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Jason Jennings is now part of the Crews & Associates team.

You might see a familiar face working alongside Barry Burch in our downtown Searcy office at First Security. Jason grew up here, graduating from Searcy High School in 2009. He received an accounting degree from the University of Arkansas and later obtained his Series 7 and Series 66 licenses. Last spring, Jason had the opportunity to come back and serve his hometown community, helping individuals and families navigate their financial journey.

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TWENTY YEARS AGO, I never could have imagined the roads I would travel and the people I would meet along the way after starting Searcy Living Magazine. It has been a long, tough journey full of lessons of every kind, including learning everything from the ground up and pressing through many technology changes, as well as community changes. I remember when almost the entire west side of Searcy was just being built. In those days we had to have photos developed at Color Lab and then scan each one in, and I had to step out in faith and purchase an office building because back then it was not acceptable to ask people to work from home. I remember purchasing a couch for my office, not for looks, but for a bed the nights I needed to work late, and it was just too much to drive home after that long of a day.

It has also been a joyous journey full of blessings from meeting so many people with so many amazing stories. I have learned about the efforts of so many and their charitable works that I may not have known about were it not for this publication. As I have shared several times in the past, even my journey of fostering and adoption started entirely because of this magazine. Out of that, a charitable foundation was born to connect your giving directly to foster children.

It seems every season of my life, as yours is I am sure, is full of so many unique learning opportunities. In the past twenty years, while walking with you through this publication, I have experienced heartache, disappointments, having to move, a season of serious illness, loss that I still grieve, challenges that helped me grow as well as challenges that I did not think I could survive. But I have also experienced extreme joy, new friendships, adventure, blessings and so, so much growth. In a former publisher’s note, I wrote, “I know that as we are shaped into the next season of our life, we can often look back and be able to start making the connections that can help make sense of it all. We suddenly have clarity of our purpose. One of the consistent petitions I have when I pray is that God will allow me to clearly hear Him even when He whispers… especially after a season when I have not been able to hear Him at all.”

In this issue, one of my daughters wanted to share a part of her journey with you. I put her off for several issues and told her to really be clear that she was supposed to share it. But she has always been open about her adoption testimony and she has not wavered on her wish to share a part of her journey with you. The first nine years of her life before adoption were full of loss and disappointment. There were days that walking with her through her anger and grief felt impossible. Now, she blesses others with empathy and compassion and a wisdom beyond her years. Once again, the past reconciles with the present and prepares for the future.

I hope today finds you surrounded by positive people. I hope that this issue brings you a sense of connection with your community. I hope you have great clarity of purpose and the goodness in your life takes root, plants seeds of purpose, and impacts others in the most positive way. And as always, thank you for reading Searcy Living.

~Christine
If you fail, never give up because F.A.I.L. means First Attempt In Learning
End is not the end, in fact E.N.D. means Effort Never Dies
If you get NO as an answer, remember N.O. means Next Opportunity
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Making the Most Out of Your Attempt to Quit Smoking

By Charlie Wright, Pharm.D. Candidate 2019; Lana Gettman, Pharm.D.; Melissa Shipp, Pharm.D., BCPS

According to recent reports from the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, approximately 23.6% of adult Arkansans smoke cigarettes. This number is regrettably disappointing in comparison to a national estimate of 17.1% of Americans consuming cigarettes. While there has been a gradual downward trend of cigarette usage in recent years, as a nation, and first and foremost, as a state, we still have a long way to go in the battle to curtail smoking. Despite improvements in quitting methods and increased awareness, smoking still remains firm as the leading cause of preventable death in the United States. As more research has been conducted within the last few decades, health care providers are faced with the task of educating their patients against the risks associated with smoking which can be as mild as coughing and weight loss, but of greater magnitude, include stroke, lung cancer, coronary heart disease, and premature death. In addition, secondhand smoke exposure greatly increases the risk of lung cancer in people who do not smoke themselves. The great news is that there is hope and plenty of resources readily available to help an individual succeed in a quit attempt. Pharmacists, primary care providers, and nurses are highly educated in this area and can aid a person in their attempt to quit smoking.

For a person wishing to begin a quit attempt, there are several nicotine replacement products that can be purchased over the counter from a pharmacy without a prescription. Local pharmacists can help decide on a product and counsel on how to use a nicotine replacement product properly. Examples of over the counter nicotine replacement products include:

- Nicotine patches
- Nicotine gum
- Nicotine lozenges

While over the counter nicotine replacement products exist as a first option, there are other prescription products that can help reduce the craving to smoke. Examples of prescription products include:

- Nicotine inhaler (Nicotrol Inhaler)
- Nicotine nasal spray (Nicotrol NS)
- Bupropion SR (Zyban)
- Varenicline (Chantix)

In addition to medication therapies, it is important that individuals attempting to quit smoking find support from valuable sources in their journey. Someone trying to quit smoking can call toll free to 1-800-QUIT-NOW (1-800-784-8669) to be directly connected to the Arkansas state quit line. At this number, they can access tips and conversation with trained coaches who can provide information to help them in their quitting attempt. When beginning the process, it is also critical that someone identifies a support system in their everyday lives. Friends and family can greatly encourage patients and commit to making the patient’s efforts more successful. It is also imperative that the patient identify motivators for quitting. For example, wanting to see your grandchildren graduate or running a marathon are goals that a patient might look forward to accomplishing. Benefits of quitting smoking include improvements in lung function, reduced risk of lung cancer, and reduced risk of cardiovascular disease. After just one year, a patient who has refrained from smoking has cut their risk of cardiovascular disease in half, and after 15 years their risk is equivalent to that of a nonsmoker.

As smoking remains a prevalent public health issue in Arkansas, it is important that we as Arkansans be aware of the scope of this problem and of support tools that are in place to help those who want to quit smoking. Quitting smoking is a hard challenge for many, but the support of a healthcare team, the community, and loved ones can help make the road to ending the habit easier.
Congratulations!

Clayton and Jenna Harlan on the birth of Jensen
IN ORDER TO FORM A **more perfect union**

**Scholarship Awarded**

**CONGRATULATIONS TO BEEBE HIGH SCHOOL SENIOR ISABELLA DAVIS** for being awarded a $2,500 scholarship from McLarty Auto Group! Your future is bright, Isabella! We are proud of you!

Sometimes the Best Ideas are the Simplest

This is the site we saw while driving through Heber Springs one day. We hope this idea spreads to the rest of the state!
We hold these truths to be self-evident

Start a business: $999 – too much.  
Buy a new iPhone: $999 – no problem.  
Healthy groceries: $100 – too much.  
Dinner and drinks: $100 – no problem.  
Watch Netflix: 2 hours – one more episode.  
Learn a new skill: 2 hours – no time.

Life is about choices, stop blaming the “lack of opportunity.”

MIKE MOFFATT, who recently moved to this area from Memphis, TN, is a former president of the 10th largest Rotary club in the world, with around 500 members. In 1992 he was invited to join the Memphis Rotary club. He was club president in 2005-2006 and in 2009-2010 he was asked to be District Governor of the Western part of Tennessee. He feels that Rotary teaches leadership and through Rotary he was able to attend several international meetings in different countries and made many friends from all over the world. Rotary is also known for helping eradicate polio.

Rotary
That all men are created equal

Arkansas Fund Grant

JAKE BEQUETTE, Chairman of The Arkansas Fund was in Searcy on March 24 to make a grant to Daisy's Lunchbox. The fund is making grants, from private sources, across Arkansas to small businesses impacted by COVID. Bequette was an all-SEC defensive end and an Academic All-American at Arkansas and later spent 4 years with the New England Patriots. Most recently he has just completed four years of service in the military as an Army Ranger. Accepting the grant on behalf of Daisy's is Suzanne Raiford. Also serving on the board of the Arkansas Fund is Ryan Jones of Little Rock and Jim Carr of Searcy.
According to fltlaw.com:

Arkansas has 251 DUI arrests per capita.
There are 21 collision fatalities per capita in Arkansas.
15% of Arkansas drivers are uninsured.

The Worst Drivers In The U.S.

There were a few things the worst drivers in America have in common: almost all have staggeringly high rates of accident fatalities and DUI arrests.

New Mexico is home to the worst drivers in America, with an average ranking of 6 across the board. This is due to the state’s unusually high number of accident fatalities (25 per capita) and the percent of uninsured drivers (21%), both landing in the number three spot for those categories.

It was followed closely by Alabama and Arkansas, whose drivers tied for the second- and third-worst in the nation. While Alabama had the lowest number of DUI arrests (1 per capita), it had one of the highest fatality rates (23 per capita) as well as a high number of uninsured drivers (21%). Likewise, Arkansas had high rates of fatality (21 per capita) and uninsured drivers (17%).

With the highest rate of accident fatalities in the country (31 per capita), Wyoming landed in the number four spot for worst drivers. To make matters worse, the state also has an extremely high rate of DUI-related arrests (683 per capita).

Rounding out the top five worst drivers in the U.S. is Montana. While Montana drivers don’t have an extremely high rate of DUI arrests (419 per capita, #14 rank), they do carry with them the sixth-highest rate of fatalities, at 21 per capita.

“We Can Do Better”

COMMON SENSE QUOTE:

It is not the employer who pays the wages. Employers only handle the money. It is the customer who pays the wages.

- HENRY FORD
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White County Cable TV Is Investing Over $14 Million To Make Searcy A Gig City

**WHITE COUNTY CABLE TV** is upgrading its network and distribution systems with a goal of launching true Gig speeds to all of the homes and businesses in its service area. Gig-a-bit service will first become available early next year in Searcy and then will be expanding to all of the towns in the service area by the end of 2022. The Gig-a-bit service will be available to every resident in Searcy, Judsonia, Kensett, Higginson and Bald Knob when the project is completed.

The total cost of this effort will exceed $14 million dollars and is just the latest investment by White County Cable TV, which has been the premier provider for the Searcy and surrounding communities for the past 44 years.

“These are exciting times for the White County area. There are not many cities or towns in America that offer a Gig service to all their residents, and we are working to provide it throughout all of our 350 plus miles of plant,” said Tony Allen, Area Manager of White County Cable TV. “We are proud to continue our 44 years of service to the community as the leading provider for internet, television, voice, and cloud services.”

As the system upgrade progresses, the speeds in each of the Cablelynx Broadband service packages will increase and the company will keep customers informed as those changes are made.

“This $14 million project adds to the company’s existing fiber-optic infrastructure and expands Cablelynx Broadband service to provide major growth opportunities for area businesses and gives them the competitive advantage that they want and need,” said Walter E. Hussman, Jr., Chairman of WEHCO Media, the parent company of White County Cable TV. “The residential community will also be given more options for their internet service to meet the growing demands of the work-from-home and the home-school requirements that are being placed on them.

White County Cable TV has operated as a family-owned company since 1977 with core values of service, and community support, including immediate and quick response times to satisfy the needs of our neighbors.

The company’s support of the community is multi-faceted in that it provides prompt same-day response times, but also supports the communities when they need it the most. White County Cable TV is, and always will be, in the heart of the community. These are exciting times. Things are changing fast and White County Cable TV is ready as always to meet the needs of the community and is proud to be bringing Cablelynx Broadband Gig-a-bit service to its customers.

*Watch for future announcements and updates on www.whitecountycabletv.com*
That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men.

“LAST WEEK OUR UPS man drove in our neighborhood. Kenzi saw the truck and thought it might be her daddy. I assured her it was not because we live in Walnut Ridge (recently moved). She runs outside and stands in our driveway, as he returns, she is waving at him BIG, he waves back just as big...as he passes, she turns, looks at me and says, “nope Nan that’s not my daddy, he had hair, my daddy is bald!” So today he did make a delivery...I told him the story, we snapped a picture and we had a good chuckle! My wish is for the whole world to see through the eyes of a child!”

Yearbook State Competition

THE 2021 ARKANSAS STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION Yearbook State Competition results are in & these BHS yearbook staffers placed in all events they entered and in most contests they placed first (superior). These contest results are a direct reflection of their hard work and dedication this year!

#bprd #bhsyoubelong
**Jesse Dylan James Foundation**

**BENEFIT COOK OFF**

---

**DO YOU COOK THE BEST STEAK IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD?** Are you the king of your cul-de-sac? Bring your backyard skills to an SCA sanctioned cookoff and compete for cash, trophies, & prizes at a one day event. Most SCA steak cookoffs feature a $1000 first place prize and typically will pay the top ten places in the steak category! The SCA's primary focus is STEAK, but we also conduct ancillary categories to challenge cooks and involve the entire family. Our goal is to create a fun relaxed environment and a fair competition. It's about cooking, not who has the most money. The promoters of SCA events provide all the steaks to ensure a level playing field. Our double blind judging process adds to the integrity, and it's common to see the entire family participating. We've had husbands and wives create their own teams to compete against each other, even father and sons, and sometimes three generations competing at the same event. If you have a passion for grilling and the great outdoors sign up for our event today. You will meet a great group of people that soon become friends and you too will use #SCAFAMILY.

Last year charitable organizations raised over a quarter million dollars through hosting SCA events. Projected 2021 events will be 450 domestic and 75 international events. 2021 projected SCA events in Mexico, Canada, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Australia, Hungary, South Africa, Ireland, Brazil, UK, Japan, South Korea, Bahamas, Netherlands, New Zealand and the USA. SCA events attracted 20-300 competitive teams per event with crowds ranging from 1,000 to 25,000 spectators. The average number of teams competing in SCA 2020 events was 39 teams per event. SCA steak competition winners have ranged in age from 16 yrs to 82 yrs old. Teams were made up of men, women, coworkers, friends, family, and neighbors. $1,000 for 1st place down to $25-$100 for 10th place. (Average total payout is $2000-$3000)

The Jesse Dylan James Foundation is hosting a TRIPLE cook off (turn in 3 ribeyes) on June 18th and 19th. The competition is also open to the public. This is slated to be in the top 5% of SCA competitions in the United States! Yes - The United States!!

On top of the ribeye cookoff, there will be a competition on the 19th of June between the Searcy Police Dept., White Co. Sheriff’s Dept., Searcy Fire Dept., Northstar EMS, and possibly a first responders team. This will be a BABY BACK RIB CHALLENGE. The winner will get bragging rights for a year and a trophy to display in their office for a year. Then it will go back up for grabs the following year. We will be selling judges’ tickets for this particular event. The number of tickets will be limited to the first 50 that sign up to be a judge.

In addition, there will be an opportunity for White County residents to come and compete against each other and turn in a rack of ribs on the 19th of June. We will have our very own Mayor Kyle Osborne, White Co. Judge Michael Lincoln, and others to be announced later as judges for this competition. There will also be a grand champion for this competition.

**White Co. Fairgrounds - Searcy, AR**

**THE JESSE DYLAN JAMES FOUNDATION** was established after the tragic loss of Jesse Dylan James on September 29, 2017, to suicide due to personal and online demoralizing emotional and social bullying. Jesse was a gentle, smart, witty, and kind-hearted fourteen-year-old freshman at SHS and a devoted member of the chess club and the Searcy Lion Marching Band. Jesse excelled both academically and artistically in poetry and computer coding. Jesse endured a secret torment of peer pressure and inappropriate speech among peers that is deemed acceptable in today's youth culture. Jesse kept these incidents hidden from his family. He felt he could fix things on his own and did not want to jeopardize any friendships, but the continuous negative responses of ridicule and pressure took a toll, destroying his self-esteem and breaking his spirit. No child should feel the way Jesse felt and everyone needs to know what to do in these types of situations.

- Listen to and believe anyone who often comments about self-harm or suicide, even jokingly.
- Support the one being bullied and intervene.
Include those who are "left out".
Tell a trusted adult about the incident witnessed.
Follow up with the one being bullied and make sure they are ok.

All proceeds go to The Jesse Dylan James Foundation - a 501(c)3 non-profit organization whose mission is to help stop bullying and raise awareness about teenage suicide.

Guitarist Jon Bailey and other local bands will be performing both days of the cookouts.
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2020 was anything but normal – what a testimony to this team’s hard work and diligence to overcome so many obstacles and be nominated for Office of the Year!
If you listen to your fears, you will die *never knowing what a great person* you might have been.

~ ROBERT H. SCHULLER
With the new day comes **new strength** and **new thoughts**.

- ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
Positive thinking will let you *do everything better* than negative thinking will.

- ZIG ZIGLAR
No matter what you’re going through, there’s a light at the end of the tunnel and it may seem hard to get to it but you can do it and just keep working towards it and you’ll find the positive side of things.

- D. Lovato
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The person who can bring the spirit of laughter into a room is indeed blessed.

- B. CERF
“When you reach the end of your rope, tie a knot in it and hang on.”

- FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
By Cecelia Wilson

**THE ADVENTURES OF DAN NASH**

_**DAN NASH LIVES ON A FARM**_ in the Mark Twain National Forest with the love of his life, two rescue dogs, and 28 chickens. But don’t let that rustic domestic tranquility fool you. Dan is also a mountain climber; a Sergeant with the State Highway Patrol focusing on human trafficking matters; owns and operates Hiking the Ozarks tours, an outdoor education business; and has a thriving international guide business, Satori Expeditions and Adventures. He also coordinates adventurers’ trips to Mt. Everest and mountaintops around the world and in his spare time he teaches others the skills he has learned along the way. Needless to say, his life is replete with staggering heights, soul-stirring vistas, and even quiet fireside reflection. But at the end of the day, this avid outdoorsman’s life is a great mix of adventure, duty, and paying it forward.

Even meeting his wife involved the great outdoors, chance and a little first aid. While climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro, the tallest peak in Africa at 19,342 feet, Dan kept encountering a young woman on the trail — a Manhattan attorney intent on getting away from her hectic life in the city for an adventure. As their paths continued to cross, she was just as fascinated in the man on the mountain. With fate literally throwing them together on their separate trips, Nash knew he could not miss the opportunity to get to know her better, so as they prepared to leave the mountain, he wrote his email on a Band-aid from his first aid kit and provided it to the young lady. Sometimes ingenuity means using the resources most readily available.

Nash honed his nature skills as a child. “I’ve been involved in the outdoors since I was about six years old,” Dan shares. “Hiking, camping, backpacking, climbing. I grew up on a farm. Those were the days when Mom would kick my brother and I out of the house and we’d be gone in the woods all day.” They explored, got their hands dirty, and learned about nature. Born and raised in a small farmhouse in the Show-Me State of Missouri, the family raised their own food, lived off the land, and relied on their own hardwork for life’s necessities. They were poor in relation to others, but they wanted for little. There was wood for heat, but no air conditioning; a tub inside the house, but a 55-gallon drum heated by the sun as an outdoor shower. Though the family didn’t initially have a telephone, they were happy to have one installed later on a party line. Days were simple. Their dinner table was set with what they hunted and butchered. Hard work was their gym, their garden was their grocery store.

Education was a priority and, for the active young Nash, it was supplemented with football, basketball, and baseball through high school and into college. During college, the backpacker began climbing smaller mountains in Colorado and then traveled up to Washington to climb Mt. Rainier. With a whetted appetite, Dan took a two-week backpacking trip to Utah before he ventured out of the country to climb larger peaks in Mexico, Ecuador, Bolivia, and Peru.

Had the college graduate been able to make a living as a mountain guide, he would have pursued his dream, but in 1991 there was simply no way of making that happen. Instead, he considered going to law school before deciding, much to his parents’ concern, that he wanted to begin a career in law enforcement as a State Trooper.

Settled into a rewarding career field with a steady income, Nash continued to travel the world exploring mountain ranges. People began to call, asking him to set up similar trips for themselves and their parties or to accompany them as their guide on an excursion. Outdoor companies began calling him to test their gear. In time he
realized he could make a business out of his outdoor expertise. He began teaching outdoor education classes, beginning backpacking, land navigation, survival classes and wilderness first aid, all the while arranging trips for more groups. Companies began sponsoring him if he would wear their clothing and boots. Both businesses have flourished, particularly in light of 2020’s pandemic, riots, and economic strains. His local business, Hiking the Ozarks, offers a variety of hikes and classes. Survival skills and growing one’s own food may be lost arts to many people in the 21st century, but Nash’s businesses are seeing a flood of individuals signing up to learn what our forefathers considered basic abilities.

Today Nash’s international business, Satori Expeditions and Adventures, is on 5 continents and 20 countries. Nash has assembled a group of trusted managers in his offices in such locales as Nepal, Peru, and Africa that allow him to work with great people for great clients. Though he has climbed approximately 60 mountains around the world, Dan confides he feels greater satisfaction knowing he has assisted others to make their climb. Hiking to Mt. Everest base camp is certainly an amazing trip he highly recommends, but making it possible for clients to reach the summit of Everest is incomparable. Helping someone fulfill that once-in-a-lifetime bucket list item is extremely rewarding.

WITH ALL THE ADVENTURE this modern-day mountain man seems to participate in and facilitate, the logical question that comes to mind is, “Why are you still in law enforcement?” The answer is, quite simply, grounded in the same philosophy as the other interests in his life: that sense of satisfaction, that rewarding feeling at the end of a hard day’s work.

After 26 years in law enforcement, Dan Nash is eligible to retire on September 1, 2021. “My Plan was always to be in a position to retire as soon as I was eligible, but then about three to four years ago I took over this new job in the human trafficking unit for the State of Missouri that is so amazingly rewarding. There’s nothing that I have done in law enforcement — and I’ve done undercover work, narcotics work, homicides... all kinds of different work — but there is nothing more rewarding than rescuing someone from being trafficked,” he says enthusiastically. “I ask people all the time, ‘Is there something that we do in law enforcement that’s better? Please, tell me what it is because I don’t know what it is [that’s better].’ There’s just something about when you rescue somebody who has had these horrible things done to them, and you can maybe give them an opportunity to get out of that and to have a life... That’s just so rewarding that... well, I might just stick around a while longer.”

Having been trained in human trafficking issues, he now pays that training forward to others and is straightforward about the crime — it all centers around a person’s vulnerabilities. Those vulnerabilities can stem from a variety of different areas in a child’s life, most commonly physical or sexual abuse. With so many of those children laying bare their entire lives on social media, traffickers and predators easily pick up on those individuals who are expressing their unhappiness and discontent. Befriending them as a sympathetic ‘friend,’ the trafficker arranges a meeting. “It can happen very quickly,” Nash explains. “I think on average, from the time that a trafficker starts talking to a young person, the young person ends up meeting the trafficker in person usually within about eight days.” Promising their prey paradise from their terrible living conditions, runaways soon find they have actually moved into something much worse from which there is no escape.
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A major misconception is that only poor or minority children are at risk of being trafficked. “We have seen that really has nothing to do with it. It’s rich kids, it’s poor kids, it’s white kids, it’s black kids, Latino kids, Asian kids… it doesn’t matter. What’s important [are] the vulnerabilities, the rest of it is completely irrelevant. The race and the economic background I don’t think has anything to play with it. It is strictly the vulnerability. You know, there’s rich kids whose moms and dads are really busy; they’re working all the time and they’re wealthy — they’re just not spending time with them. They’re getting raised by a nanny or someone else and then those kids are just as vulnerable as a poor kid.”

In the last 2½ years, the State of Missouri has rescued 80 or so people that were being trafficked. The ages ranged from 11 to 30, with an average age between 17-23. But the training has been effective for those in law enforcement. Not long ago, a patrol officer in Missouri made what appeared to be a routine stop for a speeding violation. The adult male driver was in route to his residence with a juvenile female passenger. Intuition and training alerted the officer that something was not right between the vehicle’s occupants. It turned out he was correct. The pair had met online. She had run away from her home in Chicago to meet him, and her parents had listed their daughter as missing. The girl was taken into protective custody and saved from an unimaginable fate. It was another life rescued, another great day ‘at the office.’

With little thought of retiring from law enforcement, and more mountains to climb, Dan Nash finds gratification from every soul he rescues, every stream he fords, and every day on his farm. “There will always be a segment [of the population] that do and don’t like police. But, honestly, I don’t do it for them. I do it because I think it’s the right thing to do and I want to help my community, my country, my state. At the end of the day, I want to say I did something to help someone today… It sure isn’t the money, accolades or the way we get treated. You just ignore all the noise and [don’t] let that affect you.” Fortunately, Nash knows where to go to ignore that noise and release the stress.

On May 29, 1953, Sir Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing Norgay became the first explorers to reach the summit of Mt. Everest. Perhaps the mountaineer summed up individuals like Dan Nash quite well:

“People do not decide to become extraordinary. They decide to accomplish extraordinary things.”
— SIR EDMUND HILLARY

To learn more about Dan Nash’s business offerings, check out: SatoriExpeditions.com and HikingTheOzarksEvents.com
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**HOW MUCH RISK**

Should You Take

**BEFORE RETIREMENT?**

*IF YOU’RE PLANNING TO RETIRE IN JUST A FEW YEARS, you may be getting excited about this next phase of your life. However, your ability to enjoy retirement fully will depend, at least partially, on the resources you can draw from your investment portfolio. So, while you still have time to act, ask yourself if you’re comfortable with your portfolio’s risk level.*

Your relationship with risk can change noticeably over time. When you started saving for retirement, you may have been willing to take on more investment risk, which translated into a relatively high percentage of stocks and stock-based mutual funds in your investment portfolio. As you know, stocks offer the potential for greater returns than other assets – such as bonds and certificates of deposit (CDs) – but they are also typically more volatile and carry more risk. But when you were many decades away from retirement, you had sufficient time to recover from market fluctuations. (Of course, there are no guarantees – it’s possible that some stocks will lose value and never regain it.)

Now, fast forward to where you are now – closing in on retirement. Even at this stage of your life – and, in fact, even during your retirement – you will need some growth-oriented investments to help stay ahead of inflation. Over time, even a low inflation rate, such as we’ve had the past several years, can erode your purchasing power.

So, the issue isn’t this: “Should I get rid of all my risk?” You shouldn’t – and, in fact, you couldn’t, because all investments, even the ones considered most “conservative,” contain some type of risk, even if it isn’t the risk of loss of principal. For instance, some investments run the risk of not keeping up with inflation. Instead, ask yourself these questions: “How much risk should I take within my portfolio?” “How much risk do I actually need to achieve my goals in retirement?”

Of course, there are no one-size-fits-all answers. You’ll need to look at your investment portfolio to see if it’s positioned to provide you with the income you’ll require in your retirement years. You might have initially based your financial strategy on a specific type of retirement lifestyle, but now that you’re nearing retirement, perhaps you’ve changed your mind. Your anticipated new lifestyle might require either more or less income than you had originally projected – and if that’s the case, you may need to adjust the risk level in your portfolio or make other adjustments.

For example, suppose you had initially envisioned a rather quiet retirement, sticking around your home, volunteering and spending time with your grandchildren. But in recent years – and especially since the confinement many of us have felt during the COVID-19 pandemic – you may have thought that you’d now like to travel extensively. To achieve this goal, which will likely cost more than your original one, you may have to work longer, or invest more each year until you retire, or seek a higher return on your investments – which means accepting more risk.

As you can see, managing risk is a balancing act – and you may need to make some tough choices. But as long as you’re aware of how much risk you can take, and how much risk you may need to take to reach your goals, you can develop a strategy that aligns with your objectives.

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Is your stock portfolio too risky? Let’s talk.

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HERE IN WHITE COUNTY, we have people of such diverse skills and interests. We go through our everyday lives living in contact with just those in our circle of influence. We are most likely unaware of others with amazing interests, skills, and expertise living maybe right next door or down the street. For this article I’m talking about Amateur Radio Operators of which White County has a very active group. Another term used for this group is Ham Radio Operators. The word “ham” denotes someone with basic skill, maybe new to their craft. This just does not apply to the two gentlemen I spoke with about this past time. Their hobby allows them to reach around the world to communicate with others, assist others to do the same, and provide much needed communications when disaster strikes. Do we realize how much we need these hobbyists?

Here’s some info I found from online searches about Amateur Radio licensing:

The Federal Communication Commission (FCC) requires all amateur operators in the U.S. be licensed. There are currently 3 classes of amateur radio licenses:

1. **Technician – all amateur privileges above 50 MHz**
2. **General – Technician privileges plus most amateur**
3. **Amateur Extra – All amateur privileges plus small exclusive sub-bands**

Licensing requires passing a 35 question multi-choice exam, taken from a question study pool of approximately 400 questions. It is administered by VEC amateur volunteers for the FCC, at a fee of about $14.00. A passing grade of 74% is required to pass.

ARRL, the national association for amateur radio, offers various license manuals in order to pass the FCC test. These study materials range from $7.95 up to $39.95. There is a $15.00 fee for local Volunteer Examiner testing and $35.00 for licensing.

Upon passing the Technician test the FCC will issue a license and a Call Sign, which is valid for 10 years and renewed without further testing.

The frequency bands that radio amateurs use are allocated by the International Telecommunications Union, which regulates all frequencies for user services.

The FCC states as of January 2021, there are 772,422 active licenses held by individuals in the United States. This hobby is enjoyed by people across all demographics, backgrounds, professions and income levels. Celebrity amateur operators have included Tim Allen, Arthur Godfrey, Barry Goldwater, Chet Atkins, Garry Shandling, Herbert Hoover Jr., Marlin Brando, Ronnie Milsap, Steve Jobs, Walter Cronkite, Joe Walsh (of the Eagles), and Jordan’s King Hussein.

**COMMUNICATION TECHNOLOGY has changed considerably over the last few decades.** Did we ever think we would carry the capabilities of a smart phone in our pocket? In the light of current cell phone technology, one may view amateur radio as old technology. This myth could not be farther from fact. While amateur radio operators uphold technological traditions, they quickly embrace new technologies. The radio equipment available today is software defined. One of the most popular communication modes is a digital mode developed by radio amateur Dr. Joe Taylor, the 1993 recipient of the Nobel Prize in Physics. This mode allows reception of extremely weak signals, some undetectable by ear. Dr. Taylor became licensed as a teenager and his amateur radio activity created a strong interest in physics and how radio signals propagate. This led to his career and eventual discovery of the first orbiting pulsar, the basis for his Nobel Prize. He later became Dean of the Faculty at Princeton University. To grasp current amateur radio technology, think worldwide cell phone capability.

The fact is, in a disaster, all our communications services we rely on each day will be useless if the service towers and infrastructure go down. But the original technology from which our current technologies sprang will still be operable. The amateur radio operator can set up a temporary station in a vehicle or portable location without commercial power, literally anywhere, and create a much needed line of communication.

America’s amateur radio operators have been there to provide service to the Red Cross and FEMA during disasters like hurricane Katrina when all other communication towers and services were out of commission.
In the aftermath of an earthquake that occurred in Haiti in January of 2010, Amateur Radio Operators provided much needed communication with the outside world when phone and internet towers were damaged.

These days those who serve in the military can stay in contact with family and friends by email and Skype. Long ago and far away, we did not have the internet. When I was still in high school, I received a phone call “radio patch” from a boyfriend stationed in Korea. A radio patch is accomplished when a group of radio operators work together to relay a communication to a distance that they alone could not reach. Each operator passes the communication within the range of their radio to the next operator. An Amateur Radio patch signal goes only one way. The conversation goes like this: You speak, then you say “over.” The Amateur Radio operators involved with this patch all flip their switch, and the other person can then speak.

The aspects of a radio patch may sound archaic compared to the advanced internet capabilities we operate each day from our cell phone and laptops. But in some areas of the world, the radio patch or Amateur Radio signal may still be the only form of electronic communication available and is still very needed today.

Did you know our local Harding University has had its’ own Amateur Radio club station for over 80 years, partly to communicate with missionaries? There are Amateur Radio Operators in 340+ countries and political entities around the world, with 12 to 15% being woman operators.

More info from www.history.com:

Italian inventor and engineer Guglielmo Marconi (1874-1937) developed, demonstrated, and marketed the first successful long-distance wireless telegraph and in 1901 broadcast the first transatlantic radio signal. He was dubbed the “Father of Radio”. His company’s Marconi radios ended the isolation of ocean travel and saved hundreds of lives, including all of the surviving passengers from the sinking Titanic. In 1909 he shared the Nobel Prize in Physics for his radio work with the German physicist Karl F. Braun, the inventor of the cathode ray tube.

That first TransAtlantic Wireless Signal occurring December 12, 1901 was broadcast from Poldhu, Cornwall, England, and was as powerful as Marconi’s team could make it. At full power, the equipment sent out sparks a foot long. Some 2,100 miles away, atop Signal Hill in St. John’s, Marconi attached an antenna first to a balloon, which blew away, and then to a kite on a 500-foot tether. On that day, December 12, 1901, in St. John’s, Newfoundland, Canada, he picked up a faint three-dot sequence—the Morse Code letter “s.”

“Their hobby, allows them to reach around the world to communicate with others, assist others to do the same, and provide much needed communications when disaster strikes.”

Our local Harding University has had its’ own Amateur Radio club station for over 80 years, partly to communicate with missionaries.
Joel Harrison was raised here in White County on his family farm north of Judsonia, where he still lives today. In the 1960s, Bald Knob was known as the strawberry capital of the world. During the strawberry harvest there would be much activity in Bald Knob with U.S. government inspectors and buyers from around the country, specifically from the north. Local schools in White County would let out in April to allow the school age kids to help with the strawberry harvest. Joel’s family had sixteen acres of strawberries. When he was about thirteen his father gave him and his brothers the job of managing a few acres each of strawberries. With the money the boys made that summer, Joel’s mom suggested he look into the hobby of amateur radio. Joel shared, “She had no idea she was pushing me off a cliff toward an interest that would consume my life.” Amateur Radio has been Joel’s hobby for all of his life.

When Joel obtained his license for amateur radio transmission, the testing was conducted by a representative of the FCC at the Federal Building in Little Rock. It sounds like it was a very intimidating process. Today any accredited club can provide testing.

All that Joel learned about electronics from his hobby lead him into a career in electronic components. He attended Foothills Technical School studying electronics and was employed by Independent Testing Laboratories here in Searcy. Joel repaired and calibrated test equipment.

In 1982 his place of employment was sold to a larger company with connections and clients that needed ultrasound imaging for piping systems. Ultrasound imaging, to put it simply, is bouncing sound off something and creating an image from the result. Soon Joel was performing ultrasound imaging on systems in nuclear power plants. He worked in this field, becoming a subject matter expert in commercial and industrial ultrasound, for forty years. When he got tired of flying around the country to service his employer’s clients, he attempted to retire two years ago. Before long he was approached by the Pacific Northwest National Lab asking him to do ultrasound research in applied physics for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. He took that position, as he can work part time from home. Joel is convinced his career was definitely steered by the ability and knowledge gained from his hobby in amateur radio.

Joel says he has made many interesting contacts over the years. Some of his most memorable have been the result of his attraction to investigating low frequency radio propagation. One of the frequency bands assigned to the amateur radio service is just above the AM broadcast band at 1800 KHz. Those familiar with AM radio know during the daytime signals don’t travel very far, however at night the range will increase slightly, but still within localized limits. Listening for weak signals at low frequencies around 1800 KHz has become one of his passions. His farthest low frequency contact has been at a distance of 10,263 miles to Diego Garcia Island of the Chagos Archipelago in the Indian Ocean.

One of Joel’s greatest privileges was to be elected to serve as President and Chairman of the Board of ARRL, The National Association for Amateur Radio (a voluntary position) from 2006 to 2010.

Joel tells me he can “ping” a signal off the moon, and he has communicated with the astronauts on the International Space Station. Several astronauts are licensed and amateur radio operators.
can actually make arrangements and set up equipment at a school for students to communicate with the space station astronauts. They get all ready, and have the students prepare questions for a time when the station passes overhead. On one pass, there usually is time for about four questions before the station moves out of range.

There are competitions in Radio Sport. Annually there are four major international events you can enter individually or as a club or team. The goal is to contact as many stations and countries as possible within a time frame, usually 24 to 48 hours. The scores are calculated by multiplying contacts by countries. Every four years there is an international event called the World Radio Team Championship, commonly known as the “Olympics” of amateur radio. You must qualify to participate. The top 30 people who have shown well at Radio Sport compete. Thirty similar radio stations are set up in a specific area, all with the same type of antennas and power limits so the challenge is the same for each team. Each person competing may designate a partner to help, and again they compete to see who can make the most radio contacts from the most countries and vie for a Gold, Silver or Bronze medal. Two years ago, the competition was in Germany, the next will be held in Italy. Joel held two world records in VHF radio sport competition from 1996 until 2004 and still holds one regional HF record.

Another active amateur radio hobbyist in White County is Lanny Aldrich of Searcy. At age fourteen Lanny joined the Civil Air Patrol where he was raised in Springfield, Vermont. His goal was to become a pilot, which required that he be licensed in amateur radio. From there he was hooked and began to focus on the Patrol’s communications radio instead. At 15 he earned his Novice license, and General Class the next year.

Having an amateur license can look good on a resume and help you get jobs in some cases. A lot of medical personnel learn amateur radio skills so that they can always have some method of communication during a major emergency situation. Lanny tells me his license helped him get a position as a ground radio operator in the Vermont Air National Guard during his last year in college. He went to Amarillo AFB, Texas, for training and spent six years with the Guard at that position.

Lanny has been a licensed amateur radio operator for 61 years and has made friends around the world. He has communicated with over 326 countries over the years and has a large binder album with QSL cards (confirmation post cards) from 318 countries.

The common aspect of Lanny and Joel’s stories is that their experience with Amateur Radio spurred them on to occupations involving electronics. It strikes me that this hobby is such a great opportunity to have fun learning about electronics and sound. Joel told me about Bob Heil who started as an amateur radio operator. This interest prompted him to create bigger and better speakers that had a unique sound and led him to work and travel with music groups. The Grateful Dead and The Who. Jerry Garcia of The Grateful Dead dubbed it “The Heil Sound.” Bob also invented the Heil Talk Box which was frequently used by musicians such as Peter Frampton and Joe Walsh. Bob was the first non-musician to be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame for his work with sound amplification, and his career all started with amateur radio.

Today, one of the most popular interests among young radio amateurs is designing computer-based microcontroller devices and circuits built around Arduino, an open-source electronics platform based on easy-to-use hardware and software. These devices are used for remote and robotic control of many current consumer electronic devices.

The local group of Amateur operators in White County (of which Joel and Lanny are both members), is the North Central Arkansas Amateur Radio Service (www.ncaars.org). They have a Facebook page under the same name. They provide communications for events like the 65 Roses bike race and this year furnished a crew to the Sycamore Trail 50K-25K Run at Allison, AR on February 13th. In normal years before Covid, the club hosted an emergency preparedness Field Day, open to the public, in conjunction with the ARRL on the last weekend in June at Gum Springs Fire Station, which is their monthly meeting place. Usually license testing is offered at the same location. Contact Roger Gray at n5qs@ncaars.org for information on testing. Members of the club are available to mentor new amateurs.

There are many YouTube videos offering beginner info. Joel tells me the cost for a beginner amateur radio can be about $50.00. By the way, you do not have to be licensed to listen, only to transmit. There is plenty of information available online, plus local and Facebook groups to assist in your education of this hobby. So, if you desire to reach the world from your abode here in White County, or you desire to have fun while learning some important skills, consider whether Amateur Radio should be the next leisure pursuit for you and/or your children.
“THE FACT IS, in a disaster, all our communications services we rely on each day will be USELESS if the service towers and infrastructure go down. But the ORIGINAL TECHNOLOGY from which our current technologies sprang will still be OPERABLE. The amateur radio operator can set up a temporary station in a vehicle or portable location without commercial power literally ANYWHERE and create a much needed LINE OF COMMUNICATION.”
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Some nearly 160 years have passed since the event that divided our country so great. But the valiant men and women who fought for their beliefs are still being remembered and honored for their contributions, such as the life given saving others as Dr. James W. Tapscott did.

Let’s be reminded of one of the many great statements in our Holy Bible: John 15:12-13

“This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

On May 23, 1999, a ceremony was held in the West Point Cemetery in honor of Dr. James Tapscott, a physician killed at the Battle of Whitney’s Lane on May 19, 1862. Also included was the dedication of a heritage trail panel marker installed in the West Point Cemetery which interprets the Civil War in that community. More than 100 persons were on hand for the dedication.

During Samuel Curtis’ foray into North-Central Arkansas in May 1862, the first significant resistance encountered by the Federal troops occurred when a detachment of the 12th Texas Cavalry and William Hicks’ Arkansas Cavalry (later the 32nd Arkansas Infantry) surprised a Federal forage party along a portion of the Searcy to West Point road locally known as Whitney’s Lane. The hour-long action resulted in at least 55 Federal casualties but only four known Southern casualties. One of the casualties was Dr. James Tapscott of West Point.

According to oral tradition, Tapscott was killed when he attempted to mount a horse belonging to one of the Federal soldiers. Just as he thrust his foot into the stirrup, a Federal soldier ran from behind a wagon where he had been hiding and slashed Tapscott with a sword. Captain Francis Chrisman of Searcy, who served as guide to the Texans that day, wrote to the assistant adjutant general in Little Rock on the evening of the battle stating, “Dr. Tapscott … fell fighting with great gallantry.”

Tapscott was buried in the West Point Cemetery and a small marker placed on his grave. Over the years the cemetery became inundated with forest growth and the Tapscott marker was broken in time. In the 1980s, the citizens of West Point cleared the cemetery and in 1995 the surviving portion of Dr. Tapscott’s stone was discovered.

Dan Davidson, M.D., of Searcy read about the broken Tapscott headstone in A Severe and Bloody Fight: The Battle of Whitney’s Lane & Military Occupation of White County, Arkansas, May & June, 1862 (published in 1996 and in part made possible by an AHPP grant). Being a fellow physician, Davidson decided to take on the task of replacing the Tapscott monument. Meanwhile, the White County Historical Society and the White County Civil War Round Table had both sought to begin installing Civil War markers in the county. The initiative of Dr. Davidson was seen as an opportunity that could be “piggybacked” to install the first panel marker in the county as well. A grant from the American Battlefield Protection Program was obtained through the AHPP to partially fund the project. Additional funding came from Dr. Davidson, area physicians, the White County Historical Society and the White County Civil War Round Table.

With an enormous amount of initial assistance from Don Hamilton of the CACWHT, Scott Akridge and Emmett Powers designed the layout for the panel. The decision was made to follow closely the example set by the CACWHT in designing their Little Rock Campaign markers.

The panel interprets primarily the two major events affecting the town of West Point during the war. The first occurred in late May of 1862 when Colonel Peter J. Osterhaus, commanding Curtis’ Third Division at Searcy, took some 1,000 Federal troops to West Point to thoroughly scour the town and beyond for food and forage. The locals resisted and heavy cannonading was reported. The second event interpreted on the panel was the shelling of the town and surrounding area by the U.S.S. Cricket and the U.S.S. Lexington in August of 1863 during Fredrick Steele’s Little Rock campaign.
The Tapscott monument, which was originally only about 18 inches tall, was replaced with an eight-foot obelisk. Tapscott was from a family with a long history of physicians and the new monument was designed in a style similar to theirs. The original inscription was retained on the new monument; the only words added on the front were, “He died risking his life for his patients.” These words reflect the idea of community service which all doctors share.

The West Point Cemetery is now a beautiful, well-kept cemetery located along the Little Red River about one-half mile north of the town of West Point. The dedication ceremony opened with Dr. Davidson explaining his inspiration for the project. Akridge spoke on the history of the Civil War in the area. The National Guard provided a color guard for the event and Tom Ezell of the 6th Arkansas Infantry fired a salute in honor of Dr. Tapscott.

▲ Colorful marker explains why West Point is historically significant. Photo courtesy of Gerald Torrence.

“**The West Point Cemetery** is now a beautiful, well-kept cemetery located along the Little Red River about one-half mile north of the town of West Point.”

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Jesus Christ, 33, of Nazareth, died Friday on Mount Calvary, also known as Golgotha, the place of the skull. Betrayed by the apostle Judas, Jesus was crucified by the Romans, by order of the Ruler Pontius Pilate. The cause of death were crucifixion, extreme exhaustion, severe torture, loss of blood and a broken heart.

Jesus Christ, a descendent of Abraham, was a member of the house of David. He was the adopted son of the late Joseph, a carpenter of Nazareth, and Mary, His devoted natural Mother. Jesus was born in a stable in the city of Bethlehem, Judaea. He is survived by His mother, Mary, His faithful Apostles, numerous disciples and many other followers.

Jesus was self-educated and spent most of his adult life working as a Teacher. Jesus also occasionally worked as a Medical Doctor and it is reported that he healed many patients. Up until the time of His death, Jesus was teaching and sharing the Good News, healing the sick, touching the lonely, feeding the hungry and helping the poor.

Jesus was most noted for telling parables about His Father’s Kingdom and performing miracles, such as feeding over 5,000 people with only five loaves of bread and two fishes, and healing a man who was once blind. On the day before his Death, He held a Last Supper celebrating the Passover Feast, at which He foretold His death.

The body was quickly buried in a stone grave, which was donated by Joseph of Arimathea, a loyal friend of the family. By order of Pontius Pilate, a boulder was rolled in front of the tomb. Roman soldiers were put on guard.

In lieu of flowers, the family has requested that everyone try to live as Jesus did. Donations may be sent to anyone in need.

**IMPORTANT UPDATE:** Correction — Since the time of the publishing of this obituary, we have had it confirmed by many persons that Jesus has risen from the dead! He is alive and well. He has asked that we continue to help others and to share with them the Good News that Jesus Saves From Sin.

**Obituary of Jesus Provided By**

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We begin;
The music starts.
For me you spin;
We know our parts.

Your eyes on me,
But mind in step.
The love I see;
For dip we prep.

The way I sink;
A rushing wind.
Your arms, I think,
Were made to bend.

Swish of hair;
Glint of teeth.
We are a lovely pair.

I have drowned
In perfect love.
You I’ve found;
From far above.

In a dream;
To paradise send.
It just doesn’t seem
That this could end.

In time we whirl,
Lost in a trance.
Through circles we twirl;
We dance. ♦
I didn’t grow up in Searcy, but I consider it home. I am a military brat who attended Harding University, married my college sweetheart, and was a social worker for Hospice Home Care in Searcy until the birth of my oldest child.

I homeschooled my children at first, but the three oldest now attend Searcy schools. My 10th grader had her very first track meet recently, an invitational hosted by Harding at First Security Stadium.

She didn’t know she was a runner until her other interests like band and theater were “COVID-cancelled.” When school resumed this past fall she joined Searcy High’s cross country team, along with her 12th-grade sister. Then this spring, she joined the track team. A track meet is a different “animal” than a cross country meet, and she was nervous about this new experience. As teenagers sometimes do, she begged us, her family, not to add to her nervousness by attending!

Instead of missing the event, we snuck in without telling her. Sometimes families have to do what they gotta do! As I climbed the bleachers on the visitor’s side of the stadium with my younger children, looking for space on a bench not cordoned-off for social distancing, a woman startled me by asking, “Excuse me, are you from Montana?”

“Do I look that lost?” I wondered. I answered that my mother’s family is from Montana, and the friendly woman said she’d grown up in Montana and remembered someone named Keith Noyes. “That’s my grandpa!” I exclaimed, bewildered. What were the chances?

As this roller coaster of recognition was making me dizzy, she pointed to my son’s t-shirt. He was wearing our family reunion shirt from a few years ago, which says “NOYES” on a Montana license plate!

We chatted comfortably, watching the pole vaulting and hurdling, corralling my busy five-year-old, Asher, and discovering more connections. She and her husband had moved to Searcy because her son is Harding’s head football coach. They’d come for the football scrimmage and then stayed for the track meet, just for fun. It turned out that I am friends with her daughter-in-law!

I took Asher to the concession stand for popcorn, and we passed some college acquaintances and waved. We saw some friends from our former church and started to hug before remembering the new Covid norms. We bumped into some past homeschool pals whose kids are now enjoying Searcy schools as well.

It struck me that I’d never had this growing up in a military family, never had a small-town community where I could unexpectedly bump into so many familiar faces and also make cross-continent connections.

The event before my daughter’s race flashed onto the marquis: the Burrito Day 4x100 Relay. Burrito Day picked the perfect event to sponsor: it rhymes with relay! For some reason, seeing one of my favorite restaurants, a small business owned by our friends the Foxes, made me oddly happy.

“It struck me that I’d never had this growing up in a military family, never had a small-town community where I could unexpectedly bump into so many familiar faces and also make cross-continent connections.”

Continued on next page
Just before her event, my daughter noticed us in the stands and waved, rolling her eyes. I think she was glad we came, after all. We were all glad to be there to see her clock her first 400 meter dash.

We are fortunate in Searcy to have access to facilities and programs through the University that aren’t always available in other small towns in Arkansas. We are blessed to do life with neighbors, not just homegrown, but from all over the country and the world. Searcy isn’t perfect, but it is getting better all the time, and it is My Town.

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HealthCare Whose Time Has Come

By Timothy R. Kamerman, D.C.

www.searcychiropractor.com

It has been said that truth passes through three stages: First, it is ridiculed. Second, it is violently opposed. Third, it is accepted as self-evident. That statement is the way I feel about my journey of 33 years in natural health care. I was naive at that time to think that the world was excited about the career I was embarking on. Little did I know that the general population had very little understanding about chiropractic and natural health care, let alone the health care community. At one time I was determined to call as many medical doctors as I could to see who was interested in working hand in hand for the benefit of patients. One doctor who I highly admire, said, “Tim, we just don’t understand what you guys do.” That seemed to sum up the relationship in those days.

I found an old study from 2007 on the cost of complimentary and alternative medicine in which chiropractic, massage, nutrition and acupuncture would fall. It showed that adults in the United States spend 33.9 billion dollars out of pocket on visits to CAM practitioners in purchases of CAM products. This means that people spent their hard-earned dollars on things that were not reimbursed by insurance to advance their health. The climate towards and usage of complementary medicine has largely changed over my 33 years of practice for the better.

It is not uncommon to see in our office medical doctors, nurses, pharmacists, physical therapists, occupational therapists, PA’s, and their families, which is the ultimate trust when you are seeing their loved ones. Each of these health care providers have access to the same health care that we all have, and so to choose chiropractic and the things we offer here reveals that we offer something unique and different than mainstream medicine. It doesn’t mean we are more valuable or less valuable, but we are part of the team helping each person reach their full health potential. Referrals from these healthcare providers have dramatically increased through the years and we tout a 90 percent referral rate from patients within our office, aside from advertising and marketing.

What got me thinking down these lines was when I was watching videos by Dr. Lee Merit and Dr. Ryan Cole, who are both well credentialed in healthcare and microbiology. Speaking on Covid-19 and vaccines, one of the main thoughts that both of the M.D.s mentioned was the need for supplemental nutrition to enhance the immune response in the body. It brought me back to a day when I was doing a newsletter for the local newspaper. I had written an article on nutrition and was promptly contacted by a healthcare provider to scold me for implying the benefits of nutritional supplementation with vitamins and minerals.

Watching these two videos recently made me think that yes, we are a healthcare system whose time has come. We are beginning to put aside the self interest for the benefit of the patient, who is ultimately the one we should be serving. Working together as healthcare providers works both ways, and when we look at the patient for what they truly need, we all win.

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I thought I KNEW what the story of Mary and Martha was all about. Don’t be too busy; take time to be still, listen to Jesus. Be a Mary, not a Martha. That’s the hip and holy moral in one sentence. I figure if I can be like Mary, then I will have made the “better choice that won’t get taken away.”

Is that the whole message? Whose name is usually mentioned first in the story of M&M? In my experience, Mary’s name is nearly always said first. Why is that? Truthfully, I have no idea, but I would be willing to bet that it’s tempting to think that Mary is better than Martha. Is that what Jesus is really after in this powerful little story? Are the familiar words we read and common teachings we hear all that we perceive happened that day? I was rereading their story recently, and noticed a subtle detail I had never seen before.

Mary didn’t invite Jesus over. Martha did.

Perhaps Mary might still be kneeling in front of nobody in an empty room if Martha hadn’t sought Jesus out and invited Him over in the first place? I asked for wisdom and revelation to guide my imagination and walk me back through the whole Love story. The way it might have unfolded that day. I was hoping to experience by faith what might be discovered beyond the words on a page. Since faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, what personal invitation into revelation is Love up to in this story?

I CLOSED MY EYES and promptly found myself transported into M&M’s home. I was a younger pre-teen, about 4’4” with a cream-of-wheat tinted linen robe and braided hemp sash serving at Martha’s side. The morning started like most days, helping Martha and Mary with all the regular chores and duties. But I distinctly remember the moment we heard about Jesus being in town. Martha immediately had an immense desire to be in His presence; the two sisters couldn’t stop talking about Him. The more Martha and Mary talked, the faster we worked, and I could tell something different was on the horizon. As the morning progressed, Martha became increasingly filled with a humble willingness to host all the young male travelers with dirty feet and dusty clothes and genuinely delight the guest by sharing her food and furniture generously. Mary was excited, too. She seemed a little uncertain about Martha’s idea to seek Jesus out publicly in the middle of town. Martha kneeled at his feet with a beaming smile and arms stretched upwards, “Yes! You must come!” He looked around for a moment, grinning. It seemed like He was searching to see if anyone was experiencing the same emotions that He was. He laughed joyfully and said, “Yes, I will come. We will all come at once!” No one standing around objected; everyone seemed too surprised to know what to do. As I skipped along next to Martha, I was impressed. I also thought she was crazy, but something inside me cheered. Heaven applauded her. Way to put God’s presence above all else, Martha.

While Mary hung back at our garden gate, I watched Martha lay aside all her work to seek Jesus first amidst every other agenda that might have competed for her or His attention.

Martha stopped a few steps past the adobe wall of our property and motioned me to come along. I felt so important to be seeking out the man of God that day. It didn’t take long to find Him. I was told Jesus usually had crowds around Him, and it was true. I was wondering how long we would have to wait, especially since there were mostly important-looking men standing around. But with astounding boldness and confidence Martha literally parted the people and walked right up to Him. I couldn’t hear everything because all the people were murmuring and talking about the scene, but she was telling Him He must come, and she invited the whole crew over to our home! What was happening wasn’t the norm. Martha was way out of bounds, both culturally and personally. Here were all these people taking time to listen intently, I knew this was honorable. Everyone did. That’s why her shameless invitation was a bit confounding. The proposal accentuated the idea that working diligently as a host to Jesus and family in her home at that moment would be equally as honorable. Indeed, by the looks on most people’s faces, her faith was borderline incredulous, but I was inspired by the fact that she believed we could honor the most important person in the world with our work. And then the crowd quickly fell silent as Jesus asked if she was sure she wanted to host Him and all the young followers by His side. Martha kneeled at his feet with a beaming smile and arms stretched upwards, “Yes! You must come!” He looked around for a moment, grinning. It seemed like He was searching to see if anyone was experiencing the same emotions that He was. He laughed joyfully and said, “Yes, I will come. We will all come at once!” No one standing around objected; everyone seemed too surprised to know what to do. As I skipped along next to Martha, I was impressed. I also thought she was crazy, but something inside me cheered. Heaven applauded her. Way to put God’s presence above all else, Martha.

Continued on next page.
As our little entourage came back near the house, Mary was standing at the door waving excitedly as we passed through the gate. She was a tad wistful, wondering if she had been right to remain at the house, but thankful for Martha’s faithful heart that had made a way for both of them to spend the evening with such an amazing Person. As the group trickled past the threshold and foot-washing ensued, I could hear the hum of many voices conversing about a myriad of topics. Mary, Martha, and I finished cleaning out the washbasins of murky water, each one holding what seemed like miles of dusty roads inside it. Martha hurried off excitedly to the kitchen to began preparing the inspired feast she had dreamed up in her head while Mary overheard Jesus responding to a question one of the young men had asked. As I started for the kitchen, Mary glanced at me and then back at the group of men gathering around to receive Wisdom. Then, to my surprise, she bravely walked over and knelt down to hear the Teacher’s response to the question. Mary’s heart was leading her head, and there was no stopping her.

While Martha went to work in the kitchen, I watched Mary lay aside all her work to invite Jesus first amidst every other agenda that might have competed for her or His attention.

I remember pausing at the doorframe to see what would happen. No one objected; for the second time today, everyone seemed too surprised to know what to do. I had thought Martha was over-the-top earlier, and now Mary was bucking the boundaries, but something inside me cheered. Heaven applauded her. Way to put God’s presence above all else Mary.

Maybe Jesus’s answer to the question was short; maybe it wasn’t. Martha says I’m not the best time-keeper yet. What happened next is what everyone in the world usually talks about. Even though Martha had dropped everything earlier to invite Jesus to our home, now it was Mary who had stopped what she would typically be doing to be in Jesus’s Presence. Suddenly, with the same bold confidence that invited Jesus over in the first place, Martha interrupted everything because she was concerned Mary was in the wrong place. “Jesus, don’t you care that my sister has left me to serve....alone? Tell her to give me a hand?” Everyone thinks Martha was angry. She wasn’t. Her tone resembled that of someone asking a sincere question, and her eyes were a little teary.

Mary’s face had a puzzled look, like when a person feels they are right where they are supposed to be, but the people they thought would be there with them aren’t.

I remembered seeing that look on Mary’s face earlier when we had come home from town with the Galilee crew laughing and enjoying each other. But now, as all the men turned their heads in bewilderment for the third time that day, there was only silence magnified by a very awkward feeling in the room. I wondered what would happen and looked over at Jesus. I was really glad when He spoke up. He calmly looked over towards Martha. He was smiling. He didn’t see me, but I was staring into His eyes, and I could feel love. I remembered hearing that He once said children enter into His Kingdom all the time, so I felt safe sharing in His thoughts. He was thinking about Martha stewarding her heart earlier that day for His sake. How she had parted the crowd like the red sea and how much He loved her compelling invitation and her courageous desire to be in His Presence. He reached His hand toward her, “Oh Martha, right now, you are worried and upset about many things, but only one thing is important at this moment, and Mary has chosen what is right for her, and it will not be taken away.”

I think many people figure Martha stopped her serving and came over to sit down beside Mary, but that’s not what happened. Jesus gave Martha a hug, another unusual act of faith I’d never seen before, and a restful feeling enveloped the room as Martha turned to walk back into the kitchen. She wasn’t sad and definitely not ashamed. In fact, she looked incredibly free. She was quite happy, and Mary, who remained sitting at Jesus’s feet, was happy too.

Mary realized her complaint about working by herself masked the deeper matter in her heart; what she was really worried about is that either she or Mary wasn’t following Jesus right. Mary had felt the same way earlier when she hung back at the house while Martha pursued Jesus in town.

Many years have passed, and I’ve thought about everything that happened that day quite often, especially when I hear people retelling the story. Seems that most of the time when I hear someone talking about it, they compare Mary and Martha. But Jesus wasn’t comparing those two sweet sisters. Love doesn’t use condemnation to call up the courage, commitment, or character of His children. He even told a guy named Paul, who wrote some books in the Bible, that it’s unwise to compare ourselves with each other. But people seem to forget that I guess; they interpret that Martha was wrong and Mary was right. But Jesus didn’t say that. He just told Mary that what she was choosing at that moment was best for her. The Truth Jesus was imparting to all of us gathered in that room was to give one another freedom as they seek Him first, not defining each other by the drama that can divide us, but discerning the revelation and pursuit of Love that unifies us....the dominion of Love being the sole priority of our pursuit in life alongside others.

Or in Jesus’ words, “Seek first the kingdom of God and everything else will be added unto you.” That’s what both these sisters learned that day. It’s what I learned that day.

(This story is a fictional rendition of what it may have been like, but perhaps Love’s message is the same)
Strangers, Scrapbooks, and the Summer of ‘42

By Cecelia Wilson

Glued to the pages of a scrapbook in Searcy are glimpses of life from decades ago. The newspaper clippings have yellowed, the tickets stubs faded, and the photos seem surreal in their muted hues of gray. In Little Rock are more documents: a freshman college yearbook, a book from Austria whose pages chronicle captivity. There’s a worn leather jacket in South Carolina proudly bearing witness to days of fear and bravery. And then, of course, there are the handwritten letters, still neatly folded and tucked into their paper housings, many returned to their sender, unread, unseen.

At a glance, the keepsakes three grown children now possess seem frozen in time. But examine each one carefully, piece them all together, and a story emerges of two strangers on the precipice of a great adventure filled with love, heartache, and rebuilding. It began in the Summer of 1942, on the fifth day of the month. The number “five,” as it turns out, played a big part in their lives.

“We met in Washington, D.C.,” Ed Krouse explained in a 2001 video interview. “We were both living in the same guest house, the Rochetta Guest House. We called it the Roach House… She was coming down the steps and I was coming up, we stopped some place in the middle and she said, ‘My name is Sara Rhea; I’m a guest here.’” He immediately nicknamed her “Sally.” Not quite 22, he was called Eddie back then and, just like the 19-year-old redhead in front of him, he had also come to D.C. to work for the government.

Living modestly and considered an outsider, Sara was only accepted in school by others after she was befriended by a popular student. Still, the shy teenager did well at Batesville High School and, after graduating in 1941 with dreams of being an artist, Sara left her cocooned existence with her little family in Batesville and moved to Russellville to attend Arkansas Polytechnic College (now Arkansas Tech University). War loomed large and as her first year of college came to an end, an exciting opportunity presented itself. “They were trying to get all the girls to come to Washington [D.C.] to be a ‘government girl,’” Sara explained as she sat beside Ed in that same 2001 interview. “And I thought, ‘Well, that would be just for a summer,’ so I went...” A typing test was conducted for the government positions being filled by young women during WWII. Sara and several friends passed the test and eagerly agreed to move to D.C. for the short-term typist jobs. Sara Rhea would never return to college.

Edwin O. Krouse was the seventh of 12 children born in Dudley, Pennsylvania, to Wilson Smith Krouse, of Scottish-Irish-German ancestry, and Anna Carolina Geier, also of German descent. Life was not easy for a family of 14 living through the Depression, but the Krouse family were hard workers. Their house and the family savings (purportedly hidden in a mattress) burned to the ground, and Eddie’s father lost his job when the mine closed. But Mr. Krouse dusted himself off, decided to try his hand at farming, and moved his entire brood to an old farmhouse on the Hood Farm when Eddie was six years old. Eddie recalled plenty of chores and a “very pleasant life” filled with kerosene lights, outhouses, a springhouse, and fruit orchards. The big barn held hay and hosted square dances.

One of the first two or three in his family to graduate high school, Eddie moved to D.C. to begin training as an FBI
agent. He was excited to be in the nation's capital, but he left behind someone in Pennsylvania. "I was dating a young lady who was several years younger than I was," he stated, "and whenever I met Sara, all of that just kinda floated into the background."

Eddie and "Sally" began dating, taking long walks in the rain around the Mall and the memorials in the nation's capital. They spent long nights on the rooftop of the Rochetta Guest House talking and watching the retail shops in the busy street below. They ate most of their meals at Jimmie's Restaurant at 409 Tenth Street, N.W., a block away from their boarding house. A red and white menu takes up room in that scrapbook, boasting cheeseburgers for 15¢ and filet mignon with bread and potatoes for 70¢.

Sally kept the torn ticket stub from the night the two went to see Jimmy Dorsey at Lowe's Capital Theater. It, too, has a special place in that scrapbook with her handwritten note beside it: "In case I can't read it 20 years from now it says: 'Jimmy Dorsey, July 17, 1942; other side: I love you, Eddie.'" Before that magical summer ended, Tommy Dorsey and his band came to town, and the couple watched his skinny front man, Frank Sinatra, croon effortlessly as he held onto his microphone. In August, the pair took a midnight cruise on the Potomac. Near the tidal basin they found a nickel. Having first met weeks before on the 5th, they saw that five-cent piece as a good omen. They had a hole bored in it so Sally could wear it around her neck. In the tumultuous years to come, it would be an accessory she would not take off until he returned to her.

She was shy; he was outgoing, but their personalities complemented each other beautifully. She was in love, and Sally wrote home to tell her mother the news. Her mother's response holds a place of honor in that scrapbook. It is filled with a mother's concern for her daughter and her new love: they were young, they had just met, her daughter had not finished college. But her maternal apprehensions fell on deaf ears.

As summer faded into Fall, Eddie's prospects with the FBI were not to be. He was drafted into the Army Air Forces and sent to train as a radio operator in Florida. Sally got sick and went home to Batesville, but if her mother had hoped that would end the romance, she would be disappointed. As Eddie was moved from radio school to gunnery school and beyond in the months that ensued, the couple faithfully wrote letters to one another. By the time he was stationed in Walla Walla, Washington, an overseas deployment was imminent. Like so many wartime couples, their decision was made and there was no more time to waste — they agreed to marry.

In Spring, on a crowded troop train bound for Denver, Sally grabbed the only empty seat available — in the men's bathroom. Once she reached Washington state, Eddie and Sally got a marriage license, dressed in their Sunday best, and found a Methodist minister to officiate the wedding on the 5th day of May, 1943. The minister's daughter was a witness, and after Eddie's best friend got drunk and didn't show up, the minister's son served as best man. On June 25th, Eddie was sent overseas to Bury St. Edmonds in England to serve as a gunnery radio operator on a B17 with the Eighth Air Force, 94th Bomb Group, 331st Bomb Squadron. Sally headed back home to Batesville and a friend helped her get a job as a linotype operator at the local newspaper, the Batesville Guard.

By July, Sally was holding down the home front pouring her heart into writing letters bound for England while Eddie was flying missions over Germany. It was a far cry from the quiet days on his family's Pennsylvania farm. At the end of one mission, the USAAF crew on Eddie's flying fortress couldn't get the landing gear down. After several attempts to manually crank the gear into place, the flight crew faced a decision: take the B17 out over the North Sea, bail out, and be picked up by a ship, or try to land on the plane's belly. Young, and confident they were invincible, they voted to attempt a landing.
The flying fortress circled the airfield as the men began to open their parachutes, pull the rip cords, and stuff the billowing chutes around them as cushions against the rough touchdown. The ball turret gunner left his post and joined the rest of the crew in the fuselage knowing when the plane hit the field, the ball turret would be crushed and thrust up through the middle of the plane. They touched down, metal screeching, sparks and smoke pluming around them as the B17 skidded down the runway for what seemed an eternity. Mercifully, the plane jerked to a stop, the crew jumped out and ran away unscathed. Fortunately, no fire broke out, but the damaged, broken airplane had flown its last bombing raid. It could at least be salvaged for parts.

As the number of missions mounted over the Reich, the newlyweds continued to correspond by letter, but on January 25, 1944, Sally received a telegram. Eddie was Missing in Action. Though numb, she refused to stop writing despite having letter after letter returned to her with “Missing in Action” handwritten across each envelope. On March 3rd, she received a second telegram: “Report just received through the International Red Cross states that your husband Sergeant Edwin O. Krouse is a prisoner of war of the German Government.” Fifteen days later, she received a handwritten card she would tape into her scrapbook:

January 11, 1944 had begun with another vote by Eddie and his fellow crew members. This would be their 23rd mission and they all wanted to sign up to fly the new B29s in the South Pacific after their 25th mission in Europe. On this day, they were to bomb an aircraft parts factory in Brunswick, Germany. Despite taking note of a “low oil pressure” indicator, the 10-man crew aboard Big Stoop had voted to go forward with their mission. Never mind that Eddie’s favorite radio kit #5 with “Sally” scratched into the side was missing that day or that, once in flight, bad weather had all but 18 of their group called back. Instead, Big Stoop forged on, undeterred when their target was clouded over on their first pass. The B17 flew over the factory a second time, successfully dropped their payload, and headed back to base. They would never make it back.

In 2001, Eddie spoke about the ill-fated mission: “After we bombed the target and started back home, that engine went out on us, and we had to drop out of formation (what planes were left) and when you do that, you’re a sitting duck. Every German fighter in the world would come after that one lone airplane out there. And this one German fighter was behind us and he was lobbing rockets...if they were lucky it exploded near you. This one happened to hit the wing of our airplane and took a big chunk of the airplane wing off. We stayed with the airplane as long as we could, and the pilot [finally] said, ‘I can’t fly this thing; you boys are going to have to get out.’”

Eddie was the last to bail from the flying fortress. “I couldn’t get the door open; I didn’t have the strength to get it open against the wind, so I sat on the edge of the window and just tumbled out and the wing just went across the top of me...It’s just something you have to do. You’re not afraid, you’re not scared. I do remember the last thing I thought of as I went out that window...I thought, ‘Well, Sally, this is it!’ and tumbled out the window.” Barely missing the wing, he parachuted to the ground. Two of his crew lay dead on

> Continued
German soil, pitch-forked by civilians. Eddie and the eight remaining crew members (four officers and four enlisted men) were captured by German soldiers and taken to Stalag XVII in Austria.

Armed with an address for Eddie, Sally could now write letters she hoped might actually reach her husband. Elated he was alive, her worries now turned to her husband’s health and safety as he lived under the watchful eyes of German guards. He would write short V-mail notes (many faithfully preserved in the scrapbook) in block letters, knowing the Germans were proofreading his messages. The eternal optimist, Eddie wrote trying to boost his wife’s morale while living through less-than-ideal conditions in the crowded camp.

The Germans had little food to give their “uninvited guests of the Reich.” The prisoners lived on cold potatoes, turnips, and rutabagas. Though Krouse insisted the guards were not brutal to them, the POWs would be pushed, shoved or hit with a gun butt should they step out of line. Cold and hunger were constant companions. Their captors turned the lights on for about an hour each night, there was one small water spigot for 300 men, and the prisoners lined up for a little can of water for the day. Each POW had two half-blankets. One half fit over the lower body, the other half fit over the upper body. Threadbare, the blankets fell apart if washed. Occasionally, Red Cross packets got through to them, but they would be split between four men since there weren’t enough to go around.

Despite the conditions, the men did what they could to keep their spirits up, confident it was only a matter of time before the Allies won the war and they would be released. Though their confinement crept by, Eddie vividly remembered the ingenuity of a few truly gifted captives. “They’d make these little tiny radios and hide them in toothpaste, and they’d listen to the news broadcast at night over the BBC…Those boys were really brilliant.”

During those desolate days of 1944, Sally continued to work at the Batesville Guard. Faithfully writing letters and wearing the chain around her neck cradling the nickel she and Eddie had found near the tidal basin only two summers before, she longed to know more than the short lines on his V-mail offered. “An advertisement came through the Guard,” she shared on video, “and it said information about prisoners of war [could] be learned through the War Department in Washington, D.C.” Against her mother’s wishes, Sally moved back to the District of Columbia and began working at the Pentagon, hopeful to glean more detailed information on her husband. The gamble paid off. A young lady she worked with saw a roster of POWs who had been liberated and let Sally know Eddie’s name was on the list. Their lucky number had prevailed — after 16 months as a POW, Eddie’s camp, Stalag XVII, had been liberated on the fifth month of 1945.

Weeks later, Sally was in Florida, anxious to greet her husband after their two-year separation. When she had last seen Eddie, he had weighed 160 pounds, had dark hair and an engaging smile. With that image burned into her memory, she was shocked at the first sight of the individual walking toward her. He was a shadow of the earlier man she remembered – Eddie was 115 pounds, emaciated, and missing teeth from lack of proper nutrition. “We were just kids when he went away, and we were different people when he came back...Our reunion was like two strangers meeting. [There were] too many times, too many things that had happened,” Sally remembered. “We had to get reacquainted.” It was not easy, but Eddie and Sally were determined to work for their marriage, for each other and for the life they had lived so long to begin. The strangers began the long road to rediscovery and began forging a future together.

As those war years faded, he would laugh saying the names they used as young adults didn’t seem to suit them as well later in life. Over time, “Eddie” slowly shortened to “Ed;” “Sally” gradually morphed back to “Sara.” They went on to become entrepreneurs and raise three children of whom they were extremely proud: Rick, Kristin, and Kerry. They celebrated 62 years of marriage before Eddie passed away on December 25, 2004. Sara lived on until February 8, 2018. She was 94.
Two strangers fell in love, far from home, during the Summer of 1942. They were separated by a war, an ocean, and barbed wire for almost two years, only to meet as strangers once more. In another generation or so, their names, like so many others, could simply fade with time. But thankfully, their love was held together by seemingly insignificant scraps of paper they held onto and gifted to their children. The letters, the bomber jacket, books, and that scrapbook are in capable hands that will assure their love story continues to live on.

![Image of a menu from Jimmie's Restaurant in Washington D.C.](image)

▲ While dating, they ate most of their meals a block away from their boarding house in Washington D.C.. A red and white menu takes up room in their scrapbook, boasting cheeseburgers for 15¢ and filet mignon with bread and potatoes for 70¢.
TEN WHITE COUNTY VETERANS RECEIVE QUILTS OF VALOR

By Martha Duncan Overby

Quilts of Valor is a nationwide organization of volunteer quilters who make quilts for active military and Veterans. As of June 2020, the movement has over 10,000 volunteer members across 600 groups in all 50 states.

To quote the QOV website, (www.qovf.org):
“Quilts of Valor Foundation began in 2003 with a dream, literally a dream. Founder Catherine Roberts’ son Nat was deployed in Iraq. According to Catherine:

The dream was as vivid as real life. I saw a young man sitting on the side of his bed in the middle of the night, hunched over. The permeating feeling was one of utter despair. I could see his war demons clustered around, dragging him down into an emotional gutter. Then, as if viewing a movie, I saw him in the next scene wrapped in a quilt. His whole demeanor changed from one of despair to one of hope and well-being. The quilt had made this dramatic change. The message of my dream was: Quilts = Healing.

The model appeared simple: have a volunteer team who would donate their time and materials to make a quilt. One person would piece the top and the other would quilt it. I saw the name for this special quilt. It was a Quilt of Valor, a QOV.”

In 2015 I began volunteering for a non-profit organization assisting Veterans with VA claims. Our group of volunteers became aware of the Quilts of Valor organization. One of the volunteers mentioned to me that it would be cool to see quilts awarded to several of the volunteers. As I made out a list, it grew to the count of ten. All these Veterans were volunteering to help other Veterans. I went to the QOV website and submitted my list. Honestly, I thought they would gasp at such a large request. Soon I received a responding email from one of the local directors. She explained that my request would take six to eighteen months to fulfill. She also told me that when polling Veterans on the quilt designs, they preferred those with a patriotic graphic panel.

Eighteen months seemed such a long time. In my usual “do it myself” attitude, I decided to pull together a sewing group right here in Searcy to get these quilt tops done. Granted, I have been sewing for 50 years, but I had never made a quilt top. I joined QOV.

I found a picture of a quilt with a graphic panel in the center with a cool pieced braiding around the panel. I made a pattern from that picture. I found graphic panels on Ebay of eagles in flight. My thought was, “How hard can it be to just make an 18-inch border around a graphic panel.” You would think at this stage in my life I would have more wisdom.

I approached a group of seamstresses I knew, looking for partners in this venture. One friend was crazy enough to join me in such an immense undertaking. Judy Robertson offered to make three quilt tops. My new project was to make 7 quilt tops. I just want to say right here that it is a true friend who will join you when you’ve decided to take on too much.

Of our 10 Veterans, nine served in the Army, and one served in the Navy. For all the Army Veterans, we incorporated Army Camo print in the quilt design. For our Navy Veteran, I found a Navy print fabric and designed a pattern around that print to display it well on the quilt.

With my decision to have the quilt tops sewn here in Searcy, it did not take eighteen months, but three years to complete this project. Once the tops were complete, we passed them off to a regional group of QOV. This group created the professionally machine embroidered labels, then quilted and bound all ten quilts. What a great group of patriotic Americans. I just love those ladies.

When the quilts were returned to me finished, a few months later, it was time to present these to the Veterans. Pre-Covid, QOV required that each quilt be “presented” to the Veteran by a member of QOV. Usually this takes place at a presentation ceremony. I had
my plans mapped out to organize this event. But in December of 2020, all those requirements were no longer sensible or rational.

Eight of these gentlemen are Vietnam Veterans, two are Iraqi Veterans. I needed to hand off these quilts in the safest manner to protect everyone’s health in this time of Covid. I ordered 2’ x 2’ plastic zip lock bags for the quilts, so once given, they would know their quilt had not been touched or breathed on for at least a week and free of virus germs.

So here I am with 10 beautiful quilts stacked on my hope chest in plastic bags, ready to be given out and not knowing what to do. I prayed for guidance. Within two days, one of my Veterans, Benji Rook, “accidently” came to my house looking for someone else. I presented Benji’s quilt to him in my front yard. I believe God led him to my house that day. Message received; the plan was to get these quilts in the hands of my Veterans in any way I could. Nine quilts were presented in my driveway, one was mailed.

No one was paid to create any part of these quilts; they were all done by volunteers who desired to express their appreciation to these Veterans for their service to our country.

Wil Marler shared that he viewed the commitment of QOV members to be compared to that of serving our country as Veterans have done. That is an appreciative thought.

Once again, each of these gentlemen not only served our country in the military, but have volunteered their time and effort to meet the needs of fellow Veterans. I see them as the best of the best.
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Hope Cottage: Sheltering Women In The Time Of Covid

By Martha Duncan Overby

Hope Cottage is the shelter provided by White County Domestic Violence Prevention for those women and children without options, and needing help to escape an abusive situation. When a woman is educated, employable, with financial resources and friends and/or family to help, we are not needed. Many women are already employed and have financial resources with friends and/or family to help, and don’t need us. Our mission is to be there for those facing abuse alone with no resources.

The need to help victims of domestic abuse here in White County and nationwide is still so great. Our job will never “be done” so to speak. The needs we see require us to remain vigilant and consistent, to be available for those who reach out to us. Arkansas statistics show that for 2019 there were 52 total deaths due to domestic violence (28 women, 14 men, 9 children). One of those deaths occurred here in White County.

Lack of understanding of domestic abuse still prevails. Part of our job is a continued effort to educate the public on what domestic abuse is and how to spot it. Domestic violence is the willful intimidation, physical assault, battery, sexual assault and/or other abusive behavior as part of a systematic pattern of power and control over another. The frequency and severity of domestic violence can vary dramatically.

Some still ask, “Why don’t abused women just leave?” Here are some reasons you can share with others when the subject comes up:

- Her risk of serious injury/death increases 75% when she tries to leave
- Fear of the batterer, what her partner might do if she tries to leave
- She is economically dependent and has no resources
- Children tie her to her abuser
- Cultural/religious beliefs about marriage and divorce
- She is isolated with no support system and nowhere to go
- She is brain washed to believe she deserves the abuse
- Her history: This is just the way it is. If she grew up in an abusive home she is more likely to view abuse as normal.
- She does not believe law enforcement or anyone else will help her
The year 2020 was difficult for all of us. Hope Cottage has sheltered 63 women and 18 children since July of last year, (when our fiscal year began). We normally average 157 women a year. We did have one client with Covid, and our staff handled this situation very well, providing her meals as she quarantined in her room and keeping appropriate distance. She recovered and no one else caught the virus. With so many businesses being closed and the public not out and about as before, our brochures were not seen by the public as before.

Also, in speaking with our clients, many felt it was safer to stay in an abusive situation instead of chancing getting Covid by leaving home. For this reason, we may be facing an above normal increase of those needing help in the months to come.

Our website www.hopecottage.info, is a great education tool you can share with others. Under the “Get Involved” title on our website, you can donate online, find a list of items always needed for donation, information on our thrift store (for volunteering), and statistics the public needs to be aware of regarding domestic abuse. We are on Facebook under Hope Cottage, and twitter as @Hopecottage2.

Hope Cottage, and Hope Restored Thrift Store, would not be here without the commitment of our Employees, Volunteers, Board, and our Donors/Supporters. Thank you for helping to keep our doors and phone lines open and available for that next woman who calls us for help.

We want to remind our White County citizens we are still here, still providing options and help to all who call us. 501 278-4673

“Hope Cottage, and Hope Restored Thrift Store, would not be here without the COMMITMENT of our employees, volunteers, board, and our donors/supporters.

Thank you for helping...”
Trees of Death

Choose the

Some people help trees grow and others help them get torn down. I have a good friend of mine; when God sent her to me, at first I thought God was using my family to help her as she had just had an enormous loss and then a life changing health issue. I thought that our family would minister to her, but she ended up helping me. She was watering the trees of life. My friend has so much joy, so much kindness. She has all the fruits of the spirit that God gave her. As for me, well, I have some work to do. But this friend helps me grow and I can see how I am changing from a tiny seed to a tree, a strong beautiful tree, a little at a time.

But then I remember all the times that I tore up all of the trees that were close to me. Some people tear down the trees of their friends, or if you’re like me, you may tear down the trees of your loved ones. It hurts me more than them when I think of how I kept trying to kill their trees instead of helping them grow. “Why?” Why do we hurt people we don’t know or people we love or friends or even our pets? God showed me that it was because we are selfish. We think we have to fill our own needs first.

My beautiful adopted mom, I hurt her more than anyone. The pain I caused her was because of my own hurt that was in my heart born from feeling unwanted for so many years. Hurts that she did not know about because she did not know me the first nine years of my life. I held on to past wounds for so long; the hurt that no one wanted me and the hurt from others who hurt me by not understanding or listening. We hurt people all the time, but after we hurt them we hurt ourselves the most. We grieve their hearts the most. I feel sad when I think about how I used to hurt people. And even more when I think about how I hurt God, too.

I wish I could say I forgave myself, but I was not able until I asked God to help me. I realized when I hurt people, not only did their trees die, but so did mine and my seed of goodness was gone because I let the devil steal my seed of life away - because I gave in to my own selfish needs and not God’s plans.

Then I had to ask God to help me ask for forgiveness, which was not the easiest. To this day I see people hurting other people by their words and actions. I see people hurt people they don’t know; I see people hurt family, friends, pets and people at school. I get so sad because I know that’s what I did a lot, but I have gotten a lot better at not hurting people so much.

When I was in foster care, I hurt people because that was all I knew how to do. But like every person who reads this, there are two sides to this story. If you are someone who is being hurt by someone, I have also been there, too. I was in DHS care most of my life until age nine. I was hurt that my biological family didn’t want me. I was also hurt that no one knew that I was hurting physically [I had a bone/joint problem that no one knew about for nine years] and mentally. I felt like the world was against me and no one would ever love me. I moved to a lot of homes that first nine years of my life. I also felt like it was better to shut everyone out and not let anyone in. And then I felt like I was a mistake that was never supposed to be here; but God had better plans for my life. When I felt that way it
was like my seed was never there. I was just a graveyard. I felt like a piece of dirt that was in everyone’s eye. Then every emotion in me was dead as a grave and that made the devil very happy. He knew that he had control over me.

After I was emotionally hurt again and again, moving from home to home in foster care, I gave up on having a family. But then I went to live with a lady that everyone knows as Miss Christine; or mom now, to me. My seed, after a while, began to grow. She was watering it and letting it get sun with love and joy; she gave my life meaning again. She showed me that God loved me and is there for me when I need Him. And even when I thought I didn’t need Him, He was always there to talk with me.

So, I know how it feels to have been hurt and to be the hurter. But if we put down our chain saws, grab a cup and pour water on our tree and let it get some sun on it, we will see it become a beautiful tree. We need to stop hurting and start healing; we need to help those seeds become the trees that God meant them to be. Yes, we will make mistakes and they will hurt those we love, but not as much if we try to fulfill God’s plans and not our own.

~ Tyler Gregson

I was recently reading a book with the following poem that seemed to pertain to my story and spoke deep meaning into my soul...

I was born to see it, ALL of it...

And I cannot fathom an existence in which I do not cross the boarders and wonder into the waiting hands of so many different worlds.

I was born to be held by strangers under strangers’ rooftops. If for a time... I was made to be sung to sleep by foreign voices singing foreign lullabies.

Will the stars look the same, will they shine brighter, will it? Bring me to the far off, the sun soaked or storm scented. Bring me to the dark clouds over emerald hills, the moss on the rocks, the sky blue, the mostly white.

Bring me to them, and with me, JOY.

~ Tyler Gregson
Clothing donations can be dropped off at the Searcy Living office at 812 S. Main or checks can be mailed to:

The Imagine & Believe Foundation
P.O. Box 2042
Searcy, AR 72145

501-593-5263

The Imagine & Believe Foster Care and Adoption Boutique is simply a place dedicated for use in helping foster & adoptive families, and sometimes emergency situations. Our awesome Searcy Living readers bring in donations, enabling foster parents to be able to ‘shop’ for what they need for foster and adopted children at no cost.

Our office is located at 812 S. Main Street in Searcy. We welcome gently used or new items. Thank you, Searcy, for your generosity and time spent to support the Foster/Adoption Care Boutique!
50% of Warrior Gabby Book Warehouse proceeds the last Tuesday of every month go directly to the Imagine & Believe Foundation!

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We were able to purchase many needed items for the Foster/Adoption Boutique (the Foster/Adoption Boutique is a FREE place for foster/adoption families to get needed items such as clothing and diapers), thanks to the Youth Advisory Council (Y.A.C.). Pictured with Y.A.C. members is Debbie Elgin, a board member with the White County Community Foundation, and Marc Burkett, board member of the Imagine & Believe Foundation. This grant was made possible in part by a grant from the White County Community Foundation, an affiliate of Arkansas Community Foundation.

**WHEN YOU SUPPORT** the Imagine and Believe Foundation you are doing way more than just helping us give away clothing and diapers. You are letting foster and adoptive families know that they are not standing in the gap alone. That the body of Christ is surrounding them in love and prayer. You are the Foundation. Thank you for standing with us to let these awesome families know that we all support them while they are on the front lines of helping these precious kids walk through trauma.

**"IMAGINE AND BELIEVE IS A HUGE BLESSING** to our family and means so much to us. They are so kind and giving and have helped so much through our foster and adoptive journey over the past 5 years that we have been opened. We have had 12 placements and each and every time they have helped with clothes and diapers as well as lots of other random things.”

～ Crystal Garcia

**THANK YOU** to the Searcy Fire Dept.
What is the Purpose of the Imagine & Believe Foundation?

- **We provide** the Foster Care Boutique, which is where your donations of clothing and diapers are connected to foster parents.

- **We connect** seasoned mentors (former foster parents) to new foster and adoptive parents, giving them a resource to ask questions and glean wisdom from someone who truly understands their journey.

- **We help** new foster homes get set up with things such as play pens and child safety gates. We help fill in the gaps. There are so many things to get and do to prepare to be a new parent of a child or children of varying ages.

- **We know** the journey of fostering and adopting is very rewarding, but it can also have great times of discouragement and loss. We try to be an encouragement system and reminder that this community really does care about the orphans and the caretakers of the orphan ministry.

- **If a foster family** does not have the time to come by the Foster Care Boutique, we deliver the clothing and diapers to them. This service is needed, for instance, when a foster family takes in a foster child at 3 AM and has to be at work by 8 AM the next morning.

We need your financial support to keep this ministry going.

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Phone (501) 593-5263

My check is enclosed to help wherever needed.  □ $20  □ $50  □ Other

□ I want to donate my time. My talent is: ____________________________

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Pictured are LouAnn Gray, Thyla Land, Jodie Ferren, Ellen Jordan, Carol Tierney

Thank you to our awesome donors!
Additional Ways You Can Be Supportive To Foster Care & Adoptions

• Get to know the children that your friends/church members are fostering. Say a kind word to those children. You would be surprised at how far a few kind words of encouragement can go.

• Bring a foster family a meal. They are most likely dealing with trauma situations that you cannot imagine and could use a break and just a kind gesture.

• Hold a baby shower for adoptions, whether the adopted child is a baby or 17. So often, adoptions go uncelebrated by the very community the family belongs to. Let’s change that!

• Get certified (if needed - the laws change often) to be a respite resource. The system usually tells foster parents to find their own respite, but phone numbers of other foster parents are confidential, sometimes leaving them with almost no options for self care. If you have a heart to rock babies, have tea parties with toddlers or take a teen out for a day of fishing or hiking, reach out to the foster or adoptive parent you know and see what you can do.

• Read up on Reactive Attachment Disorder, PTSD, and Oppositional Defiance Disorder. If you see a foster family struggling to help a child, do not judge them! Share resource information that you have researched that may be helpful. That does not mean that all foster and adoptive children have these disorders, but if you see a family struggling, then this is a good place to start looking for information to help them. Above all, we suggest Reactive Attachment Disorder reading/research. Please be aware that there is a huge difference between Attachment Disorders and Reactive Attachment Disorders. Many professionals do not understand this and have not been trained about RAD, and if you do not research the correct disorder, the advice you find can end up devastating the family. A good place to start is any information by RAD Advocates or the book Reactive Attachment Disorder by Kerri Williams.

• Of course, donate to the Imagine & Believe Foundation and we will keep passing out the clothing and diapers to these families.
I’m SO ready for salad weather, when the sun shines and it’s warm enough to go outside and enjoy it? Are you with me? This recipe is one that can be prepared in several different ways: everything from buying a pre-cooked chicken, cooking chicken in a slow cooker or even buying a can of already cooked and chopped chicken. My preferred method is the tiny slow cooker, but you decide which is best for you. Whether you choose to eat this on thick slices of delicious bread or serve it in lettuce boats, you’ll likely enjoy it enough to make it again and again.

1. In a small slow cooker add chicken breasts (cut them in half for a better fit) to about 1/2 c water and cook on low for several hours or until the meat is cooked through. Allow to cool and place in a covered container in the fridge to chill until ready to use.

2. When ready to prepare, remove the cooked chicken from the container and chop it or stir until it falls apart (a shredded look) and place in a medium mixing bowl. Add the bacon, green onions, tomatoes, Parmesan, salt and pepper and gently stir to mix well. Add mayonnaise and mix until it’s all moist. (You’ll be able to tell how much you need; it’s just a matter of how dry or how creamy you prefer it to be). Store mixture in a covered container in the fridge until ready to serve. Enjoy!

I use homemade mayonnaise (only because I can’t find a good one with no sugar) and we all likely have our favorites, but if you want to upgrade this and everything else you use mayonnaise in you might consider trying Sir Kensington mayonnaise. It’s absolutely the best mayonnaise I’ve ever tried. I realize it’s more expensive than the others, but when you consider all the others use SOYBEAN OIL as their main ingredient, this is a better option by far. You can find it at Good Measure Market, Natural Food Store and Walmart Neighborhood Market.

BY TANYA LECKIE

TANYA TURNER LECKIE’S cookbook, Cartwheels In The Kitchen, is available by e-mailing her at lazydaygourmet@sbcglobal.net.

Partial proceeds through sales benefit the Makonde Team mission work in Tanzania, Africa.
ACROSS

1. The amateur radio operator can set up a temporary station in a _______.

3. Dan met his wife while ______ Mt. Kilimanjaro.

5. “The Father of Radio”?

7. Quilts of Valor began with a _______.

DOWN

2. Dr. Kamerman explains that the third stage of truth is that acceptance of it is considered self-_______.

4. Sara Rhea’s nickname?

6. As a prisoner of war, Krouse lived on _______ potatoes, turnips, and rutabagas.

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2. MOonceON

3. STORM
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