

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves

Maturity or Manhood

"You can't put old heads on a kid."

How many parents have we heard that say when a parent is making excuses for a mischievous child after he/she has just broken an object or betrayed one's trust. That parent is right, so this is the time for learning, by parents as well as the offender. The parent on how to deal with her offspring's misdeeds and the child the difference between right and wrong.

When a newborn babe is laid in the arms of two people, those two have the responsibility to raise that child in a way acceptable to society and the child is burdened with the responsibility of responding to their rules. It is a lifetime of teaching and learning for all three. And, sadly, there are no cut and dried instructions on how to do it. A doting parent may overlook the deliberate action of their child breaking a treasured possession and call it curiosity when a parent of another child would explain the damage he has done, not only to the article he has destroyed but to his offensive action to another's property. Wouldn't it be wonderful if parents had a bottle handed to them, along with their newborn, with the instructions, "take when needed, each capsule contains unmeasured quantities of The Love of Jesus. Overflowing amounts of The Patience of Job and later, Today I want to share one such occasion I witnessed yesterday."

Regardless of the weakness or strength of parental guidance, these children do reach maturity sooner or later. Today I want to share one such occasion I witnessed yesterday.

And, yes, it is about one of my grandchildren, Birch Graves. I have always called him my "littlest one," because he was the last grandchild to find a welcome chamber in my heart, waiting to be filled. To me, he is still the little boy with the quick wit, twinkling eyes and ability to keep us entertained with his jokes, whether at the dinner table or before his little grandpa. The first thing Mat asked when B. entered his room was, "Do you h. . . a new joke for grandpa today? Of course he did. His quick wit could find one even if he had to make it up as he went. He was the youngest of our four grandchild-



and quickly found his place in the family. There were no cousins on his mother's side so he made the most of what he had and enjoyed the fun of playing with his kinfolk buddies on the farm. Or, when alone, made friends with the animals. Buddy, the dog was a wondrous companion, the cows and calves fascinated him and hours were spent beside the fence getting acquainted with them. His other grandparents, Virginia and Claiborne Campbell, lived in West Virginia and owned a large dairy farm which, upon their retirement, Rodney and Helen bought.

When they moved to their new home in Sinks Grove, W. Va., in 1983, Birch was nine years old and the loss of Mat, his Grandpa Graves, who died in Jan. 1983, was still fresh. I think this may have been the first time he had ever dealt with the loss of a relative. He had lost and grieved over the death of several of his beloved dogs but a human, his own warm grandpa, was another thing. His grief went deeper than I ever suspected and was renewed last Thursday when his other granddaddy, Helen's father, Claiborne Campbell, passed away. (Polly, Chuck and I went to the funeral.) At the viewing the other night, I joined Birch while he was standing close to his grandpa, gently smoothing the workman hands that had held him as a baby, scuffed with him as he grew bigger and shook his own hand when he graduated from college. He had recently held these hands a few hours before he died as he sang an old-familiar song to him he had heard him whistle as he went about his work. It was then he told me about his memories of his other granddaddy, Mat, lying in his casket, and about his wondering why he was so cold. Then confessed it still bothered him.

Birch grew up in the shadow of his grandparents, Virginia and Claiborne Campbell's home and influence. Both had been active teachers and supporters of any school related to dairy or farming. So it was natural for Birch to follow what his mom and aunt Ruth had been taught to do. Join 4H and take it seriously, study and be a good student, and take part in extra curricular activities. So, he tackled a little bit of each. Played basketball and soccer, took part in school plays, joined the track team

and band in high school and became an all-around average student anyone would be proud of. It was during this period in his life he was recognized for his ability to play the saxophone. I attended every concert he was involved in, for he always had the leading role, the soloist or most valuable player. I was proud of that skinny little fellow that was fast becoming a man. Then came the college years. All his kin had graduated from Berea, but he couldn't be accepted there because of his Dad's being a retired Lt. Col. of the Air Force. (Shame on a college for denying a child admission to a school because of the success of one of its former students). Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C. was his next choice and from which he graduated. Along with classes from the University of N.C., he graduated with a degree in music, specializing in the saxophone. A few years of playing with a band and working as a substitute teacher of music followed. Birch was growing up. Childish things were becoming a thing of his past. News of his mother being a victim of cancer and his grandfather's illness awakened him to the duties of manhood and he moved back home to take them seriously.

Sunday, at his grandfather's funeral, I realized I was seeing a man as Birch took his newly-widowed grandmother's arm and escorted her to the front seat in the church with the remains of his grandfather in the casket before them. Then, when he arose with saxophone in hand, proudly raising his shoulders as he placed lips on the instrument and the soft notes of "I am a poor wayfaring stranger" floated over the audience, I knew a man was standing there. There was more to follow. When the

tones of the sax died away, his voice took their place and words to the song he had heard his granddad whistle as he went about his work came out in a voice no one knew he had been hiding behind his saxophone. His closing song was "Amazing Grace."

Yes, I am proud of him, shouldn't I be? Not many grandparents are privileged to see one of their offspring reach maturity before their very eyes.



Points East

By: Ike Adams

I went to Lexington this morning only because I couldn't convince the people I needed to talk things over with to come south. Unless they're trying to get you to sign up for a free demonstration of the latest innovation in vacuum cleaning technology or they've come to pull an audit on the company that employs you, it's difficult to get most Lexingtonians out of town.

They love those plastic horses to much and they can't bear the thought of leaving them for any length of time.

On the other hand, somewhere around 300 million people who live on other parts of the state commute to work in Lexington every day. They time it so that they can arrive for their job just a few seconds before it's time to punch the clock. In the evening there is a mad scramble to see who can be the first one to cross the city limits on any major traffic artery on the way out of town.

I read somewhere recently that

Lexington was like the seventh most likely place on the planet to get killed by someone running a red light. Actually, this is yet another sport that has caught on in the bluegrass. In order to make the commute at least a bit interesting drivers try to kill other people. I saw a pedestrian try to cross Nicholasville Road this morning and before I was over 13 big SUV's (please pardon the redundancy) had crashed into each other head on in attempts to be the first one to nail him. A lot of people claim that the only reason they work in Lexington is because getting to and from work is so much fun.

Hardly any of them claim that it's because of the culture and that's a crying shame because they are paying huge amounts of money collected in the form of occupational taxes to support it. The culture is, of course, horse art. At least, that is what the Mayor and City Council call it.

Anyone who has some old sculptures of horses lying around might

want to give Lexington's elected officials a call. They will come to your house, pay you a handsome price for it and haul it to Main Street or your favorite mall where they will put it up on concrete blocks and rig up a fountain to spray on it. If you can carve horses or mold them out of brass or sheet metal you need to call the Mayor as soon as you get through reading the paper because there is a job waiting for you in Lexington and they'll pay you whatever you think you ought to be making to become a bona fide horse artist.

In the meantime, because the collection wasn't coming together as fast as they would like it, Lexington has run of 300 million (one for each commuter) life size plastic horses and they have literally commissioned all the artists in town to draw stuff on them. They've strategically placed them everywhere in town that has six square feet of vacant space. And since the parking garage on Main Street isn't being used for much else, you can safely guess what is being planned for it. From the first of last month until time ends, the Lexington Herald Leader will be featuring a color photograph of a different plastic horse on its state and regional front page every day of the year and six times on national holidays.

The artists have painted some of them up to look like zebras, Dalmatians, and name your favorite animal. Others have stuff like sea shells, egg carions, and beer cans etc., glued onto them so that folks will say stuff like "how original" or "what an interesting interpretation" or some other funky utterance to give the impression that they are connoisseurs. But don't you ever in a million years make the mistake I did this morning (Cont. to A9)

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"What Is Written"

Today we want to look at the Biblical pattern for the organization of the new testament church:

In the universal church, the people of God throughout the world, there is no organic structure. Every Christian is to submit to the head, Jesus Christ, Eph. 1:21-23. But in the local church there is an organizational structure. Phil. 1:1 describes it: "And Timothy, the servant of Jesus Christ, to all the saints in Christ Jesus which are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons." Bishops are overseers, or elders, or pastors. In Ac. 20:18-28 we read, "And from Miletus he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the church. . . . Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." Notice Paul called for the elders, who he called overseers (which is sometimes translated bishops) and they were to feed, which comes from the word translated pastor or shepherd. So pastors are bishops, bishops are elders, elders are pastors, the same office or function in the local church. Take note there is to be a plurality of pastors or bishops or elders in a local church, cf. also Ac. 14:23. Elders are to oversee the flock that is among them, 1 Pet. 5:1-2. "The elders which are among you I exhort, who can also be elders, and a witness of the sufferings of Christ, and also a partaker of the glory that shall be revealed. Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind." Bishops do not oversee and pastor other flocks, no, Peter said the flock that is among you. Local churches are autonomous, that is, self governing. The qualifications for bishops and deacons (appointed servants for the local church, cf. Ac. 6:1-5) are found in 1 Tim. 3:1-13. We do not read about any earthly headquarters, synods, one pastor in a diocese, pope, or archbishop in the new testament. God's church is organized in a simple

Providence church Christ

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Wednesday 7:30pm; Road program, Sunday 8am, 1460 AM