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# Home alone is not the life for me

Don't ya just hate it when you see your friends posting all those pictures from the beach? While I'm sure they just want to share their good time, it's almost like they're taunting you with the sun and fun while you're stuck back at home having to work and do your normal stuff – stuff which does not include being at the beach.

You sound jealous, Duane. You're darn right I'm jealous. Blake Shelton hit it on the head: "Some beach, somewhere." We all need to feel the salt air at least once a year. I mean Floating Mill is a fine beach but it isn't quite Daytona, but then the chances of getting stung by a jellyfish on Center Hill Lake are minimal.

If I sound forlorn it's because I'm the only member of the Sherrill household

who wasn't at Disney and Daytona this week.

That's right, the family is in the Sunshine State, sending me pictures from the Magic Kingdom while I'm writing this column. Why did they leave you, Duane? Are you that big of a jerk?

Actually, the reason I was left behind was to help my brother-in-law who is wheelchair bound and decided not to go on the trip with his family who accompanied mine to Florida. I've been helping out at their farm, feeding the chickens and ducks and collecting the eggs. It was during this past week that I realized what a city boy I really am. I was born and raised down in War-

ren County but have spent little time on the farm. This week marked the first time I touched a "warm egg" straight from the hen's egg maker as I was collecting from the hen house. Too bad they don't have a cow.

Anyway, I figured out that jealousy isn't the worst thing about not getting to go Florida. No, the worse thing is that I've been alone all week. You may find this odd but at the age of 53 I've never been all alone in my house for a week. Maybe a night or two but not an entire week. I didn't really think about it until the second night when I came in from work to an empty house. No Henry (my 12-year-old) coming up to show

me his recent YouTube posting, no Jack (my 20-year-old son) to talk about how his biceps are getting bigger than mine (not), or no Janice (my lovely wife) telling me what a slob I am.

Instead, it's just quiet. Some people may welcome such peace but I'm used to operating under a bit of chaos. Peace and quiet makes me nervous. There's too much time for thinking.

The family is due back tonight and frankly, at the risk of sounding all mushy, I've missed them. I think I'll put up and banner or something, welcoming them home. I, however, will avoid telling them how bad it was staying all alone while they were gone. I don't want them to think I'm getting soft.

Contact Duane Sherrill at news@smithvillereview.com

# Hot days ahead

The hot days of summer officially began on June 21 this year, although we have already seen some hot days this month. Many people mistakenly believe that the temperature is hot in summer because the Earth is closer to the Sun in summer and farther from the Sun in winter. The truth of the matter is that the Earth is farthest from the Sun in July and closest to the Sun in January. The real reason it is so hot in summer has to do with the tilt of the Earth's axes, which causes the rays of the Sun to hit the Earth at a steep angle. The light from the Sun does not spread out as much, increasing the amount of energy hitting a particular spot. Also, the longer daylight hours allow the Earth extra time to warm the Earth.

As hot as it may get on Earth, the Bible tells us that there is a place called hell where the temperatures are unbearable and never-ending. In Luke 16 Jesus tells about a rich man who lived in luxury and of a beggar named Lazarus who was laid at the gate of his estate, hoping to fed from the crumbs off the rich man's table.

In the process of time, the beggar died and was carried by the angels into the "bosom of Abraham", a reference to sitting close to Abraham in heaven. The rich man also died and ended up in hell, where he said he was tormented in the flames of hell. He looked up and saw

both Abraham and Lazarus, and pleaded with Abraham to show him mercy by sending Lazarus to dip the tip of his finger in water in order to cool his tongue.

Abraham reminded the rich man of his life of luxury on earth and compared it to the totally opposite life that Lazarus experienced. He pointed out that Lazarus had been comforted at last, while he unfortunately was being tormented. Abraham explained that their destinations were final, and it was not possible to pass from one to the other, as if anyone would want to pass from heaven to hell.

Most likely for the first time ever, the rich man became concerned for his five brothers still living in their father's home. He wanted Lazarus to go talk to them so they could avoid the flames of hell, but Abraham pointed out that they already knew what Moses and the prophets of old had said about life after death. The implication is that they, like their rich brother, ignored the warnings of Moses and the prophets. The need today is still the same, and believers still need to warn unbelievers of "hot days ahead".

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 lrsteffeetn@yahoo.com.



GUEST  
EDITORIAL  
by Larry R. Steffee

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR POLICY

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# I brake for junk

Over the years, we've all collected stuff that we are ashamed to have in the house. Stuff that is too ugly to keep, but too expensive to throw out: unfortunate Christmas presents, out-of-date furniture, ultra-wide paisley ties I foolishly think might someday come back into fashion.

So what should we do with it? Take it to the landfill? Drop it off at Goodwill? Make a trip to the recycling center?

Not a chance. We'll spread it out on the front lawn and put prices on all of it.

A yard sale always sounds like such a good idea. It's a way to get rid of 6-pound wooden tennis rackets, dented chafing dishes, old Carpenters albums, eight-track tapes, battered recliners, never-used fondue pots, coolers in the shape of giant beer cans, beat-up copies of "Jonathan Livingston Seagull," embroidered linen pillowcases and stacks of Reader's Digest Condensed Books.

Unfortunately, it's the exact same junk all our neighbors are trying to get rid of. That's why lawn sales are held on the weekend, so the entire mess won't be confused for garbage and be accidentally collected.

Me, I don't just have lawn sales; I go to them, too. I don't go because I think I will find an original copy of the Declaration of Independence hidden behind a \$2 picture of dogs playing poker. I go because I'm a snoo. There's nothing like pawing through a table full of personal effects in the hot sun to learn how your neighbors spend their time and their money. Junk on a folding table in a driveway speaks to me.

Lawn sales are full of kitchen gadgets that are so specific no one ever uses them. A left-handed deep-fat frog-leg fryer. A waffle iron in the shape of Emeril Lagasse. A kiwi fruit peeler, still in the box. A machine that lets you "Grill Fish In Your Hotel Room!" Where do these people stay? Motel 666? I don't ever want to be in the room next to them.

Waterskis, hurricane lamps, roller skates, TV trays, wheelchairs that were old when FDR was a boy. And baby clothes. So many baby clothes. You rarely find good collectibles at the yard sales selling baby clothes. You can either have children or you can have nice things, as my mother used to tell us every single day. (The fact that I had seven brothers and sisters probably had something to do with the lack of nice things, but that's not the kind of thing a 6-year-old would snap back to his mom.)

Golf clubs. There are always golf clubs at yard sales. I saw a beautifully balanced putter at one, and the lady running the show said I could have it for a quarter. I told her that brand-new, it probably cost \$120. She said she was glad I liked it, "because it never made Hank happy."

"He doesn't play anymore?"

"Not so much since he died."

"Oh, I'm sorry."

"I'm not," she said.

I asked Sue if she'd sell my golf stuff after I died.

She said, "Are you kidding? What makes you think I'll wait that long?"

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VILLAGE  
IDOL  
by Jim Mullen