

Term limits would put power back into people's hands

Power!
They are the most *powerful* people on Capitol Hill!
No one has the *power* they have in the Congress!
They rule the roost!
Power is their middle name!
Power!
Power!
Power!
And on and on that word is barked.
That got us to thinking: whatever happened to the *power* of the people?

We used to wield the stick. But somehow that has pretty much evaporated. We are now nothing more than the flock who goes to the polls to blindly re-elect people who will return to Washington to be manhandled by the *powerful* few. And if they don't toe the line they won't get anything they want for those they represent. They end up, often, representing the interests of the *powerful* click. Not the people at the foot of the Hill.

Fortunately, there are some with enough backbone to test the *powers* that be. But unfortunately, and sadly, there are not enough of them.

We have let the system envisioned by our Founding Fathers become nothing more than a schoolyard bully pit. Yes, leadership is needed, but the way leadership functions in our nation's capital is nothing short of shameful.

This didn't just start with the Bush administration's rise to power. It's been going on far too many years — going on unnoticed, or going on because we the people know there's little we can do about it.

But maybe there is.

Term limits.

Twelve years should be enough for anybody. There wouldn't be time enough to amass the *power* necessary to be crowned "Dictator(s) of the Hill." There wouldn't be time enough to accumulate the untold millions of \$ to assure re-election year in and year out.

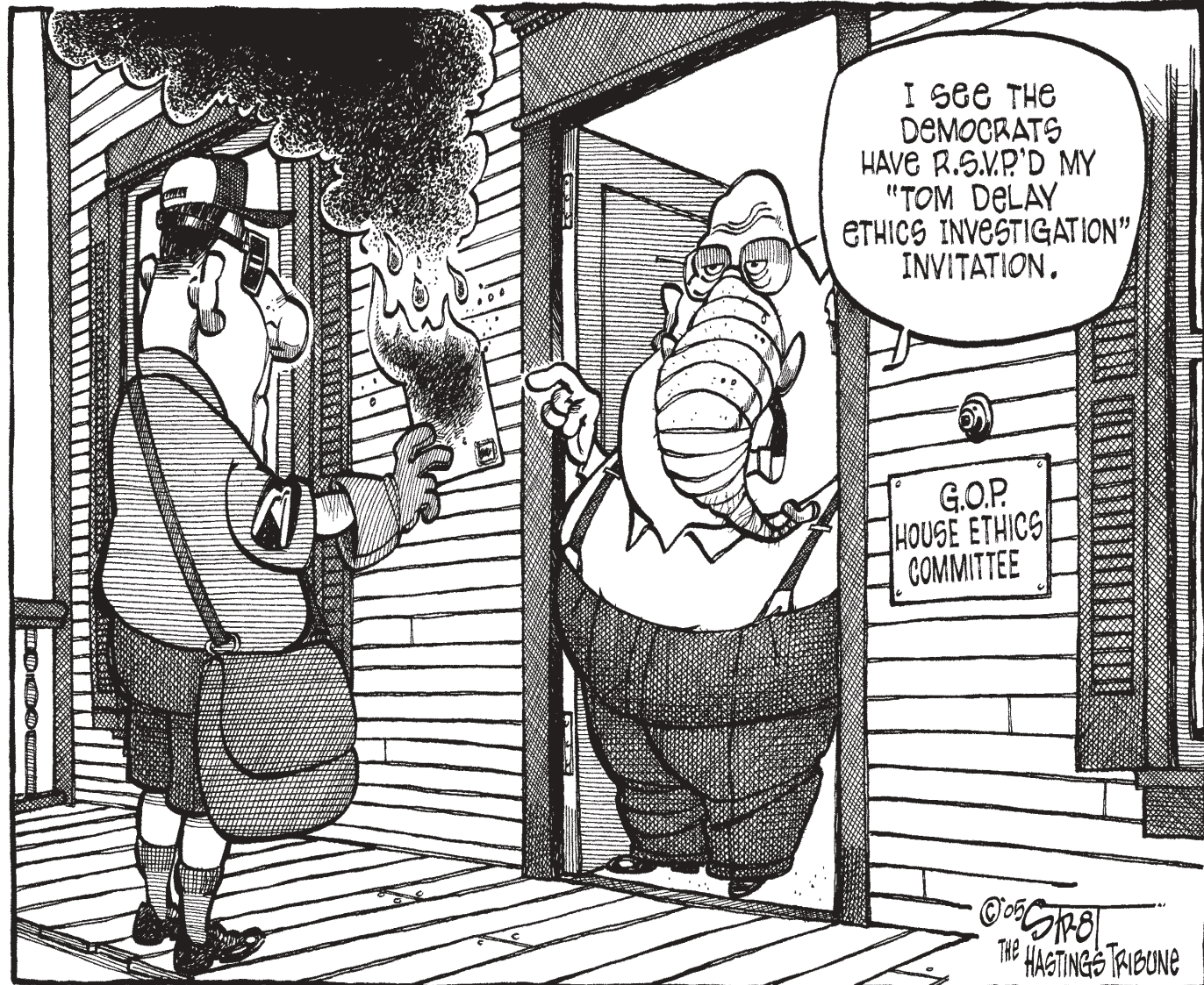
Term limits would remove the stale air. Term limits would allow fresh thinking. Term limits would give many others an opportunity to serve, rather than simply dream of doing so. Term limits, as we see it, were probably what the Founding Fathers had in mind.

Term limits would open the door for a farmer, a retailer, a pharmacist, a retiree — you name it — to serve. To make a difference.

But most importantly, term limits would return the people's government back to the people.

Call it *people power*.

— Tom Drilling



There's always time for a dandelion

It was one of those treasured moments. One of those times when you realize the world truly is best seen and lived through the eyes of a child.

A couple of weeks ago our grandchildren were playing soccer in the six-and-under category.

It was early morning, and the warmth of the sun spoke more of early June than mid-March. Parents, grandparents, friends and others were gathered on the sidelines to cheer their player. (The nice thing about this age group is parents cheer all the players.)

Suddenly the game was halted by the referee as a little boy held up a dandelion he had picked and announced this was for his mom.

The mother smiled and we all realized we had witnessed a wonderful lesson — nothing is ever as important as sharing something beautiful with your mother.

Even the soccer handbook talks about the "dandelion break".

Bill Cosby in one of his monologues speaks of the irony of the father and son practicing football throughout the many years of a son's life. Only to have the son on his first game in the professional

Phase II

Mary Kay Woodyard



leagues, smile big into the camera and wave saying, "Hi, Mom."

A friend of mine who had lost her mother several years ago said to me soon after my mother died, "When your mother dies it is like you've lost your cheer leader."

And that is so true. No one delights in your successes nor shares in your sorrows quite like your mother.

But it also works the other way.

I feel great pride when I think of the many obstacles my mother overcame throughout her life and the many opportunities she grasped because of her fearless nature and undying passion.

She pursued a career and college degree even when it was not the acceptable thing for a woman to do let alone a wife and

mother.

My mother-in-law, who was like a mother to me, was a single mom for many years.

Eighty years ago leaving an abusive relationship to raise her children by herself was unheard of.

At a time when women frequently could not own property, she stepped out in faith to save her life. A wonderful man came along later and she had the courage to give marriage another try.

Perhaps the reason men have "Mother" tattooed on their arm and country western songs allude to "mama", and the unmistakable joy we feel when we hear a woman is expecting is because of the magical, mystical and spiritual qualities of motherhood.

The very experience of having a child links us to something greater in our lives than just our mothers. It links us to the very essence of who we are and what we can become.

Our "cheerleader" lives on even after her death because her faith in us never dies and our desire to honor her goes far beyond the soccer field.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR:

Oberlin man disagrees with paper's editing policy

To the Editor:
I do understand *The Telegram* policy of not printing a Letter to the Editor that is an attack on an individual.

What *The Telegram* does not understand is this. When an individual writes a Letter to the Editor of a controversial nature and gives his consent for said letter to be published; then pursuant to Kansas Law he is inviting both public rebuttal and personal attacks.

I wrote a rebuttal letter to the editor. Before it was published on April 29, *The Telegram* altered the letter. When *The*

Telegram changed words in the letter you also changed its content. This left everyone in Norton confused.

Should *The Telegram* choose not to print a rebuttal letter as written. It would be better not to print the letter at all, as opposed to changing the words. Likewise, if you will not print a rebuttal letter that contains the name of the individual to whom the letter is a rebuttal to, then the *Telegram* is abolished not to print the original letter that will become the cause of the controversy.

The practice of changing a letter will

cost *The Telegram* that appearance of integrity. How would one know if one is reading what the writer meant or what the *Telegram* believes the writer meant?

Arthur Loyd Shelton
Oberlin

WRITE:

The Norton Telegram encourages Letters to the Editor on any topic of public interest. Letters should be brief, clear and to the point. They must be signed and carry the address and phone number of the author.

We do not publish anonymous letters. We sign our opinions and expect readers to do likewise.

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

Letters will not be censored, but will be read and edited for form and style, clarity, length and legality. We will not publish attacks on private individuals or businesses which do not pertain to a public issue.

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Spring brings good things

Spring is here.

Maybe it's because of the rains, or because I am paying more attention to the beauty of the earth this spring, but on a recent trip to Kansas City, I don't recall a more beautiful drive.

The wheat looks so green and the baby calves along the way seemed to be having such fun. Then I noticed everywhere there were red bud trees as well as other flowering trees and bushes.

I had previously noticed how beautiful the Bradford pear trees were in Norton as well as other trees and bushes.

It always amazes me at the variety of colors that appear in the spring. God surely must love beautiful things and wanted to share some of them with us.

Arriving at the home of my daughter and her family, her azalea bushes are absolutely covered with blooms, with only a little bit of green showing. These are large bushes.

I guess Kansas City has enough more rain and they must be somewhat protected from the winter cold.

The next joy was in store for me when I visited the kindergarten class with my granddaughter.

My daughter volunteers to help with the class of 25 students one morning a week.

When I was ready to leave after visiting the week, my 4-year-old grandson

Memories

Sonya Montgomery



said "Grandma, are you leaving already? You said you were going to stay a long time and you did not visit my classroom at school, could you just stay until I go to school again".

Well, the answer had to be not this time since he goes to school only a few hours on Mondays.

I had stayed one day with him while his mother put the finishing touches on the music for a women's conference which was one of several reasons I stayed for the week.

On Tuesday I stayed with Andrew and then his sister, when she arrived home from school.

The two older grandchildren were each at their own track meet.

There were storms around and one granddaughter, Devin, arrived home later in the evening after the meet with a welt on her leg where she was hit by hail stones while she was getting ready to run the mile.

They did get to shelter until the storm was over.

One of the little ones, Patricia, 6, looked out the window at the hail and said "Grandma, it's raining ice cubes, why is it raining ice cubes?"

I could write a book about the rest of the week, but will not in this column.

I know everyone has special spring memories. We are all so blessed with the simple joys in life.

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