



Points East

By:
Ibe Adams

People call me from as far away as California to see how my garden is doing. I get emails nearly every day on the same subject. The neighbors stop by and want to know where it is.

The truth of the matter is that, had I planted rice, I might possibly have had a fine crop by now. As it is, however, I have 18 or so tomato plants, a couple dozen peppers and as many eggplants, and two little hoops each of beans and sugar snap peas. I have squash and cucumbers up but little hope that the plants will do anything other than turn yellow and rot off at the ground.

I managed to get some tilling done before the monsoons hit a month ago and I pretty much have that portion of the garden filled, a task accomplished by wading barefoot through mud and squishing it up between my toes and sticking the plants down into it.

One evening last week, when we had actually gone 24 hours without getting an inch of rain I fired the old 79 Troybilt up, tackled the clay and promptly blew my beloved garden implement to pieces. The piston rod broke and went through the oil pan.

I decided I needed and deserved a new one so I went to the website and discovered that the replacement model is \$2999.99. My truck blue books for about a thousand dollars less than that.

In the meantime, one of my neighbors has invited me to use her Airedale and if it ever stops raining I plan to take advantage of her generosity.

John Edwards came over Sunday afternoon, took the old motor off the Troybilt and officially declared it dead. I've found one at Northern Tool Company that will fit and it is reduced to \$378.00 as a Father's Day Special.

I wonder how many other Dads plan on getting 10 horsepower Tecumseh engines for Father's Day. Not that I expect to have it in by then,

but that's my present to myself which will be partially financed by ugly ties that I plan on returning to certain department stores next Monday.

I figure that while I'm waiting on the motor to arrive I can sand down the frame and transmission of ole Betsy and have the equivalent of a new little after I spray on a few coats of fire engine red paint. Actually it should be better than anything currently on the market because they absolutely do not build them like they used to and they haven't done so in decades.

I wouldn't swap ole Betsy for two of the so called replacement models. And, for that matter, I think Troybilt should give me a medal or some sort of recognition because I actually broke one of the old models.

I know of at least three still running every day that it's dry enough to plow that are much older than mine.

What I have growing that is really doing well is a bumper crop of mushrooms. Mushrooms that I can't find in a 500 page volume of color photographs supposedly committed to identifying every species of fungi that grows in North America.

Last spring I talked the tree trimmers who were clearing out the Kentucky Utilities power line right of way through our neck of the woods into dumping two huge loads (several tons) of "mulch" in my back yard. Several mornings of late, especially after these 48 degree nights, both piles of mulch have been covered with hundreds of rather ordinary looking white, pointy mushrooms but I can't find anything in the book that matches them exactly.

So far nobody has volunteered to eat one to see if it's poisonous. If I do discover that they are edible, I'll probably give because at least 20 pounds have gone to waste. And right now I'd settle for anything home grown if I knew it wasn't going to kill me.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Grandchildren Need Hugs and Love!

After reading the book, "Hugs for Grandma," Chad and Angie gave me for Mother's Day, my mind seemed to arouse from the deep sleep it has been in for several months and awakened the old desire to do something about it.

Thank you, Chad and Angie, for the book as well as the other grandkids' memories of a few precious hours spent with their grandchildren, after they had emptied their own nests, brought back some of the memories of times I was privileged to spend with my four grandkids in their early years. When I look back to those times, my heart fills with longing to hear childish voices say, "Grandma, look what I'm doing," or "Grandma, I'm hungry!"

Each voice was different. Deno's loud one would be heard above the others. Ann's little girl's voice and a bit shrill. Chad, from the time he spoke his first words, had a genuine soft southern drawl and Birch, the last one which I always called "My Littlest One" till he gently reminded me the day he graduated from college that he was now six feet tall and no longer fitted the picture of a "little one."

"My response to that was, but honey, no matter how tall or big you get, you will always be grandma's 'littlest one' for I am your last one. That settled it." I think, my environment I am sure influenced his speech pattern. His association with people at the Air Force bases where his dad was stationed, and the folks from every walk of life he met at the dog show and the times he and his parents attended regularly whenever Dad was off duty and there was one within driving distance, surely influenced his speech and vocabulary. He spoke with a moderate voice, distinctive enough that I could recognize it plainly when I would hear, "Grandma, I love you." Once when he was playing on the stairs, I heard a little familiar voice call "Grandmother, look here." Birch had said a new word on TV, and was experimenting with it.

Judy, my firstborn, and husband, Ken, presented us with our first grandchild, a beautiful dark haired, brown eyed baby boy and named him Konstantin, soon shortened to "Deno" on Christmas Day, 1967. He immediately became a joy to hold and everyone wanted to share it.

There was one hang up though, he didn't want Judy out of his sight. If she as much as stepped out of the room, a squall broke forth before his mouth had time to pucker up. Then, nothing would stop it but Judy's arms. From the time he could form words, he began making sentences so he could express himself. He began talking by the time he was a year old and I stopped yet. He was never at a loss for words and spoke them clearly and constantly. No baby chatter for that one. He was curious and wanted to know about everything around him, and it wasn't a simple Why?

It often was a question with the answer following before the other person could reply. He was never at a loss for words and spoke them clearly and constantly. No baby chatter for that one. He was curious and wanted to know about everything around him, and it wasn't a simple Why? It often was a question with the answer following before the other person could reply. Once when he was visiting me in the office when I was working with the KIPP program, he was perhaps four years old, he approached my supervisor, Wayne Hambricht, and began a conversation with, "Mr. Hambricht, do you know what hicups are?" Then he began to cough over the shock of hearing such a question from a child of his age.

"It is a spasm in the esophagus caused by..." and finished the diagnosis. By then all of the other employees were listening and laughing at that little tot walking up to Wayne and starting a conversation about hicups with him and Wayne never forgot Deno. Where he ever heard those big words and learned to pronounce them it still puzzles me. But that was the kind of a kid he was, and still is. His age now 31, hasn't slowed his tongue nor quenched his thirst for knowledge. He was our first grandchild, and of course, we doted on him. I seem fond of his fat tummy the perfect place to tickle and blow bubbles on when he was being bathed and listen to the giggles, then cackle. My laughter as he was being dressed. All too soon, he was writing me letters from far away places like Germany, and Greece before they became more local, like New York and California, where he finally talked his way into a lifetime commitment of matrimony. "Grandma," drew a sigh of relief and at-

tended his marriage to Christ, the beautiful girl of his choice.

When Deno was two years old, Judy and Ken did another first in our life by presenting us with our first and only granddaughter, Anastasia (Ann). So we had another treasure to cuddle with big brown eyes and dark hair that was soon beginning to curl. The dark hair and brown eyes were her only likeness to her big brother. She learned to talk early but was never the chatterbox he was. They got along beautifully until he wanted to prove his seniority and what he believed to be his superior intellect by telling her what to do and how. Then, Ann, with her status as being the only girl, and with a mind and will as great as he, used her ready made tears and high pitched wails as a weapon and often got her way. She was such a beautiful little girl with long dark almost curly hair, framing a face with Grecian features and those big black eyes that could suddenly cloud up into tears or twinkle with merriment when I rode her "horse" on my foot. It was she, not Deno who climbed the apple trees in the yard and marched around the room when I sang three little ducks or froggie went a courting. And, she learned how to take a cake in grandma's kitchen when she was about ten. One memory of them together was the day they got off the plane in Lexington for a visit to the farm. Judy had treated them to "time" with Grandma and Granddad without the interference of parents. Mat and I were standing close to the exit platform when the plane began unloading, and the first off was three people, one tall attendant and two little kids holding her hands. I was surprised at their being three for I was not aware an attendant had to accompany them, so was a bit slow in stepping forward but the sudden commotion on the ramp and a voice from the attendant saying I need no further proof of grandma's identity and with a squeal from two excited mouths four arms encircled my waist and the chattering from two adults was added to the fray. That was a wonderful two weeks I have stored safely in my box of treasures. We played cards when it rained and croquet when it didn't. Mat and I treated them to dinner at the restaurant and short shopping trip to town. They had moved back to Michigan so this was a real treat for all.

While they still lived in Hazard, they helped to welcome another grandchild into the family. Ann was two, when Polly and Chuck blessed us with our third grandchild, christened Charles Madison, after his father, Charles Abney, and grandfather, Madison Graves. The name Chad, which has always gone by, is the shortening of these two names. Now Chad was different from the first two in many ways. He had almost red hair, blue eyes and looked exactly like his dad in miniature. Those two older dark eyed grandkids adored him. He was always "Baby Chad" to them and each one had to hold and talk to him. And he loved all of it. Their bonding took hold immediately and is still active.

Chad learned early to be quiet in the daytime for Chuck worked nights and needed to sleep thru. Day time was mommie's time to play and bond with him. As soon as he could crawl and walk he was introduced to leggos, building blocks and things that were quiet but educational. His first set of encyclopedias were bought while he was a baby and learning to look things up when he was a toddler came natural, as he began recognizing things in the house that were also in one of the books. When he began to talk, his voice had a soft southern drawl that lent a charm everyone noticed. The love bestowed on him by Deno and Ann was returned two fold. When they came to visit Grandma and Granddad, we could be sure Chad would soon be there also. He spent his first night away from home with me and I'll never forget it. I read to him till his eyes were tired but he said, "Grandma, I want to go home." I had already read him I couldn't drive back over so he had to stay overnight. I gave him a little sleep so he accepted my saying my eyes were tired but he said, "O.K. I'll wait while you rest them" and picked up his teddy bear and curled back against the wall with them.

And I was there with his two fingers securely tucked in his mouth and I went to sleep. The next morning, I found him still curled up against the wall, teddy clasped tightly and fingers still in his mouth, sound asleep. After a hasty breakfast, we headed for his house where Mommy anxiously awaited her wandering boy. He never again asked to be taken home when he spent the night with us which were many. When he entered school and was on the little league team, later baseball, then basketball, in upper grades, I never missed a game to be there to cheer him on. Whether losing or winning, I was there to support his efforts. Mat and I loved to have him along when we went to Somerset for we all loved to eat at Long John Silver's and Chad always did me the favor of finishing the last of my fish and chips. Before Chad grew out of his playful ways he helped welcome the fourth, last and only "Graves" grandchild to the Graves clan and activities on the farm. Rodney called early on March 3, 1974, to tell us he and Helen had a son, to both us he and Helen had a son, and then he asked if I could come out for a first or to show them how to care for a tiny baby, since neither of them had ever been around a new born. The next day, I boarded a Greyhound bus and was on my way. I was glad to be able to do something for my only son and his wife, who I love dearly, and also a brand new grandchild.

And I was there when Rodney carried his first born, his son, for the first time through the door of their home. Then watched, to my consternation, as he laid him on the floor and called his beautiful Husky dogs over to get acquainted with him. (Cont. to A-6)

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