



MARTY TEASELY, RIGHT, administrator at Redbanks Colonial Terrace in Sebree and Sherry Newton, executive director of Henderson County Health Care Corporation, welcomed administrative staff from the Kentucky Association of Health Care Facilities to the local nursing home for a tour on Monday. Executive staff from KAHCF pictured left to right are Adam Mather, President; Rebecca Pfalzgraf, Vice-president of Assisted Living and Jessica Martin, membership and communications coordinator.



EMPLOYEES OF REDBANKS Colonial Terrace and facility administrator Marty Teasley listen to comments from KAHCF membership and communications coordinator Jessica Martin.



BRUNCH WAS PREPARED for KAHCF guests and employees of Redbanks Colonial Terrace by Melody Fisher and Tonja Townsend, longtime volunteers at the facility.

## A Tribute To Ryne Sandberg

**By Tommy Druen**

In 1983, at six years old, I fell in love. That was when my Uncle Billy gave me a pack of Fleer baseball cards—my first.

At that point, I’d never watched a full baseball game. Maybe I’d caught bits and pieces when my dad or grandfather had one on, but that was it. Still, I devoured those cards as if I’d uncovered sacred texts. I studied every detail on the back, absorbing them like scripture.

That same year, I played t-ball for the first time. I remember my dad taking me to Heck’s department store to buy a glove. Whether by choice or fate, I came home with a Rawlings bearing the signature of Ryne Sandberg.

The name leapt out—I knew it as one of the 15 cards I now cherished. I already knew the essentials: 6’1”, 190 pounds, from Spokane, Washington. High school football standout. Third baseman for the Chicago Cubs.

I couldn’t have found Chicago on a map, and likely didn’t even know what a Cub was. But I had a favorite player—and therefore, a team.

I’d love to say I played like Sandberg. However, in my undistinguished athletic career,

baseball may have been my weakest link. By age 11, I had moved on from playing and wouldn’t return until age 43. Still, my affection for the game endured. You don’t need to play something well to love it deeply.

Back then, rural Kentucky offered little in the way of television—usually just three channels. But at some point, WGRB, a small UHF station out of Campbellsville, joined the Reds television network. This led to many of my friends being Reds fans. Others, who lived in town and had cable, watched the Braves on TBS. And while I would sometimes tune in to WGRB on the black and white set in my room, my loyalty didn’t wane. I stuck with the Cubs.

I admired plenty of players—Andre Dawson, Mark Grace, Shawon Dunston—but it was always about Sandberg.

In 1991, the world opened up more: my parents bought a satellite dish. For a kid raised on a metaphorical diet of beans and rice, it felt I had discovered a buffet. That summer, I discovered Welcome Back, Kotter, Short Attention Span Theater, and Canadian television. But most importantly, I found WGN—the home of the Chicago Cubs.

I loved everything

about it: the ivy-covered walls of Wrigley Field, the fans atop buildings on Waveland Avenue, and the always-inebriated Harry Caray gleefully mangling the names of Hispanic players. But above all, I loved watching my guy, Ryne Sandberg, playing second base with quiet excellence.

The Cubs were rarely contenders. But Sandberg was always steady. He wasn’t flashy. He wasn’t making SportsCenter’s top plays. But he was dependable, precise, and dignified.

He once said, “In baseball, there’s always the next day.” It’s a quote that speaks to the rhythm of the game—but also to life itself. Sandberg embodied that idea. He didn’t demand attention; he

earned respect. Even when the team faltered, he was unshaken.

On September 21, 1997, two Cubs legends exited the stage. Sandberg retired, and Caray called his final game. Sandberg was 38—old for a ballplayer, though now I know, still a young man. I’ve enjoyed plenty of baseball since, but I can’t deny something within me dimmed that day.

Sandberg’s career didn’t end there. He managed in the minors for close to a decade. In 2010, when Lou Piniella stepped down, he was considered for the Cubs managerial job. I still think it was a mistake they passed him over. He later managed the Phillies for a few seasons, but it never seemed right seeing him in another uniform.

On July 28th, the

man who unknowingly led me—and many of my generation—into a lifelong love of baseball died at 65 after a battle with prostate cancer. Just like when he retired, that age doesn’t feel far away anymore.

And just like in 1997, I feel like another small piece of me is gone.

Of course, Sandberg wasn’t perfect—none of us are. But to me, he was something close. He represented stability, discipline, and grace in an era of flash. I’ll always remember sitting on the floor as a six-year-old, flipping over

that card, and being mesmerized.

Rest in peace, Ryno. Thank you—for the game, the joy, and the memory of what it felt like to fall in love with baseball.

### Retired Teachers Meet August 11

The Webster County Retired Teachers will meet at 11:00, Monday, August 11, at Canaan Ridge Park on Kentucky 132 west of Dixon.

For lunch chicken will be ordered, and members may bring a side dish if they wish.

## POSITION AVAILABLE

The City of Clay will be taking applications for the position of general laborer.

This is a multi-task job. Qualifications for the position are as follows: a high school graduate or equivalent (GED), good communication and public relation skills, and competent with numbers. Water, gas, and/or sewer license preferred but not required.

The applications may be picked up at the city office Monday-Friday from 8 am to 4 pm. Random drug testing will be required. Any questions, please call (270) 664-2444.

The City of Clay is an Equal Opportunity Employer 8/6c

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## PUBLIC NOTICE

### INVITATION TO BID

Webster County Fiscal Court will be accepting bids for the removal and installation of a 60-foot bridge on Slaughters-Elmwood Road Crossing over East Fork of Deer Creek.

Bids will be opened and read on Monday, August 25 at the Fiscal Court meeting beginning at 9:00 A.M. at the Webster County Senior Center, Dixon, KY.

Bids shall be delivered to the office of Webster County Judge/Executive Steve Henry in a marked, addressed, sealed envelope or mailed to P.O. Box 155, Dixon, KY 42409.

The Webster County Fiscal Court reserves the right to accept or reject any and/or all bids and to waive all formalities in the awarding of bids.

Specs can be picked up at the County Judge/Executive's office at the Webster County Courthouse in Dixon. 8/20c