

What on Earth

Is Happening in the Clearfork Valley

Comments and suggestions to What On Earth P.O. Box 81 Eagan TN. 37730
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May2018

Volume 18 Issue 5



Shaunta Wilson

Earthday was beautiful! I had a great time sitting around watching the kids play, and listening to the good music, while at the same time my heart was heavy with sadness at the lack of participation and support people (here and beyond) have or show on Earthday. I know some of you may wonder why we celebrate and put so much effort into making Earthday happen. So, for the next couple of issues, I want to share why it's important to me, and why the founders of CCI felt it was important that we promote it as an annual event. But, first I want to share a few things about Earthday itself, the theme for Earthday this year, and some interesting facts about plastic.

EarthDay was founded in 1970 as a **day** of education about environmental issues. It is a day of political action and civic participation. Faith leaders, including **Pope Francis**,

connect Earth Day with protecting God's

greatest creations, humans, biodiversity and the planet that we all live on.

Each year, Earthday has a special focus, and this year the focus is "**END**

PLASIC POLUTION."

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Gail Huddleston and Tom Brookman



Wendy Steakly

Staff of **CCI** want to **THANK** all

those who helped make Earthday a success! I won't put out any names here, you know who you are. The ones who worked extra hard the week of, getting everything ready; The ones who made items to sell to raise money for CCI; The ones who donated items for the Cake walk, bingo, and door prizes; And the ones who showed up to volunteer their time to make sure the day was a success, Musicians, gamers, table sitters, door and ticket volunteers; And special **THANKS** to all you good people who came out to support CCI. **Bonner Foundation, TVA, American Girl, Cheese-cake Factory, Dollywood, Green Mountain Coffee, Panera Bread,**

Ripley's Aquarium of the Smokies. Stampin' Up, Walmart – Middlesboro, Walmart--Jacksboro, Wonderworks.

"No matter how difficult and painful it may be, nothing sounds as good to the soul as the truth." - [Martha](#)

Do you know, which plastic is produce the most or the worst kind of plastic?

Every year, Americans reportedly throw away **100 billion** plastic grocery bags . Plastic bags can take up to 1,000 years to break down ([Worldwatch Institute](#)) The amount of petroleum used to make a plastic bag would drive a car about 115 meters. It would take only 14 plastic bags to drive one mile! ([Secretariat of the Pacific Regional Environment Programme](#)) Each year, 1 trillion plastic bags are consumed worldwide. That's nearly two million plastic bags used per minute.¹ ([Earth Policy Institute](#))

According to ECHO WATCH, Americans used about 50 billion plastic water bottles last year. However, the U.S.'s recycling rate for plastic is only 23 percent, which means 38 billion water bottles – more than \$1 billion worth of plastic – are wasted each year. Making bottles to meet America's demand for bottled water uses more than 17 million barrels of oil annually, enough to fuel 1.3 million cars for a year. And that's not even including the oil used for transportation. The energy we waste using bottled water would be enough to power 190,000 homes. Last year, the average American used 167 disposable water bottles, but only recycled 38.

Plastic pollution is one of the most important environmental problems that we face today. From poisoning and injuring marine life to the ubiquitous **presence of plastics in our food to disrupting human hormones and causing major life-threatening diseases and early puberty**, the exponential growth of plastics is threatening our planet's survival. We have all contributed to this problem – mostly unknowingly – and we must work to reduce and ultimately to End Plastic Pollution.

ARTICLE BY THE BBC:

- 8.3 billion metric tons (9.1 billion US tons) of virgin (non-recycled) plastic has been produced to date.
- Generating 6.3 billion metric tons (6.9 billion US tons) of plastic waste.
- 9% of that waste has been recycled — 12% has been incinerated.
- The remaining 79% (5.5 billion US tons) of plastic waste has accumulated in landfills and the natural environment.

<http://www.earthday.org/wp-content/uploads/Plastic-Pollution-Primer-and-Action-Toolkit.pdf>



CCI is having a contest! **Challenge:** To come up with something useful from recycled plastic:

Age: Two Groups 6-12 (**kids only, no help from Adults**) 12 and up

Time: May14th— July 14th at 12:00 p.m.

Bring your recycled product to CCI (old Eagan School)
Saturday July 14th.

Winners will be chosen by : 6-12 —**Creativity,**
12-and up —**Usefulness and Creativity.**

Each group will have a 1st, 2nd, 3rd place winners.

1st place: \$100.00 2nd place: \$50.00 3rd place: \$25.00

Any questions call CCI 784 0095 and
speak to Marie Webster

**Temple University will be here
this month 19th— 26th. If you
have projects you need help with
Let us know... 784-0095**

Comments and Suggestions

Addressed TO;

What On Earth P O Box 81 Eagan TN. 37730

Email Woe.CCI@hotmail.com

Subscribe \$15.00 a year

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Following is a story from someone who grew up here, fell into the drug trap and his struggle to overcome. His hope is that it might help others who are fighting to get off drugs. If you have a story you would like to share Please do.

Growing up, as an addict from Clairfield. I was so afraid to fail that I never tried to do anything. I used drugs to be accepted and to escape the fact that I was 300 plus pounds and hated myself. It was fun to hang out at the water fountain getting high. I had found the social acceptance I never had in school, all from the bag that was in my pocket. Hind-sight is a hell of a thing. Looking back on it, I wasn't worried about the future. I was stupid and spoiled. I lived in a fantasy world where I believed my own lies. Like most good addicts I manipulated anyone I could, but mostly myself. My poor family, mostly my mom paid the price.



I didn't care about anyone not even myself. I lied, cheated, and stole from anyone I could. There are different stages of addiction. The first stage is having fun with your friends. Partying on the weekends. The second stage is getting high by yourself everyday if you can. Then you go to a point where the drugs aren't doing it for you anymore, it's just maintenance. This is where most people get off the train. This is what separates a user from addicts. See I never had a drug problem. I have a me problem. My thinking is all messed up. It's only a small percentage of world that has a conclusive compulsive disorder. It doesn't matter whether it's food, sex, drugs, the gym, or work. I can't do it like a normal person. I'm all or nothing. I can't shut my brain off. I've watched my life go down the drain and all I could do is watch it.

At this point drugs were my God. Death was welcome. I prayed to die. God only knows why I'm still alive. The best thing that ever happened to me was robbing Kenny's store. I went to jail for 2 years and 1 month. Being the good person, I was, I didn't have anywhere to go when I got out. So, I had to go to a halfway house in Knoxville. I was on parole for two more years and couldn't leave the place for at least one year, but being the knuckle head that I am, I relapsed 9 months in and had to start the program over, with a year and 3 months left on parole. I finally made it off, it was the first time I had not been on probation and parole in 8 years. I hit the door running. I moved to Athens Tennessee, where I got a job with a buddy. But where ever you go there you are. It wasn't long till I was right back on drugs. Only this time I'm in a place where I really don't know anyone,

it wasn't long before I'm calling home asking for money. Making up stories about anything I could think of to get money. When the bottom fell out I had one friend from Knoxville come and get me. This time I went back to the half-way house/ sober living on my own. See if nothing changes then nothing changes. I was clean and sober. But I hated me. I was haunted by all the things I had done to my friends, family, and my mom. It was killing me to think of all the hell I'd put my mom through. And my aunts. I would sit and try to think what I did before I went too far with drugs. Now I can tell you.

I used to hunt and fish, but drugs took the place of everything I loved to the point I hated life. My memory was like a ghost it haunted me all the time. The only way I could shut it off was by getting so high that I was incoherent to the world. I was restless. I took a job in Orlando Florida. I worked there a couple of months, but I started drinking. Anything to not feel. I couldn't cope with the world and my problems. So, numb myself. I felt sorry for myself poor me no one wanted me around. Everywhere I went I was always having trouble with someone somewhere. So, I head back to Tennessee. Where I tried to get clean one more time, but this time I met this woman and fell in love. But having trust and control issues it wasn't long before I had messed that up too. The one thing she told me was not to use drugs or drink. What did I do, both. But this time I went a little too far. The place in Knoxville had done had their fill of me. So, I head West to California. I like to say that I got to Cali and got my stuff together, but I didn't. Like I said I'm a knuckle head. I've moved here and there all over the West before I finally came back to the place I first started in California. This is what helped me. I finally gave it to God. With the help of God and AA and NA I've been clean for a long time now. I have a job I like. And peace in my life. God said ask and thou shall receive. So, asking him to forgive me over and over for something is not having faith that God would. I'll put it like this. Living in the past is like driving a car looking through the rearview mirror you're missing everything in front of you. God knows my heart. I'm truly sorry to anyone and there is a lot of people I did wrong. If there is any way I can make amends hit me up on Facebook. Let's talk about it.

Obituaries

Our condolences go out to the family of

Mrs. Joyce Ann May Thomas (72) Clairfield

September 30, 1945 to April 6, 2018

Mr. Henry Lee Worley, Jr. (72) Morley

December 23, 1945 to April 07, 2018

Geneva Miracle Fuson (75) Frakes

July 28, 1942 - April 16, 2018

Mr. Jesse Lynn Hatmaker (56) Duff

July 11, 1961 to April 30, 2018

"Gone from our sight but never from our hearts"

Community Calendar

COMMISSIONER MEETINGS

Claiborne County: 3rd Monday of the month in large court-room located on Main Street in Tazewell at 6:30 p.m.

Campbell County : Regular Business meeting on the 3rd Monday of the month.

CLEARFORK UTILITY BOARD MEETING 3rd Thursday of the month at 6:00p.m

CLAIRFIELD VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT: meets on the 1st Monday of the month.

SENIOR Crafts Second and Fourth Monday of the month

May 2018

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14 	15	16	17	18	19 Temple University All next week
20	21 Clairfield - students last day	22	23	24 Water Testing	25 Jellico High School Graduation	26 Campbell County High School Graduation
27	28 White Oak— students last day	29	30	31	What On Earth PO Box 81 Eagan TN, 37730	