

We have the ability to work together

The new mother cow had lost her calf and a local farmer decided to try to find a replacement — a very logical thought. So he enlisted the help of a non-farmer to ride about 80 miles to pick up the new calf.

The "ride-a-long" assumed they would pull a trailer or at least the calf would be nestled in a corner of the pick-up. Wrong. The calf rode in the cab on the trip home with the greenhand working to keep it calm.

The thing about this story is it worked. It saved gas, saved time by not having to hook up a trailer, and if you ask the farmer, it saved energy. Our exhausted greenhand might not see it the same way. But the fact remains, someone found a way, not pretty, not elegant, but workable.

A great thing about humans is our ability to get the job done. One of the best parts of the movie Apollo 13 is when they put all the "things" on the table that could be found on the spacecraft and then were given the orders, "Get them home". And they did.

We have great opportunities to make things work in a small town, in part because we know each other so well and we know the passions, interests and talents available. Whether it is the tennis courts, the dispatch system or landfill problems, people want to see things run smoothly and cooperatively. We get behind the issues we are passionate about, and find a solution.

We in the Midwest are better at this than some. One reason is our climate and the remoteness, which in the past has forced us to rely on each other and find the answers. With the advent of instant communication, it's important we don't lose sight of our ability to find solutions.

That's what community is all about. Most answers are lodged in the corner of someone's mind. Good ideas and recommendations come from a myriad of citizens talking, sharing ideas and listening to each other.

Elected officials sometimes have the ideas and sometimes must listen to their constituents.

When our ideas become realities, through community efforts and the willingness of all, then it works. — *Mary Kay Woodyard*

Cemetery holds much of history

Arlington National Cemetery — the name conjures up images of row upon row of white markers, the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the eternal flame over John F. Kennedy's grave.

My mother tells me we visited Arlington National Cemetery when I was in high school. I remember the trip, but I don't remember the cemetery.

This time, we were on a mission. Members of the National Newspaper Association gathered in Washington had a wreath to lay at the Tomb of the Unknowns.

Four of our members were escorted to the tomb, and they handed over the wreath, which was placed on a stand in front of the burial site. We watched the changing of the guard and left quietly as the sentry continued his march.

We were told that the tomb is guarded 24 hours a day. Last fall, when a hurricane came up the Potomac and hit Washington with 120 mph winds, the guard just kept walking. On Sept. 11, 2001, when a plane crashed into the Pentagon, the guard on duty, who could see the crash, turned to the tourists lined up behind the barricades and calmly told them to leave quietly because the cemetery was closed. Then he went back to marching without having any idea what was going on.

Down the hill, we stood in front of the graves of John and Jackie Kennedy and their two of their children who died in infancy.

Open Season

Cynthia Haynes



When John Kennedy Jr. died in a plane crash, there was much discussion of burying him with his father and mother. However, our guide told us, John Jr. was not eligible to be buried in Arlington, being an adult who has never served in the military. There was also his wife to consider. Eventually, their ashes were buried at sea. Just a little ways from the president lies his brother, also felled by an assassin's bullet. Robert Kennedy lies alone under a white wooden cross, the only wooden marker in the cemetery.

Arlington did not have a great beginning. It was the home of Robert E. Lee and his wife, Mary, who was the step-granddaughter of George Washington.

During the Civil War, they needed a place to bury the dead, so the government decided to bury as many as they could in the front yard of "The Great Traitor." The officers, they buried in Mrs. Lee's flower garden.

After the war, the government kept burying people on the estate — usually

soldiers who had no one to bury them. In the early days, Arlington was a pauper's graveyard. Our guide told us it wasn't until the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier was built that the graveyard became a national shrine.

There are three soldiers buried in the tomb — one each from World War I, World War II and the Korean Conflict. A fourth soldier from the Vietnam War was disinterred in 1998 and identified. His remains were returned to his family and are now buried in St. Louis. The fourth crypt in the Tomb will remain empty, most likely, because with DNA testing there will never be another unknown soldier.

Time change throws internal clock off

Losin' an hour to Daylight Saving Time has really thrown me. I stayed up way too late Saturday. After resetting all the clocks, including my alarm, I went to bed for what seemed like an incredibly short night. When that "electric rooster" jangled in my ear, I was not ready to rise 'n' shine.

The first Sunday of every month, Jim preaches at a little church about 20 miles southeast of here. A good preacher's wife should probably never admit this, but I had an incredibly hard time keeping my eyes open Sunday while Jim was giving the sermon.

It was a great talk on the Resurrection, but I'm afraid my eyes were glazed over during parts of it. (It's no excuse, but he'll do the same one next week during chapel services at the prison, so I'll pick up any parts I missed the first time.)

We had a load of construction debris to get rid of, so we made a trip out to "Rattlesnake Ranch" on Saturday. My brother Bill's middle son Mark has been living out at the farm this past winter, continuing the work his brother Brian started several years ago after Brian bought Mom and Dad's farm.

Johnny Appleseed doesn't have a thing on Mark. That young man has planted more new trees than you can imagine, trees of every kind and caliber. There are pine trees, flowering trees, oaks, ashes,

Out Back Carolyn Plotts



maps and even some fruit trees.

Of course, out there on that hill, watering is the main issue. But Mark has rigged up a tractor with a tank unit that he uses to water trees some distance from the house. If those trees die, it won't be for lack of water.

Speaking of which, I need to pull some hose around and give a drink to four little cedar trees we transplanted last week out for a funeral on Monday and ask if he could spend Sunday night with us. "Sure," I said, secretly jumping for joy inside because "Hattie, the hired girl" and I had done a "clean sweep" on that room just the day before. I was actually ready for company.

It's true. I've hired help. And it's not that I can't do it myself. It's that I haven't done it. Now, with someone coming at a regular time on a set day, I have to do it. She makes me accountable. It's a little tough on me right now, but I will so appreciate it when it's done.

A place for everything and everything in its place.

Back Home Nancy Hagman



superstore to get a toilet. They probably had 30 different choices. Not only that, you can buy the tank and the base separately, putting the combinations into the 100s. How can you make an intelligent choice? It's not like they let you try them out.

Another reason I am sick of shopping is we moved my mother-in-law out of this house before we started to remodel. Well, we sort of moved her out. She doesn't have room for all her stuff so a lot of it is still there. But it can't stay there. I have my own stuff.

Looking at this stuff is enough to put me off shopping forever. The last thing any of us needs is more stuff. Yet a couple of weeks ago we celebrated her birthday and people had the nerve to bring her gifts. Can you believe it? It's like buying drugs for an addict.

Maybe there are people out there less "stuff challenged" than we are, but I have some serious advice for you if you or someone you love is — don't buy them anymore.

Donate to a charity in their name. Give them fresh flowers that will be gone in a week. Give them a live plant that they can put outdoors. Give them a gift certificate for the movies, a meal at a restaurant, their beauty shop. Pay for an extended cable package, give them coupons for little services you could perform like mowing the lawn, washing the windows and then be sure you respond when they redeem the coupon.

Hey! I'm starting to get excited. Maybe I do still like shopping. Don't tell my husband.

STAFF

- Cynthia Haynes editor and publisher
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