

E-mail Gleanings Volume 1

Not all e-mail is SPAM. Over the last few years, I have received my share of good e-mail and bad-email messages. As I reviewed the good ones (I deleted the bad ones, as they occurred.) it began to appear that there was a cross section of knowledge, politics, jokes, opinion, world events, piety, religion and more. In fact, I found it to be fascinating reading and think you will be as amused, touched and interested as I am in reading it.

Carl Kline, Editor

The Dead Horse Theory

The tribal wisdom of the Dakota Indians, passed down through the generations, provides that when you discover that you are riding a dead horse, get off, bury it, and get a live horse.

However, in modern business (and education and government), other strategies are often employed to address the “dead horse problem”, including the following:

1. Buying a stronger whip.
2. Changing riders.
3. Threatening the horse with termination.
4. Appointing a committee to study the horse.
5. Arranging to visit other sites to see how they ride dead horses.
6. Lowering the standards so that dead horses can be included.
7. Reclassifying the dead horse as “living-impaired”.
8. Hiring outside contractors to ride the dead horse.
9. Harnessing several dead horses together to increase speed.
10. Providing additional funding and/or training to increase the dead horse’s performance.
11. Doing a productivity study to see if lighter riders would improve the dead horse’s performance.
12. Declaring that the dead horse carries a lower overhead and therefore detracts less from the bottom line than some other horses.
13. Rewriting the expected performance requirements for all horses.
14. Promoting the dead horse to a supervisory position.



Cherish the Holiday Memories...

Family
Friends
Parties
Good Food
Cold Weather Outside/Warm Fireplace Inside
Holiday Music
Hot Cocoa, Apple Cider, and EggNog
Decorations
White Blankets of Snow

Presents
Big Wool Sweaters
Taking the Long Way Home
Vacation! Vacation! Vacation!
The Sparkle in a Child's Eyes
Lending a Helping Heart and Hand

>From our Family to Yours,
Season's Greetings!



“Scientists in Israel have created mini-kidneys in mice, using human and pig stem cells. No wonder eating pork isn't Kosher.”—Y. Upmann



YOU MIGHT BE A GOOD OL' BOY IF ...

You argue that poverty could be abolished if people were allowed to keep more of their minimum wage.

You don't let your kids watch 'Sesame Street' because you accuse Bert and Ernie of being 'immoral deviants'.

You think Birkenstock was that radical rock concert in 1969.

You've wondered whether donations to the NRA are tax-deductible.

You think education is a luxury.

You base any argument on the phrase, “Well ... tradition dictates...”

You tell your kids that Oscar the Grouch “lives in a trash can because he is lazy and does not want to contribute to society.”

You have ever urged any deprived person to pull themselves up by their bootstraps, when they don't even have shoes.



THE LENTEN SONG (Sung to the tune of “ My Favorite Things”)

Sackcloth and ashes, and days without eating,

Mortification and wailing and weeping,
A hair shirt that scratches, a nettle that stings,

These are a few of my favorite things.

Penitence, flagellants, memento mori,
Spending nights sleeping on rocks in a quarry,
The sound of a cloak'd solemn cantor who sings,

These are still more of my favorite things.

Tossing and turning, the yearning I'm spurning,
Passions aflame like an ember-day burning,
Corpus and carnis and wild drunken flings,
Forsaken are they for my favorite things!

When it's Christmas, When the tree's lit,
When the cards are sent,
I simply remember my favorite things,
And then I can't wait..... 'til.....Lent.

Pamela Berkeley



What kids can do for you!

I have seen repeatedly the breakdown of the cost of raising a child,
but this is the first time I have seen the rewards listed this way.

It's nice, really nice.

The government recently calculated the cost of raising a child from birth to 18 and came up with \$160,140 for a middle income family. Talk about sticker shock! That doesn't even touch college tuition.

For those with kids, that figure leads to wild fantasies about all the money we could have banked if not for (insert your child's name here).

For others, that number might confirm the decision to remain childless.

But \$160,140 isn't so bad if you break it down. It translates into \$8,896.66 a year, \$741.38 a month, or \$171.08 a week. That's a mere \$24.44 a day!

Just over a dollar an hour. Still, you might think the best financial advice says don't have children if you want to be "rich." It is just the opposite.

What do you get for your \$160,140?

Naming rights. First, middle, and last!

Glimpses of God every day.

Giggles under the covers every night.

More love than your heart can hold.

Butterfly kisses and Velcro hugs.

Endless wonder over rocks, ants, clouds, and warm cookies.

A hand to hold, usually covered with jam.

A partner for blowing bubbles, flying kites, building sandcastles, and skipping down the sidewalk in the pouring rain.

Someone to laugh yourself silly with no matter what the boss said or how your stocks performed that day.

For \$160,140, you never have to grow up.

You get to finger-paint, carve pumpkins, play hide-and-seek, catch lightning bugs, and never stop believing in Santa Claus.

You have an excuse to keep reading the Adventures of Piglet and Pooh, watching Saturday morning cartoons, going to Disney movies, and wishing on stars.

You get to frame rainbows, hearts, and flowers under refrigerator magnets and collect spray painted noodle wreaths for Christmas, hand prints set in clay for Mother's Day, and cards with backward letters for Father's Day.

For \$160,140, there is no greater bang for your buck.

You get to be a hero just for retrieving a Frisbee off the garage roof, taking the training wheels off the bike, removing a splinter, filling the wading pool, coaxing a wad of gum out of bangs, and coaching a baseball team that never wins but always gets treated to ice cream regardless.

You get a front row seat to history to witness the first step, first word, first bra, first date, and first time behind the wheel.

You get to be immortal. You get another branch added to your family tree, and if you're lucky, a long list of limbs in your obituary called grandchildren.

You get education in psychology, nursing, criminal justice, communications, and human sexuality that no college can match.

In the eyes of a child, you rank right up there with God. You have all the power to heal a boo-boo, scare away the monsters under the bed, patch a broken heart, police a slumber party, ground them forever, and love them without limits, so one day they will, like you, love without counting the cost.

The best to you all. Hank



This wonderful bit of followup on the news courtesy of

Durham Herald-Sun columnist Carl Daniels-Kinney: