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I've gotta catch 'em all!

I have a confession to make. I'm one of them. Yep, to look at me you likely wouldn't figure I would be pre-disposed to being involved in something like that but I tried it once and now I'm addicted, unable to give it up.

My addiction causes me to wander the streets at night. You may see me some evening, walking through downtown Smithville, my head down like I'm in another world. That's right. I admit it. I'm a Pokémon addict. Here's my story of how I became an addict. Let it be a cautionary tale for those of you who are thinking about dabbling in it.

Much like Saul in the Bible, I began my association with Pokémon GO as persecutor of those who were playing the game. Not that Saul played Pokémon Go but, anyway, you get the idea. I made fun of those who had jumped on the new fad a couple of years ago and went to the point of calling them out in my personal

column I wrote when I was at the newspaper down south. I think the term I used was "mindless zombies" who were roaming around town, looking down at their phones like they were in a trance. I was a scoffer until that fateful moment when I decided to download the game to my phone, you know, just to check out what all the excitement was about.

All it took was catching my first Pikachu and I was addicted. In one day I had went to a detractor of the game to a huge fan. It combined my passion for collecting things with being rewarded for walking around in nature.

So, here I am, after publically making fun of those "zombies" for months, I'm one of them. I had to go underground and stay in the closet with my addiction. But, like all

addictions, my secret found me out a couple of weeks later when I forgot to turn down the volume on my phone. It just so happened I was sitting across the table from a friend whom I had persecuted as one of those Pokémon freaks.

"What was that?" he asked, hearing the tell-tale Pokémon theme coming from my phone. I'd been stone cold busted.

"I, uh, It's, uh," I stammered. "YOU are playing Pokémon!" he declared, loud enough that everyone in the restaurant turned around. "I can't believe it. YOU of all people."

Caught with the Poke ball in my hand, I broke down and confessed. "Yes," I sighed. "It's

fun."

Given I was outed, I decided to come

clean and go public. The next week I ate a huge serving of crow and wrote another column admitting that I was a Pokémon fan.

However, instead of laughing and making fun of me, I was praised for coming out of the Pokémon closet.

"It takes a big man to stand up and admit when you were wrong," one reader told me.

Flash forward a year or so. I'm still playing and darn it, it's still fun. Plus, it gets me out walking in the fresh air as you are rewarded by the game for walking. So, if you're looking for an addiction that can also be healthy and doesn't cost a cent, put down those menthols and join us "zombies" as we wander the streets of your fair city.

Contact Duane Sherrill at
news@smithvillereview.com

Skyscraper Day

September 3 is the celebration of National Skyscraper Day in America. The world's first skyscraper was built in Chicago in 1885, standing only 138 feet tall and 10 stories high. A building now needs to be 40 stories high to be classified as a skyscraper. The tallest building in the world is now 2,722 feet tall, including the antennae.

The desire to build upwards goes all the way back to the days of the Old Testament, when people tried to build the Tower of Babel. Genesis 11 tells us that at the time there was only one language spoken on the earth. People decided one day to use bricks and mortar to build a city, and a tower to reach to heaven. Their decision to build the tower came from their pride and rebellion against God, just like the devil himself. If they could reach heaven, they believed they would have no need of God, just like so many people in our world today.

Genesis 11 also tells us that the tower builders wanted to make a name for themselves, not wanting to be scattered throughout the earth. But that is exactly what God wanted Adam and Eve to do from the beginning. He told them to be fruitful, and to multiply, and to replenish the earth, which meant that He wanted them to settle and occupy the entire earth that He had created. The builders of the tower wanted exactly the op-

posite, which was to stay put. Therefore, God confused their language so that could not understand each other, and not be able to complete the building of the tower. God scattered them from the site of the tower, and they stopped working on it.

At the time of the building of the tower, God came down to see the city and tower. He concluded that they had united together because they had one language, and there was nothing that they would be restrained from doing because there would be no limit to their imagination, the same reason God destroyed the earth with the Great Flood in the days of Noah. Genesis 6:5 tells us that "God saw the wickedness of humanity was great on the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of their heart was only evil continually."

We can only imagine how God would feel and what He would say if He came down to earth today. The world has been getting progressively more and more evil and wicked since the days of the Tower of Babel. One day God will judge the earth and its inhabitants, but we can avoid it all by fully obeying God and doing His will.

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 lrsteeffetn@yahoo.com.



WORDS FROM ABOVE
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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Discomfort food

Beverly invited us to dinner the other night, telling us she'd just found a new fish stew recipe she was dying to make.

"It just sounds so delicious: Isla Bonita Fish Stew, with smoked paprika, onions, tomatoes and potatoes. I just can't wait to taste it," she said.

Beverly pulled the stew out of the oven, placed it on the center of the table and started serving. We all shared a little toast and then started to eat.

I've never seen people eat so slowly before. Beverly had a funny look on her face.

"These potatoes are still hard. How is that possible? They're paper-thin, and they've been in the oven for 40 minutes. How can they not be done?"

"The onions are pretty raw, too," I added helpfully.

"I think it's wonderful," Sue said as she kicked my shin under the table. "You must give me the recipe."

"I wonder what went wrong?" said Beverly, still puzzled. "I did everything exactly like the recipe said to do." She couldn't stop apologizing for the dish, even though we told her that dinner is

just an excuse to get together and talk; it's not really about the food. Still, I could tell we weren't much comfort.

Maybe that's true of everything in life. If we think something's not the way it's "supposed" to be, we're disappointed. Some of us are always disappointed that we're not rich or beautiful or tall or athletic or gifted with wonderful voices or have a face the camera loves. We're disappointed we didn't get the life that we were supposed to have.

But look again. Do you think the actress on the cover of that magazine is happy? You know, the one who's currently divorcing her third husband. She likes him, but getting divorced is what stars are "supposed" to do. Their agents recommended it. It keeps their names in the paper.

Now they're fighting in the tabloids over who gets custody of a dog neither one of them really likes that much. Their agents' phones are ringing off the hooks. The dog wants to go back to the rescue center and hopes he can get adopted by a couple that actually likes each other.

Contact Jim Mullen at mullen.jim@gmail.com.



VILLAGE IDIOT
by Jim Mullen

Rumors of Angie's Diner's demise greatly exaggerated

My name is Angela Blythe. I am the owner of Angie's Diner at 918 West Broad Street in Smithville. It has been told that I am closed down and that I am closing the restaurant on September 1. This is a complete lie. I am open Monday through Friday from 5 a.m. to 3 p.m. and closed on Saturday and Sunday.



LETTER TO THE EDITOR
by Angela Blythe
Angie's Diner
Smithville, TN