

Opinion

6A - Monday, March 27, 2023

A GRACE FILLED JOURNEY • by Mary Herschelmann

The Importance Of Intentional Gratitude



I feel like I've always been a grateful person. To that, I credit some strong women in my life who showed me the importance of always being grateful for what I have, even if it's not always all that I want.

But this spring, I'm working toward a new goal - intentional gratitude. Or at least that's what I'm calling it.

I've been working hard to reach out to others and thank them for things that have been a bright spot in my life. In the age of social media, we are often quick to point out mistakes or ways we feel we have been wronged. But not nearly often enough do we take time to point out the blessings.

For example, a couple of weeks ago I was running errands in Litchfield with my mom. They were the fun kind, you know, picking up my taxes, making bank deposits, dropping off donations at Hearts United. And to top it off, it was pouring down rain that day.

The rain made me once again realize our van was long overdue for new windshield wipers. Probably by months. But the thing is, I never seemed to remember that when the sun was shining.

I had a few extra minutes before I ran back to Hillsboro to pick Charley up from school, so I ran into McKay Auto Parts for new wipers. Confident in my abilities, I walked right to the aisle with windshield wipers and quickly realized I had no idea what to buy. Fortunately for me, the crew at McKay was more than happy to help. They looked up my van to find out the size wipers I needed and then helped me select the right brand. And I was very grateful.

I went to the counter to pay, knowing I would ask Kyle to put them on the van later in the comfort of our warm (and dry) garage.

But when I looked out the window, there was the crew from McKay installing new windshield wipers on my van in the pouring rain. Talk about great service!

When Kyle got off work later, I was just bubbling (and very proud that I had managed to get new windshield wipers on my own!). He suggested I reach out to Earl Flack, president at McKay to let him know how great the service was.

So I did. I reached out and sent Earl a text with my story, and thanked him for providing such great service. He assured me he would pass along my comments to his crew and noted that he appreciated them.

I told him that so often we only hear the negative comments that I felt it was just as important (maybe even more important) to reach out when the feedback is good.

We agreed that far too often we only hear the complaints in both our businesses.

So I made a new goal. Intentional gratitude. Every single day I have tried to reach out to someone for something that has been a blessing in my life.

In the days that follow, I had the opportunity to thank someone for a library program that Charley loved and a local restaurant for a great dinner on a night I didn't have to cook.

That doesn't mean I live in a bubble that things are always perfect and great. I know life is tough. I know sometimes a restaurant is going to mess up my order (although you're not likely to read about that on my social media account).

I know life brings lots of challenges, but I choose to focus on the positive. And that's not always easy, but it always leaves me happier, and I feel like it leaves the world a little happier too.

So this week, I challenge every single one of you to be intentionally grateful for something in your life. Trust me, you'll be glad you did.

IMAGINE HILLSBORO CHECKS IN • by Lucas Altenberger

Spring Starts With Princess Ball



Welcome back to Imagine Hillsboro Checks In! This column features a bi-monthly update regarding all things Imagine Hillsboro. The winter months were somewhat quiet, but we have lots of exciting events and developments on the horizon. Although spring

has just begun, Imagine Hillsboro is already looking forward to an eventful summer and beyond. Let's jump in!

Over the weekend, the Event Center was graced with the presence of dozens of princesses and their fathers/guardians. Before the event, several local restaurants held special offers and discounts for dinner or dessert. Attendees had the opportunity to spend the evening with real-life royalty, featuring our very own Imagine Hillsboro snow royalty. Thank you to everyone who made this year's event another success! A mother-son event is planned for this summer in conjunction with Bicentennial celebrations, so please stay tuned for an announcement.

This weekend on Saturday, April 1, the greens of Beckemeyer Elementary will be filled with thousands of eggs to be found. The annual community Easter egg hunt will begin at 10 a.m. Four lucky participants will find golden eggs and win a family night out in Hillsboro, sponsored by Hillsboro Sertoma Club. At 11 a.m., a sensory-friendly hunt will be held, with prizes sponsored by The Autism Support Connection (TASC) Afterwards, stop by The Coop from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. to grab a picture with the Easter Bunny! Thank you to our sponsors: HJHS Sources of Strength and Student Council, St. Paul's Lutheran, United Life Church, Ugly Mugs Coffeehouse, and Hillsboro Free Methodist. Also related to Easter, the snow royalty are hosting the fundraiser "Some Bunny Egg My Yard." If you're looking for an easy way to have your eggs hidden this year, message

Tiffany Reitz or Sheridan Lyerla by Saturday, April 1. More details are available on our Facebook page, including pricing. Limited spots are available.

Imagine Hillsboro is again gearing up for Farmer's Market season. Vendor applications are now available via Google Docs on our Facebook page. The application, along with Farmer's Market dates, will also be available on our website soon. As always, the Farmer's Market season will conclude with a Harvest Market, to be held on Saturday, Oct. 7. Looking ahead, you may also want to mark your calendars for Storybook Christmas on Saturday, Nov. 25.

The Parks and Recreation Committee recently completed its fifth annual pollinator patch clean-up. Burning and wildflower seeding occurred in early February, from which results will be visible in late summer/early fall. Thanks to Ken Schaal and all Parks Committee volunteers for your continued dedication to this project! In other news, the Volunteer Committee is planning a spring clean-up for Saturday, April 29. If you would like to request assistance, please contact Doug Johnson at facavs3@gmail.com.

The Bicentennial and Smithsonian Committee continues to meet regularly to usher in Hillsboro's 200th birthday and Smithsonian traveling exhibit. Birthday celebrations are to be held on June 24 and 25. As noted, the mother-son event will be held during this time as well. If you are interested in helping with these developments, please contact Terri Casey at bicentennial2023@imaginehillsboro.com. You may also be interested in making a donation to the Bicentennial Committee or any other committees at www.imaginehillsboro.com/donate. Also this summer, Imagine Hillsboro is planning for a recruitment event to be held in conjunction with our Meeting-of-the-Whole. Be on the lookout for invitations and announcements on social media. We'll see you there!

LETTERS to the editor

At What Cost To The Suffering Citizens?

The March 14 county board meeting was a very memorable event.

The overflow crowd of citizens was very rewarding to witness. Going back quite a few years, March 14 ranks as one of the most attended, orderly, and best prepared groups to bring their concerns before the board members that I can remember going back to 2005.

That was the year that Colt Coal came to town with their promises of good neighbor policies, and that they would leave the land as good or better than it was, even after their longwall method caused the surface to sink seven to eight feet. Also the promise that after monitoring the first two panels, they would have a drainage plan. Another broken promise.

Yes, the county has benefited from the royalty money, but those whose lives and

land have been impacted have paid for it by the sacrifices forced on them. Years of good land stewardship have been destroyed by the longwall mining method.

Insanity has been defined at times as doing the same thing over and over while expecting different results. In my opinion, allowing the carbon capture pipeline and sequestration sites in Montgomery County certainly qualifies. If permitted, the county will again be the beneficiary of a financial windfall, but at what cost to the suffering citizens of the county who will bear the burden?

Not only will they be forced to deal with disrupted lives during pipeline construction, but then must live with the threat of pending disaster for at least the next 30 years as high pressure liquid CO2 is pumped through their

neighborhoods.

It terms of legacies, does this county board want to be remembered like the board chaired by Mr. Havera who spoke for the board saying, "We don't care if the company mines the coal with a spoon," when speaking to the propriety of the longwall method under flat farm land. Citizen concern was not a very high priority at that time. Let us hope that attitude no longer exists.

This ill-conceived project appears to be another case of using taxpayers to fund unproven corporate ventures at the expense of those entities at the end of the line. We are literally the end of the line.

With a continuing declining population, it would seem the wise course would be to keep whole as many productive citizens as possible.

Bill Schroeder
Hillsboro

Joe's Corner

by Joe Rollins

GRANDMA'S DIARIES • by Carole (Best) Brown rosebudbooks@gmail.com

March 1956: Busy Month For Bests



Grandma and Grandpa are very busy in March of 1956. So many chores to complete before planting season begins. Of course, they still take their little journeys around the county visiting relatives and friends. Grandpa is in the market for trees to replace

some they have lost. Grandma, on the other hand, is shopping for a pink blouse and an Easter bonnet. I love the mention of an early TV show, "People's Choice." This was one of my favorites because one of the characters was a basset hound named Cleo. I do love bassets!

Thursday, March 1, 1956—Quite a hail after noon. Also had rain before noon. Merle and Jerry Sammons, driving for Pyramid Van Lines, were leaving after noon for the west coast with two loads of furniture. They didn't get away until night. Wilbur Foster brought us 400 gallons of gasoline. He also took the gas tickets from November. He figured 200 gallons of the 300 was for the tractor and said there would be \$10 refunds.

Friday, March 2, 1956—I saw my first robin, so one more snow will come. Nice day. I washed then ironed on Saturday. We went hunting for some soft maple trees. Didn't find any. When we got home, Howy had gotten stuck in his car over at the other place. He came on his crutches all the way here. I took him back, and Carl took the tractor to pull him out. They got him out and then he got stuck again.

Saturday, March 3, 1956—We went to Morrisonville Auction about noon. Most everything was sold when we got there, but evergreen trees, hay and machinery. It was for the benefit of the picnic in July. When we got home, Ward Jackson and Tom Justison were waiting to load hay. They got 80 bales. Carl asked \$22.50 a ton for it.

Tuesday, March 6, 1956—Kenneth Baird brought a COD package—a dress form I ordered previously. It was \$3.98, postage .36, COD fee .30—altogether it was \$4.64. I sure hope it helps me to get my dresses to fit without so many trials and errors. Cyclone at Buckley and Marion, IN.

Wednesday, March 7, 1956—Rain, snow pellets. Wayne and Howy intended to sow alfalfa, but the little rain stopped them until noon, then the wind got so high, they gave it up. Margaret and the children came for supper, and we had a nice visit. We used the new skillet for the first time, also the new coffee maker.

Thursday, March 8, 1956—Sunshine, 15 degrees. We had a high wind all night. I sure didn't sleep much. A drop of about 65 degrees in temperature in 24 hours. The wind is so cold. Elmer Culp's clover was up and had two leaves. Wonder if it will be killed. Sent \$1.25 to Boys Town, Clayton, MO, for all occasion cards.

Friday, March 9, 1956—No school because of teachers' institute. Wayne and Larry came after alfalfa hay, about a half ton to feed their sheep. Carl said Wayne could work out the pay for it. Margie and Carole went to Springfield with Mrs. Woodruff and Kay.

Saturday, March 10, 1956—Howy and his two men came early and sowed grass seed in the wheat while we had a calm spell. Wind started to blow soon after they finished, and it kept blowing hard the rest of the day. Carl harrowed the seed in after noon in spite of the gale. Mary Ann Ward and Carole came for a visit. They were riding horseback.

Sunday, March 11, 1956—Cloudy until noon. I went to church and Sunday School. After dinner we drove to Taylorville. Went to see Hattie Hansen and Glen Longworth's. Neither at home. Came home. Nickel and the cats were home. Ha!

Tuesday, March 13, 1956—28 degrees. I washed. The clothes froze on the line. The pump on the wash machine wouldn't pump the suds, although the pump ran. Howy and John came. Howy took the hose off. Pushed a nail down through the drain hole and opened it up.

Wednesday, March 14, 1956—Nearly five inches of snow. Snow sticks to the north side of trees and posts. Mary Nimmons called to say they would come and get me to go to Mrs. Busby's for the regular Helping Hand meeting. We quilted on Mary Fogle's quilt.

Mrs. Busby served delicious vegetable soup, crackers, cheese, pickles, then a birthday cake and cold drink after noon. It was Mary Fogle's birthday. Hogs stay about the same price, \$13.50.

Thursday, March 15, 1956—Sunshine 28 degrees. John and Ruth Keith's 40th wedding anniversary. We went to Raymond to put the Duncheon's hay check in the bank, \$48.12. Carl found he had \$948.64 in the bank. On to Hewitt and Ware's for more grass seed. Carl wants to sow where the bulldozer worked. I put my dress form dummy together. I think it will work nicely.

Friday, March 16, 1956—Another snow last night. I cut out a mash sack dress knowing there wasn't enough material to finish it. Will get blue material to go with it. I finished up another mash sack dress that had the waist cut out and partly sewed up. I hope I never start and not finish another such. I forget how I plan one when I let it lay for a year.

Sunday, March 18, 1956—Fred Allen, noted panelist on "What's My Line" died of a heart attack in New York City at age 61. We felt like we really knew him.

Monday, March 19, 1956—Wayne and Hubert came in the truck, and all three went to Starr's on Route 16 and got nine trees for us. They set five in the front yard. Too many, but some of them may die. We had a huge elm which shaded the house, but it died. When we moved here, we had two pears in front also. They died later. A maple east of the house also died.

Tuesday, March 20, 1956—First day of Spring. Margaret, Connie and I went to Taylorville to shop. I got gingham for a dress. We stopped in Nokomis also. Connie was shy of the grocery door with the electric gadget which made it open automatically. She would wait for it to open, then dash across before it got her.

Thursday, March 22, 1956—Clear and warmer. Today is the birthday of Mary Nimmons. I ironed, then Margaret called and asked us to go with them to Springfield. Margaret, Connie, and I did the dime stores. We went out to Sears, ate dinner at a lunch room on 6th Street and got home by 2 p.m. Mary and Bob came for a chicken supper. We watched Groucho Marx and Peoples' Choice on TV. Out of a clear sky Carl wanted to know if we could go to Alberta's by airplane. He thinks to be gone two weeks.

Sunday, March 25, 1956—Both went to church as it was Communion Sunday. We ate a lunch before 11 a.m. and then drove to Carlville to Lottie Best-Pratt's funeral. She was Chris Best's first wife. We got there early and looked a part of the town over. Lucille Best-Williams took us to the hospital at 3:40 to see her mother, Julia Best. We went to Carlville by turning north of Litchfield on the oiled road to where the Route 66 and Wabash almost come together then west until we hit Route 4.

Monday, March 26, 1956—I made a date with Janie Culp to cut my hair and give me a permanent, Thursday at 9 a.m.

Tuesday, March 27, 1956—High winds. Bad dust storms in five western states. I washed my hair as it needed it badly. The weather was so changeable but didn't come only a sprinkle. I went to Hayes to see the 920 chickens—White Rocks. Very nice. Elsworth Henry took our calf to St. Louis. Campbell here all day. They cleaned out the barn. Hogs finally reached \$15.

Thursday, March 29—Windy and chilly. I left home about nine to go to Janie Culp's to get my hair cut and a cold wave permanent, \$10. Got home at noon. I had dreaded the job, for I was so sure it would pull. I have been so tender headed, but only once did she pull.

Saturday, March 31, 1956—We went to Litchfield. Took 27 dozen eggs, Grade A .38 and the cream. Carl got batteries for his hearing aid. I searched for a hat, but couldn't find what suited me. Went on to Hillsboro. I found a hat at Seltzer's, navy blue with a white rose, \$2.98. I want a pink blouse but cannot find the right size.

Carole (Best) Brown of Golconda provides Journal-News readers with this glimpse of the past from her grandmother, Mary Edith (Neuport) Best, Butler farm wife. Carole may be reached at rosebudbooks@gmail.com.