



Coronavirus

So far, the year 2020 has been a difficult one. I broke my shoulder on January 7 and had surgery. I was at home for two weeks trying to recover. Of course, it was my right arm and I have had to learn how to do some things being a “lefty.” I want to give a quick “shout out” to Dr. Jay Culpepper and the good people of Greenwood-Leflore Hospital. I could not have asked for people to be kinder or more thoughtful during my care. Several people asked why I didn’t go to Jackson.

I told them why travel to Jackson when you’ve got the best right here at home.

I watched a lot of television while at home and I remember first hearing some rumblings about a virus that was spreading like wild-fire and killing thousands of people. It was happening in far-away countries, so I didn’t give it much thought, except to pray for those who were being affected. Here in the U.S. we were preparing for the Super Bowl and it was reported that the sale of Corona beer was in a decline because of the coronavirus. I found that rather amusing, but didn’t give it a second thought. Then it began to hit home.

When I think back now on that, I could not have imagined how our lives would be changed in just a matter of weeks.

When we left for spring break on March 5, I could never have dreamed that it would be my last day in the classroom with my children. Not only would our lives be turned upside down, but I now had the task of trying to continue to educate my 5th and 6th graders through long distance learning.

One of my assignments was to write a paper about how the coronavirus had changed their lives. I told them to include positive and negative aspects. Every single student said they missed school and their teachers. All were glad to spend time with their families.

Here are a few of my favorite thoughts in their papers:

*We are not hoarders, so my mama spends a lot of time out looking for toilet paper.

*I miss cheeseburgers.

*I’m glad I have my cows to talk to.

*My mama is not as good a teacher as you are.

*I never knew my little brother was so annoying.

*I never thought I would

say it, but I miss doing schoolwork with my teachers.

I have heard from numerous sources that teachers will probably be a lot more appreciated in the future. Here are a few parent thoughts that really gave me a chuckle:

*You lied to me, she is NOT a joy in the classroom!

*I’m afraid I am going to become a 300 pound alcoholic!

*How do you get them to do their work?

*They can’t remember anything for longer than five minutes.

*Next year you just let me know what you need – ANYTHING – I’ll see that you get it.

Someone is going to have to come up with a coronavirus ciet. All we do is cook and eat. I have done more cooking and grocery buying than I did when my son was in high school. Last week I decided to sit by the pool and get some fresh air. I haven’t actually heard this reported on the news, but I think that dastardly virus can sneak into your house and shrink your swimsuit! I’m sure it isn’t the bowl of ice cream I eat every night after supper. Just a bit of information for all you readers who may have the same problem.

Today I have several new recipes I have tried. I hope you will enjoy them. Thanks for reading and stay safe.

LEMON BUTTERMILK ICEBOX PIE

- 1 (14 oz.) can sweetened condensed milk
- 1 Tbsp. fresh lemon zest
- ½ cup fresh lemon juice
- 3 egg yolks
- ¼ cup buttermilk
- 1 (9-inch) graham cracker crust
- Cool Whip

Preheat oven to 350 degrees. Whisk together condensed milk, lemon zest, lemon juice, egg yolks, and buttermilk. Pour mixture into prepared graham cracker crust. Bake for 20-25 minutes or until set. Cool and refrigerate for at least 2 hours before serving. Top cooled pie with Cool Whip. *Lemon Icebox Pie is one of my favorites. The buttermilk just puts it over the top!

GARLIC ROASTED CHICKEN AND POTATOES

- 1 stick butter, melted
- 3 heaping tablespoons chopped garlic
- 6-8 pieces of chicken (bone-in and skin)



Living With Children

By John Rosemond

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I am convinced that “parenting” causes otherwise rational people – people whose thought processes are not typically driven by emotion – to lose their minds. If that is not the case, then why, ever since 1970 (or thereabouts), when “parenting” replaced the simple, straightforward process of raising children to adulthood, are so many parents allowing capable young adults to live at home?

And while I’m at it, why do so many of these same parents wind up asking me how to get said young people out of their houses? The fact that the parents in question can’t figure that out is evidence that “parenting” is causing people to lose all semblance of touch with common sense.

“Tell him he has to leave,” I answer, playing the genius.

With rare exception, my answer releases an outpouring of reasons why they can’t tell said child to leave: He doesn’t have a job; he’s immature; he’s got anxiety issues; he’s in therapy; he has a mole on his left thumb. The latter is me being facetious, of course. Believe it or not, however, I’ve heard excuses every bit as, uh, absurd.

C’mon! Give me a break! You’ve gotta be kidding me! I have yet to hear an excuse that makes any sense. Adult children who are basically capable should not be free-loading off their parents, depleting their retirement accounts. They need to get off family welfare, get out into the world, and get on with the business of figuring it out.

The excuses are irrefutable proof of codependency, which since 1970 has become rampant in American “parenting.” My parents and their peers in the Greatest Generation were not in codependent relationships with their kids because they weren’t parenting. They were raising human beings into states of responsible adulthood, and what a wonderful thing that is for both parents and child.

SOUTHERN SWEET TEA

- 4 Lipton Family Size Tea Bags
- 4 cups boiling hot water
- 2 cups sugar
- 12 cups cold water

Add tea bags to 4 cups water and bring to a boil; let steep for a few minutes. Pour water over the 2 cups of sugar and let stand for about 30 minutes. Add the 12 cups cold water to make 1 full gallon. Allow the tea to come to room temperature or cool in the refrigerator. Serve over plenty of ice for a perfect summer beverage. *This is a copycat recipe from a certain deli that is known for its sweet tea. It is delicious.

*Lee Ann Fleming is a Holmes County native, food columnist and has garnered fame for her recipes featured in the film, *The Help*. Fleming can be reached at lafkitchen@hughes.net.

My lessons in personal responsibility began when I was four years old. I’d gone out to play in my church pants and come home with grass stains on the knees. My mother filled up the wash tub (she did not have a washing machine), added soap, and told me I was going to learn to wash my own clothes. It took me over an hour to get the grass stains out, at which point I had a greatly enhanced understanding of the meaning of “church pants.”

That’s how to emancipate a child. Begin when the child is young to let him know that he’s going to be able to make a better life for himself than you are willing to make for him.

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“What if he doesn’t find a job and has to come back home?”

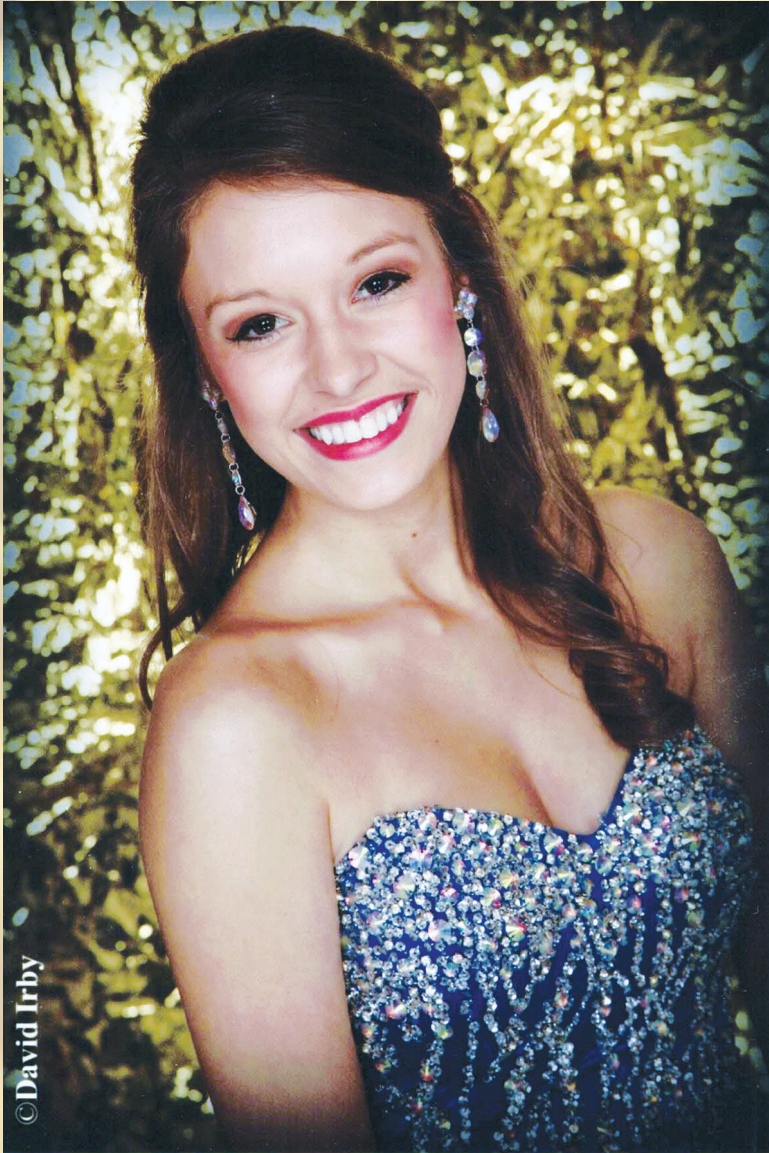
“What does “he has to” mean? One thing’s for certain: As long as he knows you’ll let him back in, he has no reason to find a job.”

Codependency is addictive to both parties. The addiction of codependency, furthermore, is every bit as debilitating as addiction to a substance. It’s such a humongous problem today that there’s even a support group network for it. It’s called Co-Dependents Anonymous International. Their website is at CoDA.org.

If you recognize yourself in this column, you might want to get in touch with them. Be forewarned! Getting out of a codependent relationship will be one of the hardest things you’ve ever done. But getting out will be a great gift to both yourself and the other person.

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In Loving Memory of Katie You Are Forever Missed Sat., May 16, 2015 - Sat., May 16, 2020



If we could visit Heaven even for a day,
Maybe for a moment,
The pain would go away,
I’d put my arms around you
And whisper words so true,
That living life without you, Is the hardest thing to do
No matter how we spend our days,
No matter what we do,
No morning dawns or evening falls,
When we don’t think of you.

Love - Mama, Daddy, Grandmaw & Granddaddy