JPINION



EDITORIAL PAGE AWARD-WINNER

PILOT EDITORIAL

Look for the silver lining when those dark clouds gather

When the dark clouds gather, look for the silver lining.

Yes, we're stuck at home; but we're getting to spend quality time with our families.

True, we can't go to church; but we can tap into video feeds of a bunch of different preachers every Sunday morning.

No, our kids can't go to school; but parents are developing a new appreciation for teachers.

Yes, many farmers are facing gut-wrenching decisions about what to do with market-ready animals in a world with no markets; but recent weather conditions were just about perfect for planting.

Yes, times are tough for some of us; but we all live in a community filled with loving and caring people ready and willing to go the extra mile for their neighbors in need.

It may be dark and gloomy right now, but beyond every storm cloud is a blue sky and bright sun.

Does turning from God lead to disasters?

In 2 Chronicles 7:14, God offers a remedy for any national or world disaster such as the COVID-19 pandemic.

There he promises: "If my people who are called by my name will humble themselves and pray and seek my face and turn from their wicked ways, I will hear from heaven and will forgive their sins and restore their land."

First off, God is talking about His people. So who are His people? Back when this was written, it was the people known as Israel, or the Israelites. God still refers to those people, the Jews today, as His people, but today God's people are also those who have put their trust in God's son, Jesus those who accept His offer of forgiveness of sin and gain eternal life with God the Father through Jesus' great sacrificial

love, dying in our place for all of our sins.

"If these people," those who believe and trust in Jesus for their salvation from sin, "will humble themselves and pray, seek God's face, turn from their wicked ways," God promises to "hear from heaven" and "will forgive their sins and restore their land."

This country was founded on godly principles. The great majority of our country's founders were Godfearing men and women. Our currency still today declares, "In God we Trust.'

But do our people really trust in God?

Most seem to trust more in their money, their government, their status, their work, their investments and their doctors, lawyers and financial advisers than in

Now we have this coronavirus pandemic and some people have decided it is time to start trusting God as there seems to be no real cure for the virus, no vaccine against the virus and no real end to the pandemic it has caused. Most people don't even know if they have it, have had it or if

they have had it, if they

could get it again or not.

Unfortunately, we as a country in general have sort of pushed God out of the picture and many find it hard to humble their independent selves. They only pray as a last resort when nothing else 'works," let alone admit they are sinners traveling their wonderful wicked ways oblivious to God the Father.

If ever we needed to have God "hear from heaven and restore our land," it is certainly now. The good news is, it is never too late to humble

ourselves, as God wants His people to return to Him. And more so still, the Bible declares, "God is Love," (1 John 4:16). Perhaps we as a

country should have all sought God's face first rather than turning from Him for so long and quite possibly opening ourselves up to disasters such as this pandemic.



Good planting weather brings hope for months ahead

A painted sunset cast just enough light that I could pick my way along the field road last Sunday, stepping over gullies left by the equipment last harvest and keeping an eye out for critters. A yellow Challenger tractor crested a small rise, and I congratulated myself on perfect timing getting to the edge of the field to meet my husband. Except, when he swung around the headlands, he didn't pause so I could make my way over the rows and climb into the cab. He picked up the planter, turned, put it down and kept going.

When your date sees you but doesn't stop to pick you up, it feels like a sign. And not a good one. But 10 years into marrying a farmer, I just smiled and figured he'd be back. Where else did he have to go? I could wait. I stuffed my hands into my pockets and listened to the last trills of the red-wing blackbirds as they settled in for the night. Their birdsong is one of my favorite signs of spring, and no matter

how many times I hear it, it never gets old.

Next pass, the tractor stopped to pick me up. He'd nearly run out of seed, and we had to crack open a few more bags to keep going. Anticipating a simple ride-along, I had worn the totally wrong shoes, but I climbed the ladder onto the planter and tried to lift with my legs as we hefted seed bags, which weigh a ton. Already dirty just 10 minutes into our date, I climbed up into the cab, and we kept rolling in the disappearing daylight.

Of course, we weren't the only ones going gangbusters in the perfect planting weather. Bringing seed back to the farm in the pickup in the dark, I made my way around two tractors pulling rollers and another with a cultivator. On an errand earlier in the day, the kids and I made a game of tallying tractor colors: We got to three green, two yellow and a red in one short

That morning we had "gone to Jackson" for

church — we watched Pastor Schuetz from our basement office as he celebrated the service at Our Redeemer on Facebook — and the field outside our basement window slowly transformed from the ridges of fall tillage to a flattened, planted bean field. I even did a little corn planting of my own, sowing three rows of popcorn in our garden.

Watching the pickups and planters going back and forth, tile plows digging and lunches being delivered made things feel almost normal. While staying safe at home is less of a hardship for our household, we've still struggled to adjust to distance learning with two little kids and telecommuting while parenting, navigating a course that's always changing and trying to move forward in faith and optimism.

We're also trying to support our community and our small businesses, hoping we can make it through. Looking for ways to help — and brats

to grill — I emailed a request to a local farmer whose business started selling meat for pickup. His wife replied from his email address, just "trying to help him stay ahead of his emails." 'Tis the season. I got my order in, and she and I shared a back-and-forth about how everyone ends up pitching in to get crops in the ground. Her words on my screen were small, but a big comfort. Together, we'll make it through.

After some late nights, the corn is all in now. Tucked safe under the soil, the kernels will weather the storms ahead and, when fall arrives, will stand tall and strong. I hope we will too.



MISS COMMUNICATIONS Marie Zimmerman

LAST WEEK'S ONLINE POLL

O: How has the COVID-19 pandemic affected your employment?

Lost job (4%) Reduced hours/pay (19%)

Other (16%) No effect (61%)



THIS WEEK'S ONLINE POLL

Q: Are you planting a garden this year? Vote online at jacksoncountypilot.com.

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READERS WRITE

Challenges make life interesting; overcoming them makes life meaningful

Henry S. Haskins once said, "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us."

We're into another week of hunkering down and facing the fact that life really does go on — another week of embracing family and finding new ways to entertain ourselves, as well as performing our jobs to keep our country "open."

This will not — cannot — last forever, but it will have long-term effects changing forever many aspects of our lives, how we live and how we do business. Resilience comes from within and we only have to allow it to blossom with a positive attitude.

Watch your children or others' children and learn how to "play" again and let your imagination run

amuck. How we approach this is how we will weather this. Remember to stay in touch, ask for help and check in with your family and neighbors. Don't forget to use the common sense our maker gave us.

Today's the day that's the day before the day of the morrow. Live each day remembering that, and our tomorrows will forever be there.

Joshua J. Marine once said, "Challenges are what make life interesting and overcoming them is what makes life meaningful."

Blame is what many strive for, conspiracy is what many see, but the only reality we need is a solution to heal and make this become history.

Y'all have a great life!

Jeffrey L. Gay Jackson

Hagedorn must support Minnesotans' lives, not Trump's greedy agenda to the value of our lives. Hagedorn does not care

U.S. Rep. Jim Hagedorn has bragged about his support of President Donald Trump's executive order forcing meat-processing plants to stay open even as plant workers across the country have contracted the coronavirus. I struggle to understand where Hagedorn's interests lie. Here he is, proudly puffing out his chest to openly support forcing plants to stay open despite the documented evidence that meat-processing plants are places where the virus is spreading,

Hagedorn's disdain for Minnesota lives, and the lives of millions of Americans who will presumably eat the food processed in these plants, is the antithesis of what we Minnesotans hold dear. Hagedorn would rather be a sycophant to Trump's greed than serve the people he purportedly represents.

I moved from Arkansas to Nicollet County in 2018, and the Minnesotans I am proud to call my friends are community-minded, compassionate and ethical people who understand corporate profits pale in comparison

about workers' lost wages — if he did, he would have advocated for longer-lasting financial assistance to working-class people than his party or its leader was willing to give.

In this callous announcement, Hagedorn has proven beyond doubt he has forgotten what Minnesota values, if he ever knew. I suggest he FaceTime with Gov. Tim

Misti Nicole Harper

The Jackson County Pilot welcomes letters to the editor. Letters must include the writer's name, as well as address and phone number for verification purposes. Letters should be brief, up to 300 words. The editor reserves the right to determine whether material submitted for publication shall be printed and the right to edit as needed. Submit letters in person at the Jackson County Pilot office, mail them to 310 Second St. in Jackson or email them to editor@ livewireprinting.com The deadline for letters is Monday noon. All submissions become the property of the Jackson County Pilot and may be published or otherwise used in any medium.

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