

Editorial

Crying to smile.
It's all about
how you enjoy
the journey

One day I am going to write a book about life and its journeys, and based on the smiles and the tears personally beamed and shed regarding where I have been, where I am and where I have intentions of going, the title of my book will be Crying to Smile. The last word in the title symbolizes what I will be doing when I get to that point. Thinking about writing this book, and developing an outline for it using my day-to-day experiences, are self motivation tools I use each and every day to keep me moving forward on the path to my desired destinations.

Life is a smorgasbord of ups, downs, right turns and left turns, and sometimes it gets stuck in neutral or even reverse. We just have to remember that all of life's great achievements require that we keep moving. The desired destination, the achievement of objectives and the attainment of goals, are waiting for us at the finish line, but it is how we run the race and enjoy the time doing that makes life truly worth living.

Sometimes we become overwhelmed by filling our plates too full, agreeing to too many projects and spreading ourselves too thin. Combine those obligations with personal trials and tribulations of family, finances and problems yet to be determined, and the focused vision of the goals and objectives becomes a little fuzzy and our effectiveness to work properly can be negatively affected. When this happens, and believe me it does, and it will, take a deep breath, pray constantly, step back and assess the GPS location of your position in your life's journey.

Family, and its financial and emotional issues, will always be there, so accept that fact and learn to live with the good and the bad. Everything else just needs some priority tweaking and adjusting. Rank your to-do list by importance, time, and the desire to keep the item on the list. I am a person that hates to say no, and I have been stretched to the limit in the past because of it. I like to be involved and I like to be a part of helping the brighter light shine in our community and in the lives of people less fortunate than I. However, I have learned that if you can fine tune your talents of delegation and recruit other hard-to-say-no people to help, the projects become more manageable and the stress caused by having too many of them becomes more bearable.

My to-do list is long and sometimes it seems I spend more time adding to the list than I spend working on items and removing them from the list. Each item on the list is important and will remain. They have been prioritized, efforts to complete them are ongoing and they will be removed from the list as soon as they are successfully accomplished, but I want more.

I want to go on a Viking River Cruise down the rivers of Europe; I want my daughters to have everything they desire; I want everyone to have a subscription to the Donalsonville News; and I want that first place award for General Excellence in next year's Georgia Press Better Newspaper Contest.

These goals are real; they are on my list and plans are progressing to achieve them. The next step is to work the plan and enjoy the journey to success, not with the mind set of it can happen, but with, it will happen! Dream it, believe it and then do it.

So when your plate at the table of life is overflowing with obligations, projects and problems, stay positive and remain focused on achieving the fulfilling feeling that comes with finishing the feast. Get a bigger plate, take one bite at a time, chew properly, with your mouth closed, and enjoy the meal. Your successes come with the dessert course.

And the best part of it all is knowing that the icing on the cake in this, your life meal, allows you to have as many desserts as you wish. Bon appetite!

Comments and impressions are welcomed and requested at david@donalsonvillenews.com



Impressions
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You can't scare me

This past weekend, a longtime family friend posted on Facebook a picture of himself wearing a T-Shirt. "You can't scare me. I have two daughters" was on the front of the shirt. As the father of two daughters, I can totally relate.

I was raised in a family with lots of boys. Four of my six first cousins were boys and in our own house, there were two males and one female siblings. I enjoyed an idyllic type of childhood with so many friends, but most of the time I was with boys doing all the things that boys in the deep south grew up doing.

I got married, and we were blessed with first a daughter. Eighteen months later, we welcomed another daughter. We named them Catherine and Elizabeth. They were instantly the joy of my life, but at the same time made me a bit tentative and afraid. Did I know how to be a good father? In particular, did I have any idea of how to be the father of girls?

Like all young parents, you just try to find your way. While life seemed like a blur during those early years of parenthood, my wife and I were not just running on autopilot. Some guardrails had been laid down in my earlier years. Lessons had been learned that I never knew had been taught.

This past Father's Day, I reflected not just on the life of my own father. I thought about my own role as a



Ponderings
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father, and later my two wonderful sons-in-law and the role they play in the life of my grandchildren. Father's Day is a great way to celebrate the fathers in our lives. It is often more than just one man.

My grandfather was a role model and inspiration in my early life, but it was my own father that taught me what it meant to be a man, and by extension, what it meant to be a father. My mother had no small role in that education about parenthood for me.

I would like to think that I was and hopefully continue to be a good and loving father. I have always wanted the best for my daughters and now their own children. But as I reach that elder statesman role in my family, I realize that my role as a

father was no accident.

The great gift my father gave me was teaching me to be a good father myself. He set standards and gave examples. He quietly taught me what was important and what was not. I was not aware of it at the time, but the lessons were there from the very beginning.

Now, I watch in awe as the fathers of my own grandchildren do their job. They make me proud. I see the connections that were not so clear to me when I was the young, scared father of two young daughters. Their hand is steady, and their success is obvious. Along with my daughters, these fathers are doing a wonderful job.

After writing about Father's Day for many years, mostly including the love and admiration I had for "Big Dan", I wanted to recognize the long connection that results when a father raises a good son and a good daughter.

Happy Father's Day to "Big Joe" and "Big Dan" who taught me how to be a good father by example. Happy Father's Day to Daaron and Grant, who are the two most important fathers in my world today. Good fathers to my grandchildren and good husbands to my daughters. For me, that makes for a Happy Father's Day, indeed.

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Much ado about fossil words

If you want to feel old, try explaining how we used to watch TV to a ten-year-old. "In days of yore, you couldn't skip the commercials or pause the show. You just had to watch what was on when it was on. Yes, that's how we watched TV in the twentieth century." You'll feel like a complete fossil.

We have some English words that seem like fossils, yet, like those of us born in the last century, they keep a death grip on life. These words are called "fossil words."

A fossil word tends to show up in an a particular idiom or phrase, but we don't use that word in any other context. Take the word "turpitude," for instance. Outside of the phrase "moral turpitude," you never see it. Turpitude has been fossilized with "moral," and I don't see it breaking free anytime soon.

Although it means "to dish out," the word "wreak" rarely shows up outside of the phrase "wreak havoc." Occasionally someone in an old medieval story wreaks vengeance, but "wreak" is almost always joined at the hip with "havoc." Be careful not to confuse "wreak" with "reek," as these homophones could really trip you up (and



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leave you all stinky).

Here's another tricky fossil word that moonlights as a homophone: bated. It means "to diminish or lessen." You never hear someone say, "Frank, you have really bated your waistline; you must be exercising!" Of course we don't hear that, because the word "bated" is fossilized next to the word "breath." Frank waited with bated breath to see

the number on the scale. Just don't "bait" anyone's breath; I'm not really sure what that would mean.

You may have noticed a fossil word in the first paragraph. When the creaky-boned thirty-something was explaining the old ways of TV to the youngster, he used the phrase "days of yore." I can't believe it, but we have yet another homophone on our hands. Please get your "yore," "you're" and "your" correct or people will think you're dumb. The word "yore" means "long ago," and you'll never hear it outside the phrase "days of yore." I dare you to use this fossil word outside its traditional phrase!

In addition to the fossil words already discussed, you'll also discover that "hither," "amok," "inclement," "ado," "eke," "beck," "champing" and "knell" have been cemented inside other phrases. I'll bet if you pay attention, you'll find fossil words not only hither and thither, but also to and fro.

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Curtis Honeycutt is a syndicated humor columnist. He is the author of Good Grammar is the Life of the Party: Tips for a Wildly Successful Life. Find more at curtishoneycutt.com.

The Firehouse

Museum ♦ Art & Cultural Center ♦ Event Venue

Join the BetterWay Initiative's campaign to transform the historic fire station in downtown Donalsonville into a community cultural center, art gallery, museum and event venue. Tax deductible donations to the project are now being accepted. To join the campaign, or for additional information, contact David Maxwell at david@donalsonvillenews.com