


DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY

OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

From the Desk of:



Sheriff Clinton of Towns County

those rights, both recognized and guaranteed in our Constitution, is both unconscionable and unlawful under our system of government.

As sheriff, I took an oath to support the Constitutions of the United States and the State of Georgia. I intend to keep that oath. I am encouraging you to stand firm on this issue and keep your oath of supporting the Constitution as well. Our citizens both need and expect us to represent them in this issue. It has been very clearly relayed to me in speaking with the people of my community that it is not the will of the citizens I serve to have their rights infringed upon by any level of government.

I am already aware of many "law enforcement officials" who are being enlisted to express their support of an infringement of the Second Amendment. I expect that most, if not all, of these "law enforcement officials" will prove to be nothing more than appointed figureheads and, therefore, only capable of declaring publicly the words and positions of their superiors for fear of losing their positions. I was present when Georgia's Sheriffs, who serve only the citizens who elect them, were given an opportunity to weigh in on the issue. The statement they agreed to make to the world was clear and direct: they will stand by their oath!

I want to be very clear so that my position is understood. As the duly-elected Sheriff of Towns County, Georgia, I have no duty, nor obligation, and cannot be compelled to enforce federal law. I will, as my oath requires, aggressively oppose any state or federal legislation that attempts to take away any of the natural rights guaranteed under the Constitution to the law-abiding citizens I serve. I will exercise the full authority of the Office of Sheriff in defending all of the Constitutional rights of each and every citizen of Towns County, Georgia, "so help me God!"

Sincerely,
Sheriff Chris Clinton,
Towns County

The Middle Path

by Don Perry

Most of us are only a glance away from answering the question, "What time is it?" The answer is on our arm, in our pocket, or on the wall. There is a clock beside the bed and on the dashboard; in the break-room at work and inside the computer. Yes, we can easily answer that question, but at the same time... we struggle when the question is, "What is time?"

Go ahead. Try to answer the question without consulting any form of reference. (No "googling" allowed.) What is time?

I'll give you a hint. Britannica says that time is "a continuum that lacks spatial dimensions." Does that help? No? It didn't contribute to my understanding either.

Time, the fourth dimension, is not something we can see, hear, smell or taste. We can see the wrinkles in the mirror, hear the change in our teenager's voice, smell the milk that has gone bad in the fridge and taste the aged cheddar right next to it. We bear witness to the effects of time, but time itself is beyond our understanding.


My personal experience with time leads me to believe that time is something that stands still - until we notice it - and then it moves faster than light to catch up with the hands on the clock or the numbers on the calendar. When I was a child, in the halcyon days before the school bell began teaching me to watch clocks, time was measured in daylight and dark, breakfast time, supertime and bedtime. Days were endless adventures and nights were mysterious and inviting. Time has a way of polishing the good memories and blurring the bad ones, but who among us does not cherish some image of the days before time?

Childhood is fleeting, and too soon we begin the conditioning process that prepares us for the "real" world. In preschool we begin to learn about schedules. Bedtimes become stricter and lazy mornings give way to the rise and shine of the morning ritual before the carpool or the bus. Our conditioning is framed by an increasing awareness of the clock on the wall. Every classroom has one, and to reinforce our submission to its movements, every hour is punctuated by the loud ringing of a bell. Pavlov would understand.

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 EMAILED 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.*
Note: All letters must be signed, and contain the first and last name and phone number for verification.



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

Life is a hit parade

Do you have a game plan for your life? Do you know where your life came from? Do you know why you are here? Do you know where you are going when you leave here? I am convinced that masses of people live and die without ever asking these questions. They are clueless about life. They have no plan, no program and no purpose. They get through today without any plans for tomorrow. Life for many is a hit or miss affair. It is unplanned, uncontrolled and aimless. Life has no meaning to "hit or miss" people. There is no rhyme or reason to their existence. Then there is a whole passel of people who believe that life is hitting it off. For these individuals life is nothing more than finding a mate (mates) in life that you feel comfortable with and you reproduce yourself through offspring. For many marriage is the ultimate goal in life (or used to be). Of course, marriage is obsolete to much of the world. They just find someone and "hit it off." They move in together or co-habit. There is far more to life than matching up with a mate. Although, God ordained marriage and mates - that is not the ultimate of life. I have also observed a large category of persons who believe you just hit the high spots of life. They don't show much interest in the day-to-day simple things of life. They are always jumping from one big event to another. They look at life as a book. These folks would never dream of reading page after page. They scan books and life - interested only in "hitting the high spots." They totally miss the blessings of small things like birds, butterflies and babies. I would classify another group of people as hit the jackpot folks. They live life waiting to get lucky or successful. "Today is the day that they are going to win

the lottery and suddenly they will find the meaning of life." For those who wait on "hitting the jackpot" life will go to pot. Over the course of my life I have encountered numerous people who didn't hit the ground running and seemed to get hit right between the eyes with poverty and poor circumstances. As a result, many of these people feel sorry for themselves and really do not know where to turn and they just hit the road. They become wanderers, tramps and hobos. They live idle lives existing on handouts from others. Some who have been hit hard with life attempt to escape life by hitting the sauce. They get addicted to alcoholic beverages or addicted to other drugs or pleasures of life, pretending or living in a fantasy world. I am thankful to my God that I grew up in a home where I was taught that life originated with God and that it was precious. My dad was not a baseball player, but he was a big hitter. He taught me to hit the books when I was just a young boy. He allowed no foolishness at this point. He also taught me to hit the hay at a decent hour. But he also taught me to hit the deck when it was time to get up and go to work. In fact, if I didn't respond properly my dad would not only hit the ceiling, he was known to hit a boy's backside. Life really is a hit parade. My prayer is that this will not be a hit and run column, but that it will hit the spot in your life today. Some of you have hit bottom. You think that life is over for you. With all the gusto of my being I want you to know that you can still hit the bull's eye in life. It is not too late for you. You have been on the devil's hit list too long. When Jesus hit town in Bethlehem, the devil knew that he was on God's hit list. Then Jesus really hit the nail on the head on Calvary's cross. He took every hit for my sin and your sin. He was made God's bull's eye. He was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him. In Him, we live and move and have our being. Life is really a hit parade.



RARE KIDS; WELL DONE
By Don Jacobsen

Stay in school. How often do your kids hear that song as they're working their way through Middle School and High School? And there are good reasons.

For instance, the jobless rate right now among high school dropouts is 12.4%. The jobless rate right now among those who have some college but have not finished is 7.7%.

The jobless rate among college and university graduates right now is 4.5%. You don't have to be a math major to figure out the implications of those numbers.

But joblessness is not really the theme of my song here. Mission is. Purpose is. High school is so basic that the person who makes a significant contribution in today's world almost never gets there without twelve grades. A few do, but they're the exception.

But not everybody needs to graduate from college. That's heresy in some circles but if you follow this column you know that being called a heretic doesn't bother me a whole lot. Some kids struggle with college when maybe they don't need to be there at all, and you and I could both give examples, maybe starting with Bill Gates, a Harvard dropout. Fact is though, as our world becomes increas-

ingly complex those who can make a major contribution to life on the planet are becoming ever more dependent on the information they glean from a college degree. It's pretty hard to find a cure for cancer unless you can stand on the shoulders of those who have helped get us as far as we are down that road. That's what college does.

You and I were kids, too, and we know that for many, short-term goals are tantalizing. How tempting to reason, If I drop out of school I could get a job, and even flipping burgers, living at home, I could buy a pretty good car in a few months. But here's the question: What kind of goal drives you? Education gives you better tools, more options, a better chance to be a world-changer. Being driven by a big dream is energizing and fulfilling. To enjoy what you do and to believe that it matters is the secret to avoiding the rat race in which so many feel trapped.

So, mom, dad, from early-on in the parenting journey we help our kids think down the road, help them discover a purpose, a mission, and catch a vision of God's dream for them.

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

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