

Points East

By:
Ike Adams

Even though I didn't write it down anywhere, for fear that somebody might find hard copy and hold me to it, I resolved, on New Year's Eve, to write a column every week this year. I've been putting this drive in the papers for 22 years now, but I'm pretty sure that I've never done it for a year without missing a few weeks here and there because of vacations, holidays, lack of inspiration or just plain, old-fashioned sloth.

Tonight that resolution is the only reason that I'm sitting at the keyboard because I ache all over. Over the last two weeks just about everything on the place has had to have major repairs. If you found in here last week you know that I was already whining about things breaking. You should have been around for the next five days which, among other catastrophes, included having my truck towed and the ignition system replaced.

At least now I don't have to worry about where I'm going on vacation. I can't even afford one. Nor do I have to worry about the boat tearing it up because I'm not going to the lake for the same reason. If you don't see me in the paper this week, it means that the computer crashed before I got this piece finished.

Now that all the mechanical stuff has broken and been repaired at least once, crap is starting to happen to my body. Apparently I kicked something much to hard last week and caused my lower back to go out again. I'm currently hobbling around with a posture similar to the Hunchback of Notre Dame. My right arm has tendinitis so bad that I've learned to use a computer mouse with my left hand because my thumb and forefinger cause a burning sensation to run all the way to my shoulder every time I

grip anything with them. And tonight I can determine my pulse rate simply by looking at the second hand on my watch and counting the throbs in my temples because it's blooming time for yet another nuisance in the nearby woods. Or maybe it's mold from all the rain we finally got over the weekend, in which case I have no complaint.

Despite the lack of any appreciable equipment other than my trusty hoe, I have managed to get in some semblance of a garden. I am not raising enough for the entire neighborhood this year, but if luck holds out and I can get a little help with the weeding there should be some Roma beans, which have sprouted nicely, along with squash, cukes, peppers, tomatoes, eggplant, sweet corn and

the like in the little plot I have worked up. Some folks compare it to a bed of roses and others say it's a postage stamp, but it will still produce as much as my household and my friends at work will eat if the good Lord's willing and we get a little rain from time to time.

I'm supposed to be embarked upon a recording project, the details of which I will spare you, dreamed up by friend Fred Beste and several other of my cohorts from times gone by. And right now I'm hankering God that A: Fred no longer has business in Berea and B: Fred lives in Allenstown, Pennsylvania and therefore cannot hop in the car to drive over and grab me by the nape of the neck every time the whim comes up on him. Those of you who know Fred also know that he has those whims which is the reason that I stop on top of the hill a quarter mile away and look at my driveway through binoculars to make sure there isn't a strange

vehicle parked beside the house before I venture on home every day. My back is already gone and I don't need neck problems.

I've just run a word count and I believe that I've accomplished enough tonight to go back to bed safe in the knowledge that my resolution is still secure. Actually, I still have to put heat on the troublesome muscles of my arm and then cold packs for another thirty minutes. Right now I just wish it was as relatively easy to fix as my old luck.

Finally thanks to all of you who sent in suggestions for getting rid of the tent caterpillar infestation we recently experienced. I had more than 60 letters and/or emails along with a

few phone calls for burning, poisoning and otherwise deterring them, but they went away by themselves to wherever tent caterpillars go when they get through with you and the plague seems to be over. At least half a dozen people suggested that moving off and leaving them was a viable option. Right now, if I knew there was a place I could move and be rid of these allergies, I'd be packing my bags.

Maybe I ought to go up to northern Pennsylvania and live around Fred's pool for a few weeks and whine constantly to see if I can make him as miserable as I feel right now. Dam, the more I think about that option.....

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Love is a short and uncomplicated word, easy to spell but hard to describe. It can be a solemn word with meaning when it is spoken by one who is sincere when he or she says with a depth of feeling, "I Love You," or it can be spoken lightly without meaning. It is, as love you, as a parting word after a friendly chat. It comes in many guises; for instance, it can be the tie that binds a marriage together for a lifetime, or a fleeting moment of desire that is mistaken for the real thing. Intellect nor reasoning can control it. There are various forms of it such as love for a child and one's mate.

The attraction and chemistry of male and female adults, young or old, arouse emotions and admiration for each other that soon develops into a "love affair" or settles into a lifetime marriage. The love then produces children and both share the love equally.

When a woman's firstborn is born in her arms, a new kind of love is born. This is a strange love, one never experienced before. The mother's eyes are blind to everything but the beauty and perfection of this replica of herself and her mate. The love for her mate, the one who helped create this miracle, is different and love for him grows stronger as both accept the responsibilities of parenthood. There may be a feeling of mixed emotions by both parents as the baby begins to develop traits of behavior they never dreamed of, but the overpowering presence of love is still deep within their heart and will remain there through all the trials of rearing it to adulthood.

The training of a child and punishment for misdeeds, often is thought of as cruel or unjust, but it takes a lot of love and patience to obey what the scripture tells us, "train

up a child in the way it should go and it will not depart from it." Or, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." I think that means, if a child is taught right from wrong from the day of birth, the knowledge will stay with it and such training will make leaders of the men and women coming from cradles that have been rocked by loving and caring parents. Love like this does not stop at the cradle. It follows the child through tantrums as a wee babe, boyish pranks on the playground, siblings quarreling over minor things, and the many trials of teenage disobedience when they enter the most trying time

of their life, the teen years. These are the years when hormones take over, change personalities, and disrupt all the previous plans made by parents to "raise perfect children." So, love takes over when all else fails. Mom and Dad are there to kiss the hurts and try once more to talk to the little ones who are now young adults.

There are other kinds of love not related to marriage vows or parenthood. The love of parents and siblings is also important. The parents and grandparents are in need of love as much as the young ones, sometimes even more. It is easy to love a smiling baby and play with a toddler but not so easy to listen to the ailments of an aging parent or lend a helping hand when one is in need. Or sit and talk to a brother or sister when they have problems and need a shoulder to cry on. Reminiscing with siblings can bring back memories of many acts of love by other members of the family. Do you remember when you were baby and a part of the past that was not all love stories. But the cement of brotherly love does its work well and family ties are seldom broken. This is the time one will tell

about the parents love and understanding for each child in time of need. Then go on to discuss the problems of aging parents.

Love for a parent is yet another kind of love and harder to deal with than that of tending to a husband's needs or that of a fretful child. Their need respect as well as love, their opinion is still important and has to be considered when decisions are being made about their welfare. They need the touch of a loving hand and understanding. That is the most important thing in their life. Acts of love for them can't be put off till later. Later is sometimes too late.

Love for humanity is still another kind.

A smile, words of encouragement, the touch of a hand or reading a few verses from the Bible or a favorite poem can brighten the day for one lying in the hospital or nursing home. There are many ways to share the love many of us have hoarded in the security of our heart.

Then, most of all, is the "Supreme Love of God." Do we love and honor Him with all our heart? Do we do unto others as we would be done by? Have we honored His only begotten Son? Do we follow in His footsteps?

God is Love. He proves it daily and hourly. When the sun shines, it could well be the glow from His face; when the shadows come, it could be

the shadow of His wings; when rain falls, it could be tearsdrops for His people, going astray; when storms, droughts, tidal waves and volcanoes ravish the earth, it could be His anger showing for the way we are taking care of His prized creation - Earth. For the destruction of mountains, which are first stripped of all vegetation, including trees with leaves that furnish shade for the weary and roots creating a watershed to give drink to the thirsty, we have allowed to be mutilated and destroyed, the contamination of pure water, the rivers and oceans have become cesspools unfit for human life, the air we breathe stifling our lungs with contaminants, deserts are turned into playgrounds and beaches surrounding the many oceans of the world are no longer washed by waves of clean water leaving only seashells in its wake. They are now covered with human trash.

VENGEANCE IS MINE SAYETH THE LORD AND I WILL REPAY

The one message drilled into my heart and fastened down with love was from my own Dad. It was repeated often to all his children when he sensed there was a problem. It was, The Good Book says, children love one another.

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

I usually do not correspond with people or handle problems in this manner, but this was the route that David Tapp used against my father.

My name is Timothy Ham and I am responding to the ad that Mr. Tapp ran in last week's Mt. Vernon Signal, slandering my father's name and reputation.

Yes, the voters of Rockcastle County did vote Benny Ham out of office in 1993 and the Acting Commonwealth's Attorney, Eddy Montgomery has hired Benny Ham as his assistant. The reason may be that my father has 14 years as a prosecutor and that he did serve two full terms as Rockcastle County's Commonwealth Attorney. David Tapp asked "Was Benny Ham a good prosecutor?" Mr. Tapp was criticizing my father's use of plea bargaining in the court system. Well, let me answer that question Mr. Tapp.

First, Benny Ham was a good competent prosecutor. He served 14 years and in 1989 was named Kentucky's Commonwealth Attorney of the Year. He handled many serious cases and put many convicted felons in jail for long periods of time. He served with honor, integrity and class. Yes, Benny Ham did use plea bargaining as a tool because there is no possible way that every case in the court system can be brought to trial. There is not enough time for that. Mr. Tapp, you are misleading the voters of Rockcastle County by

promising them that, if elected, you will try every single case.

My father, Benny Ham, did deny him, and, unfortunately, in the job of Commonwealth Attorney, you have to make tough decisions and, as a result of that, enemies. There is nothing wrong with that. It is a problem. It was, The Good Book says, children love one another. I am sure that my father was a good prosecutor and that he did serve two full terms as Rockcastle County's Commonwealth Attorney. David Tapp asked "Was Benny Ham a good prosecutor?" Mr. Tapp was criticizing my father's use of plea bargaining in the court system. Well, let me answer that question Mr. Tapp.

First, Benny Ham was a good competent prosecutor. He served 14 years and in 1989 was named Kentucky's Commonwealth Attorney of the Year. He handled many serious cases and put many convicted felons in jail for long periods of time. He served with honor, integrity and class. Yes, Benny Ham did use plea bargaining as a tool because there is no possible way that every case in the court system can be brought to trial. There is not enough time for that. Mr. Tapp, you are misleading the voters of Rockcastle County by

promising them that, if elected, you will try every single case.

My father, Benny Ham, did deny him, and, unfortunately, in the job of Commonwealth Attorney, you have to make tough decisions and, as a result of that, enemies. There is nothing wrong with that. It is a problem. It was, The Good Book says, children love one another. I am sure that my father was a good prosecutor and that he did serve two full terms as Rockcastle County's Commonwealth Attorney. David Tapp asked "Was Benny Ham a good prosecutor?" Mr. Tapp was criticizing my father's use of plea bargaining in the court system. Well, let me answer that question Mr. Tapp.

I'm sorry I'm not good with names, but you were all very good at what you did case I fear anyone out. The director, choir, youth pastors, youth groups who performed, singers, singing groups, musicians and the Evangelist Toby Frost. You all should be so pleased, because they presented Jesus so beautifully. Mr. Hale, principal of Rockcastle Middle School, needs recognition also. He made his facility and himself available. They even had a nursery staffed by the participating churches of C.E.L.EBRATE JESUS 2000.

I had invited someone to go to this celebration in honor of JESUS, and this person said, "Well, that's a Baptist thing." Well, I'm so sorry but it was not a "Baptist thing." It was a "Jesus Thing." The Baptists were just being obedient to the will of God. They just prayed harder, fasted more, sought Jesus and He provided their need.

Something to think about, how can we become a unified body of Christ, if we don't cross denominational lines and start worshipping and lifting up JESUS together? Do you think we will be separated in Heaven?

Come On!!!!
Love in Christ,
Patty Testa

(Cont. to A4)

Mount Vernon Signal

Publication Number 366 000

Periodical Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456
606-256-2244

Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Offices in the Mt. Vernon Signal Building on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456. Postmaster, send address changes to P.O. Box 185, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky 40456.

Jama Anderson, Jr., Publisher Emeritus Richard F. Anderson Editor
Perla M. Anderson Managing Editor

In County - \$16.75 Yr. Out of County in State \$21.75 Yr.
Out of State \$30.00 Yr.
e-mail address - mvsignal@aun-sport.com

You can sleep like a baby....

BMV Centennial Certificates of Deposit are designed to give you peace of mind about how you invest.

You can rest assured that your money is growing safely and securely.

100 Days - 4.97% - 5.10%

100 Weeks - 6.58% - 6.80%

BMV

The Bank of Mt. Vernon

Main Street 606-256-5142

Highway 461 606-256-5141

Somerset 606-679-8826

Richmond 606-624-2212

Berea 606-985-0561

Member FDIC Equal Housing Lender

Photo by Maria Byrnes