

"Sweet n' Sour"

(Cont. from A2)

sure we could find it at McAlpins or one of the large stores Polly and I were both familiar with. Guess what? McAlpins has been swallowed up by consolidation and the name was not even familiar much less the merchandise. Again we had to walk the length of the first floor, which was filled with all kinds of pretty things for the young folks, then to the second floor and across it where we arrived at the corner where "Women Petite" was located. The walking had worn me out but I had nothing to worry about for there was nothing to look at any way. After trying on clothes that didn't fit, admiring many that was not my size, wishing I was once again a perfect size 14, Polly and I once again ate an early dinner and headed for home empty handed. By now I was beginning to think of myself as being a freak or the designers of clothes for women had gone on strike. Oh well, that grandson getting married in California would simply have to welcome his grandma dressed in something old or a pair of slacks. But what would his bride's folks think?

There was one more possibility, London. I haven't shopped in London for years, but I remembered one store in particular I liked, Bob's, on Main St. So, Polly and I tried one more time to get an outfit that fit and would do justice to Deno's and Christa's wedding. Since I don't get out much anymore I was surprised when we drove down Main Street in London and saw familiar stores with merchandise on display in the windows. People coming and going as they did when I shopped there years ago. Things had not changed that much and I immediately felt at home and comfortable. Bob's was our first stop. On entering he greeted us with a friendly smile and a smiling clerk asked if we needed help. The aisles were not crowded and the merchandise hung neatly on racks plainly marked for size. A variety of clothes, including baby clothes and accessories were on display where they could be plainly seen but didn't dominate the space. The clerk showed us where the Women Petite were and helped sort out those in my size, but not finding what I was looking for, she told us about another dress shop, "The Paper Doll" on Fourth Street that carried a better selection of sizes and styles. That was our next stop. A lively young clerk greeted us and offered help if needed. We browsed

around, caught our breath at the beauty and quality of what we were looking at and almost lost it when we saw that attached price. These were the kind of clothes one dreams of owning someday, when the ship comes in. But my size was not there. Or at least not something affordable. The next week another order would be in with Women Petite featured. Then she suggested we go to yet another dress shop in the mall where she was sure they carried women petite. London is a small but growing town, today I was finding how much it had grown. At Cato's we were again greeted by a smiling young clerk. She showed us the rack we were interested in and left

us to look and try on. We did, I did and the first one I tried on was it. The second was just as pretty. I was tempted, they fit, they were not too dressy, but enough so that Deno could proudly introduce me as "MY GRANDMA FROM KENTUCKY."

My search for a dress was a nightmare, my discovering London, a small town that has kept its identity and is proud of it. The furniture store with its display of fine furniture there for all to see. Its clothing stores with old time clerks greeting you and offering help, then giving it by guiding you to a competitor where you might find what you were searching for. For the tables and umbrellas on the sidewalk where one can rest a bit while having a lemonade. For the grocery store with wide uncrowded aisles and groceries on shelves that can be easily reached. Well, I guess by now you know I LIKED WHAT I SAW THERE. My search may have been a nightmare, but it ended in a beautiful awakening to "The little town that kept its identity!"

"Ike"

(Cont. from A2)

McConnell stood up to speak I'd bang the gavel and tell him to sit down and shut up. Every time he raised his hand I'd just shake my head and say, "not now Mitch." Nothing gives me greater joy than seeing old Mitch's face get red.

I have some other good ideas about running the Senate. Instead of fussing and fighting about legislative pooh-pah all the time and voting on stuff, I would organize Rook tournaments. The winners would get a barrel of pork, probably smoked jowl. I also think it would be nice for the Senate to sponsor a NASCAR racing

team and I think Jesse Helms would be a big hit in the World Wrestling Federation. And that's just starters.

I'd have them move the front row of seats in the main Senate meeting hall back a few feet and I'd use the space for a dueling range. Every time any two Senators got into a big argument, I'd break out a pair of pistols from underneath the podium and I'd make them come up front and settle their differences like men. I'd have Mitch step up front and count the steps off while I hid behind the podium until the smoke cleared. I figure that if they didn't hit each other Mitch ought to be in the line of fire.

Debate on any subject would be limited to five minutes and if they weren't ready for a vote I pick out a loudmouth from each side of the aisle and have them settle it with a best out of five contest. Paper, Scissors, Rock. Anytime the Senate as a whole started giving me flack, I'd call old Jesse Helms up front and have him moon the whole darn bunch. I'll cover all bets that this strategy would generate unprecedented cooperation with the Executive Branch. I don't even have to ask to Dave about this one because I know he would heartily approve.

If any of you all have ever been in the Senate Chamber you know that the acoustics are darn near perfect. You can stand up front and whisper



Open up the paper and you will see.

Your picture in the paper - especially from me! I hope that you like it! Oh, don't throw a fit! I'd like to see the surprise on your face.

but that's what you get for leaving this place. Congratulations
Melanie Thacker Parsons
on your new position

and people can hear it all the way to the back of the room. Can you think of a better place to have a 10 day bluegrass festival? Or, speaking of Jesse Helms, a hog calling contest?

So anyway, if any of you all see Dave Barry, tell him I'm looking for him and if it isn't too much trouble, tell him you think I'd be a good running mate and mention some of my progressive innovations for the

U.S. Senate to him. If we're going to do this thing we need to spend an hour or two planning it so that we can make some key announcements to the press while the other parties are having their conversations. If we play are cards right, the Dave and Ike ticket could get so much press attention that nominations from the other parties would only be mentioned on the evening news as an afterthought.

My love for you will never stop. It can never be replaced... I vow it's unconditional, no matter what you do or say...

I promise dear to always love you, in my heart is where you'll stay... One day soon I pray that you will realize, maybe then you will come back to me...

My love always,
A.G.



I want to say a big thank you for bringing me back to life, cause I was dead. Thank especially to Kermit and Joyce Mink, John and Sandy Kuhn, Sam Stallworth and the Rockcastle Ambulance Service and Ron Rash. If was not for them, Kermit and Joyce Mink, I would not be here today.

Lisa Spangler



Mr. and Mrs. Orvil Childress would like to congratulate their son-in-law, Alan Higginbotham. Alan has completed Basic and Technical Air Force Training. He is now qualified to work on the F-15 and F-16 jets. He finished July 14, 2000 and he and our daughter will be moving to Arizona to work. We are very proud of Alan for all that he has done.

May God be with you through your journey

Poet's Corner

I Will Always Love You
It's hard for me to let you go,
it's hard for me to quit...
I vowed to stand beside you,
to love you no matter what...

I tried so hard to prove,
that my love for you was true...
I tried so hard to show you,
that what we had was real...

I love you so completely,
with everything I am...
I opened up my heart and soul,
and gave you all I had...

You hurt me and you used me,
you played me for a fool...
You told me that you loved me,
yet you broke my heart into...

Even though you hurt me,
I did not walk away...
I could not understand it,
"But" still I love you anyway...

I listened very closely,
to every word you had to say...
I guess I got to close Dear,
for you got scared and ran away...

You have tried to make me hate you,
you have pushed so very hard...
Some day I hope you realize that,
I cannot hate someone I love...

I never said that I could not live,
without you by my side...
I just don't understand why,
I should even have to try...

Many things have happened,
angry words have been exchanged...
But even so that's no reason,
to just throw our love away...

Sweetheart I tried, and I was wrong...
I fought to prove myself...
Why can't you just see that,
I do love you with all my heart...



On Sunday, June 11th, three students from Eric Bullock's Shao-Lin Do Karate Club tested in Lexington in front of Grandmaster Sin Thee. The students received higher ranks and did exceptionally well. They are, from left: Tammy Peyton, third brown belt to second brown; Jamie Sutton, third brown to second brown; Tammy Robbins, yellow belt to blue belt. The next test before Grandmaster Sin Thee will be held in September.

Blood Pressure and Interest Rates

...Lower Numbers Almost Always Mean Better Health

One way to improve your financial health may be through a home equity loan. Your interest rate may be lower, and you may realize additional savings at tax time. Love those low numbers.

Citizens Bank Home Equity Loans—one of many products we offer to keep you in peak financial health.

Real People. Real Progress.

Citizens Bank

24 Hour BankLine: 1-800-530-8561



U.S. Hwy. 150 West
Mt. Vernon, KY 40456
606-256-2500

Main Street
Brodhead, KY 40409
606-758-8212

Hwy. 421 South
McKee, KY 40447
606-287-8390