

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



This is a Related "Thank You" to the owners and all employees of the Kastle Inn Motel & Kastle Inn Restaurant.

Before leaving room 258 at the Kastle Inn Motel I want to thank all those involved in sharing your "Christmas Spirit" with a guest and temporary neighbor. Since the day I arrived, seeking a place to live while my house was being renovated, they

to a kitchen fire, I have been made to feel at home, or as a special guest at the Motel and Restaurant. The morning walk around the building ending at the office is met with a cherry "good morning" where a cup of hot coffee and the Herald Leader awaits me. And for some reason I don't appear, an attendant will soon have them at my door. This is room service. I had not asked for or expected. The

house-keeping attendants are just like the neighbor next door, friendly, busy and clean. With an occasional bit of welcome chit-chat when there is time and always with a final question before they leave the room, is there anything else you need or I can do?

All the pretty cards and the gift from the Motel management and employees was appreciated.

Now, more thanks go to those from the restaurant for sharing their "Merry Christmas" Spirit, with a very lovely person in need of a boost to her belief in "Santa Claus" or, Peace on earth, Good will to men. When I heard the noise outside my window and found four or five young folks from the restaurant with tinny and a roll of wide red ribbons in their arms I knew it couldn't be Santa Claus, for he, like everyone else, would be busy doing more important things. These young folks were decorating my window with glittering tinny rope being draped around and tied with big red ribbons at the corners and center of the window which made a perfect frame for the pretty lighted Christmas tree inside. My decorated window was the only one on my side of the motel. And when Kathy knocked on the door to invite me over for a cup of coffee and see their newly decorated tree and big red stockings, one with a "Granny Graves" tag attached, hanging on the tree with all the rest of special customers and family I felt had been accepted as a temporary grandma and was more than willing to fill the role.

The next night another surprise awaited me. When I heard a familiar sound of voices and opened the door to find Kathy and her "gang" waitresses, etc., dressed in red sweaters and Santa Claus hats, singing "Joy to the World" and "Santa Claus is coming to town." It was not only a surprise and treat, it was a moment of days gone by when it was I standing at the door with happy voices joining in to sing, "Joy to the World" that brought a bit of nostalgia to one whose caroling days were nothing but a very pleasant dream of an almost forgotten past. And once again I thought of my old friend, "Turn Backward, Turn Backward, Oh Time, In Your Flight, Make Me a Kid Again, Just For Tonight."

The gift from the owners and employees of Kastle Inn Restaurant is beautiful and will be a treasured addition to my collection of memories. And Santa Claus was very good to me when he filled my stocking, with goodies, from "my little friend" Felicia. It will be the first thing I hang on my door next Christmas. This has turned out to be Christmas I will always remember. I found something on this mountain top more than beautiful scenery. I have found beautiful people and memories of the days I spent at, The Kastle on the hill.

And thank again for all your kindness. After All The above thanks to those who contributed to the happiness of an elderly woman, and made Christmas a reality instead of "just another day."

while waiting for my home to be ready for occupancy" is just a small part of what I am feeling as I sit alone, wondering what those who contracted with the work are doing. It will soon be three months since I moved to the Kastle Inn Motel with a few belongings, thinking that would be all I needed till the highly recommended crew of skilled workers would have the repairs completed and I would be back in control of my life.

As it is now we are in the midst of another three day holiday, and I am

still sitting alone in my room. Depression is a simple term for the feeling of despair that has begun to overtake me.

The temptation to get in the car and drive till it is empty is almost overwhelming, but I must not do that. I am too upset to be a safe driver. Maybe I am a bit too impatient, but an 87 year old person doesn't have time to waste around with holiday breaks and weekend excursions. Right now I need the security of my home to relax in.

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Points East

By: Ike Adams



I've had four bird feeders hung from the limbs of the two big persimmons and maple trees in my front yard ever since we moved into the place four years ago. Two are those long tubes that I fill up with thistle seed for finches and the other two are supposed to look miniature versions of something humans would live in except the roofs come off so I can dump in black oil sunflower seed, cracked corn and millet.

A fill-up in the finch feeders will last for three weeks and keep the twenty or so finches that fly in little flocks of 5 or 7 happy and well nourished.

When they start running low I am awakened by loud tapping and peeping or whatever one calls the noise that finches make when they are fighting over who gets the last perch where feed is available.

The other two feeders hold about two quarts each but the feed doesn't last as long. At least two dozen species show up throughout the day. We even have wrens hanging around that are probably wondering why they didn't head as Carolina when the weather was nice enough to fly along with cardinals, jays, chickadees, nuthatches, phoebes, woodpeckers, sparrows, doves, and the ever present and despicable blackbirds and starlings.

There's a bunch of feathered friends who show up that I can't even find in the field guide that Jeni Hensfield gave me for Christmas. I'm content to call them pretty birds when I can't make a positive identification and let it go at that.

The trouble is, my feeders often go forgotten. When there's snow on the ground they can get emptied in a matter of hours and if I don't fill them, the birds find a better offer. I'm not the only person in the neighborhood who buys bird feed fifty pounds at a time.

Anyway, a while back I was thumbing through a bird magazine and found a picture of a feeder based on a big platform with a bin that holds about half a bushel of seed at a time. It was mounted on a post in somebody's front yard and even

though there was not a pattern available, I allowed that I could use the picture and come up with something at least as large and functional.

So I took the picture out to the garage and established a set of good intentions which I shared with Rufus Harrison by way of the Instant Messenger thingamajig we both have on our computers. Rufus said he had more time on his hands than I did and I'd send him the picture he'd make it for me.

Somewhat I misplaced the picture. I expect the wind blew it off the work bench where I placed it and landed among the piles of stuff I need to be rid of in my garage. It never even crossed my mind to look for it.

In fact, I don't think I'd even start looking for anything less than a \$500 reward.

Anyway a week or two later, Rufus said I'd told him enough about the feeder that he had taken the concept and run with it and that my feeder was finished except that he needed a few squares of roofing shingles to cover it.

Sunday afternoon I drove down to Woods Creek Lake and picked it up after Rufus finished the roofing job. I haven't got it installed in the front yard yet because I've been hauling it all over the county showing it off and waiting around while folks make a few preliminary drawings so they can build their own.

Rufus says that I should tell folks not to call and bother him because this is the first and last one he's building.

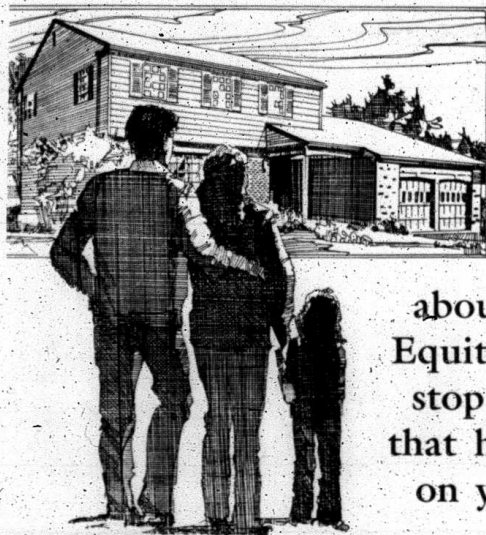
After I show it to Jeni tomorrow, I'm going to find a place in the yard where it won't block out the view of my house and dig a post hole. Once it's mounted, I should have the happiest bird colony in Garrard County.

Heck, if the birds don't like it, it's no size that I may just move into it myself.

In the meantime, please don't be aggravating Rufus. He was not too keen on me putting this in the paper to begin with and I feed to stay on good terms with him so he'll save me new flooring for my bass boat.

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