

qwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyui  
opasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfgh  
jklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvb  
nmqwer nmqwer  
tyuiopas tyuiopas  
dfghjklz dfghjklzx  
cvbnmq cvbnmq  
wertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuio  
pasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghj  
klzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbn  
mqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwerty  
uiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdf  
ghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxc  
vbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmrty  
uiopasdfghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdf  
ghjklzxcvbnmqwertyuiopasdfghjklzxc

James D. McIntosh Jr.  
2015 Collection (Censored)

Copyright © 2016 James D. McIntosh Jr.

All rights reserved. No part of this collection may be reproduced in any manner whatsoever without prior consent by the author. However, permission is hereby granted to use one or two works from this collection in a small, non-profitable publication or speech as long as there is proper citation. Such examples include, but are not necessarily limited to, a bulletin, newsletter, encouraging office poster or email, or motivational speech.

Literature is a like a parasite that feeds on the mind of the author. It takes his memories, beliefs, desires, joys, fears, sorrows, angers, hopes, and dreams and mutates them into a work of art. It controls him while making him think he is the creator.

-James D. McIntosh Jr.

# Table of Contents

<b>KEEP YOUR DANG GRASS OFF THE SIDEWALK.....</b>	<b>5</b>
<b>JAMES D. MCINTOSH JR.'S TESTIMONY.....</b>	<b>6</b>
<b>RANTING AND VENTING .....</b>	<b>8</b>
RICH.....	8
SCREWING OVER .....	8
<b>OF ELEPHANTS AND BIRDS.....</b>	<b>9</b>

## Keep your dang grass off the sidewalk<sup>1</sup>

Now, do not get us wrong. We appreciate having the grass cut, but could you do a quick blow job on the sidewalks?

That is, just use a leaf blower to blow away the clumps so we do not have to step into nearly ankle-deep piles that get stuck to the concrete because of the rain. This has been a problem by the Turner Leadership Center.

That is all we ask.

---

<sup>1</sup> A mock college newspaper editorial I made for fun after completing a legitimate unsigned editorial in one of my journalism classes.

## James D. McIntosh Jr.'s Testimony<sup>2</sup>

I was raised in a Christian home by a Christian family and have always gone to church.

That may be one of the most cliché and uninteresting life testimonies there are. It does not, however, make my salvation any less real or my story any less important. After all, there is always more to it than that, whether or not we realize or accept it.

There comes a time in every “hereditary” Christian’s life when they must make their own choice. They must decide if they really do believe in God and want to have a personal relationship with Him. Is what they have real, or is it just one of those things they grew up knowing and memorizing so that they automatically accept it?

It cannot simply be like that. It has to be more. It has to be personal and real.

That is not to say that parents should simply let their children discover their faith on their own and not teach them anything. After all, we teach children how to speak, spell, count, and many, many other things. How much more important is their relationship with God and eternal salvation? We parents (I myself now being a new father) lay the foundations of wisdom, knowledge, and logic that our children will need to draw upon and they get older.

Train up a child in the way he should go, And when he is old he will not depart from it. (Proverbs 22:6 NKJV)

But you must continue in the things which you have learned and been assured of, knowing from whom you have learned them, and that from childhood you have known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise for salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. (2 Timothy 3:15 NKJV)

There are two times I can say I made that decision, but only one when I can say it was real. The first was when I was around five years old or so.

As I said, I was raised in a Christian family. On one particular night, while I was surrounded by some of my family members in the kitchen, I decided to pray the prayer to become a Christian. This was decided after my family members had been questioning and teaching me about Christianity, and they were all incredibly excited. They even had me call up some others to tell them. I do not, however, remember feeling as excited as they seemed to be, but I was very young.

As time went on, I began wondering whether or not I really understood what I had done at the time. Did I really mean it and was it real? Did I really believe?

I appreciate what my father did for me as I grew up. He did not simply accept that I was now a Christian and leave it at that. He kept me thinking about it. In fact, he did that in several areas of my life.

For example, whenever I did something wrong, he would ask me “why” I did it. I would not always know, or would at least say I did not, but he would not accept that as an answer. He made me think about my actions before dispensing the consequences.

In regards to my faith, he would sometimes ask me “if” I was a Christian. I would say I was, and he would follow with a “How do you know?” question. Honestly, these questions always made me feel uncomfortable. They made me think about things that I was not entirely sure of. But I would give the generic answers of “Because I asked Him into my heart,” and so forth. He would sometimes ask further

---

<sup>2</sup> I wrote this for my aunt, who was collecting testimonies from family members so she could compile them.

questions about what that meant and such, furthering my discomfort and keeping my mind active on the subject of who and what I was.

Eventually, I was led to a summer teen week at a Bible school in Kentucky. One night we had a speaker that touched the hearts of everyone in the room. It was a small revival.

I cannot fully recall what or when the message was, but I remember how I felt and what I thought. I was a sinner and a hypocrite. It tore me up. I needed to fix my standing with God.

I had always practiced Christian activities, but they did not always mean much to me. They did not make me a Christian, either.

Then and there I prayed, cried, and dedicated myself to God. This time I knew what I was doing and I knew it was real.

Since that day, God has been working on me and I can see improvements in my weaknesses. Throughout life, I have been quick to anger and full of worry. As time went on, I also somewhat rebellious and full of lust. Of course, I still have these faults, but not nearly to the degree that I used to. I continue to get better, but it is a constant battle that I must either stay connected to God through or lose ground.

Besides helping me fix my faults, God has also opened my eyes. I see truths and connections that I may not have noticed before. Some of these things others cannot see because they have not accepting God and let Him open their eyes.

For example, my moral code computes differently than society's. I believe sex before marriage, all lies, and divorce, to name a few things, are wrong. I also believe that the purpose of each person is not to be comfortable and focused on their own personal achievements and happiness. It is to serve God and other people.

I also cannot believe in evolution. This is not only because I believe in the Bible, but also because it does not make sense logically and scientifically. I see truths in the complexities, natures, and connections of all things both in the world and in the universe.

Of course, there are times that I am attacked by doubts of various sorts. At such times, I must remember all of the thing that I have written here, as well as what has been written before. God and the Bible give me strength and faith, so long as I look to them.

## Ranting and Venting

### Rich

We've got the power

To keep secrets

And claim it's all your fault.

We've got the knowledge

You need to know

To do your dang job.

We've got it all

Up in here

And we're keeping it from you.

All we have left now

Is one simple thing to do.

All we have left to say is, "Screw you!"

### Screwing Over

They screw you and they screw me.

They screw us all so generously.

Because it's us and it's not them,

They do all they can to keep their s\*\*\*.

Well good for them and bad for me.

I say we just go and watch TV.



## Of Elephants and Birds

Once upon a time, there was an elephant named Francis who lived in a forest with all of his animal friends. But being an elephant was not enough for Francis. He wanted to be a bird. The only problem was that Francis made a terrible bird, but he was darn good at being an elephant.

One day, while Francis was elephanting in a nearby field, a wise old owl flew up and spotted him.

“My, aren’t you a darn good elephant?” commented the owl.

“Yeah, I guess,” Francis said gloomily.

“Well, what’s the matter with that?” asked the owl.

“I just really want to be a bird, that’s all,” Francis said. “I want to fly and everything.”

“Oh, I see,” replied the owl. “Well, why don’t you follow your dreams? Listen to your heart! Anything you put your mind to, you can do, Mr. Elephant!”

“Really?” asked Francis.

“Why, sure!” replied the owl. “All you have to do is believe in yourself and really try.”

Francis felt invigorated! He had never believed in himself before. He could do anything, as long as he believed he could do it and tried hard enough!

Francis ran to the nearest cliff and prepared to jump off.

“From now on, I’m a bird!” exclaimed Francis. He jumped and spread his ears so that he could soar.

Next things Francis knew, his legs were penetrating his own lungs and his was dead.

A nearby airplane saw the whole thing. He shook his head and said, “He should have just asked for a ride.”

The End.

Thank you for reading the 2015 collection of works by  
James D. McIntosh Jr.

Please be sure to read the others as well.