

Opinions



The Choctaw Sun
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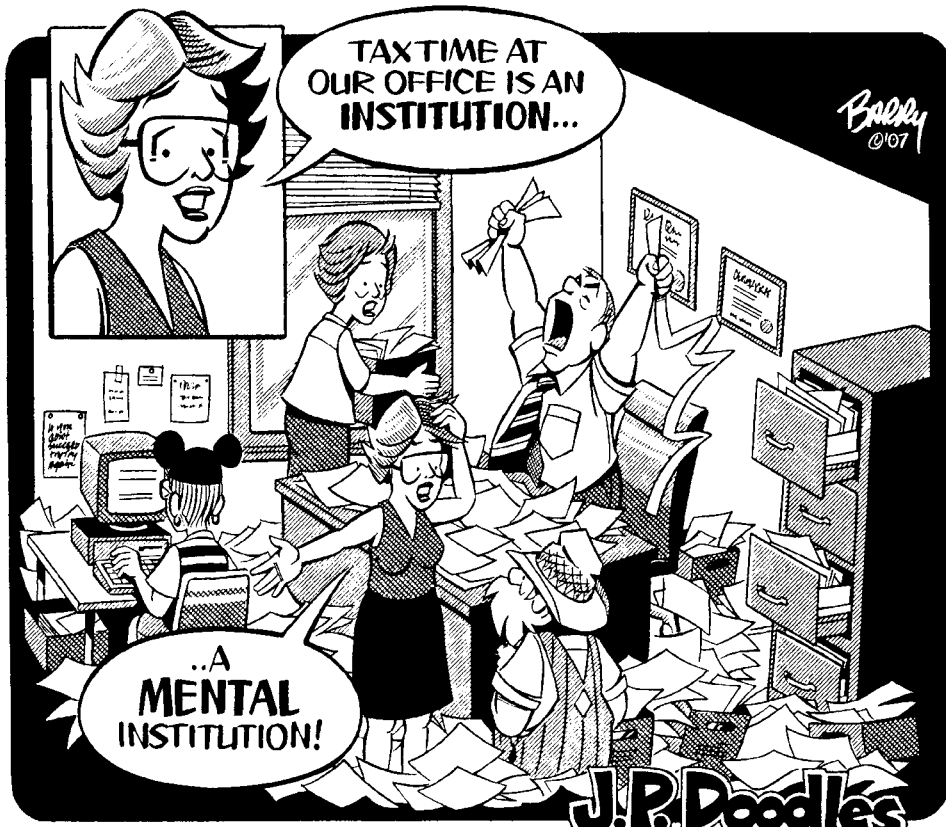
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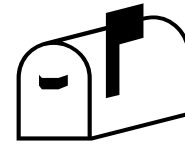
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Letters



"Friends are angels who lift us to our feet when our wings have trouble remembering how to fly."

We wish to thank everyone for your prayers, visits, phone calls, and all the support you have given during my recovery. We appreciate our church family for the wonderful service and dinner at our home.

May God bless you all!

Calvin C. Wright and family
Land

My subscription renewal is enclosed. I enjoy the paper ever so much! Keep up the good work!

Kathleen Murphy
Semmes

SoundOffs

The Choctaw Co. Board of Education members needs to read their packet of information before they attend the meeting. Some board members do not have a clue as to what is going on. Board members were elected to help and support the students, parents, teachers, and community. Board members should visit the schools and show that they are interested in the well-being of the students and the teachers. Board members stop voting on issues when you do not have all the facts available to you, ask questions, research information, and most of all do not believe everything that is presented to you.

What is wrong with our state? In every state except Alabama, women get help to receive child support. After the fourth time we were scheduled for court, nothing ... again.

Bush, Bush Bush. You **Sun** idiots make me sick. I never saw a war yet that them military airheads (sp) could win.

(PUB. NOTE: The only reason you, sir, have the right to say such things is that the grace of God and the U.S. Military gave you that right. You should thank this newspaper, too. Why? Because we are a privately owned business and we do not have to print such comments from people like you, but we do. Why? Because that same freedom of speech that we enjoy also applies to you and we will defend that right to the end. That is what America is all about. Be grateful, and remember to thank God and the next veteran you see for the privilege. - Tommy.)

Hey, Al Gore ... what happened to GLOBAL WARMING?????????

The Board of Education met on April 3 and on the agenda there was supposed to be a Special Education Settlement. Please find out what this settlement is about and publish it in the **Sun**. I thought that school business is supposed to be public knowledge, as long as it does not pertain to a person's good name or character. The public should be aware of any monetary settlements that the Board agrees to. If one settlement is published, all others should be public knowledge also.

When a newspaper devotes an entire column to spit the end of the world **MUST** be near. Deanne (sp) please dont (sp) spit on anyone bc (sp) they dont (sp) agree with your facist (sp) ideas.

Finally! An elected official who appears to be trying to do something about that landfill. Thank you, Probate Judge D'Wayne May. We will be reading the **Sun** to see where this goes. I am not against those landfill people, I am a taxpayer who just wants this to come to an end. Six years is long enough!

In regard to the so-called "crackdown" on four-wheelers and golf carts in Butler. Does this also apply to Country Club Drive as well?

The county's roads look so much better since the Clean Sweep. I hope that we will all do our part to keep them that way.

OPINIONS expressed here are those of our readers and do not necessarily represent those of the owners or staff of The Choctaw Sun. Because of the enormous volume received each week, we are unable to publish every comment. Comments that contain vulgarity, obscenities, or personal attacks on the character of any individual will not be published.

Lessons from my 5th grade egg hunt

Everyone has them in their pasts - those memories that stand out among the rest, those times when they learned a lesson or discovered a treasure or found a little tidbit of life's principles hidden in the most unexpected places.

For me, one of those lessons came from a field trip, an empty basket, and a valuable lesson that struck me on the head - literally.

It was the much-awaited 5th grade egg hunt at Oakatibee Reservoir, and I couldn't wait. All year long, I had waited for that field trip. It would be the day when we donned our shorts and t-shirts, packed our sack lunches, and loaded up the buses bound for the lake and the trees and the picnic - and, of course, the egg hunt.

In years past, it might have been the eggs that intrigued me most. Over the years, I had established myself as the world's greatest egg



Looking Up

By Dee Ann Campbell
Editor

hunter of all time. It was my claim to fame, the day when I shined brightest. It was the day when I invariably found the most eggs, the best eggs, and, of course, the eggs filled with the best prizes.

It was the one event when this shy, little book worm of a girl did not simply shrink into the background and let the more 'popular' kids have all the glory. For some reason that I could never explain, when it came to egg hunting, I was the champion.

But although I was looking forward to finding

those eggs that day, as an 10-going-on-11-year-old girl, I had other things on my mind when it came to that field trip - HIM.

For days I had planned it. The field trip would be the day when I got to spend all day long looking at HIM. It would be the day when I would be able to sit beside him, to look at him - and maybe, just maybe, even talk to the cutest boy in the class.

But my egg hunting trip didn't turn out that way at all. And it was all because of a bird.

You see, right in the

middle of the hunt, just when I thought I was about to find the best ones, just when I had glanced at HIM for the hundredth time, just when I was getting ready to actually speak to him, the unthinkable happened.

That bird just had to fly over my head at that time. It just had to pick that time, at that altitude, in that moment to lay an 'egg' of its own - one that didn't smell or feel at all like a prize egg when it hit the top of my head.

Mortified, I stopped hunting, ran to the picnic table, found the roll of paper towels - and for the rest of the hunt I simply sat there, dabbing at my hair and wishing I could crawl under a rock.

I never did find that prize egg that day. I never did find any eggs at all. I didn't get named the egg hunting champion of the 5th grade, and I never did

See DEE ANN, page 6A

News flash: God still uses imperfect folks!

I talked with a guy last week who told me that he doesn't go to church anymore because several churches that he has attended in the past would not let him serve as a Sunday School teacher or in any other capacity because of a divorce in his background.

The man was 18 at the time the marriage and divorce happened. His wife was 17 and after six whole weeks of wedded bliss, she ran off with a nother man and was never heard from again.

He is now getting close to 60, has remarried, has a wonderful family, including a wagon-load of grandyoung'uns, but he and is still carrying this baggage around, thanks to some cold, judgmental "church folks."

He didn't cause the divorce, yet he said he feels like he has this big, dark mark on him that screams out, 'HEY, Y'ALL! THIS DUDE IS DIVORCED!!!' anytime he tries to find a niche in church.

A woman came to my



The way I see it ...

By Tommy Campbell
Publisher

church once who told me that the pastor at a church she attended told her that she was going to hell because she wore some nice dress pants to a Sunday morning service.

This woman had suffered a severe injury to the lower part of one of her legs as the result of a car accident and was very self-conscious about people being able to see the scars if she wore a dress.

Those are some of the saddest stories I have ever heard, but stories that are far too common among far too many people who have been alienated from attending church - any church - by gossipy, judgmental hypocrites.

If that rubs some cats' fur the wrong way then maybe those cats need to turn around.

God, you see, cares much more about what is in the inner heart than what garments are on the outer body, and divorce is not the unpardonable sin that many un-scripturally teach that it is.

Here's some real scriptural food for thought that may help to put this in a little clearer perspective, OK?

Not one of us is perfect and without sin Nobody.

If you doubt that read the book of Romans. It will open your eyes and hopefully your heart.

So, if you are strug-

gling with problems in your past that just won't go away, or if you get to thinking that God can't use a repentant sinner (which is what all Christians are), just remember this - Noah was a drunk, Abraham thought he was too old, Isaac was a day-dreamer, Jacob was a liar, Joseph was abused, Moses had a stuttering problem and killed a man, and Gideon was afraid.

Samson had long hair and was a macho womanizer, Rahab was a prostitute, Jeremiah and Timothy were thought to be too young, David had two wives, an affair and was a murderer, Elijah was suicidal, and Jonah ran from God and became fish bait.

Naomi was a homeless widow, Job went bankrupt and nearly died from infection, Peter denied Christ three times (to His face!), the Disciples fell asleep while praying, Martha worried about everything, the Samaritan woman was a four-time divorcee who

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