

# Opinions

## Everybody has one...

### A mobile salute

I'm sure by now, most have seen *American Sniper*. I saw it this weekend when it premiered on HBO. It's about an Iraq war veteran who gave his all for his country and continued to do so by helping veterans after he served four tours of duty in the Middle East.

It made me think about The Moving Wall coming to Blairsville. That happens on Thursday at Meeks Park.

The Vietnam Veterans Memorial comes to our community thanks to the Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter 1101. It's something that all of us should see and appreciate.

I was a young boy when the Vietnam War was happening. It was in our homes on a nightly basis. There were news stories of protests, our soldiers being called baby killers, and worst of all, our soldiers being spit on and called foul names as they returned from tours of duty.

Those were hectic times, for the soldiers more so than anyone else. They were the ones in the line of fire. I never understood how anyone could treat a U.S. soldier with that much disrespect.

My father was a World War II veteran. My great-grandfather served in the War Between the States. He was a prisoner of war.

My father's first cousin, Woodrow Wilson, of Blairsville, Ga., died at the Battle of the Bulge.

My brother-in-law is a Vietnam Veteran.

I respect them all, they served their country and fought because they were asked to serve.

More than our fair share of Vietnam Veterans were asked to serve. They did to the best of their abilities. The Moving Wall is living proof of how many died during that war.

It's time for closure. I say this and I am heartbroken that Vietnam Veterans are still dealing with issues that should have been resolved many times over.

It is my sincere hope that during its many travels, The Moving Wall will somehow bring closure for these embattled veterans. Having seen many news accounts of the Vietnam War, I still feel for every U.S. Service member that had to endure the hardships in the jungle and on their home soil.

God bless our veterans, each and every one. We wouldn't be here without them. Visit The Moving Wall.

### Straight Shooting

Charles Duncan



### Prophecy

A lunar eclipse when the moon is nearest the earth takes on shades of red. Such a "blood moon" happened last month and we're still here to tell about it, if you're reading this! Anyway, I'm not sure what to make of some of the speculative interpretations of Biblical prophecy linked to this phenomenon, but I wouldn't want to "throw the baby out with the bathwater." Prophetic writings in the Bible are instructive.

The Hebrew prophet Joel wrote, and it's repeated in Revelations, that the moon becomes like blood before the Day of the Lord comes. If this refers to a lunar tetrad, the world has experienced eight since New Testament times. Peter preached that Joel's prophecy was fulfilled at Pentecost. I tend to think these celestial sightings are more like Noah's rainbow, a reminder of a promise of more fulfillment to come. "With the Lord one day is like a thousand years" (2 Pet. 3:8) implies that God is biding his time, but not in silence.

With the perspective of history, we can witness the veracity of Biblical prophecies. Isaiah wrote (700 BC) that the Messiah would be from Galilee, and would be God Himself. He added that the Messiah would be a suffering servant, smitten and pierced for our sin. Micah, a contemporary of Isaiah, claimed that the eternal ruler in Israel would be from Bethlehem. Daniel prophesied (530 BC) that the Messiah would be "cut off" and then the sanctuary would be destroyed. David (1000 BC) predicted that the Messiah would not stay dead.

These and over 300 detailed, ancient, Hebrew prophecies were fulfilled by Jesus Christ. Born in Bethlehem and raised in Galilee, He was smitten, pierced, and killed. His resurrection from the dead proves his claim to be God. A few years later in 70 AD, history records the destruction of the temple in Jerusalem.

Given that astounding accuracy, it is tantalizing to use the Bible to interpret current events. For example, Ezekiel (580 BC) describes an apocalyptic scene where God delivers Israel from an attack from surrounding lands which some correlate to today's growing alliance between Russia, Iran, and Iraq. We could occupy ourselves trying to connect the dots here, but I find more

See Fowler, page 5A

### All Things New

Wayne Fowler



### Questions and Answers

#### Q. What is The Moving Wall I keep hearing about?

A. There are many people who know but for those who don't, The Moving Wall is a replica of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial located in Washington, D.C. It is half the size of the memorial and it tours the country allowing veterans and citizens the opportunity to see the wall without traveling to Washington D.C.

#### Q. When will the Vietnam Moving Wall be here?

A. The Wall will arrive in Union County on Thursday, Oct. 8 and be here until Monday Oct. 12. The opening ceremony will be Thursday at 3 p.m. There will also be a Sunday Service held at The Wall on Sunday Oct. 11 from 9:30 to 10:15 a.m. On the last day, Oct. 12, there will be the Quilt of Valor presentation starting at 10 a.m. and then closing ceremonies will be at 1 p.m.

#### Q. Where exactly is it going to be located?

A. We are honored that The Wall will be located in our own Meeks Park. It will be located just on the hill to the right after entering the Park. There will be extra parking on Saturday and Sunday at the Industrial Park on Airport Road. There will be shuttle buses and vans there to transport people to The Wall and back to their car.

#### Q. Who is responsible for getting the Wall to come to Blairsville?

A. The local Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter 1101 requested the wall come to Blairsville. They worked very hard in gathering donations from many different individuals and businesses in Union County and surrounding counties for the cost of getting it here. The local VVA Chapter works to encourage the improvement of conditions for Vietnam Veterans, and The Wall being here will help do exactly that.

#### Q. Isn't the Sorghum Festival going on this weekend also?

A. Yes it is, so Meeks Park will be a busy and fun place for the next two weekends! The Festival will be Oct. 10th and 11th and Oct. 17th and 18th from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Each year the Sorghum Festival draws a large crowd and is a major event in our community. There are vendors and games, and this year you can also see the Moving Wall.

### Q & A from Union County Commissioner

Lamar Paris



See Paris, page 5A

### Take Five with Beverly Bradley

Beverly Bradley, along with her husband Dennis, of Beverly Bradley Landscape Designs and Services, Inc.

is a highly recognizable name in the Blairsville-Union County community. I'm certain that everyone at some time has seen the beautiful works of art that have been planted throughout our community, many of which have been provided by this business. In order to learn more about Beverly and Dennis, I asked them to answer some of my favorite Take Five questions.

1. What is your favorite thing about your job?

We agree that meeting so many interesting people would fit the bill. From the moment the conversation begins about how to "beautify" an owner's particular space or property to the final shovel of dirt, most individuals take personal pride in the look and feel of their outdoor space. Their landscaping is a direct reflection of their personalities and so it becomes an opportunity to really get to know and understand your customers.

2. When did you start working at your company?

We started in 1985 and we're still "growing" strong.

3. Where is your dream travel destination?

We enjoy traveling and do quite a bit.

See Williams, page 5A

### Blairsville - Union County Chamber

Cindy Williams



## Letters to the Editor ...

### Progress at what cost?

Dear Editor,

I have lived here for the past 10 years. Just recently it seems, like overnight, Union County has transformed.

I understand the need for our local government to update and improve our community, but at the price of deforestation and the continued breaking of the speed limit laws?

I understand the need our DDA has for capital infusion, to develop our downtown, but again, just arbitrarily shred years of trees and habitat? Where have all that wildlife gone?

I live on a peninsula type road that has four speed limit signs, requesting traffic to not exceed 15 to 20 mph at anytime. People with huge trucks pulling trailers with boats, machinery, etc fly down this RESIDENTIAL street. Already several pets have been struck and next may even be a pedestrian. What is the hurry?

Just recently, the huge 300-year historical tree that was a landmark in front of the Historical House lay like a dying whale, or the image of an old elephant on its side. So sad. Just another reminder of progress with no thought of preservation. As a person who loves to walk to reasonable destinations in the county, I find it extremely dangerous to do so now. With the advent of the new Thirteen Hundred subdivision off Pat Cowell Road finishing construction, I believe this road will never be the same, increased traffic for a winding two-lane lovely country road. People

See O'Malley, page 5A

### A loss for students

Dear Editor,

For years the Gaddistown Homemakers have hand made a quilt and raffled it off at the Wood Gap Indian Summer Festival. All proceeds have gone to students for scholarships. Recently the event was halted because of some prohibition of "gambling" on government property. The Suches Fire Department did the same with a small rifle. It was halted also for the same reason.

This week's NGN ran an article about a raffle for and at the Public Library.

I don't know if the two are related, but maybe some investigative reporting on your part might shed some light on the subject for the masses.

Several thousand dollars has been lost to the students because of this.

Thank you,

Jim Cain

### Be a part of the solution

Dear Editor,

As a concerned citizen and animal lover, I'm writing this in hopes to bring awareness to the feral cat over population!

A feral female just brought her three starving kittens under my porch, her pleading eyes gave me no choice but to start feeding them - it broke my heart. They have never had a loving home.

A pair of breeding cats and all of their kittens and so on, if never spayed or neutered add up to 80,399,290 in 10 years. That's why I'm making my plea to everyone to please spay and neuter.

There is a great group called Logans Run that can provide assistance (828) 837-4944 (push option 1 & leave a message they will get back to you in a timely fashion).

Other great resources are North GA SPCA for people that need assistance to spay and neuter their pet: (706) 745-7222.

Another great group is Operation PUP they also provide assistance: (888) 496-2387.

Hopefully we can all do our part, with winter coming I can't bear to think of all those poor starving animals out there!

Sincerely concerned,

Trish Chapin

"Polls keep telling us who we're for. What I want to know is who's for us!"



### The Lineman

Dear Editor,

As an old Navy Seabee and both an electricity provider as well as user, I appreciate the work of the men and women of the EMC, probably more than most. I would like to offer the following poem to publically express my appreciation to all of those who keep my lights burning brightly.

Thank you,

Robert F. (Bob) Ramay

"The Lineman"

By Steven Crawford, Mississippi Power Co.



He walks through the door at the end of his day, just kisses his wife he has not much to say.

His brain is still tired from working lines hot, Its a lineman thing this tired brain he's got.

From watching each move he's made all day long,

To watching his buddy so nothing went wrong.

High in the air they work hot primary,

I've heard people say that job's just too scary.

With his hands still wrinkled from wearing the gloves,

He touches the face of the woman he loves.

His boots feel so heavy as he unties the laces,

They're old, worn and dirty they've been many places.

With his head in his hands he takes in a sigh,

And thanks the good Lord today he didn't die.

With a thin rubber glove protecting his life,

The Lord brought him home to be with his wife.

Some say he's crazy to work like he does,

He can't see the juice he can just hear it buzz.

But he made it home safely and tonight he'll pray,

That tomorrow God walks with him through one more day.

### Uncle Mack

My mother's two uncles, Mack and Rufus Baker, were two men that everyone loved and respected. I looked up to each one because they were tough and yet kind. They paid extra attention to young boys. Each man spent a great amount of time in the woods. Each of them enjoyed hunting. As young men they especially enjoyed coon hunting the hills and hollows of Newberg Mountain.

Before my Dad ever dated my mother he was coon hunting with Mack and Rufus. Papa had recently purchased two young Black and Tan Coonhounds out of old Troup (a famous Coonhound in North Alabama).

When the two dogs were about 6 months old my father asked Mack and Rufus if he could go hunting with them. The two men pulled up in the yard and waited with my grandparents as my Daddy fetched his dogs. The trio of men and the young boy walked across the cotton and corn fields to the "James place." The dogs struck a coon and began the trailing just after dark. The raccoon led the dogs up and down Turkey Creek and under bluffs for about an hour. Finally, the old coon went up a Black Gum Tree standing on the banks of Turkey Creek.

Uncle Rufus tied the old dogs and told my Dad to let Sam and Lou continue tree barking. Uncle Mack waded out into the middle of Turkey Creek and began to try and squall the coon out of the tree. Basically, Uncle Mack would make a sound that resembled a fighting coon. This squalling sound will entice a raccoon to walk down a tree and jump into the middle of a pack of dogs. That night was no exception the sound worked and the old coon began to make its way down the tree. The coon got to within 10 feet of the ground where the dogs and Uncle Mack could see the coon. The dogs were all barking and howling with excitement as Uncle Mack made one more of the squalling sounds and the old coon jumped from the tree into the creek.

Uncle Mack had false teeth that didn't fit real tight and the pressure of making the squalling sound caused Mack to spit his teeth out. And before the coon hit the water Uncle Mack's false teeth hit the water. The sound of the splashing convinced the dogs that the coon was in the water. So, Sam dove into the water right where the false teeth had landed. Almost immediately, the coon landed on the dog's back. So, there was Uncle Mack bending over looking for his teeth and the dog was swimming in circles all while howling because the coon was biting his ear. Just when you thought matters couldn't get worse Lou, the other dog, joined the fight. Uncle Mack was hollering, "get the dogs." Sam was howling because the coon was still biting his ear. Lou finally had a good hold on the coon and she was trying to pull it off Sam's back while it was still biting his ear.

See Cummings, page 5A

### Around The Farm

Mickey Cummings



### One Hot International Spud

If Sean Connery came to mind when you read today's column headline, you read it wrong. It was "spud", not stud. Spud, as in potato. No, not Mr. Potato Head. Though he was my favorite playmate as a 4 year old entertaining myself for hours on those icy cold Western New York winter days.

In retrospect, I suppose he was somewhat of a spud. He had that British flavor, with that derby hat and his fine mustache. I find the potato much more alluring when it hails from across the seas. Until recently, I was being courted by a long, thin French spud, but it seems I'm competing for his attention with a French tart by the name of Dauphinoise. I saw them leaving together last night in her Le Creuset. I tempted him with an offer to engage in a nutmeg spiced Pommes Duchesse, but it was no contest once Dauphinoise sprinkled her Gruyere.

I once had a tryst with Aloo Gobi, a spicy Indian spud who claimed to be part cauliflower and dressed to kill in a luscious garlic-ginger suit, with a turban of turmeric and coriander. My sister spent some of her youth courting a Polish Peirogi, but when he hinted at making little dumplings, she fled quickly.

I melt over any Yukon swathed in olive oil, so when I first encountered Batata Harra in a little cafe in Tripoli, I thought twice, ogling the red peppers, but moved on before it was too late.

In the 70s the apartment above mine housed two cousins from the British Isles. Clapshot was raised in Scotland and I usually found him in a smashed vegetarian state. His cousin, Coddle, hailed from Ireland. He was thinly sliced with intricate layers of rough sliced pork sausage and thick bacon fat. The two of us got along famously.

Though a solanaceae of Mediterranean heritage will generally garner more than just my attention, I've never been attracted to the bland Italian Gnocchi clan. I prefer the Greek planks, roasted with garlic, showered in lemon and sprinkled with oregano.

I've jostled with the idea of a pilgrimage

See Leone, page 5A

### Farmers Market Moment

JorAnne Leone



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