

# Legend

By 193



It has now been many years since I rode with my Pals on the dusty trail, my outlaw days are all in the past and have become but a faded memory, some memories and dark times that haunt me in the dead of night even to this day. Many of the people I used to associate with visit me in my dreams and most of the dreams I have now a days never turn out well. I'm either getting shot at or being arrested or running from the law for my life.

My old partners who stuck a knife in my back all those years ago come a ridden into town like a bad dream, dreams so real that when I wake up I have to look around the room in reminding myself that it was all just a dream.

One of the hardest parts of living the Christian life is having the faith not to call on my old Pals when someone messes with me, for the Word of God tells us.

“Vengeance is mine so sayeth the Lord.”

We fight our battles on our knees and if the Lord moves us to pick up the sword and go out and fight on the battlefield then we do so but all too often we take up our sword first and then we get on our knees and pray. This does not always work out very well in taking matters into our own hands.

I still live by the code, a code that most people find outdated and alien, the younger generation cannot seem to grasp how dangerous of a world we live in especially now a days, they seem to think that if they just leave people alone people will leave them alone and this is just not true.

They seem to think that the government will solve all their problems and the police will somehow beam right in within two or three seconds if threatened or attacked. The stone-cold truth of the matter is we are on our own and you had better have a basic plan of self-defense in order to protect yourself and your loved ones.

The one thing I fear most Lord is reacting in a way where there will be no stopping me.

Pals John 14:27