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# VIEWS LETTER

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## **Complaining, Whining, Criticizing and Bitching is Wasting Valuable Time!**

I hear a lot of talk of how bad our situation has become in America. Most of what I hear and read, although it's very pessimistic, most of it is based on true facts.

"Complaining about a situation is easy. It takes no strategic thought, expert insight or optimism. The challenge comes in constructing a positive solution to remedy a situation." ~Lori Garver (General Manager, Airline Pilots Association, [Lori.garver@alpa.org](mailto:Lori.garver@alpa.org))

I'm sure Lori is addressing the barrage of complaints and criticism heard within the aviation community, particularly pilots airing their criticism. Each and every pilot always has an opinion about everything including many things that they know absolutely nothing about. They are liberal in freely airing their complaints to anyone who will listen. This is usually the extent of what they do. They seldom take any action.

Change requires action. To accomplish anything requires more action than whining, complaining and criticizing. Once the problem is identified, action is required to remedy it.

In America, we have numerous problems and most of them are instituted and aggravated by unconstitutional government behavior. Our present President has violated his oath of office on numerous occasions not to mention the fact that he was never qualified for the position in the first place. Anytime our public servants such as Congressmen to include Senators, and Federal Judges to include the Supreme Court Justices violate their oaths of office. They commit treason toward their Country and the American people. It would not require much digging to find that most of them that are in office are there for their own gratifications. They don't seem to be interested in serving the needs of the American People. This, in itself, is a travesty that is killing our Nation.

Now, what can we do other than complain to correct this problem?

First and foremost educate yourself and others. Start by reading the Declaration of Independence. And, pay particular attention to the second paragraph where it states: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." Nine out of ten people that I ask, "From where do Americans receive their rights?" They don't have a clue! Below is a short list of actions that can and should be taken by each of us.

1. Create a mailing list; Your congressmen to include your Senators. Your friends and family. Also, create an e-mail list as well, but it should be secondary. There is nothing better than a hand-written letter.
2. Make a list of phone numbers of your Congressmen, Senators and the White House.

3. Pay attention to what little truth you can glean from the major networks. Pray for divine discernment. Study the Holy Bible to determine what you can believe and what you can't. Proverbs is a great place to start.
4. CHALLENGE, CHALLENGE, CHALLENGE any and all statements made by public servants that you deem to be the least bit untrue. Call them up, and there will be someone there that you can talk to. You can quiz the person on the line as to the whys and wherefores of statements made or even the attitudes of the office holder. This is a place that you will be heard! Your call will be noted!
5. Follow up with a letter to the specific party (Congressmen or Senator or whoever etc.) Be specific about your concerns and keep a record of your letters and calls.
6. Notify your friends and family of what is going on and encourage them to do the same.
7. Know what the Constitution is. Remember it the document that defines and limits the Government to include the Federal Government and all other governments within our Country. Get a copy of it and read it. There are a few discrepancies particularly in some of the Amendments. Pay particular attention to the 16<sup>th</sup> Amendment. It is contradictory to the intent of the Constitution! And, it was never lawfully ratified.
8. DO SOMETHING! Bitching alone is wasting time.
9. Remember, when you make a call and follow it with a nice letter, what you are doing is starting a little fire under the feet of your public servant. They will feel it!
10. Enough stimuli and changes will take place! Now, Sic Em Neighbor!

~*Adverse Yaw*

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## IIINDEPENDENCE DAY

### SHOULD BE EVERYDAY

Freedom is an inalienable right given to us by Almighty God. The right to choose that is given us by our Creator marks freedom as the most precious abstract quality available to mankind. Our freedom is not that we can or we cannot choose, we must choose. Not choosing is a choice in itself. The freedom is in what we choose to believe.

Choice is the only possible way that God could give of Himself to us. **“Anyone who does not love does not know God, because God is love.”** (1 John 4:8 ESV). If we humans were not given the ability to choose, yea or nay, this or that, how could we love? Without freedom we could not love nor could we be loved.

God is not only a God of Love, He is a Holy and Just God who demands perfection. However, His love is so great the he made provisions for an imperfect, unholy world to know and to love Him. Jesus Christ told the Pharisee named Nicodemus these words:

**“For God so loved the world, that he gave his only Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have eternal life. For God did not send his Son into the world to condemn the world, but in order that the world might be saved through him. Whoever believes in him is not condemned, but whoever does not believe is condemned already, because he has not believed in the name of the only Son of God.”** (John 3:16-18 ESV)

The correct choice is awesome, and the incorrect choice is horrifying. You and I have the freedom to choose. The correct choice has unbelievable benefits the instant you make it. You choose in Whom you will believe in, the Son of Almighty God or someone else or something else or even yourself. There are many choices. You and I are free to choose any choice we wish. However, how we choose has eternal ramifications. There is only one truth. It doesn't matter what we think is true, or

how we feel about what we think or what others may think is true or not true. There is only one truth. And, this truth will set you free! **“and you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.”** (*John 8:32 ESV*)

THAT’S WHAT FREEDOM AND LIBERTY ARE ALL ABOUT!

~*Adverse Yaw*

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## CHAPTER TEN

Several weeks after Edith Stone pleaded guilty she received a sentence of time already served in jail plus one year probation. Essentially she was a free woman, however, she did lose her job and all pensions and benefits she had accrued. She was also required to make weekly visits to her probation officer.

The Sheriff requested that his Jailer, Mary Pritchett Armstrong, be assigned as the probation officer for Edith. His request was approved, although, it was unusual and a little controversial at first. It pleased Edith, Mary and Liz.

Abby had gotten over the humiliation caused by Edith Stone and had totally forgiven her after learning that she was truly repentant and had become a Sister in Christ. Charlie Ray made good on his promise and drove Abby back to Yale University where she continued her pursuit of her Ivy League Education.

Charlie Ray made the decision to resign from MARSOC (Marine Corp. Forces Special Operations Command) in order to become one of Sheriff Joe’s deputies. Charlie had become more than a little disillusioned by some of the missions that he had been assigned while serving with MARSOC. His resignation was accepted, and he was honorably discharged from the United States Marine Corp. It was only a day after Edith was sentenced that he was reporting to Sheriff Joe to be sworn in.

The Gay community had made a lot of noise during, before and after the trial and the final sentencing. After the dust finally settled, the Sheriff became a more relaxed and discontinued his efforts to be invisible.

After her release, Edith received more than a few life threatening letters and calls. The Sheriff was concerned and assigned Charlie Ray to secretly befriend her if possible, and if not, to at least keep her under surveillance.

The Sheriff told his newest deputy that no one knew that he (Charlie Ray) had been deputized or that he was related in any way to the Sheriff’s Dept. “Let’s keep this a secret as long as we can. Okay?” The Sheriff had mentioned to Charlie Ray when he swore him in.

The Sheriff fully expected an attempt to be made on Edith Stone’s life because of the hateful remarks and innuendo that was being spread by the liberal media. It could be part of the Gay community or some homophobic group. The Sheriff didn’t believe the threats came from the clandestine group who had been attempting to kill him, and who had successfully killed Corky Wells. In the Sheriff’s mind, Edith deserved the protection that he could offer. She had been upright and honest about the whole affair, and the Sheriff was beginning to believe that her conversion to Christianity was real.

While keeping a close eye on Edith, Charlie Ray noticed her standing in a line at the Unemployment Benefit Service Office a building located not too far from the jail. He joined the line right behind her and tried to engage a conversation. It didn’t go too well at first. She, being old enough to be his mother was polite, however, she was a little apprehensive about talking to a young, attractive and very dark black man. A little more than awkwardly, she brushed him off. Charlie Ray remained persistent and followed her to her seat and sat one empty chair away.

"It appears that you and I have a similar problem as we both don't have jobs. I just got out of the Marine Corp., and I need a job. How about you?" he asked.

"Yes, I need a job for sure." she answered.

"I understand that McDonalds is hiring, would you take a position there?" he asked.

"I hope it doesn't come to that." she said, however, I do need a job and if that is all there is, I'll probably take it."

"Well, you look like you are management material to me, and if you were forced into a job with McDonalds, you would probably make manager in no time. I understand that they pay their managers pretty well." Charlie replied.

"Thanks for saying so. You are very kind. What is your name? I'm Edith Stone," as he offered her right hand. Edith had never been so cordial with a perfect stranger before. She actually enjoyed it. And, she thought to herself that being a Christian and living her faith is good. She silently thanked the Lord for His loving her.

As he shook her hand, he announced, "Charles Ray Washington, and I'm pleased to meet you Ms. Stone. My friends call me Charlie Ray. My name is easy to remember because I can play the piano and sing like Ray Charles, I even wear the big rimmed dark glasses for effect." he answered as he shook her hand."

Edith didn't associate Charlie's last name with Abigail's. Not at first, however, later she did, but didn't mention it. She thought that he was much too dark to be a relative of Abigail's. "I hope to hear you perform some time, maybe you can get a full time job as an entertainer, wouldn't that be nice?" she asked.

"That's what I'm trying for, but, I too, would take a McDonalds job if it came to that. I'm in serious need of gainful employment." he stated. Charlie could hardly believe that this woman had molested his younger sister, she had a sweet kindness about her, and Charlie began to really like her.

The conversation ended when Edith was called into a small cubical for an interview with an employment agent.

Charlie Ray noticed a person who he identified in his own mind as one who meant harm. Luckily, Charlie's name wasn't called while he watched the person. This nice-looking man was in his early thirties, well dressed and somewhat muscular with a dark Hitler-looking mustache. He had positioned himself where he could watch Edith as she was being interviewed. Charles noticed a bulge beneath his sport coat on his left side which was most probably a hand gun. Edith was finishing with her interview and was about to go out the front door of the building when an employment agent called out "Charles Ray Washington."

Edith looked directly at him as his name was called, and she wished him luck as she headed for the door. The nice-looking man with the Hitler mustache followed her. After a short pause, Charlie Ray excused himself from the employment agent and followed them out the door. They had a couple hundred feet head start. The mustached man was fifty feet behind Edith when Charlie Ray stealthily caught up with him and placed his left forearm around the mustached man's neck and pushed his XDL 45 hard into the small of his back applying pressure on his spine and softly spoke into the man's ear, "Not a whisper from you or you are as dead as a hammer." He then pulled him into a near alley and promptly disarmed the man of his handgun and handcuffed his hands behind his back. He then called the Sheriff via his cell phone and the Sheriff was there within five minutes with a cruiser. He read the man his rights, arrested him for concealed-carry violations and took the man to the jail less than a couple blocks away.

Charlie returned to the Unemployment facility, apologized to the agent for the delay and finished his interview.

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Charlie Ray's first arrest was a young professional who had chosen to become a dark asset for the powers within the Beltway. He had nothing to say. His only crime was unlawfully carrying a handgun which was a misdemeanor. His arrest and court date placed his fingerprints in the system. This arrest had transformed this man from a dark asset to an extreme liability to those who had hired him. He would most probably disappear from existence. People who use assets such as him would not tolerate any exposé what-so-ever, he was doomed and of no longer any use. His choices were to hideout or die.

Sheriff Joe's thoughts begin to focus on the murder case of Corky Wells. He tried to setup some sort of communications with the FBI, however, The FBI hadn't seemed too interested in solving the case and less interested in talking to the Sheriff's department about it. It was as if they had been told to layoff by someone within the Beltway. What good are they? the Sheriff asked himself. He thought of them as a gang of educated goons who wore white collars and had clean fingernails working for the evil powers within the Beltway.

Beltway bandits were covertly and steadily taking over the powers within our Federal Government. They were string pullers who thought nothing of ending someone's life for their personal advantage. The Sheriff knew that this is exactly what happened to Corky, but how could he identify the culprit? Even if he could identify them, how could he possibly get an indictment? They seemed to be bullet-proof.

He thought to himself, if I knew for certain who it was and could somehow lure them into my jurisdiction, I might have a chance at getting an arrest and then a conviction. It wouldn't bring Corky back to life, but it might slow the cancer that is devouring our country from the inside out, from within the Beltway around Washington, D.C., to the rest of the nation.

At the present, it seemed to be a dead end. Nothing in anyway could place anyone at the scene of Corky's death. The Sheriff received an anonymous call on his cell from a number that he didn't recognize. Joe was sitting in his office when his cell phone rang.

"Hello, this is Sheriff Flynn"

"Is this Bexar County Sheriff, Joe Flynn?" a voice asked.

"Yes, I am, and who am I speaking to?" the Sheriff asked.

"I won't say, but I do have some information that will interest you about the murder of Corky Wells. You are interested or not?" the unfamiliar voice asked.

"Of course, I'm interested! But, I would like to know why I should believe anything that you tell me if you won't tell me who you are?" the Sheriff stated as gently as he could. Needless to say, the Sheriff's interest was extreme, and he didn't want to take a chance of ending the conversation prematurely. He thought this could be the break I need to solve this case.

"Look," the voice stated, "I'm taking a huge risk just calling you, not only could I lose my job, but I could lose my life. The death of Corky Wells was an intentional hit. I'm sure that you already know this much, but who paid who for it to take place? I know the answers to those question, but I can't tell you. I can give you hints, but you are going to have to figure it out on your own without my direct involvement. Okay? I don't have any intention of ending up like Corky!"

"Okay then, I'll assume that you are a modern day 'Deep Throat,' and presently, I'm all ears, so, what can you tell me?" the Sheriff answered.

"Look for stupid at the top of Homeland Security and try and figure whose butt Stupid is trying to kiss, and why. That is all I have to say for now, I'll be calling you in a couple weeks." As suddenly as the phone had rang, the conversation ended.

The Sheriff ask for Liz to come in and call down for the X-judge, Don Wiles, to come to his office for a pow-wow. The Sheriff had no idea of where to begin. He needed his team to brainstorm and to come up with some ideas.



As soon as they arrived and were seated in his office he began. "I have been thinking about the Corky Wells' murder case for the past week or so. And, frankly, I was about to give up when I got this call on my cell phone from this guy who wouldn't identify himself! He could be nothing more than a prankster, but my gut tells me that he could be more."

"This guy could be a patriot who works for Homeland Security. He wouldn't identify himself, he said that he was afraid of being fired or murdered. I'll refer to him as the 'voice.' He said, and these are his words; 'look for stupid at the top of Homeland Security and try and figure out whose butt that Stupid is trying to kiss and why.' Well, ninety percent of those at Homeland Security could be classified as stupid, and all of them are trying to suck up to those above them. At the top of Homeland Security is Jane Napolee. It's hard for me to believe that she is so stupid that she would want Corky to be eliminated. Corky was going to prosecute one of her employees, that's all. Since the vast majority of the politically motivated people within the Beltway are power-mongering whores; it isn't too difficult to understand who they are, and who they are trying to suck up to. The voice hasn't given me anything useful, and I doubt that I will ever hear from him again."

"I'm sort of grasping at straws. What do you guys think? Could this guy be a for real patriot or is he a kook? And, if he is for real, how can he help without exposing himself?"

Liz spoke first; "He probably is a kook. But, if he is real, and we could somehow persuade him to join our team, that would be cool. Without someone like that we are dead in the water in Washington. I have a personal interest here. I was shot at, hit and hospitalized by probably the same party that murdered Corky. A dependable spy in D.C. would be super cool!"

"Yes, and don't forget my good friend Leroy Miller who was shot and seriously wound-ed. This happened during Corky's Funeral Service when they were planning to kill me. In addition there have been more than a few attempts at ending my life." The Sheriff added.

"I personally hope that 'the voice' is real and will be willing to help, however, if he is too afraid, then he isn't much of a patriot, and probably not much use to anyone." the old Judge added.

"I guess I'll let it simmer for a while. If you guys think of something let me know. Okay, business as usual for now. Keep brainstorming. By the way, the three of us are the only people who know that Charlie Ray is my Deputy. Let's keep it that way for a while. It may be useful to have an undercover guy on the job. He has already saved Edith Stone's life. His primary job right now is to keep her safe." With that statement, the Sheriff adjourned the meeting.

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Jane Napolee stood in the shadows beneath the L'Efant Plaza Metro station awaiting the arrival of Alvin Dyson. The Attorney General appeared during the passing of a train. The sound of his voice startled Jane when he softly spoke stating, "Okay, I'm here, what do you need. This is a terrible place for a rendezvous as there are cameras everywhere."

"I know, but you are supposed to have control of the cameras. It seems that there are many things that you are supposed to have control of, but don't. The asset you sent to eliminate Edith Stone failed, and it wouldn't surprise me to find her holding bible studies and teaching classes on how to go straight and find freedom from being a lesbian." she said in a condescending way.

"Look, I don't like being here. It's too much exposure. I'll meet you at the same bench we used near the Lincoln Memorial in twenty minutes. Okay?"

An hour had passed and the Attorney General's aide appears. He was a stout clean-shaven man with a scar that started in his right eyebrow and jutted into his scalp. As he joined her on the bench, he said, "Mr. Dyson got tied up and asked that I meet with you. My name is Johnson. Now, what's on your mind?"

They sat together on a bench facing North toward the reflection pool. Napolee sat and said nothing for a long minute. Obviously irritated, she needed the time to cool down and compose her

thoughts. “Look, I have no intention of discussing anything with you or anyone else that Alvin might send. You can tell him that, and that’s all I have to say! If he ever wants my help again, I suggest that he contact me. Is that understood?”

After feeling her sharp tongue irritate his ears, what could he do but agree and leave which is what he did.

Days later, Jane Napolee received a text from an unidentified number. “Don’t attempt communications again! Our relationship is over! Be wise and forget about it.” She unsuccessfully tried to return the text with a voice call. She knew before she tried that the text had come from a throwaway cell phone. Her anger was only dampened by the fear of the one sending the text. Her only option is to comply or do it on her own. If she wanted Edith dead she’d have to make the arrangements herself without the help of dark ops which are all controlled by the higher paid grade than hers. ‘A bunch of bumbling fools,’ she thought. I should kill her myself, I’m twice as smart as any hit man sent so far. He will be hard pressed for my help ever again.

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She stood five feet six inches tall, and a little more than slightly overweight. Broad in the rear which seems to be typical of young adult women of our day. Although she had perfect teeth her face was not pleasant. It was round and covered with tiny pimple-like-flaws, her eyes were plain and green. The only redeeming quality of her facial features was a fixed smile that made people who looked at her think that she was happy. Her name is Mildred, and she is an excellent shot with a rifle. She finished top shooter in class at Army sniper school. It was said of her that she didn’t miss, not even once in a thousand shots fired. Never sent to combat because she received a dishonorable discharge shortly after training for habitual insubordination. She couldn’t seem to make herself play by the rules of the US Army and couldn’t and wouldn’t take orders. She crossed the wrong NCO, and he managed to drum her out of the military. This took place over six years ago. She had become a shoot-for-hire killer. She had just ran an ad in the Wall Street Journal which simply read. “Got problems? I can terminate any problem. Leave a message at 800-651-3315. This number will be good for 48 hours.

Jane Napolee happened to see the ad and dialed the number from a cheap throw-away-cell she had just picked up in Denver. The message she left stated I have a problem that needs terminating.

What is your fee? How, when, and where can we meet? Reply via text to this phone. Phone will be destroyed in 24 hours.

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One week later, Alvin Dyson, lay dead in his driveway beside his Mercedes. A small entry wound was in his back through his heart, and the bullet exited out of his chest and into the dashboard of his car. An obvious sniper kill. This news made the headlines and the President decreed that all flags be set to half-staff in honor of the passing of the United States Attorney General.

The FBI was in charge of this murder investigation, and they didn’t have a clue. Napolee and Mildred were never considered as suspects. However, Johnson, the clean-shaven stout man with the scar who had been Dyson’s aid and confidant was secretly very suspicious of Napolee. Evil emits a scent that can be smelled only by other evil persons. Johnson caught a whiff of it on Napolee. They were like two peas in the same pod, both evil to the bone!

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Johnson confronted Napolee in her office behind closed doors. She swore to him that she didn’t have any idea of who would want to harm Mr. Dyson, and that she was sorry for his loss. Then she asked him, “Could you use a job? You may need one after the death of Mr. Dyson.”

“I might,” declared Johnson. “I just might. I’ll be in touch.”

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Things in San Antonio and Washington settled down for the next six months. Charlie Ray's undercover was working. He was entertaining in a dinner showroom where Edith was working as the receptionist.

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*Chapter Eleven to follow next ViewsLetter.*

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## PRESPECTIVES

When I focus on some of the problems we Americans face, I am overwhelmed! It seems that we are leaderless, like a corked bottle containing good news and important information, but this bottle is floating aimlessly somewhere in a great ocean. It seems that the good news may never be revealed. But, I could be wrong!

Many times the contrast between good and evil is very sharp and well-defined. For instance: All young men are filled with hormones from early puberty until who knows when, but younger men are easily influenced by others, sometimes by good and other times by evil. Take for example the young men who become terrorist and blow themselves up in order to kill a few of their perceived enemies. These young men are told or led to believe when they die doing this horrible act of suicide and murder, that they will immediately be in a heavenly place surrounded by more than fifty beautiful virgins to fulfill their every sensual desire. This powerful lie is easily believed when these young men's daily life here on earth are filled with fear, anxiety, misery, and hate. The desire to become a martyr with all of the perceived benefits is like a black hole sucking them in. Hundreds possibly thousands of these young men are in training at this very minute.

On the other hand; let me tell you about a young man right here in the Great State of Oklahoma, who offered me, directly to me, an act of kindness. He chose to go out of his way to serve me for no obvious reason.

I was grinding away the last few miles of a thirty-mile bike ride, and the summertime temperature was hovering around the century mark. Keep in mind that I'm older and fatter than most bicyclists, and I was struggling a little up a long hill heading North on Oklahoma State Hwy 4. I had topped one hill and had started up a lesser one when I noticed an older model pickup truck had stopped and was sitting on the shoulder where I ride. This meant that I would have to be extra careful passing it because of traffic coming from behind me. The fact that the door of the pickup could be opened as I approached, and, well, you know that could be a problem also. Anyway, as I was about a hundred yards from it, I noticed the driver was outside of the truck standing beside it and looking in my direction. I thought that he could be stuck out here with a problem and without a cell phone. I stopped and asked him if he needed help.

"No," he said, "I passed you earlier and noticed that you were struggling a little coming up that hill, and I thought you could use a cold drink of water, so, I want you to have this one," as he handed me a cold bottle of water. What a wonderful act of kindness. In addition to the endorphins, which were already pumping in my blood stream from my strenuous effort, my spirit began to soar higher and higher.

I asked if he knew Jesus, and he replied, "Yes, I talk to him every day." Although I know this young man's name, I wouldn't mention it here because I don't think he would want me to. I will say this, he is a Senior Student at Tuttle High School and his initials are D.L., and he knows Jesus. What could be better than this?

This young man is most probably a natural born leader. He sacrificed his time and his resources to purchase me (an unknown guy on a bicycle who seemed to be in need) a cold bottle of water and the fuel to get it for me and then to deliver it to me. He could be a leader that would be followed. What more can I say?



The memory of his act will cause me feelings of joy for the rest of my life! ~*awd*

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## Around the House

~By *Barkley Doudney Schnauzer Dog*

Sorry folks, I can't think of a thing to say, please forgive me. I'll try to be back next time.

It must be writers block or something! There is a lot going on here. Keep sniffing the wind! ~*Bark*



This photo is looking up the trail to the summit of the mountain "Red Cloud," 14,034' above sea level. The two people on top are Andy and Boyd from Dallas Area. This photo was taken Friday September 5<sup>th</sup>, 2014.