
NEWSLETTER

Volume2, Issue 1

AWD BS News

September & October

Victim of Rocky Mountain Crash Re-Gains Mobility At A Very Slow Pace.

Reported by Editor and Chief Reporter.

The victim of the Single Cylinder Dirt Bike crash on the slopes of Mt. Blanca, August 8th, is on the mend. The only comment that the victim would make was, "A man just doesn't realize how difficult the simplest things are to do when first faced with a disability."

According to Linda Doudney, the victim's better half, he should be back to flying around the 12th of Sept. She claims to be near insane after spending so much time with her husband. "This is the first time during our entire marriage that he has been home a whole month straight, and its about all I can take. A real test!" She said.

Camary, the youngest of three Schnauzers, was quoted as saying. "He makes me very nervous, he spends all his time on the computer, and is constantly going to fits of computer rage. I can't wait till he goes back to work."

Continued on page 2

McGwire Is New NL Home Run King Breaks Hack Wilson's Mark with his 57th HR

By STEVEN WINE

The Associated Press

MIAMI (Sept. 2) - As Mark McGwire stepped to the plate in the ninth inning, more than a dozen youngsters scrambled onto a banked tarp beyond the center-field wall, eager to catch some history.

It came their way moments later, a baseball launched an estimated 472 feet, giving McGwire a National League record with 57 home runs this season.

The homer was McGwire's second of the night Tuesday. He broke Hack Wilson's record of 56 homers set in 1930, leading the St. Louis Cardinals over the Florida Marlins 7-1.

"I've never seen anything like it," said Marlins manager Jim Leyland, who has been in professional baseball since 1964. "The guy is hitting balls out of Yellowstone Park."

"It's a pretty awesome feat," McGwire agreed. "I'm totally excited."

The Cardinals slugger pulled ahead of Sammy Sosa, who remained at 55 homers. With 24 games remaining, McGwire is on pace to hit 67 home runs. Roger Maris' major league record is 61.

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"Saving Private Ryan"

Steven Spielberg directs Tom Hanks and Matt Damon in a D-Day adventure about a mission behind enemy lines to save one soldier who, unlike thousands of others, can't be lost.

Comment by the editor & chief.

The Motion Picture, "Saving Private Ryan" was filled with graphic violence and emotion. Not recommended for the weak hearted or over emotional.

As the first scene begins, there is a reverence that falls over the audience, and by the end of the second scene everyone is riveted to the edge of their seats. The vantagepoint of the viewer is that of the combat soldier the only thing missing that might possibly make this piece more realistic is the sense of smell. The odors of death, gunpowder, and fear are the only things missing.

The agony of a mother when given the news of loss was very well done. During this scene, there was very little dialogue, but the picture said it all. The agony of it grabs you by the heart and doesn't let go easily.

We tend to forget how dear a price was paid on the coast of France some 55 years ago when the whole world was at war. This work is a huge reminder!

The final scene is one of retrospect again filled with tons of emotion. It reminds us that these who now remain were not the Generals or the politicians, not the ones that made the decisions and gave the orders, but the young men that carried out these orders, the young men who paid the greatest price. Those survivors are now in their 70ies & 80ies, they are Grandfathers and Great Grandfathers, now never remembered as the once young warriors that they were, with the fear, gore and horror of war locked away in their very private places.

I recommend this movie to specific audiences, but it is definitely not for everyone. This war will soon be forgotten, as are most wars. Should I live to a ripe old age, this war will be a long lost historical event that will be talked about only in history classes, and on Memorial Day. This motion picture will be talked about in a similar manner, and the history of life will continue to repeat itself as long as the Lord allows.

This movie is still a reminder of how it really was not too long ago. Go see it, I'd like to hear what you think.

PILLSBURY DOUGHBOY DEAD AT 71

Veteran Pillsbury spokesman Pop N. Fresh died yesterday of a severe yeast infection. He was 71. Fresh was buried in one of the largest funeral ceremonies in recent years. Dozens of celebrities turned out including Mrs. Butterworth, the California Raisins, Hungry Jack, Betty Crocker, and the Hostess Twinkies.

The graveside was piled high with flours as longtime friend Aunt Jemima delivered the eulogy, describing Fresh as a man who "never knew how much he was kneaded." Fresh rose quickly in show business, but his later life was filled with many turnovers. He was not considered a very smart cookie, wasting much of his dough on half-baked schemes. Still, even as a crusty old man, he was a roll model for millions. Fresh is survived by his second wife. They have two children and one in the oven. The funeral was held at 4:25 for about 20 minutes.

Bike Crash Victim continued from page 1.

Ashley the victim's daughter, claims that she too will be happy to see him get back to work as now she is unable to get away with anything. She committed "I need a little leeway, and with him at home there is none of that."

The other two Schnauzers didn't seem too upset about the fact that he was home all the time. "He does keep us fed and watered, with an occasional loving pat on the head. I don't mind at all." Stated Shelby the largest of the three.

"I enjoy his company every time he is home, he could stay here all the time as far as I'm concerned," Stated Jazz the oldest.

Send commits, contributions and recommendations to:
A. W. Doudney Newsletter
1015 West Dorchester Way
Mustang, Oklahoma 73064
Phone 405-376-2997

Dallas Cowboy Football

Is Already Here

DATE	REGULAR-SEASON GAMES	KICKOFF
Sun., Sept. 6	ARIZONA (FOX)	3:05 P.M.
Sun., Sept. 13	@ Denver (FOX)	3:15 P.M.
Mon., Sept. 21	@ New York Giants (ABC)*	7:20 P.M.
Sun., Sept. 27	OAKLAND (CBS)	12:01 P.M.
Sun., Oct. 4	@ Washington (FOX)	12:01 P.M.
Sun., Oct. 11	CAROLINA (FOX)	12:01 P.M.
Sun., Oct. 18	@ Chicago (FOX)	3:15 P.M.
Sun., Oct. 25	BYE	BYE
Mon., Nov. 2	@ Philadelphia (ABC)*	7:20 P.M.
Sun., Nov. 8	NEW YORK GIANTS (FOX)	12:01 P.M.
Sun., Nov. 15	@ Arizona (FOX)	3:15 P.M.
Sun., Nov. 22	SEATTLE (CBS)	12:01 P.M.
Thur., Nov. 26	MINNESOTA (FOX)*	3:05 P.M.
Sun., Dec. 6	@ New Orleans (FOX)	12:01 P.M.
Sun., Dec. 13	@ Kansas City (FOX)	3:15 P.M.
Sun., Dec. 20	PHILADELPHIA (FOX)	3:15 P.M.
Sun., Dec. 27	WASHINGTON (ESPN)*	7:20 P.M.
	PRESEASON GAMES	
Fri., Jul. 31	SEATTLE	L 20-19
Sat., Aug. 8	OAKLAND	L 16-3
Mon., Aug. 17	NEW ENGLAND	L 21-3
Sat., Aug. 22	ST LOUIS	L 22-14
Thur., Aug. 27	JACKSONVILLE	L 42-20

Bill of No-Rights. *Continued from Volume 1.*

ARTICLE I: You do not have the right to a new car, big screen TV or any other form of wealth. More power to you if you can legally acquire them, but no one is guaranteeing anything.

ARTICLE II: You do not have the right to never be offended. This country is based on freedom, and that means freedom for everyone - not just you! You may leave the room, turn the channel, express a different opinion, etc., but the world is full of idiots, and probably always will be.

ARTICLE III: You do not have the right to be free from harm. If you stick a screwdriver in your eye, learn to be more careful, do not expect the tool manufacturer to make you and all your relatives independently wealthy.

ARTICLE IV: You do not have the right to free food and housing. Americans are the most charitable people to be found, and will gladly help anyone in need, but we are quickly growing weary of subsidizing generation after generation of professional couch potatoes who achieve nothing more than the creation of another generation of professional couch potatoes.

ARTICLE V: You do not have the right to free health care. That would be nice, but from the looks of public housing, we're just not interested in health care.

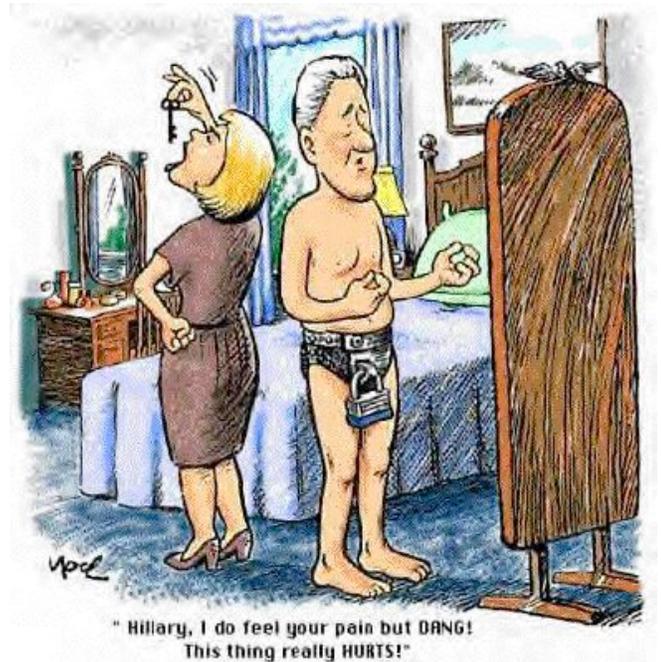
ARTICLE VI: You do not have the right to physically harm other people. If you kidnap, rape, intentionally maim or kill someone, don't be surprised if the rest of us want to see you fry in the electric chair.

ARTICLE VII: You do not have the right to the possessions of others. If you rob, cheat or coerce away the goods or services of other citizens, don't be surprised if the rest of us get together and lock you away in a place where you still won't have the right to a big-screen color TV or a life of leisure. *Continued on page 4.*

ARTICLE VIII: You don't have the right to demand that our children risk their lives in foreign wars to soothe your aching conscience. We hate oppressive governments and won't lift a finger to stop you from going to fight if you'd like. However, we do not enjoy parenting the entire world and do not want to spend so much of our time battling each and every little tyrant with a military uniform and a funny hat.

ARTICLE IX: You don't have the right to a job. All of us sure want all of you to have one, and will gladly help you along in hard times, but we expect you to take advantage of the opportunities of education and vocational training laid before you to make yourself useful.

ARTICLE X: You do not have the right to happiness. Being an American means that you have the right to pursue happiness - which by the way, is a lot easier if you are unencumbered by an overabundance of idiotic laws created by those of you who were confused by the Bill of Rights.



Stock Market Up and Down More Than the Presidents Trousers.

The actual movement of the market is about the only thing that is for sure. The experts can't agree on much of anything. There are about as many strategies as there are experts. If your in it, GOOD LUCK!

"I called off work tonight," he said. "I said to my friends, 'I'm going to catch a Mark McGwire ball.' I don't even think they believed that I was going to the game because I'm the class clown, so nobody to come believes me."

It was McGwire's seventh multihomer game this season and the 50th of his career.

"It's a magical moment, what's happening with him and Sammy," said the Marlins' Hernandez (10-11). "All you could do was watch it and be part of the moment."

Wilson's NL record of 56 homers was set in 1930 for the Chicago Cubs. He also had 190 RBIs that season, still the major league record. McGwire has driven in 121 runs.

Before his latest homers, McGwire was batting just .222 this season against the Marlins, who have the worst pitching staff in the league. But McGwire hit a 545-footer, his longest of the season, against Hernandez in St. Louis on May 16.

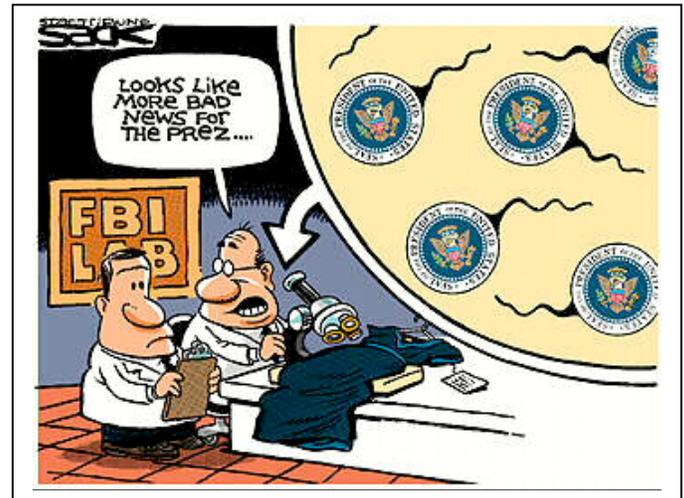
"Two home runs, one mile," Hernandez joked.

Almost forgotten was a fine performance by Matt Morris (5-4), who allowed one run in seven innings. Ron Gant hit his 22nd homer and Ray Lankford added his 25th for the Cardinals.

But it was the McGwire homers that dazzled everyone - even his manager.

"Mark continues to amaze," Tony La Russa said. "What he's doing is impossible to describe."

Notes: Before the game, Leyland was in his office intently watching the news conference to announce the firing of Detroit manager Buddy Bell. Leyland, who grew up near Detroit, is expected to leave the Marlins after this season and could be a candidate for the Tigers job. ... Batting practice was rained out, disappointing thousands of fans who arrived early to watch McGwire hit. ... Marlins shortstop Edgar Renteria, sidelined with a bruised knee, is expected to be ready to play Sept. 9, the day he is eligible off the disabled list. ... Hernandez has won only one of his past six starts. ... St. Louis improved to 26-26 since the All-Star break. ... Morris improved to 4-0 in his career against the Marlins. ... Four of McGwire's five home runs this season against the Marlins have been to center field. ... Florida has lost six games in a row.



Contributions necessary to continue receiving this fine publication!

Send your buck contribution and get on the list for the next Newsletter. Don't worry about hurting my feelings because I have thick skin. If you don't enjoy reading this then why waste a buck. This will be the last free Issue. If you have sent a buck I'll apply it to the next issue. Thanks

Announcements:

The Jim Doudneys of Rowlett, Texas announce the arrival of the newest addition to their family, their new daughter Ashley Marie Doudney.

Texie & Larkin Gooch celebrate their 64th wedding anniversary, October 16th 1998.

Big Party at The Community Center, Midway, Texas Saturday October 17, 1998 1200 Noon.

Foster Reunion at Detroit Texas the weekend of the 17th of October 1998.

The Start of Discipline

By Editor, Art by Andrew Doudney

This is 30 year old Neal Nelson. He is not happy, because he doesn't know how to do anything very special. He doesn't know how to build a house, write a letter, or even read a book very well.

He spent most of his younger years playing video games at home on his Mom and Dad's TV. Games like PackMan, Centipede, and other very fun games. Not getting to bed very early, caused him to be very tired most of the day, breakfast was skipped because he just couldn't make himself get up in time, lunch money was spent on video games, and with out food all day long his mind just didn't function very well. School was a disaster, he felt dumb and stupid, even though he was very bright and smart.

Neal can't find a very good job, because he can't do any thing special. He finished High School, but while there he didn't learn how to read very well, or how to calculate with numbers.

He has a special girl friend, but whole world is against him, and value of making himself do a

can't afford to ask her to marry him. He feels like the gets so depressed sometimes. Still he hasn't learned the few things that he doesn't feel like doing.

He has blamed others for his his parents. They shoulder a lot anything about it now.

weaknesses most of his life, and now he still blames of the responsibility true enough, but they can't do

Now is the time to start, tomorrow a must to accomplish anything life, and the starting is the hardest

is always too late. It's up to Neal now, and discipline is worthwhile. Today is the first day of the rest of Neal's part.

Feeling good is very important to requires the proper scheduled food, resources to give himself these getting himself fed, exercised, tasks will become much easier

living, to thinking, to enjoying the day. Health rest and exercise. So Neal must learn to use his things every day for the rest of his life. Once Neal is and rested properly, doing complicated and difficult to successfully complete.

The Start of Discipline is taking care of needs. Good Food, Quality Rest, and Exercise on a daily basis is a start to getting the discipline needed to achieve our goals.

Learn from poor old Neal Nelson who hasn't learned yet.

According to Webster Discipline is to train or develop by instruction and exercise in self-control.

The older and more experienced Roughneck was showing a new hand around the drilling location, which was in the middle of no where. The crew was making another trip out of the hole and everyone was busy doing their specific jobs. He looked at the young man with a toothless grin, with both hands up and open showing that he was missing two fingers and a thumb on one hand and two fingers on the other. "Remember this" He said, "If you remember anything at all, and that is, IF YOUR GONNA BE DUMB, YOU GOTTA BE FOOLISH"

A Spiritual Experience

A Spiritual Experience

This is a true story that occurred in 1994 and was told by Lloyd Glenn.

Throughout our lives we are blessed with spiritual experiences, some of which are very sacred and confidential, and others, although sacred, are meant to be shared. Last summer my family had a Spiritual experience that had a lasting and profound impact on us, one we feel must be shared. It's a message of love. It's a message of regaining perspective, and restoring proper balance and renewing priorities. In humility, I pray that I might, in relating this story, give you a gift my little son, Brian gave our family one summer day last year.

On July 22nd I was enroute to Washington DC for a business trip. It was all so very ordinary, until we landed in Denver for a plane change. As I collected my belongings from the overhead bin, an announcement was made for Mr. Lloyd Glenn to see the United Customer Service Representative immediately. I thought nothing of it until I reached the door to leave the plane and I heard a gentleman asking every male if they were Mr. Glenn. At this point I knew something was wrong and my heart sunk.

When I got off the plane a solemn-faced young man came toward me and said, "Mr. Glenn there is an emergency at your home. I do not know what the emergency is, or who is involved, but I will take you to the phone so you can call the hospital. My heart was now pounding, but the will to be calm took over. Woodenly, I followed this stranger to the distant telephone where I called the number he gave me for the Mission Hospital.

My call was put through to the trauma center where I learned that my three-year-old son had been trapped underneath the automatic garage door for several minutes, and that when my wife had found him he was dead. CPR had been performed by a neighbor, who is a doctor, and the paramedics had continued the treatment as Brian was transported to the hospital. By the time of my call, Brian was revived and they believed he would live, but they did not know how much damage had been done to his brain, nor to his heart. They explained that the door had completely closed on his little sternum right over his heart. He had been severely crushed. After speaking with the medical staff, my wife sounded worried but not hysterical, and I took comfort in her calmness.

The return flight seemed to last forever, but finally I arrived at the hospital six hours after the garage door had come down. When I walked into the intensive care unit, nothing

could have prepared me to see my little son lying so still on a great big bed with tubes and monitors everywhere. He was on a respirator. I glanced at my wife who stood and tried to give me a reassuring smile.

It all seemed like a terrible dream. I was filled in with the details and given a guarded prognosis. Brian was going to live, and the preliminary tests indicated that his heart was ok-two miracles, in and of themselves. But only time would tell if his brain received any damage.

Throughout the seemingly endless hours, my wife was calm. She felt that Brian would eventually be all right. I hung on to her words and faith like a lifeline. All that night and the next day Brian remained unconscious. It seemed like forever since I had left for my business trip the day before.

Finally at two o'clock that afternoon, our son regained consciousness and sat up uttering the most beautiful words I have ever heard spoken, He said, "Daddy hold me," and he reached for me with his little arms.

By the next day he was pronounced as having no neurological or physical deficits, and the story of his miraculous survival spread throughout the hospital. You cannot imagine our gratitude and joy. As we took Brian home we felt a unique reverence for the life and love of our Heavenly Father that comes to those who brush death so closely.

In the days that followed there was a special spirit about our home. Our two older children were much closer to their little brother. My wife and I were much closer to each other, and all of us were very close as a whole family.

Life took on a less stressful pace. Perspective seemed to be more focused, and balance much easier to gain and maintain. We felt deeply blessed. Our gratitude was truly profound.

Almost a month later to the day of the accident, Brian awoke from his afternoon nap and said, "Sit down mommy. I have something to tell you." At this time in his life, Brian usually spoke in small phrases, so to say a large sentence surprised my wife. She sat down with him on his bed and he began his sacred and remarkable story.

"Do you remember when I got stuck under the garage door? Well it was so heavy and it hurt really bad. I called to you, but you couldn't hear me. I started to cry, but then it hurt too bad. And then the "birdies" came.

The birdies?" my wife asked puzzled.

"Yes," he replied. "The birdies" made a whooshing sound and flew into the garage. They took care of me."

"They did?"

"Yes, he said." "One of the "birdies" came and got you. She came to tell you I got stuck under the door."

A sweet reverent feeling filled the room. The spirit was so strong and yet lighter than air. My wife realized that a three year-old had no concept of death and spirits, so he was referring to the beings who came to him from beyond as "birdies" because they were up in the air like birds that fly.

"What did the birdies look like?" she asked.

Brian answered. "They were so beautiful. They were dressed in white, all white. Some of them had green and white. But some of them had on just white."

Did they say anything?"

"Yes" he answered. They told me the baby would be alright."

"The baby?" my wife asked confused.

And Brian answered. "The baby laying on the garage floor." He went on, "You came out and opened the garage door and ran to the baby. You told the baby to stay and not leave."

My wife nearly collapsed upon hearing this, for she had indeed gone and knelt beside Brian's body and seeing his crushed chest and unrecognizable features, knowing he was already dead, she looked up around her and whispered, "Don't leave us Brian, please stay if you can. As she listened to Brian telling her the words she had spoken, she realized that the spirit had left his body and was looking down from above on this little lifeless form. "Then what happened?" she asked.

"We went on a trip," he said, "far, far away . . ." He grew agitated trying to say the things he didn't seem to have the words for. My wife tried to calm and comfort him, and let him know it would be okay. He struggled with wanting to tell something that obviously was very important to him, but finding the words was difficult.

"We flew so fast up in the air." "They're so pretty Mommy," he added." And there is lots and lots of "birdies."

My wife was stunned. Into her mind the sweet comforting spirit enveloped her more soundly, but with an urgency she had never before known.

Brian went on to tell her that the 'birdies' had told him that he had to come back and tell everyone about the "birdies." He said they brought him back to the house and that a big

fire truck and an ambulance were there. A man was bringing the baby out on a white bed and he tried to tell the man the baby would be okay, but the man couldn't hear him. He said, "birdies told him he had to go with the ambulance, but they would be near him. He said, they were so pretty and so peaceful, and he didn't want to come back. And then the bright light came. He said that the light was so bright and so warm, and he loved the bright light so much. Someone was in the bright light and put their arms around him, and told him, "I love you but you have to go back. You have to play baseball, and tell everyone about the birdies." Then the person in the bright light kissed him and waved bye-bye. Then whoosh, the big sound came and they went into the clouds."

The story went on for an hour. He taught us that "birdies" were always with us, but we don't see them because we look with our eyes and we don't hear them because we listen with our ears. But they are always there, you can only see them in here (he put his hand over his heart). They whisper the things to help us to do what is right because they love us so much. Brian continued, stating, "I have a plan, Mommy. You have a plan. Daddy has a plan. Everyone has a plan. We must all live our plan and keep our promises. The birdies help us to do that cause they love us so much."

In the weeks that followed, he often came to us and told all, or part of it again and again. Always the story remained the same. The details were never changed or out of order. A few times he added further bits of information and clarified the message he had already delivered. It never ceased to amaze us how he could tell such detail and speak beyond his ability when he spoke of his "birdies."

Everywhere he went, he told strangers about the "birdies". Surprisingly, no one ever looked at him strangely when he did this. Rather, they always get a softened look on their face and smiled.

Needless to say, we have not been the same ever since that day, and I pray we never will be.

Maxim for life #45
Approach love and
cooking with reckless
abandon!

