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The Gospel According to Jack



Because there is so much negative news out there and people are spending so much time at home in front of the computer, my buddy Jack suggested to me that he and I start putting down his life's story. Actually, Jack is pretty dev-ious, so he brought up this book idea after Linda and I had just finished a nice bottle of a 2015 Peju merlot. The result was that, in a moment of weakness, I agreed.

Here is a taste of the book to come. I hope you enjoy it.

Introduction:

My name is Jack and my nickname is "Jet Dog Jack." To begin, I should say I am a rescue dog. Of course, all rescue dogs have a story to tell, but mine is a bit more on point in that I found myself placed on death row, not once, but twice, in my short lifetime. The "Jet Dog" part is because a, few years, I later ended up flying around in a private jet with my current pack leader (Chuck).

My story is, to say the least, a bit more complicated than many. I am now 14 human years old, and even though I still feel young, it seems I am sliding into old age. My pack leader, whom I usually call Dad, is getting a little "long in the tooth" himself, and he is fond of saying that inside of every 70-year-old man is a 25-year-old man saying, "what in the hell happened." I can tell you that I feel exactly the same way. I think that life is like a roll of toilet paper; the closer you get to the end of it, the faster it goes. Likewise, time moves much faster, and you don't realize how incredibly valuable it is until there is not much left.

I suppose my story would never have been written except that Dad thinks he is a writer, and my buddy, Bentley the Bishon, and his pack leader (Tom) have been telling me to talk Dad into writing it. Since I also happen to be one of the few dogs that can communicate with a human, I convinced Dad that we should sit down and give it a try.

It should be noted that, probably due to my predominantly Terrier ancestors, I am quite the emotional dog, and the trauma of bringing up old memories has reinforced this trait. I don't mind saying that while sharing my story with Dad over the past weeks, there have been more than a few tears.

Some of my story may seem unbelievable, and it's telling a bit whimsical, but be that what it may, here it is, the good, the bad, the bits and the bites, the trials and tribulations. Woof, Woof!

Chapter one: The Puppy

Like all dogs, I started out life as a puppy. I did the usual pooping and peeing on the floor and chewing anything I could get a tooth on. Of course I was constantly on the lookout for more food. There was no doubt that I was not a purebred. My family tree was so mixed up; it would be better described as a family grove.

JUST SAYING!

It seems that, in our retirement, Linda and I are simply not seeing old friends enough. Not only are we are busy every single day, but we are in Arizona quite a bit of the year. And now that I'm out of the business world it seems we just don't see everyone like we used to.

That is one reason I have been writing Crapper Chronicles for these past few years. It is a way for us to stay in touch with old friends and gives me an excuse to keep writing. I hope you enjoy it, but since some of the times I get toooooo opinionated, be sure and let me know if you want off the "Crapper" list.

By the same token, if you want to add someone to the list, just shoot me an email and I'll get it done. Richard Farnham of Farnham Associates on the Big Island of Hawaii does my layout work and makes sure my email list is kept secure.

Chuck

My mother's name was Lady. She was a mixed breed of terrier and, most likely, Brittany Spaniel. No matter her breeding, she was a very good mother. She kept me and my four littermates well-fed, loved us unequivocally, and always admonished us "to do your best." Although I never met him, my father was often referred to as "that damn neighborhood mutt that should not be running loose." I guess father was the local neighborhood tramp, so I suppose you could say my parents were "Lady and the Tramp."

During my puppyhood, Mom gave us many instructions on how to get along with humans, but without doubt, the most valuable lesson she taught was on the best way to beg for treats. Like all her lessons, the begging lesson started with, "When you kids grow up here is something you need to know." Then she explained to us how important it is, when begging, to gaze intently at the person with the food, but then, when they acknowledge you, quickly turn your gaze from them to the food you want a share of. A gifted beggar will not only repeatedly shift their gaze from the food, to the human, then back to the food, and so forth; but also cock their head to one side to further emphasize how interested they are in getting the treat. If these techniques do not immediately produce the desired outcome, then a very soft (and here she would emphasize VERY soft) poke of the nose to the leg of the person with the food, often will get their attention, and produce the desired treat. She further explained that barking, or otherwise making a big fuss, is NOT the way to get a treat. Her final advice was that when the human does give you a treat, no matter how hungry you are, no matter how badly you want the food, NEVER, EVER snap or bite the human's hand. By taking the treat daintily and carefully, a dog is showing respect for the giver, and it helps assure a polite dog of future treats!!

It's no doubt that from both my mother's family and my father's family, the major gene contributors were from the terrier breed. From them, I got my small stature, my stubbornness, and a fierce protectiveness for my "pack." Not being a large dog, I suspect that I am primarily a Wheaten Terrier, or due to my furry feet, possibly even a Tibetan Terrier.

Another gift from my mixed breeding (read mutt) is that I did not have "my brains bred out of me." Hence, I have the ability to quickly understand commands, learn new things, and, most of all, associate the sounds of different words with their meanings. Of course, due to my natural stubbornness, I may understand the word or command, but decide not to act on it. I got away with this "not understanding" for several years until I ran up against my current pack leader, who does not put up with it, but more on that later.

From my ancient ancestors, I also inherited a most excellent nose and a natural bird hunting ability. There is little doubt that more than a few branches of my family grove are comprised of the spaniel breed. These days, when out walking with my pack, I naturally smell birds, follow their fascinating scent trails, and am constantly looking back to my pack leader to see, not only, if he is aware of what I am doing, but see if he is directing me to go right or left, further away or closer. Of course, he has no clue I am trying to find him a bird to shoot at because, as he tells all of his buddies, all he is doing is "walking the dog." I suppose the problem is mine because, hell, he doesn't even have a gun along.

A final gene contribution from a long-ago ancestor is my ability to sense what my pack leader is thinking. When we are out "walking," I know not only what he wants but which path his feet are going to take. It seems to me that when his eyes look at the path, the message comes to me as well. This connection to the humans in my pack is simply uncanny. Most of the time, it has served me well but also gets me in lots of trouble when, rarely, I misread it. The problem usually occurs when I try to convert human's feelings to dog actions. For instance, in a situation where I can feel my human pack mate is extremely angry, angry to the point where any good dog would bite and attack, I would actually attack. Big mistake! My pack leader was thinking it, but did not intend to act on it. I, on the other hand, being a terrier dog, did intend to act.

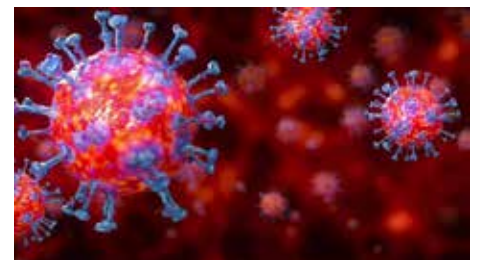
Unfortunately, this misunderstanding of the human vs dog feeling and human vs dog action ended up with me biting a couple of humans early in my life. This, in fact, was the reason I ended up on Death Row the second time. The problem was that as a puppy, I had all these gifts, but no control over them and no knowledge of how to use them. In this regard, I was much like many young humans a dog comes across in his life. But enough on life as a puppy. Libraries full of books are available if you want to read about puppies. The point is that, even as a puppy, I was, in many ways, an "old soul." Even then I was interested on getting out in the world and finding my own pack.

Then one day in the middle of a game of "chew" which had my littermates and I fighting over an abandoned steak bone, our then pack Leader, Mr Rodriguez, had a visitor. Who knows why the person from "Helpful Hounds" who came to look at my mom's mixed-breed litter of pups picked me. Maybe it was because my big underbite made me "look cute." Maybe it was because I am always alert and have a way of cocking my head to one side and looking interested in what humans have to say. Maybe it was because I am a bit reserved and did not mob the lady, like my littermates. For whatever reason, after talking to Mr. Rodriguez for a short time, they came to an agreement. Next thing I knew the lady picked me up, and with mom yelping a sad, "Always do your best son," the lady put me in her car and we drove away. To be sure, I had a lump in my throat, but I was trembling with excitement to be off to find my new pack.

End of Chapter 1, Look for Chapter 2 in the next "Crapper Chronicles."

Statistics:

With all the attention on the Wuhan flu epidemic, a person has to balance off the mass hysteria over it with a few other numbers. First of all, the actual Flu-related fatalities taken from the CDC website say there were 693,152 deaths from flu illnesses in the United States from 1976 to 2006. This gives us an average number of deaths per year from Flu illnesses of 23,105. Of these years, the lowest year was 1987, with 3349 deaths, and the highest was



2004 with 48,614. Also, if you take these numbers and work them into the population of New York, you come out with a number of 1650 average deaths per year in New York from Flu illnesses. The next few weeks will tell precisely how significant a monster this Wuhan strain of the flu is, but unless the death toll in the United States exceeds 48,000, it would seem to be a regular cycle of nature. Of course, this flu is often deadly for people over 80 years old and anyone with respiratory problems, but then again, ANY flu is a hazard to this demographic. The advice we are being given is to stay away from others if you are ill, use hand sanitizer, and avoid large crowds. This is, of course, the same excellent advice we have been getting since we were children.

The primary driver for the mass hysteria surrounding this new flu seems to stem from an early analysis and report from the Imperial College of the UK, which is a college largely devoted to climate change global warming activists. This group has a history of vastly exaggerating statistics, and it was this group that projected the catastrophic death rate. In fact, even the quarantined passengers of the ill-fated Diamond Princess cruise ship, who were by and large older adults, and had to spend weeks cooped up in a confined space with infected passengers, suffered a death rate of only 1.25%. As of last week, Germany, who has the highest ratio of deaths to people tested, has a verifiable death rate of only 1.3%. These numbers are far and away lower than the news media hype we are being bombarded with.

The fact several thousand people die each day in the United States from heart disease, cancer, abortions, regular flu-related illnesses, and opioid abuse seems somehow to have become irrelevant to the sensationalist news media. This flu-crazed media has simply forgotten that, according to the Center for Disease Control, 69,000 people died in the United States in 2019 from opioid abuse alone. Incredible as it may seem, they don't seem very concerned that in the language of the recent multi-trillion dollar Flu Recovery legislation, there was EXTRA money allocated for Planned Parenthood and \$25,000,000 for the Kennedy Center of the Arts. Somehow, some of the idiots in Washington feel it is more important to allocate money for entertainment and to kill unborn babies than to use it to fight this new flu strain. Hopefully, some of this insane non-flu pork-barrel spending will be pared out of the bill before it becomes law.

Of course, caution, common sense, and the world's best medical teams will overcome and bring us through this crisis, but I continue to be shocked and dismayed by folks who are trying to politicize such a tragedy. Trying to say our president has done a lousy job combating the illness seems to me dangerously childish. Well over 3 million Chinese citizens enter the United States on any given year.

When it became apparent as of 1/29/2020, this disease was originating in China, our president on 1/31/20 instituted travel bans and was called Xenophobic and Racist for doing so. Now the same people who accused him at the time say he didn't act soon enough and want to start yet another "investigation." Whatever, I call "Bull Shift" on it.

Shorts:

Social Distancing: Question: How does it make sense to "social distance" from friends and people you do KNOW, but it is perfectly ok to go three or more times a week to stand in lines at Cosco with all kinds of people you don't know so you can buy a bunch more crap you don't even need?

Virtue Signaling: This story is now outdated, but it does make a good point. Long story short: A few months ago, before the interior of Starbucks stores became closed to the public because of the Wuhan Virus, Starbucks had taken social media (you know, those ALWAYS morally correct folks) criticism for not allowing non-paying customers (i.e., homeless people, vagrants or bums) to loiter in their establishments. Starbucks staged a much-publicized self flogging exercise in "sensitivity training" to better train their staffs on how to be more compassionate to these non-client-clients. The result was Starbucks' bathrooms quickly became the location of choice for the homeless to use the toilet facilities and loiter. Of course, they did not buy any products because they were supplied free from nearby homeless shelters and food kitchens. The result was a decline in visits by PAYING customers of over 84% for Starbucks stores located near these homeless shelters. Remaining customers spent 4.1% less time in the stores with an overall 7.3% decline in attendance at Starbucks relative to other nearby coffee shops that catered to (gee whiz!) paying customers. Unfortunately, the former Starbucks CEO dropped out of the running for the 2020 presidential elections. What we really needed was another BS billionaire lecturing us on how to live our lives.



New (Old) Organized Sports: Due to all the flu-related bans, for a change, we are NOT being bombarded with endless programs of professional sports. Probably due to this, as my cycling buddies and I ride around the Scottsdale/Phoenix/Mesa/Tempe area, we are now seeing more and more of the greatest "organized sport" of all: families together. Mothers, fathers, grandparents, and children are walking, picnicking, playing games, and spending good substantial family time together. Wonderful! Families doing things together is the original and the GREATEST "organized sport" of all!

Who is REALLY Important: Isn't it funny! After only a couple of weeks, people are starting to understand that the person handing you your groceries, the health care workers on the frontlines taking care of our sick, the policemen, the firemen, the farmers, the construction workers, the foodservice providers, the truck drivers, the public and private utility workers, and countless other non-famous people, are far more critical to the safety and well being of you and your families than overpaid sports celebrities, high school dropout entertainment celebrities, and "talking head" slanted news commentators, who are all telling us how they think we should live our lives?

New Party Favors: The new preferred gift if you are going to a person's home for a dinner party, or maybe a few cocktails, is to bring along a roll of toilet paper. It is a sure sign that: You are a compassionate person of means who wants to "help a friend stay clean." You genuinely care about "not shorting" your friends if you have to use their facilities. You do it as a laugh and to try and attempt to inject some humor into what a stupid, insane, non-emergency this current "toilet paper emergency" is. You wonder what folks these days would do if con-

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THE CRAPPER MUSE

Old Dog

Hello Old Dog,
What do you say?
Who left you here?
Did they tell you to "stay"?

All alone you lay,
In the middle of the trail.
Head down and sad,
No wagging tail.

So quiet and resigned,
With chin on your paws.
You've done nothing wrong,
You've broken no laws.

Have you just gotten lost,
Or worse, been dumped out.
Put out on the street,
Like some drunken lout.

You're sad, you're waiting,
For someone to come.
Someone you love,
To them you will run.

I hope they find you,
Old dog so alone.
I hope they come get you,
And take you back home.

Jet Dog Jack - 01/23/06

The Power of Prayer

As stated before in this newsletter we do strongly believe in the power of prayer.

With so very many people affected this flu season we all direct our prayers, of course, to those suffering, but also to the thousands of health care workers serving the afflicted and searching for a cure. Additionally prayers must go out for the thousands more who are working every day through this emergency to keep us fed and safe. God bless you all!

fronted with a REAL emergency? Thanks to our good friends the Wisinski's for "paying it forward" by bringing us an extra roll!!!

Jack on Toilet paper vs Ammunition: "Dad, I see the same people who couldn't figure out why you would need any extra ammo are now buying 500 rolls of toilet paper!"

Jack on the Democratic Convention: "Dad, I see the Democrats have requested \$50,000,000 for security at their convention. Why don't they just declare the area a 'gun free zone?' After all 'gun free zones' was Joe Biden's idea anyway."

In Defense of Airlines: Linda and I just got back from a trip to Florida. Aside from our travel agent forgetting to put TSA pre-approved on our tickets all went very well. Even then, though, we didn't get to use the TSA approved line, the TSA staff at Phoenix Sky Harbor did an excellent job of getting us quickly on the plane. Service on our United Airlines flight was most excellent as was the Delta flight we had taken a few weeks before. On both airlines, the lunch, fruit and coffee, were excellent and well served. It always amazes me how well the airlines move literally millions of people every day, in all kinds of weather, and the excellent job they do in accomplishing this Herculean task. What also amazes me is how little credit they get for a job that is by and large superbly well done. Of course we have all had air travel experiences that were not the greatest, but in all reality they are by far in the minority. Think planning a flight across the country in all kinds of weather is simple? Try doing it yourself.



Old People: First of all I don't consider 70 old. Remember inside of every 70 year old person there is a 25 year old person who is asking "What the hell happened?" Also, why is it that all younger people think

- A) Older people must be talked to like they are 10 years old.
- B) All older people are hard of hearing.
- C) All older people are simply stupid.

Election Fraud: The Feds ordered Wisconsin state election board to remove 209,000 voters from voting roles because these voters had either moved away, died, or failed to determine if they were even still in state. The elections board made up of 3 Democrat and 2 Republicans refused the order by a vote of guess what? 3 to 2. Later another judge fined these members and ordered them to comply. Again, the Democrats refused and sued. They want to delay the action until AFTER the upcoming election. Of course, there is no election fraud. Just ask them.

California Statistics: Estimates vary but listed below are the most recent ones for LA County's population of 10.2 million people.

- 40% are working for cash and not paying taxes because they are predominately illegal residents.
- 95% of warrants for murder in LA County are for illegals.
- 75% of the people on the 'Most Wanted' lists are illegals
- 66% of all births in LA County are illegal aliens. These are paid for by Medical (California Taxpayers)
- 35% of inmates in California are illegals.
- 50% or more of all gang members are estimated by the FBI to be illegals.
- 60% of all HUD properties are occupied by illegals.
- 2% of illegals are here for farm work but 29% are on welfare of some sort.
- 30% or more of all inmates in Federal Prisons are illegals
- 70% of US population growth is from immigration, but in California, New York, and Florida, it is over 90%



Jack and I would like to thank you for reading our little newsletter and as usual, remember: We have our families, our friends, our health, and time... the rest is just smoke and mirrors!

Chuck