
NEWSLETTER

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AWD News of Interest

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Why the Fuss About Oxygen When Flying in Airliners?

By the Editor

Have you ever wondered why it is that when you get on an airliner the flight attendants always talk about the yellow oxygen mask and how to use them properly if needed? It is all because of air pressure and the fact that we need pressure to live. Some of the details about pressurization and the possible lack of pressurization at higher altitudes might be useful information someday.

We were each given an Earth Suite (ES) the day we arrived here on Planet Earth and it was designed to operate somewhere between Sea Level (SL) and 12 to 14 thousand feet above SL. Here on Plant Earth we have a pile of air around us that is held in place by gravity, the same gravity that keeps

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Happenings Around the Doudney Household

By Shelby Schnauzer Dog Doudney

Since I'm the only dog around here with the ability to understand everyone, the Boss asked me to write down a few lines to report on the goings on around the Doudney House. Not to brag, but I do keep up on what is happening around here. I can even tell you about the trip that the Boss took to New York City with Ashley. All a dog has to do is keep her ears open and her barker under control, and before you know it there isn't too much that she doesn't know about.

I've heard a lot About the NYC trip. Best I can tell is that the trip went without a hitch. They both got on the first flight they tried for and didn't have any trouble making the connection through St.Louis, MO. (STL) to New York's La Guardia Airport (LGA). On the very day they departed they went to China Town, had a nice dinner, and went to see the Broadway Play, The Sound of Music. They went to three other Plays, but none was a good as the first. The Titanic, a play called ART, and another called The Perfect Crime.

They were both very lazy except for one morning they got up in time to see the television program LIVE with REGIS and KATHY LEE. Kathy Lee and Gelmon was not there, but Joy Filben did just fine. The Boss was able to get a couple of photos with Regis and Ashley. They both raved about how nice Regis is. Glen Close was there, and a couple of others that I don't know.

Later in the week, the Boss was able to photograph Ashley with Rupert of the famous

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THE ANT AND THE GRASSHOPPER

CLASSIC VERSION

The ant works hard in the withering heat all summer long, building his house and laying up supplies for the winter. The grasshopper thinks the ant is a fool and laughs and dances and plays the summer away. Come winter, the ant is warm and well fed. The grasshopper has no food or shelter so he dies out in the cold.

MODERN VERSION

The ant works hard in the withering heat all summer long, building his house and laying up supplies for the winter. The grasshopper thinks the ant is a fool and laughs and he dances and plays the summer away. Come winter, the shivering grasshopper calls a press conference and demands to know why the ant should be allowed to be warm and well fed while others are cold and starving. CBS, NBC and ABC show up to provide pictures of the shivering grasshopper next to a video of the ant in his comfortable home with a table filled with food.

America is stunned by the sharp contrast. How can it be that, in a country of such wealth, this poor grasshopper is allowed to suffer so?

Then a representative of the NAAGB (National Association for the Advancement of Green Bugs) shows up on Nightline and charges the ant with "green bias", and makes the case that the grasshopper is the victim of 30 million years of greenism.

Kermit the Frog appears on Oprah with the grasshopper, and everybody cries when he sings "It's Not Easy Being Green." Bill and Hillary Clinton make a special guest appearance on the CBS Evening News to tell a concerned Dan Rather that they will do everything they can for the grasshopper who has been denied the prosperity he deserves by those who benefited unfairly during the Reagan summers, or as Bill refers to it, the "Temperatures of the 80's."

Richard Gephardt exclaims in an interview with Peter Jennings that the ant has gotten rich off the back of the grasshopper, and calls for an immediate tax hike on the ant to make him pay his "fair share."

Finally, the EEOC drafts the "Economic Equity and Anti-Greenism Act". Retroactive to the beginning of the summer the ant is fined for failing to hire a

proportionate number of green bugs and, having nothing left to pay his retroactive taxes, his home is confiscated by the government.

Hillary gets her old law firm to represent the grasshopper in a defamation suit against the ant, and the case is tried before a panel of federal judges that Bill appointed from a list of single-parent welfare moms who can only hear cases on Thursday's between 1:30 and 3pm when there are no talk shows scheduled.

The ant loses the case.

The story ends as we see the grasshopper finishing up the last bits of the ant's food while the government house he's in, which just happens to be the ant's old house, crumbles around him since he doesn't know how to maintain it.

The ant has disappeared in the snow. And on the TV, which the grasshopper bought by selling most of the ant's food, they are showing Bill Clinton standing before a wildly applauding group of Democrats announcing that a new era of "fairness" has dawned in America.

Different Worlds

By Dave Bryan (my Pastor)

Recently, a friend shared with me an interesting bit of information. Michael Jordan used to make over \$300,000 a game: \$10,000 a minute assuming he averaged about 30 minutes a game. Assuming \$40 million in endorsements next year, he was making \$178,100 a day, working or not. Assuming he slept 7 hours per night, he made \$52,000 every night while visions of sugarplums danced in his head. If he went to a movie, it cost him \$9.00 (without popcorn), but he made \$18,550 while he was there. If he decided to have a 5-minute egg, he made 618.00 while it was boiling. He made \$7,415.00 per hour more than the minimum wage. He made \$3,710.00 while watching an episode of 'Friends.' If he wanted to save up for a new Acura NSX (\$90,000), it would take him a whole 12 hours. If someone had to hand him his salary and endorsement money, they would have to hand him \$2.00 every second. He probably paid around \$200.00 for a nice round of golf but he was reimbursed \$33,390.00 for that round. If you were given a tenth of a penny for every dollar he made, you'd be living comfortable at \$65,000.00 per year. Last year, he made twice as much as all of our past presidents for all their terms combined. Amazing isn't it? BUT: JORDAN WILL HAVE TO SAVE 100% OF HIS INCOME FOR 270 YEARS TO HAVE A NET WORTH EQUIVALENT TO THAT OF BILL GATES!

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The Fuss about O2 continued from page 1

us stuck here and not floating off into outer space. If you were to compare the pressure exerted on us by this pile of air to a complete vacuum it would like pumping up a basket ball to 13 or 14 pounds per square inch (PSI) of differential pressure compared to the air on the outside of the ball. The pressure exerted on us (and most importantly exerted on our lungs) is somewhere over 13 PSI compared to outer space where there is no pressure at all.. This is true as long as we are at SL. If you go to Colorado Springs, CO where the earth's surface is some 6000 feet above SL. you don't have the full 13 + PSI on your lungs. Here there is somewhat less pressure because you are higher up in this pile of air. Another way to think of it is that there is less air above you pressing down upon you. As a result there is a proportionate lesser amount pressure on your lungs. When hiking around Colorado Springs your ES will let you know that something is different there compared to say Los Angeles, because any amount of exercise here will require more breathing than that at Los Angeles or at SL. It isn't that there is more oxygen (O2) in Los Angeles than in Colorado Springs because the amount of O2 is the same, but the difference is the pressure on your ES and its lungs.

Most folks can live at higher altitudes and the ES will adapt by the ways that the blood carries O2 to the cells, in other words the ES can acclimate to a higher altitude in just a few days. The people that live at Colorado Springs don't find it necessarily hard to hike because their ES's have acclimated to this lesser pressure. There are several people that have climbed to over 25,000 feet above SL with out using supplemental O2, so our ES's are amazing in their ability to adapt to changes in pressure as necessary.

As long as there are a few PSI on our lungs we can use supplemental O2 and function just fine at much higher altitudes than normal. Should we find our selves all of a sudden at a place where the pressure is similar to pressure at or above 20,000 feet above SL, without supplemental O2, we would loose consciousness in just a few minutes.

This is where you could be someday should the airliner you are riding in were to loose its pressure. Normal operation of an airliner is at the higher altitudes where they can go faster with more efficiency. There is plenty of air at the higher altitudes or the airplane could not fly, but there is very little pressure on the outside compared to where you are on the inside.

It is called pressurization, because the airplane

is pumped up just like a football, and very similar in the amount of pressure. A football has about 8 pounds of pressure difference between the outside and the inside. An airliner has about the same when it is at the higher altitudes.

The yellow oxygen mask that your flight attendant is always talking to you about is just a little bit of airplane plumbing that pipes nice dry filtered O2 to you just in case of a loss of pressure. It is set to automatically drop from the over head panel should this happen.

When using supplemental O2 you are receiving almost pure 100% oxygen. There is still less pressure, but you don't need so much pressure when you are using a more concentrated amount of O2 than normal. Normal air has the same percentage of O2 and other gasses whether it is at SL or at 41,000 feet above SL. With supplemental O2 you're getting a much greater percentage of O2 than you would normally get at this high altitude. Normally when an airliner is at its cruising altitude (most of the time around 30 thousand feet or higher) and it is pumped up to almost 8 PSI difference from the outside pressure. This gives us the same pressure that we would have if we were sitting on the side of a mountain at around 8000 feet above SL. We wouldn't want to do any heavy exercise there without first giving our ES's an opportunity to become acclimated to 8000 feet above sea level. Inside the airplane there is plenty of air pressure to give us the O2 needed. We could take a nice nap, do a crossword puzzle or read a book even though just inches away from our comfortable seat there is not enough pressure to keep us conscious for much more than a few seconds. Our seat is inside this very comfortable warm pressure vessel. Very similar to being inside a football as it flies from passer to receiver. ♣

The term "*the whole 9 yards*" came from W.W.II fighter pilots in the Pacific. When arming their airplanes on the ground, the .50 caliber machine gun ammo belts measured exactly 27 feet, before being loaded into the fuselage. If the pilots fired all their ammo at a target, it got "*the whole 9 yards.*"



Carry On! *By: Robert Service (Best when read aloud)*

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It's easy to flight when everything's right,
And you're mad with the thrill and the glory;
It's easy to cheer when victory's near,
And wallow in fields that are gory.
It's a different song when everything's wrong,
When you're feeling infernally mortal;
When it's ten against one, and hope there is none,
Buck up, little soldier, and chortle:

Carry on! Carry on!
There isn't much punch in your blows.
You're glaring and staring and hitting out blind;
You're muddy and bloody, and never you mind.
Carry on! Carry on!
You haven't the ghost of a show.
It's looking like death, but while you've a breath,
Carry on, my son! Carry on!

And so in the strife of the battle of life
It's easy to fight when you're winning;
It's easy to slave, and stave and be brave,
When the dawn of success is beginning.
But the man who can meet despair and defeat
With a cheer, there's the man of God's choosing;
The man who can fight to Heaven's own height
Is the man who can fight when he's losing.

Carry on! Carry on!
Things never were looming so black.
But show that you haven't a cowardly streak,
And though you're unlucky you never are weak.
Carry on! Carry on!
Brace up for another attack.
It's looking like hell, but---you never can tell:
Carry on, old man! Carry on!

There are some who drift out in the deserts of doubt,
And some who in brutishness wallow;
There are others, I know, who in piety go
Because of a Heaven to follow.
But to labor with zest, and to give of your best,
For the sweetness and joy of the giving;
To help folks along with a hand and a song;
Why, there's the real sunshine of living.

Carry on! Carry on!
Fight the good fight and true;
Believe in your mission, greet life with a cheer;
There's big work to do, and that's why you are here.
Carry on! Carry on!
Let the world be the better for you;
And at last when you die, let this be your cry:
Carry on, my soul! Carry on!



Hello Deli. The boss took a solo trip to lower Manhattan and unsuccessfully tried to get into the New York Stock Exchange, and in the Coffee Cocoa & Sugar Exchange.

Andrew has been in the spotlight lately. He has been in training at Southwest Airlines to be a flight attendant and on the 23rd of March he graduated, and is now a full-fledged SWA flight attendant. We are so proud of him.

The other two dogs are the same. We dogs just hang out and bark when we think we should. When the boss is home he will always let us know when we are not suppose to be barking which is most of the time. ✂

Different Worlds Continued from page 2

And yet, for all their wealth, even men such as these will one day be held accountable before our Sovereign God . . . *that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.* (Philippians 2:10-11) There is no need to fear, friend. We serve a God who is mightier than any foe we face. It is because of Him we have courage to face the future! ✂

A WORLD COMING APART!

Comments by the editor:

The horror of incidents happening around us in the past few years is terrifying to say the least. Think about it! We have watched old folks, women and children burned to death in a small compound just outside of Waco, Texas. We have watched the aftermath of the bombing in Oklahoma City, war in the Middle East, the war in Yugoslavia, and shooting rampages in high schools all over the country. We have seen a Boeing 747 go down off the coast of New York in much controversy as to the cause. Some of our government agencies have been suspect in many of these disasters. Our president feels that he is above the law that he has sworn to uphold and enforce, and he is suspected of selling security secrets to Communist China.

What is happening to our world? Who can we trust? We certainly can't trust our Government, not even our neighbors. Our closest love ones sometimes let us down when we need them the most.

The fact is that we are not much better family members, neighbors, and fellow citizens than most any of those around us. We all have our own evils

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Winning the Cultural War

Editor's Note: Charlton Heston addressed the topic 'Winning the Cultural War' at the Harvard Law School Forum, February 16, 1999. Here is the text of that speech:

By Charlton Heston

I remember my son when he was 5, explaining to his kindergarten class what his father did for a living. "My Daddy," he said, "pretends to be people." There have been quite a few of them. Prophets from the Old and New Testaments, a couple of Christian saints, generals of various nationalities and different centuries, several kings, three American presidents, a French Cardinal and two geniuses, including Michelangelo.

If you want the ceiling re-painted I'll do my best. There always seem to be a lot of different fellows up here. I'm never sure which one of them gets to talk. Right now, I guess I'm the guy. As I pondered our visit tonight it struck me: if my Creator gave me the gift to connect you with the hearts and minds of those great men, then I want to use that same gift now to re-connect you with your own sense of liberty ... your own freedom of thought ... your own compass for what is right.

Dedicating the memorial at Gettysburg, Abraham Lincoln said of America, "We are now engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether this nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

Those words are true again. I believe that we are again engaged in a great civil war, a cultural war that's about to hijack your birthright to think and say what resides in your heart. I fear you no longer trust the pulsing lifeblood of liberty inside you ... the stuff that made this country rise from wilderness into the miracle that it is. Let me back up. About a year ago I became president of the National Rifle Association, which protects the right to keep and bear arms. I ran for office, I was elected, and now I serve ... I serve as a moving target for the media who've called me everything from "ridiculous" and "duped" to a "brain-injured, senile, crazy old man." I know ... I'm pretty old ... but I sure thank the Lord I ain't senile. As I have stood in the crosshairs of those who target Second Amendment freedoms, I've realized that firearms are not the only issue. No, it's much, much bigger than that. I've come to understand that a cultural war is raging across our land, in which, with Orwellian fervor,

certain acceptable thoughts and speech are mandated.

For example, I marched for civil rights with Dr. King in 1963 – long before Hollywood found it fashionable. But when I told an audience last year that white pride is just as valid as black pride or red pride or anyone else's pride, they called me a racist.

I've worked with brilliantly talented homosexuals all my life. But when I told an audience that gay rights should extend no further than your rights or my rights, I was called a homophobe.

I served in World War II against the Axis powers. But during a speech, when I drew an analogy between singling out innocent Jews and singling out innocent gun owners, I was called an anti-Semite.

Everyone I know knows I would never raise a closed fist against my country. But when I asked an audience to oppose this cultural persecution, I was compared to Timothy McVeigh.

From Time magazine to friends and colleagues, they're essentially saying, "Chuck, how dare you speak your mind. You are using language not authorized for public consumption!"

But I am not afraid. If Americans believed in political correctness, we'd still be King George's boys-subjects bound to the British crown.

In his book, "The End of Sanity," Martin Gross writes that "blatantly irrational behavior is rapidly being established as the norm in almost every area of human endeavor. There seem to be new customs, new rules, new anti-intellectual theories regularly foisted on us from every direction. Underneath, the nation is roiling. Americans know something, without a name is undermining the nation, turning the mind mushy when it comes to separating truth from falsehood and right from wrong. And they don't like it."

Let me read a few examples. At Antioch college in Ohio, young men seeking intimacy with a coed must get verbal permission at each step of the process from kissing to petting to final copulation ... all clearly spelled out in a printed college directive.

In New Jersey, despite the death of several patients nationwide who had been infected by dentists who had concealed their AIDS --- the state commissioner announced that health providers who are HIV-positive need not.... need not.... tell their patients that they are infected.

At William and Mary, students tried to change the name of the school team "The Tribe" because it was supposedly insulting to local Indians, only to learn that authentic Virginia chiefs truly like the name.

In San Francisco, city fathers passed an ordinance protecting the rights of transvestites to cross-dress on the job, and for transsexuals to have separate toilet facilities while undergoing sex change surgery.

In New York City, kids who don't speak a word of Spanish have been placed in bilingual classes to learn their three R's in Spanish solely because their last names sound Hispanic.

At the University of Pennsylvania, in a state where thousands died at Gettysburg opposing slavery, the president of that college officially set up segregated dormitory space for black students.

Yeah, I know ... that's out of bounds now. Dr. King said "Negroes." Jimmy Baldwin and most of us on the March said "black." But it's a no-no now.

For me, hyphenated identities are awkward ... particularly "Native-American." I'm a Native American, for God's sake. I also happen to be a blood-initiated brother of the Miniconjou Sioux. On my wife's side, my grandson is a 13th-generation Native American ... with a capital letter on "American."

Finally, just last month ... David Howard, head of the Washington D.C. Office of Public Advocate, used the word "niggardly" while talking to colleagues about budgetary matters. Of course, 'niggardly' means stingy or scanty. But within days Howard was forced to publicly apologize and resign.

As columnist Tony Snow wrote: "David Howard got fired because some people in public employ were morons who (a) didn't know the meaning of 'niggardly,' (b) didn't know how to use a dictionary to discover the meaning, and (c) actually demanded that he apologize for their ignorance."

What does all of this mean? It means that telling us what to think has evolved into telling us what to say, so telling us what to do can't be far behind. Before you claim to be a champion of free thought, tell me: Why did political correctness originate on America's campuses? And why do you continue to tolerate it? Why do you, who're supposed to debate ideas, surrender to their suppression?

Let's be honest. Who here thinks your professors can say what they really believe? It scares me to death, and should scare you too, that the superstition of political correctness rules the halls of reason.

You are the best and the brightest. You, here in the fertile cradle of American academia, here in the

castle of learning on the Charles River, you are the cream. But I submit that you, and your counterparts across the land, are the most socially conformed and politically silenced generation since Concord Bridge.

And as long as you validate that ... and abide it ... you are-by your grandfathers' standards-cowards. Here's another example. Right now at more than one major university, Second Amendment scholars and researchers are being told to shut up about their findings or they'll lose their jobs. Why? Because their research findings would undermine big-city mayor's pending lawsuits that seek to extort hundreds of millions of dollars from firearm manufacturers.

I don't care what you think about guns. But if you are not shocked at that, I am shocked at you. Who will guard the raw material of unfettered ideas, if not you? Who will defend the core value of academia, if you supposed soldiers of free thought and expression lay down your arms and plead, "Don't shoot me."

If you talk about race, it does not make you a racist. If you see distinctions between the genders, it does not make you a sexist. If you think critically about a denomination, it does not make you anti-religion. If you accept but don't celebrate homosexuality, it does not make you a homophobe.

Don't let America's universities continue to serve as incubators for this rampant epidemic of new McCarthyism. But what can you do? How can anyone prevail against such pervasive social subjugation?

The answer's been here all along. I learned it 36 years ago, on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington D.C., standing with Dr. Martin Luther King and two hundred thousand people.

You simply ... disobey. Peaceably, yes. Respectfully, of course non-violently, absolutely. But when told how to think or what to say or how to behave, we don't. We disobey social protocol that stifles and stigmatizes personal freedom.

I learned the awesome power of disobedience from Dr. King ... who learned it from Gandhi, and Thoreau and Jesus and every other great man who led those in the right against those with the might.

Disobedience is in our DNA. We feel innate kinship with that disobedient spirit that tossed tea into Boston Harbor, that sent Thoreau to jail, that refused to sit in the back of the bus, that protested a war in Vietnam.

In that same spirit, I am asking you to disavow cultural correctness with massive

disobedience of rogue authority, social directives and onerous law that weaken personal freedom.

But be careful ... it hurts. Disobedience demands that you put yourself at risk. Dr. King stood on lots of balconies. You must be willing to be humiliated ... to endure the modern-day equivalent of the police dogs at Montgomery and the water cannons at Selma. You must be willing to experience discomfort. I'm not complaining, but my own decades of social activism have taken their toll on me. Let me tell you a story.

A few years back I heard about a rapper named Ice-T who was selling a CD called "Cop Killer" celebrating ambushing and murdering police officers. It was being marketed by none other than Time/Warner, the biggest entertainment conglomerate in the world. Police across the country were outraged. Rightfully so, at least one had been murdered. But Time/Warner was stonewalling because the CD was a cash cow for them, and the media were tiptoeing around it because the rapper was black. I heard Time/Warner had a stockholder meeting scheduled in Beverly Hills. I owned some shares at the time, so I decided to attend.

What I did there was against the advice of my family and colleagues. I asked for the floor. To a hushed room of a thousand average American stockholders, I simply read the full lyrics of "Cop Killer" -- every vicious, vulgar, instructional word.

"I GOT MY 12 GAUGE SAWED OFF
I GOT MY HEADLIGHTS TURNED OFF
I'm ABOUT TO BUST SOME SHOTS OFF
I'm ABOUT TO DUST SOME COPS OFF..."

It got worse, a lot worse. I won't read the rest of it to you. But trust me, the room was a sea of shocked, frozen, blanched faces. The Time/Warner executives squirmed in their chairs and stared at their shoes. They hated me for that. Then I delivered another volley of sick lyric brimming with racist filth, where Ice-T fantasizes about sodomizing two 12-year old nieces of Al and Tipper Gore. "SHE PUSHED HER BUTT AGAINST MY..." Well, I won't do to you here what I did to them. Let's just say I left the room in echoing silence. When I read the lyrics to the waiting press corps, one of them said, "We can't print that." "I know," I replied, "but Time/Warner is selling it."

Two months later, Time/Warner terminated

Ice-T's contract. I'll never be offered another film by Warners, or get a good review from Time magazine. But disobedience means you must be willing to act, not just talk.

When a mugger sues his elderly victim for defending herself ... jam the switchboard of the district attorney's office. When your university is pressured to lower standards until 80 percent of the students graduate with honors ... choke the halls of the board of regents. When an 8-year-old boy pecks a girl's cheek on the playground and gets hauled into court for sexual harassment ... march on that school and block its doorways. When someone you elected is seduced by political power and betrays you ... petition them, oust them, banish them. When Time magazine's cover portrays millennium nuts as deranged, crazy Christians holding a cross as it did last month ...boycott their magazine and the products it advertises.

So that this nation may long endure, I urge you to follow in the hallowed footsteps of the great disobediences of history that freed exiles, founded religions, defeated tyrants, and yes, in the hands of an aroused rabble in arms and a few great men, by God's grace, built this country.

If Dr. King were here, I think he would agree.

Thank you.



Many years ago in England, pub frequenters had a whistle baked into the rim or handle of their ceramic cups. When they needed a refill, they used the whistle to get some service. "**Wet your whistle,**" is the phrase inspired by this practice.

In Shakespeare's time, mattresses were secured on bed frames by ropes...when you pulled on the ropes the mattress tightened, making the bed firmer to sleep on. That's where the phrase, "**good night, sleep tight**" came from.

Our Glorious Earth Suits

By the editor

The more that I think about things the more I realize that when God created us he truly did create something special. Not only did he give us ourselves and much liberty to choose how and where we live, but also he gave us an Earth Suite as well, the very place where we live.

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to deal with. We are all to blame both collectively and individually. If we were each to be judged on our own individual merit of good vs. evil we would be in the same shape as Belshazzar back in the days of Daniel the profit, "...weighed on the scales and found wanting."

But there is Good News! It is call the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and this is where I place all my hope.

This is best read aloud:

THE SOLID ROCK

Edward Mote, 1832

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand
All other ground is sinking sand,

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' Name.

When darkness seems to hide His Face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds with in the veil.

His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh may I then in Him be found;
Dressed in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

In spite of everything that is happening around us we Christians have a wonderful future to look forward to.



UNDERSTANDING/HAPPY

To be happy with a man, you must understand him a lot and love him a little.

To be happy with a woman, you must love her a lot & not try to understand her at all.

Our earth suite is not only a place to live, but it is an instrument that should be used for giving and loving others. A thing that may last a hundred years or it may not last long at all. Graveyards are full of earth suites that are no longer functional. Some of us take better care of our earth suites than others. Some of us have slightly handicapped earth suites and still others have very attractive ones. Most of us have earth suites that may not be of Hollywood quality when it comes to appearance, but that isn't our fault God and the choices our parents made with their earth suits had everything to do with the way our earth suits looks. The Controls of our earth suit were given to each of us individually, and we can make our earth suit appear many different ways. For an example we can hide a frown or a smile. We can cause our earth suite to strut or slump. It is up to us. When God gave us our earth suite, he also gave us the liberty to choose what we were going to do with it, and how we were going to take care of it.

Another interesting thing about our earth suite is that it reacts to what we think of it. If we think it is ugly, it will appear ugly. If we think it is sick or ill, sure enough it will be sick or ill. If we feel guilt or fear, our earth suite will react to these feelings. God made us in a very unique way, and then he gave us a very unique earth suit.

Another very interesting thing I have learned is that what we do with our earth suit to other people's earth suit has a way of coming back around to us. For example; if my earth suite struts up to another persons earth suite, and mine tells his or hers that their earth suit is funny to look at, my earth suit better have a tough skin because the same will happen to me only about 10 times more.

Today is the first day of the rest of the usefulness of our earth suit. Check it out and see if what I am saying isn't true.

The next time you have an opportunity to be make window to window contact with a neighbor earth suite; let some of the warmth that is inside your earth suite with you come out in the form of a genuine smile, and a sound or two of kindness. This sound of kindness can be such sweet music to someone living inside that other earth suit that might be feeling a little down. Try it you'll like it when some sweet earth suite brings music to you someday when you're a little down for whatever reason.

