
NEWSLETTER

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AWD News and Other Things of Interest

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What is a Job?

...YES !! ... THIS REALLY OCCURRED AT A SENATE SESSION

This exchange between Senators John Glenn and Howard Metzenbaum is worth reading. Not only is it a pretty impressive impromptu speech, but it's also a good example of one man's explanation of why men and women in the Uniformed Services do what they do for a living.

Senator Metzenbaum to Senator Glenn: "How can you run for Senate when you've never held a real "job"?"

Senator Glenn: "I served 23 years in the United States Marine Corps. I served through two wars. I flew 149 missions. My plane was hit by anti-aircraft fire on 12 different occasions. I was in the space program. It wasn't my checkbook; it was my life on the line. It was not a 9 to 5 job where I took time off to take the daily cash receipts to the bank. I ask you to go with me... as I went the other day ... to a Veterans Hospital and look at those men with their

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Generation has some questions

By Marcy Musgrave, a junior at Texas A&M University

I am a member of the upcoming generation -- the one after Generation X that has yet to be given a name. So far, it appears that most people are rallying behind the idea of calling us Generation Next. I believe I know why. The older generations are hoping we will mindlessly assume our place as the "next" in line. That way, they won't have to explain why my generation has had to experience so much pain and heartache.

"What heartache?" you say. "Don't you know you have grown up in a time of great prosperity?" Yeah, we know that. Believe me, it has been drilled into our heads since birth. Unfortunately, the pain and hurt I speak of can't be reconciled with money. You have tried for years to buy us happiness, but it is only temporary. Money isn't the answer, and it is a time for people to begin admitting their guilt for failing my generation.

I will admit that I wasn't planning to write this. I was going to tuck it away in some corner of my mind and fall victim to your whole "next" mentality. But after the massacre in Littleton, Colo., I realized that, as a member of this generation that kills without remorse, I had a duty to challenge all of my elders to explain why they have allowed things to become so bad.

Let me tell you this: These questions don't represent only me but a whole generation that is struggling to grow up and make sense of this world. We all have questions; we all want explanations. People may label us Generation "Next," but we are more appropriately Generation "Why?"

"Why did most of you lie when you made the vow of 'til death do us part?"

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mangled bodies in the eye and tell them they didn't hold a job. You go with me to the space program and go as I have gone to the widows and orphans of Ed White and Gus Grissom and Roger Chaffee and you look those kids in the eye and tell them that their dad didn't hold a job.

You go with me on Memorial Day coming up, and you stand in Arlington National Cemetery, where I have more friends than I'd like to remember, and you watch those waving flags, and you stand there, and you think about this nation, you tell me that those people didn't have a job.

I'll tell you, Howard Metzenbaum, you should be on your knees every day of your life thanking God that there were some men -SOME MEN- who held a job. And they required a dedication to purpose and a love of country and a dedication to duty that was more important than life itself. And their self-sacrifice is what made this country possible.

I HAVE HELD A JOB, HOWARD! What about you?" 

Just a Dinner Fork

Author Unknown

There was a woman who had been diagnosed with a terminal illness and had been given three months to live. So as she was getting her things "in order", she contacted her pastor and had him come to her house to discuss certain aspects of her final wishes. She told him which songs she wanted sung at the service, what scriptures she would like read, and what outfit she wanted to be buried in. The woman also requested to be buried with her favorite Bible.

Everything was in order and the pastor was preparing to leave when the woman suddenly remembered something very important to her. "There's one more thing," she said excitedly.

"What's that?" came the pastor's reply.

"This is very important," the woman continued..."I want to be buried with a fork in my right hand." The pastor stood looking at the woman, not knowing quite what to say...

"That surprises you, doesn't it?" the woman asked.

"Well, to be honest, I'm puzzled by the request," said the pastor.

The woman explained. "In all my years of attending church socials and potluck dinners, I always

remember that when the dishes of the main course were being cleared, someone would inevitably lean over and say, "keep your fork." It was my favorite part because I knew that something better was coming...like velvety chocolate cake or deep-dish apple pie. Something wonderful, and with substance! So, I just want people to see me there in that casket with a fork in my hand and I want them to wonder 'What's with the fork?' Then I want you to tell them: "Keep Your Fork...The best is yet to come"

The pastor's eyes welled up with tears of joy as he hugged the woman goodbye. He knew this would be one of the last times he would see her before her death. But he also knew that the woman had a better grasp of heaven than he did. She KNEW that something better was coming.

At the funeral people were walking by the woman's casket and they saw the pretty dress she was wearing and her favorite Bible and the fork Placed in her right hand. Over and over the pastor heard the question "What's with the fork?" And over and over he smiled. During his message, the pastor told the people of the conversation he had with the woman shortly before she died. He also told them about the fork and about what it symbolized to her.

The pastor told the people how he could not stop thinking about the fork and told them that they probably would not be able to stop thinking about it either. He was right. So the next time you reach down for your fork, let it remind you oh so gently, that the best is yet to come...



What's nutria?

A really "Nasty" beast.

The voracious critter is destroying thousands of acres of vital marshland. *by Traci Watson USA TODAY*

BLACKWATER NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE, Md. --- Large sections of marsh are missing from Maryland, Louisiana, Mississippi and other states. The culprit: a furry swimmer that looks like a cross between a beaver and a rat.

The critter is a nutria, a South American rodent imported, to the USA in the first half of the century. Now, the web-footed, long-tailed, orange-tooth creature, little known to much of the public, is detested

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"Why do you fool yourselves into believing that divorce really is better for the kids in the long run?"

"Why do so many of you divorced parents spend more time with your new boyfriend or girlfriend than with your own children?"

"Why did you ever fall victim to the notion that kids are just as well off being raised by a complete stranger at a day care center than by their own mother or father?"

"Why do you look down on parents who decide to quit work and stay home to raise their children?"

"Why does the television do the most talking at family meals?"

"Why is money regarded as more important than relationships?"

"Why is 'quality time' generally no longer than a five- to 10-minute conversation each day?"

"Why do you try to make up for the lack of time you spend with us by giving us more and more material objects that we really don't need?"

"Why does your work (in the form of a cell phone, laptop computer, etc.) always come with us on vacations?"

"Why have you neglected to teach us values and morals?"

"Why haven't you lived moral lives that we could model our own after?"

"Why isn't religion one of the most important words in our household?"

"Why do you play God when it comes to abortion?"

"Why don't you have enough faith in us to teach us abstinence rather than safe sex?"

"Why do you allow us to watch violent movies but expect us to maintain some type of childlike innocence?"

"Why do you allow us to spend unlimited amounts of time on the Internet but still are shocked about our knowledge of how to build bombs?"

"Why are you so afraid to tell us 'no' sometimes?"

"Why is it so hard for you to realize that schools shootings, and other violent juvenile behavior, result from lack of your attention more than anything else?"

Calling us Generation Next if you want to, but I think you will be surprised at how we will fail to fit into your neat little category. These questions should,

and will, be asked of the generations that have failed us.

You have pursued your selfish desires for years, but now is the time to reap what you have sown. Some rude awakenings like the Littleton massacre have occurred and probably will continue until you can begin to answer our questions and make the drastic changes to put us, your kids, first.

Time is running out, for in just a few short years we will be grown, and it will be too late. You might not think we are worth it, but I can guarantee you that Littleton will look like a drop in the bucket compared to what might occur when a neglected Generation "Why" comes to power.



The Trials of Getting Older

From somewhere on the internet author unk.

Three ladies were discussing the trials of getting older. One said,

"Sometimes I catch myself with a jar of mayonnaise in my hand in front of the refrigerator and can't remember whether I need to put it away, or start making a sandwich."

The second lady chimed in, "Yes, sometimes I find myself on the landing of the stairs and I can't remember whether I was on my way up or on my way down."

The third responded, "Well, I'm glad I don't have that problem; knock on wood." She raps her knuckles on the table, then tells them, "That must be the door, I'll get it."



Let's see--What's gone wrong?

From the internet author unknown.

Let's see...

I think it started when Madeline Murray O'Hair complained that she didn't want any prayer in our schools, and we said "O.K."

Then someone said, "You had better not read the Bible in school. The Bible that says thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, and love your neighbor as yourself." And we said, "O.K."

Remember Dr. Benjamin Spock, who said we shouldn't spank our children when they misbehave, because their little personalities would be warped and we might damage their self-esteem? And we said, "O.K."

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GRIZZLY BEAR NOTICE

In light of the rising frequency of human - grizzly bear conflicts, the Alaska Department of Fish and Game is advising hikers, hunters and fishermen to take extra precautions and keep alert of bears while in the field.

"We advise that outdoorsmen wear noisy little bells on their clothing so as not to startle bears that aren't expecting them. We also advise outdoorsmen to carry pepper spray with them in case of an encounter with a bear.

"It is also a good idea to watch out for fresh signs of bear activity. Outdoorsmen should recognize the difference between black bear and grizzly bear droppings. Black bear droppings are smaller and contain lots of berries and squirrel fur. Grizzly bear droppings have little bells in it and smell like pepper."

Winners/Losers

The difference between winners and losers is largely based on one simple turn of events, winners are willing to work to notice changes, and to react. Losers want it all with out effort; they fall for the pitch of a perfect system and an unchanging guru or indicator they are willing to follow blindly. Losers don't listen to others or to the market; they are unyielding in their minds and trades.

Copied from LONG-TERM SECRETS to SHORT-TERM TRADING by Larry Williams

To laugh often and much; to win the respect of intelligent people and the affection of children; to earn the appreciation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty, to find best in others; to leave the world a bit better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived. This is to have succeeded.

~ Ralph Waldo Emerson ~

Sounds reasonable, huh?

For immediate release...White House-- President Clinton announced today an all out bombing offensive against England will begin in two weeks, unless a peace accord is ratified by England and its break-away province of Northern Ireland.

"Using the fine logic we crafted in the Kosovo intervention, we have decided to add, incrementally, to the list of peace initiatives around the world," he said in a prepared statement.

A background briefing indicated that on a weekly schedule, the Clinton administration would intervene in the following areas:

Week one -- Bombing of England to free Northern Ireland

Week two -- Bombing of Ankara, Baghdad and Teheran to free the Kurds.

Week three -- Bombing of several random African countries to stop the Hutus from killing Tutsis.

Week four -- Bombing of both Istanbul and Athens to solve the Cyprus problem

Week five -- Bombing of Madrid to free the Basque Country.

Week six --Bombing of Ottawa to free the Quibicois..

Week seven --Bombing of Jakarta to free the Timor Islands.

Week eight --Bombing of Colombo to free the Tamil peoples of Sri Lanka

Week nine -- Bombing of Paris to free Corsica

Week ten --Bombing of Washington, D.C. to free the Confederation of Southern States, held captive for 139 years.

"This schedule will do until we can come up with others," said Madeline Albright, Secretary of State. She did not respond when asked when the bombing of Beijing in order to free Tibet would occur.

I am always going to be true to myself.

~ Princess of Wales Diana ~

When I stay flexible, I do not get bent out of shape.

~ Larry Williams ~

by biologists. Here's why:

✦ Over the past few years, the rodent has destroyed thousands of acres of wetland around the Chesapeake Bay.

✦ In Louisiana, nutria have eaten through "more than 20,000 acres in three years," says Jimmy Johnston of the National Wetlands Research Center. "It's like an epidemic."

✦ In a recent survey organized by Robert Colona, a biologist for the state of Maryland, 32% of the responding national wildlife refuges from across the country reported Nutria populations.

"They used to talk about a plague of locusts," says Bob Stewart, director of the wetland research center. "We've been visited by a plague of nutria."

A voracious appetite for the bases and roots of marsh grasses is the heart of the problem. The shearing of the plants loosens the fragile marsh soils, making them subject to erosion. The rodent's powerful claws do further damage as it digs.

Plants that aren't eaten become more vulnerable to saltwater poisoning, worsening the cycle of destruction. Other things destroy marshes, from Canada geese to global warming, but "nutria are the catalyst," Colona says. "When you combine them with other things, it's like throwing a match into gasoline."

Methods aimed at getting rid of nutria just haven't worked. They are impervious to most diseases, can't be penned and have few predators. Alligators eat them, but "an alligator can only eat so many, and then you've got a full alligator," Stewart says.

In the reproduction department, nutria holds their own. They can reproduce at 6 months of age, and the females can get pregnant again 48 hours after giving birth. A female nutria may bear up to three litters of four pups each year.

Nutria, once known as fur coats, were introduced to Louisiana by E.R. McIlhenny, inventor of Tabasco sauce, who brought a bunch of nutria to his private zoo on Avery Island. They escaped, and soon there were hundreds. Then thousands.

Now, Louisiana has uncounted millions of nutria, with as many as 18 per acre in freshwater marshes.

"We have here 3 1/2 million acres of coastal wetland and 1 1/2 million acres of forested wetland, and nutria occupy all of those," says Noel Kinler, the state's nutria coordinator.

The state's marshes have been suffering more lately, as fewer and fewer of the rodents are trapped for

fur. And perhaps the strangest campaign to rid the state of the pest, and effort to get folks to eat them, failed. The campaign --- including recipes developed by Cajun chef Paul Prudhomme, of blackened redfish fame --- hasn't captured the imaginations of gastronomes. "They're not (rats)," Stewart says, "but because they have scaly tails, people say, "I'm not going to eat a rat.""

The creatures didn't migrate to Maryland: they were invited there. The federal government acted as the importer, hoping that nutria fur farms would boost the local economy. Instead, now Maryland, too, is trying to figure out how to eradicate its nutria, but state and federal lawmakers have yet to grant the several million dollars it would take to get any program off the ground.

So the nutria proliferate, "like furred cockroaches," says Colona, who refers to them as "nasty creatures" and compares the damage they do to cancer.

Out in the marshes bordering the Chesapeake Bay, Colona shows off his "exclosures," 30-by-30-foot pens that keep nutria out. The marsh grasses inside the pens are thick and tall, the marsh solid. Outside the pens, the grasses are found only in a few clumps, and the marsh is turning into mudflats and open water.

Marshes filter the water that flows into the bay. Marshes also shelter beds of sea grass that are at the base of the bay's food chain. The loss of marsh is bad for wading birds, ducks, bald eagles and muskrats. And the young of all fish and shellfish that live in the bay are born and feed in the marshes. "Our marshes over here affect how much you pay for a crab cake in Washington, D.C.," Colona says. "In 10 years we're not going to have any marsh down here if we don't do something."

This article caught my attention because I had a nutria problem my self. There was one or more taking over my largest pond, digging holes in the dam, and making a general mess. We were under the impression that it was a beaver, but I am now convinced that it was nutria. With the help of my Uncle Pete Ritchey I think we persuaded them to leave.

We staked out the pond one night, armed with a 12 Gage shotgun full of 00 Buckshot, and a very bright spotlight. When the nutria came out for a swim, Uncle Pete turned the light on the nutria, and I opened up with the 00 Buckshot. I don't know if I hit the target or not, but I haven't seen any nutria for a while.

"Fear knocked at the door. Faith answered and no one was there."

~ Rick James ~

A week before the battle of Bull Run, Sullivan Ballou, a Major in the Second Rhode Island Volunteers, wrote home to his wife in Smithfield.

July 14, 1861

Washington, D. C.

Dear Sarah,

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days, perhaps tomorrow. Unless I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write a few lines that may fall on to your eye when I am no more.

I have no misgivings about or lack of confidence in the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter. I know how American civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government. And how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the revolution. And I am willing, perfectly willing, to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.

Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me with mighty cables that nothing but omnipotence can break. And yet my love of country comes over me like a strong wind, and binds me irresistibly with all those chains, to the battlefield.

The memory of all the blissful moments I have enjoyed with you comes crowding over me, and I feel most deeply grateful to God, and you that I have enjoyed them for so long. And how hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when God willing we might still have lived and loved together, and see our boys grown up to honorable manhood around us.

If I do not return, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I loved you. Nor that as my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name. Forgive my many faults and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless how foolish I have sometimes been.

But oh Sarah, if the dead can come back to this earth, and flit unseen around those they love, I shall always be with you in the brightest day and the darkest night, --- always, --- always. And when the soft breeze fans your cheek, it shall be my breath, or the cool air your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead. Think I am gone, and wait for me. For we shall meet again.

Sullivan Ballou was killed a week later at the first battle of Bull Run.

This was taken from the Original soundtrack recording "THE CIVIL WAR" by Ken Burns

Then someone said that teachers and principals better not discipline our children when they misbehave. And our administrators said, "Whoa, no one in this school better touch a student when they misbehave because we don't want any bad publicity, and we surely don't want to be sued." And we said, "O.K."

Then someone said, "Let's let our daughters have abortions if they want, and we won't even have to tell their parents." And we said, "O.K."

Then someone else said, "Let's give our sons and daughters all the condoms they want, so they can have all the "fun" they desire, and we won't have to tell their parents." And we said, "O.K."

And then some of our top officials said that it doesn't matter what we do in private as long as we do our jobs. And we said, "As long as I have a job and the economy is good, it doesn't matter to me what anyone does in private, it's nobody's business." In short, it's O.K.

So now we're asking ourselves why some of our children have no conscience, why they don't know right from wrong, and why it doesn't bother them to kill?

Probably, if we think about it long and hard enough, we can figure it out. I think it has a great deal to do with "we reap what we sow."

Whoa! What a concept!

BOOK REPORT

By the editor & chief.

Want to read a delightful little book and feel good about your life? Read "**tuesdays with Morrie**" By Mitch Albom.

This is one of the most delightful books concerning life and death that I have ever read. One of the main characters is an older man spending his last Tuesdays with a student (the other main character) who has been too busy to remember his old Professor, mentor, and friend for more than 20 years.

They become reacquainted and the professor is again the teacher, mentor, and their friendship is rekindled into a very warm and moving story.

This book is a very easy read, but you might need some tissue handy, because it will cause your eyes to moisten more than a couple times. This is a book worth spending the time to find it, the money to buy it, and still more time to read it.



A BEGINNING, NOT AN ENDING.

The prophet Isaiah wrote, "And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll" (Isaiah 34:4, KJV), and later "the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment" (Isaiah 51:6, KJV). These are some of the most interesting verses in all of Scripture, revealing what modern-day physicist have confirmed---that everything in the universe is running down, decaying and burning out. Engineers call this decaying process "entropy," which Sir Isaac Newton expressed in his second law of thermodynamics. Recent discoveries suggest that even the atoms themselves have a "life-cycle," eventually disintegrating into tiny bursts of energy. King David applied this temporary characteristic of nature to humankind when he wrote, "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him" (Psalm 103:15-17, KJV).

Alas, the rapid journey through life is experienced by us all, and before we know it, the time comes to lay down our responsibilities and pass them on to subsequent generations. Is this a depressing scene? No, because of the promise of a better life to come for those who are in Christ Jesus. It is the reason for the hope that lies within.

From *FAMILY NEWS FROM FOCUS ON THE FAMILY* DR. JAMES DOBSON May 1999



The Schnauzer girls have been too busy to make any contribution this time, however they have promised to help out next time, they did asked me to let you know that things are moving smoothly around here.

THE OUTLOOK IS NOT GOOD, BUT THERE IS STILL HOPE HERE ON PLANET EARTH

By the Editor.

Can you imagine how those two young boys must have felt the instant they arrive at their eternal destination after their murdering spree at their home town high school in Littleton, and then the total self destruction of themselves?

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I wonder if they were given a glimpse of the new eternal home of the little Christian classmate Cassie Bernal who they had just murdered? She was now living in a place where there is the constant warmth of love everywhere, where joy is a never-ending feeling, a place where there is no such thing as pain, torment, or temptation.

Instead they are bound in a place of no escape where the word love does not exist, where hatred and torment are everywhere, a place of constant dying for everyone there, yet the finality of death never comes to anyone.

Those two boys must now realize that they have made the greatest miss-calculation and bad judgement call of all times. They now have major regrets for not listening to those who had warned them of hell, but now it was much too late for that. All that is left is the suffering, much too late for regrets, yet the regrets are part of the torment. Regrets that have piled so high in their minds and memories, regrets for their arrogance toward all authority, their pride that drove them to that horrifying foolishness, the murders, the bombs, the death of their classmates, all bad judgements. A major mistake to think that life would simply be over at their own arrogant little hands, and that they would leave behind some sort of saga or legend.

The resentments they now have toward their own parents for not forcing them to learn the simple disciplines of virtue that are a prerequisite of staying away from this terrible place. Wouldn't good parents have pressed harder and longer with much more urgency in teaching virtue to their own children, somehow pointing them in the right direction to prevent them from coming to this horrible, horrible place?

How can one talk about the virtues of Jesus and all that He has done for us, without first having a basic understanding of good and evil?

Isn't it evident by the very deeds done by these two young boys, that somewhere, somehow we are missing something? Shouldn't we be educating ourselves, and each other, and most of all our children, about the importance of simple virtues? Simple things like respect for people and property, self-respect, tolerance, patience, kindness, perseverance, honesty, friendship, honor, and dependability? Basic things like the golden rule of doing unto others as we would like them to do unto us? The law of reaping what we plant twenty to fifty times more than the seed planted? The difference of planting a seed of contentment, or one of discontentment, and the reaping of this planting?

Children should have a basic understanding of these principals before leaving home for preschool. He or she should have learned them in their mother's lap, or at her knee, or on an outing with their dad, or during a bed time story before nightly prayers, hugs and kisses.

Although the image I have of the future here in this world is very dark and dismal, my hopes and wishes are that there will be an awakening. A realization by everyone that there is a God, a Creator that made each of us, One that knows everything about us and still---- loves us, more than we have the ability to comprehend.



NICE LITTLE QUOTES

From the internet author unknown.

Many people will walk in and out of your life, but only true friends will leave footprints in your heart

To handle yourself, use your head,
To handle others, use your heart.

Anger is only one letter short of danger.

If someone betrays you once, it's his fault.
If he betrays you twice, it's your fault.

Great minds discuss ideas;
Average minds discuss events;
Small minds discuss people.

God gives every bird it's food, but He does not throw it into it's nest.

He who loses money, loses much;
He who loses a friend, loses more;
He who loses faith, loses all.

Beautiful young people are acts of nature,
but beautiful old people are works of art.

Learn from the mistakes of others.
You can't live long enough to make them all yourself.

Friends, you and me..you brought another friend...and then there were 3....we started our group.....Our circle of friends.....and like that circle.....there is no beginning.....there is no end.