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Opinions... Yours, Ours, Oute of the week

" Coming together is a beginning; Keeping together is progress; Working together is success." -Henry Ford

Merry Christmas all year long at Central Methodist kitchen



For many December is the month to focus on gifts – those boxed and wrapped in shiny paper and pretty bows. Some of the gifts that people are giving this season

Lib Stewart Managing Editor

aren't wrapped – food, fuel, cash, trips with ts to the doctor, a helping hand. Mountain people have long been

friends to the doctor, a helping hand. Kings Mountain people have long been generous in helping the less fortunate at Christmas time and the list of people



Carol Brazzell

who provide clothing, food, toys and other essentials would fill up more than this page. There are many who give their gifts anonymously and there probably isn't a church or organization in Greater Kings Mountain that doesn't give help, in some form or another, during the holiday season and at other times of the year too. Back in 2000 John O. Plonk Jr. and John Maddox had the idea to start a soup kitchen at Central United Methodist Church. They wanted to serve lunch to anyone who came to the church door for help and so it began as a ministry with

about 40 people coming for Monday lunch prepared by volunteers from the church.

Fast forward to 2014. Today the church serves some 700 meals every week – Mondays from 11:30-12:30 and Thursdays from 5-6 p.m.- and delivers 200 meals to shut-ins on Mondays. A long table in the church fellowship building is usually stocked with household products and food staples that the lunch and supper crowd can take home with them for their own pantries.

For Jim Potter, who chairs the project, Dru White and Carol Brazzell it's Merry Christmas all year long. The volunteers are organized, they know exactly who is doing what chore and Potter runs a well-oiled and efficient undertaking that the late John Plonk would never dream that from a small project 14 years ago it would evolve into the ministry it is today.

Volunteers from other churches in town volunteer and donate food. Food Lion on Shelby Road is a big contributor and food donations also come from Second Harvest Food Bank. On a recent afternoon Dru White, Carol Brazzell and Marsha Bristow were opening cans of green beans and other vegetables, preparing meats, and getting ready to feed a large supper crowd. At 6:30 p.m. Thursday all volunteers enjoyed a holiday drop-in at the church and were thanked by the proj-



Dru White

ect director for their faithfulness.

"Everyone works together, each one knows his assignment in the kitchen, the delivery schedule, and it's a joy for all of us to see the smiling faces of those who come on Monday and Thursday," said White.

They take their cue from the One whose birthday we celebrate on December 25. "In as much as you do to the least of these my brethren, you do it unto me."

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor:

I feel for these.

There's several groups of people that I really feel badly for: Police, teachers, pastors and parents.

I have no idea why certain people choose their careers or positions in life. What I do know is that many of them seriously intend to do a service for their fellow man. Most of them in the list I mention really want what's best for all of us. Some are unfit for their jobs, but we certainly can't do away with the positions because some aren't doing a good job.

Police, for example, have a tough job to do. I read recently about an officer in Salisbury who was fired after 22 years of service because of a social media post he did. I believe the subject was the happenings in Ferguson. What I don't understand is why the officer was fired. No, I don't have the details and haven't read the post he was fired over, but I do question why a police officer somehow loses his freedom of speech just because he's a public servant. I'm fairly certain he didn't post as representing the Salisbury Police Dept., so I don't think he should have been fired for expressing an opinion. For God's sake, our President expresses his all the time and he's not out putting his life on the line every day. about the only thing a teacher can do is send or take them to the principal. The principal has no real authority either, except for possibly expulsion and even then the outcry will be enormous. The police are in even more dire positions. It doesn't seem to matter what they do trying to maintain law and order they are faced with public ridicule about the way they do their job. All the training in the world cannot make them more aware of our rights than they already are. We're creating a world where no one will want to be a police officer or a teacher. My answer to that is to give them back authority equal to the responsibility. I was once wrongly stopped for speeding but my reaction was not to disobey the officer. After I gave him the logical reason it could not have

Reflections on the loss of a family doctor

"But the effect of her (his) being on those around her (him) was incalculably diffusive: for the growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been, is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs." George Eliot, Middlemarch

Dr. John C McGill passed away early



Then there's teachers. Both they and the police are responsible for discipline and peace. Both have the responsibility but not the authority to do either. If a kid is unruly, been me he released me. Had I chosen to hide my hands, or suddenly reach back into the car he would have had every right in the world to do whatever necessary to stop me. Had I attacked him he would have had the right to shoot me.

Parents have the most important and hardest job of all. They love their children and want to protect them from everything. Parents though, don't want to accept that their children are not perfect and that everything the children get involved in is not always what the parent would approve of. Parents also fail to realize that children often lie to try and avoid punishment. Yes, you parents reading this I am talking about your child. You need to teach your kids respect not only for you but for all others, and most assuredly

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Sidewalk Survey

What do you think of the new Wal-Mart?



I like it. There's no clothes or other stuff like that. Just do your shopping and get it over with. -Nancy Detter



I'll come back every week. I don't like going all the way to Shelby.





This is my first trip. I liked it a lot. It's about the same as the other grocery stores in town though.

-Debbie Chapman



I loved it. I liked it so good that I've already switched my prescriptions to here. That used to be two trips. Plus, it's closer to my home.

Tuesday morning November 11, 2014. The news was not broadcast nationally and was most likely visualized quickly without a great deal of thought by most locally.



Dr. John C McGill

Such a life of service to his fellow man summarized in an obituary, Memorial service and burial ceremony. His "tomb" will not be visited by many, certainly not as much as celebrities and politicians of the past.

Dr. John, as can be said by many, cared for myself and my family growing up in Kings Mountain. The scope of his service was not fully appreciated until I became a physician. Though I had many more advances in medicine at my disposal, the long days and sleepless

nights on-call, often ignoring family and one's own health, advanced my appreciation of his tireless efforts historically provided. The quality of care he provided during his time was exemplary. When I would see him on occasion at home on weekends or training, he would never miss an opportunity for an encouraging word: "Keep it up boy", "Keep your chin up". Dr. John practiced in an era when doctors could be

Dr. John practiced in an era when doctors could be physicians, before the days of obstructive bureaucracy, where one's actions did not require explanation to and approval of an insurance entity. But he provided care for "all comers". When he was needed he was there, day or night. I have been told that he would even stop on occasion, late night or early morning, for a short nap on the side of the road. Doctors in his time didn't just simply send their patients to an urgent care or emergency department. They saw them in their office, hospital emergency room or their home, day or night. "On call" and "off call" were not terms of his day; if you were in town, you were available. With his wife Mabel,

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