

A Word From the Publisher



Last Friday, April 26, my dad celebrated his 92nd birthday, and what a blessing that is! I am so thankful and blessed to still have both of my parents, at 92, and not too far away from me. As each year passes, we seem to grow closer. Daddy was born April 26, 1932, in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and he still remains a hard core Arkansas Razorback. Daddy played football, basketball and baseball in high school and knew from those days he wanted to be a coach and teacher. He joined the US Air Force following high school and began his military and college career. Although Daddy was in the military, he made his way home, married my mom, and the two set off into the sunset to also begin their lives. I may be wrong but I think he achieved his Master's Degree around the time I was born as the fifth and final child.

Daddy couldn't have chosen a better career. He excelled as a coach and is still respected everywhere he goes. Even though he was coaching and teaching, he still found time to continue to play sports when he got a chance. He played softball for years, one of those games separating his shoulder. He played in a men's basketball league, one of those games got elbowed in the jaw and broke his jaw. I must say his children (me included) kind of enjoyed his jaw being wired together for a few weeks! But that never stopped him... he still loved the game and still does.

About seven years ago, one of his former 'playmates' called and asked him to play in the 80 years and up league. My mom spoke up quickly and said, "No!"

It's amazing how many crazy memories I have growing up with my dad trying to teach us to play sports. Somehow, when we played with him, he always changed the rules. I've always said he never played fair. A simple game of pepper on the beach turned into a competition; throwing the Frisbee was always me chasing the Frisbee he threw! Such great memories and so thankful for them all!

Daddy began his teaching and coaching career in Homerville, Georgia, where many of his students and players still keep up with him. Everywhere he has been he has certainly left his mark. Recently, his was in Walmart in Kingsland and a young lady yelled, "Hey Coach Stearn!" He quickly turned around and she was coming to get a hug from him. She asked if she could take a selfie with him and post it on her Facebook. She said my friends are going to be mad they didn't see you. It is random for us to go anywhere with my parents and someone not come up and speak to them. They have quite a legacy.

Above all, my dad is a Christian man and he loves the Lord with all his heart. He continues to teach his senior men's Sunday school class and loves those men so much. He calls them each week to make sure they are okay. He carries their burdens and ministers to them. I've always had to share my dad with many other people (players, students, etc.) and it makes me smile each time he sees one. But, he has always and will always be my dad and for that I am thankful! Happy Birthday Daddy! I love you! Brat

Have a blessed week!

Dawn S. West