

Lagniappe

July 2009



Monthly Employee News

Celebrating 30 Years of Service



Lofton Security Service

Fireworks Safety

From: Fred Mingo, Director of Safety

Did you know that fireworks are dangerous and can cause serious injuries? Fireworks injure over 8,000 people each year. Here are some fireworks tips to help you celebrate this Fourth of July safely:

- Have an adult present when shooting fireworks.
- Use fireworks outdoors only.
- Never make your own fireworks.
- Never re-light a "dud" firework.
- Store fireworks in a cool, dry space.
- Never point or throw fireworks at other people.
- Don't use metal or glass containers to shoot fireworks.
- Don't buy or use illegal explosives.
- Buy fireworks from reliable sellers.
- Keep a bucket of water handy at all times.
- Light only one firework at a time.
- Don't give fireworks to small children.
- Soak fireworks in water before disposing of them.
- Don't carry fireworks in your pocket.
- The shooter should wear eye protection.
- Only light fireworks on a smooth, flat surface.

Have a fun and safe 4th of July!



Way To Go!

Lofton Security would like to recognize the following officers for their outstanding performances.

Sgt. Debra Cook, Lofton Baton Rouge, detected two employees attempting to leave the facility with unauthorized merchandise. Sgt. Cook handled both situations in a prompt, thorough, and professional manner and in accordance with proper protocol. Sgt. Cook is an asset to Lofton and we are extremely pleased with her attitude and service. Way to go, Debra!

David McNeil, Lofton Lake Charles, had an unannounced inspection at his site by the United States Coast Guard. David was asked questions about the facilities security plan and Maritime Security Act. David was able to answer all questions asked. His performance so impressed the USCG that they complimented his knowledge to the client. Because of David's professionalism and knowledge, the USCG gave the site high marks. Very impressive, David! Keep up the fantastic work!

South Rotary Club Golf Tournament

Lofton Lafayette

Lofton Staffing was one of two key sponsors for the Annual Lafayette South Rotary Club Golf Tournament. The Lafayette South Rotary Club held this golf tournament in honor of the Special Olympics held on April 27, 2009 at the Acadian Hills Country Club. "We had a wonderful time, met lots of great folks and raised money for a very worthy cause", says Bret Lofton, Co-President. Lofton volunteers sold raffle tickets during the tournament and presented the money raised to the Rotary Club at the closing ceremonies.



2nd Place Winners

LtoR: **Mark Robin**, Robin Instruments & Specialty Inc., **Micha Ellis**, Cooper Cameron; **Shane Hollier**, Tech Service Products and **Mike Broussard**, McKay Equipment.



LtoR: **Dickie Reed**, Ventura Foods/Lou Anna; **Ricky Bergeron**, BJ Services; **Ryan Patin**, Robin Instruments & Specialty and **Ronnie Strickhausen**, BP America.



Lofton Staffing crew: LtoR: **Pamela Brister**, Staffing Consultant; **Bret Lofton**, Co-President and **Marla Green**, Staffing Consultant.

Discovering Louisiana and the “Joie de Vivre”

By: Glenda G. Lofton, Ph.D.

Albert Einstein once wrote, “There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as though everything is a miracle.” Like Einstein, who taught us so much about the universe and how it functions, I prefer to believe the latter. In the stresses of today’s world, it is so easy to overlook the miraculous in our everyday life, the extraordinary of the ordinary, and the uniqueness of the familiar.

In 1974 Tommy, Bret, Bart and I lived for a year in Louisville, Kentucky. It was one of the few times in my life that I had not taught school or gone to school. Because our time there was limited and we wanted to see as much of the area as possible, I became the official tour guide of the Lofton family. I planned outings to the site of the Kentucky Derby, Lincoln’s birthplace, Shakertown, Fort Knox, the home of Stephen Foster, the capital in Frankfort, and the horse farms in Lexington. My friends who were natives of Louisville tolerated my enthusiasm and would jokingly ask what I had learned about their city and state that they admittedly didn’t know. Between outings, I took leisurely walks with my new friend Ellen, mother of four boys, whose husband, Earl, had left a high-paying job in Michigan to attend seminary in Louisville. With limited financial resources, Ellen helped me to discover the beauty in nature as she exclaimed about the common wildflowers that grew on the side of the road and pointed out the importance of taking time for rest and “re”creation. “Even God rested on the seventh day,” she would remind me.

When we moved to Macon, Georgia, I remembered Ellen’s advice as I daily traveled 92 miles one way over winding rural roads and through picturesque towns to Athens and the University of Georgia to get my Ph.D. And despite the demands of a doctoral program and Tommy’s job as Human Resource Director in the start-up of a new plant, we still took the time for weekend trips to Atlanta, Savannah, the mountains of northern Georgia, the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, and boat rides on nearby Lakes Tobe-sofkee and Sinclair. Often I would think, if I ever get back home to Louisiana, I’m going to discover all there is to know about my home state. My opportunity came three years later when we returned to Louisiana and I became part of a statewide school improvement project. I visited almost every parish in Louisiana and worked closely with districts and schools in three diverse and unique regions—Natchitoches, Acadiana, and Orleans. My travels took me “off the beaten path” as described in the book *Louisiana: Off the Beaten Path, A Guide to Unique Places*, 9th Ed. (Martin, 2006).

More recently, Tommy and I have had the opportunity to see Louisiana from a

different perspective—traveling by boat on the Intracoastal Canal from Pecan Island by way of Morgan City, Houma, and Lafitte to Grand Isle. Despite the ravages of Hurricanes Katrina, Rita, Gustav and Ike, the beauty of the marshland, and the stately cypress trees lining the canal remain and provide a perfect setting for the shipyards, barges, crew boats, crab traps, and shrimp trawlers that give evidence of Louisiana’s rich resources. Alligators, egrets, and the American Bald Eagle are common sights between Morgan City and Houma, and in case you need to be reminded of the source of these blessings, it is not uncommon to see boats whose names reflect the faith of the people—Sacred Heart, Divine Mercy, Redeemer, John 3:16, Saviour, and Rapture. After leaving the Intracoastal, the beautiful Bayou Barataria takes us through the historic



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town of Lafitte where our boat, a Lafitte skiff, was built by the Boudreaux Brothers, who trace their family tree to the band of Jean Lafitte, pirate and patriot, who played a key role in the Battle of New Orleans. As we near Grand Isle, Louisiana’s only barrier island eight miles in length on the Gulf of Mexico, we encounter large flocks of brown pelicans flying overhead, playful dolphins who follow in our wake, oyster beds, bay fishermen, and in the distance, we see the oil rigs, shrimpers, and fishermen off shore. In the small groves of oak trees in the center of the Island, trails are available for the people who come from all over the United States to view the migratory birds that stop off there each year, and sandy beaches line the shore welcoming surf fishermen and swimmers.

The route from Pecan Island on the west to Grand Isle on the east, referred to as the Cajun Gulf Coast, roughly parallels Hwy 90 if you’re traveling by car. Grand Isle at the end of Hwy 1 is one of the places in Louisiana that our family learned to love and thoroughly

explored by car and by our first small boat, before our move to Kentucky and Georgia. From the time Bret and Bart were little, we had vacationed there and fished all night by the lights at Bridge-side, catching two speckled trout at a time. There were no limits back then, and it was not unusual to fill a large 50-gallon garbage can in a night. Bart would cry and say, “I’m tired, I don’t want another fish on my hook,” but we fished until daylight anyway.

We were not so familiar, however, with the more sparsely populated Pecan Island at the western end of the Cajun Gulf Coast. My sister-in-law’s mother was born there, and I had heard tales of her grandfather, John Veazey, a member of one of the early families to settle on Pecan Island. He had survived Hurricane Audrey, when his house began to float away, by climbing through the attic, along with his pig, getting in a pirogue tied up to the side of the house, and holding on to the tree tops until he was rescued over a week later. Only recently I learned that John Veazey was also a part of the little known Cajun Coastguard-- a group of volunteers, ranging in age from 18 to 65, who patrolled the gulf coast on horseback during World War II. Mosquitos and the elements proved too tough for the regular recruits, and they were the only military unit in World War II that was recruited and served in their own home neighborhood. While they never spotted a German U-Boat or submarine, they did rescue 35 crew members from several planes that crashed offshore who out of gratitude for saving their lives renamed them the Swamp Angels. Recent hurricanes have forced the close of the high school there, and there is only one store, but Kaplan and the historic town of Abbeville are not too far away. Except for the ridge of oaks and pecan trees from which it got its name, Pecan Island is mainly marshland. Exotic plants and livestock, herded by world-acclaimed Cajun Cowboys, thrive there, its waters abound with fish, crabs, and shrimp, and during hunting season the skies are filled with ducks and geese of infinite varieties.

This month as we celebrate once again the birth of our country, I hope that you will take the time to rest, “re”create, explore Louisiana or the place that you call home, marvel at the miracles, and reflect on the people, like the Cajun Coast Guard, who have served our country and those who, despite adversity, have maintained the “joie de vivre.”