

Version:1.0 StartHTML:0000000197 EndHTML:0000002704 StartFragment:0000002456  
EndFragment:0000002668

SourceURL:file:///localhost/Volumes/SERVER/EDITORIAL/4-26-11/COLUMNS/Rural%20Viewpoints.doc @font-face { font-family: "Times New Roman"; }p.MsoNormal, li.MsoNormal, div.MsoNormal { margin: 0in 0in 0.0001pt; font-size: 12pt; font-family: "Times New Roman"; }table.MsoNormalTable { font-size: 10pt; font-family: "Times New Roman"; }div.Section1 { page: Section1; }

The story goes that one day Winston Churchill was stopped by a woman who said, Mr. Churchill, "Doesn't it thrill you that every time you speak, the hall is packed to overflowing?"

Version:1.0 StartHTML:0000000197 EndHTML:0000004669 StartFragment:0000002459  
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SourceURL:file:///localhost/Volumes/SERVER/EDITORIAL/4-26-11/COLUMNS/Rural%20Viewpoints.doc @font-face { font-family: "Times New Roman"; }p.MsoNormal, li.MsoNormal, div.MsoNormal { margin: 0in 0in 0.0001pt; font-size: 12pt; font-family: "Times New Roman"; }table.MsoNormalTable { font-size: 10pt; font-family: "Times New Roman"; }div.Section1 { page: Section1; }

Mr. Churchill response was this: "Yes, it is flattering, but I always remember that if, instead of giving a political speech, I was being hanged, the crowd would be twice as big."

I do not wish to be a bearer of bad news, but let me give you a cold fact. The size of your funeral and my funeral will be determined by the weather, I know, for I've conducted too many. If it rains that day, they will stay home. The following unknown writer sums up how important we are.

Sometimes when you're feeling important,

And sometimes when your ego is in full bloom,

And sometimes when you take it for granted

That you're the best qualified in the room,

## Some Hard Truths

Tuesday, April 26, 2011

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Sometimes when you feel that your going,

That your going would leave an unfilled hole,

Just follow these simple instructions

And see how they humble your soul:

Take a bucket, and fill it with water,

And put your hand in up to your wrist.

Pull it out, and the hole that's remaining

Is the size of how much you'll be missed!

You may splash all you please as you enter,

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And you can stir up the water galore,

But stop and you'll find in a minute

It looks quite as it did before.

Now the moral of this quaint example

Is just do the best that you can.

Be grateful for your talents,

But remember there's no indispensable man [or woman].

-Author Unknown