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# VIEWS LETTER

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## Thanksgiving 2013

### **We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing**

*Words: Nederlandsche Gedenckclanck, 1626;  
trans. Theodore Baker (1851-1934), 1894. Music: Kremser (Nederlandsche Gedenckclanck, 1626)*

**We gather together to ask the Lord's blessing;  
he chastens and hastens his will to make known;  
the wicked oppressing  
now cease from distressing:  
sing praise to his Name, he forgets not his own.**

**Beside us to guide us, our God with us joining,  
ordaining, maintaining his kingdom divine;  
so from the beginning  
the fight we were winning:  
thou, Lord, wast at our side: all glory be thine!**

**We all do extol thee, thou leader triumphant,  
and pray that thou still our defender wilt be.  
Let thy congregation escape tribulation:  
thy Name be ever praised!  
O Lord, make us free!**

.....

America has so much to be grateful for! Looking back to the beginning of this great nation, it is difficult to make any sense of where we are today or why.

On the other hand, it is difficult to understand why Almighty God has blessed America as he has or why these founding fathers were as wise and as righteous as they were. Where did this goodness come from and why did it come our way? Why were we the privileged few who have had so much freedom to grow and to have such wonderful opportunities? It's hard to know these things, but one thing is for sure. God is good. Where He demonstrates his Grace is totally His business. We are only to be thankful and to recognize that obedience to His wishes is our only real opportunity to show our thankful-ness.

It should not surprise any of us when God begins to withhold some of the many blessings of love, peace and joy that he has given America over the past two hundred and thirty seven years. Our obedience to God has been feeble at best.

Our prayers this Thanksgiving Season should not only be prayers of thankfulness and gratitude but of repentance and begging for our forgive-ness for a myriad of sins.

~awd



# Christmas 2013

## GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN, REJOICE

*Words: Heinrich Suso (?-1366); translated from Latin to English by John M. Neale in Carols for Christmastide (London: 1853). Folklore has it that Suso, hearing angels sing these words, joined them in a dance of worship. Music: In Dulci Jubilo, 14th Century German melody; harmony from Christmas Carols Old and New, 1871*

Good Christian men, rejoice with heart and soul, and voice;  
Give ye heed to what we say: Jesus Christ is born today;  
Ox and ass before Him bow; and He is in the manger now.  
Christ is born today! Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice, with heart and soul and voice;  
Now ye hear of endless bliss: Jesus Christ was born for this!  
He has opened the heavenly door, and man is blest forevermore.  
Christ was born for this! Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice, with heart and soul and voice;  
Now ye need not fear the grave: Jesus Christ was born to save!  
Calls you one and calls you all, to gain His everlasting hall.  
Christ was born to save! Christ was born to save!

Truly, Born-Again-Christians easily understand the meaning of these words, but others who don't have a personal relationship with God through Jesus Christ may not understand. If this is so in your life, I challenge you to search out the truth about Jesus. I assure you, He is a real person, He is God, He is Love, He is Truth and He is life. Not only that, but He loves you and wants very much to have a personal relationship with you. Read the book of Romans and the book of John in the Holy Bible. Give yourself a chance to know the truth. Pray and ask God for enough faith to read these books with an open mind. You just might be surprised. Jesus has the power to change your life in a heartbeat.

~awd



## Chapter Six

The sheriff sat at his desk and read the headlines, "BEXAR COUNTY DISTRICT ATTORNEY MURDERED." The Sheriff knew how the murder happened, it was evident. Someone was hiding in the back seat of her car last night when she got in to drive home. The killer cut her throat so badly that her head was almost completely severed. She bled to death in the parking garage that served Bexar County Executives Officials. Corky Wells was a personal friend of Sheriff Joe Flynn, and he couldn't help but feel a little responsible. Suddenly Corky, the young beautiful woman who was the up and coming DA for Bexar County is dead. As often as Joe had been around death and dying, Corky's death cut him to the bone.

The FBI was on the scene before the Sheriff's office was notified. FBI agents were there so quickly that they could have been suspects. Of course, the FBI said that the murder was probably drug related because Corky was in the process of prosecuting cartel drug dealers in the County. It was only moments after the Sheriff was notified of Corky's death that he received a text message that read, "Not drugs. Worse for U!" The meaning of the text was puzzling until he heard that the FBI blamed it on Drug Cartels. It was all Sheriff Joe could do to control his anger.

Later that morning, Sheriff Joe called the FBI office that served the Bexar County area. The phone was answered on the third ring. "Federal Bureau of Investigation, Agent Nelson, may I help you?"

"Yes I would like to speak with Grady Harper. Is he there? This is Sheriff Joy Flynn."

"I believe so, please standby."

After a thirty second pause, "Grady Harper, here. What can I do for you, Sheriff?" the FBI Station Chief answered.

"There are a several things you can do for me, Mr. Harper. First, I would like to know who authorized you to investigate my crime scene here in the County parking garage? Secondly, and just as important, I would like to know who notified your office that a crime had taken place. Thirdly, and also just as important, how do you come to the conclusion that Ms. Wells' murder was drug related?" The Sheriff's voice was crisp and clear as he questioned the Station Chief.

"Well Sheriff, we are the FBI, and unlike many other law investigative organizations, we have expertise and experience. I'll answer your questions only because I want to get along, not because I have any mandate that I do so. The FBI is the highest police force in the land, therefore, your crime scene is our crime scene. We received an anonymous call that a murder had been committed, and where it was committed. That should answer your second question. It is evident that this was a drug murder by a cartel who wanted to make a statement of terror. Is there anything else, Sheriff?" the Station Chief answered sarcastically.

After a pause, the Sheriff said, "I believe that you are dead wrong, Mr. Harper. I could have you arrested for insurrection to the Constitution and treason to the American people. And, just because I don't have you arrested now, you would be remiss to think that I am taking that option off of the table. The very best thing you can do for yourself is to send the investigating officer of this crime to my office with all the information and any clues that he found at that crime scene immediately. Then I suggest that you get a copy of the Declaration of Independence, the US Constitution and a copy of your oath. Once you have them in your hand—study them. The next time you are notified of a crime in this County, I had best be notified ASAP! And, someone from my office will head up any investigation in this County. The murder of Ms. Wells is not a federal issue! Do you understand me, Mr. Harper?" Again, the Sheriff spoke clearly and crisp choosing his words carefully, although, not completely masking his intense anger. "Now, is it your intention to promptly sending me what I have just demanded or would you like me to come to your office? If I come to your office it will be with a large posse."

"Well," a long pause, "hold on just a second."

"I don't mind holding, but don't let me get the idea that you are stalling me. Okay?"

"Okay, okay we are sending the agent over to your office." The Station Chief answered nervously.

"One more thing, Mr. Harper. I just received a text message from this number; 804-719-2468 at 0807 Central. Why don't you look that up and tell me who it belongs to. Your agency does have the ability to do that, right?"

"Yes, we do, and I'll be happy to get someone right on it. Agent Fred Allen should be at your office within the next half hour. Is there anything else?" The Chief nervously replied.

"Thank you, Mr. Harper," the Sheriff said. As he placed the phone in it's receiver, he thought, could this mean that there is a new strategy being applied here? Was the FBI directly involved or were they being used by someone higher up? Whoever it is, they will be trying to hit me more than ever now. I really need someone to be watching my six. I need someone I can trust to sit in for Elisabeth while she is recovering. Questions and thoughts were streaming through the Sheriff's mind as he sat quietly as his desk.

The Sheriff then called deputy Arlene Gonzales and arranged for to fill in as his Secretary while Elisabeth was recovering. She was to start her new duties shortly after lunch. The Sheriff felt naked without someone in the front of his office.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door, and it opened enough that Don Wiles poked his head in and asked, "Have you got a minute?"

"You bet, come on in and have a seat. I was just getting ready to call you," the Sheriff stated as he placed his pistol back in his desk drawer. "You probably want to know all about the murder of your Boss. I hate it that Corky is gone, and I know that you do as well. She was so young and had a bright future. I will miss her, and I feel responsible for her death."

"Why do you feel responsible for her death?" Don asked.

"Well, I knew that she would be a target. I just didn't know that they would strike so fast nor did I fully understand the measures that those within our federal government will go to keep Constitutional provisions suppressed." The Sheriff opened his phone and selected text messages and gave it to the Assistant Prosecutor. "See the one that reads; 'Not drugs. Worse for U!?' I received that text moments after I was told that Ms. Wells was killed. I was uncertain what it meant at first, but after hearing the conclusion of the FBI's investigation, it was almost like they were watching me, and with perfect timing pressed the send button. Her death was caused by someone within our federal government. She probably balked at or flatly refused to free Edith Stone. I don't think they were trying to terrorize me—they need me dead, and they know it and are active in trying to eliminate me. By the way, call before you come up next time. I have a touchy trigger finger, and you might be accidentally shot. Also, arm yourself and watch your six. These guys are professionals, although they seem to be a little stupid."

"Wow, I'm a believer. What should I arm myself with, and how can I behave to increase my safety?"

The Sheriff mentioned a gun shop in New Braunfels, "Tell Tom Randal who you are, what you want and why, and that I sent you. He will fix you up, and he won't take advantage. Then I'll meet you at the range, and we will waste a couple hundred rounds of ammo. We will shoot enough that you will be comfortable with your new firearm. Second, stay in the shadows, don't be an easy target, drive a different car, go a different way and don't be a creature of habit. Be hard to find and harder to recognize. Okay? Now you understand why I feel responsible for Corky's death? She was killed by evil within her own Federal Government, and I didn't even mention to her that she could be in danger."

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Corky's obituary covered a full page in the San Antonio Express. The First Baptist Church was filled and overflowing with mourners, fellow employees, family and friends. Some of her favorite hymns were sung by those attending. A pastor read her obituary. It was a sad and somber memorial service celebrating the life of Courtney Marie Wells, age 34, survived by both parents and both sets of grandparents. She was an only-child and the very end of her lineage. One of the final speaker at the service was Sheriff Joe Flynn.

"Ladies and gentlemen, friends and family, co-workers and patriots, Corky was never married. She devoted her life to her work. Corky loved America, she loved Texas, she loved Bexar County, she loved her family and her friends. Corky loved liberty and freedom, and unlike a majority of Americans today, Corky understood that our rights were endowed to us by our Creator. She is one of the few Americans that really understood that governments, and particularly our Government, was instituted to protect our God-given-rights. She gave her life to protect our rights. Although, I can't prove it, I know that Corky was murdered by someone trying to pervert our Government and destroy our rights. Her death had nothing to do with drug cartels."

Suddenly, gunshots were heard outside of the church, but near and then silence.

"May she rest in peace," were the Sheriff's hurried but final words. The funeral personal approached the coffin to re-open it for the last viewing as the Sheriff stepped down from the podium and went outside to investigate the gunshots.

Another attempt on the life of Sheriff Joe Flynn was quashed. A couple of posse members were stealthily guarding Joe and had opened a suspicious van which was parked a block away. One posse member was shot and seriously wounded, but the assassin was shot and killed. The assassin was another unidentifiable John Doe. He was a sniper setting up an ambush. He intended to take his shot from inside this van. Apparently he was going to shoot the Sheriff as he departed the church building. The rear window of the van appeared to be tented glass but it was nothing more than a translucent space blanket covering over the open window to hide the Sniper, his perch and his weapon. The problem for this operative was that posse member who suspected the van as a snipers hiding place was an old Marine sniper himself. He took a pistol shot to the gut as he forced open the rear door, but he along with another posse member shot and killed the operative.

The Sheriff arrived at the van before the ambulance. Kneeling over the wounded man he said to him, "Thank you Gunny, I owe you one." The wounded man was a personal friend, Gunny Sergeant Leroy A. Miller, a retired Marine who the Sheriff befriended fifteen years ago after Leroy was arrested for sending four other much younger blacks to the ER. The younger men were trying to rape a white prostitute. The friendship of Joe and Leroy was immediate, close and lasting.

The other posse member was standing by Leroy as the SAPD showed up. The ambulance arrived shortly thereafter. "Sheriff, Leroy told me that this van was the perfect place for a sniper to hide, and sure enough, he was right, and he probably saved your life," the second posse member stated.

The Sheriff thanked him and slipped away to the old junk pickup truck that he had hidden nearby.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mary sat at a small desk provided for the jail guards while on duty. She read in the daily log that Edith Stone had mentioned the word suicide to another guard. Mary went to the isolated cell of Edith and asked if they could visit. Edith, although very depressed, was eager to talk to someone. Almost anyone would do. She had been down for the past week to the point that she couldn't stay focused long enough to read, much less make any sense of what she was trying to read.

They met in a quiet room set-aside for lawyers and jailed clients to meet. The two women sat in silence for a couple of minutes composing their thoughts.

Mary started the conversation, "I know you are down, and feeling crummy, like you are at the end of your rope. It doesn't seem fair to you that you are locked up. You probably feel that your behavior at the Airport was a small transgression. But, you know what? Deep within your heart you know, you know that what you did was wrong. And, deep within yourself you know that the lesbian lifestyle is wrong. You just know it, and knowing it seems to add to your misery because there are parts of this lifestyle that cause you to hunger for it. You may find comfort in some of your relationships. You may find that you have love and compassion for your partner. The problem is that there is always this guilt because deep down within your being you know that it is wrong. You find yourself being angry about it being wrong, and you find yourself being angry at God because it's so wrong. Edith, do you kinda feel that way? Am I right? You probably already realize that you are not heaven bound, but that eternity for you will be spent in hell."

"Off the record. Okay?" were Edith's first words since entering the room.

"Of course, Edith, I'm not working for the prosecution, I'm just your jailer, and I want to be your friend. As you already know, I lived as a lesbian until about eight years ago. You can trust me to keep our conversation private, strictly between you and me," Mary said softly.

There was a long pause as Edith translated her thoughts into words. "Much of what you say is true, there is the guilt and there is anger. But most of all, I feel so alone and unloved. In fact, everything you said is true, and I seem to be at the end of my rope. Actually, suicide is an option that I have thought about lately. I really don't know if I have the courage to try to end my life or live. I really don't know how long I can endure this pain, I just don't know. I may find the courage to end it all sooner than



later. It now seems that my whole life has been a complete failure, like everything I do is wrong, and it comes back to haunt me later. It's like no one cares, like I'm scum and no better than garbage ready to be thrown into the fire. I've never felt this low, ever."

"Edith, please don't give up! Hang in there and think about what I'm about to say. I can tell you from experience that you are loved by Jesus more than you will ever know or be able to comprehend. I, too, was at the end of my rope and felt the desolation of being unloved and the guilt of a multitude of sins that I committed daily. Suicide had crossed my mind, too. Then, I met a wonderful woman named, Ethel, who led me to a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. I let go of my rope and fell into the loving arms of my Lord and Savior. My life, my attitude toward others, my very being was transformed the day that I asked Jesus into my heart. You can do the same." Mary's monologue was gentle and clear.

"I not so sure about religion, but I need to consider something different that's for sure. If I were to find Jesus and get him into my heart, where would I start?" Edith asked as she sat across a table from Mary.

"First thing is to realize and to understand is what sin is. Sin is the failure in anyway to hit the mark—failure to live a perfect life. God is perfect, and he demands perfect behavior. Any failure to live a perfect life will separate us from God and his everlasting love. Romans 3:10-12 states: 'None is righteous, no, not one; no one understands; no one seeks for God. All have turned aside; together they have become worthless; no one does good, not even one.' This truth is easy to understand. Because verse 23 in the same Chapter states: '. . . for all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God . . .' That means you and me, we fall short, and we are lost."

"Although this is bad news, there is good news, too. Romans 6-23 states: 'For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Again, from God's word, Romans 5-8 states: 'but God shows his love for us in that while we were still sinners, Christ died for us.' Do you follow me so far Edith?" Mary asked.

"Sort of." Short pause. "I think I have heard all this before." She replied.

"There is more, I haven't got to the best part—Salvation through Jesus Christ brings us into a relationship of peace with God. Romans 5-1 says, 'Therefore, since we have been justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Oh Edith, I hope and pray that God will bless you with an abundance of faith. He will, you know? If only you will ask Him. Salvation will change your life, you will never be the same again. We receive salvation and eternal life through faith in Jesus Christ. Romans 10: 9-10, and 13 says: '. . .if you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved. For with the heart one believes and is justified, and with the mouth one confesses and is saved. For everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved.' Think about that! Salvation through Jesus Christ brings us into a relationship of peace with God." Romans 5:1 says: "Therefore, since we have been justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Romans 8-1 reiterates: "There is therefore now no condemnation for those who are in Christ Jesus." Edith it's not complicated, it's very simple."

Edith sat quietly across the table listening intently and saying nothing.

"Edith, love is really what Salvation is all about. God is love and being separated from Him is to be separated from love. The worst and most evil of us have an understanding of what love is. I'm not talking about sex, I'm talking about that feeling you get when you care about someone, and that feeling you get when you realize that someone you care about cares as much about you, too. God loves you and me more than we have the ability to understand. Knowing that He cares about us maybe all we can realize, but that's enough. He does care. Now listen to this, it's the best part. In Romans 8; 38-39 are these wonderful words; 'For I am sure that neither death nor life, nor angels nor rulers, nor things present nor things to come, nor powers, nor height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be

able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.' We are eternal beings and to be separated from the love of God is a horrible thought. Just think what this world would be like without love. To die apart from salvation would mean eternal separation from God and His love. Sometimes, I can feel the presence of God, and I feel him now in this room. Edith, I pray that you won't turn him away."

Edith was silently wiping moisture from her eyes, but said nothing. She had never felt so much love from a person before. The room seemed to be filled with love.

"I would be lying to say that I didn't care one way or the other, because I do care. So, there you have it. There is the why, the how and the benefits. You can call it Salvation or faith in Jesus Christ or being born again, they are all the same, and the benefits are enormous. It's a gift, Edith. It's that simple. Do you want to accept it or reject it?" Mary reverently asked.

"Accept it, of course." Edith said as she had trouble getting the words out in between her involuntarily sobbing.

"Okay then, that is wonderful! So you do believe in Jesus Christ, and that he was raised from the dead and that His Holy Spirit lives in You?" Mary asked.

"YES, YES, YES I believe in Jesus, and I want Him to be my Lord," Edith still sobbing.

Edith was suddenly bright and happy, and her dark depression had lifted and was completely gone. It was evident that she was transformed into a new person. "Wow Edith, God is so good. I can see a change in you already. Let's pray, okay?"

"Let's do." Edith almost shouted.

Mary fell to her knees with her head resting against the table, and Edith followed and did the same. "You pray anytime you want, just talk to God in your own words. I'll start, 'Lord God of Creation, thank You for creating each of us, thank You for drawing us near to You and thank you for saving our souls. You are so wonderful! Thank You for answering our prayers, and thank You for Edith. Lord, I pray that you will fill her with Your Holy Spirit and teach her how to love you and others. You want to say anything Edith?"

"Yes I do. Jesus thank you for loving me!"

Edith prayed.

Mary continued, "Lord God You are an Awesome God, and we love You, and because you loved us first, we love you so much. Amen."

Both women stood and embraced. Mary was already late for a meeting, but didn't worry. She excused her self and walked Edith back to her cell and admonishing her to read the entire books of John and Romans. Edith said that she would. After the cell door was closed Mary disappeared from the Cell Block.

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*More to come in the next ViewsLetter January of 2014. Thanks for reading.*

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## HUMAN RIGHTS

The Declaration of Independence begins; "When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and 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 them**, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation." Notice the phrase, "Laws of Nature and of Nature's God ."

In America this phrase truthfully reveals from where our rights come. Our rights come from the Laws of Nature or from Nature's God who is the Creator of all things, the Lord of Host, the only Almighty God. Our rights don't come from Government! Our rights were given to us by God, Himself.

The declaration continues in the next paragraph where it states, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are **endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.**" The Creator created us and granted us these rights, and they are unalienable. (Unalienable means; not to be separated, given away or taken away.)

The next phrase in the same paragraph is profound, and it is extremely important that we know and understand what it says and what it means. It reads; "—That **to secure these rights**, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, . . ." In other words, our Government was instituted and is in place to protect these rights and to maintain the continuation of these rights which were given to us by God. **This is the sole purpose of the United States Government, nothing else.**

The next phrase in the same paragraph is also profound, and it, too, is extremely important that we know and understand what it says and what it means. It reads; "That whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or to abolish it, and to institute new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness."

In the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States are these words; "We the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general Welfare, and **secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Cons-titution for the United States of America.**"

Is there any farther explanation needed to understand why our Nation, The United States of America, has prospered for the past 200+ years? I think not! America was created and has been blessed by Almighty God.

Should we change any of these words? Should we depend upon our Government and the cripples who have gained their false power to grant us our rights? Or, should we realize that our rights come to us directly from God and God only.

**THINK ABOUT THAT!!!**

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## Around the House

*~by Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

For some reason, the kill to hunt ratio of the Boat Tail Grackle has been horrible of late. I think the Grackle population around here has gotten the word that hanging out in the Doudney back yard is dangerous business. So, I've been forced to chase grasshoppers which at first was exciting especially when I would catch one. They fight like the devil, and their back legs tickle my nose and mouth until I crush them. Actually, they are very tasty. There just isn't much meat there, and it takes quite a few to make a meal. Then, Linda complains that me eating all of those grasshoppers make my flatulence very repulsive. It's not like I go around passing gas deliberately—it's totally involuntary. Anyway, and when I do it, I do it in a very-lady-like-fashion. They are silent but I have to admit that sometimes they are pretty bad, bad enough to curl the Bosses mustache. If he happens to be around when one sneaks out I get kicked outside right away, rain sleet, hail or snow. Gets to be tricky around him.



Ashley and VonWetzel have been around a couple of times this past summer and fall. It's great to see her, but that VonWetzel is ornery. When no one is watching, he can be downright mean. But I grin and bare it as best I can.

The Boss has developed this little trick that I must perform before I get a special dog biscuit out of the dog biscuit box. Sometimes, I am successful and other times I'm not. He always gives me the biscuit one way or another, but only after making me try as hard as I can. I must stand on my hind-legs and hop around making three complete revolutions in a counterclockwise direction without stopping. When I'm successful, I get so dizzy that I might fall over while eating the biscuit. Most times I make one revolution at a time which is a little irritating to the Boss, but when I succeed he thinks that I'm better than RinTinTin or at least that is what he says. Don't ask me who RinTinTin is because I don't have a clue.

I'm out of space so I best get back to hunting something to eat.

Keep your nose to the wind. ~*Bark*

