
VIEWS LETTER

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AWD's Views, News & Items of Interest

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POSITIVE HAPPENINGS

~by *Adverse Yaw*

I look back at the opinions that I have written, and I've discovered that many of them are of a negative connotation. So, I decided to try and find something good to write about, and I goggled "Good things happening in America" and to my delight, I found a few good things that are going on.

One of them is the fact that there are places on the Internet where you can find items that are manufactured in the USA. Sam Walton's Walmart seems to have become a storefront for many products made in China. However, there are still American made products available. Check out this site:

<http://www.americanmadestores.com/>

Another good thing that has happened has to do with the Boy Scouts of America. Matt Barber of WMD.com writes, "Recently, millions of Americans were shocked and saddened when the Boy Scouts of America (BSA) disgracefully bowed to left-wing political pressure and became something it had never before been: a hyper-politicized, aberrantly sexualized petri dish for social and sexual experimentation." In other words, the homosexual community wants to use the BSA to try and make their wrong to be right, to make their bad to be good, to make their sexual perversion to be normal and okay in the BSA as well as all of society in the USA.

The good news is that there has arisen from the old BSA another organization. The Non-sexualized Boy Scouts alternative is being launched at this time. Scott Scarborough, a former Boy Scouts volunteer and committee member under the South Plains Council, resigned his position with the organization on Sept. 1 and is bringing an emerging faith-based alternative to West Texas. Check it out. <http://bit.ly/19HjoqY>

Lately, there has been much said about gun control in America, and sometimes it seems that the left is winning the battle against our second amendment rights and liberty. Not so much in Missouri.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo. – Missouri schools will be encouraged to teach first-graders a gun safety course sponsored by the National Rifle Association as a result of legislation signed Friday by Gov. Jay Nixon.

Wow! This news makes my heart soar like a hawk! Some people are starting to see the light and do some things that are productive. And, this is one of them. There is no doubt that first-graders and all adolescent children still need two loving parents to help them through the formative years of their lives. But, this is a great start when a State wants to teach a little truth to the younger generation. Most children these days get their gun education on the violent television programs of our day. I promise you, the NRA education program is a better alternative. Now, if only we could pass legislation all over America that required our schools to teach the truth of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence.

Other indications of good things happening and hopefully more to come is what is going on in Texas, my home state. The Texas Republican-controlled Senate has voted to ban most abortions after 20 weeks of pregnancy, ending a high-profile political battle that stirred debate over abortion rights across the world.

The bill to restrict abortions will now be passed to Republican Governor, Rick Perry, having been already approved by the House. Perry is certain to sign it and had called a second special session of the legislature to get it through.

Texas will become the 13th US state to pass a 20-week ban. The 20-week limit is based on disputed research suggesting fetuses feel pain at that point in a pregnancy. Current limits are 26 weeks in the state.

This is a start in the right direction, and I applaud the State of Texas.



Cold and Desolate

No Fuel for Warmth

~by *Adverse Yaw*

It seems to me that the Progressives of today are not all that smart. The short-term benefits from all their efforts will end and everything that they have touched will have become depressed, desolate and chaotic. The most ignorant and feeble minded of all people can understand that if you remove the fuel the fire will go out.

History is full of examples! Many once thriving countries in Africa are now the poorest third world nations on the planet because they were taken over by power mongers. These greedy individuals are the same all over the world, they gain control anyway they can. Once they have control they change the rules from freedom to tyranny. Then, the infrastructure falls apart, and chaos as well as starvation envelops the nation. It should be evident that in order to build a good warm fire fuel is a necessity. Remove the fuel and there is no more warmth.

This is going on right now in the United States of America. The progressives of 100 years ago (1913) created the Federal Reserve Bank by passing The Federal Reserve Act. The progressives of 100 years ago created Federal income tax via the 16th Amendment which, by-the-way, was never lawfully ratified. Now, this tax is used to enslave and to manipulate the citizens. The progressives of 100 years ago limited the power of the very people who were the producers via the 17th Amendment, another Amendment that was not lawfully ratified. Now, a large portion of the producers that were in America have moved away. The ones who remain can't find willing American workers to do the work. Now illegal aliens from all over the world take full advantage of job opportunity as well as free government handouts. Everyday there are fewer and fewer workers because the ones who once worked are now on the dole. Theses non-workers are not stupid. They have just joined the ranks of the entitlement crowd. Less work and more pay! There are very few who pay any tax what-so-ever. If they did pay a tax, it wouldn't cover the benefits that they are lined up to receive on a monthly, weekly or daily basis.

Soon there will be no more fuel for the fire. All will be chaos, depression, desolation and starvation. A cold and desolate place in the middle of a long, cold winter — not good! However, read history, there is nothing new under the sun.



CHAPTER SEVEN

Charles Ray Washington sat in a small waiting room in front of the Sheriff's Office waiting for the Sheriff. The Sheriff arrived dressed like a farmer who had just climbed down from his tractor. Charles Ray barely recognized him. "Come on in Charlie Ray. You want some coffee?"

"No thanks, Papa Joe, I'm good." He said as he followed the older man into his office.

“Anything going on Arlene?” The Sheriff asked as he filled a large styrofoam cup with the hot, dark liquid.

“Good news about Leroy Miller. He is in great shape and should be going home in two or three days, the bullet missed all of his organs. Which is hard to understand, it did make a real dent in his belt buckle then into his abdomen and out the side. The Lord was looking after Leroy. Another Purple Heart and no serious injuries. But to answer your question—not much of anything’s going on that I know of.”

“Thanks Arlene. Hold all calls unless they are serious. Okay?”

“You bet, Sheriff.”

He followed Charles Ray into the Sheriff’s inner office. “Sit, Charlie, and make yourself comfortable. We haven’t talked in a while. I am so sorry about your Mom. I don’t want to rush her back to work, but I miss her and need her more than you know. That sweet lady is a major part of the intelligence network around here if you know what I mean. How’ve you been?”

“I’m okay, I love my job, and being part of this brotherhood is one of the best parts of it. Why the farmer overalls? I almost didn’t recognize you when you first walked in.” Charles said with a big grin. The contrast of his dark face and the clear white of his eyes along with his smile brightened the room.

“I’m sort of undercover is the reason for the duds. There have already been two attempts on my life, but we can talk about that later. You look good Charlie Ray and evidently you are getting a lot of sun. You are the darkest I’ve ever seen you. What have you been up to anyway?” The Sheriff said as he was seated in an over-stuffed chair sitting adjacent to the divan where Charlie Ray sat.

“We spend a lot of time outside in the sunshine where I work. I’ve been chasing the enemy all day and all night. My only struggles are mental. The training and the job keep me physically fit. Ten years ago I would have never dreamed that I would be as capable as I am now strength wise.” Charles seemed totally relaxed as he spoke.

“Tell me about the mental struggles, Charlie Ray. What’s that all about?” The Sheriff asked, as a father would his son, holding hard-eye-contact as he sat slouched in the chair.

Papa Joe, The Special Forces, the PJ’s and of course, the Seals have all been trained and do extremely dangerous and aggressive jobs. Right now, the Seals seem to be getting most of the glory. The MARSOC, (Marine Corp. Special Operations Command) that’s me, we get all the really hard, the dirtiest and the most dangerous jobs. We also have the most casualties, the most seriously wounded with a very small turnover rate. Most of our guys are lifers in the true sense of the word. They are warriors until they are killed. We are the most secret of organizations. We take the biggest hits and very few people even know that we exist? I don’t have a problem with being a lifer or even giving my life for my country and my brothers, that’s not a problem with any of us. Because of our constant training we are efficient and effective. If we can’t keep up we are left behind or retired as they say. We would then have the opportunity for other jobs in the Marine Corps. or we would be allowed to leave the Marine Corps and go back into the civilian world. We can quit anytime we want to. Some of us, if not most of us, are adrenalin junkies, the adventure and excitement is one of the main reasons that we do what we do. Not to brag, but everyone there is highly motivated and exceptionally intelligent with an inordinate amount of common horse sense. I am no different than any of my brothers, we all love what we do, and we love each other. That is about all I can tell you about what I do. But, you asked about the mental struggle. I can tell you this. I took an oath. I’m not so sure that what I do some of the time is within the confines of my oath. Does that make sense?”

“Of course, it makes sense Charlie. Your mother, your sister and I are so proud of you and what you do. We couldn’t possibly be any prouder. I already know enough; it doesn’t take much of an imagination to understand what you do, and how you do it. Remember, I’m a Special Forces veteran

who served three tours in Nam. Now, I'm a Sheriff and someone within our Federal Government is trying to kill me. That's why I didn't stay in my own house last night, and why I came to work this morning dressed like a farmer in bib-overalls. So, tell me this Charlie Ray. What do you see in your future? Do you plan to die a Marine on active duty? And, if this is so, what will be the legacy you leave behind?"

"That's a hard question, Papa Joe. Right now, I don't have a clue. Sometimes, I want to resign because I feel dirty and dishonorable. Other times, things are so exciting and wonderful that I don't ever want it to end. Sometimes, I feel like I am doing a good deed and saving lives by ending enemy lives, but sometimes, I wonder if I'm on the right side and doing the right thing? You are the only person in the whole world that I would say these things to. I would be afraid to mention my doubt to any of my brothers for fear that I would be tossed. I'm sure some of them feel the same. They have to. We are all humans, and God has given us a compass to show direction. But, silence is the word. Careful what you say. You know what I mean?"

"I know exactly what you mean, Charlie Ray. You can have a job here in the Sheriff's department any time you want. Most of the time it is boring work, but it's been pretty exciting lately. With drug traffic, the Mexican cartels and drug lords there is plenty of action on the horizon right here in South Texas. Now, it's our own Federal Government—I should say a few within our Federal Government. Anyway, an adrenalin junkie wouldn't have to look far to find an honorable way to get a fix around here. There is so much evil. The cartels are equipped better than North Vietnam ever was. I am surprised that there hasn't been a blood bath right here in San Antonio. Urban warfare and physical combat is going to be within our borders soon. It hasn't been that way since the Civil War, but I guarantee you it's coming back to America, and it's coming fast. As Sheriff, I will never ask anyone to violate their oath or their conscious. That's something you can think about Charlie Ray. I feel a little guilty offering you something like this because working on the battlefield of Afghanistan is probably safer than working for me. A contractor who was working for our Federal Government shot your mother. A contractor hired by someone in our government blew someone up in my Camry in front of my house thinking that it was me. A contractor hired to assassinate me shot and seriously wounded a good friend and posse member who you know. You remember Leroy Miller? He is in the hospital right now, but luckily, he is going home in a day or two."

"Papa Joe, I don't know what to say because a thousand things are going through my mind. I am tempted to say that I want to work for you, but I need a little time to think about it. How long will this offer be good?"

"If your mother finds out—probably not very long." The Sheriff said with a smile.

"Then leave me the option and don't mention anything about it to her! Okay?" Charlie Ray said as he pulled out his 'Ray Charles thick-frame dark glasses.'

"I won't, Charlie Ray, I won't. I didn't intend to offer you a job, it just seemed like the logical thing to do, and I'll be surprised if you give it another thought."

"You would be wrong, Papa Joe, you would be really wrong. I'm thinking about it right now, and that thought is more than just a little exciting. I'm gunna' go and see Leroy while he is still in the hospital, he might be hard to find when he gets out."

"When do you have to head back to your unit?"

"My commander told me to take as long as I needed, but that doesn't mean to take advantage if you know what I mean."

"I know what you mean."

Charlie Ray arose as did the Sheriff, and the two men embraced. Then Charlie left the office.

* * * *

The retired Gunnery Sergeant Leroy Miller, was sitting up on his hospital bed when Charlie Ray walked into the room. “Semper Fi!” he almost shouted as he approached the wounded man with a warm handshake. “How is my old friend and mentor getting along?” he asked.

“Hey! Charlie Ray, it’s great to see you. You look like you be gettin’ by okay. I’m sorry that your Mom was hurt, but I’m glad that she is all right. You know that your Mama is one tough boot and would have made a great Marine? She’s the Sheriff’s right hand man, and he is a little lost without her at the office covering his six.”

“I know. She is supposed to be back at the office next week.” Charlie said with a smile that lit up the room. “So, what happened Gunny?”

“I got shot. It’s as simple as that. But, lucky for me he bullet glanced off of my belt buckle, tore through my belt and into my belly just to the right of my buckle and out of me on my right side just above my hip bone. The bullet stayed pretty much in one piece, but was mangled enough that it made a mess of my stomach muscles on that side. It didn’t scratch an organ, but it ripped apart muscle tissue, and that’s painful. It’s never pretty to be shot. I own a vest but wasn’t wearing it that morning. I think I’ll start wearing it when I’m working for the Sheriff. You know that there has been several attempts on his life?” Leroy said.

“Yes I do,” Charlie Ray replied. “Did you return fire?”

“You know I did! I pumped one round into his chest, and one round into his neck before he fell. I was aiming for his head but missed a little. My partner said that he was ready to shoot, but didn’t need to because the guy was dead. Now, there is nothing left for me to do but heal up and get back on the street.”

“Well, you look pretty good to me, I suppose it’s probably real painful to move, huh?”

“Painful as all get out. So how long are you in town for Charlie?” Leroy spoke with gentleness in his voice as he climbed under the covers and lay down on his back.

“I’m going to drive my sister back to Connecticut, and then I’m heading back to the other side of the world.”

“You still like your job?”

“My job? I love my job, and I love the guys that I work with, but I’m beginning to question what we are doing. Doing what they want me to do over there could be wrong,” Charlie replied.

“Well, if you have any questions the best thing you can do is get out of it before you are committed to do something that you don’t believe in. Life without a clean conscience is no life at all. Especially doing the kind of work that you do. Does that make sense?”

“Yes it does. The thrill of the fight and the adrenalin rush is big, but after a while it’s the right of what we do that’s important.

The more thought I give my situation, the more I think I can help Papa Joe if I’m near by. Being right and doing the right thing is paramount with Papa Joe. He has as much as offered me a job, and I’m seriously thinking about resigning from the Marine Corps.”

“Charlie Ray, you need to pray about that and if you feel like the Lord is leading you to resign you really have no choice. How is you walk with the Lord?” The old marine asked, his voice barley above a whisper.

“I’m a long way from perfect, but I live in constant prayer, especially when we are in a fight. The Lord has pulled me and by brother warriors out of the fire many times,” Charlie stated.

“That’s good, but how is your walk? Do you have any struggles? Is your purpose total commitment of obedience to the Lord?” the older man asked again.

“Personally, knowing Christ is the only way that I can live with the danger day after day. Most of my brother warriors are believers, however, some of them are still a little agnostic and others place a lot

of reliance in being good. We are constantly trying to get them to see the whole truth. Several have come around and accepted the Lord, but there are others who need to make that decision.” As Charlie was speaking he noticed that Leroy was becoming drowsy and fighting to stay awake.

“I’m sorry, Charlie, the pain medication must be kicking in, and I’ve become comfortably sleepy. It sounds like your team is full of great guys. I know that you will be driving to the East Coast soon. You stay in touch okay?” Leroy said.

“Okay, Leroy. Semper Fi.” Charlie said as he arose to leave the room.

“Semper Fi my young brother,” Leroy said, and he closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

Leroy’s questions caused him to reflect on his faith, his walk and his commitment. Closely following Jesus suddenly became more important than his brother warriors in Afghanistan.

* * * *

The Sheriff was growing weary. Someone within the Federal Government was trying to kill him. He thought to himself, is this running around worth it? He longed to have old friends over to eat hot wings, drink a couple of beers and watch the Spurs on his big screen TV. Having any semblance of a social life was suddenly out of the question. He was staying in different places every night, driving different cars and never more than one trusted person knew where he was at any given time. Older people need rest in order to function, and he couldn’t rest very well if he thought that paid assassins could find him, and without rest he couldn’t think well enough to prevent them from finding him. It doesn’t take the mind of a neurosurgeon to have a pretty good idea of which branch of the Federal Government wanted him dead. Someone in Washington didn’t want this county sheriff ruffling their feathers or making a mess of their little nest. The Constitution was created to limit and to define our government. Constitutional facts that effected Homeland Security were upsetting to someone in Washington, and it was evident that the Attorney General of the United States didn’t care about a county Sheriff in South Texas. It wasn’t long after 911 that powerful people were taking advantage and building nests for themselves all over Washington D.C. and the country.

He pressed the garage door opener which was clipped to the sun-visor on the drivers side as he arrived at a house on Canyon Lake. The vast majority of these homes were weekend retreats and were presently empty. The door opened, and the small light illuminated the garage. He drove in and pressed the button again, and the door closed. He shut the engine down and turned off the lights. The Sheriff sat cautiously and quietly for five minutes after the light automatically turned off and listened. There was not a sound. He opened the car door, and the cars interior light dimly lit up the garage. After quietly closing the car door, he stood another five minutes after the car’s interior light went out. Still no sound could be heard. The Sheriff had this gut feeling that assassins were getting near. Joe had always had this uncanny ability to sense danger before anyone else. This extra-sense had saved him many times in Vietnam and as Sheriff.

With a tiny pin light he moved silently toward the door that led into the kitchen. Still there was not a sound. For the better part of an hour he quietly searched room to room, from closet to closet and cabinet to cabinet and found nothing amiss. He still had the feeling that they were closing in on him.

Surely, they wouldn’t be following me with a satellite, he thought. Nah, they wouldn’t do that. What about a drone? He thought. Nah, they wouldn’t do that either. They might, but not likely. A drone and/or satellite would be expensive and would evolve hundreds of people. Suddenly he thought, whomever they hired would probably use a transmitter to track the car if they figured out which car to attach it to.

Sure enough, Joe checked the car and found a transmitter attached. Stealthily he took the transmitter and placed it on the porch of a vacant house three houses down and across the street. Joe could easily observe the house from the upper bedroom where he was to spend the night.

At 0230 Central Standard Time, three hand held missiles were fired from three different directions into the vacant house. After heavy explosions, the house burst into flames. Joe watched as two of the men drove away in a CRV. One of the men remained and watched from the shadows of the house that Joe occupied.

Rather than taking a chance on a direct confrontation and having to shoot and kill the remaining man, Joe silently approached the man from the rear and slammed his Para Ordnance 45 into the man's right ear with enough force to lay him out unconscious. He then dragged the man into the house through the front door and handcuffed him. He then dialed Liz Washington's cell phone. "Liz, I know that you are not back to work yet, but I know that I can trust you to do what I ask and not give me away. Make arrangements with the County Jailer for another prisoner. I need a secluded and secret cell.

~*Adverse Yaw*

Look for Chapter 8 in ViewsLetter 95, Mar/Apr 2014.

TAQIYYA

I have recently discovered that I have been infected with a disease common to more than a few Christians. The symptoms of this disease are the unrelenting deep burning desire to know and understand Truth, and anything less than the whole truth is extremely irritating to my state of mind. I realize that I'm far from perfect, but have been given the limited ability of discernment when it comes to truth. I know this for sure, TRUTH is paramount to well being.

One thing that true Christianity has over other forms of religion, cults or church governments is TRUTH. (A true Christian is defined as a person with a personal relationship with Jesus Christ as his or her Lord, Savior and Friend).

Communism, on the other hand, is the only totally atheistic form of government in the entire World that I know of. Because of this atheistic theology, treaties and honor have no meaning to a true Communist. The only thing that these abstract qualities mean to a Communist is that those who believe in them are weak and vulnerable. Their honesty about atheism is the only virtue that a true Communist has, however, since there are no atheist in foxholes even this virtue is in question.

The book of Buda suggests that deceit is appropriate as long as it benefits the good of the majority.

In America, the majority seems to be interested in only partial truths. Most Americans seem to be more interested in themselves, their prosperity and their feelings than they are the whole truth. In America truth is often evaporated or sublimated away by rationalization.

Islamist are extremely deceptive in their intentions. Their intention is to subtly take it over the world. The Islamist takes deceit to a whole new level. Their primary enemies are Israel and the USA. They are actively trying to destroy The Constitution of the United States of America by implementing Shura Law inside our borders. They have gained strength, power and dominance in North Africa, the middle East which includes Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Afghanistan, Syria, Jordan, most of Europe, the United Kingdom and much of Canada. This subtle but relentless attack of aggression is continuing into the USA this very hour. Their objective is total World dominance. I've only mentioned a fraction of the countries they now occupy and control.

I have discovered a new Arabic word; taqiyya (pronounced ta key ah) most often used by Islamist or Radical Muslims.

Taqiyya is a word that gives meaning to the main differences between the Christian belief, Muslim belief and all other religions. Of all the religions that I have read about . . . Christianity is the only one that places paramount importance upon truth. All other religions or beliefs allow a certain amount of deceit if not a

total disregard for truth. As transcribed from The Cross in the Shadow of the Crescent ~by Erwin W. Lutzer. "This concept of taqiyya is taught in the Quran: "Let not the Believers take for friends or helpers Unbelievers rather than Believers: if any do that, in nothing will there be help from Allah, except by way of precaution, that ye may guard yourselves from them' (3:28)". One Muslim commentator said this about taqiyya: 'It is lawful for a believer...to keep his faith concealed and to behave in such a manner as to create the impression that he is on the same side as his enemies... he may even state that he is not a believer.'"

Watch this nine minute video which is extremely revealing. Most Americans are ignorant about the Muslim religion. Like it or not, America is being subtly overtaken by Radical Muslims or Islamist. This video is important and educational. Please take the time to watch it in its entirety. <http://bit.ly/12CDGM>

~Adverse Yaw

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The following is a portion of an article that reveals the way truth is perceived the mind of an Islamic, and how it is betrayed in the Qur'an.

UNDERSTANDING TAQIYYA---ISLAMIC PRINCIPAL OF LYING FOR THE SAKE OF ALLAH

~by Warner MacKenzie 30 April, 2007

Lying and cheating in the Arab world is not really a moral matter but a method of safe-guarding honor and status, avoiding shame, and at all times exploiting possibilities, for those with the wits for it, deftly and expeditiously to convert shame into honor on their own account and vice-versa for their opponents. If honor so demands, lies and cheating may become absolute imperatives." [David Pryce-Jones, "The Closed Circle" An interpretation of the Arabs,

"No dishonor attaches to such primary transactions as selling short weight, deceiving anyone about quality, quantity or kind of goods, cheating at gambling and bearing false witness. The doer of these things is merely quicker off the mark than the next fellow; owing him nothing, he is not to be blamed for taking what he can." [David Pryce-Jones, "The Closed Circle", p38]

The word "Taqiyya" literally means: "Concealing, precaution, guarding." It is employed in disguising one's beliefs, intentions, convictions, ideas, feelings, opinions or strategies. In practical terms, it is manifested as dissimulation, lying, deceiving, vexing and confounding with the intention of deflecting attention, foiling or preemptive blocking. It is currently employed in fending off and neutralizing any criticism of Islam or Muslims.

Falsehoods told to prevent the denigration of Islam, to protect oneself or to promote the cause of Islam are sanctioned in the Qur'an and Sunni, including lying under oath in testimony before a court, deceiving by making distorted statements to the media such as the claim that Islam is a "religion of peace." A Muslim is even permitted to deny or denounce his faith if, in so doing, he protects or furthers the interests of Islam, so long as he remains faithful to Islam in his heart.

Like many Islamic practices, taqiyya was formed within the context of the culture of Arab tribalism, expansionary warfare, Bedouin raiding and inter-tribal conflict. Taqiyya has been used by Muslims since the 7th century to confuse, confound and divide 'the enemy'. A favored tactic was 'deceptive triangulation'; used to persuade the enemy that preparations for a raid were not aimed at them but at another tribe altogether. The fate in store for the deceived enemy target was an unexpected plunderous raid, enslavement of the women and death to the post-pubescent males.

[If you wish to read the continuation of this article you can find it at; <http://bit.ly/18AFYPV>]

**Of the four wars in my lifetime, none came about because the
U.S. was too strong.** ~Ronald Reagan

Around the House

~by *Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

After reading the Boss's rant about Taqiyya, I wondered what's the big deal? Even the dumbest of dogs knows and understands that lying is something that is common among people and dogs, mostly people. A lie is an evil that does nothing more than to create distrust and disharmony. Give me a break! Enough said about that.

We have had some pretty nice days, and we have had some very miserable days. Weather is something that can make a day delightful or create havoc in a dogs life. I'm not blaming the weather, but something is going on. My stomach been regurgitating off and on ever since we started having these cold spells. Of course, this is troubling to Linda and the Boss. Linda is the least vocal about it, however, she has been the one that cleans up after me the most. The Boss cleaned up a pile once, and I hear about that every day. He refuses to share popcorn or anything else with me. Heck, he won't even get me a dog biscuit anymore. He just looks at me and tells me that I am a Puker. I can't help myself, when I get the urge to puke, I just puke. Oh well, maybe I'm getting too old for snacks.

Linda flew to San Diego, CA December 11th for the arrival the 13th day of December, 2013, of their second Grandson, Weston Andrew Wetzel, 6 lbs 9oz and 19 and 1/2 in. long. According to Linda the baby, mother and father are all doing well. The Boss seems to be puzzled about things like this. He just can't seem to wrap his mind around the fact that his baby girl, Ashley, is now the mother of two. HELLO! Even I was a pup at one time, and now, I'm considered an older dog! WHO WOULD'A' THUNK'?

Well, I've got some advise for you older dogs. When it's cold stay inside. Pick your hunting days and your ambushes on days that are warm and balmy. The hunt and the kill are much more fun when the weather is nice than when it's not. And, if you stay on a cold ambush too long your liable to catch a cold. After all who among my readers has to worry about killing what they eat anyway. The Boss and Linda take pretty good care of me, and I suspect the same for all you other canines.

Remember; 'nose into the wind, watch your six and keep an eye on the sky.' I've heard of a little dog being airlifted out of the neighborhood last month via a big ole hawk. Ouch! Now that's scary!

~*Bark*



Beautiful little flowers I photographed at the highest place in Oklahoma.





Sisters !

Brothers !

ALL Grand Children !

ALL Lovely!

I'm a Blessed young man!