

"Morning People"



Gall Roberson

I hate morning people. Morning people are depressingly cheerful at 6:00 A.M., which only makes me feel that much worse about myself at that time of the NIGHT. Most people hate the Internal Revenue, getting fat and their mother-in-law. I hate mornings. Perhaps I should rephrase that. Actually, I LOVE the mornings with all the glistening dew and the freshness of a new day. But, I hate getting up early enough to enjoy all that.

I've never been a morning person, and I never will be. Anyone who can face scrambled eggs before 11:00 A.M. has a deep rooted emotional problem. I'm a night owl instead. I'm my best from Noon, until, I can eat eggs at any time from thereon out. But don't mess with me before that time. I've given you fair warning.

I used to berate myself for not being cheerful in the mornings. For years my mama and daddy got up before dawn. For years they made me do the same thing. There was school, and I drove the bus. Later there was a job, and I needed the money. Now I have a husband who's a morning person. He's the best he'll be all day at 6:00 in the morning. I still have a job and I still have to rise, but I refuse to shine until I'm good and ready.

Yet, for all my heavy exposure to the ways of morning people, I remain unchanged. There has never been an alarm clock that could wake me up. There has never been a morning in my life when I have gotten up on the right side of the bed. In fact, there have been many mornings in my life when I've fallen OFF the bed. Can you imagine how my breakfast turns out? I am groggy and grumpy in the mornings. There are bags under my eyes and I am late for everything. Inevitable, I burn the toast, or the coffee...or the cat

My hair is not tied back with delicate pink ribbons. My hair would scare the rouge off the Bride of Frankenstein. I do not come down the hall gracefully. We have bumper guards on the chair railing at our house. It takes weeks for the bruises of my morning strolls down the hall to heal.

Inevitably, night owls always marry morning people. My husband is a man who can't keep his eyes open beyond the evening news. He's a man who has never once stayed up to see the Late Show. Instead, he springs out of bed before the alarm goes off and rushes to his daily routine. It is dangerous to rush me into anything in the mornings. These are hours when any SANE person would just be getting ready to go to bed.

The ridiculous old adage about early to bed, early to rise, is a bunch of junk as far as I am concerned. There's no one I need to charm in the mornings but the cats, and for them a box of Friskies will do just fine. Oscar Wilde once said, "Only dull people are brilliant at breakfast." I like old Oscar. He was a genius...and I suspect, a night owl too. It's my firm belief that he also poured sugar in his toaster in the mornings, just like me.

No matter how much sleep I get, I do not greet the day looking like Farrah Fawcett or sounding like Barbara Walters. I will never be able to flip a pancake before Noon or discuss nuclear fission intelligently.

My husband has learned through the years that when he asks, "How did you sleep last night?" he will invariably get an answer such as, "No thanks!" Do not expect perfection from me in the morning. Do not expect ANYTHING from me in the mornings. And, also, it's downright dangerous during these hours for him to inquire as to where his clean socks are. He's learned to put up with my 8:A.M. "groggies" and me to handle his 8:00 P.M. "sleepies." What more could you ask for.

I like to ease into my days as slothfully and a grumpily as I naturally want to. I have tried to change. Honest I have. But you can't change the color of the sky or the green in the trees that surround my house. So there. I'm not a morning person. I do not apologize. Just wanted you to know to stay away until Noon. Remember, you've had fair warning.

Remembering
The Firmament

By Lela Barrow



Read the first chapter of Genesis and you will understand where this information comes from:

God created the heaven and the earth. God said: "Let there be a firmament and let it divide the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament." God called the firmament Heaven and called the dry land Earth. God made two great lights-the sun to rule by day and the moon and stars to rule by night, and God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth. Firmament is actually a Hebrew word meaning "expansion".

Psalm 115 Our God is in the Heavens. The Lord sayeth "The heaven is my throne-the earth is my foot stool." First heaven is the blue expanse which surrounds the earth-and in which the sun moon and stars seem to be set: the place where God manifests Himself to the blessed.

I remember back in 1900, I was twelve years old-I was invited to spend a week at Miss May Dudley's home, who lived five miles north of Greenville. While there I saw a total eclipse of the sun. I learned then you had to be in the right place at the right time to see a total eclipse. I watched many that were said to be total, but in my 94 years that is the only one I've seen. It wasn't total at my home 25 miles toward the south. As the day got darker, the chickens started going to their house making a funny noise-they knew it wasn't time to go to roost, but they were confused-and really went on the roost. The firmament, or heaven, was filled with stars-and they were the only things giving light to the earth.

Mrs. Sadie McLawhorn remembers hearing her parents tell about this-they had people working in their field, and they were so frightened they stopped work and got on their knees to pray. Only the Great Physician can make an eclipse.

Life is made up of little things-destiny hangs on "yes" or "no"-as we look back, it is no wonder what would have happened if we had gone the other way. I repeat being in the right place at the right time caused me to see a beautiful heavenly sight. About 1923 or 24, Mrs. J.B. Brown gave a party-she then lived where Mrs. Leonard Taylor now lives-after games were played, we were invited to the dining room for refreshments; we had to go down a long back porch. We looked up at the heavens that were brightly lighted with falling stars. The best I can describe this is "the heaven was raining down stars"-it was a big shower, each drop bright and shining seemed like several thousand falling down to earth. Talmadge said: "Christ is our Star of Hope-all other light will fail-but this light burns on and on."

There is another heavenly light I had the privilege of seeing by being in the right place. This happened about 1931. My mother was in bed not able to get out, I'd fix her for the night and left Calton and Sybil with her while I went to the station to walk back with Ed. As I was outside the heavens lighted up from North to South in the shape of a rainbow, so many beautiful colors and so big and bright. I knew it was the aurora borealis (or northern lights as some). I had seen some before this, but ne'er any to compare with this one. I felt I was seeing The Glory of God in His Firmament. I think of these as God's wonders revealed to man on earth. Let everyone praise Him for His goodness.

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