
VIEWSLETTER

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AWD's Views, News & Other Things of Interest

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Man and Mouse... At War

By *Gaylon W. Stamps*

It was a cold day in the Texas Panhandle when I went out to the airport office to do some paperwork. When I opened the office, the smell of "mouse" was very strong! When there is not much activity in the office the mice seem to enjoy the opportunity to "take over". It is sad, but it's the way it is.

Now usually mice don't bother me all that much; but I do have my limits! An occasional mouse scurrying down the baseboard is no big thing. To a certain extent I believe in, "Live and let live". Know what I mean?

But THIS morning, "grrrrr" when I went to make coffee, I found that a mouse had eaten

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Why You Can't Stay Silent

By *Tom Minnery (from Focus on the Family Magazine)*

The pastor looked at me with his weary eyes. He was embarrassed and humiliated. He groped for words to explain why his church had suffered so much, and why he and the other pastors had done so little about it.

They had been trained by missionaries only to preach salvation and to stay out of controversial social issues. This they did, until the people suffered so badly under their corrupt dictator that they turned to new saviors—leftwing ideologues who tried to help the people but who eventually plunged the country into revolution. When the guns finally stopped, 50,000 were dead.

This was Nicaragua in 1983, four years after the Marxist revolution, and I had gone there to see what lessons might be learned from a church that had sat on the sidelines while evil grew. Could the pastors have stopped the course of events that led to the Marxist revolution? Not without God's miraculous help, certainly. But they did nothing and gave God no opportunity to work through them, and for this they were ashamed. I shall never forget them or what this means for us.

The present situation

Thankfully, we have no such extreme in our country. We are blessed with a stable government that invites the people's participation, but there are troubling signs. Year by year, fewer Christians bother to vote, to lift their voices, to be salt and light, and we have seen hostile forces gain the upper hand. Lawsuits against public religious

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through the plastic lid on my coffee can and had enjoyed a fun frolic in the nice, dry, aromatic abode. I said, I have my limits, and my limit (line) had been crossed. I thought, “When I go to lunch I will get some traps to set.”

Well, I settled into my office work and it was pretty quiet all alone there, and when I work, I sit pretty still. It was not long before, out of the corner of my eye, I spied a mouse running along the baseboard below the cabinet where he had done his dastardly deed the night before. I furrowed my brow as I observed his audastic trek across my floor. I noticed that he would stop every once in a while, look at me and kinda’ “grin” a little mousy grin, then scurry on out of sight.

I didn’t have time to mess with him now. After all, my plan was to get some traps.... Right?

He probably showed himself a half dozen times that morning before lunch. Each time he seemed less convinced that I was something about which to worry, so he just meandered along the baseboards thinking about... whatever it is mouseys think about.

When I went home for lunch, I was in a bit of a hurry because I had let the time slip away and had to be prompted by my sweet wife to come home RIGHT NOW if I wanted a HOT lunch. I promptly obeyed.

After lunch, someone wanted to send me a fax, and, well, I have to be in the office to punch the button to receive it, so, returning to the office I was once again, RUSHED! Guess what... Yep! I DIDN’T go get the traps. “Sigh”

Well, I settled into my work again, and again, the mouse “did his thing” so nonchalantly that had I not known better, I would have thought he had been hand raised somewhere in the hangar!

Late in the evening, I remembered another time when a mouse traversed with indignance and I SHOT him! (But that is another story.) But, recalling the story from times past reminded me of the pistol up on top of the cabinet.

“I wonder if I have any rat shot?” I thought to

myself.

I got up and checked, and sure enough; I DID! And they were MAGs! (In case you don’t know, mag rat shot has a little more powder and shot in it than the old regular rat shot... the better to hunt with. “Laughing horrifically here”)

I loaded the gun and prepared for battle. “I’m gonna get that varmint before the evening is over!”

Not long after, out of the corner of my eye I saw him. “Ah ha!” He went behind the safe and refrigerator. I would get him when he came out either side!

I cocked the pistol and waited with the barrel pointed in the direction of his escape route. There was no way he was getting out of this!

I sat there for about mmmmmmm... 5 minutes, I suppose waiting to squeeze the hair trigger on the hairy varmint just as soon as he showed his little beady-eyed face!

PHONE CALL!!!! DRATS!!!

I answered the phone, and while I was talking described the situation and said, “So... If ya hear a loud bang while we are talking, think nuthin' of it. OK?” After he quit laughing, he replied that he thought he could handle it.

A few minutes into the conversation, I turned my head just for an instant and FLASH!!! That dumb mouse scampered the two feet distance from the fridge to the bathroom door. I reflexed, but I was too slow! I let out a “barely Christian” expletive (which started the guy on the other end of the phone line to start laughing again.) “I get no respect!” I replied to his laugh. Then it crossed my mind to check in the bathroom to see if that mouse was in there where I could see him. With the phone in one hand, and the gun in the other, I scoped out the bathroom. NUTTIN! “DRATS! FOILED AGAIN!”

I returned to my desk and finished the phone call, then I returned to my paper work and kinda forgot about the mouse... UNTIL.... He ran over my feet under the computer desk and behind

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expressions proliferate, the very definition of the family is attacked, and abortions are deemed a constitutional right. Still, in our country, cultural decline need not be a terminal illness.

But even today, we hear voices of some church leaders telling us to concentrate on evangelism and not be distracted by controversies. Are we starting down the same road that will lead to rampant immorality and the rise of a tyrant or moral chaos? May God forbid, but I do know that a silenced, isolated and irrelevant church violates the mandate of Scripture. I believe that Christian leaders who tell us to ignore social problems fail to grasp the full significance of three important concepts:

1. Our Christian calling. "Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness," Jesus said in the Sermon on the Mount, and four verses later He put it more directly: "Blessed are those who are persecuted because of righteousness." Righteousness is a broad term in Scripture, and it includes everything that is right. The first order of business, of course, is for people to get right with God by accepting the salvation He offers, but that does not exhaust the meaning of righteousness, and down through the years Christians have understood this and have left a legacy of reform.

In the early years of the church, Christians could make no impact on the evil Roman government because they were persecuted, but when the persecutions ended, they plunged in. They worked to end the right of fathers to beat their children, to abandon them or even sell them into slavery. Christianity uplifted the plight of wives and mothers by giving them a say in how children were to be raised and property inherited. Until Christianity took root in Rome, women were little better than slaves.

It is difficult to imagine how brutal this regime was, but here is a portion of a letter from a Roman citizen named Hilarion who, while away on business, wrote home to his pregnant wife Alis, whom he undoubtedly loved: "If . . . you

have a boy, let it live. If it is a girl, throw it out." The only reason people no longer write such shocking letters is that first-century Christians understood the meaning of righteousness and that it applied to the sanctity of all human life. Tragically, the practice of abortion today is leading us back to the barbarism of Rome, even as some church leaders warn the church away from such "distractions" as the fight against abortion.

2. Salvation. When someone accepts Christ's righteousness, he should recognize not only what is right, but what is wrong. It should not be surprising that someone who begins to understand the difference between right and wrong should take a stand against the great wrongs of the day. Many Christians have done just that.

During the height of the Second Great Awakening, the national revival in the 1820s, one young convert, Theodore Weld, enrolled in seminary in Cincinnati and saw up close the evil of slavery, which was legal across the Ohio River in Kentucky. As a Christian, he could not ignore slavery, and so he began preaching against this evil in pulpit after pulpit, starting hundreds of local abolitionist organizations as a result. Thus, there emerged from the changed heart of one young man a major boost to the new abolitionist movement that eventually freed the slaves.

3. Controversy. Christian leaders who strive to avoid controversy will only be blown about by the whims of the world, for while God's truth is constant, what is controversial, changes with the times.

In 1871, The New York Times published a devastating exposé of a horrible enterprise that had opened its doors in New York—an abortion clinic. Ensuing public pressure shut it down, the result of the newspaper's crusade. At about the same time, across the Atlantic in London, a determined pastor named William Booth devised creative evangelism techniques to pull saloon

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patrons out of the bars and into his nightly preaching services. He declared war on sin and on Satan, and he recruited an army, a Salvation Army he called it, to carry out his campaigns. He employed unheard of gimmicks such as marching brass bands through the red light districts to attract attention. In its early years, The Salvation Army was highly controversial.

Don't miss the irony here. Today the world hates the pro-life movement, but for pastors, creative evangelism techniques are prized. Back then, the opposite was true. The point is that controversy, by itself, shouldn't determine truth, and God's truth should always be defended by God's people.

Today, thousands of Christians, including us here at Focus on the Family, are busy doing exactly that. They understand the full meaning of righteousness and salvation, and they know that it is the fickle world that determines what is "in" or "out," not any abiding moral principle. These Christians have formed organizations that offer alternatives to abortion, they run for political office, they help the poor and the homeless, they defend the institutions of family and marriage, and they raise moral voices in praise or protest as needed for the good of all members of society.

These are people who hunger and thirst for righteousness, and they accept the occasional persecution that Jesus said would come with this territory. They know what Christ has called them to do, and it is why they can't be silent. † † †

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the filing cabinet! "I GOT HIM NOW!" I thinks to myself! "Ain't no way he is getting' out'a THIS mess!

I picked up the gun and held the barrel in position. Waiting... Waiting.. Waiting for him to stick that nose out just one more time!

While I was waiting I thought. "What if one of those little b-bs ricochets back at me and puts my eye out! That could ruin my whole Thanksgiving! I couldn't see with both eyes to eat. I'd get behind, and Benny would get the punkin pie first!

That would NOT BE GOOD!

So, I turned my head to the desk where my sunglasses were. I had just picked them up and was putting them on and turning back to my target when... THERE HE WAS! As I saw him, HE SAW ME! Back behind the filing cabinet he went! (Know'd it was him, cause I seen the phone line wiggling!) But... I still had him trapped!

While I was keeping a close eye on the front of the filing cabinet I noticed out of the corner of my eye something which looked out of place at the BACK of the cabinet. It looked like a mouse head, but I couldn't tell for sure because it was dark back there, and with my sunglasses on I couldn't really tell.

Now... you know the first rule of a hunter is, "Make sure you know what you are shooting at before you pull the trigger!" So, I slowly raised my sunglasses, and sure enough, it was a mouse head! My enemy!

Now... I had some contemplation to do. I thought, "If I kill that mousey right there, I'm gonna have to muscle that cabinet away from the wall and get him out... otherwise, this place is REALLY gonna stink in a couple of days!" I was still contemplating the situation when my nose started itching. Know what? Yep! You're right! I scratched my nose and the scamp scampered back behind the cabinet. Oh well... I still had him where I wanted him.

Now, trying to think like a mouse is not an easy thing for a smart Texan such as myself, but I thought, "He's gonna come out the front." So I re-concentrated my attention on the front of the cabinet.

Nose scratched, and holding the gun with both hands I waited. While I waited I practiced aiming. "Was it better with one eye open, or both eyes open?"

I was still trying to figure this out when all of a sudden, THERE HE WAS!

First I saw a nose, then a head... then... he stepped out into the open. The thought flashed

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through my mind, “You are dead MOUSEEEEE” and I squeezed the trigger.

CLICK!

THE HAMMER FELL ON AN EMPTY CHAMBER!!!! And my foe darted back behind the cabinet. “waaaaaa” This pistol had a nine bullet chamber and I had only put eight bullets in!!! HOW COULD I be so STUPID???????

Well... you think I gave up? I THINK NOT!

(Are you wondering now when this story is going to end? Well, I’m getting close.)

I had to wait about another three or four minutes... (knowing the hammer of the pistol was aligned on a full chamber cause I’d loaded that empty one now too! I waited... aimed... (both eyes open)... suffered through another “itching nose” spell... without scratching... and finally, HE SHOWED AGAIN!!!

He exposed himself slower this time, but I had the gun aimed just in the right spot. First a nose... then a head. Should I wait...or just get the deed done? Finally, I could wait no longer...

BANG!!!!

THAT DEAD MOUSE ran BACK behind the cabinet! I had great hopes that he would be dead on the spot... but NOOOO! That dead mouse done got his-self BACK behind the cabinet! I knew I got him though... I HAD TO HAVE “GOT HIM”! I COULDN’T have missed with rat shot at that close range. In a second or two, I heard him fighting with those phone lines behind the cabinet. The fighting sounded like he was in “tragic” mode; which to the layman means, he was strugglin’. (I know this is a gruesome part of the story but “shrug” it’s just how it was.)

To make a shorter ending to this long story, I went and found a broom with a handle and drug him out from behind the cabinet. He wasn’t dead, but he didn’t have much nose left either, and wasn’t feelin’ too good! He was having a rough time getting away from me too! I picked him up by the tail (knowing he couldn’t bite me without no nose or mouth) and hauled him to the toilet. His demise was not “execution by pistol” but rather...“FLUUUSSSSHHHHhhhhhh”!

Well, in a way, it’s a little lonesome around here without old mousey, but... well... he just shouldn’t’ve gotten into my coffee! That’s all I got to say! We ALL have our limits, doncha know? And besides, there may be another mouse... on another day... and I sure hope he stays outta my coffee can!

Over and out, ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ➔

GWS

BOOK REPORT

“Nostradamus: ATTACK on AMERICA ... & more Amazing Prophecies”

By Ray Comfort.

This excerpt from this book is just an example of how well Ray Comfort communicates.

The Day of Terror

You are a worker on the 106th floor of the World Trade Center. You love your job. It’s prestigious to say that you work in the Trade Center. The whole world seems to envy you. Everything in your office is high tech. The view of New York is breath-taking. High building-high wages. You love life with a passion. Everyone in your office is of the same mind. You all want to make money. You discovered early in life that money is the key to open almost any door. It promises a secure future. Each person in the place of work is of the same mind; everyone that is, except one geek. You don’t know why he is even part of the staff. It’s rumored that the only reason he has his job is because he is the son of the building’s architect. What a joke! He is so deluded that he thinks his daddy designed the World Trade Center. *You really don’t like him.* He’s a walking wet blanket. He never laughs at adult jokes or looks at lusty pictures. The guy is a dork. His idea of fun is to study books on architecture. He has as much in common with the rest of the staff as a pig has with a porcupine. No, you don’t like him at all.

It’s September 11, 2001 just after 8:40 a.m.

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NATHAN HALE'S inspiring example of patriotism is here retold. The young can learn what is meant by "a sense of duty" and how sacred honor has a claim on us.

William J. Bennett

Nathan Hale, Captain in the American Army

From *Lives of the Heroes of the American Revolution*

By John Frost, 1848

After the unfortunate engagement on Long Island, General Washington called a council of war, who determined on an immediate retreat to New York. The intention was prudently concealed from the army, who knew not whither they were going, but imagined it was to attack the enemy. The field artillery, tents, baggage, and about nine thousand men, were conveyed to the city of New York, over the East River, more than a mile wide, in less than thirteen hours, and without the knowledge of the British, through not six hundred yards distant. Providence in a remarkable manner favoured the retreating army. The wind, which seemed to prevent the troops getting over at the appointed hour, afterward shifted to their wishes.

Perhaps the fate of America was never suspended by a more brittle thread than previously to this memorable retreat. A spectacle is here presented of an army destined for the defence of a great continent, driven to the narrow borders of an island, with victorious army double its number in front, with navigable waters in its rear; constantly liable to have its communication cut off by the enemy's navy, and every moment exposed to an attack. The presence of mind which animated the commander-in-chief in this critical situation, the prudence with which all the necessary measures were executed, redounded as much or more to his honor than the most brilliant victories. An army, to which America looked for safety, preserved; a general who was considered as an host himself, saved for the future necessities of his country. Had not, however the circumstances

of the night, of the wind and weather, been favorable, the plan, however well concerted, must have been defeated. To a good Providence, therefore, are the people of America indebted for the complete success of an enterprise so important in its consequences.

This retreat left the British in complete possession of Long Island. What would be their future operations remained uncertain. To obtain information of their situation, their strength, and future movements, was of high importance. For this purpose, General Washington applied to Colonel Knowlton, who commanded a regiment of light infantry, which formed the rear of the American army, and desired him to adopt some mode of gaining the necessary information. Colonel Knowlton communicated this request to Captain Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, who was a captain in his regiment.

This young officer, animated by a sense of duty, and considering that an opportunity presented itself by which he might be useful to his country, at once offered himself a volunteer for this hazardous service. He passed in disguise to Long Island, and examined every part of the British army, and obtained the best possible information respecting their situation and future operations.

In his attempt to return, he was apprehended, carried before Sir William Howe, and the proof of his object was so clear, that he frankly acknowledged who he was, and what were his views. Sir William Howe at once gave an order to have him executed the next morning.

The order was accordingly executed in the most unfeeling manner, and by as great a savage as ever disgraced humanity. A clergyman, whose attendance he desired, was refused him; a Bible, for a few moments' devotion, was not procured, although he wished it. Letters which on the morning of his execution, he wrote to his mother and other friends, were destroyed; and this very extraordinary reason given by the provost-martial, "*That the rebels should not know they had a man in their army who could die with so much firmness.*"

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BOOK REPORT

Algeria a country on the Northern coast of Africa just east of Morocco—not very far from Spain. A horrible but interesting fact is that; ***“In Algeria over the past two years somewhere between sixty thousand and eighty thousand people have been killed because Islamists are waging war in order to turn Algeria into an Islamic state.”***

“Thought history, the violence of Islamic jihad has been focused against Christians in many lands.”

I recommend reading John MacArthur’s book **“Terrorism, Jihad, and the Bible”**, because it unashamedly proclaims the truth about Islam. Political correctness in our leaders and the prevalent media are deceptive and deficient when it comes to the truth. If you are interested in an honest perspective; then this book is a must read. You can purchase a copy online at: <http://www.gty.org> or you can write via snail mail:

Grace to You

P.O. Box 4000

Panorama City, CA 91412

Or via phone: **1-800-55-GRACE**

The cost is less than \$10, but the knowledge gained is priceless. ~AWD~

This is a Test!

To ensure we Americans never offend anyone . . . particularly fanatics intent on killing us (and liberals) . . . airport screeners will not be allowed to profile people. They will continue random searches of 80-year-old women, little kids, airline pilots with proper identification, Secret Service agents who are members of the President's security detail and 85-year old Congressmen with metal hips. Let's pause a moment and take the following test.

1. In 1979, the US embassy in Iran was taken over by:

- (a) Norwegians from Ballard;
- (b) Elvis;
- (c) A tour bus full of 80-year-old women; or
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

2. In 1983, the US Marine barracks in Beirut was blown up by:

- (a) A pizza delivery boy;
- (b) Crazy feminists complaining that being able to throw a grenade beyond its own burst radius was an unfair and sexist requirement in basic training;
- (c) Geraldo Rivera making up for a slow news day; or
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

3. In 1988, Pan Am Flight 103 was bombed by:

- (a) Luca Braze, for not being given a part in "Godfather 2;"
- (b) The Tooth Fairy;
- (c) Butch and Sundance who had a few sticks of dynamite left over from the train missions, or,
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

4. In 1998, the U.S. embassies in Kenya and Tanzania were bombed by:

- (a) Mr. Rogers;
- (b) Hillary, to distract attention from Wild Bill's women problems;
- (c) The World Wrestling Federation to promote its next villain: "Mustapha the Merciless;" or
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

5. On 9/11/01, four airliners were hijacked and destroyed by:

- (a) Bugs Bunny, Wiley E. Coyote, Daffy Duck, and Elmer Fudd.
- (b) The Supreme Court of Florida trying to outdo their attempted hijacking of the 2000 Presidential election;
- (c) Mr. Bean,
- (d) Muslim male extremists mostly between the ages of 17 and 40.

Hmmm nope, no patterns anywhere.

I love America, but it is evident that we have allowed some real stupid people to be in charge of some very important stuff in our government! ~AWD~~~==➔

Why?

By Camry Doudney Schnauzer Dog

Why? Why do all of these people have to act so hateful and cruel toward one another? I mean there are hundreds of people that are killed all over the world everyday by sometimes the most violent means. I'm so very happy that God chose to make me a Doudney Dog. Not only that, but I am so fortunate to be living in the home filled with human beings that have the resources to take care of me and my sisters in the manner that we have grown accustomed to.

I don't claim to be an expert on the human race, but I have watched enough TV, and understand the English language well enough to know what is going on in the rest of the world. It is down right frightening. What if violence similar to the 9-11 violence comes to Mustang? Or, worst yet, what if these radical extremist Muslims try to kill us over here as they are in the Middle East? A suicide bomber is the incorrect name for them for sure. I agree with the White House on that one, they are actually "homicide bombers." Most of them are nothing more than brain washed children, deceived by their fathers and mothers, who have been deceived by their fathers and their mothers, who have been deceived by their ancestors and their governments, who have been deceived by the master of all deception.

One would have to be horribly deceived to load themselves up with high explosives and go into places where normal people who they have never met are riding buses, or having a meal, or just hanging out visiting with friends, and then blow themselves to smithereens trying to kill as many innocent people as they can. There is nothing in nature that naturally acts in this way. For a high-class canine as myself, it is most troubling.

Another thing that is most troubling is the fact that everyone on TV is talking about it. They are talking about the horror of it all, the fear that comes with it, the sadness of it all, but nothing is being done to remove the illegal aliens from the USA. All the HUP's (Higher

Up Politicians) seem to be afraid of many things, if not everything. It is obvious that getting re-elected is much more important than taking care of business especially the business of safety for the citizens. And of course, Oil is one of the things that they seem to be worried about. Of course, political correctness is always an issue with HUP's.

The Boss goes partially insane each time the thought of having to "run the FAA security gantlet" comes to his mind. He claims that more than a few people in the FAA must walk around with their head in a place that the "sun don't shine," as he says. Whatever that means, I tell you for sure it doesn't mean anything complimentary.

The Boss has been taking Linda and Ashley to the Red Hawks Baseball games frequently this year as he did last year. They have been trying to sit near the third baseline this year, last year it was first baseline. Now we are getting into an area of conversation that leaves me feeling more than a little jealous and envious. Baseball is a sport that would work for dogs except for the batting part. There is nothing more thrilling than to chase a baseball around in nice, fresh, cut grass that is groomed to perfection. I also enjoy a good scratching, snorting and spitting frenzy, occasionally. Oh well, I have more blessings to count than complaints to whine about.

In the past year I have developed a syndrome of fear. The fear has been aggravated by all the news on TV, and the fact that I have learned to figure out words. Thunderstorms just drive me crazy, and now it is that season again. I must endure it as best as I can. Keep your nose to the wind and here's to having some less stressful adventures. 🐾

There are a lot of folks who can't understand how we came to have an oil shortage here in the USA. Well, there's a very simple answer. Nobody bothered to check the oil. We just didn't know we were getting low. The reason for this is purely geographical. All the oil is in Oklahoma, Texas, Louisiana, Wyoming, etc. All the dipsticks are in Washington, D.C.

What's-his-face is sitting in his office as usual. Surprise! He's studying building structure. The rest of the staff is standing around the coffee machine. Once again, the geek is the subject of an office joke. Suddenly, there is a very loud roar of a plane's engine. It is so close. *Too close!* You swing around to see a sight that horrifies you. A huge passenger jet is heading for your building! Within an instant there is a sickening explosion and a massive thud that knocks you off your terrified feet. The plane hits somewhere below the 102nd floor. In an instant there is unbelievable heat. Black smoke fills the room. Smoke so thick you cannot see an inch in front of you! Panic grips your heart. *You are going to die!* Images of your loved ones flash into your mind. People are screaming in terror. Double-glazed "Unbreakable" windows have burst out on one side of the office allowing a breeze to clear the smoke for a second. You see a sight that utterly horrifies you. People are on fire. Others are leaping out the windows to their deaths.

Suddenly it is black with smoke once again. You can't see or breathe. In the confusion you hear a voice. It has no panic. It simply says, "Follow me." *It's the geek.* He calmly says, "I know the way out." He calls "You *must* follow me. You have no other hope. We must go up before we go down. Don't go near the elevators. Follow me." Your mind races . . . "How could he know the way?" You think for a moment, "I have nothing to lose. I'm going to die."

You reach out towards the voice. His hand grips yours and guides you in the direction. You have no idea where he is taking you; all you know is that you are going up, not down. Everything within you says, "No, not up; down!" It is still dark, but you have found that you can now breathe, and so you trust him. You really don't have any choice.

Another sickening sound suddenly fills the air. It is the snapping of elevator cables and the unforgettable echo of human screams in the elevator shaft, as people who had packed into what seemed the only way out, fall to their deaths.

You didn't know that the passage you have taken even existed. The architect's son knew every part of the building. *His knowledge was your salvation.* The narrow way is now leading down. You pass the 70th floor and in time you find yourself out of the death trap.

Finding Your Own Way Out of the Deathtrap

Here's the analogy: We are living in a world that has sinful pleasures on every side. Nothing else really matters but money and its promise of pleasure. But this world has been rocked by death itself. Its jaws are swallowing humanity. There seems to be no answer to this unspeakable horror. But in the blackness there is a calm voice. It says, "Follow Me. I am the way, the truth and the life." It is the voice of One who is so despised by a sin-loving world that His name is used as a cuss word. While others try and find their own way out, His Word warns, "There is a way that seems right to man, but the end thereof is the way of death." He knows that the cables of self-righteousness, of good works and of dead "religion" will break under the strain of Judgment Day, taking multitudes down to death and hell. To follow Jesus simply takes child-like faith. It means placing your hand in His hand and letting Him guide you out of the darkness. He said, "I am the light of the world: he that follows me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life. Sometimes it will be like going uphill, when everything within you wants to go down. The gravitation pull of a sinful world, your sin loving flesh, and the temptations of the devil will be almost unbearable. Almost. The world will laugh at the narrow path you have taken to follow the Savior. But where else can you go? The Apostle Peter once said to Jesus, "Lord, to whom shall we go? You have the words of eternal life." The Prophet Isaiah said that by His knowledge God's servant would justify many. He is more than the Architect's son. He is the Creator in human form.

Am I saying that the Christian path is one of blind faith? No. Absolutely not. I have already

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DAY OF TERROR *Continued from page 9*

given you the incredible evidence of Bible prophecy, proving that its source is Supernatural and, therefore, can be trusted. Faith in Jesus Christ is not blind faith. It is an implicit trust, borne out of reason, and it can be cultivated through the words of prophets greater than Nostradamus. These were not nebulous prophecies thrown out by mere men, hoping that somehow they will find fulfillment somewhere in the future. These ancient prophecies are one hundred percent accurate because they are not just the words of men, but the words of men that were moved by the Holy Spirit. Their incredibly accurate fulfillment proves that their source was Almighty God. They substantiate that the Bible is the Word of the Living God, and, therefore, its promises of heaven and threats of hell are one hundred percent trustworthy.



I highly recommend this book as well as another called **"Hell's Best Kept Secret"** also by Ray Comfort. I promise, you won't be sorry for taking the time to search his web site. And, then reading some of his material. His Web address is; www.raycomfort.com.

I am enclosing a card titled "Amazing Coincidence." I first noticed a card just like this one attached to the bulletin board in the Opts office at Omaha; as I was collecting my flight plan and weather for the trip back to Phoenix. I read it, and was so moved by its message that I copied the web address. After searching this web site, I ordered a few cards just like this one along with others. I hope you are as moved as I have been by this card. ~ ~ AWD ~ ~ ~ ~ = = ➔

If this small publication has caused any emotional feelings to arise within you; let me know. I covet your criticism both hot and cold. Keep the cards, letters and donations coming. ~ AWD ~ ~ ~ ➔
ViewsLetter5@aol.com or Snail Mail to;
VIEWSLETTER
1015 West Dorchester Way
Mustang, Oklahoma 73064

Nathan Hale *Continued from page 6*

Unknown to all around him, without a single friend to offer him the least consolation, thus fell as amiable and as worthy a young man as America could boast, with this as his dying observation, that *"he only lamented that he had but one life to lose for his country."*

Although the manner of this execution will ever be abhorred by every friend to humanity and religion, yet there cannot be a question but that the sentence was conformable to the rules of war, and the practice of nations in similar cases.

It is, however, but justice to the character of Captain Hale to observe, that his motives for engaging in this service were entirely different from those which generally influence others in similar circumstances. Neither expectations of promotion, nor pecuniary reward, induced him to this attempt. A sense of duty, a hope that he might in this way be useful to his country, and an opinion which he has adopted, that every kind of necessary, were the great motives which induced him to engage in an enterprise by which his connexions lost a most amiable friend, and his country one of its most promising supporters.



**Humility like darkness
reveals the heavenly lights.**
**-Henry David Thoreau,
(1817-1862)**

**Did you ever notice: When you
put the 2 words "The" and
"IRS" together it spells
"THEIRS"? Who are they?**

**But man, proud man, / Dressed in a
little brief authority, ... Plays such
fantastic tricks before high heaven /
As make the angels weep.**
-William Shakespeare (1564-1616)