

COLUMN

Komen Race for the Cure: A cause

By Antionette Jackson
Bullard Banner News



I always wanted a cause. Throughout my life I belonged to worthwhile organizations, but I never really had a cause.

Not a real cause. Not, as they say in East Texas, the kind that puts a fire in your belly. Something like the men and boys felt when they enlisted after the attack on Pearl Harbor.

Something that would make me bold enough to pass out leaflets to complete strangers on street corners.

No, I never had a burning cause like that in my life.

Not until July 29, 1998.

That's when I heard the simple phrase, "It's malignant."

Those two words dropped me to my knees. And when I got up, I had been drafted into my cause.

I was engaged in a fight for my life: a battle against breast cancer. But I was not in the war alone.

Flanked to my right were my husband, my family and an army of prayer warriors.

To my left were medical professionals, fighting men and women and veterans of the disease who could lead me to victory.

As a good soldier, I followed their orders.

I accepted the advice and the love of those who had gone to war before me. With God's grace and answered prayer, I survived the battles of surgery, chemotherapy and radiation. For my wounds I received, not a purple heart, but a pink ribbon. Pink, I thought, was a sissy color. I wanted a bolder color for my scars.

And then, early in 1999, I was told by my commander-in-chief, Dr. S. J. Vukelja "You will attend the Komen Race for the Cure."

"Yes, ma'am," I responded, figuratively clicking my heels at the invitation from the former Army Lieutenant Colonel.

At the time even a short walk was a struggle.

It would take training to build my strength enough to march that one kilometer.

May 9, 1999, was the First Komen Tyler Race for the Cure.

More than 2,000 assembled at Bergfeld Park that Saturday morning to show their support for the cause.

Before the Race, breast cancer survivors who were uniformly dressed in pink shirts and pink caps posed for a group photograph.

They were young and old, with and without hair, newly diagnosed and long-time veterans. And they were all happy to be alive.

Standing side by side with these brave warriors, I realized pink is not a sissy color. Pink is the bravest color of the rainbow.

As my strength returned, I looked into the Komen-Tyler Affiliate.

I liked the fact that 75 percent of the funds raised at the Race for the Cure stayed in the community and 25 percent went toward breast cancer research.

Now a survivor and a woman with a cause, I volunteered for the front lines of the conflict.

I went on to become a Race Committee

member, a team captain and a just plain foot soldier in the battle.

How about you? Do you have a cause? Would you like to join in our war against this disease that strikes one in eight women and one in one hundred men?

Enlisting is simple. You can start by supporting the Komen-Tyler Race for the Cure on May 10, 2008.

For information, go online to www.komentyler.org.

Or call the affiliate office at 903-561-6992 to find out how you can register at a local recruiting station near you.

Don't wait to be drafted. Sign up now. Together we can eliminate the reason for the cause . . . and that would be a very worthwhile battle to win.

Luscious Lemon Bars from Cindy Watson

Once a month, our support group, the Emerald Bay Bosom Buddies, meets at the home of one of our members. After a time of sharing, learning and lots of laughter, the hostess provides coffee and dessert.

My favorite offering over the years has been lemon bars from the Cherry Laurel in Athens. With the price of gasoline making the drive from Bullard cost prohibitive,

I'm ready to try baking them myself.

Avid race team and support group member Cindy Watson has shared the recipe for lemon bars she has used since her husband Dick was in college.

Dare I pursue another attempt at baking . . . or should I just enlist Cindy to whip up a batch for me. I haven't decided yet.

For the Crust:

1 cup unsalted butter, softened
1 / 2 cup powdered sugar
2 cups flour
1 / 2 teaspoon salt
Combine and blend above ingredients with a pastry cutter. Pat into 10 x 15 inch pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 15 minutes. Meanwhile prepare the filling.

For the Filling:

2 cups granulated sugar
4 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 / 2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
4 eggs slightly beaten
6 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
In a large bowl, whisk together first five filling ingredients.

Add beaten egg and lemon juice to dry ingredients and combine with whisk. Pour over baked crust and bake another 20 minutes at 350 degrees.

For the Glaze:

1 1 / 2 cup confectioner's sugar
2 tablespoons softened butter
4 tablespoons fresh lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla
Rind of one lemon
Mix together and spread over baked and cooled custard mixture. Cut into squares before serving.
Makes about 40 2x2-inch bars.

Antoinette Jackson is a Bullard-area resident. You may reach her at Antojxn@aol.com.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Washboard Lane?

I really do not know about the other property owners that live on our street but I would like to invite the city government of Bullard to take a drive down Timberline Road in the Rollingwood Hills addition.

From 344 to Rollingwood drive .and make sure you have one car going in each direction. If you dare.

We have lived here in this place seven years. Our home is not much but it is paid for and we are proud of it.

Timberline was missed the last time Brentwood and

Inwood was repaved because there was not enough funds.

We are smack dab in the middle of these two streets.

So I guess what I am saying is when do we get our street paved or will the name be changed to Washboard Lane?

Did I mention we live here in Bullard?

We pay taxes and spend our money here just like the richer people of Bullard and deserve a nice street.

Thank you for your time,
Mr. and Mrs.
Bobby Davis,
Bullard

COLUMN

Lean on friends all life's crises

"It's a wig," whispered my new friend, Kristie, as she drew in close to me at the table where we were having lunch in honor of our wonderful daughters.

"You have got to be kidding!" I exclaimed, leaning back to get a good look at the soft brown hair, neatly trimmed and framing her face with the gorgeous smile.

The conversation turned to the heartaches women face in life.

Breast cancer. Divorce. Dating again. Remarriage.

The beautiful, blond lady across the table shared about the hurt she felt when her first husband came home and told her he wanted a divorce.

She shared about going back to the church where they had been active, respected members and facing the humiliation of a divorce.

"You find out who your friends are," she said.

Her daughter is beautiful and blond, too, and highly successful at her university. The pain of her parents' divorce was momentarily relived on her face as her mother spoke of it.

My thoughts turned to a lady that I met for the first time the day before who cried as she talked about the trauma of infertility.

If only we could spare our daughters the pain of life.

I looked up Kristie's story on a website called www.breastcancerstories.com.

Click on "read stories," then scroll down about half way until you see a Kristie from Texas.

I should warn you, it's personal.

She even included pictures of shaving her head.

One of my favorite parts was the nicknames she listed for breast cancer. I'm guessing that "clump in the lump" is the only one that might make it past my editor's red pen.



CATHY KRAFVE

Checklist Charlie

The other nicknames demonstrate a more creative, free approach to the English language.

I laughed.

Personally, being a writer, I appreciate new ways to use old words.

But the best thing about Kristie's story is the way she is so honest about her fear.

In writing about her cancer, she keeps coming back to her relationships.

That's probably why I instantaneously liked her as we sat together.

Her heart and life seemed available to me.

I guess the best we can hope for, as women, is to live honestly before our daughters.

Maybe as we lean on our friends in life's crises, they can see what strength looks like.

Not being perfect, but being vulnerable, being patient, being resilient.

Facing life bald, putting on a wig and a smile and looking for a chance to encourage someone else before we die.

Today, in case today is all we get.

And leaving our children, especially our daughters, the inheritance of knowing what unconditional friendship looks like.

The beautiful blond lady missed the first part of the conversation, but she suddenly realized we were talking about Kristie's cancer.

"It's a wig?!" she exclaimed.

Cathy Primer Krafve, aka Checklist Charlie, lives in beautiful East Texas with her family. Comments are welcome at CaeKrafve2@aol.com.

TAKS Science Objective

Which of the following is NOT one of the levels of organization?

A Cells

B Joints

C Tissues

D Organ systems

The answer will be published in next week's edition of the Bullard Banner News. The previous TAKS Science Objective answer is D.

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