

The NewsBetter!

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2nd Better of 2007

As always, or always when referring to the NewsBetter, I like to start with my cryptic, physco babble called Ramblings, just because if I ended with my Ramblings, they would never get read! (Or yellow, or blue...what???) This volume, I would like to talk about how our possessions own us. I believe the quote goes "Things you own, end up owning you." All funning aside, I would like to ask all the people of Greensburg and surrounding area if there possessions own them at this time? What is it like to own nothing? Another quote I've heard is "A free man is one who owns nothing." Do these people feel free? Whenever I think of having no possessions, for some reason images of a person standing buck naked on a really small, sandy island in the middle of the ocean come to mind. This is what it feels like to own nothing.... Or is it? My "biggest" possession is my vehicle. When a good sized beef steer ended its correct operating ability, I did not feel free. Instead, I became worried about finding a replacement. How was I to get to work? I relied on many friends until another vehicle was acquired. I was under my friend's mercy. I also think about utilities as being possessions. If I did not have an electric bill to pay every month, I would feel free. However, what lengths would I have to go to just for a cold Mountain Dew? Then again, is Mountain Dew a possession? When one looks at the whole possession conundrum from a survival point of view, then by killing a bunny wabbit for food, one would be acquiring it, therefore turning it into a possession. Can a human exist without possessions? In the Winter, would we not clothe ourselves with animal skins to stay warm?

Back to the electric bill, not having a bill would make me feel free, but I also have a wind generator and solar panels. I could, actually, unplug my house from the grid, and still have electricity. Therefore, I feel these possessions actually assist in my freedom. So, can possessions set one free? Is being possession-less freedom? In my opinion, no. The FEWER possessions we own, the more work we must do. However, the MORE possessions we own, the more work we must do. We are only free of our possessions IF we do not allow them to own us. Would I be WILLING to give up my possessions? That is the question of importance. On the other hand, living without possessions is not really an option. Where is the line? Everything in life is a balance. There is a difference between having possessions, and OWNING possessions. I guess I do have to change the quote a bit. How does this sound? "Don't be possessive of what you own, so your possessions won't end up possessing you!" That's a mouth full, and I just realized I'm all wrong....isn't it "the truth will set you free?"

Current E-vents

Like normal vents, but made for the E-world.

Really not a lot to report. Matthew (With help from Gary and Beth) has been rebuilding the dock at the ol' pond. It's coming along quite nicely. Check out some pictures on my website.

www.geocities.com/matthew_walz2000 (Click on Photo Gallery link)

The ol' wooden bridge North East of us on the Saline is no more. As of this writing, they are driving the pilings for the new structure. I've been enjoying going down there and watching their progress...must be country living if that's entertainment...

My Grandma, Ruth Walz, celebrated her 90th birthday, and her little sister, Rose Hillman, celebrated her 80th. They have the same birthday, just ten years apart.

My Grandpa, Henry Walz, took his 1932 "L" Case tractor to the Damar Car show. He bought it new in 1933 from a dealer in Damar, and thought it appropriate to show it in the same town.

That's about all I know that's news worthy. If you would like the world to know of something you did really cool, or mundane, just ship me an e-mail.

Deer Edi Two Oar

(dear editor)

I've been interested in taking up rowing, but am undecided on the appropriate oar. The salesman at the local boat shop wants to sell me a very expensive one, but the cheaper one seems quite nice and well crafted. I am just a beginner, and don't see the point in spending all my money on an oar, when I'm not sure if I'll even like the sport. I was just hoping you would throw in your opinion.

Thanks,

Pat Ell

Well, Pat Ell, unfortunately, you didn't give me enough information to go on. You did not even tell me the craft in which you will be paddling. So, I will simply tell you my choices from my experiences. First, don't just buy the most expensive oar. But get one that will run at least 2 devices. It's very inconvenient to juggle two oars and a cold beverage at the same time. Especially during long paddling sessions when chips and dip must be engaged. And when this situation does arise, make sure the oar can be used with your left or right hand. Also, my favorite craft is made by LAZ-E-BOY. Especially the recliner version. And maybe a little bit about technic. First, sit. Then retract the anchor, (the lever is usually on the right side). Lift oar and point at devices to be turned on, and power up said devices. Lower oar, lift beverage. Lower beverage, lift oar, change channel. Repeat as long as necessary. Happy paddling!!

The Pyramid's Triangle

"You know..." I slowly spoke, "...I've heard of such architecture in Egypt, near the Nile...I think."

"Look!" She blurted out as we got to the pyramid. "A doorway, let's go in."

"You mean IN?" I replied. She rolled her eyes at me.

"No, I mean OUT when I say in!"

"Oh, good, Okay, lets go back to my..." Before I could finish, she was pulling me by my collar into the overly built structure, through the large wooden door. It was quite easy to open, although it was several inches of what appeared to be solid, heavy wood. The Inside was very well lit. The same strange globes of glass that I had seen in my chamber hung from the ceiling thus illuminating the room. The structure was built much like my castle, except the stones were MUCH larger. I stood just inside the door, staring... Finally, my eyes began to actually take note of what was before and around me, instead of merely seeing it all. I focused on the wall to my left, and studied the etching. In the bottom left corner of the wall, there was something that closely resembled a flower pot with a vine growing out. The etching of the vine continued along the bottom of the wall, making a few slight curves similar to ocean waves, with a couple simple leaves sprouting up along the way. I followed the etched vine on, until it suddenly turned up and became a Cobra with a bubble etched over it's fangs. There was some sort of "fuzz" between it's fangs. I was quite intrigued by the meaning of all this.

"What are these things?" M'lady asked. I turned to see what she was inquiring about, and saw her peering at one of the glowing globes hanging from the ceiling. There was a cable of sorts emerging from the top, more narrow end. I followed it along the ceiling, and down the wall to a short, gold lever mounted to the stone wall. I reached out, and flipped the lever down. A "ZAP" was heard, and something like lightning jumped across the lever to the cable as the globe ceased producing light. The room was dark.

"What did you do!?" Lady Alexandria blurted. I still had a hold on the lever, so I put it back to it's original position. Again, there was a "ZAP", the lightning, as the globe once again resumed light production.

"Don't do that again!!" M'Lady snapped, pointing a finger in my direction. I just smiled.

"Let's move on. I want to see how they capture the lightning." I half demanded, half asked. "I want to find that flower pot." I said as I pointed at the carving in the wall.

We went forward, through another heavily built wooden door. The room on the other side was much the same as the one we entered, even with another door at the opposite side. We continued on, through that door. Inside was dark. I put my right hand to the wall, felt a lever, and pushed it up. "ZAP" and there was light. I felt unashamedly like God. Conversely, I found myself praying I would find the flower pot. However, in this room was a flower pot not. I could actually feel my heart slide into my stomach. I was disappointed. What was here was something quite intriguing. There before me, was a rather odd triangle laying on the floor. Each point of the triangle had a gold sphere, and they seemed to be joined by copper rods. Each sphere was about a foot in diameter, and the rods were about two feet long. I reached out to touch it, and as my hand got close, the hair on my arm began to stand up!

Disclaimed and contacted

Well, only three pages long....but I'm way behind on the release date, so that's all for now. Thanks for reading!! So, please, contact me about stuff going on in your life!!!! If you would like to submit anything, send me an e-mail at matthew_walz2000@yahoo.com.

Don't forget to view my web site at

"http://www.geocities.com/matthew_walz2000"

This publication is rated **PU** for Political Uncorrectness. This document may contain unnessesary humor. Also may contain misspelled wurd and/or incorrect use of cinnamons and there meanings. The page format may not be co rrectly aligned. Time warp theorems are always in effect except for when they are not. Point in case, next week. And laws of Physics do not always add up unless strenuous circumstances apply, causing needed force. Along with the mentioned, there is what is listed below, or the antimentioned.

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