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els? A. I am not sure, and I am not sure that anyone really knows. A branch of the federal government, the United States Forest Service, after all, owns it and it is pretty safe to assume that it will not be open for this season.

Q. Are we allowed to swim in the lake with the low water levels?

A. No, the beaches are closed for swimming, although you could still lie in the sun on the beach itself. The reason for the closure is that the mud on the bottom of the lake could be thick and dangerous for young kids or adults. This is the case all around the lake, so they are requesting that people refrain from entering any

part of the lake.

Q. Are the campgrounds still open at Lake Winfield Scott?

A. Yes, they are and it is a good time to go camping because it is not as crowded as it usually is, with exception of this July 4th holiday weekend. They are expecting a large crowd even though there is no swimming at the present time.

Q. Where is Lake Winfield Scott located?

A. It is located about 8 miles past Vogel State Park on State Route 180 in Union County near Suches.

Q. Do you go to Lake Winfield Scott often?

A. I certainly used to. Growing up, we went to square

dances there every weekend, in the summers of the late 60s and early 70s. What a great time we had and many friendships were developed. However, I must confess to not getting over there very often now other than checking on county roads adjacent to the camping area. Recently while checking on the lake, I did spend some time over there reminiscing about the old days. While it has certainly changed, there has not been a lot of change and all the pavilions and facilities have remained there for many years. It is an awesome place to visit, swim, camp, hike, and dance once a year when they try to have a reunion square dance.

Fowler...

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to a Sovereign God who values people even when we ignore our moral compass. With that kind of heavenly Father, it is no surprise that He would send Jesus to fulfill the law on our behalf (Rom. 8:3,4) and save us by grace through faith (Eph. 2:8). That is good news that sustains us when bad news and moral questions trouble us.

Allison...

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shared with me that his book was going to Europe without him. He explained that his publishing company was able to get his book into the world's largest book exhibit in Frankfurt Germany which will take place in October. Congratulations Dr. Ashurst on this tremendous honor!

For my last question, I asked him if he had ever met anyone famous. He shared with me that he met Elizabeth Kubler Ross. She is an author and it just so happened that she was speaking at a grief conference he attended in Asheville, NC. She is the person who was instrumental in introducing the 5 stages of death and grief. As a private therapist for over 40 years, and also a former school counselor and teacher, he has helped numerous people in coping with these areas of their lives. He is currently working on his second book entitled *Picking Up The Pieces, After A Significant Loss*, which will be out by the holidays. He explained to me that loss is a very big part of people's lives; whether it is the loss of a loved one, loss of a pet, a best friend moving away or a divorce. At some time in everyone's life they will be faced with issues involving loss. The focus of his book is to help people deal with the loss they have experienced and move forward with their lives. We live in such a close knit community so I know this is also an area that we can all identify with. Thank you Dr. Ashurst for providing these tools to help people and taking the time to meet with me.

If you would like contact information for Dr. Ashurst, or information about any of our Chamber Members, visit the Chamber website at VisitBlairsvilleGA.com. You can also reach the Chamber office by calling at (706) 745-5789.

Hall...

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of 297 people.

The Second Amendment is the right of the people to take up arms in defense of themselves, their families, and property in the face of invading armies or an oppressive government. The Second Amendment was written by our Founders who had fled, or knew of people who had fled oppressive and tyrannical regimes in Europe, and it refers to the right of American citizens to be armed for defensive purposes, should such tyranny arise in the United States.

Wounded Knee is the prime example of why the Second Amendment exists, and why we should vehemently resist any attempts to infringe on our Rights to Bear Arms. Without the Second Amendment we will be totally stripped of any ability to defend ourselves and our families.

Bill Hall

Chief...

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hose is lowered to the firefighter. The firefighter then stands in the loop and wraps his arms around the hose. Firefighters above pull up the hose. The technique shows how rescues can be performed by using only what you have available at the time.

The environment of working in a fire is dangerous and can change quickly. RIT and survival techniques must be learned and mastered to save you and save others. Training on these techniques better prepare firefighters for these rescue situations. For more information and videos about RIT, visit our Facebook page or research these various drills. Union County Fire Department ~Our Family Protecting Your Family~

Mattee... continued from Page 4A

happy by prioritizing which vegetation will need water the most. High priority plants are young, recently transplanted trees and shrubs. Large, mature shade trees will seldom need watering unless the drought is so severe they start to wilt. Medium to high priority plants are perennials, fruit and nut trees, small fruits and vegetables, and turf that is less than one year old. Low priority plants are annual flowers and herbs, ornamental grasses, and established turf. Many of these varieties are easily replaced, and it is incredibly difficult to keep large annual beds adequately watered during a drought.

Water is obviously the cure for plant protection in these conditions. However, there are cultural control methods that can be taken to make plant water usage and storage as efficient as possible. Never apply fertilizer or herbicides in

hot, dry conditions. This can cause chemical damage to your plants. However, a lot of weeds will compete with planted ornamentals and vegetables for water. Keeping a thick layer of mulch will prevent weeds from popping up. Do not prune ornamentals because even cutting off dead wood encourages new growth. These new sprouts require a lot of energy and water, which further stresses the plant. To prevent spider mite infestations and blossom or fruit drop, spray plants with water during the day. Replace dead or dying plants with more drought resistant varieties when possible.

As the temperatures continue to increase, make sure to keep an eye on your plants this summer. It only takes a few days for drought stress to set in, so make sure to water them when the soil is dry to prevent stress, insects and disease from getting the best of your plants.

Cummings... continued from Page 4A

away using the foulest language that Papa had ever heard. Skeeter looked at the boys and grinned. Then he eased up behind Prince Albert and poked the big man in the ribs while he said, "Punch him." The big man punched his boss causing his feet to leave the ground. While their boss man was unconscious the crew closed the mill waiting for their inevitable dismissal. Eventually, the boss woke up with two blackened eyes and afterwards was very nice. He never used profanity toward his crew and they were always paid on time.

During my father's time he also experienced and made memories at the gin. Dad said, "It was so cold one fall that his mother had buried him up to his neck in the cotton to keep him warm." Papa stopped

the wagon just beyond Uncle Dan's house to take a bathroom break in the woods. While Papa was in the edge of the woods the mules began walking. Papa said, "Whoa mules" to no avail. Again Papa spoke, but the mules did not stop. Mind you Dad was still in the wagon buried up to his neck and couldn't move. Papa was crouched over in the woods taking care of business. Dad said, "One of the funniest memories I have is of Papa running from the woods with his overall galuses dragging the dirt while he was trying to catch those stubborn mules. By the time I came along the gin was on its last legs. It closed when I was very young, but I remember it well and its impact on four generations of my family.

Harper... continued from Page 4A

ty Michael Jaques' veins bulged from his finely tuned muscular neck when he yelled "Hands on your head, hands on your head." I started to boil in anger when it hit me; I had stolen a turtle for a getaway car. Making a mad dash for the woods would have been great but the orgasmic dose of heroine I had taken moments earlier handicapped me. So with Christmas faster than my hijacked, midnight black Toyota Yaris and my heart ready to throw in the towel, I was the newest bird in the cage. Deputy Jaques, who was the enemy that day, was also my guardian angel. Even though Union County's finest overwhelmed me with man power and artillery, I was still in denial of the bleak situation. Elected Sheriff Mack Mason surmised it best "And Harper didn't come clean when deputy Jaques asked him his name" (Duncan 1). Chained and tossed into a hopeless backseat, I still thought I was the invincible Pinocchio.

Every phone call that my parents received brought floods of sweat from worry that I was found dead. My family's sleepless nights and desperation were validated by their son's troubles of nuclear proportion. The prayers from my used and abused family were for the men in blue to seize me before the Reaper touched me again. It was by the grace of God that the Pickens EMT angels were able to pump life back into my kaput heart after my last overdose. It was nothing short of a miracle my prayer warrior's prayers were answered.

The past four years had been a ruthless routine of pimping, dealing, and burglarizing to maintain my selfish desires. This also came with 17 months of taxpayer's money burned to house and feed me in various concrete bunker hotels of the wicked. Two years I occupied a deaf seat in multiple rehab and half way houses. With all that time thrown to the slop buckets, I still preferred living in a briar patch of chaos. My selfish approach to life was transforming from a tropical storm to a hurricane, destroying everything in my path.

Heroine and meth were my best friend; consequently, the devil was my amigo. I had boxed and clashed with King Kong on my back since I was 19 years old. There was a pleas-

ant period of three years when I was able to sustain a safari dry sobriety, but that never had a chance of lasting. I could only keep the beast under the rug for so long. The Beast, who was at bay, was only growing hungry. It was after my crippling divorce when the monster in me began to devour. On the menu was dignity, integrity, and loyalty to any victim who I came across. I allowed stolen cars, credit cards, checkbooks, and the remnants of a moral compass to be swallowed in one gulp. The monster and I only got our fill after my arms were pierced with the catastrophic brown liquid.

Would I ever crave a life without cancer at my core, or could a day come when my nieces would know their long lost uncle? If jails, institutions, and death could not instill hope or change, what would?

It was the summer of 2014 when my wretched soul saw the light. I stood in my 8 x 10 world that I created. This is when the miracle happened. "Mail Call," chirped the brown box of freedom. I was far from excited at this near heartbreaking routine because mail never knew my name. This summer day, however, was the day I won the lottery of hope. When the officer came in and yelled "Harper," I swore it was a mistake or some kind of cruel vicious joke. To my surprise, this was no error. This Mail Call was the dagger to my mental obsession with heroine. The death blow came when I read my grandma's chain breaking words, "Let your actions be your testimony." The heaven-sent letter from Momo brought tears and feelings which have all but been extinct. Even though I stood there in my two-piece blue inmate uniform, I was at last a free man.

The next few months I would receive more Mail Call. With each letter from family and friends, piece by piece my dark soul was chiseled away. The gifts from God, which came in the form of beautiful Mail Call, planted a seed of life which today is humble, grateful, and motivated to be the newfound Noah here today.

Works Cited Duncan, Charles. "Deputies Arrest Ball Ground Fugitive." *North Georgia News* [Blairsville] 08; Jan. 2014: 1-2a *North Georgia News* Archives. Web. 22 June 2016. **Noah Harper**