

## Round Up Spotlight: Henry Center

Just down the hill from the First United Methodist Church on West Lincoln Street, the Henry Center sits as a beacon of light to those in need in our community. Nearly every day of the week, someone at the Henry Center is ready to accept a donation or to provide basic necessities like food, clothing, and household goods to those who need them.

At 10 a.m. each Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, members of the Henry Center pick up the food donations that will fill their pantry; then, from 10 until noon, they prep the food bags that they will distribute when the Food Pantry opens its doors from noon until 2 p.m. every Tuesday and Thursday.

Those who arrive for assistance on Thursday can also shop from the Clothes Closet, which offers gently-used clothing, household items and children's toys. But "shop" isn't quite the right word for this process, because at the end of the line, there is no bill to pay: the Henry Center provides these items free of charge.



Youth Educator Megan Dauzat



The TUA Round Up Program was established in 2020 as a Community Assistance Fund to be used to help those less fortunate in the community. Through the program, TUA customers donate an average of 50 cents per month by allowing their bills to be rounded to the nearest dollar. The extra change collected is placed into the Round Up Program Fund, administered by the TUA Board of Directors.

From monies collected in 2022, the program fund makes a recurring \$550 payment to Henry Center each month.

## Rural Route 4 Tupperware Party

Mama B was about to have a hissy fit. Walking into the kitchen after getting off the school bus, I found her mopping the floor and it smelled like Pine Sol. She was muttering to herself about all the things she had to get done before the party. My ears perked up when I heard her mention a party!

"Are we having a party?" I asked. "Yes, not we but me," she replied with a stern tone in her voice. Surely that meant I could also attend. No doubt there would be goodies, like some of those sandwiches with the crust cut off. Or maybe some of Mama B's famous tea cakes with fudge between them, and assorted nuts and those fancy mints like they serve at weddings. My thoughts were interrupted by Mama B, who looked at me and started barking instructions. I had heard that tone of voice many times before, and most of the time I either headed to the barn loft or to Slate Rock Hill to escape whatever she had in mind. But there was no escaping her this time.



Phillip Burgess

(Continued on back)

# Watts Happening

## Cross Connection Prevention

### What is a cross connection?

A cross connection is any actual or potential connection between the drinking water supply and any source of non-potable water, or water of questionable quality that could result in contamination of the potable water system.

Common examples of cross connections include a garden hose submerged in a pesticide, potable feed water to an industrial process, or a submerged outlet of an irrigation system.

For the drinking water supply to become contaminated, three situations must occur.

1. The potable water supply piping must be unprotected (or improperly protected) from a cross connection;
2. A physical cross connection must be made between the potable water supply piping and a contaminant source; and
3. Backflow conditions must occur.

Though all three situations do not commonly occur at the same time, it is not unusual for conditions to exist that support backflow conditions.

Contact TUA for a cross connection survey. TUA personnel will come to your home or business and check for cross connections. If you have questions, visit us online at [tub.net](http://tub.net) or contact TUA Cross Connection Specialist Jeff Austin at 571-7171.

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“I want you to vacuum the rug in the living room, dust the furniture and look under the couch and chairs to make sure there’s nothing underneath them,” she said. I sighed. “And that’s not all. Get out the two folding card tables and, after cleaning the living room, set them up. And put chairs around them.”

Suddenly my world had turned bleak. For a kid whose best friend, Chopper the Dog, was excitedly waiting by the back porch for our daily excursion into the woods, nothing could be worse. “I bet none of my friends are being tortured like this,” I said to myself, as I got the vacuum cleaner out of the closet. “This party must be something really special.”

I decided to ask Mama B what kind of party she was having. “A Tupperware party,” she yelled back at me. What? Tupperware? What’s that? Heck, I couldn’t even spell it, much less understand what it was.

“What’s a Tupperware party?” I yelled at Mama B. “It’s a party I’m hosting and we’re going to learn about the many uses for Tupperware in the kitchen. I’m going to have a table set up with samples of it, and I am taking orders from my friends who will want to buy some for themselves.” “How crazy is that?” I wondered. Had Mama B pulled that bottle of stuff from the churn that she uses to flavor the fruit cake at Christmas? We already had a generous supply of plastic bowls, leftovers from butter we had bought at Piggly Wiggly. They made great salad bowls.

Something told me not to ask any more questions, although Mama B volunteered that the party would be tomorrow afternoon around two. That was why the cleaning operation had become so urgent. The next afternoon, after a pep talk from Mama B that included threats of bodily injury to me, I positioned myself in the backyard and watched as car after car came down the dirt road, each leaving a huge trail of smoke. I sneaked over to the screen door on the back porch and peered in, and after the party started, quickly grew bored. “Some party,” I thought to myself.

A few hours later, the ladies appeared from the house and walked to their cars, with some holding plastic bags that had stuff inside them. That was my cue, so I slinked in from the back porch and scanned the kitchen table for goodies. There weren’t any. No nuts or teacakes with fudge or fancy mints. “They must not have eaten before the party,” I thought.

I walked into the living room and helped Mama B gather the leftover trash. She was smiling, and without hesitation looked at me and said, “That was a wonderful party!” Reaching her hand into a bag that I supposed was filled with Tupperware, she retrieved a keychain with a little plastic bowl on it and handed it to me.

But even better, she pointed to a plate on one of the folding tables that was full of teacakes and fudge. Mama B smiled. And so did I.