
VIEWS LETTER

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AWD's Views, News & Other Things of Interest

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A True Black Bear Story

By Kathy Etling copied from the April 2001 Issue of Hunting Magazine Article title was "The Quick and the Dead"

Hunter Ken Wilson of Eldon, Missouri, wasn't hunting that August 4 day in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in the southern part of Colorado. Wilson was hiking upslope of Major Creek when he surprised a sow black bear with cubs. The bear charged, knocking Wilson to the ground.

Wilson clambered to his feet and climbed a tree. The bear came up after him, clawing and biting at the man's feet and legs. Wilson fought back. He climbed higher, but the bear followed

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My First Airplane Ride

I'm not exactly sure when this was, but it may have been around 1955. I would have been 7 years old. Dad had been taking flying lessons and had purchased a part ownership of an Aeronica Champ.

He liked flying and learning to fly. I remember his saying, "When I was a kid, I watched as airplanes flew over the farm and dreamed of piloting one of those planes."

I wonder...had I not had his footsteps to follow, would I be a pilot today? That, I will never know. But I don't seem to be the "risk-taking-adventuresome" type... one who ventures far outside the security of what's "here and now." But I suppose that would be another story!

One beautiful afternoon I remember Dad's taking me to Pampa. That's where the Champ was kept in a hangar. He wanted to go flying.

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THE EMPTY CHAIR

An old man's daughter had asked the local priest to come and pray with her father, who was ill and bed-ridden. When the priest arrived, he found the man lying in bed with his head propped up on two pillows and an empty chair beside his bed. The priest assumed that the old fellow had been informed of his visit. "I guess you were expecting me," he said.

"No, who are you?" replied the old man.

"I'm the new associate priest at your parish," the priest replied. "When I saw the empty chair, I figured you knew I was going to show up."

"Oh yeah, the chair," said the bedridden man. "Would you mind closing the door?" Puzzled, the priest shut the door.

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Pop only had a student ticket. That meant it was not legal to fly with passengers aboard. I'm sure that regulation was written by a person who "meant well" and who must have indeed been concerned about "public safety," but it neither considered the idea of trust, nor did it consider the right to enjoy a spirit of adventure. What would Orville Wright have done had someone come up to him and said, "Here is your student ticket"? Would he have ceased his adventure into the exciting world of flight? I think not! Neither would his friends have ceased flying with him!

The last paragraph was written from the perspective of a man who has had his own struggles with "rules" which stifle his freedom to do what he loves. It is difficult to conjoin with those whose ideas limit one's opportunities to experience life by choices made that affect his destiny, and his alone.

That afternoon, Dad made a choice, and offered a choice to me. His choice was to go fly. The choice he offered me was that I could go with him if I wanted to. I made my choice. "I'm with you, Dad!"

However, Dad was concerned about "appearances" and put me in the back seat before he pushed the Champ out of the hangar. He told me to duck down out of sight when we passed the big hangar. (He didn't want anyone to see he had a passenger.)

"No problem, Pop. Anything you say for THIS experience!"

Pop pushed us out and prop-started the little bird. We taxied past the big hangar and down to the end of the runway. Pop told me, "You may sit up now."

You know how sometimes you can plainly remember smells? Well... I remember the smell of that little plane. The faint smells of dope and fabric, gasoline and exhaust fumes. But I also remember the clean smell of the prop-wash during the "run-up"... like the clean smell of the West Texas wind moving across the prairie.

Pop checked 'er all out and all systems were "go." My systems were ready to go too! I had absolute trust in my dad, and wouldn't have

traded anything for this moment in time with him!

He taxied onto the runway and revved the engine to full throttle. We picked up speed. I felt the tail rise up. The vibrating noises of resistance from the ground suddenly diminished as the tires rose off the runway. I could hardly believe how smooth it felt having the little plane (as I know now) supported only by a cushion of air under its wings. The only other feeling was the slight vibration of the engine as it tickled through the airframe of the little Champ.

Watching out the window on the left side of the plane I saw the runway and hangars, the houses and the cars getting smaller and smaller as we climbed higher and higher. Once at a safe altitude Pop banked the plane to the right. I saw only sky! I looked to the right and felt as if I were falling. I leaned away from the turn and saw Pop looking back at me and grinning. "Sit straight up, Son. Just ride. You can't fall!" At Pop's request I sat straight up in my seat and relaxed, fully confident in him.

It was quite a ways out to our farm from the Pampa airport. It was over a 30-minute ride in the car, and it must have been at least 15 minutes away even in this little plane!

I watched as the fields and houses passed under our craft. I saw the cattle. They looked like ants! The fields were all perfect squares or rectangles. Some might have had a bit of a curve as they joined a lake bottom, but for the most part, all the fields and roads seemed straight and orderly.

From above, the houses all looked like tiny palaces. You couldn't see the chipped paint or the cluttered yards. From this vantage point, the world below seemed absolutely perfect!

We got to our farm. There it was... our little white stucco house with the green roof. The old tin barn to the south surrounded by stock pens Dad had built. There was the windmill and the chicken house, ...the driveway, and the bar-ditch where I loved to play. I saw the pasture where I walked out to bring the cows in and the fields, which I had just started helping Dad to

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plow. I saw what had been my entire universe reduced to a size no bigger than the patchwork quilt on Mama's bed. I couldn't close my eyes. I had to take it all in.

After we'd circled the farm and my head was crammed full of images, Dad headed the little plane back to Pampa. Lost in my daydreams, I suddenly felt myself become very heavy! Then... I felt myself become light as a feather! My arms and legs wanted to float up, but my seat belt held my bottom to the seat. My stomach felt like it was in my chest!

"What was happening?" I wondered.

I felt it again! I looked outside and saw the wing turn up... pointing into the sky. Then it twisted forward and headed back down. I looked back inside the plane. It was then I noticed the control stick that was between my legs (one just like Dad had between HIS legs in the front) was going back... and forward. Back... and forward. "Dad must be doing it!"

I looked up at him just as he turned his head around. He was grinning ear to ear. "You like that?" he asked almost laughing.

I didn't know what to say. With a half-hearted smile I replied, "I don't know!"

He continued to slowly make us go up... and down... up... and down. Each time he went up, I felt heavy. Each time he went down, I felt like I could float. In a little bit, I started to enjoy the sensation. Again, I was confident that Dad would never hurt me, so I began to enjoy the excitement and shut out the fear.

Every once in awhile Dad would fly a circle around something he particularly wanted to see closer. When he would turn, I tried to follow his gaze to see what he was looking at. I could only guess, but I found myself more interested in specific things I could see on the ground as well.

After awhile I could spot the hangars of the airport in the near distance. Pop flew over them in the prescribed pattern and set up an approach to land.

He cut the power on the engine and glided the last two turns to the runway. The only sound left was the quiet idling of the engine and the

noise of the wind as it "whooshed" endlessly outside the plane.

When Dad talked, I could hear him a lot easier now! "Make sure your seat-belt is hooked good, Son." I checked it. It was.

The runway was getting closer and closer. Objects on the ground were getting bigger and bigger. I saw our shadows... first of the wing... then the fuselage. I saw the shadow of the tire and landing gear. I watched the tire. I wanted to see it touch the ground.

The tire touched perfectly in its own shadow. "Screech," softly cried one tire... then the other. Again I felt the vibration of the tires as they tried to resist rolling against the pavement. The tail settled and touched down. We slowed to a slow roll. The flight was over. Gravity was again our master and held us firmly to the earth.

I was a bit sad that the ride had ended, but MAN! WHAT A RIDE!

We were going by the big hangar. I was ready to duck down but Dad said, "Ain't nobody out there. You can just sit up."

I sat up proudly behind my Dad that afternoon! Proud of what he could do and proud that he let me go with him!

He taxied back around to the T-hangar and cut the switches to kill the engine. Once secure, we bailed out and I helped him push the little bird back into its nest. We shut the hangar doors and climbed into the pickup.

Mama was over at Grandma's house, and that's where we were headed. Granny was a nurse who lived and worked there in Pampa.

"Just wait till they hear what we've done," I thought... anxious to tell them all about it. And I kinda had my nose stuck up in the air too knowing, "I got to go with Dad, and my little sisters didn't." It was a "guy" thing, you know,... to fly!

Ahhh! The memories of boyhood! They are a delight to recall...and a joy to write. Thanks Dad for the memories you made for me!

By Gaylon Stamps, March 23, 2001

Well-timed silence is the most commanding expression. -Mark Helprin

Young Man With A Horn

By Dr. James Dobson

It occurred in 1945, shortly after the end of the Second World War. A young associate pastor named Cliff and his fiancée, Billie, were anxious to get married, even though they had very little money. They managed to scrape together enough funds for a simple wedding and two train tickets to a city where he had been asked to hold a revival with a friend. By combining this responsibility with their honeymoon, they thought they could make it. They planned to stay at a nearby resort hotel.

The couple got off the train and took a bus to the hotel, only to learn that it had been taken over by the military for use as a rehabilitation center. It was no longer open for guests. There they were, stranded in an unfamiliar city with only a few dollars between them. There was little to do but attempt to hitch a ride on the nearby highway. Soon a car pulled over, and the driver asked them where they wanted to go.

"We don't know," they said and explained their predicament. The man was sympathetic and said perhaps he could offer a suggestion. A few miles down the road was a grocery store that was owned by a woman he knew. She had a couple of empty rooms upstairs and might be willing to let them stay there inexpensively. They were in no position to be choosy.

The lady rented them a room for five dollars, and they moved in. During their first day in residence, the new bride spent the afternoon practicing the piano, and Cliff played the trombone he had brought with him. The proprietor of the store sat rocking in a chair listening to the music. When she realized that they were Christians, she referred them to a friend, who invited them to spend the rest of their honeymoon in his home. Several days later, the host mentioned that a young evangelist was speaking at a youth rally at a nearby Christian conference center. They were invited to attend.

That night, it so happened that the regular ↗

song leader was sick, and Cliff was asked to take charge of the music for the service. What a historic occasion it was! The evangelist turned out to be a very young Rev. Billy Graham. The groom was Cliff Barrows. They met that evening for the first time, and a lifetime partnership was formed. As the Christian world knows so well, Cliff and his wife, Billie, have been members of the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association ever since that evening and have been used by the Lord in thousands of crusades all around the world. I suppose Paul Harvey would say, "And now you know . . . the rest of the story."

Isn't it amazing the lengths to which the Lord went to bring these now-inseparable team members together? Some would call their meeting a coincidence, but I disagree. I recognize the hand of God when I see it.

Post-script: Billie went on to be with the Lord in 1994. Cliff is now remarried to a beautiful lady named Ann, who lost her husband to cancer. They live together in Atlanta, Georgia. ♥

Taken from the new book; "Stories of the Heart and Home." ♥♥

Bear Story Continued from page 1

him, always biting and slashing at Wilson's feet.

Several times the bear climbed back down to the ground, but then the sow would change her mind and charge back up. At one point, the bear even walked away to where Wilson couldn't see it, but then she raced back and unleashed another furious attack.

Wilson was losing so much blood he was becoming faint. When the bear finally left for good, it was all he could do to climb back down from the tree and retain consciousness. The man suffered major injuries to his foot, ankle and leg, plus suffered the indignity of being questioned by Colorado game officials who seemed to believe that Wilson was in some way responsible for the vicious attack.

"They treated me like some kind of lawbreaker," Wilson said in an interview afterwards. "The bear was right and I was wrong, even though all I was doing was going for a walk."



This story is food for thought! if you're a biker!

Ragged Old Flag

I walked through a County Court House Square
On a park bench, an old man was sitting there
I said, "Your old Court House is kinda' run down.
He said, "Naw' it'll do for our little town."
I said, "Your old flag pole is leaned a little bit,
And that's a ragged old flag you've got hanging on
it.

He said "Have a seat." And I sat down
"Is this the first time you've been to our little
town?"

I said, "I think it is."

He said "I don't like to brag,
But we're kinda' proud of that ragged old flag.
You see we got a little hole in that flag there
When Washington took it across the Delaware.
And it got powder burns the night that Francis Scott
Key
Sat Watchin' it, writing 'Say Can You See.'
And it got a bad rip in New Orleans
Pakenham & Jackson tugging at its seams.
And it almost fell at the Alamo
Beside the Texas Flag, but she waved on though.
She got cut with a sword at Chancellorsville.
And she got cut again at Shiloh Hill.
There was Robert E. Lee, Beauregard & Bragg
And the South Wind Blew hard on that Ragged Old
Flag.

On Flanders Field in World War I
She got a big hole from a Bertha Gun.
She turned Blood Red in World II.
She hung limp and low a time or two.
She was in Korea & Viet Nam.
She went where she was sent by her Uncle Sam.

She waved from our ships upon the briny foam.
And now they've about quit waving back here at
home.
In her own good land here she has been abused.
She has been burned, dishonored, denied &
refused.
And the government for which she stands
Is scandalized throughout the land.
And she is getting threadbare and she is wearing
thin
But she is in good shape for the shape she's in.
Cause' She's been through the fire before
And I believe she can take a whole lot more

EMPTY CHAIR *Continued from page 1.*

"I've never told anyone this, not even my daughter," said the man. "But all of my life I have never known how to pray. At the Sunday Mass I used to hear the priest talk about prayer, but it always went right over my head. I abandoned any attempt at prayer," the old man continued, "until one day, about four years ago when my best friend said to me, 'Joe, prayer is just a simple matter of having a conversation with Jesus. Here's what I suggest. Sit down on a chair, place an empty chair in front of you, and, in faith, see Jesus on the chair. It's not spooky because He promised, 'I'll be with you always.' Then just speak to Him and listen in the same way you're doing with me right now."

"So, Father, I tried it and I've liked it so much that I do it a couple of hours every day. I'm careful, though. If my daughter saw me talking to an empty chair, she'd either have a nervous breakdown or send me off to the funny farm." The priest was deeply moved by the story and encouraged the old guy to continue on the journey. Then he prayed with him, anointed him with oil, and returned to the rectory.

Two nights later the daughter called to tell the priest that her daddy had died that afternoon.

"Did he seem to die in peace?" he asked.

"Yes, when I left the house around two o'clock, he called me over to his bedside, told me one of his corny jokes, and kissed me on the cheek. When I got back from the store an hour later, I found him dead. But there was something strange, Father. In fact, beyond strange -- kinda weird. Apparently, just before Daddy died, he leaned over and rested his head on the empty chair beside his bed."

~~Max Lucado~~

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TIES THAT BIND

They'd been friends the better part of 25 years but hadn't talked for at least a couple. The phone conversation was one that hadn't been planned, but was a spur of the moment call. Something inside of the caller had brought on the desire to look up the number and call it.

There were only a couple things discussed that had never come up before---like one's surgery and the death of a loved one, but the basic conversation was one that had been repeated numerous times in the past. It had all been said before, at least a hundred times; still the conversation was as important this time as it had ever been because it was between two friends that had a couple of things in common. Even though they were two completely different people with contrasting personalities, they were bound together with strong fibers.

Aviation is one tie that binds these two, and although it may have been years since they have last spoken, because of this tie, they know each other like brothers.

Although things like these are seldom discussed, these are examples of some of the fibers that make up a tie that binds them together. They both know the familiar smells of morning pre-flight walk-arounds on different tarmacs, from Savanna with its sometimes musty stench of paper mills to Reno with its fresh clean fragrance of Ponderosa Pine trees drifting down off the hills. These two know and understand the quietness of early morning airports before the start-up of noisy engines and auxiliary power units, a peaceful quietness---a soft calmness. They have experienced the climbing transition from a dark gloomy gray altostratus layer into a glorious sunrise, a favorite sight---a sight that few earth-bound mortals can even imagine. They have also treasured splendid sunsets at high altitude just before the edge of night engulfs them and the black of night's darkness causes the stars of the universe to appear, force feeding them a realization of just how small they themselves are and how big God's sky is. They know what it is to screw up an approach so badly that the✈

embarrassment lasts longer than a few days; they know what it's like to make a nearly perfect approach and horribly botch the landing. These two have been there and done that, and they know that about each other.

Just as being aviators reveals things about themselves to each other so does their shared faith. Being Christians, they have a deeper understanding of each other. They've both felt God's loving kindness and tender mercy and the warmth of forgiveness provided by a loving Jesus when things have gone wrong, and it's been all their own fault. They know what it's like to fail in their walk; they know the difference between walk and talk. They both have thankful hearts for the opportunities that God chooses to share with each of them as they witness the wonders of His creation.

While living life at a very fast pace in a world that is rapidly approaching the end of the Jet Age, true friendships are rare and precious blessings.

Conversations between friends---although they may be seldom in their occurrence---are refreshing moments to ponder.

~ AWD ~

**Patience serves
as a protection against wrongs
as clothes do against cold.
For if you put on more clothes
as the cold increases, it will
have no power to hurt you.
So in like manner you must
grow in patience when you
meet with great wrongs, and
they will then be powerless to
vex your mind.**

***-Leonardo da Vinci,
painter, engineer, musician, and
scientist (1452-1519)***

My Attorney

After living a "decent" life, my time on earth came to an end.

The first thing I remember is sitting on a bench in the waiting room of what I thought to be a court house.

The doors opened and I was instructed to come in and have a seat by the defense table. As I looked around I saw the "prosecutor." He was a villainous looking gent who snarled as he stared at me. He definitely was the most evil person I have ever seen.

I sat down and looked to my left and there sat my lawyer, a kind and gentle looking man whose appearance seemed familiar to me.

The corner door flew open and there appeared the judge in full flowing robes. He commanded an awesome presence as he moved across the room. I couldn't take my eyes off of him.

As he took his seat behind the bench, he said, "Let us begin."

The prosecutor rose and said, "My name is Satan and I am here to show you why this man belongs in hell."

He proceeded to tell of lies that I told, things that I stole, and in the past when I cheated others. Satan told of other horrible perversions that were once in my life and the more he spoke, the further down in my seat I sank. I was so embarrassed that I couldn't look at anyone, even my own lawyer, as the Devil told of sins that even I had completely forgotten about.

As upset as I was at Satan for telling all these things about me, I was equally upset at my representative who sat there silently not offering any form of defense at all. I knew I had been guilty of those things, but I had done some good in my life-- couldn't that at least equal out part of the harm I'd done?

Satan finished with a fury and said, "This man belongs in hell, he is guilty of all that I have charged, and there is not a person who can prove otherwise.

When it was his turn, my lawyer first asked ➦

if he might approach the bench. The judge allowed this over the strong objection of Satan and beckoned him to come forward.

As he got up and started walking, I was able to see him in his full splendor and majesty. I realized why he seemed so familiar.

This was Jesus representing me, my Lord and my Savior.

He stopped at the bench and softly said to the judge, "Hi Dad," and then he turned to address the court.

"Satan was correct in saying that this man has sinned; I won't deny any of these allegations.

And yes the wage of sin is death, and this man deserves to be punished."

Jesus took a deep breath and turned to his Father with outstretched arms and proclaimed, "However, I died on the cross so that this person might have eternal life, and he has accepted me as his Savior, so he is mine."

My Lord continued with, "His name is written in the book of life and no one can snatch him from me. Satan still does not understand yet. This man is not to be given justice, but rather mercy."

As Jesus sat down, he quietly paused, looked at his Father and replied, "There is nothing else that needs to be done. I've done it all."

The judge lifted his mighty hand and slammed the gavel down. The following words bellowed from his lips... "This man is free. The penalty for him has already been paid in full. Case dismissed."

As my Lord led me away, I could hear Satan ranting and raving, "I won't give up. I'll win the next one."

I asked Jesus as he gave me my instructions about where to go next, "Have you ever lost a case?

Christ lovingly smiled and said, "Everyone that has come to me and asked me to represent him has received the same verdict as you, Paid in Full."

Walking is also an ambulation of mind.
-Gretel Ehrlich

Tenacity & Stupidity

By Camry Doudney Schnauzer Dog

I can't believe the tenacity of my older sister Jasmine. She thinks she is so smart but she is only fooling herself. She and the boss went round and round last week. Talk about a cold shoulder! For three days straight he had only negative things to say to Jazz. He wouldn't allow her in his office, and he ignored her for the most part with only an occasional outburst of "Jazz, you're a sorry example of a dog." It's so easy to stay on the boss's good side; all that she has to do is follow a few simple rules.

I don't know what she finds so fascinating about sleeping in that burgundy chair---it's been off-limits from the get-go, but she insists on parking her fanny up there every night. I know how tempting it is. I was guilty myself a few months back, but it didn't take a college course for me to figure it out. She must think that the boss is stupid. She's smart enough not to be caught in the chair. (That is what happened to me, and I was tossed across the living room.) When she hears him open the bedroom door, she hops out of the chair and heads directly for him trying to mooch a pat. What arrogance! It doesn't take a rocket scientist to know the truth. The boss ignores her until he feels of the chair and finds the towel ruffled and the chair warm; then he knows the truth and he lets her have it with all kinds of verbal reprimands.

Shelby and I stand back and keep our mouths shut while Jazz is cowering away like a whipped pup. Well, she has a tendency to get a little snooty and occasionally thinks that she is as much human as the boss and Linda. "Familiarity breeds contempt" is what I've heard the boss say on an occasion or two. I think I'm beginning to understand what he means. We are part of the family, but we are Schnauzer Dogs and that makes us a little different. Being a Schnauzer Dog has several advantages over being a Human Being, but all those advantages are too numerous to mention here. I'm glad that I am what I am,✌

and that is about all that needs to be said about that.

I hope to learn from the example of my older sister and not get myself crossways with the boss. He really is a good guy although he doesn't have a lot of pats to pass out or much to say, but when he has a pat and a word or two they are always better than fantastic. We know that he cares more than he lets on. What else could we ask for? It's great being a Doudney Schnauzer Dog.
♣♣♣

Truth vs. Deception

It doesn't take a rocket scientist or a brain surgeon to understand and determine the difference between **truth** and **deception**. Some things never change and deception has constantly been trying to hide and distort the truth since the beginning of time. The meaning of these words is more than philosophy because the end result is always the same---truth is always left standing. Deception and its believers are always left behind devastated in the aftermath of their own destruction. Obviously, the realization of the difference between truth and deception is often determined too late. Those who believe the deceivers will be led down a primrose path to failure. It takes courage to grab hold of the truth and hang on, especially, when things seem to be so distorted and uncertain.

Truth creates value, and deception loots from value. It doesn't matter what the subject of the truth is as long as it is the truth. When the truth is known the person knowing it has something of value. When the truth is hidden, misshaped or distorted the person knows only a lie and has nothing of any value whatsoever. If one should obtain something of value because of deception what he has obtained is stolen property.
➔ ➔ ➔

~ AWD ~

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