

The Basketball Blues

By JONATHAN PHILLIPS

I had my man boxed out, but the rebound bounced high off the back of the rim, out toward the foul line. I lunged out after it, lost my balance and went down.

The landing came on the side of my foot, sending my ankle into a tight bend at a horrible angle.

Over the last 13 years, I've added a bit of bulk to virtually my entire body, from the top of my prematurely receding hairline to my shins. For some inexplicable reason, the general thickening of the frame did not occur around the ankles.

The same scrawny ankles that once supported 160 pounds now support 195, on a frame of the same height. Something has to give, and occasionally it does. Usually a couple of days off the ankle, a few more with an ace bandage, and I'm back to hogging the ball and paying a callous disregard to the three-second rule.

Not this time. The swelling was worse, the pain was worse, and it was all bad enough to send me to the dreaded hall of terror—the doctor's office.

Severe sprain. Torn tendons. Crutches. Two to four weeks.

Rather than moan and groan about hobbling about with an ankle the size of a grapefruit (I've gotten tired of complaining about it), I've decided to practice what I preach to others, and try to look at the bright side.

So what is the bright side of minor but nagging injuries?

First, I don't have to run. Normally, justifying a decision not to run requires either a rain or snowstorm, or an heroic act of rationalization. The busted ankle provides a ready made excuse.

I can sit in a nice sunny spot with a cold root beer, watch the joggers jog by, and say "Dagnabbit, I wish I could be out there."

Second, it gets me waited on.

Since she puts in as many hours as I do, my wife normally feels no obligation to wait on me hand and foot. She does sometimes, just to be nice, but I have to reciprocate, too.

Now all I have to do is get a suitably pained and put-out expression on my face as I begin to struggle up to fix lunch or reach for a magazine, and she instantly volunteers to do it for me.

Third, the ankle injury gets me out of some work. Even some things I probably could do if I really wanted to, I can get out of because of the crutches and the miniature cast. Comes in rather handy.

Well, I tried, but so much for looking on the bright side.

Think I can get out of exercise, huh? Well, the same wife who waits on me a bit now has volunteered to teach me a bunch of her aerobic exercises which don't require placing stress on the ankle, Oh, boy.

The waiting-hand-and-foot business gets old, too. Sometimes she's not there. Sometimes I feel guilty for her having to do it. Some tasks, such as brushing my teeth, are simply not practical for her to help me with.

And getting out of work . . . that's well and good. I've made a career out of it.

But I look out or about in the bright spring weather and see folks playing ball, riding bicycles, strolling through the park, and all of that there stuff. And I "get out" of that, too.

As a matter of fact, there is not really anything about this experience that is particularly pleasant. I realize the pain and inconvenience are minor compared with what many in the world must deal with, but they are enough to far outweigh the few advantages.

Only one thing to do. Wait it out, follow the doctor's orders, and try to find some solace in the fact that I can take the good parking places for a little while.

Speak Out For Women

People interested in the special problems of minority women and women over the age of 40 are invited to participate in the public SPEAK OUT on Saturday, April 28, from 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. in the Lenoir Memorial Hospital auditorium in Kinston. Sponsored by the N.C. Council on the Status of

Seasons

Continued

In February the Epiphany Season ended and Ash Wednesday, March 7th, was the beginning of the season of Lent. That is when we can begin to feel the cold weather going and the warm weather coming; the trees budding - the flowers blooming. This Season of Lent lasts forty days - ends at Easter.

The word Religion means "to tie together again." Being whole requires the action of God in our lives, our church, our world. John the Baptist's cry was "To straighten, to build up, to repent, to make whole." Soon after the baptism

of Christ, He is driven into the wilderness to be alone. Why? Maybe to get spiritual strength from God. That is what Lent means to me. We are told, "Out of pain comes joy." Pain has brought experience to me.

The Season of Lent is almost over. Christ, and His associates, are on their way to Jerusalem where the Passover is to be held. They are at Jericho waiting and wondering; getting ready for the March to Jerusalem, how will it end? The mass of waiting people: "Will God's parade be like the World's Series?" "God's parade will be grand-something to remember." How do you think the Pharisees and Scribes felt when they saw a

sad man riding a donkey, and the silly people with Him waving palm branches? They had expected a King, with crown of glory on his head, riding in a golden chariot. This parade represents what we call Palm Sunday - which comes the Sunday before Good Friday - the day Christ was crucified.

His suffering, on the cross, He bore with heroic love, giving the thief, on the cross, the hope of eternal life - placing the care of his Mother to John; and asking forgiveness for our sins. Then He said: "It is finished. Now let us look forward to Easter morning when we can sing "Christ Risen - Alleluia."

Public Service Announcement

The Council on Aging, 2501 Trent Road, New Bern, North Carolina is having a Flea Market on April 26, 1984 from 12 noon until 6 p.m. and on April 27, 1984 from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m.

Bargains on Glassware, Clothing, Furniture, Silver and Miscellaneous items. Donations of Cash or Yard Sale goods will be appreciated.

DEC Advisory Board

The Advisory Board of the New Bern Area Developmental Evaluation Center will hold its quarterly meeting on April 24, at 7:00 p.m. Board members and other interested persons are encouraged to attend.

The DEC is an agency under the N.C. Division of Health Services. It provides diagnostic, limited treatment, and follow-up services to young children and infants with developmental problems.

The Center serves children in Carteret, Craven, Jones, Lenoir, Onslow and Pamlico Counties. The Developmental Evaluation Center is located at 2717 Neuse Boulevard (Homestead Square) in New Bern.

Women and the Craven County Council, the forum will focus on the three important areas of employment, health, and the law.

If you're experiencing problems in one of these areas and do not come and express your opinion, you have only yourself to blame if nothing changes. Senator Wilma Woodard, Keynote Speaker.

Have You Hugged Your Kid Today?

Recently while traveling throughout Craven County I would find myself looking at different types of bumper stickers. Some were unusual and some were not. Some had advertisements and some had campaign slogans. I guess the one I saw the most was "Have You Hugged Your Kid Today." I liked that one, but it really came and went through my mind quickly like the others. I guess kids are like everything God gives us we just take them for granted.

We assume that everything is OK. We get ourselves occupied and just smile or say hello and keep on doing our normal routines. On Tuesday, April 10, 1984 I was called to the East end of Craven County to conduct an investigation. When I arrived I found a small four year old boy, naked, severely beaten. The child was dead. I went about my work securing the area and trying to uncover clues even though it was pretty obvious what had happened. And like all the other child abuse cases I was crying on the inside. I don't know how I kept from drowning on this case. When everything was completed I rushed home very tired, and heart broken. The first thing I did was hugged my children. I guess you want to know what it has to do with this particular story. Maybe nothing. But somewhere during the interview of the accused I heard one make the comment "My parents never loved Me." They never held me, kissed me, or even gave me a small hug.

"Have you Hugged Your Kid Today?"

Rusty Woolard

Craven County Sheriff's Department

HIGHLIGHTS

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