My Desk is a Mesk, er, Mess.

① Behind on paperwork. Left over from last night. Just couldn't get all those invoices checked out by the closing bell. And look at them! We call it "toilet paper", for obvious reasons. Over the years, almost all of the vendors changed over to this system of invoicing. They have a handheld device in which to place orders. Along with that, they have a small, handheld printer used to print out first a delivery list, and when all is checked in and accurate (we hope), they print out these invoices.

They are a pain in the neck, as they are lo-o-o-ng and often curly when the printer is near

the end of the roll of paper. Then at the very end, they are VERY curly and offer a bonus! - a set of pretty pink stripes along the paper, which are supposed to mean "CHANGE THE PAPER, YOU IDIOT!"

(2) When I come in the next morning, the picture above is what greets me. I have a few chores to do before I can tackle the TP, but I'm gonna get to it first thing, or so I tell myself.





Before I know it, this is what happens to my mess of TP, after one of my chores had to be set aside to wait for another chore.

③ Oops, here comes another chore that I must complete ASAP since someone is waiting for it to do their part.

So that's how my days start so often, spinning my wheels in the mud so fast that I move backwards.

Don't you feel sorry for me? I often do, until I slap myself out of it and try to remember to be thankful to God for His calling to serve through His store here.

And please, don't try the TP thing at home. It doesn't work. Only Charmin, or bet-

ter yet, Essential Everyday works best at home!



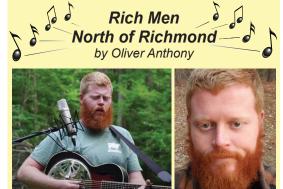


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Livin' in the New World with an Old Soul

A couple of weeks ago, we printed the words of the recent hit song, "Rich Men North of Richmond", sung by Oliver Anthony.

When I read the lyrics of the song, one line struck me. "Livin' in the new world with an old soul." I thought it was profound, and as I write this, I realize that there are two ways to understand that phrase, both profound. You could take Mr. Anthony to mean the rich men north of Richmond, who are the politicians in Washington D.C. that are ruining our lives with their lust for money, power, and control over us. They could be those living in this new world with old souls of habitual. longstanding corruption.

My original understanding of that phrase, however, was more correct. I think, and certainly more meaningful to me. I think that WE, the deplorables, are living in this new, incomprehensible, immoral, decadent, dark world, with our old souls that were raised to believe in the American Way. That assumes our foundation and roots in God's calling to be a light to the world, which we have done fairly well up until the 1940's or 50's. Our old souls assume the fundamentals of marriage and the nuclear family; of honesty and integrity; of a benevolent, unintrusive government that practices real justice, defending the good guys (us) and prosecuting and punishing the bad guys; that we are one nation under God.

We have assumed that almost all AMERICANS share those values, but in the last twenty years or so, maybe since the turn of the century, those values have been discarded or turned upside down with the speed of light. Yes, the seeds of our total corruption as a society were planted in the sixties, but the fruit has matured and is now poisoning many, many people. That realization has torn us up emotionally.

Jesus said to His disciples, "No one sews a patch of unshrunk cloth on an old garment, for the patch will pull away