

Opinion

A community forum for viewpoints from around the world to your backyard

The Clinch County News

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TALL TALES

By Lem Griffis
Fargo, Georgia

While down in the big city I saw a fellow come out of a large building and ask a newsboy standing near the way to the post office. The boy told him. He thanked the boy very gently and then said he was an evangelist holding a revival there and for him to come that night and he would show him the way to Heaven. The boy said “how can you show me the way to Heaven when you don’t even know the way to the post office?”

Truthly yours,
Lem Griffis

Our letters to the editor are intended to be a free and open forum for local and area citizens to comment on items of general public interest. If you wish to write a letter to us, please type it or write legibly, double-spacing preferred. Letters are subject to editing for length, good taste and newspaper style. Subjects of a personal nature are generally not acceptable. Endorsements of political candidates are also not acceptable during a campaign. All letters must be signed but names may be withheld under certain dire circumstances. Please include a daytime phone number and address. You can also e-mail us a letter at clinnews@windstream.net, or visit our website at www.theclinchcountynews.com.



Mr. Know-it-all vs. Mr. Lizard

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A toast from my wedding: “We know Len has found the perfect woman for him. She thinks she knows almost as much as Len thinks he knows.”

Even though I don’t claim to know all the answers, I have an answer for everything, even when I don’t know what I’m talking about, which is never.

Want some advice on the stock market? Stay away from it. Need an answer to a trivia question? Yes, Rick James and Neil Young were once in the same band. What do Chester A. Arthur, Kris Kristofferson, and Lady Gaga have in common? None have mowed my lawn. And all three starred in versions of “A Star is Born.”

Yet, the unstumpable (which would be a horrible nickname) can indeed be stumped.

Here’s how: A while back, I got in my car to run an errand. In my passenger seat, I found a lizard.

Let me preface this by saying that I’m not afraid of lizards. Some folks (my wife, most

notably) are. This was one of those little skinny green lizards, not the menacing ugly black and yellow kind. So I reached over the seat in an effort to grab it. Of course, he saw my mitt coming and took off under the seat in a flash.

I looked under my seat. Didn’t see him. Looked under all the seats – couldn’t find him. Started whistling and saying, “Heeere, lizzzzard, lizzzzard. Come here, lizzzzard.” Astonishingly, he didn’t fall for that gambit.

So I decided to go about my business and hope the lizard disappeared through some crack or crevice.

But as I’m driving down the street, I start to think: What if the lizard crawls up my pant leg as I’m driving? Or jumps on my head? A gust of air conditioning then barely moved a hair on my head next to my

ear. I went into a spastic convulsion, slapping my ear furiously as I veered recklessly all over the road.

Realizing no lizard was on my ear, I regained my composure, and control of the vehicle, just before I careened into a gas station. I finished my errands, driving with all my senses on high alert, leery of the potential for a lizard attack.

Back at my office, I did a quick Google search for how to get a lizard out of your car. I found a lot of information about Godzilla but nothing to help my predicament. What good is this Internet thing anyway?

I went back out to my vehicle, did a quick search, then rolled down all my windows, hoping my fork-tongued passenger would take it upon himself to vamoose. As I was rolling down the last window, I

thought I felt something crawling up my leg and instinctively ran from the car, shaking my leg like a wild man. Drivers-by witnessing the scene can verify that I looked like a complete idiot. A brief investigation found that I had mistaken a blade of grass for a lizard crawling up my leg.

Leaving work later that day, the lizard’s whereabouts were far from my mind. I got in the driver’s seat, placed the key in the ignition, turned the key, looked up, and there he was – eight inches from my face, staring at me from atop the steering wheel.

He just looked at me, moving his mouth slightly. In one deft motion, I released my right hand from the key and grabbed his tail, then opened my door and placed his wiggling body on the ground. He just stood there for a second, possibly stunned, then took off for the bushes.

Your question is: How do you get a lizard out of your car?

My answer: You wait. See, I do know it all.

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Scribbled Notes 9

“Not Enough Aprons” was written on a scribbled note as a column idea. Sean Dietrich, my favorite columnist, had mentioned aprons in his daily musings on January 9, 2021. His reflections caused me to do some pondering. I’m thinking today’s homes need more aprons.

“Understanding God” was another column idea. I’ve touched on it before, so I’ll limit this to a couple of thoughts. I’ll confess to being dismayed that I don’t have a better understanding of God. But when the suffering of innocents causes me to ask why, it’s helpful to consider what Steve Sanders said in our Sunday School class.

Steve was quoting a preacher he’d heard on television, possibly T. D. Jakes. The pastor posed a question that I’d never really considered. “What kind of a God would he be if we could understand him?”

A red-headed theologian from Texas summed it up nicely in

a song. Willie Nelson’s lyrics begin with questions for God then end with the answer. “Now when I pray my prayer is one. I pray his will not mine be done. After all, I’m just a man. And it’s not for me to understand.”

An email from Jim Hamrick was printed and added to my stack of notes in April of 2021. Jim, like his late father Harry Hamrick, has a knack for subtle humor. He posed an interesting question that seems worth considering. “Why is abbreviated such a long word?”

Two ideas for devotionals were in my scribbled notes. I’ve written about them before so I’ll limit this to a quick mention. My brother, Jimmy, had given an unproductive pear tree a severe trim with a chain saw in 2019. Our mother, who is addicted to pear preserves, was shocked at how much he had cut. To our surprise, however, the next summer that tree yielded the best pear crop in a long time. It reminded me

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that sometimes people need pruning too. The unpleasant process can make us more productive.

The other devotional idea mentioned Mr. John Bonner, a fine Christian gentleman who taught Sunday School for decades. He had a remarkable knowledge of scripture and a gift for explaining how to apply it. There was an occasion at Vienna First Baptist, perhaps a teacher’s meeting, where Rev. Ellis Taff told us he had visited with Mr. John that past Monday.

Ellis asked the group, “What do y’all think John Bonner was doing?” We didn’t know so we waited for him to tell us. “He was studying his Sunday School lesson,” Ellis said with a knowing smile. Then he shared some advice I’ve found helpful. “If John Bonner needs to begin

studying his lesson on Monday, that might be a good idea for some others.”

“Schandenfreude” was a word I was introduced to in an article by Dr. Jim Denison. I wrote the odd term down because of its definition: “The pleasure we derive from another person’s misfortune.” We’ve probably all had some, “He had it coming,” moments. But Christ said to, “Pray for your enemies,” and to, “bless those who persecute you.” We can’t have it both ways.

It’s hard to know how to end such a rambling column, so I’ll just close with two thoughts. First, I don’t want a God I can understand. He wouldn’t be worthy of worship. And secondly, even though I don’t understand God, I believe he understands me. That’s what really matters.