

VIEWPOINTS

BLONDE AMBITION

Memories and plans of babies and shopping carts

My shopping cart was filled with them – the tell-tale signs of the future.

And they were all pink.

I remembered that day in the fall of 1991 like it was yesterday. Because to me, it was. It was the day when I first knew her name. Kristen.

Not Dustin. Not Thomas. Not any of the other myriad of boys’ names that we had considered.

When we saw that ultrasound that day, we knew.

So we took a little trip to the store that day, and we bought a few things. You know, some of those little things that you need for a new baby. Okay, and a whole lot of cute little pink things that we might not have ‘needed’ but had to buy anyway.

For the next few months, our home would be filled with the busyness of preparing for the future – a future with a new little person to call our own, a new little face to join our family, a new daughter to fill our lives with even more laughter and joy than we had ever known.

The following May, we finally met our Kristen, and life was never, ever the same again.

Not too long ago, we heard another piece of news that will change our future. Our now-grown baby would be adding another member of our growing family. In July, we will have a new little person to call our own, a new little face to join our clan, and a new name to add to our family tree.

On Saturday, revealed by my grown up Kristen and her husband, we found out just who our newest little person would be.

On the way home after the gender



Dee Ann Campbell

Publisher and Managing Editor

reveal party on Saturday, I remembered the fall of 1991 and how I felt back then, with that little person growing inside me, and I thought about the identity of the new little one who changed our lives forever. I thought about the excitement of the day when we knew her name, and I thought about all those little pink things I just had to have that day.

I thought about the little girl who wore those pink onesies, lay swaddled in those pink blankets, and carried that pink pacifier. I thought about all those days of her babyhood, about the nights of little

sleep, and the days of endless diapers. I thought about that little voice when she first said ‘mama’, and the day when she took her first steps.

I thought about the day when I cried like a baby as she started to school, and the day when she turned the tassel on her high school graduation cap. I remembered the day when she walked across that huge stadium to get her college degree, and again three years later when she reached her dream of becoming an attorney.

I recalled the day when she told me about a boy named Seth, and the day when he called to get permission to propose. (Sorry, Seth, for giving you such a hard time that day!) I thought about planning her beautiful outdoor wedding, with every plan laid carefully for months – and the day when the monsoon rains came and changed everything.

And I thought about the day, not so long ago, when she told me the news, that she was going to add another member to our family.

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GUEST COLUMN

Have you shown real love?

By Janett Crosby  
Guest columnist

Friday February 14th. Is it really here again? Yes it’s already this far into the new year. Are you ready? Or maybe you are one of those people who waits till the last minute to prepare. Hoping to save a little money. Either way the economy will get a boost.

Money will be spent to make that special someone feel special. I love you will be written or spoken to many. Cards, flowers, and candy will be delivered all over. Bless the ones who deliver or even receive and distribute the abundance of gifts. Restaurants will be over flowing for those dinner dates. Yes the economy will get a boost.

Have you ever really stopped to think about why this all happens? As I understand it, the message that is being sent is “I love you “.

But I wonder if the persons receiving these gifts have felt like they have been loved in the past month or year? Are they going to feel like they are truly loved next week, month, or year? Or even more precisely will they truly feel loved when they receive the gift Friday.

You see love should be shown or shared every day of the year. Not just special occasions. The special occasions just make it a time to show by deeds that your someone is special.

Wishing everyone a very Happy Valentine’s Day.

KING’S COMMENTS

How we make calls has changed over the years

By Bill King  
Contributing columnist

Do you remember when you had only one phone per family, rather than one phone per family member? They were called home-phones. Now we call them landline-phones. Eventually we’ll call them relics of a bygone era. The only problem with those old phones was that they couldn’t be used for anything except talking. You couldn’t email, Facebook, or twitter on them, but that was okay because we had never heard of any of those things. You couldn’t even text on them, but back then a text was something you found in the Bible or a book.

It seems that hardly anyone, other than businesses, has landlines anymore. Much like the rotary dial and family dinners, they are on the fast track to becoming extinct. I haven’t had a landline phone for thirteen years. The reason, as you well know, is because of cell phones. Far too many practically live on our phones these days. When I was a kid, we were limited as to when and how long we could talk on the phone. Mama didn’t

allow calls after 8:30 at night, which probably is still not a bad idea. Where I grew up, local calls were disconnected by the phone company after three minutes. Of course we could call back as many times as we wished, or as much as our parents allowed. Most calls outside of town were considered long-distance. For those calls we could talk as long as we wanted, because we paid for those calls by the minute. If we go way on back, we even shared party lines with neighbors. We didn’t have or need social media back in those days. Actually, those party lines were social media because your neighbors could pick up and listen in on conversations. Everyone knew everyone’s business, including what we ate for lunch but without pictures.

Back in those days, most phones were black and had a rotary dial. Ours set on a table at the end of the sofa. Some families had a phone that was mounted to the wall. We didn’t, but I sure thought those were cool. One of my cousins used the wall beside his wall phone to write down phone numbers and notes. Yes, he wrote right on the wall. Mama would have never voted in favor of that, which may be why we never had a wall phone.

You couldn’t roam across the house with a landline phone, and certainly not out in the yard, because it was attached to the wall with a cord. The receiver was even attached to the base with a spiraled cord. You never ever saw anyone talking on a phone in a public place. We still believed in something called “rude behavior” back then. Can you imagine seeing someone back in the day (with a blue-tooth device hidden in his ear) apparently carrying on a conversation with himself? We probably would have assumed he had been drinking or needed some psychiatric assistance. These days that is an everyday common occurrence. My, how things have changed!

One thing that has not changed is how we talk to God. Each night, after Mama said it was too late to talk on the phone, she taught me how to talk to God. We don’t even need a phone, landline or cell, to call Him. We just talk or even think and He hears us. We can even all talk at the same time and He still hears every single one of us. Have you talked to Him lately? Of course, those conversations in many public places are considered as “rude behavior” these days.

JP DOODLES



FROM THE PRESSBOX

Are dogs doing a better job than humans?

I’ve often said that I like dogs better than most humans in that you never had to question where their loyalty lies. There is nothing quite as pure as the love of a good dog.

I remember growing up having black labs. I must have been 10 or so when we got Kelly. She was the runt of the litter but as she grew she became much more than “just a dog”. She became a member of the family.

As time went by, Kelly produced some mighty fine offspring and she was a great pet and you’d hear nary a growl from her, unless you messed with her babies. I recall a time in which I picked up one of her puppies and the puppy whimpered, she sprang into action with a bark that meant “don’t mess with my babies.”

Years later, after Kelly had gone home where all good dogs go, there was Big George. Big George was a huge Rottweiler that was more of a baby despite his massive size. George was house broken and had grits and eggs for breakfast every morning. In the Franks household, pets are family and were treated as such to be honest, we love our animals more than we do some people. There was one person that you didn’t mess with around him and that was my mother. If you came near her and raised your voice, he’d let you know quickly, in no uncertain terms to leave his mama alone.

My mom and dad have a yellow lab now named Festus that sleeps at the foot of their bed, especially since he alerted them about a box of matches that had caught fire on their wood burning heater a few years back.

This isn’t an article about the numerous dogs we have had over the years but it



Clint Franks  
Sports Reporter

makes me wonder if animals care for their offspring more than humans.

In case you haven’t noticed, the state of New York, recently passed a law that in a nut shell says that you can abort a full-term baby. As I notice animals, I’m thinking, dogs do it better than humans. The mere thought of aborting a full-term baby isn’t democratic; it’s not republican. It’s looking directly into the face of the devil himself.

I saw on the news a few nights ago where a mother just left her baby at a Waffle House in Mobile. Recently, a mother and father, left their child in a swing set outside until maggots filled the baby’s diaper and the child died as a result of exposure. A grandmother in Mississippi will stand trail for murder after placing her grandchild into an oven. I saw where a father, as punishment for his child’s crying to the point that he couldn’t play X-Box, placed the child into a clothes dryer and turning it on.

The biggest thing that I saw last week when the president was giving his State of The Union Address was that just because people were members of the democratic party they would not acknowledge some of the things he said. Does that then mean that instead of doing the right thing, they support evil?

It’s a sad time when animals will die for their offspring and their humans yet those that are supposed to be the masters of the animal kingdom have no regard for the sanctity of life. So I guess the answer to the question, “Are dogs doing a better job than humans” is yes and that’s sad, no, I take that back, it’s evil, downright evil. Its time for the silent majority to not be so silent. We have to demand better.

AND THAT’S THE VIEW... FROM THE PRESSBOX

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