

A Word From the Publisher

Well, we survived the first week of school! I'm still amazed at how fast it got here. There were a few issues with late buses and closed railroad crossings but other than that I think things went well. Whether most students want to agree with it or not, I think they were ready to get back to school. I know these children think school is the worst thing ever but let me remind them, I didn't get the entire summer off! It's certainly not the worst thing!

As the beginning of school happens so begins one of my favorite times of the year...football season! Poor Roger married the daughter of a former coach and sports, especially football, is inbred into my body! From a very young age, I found myself at the football field. First, watching my daddy coach and later cheering my daddy and my team on! I know you've read the story many times but what a fond memory it is for me. Back in those days, Daddy was the coach and a lot more. After the home games, Mama would always have something cooked (normally 6 gallons of chili, ha ha) at our house for the entire team, cheerleaders and whoever else wanted to come and eat. Of course back then, there were only about 30 players on the team and ten cheerleaders. There was quite a house full. It was such a great time together.

On Saturday morning after breakfast, our family went over to the football field. Daddy would wash uniforms and we (siblings) would pick up trash around the field. I'm sure we grumbled a little but not loud enough for Daddy to hear us. We just did what we were supposed to. That place looked like a million dollars when we finished. It was hard work, but we did our part to help.

I say it was a much simpler time than now. We were always taught to respect our teachers and any adult at the school. If we (siblings) got in trouble at school, we knew we would be in worse trouble at home. It seems these days, if a student doesn't want to do their work they don't. Then they complain to their parents that it's too much work. The parents run to the school and fuss at the teacher for making their child work too hard. I think we, as parents, forget that we had to work hard in school, take tests, be responsible for our homework and projects not rely on our parents to do it all. I know my parents didn't. Do you see the main word in the context... responsible. That word is one that way too many people don't have any of, being responsible.

We, as parents and grandparents, want to raise our children to be responsible adults. Realize that once you graduate from high school, you go to college and get a job. Once you graduate, you work fulltime. You pay your bills on time, you pay for your own gas, you pay rent, etc. That's called being a productive, responsible adult. I'm thankful to say that all of our children (husbands/wives) have great jobs, nice homes, reliable vehicles, etc. These traits are built very young in your children's lives. But they are so very important to be taught daily.

I pray that this school year will be one of the best and pray a blanket of protection for the safety of all of our precious students and administration. May God continue to bless us all.

Have a blessed week!

Dawn S. West