



## SMITHVILLE REVIEW

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# Living out fantasy with my wife

**D**uane! Duane! Get up!" a voice woke me from my peaceful slumber this past week.

I slowly opened my eyes to see my wife standing over me, shaking me awake. Through the cobwebs I realized something must be amiss as the wife never wakes me up for anything unless it's bad.

The house must be on fire! Grab the television and cat and let's make a run for it!

I leapt up from the bed, my head on a swivel, sniffing for smoke. There was nothing except the fresh smell of mint from one of those girly candles she burns to cover up the smell of my socks.

"What?" I asked, my eyes still darting, looking for what had caused her to rouse me before eight.

"Come on," she beckoned me. "I need your help."

My suspicions raced. She never

needs my help. What was going on? Was I being set up to get whacked like in one of my novels? That would certainly increase sales of R.D. Sherrill books.

"I need you to help with my draft," she explained, obviously sensing my confusion.

Giving her the stink eye, I plopped back down on the bed. "Call a carpenter," I replied. "I can't fix no holes."

She huffed and pulled me out of bed. "I mean my fantasy football draft," she clarified.

"Yep, I'm about to be murdered," I thought to myself. Either that or I was still asleep and dreaming a very weird dream because my wife has always thought fantasy football is the stupidest thing ever. As a matter of fact she'll hardly go to Wednesday lunch with me and the guys because we talk

lot of football during the season.

"Your what?" I sat up.

"We have a league at work," she replied as she walked over to her computer.

"You're kidding me," I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes as I walked over to find she had erected a draft central complete with cheat sheets and an array of online sites all aimed at helping her have a good draft.

"Wow," I said as I looked at her lay out. "You're serious."

She nodded. "I'm going to whoop their butts," she declared as she started telling me about the other people in her league.

I put my hand across her forehead, checking for a fever and gave her a good up and down, making sure this was actually my wife and not some

fembot or perhaps a recent hatching from a pod placed under our bed.

"Stop and help me," she swiped my hand away. "Who should I draft first?"

My surprise was replaced with sheer glee. First off, she never asks me to help her with anything and second I'm a super genius when it comes to fantasy football meaning she better win or I'll be back in the dog house, a place I know well.

So, for the next hour we picked her a team and I explained the specifics of winning at fantasy football and it appeared she actually listened.

Now comes the test. If she wins, I'll expect to be taken to a fancy restaurant. If she finishes last, well, it's dog food and the dog house. Cross your fingers.

Contact Duane Sherrill at news@smithvillereview.com



THAT NEW GUY

by Duane Sherrill

# Flying high

**S**ince 1939, America has been celebrating National Aviation Day to commemorate the anniversary of Orville Wright's birth, on August 19, 1871. He and his brother Wilbur experimented with airplane designs, and flew their first plane at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, for 12 seconds and 120 feet on December 17, 1903.

A spacecraft company at present is taking reservations for a trip to outer space, traveling at speeds over 2,000 mph. The trip will be risky, and will last about an hour, and it will cost about \$1,600 per minute.

The Word of God tells us that one day all faithful followers of God will leave this earth on a trip to the city of God in heaven. Jesus has already made this trip, leaving on what is called Ascension Day. He was taken up in the clouds as His disciples watched Him disappear out of their sight. As they watched, two angels appeared to them and told them that in the same way that Jesus left the earth He would one day return for the purpose of taking them with Him.

Even though Jesus traveled through space into heaven, He did not need a spacesuit because He had what the Bible calls a "glorified body". This enabled Him to travel through time and space, returning to His father in heaven, and to His rightful place at the right hand

of God on His throne. When He comes back for His followers, He will stand on the clouds, gather His followers up out of the earth and take them to their eternal homes in heaven. Like Jesus, His faithful followers will have a glorified body capable of traveling through time and space with Him.

The Bible gives no details about how fast we will travel to heaven, but it is very likely that the trip will take only seconds. The Scriptures tell us that Jesus will appear in "the twinkling of an eye", and it is very possible we will reach heaven just as quickly. But we will not be coming back to live on earth again, as we will spend eternity in heaven. However, the Bible tells us that we will return to rule over the earth for 1,000 years, but that will be like a "drop in the bucket" compared to the ageless time of eternity.

We will need to have reservations for our journey to heaven, but it will not cost us one red cent, and there will be absolutely no risks involved. The trip has paid in full by the blood of Jesus that He shed on the Cross over 2,000 years ago. Our only obligation is to be ready to go.

Larry R. Steffee 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 lrstefee@yahoo.com.



WORDS FROM ABOVE

by Larry R. Steffee

## LETTERS 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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## No such thing as bad day

**I** just spent two hours in a dentist's chair having a crown replaced. It wasn't all the fun it's cracked up to be.

It seems all the fillings and bridge work done to my teeth only have a shelf life of 30 to 40 years, and now all of it is starting to come loose or deteriorate in some unlovely way and must be replaced. Every time I walk into Dr. Smile's office, the bill is \$1,200 -- and that's if he doesn't have to send me to a specialist, where the fee is easily double that.

I was daydreaming of how wonderful my life would be without Dr. Smile when I got this email from my sister Mary. I have not changed a word.

"Just thought I would share with you some of how my day went. Packed a suitcase to go over to Brooke's to spend the night since Emily is over there. My phone fell out of my pocket straight into the toilet. Good thing it had just been flushed! Took my meds not exactly 12 hours apart, as directed -- jumped the gun and took them 15 minutes too soon and promptly threw them up. Was going to call Richard to tell him I might pass out and where I'd be, but, oh yeah, I had just dropped my phone in the toilet and it wouldn't work.

"Thought I would do a load of laundry, and spilled a whole cup of bleach all over the dryer and floor. Packed the car, did some errands and stopped to get a few chicken nuggets on my way to Brooke's since my stomach was empty -- see above. Went out to the car,

pulled out my keys and noticed there was half of my car key just gone. I kept wondering where it was and figured it must be in the ignition. 'That's OK,' I thought, 'I'll just call Richard and tell him to bring the spare key.' Duh, my phone was in the locked car, and probably still full of toilet water. I crossed the parking lot to the Goodwill and asked if I could use their phone because I had dropped mine in the toilet, and anyway it was locked in my car because I only had half a key.

"I called Richard and told him my story and said I was at the Goodwill near the Taco Bell, when in reality, I was at a thrift store near Chick-fil-A. He did eventually find me, and after calling several locksmiths, we found one, but he had four people ahead of us waiting for his help. While he was on the phone, my nose started to bleed because I am now on blood thinners, so that was kind of a mess. Richard went to wait for the locksmith. I will try again to get to Brooke's tomorrow!"

I don't think I could have written about a day like that in such an upbeat way. Just dropping the phone in the toilet would have been my cue to spend half a day binge-watching "Hollywood Squares" while eating a few bags of cheesy potato chips. The rest of the day I just would have wasted.

Don't be like me. Be like Mary.

Contact Jim Mullen at mul-len.jim@gmail.com.



VILLAGE IDIOT

by Jim Mullen