

SMITHVILLE OPINIONS

MARCH 21, 2018

SMITHVILLEREVIEW.COM



2018 STAHLER.
ANDREWS MCMEEL SYNDICATION
GOCOMICS.COM

SMITHVILLE REVIEW

Established 1892
Publication No. 499280

106 South First Street, Smithville, TN 37166
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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
Senior Citizen \$39.75 annually
\$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 monthxns

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Making a book deal with God

As you may know if you've read my first three columns, I live a double life. I'm from Warren County where I've worked at the paper for the past 28 years, I'm working here while I run for office there, I moonlight with a professional wrestling company and I was once a woman. You may want to research that last thing.

As part of that double life I also play both sides of the road when it comes to writing. Yes, a lot of what I write are downright lies, made up off the top of my head, tall-tales of fiction. Before you ask, I'm not talking about my job here at the *Review* as making up lies and telling them as fact would work for about one issue before I got run out of town on a rail.

While I cover stories that impact you here in DeKalb County as a news writer,

my night time writing is purely fiction, stories concocted while I sit in the hot tub in the evening, scheming up lies that people like to read. I recently published my sixth novel, releasing it last month.

Like many writers, I write under an assumed name. My pseudonym is R.D. Sherrill. You can look me up on Amazon and Kindle. I'm legit. Murder mysteries and suspense thrillers, most set in a small town like Smithville.

When I do book shows and talk to various groups, I'm always asked how I motivated myself to write my first book back in 2013. There are a lot folks out

there who want to write a book but

blank page can be pretty intimidating. My response to that question always catches them by surprise. I wrote my first novel because of a kidney stone. Hey, you folks who have had one know it's not if the stone is going to kill you, it's when it's going to kill you. All you can do is lie there, groan and pray.

So, as I gasped for what I was sure was my last breath, I thought about things I hadn't accomplished, one of which was writing a book. So, with that last gulp of air I prayed to God and promised if I lived I would write that book. Well, against all odds, I lived.

The stone passed so, that very week, I sat down and started writing what



THAT NEW GUY
by Duane Sherrill

would become my first novel, Red Dog Saloon. I haven't stopped since, releasing Mad Justice last month on my 53rd birthday. I hope to have my seventh book out by the summer or early fall as it's just a chapter from completion before it goes to the dreaded editing – editing being the worst part about writing.

Anyone who needs some writing or publishing pointers can contact me here at the *Review*. Hey, I'll even sell you a signed copy of one of my books if you stop by and ask. Shameless self-promotion. But, bottom line, a book won't write itself. Sit down and start tapping on that keyboard. You'll be surprised what may come out.

Contact Duane Sherrill at
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March Madness

March Madness is like some kind of a disease that strikes millions of Americans every Spring. Symptoms include screaming uncontrollably in celebration, panic sweating, obsessing over hastily filled-out brackets, sitting motionless in front of a TV for hours, and wearing the bright colors of colleges attended years ago. It first struck high school basketball players in Illinois in 1918, but it now applies to college basketball and the NCAA tournament.

In the Book of Acts, we read in chapter 12 about Herod the king killing James, the brother of John, and then arresting Peter, putting him in prison, and assigning 16 soldiers to guard him. The believers in the early Church began praying for Peter's release, and God sent an angel to break him out of jail. Peter then went to the home of Mary, where the believers were praying, and knocked on the door. A young lady named Rhoda answered the door, saw Peter standing there, and ran to tell everyone. They did not believe her, and said that she was mad and had only seen his angel. They were then astonished when they went to the door and saw him for themselves.

In Acts 26 we read about the apostle Paul appearing before King Agrippa and Governor Festus. They gave Paul opportunity to speak for himself about charges brought against him by the Jewish

religious leaders. Suddenly Festus said with a loud voice, "Paul, you are beside yourself; much learning has made you mad." Also King Agrippa said to Paul, "Almost you have persuaded me to be a Christian".

In I Corinthians 1, the apostle Paul says that, "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than man". He then said, "God has chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God has chosen the weak things of the world to confound the wise."

things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things that are despised, has God chosen, yes, and things that do not exist, to bring to nothing things that do exist."

The world likes to call believers crazy, and mad, and many other such names, but believers are the ones who are truly wise, because they have been filled with the wisdom of God. This wisdom comes from the very

Spirit of God, who gives an understanding of God that the people of the world cannot know until they come to know God as well. He apostle James says in James 1:5, "If any one lacks wisdom, let him ask of God, who gives to all men liberally, and it shall be given him."



GUEST EDITORIAL
by Larry R. Steffee

LETTER TO THE EDITOR 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

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Your royal highness

I am waiting in the "Poor Pathetic Schmuck" line for my boarding pass at the airport. There are at least 30 people in front of me. In the next line over, at the counter for the same airline, an attendant is doing nothing but waiting for the next "Elite" customer to show up.

The Elite passenger has no time to waste waiting in line. It's doubtful that they will even let his baggage rub up against mine, because there's no telling what loathsome disease it might be passing along. The airline to my right has a similar caste system, but instead of calling their passengers "Elite,"

they are "Privileged" and "Ambassadors."

The airline on my left uses "Commoner" and "Royals" to distinguish the people who are worth

being fussed over from

the ones who aren't.

What ever happened to plain old "first class"?

Cruise lines, car rental agencies, even neighborhood supermarkets are rewarding frequent customers with deals,

but also with semi-royal titles for those who pledge

loyalty. Cruise ships are all

named The Royal Something,

The Regal Whatnot, The Noble Whosit, The Majestic Whatever.

The message is that you will be

treated like royalty -- if you can

cough up enough money. But I

wonder if actual royalty, like the

Queen of England, say, would

really be impressed with what

constitutes elite, royal, privi-

leged service.

Face it, if you don't have your

own gigantic yacht or private

plane, you're not being treated

like royalty. Yes, the Queen has

flew commercial in the past,

but I understand she bought ev-

ery seat in first class for the entourage. I can't quite picture Her Highness sitting next to a guy who yaps at her the entire flight.

"So you're a queen," he says. "That's great. I'm a king. The Hot Dog King of Brooklyn! I started with one little street cart and now I own a chain. How about that! From nuttin' to all dis. How'd you make your mon-

ey?"

Her flight attendant will probably not get knighted for calling her "honey" and "dearie" the entire flight.

Still, she's been around the block and can probably han-

dle all that. What will put her over the top is when she starts getting nickelode and dimed for her extra luggage and having to wait for the "Courtesy Bus" to the airport parking lot. You know it's not going to be a great day when it starts with "Off with their heads!"

I was jealous of the Elite, Prestige and Royals who jumped

the line next to me for a while. But when they announced our departure would be delayed for three hours, it hit me that they had paid extra to be in the same boat I was in.

They weren't going to arrive any earlier than I was. They'd still get a better seat, they'd still get the extra courtesy and attention they'd paid for, but they weren't going to get where we were going any faster.

They'll miss their connecting flights the same as I will. If I'm not careful, I'll start to think that I'm one of the Elite.

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