
VIEWS LETTER

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AWD's Views, News & Other Things of Interest

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RESPONSIBILITY

Who Cares ?

~ By AWD ~

How many of us in these United States of America really care about what is going on within the beltway in Washington, D.C.? How many really care about what is going on in that tiny building located on a tiny island next to Manhattan known as the United Nations? Do we realize that we have the power to make things happen, and the ability to change bad things to good ones? On the other hand; do we realize that if we do nothing the freedom and liberties that we now have (although they have diminished greatly in the past 50 years) will wither away to nothing, and the longer we wait the less power and ability we will have to do anything to recover them? We must become students of history, and students of our very foundation as a nation, the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence and the Bible.

Some Americans say and believe that it is

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Pop and the Visit to School

~ By Gaylon W. Stamps ~

When I was in the first grade, Mrs. Reno told us that we could invite our parents up anytime to see what our classroom and school was like. I asked her how long they could stay, and she said, "All day if they want to!"

WOW! Think about it! Mom or Dad being at school ALL DAY... all-day with ME! Seeing my new friends, and seeing me experience this great New World of SCHOOL! (First graders think like that, ya know?)

Well, Mother was way too busy taking care of my two little sisters to think about coming to school for a day. After all, the girls were WAY too little to come to school, and THEY would have their turn in their own time!

After Mrs. Reno's invitation, every few days a parent would come to school, and stay for awhile! I was envious of the kids whose parents came because it seemed like they were treated kinda special... and all little kids like that.

I had asked Dad if he would come. After all, other dads had come! Wouldn't he come? He told me that he would, but never committed to the "when."

Weeks passed, and more and more parents came and went. I suppose these days what I did to Pop would be considered "badgering," but I really wanted him to come to my class! He was working the swing shift at the plant (which meant he got home sometime early in the morning), but he told me he would come on a certain day! (This day as I recall was about three days away!)

WOW!!! Think about it! My dad, of whom I was sooooo proud, was gonna come to my classroom! And looking at the dads who had

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come, I was sure MY dad was gonna make the BEST impression on the class. After all, he was the BEST dad around!

I rode to school every day on a yellow school bus! Now, when you are six, you have to make some assumptions of facts when they are not spelled out exactly, and I assumed on the day Dad was gonna come to school, that he would TAKE me and I wouldn't have to ride the bus. I remember talking to Mr. Littlefield (the bus driver) about the fact that my DAD was coming to spend the day with me at school and that he didn't need to stop by on THAT day to pick me up.

Side note: I liked Mr. Littlefield! I would sit up in the front seat right behind him and talk to him all the way to school and back! It was about an hour ride. I was always the first one on and the last one off the bus! We lived clear out at the end of the route. Mr. Littlefield (Jim) was always nice to me. He never let on like I was bothering him or anything when I talked to him. Thinking of it now, he was a very patient man!

On the evening of the day before the BIG DAY, I reiterated to Jim more than a few times that he did not need to come by and pick me up. When we got to the house though, he did holler over to the house to Mama and ask, "Is JW really going to be at school tomorrow?" Mom replied, "That's what he said." I beamed with pride with the affirmation! I waved at Jim and said, "See ya Monday!" (In case you haven't figured it out, this was Thursday, and I wouldn't see him on Friday.)

Of course, Dad was working that evening, so I couldn't tell him of all the plans I'd worked out... but that was ok! He was gonna take me to school and spend ALL DAY with me!

The next morning, 7:00 came around and I was all ready for school... No bus! 7:05... no bus. Dad was still in bed. I noticed Mama looking out the window. Here on the plains we could see the bus coming from three miles away, and there was no sunshine reflecting from any

yellow bus on the road as far as she could see.

7:15... No BUS! She commented quite matter-of-factly, "I wonder what happened to Jim this morning?" I asked, "Why?" "Well, he should have been here by now!" she replied.

I said, "Mom! Daddy is taking me to school today! I told Jim he didn't have to come by today!"

The look of surprise on her face told me that SOMETHING was wrong! She said, "He was not going to TAKE YOU! He was going to come later in the morning!"

My feeling sank to a new low! "Man!!! I had really "blown it" this time!

Mother went into the bedroom and woke dad up and told him what had happened. This really doesn't need to be said, but Pop was NOT in the best of moods when he found out what I had done. I really can't remember any of his words to me, but the inference was that I was... to say the least... not very smart... and (as they used to say back then) "a little too handy!" (I wasn't real sure what that meant, but I did know when the phrase was used, it was not in a positive sense!)

Dad huffed and puffed and pulled his britches and boots on, donned his shirt and jacket... all the while making little comments to and about me! All I could do was kinda hang my head in the shame I felt.

The mood of the morning was not NEARLY what I thought it was going to be. Pop drove me to town, not saying a word, but the look on his face (the one time I checked) said volumes. He didn't HAVE to speak! I did know when to keep my mouth shut, and THIS was one of those times!

We got to school, and I led Pop to my room. I hoped "for all the world" that things would be better in the classroom. And they were. Time has a way of mellowing anger, and Pop's had mellowed by the time we got there.

As I suspected, I was proud as punch of MY DAD! And proud that I could show him off to my new buddies. It had been kinda the custom of

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the kids in class to honor the visiting parent by cutting their eyes back toward him and giving him a little smile and, if the chance came, even having a little chat with him. Pop was kinda the life of the room that morning as I knew he would be and he took it all in. Mrs. Reno made him feel welcome. I'm sure she probably offered him a cup of coffee from the cafeteria, which was just across the hall from our room. Through it all, I beamed that my Pop took the time to come to my class! And I was proud for him to see me in the process of getting good marks on my papers.

Pop stayed for a couple of hours and then said, "Son, I guess I'd better go." I was disappointed because I assumed he was going to stay all day so he could take me home... but that was not HIS plan! Just mine! I knew better than to suggest MY plan, so I just found it in my heart to enjoy the time Pop HAD given to me! And the feeling of pride I had in my Pop as he had presented himself to my class could not have been brighter!

I made sure I was not late climbing on the bus because Jim wasn't expecting me, and I SURE didn't want to be left behind! Jim asked if my dad had come to school that day. I beamed and replied, "YES SIR!" It had been a good day... after all!

Ya know? Pop didn't HAVE to give me that day... but he chose to, and did! I'm sure he never knew HOW much he made a little guy happy on that day! And it was an effort! I realized that more and more as we raised OUR children. I hope somewhere along the way I made a memory for my children as my Dad did for me that day!

Thanks for the gift Pop! 😊

Don't confuse fame with success. Madonna is one; Helen Keller is the other.
~Erma Bombeck, ~ author (1927-1996)

Who Cares? *Continued from page 1*

already too late. Maybe so, but I say, "Never say never." It is time that all of us came to the realization that we are responsible for many things that effect us directly and indirectly. Too many of us in all of the present living generations (builders, boomers, X'ers, etc., etc.) have become so far away from being the least bit responsible for ourselves that we are as much removed from our own welfare as cattle in a lot. This "Responsibility Thing" or "Irresponsibility Thing" is becoming international in ways that will effect more of the working and producing Americans. I gleaned this information from e-mail. The sender was "Freedom Alliance," a news organization more interested in truth than political maneuvering.

Kofa Annan and his United Nations cohorts held their *International Conference for Financing and Development* in Monterrey, Mexico. It would be more accurately called, "Dictators, Diatribes and Delusional Demands." All week – one after another – dictators and despots who rule over corrupt, third world regimes took to the podium in Monterrey **to denounce the United States and demand more of your hard-earned money.**

Now, I want to tell you exactly what I witnessed in Monterrey because the United Nations is on a quest to secure the biggest transfer of wealth in the history, and almost no American media were there to report it.

FIRST: Kofi Annan is demanding that American taxpayers hand over to the UN 0.7 percent of our Gross National Product. That amounts to \$70 billion each and every year. **That is almost 4 times what the United States is spending on homeland defense!**

SECOND: Former U.S. President Jimmy Carter was on hand to denounce the United States in front of the world. Carter agreed with Kofi Annan, that you and I, the U.S. taxpayers, should be giving more to the UN slush funds and said the amount the United States gave in aid is "embarrassingly low." Carter also said the American people need to be "educated" as to

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All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusion is called a philosopher.

Ambrose Bierce, writer (1842-1914)

Heartless, Brainless or a Combination of the Two?

Isn't it time that we Americans realize the value of our liberty and freedom? Mustn't we take responsibility for making sure that the political process here doesn't take over and do to us what Islam is doing to many people in many other parts of the world? I received this e-mail from a friend that lives in Saudi Arabia.

Wayne,

I thought you all would like to get a picture of the thought process over in this part of the world (Saudi Arabia). I don't know how to label it, heartless, brainless or a combination of the two?

There was a tragic fire in a private school in Mecca recently where 14 young girls died and numerous others were severely burned. When the newspapers interviewed the man in charge of the school and asked him how it had happened, he replied that he didn't know why everyone was getting so upset about it. He said that it was an "act of God" and that he hoped the families of these girls received comfort in knowing that fact.

He didn't seem willing to put the blame on anyone else except for a woman who worked in the school who was making tea for some teachers at the time. He also didn't think having the emergency exits chained shut was a contributing factor even though the bodies were crammed next to these doors. He stated that the chains were needed to keep the girls in and the opposite sex out. The local Muttawa, that's the religious police, agreed with him 100%. As

a matter of fact they were present when the fire was raging and would not let the local firemen into the school for fear that the men would look upon the girls in an improper manner. The local firemen had to force their way into the school by breaking down doors that were closed by these men.

In today's paper the King relieved the man of his duties who made those ridiculous statements and gave him an early retirement. Apparently there was such uproar about this from the common folk that they had to do something to make it look acceptable. Your Friend XXXXX

I did some further research about this event and according to the BBC News the Muttawa was beating the girls back into the burning building. They would not allow them to leave the smoke and flames when improperly dressed. Evidently compassion is not part of their religious belief.

Below is part of another article that I found while doing the research, it's not as sad but is very enlightening about the mindset of Islam and its religious police. ↓

Saudi Arabia Police Raid Christian Worship Service

RIYADH, Saudi Arabia ([COMPASS](#)) -- Saudi Arabia's vigilante religious police raided a private Christian worship service in Riyadh on January 7, arresting 15 of the estimated 100 persons gathered in a private home including the small children of two families.

According to sources in the Saudi Arabian capital, the "muttawa" (Islamic police) interrupted the Friday afternoon service, which was being conducted by Filipino Christians in a private villa, on a tip from a Filipino Muslim who infiltrated the group. ☹️☹️☹️☹️

~ If you don't know your rights you don't have any! ~

On The Lighter Side

*This is a short excerpt from the book **TRUE LOVE and the WOOLLY BUGGER**, By **Dave Ames**. This isn't a recently published book, but its full of humor and fun to read over and over again. The author is dedicated to fishing, in a similar way that a Monk is to a Monastery. It is a compilation of different fishing trips—the author takes you to the time, the place and makes you laugh out loud. In this particular chapter he is telling of fishing with different girlfriends. My wife and part time editor Linda, didn't think it was all that funny, but I do...It might be a guy thing. ~AWD~*

On another day with another woman dark cumulus clouds spilled over the mountains and drizzled intermittent rain. It was November. Duke and I were fishing; Splash was rowing, her short dishwater blond hair tucked up underneath a wool hat.

The Duke had his doubts beforehand. He had been guiding nearly everyday for the last month, and now wanted to fish, not row. "I don't know," he said. "Can your new girlfriend take her turn at the oars?"

"I think so," I said. "She's a full-time guide. She rows commercial whitewater trips all summer long, and wants to learn to the fly-fishing end of things so she'll be more employable."

"Huh," said Duke, "you should open a school," but went anyway, and was glad he did.

It was one of those days when it's not quite winter and every fish in the river was up for what might be the last hatch of the season. Splash rowed first; if we weren't always in exactly the right place we were close enough that Duke and I had several doubles in the first hour of fishing parachute blue-wing olive duns and dropper nymphs with red floss butts.

I was fishing from the back; on one of those doubles I hooked a rainbow trout that ran down and across the river and jumped over the duke's line at the same moment his fish was jumping back toward the bank. Our lines crossed. I lowered my rod; Duke passed his rod over my line, deftly switched hands, and our lines uncrossed.

"How'd you do that?" asked Splash and

laughed with delight.

"I don't know," replied Duke because it happened so fast.

Later, the same thing happened, except I was rowing. Splash was fishing the front, and Duke hooked a fish that leaped over her line on the third jump. Splash passed her rod (which was actually my rod) from hand to hand except this time she missed the hand-off. My expression could best be described as stupefied as I watched my rod float down ahead of the boat.

"You threw my rod in the river," I said, bringing it to her attention but being careful not to yell.

The rod was now sinking slowly reel first.

"What do I do now?" Splash spoke in a stage whisper, staring downstream at the rod.

"Get it," I said through gritted teeth. "Just get it."

Splash turned and said with wide doe-in-the-crosshairs eyes, "I know, but how?"

"Get it," I said. "Just get it!"

I was a little pop-eyed myself.

The rod was a new Winston, and it was the first real dry fly rod I had ever owned. It cost as much as a month on the beach in Mexico, and was so new that this was only the second time I had used it. The rod bounced downstream; Splash leaned hard forward and I heaved on the oars playing catch-up. Ten seconds later the rod was almost within reach but nearly too deep to grab when to my astonishment Splash suddenly tensed then leaped into the cold November river.

"Now there's something you don't see every day," said the Duke.

From the expression on her face when she surfaced Splash was as surprised as anyone at what she had done. The water was so deep it floated her hat, so cold her lips turned blue, and now you know how she earned her nickname.

"Agh-h-h," gasped Splash, the air knocked from her chest, her boat-woman biceps bulging through her wet shirt as she thrashed to shore, but smiling with the rod held triumphantly skyward.

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“how little we give,” to other countries.

THIRD: The UN is trying to impose global taxes on American citizens so they can have more power, control and money to implement their socialist global agenda.

FOURTH: Vicente Fox, the President of Mexico; Jacques Chirac, the President of France and Fidel Castro, the dictator of Cuba all called for global taxes to be imposed on American citizens.

This is just the tip of the iceberg. What wealth we have is being chased by not only the rest of the world, but there are those in our own government that care more about a “New World Order” than they care about the Nation of the USA. There are those that would have you believe that “Nationalism” is evil. If you are a true “Nationalist” you might be the enemy of many smaller nations in the world as well as the enemy of many elected politicians in our own government. Although they deem nationalist enemies out of ignorance they are enemies just the same.

The lowest common denominator in the struggles of life is the difference between truth and untruth. The battle is between the Creator of the Universe and the fallen archangel Lucifer who chose to use his liberty in such a way to become the master of deception. He is the power behind all evils and all untruths.

If something looks a little iffy, smells a little funky, feels a little weird or is extremely complicated and confusing—chances are that this something is very suspicious. And, chances are that this something is filled with untruths. Investigate and verify before accepting it as truth. Most times refuse to allow this something to be recognized, don’t just ignore it, but destroy it with truth. Force it to be honest or send it into oblivion.

There is a need for a government of laws. There is a need for some public servants. There is a need for the helping of others. Some of these things can be legislated and others cannot. We the people must accept the responsibility to

choose which are and which are not. We the people must root out those that would pervert the Constitution for their own physical gain. We the people must place our trust in God and not in the institutions and bureaucracies of government. We must hold each other accountable for being responsible. We need to become a nation of responsible citizens and not a bunch of hungry aggressive animals always on the attack, devouring anything that we can get for nothing.

We Americans have been lulled into a state of irresponsibility. We must not allow ourselves to remain in this state or we will be deceived and then destroyed.

Gifts are from God....not governments. In the Bible, God has promised that if His people repent and turn from their wicked ways that He would heal their land. He has given us rules to live by, and with those rules there is responsibility.

I challenge you to become aggressively proactive in your community, your church, your local government, your state and federal governments. Make some calls, send a fax or two, and write some letters. Read the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. Hold your elected representatives accountable. Demand that they know and abide by the Constitution. After all, this Constitution is our Uncle Sam, not any of those in office whether they are right or wrong.

We the people are to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature’s God entitle us.



Man’s Best Friend

Well, Jazz and I are now as old as the boss. He is around 55, and we are about the same age in dog years. We have learned a lot over the last 50 some odd dog years. Camry is only 42 dog years old, and you sure can tell how immature she is. I have learned through my many years...good judgment by keeping the digging down to minimal, not taking the Bosses’ socks outdoors through the “doggy door,” and keep the barking short. Camry is lacking in all of the above areas.

*Continued on page 8 column 1 See; **Best Friend***

A woman is beautiful...

While picking some flowers from a bright sun-lit garden,
Or loving a child who is begging for pardon.
While picking some fruit from a sun-ripened tree,
Or nursing a son with a scuff-wounded knee.
While facing the shower of a fresh summer rain,
Or drying a tear when a heart's filled with pain.
While bundling up to go out in the snow,
Or helping build snowmen with carrots for nose.
While preparing some food in a hot summer kitchen,
Or saying, "The batter bowl! Kids get t'lickin'!"
While setting the dishes "just right" on the table,
Or cleaning up messes though children were able.
While folding the clothes when the washing is done,
Or talking "straight talk" to her almost-grown son.
While ironing a shirt for her poor helpless hubby,
Or consoling a teen-girl who thinks she's too tubby.
While thinking about the first child she gave life,
Or helping a pregnant girl overcome strife.
While singing along with her favorite CD,
Or humming a tune to newborn baby.
While dancing alone, hoping no one will see,
Or prancing with kids under mulberry trees.
While brushing her hair by an old looking glass,
Or teaching a youth that his youth will soon pass.
While reading romance by the lamp-light in bed,
Or "Mother Goose" poems to her children when fed.
While sitting alone with her dreams by a fire,
Or listening to prayers as her children retire.
The list goes forever... To pen is a pleasure!
A beautiful woman ~ is a God-given treasure!

Gaylon Stamps, March 20, 2001

~ Those who trade liberty for security have neither. ~

Best Friend, *Continued from page 6.*

Age does have some benefits. One thing for sure is that we are lucky to have been placed with a family that likes dogs so much. Our veterinarian told Linda that if reincarnation is possible, she wants to come back as a "Doudney Dog." She says we get treated better than some humans!

We are also lucky that we didn't end up the same as Andy's Dog, Chaos, when we were out on one of our own "many" runaway expeditions. Chaos and her sister, Rage, were pulling a shenanigan when she was hit and run over by a car last month. The entire family was saddened on that regretful day. They even had a funeral and graveside service with a headstone to put on her grave. They buried her down on the farm in Texas. You just hate to hear about this kind of loss, after all, a dog is as much a member of the family as anyone. We all understand and regret their loss and offer our deepest sympathy.

When Andy and Ashley found that both dogs were missing they went on a frantic search looking for the dogs where they normally went when they got out of the yard. They went in opposite directions hoping that one of them would be successful. This search went on for almost three hours when Andy heard that a dog had been run over on Hwy 152 near the Assembly of God Church here in Mustang. When Andy arrived, Chaos was hurt very badly, but was still alive. Andy frantically tried to find a vet that was open, but the only one open was an animal emergency clinic on the far south side of Oklahoma City. Just as he arrived there, Chaos struggled through her last breath. It was too late, and Chaos was gone. It was so very sad.

The "Good News" is that Andy got another dog within a few days after Chaos died as Rage was having a hard time coping with the loss of her big sister, Chaos. Instead of being so sad, she is now being entertained by a two-month-old Pitt Bull. Her life is not dull or sad anymore. Don't

get me wrong, she still misses Chaos, but her new buddy keeps her mind off of missing Chaos so much. I have heard the Boss and Linda say that "Dogs are a Man's Best Friend." I guess that's why everyone was so touched by Chaos' death. They all lost their "best friend!"

Well, I still have a few more holes to dig in the flowerbed so will bark at you again, later. Keep your nose to the wind. 🐕

~ *Shelby Doudney Schnauzer Dog* ~

True Love, *Continued from page 5.*

"Let's go fishing!" she yelled when she had her breath back.

"You didn't have to jump, you know," I said later, solicitous in my role as a new-age sensitive angler as we pooled clothes to come up with one dry, warm set. I have to admit I was impressed with a girl who wouldn't let a little thing like jumping in a cold river interfere with a good day of fishing.

"What was I going to do?" she replied. "You just kept shouting. Get it. Get it."

"I know, but I didn't think you'd jump out of the boat."

"Neither did I," she said looking bewildered. "It must be love." 😊😊😊😊

DUST

Little Johnny was in his bedroom playing with his toy tractor when his mother walked in.

"Mom, doesn't it say in the Bible, that man was made out of dust?" he asked.

"Yes," replied his mom.

"Is it also true that when we die, we go back to dust?" he inquired.

"Yes," said his mom again. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I was looking under the bed," Johnny answered, "and there's someone under there either coming or going."

"There's nothing that keeps its youth, / So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

~ *Oliver Wendell Holmes* ~