



Over The Fence

MAY 2007

HARRISON, ARKANSAS

The Recycling Center

Located at 301 Highway 65 South in Harrison



“The Bosses”



Boone County Judge Mike Moore.



Mark Methvin owner of Methvin Sanitation.

“The Facility”

Officially named the Boone County and Methvin Sanitation Recycling Center, the facility is located on the ByPass in the old MFA building just north of Hudspeth Motors. The public conveniently drives through the building where attendants, Special Service personnel off load trash for sorting.



“How to Recycle?”

That’s easy. Keep recyclables in a grocery bag, plastic container, cardboard box or any other convenient storage system. Remember to keep recyclables separate from trash so they

stay clean. Then take them to the Center.



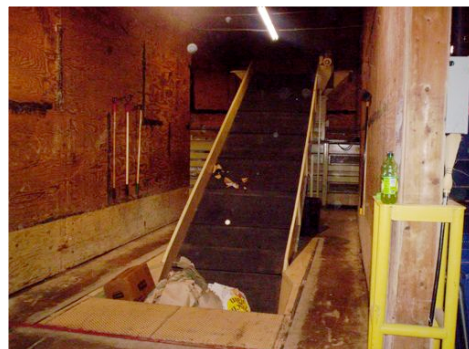
Driving from the entrance into the facility the vehicle will be stopped at the appropriate bay for off-loading



Recyclables are then compressed



into Bales



And then loaded by conveyer or forklift for loading on transports.

“What Can be Recycled?”

Aluminum cans, glass jars and bottles, yard waste, newspapers and magazines, other paper, plastics, tin cans, other metals and household hazardous waste.

“Did You Know?”

Recycling a ton of paper saves 3700 pounds of lumber and 24,000 gallons of water.

Recycling one aluminum can saves enough electricity to run a TV set for three hours.

Recycling cardboard saves one-fourth of the energy to manufacture it.

Recycling scrap to produce steel reduces water and air pollution by 70%.

Making glass from recycled materials cuts related air pollution by 20% and related water pollution by 50%.

If every American household recycled just one milk jug, we’d keep 200 million pounds of plastic out of the land-fill.

“Feedback”



Hey Curmudgeon, you got me excited about that Recycling Center so I swam down the creek and sneaked over one night to see what I could scrounge. What a let down, that place is so clean and neat I couldn’t find a scrap to eat. So back up to the Lake to pick up after the usual litter bugs who walk the trail.

Yep, Al, those Methvin folks keep a neat operation which is unusual when compared to the other litter we see scattered around town. Goes to show what can be done when folks have pride and respect for their neighbors.

“The Peaceful Majority”

I used to know a man whose family was German aristocracy prior to World War Two. They owned a number of large industries and estates. I asked him how many German people were true Nazis, and the answer he gave has stuck with me and guided my attitude toward fanaticism ever since.

“Very few people were true Nazis,” he said,” but many enjoyed the return of German pride, and many more were too

busy to care. I was one of those who just thought the Nazis were a bunch of fools. So, the majority just sat back and let it all happen. Then, before we knew it, they owned us, and we had lost control, and the end of the world had come. My family lost everything, I ended up in a concentration camp and the Allies destroyed my factories.”

We are told again and again by “experts” and “talking heads” that Islam is the religion of peace, and that the vast majority of Muslims just want to live in peace.

Although this unqualified assertion may be true, it is entirely irrelevant. It is meaningless fluff, meant to make us feel better, and meant to somehow diminish the specter of fanatics rampaging across the globe in the name of Islam. The fact is that the fanatics rule Islam at this moment in history.

It is the fanatics who march. It is the fanatics who wage any one of 50 shooting wars worldwide. It is the fanatics who systematically slaughter Christian or tribal groups throughout Africa and are gradually taking over the entire continent in an Islamic wave. It is the fanatics who bomb, behead, murder, or honor kill. It is the fanatics who take over mosque after mosque. It is the fanatics who zealously spread the stoning and hanging of rape victims and homosexuals. The hard quantifiable fact is that the “peaceful majority” is the “silent majority” and it is cowed and extraneous.

Communist Russia comprised Russians who just wanted to live in peace, yet the Russian Communists were responsible for the murder of about 20 million people. The peaceful majority were irrelevant. China’s huge population was peaceful as well, but Chinese Communists managed to kill a staggering 70 million people. The average Japanese individual prior to World War Two was not a warmongering sadist. Yet, Japan murdered and slaughtered its way across South East Asia in an orgy of killing that included the systematic murder of 12 million Chinese civilians; most killed by sword, shovel, and bayonet.

And, who can forget Rwanda, which collapsed into butchery. Could it not be said that the majority of Rwandans were “peace loving”?

History lessons are often incredibly simple and blunt, yet for all our powers of reason we often miss the most basic and uncomplicated of points:

Peace-loving Muslims have been made irrelevant by their silence.

Peace-loving Muslims will become our enemy if they don’t speak up, because like my friend from Germany, they will awaken one day and find that the fanatics own them, and the end of their world will have begun.

Peace-loving Germans, Japanese, Chinese, Russians, Rwandans, Serbs, Afghans, Iraqis, Palestinians, Somalis, Nigerians, Algerians, and many others have died because the peaceful majority did not speak up until it was too late.

As for us who watch it all unfold; we must pay attention to the only group that counts; the fanatics who threaten our way of life.

Lastly, I wish to add: at the risk of offending someone, I sincerely think that anyone who rejects this as just another political rant, or doubts the seriousness of this issue, is part of the problem. Let’s quit laughing at the jokes and cartoons which denigrate and ridicule our leaders in this war against terror. They are trying to protect the interests and we being of the US and its citizens. Best we support them.

“The only thing for evil to triumph is for good men (and women) to do nothing.” Edmund Burke (Author Unknown)

“Living Bible”

His name is Bill. He has wild hair, wears a T-shirt with holes in it, jeans, and no shoes. This was literally his wardrobe for his entire four years of college.

He is brilliant. Kind of profound and very, very bright. He became a Christian while attending college.

Across the street from the campus is a well-dressed, very conservative church. They want to develop a ministry to the students but are not sure how to go about it.

One day Bill decides to go there. He walks in with no shoes, jeans, his T-shirt, and wild hair. The service has already started and so Bill starts down the aisle looking for a seat.

The church is completely packed and he can’t find a seat. By now, people

are really looking a bit uncomfortable, but no one says anything.

Bill gets closer and closer and closer to the pulpit, and when he realizes there are no seats, he just squats down right on the carpet.

By now the people are really uptight, and the tension in the air is thick.

About this time, the minister realizes that from way at the back of the church, a deacon is slowly making his way toward Bill.

Now the deacon is in his eighties, has silver-gray hair, and a three-piece suit. A godly man, very elegant, very dignified, very courtly.

He walks with a cane and, as he starts walking toward this boy, everyone is saying to themselves that you can’t blame him for what he’s going to do. How can you expect a man of his age and of his background to understand some college kid on the floor?

It takes a long time for the man to reach the boy. The church is utterly silent except for the clicking of the man’s cane. All eyes are focused on him. You can’t even hear anyone breathing.

The minister can’t even preach the sermon until the deacon does what he has to do.

And now they see this elderly man drop his cane on the floor. With great difficulty, he lowers himself and sits down next to Bill and worships with him so he won’t be alone.

Everyone chokes up with emotion. When the minister gains control, he says, “What I’m about to preach, you will never remember. What you have just seen, you will never forget.”

Be careful how you live. You may be the only Bible some people will ever read!” (Author Unknown)

“What Teachers Make”

The dinner guests were sitting around the table discussing life.

One man, a CEO, decided to explain the problem with education. He argued, “What’s a kid going to learn from some one who decided his best option in life was to become a teacher?”

He reminded the other dinner guests what they say about teachers:

“Those who can, do. Those who can’t, teach.”

To stress his point he said to another guest; "You're a teacher, Bonnie. Be honest. What do you make?"

Bonnie, who had a reputation for honesty and frankness replied, "You want to know what I make? (She paused for a second, then began...)

"Well, I make kids work harder than they ever thought they could. I make a C+ feel like the Congressional Medal of Honor. I make kids sit through 40 minutes of class time when their parents can't make them sit for 5 without an I Pod, Game Cube or movie rental...

"You want to know what I make?" (She paused again and looked at each and every person at the table.)

"I make kids wonder."

"I make them question."

"I make them criticize."

"I make them apologize and mean it."

"I make them have respect and take responsibility for their actions. I teach them to write and then I make them write. I make them read, read, read. I make them show all their work in math."

"I make my students from other countries learn everything they need to know in English while preserving their unique cultural identity. I make my classroom a place where all my students feel safe. I make my students stand to say the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, because we live in the United States of America."

"Finally, I make them understand that if they use the gifts they were given, work hard, and follow their hearts, they can succeed in life."

(Bonnie paused one last time and then continued.) "Then, when people try to judge me by what I make, I can hold my head up high and pay no attention because they are ignorant... You want to know what I make?"

"I MAKE A DIFFERENCE. What do you make?"

(THERE IS MUCH TRUTH IN THIS STATEMENT: "Teachers make every other profession")

"Mouse Story"

A mouse looked through the crack in the wall to see the farmer and his wife open a package.

"What food might this contain?"

The mouse wondered - he was devastated to discover it was a mousetrap.

Retreating to the farmyard, the mouse proclaimed the warning. "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!"

The chicken clucked and scratched, raised her head and said, "Mr. Mouse, I can tell this is a grave concern to you but it is of no consequence to me. I cannot be bothered by it."

The mouse turned to the pig and told him, "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!" The pig sympathized, but said, "I am so very sorry, Mr. Mouse, but there is nothing I can do about it but pray. Be assured you are in my prayers."

The mouse turned to the cow and said, "There is a mousetrap in the house! There is a mousetrap in the house!"

The cow said, "Wow, Mr. Mouse. I'm sorry for you, but it's no skin off my nose."

So, the mouse returned to the house, head down and dejected, to face the farmer's mousetrap - alone.

That very night a sound was heard throughout the house -- like the sound of a mousetrap catching its prey.

The farmer's wife rushed to see what was caught. In the darkness, she did not see it was a venomous snake whose tail the trap had caught.

The snake bit the farmer's wife. The farmer rushed her to the hospital and she returned home with a fever.

Everyone knows you treat a fever with fresh chicken soup, so the farmer took his hatchet to the farmyard for the soup's main ingredient.

But his wife's sickness continued, so friends and neighbors came to sit with her around the clock.

To feed them, the farmer butchered the pig.

The farmer's wife did not get well; she died.

So many people came for her funeral, the farmer had the cow slaughtered to provide enough meat for all of them.

The mouse looked upon it all from his crack in the wall with great sadness.

So, the next time you hear someone is facing a problem and think it doesn't

concern you, remember - when one of us is threatened, we are all at risk.

We are all involved in this journey called life. We must keep an eye out for one another and make an extra effort to encourage one another.

AND LET THEM KNOW HOW IMPORTANT THEY ARE.

REMEMBER: EACH OF US IS A VITAL THREAD IN ANOTHER PERSON'S TAPESTRY; OUR LIVES ARE WOVEN TOGETHER FOR A REASON.

One of the best things to hold onto in this world is a friend.

"Keep In Touch"

Wealthy rancher old Jake from Wyoming with a hundred thousand acre spread was out repairing fence in bitter cold. He couldn't start his pick up. His cell phone battery was dead. Jake prayed to God to save him but froze to death.

Arriving at the Pearly Gates Jake asked St Peter why his prayer wasn't answered? St Peter told Jake it must have been a computer glitch in cyberspace. "The day you died we got a hundred calls from stranded motorists in the bitter cold of Minnesota. The Angel patrol saved every one of them.

"Sorry Jake, we never heard a word from you in Wyoming. Since you've been out of touch for many years making tons of money your file must have gathered dust and gotten lost in the archives."

"But, never mind. Come on in, relax and enjoy yourself. Maybe you'll meet some old friends. It's a shame you didn't keep in touch through the years or the Angel Patrol would have located you immediately without any problem and jump-started your pick-up. They'd had you back at the ranch house in no time."

Pray For Our Military Pray For Our Country

This community newsletter is published monthly and distributed gratis by Jim Keel, P.O. Box 763, Harrison, AR 72601, 870-741-6067, e-mail galaxy9@alltel.net. The objective is to highlight public service agencies and people of Harrison, Arkansas who serve. Comments are welcome.