

Life



Worlds Apart

By Donna S. Wallace

All about pills

I don't know anyone who hasn't been in the grips of some vile medicinal side-effects at one time or another.

The pill you're taking may lower your blood sugar, but it will cause your left ear to swell up and emit a nasty odor. Or maybe your asthma inhaler allows you to breathe normally, but you will grow hair in places you didn't even know you had places.

I was talking to our computer geek today and, as old people are wont to do, we began comparing medications. I felt really sorry for myself because my cholesterol medicine made my stomach hurt. Then he told me his story, and I had to admit that he won the "poor me" competition.

It all started with a little blood pressure pill. He takes a lot of different pills due to a heart transplant. Some of his pills get along quite nicely, and others fight amongst themselves.

The pharmacist told him that this pill was very strong and might have adverse side effects. Our steadfast computer geek paid him no mind, because he was accustomed to taking heavy-duty drugs and did not believe for one moment that one little blood pressure pill could have any side effect worth noting.

He popped said pill in the car on the way to his next job. While setting up a wireless network for a client, he began to notice that he seemed to be watching himself from somewhere near the ceiling. He had never engaged in any acts of astral projection before, and this seemed to him to be "kinda cool." (Note his total lack of concern about an out-of-body experience. Do you sense real problems ahead?)

He then got in his car and drove home. (His body performed this mundane function. His spirit sat atop the hood enjoying the breeze flowing through his hair.)

Once home, he took his next dose of medicine and eventually went to bed. Ere long, he became aware that he was sleeping face down in his pillow. His logical mind told him this could not be true, because he sleeps with a CPAP strapped to his face, and face-down sleeping is out of the question. He then became aware that his normally white pillow case was now covered with a curious paisley print. He noticed this with his eyes still closed.

When he opened his eyes, his pillowcase was still white, but when he closed his eyes, the paisley took over. Soon, the paisley print had spread from his pillow to his bedroom walls. It was everywhere . . . but only when his eyes were closed.

He still did not suspect a problem. He even began to sing a lovely song about paisley prints. He sang it to me. I think he made it up. It wasn't very good.

After a while he sat up and started thinking about the package insert on this medication. He had read it before going to bed, and it warned that there might be a particularly harrowing (not to mention embarrassing) side-effect to this medication.

We will not belabor the details in a family newspaper. Let's just say that it would never happen to a woman. However, the insert specifically said that if this side-effect lasted more than four hours, one must seek medical attention immediately.

He soon became obsessed with his watch. As the paisley prints danced across the walls and ceiling, he watched the minutes tick by. When it had been exactly four hours since the onset of the . . . er . . . side-effect, he grabbed his keys and raced out to his car. It was now 5 a.m.

And you thought our roadways were safe?

He made it about an eighth of a mile from his driveway when he saw something in the road. He flipped on his brights only to be confronted by two giant deer committing random acts of procreation in the center of the highway. He hit the deer and deer parts and glass went flying everywhere. His hood was crinkled up into the windshield. Steam poured from the radiator. There he sat.

After a moment, both deer wobbled to their feet and commenced to stumbling around the wreckage of his car. Still panicking, because his four hours was up and he still had not sought medical attention, our hapless computer geek dialed 911.

The whole sordid story came out, and the 911 operator was laughing so hard he couldn't speak. No help ever came.

Finally, braving the wrath of the deer, he climbed from the wreckage of his car and made his way home, where he called his brother and convinced him to come help him pull his car out of the middle of the road before someone got hurt.

While waiting for his brother, he went back over the whole episode in his mind. It occurred to him that both of those deer had been bucks. Creepy, no? At that point, he began to think something might be seriously wrong.

He went to the front door to open it and let his brother in, and that is when he noticed that there was ice all over the storm door. He did not remember it being that cold outside. And guess what?

His car was sitting in the driveway, completely unharmed.

Apparently, he had experienced the whole episode from his paisley-covered bed. However, there was one aspect of this story that actually happened . . .

Phone records indicate that he really did dial 911.

The moral of the story? Stay away from medication and gay deer. And 911 operators are rarely as funny as they think they are.

Behaviors that DO NOT CAUSE Domestic Violence

Abuse as a child

- Victims may or may not have been abused as children. There is no evidence that previous victimization either as adults or as children results in women seeking out or causing current victimization.
- However, domestic violence is often passed from generation to generation.

Need help? Call the Women Are Safe Hotline at 729-5730.



Models from 180 Talent in Franklin show off Cat's designs.

RICHARD DARMOHRAY photos

Fashion designer heads to show in NYC

A Lyles teen will present her 2012-13 Forever Avante Garde Collection on September 8 at Plitz New York City Fashion Week.

Cat Freeze, 14, is a home-schooler who has prepared 10 couture pieces of her work — and has spent much of the summer sewing and putting on finishing touches in preparation.

"I am so grateful to be asked to show in New York," she said. "I am just a small-town teen with a drive to be myself and

design.

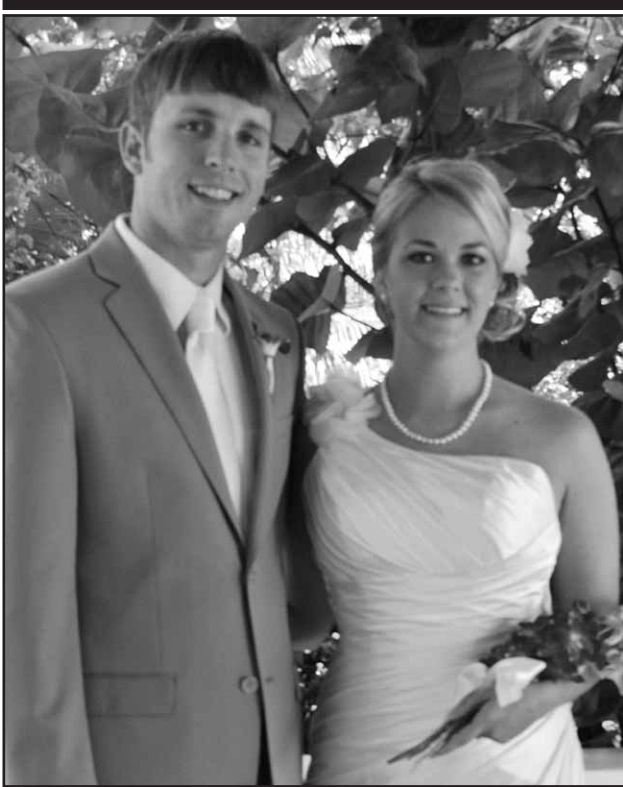
"I want to make a difference in our communities and the arts by making a way for everyone to see beauty in their surroundings."

Cat is the daughter of Chris Freeze and Christine Theofanopoulos. She has shown her creations in Atlanta and St. Louis, and is planning a charity event this fall in Nashville. That event will include art created by those in the special needs community.

Visit her website at CatlandForever.com.



CAT FREEZE



MR. AND MRS. SCHMID

Rebecca Copley, Mr. Schmid wed

Rebecca Lynn Copley became the bride of John Tyler Schmid during a wedding ceremony held on Saturday, June 30, 2012 in St. John's, Antigua.

The bride is the daughter of Jimmy and Cathie Copley of the Little Lot Community. The bridegroom is the son of Marc and Sonja

Schmid of Clarksville.

Mrs. Schmid is a registered nurse at Monroe Carell Jr. Children's Hospital at Vanderbilt University. Mr. Schmid is a registered nurse at Gateway Medical Center in Clarksville.

The newlyweds reside in Cumberland City.



MABRY C. WRIGHT

Mabry born to Wrights

Randy and Jana Wright would like to announce the birth of their daughter, Mabry Claire Wright, on August 6, 2012.

She weighed 9 pounds 4 ounces and was 21 inches long. Claire's proud big brother is Cameron

Wright. Grandparents are Shane and Tammy Willis, Lewis and Yvonna Caillouet and Jeff and Janet Wright. Great grandparents are Guy and Janet Barber, Leon and Margie Willis and Betty Gordon.

Elena born on Aug. 16 to Martins

James and Elizabeth Martin of Bon Aqua are proud to announce the birth of their daughter, Elena Sue, on Thursday, August 16, 2012 at Centennial Medical Center in Nashville.

She weighed 6 pounds, 15 ounces, and measured 19.75 inches.



ELENA S. MARTIN

Why did you come here?

(First in a series)

By NICOLE LEWIS

Having lived in New Hampshire most of our adult lives, my husband, Mark, and I decided we were tired of the bitter cold and snow that lasted about six months out of the year.

Where we were, in the lakes region, there often was snow in the shadowy areas of the ground in the middle of May. As soon as summer peered out with its sunny rays, winter was over in the blink of an eye. It was also often tainted throughout the warm months by the unmerciful black flies and mosquitoes with their unquenchable thirst for blood.

Fall is beautiful in New Hampshire but it's also short lived and jumps immediately into the darkness of winter and the clutches of Jack Frost's strong, icy grip. Yes, we had definitely had enough of this dismal (but beauti-

ful) tundra and were ready for a big change.

So we packed all of our worldly belongings in a U-Haul, loaded ourselves in with two dogs and three cats, and trekked on down to our new home in Centerville, where we knew no one, where we had no family, and no jobs. We were on an adventure!

That was just over six years ago. Upon first moving here, (and it still pops up from time to time) we were often asked, "You're not from here, are you?" and then the usual follow-up question, "Why Hickman County?" Our reasons for moving were pretty simple, as stated above.

How we happened upon Centerville was luck, I suppose. Serendipity. We had vacationed in Nashville a couple years prior and loved it. We didn't think of moving right away but when we found it was time for new sur-

roundings we started searching within an hour's radius of Nashville.

We found a small ranch house with a spacious lot, on a quiet little road surrounded by trees and fields in Centerville. My husband remodeled the house to suit our needs and made it beautiful. I acquired a job at a local factory, where I really got to know some Hickman County natives and got a great introduction to this community. Involvement with the Arts and Ag Tour has opened my eyes even more to what an amazing place this is!

Even though on a first impression Mark and I may be identified as "not from here," never in my life have I lived in a place where I feel more at home, more happy, and more welcome than I do right here in Hickman County.

In no particular order, here are my top 10 reasons why I love living here:



1. A long growing season with warm sunshine and some of the most refreshing rains that make plants and trees grow like a rain forest. There are still four seasons, yet you get a whole lot of the best ones!
2. Learning new words and phrases such as "bless

(cont. on page B4)

Tracing Edwin Hickman's path

Edwin Hickman, our county namesake, was born on October 15, 1760 in Albemarle County, Va., and is preeminently known for his sudden casualty death at age 31 at the hands of Indians on Defeated Creek in Center-

Edwin's father, William, was born in 1729 in Spotsylvania County, Va. and moved to both Stokes County, N.C., and the Cumberland settlements of Tennessee to raise his family.

William was a man of prestige, serving as a lieutenant of the 4th Regiment of the Continental Army of North Carolina. One would wonder how much individual quality time he spent with Edwin, as William was a busy father: He had 28 children by two young wives.

He first married Mildred Smith, six years his junior, in Edgecombe County, N.C. in 1747, and they had 15 children. William later wed Lucretia Stricklin, 21 years younger, in 1762 and added 13 children to the clan, including Edwin. Both William and Lucretia died in 1816 in Jackson County, Ga.

Edwin was a popular birthright within the Hickman family. Edwin's grandfather, uncle, son, grandson and great grand-

son all shared this name. Grandfather Edwin Hickman (1690-1769) was born in Albemarle County, and married Ellender Webber Hickman. He was a sheriff and neighbor of Peter Jefferson, Thomas Jefferson's father.

Edwin Sr. was a witness to the will of Peter Jefferson, in which Peter bequeathed 1,000 acres to his son Thomas, a future president. Edwin was one of four original partners of the 3,200-acre Jefferson property.

When Edwin died in 1769, his sons sold the land primarily to Thomas Jefferson, who would build his famed, hilltop estate Monticello. A second president, James Madison, is listed by the New England Historical Society as a direct descendant to the original Edwin Hickman of 1690.

Our county namesake was married on September 23, 1781 in Henry County, Va., to Elizabeth Jane Pryor. Their 10 years of marriage gave life to three children: Edwin, John Pryor and Susan. His daughter was named for Edwin's sister Susan, who was daughter-in-law of Dr. John Sappington, first physician in Nashville.

In Surrey County, N.C., Edwin served as a rising

YESTERYEAR

By SUSAN HARBER

captain in the Revolutionary War in 1780 under General Nathaniel Greene. Edwin's regiment fought in battles in Alamance County, Whitsell's Mill, and Guilford Courthouse.

The Hickman memoirs indicate intense fighting with rifles tree to tree. As captain, Edwin marched with his brother Lieutenant Thomas Hickman to the Old Moravian Town and to the courthouse in Richmond, and finally to Shallowford of the Yadkin River.

Troops continued marching to the battle of King's Mountain, where the British were defeated on October 7, 1780. Edwin would bear the heroic name "Captain" for the remainder of his life.

Edwin was a surveyor by trade and moved his family in 1784 to West Tennessee. Edwin loved horses and kept a stable listed in the inventory of his estate near his home. He was an active businessman and purchased 300 acres on Stewart's Creek (in the Smyrna area) on July 29, 1789.

Edwin's brother Thomas was granted 640 acres on the east fork of nearby Stones River in a Revolutionary War land grant. Robert Weakley, a prominent landowner and pioneer leader in what is now Rutherford County, would name his own son Edwin in homage to his beloved friend of a lifetime.

No one could have imagined this young maverick's life would be in complete peril within two short years.

In April 1791, Capt. Hickman was commissioned a surveying assignment on the Piney River. He led a substantial party, including James Robertson, known as the "father of Tennessee," along with Robert Weakley, John Gamer, J. Smith, and Richard Shaffer.

In a return trip home, the trailblazers camped overnight where Defeated Creek flows into the north side of Duck River. Most likely their bonfire was detected by an Indian tribe.

At dawn, Edwin related a disturbing nightmare to

the longhunters regarding an Indian attack. The foreshadowing of this dream played through to the end, as Edwin was soon brutally killed by a band of Indians, and Robertson was severely wounded in his hand.

The remaining survivors fled the scene, praying to survive.

Two days later, 20 men left the Cumberland settlements to find and bury Hickman's body. His grave was disturbed by animals, and the remains were later interred at the present site.

The creek where the grave was altered was now defeated. Hence, the name declared Defeated Creek was to commemorate this tragic event.

Edwin's family remained in Tennessee after his death. His son John Pryor had his own son, Edwin Litton Hickman, born August 4, 1875.

John Pryor's wife was Narcissa Weakley, daughter of Robert Weakley. Their son Edwin Litton lived his life in Gallatin. After graduating from Vanderbilt School of Law, Edwin Litton was a member of the Tennessee General Assembly 1903-1907. In 1918, he was elected judge in Davidson County and served four terms retiring in 1950.

Edwin Litton named his own son "Edwin," a name of endurance and integrity.

Robert Weakley, Edwin's close comrade, had a spectacular career in both the U.S. Senate and 11th Congress. Ironically, in 1819, he was appointed commissioner to the Chickasaw Indians and served as peacemaker and negotiator. He would also have Weakley County bear his name.

Tennessee became a state in 1796 just five years after Edwin's death. Yet, the primitive land he had meticulously surveyed still had no name 16 years later.

Weakley never forgot the bond he forged with Hickman. In December 1807, the Tennessee General Assembly was creating a new county, and Rep. Weakley attached an amendment to the bill that the new county would be named to honor Edwin Hickman. Created from Dickson County, the land would forever be Hickman County.

Edwin Hickman was a great man who lived life to the fullest. His name gives credence to all that is good and ethical within Hickman County today. He was a role model taken too soon; yet, he is acclaimed for the positive influence his name still bears today.

Individual Chicken Pot Pies

Serves 4

5 slices bacon, chopped	1 lb. boneless, skinless chicken thighs, cubed	1 medium potato, peeled and diced
1 onion, chopped	2 stalks celery, chopped	1 (15oz) can kernel corn, drained
2 carrots, peeled and chopped	2 cloves garlic, minced	2 c. low sodium chicken broth
2 stalks celery, chopped	1 t. dry rosemary	2 T cornstarch
1 t. dry rosemary	1 T white balsamic vinegar	1/2 cup dry white wine or water
		1/2 t. salt
		1/2 t. pepper
		1 T butter
		1 (8oz) can crescent rolls

Preheat the oven to 375 degrees. In a large pot over medium heat, fry bacon until crisp. Drain on paper towels, reserve the fat. Sprinkle chicken pieces with a pinch of salt and pepper then saute in bacon drippings until browned and nearly cooked through. Remove from pan and set aside. Saute onion, celery and carrot until tender. Stir in garlic and rosemary and saute for 1 minute. Stir in the balsamic vinegar getting as many crispy bits off of the bottom of the pan as you can. Add the chicken, bacon, corn, potatoes, and broth to the pot. Bring to a boil. Boil 15 minutes or until potatoes are nearly tender. In a small bowl whisk the wine and cornstarch together then add to the pot. Continue to boil until the mixture thickens and the potatoes are just cooked. Ladle the mixture into 4 oven-safe ramekins. Pat out the crescent roll dough and place over the top of each ramekin. Bake for 15-20 minutes or until the top is golden brown. Serve and enjoy!

Tip: Prepare the pie filling in advance to make dinner super easy!



Labor Day, football tailgating

By JODIE CHESSOR MORGAN
eatinonthecheap.com

Labor Day is finally here and summer is officially over, although the weather won't get the memo for another few weeks. While some people may be celebrating these last few precious days of warm weather, most folks I know are ready for football!

The high school season is already underway, college teams will be kicking off this weekend and the NFL season opener is just a week away! Families and friends everywhere will be huddled around a TV screaming and yelling and muttering a few choice words for the referees. Games will be won or lost, history will be made and heartburn-inducing food will be eaten.



Hot wing wontons

While tailgate dining is absolutely not the healthiest food in the world, no one can deny that it is super delicious. And for me, hot wings are at the top of the list. The only problem with hot wings is that they make a heck of a mess, so when I spotted my favorite pre-packaged convenience, wonton wrappers, at Wild Duck Soup on the Square, I knew I had to make some

hot wing wontons.

Wonton wrappers are used in Asian dishes like pot stickers or wonton soup, but they are also delicious stuffed and fried. They make the perfect bite-size portions with any kind of filling. You can whip these up a few hours before hand and stash them in the fridge covered with a damp cloth until you are ready to fry.

No time for church

In this Checkpoints column, Dee Moss, an award-winning wildlife artist and wood sculptor who lives in Jackson, talks about making time for opportunities like going to church and encouraging others to trust Jesus as their Savior.

"I do not have time to go to church."

At one time in my life years ago, I stopped attending church and convinced myself of that lie. Despite being too busy, I made time to work as a painting contractor to support me and my wife, Arlene, whom I married while in college. I also made time to hunt and fish during my time off.

In 1974, Arlene and I moved to Jackson, where I started hunting regularly with Bill Pounds, my friend. During the next decade, we spent many weekends out in the blinds searching the sky for ducks.

Before long, even though I was a Christian and continued to pray daily, hunting and fishing kept me too busy to attend church. Thinking it would add to the thrill of duck hunting, I started carving my own decoys. That led to decorative carving of ducks for the sake of art rather than for use as decoys. As my carvings began to sell, I wondered if God was leading me to work in this area.

Still, I made excuses to try to convince myself that I did not have time for church. One day while Bill and I were sitting in a duck blind watching the eagles soar overhead, the idea came to my mind to carve a life-sized bald eagle. I began the project with enthusiasm, but soon found that holding a full-

time job and working on such a huge project in my spare time was exhausting.

In time, Arlene, who works as an audiologist, suggested I quit my job and pursue sculpting full time. I did not feel sure we could financially take such a step. As my smaller sculptures continued to sell, however, this affirmed to me that sculpting was what God wanted me to do. During this time, God called me back into the church.

At that time, we had twin one-year-old daughters. I wanted them to grow up with the same opportunities I had had as a child. Going to church was one of those opportunities.

We soon found a church home. In 1981, after struggling through a period of doubt about my salvation, I rededicated my life to Christ.

I completed the carving of the bald eagle in 1985. It took approximately six years of hard work, continual prayer and many tears of frustration. The day after I finished the life-size majestic figure — clutching a fish atop wood carved rocks in a stream — I packed it up and drove 1,200 miles to Maryland to display it in an art show.

Because the bird has an 84-inch wingspan, it commanded attention. One man, attracted by the size of the bird, approached to get a closer look. While we talked, I discovered this man was not a Christian. As I took the opportu-

nity to share some of my own experience with Christ, I could see his interest.

When he returned the next morning, I explained the Gospel to him in more detail. When I asked him if he would like to accept Christ, he said yes. Right there, beside the carved eagle, this man prayed to receive Christ.

Anytime I display my work at an art show, I look for ways I can sow spiritual seeds in the lives of the people who come to view my work. God has given me many opportunities to present the Gospel to people — right in crowded art exhibition halls.

The importance of taking every opportunity to witness to Christ became real to me when my hunting friend Bill became ill with cancer. After experiencing a serious infection, Bill had to be hospitalized and was not expected to live.

I realized that Bill and I had talked for endless hours about hunting, work, sports and most every other subject, yet I had never once told him about Jesus.

When I visited Bill in the hospital, I took advantage of the opportunity to present the Gospel to him. Although Bill had difficulty speaking, he acknowledged that he had prayed the sinner's prayer in his heart. I then had to opportunity to tell his children about their father's decision and the promise of heaven.

Why did you come to Hickman County?

(continued from page B3)

your heart," "fixin-to," "buggies" (instead of shopping carts), and my all-time favorite, "might could."

3. The gorgeous countryside composed of hills and "hollers," limestone bluffs, rivers, creeks and waterfalls, lush flora and fauna, and abundant wildlife — there is beauty at every turn.

4. Discovering Southern cuisine. Some of my favorites have become white beans, pickled okra,

Goo Goo clusters, pulled pork sandwiches, sausage biscuits with jam and fresh farm eggs.

5. Friendly folks who say "hello" and strangers who wave at you on the road. Mark and I used to look at each other with confusion (Yankees are a skeptical bunch and don't understand this kind of open friendliness). It didn't take long to get used to this. And, yes, I always wave back.

6. Nighttime in my

backyard: watching bats swoop above as fireflies light up the yard below and listening to the owls call to each other in the holler. Gazing up at the midnight sky to see so many twinkling stars it seems like you could reach up and grab a handful of them.

7. Wonderful people and great friends. I have met some of the most interesting, friendly, genuine, funny, smart, talented and caring people here in Ten-

nessee.

8. Sense of community. Seeing how our community came together after the Flood of 2010 was a real eye-opener for me. Having never experienced a natural disaster, I was utterly impressed to see how everyone came together to help each other. This is not the only example; I see many acts of love, kindness, sharing and generosity here.

9. A more relaxed way of living. Hickman County

has taught me to not be so uptight, to relax a little and not be in such a rush, to stay and chat awhile longer.

10. Some may think it funny, but I feel lucky to live in the world-famous Grinder's Switch area of Hickman County — Minnie Pearl's stomping grounds as well as the resource of her comedic matter told on the stage and radio. For those who know of her, Minnie Pearl means different things to

different people, but I think it's cool to be connected with her and some of that history here. It's no joke to me, though — I love living in Hickman County!

Nicole Lewis, a founder of the Hickman County Arts and Ag Tour, is collecting "Why Hickman County?" stories as part of an ongoing series. She may be contacted at art-sandagtour@gmail.com.