

## Round Up Spotlight: Good Samaritan

Good Samaritan of Tullahoma was chartered in 1985 as a way for local businesses, churches of all denominations, and area residents to work together from a centralized location to provide assistance to those in need in our community. The day-to-day operations of the ministry and its thrift store at 210 E. Grundy St. are overseen by Executive Director Cindy Kinney.

Good Samaritan Ministry Programs include: Relief Aid, which provides assistance with utilities, rent, and other expenses at a time of crisis; the Dignity Campaign, which provides basic personal hygiene items; Baby Boom, which distributes diapers, wipes and formula to distressed families; Giving A Hand Up, which provides clothes, tents and blankets to the homeless; and Project Pet Food, which helps provide dog and cat food to four-legged friends. In partnership with TUA, Good Samaritan also administers the Project Help program, which helps the elderly and disabled pay their utility bills.



**Executive Director Cindy Kinney accepts one of the inaugural Round Up donations from TUA board member J.T. Northcutt.**

## Rural Route 4 Keys

“I can’t believe this,” I muttered to myself. I wanted to say something stronger, like a few nasty words I had learned at Rip’s Needmore Grocery a long time ago.

I was standing in line to get materials for my shift at a Native American Festival at Moundville, Alabama. I had volunteered for an assignment there and I was eager to begin. Receiving my packet and a complimentary tee shirt, I looked around for a place to put it on. Finding none, I skinned my shirt off and put on my new tee shirt and headed to my assigned post.

After taking a few steps I had that nervous feeling that something wasn’t right. My wallet was in my back pocket. My watch was on my right wrist. And my phone was in my pocket. It was my truck keys! I didn’t have them. I remembered locking my truck with them, but beyond that I drew a blank.

“I can’t believe this,” I muttered for the second time. A chill ran down my spine. I had parked in tall grass.

“This can’t be happening,” I said under my breath. “Why me?” Good question.



**Phillip Burgess**

*(Continued on back)*

# Watts Happening



(Continued from front)

Join us Aug. 30 for a THS Wildcat Tailgate Party before the first home football game of the season! We'll have free pizza, drinks, and T-shirts for the first 250 students grade K-8 who arrive. Then watch the full season **LIVE** on LightTube Channel 23. Call 455-4515 to subscribe!

**Save  
the  
Dates!**

**Aug. 30:** Wildcat Tailgate Party

**Oct. 3:** Public Power Week Celebration

Free pizza, drinks and more!

Bad weather happens; but unsafe generator usage doesn't have to. Knowing how to safely use your generator can save you from electrical damage, harmful carbon monoxide and fires. Following safety guidelines and remaining cautious with your generator will help keep your family safe and sound. Learn more about generator safety from @TVAEnergyRight.

## Generator safety at home.



Always operate outdoors with ventilation.

Keep the generator dry and do not use in wet or rainy conditions.

Let it cool down and unplug before refueling.

I retraced my steps to the check-in post. No keys, and the attendant said none had been turned in. I only had about 15 minutes before my shift, leaving little time for an all-out search. By now, a couple of volunteers had heard of my predicament and offered to help by walking along the route I had taken after parking my truck.

I assumed my post on one of the mounds and, for the next three hours, greeted visitors and talked about the Native Americans who once lived there. But my focus was on how I would get home if my keys didn't turn up! During a short break I called my wife.

"Sit down," I said. "No, I'm okay," I responded after she began imagining all sorts of dilemmas that might have befallen me. We decided that before she came to get me we'd wait until my shift was over and see if anyone had found my keys.

Four o'clock came and went and I signed out at the volunteer tent. No keys had been turned in there. I walked to the museum and asked the staff if they had my keys. Nope. Dejected, I headed toward my truck, taking the route I had used earlier in the day and hoping that I would find them.

The grass was almost knee-high. "There's no way anyone could see them," I thought. And then it happened: one of those mystical occurrences that defies explanation. A car was close to my truck and its occupants were outside milling around in the tall grass as the kids played.

One of the adults said, "You look like you're looking for something." "Yeah," I replied, "my keys." He grinned. "I just found a set of keys over there," he said, while pointing toward a grassy area less than a hundred feet from my truck." My heart raced as I described them and finally held them in my hand.

"I can't believe this," I again said to myself.

I don't know about guardian angels. But I'd like to think I had one watching over me that day. And I wouldn't mind if it continued!

*Burgess' book, "Rural Route 4, The Good 'Ol Days Were Never Better" is available on Amazon.*