



SMITHVILLE REVIEW

Established 1892
 Publication No. 499280
 106 South First Street, Smithville, TN 37166
 Phone: (615) 597-5485
 Fax: (615) 597-5489
 Email: news@smithvillereview.com
 Website: www.smithvillereview.com

Angie Meadows
 General Manager/Advertising Director
Steve Warner
 News/Sports
Dale Stubblefield
 Circulation Manager

Published every Wednesday in the year at Smithville, DeKalb County, TN Entered at the post office in Smithville as periodical mail. **POSTMASTER:** notify publisher on Form 3579, of undeliverable copies, Smithville Review, P.O. Box 247, Smithville, TN 37166.

Print Subscription Rates:
 (DeKalb and adjoining counties)
 \$45 annually - \$27 six months - \$25 six months
 Elsewhere: \$55 annually - \$38.50 six months - \$50.50 Senior Citizen annually - \$34.50 six months

Online Only Edition:
 \$30 annually - \$17 six months

Copyright Standard Publishing Company All Rights Reserved 2001

Say hi to the new guy ... yes, guy

Hi. My name is Duane Sherrill. I'm new to town, having been born and raised south of the border. Actually, immediately south of the border since I live down in Warren County where I've worked as crime and courts reporter for the *Southern Standard*, our sister paper, for the past 28 years. Anyway, I'm your news guy here for a while. How long? I haven't a clue. It could be two weeks or two years. Regardless, I'm the new guy here. Despite living just 20 minutes away, it's a totally different world here in Smithville. Aside from the Walmart, I don't know where hardly anything is located so it'll be a major learning curve for the next little bit.

But don't worry, I'm no slouch at writing. Been doing it since 1990. I've actually won state awards for my columns, the last coming when I wrote

about my sex change. Yes, I used to be a woman - on paper of course. I guess I should explain, huh?

I was planning to go on a cruise with my family a while back and I was told I had to obtain a passport. So, one of the things you have to have to get a passport is your birth certificate. Like many of you, my birth certificate was packed away in some old chest, dust all over it. After much digging I found it and just happened to take a glance at its face.

"FEMALE!" I yelled as I noticed how it was written. "What the ..."

The first thing I did was call my mom. "Hey, this is your daughter calling," I quipped as I inquired as to how my birth certificate, for over 50

years, had claimed me to be a female when I'm VERY MUCH a male. Unable to get answers from my mom who was just as surprised about my new diagnosis as a woman, I got on the phone to the state records department.

"It's just a typo," they assured me. "Come on up and we'll take care of it."

So I walk into their office and hand them the old certificate. The lady behind the glass looks me up and down and chuckles.

"You don't look much like a girl," she smirked. "Wait here and I'll get somebody."

A minute later a woman comes out and motions me toward a side room. I reluctantly go in. What kind of proof were they going to re-

quire? I was glad I wore clean shorts at least.

"Sign this," the woman ordered. "What's this?" I wondered, glad I would get to remain clothed.

"It's your statement, swearing under penalty of law that you're male," she responded.

Although not liking that "penalty of law thing", I signed. Then, two weeks later and \$30 lighter for fees I get a certificate in the mail.

However, much to my surprise, it wasn't anything new. It was my old certificate with a line through the "female" part and "male" typed above it. That's all I got for \$30 bucks. Anyway, my name is Mr. Duane Sherrill. Give me a call if you got news.

Contact Duane Sherrill at news@smithvillereview.com



THAT NEW GUY
 by Duane Sherrill

Lions and lambs

When most people hear the expression, "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb", they normally think about the dramatic change in the weather in the month of March. When March begins, winter is still in session, and there are still cold winds and winter storms that surprise us from time to time. We are reminded of roaring lions who can be vicious in their sudden appearances and attacks. When March ends, the weather is usually much warmer and milder, and we are reminded of gentle lambs who cause no alarm.

In the Bible, roaring lions are equated to the devil, who is described as a roaring lion walking about seeking whom he may devour. Like a lion stalks and suddenly pounces on its prey, the devil conveniently strolls into our lives to take advantage during a time of misfortune or weakness. II Corinthians tells us that he transforms himself into an angel of light to deceive us into thinking he is looking out for us or that he is harmless. We know better, because Jesus tells us in John 10 that he is like a thief and a robber who seeks to steal sheep from the flock. His real purpose is to steal, to kill, and destroy unsuspecting souls, and he is far from being an angel of light or any other kind of angel.

The Bible also talks exten-

sively about lambs or sheep, and compares them to people. Isaiah 6:3 says that people are like sheep who have gone astray and turned to their own way, meaning that they have strayed away from God. Psalm 100 tells us that God has created us and that He wants us to be the sheep of His pasture, which means He wants us to belong to Him, and not to the devil. He will actually take proper care of us, because, as He says in John 10, He is the "Good Shepherd" who really and truly cares about us and wants the best for us.

Jesus says also in John 10 that like a good shepherd, He calls us by name and in such a way that we want to follow Him. Psalm 23 tells us that the Lord is our shepherd, and as such He will provide for all of our needs. Like a shepherd leads his sheep to green pastures and still waters, the Lord restores our soul and leads us in paths of righteousness. He is with us as we walk through the valley of the shadow of death, so that we need not fear but are comforted by Him. His goodness and mercy follow us all the days of our lives, and one day we will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Larry R. Steffe is pastor of the Center Hill Brethren In Christ Church on Miller Road in Smithville. Everyone is welcome to attend. For information, you may email lrsteffe@tntn@yahoo.com.



GUEST EDITORIAL
 by Larry R. Steffe

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR TO THE POLICY

The *Smithville Review* encourages readers to express their views on subjects of interest. Letters to the Editor may be edited for length, libel and clarity. Readers should limit remarks to 300 words or less and should have a daytime phone number for verification. Letters without full address and signature will not be published. Mail to: Letters to the Editor, P.O. Box 247, Smithville, TN 37166 OR email to: news@smithvillereview.com

WHERE TO BUY THE REVIEW

- Sav-A-Lot
- Hardee's
- Food Lion
- DeKalb Community Hospital
- Green Hill Market
- On The Way Market
- Jewell's Market
- Wholesale Tobacco
- Dutton's Market
- K&M Jewelry
- Center Hill Restaurant
- Mystik Market
- Delores' Market
- Dollar General - Smithville, Dowelltown, Alexandria
- F.Z. Webb & Sons Pharmacy
- Walmart
- Johnny's Drugs
- Kilgore's Restaurant
- Larry's Discount
- Rite Aid
- Kwick-N-Ezy
- Mapco Express
- Village Chevron
- Los Lobos Restaurant
- D&D Market
- Dairy Queen
- Prichard Foods
- Stop & Buy Citgo
- C&C Market
- DeKalb Market
- Short Mtn Market
- Smithville Review Office

Best day of your life

If you ask my friend Robert how he's doing, he always gives the same answer. "Best day of my life!"

Even though the chances that today is really the best day of his life are slim to none, at least he's acting as if it will be.

It's such a positive message that even a morose, whiny moron like me would like it to be true. If he's having such a great day, maybe some of it will rub off on me. It's such a great response to "How are you?" that I've started using it myself. Before, when people would ask me how I was, I'd usually say, "Another drug-free day!" It did turn heads, but I'm not sure it improved anyone's life, including my own. Robert's answer may not be any more true than mine, but at least he's aiming so much higher than I was.

Robert's greeting is a gift. And people seem to like it: He has tons of friends, gets invited everywhere and everyone likes him. It's not because he's so brilliant or funny or great-looking, but because he's so happy to be alive, so happy to see the sun again, so happy to spend another day on this side of the grass.

Can a person simply decide to be happy? In a way, yes. If you've ever bought a lottery ticket, you'll know what I'm talking about. Let's say you buy a ticket on a Thursday for the \$500 million jackpot. The drawing will be on Saturday night. All day Friday and Saturday, in your daydreams, you think about all the things you'll do with the money. You'll quit the job you don't like. You'll buy Mom a new house. You'll send

a big check to your friend who always has money problems. You'll give some to your church, you'll give some to the animal shelter, you'll help out your family and there will still be plenty for you to buy whatever your wildest dreams can come up with.

It will be the best day of your life. All your days will be the best days of your life from now on.

Saturday night finally arrives, the numbers fall, and you go back to real life. Someone else is having the best day of your life. But for two or three days, you really had a good time spending that money you didn't have. Too bad that feeling couldn't last.

But it can. Pretend you bought a ticket. And the drawing is not this Saturday, but Saturday two years from now. Still, you are holding the winning ticket, so you may as well start acting like a winner right now. Are you really going to wait two years to quit that job you don't like? Are you really going to wait two years to get Mom a new house? We can at least start fixing up the one she has now. You've got to live with that washer for two more years, but maybe some guy on YouTube can show you how to fix it for free. You can volunteer at the animal shelter so you'll know where to spend the money when you get it. And while you're there, you might meet somebody who works there that you really like.

It could turn out to be the best day of your life. Contact Jim Mullen at mullen.jim@gmail.com.



VILLAGE IDIOT
 by Jim Mullen