

A 'just suppose' world would be chaos

We get all kinds of e-mails. Sometimes we are literally smothered by the number. And that's okay, although most of it would come under the category of junk mail. Much of it goes into the trash without being opened. After a while you learn what's legit and what's not.

This past week, in particular, I had received a number of e-mails all dealing with the same situation. It carries the title, "Just Suppose." Here is a very brief taste of what it says:

"JUST SUPPOSE that at every ball game, graduation, prom, etc., someone who has had enough of stupid, anti historical court decisions had the guts to start reciting the Lord's Prayer loudly, and others joined in, then more, until hundreds participated.

"And JUST SUPPOSE this spread all over our land until this became standard practice in hundreds of schools — then thousands then tens of thousands.

"Just what would local school boards do? Expel half the student body? (They need their jobs and federal funding far too much to do that.)

"What would a Federal district court do? Order hundreds of nonviolent, decent minors jailed? Or thousands?

"Just what would the Supreme Court do about it — issue more edicts?

"What if millions decided the Supreme Court was out of its league and said, 'So what?'"

You get the drift.

If this were to happen, chaos would certainly reign. Kiss our democracy good-bye. I (and seldom do I use "I" in an editorial but this is a personal observation) think if those behind the "Just Suppose" theory would step back and take a deep breath, they would find that God is at every football game, every basketball game, every wrestling match, in every school and in every place they want us to believe he isn't.

God is in the Norton High School. He's in the junior high and the elementary school. He is in the college classrooms. He's never left. They want us to believe He was kicked out.

So, how do I know this? Because He is in my heart, your heart and hearts of our children, and when they enter through the doors of our public schools He enters with them. And there's not a thing anyone can do about that.

He's in your heart at every athletic event you attend, in every public building you enter. I never believed you needed a public showing of your love and dedication to make religion work. That's between you and your creator. Occasionally during the workday I will take a minute or two from my computer and reflect on His goodness. At times I even stop by my church during the day for a brief break. I don't sound the charge for hundreds or thousands of people to follow me there.

I sometimes worry that those who would have all of us who believe join a massive outpouring to "set things right," will find there is nothing at the end of the rally. Nothing but bewildered people scratching their heads and wondering "what was that all about?" We sometimes fall victim to things that sound good.

God's in your heart. Where it counts. And you can take Him wherever you please.

— Tom Dreiling

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

To the Editor:

Until four years ago I was a lifetime resident in Norton County.

Dick Boyd knows me well. I am enclosing a letter to the Norton County Commissioners pertaining to the actions which they are taking for Norton County (of which I think is very detrimental to everyone.) I want to find out the cost and who is paying for the appeal to the Supreme Court on the livestock suit by Norton County. I am a taxpayer also!

To the Norton County Commissioners, The old stationery (with a pig on it) depicts my old love that still remains for how

I used to make a living.

With Norton County's pending lawsuit, I am enclosing an article very pertinent to your position and the road you are planning for Norton County.

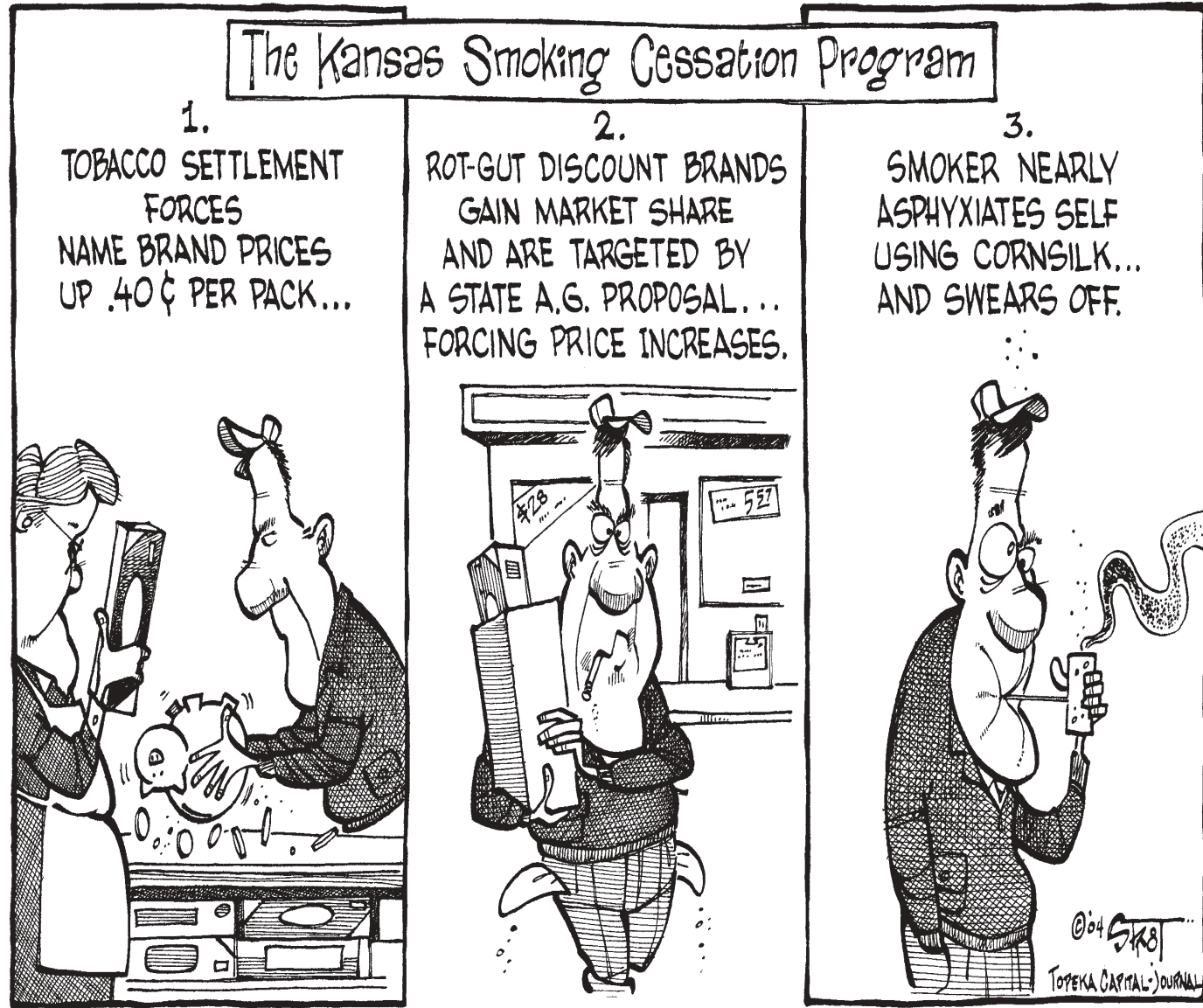
Some thoughts for you to think about!

Sincerely,

Loren Thiele

Bella Vista, Ark. 72715

Editor's Note: We could not reprint the article enclosed because of its length and possible copyright problems. However, the author wrote about frivolous lawsuits, which hurt the family farmer, especially swine producers.



Mexico reminds us of our abundance

One week ago today, at this very moment, we were about to cross the border into Mexico.

Many miles, many tears, and one three-room house later, we are home. Home to our multi-room, centrally heated, running-water house. A member of our team said she felt guilty for having so much when the family we built for has so little. I have felt the same way, but it's because of our abundance we can share.

The family comprises Graciella and her husband Alex, a meat cutter. Still living with them are a daughter, and an older son along his wife and their 2-year-old son. That is six people in a three-room house. Graciella was so grateful she presented each of the women and girls on the team a doily she had crocheted. It was humbling to accept something from her when she had so little.

Every team we go with is different. This

Out Back

Carolyn Plotts



time we had a crazy Englishman who accompanied us. His name is Rodney, but he gave everyone permission to call him "English." We all learned what it means to be a "Christian soldier" from Rodney. He is a warrior. And whenever anyone asks, "What time is it?" I will always think of Rodney, because, "It's tea time, love."

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It was wonderful to see snow, i.e., moisture, upon our return. We had learned about it, through cell phone conversations

with family, long before we ever saw it. And thanks to the efforts of highway crews, we never had to drive on bad roads.

I don't know what the ratio of inches of snow to inches of water is, but I do know it was welcome. Whether it was too late to help the wheat remains to be seen.

I took a little "detour" this morning and stopped to read excerpts from my mother's book, "Out With the Kansas Hillbillies." Scarcely a column went by without some mention of weather and crops. When your livelihood depends on something as fickle as the weather, you tend to talk about it a lot.

My husband is a carpenter, so our income isn't directly tied to the price of wheat. But let the crops fail too many times, and that new house Mr. Farmer has been promising Mrs. Farmer goes to the back burner. We all depend on each other.

Watch out for fire while rotisserieing

Set it and forget it." Although this is a very catchy phrase, it's not quite true. What am I talking about? Well, the Ronco Rotisserie of course. We've all seen at least one of Ron Popeil's infomercials urging us to buy one or more of his neat little gadgets that will save time and energy for all who use them.

I got Mom one for Christmas this year and after reading all the materials that come with this amazing home invention, she learned that no, you should not set it and then forget it.

And although they say their catch phrase over and over again in the commercials until you are hypnotized and drooling all over yourself with the need to buy whatever it is that they are selling (this is my brother in his infinite love of gadgets and infomercials), they then tell you, very politely, when you get your amazing

Night Noise

Veronica Monier



doodad that you really shouldn't believe everything you hear on TV and not to be stupid. That is, they tell you if you read the fine print.

Obviously, some silly person set it and forgot it and came back to find that his house had burned down, and then sued the bejesus out of the company for his folly.

Now, they can say, "Hey, did you read the fine print? We told you not to take us seriously when we said that." One should always read the fine print.

The reason you can't just set it and forget it is because that little rotisserie gets very, very hot. And if it's not in a well ventilated place, with nothing flammable (I'm talking about cabinets here people) around, then things are going to be a little scorched and a lot smoky.

The best place to use it, I suppose, would be outside on a slab of concrete far, far away from anything that could, even in the most remote way, catch on fire.

Then you can have your — well whatever you rotisserieed — and eat it too.

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Well, another semester of school has started, but I don't think this one will be as bad as the last one. The main reason is because I'm not taking as many hours as I did last semester.

In the end though, I guess all I can say is good luck to me and my sanity.

Our future is our children, love them

I had an interesting conversation with someone I admire very much recently. He was lamenting the poor quality of television, Internet sites and movies. and was hoping for increased censorship to keep these things from children.

I listened with great interest and wondered. No one will argue the quality of the aforementioned technologies is somewhat and sometimes suspect, but the question isn't the quality it is determining who will set the limits.

It is always easier if some "other person" determines these.

I know, as a mother, there were times I wanted to see if another parent said "No," first so I didn't have to be the heavy, but the ultimate responsibility still rested with me.

When I found *The Diary of Anne Frank* on the proposed censored list in one of our previous home states, I was appalled and began to wonder who makes these lists?

Phase II

Mary Kay Woodyard



Is anyone teaching our children about choices or are we merely hoping for restraints? In the next generation who will have the wisdom to make critical decisions for future children about books, about life?

Call me a Pollyanna, an idealist, head in the clouds, whatever, but I believe in the fundamental goodness of people, yes, gasp, even children. I believe they respond to our belief in them. I believe we have it in our power to teach them the value of good choices, not always the same choice as our choice, but their own individual choice.

Children present all sorts of joys and challenges. They will listen and act and react. Sometimes you will think they were hatched instead of born, their actions seem so foreign.

How do we raise "mensch" that wonderful German term frequently used by the late child psychologist Haim Ginott? He challenged us to help our children be all they could be; not just as children, but as the adults they will become.

And he challenged us to do this by empowering them with knowledge and our confidence.

Parents are the most valuable resource children have.

They look to us for protection, for our assurances of their safety, not through government regulations, but by example, time and love.

Is it a frustrating occupation? As the mother of five, I answer a resounding yes, but it is one I feel we are called to do as parents.