



Points East

By: Ike Adams

I swear that when something tears up around my place, I'm going to start crawling under the bed and looking for a week or two, sniveling out only to use the toilet and grab a sandwich two or three times a day. But the way my luck runs the comedy would probably stop and the door would fall off the refrigerator. The engine on my tiller has already been rebuilt once and the cylinder wall is so scarred up that the only thing to do now is buy a new one. It'll still start but it's someone's inside in a hammer trying to beat their way out and a toddler with a plastic shovel could do as much tilling as it is currently capable of performing. The bottom line comes to just over \$500.00 for the motor and new tires.

That's still better than \$2,500 that a new tiller would cost if they still

made them anymore. What Troybilt has on the market these days that is called a tiller is like comparing a Toyota T-oy to a bulldozer and I wouldn't swap my old 1981 model for a truck load of them. I figure that the folks at Troybilt finally figured out that the problem with building a practically indestructible machine is that the market would eventually be saturated. Much better to build something that will rust down in about three years and hope the customer will come back for another one.

But as usual, I digress. Last weekend my neighbor Mat Gray and I spent several hours replacing a broken blade shaft on the deck of my lawn mower. We figured that we might as well replace the blades while we were at it. Ring up another hundred bucks.

I went to water the flowers and

discovered that my garden hose was more akin to a minnow seine than something that would hold water. Another trip to the store and 16 dollars worth of garden hose which I go to hook up and discover that outside faucet is broken. Another trip to the same store. Bluegrass Hardware, where all the clerks know me by my first name, but insist on calling me Mr. Adams because I am personally responsible for keeping two of them on the payroll. This time I'm 23 bucks lighter.

John Edwards happened by and did all the plumbing on the faucet and we hooked up the hoses and it worked great. Except the nozzle won't shut off. Take my word for it, 150 feet is a long way to run back and forth to turn

Mr. Adams you don't want this sprayer, treatment. What I want, I'm told, is the one that costs \$39.95 and comes with a three year warranty.

This morning I got up to go to work and my truck wouldn't make a sound. I turned on the headlights and they were bright so battery failure didn't make sense. But I let her coast off and started her by popping the clutch. I had to make a couple of stops between the house and Berea, but I left the motor running. I pulled into my parking lot at work, killed the engine and she started back just fine. Tonight at 5:30 she was dead again. So I called Dave Maggard and we surmised that maybe the battery was going bad.

I took it to Wal-Mart and had them put it on a machine that verified that "Bad Battery" is said after humming a few minutes with several little lights going off and on and which I now believe to be there only for show. Ring up \$74.86 for a new battery and the truck still wouldn't make a sound. I called Dave back and he told me to beat on the starter with a hammer. Don't laugh. It worked. But the bad news is that it was only apt to my battery had fried my starter.

So Dave came over to my house with Junior Rogers and Junior takes off the starter. We drive to Richmond and make it for a new one at Auto Zone where I leave the last 90 bucks of my paycheck. At 10:00 p.m. we get back to the house to discover that the starter had the wrong bolt holes and now I have to bum a ride to town tomorrow morning.

In the meantime, I need to take a shower, but I'm scared to touch the water faucet. I figure the next thing I touch is going to break and I'm too broke to deal with a major plumbing problem. Sleeping under the bed may not be such a good idea either. I would probably fall on me.

I have to find a place to sleep though. I just don't want to wake up til this is over.

deserve the honor of a special day set aside for them. A day that their offspring serves them breakfast in bed, proudly accompanies them to church and either cooks the noon day meal themselves or take her out for dinner so there are no dirty dishes she has to wash.

I remember my first mother's day quite well and it wasn't a holiday affair for any one but me. It was 2:20 a.m. November 27, 1936, in the bedroom of my apartment on Vine St. in Elmwood Place, Ohio. After several hours of labor, Dr. McMath, my beloved doctor with the gentleness and drawing speech of the deep south, laid my first born in my arms and said, Zivra, you are now the mother of a little girl. My dream of a baby of my own, one I could cuddle, play with and teach the way I thought a child should be taught was finally a reality and I was the mother of the future world's most perfect child. Wheew! Did I ever have a lot to learn. Some must have forgotten the instructions, or they had been lost in all the confusion of the past several hours, for I never did find them, too, and they were important papers too, on how to raise and care for that precious gift just laid in my arms that I was responsible for. How could I stop that constant crying all night long? How could I get clothes on that squirming mass of arms and legs that wouldn't stay still long enough to get a diaper pinned securely, or a tiny shirt over her head, I had read all the books on what one was not to do, I didn't rock her when she cried, which was almost day and night for quite a while, and if I walked the floor with her it would also spoil her and I did not want to be accused of that for then I would be reminded of the times I had been guilty of accusing others of doing the same thing. She was perhaps six weeks old when I found out my breast milk wasn't sufficient and she was plainly hungry. I had been determined to feed her the way nature had intended. With breast milk from my own body that had the nutrients built into not only satisfy her hunger but would immunize her from early childhood problems. Bottles and formulas were not in my plans, but the popularity of bottle feeding at that time swayed many doctors opinions and her crying was soon stopped by a bottle of warm milk and I had a smiling baby to show off. The short time I had nursed her had supplied the special nutrients she needed and my idea of breast feeding being an important part of motherhood was satisfied so we both accepted the bottle as a satisfactory substitute. Her tummy was full and the rows of carnation milk on the shelf was not so bad after all. She became spoiled after all by the attention my family

gave her. When I would say "oh no, we don't walk the floor with her or rock her", I would be laughed at and the rocking or walking would continue. She loved it much more than the bed I had put her in, so the arms of Aunt Katie, Grand-dad or whenever happened to be present was always welcomed.

When she was five months old we left those soothing arms and hearts full of love behind and moved to the hills of Kentucky. Now I was truly on my own. I had no mom close by to make catnip tea, ground ivy tea or even tell me what they were good for. She knew the herbs and how to prepare them for satisfactory results in simple things like diarrhea, colic and fretfulness. Nor Aunt Katie to love, soothe her to sleep or play with her. No grandpa to hold her securely in strong arms and hum, off key, to her while she went to sleep. I'll bet I missed them more than she did, for she was, or so I thought, too little to remember. But she had remembered, for when any of them came down shortly after we moved, she reached for them with giggles of welcome.

When the dreaded diarrhoea, common to babies then, appeared in mid summer, I became concerned for I didn't know what to do for it except wash diapers daily and change her frequently to keep her bottom as clean as possible. No rash wouldn't add to her discomfort. That happened anyway and crying with discomfort as well as the illness had to be dealt with. There was no Dr. McMath to guide me through it nor mom to make a tea that may have helped. Mat had never been around babies with their peculiar problems so he was no help. Yet, somehow the natural instincts of a mother were guided as through it and soon she was back to a normal little girl crawling over the rough floors of the log house we were living in till the new one was built.

That summer flew by and by her first birthday we were settling in to our first home close to the log house we had been living in. The floors were smoother for her to crawl on and she soon was exploring every nook and cranny and playing with the baby stalling back at her from the floor length mirror of the vanity. Her training to be THE PERFECT CHILD began here. No, no, no, you can't play in mommy's powder box. No, no, you can't play with lipstick. No, no, those are your toys, here you look at the mirror. Now I never bragg about raising a perfect child after that first years experience of having the responsibility of developing the character of one from birth to maturity, but I will say, Judy learned quickly what no, no meant and what was allowable around her environment and was obedient. She learned to walk smoother for her to move into the home she lived in till she went off to college, and she frequently visited till it burned a couple of years ago. Soon after the act of getting places on her feet instead of knees she began trying to help with simple chores. I think the first I remember distinctly was when she would toddle up to me with a diaper and gown and clutch behind her what was sloppy and ready for bed. They were kept on a low shelf with in her reach and

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"It is Written"

Let's notice the word of God verses the words of men:

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved"
Mark 16:16

"He that believeth is saved and should be baptized later"
Creeds of Men ch. 8:12

B+B=S B=S+B

When you place the teachings of our Lord against the doctrines of men, it's not hard to see the difference. Now I know a lot of people have followed the doctrines of men, (as I had done at one time), but we must believe and obey the word of the Lord. If we reject the words of Jesus hear... warning, "He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my words, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I have spoken, the same shall judge him in the last day."

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Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves

Mother's Day-Motherhood There is quite a bit of difference in being a woman celebrated for being a mother one day a year and being a mother 365 days a year. That one day set aside to honor women whom the nation depends on to raise the next generation of leaders is the day we, the mothers and grandmothers of the next generation show off our new hats, wear a corsage to church, go out for dinner and welcome kids home from far away places they escaped to when they no longer needed a mom to wait on them or get away from her nagging and telling them what to do, or the ones coming home simply because MOM was there. The mom who had tended to their needs as long as they could remember and had nourished them since he or she was laid in her arms soon after they made their first cry and entered a strange new environment. These mothers

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