



STAHLER. 2018

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## SMITHVILLE REVIEW

Established 1892  
Publication No. 499280

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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 · \$25 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 months

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## Wife doubts my ability to parent

Okay, I'm 53 stinking years old, am able to dress myself, hold down a full-time job and am yet to have a felony conviction on my record. So why is it that my wife thinks I can't hold down the fort for two weeks without letting the house burn down or our 12-year-old run away to join the circus?

My wife and I registered our youngest son Henry for middle school this past week. Yes, time does fly. It seems like it was just the other day when I swore I wouldn't have children since having a kid was - I used to say - like having and training your own replacement. Now I have two kids. The oldest, Jack, who is 20, recently got his own apartment so we are half-way to being empty nesters although Henry maintains he plans to live at home forever.

Anyway, while we were at open house

for Henry this past week I noticed my wife paused at his teacher's desk while Henry and I were checking out his new locker. Being the award-winning reporter that I am, I decided to eavesdrop to make sure they weren't talking about me. Well guess what, they sure were.

"I'm going to be out of the country at the end of the month," I heard her tell Henry's teacher in a hushed tone, referring to her pilgrimage with other nurses to Ireland. That's right, I didn't get to go to Disney with the family this past summer and now I don't get to go chase leprechauns either.

"I just wanted you to know that in case you notice that Henry isn't ..." she trailed off as she saw me standing

there.

"Really?" I interrupted. "I'm an adult. I think I can handle the child rearing while you're gone."

Not hardly missing a beat, the wife continued. "So if there's any issues I'll be back the middle of the month."

"Hellllloooo!" I bellowed. "I'm standing right here. I can hear everything you say. What kind of issues? How can there be issues? It's just two weeks."

The wife rolled her eyes. "Anyway," she said to the teacher. "You get my point." Henry's teacher nodded. "I understand," she agreed.

Okay, I may not be the sharpest spoon in the drawer but give me a little credit for not being a dumpster fire either. I

can take care of myself and Henry without my wife having to call in Aunt Bee to take care of us while she's off hunting that pot of gold.

"Henry will be just fine," I assured the teacher in a dry tone, shooting my wife a glare while at the same time realizing I'd better be sure Henry's hair isn't disheveled, he doesn't smell like a stinky little boy and that his homework is marginally correct while I'm in charge at home.

"Uh huh," my wife gave me the stink eye.

"Please. I'm a grown man," I argued as the wife muttered something under her breath.

So, at the end of the month, it's on. I'm Mister Dad for two weeks. Wish me luck and say a prayer.

Contact Duane Sherrill at news@smithvillereview.com



by Duane Sherrill

## Book Lover's Day

Most of the people who actually celebrate Book Lover's Day celebrate it on August 9, with some celebrating the first Saturday of November or some other day. Book reading is a great hobby for many people, and it is an important one as well. It is considered to be educational, inspiring and even relaxing. Some people read a book at bedtime to help them go to sleep. Some employers actually look for it on resumes for jobs.

According to Guinness World Records, the best-selling book of all times is the Bible, with over 5 billion sold and distributed. Unfortunately, as is the case with many books that have been sold, those who own a copy of the Bible do not necessarily read it from cover to cover, or even on a regular basis. We are told in the Bible that "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for teaching, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness, so that the people of God may be complete and equipped for good works."

Over 40 different writers wrote the 66 books of the Bible, and they were inspired by the Holy Spirit of God. The Bible teaches many truths and the very same Holy Spirit who inspired the Scriptures is also available to help us understand them and explain them. What this means is that if we really and truly want to learn what the

Bible teaches, we will invite Jesus into our lives, because when we do so Jesus gives us the Holy Spirit to live within us. One of His many roles is to teach us and remind us of what Jesus taught.

The Bible is also intended to serve as a means for God to reprove people for the wrongs that they have done. This is most likely one of the main reasons that people often do not read the Bible. People usually do not like to be reproved by God, or anyone else, for that matter.

The Bible does make it very clear what is unacceptable to God and what does not meet with His approval. Another purpose of the Scriptures is correction, and it is quite obvious that in order to be able to correct our behavior, we need to know what we are doing wrong.

Lastly, the Scriptures provide instruction in righteousness, telling us the right kind of behavior that pleases God. If we will concentrate on the right way to live for the Lord, we will often eliminate the wrong behavior. Jesus is our best example, and if we will "follow in His steps", as the Bible says, we will be more likely to please God.

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 lrsteffeen@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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## Driving them crazy

"Oh look," I said, "there's a new store where that messy vacant lot used to be."

To which everyone else in the car said, "Keep your eyes on the road, would you?"

They all act as if I'm a bad driver. All I hear when they're in the car now is, "Watch it, the train gate's down," or "You just went through a stop sign," or "Let me out!"

Bob says I look out the window as things go by as if I weren't driving, but sitting in the passenger seat.

"It's as if you learned how to drive by watching people drive in the movies," he says.

"In real life, you can't turn to look at the guy in the passenger seat for 30 seconds while driving down a busy street. Trust me, you can talk to the person next to you without looking them in the face. We can hear you even when your eyes are on the road."

This has all started just in the past few years. I used to be the one who drove everyone around, but now all I hear is "I'll meet you there" or "I'll pick you up." Maybe I really have become a bad driver. It's like the first time a kid stood up and offered me a seat on the bus. Do I look that old and infirm? Why is the cashier asking me if I need help getting my groceries to the car? I could understand if it was a 300 lb. bag of dog food, but I just bought a pack of gum.

So, to keep from becoming a danger to myself and others, and to keep the few friends I have left happy, I bought a new car. It's got all kinds of bells and whistles that will alert me to the fact that

I'm drifting out of my lane, or that I'm backing into a tree that I don't remember being there yesterday. It brakes automatically if the car in front of me stops, and automatically rolls down the window when I want to yell obscenities at another driver. No, I guess that was me; I must have had my finger on the button.

The car just yelled "Watch out!" when I tried to turn left in front of an 18-wheeler barreling down the road. Oh, that wasn't the car, it was Bob. I forgot he'd asked me to take him to the doctor's. I hope they can fix that nervous condition he's got. He was shaking when I let him off. There must be some kind of medicine they can give him. It's sad to see a once-strong man weep like that.

The trouble now is that the bells and whistles are distracting me. Something was buzzing or ringing all the way home, but I couldn't figure out what it was. I was in my lane, I wasn't going over the speed limit, my seatbelt was on, there was nothing in front of me or behind me to hit -- and that's when I ran out of gas.

"Didn't you notice the flashing red gas can on your dashboard?" the AAA guy said when he showed up with a can of gas.

"It looks like a fruit basket. I thought it was reminding me to send someone a gift."

"Right. Mister, have you ever tried Uber, or calling a cab? I hear they'll take you just about anywhere for only a few bucks."

"I took one to the airport once, and it scared me to death. They drive like crazy people."

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VILLAGE IDIOT by Jim Mullen