

Fairview News

By Mrs. Hubert Chasteen

Hello everyone. Hope you are well and happy. I realize that there are some of you that are not well, but we have our love and prayers. This is a dark and rainy Monday morning. August is nearly gone. It seems like the summer has passed so quickly and the weather has been so hot and humid, but still God is so good to us and blesses us in many ways, much more than we deserve. I thank God so much for our family, relatives and friends. They are precious to me and I love them dearly.

Rev. Albert E. Griffitt filled his regular appointment at the Fairview Baptist Church over the weekend with good attendance. 118 attended Sunday School August 26th. We are so thankful to have so many young people and children. (Also thank you for our older folks!) During the past few weeks several have come into our church by baptism, statement or by letter. May God bless each one of them. You know we are living now in a wicked evil world, but if we would abide by 2nd Chronicles 7:14 we could turn things around. Think about

it. Our community was very deeply saddened by the sudden death of a dear friend, J.T. Lambert. He passed away at his home near Fairview Sunday night, August 19, 2001. We have always loved and respected the Lambert family. They are dear to all of us, and have been some good friends for many years. They have meant so much to everyone and to our church in times of need. May God bless and comfort the family at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Chasteen visited her brother, Tip Reppert and wife, Florence one evening last week. Tip has been on the sick list for some time, hospitalized for a few days. He is a wonderful brother and I love him dearly. May God bless him to be well soon is my prayer.

With this is not a very newsy column but now is also a very busy time, so maybe next time I can write more.

Please try to attend church and Sunday School some where and be good to others. God loves us and we need to love one another. May God bless you is my prayer.

"Sweet n' Sour"

(Cont. from A2)

This house seemed to be what I had dreamed of. A house that would accommodate my furniture, had plenty of windows that let in light and I could look out of in all directions. I could sit on the front or back porch and talk to a neighbor or have coffee and the morning paper at the kitchen table where I could watch the squirrels play in the shade tree outside the window. The squirrels became tame enough to come to the porch and eat out of my hand. The lawn between the window and Richmond Street was well kept with a few fruit trees bearing small plums or apples close to my driveway and a border of large cacti, or maples between it and the street. Birds made nests in the trees and raised their young there. A street light was just a few houses from mine so my dream was almost complete. The expense of lawn between my kitchen and the trees allowed the beauty of each to be appreciated. When seasons changed, so did the beauty. Spring brought tender leaves developing into full size when summer brought the need for shade and all the glorious colors of autumn when the squirrels play in the shade tree outside the window didn't slight them either. My wishes were never lowered during winter for the beauty of new fallen snow on a field with trees having beneath the weight of it and perhaps a red bird decorating the branches is something one never forgets.

Be careful what you wish for, you may get more than you want. The wish for a change of scenery can be devastating when the change turns into a nightmare instead of the dream you had of things being like they once were. The answer to the desire for a comfortable home in town, where I can rest in peace for the few remaining years God has blessed me with has become an albatross, loaded with weights too heavy for one person to carry alone. This is when I turn to God with a plea. Please God, I am leaving this with you.

I realized I must have been asking for the wrong things when I had a fire in the kitchen last November and the consequences began months of problems for me. Because of smoke damage, I had to leave home till it could be repaired. That took several months. All the time I was living in a room at the Kastle Inn Motel. A nice room, hot coffee in my room every morning when I asked for it, the management, Larry and Linda Carter, and all the help treating me like a royal guest was not enough. I wanted to be home. Christmas came and went, spring burst forth with young leaves covering the trees on the hillside beyond the valley below. I wanted to look out my own window and see the same thing happening outside my windows. I had been quite ill during my forced vacation at the hotel and, for the first time in my life, had to use a cane to move about. While I was still unable to walk, I realized I needed a cane and told me things were finally ready to move back. With assistance, I packed scattered belongings, found my cane and hobbled to the waiting car. After thanking the who had been so good to me, I headed for home. Things were not ready, as promised. Maybe sometime I will tell about all the things that were wrong. But as we drove up, I noticed something different outside. One more look and I realized the house at the corner of the big lawn was gone. So were the trees near the street I had been enjoying changing colors and giving shade to the area for the ten years I had been living here. My heart lurched at the signs of holes in the ground where once stood those beautiful trees. In a few days, men appeared with saws, axes and equipment to take the rest of them down so they could begin with bulldozers to remove the soil. The hole on the hill would have been a haven of rest for me then. I had turmoil in the house that was being completed by carpenters, turmoil in the kitchen were helpers were emptying boxes and warning to know where to put them and turmoil in my soul

wondering when it would all end and allow some peace and quiet so an old woman could close the doors to keep out the noise of the jackhammers trying to get through a cliff that was hammering the builders from getting deep enough for the foundation to the building they were replacing my view with. The jackhammers were shaking my house till the chairs and windows were rattling and hammering were rat-tat-tatting on nerves already frayed by last year's problems till all I could do was close the doors, turn the T.V. on loud, slump down into the recliner and try to remember that the Bible said God would not put on us more than we could bear. But, I was not job and my patience was wearing out. But, the worst was yet to come. The owners, managers or directors of the Berea Bank that thought Mr. Vernon needed another bank surely must have known something about the wealth of Rockcastle county citizens many others don't know. The reputation of Rockcastle being one of the poorest counties in the state is well known. The managers or whoever decides when to light up the area almost must have known I needed a little light on the subject of what was going on for they turned my night into day when brilliant spotlights, the size of six windows facing the back of the bank, I counted seven lights installed in such a

way each had a window to target, this different, it was my grandson experimenting with react to human behavior but big business with no time for thought about the rights and needs of a community being invaded with destroyers of natural beauty but builders of banks where our savings can be kept safe and security lights to keep them so. I understand the necessity of having security lights but I also understand the need for privacy in one's own home and the courtesy of respecting it. I really got more than I was asking for when I wished for and bought a place with a street light on the corner to spend my last days in, didn't I?

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Mt. Vernon Personals

By Marie McKinney

Recent visitors of C.S. and Marie McKinney were their daughter, Mrs. Sharon Lovins and grandson, Jack Lovins and great granddaughter, Samarah Jaclyn and grandson, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Lovins, Jr. and great grandson, Dalton Blake. Also their granddaughter, Jamie Lovins and their grandson, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lovins of Berea.

Mrs. Peggie Murphy visited her mother, Mrs. Pansy Nicely recently. Mrs. Mac Bullock and daughters, Doris and Fay of Lexington visited Mr. and Mrs. C.S. McKinney recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Kirby visited his mother, Mrs. Bessie Kirby Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C.S. McKinney visited Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Barnett awhile last Sunday morning.

Last Saturday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jim Lovins of Berea were their mother, Mrs. Sharon Lovins and granddaughters, Samarah Jaclyn also Jim's grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. C.S. McKinney.

Recent visitors of C.S. and Marie McKinney were Marie's nephew, Mr. and Mrs. William Lee Norton of Berea. Last Friday morning Shirley and Mary Hunt, Floyd and Myrtle Kirby and Marie and C.S. McKinney, all had breakfast together at Hardee's celebrating Myrtle's birthday.

Cards of Thanks

Arthur McKinney

The family of Arthur McKinney would like to say thank you to all the people who visited at the hospitals and the funeral home. Thanks for the prayers, food, calls, money, flowers and cards. Thanks to Marvin and Judy Owens for their help and support. Thanks to Danny McKibben and Stephen Burdine for their words of comfort at the service. Thanks to the grandsons and Shawn Brown for being pallbearers. Thanks for all the kindness shown from near and far.

Clarice McKinney & family

passionate and professional service will always be remembered. We thank you all.

Our special thanks go to Bro. Mark Whicker, Caroline Graves and Bill Adkisson for the music and lovely songs they sang. A special thank you also to Bro. Mark's comforting words of condolence and hope.

We will always remember the loving service by Jean Silcox, Preda Harris and Jean Gentry at the fellowship meal, so abundantly supplied by friends and church community.

Thank you Marvin and Judy of the Marvin E. Owens Home for Funerals. No one could have been more considerate and helpful when we so needed it.

May God bless the casketbearers, those who sent flowers and food, friends who shared our grief and those who remember us in their prayers.

John B. and Dona Carson
Nieces and Nephews

"Mib" Carson

The family of Mary Elizabeth "Mib" Carson wishes to express our gratitude to the many friends and neighbors who showed such kindness during our recent sorrow due to her death.

We appreciate the Sower Nursing Home and all the staff who ministered to the comfort and welfare of Mib during her stay there. Your com-

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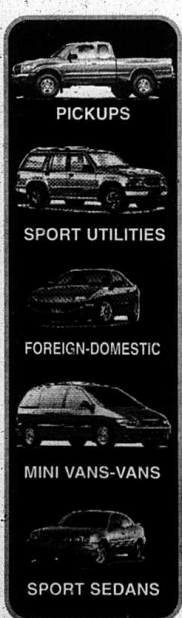
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