

Have a safe and happy Thanksgiving!

"As we express our gratitude, we must never forget that the highest appreciation is not to utter words, but to live by them."

- John Fitzgerald Kennedy

For better or worse we are all connected

It's a cliché to say that everything's connected. But we live in a world where this is clearly true. Ideas, goods, services, workers, tourists, commerce, communications, drugs, crime, migrants, refugees, weapons, climate impacts... and, of course, viruses: They all cross borders constantly.

This is one reason I've come to believe that drawing a distinction between "foreign" and "domestic" policy, while often helpful, is also misleading. Globalization essentially means that we can't escape the impact of what's happening in other countries and regions around the globe, either at the policy level in Washington or on the street where you live.

This is often beneficial. The free movement of goods and services from this country to others builds our economy and creates jobs.

Likewise, goods and services produced elsewhere and imported or used here have provided many American consumers with a quality of life that would have been unthinkable a generation ago. The relatively free flow of ideas, cultural life, and people with talent, skill, ambition, or all three, have enriched this country and many others.



Guest Editorial

Lee Hamilton

Yet managing globalization is also a clear challenge, because it's not only the good stuff that goes along with it. The work of government — not just at the federal level, but in our states, counties, and cities and towns — is to find ways of promoting what's good and mitigating what's bad.

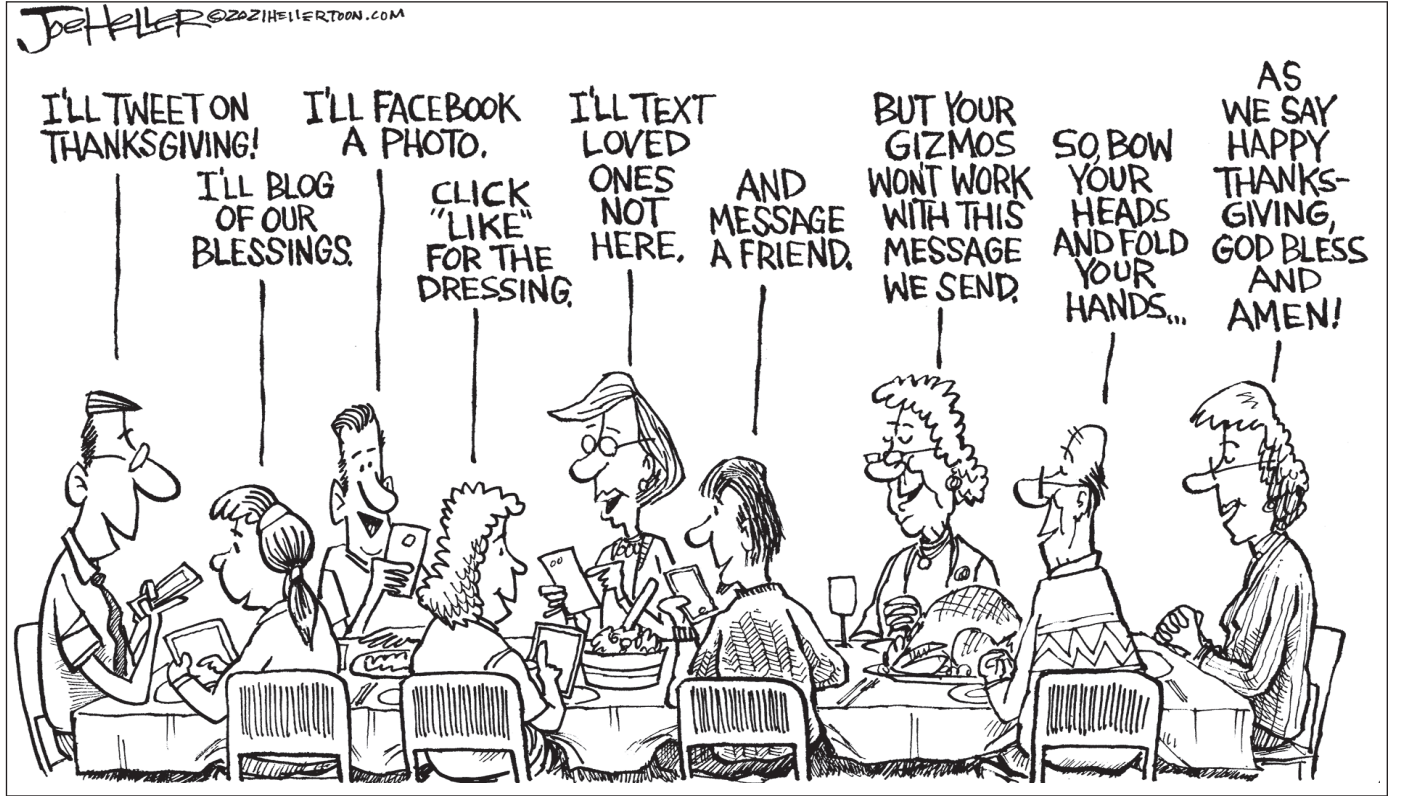
Sometimes, this takes global coordination. The UN Climate Conference taking place in Scotland is one clear example. Climate change affects everything, from the kinds of plants and animals you might see in your backyard to the behavior of the oceans and global wind currents. The Glasgow meeting is aimed at accelerating governments' action on ratcheting back the human-made causes of climate change and at finding ways for nations and communities to adapt to the changes that we're too late to prevent.

Sometimes, this demands clear-headed national strategies. All countries need goods and services from other countries: food, cars, entertainment, manufacturing parts. And economists would argue that our interconnectedness on these fronts has, on the whole, served both the US and the world well, raising standards of living, lowering costs, and expanding the array of choices available. Yet when factory workers are thrown out of work, farmers are disrupted by competition from overseas, or over-dependence on the global supply chain proves to be a vulnerability, as during the pandemic, these demand thoughtful policy change from the federal government, whether it's pursuing trade talks, developing support for re-training programs, or buttressing small-scale agriculture and local supply chains.

And at the local level, the forces of globalization clearly require a community response. Maybe it's finding ways of assimilating and educating migrant workers or refugees. Maybe it's helping small farms connect with local markets that will boost their chances of success and help feed surrounding communities. And maybe it's promoting home weatherization and other energy-related policies that help reduce carbon emissions.

The point is that the forces of globalization are with us whether we like it or not, and we can't ignore them. We're affected by what takes place everywhere else, and both at home and in the halls of power we have to understand and manage it. It's inevitable that we'll face challenges and disruption. Our task is to recognize the opportunities and spread the benefits.

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For these things I give thanks

I was not going to write a Thanksgiving column this week for a couple of reasons. First, that is the predictable thing to do when you have to churn out a weekly column. I pride myself on being unpredictable.

Second, my friend, the late Furman Bisher, long-time, legendary sports editor of the Atlanta Journal-Constitution set the bar so high with his annual column on the subject that the rest of us pale by comparison. But then I realized that I have a lot for which to be thankful. So with the understanding that my Thanksgiving thoughts compared to his are like comparing Gomer Pyle to Winston Churchill, I begin.

I am thankful that I seem to have made it through another year, although there is still a month to go. It has been a challenge, the first one without the beloved Woman Who Shares My Name. I am thankful for our time together, for the memories we made and for a supportive family and more friends than I deserve.

I am thankful that God gave me the ability to paint her portrait which now hangs at her beloved beach house at St. Simons Island. I could not have done it without the help and encouragement of my instructor, Kris Meadows, to whom I am especially thankful.

I am thankful that a lot of my plans in life didn't pan out the way I intended them to. I look back today and wonder

what was I thinking? I wasn't as smart as I thought I was. I am thankful I finally figured that out.

I am thankful that I finally got to meet Bill Gaither, who is to gospel music what Einstein is to the theory of relativity. I am thankful he was as nice in person as he appears to be on television. I am thankful to Jane and Michael Cox for making it happen.

I am thankful for the University of Georgia and what it has meant to me. I'm glad I made it out of there with diploma in hand before it got so tough to get in. I wouldn't have a prayer these days.

I am thankful that I can still find reruns of Andy Griffith and Carol Burnett amid all the vampires and space aliens and potty mouth language that permeate what passes for entertainment these days.

I am thankful for apples from Ellijay, onions from Vidalia, pecans from Albany, shrimp from St. Simons Island, wines from Tiger Mountain and barbecue and sweet tea most everywhere else in this great state of ours. No wonder everybody wants to move here.

I am thankful for the giggle of little girls who come to my house looking for their great-grandpa to magically find cookies behind their ear. I know they are onto my schtick but they don't want to spoil the illusion. We are all having too much fun. Besides, they get a lot of cookies that way.

I am thankful for Vince Dooley. He is not only a Hall of Fame football coach but has been a friend to me for many years. It is only fitting that the field at Sanford Stadium finally was named for him. I am thankful that Gov. Brian Kemp made it happen. It was long overdue.

I am thankful for law enforcement, fire fighters, EMTs, nurses and schoolteachers. None are paid what they are worth, compared to professional athletes who aren't worth what they are paid.

I am thankful for Galatians 5:22-23 and the Fruits of the Spirit — nine behaviors I try to live by. I end each day checking out how well I did. Five out of nine is usually my average — on a good day. As long as patience and self-control stay on the list, don't look for a perfect score.

I am thankful to the editors for giving me this space to speak my piece, even though there must be times when they wish I had said something other than what I said.

And that brings me to you. Many of us have been email pen pals for a long time, even though we have never met in person. You have applauded me when you agreed and rapped my knuckles when you didn't. This year, you have helped me get through the emotional valleys and on with my life. I consider myself extremely fortunate that you are there. And that is as good a way as any to end this Thanksgiving message. Thank you.

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Dick Yarbrough

Instructions on how to eat pizza safely

The one thing I learned in taking an entire year of Italian in college is that I could take an entire year of a college-level course and not learn a thing, despite attending class sometimes and managing passing marks.

I decided to take Italian as my foreign language requirement based on the logical premise that I love Italian food, and thus the language would come as easily to me as spaghetti to my stomach.

Como estaban planeadas (things didn't work out as planned).

In subsequent years, I have found that my Italian talent lies not in the lingo, but rather the linguine.

My specialty is pizza — homemade pizza. For clarity's sake, my definition of "homemade" is that it's made in the home. While my wife is certainly the chef of our family, my children actually prefer my pizza to hers. They usually tell me of this preference right before they ask for money.

In eating my pizza at least once a week, one problem that we have run into — and it's one that has plagued human beings



Len's Lines

Len Robbins

since the invention of pizza in the late 1960s — is how to avoid burning the roof of your mouth when eating pizza.

Why we as a society haven't addressed this wrenching issue is simply inexcusable. I really think this topic should be taught in our schools. I spent a year in Home Economics in eighth grade and not one word was said about how to eat pizza without burning the roof of your mouth. All I did was make an apron that mysteriously disappeared after I presented it to my mother as a birthday gift.

Think of the pain we wouldn't have had to endure if just a little educational time was spent on how to eat a pizza safely. Pizza is something we must contend with daily, unlike subtraction or science or English, which I doesn't even use oftener.

Meanwhile, millions suffer daily from those small blisters just behind your top teeth. It's an international disgrace.

Not much has been written on the matter. The seminal work on the issue, "How to Eat Pizza Without Burning the Roof of your Mouth," was published in 1985 by Walter Gibson, and quickly forgotten.

As is my custom, I am here to help. I have come up with two ways you can eat a slice of pizza without burning the roof of your mouth — perhaps in time for Thanksgiving!

You're welcome in advance.

1. The Sandwich Method. What burns your mouth when you eat pizza is the hot cheese and sauce. One way to avoid your mouth touching those areas is to fold the pizza slice in half, basically creating a pizza sandwich.

Pro: Diminishes the prob-

ability of burning the roof of your mouth. Crust usually doesn't cause much blistering.

Con: In creating the "pizza sandwich," the cheese, sauce and other toppings often fall out and on to your shirt, blouse or, for residents of Alabama, your bare chest. Those blisters hurt, too.

2. The Waiting Method.

With this method, you "wait" until the pizza has cooled considerably, then eat it.

Pro: Allowing the temperature of the steaming cheese and sauce to diminish significantly reduces the threat of burning the roof of your mouth.

Con: It is difficult for any living being to resist the alluring temptation of a hot pizza fresh out of the oven or box. Why this temptation is not even mentioned in the Bible, I do not know. You'd think they would have it in there.

I hope that helps. People should be able to eat a pizza without enduring a boiling blister. By utilizing one of these two methods, perhaps I can ease the world's suffering — one slice at a time.

Bon appetit!
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Letters to the Editor are always welcome

The Donalsonville News reminds letter to the editor writers that shorter is better. Concise letters are not only better read, they are more likely to be published because limited space is available. Almost any point can be made in 350 words or fewer, so this is set as an upper level for length.

Unsigned letters, letters signed with a fictitious signature, copies of letters sent to public officials, or letters containing unverified or anonymous quotes will not be accepted.

We limit letters on a subject when we feel it has been thoroughly aired to the point of letters becoming repetitive. Also rejected are letters that are libelous, in bad taste, or are personal attacks on individuals or private businesses.

Writers must include addresses and telephone numbers. These are for identification purposes only, and will not be published.

Send letters to the editor to P.O. Box 338, Donalsonville, Georgia 39845

