
VIEWS LETTER

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FROM ONE SATANIC DEMON TO ANOTHER

Where have all the great writers gone? Some went up, others went down and few remain. Could it be because the readers who love to read are few?

C.S. Lewis is a thought provoker. Once a secular intellect, educated in the finest schools in the United Kingdom, Lewis was drawn by the Holy Spirit to seek the Lord, which he did. He became a born-again Christian, and devoted all his intellect and all of his talent to public speaking and to writing for his Lord and Savior. My first encounter with his writing was his book, "Mere Christianity," which in my opinion was one of his finest works. Many of this generation are unaware that he was the author of the "Chronicles of Narnia," a series of books written for children. These mentioned are only a few of his many works.

In the book "The Screwtape Letters," Lewis uses the unusual style of letter writing. In letters from one demon to another, he reveals how Satan uses partial truths to deceive his prospects.

A demonic use of patriotism, pacifism and religion to win the soul of the victim is demonstrated below as Screwtape advises his nephew, Wormwood, in one of his many letters of instruction.

~AV Yaw

. . . . Let him begin by treating the Patriotism or the Pacifism as a part of his religion. Then let him, under the influence of partisan spirit, come to regard it as the most important part. Then quietly and gradually nurse him on to the stage at which the religion becomes merely part of the "cause". . . . Once you have made the World an end, and faith a means, you have almost won your man, and it makes very little difference what kind of worldly end he is pursuing. Provided that meetings, pamphlets, policies, movements, causes, and crusades, matter more to him than prayers and sacraments and charity, he is ours — and the more "religious" (on those terms) the more securely ours. I could show you a pretty cagefull down here. . . .

~C.S. LEWIS from his book, *The Screwtape Letters*, parts of the final paragraph of chapter 7.

ALL THINGS

"And we know that for those who love God all things work together for good, for those who are called according to his purpose." *Romans 8:28*. Looking back at the brief history of our Nation, it is easy to see the many mistakes we have made both as a nation and as individuals. In spite of the evil that has taken place and seems to be still taking place, some of the end results are amazing.

When I focus on the plight of people of color in America, whether they be Black, Hispanic, Asian, Jew or Native American, I realize that what has been done to many of them is not only wrong but also outrageous and repulsive. The truth is that in the eye of Almighty God we are all equally the same.

Equal in value to Him who created us, and equal in our failure to be all that we should be. We have all missed the mark, and we are all sinners. We are different in our appearance, our race and our ethnic background. We are different as individuals, each of us created particularly different from all others. Still, we are all the same. Most all of us have hopes and dreams of a good future.

There are two totally different types of prejudice. One is of ignorance, and one of an ignorance that has progressed into a resentful hatred. Both are wrong, and both are of a self-centered nature.

Growing up in San Antonio imprinted me with certain perspectives. At the time back in the 1950s, San Antonio was much smaller than it is today, and some have said that it was a mean little city. There were nightly knifings, shootings and all kinds of murder. Gang violence was already in fashion even before the Broadway Hit "West Side Story." Prejudice seemed to be more common back then, particularly, white people's prejudice against people of color which included Jewish people. It was mostly a prejudice of ignorance, however, resentment from one race of people to others was common.

Segregation placed the Black people in separate schools, separate rest rooms, separate churches, separate food counters and separate athletic teams. In these conditions, how in the world could a young white kid help but feel superior to black people? And, how in the world could a Black kid help but feel inferior? I know how it feels to be one of the dumbest kids in the class as I suffered some minor learning disabilities myself. I can only imagine how it felt to be beaten down by all the rest of the class because of skin color. How could anyone avoid the resentment felt on both sides of the tracks? The black athletic teams were superior. All-black football teams and all-black basketball teams couldn't be beaten by any of the white teams. This too caused resentment. This isn't to say that other races has similar but less blatant problems. Many black boys and girls overcame such treatment they received back in those days, and those who did are far superior than almost everyone else in all races.

All groups are motivated by their own issues and agendas. It seems that it doesn't matter which race is considered, all races are made up of individuals, and all individuals have individual problems. The most common problem that most faces in this life is self-centeredness, arrogance and failure to recognize others.

Those individuals who think of others more often than themselves are the ones who make a difference, and when those individuals who are from a race of people who have been beaten down for centuries, they are the ones who shine the brightest. They are the very ones who I have grown to love the most. I love them for their perseverance, I love them for their humility, I love them for their interest in the truth for the sake of truth itself.

There are many people within all races who are so interested in themselves and their own aggrandizement that they will follow any leader as long as he or she is winning, but when it comes down to it, their interest is more about themselves and less about what is really important.

Some will say of me that I like particular black people because they think the way that I do. This is true. I do like people who think along the same lines that I do, and it doesn't matter what their skin color is. But, to find another person who is of a different skin color than mine and is interested in the truth for the sake of truth without any spin. I can't help but like them especially well. Does that make sense? This is not to say that I don't have some very good friends of color who think along different lines. I do, and I love them, too. I don't like it when anyone disagrees with me, but I hate it when they refuse to communicate. This happens sometimes. I will listen to anyone, and sometimes I have been persuaded to change my thinking. I'm always up for a friendly argument on a difference of opinion as long as it does not include hateful remarks or hurtful innuendoes. Sometimes, I will agree to disagree and go on. One thing is for sure, I love my friends, white or of a different color, whether they agree with me or not. I love my friends even when they are upset with me.

Back to the verse of scripture at the beginning of this essay: It means much more than all is well that ends well. There has been much done that is wrong in America especially to people of color. There

has been much suffering and hateful shame placed on black people in particular. Almighty God has used it all for good especially for those who know Him and love Him. I have personally been blessed to recognize the greatness of the Black race and many individuals who are Black.

~*Adverse Yaw*

Chapter Nine

The driver dropped off Charlie Ray at his mother's place. The Sheriff was dropped off half a block from a seedy hotel on the Frederiksberg Rd where he checked in under the name Alvin Smith. The cheap room was noisy and smelled like a butt can. He managed only a couple hours of restless sleep. The Sheriff had disguised himself as a commuter on his way to work. He rode a rattle old bus downtown, and disembarked a couple blocks from the courthouse. Avoiding anyone who might have recognized him he quietly entered the building from a rear door and climbed a stairwell to the floor that housed Don Barron's office. He went directly to Don's office unannounced and quietly knocked on the door.

Although Don had previously been an elected county Judge, in another Texas County, here he was only an assistant prosecutor. The facts are that he was not a very important part of the political machinery that made things happen in Bexar County. He was lucky to have the tiny little office that he occupied. It was small, but very private. Not even a window, only an unmarked door and if you didn't know that it was an office you might think it was a broom closet door in the hallway of this hundred-year-old building.

Don answered the door and was surprised to see the Sheriff dressed like a custodian standing there with a push broom in hand and a concerned look on his face.

"Sheriff Joe, come on in." he stated quietly. "I have a pot of coffee over there in the corner. This isn't the most lavish office that I have ever occupied, but it's comfortable, private and quiet. And, I'm proud to have it. You look a little stressed. What's on your mind? "

"Well, Don, it's been a busy night, and I didn't get much sleep. I'm curious, was there anything in the news about Canyon Lake Estates and the town of Bulverde this morning?" Joe asked.

"Yes, there was, as a matter of fact. The Bulverde Police, Texas Highway Patrol and the New Braunfels Police were all involved. The FBI was even called. It seems that there was some mysterious house explosion near the lake, and a shooting. Dead bodies and a car with its occupant totally destroyed by fire. Why? Do you know something about it?" Don asked the Sheriff.

"I'm afraid so, there was another attempt on my life last night and after the involvement of the Feds, those who are guilty of trying to have me rubbed out will know that they didn't get it done. And, this means that they will continue to try and get me." The Sheriff remarked in a relaxed, but sleepy way. "It seems that I have jumped from the pan into the fire again."

"What can I do for you Sheriff?"

"You can do several things, that is, if you have the time and the where-with-all to risk it. I'll tell you all about it if you agree to help. I know that I can trust you, so it's up to you. If you can't or don't want to help, that's okay. Just let me know okay," the Sheriff asked.

Hey Sheriff, sounds exciting, you can count on me! What do you want me to do first?

"Well, discretion is paramount. My whereabouts needs to remain unknown. I wish I could be invisible but with all the security cameras around the courthouse and everywhere else that is impossible. First, I would like you to casually go to my office and ask Liz to get someone to cover for her. Then come here, and I'll explain what happened last night, and what I intend to do now. But, take your time, I'd like to take a little nap. I'm exhausted, so if it took you an hour or more it would be fine with me." Can you do that Don?

"I'm on it, and I'll see that you get at least an hour or more to get a little sleep. My phone ringer is off. I'll be back with Liz around eleven, okay?" Don was already headed for the door to leave his friend alone in his office.

"Okay Don, thanks."

* * * * *

Don held the door as Liz entered the room. The Sheriff was sleeping soundly on one of two over stuffed chairs in the room with his stocking feet in the other. She gently nudged him and he awoke with a smile, "Hi Liz, thanks for coming," he stated as he removed his feet from the chair and pulled up his boots one at a time. "How is Charlie Ray doing?"

"Probably still sleeping. He was sound asleep when I left the house a couple hours ago."

"So you haven't talked to him since yesterday? He asked Liz.

"No, why? Should I have?"

"No, I'll fill you in. Please Don, you and Liz sit down. This will take more than a few minutes," he said as he started his monologue.

The Sheriff went into detail the happenings of the previous day. He left nothing out. Then he became more tender than normal in his speech. "It seems that I have always been in a position of leadership, and I have always worked for the greater good, and on what I have always considered the greatest team in the world, the United States of America. Since earlier in my life when I became a born-again Christian, I have lived a life unafraid of any obstacle or opposition, and I remain unafraid. The thought of my own death doesn't bother me at all, and I know that when I move into that dimension of eternity, life it will be better than ever. Anyway, I have had full and wonderful life.

However, my hopes for this country are diminishing more and more each day. Think about it! As a nation we are being devoured from within. Many Americans have a total disregard for morality, they have forgotten family values and doing for others is a thing of the past. Instead they think only of what they can accumulate in wealth and power. We have several million radical Muslims living in this country who wish to violently destroy us and their leader seems to be Satan himself. Our society is being overwhelmed with harmful drugs from powerful drug cartels just across our border. The rich along with the federal government are using the hidden tax of inflation to destroy the middle class, and there is little the middle class can do about it. Homosexuality and other sexual sins are making serious inroads into our society; what was considered a sinful act twenty years ago is now being protected, permitted and encouraged by law. We have murdered millions of unborn children since the Roe vs Wade decision of the Supreme Court back in '73 which gave any pregnant mother the right to murder her unborn child.

The people who know the truth and wish to do something about it are so far behind the power curve that it will take a miracle of biblical proportions for them to survive, much less succeed. Look at my situation, I'm trying to properly use our Constitution to protect the people of our county and someone back in Washington, D.C. within our Federal Government is willing to kill me and hundreds of others in order to stop me. The Federal Government has more resources than my meager little budget at the Sheriff's department.

Know this, I will not quit. Every time that I have ever entered into harms way, I always figured myself already dead when I began. I can focus on the job at hand and not worry about my own safety or mortality. It's different in this time. I must survive in order to lead, as it seems there is no one to take up the slack if I am out of the picture, not presently anyway. You are two of the people that I trust. As always, I will not violate my oath, therefore, whatever I do it must be above board and lawful. I desperately need some help from someone within our Federal Government. I have a good idea of who is behind all of these attempts on my life, however there is no evidence - nothing that can be proven. I will remain as hidden as I possibly can but will continue to pursue justice. You can help by helping me to remain as invisible as possible, and find me a trustworthy patriot within the Beltway that loves America as much as we do. I want to know about any US Senator willing to help if they are truly honorable men or women. As you know, I have a seasoned and battle tested posse ready to fight and protect the people and me. Some would say they are just a bunch of old beer-drinking vets. That is what I would like for people to think, and hopefully, that is what they will be and do until they die of old age. However, if doing my job requires their services, I know that I can count on them.

The citizens of Bexar County have elected me to protect them from all sorts of harm which is what I am doing, and what I intend to continue doing. It may come to a regular firefight between the Sheriff's Department and those within our highly infected Federal Government.

I must have the support of the people who elected me. Without their support, I'll be portrayed as a crazy gunslinger, and I can't have that. Keep in mind the Feds have the FBI, all kinds of Swat Teams and the Armed

forces. Obama has already used drones to kill American Citizens in other parts of the world. Some Feds will go to extremes to save face. Hopefully, it won't come to that.

Please know this; if the Feds leak an attack to the media, we will try and not be there. Any deadly force that we use should be defensive and if and when this happens, hopefully, the Feds will be left holding an empty bag. I don't like political games, and I'm not particularly interested in making the news, but this may become necessary to achieve our goals. Remember we are the good guys, and sometimes the bad guys are only ignorant good guys and we need to educate them when we can.

Any questions?

Liz and Don sat in silence with a look of awe on their faces. There was deadly silence for almost a full minute, which seemed like an hour to each of them including the Sheriff.

"Sheriff Joe, there is a bit of good news. Edith wants to offer a plea of guilty and throw herself at the mercy of the court. However, the federal attorney is trying to convince her to plead not guilty, and has been doing all that she can to prevent her from pleading at all. That's why it has been tied up for all these days," the X-judge stated.

"What about a speedy trial? According to the Sixth Amendment; 'the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, so what is to stop Edith, the accused, from demanding a speedy trial. It is her Constitutional right," the Sheriff stated.

"Well said Sheriff, I'll get word to the defendant and maybe leak it to The Express News that Edith wants a speedy trial and is tired of all the stalling," Don stated. "I'll tell the lady Jailer, Mary Armstrong and she will be glad to pass that along."

"Armstrong is another trustworthy person. We can count on her to do the right thing," Liz stated.

The Courtroom was packed with news reporters from all over the country. The National Lesbian & Gay Journalists Association were represented, and high profile news people from five or six different cable and TV networks were present. A small contingent of TSA employees occupied several seats among other interested people. The charges of sexual misconduct and treason were read, and Edith pleaded guilty on both charges and threw herself at the mercy of the court. The judge declared her guilty as charged. A date was set for sentencing. Edith was to remain in the custody of the Sheriff in the Bexar County Jail until sentencing.

After the brief trial, Elizabeth seemed puzzled and couldn't get a grip on her own feelings. It seemed to her that Edith got off lightly. Why did she plead guilty? Out of curiosity, she called the jail and asked to speak to the Jailer in charge which was Mary Armstrong. Liz wanted to talk to the prisoner, Edith Stone. There were many questions. Mary told her that it was fine with her, but it would be up to Edith Stone. Stone was asked, and said that she didn't mind at all.

"Hello Edith, I'm the mother of the young crippled, black woman that you molested at the airport last month." Liz spoke with a soft authority but couldn't hide the merciless feelings that she had for this woman.

After what seemed like several minutes of shyly staring at the black woman she spoke. "Hi, I'm sorry for what I did to your daughter. It was wrong and it was selfish of me to treat your daughter in such a way. She is a beautiful young lady, and I was full of lust and resentment at the time. Please try and understand that I'm not the same person, now, that I was then. I have been born again into the family of God through my belief and faith in Jesus, the living Son of the living God. I have been changed, and like I said, I'm not the same person. Please accept my apology and pass it along to your daughter. I am so sorry for what I did to her, and I am sorry for many things that I did as a lesbian. I am so very thankful for Mary who led me to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. I am a totally changed and new person more than willing to accept the consequences of my behavior."

"Well all of that sounds good. There have been many fake jailhouse conversions to Christianity, therefore, I remain more than a little skeptical. This is not a lot of relief for me or my daughter,

however, what you say, makes a little more sense of why you plead guilty. I hope that what you have said is true — only time will tell, and I'll be watching. Thank you for seeing me.” Liz’s expressions were a little more ‘as-a-matter-of-fact’ than normal. The meeting permitted some satisfaction in her mind, but there was still the vexing irritation that she felt about her baby being taken advantage of and mistreated. Liz left the cell and spent a few minutes with Mary in her small office.

“So Mary, do you believe her? Is she really a changed person?” Liz asked the Jailer

“Yes I do, Elisabeth, and if you are truly a born-again-Christian, she is now your sister. Know this, God loves her and has already forgiven her for her sins.” Mary’s tender expression was one of kindness and love.

“I hope your are right. Right now I need to get back to the office. Thanks for letting me visit with her. You need anything let me know. Okay? You do know that the Sheriff and I both think a lot of you,” she said as she walked toward the elevator.

Well, this could be considered anti-climatic, however, I can’t allow this to be finished because someone has attempted to kill me more than once, the Sheriff thought as he walked toward his office.

The Sheriff would willingly tell you that he is no saint, and that he had been tempted more than a few times to violate the law and the personal code of right and wrong that he had drawn from the Scripture. Now, like never before he felt defeated and that he had chosen the wrong fight to fight. However, there was something within him that made him hold on. The question that kept arising in his mind was what was he holding on to? Truth, it had to be truth that he was desperately holding on to, but his grip seemed to be weakening. Sheriff Joe was always in constant prayer asking that God would give him the courage to fight the good fight and to enable him to die well. He had always gone into battle thinking that it would be his last fight, and that the angels would carry his soul upward after paying the ultimate price in battle. Now, there were others to consider, their safety, their salvation and the continuation of their life here on planet Earth.

Joe knew that this would most probably not end here, and what had he accomplished? Was there anyway that the real villains of this case would be punished? Was the struggle worth it? Maybe – maybe not! Joe decided to pay a visit to the jail before the court passed sentence on the convicted Edith Stone.

Arriving at Mary’s small office in the bowels of the jail, he greeted her warmly.

“How are you, Mary?”

“Fine, thanks. What brings you down here? The jailer asked.

“I wanted to visit with Edith Stone, but first I’ll like to visit with you. How are you, Mary, and how is that growing family of yours?” The Sheriff revealed his honest concern with a warm smile.

“My family is doing fine, how about you Sheriff? How are you doing? Elizabeth tells me that someone’s been trying to kill you ever since Edith was arrested. Is that true?”

“I’m afraid so, Mary, it seems that this arrest has created a firestorm inside the Beltway that surrounds Washington D.C. I can’t prove it, but I believe that someone within our federal government is the culprit.

“Wow, Sheriff! I hate to hear that,” Mary spoke softly with concern and alarm.

“Not to worry, now that the trial is over and Edith has pleaded guilty, things should quiet down, and hopefully, be forgotten by those who wish me dead. Although it has been a limited victory for truth, I still feel personally defeated. After all, the real evil people of this case are still free to continue their malfeasance unaffected by truth and justice,” the Sheriff spoke in a reminiscent retrospective way.

“Sheriff, you do know the Lord don’t you?” Mary seemed to know but asked anyway.

“Yes, Mary, thanks for asking. Jesus has been living in my heart since I was nine years old. He has pulled my feet out of the fire on more occasions than I want to recall. I know Him and He knows me, and I thank Him everyday for that,” the Sheriff quietly replied.

“Okay then, what’s to worry about? Get on with being the best you can be.”

“Thanks, Mary, for your words of encouragement. Now, can I see the prisoner?”

“Sure. Do you want to see her alone, or do you want me along?”

“Alone, would be good,” the Sheriff replied.

“Okay, I’ll have her in a briefing room, shortly. Would you like a cup of coffee?”

“No thanks, I’m about coffee’d out.

When the Sheriff arrived at the briefing room, Edith was already seated at the table with hands and legs in restraints. She seemed neither happy nor sad, but had a serene appearance.

“Hello Edith, are they treating you alright here?”

“Yes, they are. I doubt that you will believe me, but I’m thankful for your visit.”

“You are welcome,” The Sheriff responded locking eye contact with the prisoner.

It was amazing to the Sheriff that Edith made the eye contact without looking away, and yet it was one of peace and warmth.

“Sheriff, please allow me to say first of all that I am truly sorry for my behavior toward Abigail at the TSA check point. I’m sorry for many things in my past, but now, I’m a new person washed clean by the blood of Jesus. I am guilty of the crimes charged, and I’m more than willing to pay whatever price the State of Texas wishes to administer,” Edith spoke with a sincere clarity.

“Somehow, I want to believe you, however, as a man in the business of law enforcement, I’ve witnessed more than a few jailhouse conversions. So please, understand my skeptical nature. I know that God works in mysterious ways, and that His sacrificial death on the cross two thousand years ago is all powerful and beyond our comprehension. I pray that your conversion is the real thing. I’ll be praying for you, and I’ll be praying that the Lord will convict and convince me the truth, whatever it is about you. Elizabeth is persuaded that you’re truly a born-again-Christian, and I place a lot of stock in her gut feelings.” After his statement, the Sheriff arose from the chair and left the room. Edith was then transferred back to her cell.

“Mary, do you believe that Edith’s conversion is real?” The Sheriff asked just before the elevator opened.

“Yes, I do, Sheriff. She is now a Christian living in a very human body, but Jesus has made her into a new creature. She is no longer a lesbian, but now, a servant of our Lord’s.”

The Sheriff said as he entered the elevator, “I hope so”

The Sheriff was still suspicious about the powers in Washington who had plotted to take his life, therefore, he continued to move in the shadows and tried to be as invisible as possible.

Chapter 10 should be in the July & August 2014 Issue of The ViewsLetter. (I hope!)

**Socialism is a philosophy of failure, the
creed of ignorance, and the gospel of envy, its
inherent virtue is the equal sharing of misery.**

~ Sir Winston Churchill

U.S. Supreme Court

The US Supreme Court will be tested again soon.

Remember the controversy when the Green family of Oklahoma (Hobby Lobby owners) stood tall as Christians? The Green family refused to be a part of a mandatory rule of the Affordable Care Act (Obamacare) that required them (Hobby Lobby) to provide four specific drugs and devices that can potentially provide abortions for their employees.

Last June, the U.S. Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals upheld the right of the Greens to “allow their faith to guide business decisions.” BUT . . . the federal government (present administration) has persisted in its attempts to erode religious liberty. And in October, the federal government asked the Supreme Court to review the case. March the 25th of this year, the Supreme Court heard oral arguments in the case, with the federal lawyers arguing that Hobby Lobby should be compelled to provide the four contraceptives. The court is expected to rule before its current term ends June 30, 2014.

Co-founder of Hobby Lobby, Barbara Green, stated March 25, 2014: “Our family started Hobby Lobby built on our faith and together as a family. We’ve kept that tradition for more than 40 years, and we want to continue to live out our faith in the way we do business. The choice that the government has forced on us is out of step with the history of our great nation founded on religious freedom. We believe that no American should lose their religious freedom just because they open a family business. We are thankful that the Supreme Court has heard our case, and we prayerfully await the justices’ decision.”

Tennessee Representative, Diane Black, has spoken out on the Greens’ behalf: “This administration’s assault on religious liberty is an affront to our Constitution, and the Supreme Court must now use this opportunity to preserve the liberties that our country was founded upon by striking down the HHS’ (Health and Human Services) unconstitutional mandate.”

If the Court is really interested in truth and nothing but the truth, it should be easy to determine what is true and what is not especially when it comes to the 1st Amendment. The attitude of the present administration reeks of disregard for the Constitution.

Everyone likes to be liked and hates to be hated, even the Supreme Court Justices. Will the Court uphold the Tenth Circuit Court of Appeals decision? Or will they allow chaos to prevail? Their decision will reveal the true colors of the present U.S. Supreme Court. I pray that the majority will deliver the honorable and correct decision.

~awd

AROUND THE HOUSE

~By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

Finally! Another winter is behind us, and now, we must keep our eyes peeled for tornados, high winds, heavy rain and baseball size hail. Still, Oklahoma is my home and being raised right here in what is known as Tornado Alley isn’t half bad. I love this State. There are far more positives than negatives. I just hope the house makes it through the Tornado Season.

Already the Boat Tails are coming in, and I’ll have one for lunch one of these days. The temperature is warm and balmy, but basking in the sun is still better than the shade. We are still in need of a little more rain, however, the Boss says that the wheat is flagging, and it’s looking pretty good.

Jock remains comatose most of the time. My, my he is the equivalent of over a hundred forty years old, and he lost his interest in anything other than sleeping. Thankfully, the Boss hasn’t shot him, however, he has

threatened to on several occasions. Shucks, he has threatened to shoot me a time or two. I think he is mostly bark and not much bite, if you know what I mean.

Ashley has had an issue with kidney stones, it seems that this is a hereditary problem that comes from the Bosses' side of the family. He's had 'em, Andys had 'em, and this is Ashley's second or third round of dealing with 'em. Not a pleasant thing to deal with. Anyway, Linda has made a trip to San Diego to watch after her Grandsons while Ash got some lithotripsy to crush a few stones. She made it through in flying colors, and she will be back in the air soon.

The Boss is still an adamant Texas Ranger Fan, and Andy has bought the whole family tickets and they all went to the game on Mother's Day. Presently the OKC Thunder is still in the playoffs. Go Thunder!

The Boss brought another dog home, but Linda hexed the idea of another Canine around here. The dog was a female and was half Australian Shepard and half Blue Healer. I have to admit that she seemed to be smarter than your average dog. But Linda didn't like the idea of a dog that constantly shed its fur.

Just goes to show you that Dogs are second class citizens around here. We must get along as dogs and not as humans.

That's all I've got to say about that. Keep your nose into the wind and enjoy the 2014 springtime.

~*Bark*



Brothers, Mother, Daughter & Grandsons

Dear Readers,

I'm sorry about this letter being a month late. No excuses, except my editor has been busy, and under the weather. My writer, printer man, and jack of all trades has found some gainful employment which means that this letter was placed on a back burner.

I'll try and get them going and maybe this won't happen again.

Best regards,

awd