

THE BEACH HAVEN PRESS

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FROM GRANDMA BEACH'S DIARY

Brigham City, UT

Paulene Beach

January went by like a blur. We were waiting for someone to come and look at our house, but the cold weather kept people away. Cris decided to leave Tim and come home, so we now enjoy her company and the company of her two boys every other week. It is nice having her with us but wish it would be under different circumstances. We finally have some life in our house.

February went along about the same as January. We had an exceptionally cold and snowy winter. It snowed about every other day and it just kept piling up in our yard. We now had piles about 4 feet high.

In March we finally gave up and took the house off the market. We decided to stay in our house even if there are stair steps to climb. We figured if it got to be too much for me to climb the stairs, we would put a chair lift in. I'm glad that is all over. I was getting tired of the hassle of trying to sell the house.

At the end of the month I received a phone call from my sister Marqueen that Mom was in the hospital. I flew back to Pennsylvania on April 1st. The doctors decided that Mom had a heart attack and she passed away on April 7, 2008. We will miss you Mom, but know you are in a better place and have finally met your mother and have been reunited with Dad.

Will write again in the summer. Love ya all!!!



THE M&M GANG

McDonough, GA

Michelle Beach

HA, HA, HA, it wasn't my fault that this issue was late.

During January we had Kyra and Ashley for a short time which was very enjoyable. Ashley left on the 4th and Kyra on the 8th. Mike and Matt both had eye appointments and Matt finally got his contacts that he has always wanted. Jake started band practice after school again and Matt started conditioning for soccer. Emily was busy with academic bowl and reading club. Jake was in the local Martin Luther King parade in downtown McDonough. Emily and Jake also had a reading bowl. So in other words it was a normal month with Mom running everywhere as the local taxi cab.

February brought about thoughts of birthday parties and Jake and Emily's friends gave them a party. It was held at the church and I think that they had a lot of fun with it. Matt brought friends over and goofed off. The month was filled with school meetings, reading bowls, New Beginnings for Emily, and more soccer for Matt. My parents were able to come and visit for a couple of weeks. We visited Stone Mountain and went to Kennesaw, which is one of the civil war sites here in Georgia. It was nice having them here and it gave my mom some time to relax and get over her cold. Jake and Emily had their madrigal dinner, which turned out pretty well, although it was hard to hear and the food was interesting. Jake helped out at the local food pantry and one of my seminary students was baptized.

March brought about soccer games for Matt. He was on both the JV and Varsity teams which meant that at times he had 4 games a week. This really hurt his grades as he didn't have as much time for homework. One thing about living in Georgia is that they have a wonderful thing called Edline, which allows parents check out their kids' grades on a daily or weekly basis. My kids hated this as it meant that I knew when they were not turning in work or not doing as well on test and

they should. This also meant that each of them were called on the carpet over grades more than once, they truly have a dislike for Edline. Both Jake and Emily had performance evaluations and both did very well. All in all it was a normal busy month.



KYRA'S COMMENT

Lincoln, NE

Kyra Beach

Well January started some crazy times. I went back to school and of course who ever said school was normal. I was still in Chemistry class. I hate Chemistry class and this point trying to figure a way to get out of it. Unfortunately with my major I still had two more to take. Yuck.

On the good side of things our ward was growing and the sisters were finding many people to bring into the church, one of them Justin Brown (more on that later). At any rate Christmas was probably long enough, but definitely went way to fast. Before I knew it I was head long into my classes and tests and pretty stuck in a pile of homework.

February brought more homework and other things to keep me busy. I did so much studying that my head popped off. I met a guy that I dated for a while named Justin, but it didn't work out. Of course work was normal and I started to get involved with Pre-Physical Therapy Club. It has been fun and full of good info for later.

March was full of tests. This was the time of the year teachers like to get ready for finals by giving lots of homework and huge tests. I was really busy with trying to keep up with these things. We kept getting a lot of rain, so for this fact I didn't stay dry when I walked to classes. My parents' house still hadn't sold but I knew it would. Classes were really busy and I was doing a lot of studying so as to try to stay ahead. Well that's all for now. TTFN



ASHLEY'S ARTICLE

Rexburg, ID

Ashley Beach

Hey all, it's time for another Ashley's Article! It's a whole new quarter of a whole new year.

New Years day I got to enjoy at home and it was fun. We spent most of the morning sleeping, but that was because we were up all night. We played games, we talked, and just goofed around. However, I also had another job to do as I was leaving later in the week to return to school. I didn't want to leave, but at the same time, I did. It was a twisted sort of emotion.

After couple more days of goof off, Mom and I headed for the airport. I removed my suitcases from the car (brand new instead of those ripped up ones of my parents'. Yeah!), and headed for my gate. Everything was pretty routine, and all the flights got to their destinations without incident so that was good. My grandparents met me at the airport and I got to spend some time with them before heading back up to school.

The only big things that happened to me in January were three new roomies (Amanda Funke, Nathalie Wutkee, and Sarah Aebischure), the temple open house (I couldn't wait to go), and my 21st birthday (woot!).

My roomies and I sat down and got to know each other and found out that we are a lot alike. This was good because we got along really well as we each new how the others would respond to certain situations. Nathalie and Amanda were both first semester freshmen and Sarah wasn't sure what she was because of transferring, but considered herself a second semester Junior like me. We have really different schedules so we don't get to do a lot of things together, but we do what we can.

I had a couple of neat opportunities during January to see concerts put on by some semi-famous groups. The first was the Dallas Brass. They were amazing!! They made sounds come out of their instruments that I would never have expected. One even made his sound like he was scratching a record. I loved it. It was even more awesome that afterward I got all of their autographs.

The other concert was barbershop quartet. This time the famous group was Max Q. They were amazing!! I loved how they were all able to blend so well. What made it even cooler is that we had the opportunity to perform on the same show with them. As the temple open house was currently happening and the dedication was coming soon, we did a couple of songs about family history. The music was all really great and the audience loved it as well so it all turned out great

in the end.

For the temple open house, our stake was given the responsibility to fill the jobs. However, that wasn't until later in the month, so I got to go on a tour of it first. I decided to go that Friday after my classes as it was my birthday and that would just make it extra special.

Well, Friday came and I was finally able to go. I was so excited for this new temple because it was just up the hill from my dorm so I could go a lot of times. I walked up and showed my ticket and then sat in the chapel and waited for my turn.

When my turn finally came, I followed the tour guide and went and viewed the temple. It was BEAUTIFUL!!! I couldn't wait for it to be dedicated. It was especially cool that I would be in Idaho for that as well. February 3 seemed like a long ways a way, but I decided school would keep me busy. I also had my mission to prepare for as I had decided to go on one as soon as my semester was over. I wasn't going to get the paperwork started until the Temple Celebration though because with practicing and 3-hour rehearsals, there was no way to squeeze in one more thing; even if that thing was something I couldn't wait to do. I decided to get some things off of my plate first.

I also got a couple of opportunities to serve as a volunteer for the open house. The first time I was a tour guide in the stake center and the second time I was a janitor. Both times were fun because I met lots of interesting people, but the janitor work was more fun. Ironic, no? You'd think I wouldn't because I was doing it every morning at work. The reason that I thought the janitor work was more fun was because I got to go inside the temple itself to clean the banisters. That was really cool because I got to go on a second tour of the temple. My excitement for dedication day increased.

Sadly the next day it was back to business as usual, so off to the Snow Building I went to get my homework done. It was nuts, but I got it done. Just like every semester previous, I lived in the Snow pretty much every day, but I guess that is just what happens when you are a music major.

As January neared its end, we received the bittersweet news that President Hinckley had passed away. This meant pushing the temple celebration and dedication back a week. What was supposed to occur on the second and third, were pushed to the ninth and tenth instead. We were all sad that President Hinckley would be unable to join us in person, but we were excited to see if President Monson would come.

After another couple of rehearsals, the day finally arrived. I got to my seat at three o'clock as instructed after fighting the snow and wind (that's a Rexburg winter for you). As we sat and watched the students arrive, we couldn't wait to see who was coming. We didn't know for sure as we hadn't been told.

The performance started at 6:00 and so we had to wait until the brethren actually showed up to find out, but that was okay. So 5:45 came and went and we all sat on edge waiting. At about 5:50 Elders Nelson and Bednar walked in with Elder Costa of the seventy. Some people were disappointed, but I wasn't. I was glad a couple of them were there.

The performance went well despite the nasty weather outside and that was good news for us. Especially since we were short some people that weren't able to make it from out of town as the roads were closed. However, everyone that was there enjoyed it, so we were really glad.

The next morning the dedication was set for us at 9:00. It meant getting up earlier, but it also meant being some of the first to see it as that was the first of four sessions of the day. It was extremely exciting. However, it was a really foggy morning and because of this, it was really hard for the plane that President Monson was on to land. The session ended up starting ½ hour late, but that was okay with us.

The dedication was wonderful, and President Monson was just as light hearted as he usually is, and so as people were given the opportunity to put in plaster in the cornerstone, he talked and laughed and kept everything light hearted. It really reminded me of what President Hinckley would have done if he had been able to come as planned.

When the dedication was over, my roomies and I went home to enjoy the rest of our Sunday. It was really nice being done with church earlier for once as we usually have 1:30 church. We played some games, read, cooked our meals, called our families, and just relaxed. It was a nice day all the way around.

The rest of February was pretty humdrum. It was nice being able to go to the temple and start doing work, but it was always crowded which made it pretty hard some days. Other than the temple it was homework, concerts, and work every day. Which was pretty much normal for me. Oh well, go figure.

March continued to be as cold as February had been which wasn't very encouraging. However, all I had to do was keep telling myself that I only had a little over a month and I would be going home to 70+ weather.

As finals came ever closer, the homework level increased. It was really nuts. However, I was ready for it because of how many times I had been through this process. So it wasn't anything different from normal. The biggest thing that I had to do was write a paper analyzing all of my songs. That took forever!!! And the worst part of it is, when I get off my mission and come back I have to almost completely redo it as they are switching the citation style of the papers. Oh well, just one more to do on my list.

Other than trying to keep my mountain of homework under control, I didn't really do much. However, the other thing that I did do was something big. That big thing was filling out my mission papers and sending them in. I got my doctor and dentist taken care of, and then I had my interviews with the bishop and stake president and submitted them to the first presidency. Now all there was to do was to wait for the call to come. My bishop estimated that it would come about April 15th. Now I had even more of a reason to want to go home.

However, I was now in a bad situation. I had already reached the point of being ready to go home because of end of the year jitters. Mix that with wanting to go home to get my mission call, and you can see my problem. It was extra hard to focus on things once the papers went in. Some how, I made it to the end of the month. Only 2 weeks to go!!!

Well that's all for now, tune in next time. By then, I'll know where I'm going on my mission, so if you want to know, you'll have to read! ☺ Later!



NATE'S NETWORK

McDonough, GA

Nathan Beach

Hey and howdy all this is Nate with another network.

Well this will be consisting of three resistors called January, February, and March.

Resistor₁=January. So this month is one interesting resistor. It was cold and wet and all that fun stuff, but I was too busy to notice with my classes. I was in DC electronics, College Math I (that's algebra for you western folk) and PC Technology. Well these classes were great, except the PC one. I had an instructor that was from India. Not that I have anything against Indians or something, but this guy did not know how to teach. For the most part all he talked about as IDE, Parallel, RAM and my favorite BIOS. Which was kind of bad because when he said it his O was an A. You understand. Oh well I don't have to worry about him now. Work was fine too, just showing up and all that.

Alrighty now that we have flowed through Resistor₁, now let's get serial with Resistor₂= February.

So now that we are well into Resistor₂, let us find out a few things about it. This month was full of rain and more rain. I had the unfortunate timing to be stuck in every single one of those storms heading to school. Classes were like usual, boring and long. My DC electronics was the only class that I enjoyed. My instructor was a guy who knew how to keep things interesting. It was funny to see him; his hair reminded me of Einstein. Ah well, at least he never said IDE, Parallel or RAM. Yeah so I had plenty to do on my hands for that time being.

So now that we have successfully drove our way through the second resistor, lets go parallel *snickering* to Resistor₃=March.

So here we are at Resistor₃=March. This time for school was about the same as resistor two, except it did not rain as much. The older bike started to act funny so Dad actually allowed me to ride his bike. (Insert angelic fanfare here) It was fun at first, but when it rained, that's when we had problems. They were pretty small saying since it was just rain, but it always got into my eyes. Ah yes, the eyes. Who could forget them, saying since I got contacts in this resistor. Yes dangerous mastermind Nate got contacts, and let me tell you, stabbing your eye with a thin sheet of whatever can get pretty aggravating. Especially when they pop out after a few blinks of

the eye. So that was another ding in my circuit, causing this resistor to be open, therefore, allowing no current to flow though this time. (for y'all out there who don't know what that means, the contacts caused a break in my schedule, therefore causing me to use more time to be ready for work.)

Well that's all for this resistor. As you can see this is a complete circuit for this quarter. Until next time this is Nate, terminating this article with a ground. Remember, never make a short circuit, you might end up getting hurt.



GRANDPA BEACH SEZS

Brigham City, UT

Frederic Beach

April 15 tax time will pass. I don't know if there was such a thing when I was born (1933). If there was, I don't think anyone would have paid anything because very few people had a job. If they did pay, it was very low.

However, reading in a newspaper, I saw an article about taxes that gave the comments on taxes by some well known people. Here are some of them:

The difference between death and taxes is death doesn't get worse every time congress meets. (Will Rogers)

Of life's two certainties, death and taxes, at least you can get an extension on taxes. (unknown)

The wages of sin are death, but after they take out taxes, death is more like a tired feeling. (Paula Poundstone)

We contend that for a nation to try to tax itself into prosperity, is like a man standing in a bucket and trying to lift himself up by the handle. (Winston Churchill)

Did you ever notice that when you put the words "the" and "IRS" together it spells "theirs". (unknown)

We must care for each other more, and tax each other less. (Bill Archer)

You don't pay taxes, they take taxes. (Chris Rock)

A fine is a tax for doing something wrong. A tax is for doing something right. (unknown)

People try to live within their income so they can afford to pay taxes to a government that can't live within its income. (Raber Half)

A fool and his money are soon parted. The rest of us wait for tax time. (unknown)

Government's view of the economy could be summed up in a few short phrases; if it moves, tax it. If it keeps moving, regulate it, and if it stops moving, subsidize it. (Ronald Reagan)

Congress can raise taxes because it can persuade a sizeable fraction of the populace that somebody else will pay. (Milton Friedman)

Our country's founders had harsh words on government funding:

What at first was plunder assumed the softer name of revenue. (Thomas Paine)

I cannot lay my finger on that article of the constitution which granted a right to congress of expending on objects of benevolence, the money of their constituents. (James Madison)

It would be a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their income. (Ben Franklin)

Well, that is that, but my feelings are that a lot of people that are barely making it should be exempt from income taxes because just about everything they do or eat is taxed.

Grandpa



RHYME & REASON

Brigham City, Utah

Paulene Beach

THERE WAS A TIME

By M.F. Beach

"There was a time," he thought, "when I used to could."
His hands now gnarled and stiff as wood.
His mind still sharp, some memories faded.
His ears now muffled, and eyes now shaded.
But he knows the truth about how it was,
When all the world was in a buzz.
When he was young and still unjaded.

A simpler time 'tis oft described.
The younger now have also jibed.
The people thought of as simpler as well,
As if their thoughts were shallow to tell.
'Enlightened' and 'advanced' some think of today.
Others said the same many another past day.
Failing as well to hear the danger bell.

THE FENCE

By M.F. Beach

The sky was blue and cold,
The prairie frozen, brown.
His steed was strong but old.
The pack mule's head hung down.
Wide open sky,
Wide open land,
Wide open life, but only for the bold.

Moving south, toward Cheyenne.
Been north trapping, now hauling his load.
Been two months since he'd seen any man.
The last he met was in a killing mode.
Blood was his goal,
Blood he had seen,
Blood spilt instead to end his own life span.

Nature is art, smooth and flowing,
Majestic, harsh, random, chaotic.
Rolling earth, wind blowing.
Taxing, enlightening, sometimes narcotic.
Beauty in freedom,
Beauty in diversity,
Beauty in living, dying, growing.

Always scanning around for fear,
Ever watching vigilance.
Food and danger, both come near.
Survival comes from diligence.
Watch for man or beast,
Watch for any threat,
Watch or eternity awaits you here.

Looking out he wiped his eyes.
The sight he saw was out of place.
A sight he'd soon learn to despise.
'Twas not of nature. A straight-line trace.
Unknown hazard waited,
Unknown path to take,
Unknown in all his other southward tries.

Soon aside the stretch of wire.
Barbed and endless to his gaze.
Impeding sure as bog or mire.
His heart was pounding, his mind ablaze.
Stopped in the open,
Stopped in the cold,
Stopped with no one from whom to inquire.

A gun could break the binding bands.
The noise could bring an end of breath.
He could go around the tensioned strands.
Which way? How far? To life or death?
Raging at wire,
Raging at man,
Raging at all out on the frozen sands.

Calming his tongue he accepts the change.
To the left he keeps the fence.
He's still alone out on the range.
The wire still makes no sense.
Thinking all the while,
Thinking makes him hurt,
Thinking maybe he tires of living off of mange.

After days of circumventing,
In Cheyenne he sells his wares.
A bed and bath for renting,
He hobbles up the stairs.
Weary of danger,
Weary of cold,
Weary sleep keeps mind from dreams inventing.

It's often true what does one good,
Can do another some harm.
Some said wire the ranches should.
Others viewed it with alarm.
It's all relative,
It's all now past,
It's all over for the trappers of the northern wood.



FAMILY HISTORY

McDonough, GA

Michael Beach

Recently I found a cache of Beach family documents while searching online. They are in Wilkes-Barre, PA in the *Bishop Library* maintained by the *Luzerne County Historical Society*. The staff there has been very helpful. They are copying the documents for me. As I get time I will try to decipher what I can and transcribe them to the computer. Here is an example of one document that was in the folders.

Wilkes Barre, July 16, 1845
Maj. Geo W Beach

My Dear Sir,

Your favour of the 13th past was duly received. I am too much of a philosopher to feel very deeply for you - though as far as is consistent with the baring of a soldier I do feel.

There is an old Latin proverb which I always apply to the fair sex when I find them in the condition of the Irishman's flea.

"Femina bounno et mutabile semper." In English the Devil take the volatile little dears. It is the right of woman to change her opinion and ever since Mother Eve preferred the snake to the man, no peculiarity of taste in men surprises me.

They are never satisfied with their condition and if every one who turns from her onward course should be found as was the wife of the good man in the good book the earth would be filled with "pillars of salt."

Do not, my dear sir, lay up in the storehouse of your heart any thing like ill will towards the sex in general, but exclaim in the humble language of Job (I believe it was), God's will be done. Or to use the more military expression, "peck the flint and try again."

My good old grandmother once said to me when she knew I had been sorely tied and most grievously pained in the region of the heart by a buxom little country milk maid, "Don't grieve sonny. There are as many good fishes in the sea as there have been taken out." Acting upon this axiom verily instilled into me I have never been particularly pained at the loss of a "sweetheart." I have always loved a pretty girl and now and then "played awhile with a cuties chain," but have never yet admired the chain enough a link was occasionally broken.

You remember what the widow Wilkins said to her lover Peter, "go Peter go," and then Peter said,

"I'll to the ocean go.

I'm ready for the slaughter.

And I'll shout at my sad image.

As 'tis signing in the water."

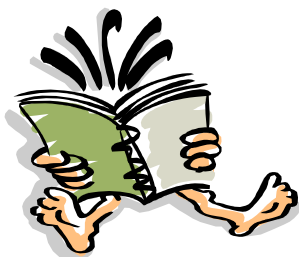
Now I beg you my dear friend, don't follow Peter's example. I could not lose so good an aid. You have a clean hand and an honest heart, and are worthy of the best girl in the land. Marriages are made in Heaven and in due time the penscriber clerk of that department will write out in his book in golden letters, "Married by the Rev. Solomon Frostie, Maj. Geo. W. Beach to the lovely Miss Angelina Rose, only daughter of the Hon. Handfull Rose of Rose Place.

After all this I shall come down to see you and standing amidst the "Beach sprouts" shall tell the story of your journey to Lewistown and then the little Beach sprouts will open their eyes and stare and their mouths and exclaim, "Why Pa, what a dull man not to have preferred a Rose to such a stupid flame."

But to be serious if I can, I do think Miss D. behaved rudely and the next time I go to Lewistown I will - No I will not do her or any other of her sex an injury - but were I a young man I would go all the way there and if I could not punish her in any other way, I would kiss her to suffocation and tell her never to do so any more.

I cannot be serious so I will close this hasty letter hoping as you promised that you will certainly come up and see me this week. I am very anxious to sit down and talk with you and learn from you all the particulars, especially of Miss C.

Yours Most Truly
E.W. Sturdevant.



PAGE TURNER

MORMONS AND MASONS

By Gilbert W. Scharffs, Ph.D.

Millennial Press, 2006, 92 pages

Reviewed by Michael Beach

This book essentially approaches an academic study using plain language. The author brings historical and contemporary sources of various perspectives to address common questions about the relationship between these two organizations. The treatise seems apologetic in that that all points of view are not fully fleshed, but it is not an academic study in itself. In fact the subtitle on the cover is *Setting the Record Straight*. Various common beliefs, rumors, questions and the like that have been circulated are brought up and answered. The back cover shows the intent of the writing:

There is probably more misinformation about the relationship of the temple ceremony of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and Masonry than any other Church subject. This is especially apparent in the many attacks on the LDS Church. Surprisingly, many members of the LDS Church also have false notions.

Much of the book is formed in a question-and-answer format. Scharffs draws quotes from ecclesiastical and scholarly experts. His sources are Mormon, non-Mormon, formerly-Mormon, Masons, non-Masons, both Mormon and Mason, etc. He quotes sources that were contemporary with Mormon Church founder Joseph Smith and modern sources.

If one has interest in the topic it is a relatively short investment of time and worth the effort. Don't expect deep understanding of the rites of either group, in fact very little is shared about the actual rituals. There is some historical information, but it is relatively superficial since historical documentation is not the main intent of the work.

KID'S KORNER



JAKE'S JOT

McDonough, GA

Jacob Beach (15)

January was fun as ever. We got back to school in a week and went right back to work. Had plenty of homework to do, and tons of reading to get done. Now that marching band was over, I didn't have much to do after school but to go home. We had started on new songs for band and we work on science project in biology, it was all fun and games.

February was the fun month, BIRHTDAY!!!! What else could be fun? So for my party, Emily and me got a bunch of kids together and had fun at our church and played till about nine, all fun and we even got a cake. It didn't snow, because....well its Georgia, so how could it snow? But it was sure cold enough. We had our first reading bowl competition and we moved onto state. State was going to be at this college in another month. So we began getting ready for that.

So, in march, I had plenty of homework to go around, especially in AP, it was annoying. We just had a break in February so, we all knew that we wouldn't be getting a break anytime soon, well spring break. So we were talking and figuring out where to go, and decided on Cocoa Beach. So we started to plan and all that stuff to get it all ready. So as the month went on, I had nothing really to do but to read, do homework and sleep. So it was a pretty easy month for me, which I don't mind at all.



THE LAST WORD

(Editorial comments - submissions welcome)

IT'S A LIE

McDonough, GA

Michael Beach

Fairview. It's interesting how a single word can churn up so many thoughts and memories. In a small town in eastern Pennsylvania in the early seventies life was blue collar. Houses were old and small. The people were wonderful and terrible.

Much of my life on Fairview Avenue revolved around the alley behind our house, the open grass lot next to the volunteer fire station just down the block, and Fairview Elementary.

Fairview Elementary was an old box of a building. It

was solid red brick. The doors were at the top of a tall set of concrete steps. The basement was half above and half below ground. It housed the cafeteria and the boiler room. The other two stories were classrooms, hallways and bathrooms. We didn't get lockers like they do today. Each classroom had its own closet where you got a hook for your coat and shared shelf space for your lunch box if you didn't eat the cafeteria food that day. Most of the building was surrounded by an asphalt playground. It was on the corner and the property stretched from Fairview Avenue to the alley. Behind was an empty grass lot across the alley. On one side was a neighbor's house. In the narrow strip between the school and the house was a bit of rocks and weeds bordered by a tall chain link fence. Poplar Street ran the length of the play ground and crossed Fairview Avenue.

This is where I learned to fight. It's where I learned to avoid some people. It's where I fell in love the first time. It's also where I learned the nature of a lie.

I was ten. During the summer I had my first broken bone. We had been jumping off the banister on the front porch. I'd done it hundreds of times. Then came the one time when something didn't go the way it had so many times in the past. My arm went down before my legs. When I picked up my arm to look I saw a perfect Z shape before the swelling started and turned it into a grapefruit. Both the bones in my left forearm had been broken.

The plaster cast went on. It went from my hand all the way above my elbow. It was my first real experience with a hospital. I remember sitting forever with my balloon arm wondering when they were going to do something. I remember being asked if I wanted my name in the paper.

I had never thought of such a thing. My name in the paper. Wow! Looking back I understand this was just a standard hospital blurb in the weekly paper. In the more modern time of confidentiality and HIPAA this would likely never happen, but back then in small-town America it was business as usual.

The idea both flattered and repulsed me. I would be known by all, but what would they say? Keeping my mind busy helped me to lower the crying and whining I was doing because of the pain.

I survived. Six weeks later, after all the itching, the saw came out, the cast came off and the summer went on. Then came fifth grade.

Fifth grade. The same kids were there from fourth grade. Radell Harding was there. She was a typical blond skinny budding young lady to others. To me she was sighs and blushes. The game of the school day was kick ball. This was no wimpy little kids' kick ball. This was cut-throat and blood-loss-at-every-game kick ball. Bruises and scrapes were common. Glory and shame for the entire school year road on every game. Fights broke out every couple of weeks. It was wonderful for ten-year-old boys.

I got my licks in like the rest. I also sometimes took and gave during the occasional spill-over fight that happened in the neighborhood when all the teachers were gone.

One of the best things for a boy to be able to do at Fairview was to work with the Janitor. I was on the crew. It was great because we could get out of class for the work. We

also stayed some extra time in the boiler room. The work was done and we'd agree that we were still busily working when we were really tossing paper into the boiler and watching it catch fire or concocting other risky and destructive behaviors. The janitor was crotchety and rebellious like we were and we all loved it.

Sometime just before Christmas my name came up for another fun assignment; milk detail. As a fifth grader we all got the chance to get out of class for fifteen minutes or so to go get boxes full of milk cartons and distribute them to the classrooms just before milk break. My turn would begin just after the holiday break in January. I was looking forward to the excuse to escape class each day, but not as much as I was looking forward to the holiday break. I had two things in mind for the holiday; sleeping in and snowballs.

At church there was a buzz. It was Sumo Tom, an unusual name for an unusual boy from an unusual family. The Tom family and our family were good friends. Their kids and those of my family were roughly the same age. Sumo was a year younger than me. They had horses and dogs. We had a dog, but that was it. Jesse Tom was the family patriarch. He was Hawaiian, real native Hawaiian. I was told he was some relation to Don Ho. His wife was Ethel. She had fire-like red hair that matched her personality from my child perspective and a pasty complexion. I always thought she looked Irish, but I don't really know. Sometimes our church put on talent shows. She would dance Hawaiian dances. It always seemed odd to me. She just didn't look the part. All the kids in the family had cool sounding Hawaiian names.

Sumo fit his name. He was large and round shaped like the famous wrestlers. He had a happy disposition and all us kids at church liked him. It was Sumo that caused the buzz at church. Just as school was getting out for vacation he had suffered appendicitis. He had to go to the hospital and have his appendix removed. We all got to see the scar. The girls were repulsed. We boys were sudden admirers of the cool stitches.

Over the break I thought about appendicitis. Why couldn't I have it too? I could be cool like Sumo when I went back to school. Oh well. Too bad.

After enjoying our week of frozen heaven it was back to the grind of Fairview Elementary. My home room teacher was Mrs. Stout. I remember the name because just like Sumo, her name matched her person. She was older, probably not too far from retirement, a real seasoned and experienced teacher, a real veteran. We all knew that she knew her business.

"Welcome back class," Said Mrs. Stout. "How was your vacation?" The conversation went on between the instructor and her students. Each kid was taking their turn describing their Christmas presents, or visits with relatives. I kept thinking on what I would say. Then it struck me. Just one person ahead of me the wild thought crept in. I had no real time to actually think it through. I probably wouldn't have anyway. Then my turn came. "I got my appendix out," I blurted. An excited rustle passed through the nervous class.

"You did? When?" She asked.

"Just after Christmas," I returned. I could see the admiration building in the faces of the other kids.

"Hmm, I didn't notice your name in the paper."

Bang! You could have knocked me over with a

feather as the saying goes. All I could say was a weak, "What?"

"The paper. When someone goes to the hospital they write something about it in the newspaper," she said quizzically.

My face must have changed several colors. My heart raced. My mouth got dry. I was searching. Then it came to me. When I had broken my arm I remembered they *asked* me if I wanted my name in the paper. "Well, I told them not to print it," I answered.

"Why not," she continued.

Heart thumps and sweat came again, then a flash. I got it. "Well, I didn't want anyone to worry about me so I told them I didn't want my name in the paper."

Whew! I'd dodged a very big bullet. How did I manage that? Someone was looking out for me. Later that day came bullet number two. It happened during recess. One of the kids had a brother who had his appendix out. He told of the stitches and the large scar that resulted. "Hey Mike, show us the stitches!"

I hesitated. They weren't necessarily looking for *proof*. I wasn't before the Inquisition, but it felt that way. Of course they were just like I had been with Sumo. They wanted to see it because it would be cool. My mind again had to race. My heart was thumping. My body heated as I trudged through the sticky swamps in my mind pushing for the answer. The answer as to why I couldn't show them my stitches. Then it came. Sumo was again my inspiration. I remembered he had to pull off a rather extensive amount of bandages to show us his stitches.

"I can't. It's all buried in bandages and they told me I can't take them off," I proclaimed.

A collective sigh from my admirers was followed by my own sigh of relief. They seemed happy with assurances they could see the scar later whenever the doctors let me take off the medical wrappings. I was hopeful that I could push it off long enough that they would all forget about it and not ask later. In this I was right, but as it turns out, I was not out of the quagmire yet.

Milk duty, important words. Mrs. Stout reminded us it was time for the new roster of assignees to take on the dutiful responsibility to make sure we all got our daily dose. Ah, that half-pint of cold delicious vitamin D and calcium. She read the names then stopped when she came to mine. "Oh Michael, you can't do this can you?"

"Why not?" I quizzed.

"Didn't the doctor tell you no lifting until you were all healed up from your operation?"

"Wadaya mean?!" I'm sure she caught the frustration in me.

"Whenever a person has an operation like yours they are not allowed to lift heavy items for fear the stitches might rip open when you strain your stomach muscles."

"But the milk crates aren't heavy!" I grimaced.

"Nonetheless I can't let you do it. You'll have to bring in a note from your parents when it's OK for you to lift things again. When I get that I'll try to work you into a future milk detail schedule."

"How long will that be?!" I protested.

"Well, I'm no doctor," she replied, "but I'm pretty sure the normal time is six weeks."

I don't know how many shades of red my face turned. I was red from fear of being found out. I was red from anger because I couldn't get out of class for milk detail. I was red because I had no idea how I could convince my mom to write a letter that I was over my nonexistent operation enough to get on a future milk detail.

Six weeks! How could she know that? It couldn't be *that* long could it? Six weeks is forever! My thoughts kept stirring. Then I remembered it was the magical six weeks I had to wear that plaster cast when I broke my arm. Maybe Mrs. Stout was right about that. Dang, why do grownups always have to know so much? The solution was going to take me some time. Six weeks of time to be precise.

So, I need a note from Mom. Hmmm. This would be difficult. How can I get this done? Well, I was sure *she* wouldn't write it. So I guess I'd just have to write it *for* her. This would take some real finagling. I needed something that she would write so I could copy it. I needed something that said more or less the same thing as a permission note.

Then it hit me. How many times before had Mom written an excuse for my being out of school? Every time I was... SICK! Of course that was it. I'd figured it out. I picked a day to be sick. I did a great job at being sick.

I don't know if she completely bought it, but she bought it enough to let me stay home. Of course while my parents were at work I had all day to figure out what my milk-carrying, no-appendix-problem note would say. I was smart enough to have my "sick day" about a week before the six week banishment was up. Sure enough, the next morning before going to work, Mom wrote my excuse for being home sick the day before. I had about an hour from the time she left until I had to be to school. I spent the whole time feverishly creating my forgery for milk duty. I carefully wrote over and over again using the sick note for my model. After what seemed like about a hundred tries I got a version I thought sounded like the sick note and looked like her hand writing. I went to school and hid the forgery.

A week went by. I handed in the permission slip "Mom" wrote. Mrs. Stout added me to the next rotation of milk duty. I was saved.

This is a totally true story. Well I supposed a few caveats to that assertion would apply. Remember I was a 10-year-old. So the perspective of exactly how it was came from the limited perspective of someone of such a tender and inexperienced point of view. Adding a sort of questionableness to all of this is the fact that some 35 years have come and gone since these events. If my understanding was shaky to begin with it's even worse now.

As I have recollected this experience in life over time I've decided that in all likelihood Mrs. Stout understood what was really happening from the very start, or at least early on. I can envision in my mind teachers hanging out in their hallowed lounge where no student can enter. I see them in my mind laughing as they tell and retell the story of the kid who pretended to have his appendix removed. In fact, I've even gone so far as to imagine my *masterful* forgery hanging on the lounge bulletin board for a reminder to all the teachers.

I did learn from the all this. As it turns out you can't tell just *one* lie. Usually lying is an attempt at gaining something when in reality by lying you lose freedom. Trust is easy to lose and hard to regain. I wish I could say I never lied again after all that, but I can say it's been a very long time since I've lied. Telling the truth, as it turns out, takes less work. You don't have to remember what you said to whom. You just have to tell things as you remember them. That's what I hope I've done here. No foolin'.

Submissions and Subscriptions

BHP is a quarterly newsletter for the Beach family, and any other interested parties. All submissions are welcome, and subscriptions are free.

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