
NEWSLETTER

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AWD News and Other Things of Interest

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HANOI JANE

Looks like Hanoi Jane may be honored as one of the "100 Women of the Century". JANE FONDA remembered? Unfortunately many have forgotten and still countless others have never known how Ms. Fonda betrayed not only the idea of our "country" but the men who served and sacrificed during Vietnam.

There are few things I have strong visceral reactions to, but Jane Fonda's participation in what I believe to be blatant treason, is one of them. Part of my conviction comes from exposure to those who suffered her attentions. The first part of this is from an F-4E pilot. The pilot's name is Jerry Driscoll, a River Rat. In 1978, the Commandant of the USAF Survival School was a former POW in Ho Lo Prison-the "Hanoi Hilton".

Dragged from a stinking cesspit of a cell, cleaned, fed, and dressed in clean PJs, he was ordered to describe for a visiting American "Peace Activist" the "lenient and humane treatment" he'd received. He spat at Ms. Fonda, was clubbed, and dragged away. During

Continued

"I show up. I listen. I try to laugh."

Anna Quindlen's Villanova Commencement Address

It's a great honor for me to be the third member of my family to receive an honorary doctorate from this great university. It's an honor to follow my great-Uncle Jim, who was a gifted physician, and my Uncle Jack, who is a remarkable businessman. Both of them could have told you something important about their professions, about medicine or commerce. I have no specialized field of interest or expertise, which puts me at a disadvantage, talking to you today. I'm a novelist. My work is human nature. Real life is all I know.

Don't ever confuse the two, your life and your work. The second is only part of the first. Don't ever forget what a friend once wrote Senator Paul Tsongas when the senator decided not to run for reelection

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TO BE OR NOT TO BE, SATISFIED?

There was once a stone cutter who was dissatisfied with himself and with his position in life. One day he passed a wealthy merchant's house. Through the open gateway, he saw many fine possessions and important visitors. "How powerful that merchant must be!" thought the stone cutter. He became very envious and wished that he could be like the merchant.

To his great surprise, he suddenly became the merchant, enjoying more luxuries and power than he had ever imagined, but envied and detested by those less wealthy than himself. Soon a high official passed by, carried in a sedan chair, accompanied by attendants and escorted by soldiers beating gongs. Everyone, no matter how wealthy, had to bow low before the procession. "How powerful that official is!" he thought. "I wish that I could be a high official!"

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the subsequent beating, he fell forward upon the camp Commandant's feet, accidentally pulling the man's shoe off which sent that officer berserk.

In '78, the AF Col. still suffered from double vision (which permanently ended his flying days) from the Vietnamese Col.'s frenzied application of a wooden baton.

From 1983-85, Col. Larry Carrigan was the 347FW/DO (F-4Es). He spent 6 years in the "Hilton"-the first three of which he was "missing in action". His wife lived on faith that he was still alive. His group, too, got the cleaned/fed/clothed routine in preparation for a "peace delegation" visit. They, however, had time and devised a plan to get word to the world that they still survived. Each man secreted a tiny piece of paper, with his SSN on it, in the palm of his hand. When paraded before Ms. Fonda and a cameraman, she walked the line, shaking each man's hand and asking little encouraging snippets like: "Aren't you sorry you bombed babies?" and "Are you grateful for the humane treatment from your benevolent captors?" Believing this HAD to be an act, they each palmed her their sliver of paper. She took them all without missing a beat. At the end of the line and once the camera stopped rolling, to the shocked disbelief of the POWs, she turned to the officer in charge...and handed him the little pile.

Three men died from the subsequent beatings. Col. Carrigan was almost number four. For years after their release, a group of determined former POWs including Col. Carrigan, tried to bring Ms. Fonda and others up on charges of treason. I don't know that they used it, but the charge of "Negligent Homicide due to Depraved Indifference" would also seem appropriate. Her obvious "granting of aid and comfort to the enemy", alone, should've been sufficient for the treason count. However, to date, Jane Fonda has never been formally charged with anything and continues to enjoy the privileged life of the rich and famous. I, personally, think that this is shame on us, the American Citizenry. Part of our shortfall is ignorance: most don't know such actions ever took place. Thought you might appreciate the knowledge. Most of you've probably already seen this by now... only addition I might add to these sentiments is to remember the satisfaction of relieving myself into the urinal at some airbase or another where "zaps" of Hanoi Jane's face had been applied.

To whom it may concern:

I was a civilian economic development advisor

in Viet Nam, and was captured by the North Vietnamese communists in South Viet Nam in 1968, and held for over 5 years. I spent 27 months in solitary confinement, one year in a cage in Cambodia, and one year in a "black box" in Hanoi. My North Vietnamese captors deliberately poisoned and murdered a female missionary, a nurse in a leprosarium in Ban me Thuot, South Vietnam, whom I buried in the jungle near the Cambodian border. At one time, I was weighing approximately 90 lbs. (My normal weight is 170 lbs.) We were Jane Fonda's "war criminals." When Jane Fonda was in Hanoi, I was asked by the camp communist political officer if I would be willing to meet with Jane Fonda. I said yes, for I would like to tell her about the real treatment we POWs were receiving, which was far different from the treatment purported by the North Vietnamese, and parroted by Jane Fonda, as "humane and lenient." Because of this, I spent three days on a rocky floor on my knees with outstretched arms with a piece of steel placed on my hands, and beaten with a bamboo cane every time my arms dipped.

I had the opportunity to meet with Jane Fonda for a couple of hours after I was released. I asked her if she would be willing to debate me on TV. She did not answer me, her former husband, Tom Hayden, answered for her. She was mind controlled by her husband. This does not exemplify someone who should be honored as "100 Years of Great Women."

After I was released, I was asked what I thought of Jane Fonda and the anti-war movement. I said that I held Joan Baez's husband in very high regard, for he thought the war was wrong, burned his draft card and went to prison in protest. If the other anti-war protesters took this same route, it would have brought our judicial system to a halt and ended the war much earlier, and there wouldn't be as many on that somber black granite wall called the Vietnam Memorial. This is democracy. This is the American way. Jane Fonda, on the other hand, chose to be a traitor, and went to Hanoi, wore their uniform, propagandized for the communists, and urged American soldiers to desert. As we were being tortured, and some of the POWs murdered, she called us liars. After her heroes-the North Vietnamese communists-took over South Vietnam, they systematically murdered 80,000 South

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Vietnamese political prisoners. May their souls rest on her head forever. Shame! Shame! (History is a heavy sword in the hands of those who refuse to forget it. Think of this the next time you see Ms. Fonda-Turner at a Braves game).

Author is unknown, but one would think that the author was a POW with first hand information. This piece was found on the Internet.

After reading this it gives new meaning and understanding to why someone would go to the trouble to have rubber Urinal Targets made with the words HANOI JANE and her image on them.

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### *Satisfied continued from Page 1*

Then he became the high official, carried everywhere in his embroidered sedan chair, feared and hated by the people all around. It was a hot summer day, so the official felt very uncomfortable in the sticky sedan chair. He looked up at the sun. It shone proudly in the sky, unaffected by his presence. "How powerful the sun is!" he thought. "I wish that I could be the sun!"

Then he became the sun, shining fiercely down on everyone, scorching the fields, cursed by the farmers and laborers. But a huge black cloud moved between him and the earth, so that his light could no longer shine on everything below. "How powerful that storm cloud is!" he thought. "I wish that I could be a cloud!"

Then he became the cloud, flooding the fields and villages, shouted at by everyone. But soon he found that he was being pushed away by some great force, and realized that it was the wind. "How powerful it is!" he thought. "I wish that I could be the wind!"

Then he became the wind, blowing tiles off the roofs of houses, uprooting trees, feared and hated by all below him. But after a while, he ran up against something that would not move, no matter how forcefully he blew against it - a huge, towering rock. "How powerful that rock is!" he thought. "I wish that I could be a rock!"

Then he became the rock, more powerful than anything else on earth. But as he stood there, he heard the sound of a hammer pounding a chisel into the hard surface, and felt himself being changed. "What could be more powerful than I, the rock?" he thought.

He looked down and saw far below him the figure of a stone cutter.

*Author is Unknown. This sent to me by my old boss and friend for 20 plus years Gaylon W. Stamps. ➡➡*

### *I SHOW UP. continued from page 1*

because he'd been diagnosed with cancer: "No man ever said on his deathbed I wish I had spent more time in the office." Don't ever forget the words my father sent me on a postcard last year: "If you win the rat race, you're still a rat." Or what John Lennon wrote before he was gunned down in the driveway of the Dakota: "Life is what happens while you are busy making other plans."

You walk out of here this afternoon with only one thing that no one else has. There will be hundreds of people out there with your same degree; there will be thousands of people doing what you want to do for a living. But you will be the only person alive who has sole custody of your life. Your particular life. Your entire life. Not just your life at a desk, or your life on a bus, or in a car, or at the computer. Not just the life of your mind, but the life of your heart. Not just your bank account, but your soul.

People don't talk about the soul very much anymore. It's so much easier to write a resume than to craft a spirit. But a resume is a cold comfort on a winter night, or when you're sad, or broke, or lonely, or when you've gotten back the test results and they're not so good.

Here is my resume. I am a good mother to three children. I have tried never to let my profession stand in the way of being a good parent. I no longer consider myself the center of the universe. I show up. I listen. I try to laugh.

I am a good friend to my husband. I have tried to make marriage vows mean what they say. I show up. I listen. I try to laugh. I am a good friend to my friends, and they to me. Without them, there would be nothing to say to you today, because I would be a cardboard cutout. But I call them on the phone, and I meet them for lunch. I show up. I listen. I try to laugh.

I would be rotten, or at best mediocre at my job, if those other things were not true. You cannot be really first rate at your work if your work is all you are.

So here's what I wanted to tell you today: Get a life, a real life, not a manic pursuit of the next promotion, the bigger paycheck, the larger house. Do you think you'd care so very much about those things if you blew an aneurysm one afternoon, or found a lump in your breast?

Get a life in which you notice the smell of salt water pushing itself on a breeze over Seaside Heights,

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*I SHOW UP. Continued from page 3.*

a life in which you stop and watch how a red-tailed hawk circles over the water gap or the way a baby scowls with concentration when she tries to pick up a Cheerio with her thumb and first finger.

Get a life in which you are not alone. Find people you love, and who love you. And remember that love is not leisure; it is work. Each time you look at your diploma, remember that you are still a student, still learning how to best treasure your connection to others.

Pick up the phone. Send an e-mail. Write a letter. Kiss your Mom. Hug your Dad.

Get a life in which you are generous. Look around at the azaleas in the suburban neighborhood where you grew up; look at a full moon hanging silver in a black, black sky on a cold night. And realize that life is the best thing ever, and that you have no business taking it for granted.

Care so deeply about its goodness that you want to spread it around. Take money you would have spent on beers and give it to charity. Work in a soup kitchen. Be a big brother or sister. All of you want to do well. But if you do not do good, too, then doing well will never be enough.

It is so easy to waste our lives: our days, our hours, our minutes. It is so easy to take for granted the color of the azaleas, the sheen of the limestone on Fifth Avenue, the color of our kids' eyes, the way the melody in a symphony rises and falls and disappears and rises again. It is so easy to exist instead of live.

I learned to live many years ago. Something really, really bad happened to me, something that changed my life in ways that, if I had my druthers, it would never have been changed at all. And what I learned from it is what, today, seems to be the hardest lesson of all.

I learned to love the journey, not the destination. I learned that it is not a dress rehearsal, and that today is the only guarantee you get.

I learned to look at all the good in the world and to try to give some of it back because I believed in it completely and utterly. And I tried to do that, in part, by telling others what I had learned. By telling them this: Consider the lilies of the field. Look at the fuzz on a baby's ear. Read in the backyard with the sun on your face. Learn to be happy. And think of life as a terminal illness because if you do you will live it with joy and passion as it ought to be lived.

*Continued on page 5 column 1.*

## A COWBOY'S GUIDE TO LIFE:

Don't squat with your spurs on.

Good judgment comes from experience, and a lot of that comes from bad judgement.

Lettin' the cat outta the bag is a whole lot easier 'n puttin' it back in.

If you're ridin' ahead of the herd, take a look back every now and then to make sure it's still there.

If you get to thinkin' you're a person of some influence, try orderin' somebody else's dog around.

After eating an entire bull, a mountain lion felt so good he started roaring. He kept it up until a hunter came along and shot him. The moral: When your full of bull, keep your mouth shut.

Never kick a cow chip on a hot day.

There's two theories to arguin' with a woman. Neither one works.

If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop digging.

Never slap a man who's chewin' tobacco.

It don't take a genius to spot a goat in a flock of sheep.

Always drink upstream from the herd.

When you give a lesson in meanness to a critter or a person, don't be surprised if they learn their lesson.

When you're throwin' your weight around, be ready to have it thrown around by somebody else.

The quickest way to double your money is to fold it over and put it back in your pocket.

Never miss a good chance to shut up.

There are three kinds of men: The one that learns by reading. The few who learn by observation. The rest of them have to pee on the electric fence for themselves.

*This was taken from the internet.*

*Author Unknown.*



**Lord,  
Fill my mouth with worthwhile  
stuff and nudge me when I've  
said enough. Source long forgotten.**

*This was sent to me by Mrs. Frances Clouch of Amarillo, TX*



Well, you can learn all those things, out there, if you get a real life, a full life, a professional life, yes, but another life, too, a life of love and laughs and a connection to other human beings.

Just keep you eyes and ears open. Here you could learn in the classroom. There the classroom is everywhere. The exam comes at the very end.

No man ever said on his deathbed I wish I had spent more time at the office.

I found one of my best teachers on the boardwalk at Coney Island maybe 15 years ago. It was December, and I was doing a story about how the homeless survive in the winter months. He and I sat on the edge of the wooden supports, dangling our feet over the side, and he told me about his schedule, panhandling the boulevard when the summer crowds were gone, sleeping in a church when the temperature went below freezing, hiding from the police amidst the Tilt-a-Whirl and the Cyclone and some of the other seasonal rides.

But he told me that most of the time he stayed on the boardwalk, facing the water, just the way we were sitting now, even when it got cold and he had to wear his newspapers after he read them.

And I asked him why. Why didn't he go to one of the shelters? Why didn't he check himself into the hospital for detox? And he just stared out at the ocean and said, "Look at the view, young lady. Look at the view." And every day, in some little way, I try to do what he said.

I try to look at the view. And that's the last thing I have to tell you today, words of wisdom from a man with not a dime in his pocket, no place to go, nowhere to be.

Look at the view. You'll never be disappointed.

*I got this one via e-mail that someone sent.*

✱

**Flatter me, and I may not believe you.  
Criticize me, and I may not like you.  
Ignore me, and I may not forgive you.  
Encourage me, and I will not forget  
you.** -William Arthur Ward, American newspaper editor, writer

*A lot of what is placed in this letter is something that I have heard on a tape, or from a friend's memory, and may contain errors. If you know of any errors or the names of unknown authors or unknown titles, please send those to me. I would be most grateful. Thanks in advance for your help! AWD*

## Ice Cream Is Good For The Soul

*By Unknown Author (found in cyberspace)*

Last week I took my children to a restaurant. My six-year-old son asked if he could say grace. As we bowed our heads he said, "God is good. God is great. Thank You for the food, and I would even thank you more if Mom gets us ice cream for dessert. And Liberty and justice for all. Amen!"

Along with the laughter from the other customers nearby, I heard a woman remark, "That's what's wrong with this country. Kids today don't even know how to pray. Asking God for ice-cream. Why, I never!"

Hearing this, my son burst into tears and asked me, "Did I do it wrong? Is God mad at me?"

As I held him and assured him that he had done a terrific job and God was certainly not mad at him, an elderly gentleman approached the table.

He winked at my son and said, "I happen to know that God thought that was a great prayer."

"Really?" my son asked.

"Cross my heart." Then in a theatrical whisper he added, indicating the woman whose remark had started this whole thing, "Too bad she never asks God for ice cream. A little ice cream is good for the soul sometimes."

Naturally, I bought my kids ice cream at the end of the meal. My son stared at his for a moment and then did something I will remember the rest of my life. He picked up his sundae and without a word walked over and placed it in front of the woman. With a big smile he told her, "Here, this is for you. Ice cream is good for the soul sometimes, and my soul is good already."



**I'd rather see a sermon,  
Than hear one any day.  
I'd rather you walk with me,  
Than merely point the way.  
The eye is a more ready pupil  
Than ever was the ear.  
Good advice is often confusing,  
But example is always clear.**

*Title and Author are both unknowns.*

**God is subtle, but He is not malicious.**  
-Albert Einstein.

## Accumulation of the Right Stuff

By AWD Edited by JCJ.

I could write pages and pages talking about the tons of stuff that I have accumulated and all my reasons for accumulating this stuff. But my account would be no great revelation to most of us because we Americans are usually burdened with too much stuff shortly after the day we arrive on earth.

I personally have an enormous amount of stuff that I have never used or that I will never use again, stuff that I constantly have to move out of my way to avoid tripping over. For example, there are more garments in my closet than I can possibly wear out in two lifetimes, even after I have hauled off several truckloads. In addition, I have two, not one, but two storage units that are completely loaded with stuff that will never be used again, and these units are costing me hundreds of dollars per year. Not all of this stuff is mine, but a good portion of it is, and I just can't force myself to part with it. In my garage I also have coffee cans of bolts, nuts, washers and other junk that will never be used for anything, but evidently I treasure this stuff, or I would toss the junk in the trash bin. My attic is even full of stuff that will never get used again. Of course, some of my stuff has real monetary value. I have coins, stamps, books, tools, computers, software, hardware, tape recorders, scanners, printers, old hats, flashlights that work, CD's, phonograph records, photographs, cameras, hand guns, shotguns, rifles, televisions, cars and trucks. I even have a collection of goats, and three schnauzers. As you can see, I have stuff, lots of stuff. In fact, I haven't even scratched the surface; there are thousands of items that I could mention. The question remains, what in the world is all this stuff good for?

Not only have I spent my time accumulating piles and piles of junk, some with value and some not, I have to spend a good portion of my spare time taking care of that stuff, moving it out of the way, or storing it. Additionally, I have to spend time trying to accumulate and amass money to buy more stuff, and seldom does my stuff or my wealth do anyone any good. Once I accumulate a little bit of money, there is the problem of keeping it so I can spend it on more stuff since there are all kinds of things out there to take my money once I have corralled a little. There are taxes, inflation, and people trying to get me to give them some money, sometimes for good

causes and sometimes just for a beer or cigarettes. The act of getting and protecting my assets requires most of my time.

I'm sure I'll be out there until the day I die striving, finagling, plotting and planning my next move on how to land that fortune that I think I deserve and that I think somehow God Himself will allow me to have. I have recently started trading commodities, and it is the same old motivation driving me that drives everyone. I hate to use such a sinful sounding word, but I can't think of another one that describes this particular motivation so well. The word is greed. Greed, it has an arrogant ring to it, doesn't it?

Still, even if the driving emotion is greed, I see no real sin in the act of accumulating wealth as long as it involves no deception, thievery or harm to anyone. After all God did give us a brain, and there is the parable of the talents. So shouldn't we use our minds and the resources we have to try and accumulate wealth? There are many wonderful things that can be done with wealth besides overloading ourselves with stuff. There is no doubt about all the good that can be done with money, but there has to be, or at least should be, some point at which the time spent accumulating and protecting wealth is worth more than the wealth itself. After all we are only allotted so many years living here in our earth suits, and then we retire them to move on to other things.

The obvious facts are not always so obvious now. However, we have to face the fact that we can only take a few imperishable things with us. The earth suits, along with all the stuff that we have been accumulating and are now constantly tripping over, will be left behind when we go to the place that has been prepared for us. Tangible things, like the ones I have mentioned, will remain behind, but the really valuable stuff -- like love, faith, hope, perseverance, honor and truth -- will go with us.

The 13th chapter of I Corinthians describes some of the spiritual gifts, but narrows them down to the three that will remain, and the greatest is Love or Charity. This is the right stuff, the stuff that we can take with us. I Corinthians 13:13 *"And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity."* Also in the words of Jesus Christ *"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor*

*Continued on page 7 column 1 see STUFF*

*steal:*" Matthew 6:20.

An example of one right thing that we might take along with us is our generosity. Have you ever heard the term "Hilarious Generosity?" It is the act of secretly giving something to someone for no other reason other than the joy of the giving. For example, we can secretly leave something nice for a neighbor for the simple reason of "just because." Or we can buy dinner for a family we've have never met before and never reveal to them our identity. We could even secretly pay off someone's debt, or maybe secretly give a college student a little spending money on a regular basis. These are all acts of hilarious generosity. The reason for them is nothing more than the joy of doing them. I suppose this is the reason for the term "hilarious."

Erma Bombeck was a person that was constantly involved in these joyful little acts. She would roll through a tollbooth, work out a deal with the tollbooth operator, and pay the toll for the next 5 or 10 cars. Her explanation to the tollbooth operator, "Just because and pass it on!" She accumulated tons of the right stuff, and though she is no longer with us, all the joy of love that she spread around then is still with her now, and will be forever more.

Please! You must understand that this sermon is for me and me alone. I just needed to write it down and then read it once in a while. Thanks for reading it with me, and if it touches you a little, maybe you too will spend less time accumulating stuff and will engage in a little hilarious generosity.



## OBSERVATIONS

*By Jasmine Schnauzer Doudney Dog*

Major changes have taken place since Ashley has moved out. I get yelled at more often for one. But, I'm about to get that straightened out. Neither the boss nor Linda understands how cool it gets on the floor during this time of year. Anyway, any dog worth their salt knows that a couple feet off the floor and on a nice soft new couch was a much warmer place to sleep. They have started letting me sleep in the boss's dirty clothes where the computer keeps the temp up a half a degree or so. I'm happy with that. And the boss seems to be satisfied as well.

The boss and I are the only football fans left

in the house since Andy moved out a couple years ago. I personally love the Dallas Cowboys, and the boss seems to hate them, but that is OK. I try not to express my self too much when they win, maybe a little bark to celebrate, though I haven't been doing a lot of barking this season. I noticed where JJ fired Coach, Chan Gailey shortly after loosing their last game.

I know because I was sitting next to the boss when he heard the news. He went off like a Roman Candle! He ranted and raved for the best part of five minutes. He said, "What the Cowboys need is a new owner. Someone that could stay off the field during the 4<sup>th</sup> quarter, stay away during practice, keep their mouth shut and remain clear of all TV cameras. And maybe a little plastic surgery wouldn't hurt. That way everyone might be able to forget that he ever existed."

The boss used to be a staunch Cowboy fan. Then JJ bought the organization and fired one of the boss's favorite heroes Tom Landry, and in a way that was upsetting to everyone. But the Boss still hung in there. Then after winning the Super Bowl JJ fires Jimmy Johnson, and when he hired Berry Baby Face Switzer, well, that was the last straw. The boss hasn't been a Cowboy fan since.

He claims that JJ is a little peacock that does nothing but strut around showing off his plume. He claims that he is the essence of arrogance and that when he shows up on the gridiron that he is as out of place as a nude singer in the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. He says that any coach that signs on with JJ should be up front about where JJ can be and when. And that JJ should stay in the SkyBox and only show up on the field after a Super Bowl Victory, and then only to express his thanks to the coaches and players for their hard work. Any new coach should have it in their contract that if he shows up at practice, on the playing field, or on football related TV that the coach has the right to walk off with full contract pay and never look back. He said a lot more than that, but I think I've said enough to make you understand how he feels about Jerry Jones.

Well, that is all for now, thanks for reading and keep on panting.

**JAZZ**



**There is a great man who makes every man feel small. But the real great man is the man who makes every man feel great. -G.K. Chesterton**

## President Bill Clinton at the Pearly Gates:

Clinton died and went to heaven-or to be more accurate-approached the Pearly Gates.

After knocking at the gates, St. Peter appeared. "Who goes there?" inquired St. Peter.

"'Tis I, your lordship, President Bill Clinton."

"And what do you want?" asked St. Peter.

"Lemme in!" replied Clinton.

"Sooooo," pondered Peter. "What bad things did you do on earth?"

Clinton thought a bit and answered, "Well, I smoked marijuana-but you shouldn't hold that against me because I didn't inhale. I guess I had extramarital sex-but you shouldn't hold that against me because I didn't really have sexual relations. And I lied, but I didn't commit perjury."

After several moments of deliberation St. Peter replied, "OK, here's the deal. We'll send you someplace where it is very hot, but we won't call it 'Hell.' You'll be there for an indefinite period of time, but we won't call it 'eternity.' And don't 'abandon all hope' upon entering, just don't hold your breath waiting for it to freeze over.

□ □ □ □

A man is flying in a hot air balloon and realizes he is lost. He reduces height and spots a man down below. He lowers the balloon further and shouts, "Excuse me, can you tell me where I am?"

The man below says, "Yes, you're in a hot air balloon, hovering 30 feet above this field."

"You must be an engineer," says the balloonist.

"I am," replies the man. "How did you know?"

"Well," says the balloonist, "everything you have told me is technically correct, but it's of no use to anyone."

The man below says, "You must be in management."

"I am," replies the balloonist, "but how did you know?"

"Well," says the man, "you don't know where you are, or where you're going, but you expect me to be able to help. You're in the same position you were before we met, but now it's my fault."

## The Molder of Dreams

Teachers you are the molders of their dreams.  
The gods who build or crush their young beliefs  
of right or wrong.

You are the spark that sets aflame the poets hand,  
Or lights the flame of some great singer's song.

You are the god of the young, the very young.

You are the guarding of a million dreams.

Your every smile or frown can heal or pierce a heart.

Yours are a hundred lives, a thousand lives.

Yours the pride of loving them and the sorrow too.

Your patient work, your touch, make you  
the gods of hope.

Who fill their souls with dreams to make those  
dreams come true.

*Unknown Author & Title*

Grandma and Grandpa were sitting in their porch rockers watching the beautiful sunset and reminiscing about "the good old days," when Grandma turned to Grandpa and said, "Honey, do you remember when we first started dating and you used to just casually reach over and take my hand?" Grandpa looked over at her, smiled and obligingly took her aged hand in his.

With a wry little smile, Grandma pressed a little farther, "Honey, do you remember how after we were engaged, you'd sometimes lean over and suddenly kiss me on the cheek?" Grandpa leaned slowly toward Grandma and gave her a lingering kiss on her wrinkled cheek.

Growing bolder still, Grandma said, "Honey, do you remember how, after we were first married, you'd kind of nibble on my ear?" Grandpa slowly got up from his rocker and headed into the house.

Alarmed, Grandma said, "Honey, where are you going?"

Grandpa replied, "To get my teeth!"

**Son, when you grow up you will know who I really am. I am just a child like you who has been forced to act responsibly. -Rod Byrnes**

*Keep the cards, letters, and contributions coming, and I'll try to put some things of interest together for your reading pleasure.*

*AWD NEWS*

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