

FORUM

Back in the day

*Editorial submitted by
Conrad Doyle*

I grew up in Kentucky. I never thought I was raised by low income parents during a time when most everyone treated each other with respect.

We didn't eat a lot of fast food because it was considered a treat, not a food group. We drank Kool-Aid made from water that came from our kitchen sink with real sugar. We ate bologna sandwiches, or even tuna (which was

in a can not a pouch), PB&J and grilled cheese sandwiches, hot dogs, pot pies, but mostly homemade meals consisting of mainly meat, potatoes, vegetables, homemade bread & butter, and once a week we enjoyed a homemade dessert.

We grew up during a time when we mowed lawns, pulled weeds, babysat, helped neighbors with chores to be able to earn our own money. We went outside a lot to play games, ride bikes, red

rover, dodge ball, run with siblings, and friends & played hide and seek. We drank tap water from the water hose outside... bottled water was unheard of. If we had a Pepsi, it was in a glass bottle, and we didn't break the bottle when finished.

We watched Saturday morning cartoons and TV shows like Bugs Bunny, Leave It To Beaver, Gilligan's Island, Happy Days, Bewitched, The Brady Bunch, Little House

On The Prairie, and I Love Lucy. After school, we came home, and did homework, and chores before going outside or having friends over. We would ride our bikes for hours. We had to tell our parents where we were going, who we were going with, and what time we'd be back.

You LEARNED from your parents, instead of disrespecting them and treating them as if they knew absolutely nothing. What they said was

LAW, and you did not question it, and you had better know it!!!

When the sun was starting to set, you had better be home. In school, we said the Pledge of Allegiance, we stood for the National Anthem and a prayer led by a fellow student or teacher, and we listened to our teachers.

We watched what we said around our elders because we knew if we DISRESPECTED any grown-up we would get our behinds whipped. It wasn't

called abuse; it was called discipline! We held doors, carried groceries, and gave up our seat for an older person without being asked.

You didn't hear curse words on the radio in songs or on TV, and if you cursed and got caught, you had a bar of soap stuck in your mouth and had to stand in the corner. "Please", "Thank You", and "No Thanks" were part of our daily vocabulary!

You grew up to be respectful!

Another Taj Mahal of meeting spaces could be headed our way

*Editorial by
CHAD HOBBS
Editor*

If you ask the people of Meade County what they need, I would bet the house that one more fancy building full of meeting spaces and classrooms wouldn't be anywhere on the list. Our tax dollars have already funded the fanciest school buildings, library and extension office that money can buy. In fact, the last few years have witnessed both the library and extension office complete two large scale expansions because the community needed more meeting space and classrooms.

Well, evidently that wasn't enough. The Chamber of Commerce Director Annie Hamilton and Industrial Development Authority Chairman David Pace now need more classroom, meeting and office space, too. In fact, they are asking for \$1.2 million worth of space to be exact.

They've already asked for \$800,000 of the county's American Rescue Plan Act funds, but at last week's Fiscal Court meeting, they said they may not need that much if they can get approved for a USDA grant. If that is the case, they would only ask for \$124,000

from county tax funds along with another \$100,000 that will come from the Chamber and IDA.

The selling point for this "business and innovation center" is that it will bring in industry to the area, provide job retraining, provide placement programs, facilitate growth in the community and bring workers into the county.

I'm sorry, but I'm not buying that. Nucor didn't have any problem bringing one of the largest projects in state history here, despite our tiny little Chamber/Tourism/IDA office. Not to mention, who chooses

a Chamber/Tourism/IDA office for job retraining?

The fact of the matter, when you get down to the brass tacks of it, is that it is just an opportunity for these groups to have a real snazzy, new building on the taxpayer's dime.

With that being said, I think all three entities are both important and play a big role in Meade County promotion and growth.

There is no doubt that they could probably use more space than they currently have, but \$1.2 million sounds a whole lot like one more Taj Mahal of meeting spaces in Brandenburg. And

this county needs that like a hole in its head.

If I'm going to bring my event to Meade County, I care about what the county can offer towards my success; not where the room I'm smoozed in is at. If I'm bringing my company here, I'm worried about infrastructure and community, not whether the Chamber or IDA meets with me in one of the library's meeting rooms or a \$1.2 million stand alone building. If I'm bringing my family here, I'm worried about schools, crime and things to do; not whether the Chamber/Tourism/IDA is in a \$10,000 or \$1.2 mil-

lion building.

If the county has several hundred thousand extra dollars laying around, they should buy some asphalt; or some more water pipe; or further fund the sheriff's department to have even more officers on duty than their budget currently allows for. But heaven forbid, please do not spend one more cent of our hard earned tax payer dollars to fund another Taj Mahal of meeting spaces. There are needs, and there are wants. I, for one, am sick and tired of seeing my tax dollars go to the later. I'm all for improvement, but a little frugality is what we need.

Bottom of the candle

*Editorial by
ALLIE REARDON
Messenger Staff*

As of recently, I've had trouble writing. If you're a family member, friend, or even just someone who looks for my articles, you may have noticed the significantly large gap between this piece and my last. Shockingly enough, it turns out that trying to crank out editorials on top of scholarship essays and general senior year craziness is, in fact, quite hard. Writing has always come easily to me, but as I opened up the word document to write a simple editorial, I found myself staring at two meager sentences with nothing happening. And it's not like I didn't try! I would open the document and stare for an hour before closing it

and taking a "break." Only to return a day or two later just as dried up.

I was running on fumes, I had so much preparation happening with a Y-Conference, a Play, Scholarship deadlines, a musical, and more coming up that I found myself exhausted. It was like I had let my candle burn for too long so I was more liquid wax than solid at this point. I was the end of my proverbial candle-wick, burnt out.

Burnout has been a term thrown around for years now. I've always been warned of it, heard the horror stories and cautionary tales of making sure you're taking care of yourself, lest you lose your passion for whatever your subject was. If you're not aware, burnout is the sensa-

tion of losing motivation, of losing passion, and most importantly, of losing inspiration. At least that's the definition in the creative sense. There are other definitions surrounding things like academic burnout or burnout in the workplace, but creative is the one I am most familiar with and the one I've struggled with the most.

I never really thought I'd burn out. I'd always given one hundred and ten percent when it came to everything I did: academics, writing, music, art, whatever it was I was doing. I had functioned fine this way for years so why should I stop now? Unfortunately what I didn't count on was the March of my senior year. March was the most exhausted I've been in my short

18 years on this earth. I was running myself ragged trying to do everything I had always been able to handle before and some more on top of that. I didn't notice when the creative burnout started hitting me.

It started with not posting to the Instagram I liked to make covers for. I didn't have the energy to work on any kind of song right now. Then it was a distinct lack of doodling or any kind of bigger art pieces, all of the art supplies I had gotten for Christmas sitting still unused—and then came the writing drought.

As I described earlier, I just couldn't find my words, there was nothing I had to say. Which was concerning! Because, if you know me then you know that I always

have something to say. Always. To say the loss of my words scared me would be nice, but the truth is I just didn't have time to dwell on it. I had my scholarships to turn in, my senior KUNA to prepare for and my very last drama club play to rehearse—I was too busy to notice how low my candle had gotten, how small the flame was.

The week after the play everything was when everything really set in—I was emotionally, physically, and mentally exhausted. I tried my best to take a step back at the end of March and really give myself time to recoup as we led up to spring break. Our break was perfectly timed for me, after a generally chill last week of school I finally had some time to myself. I caught up

on sleep, had plenty of alone time, and let myself stay home and relax. I finally picked up my guitar again, and even messed around on the keyboard I got for Christmas. I did an acrylic painting on canvas for the first time. I rested and recollected myself, I replaced the burnt-out candle.

I had let my candle burn for too long, the wax in the bottom was barely there, and you could see the fixture of the wick to the jar. Eventually, when you try to light a burnt down candle it doesn't even take, there's nothing to burn. If I had kept going I don't know what I would have left. So, the moral of this story: be kind to yourself—take a step back and assess your candle. How much do you have left to burn?

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