

DEDICATED TO THE PROMOTION OF TOWNS COUNTY

# OPINIONS & COMMENTARY

## Christmas With Jesus

We recently celebrated the "home-going" of one of our brothers, a most wonderful, upbeat, perpetually happy, cheerful individual, Mr. Donald Kelly. He was a decorated Korean War Veteran and like all our Korean War Veterans, earned everlasting honor, love and respect from the people of the Republic of South Korea in that horrific encounter with another of our brother's perpetual evils, the Communists, who attempted to enslave and destroy the Southern half of Korea. For a moment try to imagine our world minus those like Don who sacrificed so much for others, and something far greater than themselves. He has now completed his final "mission" here on earth and rests alongside our Supreme Commander, forevermore. Well done, Don!

**The Veterans' Corner**  
**Scott Drummond**  
 USCG Veteran



Our Memorial Service was well attended by all the VSOs of VFW Post 7807, Hayesville and Blairsville Veterans, our VFW and American Legion members as well as our Honor Guard and "trivia friends/karaoke pals" from Hiawasse, Hayesville and Blairsville. Don was an excellent singer as well, who could compete with the likes of Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra! Amongst those in attendance was a very fine gentleman, Mr. Charles Sutton, a dear friend of Don's, who recited a very similar poem as that I wish to share. Charles served America in the uniform of our Law Enforcement officers, as well as proving his love of others through his ministry.

## Christmas with Jesus

I see the countless Christmas trees around the world below,  
 With tiny lights like Heaven's stars reflecting in the snow.  
 The sight is so spectacular Please wipe away that tear,  
 For I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.  
 I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear  
 But earthly music can't compare  
 With the Christmas Choir up here.  
 I have no words to tell you the joy their voices bring,  
 For it's beyond description to hear the Angels sing.  
 I know how much you miss me, trust God and have no fear.  
 For I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.  
 I can't tell you the splendor or the peace here in this place.  
 Can you imagine Christmas with our Savior face to face?  
 May God uplift your spirits as I tell Him of your love.  
 And pray for one another as you lift your eyes above.  
 So let your hearts be joyful, and let your spirit sing.  
 For I'm spending Christmas in Heaven  
 And I'm walking with the King!

Written by Lois Gaddy after her mother died in November 2005.

This Christmas please do not forget the real meaning of the season and for ANYONE who is missing a loved one this year, please reread the loving poem above, as this is for Everyone!

Merry Christmas and May God Bless everyone!

*Semper Paratus*

## A Christmas Story

My mother loved her Christmas ornaments, and like many mothers she kept certain ones for many years. Carefully wrapped and stored away after the holidays, they would reappear just after Thanksgiving. Our Christmas tree hosted the most unlikely combinations of sparkling shapes; simple childhood gifts and class projects from the ghosts of Christmas Past. Some were cute, some gaudy, and to teenage eyes, embarrassing reminders of the youth we were so impatient to leave behind.

If we are lucky, we will collect memories of many embarrassing moments, and years of youth and innocence to comfort us later in life; years when the wonders of life were many and the responsibilities few, years when Christmas vacation lasted the entire winter and Santa Claus was as real as the cookies and milk carefully placed next to the tree on Christmas Eve.

Growing up in the country, there are certain rites of passage that often occur simultaneously with the season of giving, and as a young lad I was convinced that the Christmas day after my 12th birthday would bring that long hoped-for present so often desired by boys and girls lucky enough to grow up in the rural South. I was certain that would be the year I received my first real firearm and be able to join the adults on a grounup deer hunt. It must have taken someone a long time to wrap the long, beautifully decorated rectangular box I found under the tree that year, but I cannot for the life of me remember the color of the paper or the bow I so hastily tore away. I do, however, remember every inch of the Harrington and Richardson single shot 20 gauge inside.

I remember the excitement of waking up long before daylight on the morning of that first hunt and having a hunter's breakfast, a cold bacon and egg sandwich, just me and my dad moving quietly in the kitchen trying not to wake up the house. I remember the way the stars sparkled in the crisp winter air; the ride in the old pickup from the farm to the hunting ground and the last minute advice on cover and concealment. I remember the crunch of dried twigs in the dark, and another lesson from my dad about how to balance my weight, placing my feet carefully to move silently.

I was well concealed before dawn, nestled in pine straw and leaves with my back propped against a suitable tree with low hanging branches for cover. Time never passed more slowly or with greater anticipation as I listened, straining my ears for any telltale sounds that might signal the approach of my quarry. When a deer finally did come near my location, well scouted by my dad in anticipation of this momentous event, the only sound I could hear was my heart pounding in my ears.

The flash was blinding and the blast deafening when I pulled the trigger. The gray shape of the deer disappeared into the mist and the pounding of my heart was replaced by a loud ringing in my ears as I struggled in vain to hear in what direction my quarry might be headed. I had been warned that a spooked deer might run for quite a distance before settling down, and I was prepared to wait in the event of a shot that wasn't true, quiet and watchful until I got my bearings again.

I waited with the patience of a 12-year old until I thought I heard a likely sound some distance from my vantage point and then I headed as quietly as I could in that direction. A thickening mist was descending on the forest and I could barely make out the shape of the trees. After half an hour of carefully picking my way through branch and bramble, I stepped into a small clearing just as I thought I saw the shape of my prey on the other side. I took one more step into the clearing for a better look, but I never got the chance.

Just as I stepped forward, the ground beneath my feet collapsed and I went straight down about four feet into a hole, landing hard on the flat of my feet with a thud. I saw stars for a moment, and as I blinked them away, looking up, I noticed with some trepidation that the end of my nose was about a foot away from an old moss covered tombstone.

I don't know what congregation lived and died on that land forgotten for long enough to grow a mature stand of timber. I don't think I was ever able to equal the feat of acrobatics I performed when I shot straight up out of that abandoned grave like a fish jumping out of water. I think I may have actually levitated when I came up out of that hole. I'm not sure that I have ever run away from a place so fast in my life. I don't have a clear memory of how I found my way back to the truck.

What I do remember is the sound of my dad's joyful laughter as we drove back home that morning. He told me something then that I have always cherished, that though I may have missed my buck, I bagged a good story that would be worth a lot more to me as the years went by.

Memories are a lot like those favorite Christmas ornaments my mother kept so carefully. The number and variety we keep, the way we display them or keep them wrapped up and stored away, this is how we decorate the story of our lives. If we are fortunate, when we consider them all, the ones that sparkle, the unlikely shapes, the ones we are proud of and even the embarrassments, we will enjoy a bit of the same sense of celebration we feel when we look at a Christmas tree.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR SHOULD BE E-MAILED OR MAILED TO:** Towns County Herald, Letter to the Editor, PO Box 365, Hiawasse, 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.*

## The Middle Path

By: Don Perry



## Pesticide Safety

Pesticides can be a huge help in your garden and around the home if you choose to use them. They can help you manage pests in your garden, but what do you do with them when you're not using them? When used and stored properly pesticides can be a benefit around the home but if not used properly or stored well they can become a threat to you and the environment. Let's talk about how to properly store and use pesticides so that you can use them in a way that is beneficial.

The EPA describes a pesticide as, "Any substance or mixture of substances intended for preventing, destroying, repelling, or mitigating any pest." And so this is the definition that I am using for this article because the EPA regulates pesticides in the US.

The first thing to know about pesticide usage is that the label is the law. When you purchase a pesticide it will have a label on it that has been approved by the EPA. Companies spend a lot of money creating these labels because what is in there sets the legal limits on what you're allowed to do with a pesticide. If the label says that you can apply 2 oz per 1000 square feet, going over that is breaking the law. If the label says that the pesticide can be applied on only a certain species of plant you can't spray a species that is not on the label.

The label will also include safety information. This information will include on the required PPE (personal protective equipment). For most pesticides that you use around your house the label will probably require long sleeves and long pants to apply. Gloves, shoes, and socks will also be a good idea. This information is included for your own safety to reduce the chance of short term or long term effects of the pesticide on you.

If you use a sprayer for an application, triple rinse the sprayer out to clean the spray tank. This way if you use the sprayer again with a different pesticide the tank will be clean.

When storing pesticides keep them in a cool, dry place. The space should be ventilated and out of direct sunlight. Keep them out of reach of children and pets. Store the pesticides in their original containers. Never use food or drink containers for storing pesticides as this can lead to bad accidents. If you have used up all the pesticide in a bottle, triple rinse that bottle out and puncture it so that it won't be reused for a different purpose. Then throw the bottle in the trash.

The way that you clean up pesticide spills depends on if the pesticide is liquid or solid. For solids scoop the pesticide into heavy duty trash bag and triple bag it before putting it in the garbage. With liquids place and absorbent material like kitty litter on the wet spot and then scoop up the kitty litter and triple bag it and place it in the trash.

Whenever you're working with pesticides always take the time to read what's written on the label first. Remember that the label is the law. If you have questions about pesticides please contact your local Extension Office or send me an email at Jacob.Williams@uga.edu.

**UGA Extension**  
**Watching and Working**  
 Jacob Williams



## Letters to The Editor

### New Turn Signal

Dear Editor,  
 Dear Mayor Ordiales,  
 Thank you so very much for getting the turn signal at the traffic light on Main Street (Hwy. 76) and Bell Creek Road (Hwy. 75) in front of McDonald's. What a blessing it is. That's a busy intersection and that turn light is a great help in keeping traffic safe.  
 Thanks,  
**Jo-Ann Dedmon**

### A Different Perspective

Dear Editor,  
 As one who has personally experienced the horrors of war, I share the December 12 writer's opinion decrying war and all its aspects. I, however, offer a different perspective: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace", George Washington, First Annual Address to both Houses of Congress - January 8, 1790. Furthermore, as anyone who has read Genesis (probably not the writer), greed, anger and jealousy have been among people and nations since the beginning of time. In my view, as shared by almost all folks, I believe, there is no greater responsibility for a nation than to protect and secure the safety of its populace; so let's all pray (will the writer include himself?) for peace, but prepare for the alternative, to secure that peace as necessary.  
**Claude Spears**

### The Case for Funding In-Home Care

Dear Editor,  
 None of us wants to be in a nursing home. We want to remain in the communities where we have friends and family. But we won't be able to without a robust network of services to support us as we age.  
 Delaying admission to a skilled nursing facility or avoiding it altogether benefits everyone. But, right now, 7,000 people throughout Georgia are on the waiting list for in-home services. There are 16 older adults in Union County and 16 in Towns County on the waiting list.  
 A Medicaid bed in a nursing home costs the state on average 10 times what home care costs. In FY 2016, more than 425 people could not wait any longer for services and went into a nursing home. That cost the state a whopping \$8.8 million, instead of the more reasonable \$842,000 that home care would have cost.  
 Home care, like health care, depends on both private and public pay to stay in business. Without a wide array of providers in the marketplace, both public and private, we may not be able to find what we need, even if we can afford it.  
 All of us should care about ending the wait for home services through increased funding for supports for older adults. It's both the smart thing to do and the right thing to do.  
**John Daniel**

**HAVE SOMETHING TO SELL?**

Let the Herald work for you!  
 706-896-4454



## Towns County Community Calendar

Bridge Players	<b>Every Monday:</b> All Saints Lutheran	12:30 pm
Free GED prep.	<b>Every Tuesday:</b> Old Rec. Center	4 pm
SMART Recovery	<b>Every Wednesday:</b> Red Cross Building	7 pm
Bridge Players	<b>Every Thursday:</b> All Saints Lutheran	12:30 pm
Free GED prep.	Old Rec. Center	4 pm
Movers & Shakers	<b>Every Friday:</b> Sundance Grill	8 am
Alcoholics Anon.	Red Cross Building	7 pm
Alcoholics Anon.	<b>Every Sunday:</b> Red Cross Building	7 pm
Hospital Auxiliary	<b>Third Monday of each month:</b> Cafeteria	1:30 pm
Planning Comm.	Civic Center	6 pm
YH Plan Comm.	<b>Third Tuesday of each month:</b> YH City Hall	5 pm
Co. Comm. Mtg	Courthouse	5:30 pm
Humane Shelter Bd.	Blairsville store	5:30 pm
Water Board	Water Office	6 pm
Quilting Bee	<b>Third Wednesday of each month:</b> McConnell Church	10 am
MOAA	Call Joff @ 386-530-0904	
Book Bunch & Lunch	Daniels Steakhouse	11:30 am
Friendship Comm.	<b>Third Thursday of each month:</b> Clubhouse	6 pm
Republican Party	Civic Center	5:30 pm
Goldwing Riders	<b>Third Saturday of each month:</b> Daniel's Restaurant	11 am
Red Cross DAT	<b>Fourth Monday of each month:</b> 1298 Jack Dayton Cir.	5:30 pm
Lions Club	<b>Fourth Tuesday of each month:</b> Daniel's Restaurant	6 pm
Hiaw. Writers	<b>Fourth Thursday:</b> Hiaw. Pk. Comm. Rm.	10:30
Humane Shelter Bd.	<b>Last Thursday of each month:</b> Cadence Bank	5:30 pm

## Towns County Herald

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