

Great minds inspire without belittling

One of the frequent messages to come across the Internet is, "Small minds talk about people; average minds talk about events and great minds talk of ideas."

It occurred to me that this would be a very efficient means of assessing politicians and political races.

If one believes in the statement then one only needs to listen and read and quickly we can determine the mindset.

Talking about others requires no particular skill. Anyone can find criticism with someone else. Small minds do it repeatedly. Gossips thrive on it and illiterates have few other options.

Average minds remember happenings.

Remember when he/she did this or that? Remember when they said this? It is probably a step above the "small" mind, however it is a quick slip over the edge to become just that.

Great minds, however, inspire us.

They encourage us to expand our thoughts and learn new things. One of the things, which attracted me to my husband, was something I remember admiring about my dad, the desire to learn new things, try new techniques and work out new solutions.

Becoming an idea person is not about intellect or ability, but rather about training.

Everyone and anyone can talk about people and events, but people who experience life give birth to ideas. We must teach ourselves to look at the possibilities not just the problems.

In recent days we have been reminded of the empowering remarks of Ronald Reagan.

In one of his most memorable speeches, he said, "Mr. Gorbachev, tear down this wall."

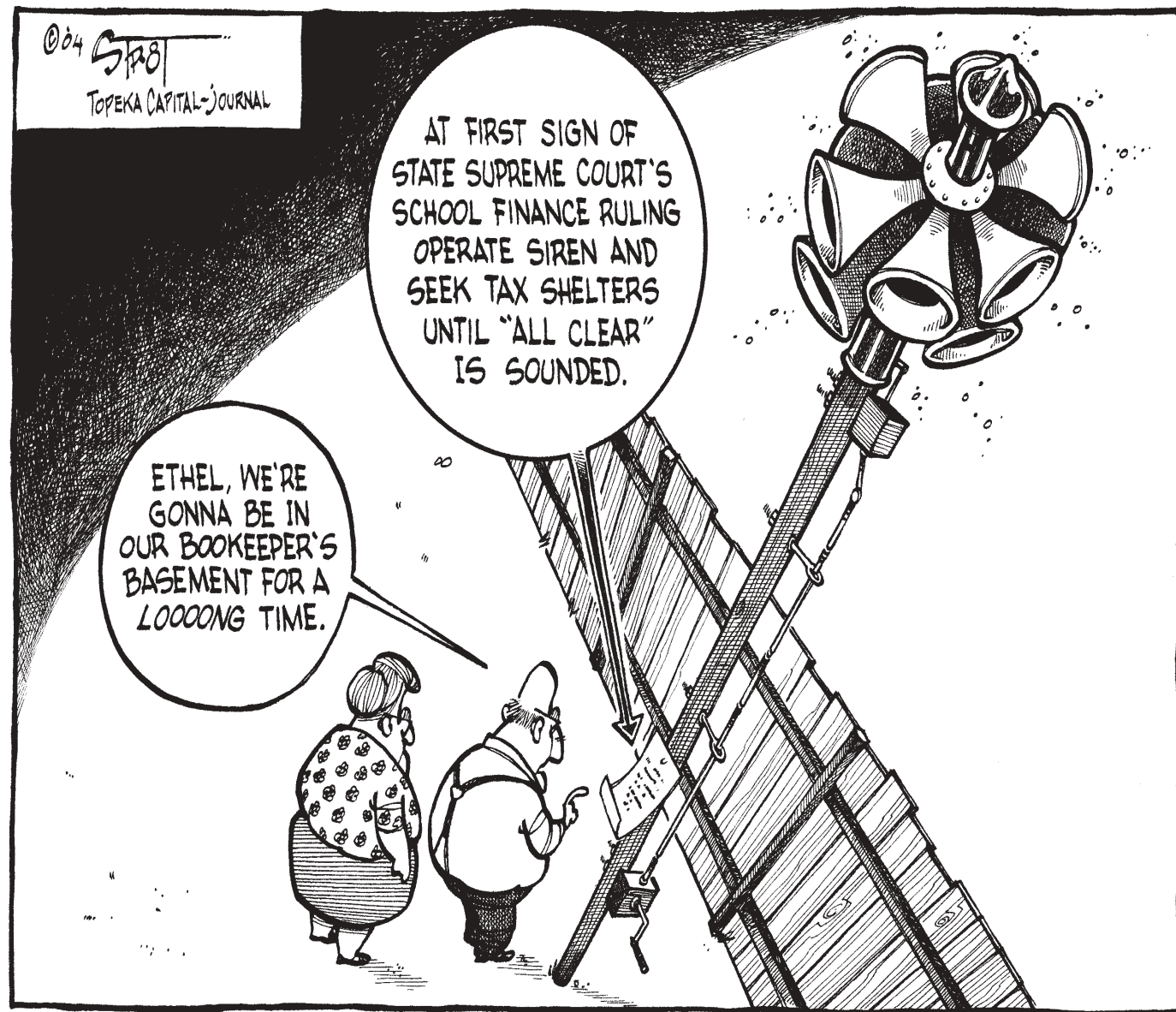
The seeds were planted and life began to change for Eastern Europe. He spoke often of his admiration for FDR, another idea person.

We remember JFK for the statement, "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your country."

These people inspired nations and they didn't do it by talking about people or events. They did it by empowering us to believe in our potential.

Negative talk and actions do not strengthen us as individuals or as a nation. Ideas give us hope and with hope comes action.

— Mary Kay Woodyard



The time has come to entertain

Let the games begin! For anyone with grandchildren visiting for the summer, that's the Grandma Games. Grandpas can play, too, but it's usually the Grandmas who make up the rules.

I met my youngest daughter, Kara, in Oklahoma on Saturday to do the grandkid swap. Five-year-old Taylor is staying with us for three weeks and the Grandma Games are well underway.

First, if you're a working grandma like me, you must have a very understanding employer who is accommodating to a flexible schedule and allows laptop work at home. And one who also looks the other way if you bring said grandchild into the office for an hour every now and then.

That accomplished, the next rule is to fill their every waking moment with as many activities as possible, especially things they can't do at their own home. It's part of the game to ensure the kid will want to come back next year.

Our granddaughter who lives close by gets to be part of the action, too. So far, I

Out Back Carolyn Plotts



have planned for them to help catch five hens and one rooster that we are buying to replenish our flock, milk a goat, feed baby buffalo calves, go to the museum, and all that is just within the first two days.

Just for good measure, we'll probably throw in some of Alex's ball games. She's old enough now that she has outside interests of her own. I don't know if we can keep up that pace for the entire three weeks, but at least we'll get off to a good start.

Seriously though, part of the fun of coming to Grandma and Grandpa's house is just to be the center of attention. When we have our grandkids, we try to make

kid-friendly food, nothing too exotic. Peanut butter and jelly, hamburgers, hot dogs, pizza and tacos are always crowd-pleasers. We try to do things they might not get to do at their own homes (see buffalo calves above) and even give them some chores to do.

The other thing I like to do is just let them play. The playhouse Jim built a few years ago has been a godsend. Their imaginations can run wild without the benefit of a computer or batteries. The girls have tea parties and imaginary families. They create elaborate role-playing scenarios complete with titles and behaviors.

"You can't go to work," one scolds "You're the baby, remember?"

It's a special time when grandchildren come to visit. You get a chance to see how your parenting turned out. Your kids are a pretty good reflection of your parenting, and the way they parent their kids is probably the way you parented them.

It's a perfect example of, "You reap what you sow."

LETTER TO THE EDITOR: Woman enjoys Bussen nature photos

To the Editor:

We grew up in Norton and have kept in touch through the Norton paper.

We enjoy so much the opinion stories by my classmate Mary Kay Woodyard as they bring back fond memories of "home".

Today we received the June 4 paper with the pictures taken by Bill Bussen. I always thoroughly enjoy the peace they bring.

Can you tell me if he has ever had them published as a collection?

Thanks Sandra Richards

4510 Lynn Forest Dr.
Gainesville, Va. 20155

Editors Note: We called Mr. Bussen and he said he has never had a collection published.

He has had his pictures in a few outdoor magazine articles, in The Telegram and once had an article, published about him in The Hays Daily News, which was picked up by the national AP.

If you want to contact him about his pictures, which he frames and sells, you can write him at 708 N. Second, Norton, Kan., 67654 or call (785) 877-2415.

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Blood, stitches, relief — what a dad

Father's Day is coming right up. Some have observed that father's are often portrayed badly on TV. They are bumbling and incompetent, not worthy of respect.

While that may be a fair criticism let's keep in mind, it's just TV. Like they say, "they call it a medium because it's neither rare or well done."

So let's just take a "real man". One I know rather well. For several years an area radio station had a contest at Father's Day. You sent in a funny story about your Dad. The winner got humiliated and some real nice prizes.

My daughters were always going to nominate their dad, but they could never agree on a story. We even have a term for it in the family coined by his sister's husband, "Preacher Dave". It's call "pulling a J.R."

One favorite was the windy day when he was trying to bring home a van trailer. The roof was damaged because the previous owner had tried to fit it under a too low underpass. After he got on the road he decided he needed to secure it or the wind might just rip the whole thing off.

He had a rope but needed something heavy to carry it over so he picked up a rock and tied it to the end, gave it a toss (into the wind), then looked up thinking, "maybe I should toss from the other side so the wind works with me."

Or maybe he thought that after it came

Back Home Nancy Hagman



back and hit him in the head.

Anyway, the next day in church Elizabeth thought we sang "O Sacred Head Now Wounded" just for him!

Tricia thinks he could have set a record as a sprinter just last year; he picked up a short length of irrigation pipe, stood it upright, looked down and saw a black and white "kitty cat" at his feet.

Then there was the time back in B.C. (before children) when we were loading hogs on a farm truck. The end gate wouldn't slide down so he put one foot and all of his weight on it and slammed it down, right on his other foot. Ouch, ouch, ouch! Being a real man he never went to the doctor, but he certainly broke his big toe.

One year during harvest he put his hand in a pulley. Fortunately, Preacher Dave was right there and he happens to be an EMT. Daughter Kate was also there and so was I, except I was on the other side of the field cutting wheat.

"Shall I go get mom?" Kate asked.

"Oh no," he says, "she needs to get some work done."

WRITE:

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We do not publish form letters or letters about topics which do not pertain to our area. Thank-yous should be submitted to

As luck would have it (and you can see what kind of luck we have) I almost immediately slugged my machine. Kate was on her way to tell me anyway — not the most obedient of children is she?

One nice thing, we always know when he had his last tetanus shot.

It's hard to know how to rank his "J.R.s". Do you count the amount of blood spilt, the number of stitches, or the relief that you feel when you realize that, bad as it was, it could have been?

Since we farm from here to Smith County we have visited all the emergency rooms in the area, but he never got to ride in an ambulance until this last winter after contracting a very bad case of the flu. The ambulance hit a deer on the way to the hospital!

The second night he was in the hospital the nurse told me he was getting down about being sick and in general not being a "patient" patient. But she said the doctor had left a little pill for that which she had just given him and soon he would be cheering up. (I could use some of those myself.)

It's almost Father's Day, harvest will be early this year and his birthday is June 25. These events combine to form sort of a Bermuda Triangle around our house. But you know what they say; "If it doesn't kill you it will make you strong."

And if you live long enough you will probably be able to laugh about it!

the Want Ad desk.

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