

A Word From the Publisher

Hurricane Harvey...oh my! How horrible that storm is. Watching what those people are going through and will be for some time is heart wrenching. We are so blessed. It brings back memories of last year when Hurricane Matthew was heading towards us. The fear of the unknown is so difficult, then for us, the relief that it turned. Many people have called asking if we are going to do any collections for Texas. Right now we don't have any plans until we see what is going on. The best thing we can do right now is pray for all the people affected and for those volunteers going in to help. May God bless them all.

Well, last week high school football kicked off! I can't help but think back in my lifetime that football has always been a top priority on my list. With Daddy as a football coach and an avid Arkansas Razorback fan, I was doomed to be marked with the football curse. I must admit, I do love a great game, but I'm over the days of being devastated when my team doesn't win. It really doesn't affect my life at all, my pride a little but life goes on!

Here come those memories of the 60s and 70s. I was just a little thing and Daddy was the head football coach. Before a home game, I would go with him sometimes to Mr. Herrin's print shop on Brandies Avenue to print the programs for the game. I'm not sure if we (family) helped staple them together but it seems like I remember something about that part too! The games were always fun. Not really sure if they won or lost but I always had a good time. After the games, for some reason,

Mama would always have a huge pot of chili and sandwiches for the team and cheerleaders at our house. We had a great time. On Saturday morning after the game, we (our family) would go over to the football field and clean it up. Daddy would wash all the uniforms and we had to pick up the trash that was left after the game. Boy, have times changed? I'm sure we complained but we still got the job done. Actually, those were some really great times. I'm thankful that Daddy was the kind of coach he was. He never used foul language at the team but he had a stern way about him (still does) that everyone knew what he meant. He was respected by all or most of his players. To this day, some of the guys will not even smoke or drink alcohol around him. Some of those players are in their 70s. Now that's some respect and quite a legacy.

Just as I don't remember the 'hard' times back in those days I know they were there. I just knew it's what we did and there was no need to question it. I'm so thankful for parents that instilled respect in me. They also taught me that all things come from God! Just as I know in my adult life, God has blessed me way more than I deserve. He has brought me through the hard times and the good times. I want to share a prayer from our devotional, Our Daily Bread: Dear God, please show others Your power as I share the treasure of Your gospel in my broken, but beautiful life.

Have a blessed week!

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