for that, and besides none of the three of us are combatants, among ourselves anyway. We do get our dander up if another dog tries to invade our turf. That could be a whole other chapter and I won't get into that now.

The fact is that I have finally gotten over my earlier problem with nervousness. Oh, I'm still right on the edge, but it has to be a real threat before I react. I used to jump at the slightest noise or visual cue, but now I can spend most of the time sleeping with few things bothering me, or I can just sit back and soak up the happenings that are constantly taking place right in front of me.

I have noticed, during my newfound calmness that Jazz isn't so smart. (I refuse to say she's stupid.) She has moved from the "off limits" couch to an "off limits chair." Linda isn't so smart either, because she keeps a nice clean towel on the chair to "keep Jazz off." Ha! Ha! That is funny. I don't know who is fooling who. Linda goes into a state every time she catches Jazz there, and Jazz spends most of her leisure sitting and sleeping on the chair. It is a very comfortable place to sleep. I know because I tried it once. Unfortunately the only time I got up there the boss was up early that morning and flung me, Jazz, towel and all onto the floor. I landed on my side ↗

with a thump and don't risk it anymore, especially when the boss is home. The boss is always catching Jazz up there. He always throws her into the floor and won't have anything to do with her the rest of that day. She whimpers around the whole daylong staying far away from the chair. Next day she is right back where she shouldn't be, lying there with that defiant smirk on her face.

Shelby is much smarter; she knows her limits and never exceeds them, inside the house anyway. She still has a major problem with digging. For the life of me I can't figure out what it is that she is trying to find under all that dirt.

Linda is at work 5 days a week, but always home around noon to check on us Schnauzers, and to make sure that Jazz isn't spending too much time in the "off limits" chair. The boss is home from Wednesday through Friday this last couple of months. Sometimes he heads to the farm and we don't see much of him when he goes down there.

Ashley is trying to move to California much to the chagrin of the boss. He is much too smart to think that there is anyway he can keep it from happening, but he is using all the discouragement that he can muster. The dumb must be tough, at least for a long enough period of time to lose some of the dumbness. The boss's favorite saying is "If your gonna' to be dumb - you gotta' be tough. He is afraid for her, and I can't really blame him. Oh well, Life goes on and we have to take it one day at a time. I have heard him say that too.

I have said enough to get me in trouble with Jazz if she reads this, which I'm sure she will, and when her turn comes she will have a few choice things to say about me. Oh well, and life goes on.

I cherish your criticism. It's impossible to agree with everyone on every subject and this little paper is only my perspective. Agree or disagree, I would love to hear from you. Keep the cards, letters and contributions coming. Thanks. *AWD News*,
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**I shall allow no man to belittle my soul by making me hate him.
-Booker T. Washington (1856-1915)**

School Prayer

*Public Displays of righteousness aren't the true
Christian way*

By CAL THOMAS

Thirty-five years ago, atheist leader Madalyn Murray O'Hair successfully challenged prayer and bible reading in public schools, and it has been downhill for certain expressions of religious views ever since.

In his dissenting opinions on the latest Supreme Court case, which forbids student-led prayer at public-school football games, Chief Justice William Rehnquist said the majority opinion "bustles with hostility to all things religious in public life." He is right of course.

But this week's decision offers an opportunity of religious believers if they will seize it.

The greatest power to do good lies within individuals, not the state. Conservative Christians, in particular are fooling themselves when they think public prayers are a sign that all must be right with the world. Such prayers before football games do nothing for the quality of the game, and there is no evidence, nor could there be, of fewer injuries because God's name has been invoked over the loudspeaker.

Furthermore, such prayers trivialize the act of prayer. No less an authority than Jesus spoke about public displays of worship when he said of the Pharisees (the fundamentalist of the day): "Everything they do is done for men to see: They make their phylacteries wide and the tassels on their garments long; they love the place of honor at banquets and the most important seats in the synagogues; they love to be greeted in the marketplaces and to have men call them 'Rabbi' " (Matthew 23:5-7).

Elsewhere, Jesus has this advice on prayer: "Be careful not to do your acts of righteousness before men, to be seen by them. ... And when you pray, do not be like the hypocrites, for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and on the street corners to be seen by men. ... But when you pray, go into your room, close the door and pray to your Father, who is unseen" (Matthew 6:1 and following).

The behavior that the court didn't and can't proscribe is the kind that will make a far greater impression than teenagers praying at high school football games. It is the behavior that begins with the discipline of deeds, including prayer for one's enemies, visiting those in prison, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and caring for the widows and orphans. ↗

Conservative Christians ought to stop looking

to the state for permission and validation and start looking to God for their commission and marching orders. With that kind of faith, they won't have to petition them to find out why what they are doing works.

If and when they do, they will find they are exerting real influence. They will stop believing that public displays of their faith are changing anything, from the outcome of football games to the transformation of culture. Their influence is needed more than ever, but it won't be felt as long as they settle for a lesser, worldly power, which is really is no power at all.

People who believe that the next presidential election will turn the court and the nation more to their way of thinking might wish to consider that three of the Justices who voted to prohibit prayer at football games were appointed by Republican presidents.

If George W. Bush is elected president, who can guarantee that any judges named by him won't lean to the left, too? Whether they do or don't should have no effect on the prayer life or acts of people who worship an authority higher than the state.

Cal Thomas' column is distributed by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate. I borrowed this from; The Dallas Morning News Thursday, June 22, 2000

*For the most part I agree with Cal and what he has stated in the above article. But the question remains, is it really any of **this** Federal Government's business what we do at a local high school football game? Who has given them this authority to tell any of us (Us being the sovereign citizens of this republic) what we may say or do or where? These liberties have been bought and paid for at the price of thousands of gallons of American blood. What is it to them as long as we do not infringe on the rights of others?*

*It might be best for conservative Christians to voluntarily refrain from public prayer at public gatherings and do more walk than talk, as the article has stated, but the word **voluntary** must be paramount. No one is required to bow for public prayer or even listen or pay attention; no one is required to bow, listen or pay any attention to the common uses of profanity, which are made common place by public radio and television. To maintain our rights, liberties, and freedom we must maintain the rights, liberties and freedoms of everyone. Prayer and Profanity how can the Federal Government outlaw one and legalize the other? Along with Liberty comes responsibility. Both sides should use restraint and respect for the other. The question arises is the dark side capable of restraint and respect? And, which side is **this** federal government on?*

Final comment by AWD ✦

If you're ever having a bad day..... Bad Day?

So you think you are having a bad day!!! ENJOY!!!! (This was an article in the CALIFORNIA EXAMINER, March 20,1998):

Fire Authorities in California found a corpse in a burnt out section of forest while assessing the damage done by a forest fire. The deceased male was dressed in a full wet suit, complete with a dive tank, flippers, and facemask. A post-mortem examination revealed that the person died not from burns but from massive internal injuries. Dental records provided a positive identification. Investigators then set about determining how a fully clad diver ended up in the middle of a forest fire. It was revealed that, on the day of the fire, the person went for a diving trip off the coast -- some 20 miles away from the forest. The firefighters, seeking to control the fire as quickly as possible, called in a fleet of helicopters with very large buckets. The buckets were dropped into the ocean for rapid filling, then flown to the forest fire and emptied. You guessed it. One minute our diver was making like Flipper in the Pacific, the next he was doing a breaststroke in a fire bucket 300 feet in the air. Apparently, he extinguished exactly 5'10" of the fire. Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed.

HAVING A BAD DAY? THINK AGAIN. *The following is taken from a Florida newspaper:*

A man was working on his motorcycle on his patio and his wife was in the house in the kitchen. The man was racing the engine on the motorcycle and somehow, the motorcycle slipped into gear. The man, still holding the handlebars, was dragged through a glass patio door and along with the motorcycle dumped onto the floor inside the house. The wife, hearing the crash, ran into the dining room, and found her husband laying on the floor, cut and bleeding, the motorcycle laying next to him and the patio door shattered. The wife ran to the phone and summoned an ambulance. Because they lived on a fairly large hill, the wife went down the several flights of long steps to the street to direct the paramedics to her husband. After the ambulance arrived and transported the husband to the hospital, the wife uprights the motorcycle and pushed it outside. Seeing that gas had spilled on the floor, the wife obtained some papers towels, blotted up the gasoline, and threw the towels in the toilet. ↗

The husband was treated at the hospital and was released to come home.

After arriving home, he looked at the shattered patio door and the damage done to his motorcycle. He became despondent, went into the bathroom, sat on the toilet and smoked a cigarette. After finishing the cigarette, he flipped it between his legs into the toilet bowl while still seated. The wife, who was in the kitchen, heard a loud explosion and her husband screaming. She ran into the bathroom and found her husband laying on the floor. His trousers had been blown away and he was suffering burns on the buttocks, the back of his legs and his groin.

The wife again ran to the phone and called for an ambulance. The same ambulance crew was dispatched and the wife met them at the street. The paramedics loaded the husband on the stretcher and began carrying him to the street. While they were going down the stairs to the street accompanied by the wife, one of the paramedics asked the wife how the husband had burned himself. She told them and the paramedics started laughing so hard, one of them tipped the stretcher and dumped the husband out. He fell down the remaining steps and broke his arm. Now THAT is a bad day...FEEL BETTER? Have a nice day!

Ring in the New Generation

Ringers on their fingers
Rings on their nose.
Rings on their eyebrows,
Anything Goes.
Rings on their tongues,
Rings on their brows,
Rings on their navel.
Kids Tell me how - -
You found such places
To put your ringers.
How about putting them
Back

On just ears and just fingers!

~By Ann Kartsman, Laguna Woods. CA

Real friends are those who, when you feel you've made a fool of yourself don't feel you've done a permanent job of it.

~Author is unknown