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# VIEWS LETTER

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## Common Sense

When we are totally exasperated, depressed and afraid, how do we regain the feelings of safety, peace and security? What can we do to climb out of this deep and slimy pit? Is there anything that can be done? Do we struggle for one step forward and slide two or three steps back? Are we to a point of giving up, totally succumbing to death? Are we looking forward to the end of this life?

I pray not. Life is not always a bowl of cherries. The best of humans have some very bad times as they live their lives. Some can handle these periods better than others. Why is this and what is the difference? It may be difficult to believe and to understand at first. But, there is good news available to anyone with breath to breathe, with a mind to think, and a heart that longs for peace, joy and goodness. The darkness of this moment may be a blessing that brings us to a point of Light that will change us for eternity.

When we were placed here on planet earth, we were given a couple of things that are common to almost everyone. We don't know how it happened, we just know that it happened. Suddenly, we are here! Common sense tells us that a Creator created us. Another thing we were given is choices and the ability to choose. Common sense even tells us what is true and what is not. Sometimes our choices are wrong, and we choose deceit over truth, thus we find ourselves in many hurtful, harmful and painful predicaments.

But there is Good News. God, our Creator, wants us to belong to Him by our choosing Him. He has always loved us and wants the best for us. He knows our sins and our flaws, and he has made provisions for us so that we may spend eternity with Him. He has done it all for us, all we need to do is to choose to accept His gift of love.

John 3:16 says; "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life." These words were spoken by Jesus, God's Son, and the "whoever believes in him" is you and me. This is fantastic news! There is no ending for those of us who have accepted this wonderful gift. Know this; God's goodness, and His grace is much more than our badness, our sin and our hatefulness. I encourage you to make this choice now and accept His gift of Love. Then let someone know! Pass it forward because it is really Great News!

*~Adverse Yaw*

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## The Eve Of Destruction

If for whatever reason a person is alone trying to fly an airliner full of people. This person doesn't know very much about it, and isn't willing to listen to reason. What do you think will happen?

Depending on many circumstances, many different things could possibly happen. The passengers could remove this person and replace him. Surely, there is a person aboard who would at least listen to reason, but in this case all the First Class passengers are trembling with fear. There are one or two of them trying to convince the rest of them to listen to reason. But, the majority is convinced that these few are total idiots, and they completely ignore them. The Coach Class passengers, most of them traveling on free tickets, are in total ignorance because the First Class passengers are afraid to tell them

the truth because of the panic that might transpire. After all, this present person at the controls seems to be keeping the airliner aloft, therefore, the passengers do nothing. They refuse to think about the consequences because this has never happened before. However, it has happened before but they didn't know because they didn't study history. They think that it will all work out somehow! They are wrong!

So, the hero at the controls is able to convince everyone that he has a plan. He has kept the airliner aloft without crashing for several hours so he is their hero. However, when total fuel starvation causes all the engines to fail, then all will perish! Even the ones in Coach Class that didn't know there was a problem until the engines went silent. All are just as dead as the First Class passengers who were trembling in fear.

Is there a parallel here? Who is the man with a plan at the flight controls of our Government? And, who is trembling with fear? And, who are the freeloaders that are totally ignorant of a problem? And, who are the one or two "idiots" that are trying to get everyone to think? And, who are the ones who won't listen to reason and refuse to hear the truth?

The fuel-low-warning-lights are starting to flash! We are truly on the eve of destruction!

~Adverse Yaw

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## Jason Collins comes out!

**NBA veteran center Jason Collins comes out as gay in Sports Illustrated article. (April 2013)**

Everyone, it seems, supports Jason Collins coming out of the closet and proclaiming to the world that he is a gay man.

Truth is truth, and if Jason is gay, and he wants the world to know it, so be it. After all, we live in a free country, and we are free to choose any lifestyle that we desire as long as it doesn't harm our neighbors.

President Obama, former President Bill Clinton, Kobe Bryant, Billie Jean King, Martina Navratilova and many others (many of whom are gay as well) all support him in his coming out. They say of him that he is brave and is doing society a great service. White House spokesman, Jay Carney, called Collins' decision courageous and said the administration views it as another example of progress and evolution in the U.S. as Americans grow more accepting of gay rights and same-sex marriage.

I'm sorry, but they are all wrong. The Bible states in Leviticus 18:22; You shall not lie with a male as with a woman; it is an abomination.

For the past fifty or sixty years, Americans seemed to have had the "live and let-live attitude" toward homosexuality. The truth be known, this phrase should be stated; the "sin and let-sin attitude." In other words, "I won't notice your abomination if you won't notice my abomination, and we can abominate all we want, and no one will be the wiser. It is all about what feels good." I believe that this same attitude was prevalent just prior to the flood. God wiped out all of mankind except for Noah and his family because of sin. This attitude was prevalent in Sodom and Gomorrah, and we know what happened there.

To a greater degree than the abomination of homosexuality itself, is the abomination of our Nation refusing to acknowledge God as Sovereign. The fact of us saying that we have evolved into a people that knows better than God is the root of our problem. With this faulty attitude, things will get progressively worse. We can already see the decline of our Nation's morals of what was once a great Nation.

**"For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who by their unrighteousness suppress the truth." ~Romans 1:18**

**"For this reason, God gave them up to dishonorable passions. For their women exchanged natural relations for those that are contrary to nature, and the men, likewise, gave up natural relations with women and were consumed with passion for one another, men committing shameless acts with men and receiving in themselves the due penalty for their error. And since they did not see fit to acknowledge God, God gave them up to a debased mind to do what ought not to be done." ~Romans 1: 26-28**

In order to remain safe and secure, one must have an anchor point. My anchor point is the Holy Scripture and Truth. I am not homophobic. I have friends who are probably gay. I haven't discussed their sexual behavior any more than I would discuss the sexual behavior of my heterosexual friends or their toilet habits for that matter. But, I'm not so ignorant that I call what is right wrong or what is wrong right. That would be refusing to acknowledge God as Sovereign. Human beings sin, and that is bad enough, but for one to say that a sin isn't really a sin is a deceitful abomination. If your anchor point is set on a lie, you will be lost and adrift forever.

~*Adverse Yaw*

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## Preparing For The Storm

### Chapter 5

Two of his best deputies and the prosecuting attorney, Barron Don Wiles, whom the Sheriff had specifically requested, had interviewed Ms. Stone and recorded the interview. A Federal Attorney, Sheila Burch, was present, although the interview seemed very mundane to the Federal Attorney. She had no objections to what was asked and made very few comments. Some of the questions asked Ms. Stone were; did she have a warrant to search Abby? Had she taken an oath office? Did she solemnly swear (or affirm) that she would support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that she would bear true faith and allegiance to the same? Had she ever read the Constitution? All of her answers were as expected and in the affirmative.

The federal attorney filed brief after brief trying to conjure up some sort of sympathy from Judge Jackson to at least set a reasonable bail for Ms. Stone, however, the judge stood his ground. He told her twice that it was out of his hands. There was no bail for Treason, and Ms. Stone would remain locked up. He told the Attorney twice that only a jury could set her free with a not-guilty verdict. He warned her not to ask for bail again because she would be in contempt of court and would likely join Ms. Stone in the County Jail. Of course, the Judge and the Sheriff could drop all charges, but this was unlikely as the determination of which of the two had the hardest head was still undecided.

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Normally, the Sheriff dressed in full uniform or he had several leather sport jackets for wintertime and seldom wore any more than a short-sleeve uniform blouse with uniform trousers in the warmer months. He had a couple of Stetson short-brimmed western-cut hats, a straw was the most common, but he would wear the beaver a few days in the winter. His idea of disguising himself was khaki pants, short sleeve sport shirt with a khaki colored field jacket and a Camouflaged-color Texas Ranger Baseball cap with a big red T on it's front. He was tall, but not so tall that he stood out in a crowd.

The Sheriff knew that Judge Jackson was in serious danger. He informed Judge Jackson that he had suspended his driver's license for his on protection. He assigned him a deputy as a fulltime bodyguard and driver. He wasn't to go anywhere unless the deputy drove and remained close by. The deputy would pick him up in the morning and deliver him home in the evening. Judge Jackson's home, along with the Sheriff's home, were placed on surveillance twenty-four hours a day. Sheriff Joe was surprised when the Judge didn't raise a ruckus or refuse. The two old nemeses even met at the Police Gun Range the same day for some target shooting. This was a opportunity for Judge Jackson to get himself reacquainted with his 1911 Model 45 Auto which he hadn't fire for 25 years.

The hardest part of the Sheriff's day was facing Liz with the truth about what had happened to her. Even if she could have identified the shooter, it was doubtful that the shooter was still within three states distance. And, being a professional hit the only evidence that remained was the 22 Caliber slug

they had taken from Liz's body. The pistol that had fired it was probably already melted down to a piece of slag.

Liz had been moved to a private room at Methodist Hospital and was beginning to feel more like her old self when the Sheriff walked in and asked, "How is my beautiful brown-eyed deputy today?"

"Getting stronger." She said as her big smile that lit up the room.

"I am so happy that you are going to be okay. I talked to Charlie Ray earlier today, he was in Frankfurt and on his way home. He said that he would be here before midnight. I'm having a deputy meet him at the airport. He will probably want to come straight here." The Sheriff spoke softly as he held her hand.

"That is exciting news, I hate to interrupt the war effort in Afghanistan, but I'm so glad he is coming home for a while." Her voice was still a little weak as she strained a little to speak. The Sheriff could see that she was still recovering and along way from coming back to work.

"Liz, you have probably some sort of image of the shooter in your mind, and that you hope to have the opportunity to pick him out of a lineup, but chances are that we will never know who it was that shot you, but we do know why. They shot you to warn me. They want me to release Edith Stone, the TSA agent who molested Abby. They had no intention of killing you. It was a professional attack on you arranged by someone within our own federal government." The Sheriff went on to tell Liz all about the text messages and the possibility of more attacks on himself and the Judge. He went on to tell her that they had nothing to gain by harming her again or her family because they already knew that he was committed to continue his counter attack. He had full intention of holding Ms. Stone until trial. He and Judge Jackson were the only two who could drop the charges. "If Judge Jackson were to drop charges, Jackson knows that I would arrest him for the same crime," he told her. "I suspect that we are the only two viable targets for them. If they wipe us out things could change. My job is to remain alive and make sure the Judge does the same." He noticed that Liz had fallen fast asleep which didn't really disappoint him. The Sheriff was happy that she was resting well.

As he was leaving the room he noticed Abby was walking toward him. He embraced her like his daughter and asked if there was anything that she needed? She told him no, that her friends had brought her some things, and she was sharing her mom's room in a recliner. The Sheriff assured her that the deputy would remain near, and if she needed anything, anything at all, to just let him know.

The Sheriff was already starting to move about stealthily and departed the hospital on a dark side in the shadows. He found the old borrowed pickup truck in the parking lot and drove toward his home. He stopped next to the deputy who was sitting in his cruiser a few doors down from the Sheriff's home. "Anything going on around here?" he asked.

The deputy replied, "No sir, it's quiet as a church house after the services.

"Great, I going to park around the block and walk in the back way from the alley. I need a few things as I'll be staying nights at the office for the next week or two. So, don't be surprised when the lights come on in my house in the next ten minutes or so, okay?"

"Okay, good night and be careful," the deputy admonished.

"Good night."

After parking the pickup a block away, the sheriff stayed in the shadows through the alley. He slid in the back gate and went through the garage. He noticed the door to the house from the garage was left open. He hadn't made a sound. He quietly drew his 45, waiting and listening. He waited what seemed like ten minutes, and suddenly he heard someone cough. It sounded as if it came from his bedroom, but he wasn't sure. He waited another five minutes and then he saw what appeared to be light from a flashlight coming from his bedroom. He thought to himself. I can't let this person get away. This just might be the luck that I have been hoping for. He squatted low to the ground and waited for the person to appear. Suddenly, he was there, and he was carrying a 12-gage riot shotgun. I



can't allow myself to be shot by that, he thought. "FREEZE" the Sheriff yelled from the darkness of the garage. The person fired, and all of the shot from the riot gun passed over the Sheriff's head by six inches and peppered the wall behind him, if he had been standing, all of the shot would have hit him square in the stomach and chest. The person jacked another shell in the chamber. Out of reflex from combat the Sheriff fired two shots into the intruder. The guy was dead when he hit the ground. After the Sheriff turned on the lights and realized that he had just killed his ex-deputy Harry Pritchett who Liz had fired just two days before she was shot.

The deputy who was on surveillance yelled from the front porch, "Are you alright Sheriff?"

"Yea, I'm alright." He stated as he let the deputy in the front door. "Call the City Police and let them handle this one. I'm tired, and I have more problems than this to deal with right now. Pritchett must have been waiting to ambush me. I better check for a booby-trap before I go. Let me see your flashlight." The Sheriff made a thorough search of the bedroom and the rest of his house. Nothing was found.

"Have you ever worked with Pritchett?"

"I had seen him around, but never worked a case with him." The Deputy answered.

"Did you know that Liz fired him per my instructions the day before she was shot?"

The deputy answered, "Yea, everyone knew that he was fired and why, he wasn't very well-liked by most of us. He was a bully and handled prisoners violently. Not only that but he was arrogant and vengeful. You never knew what he was thinking, and no one trusted him."

"I'm more than a little disappointed that I ever hired him, but I did hire him as a favor to one of my female jailers. She said that he was family to her, but she didn't really know him very well. He was a distant cousin or something. Well, he is dead now, and I'm sorry for that. I'll talk to Mary the jailer later."

The Sheriff stayed until the SAPD arrived and he answered all their questions that go with a shoot. This took the better part of two hours. In spite of the fact that someone with the feds may have been watching, he continued his cover in the pickup, hoping that it was still good. He departed the same way that he arrived. He did not notice anything suspicious as he went downtown to his office for the night.

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Things remained quiet in Bexar County for the next ten days. Edith Stone's attorney finally started pestering the Judge for a speedy trial since her client wasn't going to get out of jail any other way. Edith had become closer to Mary Marie Pritchett Armstrong, her guard. Edith was becoming lonely to the point of befriending anyone. Mary was using this relationship to witness to Edith about the benefits of becoming a born-again Christian. Although Edith wasn't very receptive, she was listening and learning about Christianity. She had also requested and received a Bible and a copy of the Constitution which she read both voraciously, and had come to the conclusion that she really was guilty of Treason. Although not willing to admit it she learned more about the government and biblical morals than she had ever known.

When Mary Armstrong realized the death of her second cousin, Harry Pritchett, was the same Harry Pritchett that had broken into Sheriff Flynn's home apparently in a failed attempt to ambush and probably murder the Sheriff, she was devastated. Harry phoned her six months ago out of work. He had been a Police Officer somewhere around Dallas, and he begged her to help him get a job with the Sheriff's department there in Bexar County. She reluctantly put in a good word with the Sheriff who had hired her only eight years ago. Now, it turned out that Harry was a worthless and no-good person. He had gotten himself fired and then tried to murder her boss, the Sheriff.

She sat down and wrote a three-page letter to the Sheriff apologizing for recommending Harry. After reading her letter, the Sheriff promptly went to the jail and personally took Mary aside and told

her that he held no animosity toward her. He also told her that he knew in the very beginning that Harry was a risk and that he shouldn't hire him in the first place. Not to worry about it and to forget about it. It was as much his mistake as it was anyone's. The Sheriff told her that he was the one who had just killed the guy, and he wasn't worried about it at all. However, he was sorry for her family because someone in the family must have cared something about him. For that reason alone he regretted that it had happened. Mary thanked him and returned to work as did the Sheriff.

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Willy was the code name for the dark operative that was being used to eliminate Sheriff Joe Flynn, and he was being chastised by Attorney General, Alvin Dyson.

"What the heck are you doing? It has been ten days and that Cowboy Sheriff in South Texas is still walking around." Dyson was clearly irate and quite loud coming from the speaker of Willy's toss-away cell phone.

"Walking around you say? That guy is like a deer in the forest. You never seem him moving about, and you never hear him coming he just appears. It's impossible to determine when or where he will appear. I've never known a more elusive person. We are working on it, okay? Don't get your shorts in a wad, we are working on it." Willy stated adamantly.

"Look, the sooner this guy is gone the sooner we get this thing resolved. After we take him out, we then have to eliminate Judge Jackson. So, you have work to do and you will be well paid. Now get with it, and get with it, now.

Willy had found that the Sheriff's garage was so full of junk that he couldn't park his car in it. Instead, the white Accord was always parked in the Sheriff's driveway. Willy hired a so-called explosives expert to wire enough explosives into the Sheriff's car that killing the one who sat in the driver's seat would be certain. Five days later the car exploded and erupted into a ball of fire. The body inside the car was so badly burned that it was unrecognizable. Unbeknownst to the Sheriff, the Attorney General or anyone else, the body was that of Willy, himself. Willy had been feeling the pressure to perform, and he had become so impatient about getting the Sheriff killed that he decided to do it himself. A few seconds after sitting in the drivers seat he ceased to exist. The deputy that was assigned to watch the Sheriff's house had been caught napping and was awakened by the explosion and ball of fire that followed. Lucky the fire department arrived before the Sheriff's house caught fire. The body was burned beyond recognition and there was no evidence left behind what-so-ever.

The Sheriff knew that it was the dark side of the Federal Government who was behind the bombing, but he couldn't prove it. However, he couldn't help but wonder who the body belonged to. Was it a car thief? The puzzle in his mind was who. After the DNA had been taken and tested, it was determined that John Doe was just that, a John Doe.

Sheriff Joe had made attempt after attempt to contact Ms. Jane Napolee, Secretary of the Department of Homeland Security, but she wouldn't return his calls. The only contact that he had had with Homeland Security was when the pompous Special Agent Ralph Stewart, who was nothing more than Napolee's mouthpiece, had called him ordering him to release Edith Simpson.

The Sheriff called his new friend in the Prosecutor's office, Barron Don Wiles, and asked if they could get together. Wiles told Sheriff Joe that he could come to his office anytime. The Sheriff was always welcome in his office.

Wiles was the first person that Joe confided in about the text messages, and the phone conversation with Ralph Stewart, of DHS. The mysterious bombing of his car which was parked in his driveway and The John Doe's remains in the driver's seat.

As Joe sat in Wiles in office and said, "It's like I told you before I have ruffled some feathers inside the Beltway and there has been a contract placed on my life. I know this because of the

threatening text messages after Liz was shot. And, the strange bomb in my car. Don, you need to understand that being associated with me places you in grave danger. It will be assumed that what I know you know, therefore someday there could be a contract placed on your life. I suspect that one has already been placed on Judge Wilson. Right now I am the primary target. If you want to back away from me I'll understand."

"Hey Joe, the way you are prosecuting this was my idea, remember? Going after Ms. Stone for violating her oath and not just sexual molestation. The tail has been wagging the dog long enough. I'm all in!" Don stated in no uncertain terms. "Having said that, I am all ears about what to do when it comes to staying alive and how best to do that. I hope to get some good advice from you as well as some help."

"Thanks, Don, I had hoped you would say that. Do you have any friends who feel comfortable being in harm's way, like veterans with recent combat experience? Guys, or gals for that matter that would be willing to hang out with you and watch your six? I could deputize them and place them on the County payroll. It's not much but they wouldn't starve." The Sheriff spoke with all seriousness and sincerity.

Don replied, "I don't know off hand, I'll give that some thought."

"Well Don, I'm wanting to start the ball rolling here and now. I have placed several calls to the Secretary of DHS, but no one will return my calls. I believe that Napolee is behind most of this and I don't know the best way to attack. What do you think or better still what do you recommend?"

"I really am not sure. If she is behind this she is not acting alone. The justice department may be in this with her. It could be CIA, FBI or some unknown secret government within this administration. The only way is to call the Attorney General and tell him of your problem. Be sure and record the call, which maybe difficult as they won't want to be recorded."

The Sheriff thought for a half minute, and then stated, "Well, Don this wonderful country or ours has been under attack from the very beginning. The past hundred years and especially the past fifty years the enemy has made some real progress. It is much more than a limp-wristed Executive branch, a State Department who wants to be or wanted to be President, a central bank owned by foreigners, an arrogant congress on the take or a judiciary who has their own ideas about justice. The main conspirator is Satan himself, and he has subtly taken over the minds of the people. I for one will be on my knees in prayer like never before.

*Continued next ViewsLetter Nov/Dec 2013*

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## TRUTH IS PARAMOUNT

*It doesn't matter how badly we want something to be true, even if there are millions of us who want something to be true. If it isn't true, it isn't true!*

*The prophets of Baal wanted there to be gods like they thought gods should be. Baal doesn't exist, didn't exist, and will never exist. It didn't matter how badly the 450 prophets want it to be so, it was not so. Elijah proved it! Read part of the story below.*

**So Ahab sent to all the people of Israel and gathered the prophets together at Mount Carmel. And Elijah came near to all the people and said, "How long will you go limping between two different opinions? If the LORD is God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him." And the people did not answer him a word. Then Elijah said to the people, "I, even I only, am left a prophet of the LORD, but Baal's prophets are 450 men. Let two bulls be given to us, and let them choose one bull for themselves and cut it in pieces and lay it on the wood, but put no fire to it. And I will prepare the other bull and lay it on the wood and put no fire to it. And you call upon the name of your god, and I will call upon the name of the LORD, and the God who answers by fire, he is God." And all the people answered, "It is well**

spoken.” Then Elijah said to the prophets of Baal, “Choose for yourselves one bull and prepare it first, for you are many, and call upon the name of your god, but put no fire to it.” And they took the bull that was given them, and they prepared it and called upon the name of Baal from morning until noon, saying, “O Baal, answer us!” But there was no voice, and no one answered. And they limped around the altar that they had made. And at noon Elijah mocked them, saying, “Cry aloud, for he is a god. Either he is musing, or he is relieving himself, or he is on a journey, or perhaps he is asleep and must be awakened.” And they cried aloud and cut themselves after their custom with swords and lances, until the blood gushed out upon them. And as midday passed, they raved on until the time of the offering of the oblation, but there was no voice. No one answered; no one paid attention.

~1 Kings 18: 20-29, ESV

*How many imposter gods does America serve? How long will America continue limping between several different opinions? Either the Lord is God or He is not!*

~Adverse Yaw

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## Around the House

By Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog

Well, another month has passed and I have another opportunity to tell my side of things. Everyone appreciates a dog's view, don't you know?

I don't mind telling you that being a Doudney dog isn't that bad. I was watching the news the other day on Linda's big screen TV and they were talking about dogs fighting other dogs for their bosses. I am so thankful that the only thing that the Boss asks of me is to knock off the noise and occasionally Linda asks me to get off the furniture. The rest of the time I have all I need to eat and drink. I have to admit that I'm sometimes a pest looking for a treat or some popcorn. Other than that it's pretty peaceful around here. For an example Jock used to challenge me once in a while, but I wouldn't fight him if he begged me to. I guess you could classify me as a bona fide pacifist when it comes to harming another dog. Now when it comes to birds, it's a different story. I love the hunt and I don't mind the kill, but to harm another Dog? No way! I believe in live and let live.

It has been a wet summer with plenty of rain. Lind received the gift of a flower garden from Andy for her Birthday. The boss has hired some guys to mow the yard. So far I think it has been a bad deal for the mowers and a good deal for the Boss because with all the rain we have had the grass has been growing like crazy.

Jock has grown very lazy in his elderly years. He sleeps most of the time even when he is in the yard he is snoozing. When he was younger he was always messing with my hunt, but now he is not so bad. I can setup a ambush without Jock making a bunch of noise and messing it all up. He is always talking about romance, but he is far too old, he lives in a state of grandeur.

“It is what it is.” I learned that expression while watching Ranger baseball with the Boss a couple years back. The Rangers had just traded Smoke for Cliff Lee, the supposedly best pitcher in the American League. Well, Cliff Lee lost the first game that he pitched for the Rangers. When the newscaster asked about why did he lose, Cliff Lee's response was, “It is what it is!” he hadn't pitched well. Every one thought that he was going to go to the Yankees at the end of that season, but he didn't he went with the Phillies. I suppose that was close enough to New York City as he wanted to get.

The Boss has been up and he as been down. It's strange but his feelings seem to be have direct correlation with how well the Rangers or doing. They lost six games in a row and I thought the boss was going to quit watching baseball altogether, but the rangers came back from being two or three games out of first place, and he fully recovered when they were back on top. Here lately the Rangers



look like they could be winners of the American League Pennant and possibly the World Series. That would be grand if they pull that off, especially for the Boss. He is so proud of the way that they work together as a team, and says if they could get their bats to getting hits and their pitchers to getting outs they would be unstoppable. Dah . . . . .!

The Boss hiked his 14<sup>th</sup> fourteener in August, which was the highest point in Colorado, Mt. Elbert. Then he hiked the highest point in Oklahoma which is called Black Mesa. Now he has visions of climbing another fourteener in September. Who knows what he will do next.

One thing for sure all the grandchildren at his house with the dogs and Linda make him very tired. He mentioned to Ashley that he didn't think he could parent anymore children. He acts like all the noise effects him the same as it effects me. Oh Well! It is what it is!

I'll be glad when things start to cool a little. It has been very hot and humid lately. I've used my allotted space so I must close.

Keep your nose pointed into the wind and keep a close look out. Hawks have taken dogs bigger than me so keep an eye above as well.

Later!!

~*Bark!*

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This is Mt. Elbert, 14,450 feet above sea level. It is the Highest point in Colorado. You can see the trail as it leaves the tree-line and follows the ridge to the top. It is fantastic hike. My adventure begins when I get back to the tree line after reaching the summit. You can read the whole story at <http://bit.ly/14NsvVI> Check it out!

08/21/2013



This photo is looking in a northerly direction at the south side of a monument which was placed at the highest point in the Great State of Oklahoma. The elevation is 4,972 feet above sea level. The effort wasn't the climb, because the altitude gain was only a little over 600 feet. But the length (8 miles RT) of the trail was a trial for my sore feet from hiking to the top of Colorado. As you can see the clouds are building north of me and I had to rush back to the trailhead. Below are a few snapshots of some beautiful flowers I took that day.

08/22/2013

From the Northwestern part of the Beautiful State of Oklahoma





Some of my favorite people on planet earth.  
My Sunday School Department.





**My favorite little Girls on Plant Earth!**

**Their beauty makes me proud to call them my Grandchildren!  
They make my heart Soar!**



