
VIEWS LETTER

Volume 64, Issue 1

AWD's Views, News & Stories of Interest

January & February 2009

Grandpa's Porch Swing

Grandpa had spent most of the day on his tractor cutting hay and had just come in from the field wearing his raggedy, old, blue bib-overalls with the pant cuffs tucked into his boots. His sun-darkened face was brightened by his huge smile. I sat close beside him on his old porch swing with his long arm and huge hand on the back of the swing around my shoulders. The warm evening breeze was filled with the sweet aroma of fresh-cut hay which overpowered his odor of sweat and hard work. The memory of everything about this man is indelibly burned into my being. I was sixteen and he was in his sixties.

"Grandpa, why did God make sex such a struggle? Sex seems to be everywhere and it's been curiously appealing to me for sometime. I know it's for married people, and that it's wrong to do it out of wedlock, but I have a strong urge and a burning desire to try it. I can almost see myself hopping into the sack with Eugene Larson who is the best looking guy on the Varsity football team. I am so attracted to him, and I know that I could be attractive to him, too. The thought is a little frightening. What is a girl to do when I want something so badly and at the same time, I know it is so wrong. And, you know what Grandpa? Almost all my friends are doing it. I feel like a prude and I don't fit in with them anymore."

After a short pause he answered, "Sex can be

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Time Is Running Out -

Ron Paul 9-25-8

Dear Friends,

Whenever a Great Bipartisan Consensus is announced, and a compliant media assures everyone that the wondrous actions of our wise leaders are being taken for our own good, you can know with absolute certainty that disaster is about to strike.

The events of the past week are no exception.

The bailout package that is about to be rammed down Congress' throat is not just economically foolish. It is downright sinister. It makes a mockery of our Constitution which our leaders should never again bother pretending is still in effect. It promises the American people a never-ending nightmare of ever-greater debt liabilities they will have to shoulder. Two weeks ago, financial analyst Jim Rogers said the bailout of Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac made America more communist than China! "This is welfare for the rich," he said. "This is socialism for the rich. It's bailing out the financiers, the banks, the Wall Streeters."

That describes the current bailout package to a T. And we're being told it's unavoidable.

The claim that the market caused all this is so staggeringly foolish that only politicians and the media could pretend to believe it. But that has become the conventional wisdom with the

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Government's view of the economy could be summed up in a few short phrases: If it moves, tax it. If it keeps moving, regulate it. And if it stops moving, subsidize it.

- Ronald Reagan

Swing, continued from page 1

a big problem especially for a young beautiful girl like yourself. And, I know it is hard to do the right thing, it always has been, and I suppose it always will be. Of course, when the Lord comes sexual desires will no longer be a difficulty. There are many excuses for trying sex, and there are as many more real reasons for not trying it before marriage, but the best reason to remain chaste until marriage is that remaining a virgin is the right thing to do. Doing the right thing always has many wonderful rewards, and doing the wrong thing is always a blessing thief especially in the case of sex. I could run a tally sheet on both sides of the issue, but you already know the pros and cons.

You see, Abby, sex is a Holy institution intended to remain under the covenant of marriage, and one of many blessings given us by our Heavenly Father. Remaining virtuous and saving yourself for marriage is a hard proposition. Very few have ever done so, but those who do gain a long rewarding life which includes the best sex-life ever. The virtue or lack of virtue applied in their own lives by the parents and the grandparents is almost always passed on from generation to generation." His soft baritone voice was so comforting, it was never judgmental, never harsh or cold, and it never tried to project authority. Grandpa was the best friend a girl could have. He was always tender, loving and understanding. "You will be fine," he said, "I believe this because my parents were chaste when they were married as were your grandma and me, as was your mom and dad. It won't be easy to do but it can be done, and the longer you can keep the tradition going the easier it will be for your children and their children."

This was typical of the conversations that I had with my Grandpa more than fifteen years ago. We talked about anything and everything and still do today although he is growing more feeble, he still has a glow that brightens his wrinkled face and a brilliance in his pale blue eyes, but the marching of time is taking its toll.

As far back as I can remember, my favorite place to be has always been sitting beside my Grandpa suspended in the swing from the ceiling of his porch. In the early Spring and late Fall, there would be a chill, and I would snuggle next to him for warmth. Being with him, was then as it is now, a place of comfort where time seems to stand still, and the peculiarities of reason are easier to understand. Feelings of despair for some calamity that had just happened would be transformed into the excitement for what might be. I would swing with him for hours—me doing most of the talking and him listening. I have spent my entire life totally trusting Grandpa. He has always been more interested in my happiness, my success, and myself more than anyone else in the world. He never forced his views or ideas on me like most other adults tried to do. I wanted to be my best more for him than for myself. There was something so peaceful about this place with him sitting close beside me—I couldn't get enough of being there. And that is why that I spend a good portion of my adult years sitting there with him in that old porch swing.

I know he endured a lot from me through the years such as my nagging to do this or that or begging for this or that, and a good amount of whining about all my problems as a girl growing up in the big city.

But, you know what he has given me? He has given me time, time to think, to talk, to understand things that were hard to grasp, he cried with me when my dog died, and rejoiced with me when I told him about my meeting my future husband. I owe him for teaching me to trust in the Lord and about commitment and about being born again. I owe him for staying a virgin until I married my best friend and husband Butch. By the way, Butch is a lot like Grandpa. They both understand me and don't become annoyed when I'm irritated about something. He and my Grandpa are my soul mates. They are truly the wind beneath my wings.

By A.V. Yaw

IF YOU GOTTA GO, START EARLY

This is a story about a rather strange reply to a request for a campground reservation.

“My friend is a rather old-fashioned lady, always quite delicate and elegant, especially in her language. She and her husband were planning a week’s vacation in Florida, so she wrote to a particular campground and asked for a reservation.”

“She wanted to make sure the campground was fully equipped, but didn’t quite know how to ask about the toilet facilities. She just couldn’t bring herself to write the word “toilet” in her letter. After much deliberation, she finally came up with the old-fashioned term “bathroom commode.” But when she wrote that down, she still thought she was being too forward. So she started all over again, rewrote the entire letter, and referred to the bathroom commode merely as the B.C. ‘Does the campground have its own B.C?’ is what she actually wrote.”

“Well, the campground owner wasn’t old-fashioned at all, and when he got the letter, he just couldn’t figure out what the woman was talking about. The B.C. business really stumped him.”

After worrying about it for awhile, he showed the letter to several campers, but they couldn’t imagine what the lady meant either. So the campground owner, finally coming to the conclusion that the lady must be asking about the location of the local Baptist Church, sat down and wrote the following reply.

“Dear Madam: I regret very much the delay in answering your letter, but I now take pleasure of informing you that a B.C. is located nine miles north of the campground, and is capable of seating 250 people at one time. I admit it is quite

a distance away if you are in the habit of going regularly, but no doubt you will be pleased to know that a great number of people take their lunches along and make a day of it. They usually arrive early and stay late.”

“The last time my wife and I went was six years ago, and it was so crowded we had to stand up the whole time we were there. It may interest you to know that right now, there is a supper planned to raise money to buy more seats. They’re going to hold it in the basement of the B.C.”

“I would like to say it pains me very much not to be able to go more regularly, but it surely is no lack of desire on my part. As we grow older, it seems to be more of an effort, particularly in the cold weather.”

“If you do decide to come down to our campground, perhaps I could go with you the first time you go, sit with you, and introduce you to all the other folks. Remember, this is a friendly community.”

By an unknown Author

The Change of Command

Inauguration day is near and the White House will undergo changes as instructed by its new occupants.

Most people in the country look forward to the change with optimism. Those who supported the winner have high expectations of the promised changes that they hope to come about quickly, and those who supported the loser hope that the winner will be the best that he can be, and that he will draw the country together as a unified nation.

In a socialistic nation as we have gradually become over the past one hundred years, the question for the greater majority of us is always what’s in it for “ME”? The past campaign and the results of the election indicate the wishes and desires of the American people. There are a myriad of ideas and attitudes of what is best for America but for the

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The trouble with our liberal friends is not that they're ignorant; it's just that they know so much that isn't so.

- Ronald Reagan

How same-sex marriage points to end of the world!

By Janet Porter

Janet Porter is president of Faith2Action: turning people of faith into people of action to WIN the cultural war TOGETHER for life, liberty and the family. Author of "The Criminalization of Christianity," she hosts a daily radio program from 2-3 p.m. Eastern and a daily radio commentary heard in 100 markets and at www.f2a.org.*

What do May 17, 2004, and May 15, 2008, have in common? One judge and a redefinition of marriage against the will of the people.

Both the Massachusetts Superior Court and the California Supreme Court by a one-judge margin redefined what marriage has always been in every culture and every religion for more than 5,000 years of recorded history.

Why does this matter?

As I wrote about in my book, "The Criminalization of Christianity," Jeffrey Satinover, who holds an M.D. from Princeton and doctorates from Yale, MIT and Harvard, was on my radio program one day, and I asked him about where we are in history. He explained that according to the "Babylonian Talmud" – the book of rabbis' interpretation of the scriptures 1,000 years before Christ, there was only one time in history that reflects where we are right now. There was only one time in history, according to these writings, where men were given in marriage to men, and women given in marriage to women.

Want to venture a guess as to when? No, it wasn't in Sodom and Gomorrah, although that was my guess. Homosexuality was rampant there, of course, but according to the Talmud, not homosexual "marriage." What about ancient

Greece? No Rome? No. Babylon? No again. The one time in history when homosexual "marriage" was practiced was ... during the days of Noah. And according to Satinover, that's what the "Babylonian Talmud" attributes as the final straw that led to the Flood.

On my Faith2Action radio program on Thursday, Rabbi Aryeh Spero verified this to be true.

Rabbi Spero spoke of God's compassion before the Flood, in hopes people would repent and turn back to His ways. He showed patience for hundreds of years.

But, he said, the Talmud's writings reveal that "before the Flood, people started to write marriage contracts between men, in other words, homosexual 'marriage,' which is more than homosexual activity – it's giving an official state stamp of approval, a sanctification ... of homosexual partnership."

In fact, he said, "the writings indicated that it wasn't even so much the 'straw that broke the camel's back,' but that the sin in and of itself is so contrary to why God created the world, so contrary to the order of God's nature, that God said then and there 'I have to start all over ... to annihilate the world and start from the beginning. ...'"

Rabbi Spero went on to say, "Even in ancient Greece they did not write marriage contracts between men. There was homosexuality, and it was wrong, but there was not an official 'blessed' policy. ... Marriage is 'sanctification' (not simply a partnership)." He said to confer the title of sanctification and holiness upon this behavior is "probably one of the greatest sins of all that one does against God's plan for this world."

The one time it happened was: "During

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Government is like a baby: An alimentary canal with a big appetite at one end and no sense of responsibility at the other.

- Ronald Reagan

the days of Noah." When I first heard this, my mind immediately went to a verse I've heard many times but never with such relevance. The verse is found in Matthew 24:37. It reads:

As it was in the days of Noah, so it will be at the coming of the Son of Man. – Mathew 24:37 (NIV)

I used to read this verse and think: It was bad at lots of points in history; it doesn't necessarily mean now, but if these Jewish writings are true, we are uniquely like the "days of Noah" right now – and only right now.

But it can't be yet, you say. You have a lot going on in your life? You're getting married? Here's how the New Living Translation describes that very sentiment in Luke:

When the Son of Man returns, the world will be like the people were in Noah's day. In those days before the Flood, the people enjoyed banquets and parties and weddings right up to the time Noah entered his boat, and the flood came to destroy them all. – Luke 17:26-27. Happily going about as if everything was fine was what they did then, as our society is doing today too.

You don't like this possibility? Don't even believe in the Flood? Doesn't matter. Some things are true whether you believe them or not. How can you be sure? There's a way. Did you know that about one-fourth of the Bible is prophecy? A quarter of the Bible is a lot – it's a big book. And did you know God's standard? Perfection. That means that if even one of those prophecies is wrong, you can discount the whole thing. Kind of like a prophet who makes a false prediction – that made him a false prophet and a candidate for stoning. Did you know that 4,000 prophecies in that Bible have already come true down to the last detail? That leaves about 1,000 left to be fulfilled – those are the ones regarding the last days before the return of Christ, which are being checked off the list right now.

If 4,000 out of 5,000 prophecies have already occurred exactly as the Bible predicted they would, you might want to pay attention to the rest.

The good news is that 1.1 million people across California have signed a petition to bring marriage to a vote of the people through a state constitutional amendment (just like 27 other states have done). And guess what? An amendment to a state constitution trumps even the most out-of-control state judiciary. We'll likely know if these signatures are validated before this tyrannical ruling goes into effect, and I predict they will be since they gathered 400,000 more signatures more than they needed to qualify. Besides, they already voted – eight years ago where more than 61 percent of Californians declared marriage as the union of a man and a woman. Now they just need to turn that same language into a constitutional amendment.

I don't live in California, so why am I sounding the alarm? Here's why:

But if the watchman sees the sword coming and does not blow the trumpet, and the people are not warned, and the sword comes and takes any person from among them, he is taken away in his iniquity; but his blood I will require at the watchman's hand. – Ezekiel 33:6

I'm praying and working to protect marriage in California (and the rest of the country) not only because I care about marriage, but because I care about civilization. And, if we obey God, he just may spare us from the judgment we deserve.

If not me, who?

If not now, when?

If not here, where?

In achievement, Would Have, Should Have, and Could Have were all left behind by Did.

desired result that those responsible for the credit bubble and its predictable consequences - predictable, that is, to those who understand sound, Austrian economics - are being let off the hook. The Federal Reserve System is actually positioning itself as the savior, rather than the culprit, in this mess!

* The Treasury Secretary is authorized to purchase up to \$700 billion in mortgage-related assets at any one time. That means \$700 billion is only the very beginning of what will hit us.

* Financial institutions are "designated as financial agents of the Government." This is the New Deal to end all New Deals.

* Then there's this: "Decisions by the Secretary pursuant to the authority of this Act are non-reviewable and committed to agency discretion, and may not be reviewed by any court of law or any administrative agency." Translation: the Secretary can buy up whatever junk debt he wants to, burden the American people with it, and be subject to no one in the process.

There goes your country.

Even some so-called free-market economists are calling all this "sadly necessary." Sad, yes. Necessary? Don't make me laugh.

Our one-party system is complicit in yet another crime against the American people. The two major party candidates for president themselves initially indicated their strong support for bailouts of this kind - another example of the big choice we're supposedly presented with this November: yes or yes. Now, with a backlash brewing, they're not quite sure what their views are. A sad display, really.

Although the present bailout package is almost certainly not the end of the political atrocities we'll witness in connection with the crisis, time is short. Congress may vote as soon as tomorrow. With a Rasmussen poll finding support for the bailout at an anemic seven percent, some members of Congress are afraid to vote for it. Call them! Let them hear from you! Tell them you will never vote for anyone who supports this atrocity.

The issue boils down to this: do we care

about freedom? Do we care about responsibility and accountability? Do we care that our government and media have been bought and paid for? Do we care that average Americans are about to be looted in order to subsidize the fattest of cats on Wall Street and in government? Do we care?

When the chips are down, will we stand up and fight, even if it means standing up against every stripe of fashionable opinion in politics and the media?

Times like these have a way of telling us what kind of a people we are, and what kind of country we shall be.

In liberty,

Ron Paul

I had a bad dream last night..

In the dream was the FAA, crew scheduling, bad schedules, bad management, self-serving union, unserviceable aircraft equipment, changing weather, freezing rain, no extra holding fuel, ever-changing procedures, endless flight manual revisions, dead heading in the middle seat, broken and lost luggage, nasty passenger agents, crabby old flight attendants, all-nighters, foreign countries, sleep deprivation, mergers, seniority squabbles, company threats, freezing rain, food poisoning, no food, bad coffee, bidding, pulled away from my family for weeks at a time, fleabag hotels, early get-ups, late cabs and maniac cab drivers, bidding vacation, waiting for gates, weather, freezing rain, low visibility approaches, aircraft de-icing, PCs, Gestapo check airman, medicals, commuting to and from work in unspeakable weather, freezing rain, the parking lot from Hell, parking lot buses, inter-terminal buses, Spring Break, Christmas rush, Easter rush, PA announcements, insurance, drug and alcohol testing, noise violations, customs lineups, dry cleaning, terrorism, security passes, rude (dumb as dirt) security personnel, high gas/oil prices, pay cuts, rush hour traffic, freezing rain, that infernal alarm clock, crash pads, catching cold away from

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home, lackadaisical crew members, sexual harassment threats, flight attendants and co-pilots implying that they are a gift to aviation after being there **three years**, back biting, gossip, cell phones, aircraft cram courses, plus laying my job on the line several times a year with simulators, endless procedural memorization and Annual Recurrent Training days ... did I mention freezing rain?

Then I woke up.....

..... and joyously found myself still retired!

Whew!!!

By an Unknown Retired Airline Pilot

If you can relate to this dream you most likely have been an Airline Crewmember. And, if you've retired from that occupation you can understand the final word of relief.

Change, *continued from page 3.*

most part America seems to be desiring change.

We have expectations, dreams, hopes and wishes for everything to be perfect in every way. However, the history is full of men and women who somehow obtained power, some by their own efforts and others were given power by The Almighty. King Solomon in all his wisdom, power and glory was unable to achieve a complete "Satisfied Mind" for his kingdom.

The great majority of my readers voted for McCain & Palin—philosophies very different from the winners. But—you know what? It doesn't matter very much. President elect Obama has attained the most powerful position in the world, but at the same time that he is sworn in the economic problems of the country are catastrophic. The problems that have to be faced by the new President are enormous. It is a tall mountain to climb for anyone. I hope and wish him well. However, the only way that this mess will ever be cleaned up is by an act of Almighty God.

America has but one hope, and the question remains, will His people who are called by His name humble themselves and turn from their wicked ways? Is there any other way that Almighty God will heal this nation? America is in the predicament that we are in because "We the People" have failed

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New Name— New Home— New Identity

By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

Here it is already the middle of September, 2008, and I find myself as a whole new Dog. I have come from a litter of brothers and sisters whom I can hardly remember. I will never forget the day they lopped off our tails and clipped off the end of our ears. That was a painful day for all of us—I am happy to be gone from that place. My next temporary home wasn't much better—a pet shop only to be sold for a few inflated dollars.

From there, my luck has changed for the better. Linda and Ashley Doudney happened by one day, and it was love at first sight. At least that is what was said. I didn't pay much attention to them or anyone else—I loved anyone who would give me a pat. I just know that Linda called the Boss to gain his blessing for the expenditure required so that she could take me home with her.

After a few papers were signed I was carted off and away with them to Linda's house. At the time I was very suspicious, but she treated me well. A few days later, the Boss shows up with all these unusual smells on his clothing. I have been told that he smells of cow stump and horse lemons, and that cows and horses are not animals that I would enjoy being around as they might step on me or kick me while trying to get acquainted. I can believe that as the Boss has almost stepped on me more than once already.

I am learning to stay out of everyone's way especially in dimly lit areas. I am as black as night with the exception of two little white patches under my front paws. So I must learn to watch out when the lights are out or when I wonder into a dark room. Everyone has treated me with kindness, and I think I am going to enjoy life from here on out. 🐾

Thanks for the cards, letters and donations your support is much appreciated.

VIEWSLETTER

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to do our part as sovereign citizens. Whether we have been duped by others, (and believe me there are those who would and are in the process of deceiving us) or whether we are just lazy and we want a King or a government to take care of our every wish, want and need, we will live with the choices we have made.

Wouldn't it be nice if the government could guarantee us everlasting life, along with plenty of nice toys and a "Satisfied Mind." If we are the least bit interested in the truth we know that this can never be! Not in this lifetime!

If we have the ability to think and reason we know that whether we like it or not we are involved in a spiritual battle. The battle is between God and Satan, between good and evil, between love and hate, between the sweetness of humble grace and bitterness of arrogant conceit.

Barack Hussein Obama will be my President when he is sworn in on January 20th, 2009. I intend to support him 100%. President elect Obama will take an oath to uphold and support the Constitution of the United States of America, and I believe that is what he will do. There have been many past Presidents who have not honored their oaths.

As a sovereign American, I have the responsibility and duty to speak out when I see something being done that I believe is wrong especially when someone is using their office, power and authority to promote their own private agenda. The Constitution of the United States of America implies that the United States Government is a servant of the people not the other way around. We the People have spoken and have selected a President and a Congress. We should support each of them in every way possible. However, we should never forget that as sovereign American Citizens, we have the duty to watch closely how those in government are serving us.

I sincerely hope and pray that the new President will receive the support needed, and that he will be a man of integrity—never forgetting that his new purpose in life is to serve the American people.

By AWD

LAST FLIGHT

The setting sun is in his eyes
They've viewed more than a thousand
skies.

His face is wrinkled his hair is gray
He wants to speak but there's nothing to
say.

He started out in a PT one-seven
He's come a long way to this seven-four-
seven.

To the company he's a senior Captain
They pay him a lot to let nothing happen.
He's old number one on the seniority list
To those who've shared his cockpit he'll
be sorely missed.

But to the FAA he's too old to fly
They say at age sixty he could up and
die.

He's dreaded this day for the last forty
years
It's only his crewmember's eyes that hold
back his tears.

His command for gear-down can barely
be heard

For the last hundred miles he's said
hardly a word.

The man in the tower clears him to land
He caresses the throttles with his big
right hand.

His very last landing could hardly be felt
But his face looked as though a severe
blow had been dealt.

He shuts 'em all down as he parks at the
gate

And he knows that he'll never forget this
date.

His friends are all there to tell him
goodbye

It's not very often that you see an airline
captain cry.

By Captain Rob Haynes, SWA