

DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY

# OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

## Letters to The Editor

**Letter to the Editor:**  
 On August 23, 2011, my friend Rowena Frapp and I were on our way to her cabin in Hiawassee when I became ill and went off the road to the right hitting the end of the guardrail. I only received a gash on the back of my head, which took six stitches, some burns from the airbag and bruises from the seat belt. I feel that God was with me or I would not be writing this letter. I also am thankful for my friend Ro who was there to help me.

The main reason for this is to say thank you to the people that stopped to help me. Two men in a truck that gave us a container of water. The First Responder that helped me out of the car and was there until the ambulance came. The EMS people, emergency room folks and the deputy that checked my little dog for injuries, all of them were so nice and I appreciate it very much.

I love visiting your beautiful city and hopefully will return soon.

Thanks again,  
 Patricia (Pat) Hathaway

**Letter to the Editor:**  
 A cousin, someone I hadn't seen in several years, died last month. His life was cut short by a terrible car accident. He was just 21 years old.

The many months that had passed since I last saw Taylor Phillips - loving son of Ronnie and Susan Phillips of Hiawassee - didn't lessen the shock of his tragic death. Though he had grown into a young man, I best remember Taylor as a white-haired little boy at Christmas - so eager to open his stacks of presents at our grandmother's house. I recalled him running around each spring looking for Easter eggs - some filled with money, others chock-full of sugary sweets. The smile that enveloped his face as he prepared to begin the annual family egg hunt was both mischievous and infectious.

So it's no surprise that, when I read the letter late last week of his lifesaving donations, I thought how that mischievous and infectious smile would live on.

Taylor saved many lives with his organ donations.

Among those:  
 A 32-year-old woman in Nashville is alive today because of Taylor. She received his right kidney. She is married and the mother of one young son. She had been on the transplant list for more than five years.

In west Tennessee, a 56-year-old woman was given a new chance at life because of Taylor. This woman received his left kidney. She is the married mother of one and grandmother of one. She is an insurance agent who loves fishing and her church.

Taylor's heart saved a 60-year-old father of three in middle Tennessee.

A 64-year-old Memphis man received a liver transplant from Taylor. The married father of two and grandfather of four has worked in construction his entire life.

Finally, a 72-year-old man in North Carolina is alive and breathing today because of Taylor's selfless act of donating his lungs. The man has been married for 47 years, has three children and several grandchildren. The recipient served in the Air Force and retired with 30 years in the police department.

If you don't believe in the spirit of a smile - in the spirit of the soul - Taylor's organ donation should change your mind.

Think how many will be blessed to see their loved ones smile again. And think how we might all be better off if we learned to share Taylor's same mischievous and infectious smile with others every now and then.

Kristen Cloud

## The Middle Path

by Don Perry

In the fall of the year my wife and I make our annual "mountains to the sea" journey. The sea calls out to many of us. It is a primal urging from somewhere just beyond the area illuminated by rational thought. Before Man, there was the Deep. The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. Or perhaps the urging is entirely rational. Our blood is remarkably similar to sea water. Whatever the reason, when we feel that urge and respond to it, we can find peace and renewal. We can rediscover things we had forgotten were lost. On a recent trip to the coast, I made just such a discovery.

The root of the word "recreation" is "create." When we vacation, we vacate our routines and responsibilities to re-create something that was lost. Many things can be lost in the never ending search for financial security. Time is the most precious thing lost. Health, peace of mind, sense of self, sense of purpose, not to mention plain old "fun," these can all be lost in the treadmills and sweatshops which we find crowded under the umbrella we call "work."

Americans are funny about work, but no one is laughing. We have a strange macho attitude that work must equate to suffering in order for our "sacrifice" to be valid. Work must be hard to be of value. Work must be long for anything worthwhile to be accomplished. We are tough, and we like to talk about how tough our jobs and our lives are. We were tailor made for those managers seeking to increase productivity without increasing costs.

During tough economic times, work actually does become harder. There are fewer of us doing it, so our share of it increases. The people paid more to do less tell us that we are lucky to have a job. That reminder often comes when a benefit has been eliminated or cut or we are asked to do more for the same pay. We are "lucky" to be on our feet all day feeding the rude and the ungrateful, lucky to be on the phone all day listening to angry people complain, lucky to run a chain saw all day with snakes and yellow jackets, to hammer nails in the blistering heat, to have the job that "a hundred people would give their right arm to have."

When you hear "lucky to have that job" at work, chances are that you have one of those jobs which extracts time, health, peace of mind, sense of self and sense of purpose in exchange for your paycheck. There is also a pretty good chance that your company's balance sheet is not a very pretty sight. Companies which prosper over time are the ones which support a sense of purpose and self, foster peace of mind, promote good health and give employees ownership of their time. Look it up for yourself. Check out the list of best companies to work for as rated by employees and then look at the balance sheets of those companies. There is a positive correlation.

### GUEST COLUMNS

From time to time, people in the community have a grand slant on an issue that would make a great guest editorial. Those who feel they have an issue of great importance should call our editor and talk with him about the idea. Others have a strong opinion after reading one of the many columns that appear throughout the paper. If so, please write. Please remember that publication of submitted editorials is not guaranteed.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE E-MAILED OR MAILED TO:

Towns County Herald, Letter to the Editor, PO Box 365, Hiawassee, GA 30546. Our email address: tcherald@windstream.net.

Letters should be limited to 200 words or less, signed, dated and include a phone number for verification purposes. This paper reserves the right to edit letters to conform with Editorial page policy or refuse to print letters deemed pointless, potentially defamatory or in poor taste. Letters should address issues of general interest, such as politics, the community, environment, school issues, etc. Letters opposing the views of previous comments are welcomed; however, letters cannot be directed at, nor name or ridicule previous writers. Letters that recognize good deeds of others will be considered for publication.\*  
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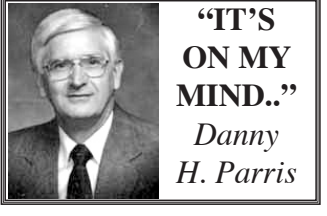
lation between happy employees and profitability.

Companies with happy employees tend to be generous with benefits and vacation time. They also tend to be structured differently than "Lucky to Have a Job Incorporated." After World War II there were millions of Americans entering the workplace who were comfortable with the hierarchical structure of the military and this chain of command paradigm moved seamlessly into the business world. This paradigm is still well established, but almost everything about our economy is different. Companies like Google, Motorola's Space and Systems Technology Group, and Ford Motor Company's Customer Service Division, to name but a few, have moved to a more horizontal organizational structure. They are profitable without the reliance on hierarchy and conformity which plagues many companies that are finding it harder to compete in today's economy.

For most of my working life I have been self-employed and I benefitted from that arrangement - I liked my boss, most of the time. It was never hard to get a day off when I really had to. I was able to work 10 hours and come home with energy left over for the rest of my life. About eight years ago I entered the corporate world, and my balance shifted. The company I worked for was a small corporation with a vertically integrated management structure. Like many small companies it resembled a feudal system with a benevolent despot and feudal lords, some intent on increasing their personal domains. I worked for one manager who was a "visionary," given to impulsive mid-course corrections and with no idea how his random turns of the rudder affected those in the bowels of the ship. Another manager was intent on building a personal empire within the company. Given to temper tantrums, he would bully employees and co-workers to promote his agenda, when he could get away with it.

After a relatively short time with this company, stress began to collect on my belly and my fitness level suffered. A good night's sleep became a distant memory. At the end of the work day there was just enough energy left to operate a television remote and a recliner. In the standard hierarchical company structure, there is often little recourse for an employee with a problem or a grievance. When employees feel that they are at the mercy of their bosses or that they have little influence over their working conditions, productivity will suffer. Innovation will be suppressed as well, when it is filtered through narrow channels occupied by managers who feel that their positions are threatened by other people's good ideas. My wife and I are lucky. We had a choice, and at the end of the year I will be self-employed again. Many people can choose only endurance or unemployment.

I hope that the company can survive. Many employees and their families depend on it, and our area is not known for its job opportunities. An employee in many different professions can relate to the frustrations touched upon here. For that reason, I speak mainly to the "bosses" out there. I challenge you to consider these ideas. I assert that your old vertical paradigm should be questioned, if for no other reason than the fact that it is not the most profitable. It is certainly not the most nurturing to the human spirit. I have been a boss as well, and I know your pressures, but know this: The best way to get what you want in life is to help other people get what they want. It is that simple. If you do not understand this truth, you will not be a "boss" for long, and your ship will eventually sail without you.



"IT'S ON MY MIND..."  
 Danny H. Parris

### The turning season

The writer of Ecclesiastes records in Eccles. 3:1 that everything has its season and there is a time for every purpose under heaven. Of course, there's hardly a person on planet earth that does not know that this season is FOOTBALL SEASON. In fact, there must be at least one football game on every day and every night. Two young boys were discussing seasons and one said to the other, "My dad has taught me all four seasons: preseason, regular season, post season and off-season." According to the calendar, this past Friday was the transition from the summer season to the fall season. No one hardly noticed since the Braves baseball season is still in progress and the football season got rolling with the Union County panthers, The Bulldogs, Yellow Jackets and the Falcons all playing. Yeah, wait before some of you other fans throw the flag on me, I know Florida, Florida State, Alabama, Auburn, Ole Miss, Mississippi State, Vandy, North Carolina and North Carolina State were all playing. Since our son, Mike, is the voice of the Jacksonville State Gamecocks in Alabama I must mention them. (We listen to this game on our computer). And for the rest of you fans this column is not big enough to list all of those other umpteen thousands of colleges and universities. I am not jumping on anyone for enjoying football and supporting your team but don't become a fanatic like some people my wife is related to. I was born a Georgia football fan. The first word I spoke was "Bulldog!" And for all you "Bulldog fans" just remember what goes around, comes around. We will be back at number 1 and maybe it's not as far off as

you may think. Even though part of God's creation didn't recognize it, Friday, September 23rd was the first day of autumn. My trees (especially the dogwood, cherry, poplar and maples) that God created were right on target. Mr. Autumn Leaf said, "All right, you gals and guys, it is time to start turning colors so we can turn those human heads and hearts to the Creator where they can behold the glorious handiwork of God." Then Mr. Big Leaf said, "Some of those hard-headed, hard-hearted humans will never recognize God's demonstration of beauty in us. They will turn a blind eye to such an insignificant event as leaves turning colors. They are too busy turning those channels looking for the next football game." "Well," Mr. Big Leaf went on to say, "God's gonna turn the tables on them. God's going to turn trillions of us loose where we can fall on their lawns, decks, patios, driveways and roofs and stop up their gutters!" Now, you have never heard a football husband or a football teenager, on any given Saturday say, "Oh shucks, there's nothing on television but football games, I am turning this TV off and I am going out to rake leaves!" If that ever happened folks would turn over in their graves. One fellow looked out his window and saw all of those big yellow poplar leaves covering his driveway and it turned his stomach. He said he started praying that God would turn back the clock and the leaves would be back on the trees. But then he thought that football season would be gone too. So he just told God that if He would not let so many leaves fall, he would turn over a new leaf. Finally, he just turned his back to the window and turned the football game back on. All of this turning has gotten me under conviction that it is time and high time that America turns toward God. "Turn us again, O God, and cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved" (Psalm 80:3, 7, 19).

**RARE KIDS; WELL DONE**  
 By Don Jacobsen

**Q:** Dr. Don, my husband and I read your column regularly but we were very disappointed by your criticism of the Toddlers and Tiaras TV program. We think it is a cute show and that it is harmless to teach youngsters to enjoy being beautiful and to have poise in public. It is a family activity and it also builds their self-esteem. As you probably know, it has become a very popular program. We believe you were far too harsh.

**A:** So, if it's "cute" that makes it ok? If it's popular then we should accept it? I don't think you really believe either of those statements.

Children should love to feel beautiful, no argument there. But should it take a two-hour session with a beautician, a \$300 hair piece and a \$2,000 dress? And all the while the youngster sits on her stool and fusses? I thought beauty was an inner thing. And what does that teach the child whose family doesn't have the means and who herself does not have the "right" physical features?

As for teaching poise, I was intrigued to read story after story about the tantrums these kids pitch because they don't

like to sit still long enough for the make-up session. One mother said, "It's true, but on the stage she becomes Miss Magic." OK, so she has poise if she is the center of attention? Now there's some good training for reality.

As for building self-esteem (esteem means worship; I much prefer the terms self-confidence or self-worth), if self-worth is built around physical beauty, what if that is lost, perhaps through illness or accident or age? True self-worth is not built around something we can lose. A youngster's sense of self-confidence is valid when it grows out of their ability to help others, to sense that they're being useful, not when they are arrogantly strutting on stage dressed in a phony costume pretending to be something they're not. Whatever happened to the inspired idea of raising children who are humble and meek?

In my view, the program you mention is a detriment to our families and is of value only to its sponsors.

Send your parenting questions to: DrDon@rarekids.net.

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OFFICE LOCATED AT 446 NORTH MAIN STREET  
 "THE MALL" HIAWASSEE (706) 896-4454  
 Publication Number 635540. Entered as second-class matter on November 8, 1928, at the post office at Hiawassee, Georgia under Act of March 3, 1879. With additional mailing points.

EMAIL Address: tcherald@windstream.net

POSTMASTER: Send change of address to:  
 TOWNS COUNTY HERALD  
 P.O. BOX 365 HIAWASSEE, GEORGIA 30546

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