

Letting God handle the what if's in life

This column is a little different from most, as I am writing about an upcoming event in my life. I have to have a valve in my heart replaced. I do not have a date set for this yet. I will be having a cardiac catheterization done next month, and then we'll see what is next. I have heard comments from friends, ranging from, "That's a piece of cake," to "You'll do fine." Yes, I expect to do "fine." I expect to have the surgery and do fine with that as well.

But little things have really caused me concern and loss of sleep. One of my concerns is that I won't always be awake or "with it" to remind staff they cannot use my right arm for anything to draw blood, to take my blood pressure that requires compression. I have had lymphedema of that arm, and that's not an experience I want to repeat. I know from experience you can tell someone about this and within a few minutes they have forgotten. I finally decided I would have Bob write on my arm with permanent marker, "Do not use this arm."

I have mentally packed and re-packed my suitcase for going to the hospital. That may sound silly, but when I had my cancer surgeries in 2006, my suitcase was in our car during my entire hospitalization because the admissions clerk said the rooms weren't large enough for suitcases. Therefore, my toothbrush, comb and make-up (I wouldn't have used the make-up, but it would have been nice to brush my teeth and comb my hair) were also in the car during that time. Will I feel like reading or knitting while I am recuperating? Do I take books and a knitting project?

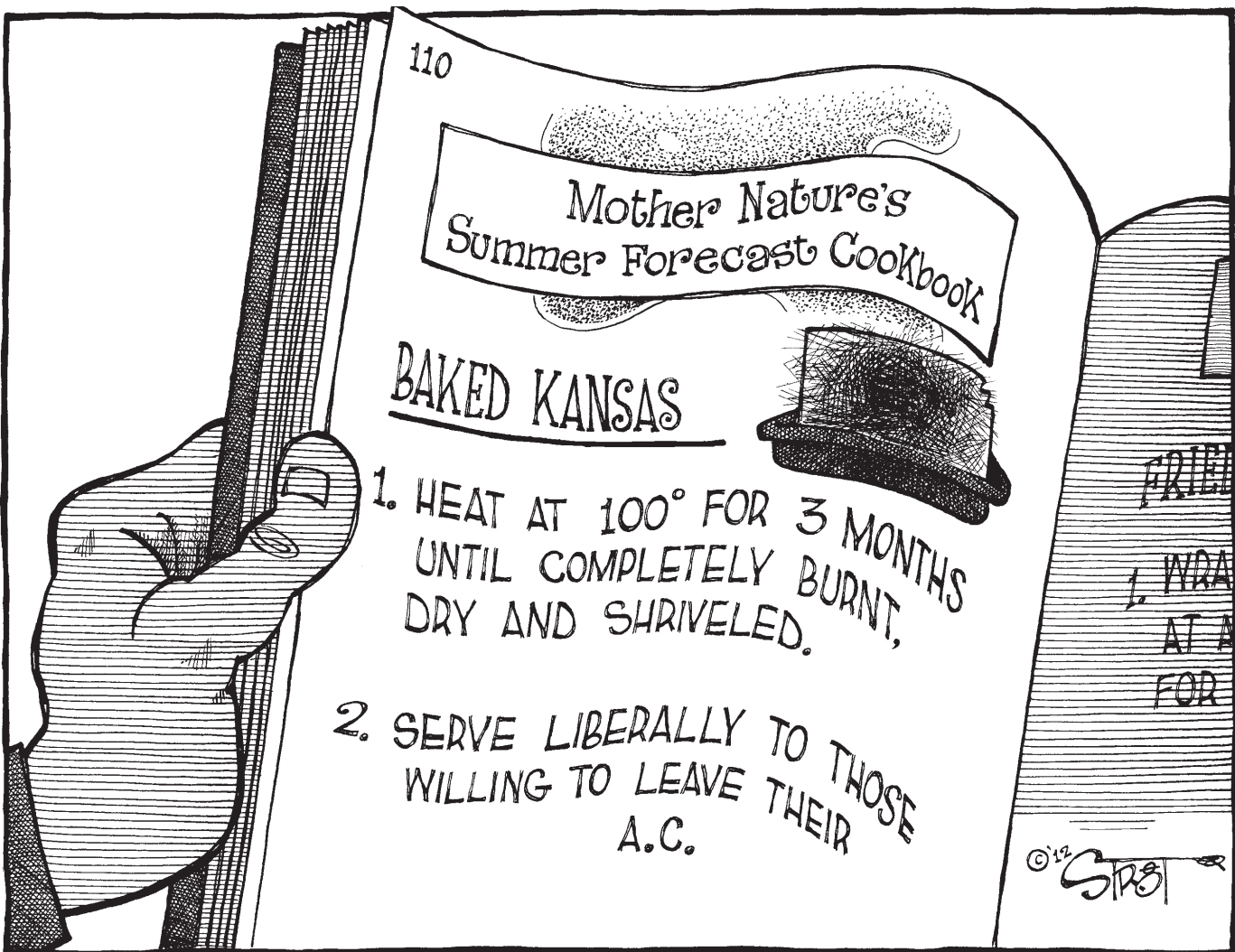
What about company? Will I feel up to chatting with people who may feel they should make the drive to see me? In 2006 I was so grateful for the people who were coming through or close to Omaha who cared enough to stop in to visit. I am sure I will appreciate anyone who makes the trip to see me.

Another thing that has kept my mind whirling when I should be sleeping is wondering about the date. Will I have any input or will the surgeon tell me it's tomorrow or the day after? If I have any input, look at my calendar. I have a number of things already on my calendar in August; can this surgery wait until I meet those obligations. And if I can put it off until this set of obligations is met, what comes next?

The other night I realized I wasn't doing myself any good, so I turned each of these concerns one by one over to God. Who better to entrust my worries (yes, that's what they really are) than God, who is really in charge of everything, including my life. I am sleeping better since I did that consciously. The suitcase still keeps "opening up," but even that will be handled once I am all packed for our vacation.

Peace to all of you.

Life is Good  
Rita Speer



Time to increase the value of our town

Several years ago, when I worked for the Norton Chamber of Commerce, a businesswoman came in and as we talked she said, "I just want Norton to stay the same. I don't want it to change."

I think she meant to say she wanted our lifestyle to remain unchanged and I can understand that. As I read the differing views about the pool, I have to ask myself however, "Do these people not want Norton to change? Do they want it to go the path of so many surrounding towns?"

I have lived in eight communities before we moved back to Norton in 1996. During that time, I raised five children, chose schools, secured doctors and determined healthy environments for our kids. Never once did I look at the curbs and gutters and say, "Wow, this is the place to raise my children because their streets are perfect."

I always first looked at schools

Phase II  
Mary Kay Woodyard



and medical facilities. How does the school rank? What is the teacher/student ratio? What kind of medical support is there, in terms both of hospital and doctors? Then I looked at what things were available for the kids to do? Is there a swimming pool? Our second son worked at swimming pools lifeguarding and teaching swimming lessons from the age of 15 through college. That was how he worked his way through school. Swim teams were our children's chosen sport.

To be sure the Norton infrastructure cannot be ignored, but my sources

tell me the curbs and gutters are the responsibility of the property owner, not the city. There are, however, provisions for city help in these endeavors, but the ultimate responsibility rests with the owner.

Many things in our homes aren't essential, but we generally replace them because they make for a richer life, more time, more convenience. Things such as a microwave, dishwasher, yes, even air conditioning aren't necessities, but they do enrich our lives. Does the replacement of these things cost more than the initial investment did? Generally speaking, yes, but we do it because it increases the value of our home. Enticing new people to our town, particularly young families, with jobs, dedication and a sense of pride will go far in securing our future. Maybe now is the time to increase the value of our community. [mkwoodyard@ruraltel.net](mailto:mkwoodyard@ruraltel.net)

**Dear Editor,**  
This is in response to Mary Kay Woodyard's article, "Fear is used as a motivator or paralyzer". In it she references advice a friend was given by a trusted source that Medicare no longer covers an ambulance to Kearney, and it would cost \$30,000.  
First allow me to point out that I am not an employee or representative of Medicare, Medicaid, Social Security or any other government entity. I am an Insurance Professional that works with seniors, and like the caregivers and administrators who also work with seniors, I work closely with Medicare.

Mary Kay's assessment of unscrupulous sales people's use of fear is right on target, however she leaves a wrong impression that Medicare will always pay ambulance charges. She quotes the Medicare handbook vaguely referring to medical emergency.

Unfortunately, one needs to dig deeper. There are instances where Medicare denies ambulance charges. The first key word is medically necessary, and the second is nearest appropriate facility.

Recently, in a nearby city, our client had a heart attack. His cardiologist visits from another facility located in a larger city. His wife called 911 and was told by the responder they will meet her at the local emergency room. Her response was, "No, take him to the hospital where his cardiologist is." Our client's wife is not authorized to decide what is medically necessary. Medicare denied the claim.

Had the ambulance taken him to the local facility, the claim would have been paid. I am certain Medicare would have also paid an ambulance claim from the local facility to another facility, even by air ambulance if it were deemed medically necessary.

It's not unusual for Mary Kay or anyone else to have missed this, or other buried details. That is why both myself and partner Larry Stutz insist on reviewing Medicare with people before they commit to coverage, and making ourselves available for claim consultation after the sale.

Sincerely,  
Len Coady,  
General Agent, Norton

THE NORTON TELEGRAM

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ISSN 1063-701X  
215 S. Kansas Ave., Norton, KS 67654

Published each Tuesday and Friday by Haynes Publishing Co., 215 S. Kansas Ave., Norton, Kan. 67654. Periodicals mail postage paid at Norton, Kan. 67654.

Postmaster: Send address changes to Norton Telegram, 215 S. Kansas, Norton, Kan. 67654  
Official newspaper of Norton and Norton County. Member of the Kansas Press Association, National Newspaper Association, and the Nebraska Press Association

Nor'West Newspapers  
Dick and Mary Beth Boyd  
Publishers, 1970-2002

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I'm soooooo glad harvest is over; over before it would even start most years! I only wish my "job" was ending! I am the COOK!

I don't like to cook but I am proficient at my job. I glean this from evidence like how fast the dishes empty and the grunts of the consumers. Another indicator of a success: clandestine rummaging through the fridge for leftovers.

Here is the cook's day! Start some wash. Empty ice trays. Review menus. Make a trip for groceries, because no matter how closely I have planned something is missing. Spend \$50 (minimum) at store even though I only need two things.

And that's all before 9:00. One morning I actually rose at 2:00 a.m. to put pork in the crock pot----

Come home, unload and put away groceries.

Make tea. Sweep floor. Unload dishwasher, put stuff in sink in dishwasher, do the hand wash items. Clean counters. Set table, organize serving pieces.

Look at yard, decide if I care if the flowers, trees and privet live or die. Start watering!

Begin dinner prep. Visit with the hubby. Yes dear, I can hold dinner until 1:00.

Sit down at computer---AHHHHH  
Visit with hubby again. What you changed your mind? Okay, dinner at 11:30 then!

This Too Shall Pass  
Nancy Hagman



Change water in yard, get food on table. At least the hubby likes to relax a bit at lunch. After dinner, clear table. Get leftovers in fridge. Make tea. Load dishwasher, run if full. Soak pots. Peel potatoes for tomorrow's potato salad or make dessert etc.

Go to town for parts. Come home, go back for more parts. Crack ice, oops freezer is a little slow---

Change water. Schwan's man comes, more money!

Make sandwiches, fill cooler. Clean up kitchen, empty and refill dishwasher. Wash the stuff that was soaking. (Tell me again why I chose that cookware? What would the worst case scenario be if I put it in the dishwasher?)

Watch baseball, if the game is slow go to yard and pull weeds or plant the latest acquisition from the nursery. Water container plants.

Check baseball game; realize I missed a home run and the ejection of the manager! Check menu. Check pantry---looks like another trip to grocery store.

Have a discussion with the hubby. Me: at least it will be cooler tomorrow.

Him: that's not what the radio said!

Have a whispered conversation with daughter (who is temporarily living in the basement with two cats while helping with harvest). Her: Mom, don't tell Dad but where is the carpet cleaner? Me: Aaurrgh!

Next day, same deal except for the yard part. I no longer care about the yard. If God wanted me to have a nice yard he would send rain and cool breezes!

As harvest goes on, the leisurely noon hour break becomes 20 minutes. Do you know how much food 18 year old boys can eat??? In 20 minutes??? I thought there would be enough for sandwiches tonight---Time to go for groceries!!!

Empty the dishwasher! Transport someone to a different field. Sweep the floor! Oh never mind---who cares if the floor is clean!

Hurrah---it's Wednesday: fried chicken day at KCS.

God sends beautiful cool evening. It sprinkles. Brrr---feels like ice as I water the yard.

Harvest is over! The cats and the daughter go home! I miss them already.

Baseball was a day game so I force myself to watch the new "Dallas". Why didn't they bring any of the women back? If it is because they think the men aged better they would be wrong!

And morning comes bringing the constant in my life: COOK!



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