

Version:1.0 StartHTML:0000000197 EndHTML:0000002837 StartFragment:0000002378
EndFragment:0000002801

SourceURL:file:///localhost/Volumes/SERVER/EDITORIAL/5-10-11/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; }

Many people in our age are attempting to solve their problems with alcohol. I'm reminded of a story I heard some few weeks ago. It concerned the wise old Mother Superior who was seriously ill. In fact, she was dying, the nuns gathered around her bed and were doing the best they could to make her comfortable. They brought her something warm to drink, but she refused it in no uncertain terms.

Version:1.0 StartHTML:0000000197 EndHTML:0000003222 StartFragment:0000002379
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SourceURL:file:///localhost/Volumes/SERVER/EDITORIAL/5-10-11/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; }

One nun took the glass back to the kitchen. It was then that she remembered a bottle of whiskey which someone had given her for Christmas. She opened it and poured some of it unto the warm milk.

When the nun went back to Mother Superior's bed, she held the glass to her lips. She drank a little, then a little more, and before they knew it she had consumed the entire glass down to the last drop.

Mother, Mother, the nuns cried, "give us a bit of wisdom before you die!" She raised herself up in the bed, and pointing out the window said, "Don't sell that cow!"

Alcohol is the curse of our age. More and more are using it to prop themselves up in the time of trouble. I say, "Sell that cow!"