

Life is short, eat the dessert first!

Continued from page A1

they could dunk like Michael Jordan. Forget practice and the blood, sweat and tears of falling on your face — eating your vegetables and liver — they wanted to be as Michael Jordan, right now. (I refused to lower the basket!)

But, now that I am forty-years-old, I'm starting to have serious doubts about saving the dessert for last. And to tell you the truth, I am having these doubts because so many of my adult friends — grown ups — are telling me, It's time to switch: Eat The Dessert First!

Life Is Short!
With the summer Olympic games fast approaching, most of us have seen the shoe commercial urging us to 'play hard because life is short.' Forget about tennis shoes, here is the real world.

I sat down with a new friend the other day to talk about life and what it sometimes means to us when we are in different age groups. The woman, in her late forties maybe early fifties told me the story of how she had recently lost her husband to cancer.

"It was out of the clear blue sky," she said. "He was diagnosed, determined to have six months left, and in six months, he was gone."

All of their married lives they had planned to spend the "choco-

late cake" of their latter years with each other. But now he was not there and wouldn't be back. She was left to travel the rest of the way, alone. He advice to me: Eat the dessert first.

A 55 year-old woman told me of how suddenly it was that she lost her very best friend — her husband, just a few years ago.

He was only forty-seven years old and for the two of them, things were just starting to get really, really sweet. He was doing marvelously

well in his work and she was equally as happy being supportive of him, and being involved in her own right in a host of community social causes. They lived in a great house and as for the children, they were growing up nicely. Soon they would be on their own.

And then one day she found herself seated at the dessert table eating chocolate cake, sliced originally for two, alone. Her very best friend, the person she had placed first above anyone else including

the children was gone.

I couldn't help but cry a little when she told me the story of how, on the morning after her husband had died, that her eldest son came in to comfort her and said, "well at least mom, now we will be first."

These and many other circumstances have forced me to rethink my whole idea of when should I ask for the dessert. I think that I am about to change.

The next time I go out for

lunch or maybe dinner, instead of having the meat and vegetables first, I am going to ask for the pie ala mode. But that is not all.

Yes, maybe what I should start doing is turning to the last few pages of some of my favorite books that I have not yet read.

Perhaps I will fast forward the video player so that I can see the last fifteen minutes of all the classic movies, I've missed.

Maybe I'll forget about football and basketball altogether —

until the playoffs. Heck, maybe I'll even start to sleep through the preacher's sermon until her starts to hoop.

I don't think that I am alone. A father recently told me that he and his son, ten years of age, are practicing to run in a marathon race together. That is chocolate cake. Yes ma'am, I think that it's time for all of us to call for the dessert — chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla with walnuts and whipped cream on top.

Brown

Continued from page A1 and development.

Nine years ago, Michael Snow was sent to her office for throwing a pair of scissors at another student. Michael was in a combined 2nd/3rd grade class, and had been in her office ten or twelve times in the past two years as a result of his behavior, she recalls.

"Michael was a nice little kid, but he had a temper problem," she says, looking straight ahead at the paneled wall in her den. "I gave him the same kind of spanking I gave my daughter. I gave everybody three licks."

She remembers following procedure: first calling the child's father, who was out of town, then calling the child's mother, who agreed that the child should be spanked and sent back to class. After the first hit, she says, Michael tried so aggressively to get away from her that she asked her assistant principal to hold the boy, "so I wouldn't hit his hand or anywhere but his buttocks."

Later, the mother visited the child and Brown says she personally talked with him and made sure he was calm before he went home.

"The next morning the father appeared in the office and accused me of abusing his son," she said. "He showed me pictures of his son's buttocks that I can frankly say did not look good." She says she did not hit him particularly hard, but thinks the time lapse between the first and second hit may have caused the unusual bruising.

Brown says she and the father, Larry B. Snow, talked at length. She says she explained that she worked extensively with Michael on his behavior, and that "I did more for Michael than for other kids because of the trouble he got into."

Unknown to Brown, Snow taped that conversation and played it later for Superintendent Zane Earle, and showed him the photographs. At the end of the school year, the Snows transferred Michael to Hall-Woodward.

"I was ready to go to court," says Brown. "What I did, I did by the book and in the line of duty. The times I used corporal punishment always left a bad taste in my mouth. When all other interventions failed, I used it only with parental permission."

If elected to the school board, Brown would retire from her position with the school administration. She says she feels well-qualified to serve on the school board, despite the publicity that may come her way as a result of the spanking incident.

"If I feel I have something to offer in a situation, I'll go ahead anyway. Whatever this election brings, I will continue to be a part of education in some way and I will continue to work for children, teachers and parents of the Winston-Salem/Forsyth County School System."

<h3>FOOD FAIR HOMETOWN LOW PRICES!</h3>		
<p>SAVE ON RED SEEDLESS GRAPES JUICY AND RIPE 1 LB. JUST</p>  <p>69¢</p> <p>SAVE 30¢</p>	<p>STRONG VIVA PAPER TOWELS</p> <p>2 ROLLS JUST</p>  <p>\$1.00</p> <p>SAVE 38¢</p>	<p>FOOD FAIR HOMETOWN SLICED BACON</p>  <p>99¢</p> <p>SAVE 50¢</p>
<p>SAVE ON FRESH CAULIFLOWER OR BROCCOLI YOUR CHOICE EACH JUST</p>  <p>69¢</p> <p>YELLOW ONIONS --- 3 LB. BAG --- 89¢</p>	<p>DOOD DAIR</p> <p>SUCH A HOMETOWN FEELING!</p> <p>QUANTITY RIGHTS RESERVED. PRICES GOOD THROUGH 3/15/92</p>	<p>FOOD FAIR HOMETOWN FRANKS DELICIOUS DOGS 12 OZ. PKG.</p>  <p>79¢</p> <p>FOOD FAIR HOMETOWN HOT OR MILD SAUSAGE - 1 LB. ROLL, 69¢</p>
<p>SAVE ON CHEESE OR SAUSAGE PIZZAS FROZEN 1 OZ. PKG.</p>  <p>99¢</p> <p>SAVE 40¢</p>	<p>SAVE ON REFRESHING PEPSI REG. OR DIET 2 LTR. BOT.</p>  <p>99¢</p> <p>SAVE 20¢</p>	<p>WHOLE, BONELESS SIRLOIN TIP</p> <p>FOOD FAIR HOMETOWN BEEF</p> <p>\$1.79</p> <p>SAVE \$1.00</p>
<p>DIXIE CRYSTALS GRANULATED SUGAR BIG 5-LB. BAG</p>  <p>\$1.79</p> <p>SAVE 20¢</p>	<p>SAVE ON LAND O LAKES MARGARINE</p>  <p>\$2.00</p> <p>SAVE 30¢</p>	<p>TYSON-HOLLY FARMS BONELESS CHICKEN BREAST GRADE "A" 1 LB. JUST</p>  <p>\$2.49</p> <p>SAVE \$1.10</p>
<p>SAVE ON SWIFT PREMIUM CONNAINSE YOUR CHOICE 32 OZ. JAR</p>  <p>99¢</p> <p>SAVE 40¢</p>	<p>ANGEL SOFT BATHROOM TISSUE SOFT 4-ROLL PACK</p>  <p>79¢</p> <p>SAVE 20¢</p>	<p>SAVE ON SWIFT PREMIUM CAROLINA BRAND YOUNG TURKEY BREAST 1 LB. JUST</p>  <p>89¢</p>
<p>LOCATIONS - HAWTHORNE RD. W.S. - WESTWOOD VILLAGE CLEMMONS - SHEPWOOD PLAZA W.S. - REYNOLDA MANOR W.S. - LEWISVILLE CLEMMONS RD. AT HWY 421 LEWISVILLE - 52 PLAZA RURAL HALL - NEW MARKET PLAZA KERNERSVILLE - YADKIN PLAZA YADKINVILLE - OLD TOWN SHOPPING CTR. REOPENING SOON</p>		