

Points East

on your work on earth is done Go to Heaven a' shouting Praise for the Eather and the

Go to Heaven a' shouting Praise for the Eather and the Son.*
Vince Gill sang the song that has that chorus and I believe he wrote it. If he didn't I do love nothing better than credit the person who did and maybe apologize for taking advantage because that's the tune I've been humming for the last several days when I think about Wayne Stewart. Ever since I found out that Wayne had departed life on earth late last. Ever since I found out that Wayne had departed life on earth late last well as the service of the last several days when I think about Wayne Stewart is as a live ade-year, smiling out ioud at me and waying that skinny right arm and beckombag and throwthig it across my shoulders and telling mie that the world is a great place to be in and anit we ever so lucky to be in it today.

it tuday

It don't know that he ever used
those exact words but that's the way
he made me feel a thousand times or
nore when I first moved from
Letcher County down into the
flatands from what he called, "real
Appalachia".

"Real Appalachia" was the mountains east and due south of Mancheter and Hyden where a number of
Rockcastle families had originated-

the highlands, the coal fields and Wayne Stewart had known a bunch or lock firsh from those hills whose families had migrated from the coalfields to the firm had will be coalfield to the familiand with burely the shirty on their backs. He also known and had deep respect for a few Rockeastle faminem state flows in the spring of 1975. I was working for a non-profit organization called Job Start that would eventually become Kentucky Highlands Investment Corporation and my job was to put together a base of community support that had some real accountability to the people of Coutheastern Kentucky and, at the same time, avoided the perpetually corrupt political power trading that had some sort of control on every federal dollar coming into the region at that time.

I don't remember who if was, but says, but says, but says.

I don't remember who it was, but someone told me that I needed to go see Waynic Stewart because he was somehow a person that both the politiciants and the folks who despised politicians held in high regard.

Wayne owned and was running Rockcastle Farm Supply at that time.

He sold feed and seed and fertilizer

I'm sure it wasn't a plan. Wayne Stewart was born good hearied and kind and honest and foving and all the good adjectives I can think of. A lot of folks like that wind up teach-ing Sunday School and letting it go at that but Wayne had a higher call-

at that but Wayne nate a migracing.

He was never elected, except for
a ferm or the city council of Mi
Verson, to public office as far as I
know but he was constantly being
pushed into taking responsibility.

The best, and maybe the only
thing that I have ever done that made
a difference for Southeastern Kentucky is talk Wayne Stewart into serving on the Kentucky Highlands Investment Corporation Board of Di-

rectors and later sit in his office until 5 in the morning convincing him that he was the only logical candidate to chair that board.

Wayne was my mentor, my tock, my confidante, my big brother, my there in many ways for more that ten years. He held the same esteem for all the greeidents of KHIC and many of the staff right up until his death.

death.

Last Saturday morning, the day of his funeral, Fred Beate, one of those bast presidents called me from Northern Pennsylvania fearing that I didn't know that Wayne was gone beauto I had enferred to him in the present tense in an email the night before had said something to the effect that I hoped to live and be as ylbrant as Wayne Stewart.

Mayne Stewart.
And I do. Wayne Stewart's spirit is very much alive to me. I don't think that I will ever think of him in the past tense. Our neck of the woods. has far too few heroes and Wayne Stewart is the best that I have ever known.

Go rest high on that mountain but I swear to you Wayne, your work on earth is not yet done. A bunch of us are left to carry on as best we can.

portant in the life of a family with childes of different ages. It can be one of learning, having fluo or a combination of both. Parents have a lot to do with which one it is. Learning as good book, studying the mayer of the life of l

eould almost feel the cool water from the waves dashing over the huge rocks as the white caps from the waves kept them drenched with foam below the pilot house above. Later on, in my early widowhood, I had the

and again wet my feet in the surf where the water from the Atlantic Ocean cooled them. So, an Atlas and dictionary were always close by to feed my interest and share the joys of reading and exploring with our grandchildren for they also loved

can be taught self control; math, by keeping score; vocabulary, reading instructions and discipline. The give and take of winning and losing can lead to better relations between sib-lings and in family harmony. Games that encourage planning and think-ing have always been an important

old book that if we "B in an old book that if we "Br child up in the way it should g will not depart from it." If pa will harken to this bit of advice obey it, there will be better out the schools, children will agai spect and listen to their teacher better students and welcome g wherever they go.



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Clothing

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Food Drive

Cub Scouts will hold a food drive, Saturday, March 17th at all local procesy mores. MVES will be collecting on Friday, All proceeds will go to the local food putty.

Leap Plowing Gardens

LEAP in now plowing pardens. If

Mama's Little Helpers I get ideas of what to write about its name of the oddest places: one was at the pestaurant the other night when a young waitress slipped past our table with a wet cloth in hand and, could write a wet cloth in hand and could write a wet cloth in hand and deposited in in the appropriate coitainer. It was then I decided these time waiters were, not very long, ago, simply Mama's Lutte Helpers. Watching this one tidy up the mess another person had "left behind, brought visions of a ting right." I all Susy, asking, "Mama, can I help brought visions of a ting right. Place and the standard of the help wash the dishes?" or with a little broom clutched close, "Can I sweep her floy?" Then standing on one side of the bed, holding onto the sheet saying, "Here, Mommy, I'll do this and while you do then the pullows and, with a satisfied of the wear of the work of the wore I get ideas of what to write about some of the oddest places: one was

way to school anyway. Why don't you make Charlie do the dishes. My brother never has to do anything ground the house. Or, "Oh, that old bed, it doesn't have to be made up-like the control of the contro am going out with some of the kids. Sup years it mind doing them, so put them back for her. And, don't dare let the haby get itin on y makeup and, for you know what she did the last time when she separed lippich and nail polish on the floor."

Susy sodded her sister for not doing her share them asked Charlie to help her clear the table will be for the property of the property of the state of the sister of th

