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The new mill site will be located out of the flood plain and will require an alternate water supply, but will be an awesome addition to Meeks Park and our community. Can you imagine seeing the waterwheel in operation again, making corn meal in the park. It is one of our dreams.

Q. Will it be a replica of the old Tate Mill when re-built?

A. The goal will be to maintain the look and feel of the old Tate Mill as much as possible and also make the facility where the public will be able to safely view the operation. We are incredibly lucky that the Elmer and Mike Thompson families gave us all the inner workings of the mill. There are many detailed photos of how it was set up and drawings have been done to replicate the original operation.

Q. When will the county actually reconstruct the new mill?

A. We hope to begin this coming year and at least get all the concrete and foundational work done with hopes of completing the mill in 2015. It will be a very exciting project that we will all

be proud of.

Q. Do you have any history of the old Harshaw Mill that was located in Meeks Park?

A. While we know the name of the old mill site, we have been unable to find anyone who actually remembers the mill or anything about it. We are still hoping that a long lost photo will show up some day. If anyone has any information even second or third hand, please let us know by calling the courthouse at (706) 439-6000.

Q. Is it necessary for the county to be buying more property next to Meeks Park?

A. We are looking to the future when it will be necessary to expand the park and add new features as the county grows. We think Meeks Park is a wonderful facility and we are always looking for ways to improve and expand the park for the enjoyment of Union County citizens and others who visit, now and in the future. So yes, we will always be looking for opportunities to improve Meeks Park, as it has become one of the precious jewels in our crown.

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preferred white chocolate. There were small toys, like handheld puzzle games. I always liked the ones where the tiles were scrambled and you had to slide them up and over, left and right, trying to put them in order. I suppose that was the Rubik's Cube of my generation.

The amount of little items that were stuffed in these stockings seemed to be endless. I found out later in life that my parents' intentions were to keep us occupied a little longer before we had to run out to see what was under the tree. The stocking served as a roadblock, giving them a wee bit more needed rest, after having stayed up late to make everything perfect for Christmas morning. Hearing us stirring in our bedroom, discovering our stocking treasures, also gave Dad time to have the 8mm camera with the big Mickey Mouse ear lights ready for action when we came rushing out to see what else Santa had thought to bring us.

We knew we were nearing the end of our stocking riches when we started to pull out the walnuts, almonds and hazelnuts, roasted, and still in their shells. The grand finale, stuffed in the toe of the stocking, was a tangerine. The first year that my dear friend Beverly joined in this family

tradition, she thought the tangerine was such a let down. Growing up, her toe was filled with a velvet box, the contents usually made of gold, like a necklace or earrings.

For my sister and me, the tangerine was more symbolic. It represented the end of this part of the Christmas morning journey, and the prospect of what more there might be beyond that bedroom door, under the Christmas tree.

Throughout my life, this symbolism has served me well. Often, I've found myself in the midst of small successes, waiting for the crescendo to build, culminating in that velvet box containing gold. When all there was, as I neared the end, a small reward, I learned not to be disappointed. Instead I would choose to be excited about the prospects that lay beyond.

As I walk into the next part of my journey, I've always found that Santa remembers me. And as I unwrap the good fortunes of my life, I feel the warm lights of the 8mm camera capturing these moments. I'll look forward to playing them back in my mind, someday while I'm rocking on the porch of the old folk's home. Until that time, I have a lot more stockings to look forward to, and I'll be thankful for each and every tangerine.

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imperfections.

"Can you help me?" – Once again, no matter what level of authority you have, never be afraid to ask for help. It is not a sign of weakness, but rather a sign of humility. It also demonstrates that you respect the person you are asking and trust their capabilities.

"I'm sorry." – We all do things at times that warrant an apology. When that time comes, say you're sorry and mean it. Don't be tempted to follow an apology with "But I was really mad" or "But you were doing this" When you say you're sorry, be willing to take all the blame and move on.

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Electraglide, which I traded in for my latest one being a \$36,000 2012 Harley Triglide Trike that I now ride and each of them I made sure were kept as spotless as possible. I also was one of the first, if not THE first VW Trike builders in the state of Georgia and I also built a Chevy V-6 Trike in 2009.

I've got over a million miles on me riding "Bikes" and Trikes in and around every state except Hawaii and would have gone there too if I could have ever figured out a way for me to ride one of them on water. And the only time I ever slept on the ground is when I couldn't find a decent motel to stay in, but even then it was in a tent in a sleeping bag. To my knowledge, all bikers with any sense had rather have clean sheets to sleep on, duh!

I wear chaps and a leather jacket on cold days, a leather vest on cool days, and a denim jacket on cooler days. On hot days I wear a t-shirt with jeans, and on rainy days I wear a rain suit. My boots are military jump boots. Come to think about it, I've been doing this over 40 years. Strange, huh?

My wife of 41 years has been riding with me for as many years and dresses basically the same as I do except she wears Harley Biker Boots and she nor I have ever had an

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15. So I tried retirement and found I'm perfect for the job!

And finally, if you eat yeast and shoe polish what

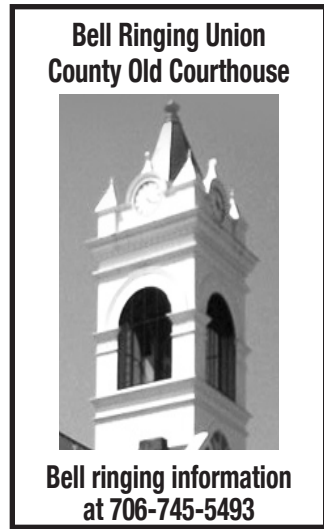
happens? You will rise and shine! May the "good news of great joy," "that a Savior is born which is Christ the Lord," occupy our time and thoughts.

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an old gun in the woods. The boys were cleaning the gun when it fired. Uncle Howard was mortally wounded and died within minutes. Two years later two of Howard's younger sisters both died in the great influenza epidemic. The next year John's brother, Lum, was shipped off to Europe to fight in the war that was supposed to end all wars. Lum was in the cavalry and was gassed by the Germans. He survived but, the Cummings Family was under a tremendous amount of stress.

My great-great grandmother, Martha, was a strong woman. But, after losing three children in the space of three years she suffered a nervous breakdown from which she never recovered. The family had suffered greatly during those years and John was the source of much of the suffering. He came home for a visit and three of his sons would have nothing to do with him. John was going to go to Tuscaloosa to visit Martha, his former wife. However, my great grandfather, Lon, would not allow it. The family was split over the next few years. When John came to visit his sons Lon was the only one willing to see his father. Riley and Will just could not forgive their Daddy.

Late in life John came home for one more visit around Christmas. Finally, some of John's other sons decided to participate in the visit. Lon's oldest daughter, Mabel came up with a grand idea. She gathered up all of John's presents and sewed them into the legs of a brand new pair of overalls. When old John tried to put on the overalls he realized something was stuck in the legs. So, he reached in and began pulling out our presents. Papa said his old grandfather wept and laughed all at the same time. Old man, John, had the best Christmas he could ever remember. It



"Let me give you a hand." – Don't let an opportunity to help pass by you. Always be willing to offer your assistance and be specific in what you are able to do. Many people will decline a generic offer to help, but if you are specific and genuine in your approach, your efforts will be greatly appreciated.

If you would like to read the full article by Jeff Haden, simply go to www.inc.com and use the search bar to find the article by its title. I wish you all success in your communications! If you would like to find out more about how the Chamber can help grow your business, please call us at 706-745-5789 or email me directly at President@Blairsville-Chamber.com.

"accident".

I also have 45-year-old tattoos and until a few years ago I wore a full beard and long hair that almost reached my belt. Nowadays, it's just a mustache and goatee that's snow white and I have a whole lot less hair, and, the beer belly that I have isn't just from the beers I've had over the years. Hey a good all-you-can-eat steakhouse or oyster bar has always been my favorite place to eat, but open fires are great places to cook also when choosing to camp out.

Age has a lot to do with my partying days coming to an end, also going to a Harley Triglide Trike from a Harley Electraglide Bike comes from having the good common sense to know that I can't safely hold up and ride two wheels any longer and I still get to ride.

Oh, and Mr. William Dailey, it is my personal opinion that it is about time for the nice places that say "Bikers Welcome," to come about, because back in "the old days" those days weren't so great for "Bikers." It's nice to have small children come up to you to admire your bike or trike and/or ask about what you are wearing and not having the parent snatching them back in fear because someone like you has painted the "Old Days Biker Image" in their heads.

Keith "Chief" Smith