

In Loving Memory

Every so often people enter our lives who make indelible marks on our souls; who teach us; who guide us; who share with us our most precious of memories. Recently, our world lost two such individuals. Both were patriots and both had families and friends who can attest to the wonder they brought into so many lives. They will be missed by all...



Denny Chancler

Rest in Peace, Dad...

Noble: above whatever is low, mean, degrading, or dishonorable; magnanimous; to have a noble heart. A noble heart this man had. With his noble heart, and fiery soul Dennis made an impression on every person that crossed his path. He was undoubtedly the most honorable businessman I will ever know and taught me a great deal of what it means to be successful and respected, and the importance of every deal you do, whether it is worth a dollar or worth thousands. It wasn't about the money at the end of the day; it was about what it took to make it.

Wrenches and curse words may have been thrown at times in all directions, but I watched my father make bonds with men stronger than any form of steel with a simple handshake and his word. My dad was the most generous man I have known, especially to my brother and I. There was never anything he wouldn't do for us. He taught me more in the first five years of my life than most people get the chance or opportunity to learn in a lifetime, from walking, to dirt bike riding, to chopping wood, and everything in between. He loved us with all he had and showed it in all the ways he knew how.

My father served in the armed forces as a young adult in Vietnam, only he was drafted, this was not a matter of choice like it is today. But he served proudly and honorably and never spoke more than a few words about it. Much of my generation has no idea the magnitude of what that means. I have only just recently in the past few years began to realize through my own research of the war itself, but will never truly understand. I just know the more I learn the more grateful I am for what my father did

without hesitation, along with all the Americans who have fought for this country.

This man certainly was a patriot through and through. He exemplified what it meant to be a patriot for years to come after the war, by always sticking up for what he believed in and he was willing to fight for it in a matter of seconds. He spoke his opinion if he was passionate about it; he'd even post it on a board on the top of a crane and string Christmas lights to it, so even in the darkest of nights you knew how he felt. He lived life to the extreme and lived it to the absolute fullest. He never spent a day looking back and wondering of the what-ifs and the could-haves or the should-have-beens. My father took life head on every single day of his life. I can only hope and pray that I keep living in his light and that my actions will be snapshots of what he has taught me. That the love I give and allow will be a reflection of what he has instilled in me, and that those who I meet will get to see a glimmer of who he was in me.

Cherish every single moment you have with those that you love. In times of struggle or disappointment, be forgiving and understanding. Realize that there is nothing more sacred and meaningful than those you love and those that love you, despite your flaws or shortcomings. Show them how much they mean to you and voice your love to them every chance you get, because tomorrow is never promised and today is nothing but a gift.

I thank you, and I love you, Dad.

With Love and Gratitude,
You're Daughter,

~Michelle

Goodby My Friend

Denny Chancler was my true friend. This is something I can't say about very many.

In a world where there is so much corruption, so many unethical and immoral people, Denny made a difference - he stood against the evils and called

a lie a lie. He loved truth and justice...

I believe my life has been better for having known him and I trust that God is now rewarding my friend for his integrity.

~Edward Snook • US-Observer

To My Father

Words cannot describe the respect, love, and gratitude I have for you. As a little boy I would watch people talk to you and I could tell immediately that they respected you in a way that is rarely seen now days. You conducted business on the idea that a man's word and his handshake supersedes anything that can be written in ink. You were without a doubt the most honest man I knew and this can be backed up by anyone who did business with you. There was never any problem that you couldn't fix and at 68 years old you still outworked every 25 year old I know (including myself).

Many people know and respected the way you worked; what many people don't know is how generous you were. Whenever somebody would be in a bind you would always be the first to step up and help them in any way you could; you always put others before yourself.

You raised Michelle and I as a single parent and couldn't have possibly done a better job. You taught us the value of hard work and honesty above all else. Most importantly you allowed us to choose our own path, never forcing us into the business you loved so much. All

the trips we took and the places we were able to visit would make any kid jealous of the childhood you provided us.

What I am most proud of you for is fighting for your country. It can't be overstated the service you provided. When you came home, you didn't talk about what you encountered or the actions that were required of you, you just went back to work and moved on with your life.

Finally, when I hike out Silver Trail, past Little Paradise, I'll take a quick glance at the Elk Horn tree and head out to the Big Pines. We'll meet at your stand and push some elk around pretending that we know which direction they're heading in. If we get one down, we'll ask each other why we hiked so far out knowing we have to hike all the way back to camp uphill, with an elk on our backs. Just know that I love you, I am proud to call myself your son, and am deeply grateful for everything you have taught me. We'll see you soon dad.

~Dan

P.S. I imagine heaven has some pretty massive branch bulls roaming around, so save a few for me!

The Passing of a Patriot

Every once in awhile we will meet a man that is unlike anyone else we will ever meet in our lifetime. Someone that seemed to be pure raw energy and power that could be released at any time in the way they worked, played, loved or fought. Someone who's honesty and integrity in business was never in question by anyone that knew him. His friendship was unconditional and without reservations and when his friends or family needed him - he came, when his Country needed him - he came.

Yes I believe that you could say that about the first born and only son of Calvin and Isabell Chancler. Born Dennis Noble Chancler March 22, 1943 in the middle of a world at war and Died November 24, 2011 in a world of economical failure and disaster. Denny Chancler would be the first to tell you, sing no sad songs for me, because for the almost 69

years Denny Chancler lived on this planet he never let life live him, instead he always lived life and he lived it to the fullest.

Living with Denny Chancler was like living with a force of nature and it did not matter whether he was partying with his friends, hunting, fishing or just working. If you were with him for any amount of time there would be certain words you would always use to describe your time and experience's with Denny.

Words like incident, affair, aftermath, concern, consequence, fun, laughter, fear and excitement. Denny Chancler was many things to many people. As someone that has spent 60 yrs involved in your life, thanks for the ride and the memories' my friend - you are loved and you will be missed but never forgotten.

~Curt Chancler

I can honestly say the last 4 years of my life have been the happiest since I was a small child during the short twenty six years I have been alive. I have learned immensely from past mistakes and have consciously tried my best to not make them again. I have become more the person I have wanted to become and always try to lead by example. I strive to always be true to my word, understanding of others, and become someone I am proud of everyday. I am explaining these aspects of myself because the main contributor to these past four years of change in me is my Father Dennis Noble Chancler.

One of the best decisions I have ever made was to move back to Oregon and accept his offer to have me work in his business. I couldn't be more thankful, not just for the experience and generous offer to run a business, but because we got the chance for the first time since I moved away from home, adventuring my way through college, to really be close and have a good father daughter relationship. I have been able as an adult to truly see my father for all that he is and through this, many of our differences from the past slowly faded away. He was able to see me for who I had become as a young woman and how much we really are alike in so many ways.

Dennis Noble Chancler, who was not just a man but truly a legend, could not have been given a more fitting middle name. When you look up the definition of noble you could just as well as put a picture of my father, as opposed to the words that are written. But, what is written is Noble: Possessing eminence, elevation, dignity.

Denny Chancler was my true friend.

Over the past 12 years Denny and I spent many hours dealing with issues of corruption that he had decided to take on and we became personal friends.

Denny was a very rare man - a

Lorraine Walter

It is with the heaviest of heart that I again pen a remembrance of a dear friend. Lorraine Walter, wife of Paul Walter, editor of NewsWithViews.com, passed away on December 7, 2011, after a short battle with cancer.

Lori was a wife, mother and wise woman filled with knowledge. While I have been writing for NWVs going on ten years this coming March, I didn't meet Lorraine until June 2007. Paul and Lori put on another local speaking engagement and I was honored to be among those who shared the microphone. They also put me up in their little guest house and we were able to spend several days together sharing laughs, life's moments, and of course, our agony about what was/is happening to our beloved republic.

I shall always remember sitting down at their table with a few other guests one evening. Good, wholesome food, fine company and listening to Lori impart her many words of wisdom and humor.

Sometimes the reading public of news and commentary web sites don't know a lot about the owners; editors and folks behind the scenes who make sure every day of the week, 52 weeks a year a site is up and running. I can tell you that Lori was right beside Paul each and every day of the week as the other half of getting NWVs ready, fielding phone calls and taking care of pesky paperwork - without pay. Her dedication to the cause of freedom was tied with Paul like a knot that could not be broken. And, like so many of us wives who are busy fighting for freedom and liberty, the work doesn't stop at the stove.

When Paul called the following morning to let me know Lori had passed, I cried and my heart went out to him. Lorraine was the love of his life. If you ever have been around two people who love each other unconditionally through life's wonders and challenges, you've seen what two people devoted to each other are really like "just around the house." For all the years

Paul and Lori were married, now begins the most difficult of time for Paul as he continues along life's journey without his mate. Fortunately, as God intended, I believe, Paul's daughter and family will be moving to his area. I know their presence will help in so many ways as well as bring him comfort and the joy of just them being there.

My dear friend, Lori: Thank you for all the advice about things like vegetarian apple cider vinegar capsules. All the articles from years gone by pertinent to our current battle you sent which took precious time out of your day. For loving Sammy, that sweet dog, the cats and all your hard work in the garden which provided such wonderful food while I was



Paul and Lorraine Walter

visiting. I shall miss our chats on the phone, but as our Heavenly Father has called you home, you now sit in grace with God and who am I to argue with Him?

You are missed, dear friend, but never forgotten.

Goodbye, Lorraine...

~Devvy Kidd