
NEWSLETTER

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Vintage C. S. Lewis

There is one vice of which no man in the world is free; which every one in the world loathes when he sees it in someone else; and of which hardly any people, except Christians, ever imagine that they are guilty themselves. I have heard people admit that they are bad-tempered, or that they cannot keep their heads about girls or drink, or even that they are cowards. I do not think I have ever heard anyone who was not a Christian accuse himself of this vice There is no fault . . . which we are more unconscious of in ourselves. And the more we have it ourselves, the more we dislike it in others.

The vice I am talking of is Pride or Self-Conceit Pride leads to every other vice: it is the complete anti-God state of mind.

. . . it is Pride which has been the chief cause of misery in every nation and every family since the world began. Other vices may sometimes bring people together: you may find good fellowship and jokes and friendliness among drunken people or unchaste people. But Pride always means enmity--- it *is* enmity. And not only enmity between man and

ONE IN A MILLION

Written by: Sister Helen P. Mrosla

He was in the first third grade class I taught at Saint Mary's School in Morris, Minn. All 34 of my students were dear to me, but Mark Eklund was one in a million. Very neat in appearance, but had that happy-to-be-alive attitude that made even his occasional mischievousness delightful. Mark talked incessantly. I had to remind him again and again that talking without permission was not acceptable. What impressed me so much, though, was his sincere response every time I had to correct him for misbehaving - "Thank you for correcting me, Sister!" I didn't know what to make of it at first, but before long I became accustomed to hearing it many times a day.

One morning my patience was growing thin when Mark talked once too often, and then I made a novice-teacher's mistake. I looked at Mark and said, "If you say one more word, I am going to tape your mouth shut!"

It wasn't ten seconds later when Chuck blurted out; "Mark is talking again." I hadn't asked any of the students to help me watch Mark, but since I had stated the punishment in front of the class, I had to act on it. I remember the scene as if it had occurred this morning. I walked to my desk, very deliberately opened my drawer and took out a roll of masking tape. Without saying a word, I proceeded to Mark's desk, tore off two pieces of tape and made a big X with them over his mouth. I then returned to the front of the room. As I glanced at Mark to see how he was doing, he winked at me. That did it! I started laughing. The class cheered as I walked back to Mark's desk, removed the tape, and shrugged my shoulders. His first words were "Thank you for correcting me, Sister."

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man, but enmity to God.

In God you come up against something which is in every respect immeasurable superior to yourself. Unless you know God as that--and, therefore, know yourself as nothing in comparison--you do not know God at all. As long as you are proud you cannot know God. A proud man is always looking down on things and people: and, of course, as long as you are looking down, you cannot see something that is above you.

For Pride is spiritual cancer: it eats up the very possibility of love, or contentment, or even common sense. ♦

This excerpt was taken from "Born Again" by Charles W. Colson; the excerpt was originally written or spoken by CS Lewis. You can find it in its entirety in the book "Mere Christianity" by CS Lewis. In the chapter titled "The Greatest Sin".

CHRISTMAS, Past, Present, & Future

By the editor and chief.

Christmas is over now, presents are put away, and all the wrapping paper has been either stored or hauled off by the garbage man. There might be some green, slightly corroded turkey and dressing left over in the refrigerator, but there is little left around to remind us that only a few weeks ago we were all caught up in the excitement of the biggest event of the year.

Christmas is especially exciting for the younger ones. Most of them are already looking forward to next year, when Christmas decorations come out again, and the music that fills the air everywhere will again brings new excitement to each of them.

Now that it is over for another year, we older ones that pay the bills, must now concentrate on just that. Sometimes, these bills barely get paid off when we have the need to spend more money for more Christmas. And life goes on, and after all, if we didn't spend it on Christmas what would we spend it on? Oh, I suppose we could have more stuff, and then we would have to find a place to store it. So, not spending it for Christmas might not be that great anyway. After all, what is money for?

Christmas seems to be losing out in America. It seems that we somehow forget the reason for the season. I have copied a Poem that is really a Carol. Words, are Medieval Latin Carol, 14th Century; translated, by John Mason Neale, in 1853. You have probably sung the Carol in Church around Christmas

time. I hope you enjoy reading the words.

This carol is the simplest explanation of the importance of Christmas that I can recall ever reading, singing, or having heard sang. Enjoy.

GOOD CHRISTIAN MEN REJOICE

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice!

Give ye heed to what we say:
Jesus Christ is born today.

Man and beast before him bow,
And he is in the Manger now:

Christ is born today,
Christ is born today!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice!

Now ye hear of endless bliss:
Jesus Christ was born for this.

He hath opened heaven's door,
And man is blest forevermore.

Christ was born for this,
Christ was born for this!

Good Christian men, rejoice
With heart and soul and voice!

Now ye need not fear the grave:
Jesus Christ was born to save;

Calls you one and calls you all,
To gain his everlasting hall.

Christ was born to save,
Christ was born to save!

That about sums up what Christmas really is. Somethings are true whether we believe them or not. I think this just might be one of those truths whether the most of America believes it or not. ♦

**Blessed are those who
can give without
remembering, and take**

At the end of the year, I was asked to teach junior-high math. The years flew by, and before I knew it Mark was in my classroom again. He was more handsome than ever and just as polite. Since he had to listen carefully to my instruction in the "new math," he did not talk as much in ninth grade as he had in third. One Friday, things just didn't feel right. We had worked hard on a new concept all week and I sensed that the students were frowning, frustrated with themselves - and edgy with one another. I had to stop this crankiness before it got out of hand. So I asked them to list the names of the other students in the room on two sheets of paper, leaving a space between each name. Then I told them to think of the nicest thing they could say about each of their classmates and write it down. It took the remainder of the class period to finish their assignment, and as the students left the room, each one handed me the papers. Charlie smiled. Mark said, "Thank you for teaching me, Sister. Have a good weekend."

That Saturday, I wrote down the name of each student on a separate sheet of paper, and I listed what everyone else had said about that individual. On Monday I gave each student his or her list. Before long, the entire class was smiling. "Really?" I heard whispered. "I never knew that meant anything to anyone!" "I didn't know others liked me so much." No one ever mentioned those papers in class again.

I never knew if they discussed them after class or with their parents, but it didn't matter. The exercise had accomplished its purpose. The students were happy with themselves and one another again.

That group of students moved on. Several years later, after I returned from vacation, my parents met me at the airport. As we were driving home, Mother asked me the usual questions about the trip - the weather, my experiences in general. There was a lull in the conversation. Mother gave Dad a side-ways glance and simply says, "Dad?" My father cleared his throat as he usually did before something important. "The Eklunds called last night," he began. "Really?" I said. "I haven't heard from them in years. I wonder how Mark is." Dad responded quietly. "Mark was killed in Vietnam," He said. "The funeral is tomorrow, and his parents would like it if you could attend." To this day I can still point to the exact spot on I-494 where Dad told me about Mark.

I had never seen a serviceman in a military coffin before. Mark looked so handsome, so mature. All I could think at that moment was, Mark I would

give all the masking tape in the world if only you would talk to me. The church was packed with Mark's friends. Chuck's sister sang "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Why did it have to rain on the day of the funeral? It was difficult enough at the graveside. The pastor said the usual prayers, and the bugler played taps. One by one those who loved Mark took a last walk by the coffin and sprinkled it with holy water. I was the last one to bless the coffin.

As I stood there, one of the soldiers who acted as pallbearer came up to me. "Were you Mark's math teacher?" he asked. I nodded as I continued to stare at the coffin. "Mark talked about you a lot," he said. After the funeral, most of Mark's former classmates headed to Chuck's farmhouse for lunch. Mark's mother and father were there, obviously waiting for me.

"We want to show you something," his father said, taking a wallet out of his pocket. "They found this on Mark when he was killed. We thought you might recognize it." Opening the billfold, he carefully removed two worn pieces of notebook paper that had obviously been taped, folded and refolded many times. I knew without looking that the papers were the ones on which I had listed all the good things each of Mark's classmates had said about him.

"Thank you so much for doing that," Mark's mother said. "As you can see, Mark treasured it."

Mark's classmates started to gather around us. Charlie smiled rather sheepishly and said, "I still have my list. It's in the top drawer of my desk at home."

Chuck's wife said, "Chuck asked me to put his in our wedding album."

"I have mine too," Marilyn said. "It's in my diary."

Then Vicki, another classmate, reached into her pocketbook, took out her wallet and showed her worn and frazzled list to the group. "I carry this with me at all times," Vicki said without batting an eyelash. "I think we all saved our lists."

That's when I finally sat down and cried. I cried for Mark and for all his friends who would never see him again. ♦

The more you know the
less you need to say.
~ Jim Rohn ~

Things We Can Learn from a Dog

1. Never pass up the opportunity to go for a joy ride.
2. Allow the experience of fresh air and the wind in your face to be pure ecstasy.
3. When loved ones come home, always run to greet them.
4. When it's in your best interest, always practice obedience.
5. Let others know when they've invaded your territory.
6. Take naps and always stretch before rising.
7. Run, romp, and play daily.
8. Eat with gusto and enthusiasm.
9. Be loyal.
10. Never pretend to be something you're not.
11. If what you want lies buried, dig until you find it.
12. When someone is having a bad day, be silent, sit close by and nuzzle them gently.
13. Delight in the simple joy of a long walk.
14. Thrive on attention and let people touch you.
15. Avoid biting when a simple growl will do.
16. On hot days, drink lots of water and lie under a shady tree.
17. When you are happy, dance around and wag your entire body.
18. No matter how often you are criticized, don't buy into the guilt thing and pout. Run right back and make friends. ♦

Author Unknown

When God Created Moms

When the good Lord was creating mothers, He was into His sixth day of overtime, when an angel appeared and said, "You're doing a lot of fiddling around on this one."

And the Lord said, "Have you read the spec on this one? She has to be completely washable, but not plastic; have 180 moveable parts, all replaceable; run on black coffee and leftovers; have a lap that disappears when she stands up; a kiss that can cure anything from a broken leg to a disappointed love affair; and six pair of hands."

The angel shook her head slowly and said, "Six pairs of hands...no way."

"It's not the hands that are causing me problems," said the Lord. "It's the three pairs of eyes that mothers have to have."

"That's on the standard model?" asked the angel.

The Lord nodded. "One pair that sees through closed doors when she asks, "What are you kids doing in there?" when she already knows. Another here, in the back of her head that sees what she shouldn't, but what she has to know, and of course the ones here in front that can look at a child when he goofs up and say, "I understand and I love you," without so much as uttering a word."

"Lord," said the angel, touching his sleeve gently, "Rest for now. Tomorrow..."

"I can't," said the Lord. "I'm so close to creating something close to myself. Already I have one who heals herself when she is sick, can feed a family of six on one pound of hamburger and can get a nine year old to stand under a shower."

The angel circled the model of the mother very slowly. "She's too soft," she sighed.

"But tough!" said the Lord excitedly. "You cannot imagine what the mother can do or endure."

"Can she think?"

"Not only think, but she can reason and compromise," said the Creator.

Finally the angel bent over and ran her finger across the cheek. "There's a leak," she pronounced. "I told you, you were trying to put too much into this model."

"It's not a leak," said the Lord. "It's a tear."

"What's it for?"

"It's for joy, sadness, disappointment, pain, loneliness and pride."

"You're a genius," said the angel.

The Lord looked somber, "I didn't put it there." ♦

(Erma Bombeck)

If you once forfeit the confidence of your fellow citizens, you can never regain their respect and esteem. It is true that you may fool all the people some of the time; you can even fool some of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time. ♦ Abraham Lincoln ♦

If you enjoy this sort of entertainment, and want more, send me your buck, and I'll send you the next issue. If you don't,.....don't, my skin isn't too thin, and you won't hurt my feelings. Mail with out delay to:

A. Wayne D. ... 1015 West ...

LINDA RECEIVES SURGICAL TREATMENT ON HER LEFT FOOT

By Jasmine Schnauzer Doudney Dog

Linda is going under the knife in the morning, the 6th of January 1999, and I'd be willing to bet that it isn't going to be much fun for her, or anyone else around here for that matter. I am so glad that she is going to get it done, she has been sort of crippled compared to the rest of this bunch, and its high time she could keep up. All of us including Shelby and Camry are pulling for her. I suppose she will have her right foot done in a couple months.

★ *Next day* ★

Well, she is back, and parked in the recliner. The boss has nicknamed her Hoppy, which doesn't make her feel any better, but she seems to be taking it OK so far. I'll be glad when all this is over and done with. I hate it when one of our bunch isn't feeling up to speed. Hope she is feeling better real soon. ♦

BE YOURSELF OR YOU JUST MIGHT BE BY YOURSELF

by Shelby Schnauzer Doudney Dog

I don't want to come across as a dog that knows more than most, or is wiser, or smarter than anyone, but if a girl knows something worth passing on, and if that something might make the world a better place, then by-George it is her responsibility to say something. I may not be the most loved girl dog in the Doudney household, but I'm liked and respected for what I am. I don't try to be a cute and perky like Jazz and Camry, nor do I try to be a Taco Bell advertisement like Tony the Chihuahua that lives just to the west of our yard.. I'm just an honest gangly big-eared gray dog that likes to have an occasional dig in the yard. For some reason most folks like me just like I am, even if they don't appreciate my occasional dig.

When it comes to the digging, I don't know what drives me, but sometimes I can't help myself. I

Death Sentencing of Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales

Direct quote. Sentencing took place sometime in late winter 1881

"Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, in a few short weeks it will be spring. The snows of winter will flow away, the ice will vanish, the air will become soft and balmy.

"In short, Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, the annual miracle of the years will awaken and come to pass.

"But you won't be there.

"The rivulet will run its soaring course to the sea. The timid desert flowers will put forth their tender shoots. The glorious valleys of this imperial domain will blossom as the rose.

"Still, you will not be here to see.

"From every treetop, some wild woods songster will carol his mating song. Butterflies will sport in the sunshine. The gentle breeze will tease the tassels of the wild grasses, and all nature, Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, will be glad.

"But you will not be here to enjoy it. Because I command the sheriff of the county to lead you away to some remote spot, swing you by the neck from a knotting bough of some sturdy oak, and let you hang until dead.

"And then, Jose Manuel Miguel Xavier Gonzales, I further command that such officer retire quickly from your dangling corpse, that vultures may descend from the heavens upon your filthy body until nothing shall remain but bare, bleached bones of a coldblooded, bloodthirsty, throatcutting, murdering S.O.B." ♦

Judge Roy Bean, only law west of the Pecos 1881.

just dig and dig away, I dig until I get tired or bored which ever comes first. I hate it when I do it, I don't even have a clue what I'm looking for, or digging for. I just can't help myself. That is just me. The boss just raises hell when I do it, and that sends me on a weeklong guilt trip. I love the boss, and I want to please him so much, but I just can't help myself, I must be possessed by some digging demon. It isn't easy being a digger when it is looked down upon like it is here.

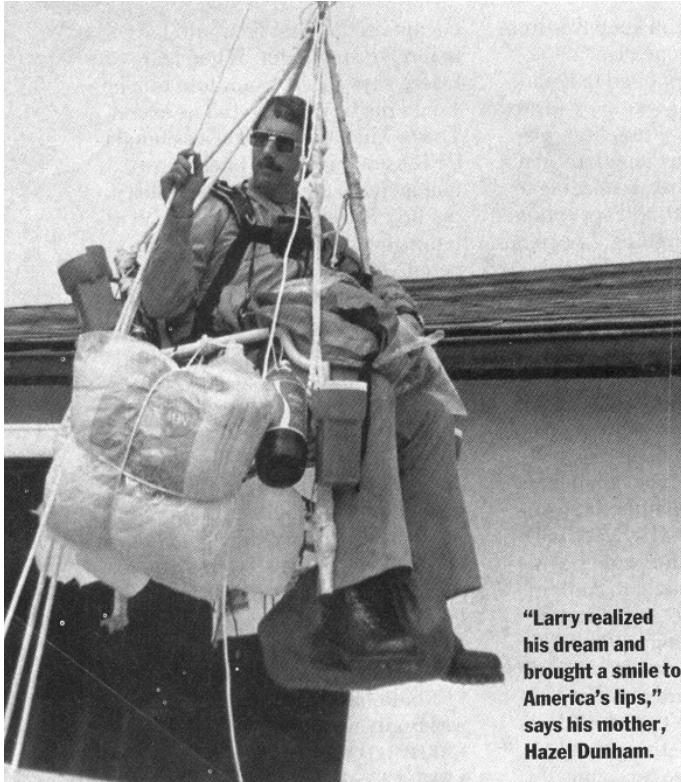
My point is I am what I am and must be true to myself. Be yourself or you just might be by yourself. I heard the boss tell Andy that when he lived here, and I never really understood what he meant until I was watching through a knot hole in the fence and saw this event I am about to tell you about.

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CRASH LANDING

A DAREDEVIL'S DESPAIR ENDS IN SUICIDE

Copied from an Article in People Magazine 12/13/93



"Larry realized his dream and brought a smile to America's lips," says his mother, Hazel Dunham.

LARRY WALTERS FOUND FAME AT 16,000 Feet. On July 2, 1982, the 33 year-old truck driver rigged 42 helium-filled weather balloons to a Sears lawn chair in San Pedro, Calif., and, as friends looked on in wondrous support, lifted off. The sight of Walters floating in the sky shocked pilots, who radioed perplexed local air-traffic controllers. Walters returned to earth by using a pellet gun to shoot out some of the balloons and landed safely about 10 miles away in Long Beach. The 45-minute stunt earned him an appearance on *The Tonight Show* as well as a spot in a Timex watch ad, after which he quit his job to deliver motivational speeches. "People ask me if I had a death wish," he said. "I tell them no, it was something I had to do."

But the attention didn't bring enduring happiness. Walter and his girlfriend of 15 years, who had helped him pay for his adventure, ended their relationship. His speaking career fizzled, and he worked only sporadically as a security guard. He sought solace by reading the Bible and walking in the San Gabriel Mountains, where he worked as a volunteer for the U.S. Forest Service. "It seemed like Larry came to the mountains because he was disappointed with the way

his life was going," says his friend Joyce Rios, a fellow volunteer ranger.

On Oct.6, 1993, unable to deal with the world he had briefly delighted, Walters, 44, hiked to a favorite spot in the Angeles National Forest and ended his life with a single bullet through the heart. His mother, Hazel Dunham, did not disclose his death until Nov. 22. Although Walters did not write a suicide note, he had left a Bible with several passages marked at Dunham's house in Mission Viejo, just before his death. Among them was John 16:32: "Indeed the hour is coming...each to his own, and will leave me alone. And yet I am not alone because the Father is with me." ♦

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Pedro was a Chihuahua that lived next door, and believe me he was one of the most arrogant little dogs I can remember in my whole life, and I am well passed middle aged in dog years, and have seen many an arrogant Chihuahua.

A pit bull moved in next door with Pedro, and I thought that was so strange. I think that the bosses next door must have been a little tired of Pedro and his arrogance, or they would never allowed a Pit Bull in the same yard

Any time there was the least bit of commotion in the neighbor's yard we were charging out the door to investigate. And on this particular occasion Pedro was prancing around the yard like he was a Rottweiler taunting the Pit bull with every step. That was when I knew that Pedro's days were numbered.

At first the Pit was young and dumb, and after a while didn't even chase Pedro around the yard like he did at first. But it was only a matter of time.

One day Pedro was right in the Pit's face just a yelping with that high pitch bark, Camry was barking too, but she was being ignored from the other side of the fence.

The Pit caught Pedro in his vice grip jaw just behind Pedro's head, and in less than 3 seconds Pedro was no more. After a thorough shaking by the pit, Pedro was deposited in the middle of the yard where he stayed for the next hour. All alone and ignored by the Pit ignored by Camry, Jazz, and me. Now Pedro was by himself. He should have been himself, but for some reason he wasn't, and now he was finally by himself.

The moral of this story is as plain as day. Be yourself or you just might be by yourself. I think about poor old Pedro every time I feel the urge to go on a digging expedition. ♦