

ramblings....

by perlina m. anderskin

It has been a sad time for the RCHS Class of 1979 recently with the loss of two classmates, Todd Fields and, just last week, Sheila Deatherage Croner.

Todd, as reported, a missionary in Honduras, was killed in Guatemala in late March by bandits and Sheila lost a long fight with cancer April 14th. It was a battle Sheila had fought for almost six years but one she bravely stood up to the end.

The death of a young person is always sad, especially in Todd's and Sheila's cases where they both had so much to live for. But, we have no control over this.

While I didn't know Sheila intimately, I talked with her over the past several years often and was always impressed with her strength and her upbeat attitude. She was a single parent for many years and her love for her son, Justin, was remarkable and something he can cherish the rest of his life.

Family members said his strength through this ordeal has been amazing but has been helped, mostly by the support his church, school friends and family have given him.

Our sincere condolences to Sheila's family and friends. Literally, the shirt off his back...

For those of you who know Curt Brown, you will not be surprised by the story I am about to recount. Everyone knows that Curt is the definitive "nice guy" and he proved it recently to Willetta Owens.

Mrs. Owens said she was in Terry Woodall's beauty shop, telling her hairdresser, Dicie Allen, that she didn't know what to get her son,

David, for his birthday.

Curt happened to walk in shortly afterwards, wearing a sweatshirt with a patriotic theme and Willetta told him she liked it and wanted to know where he had gotten it. Curt, as most men, didn't have a clue. When Dicie told him that Willetta was looking for a birthday gift for her son who is stationed in Bosnia with the Army Reserves, Curt immediately took the shirt off and told Willetta to send it to her son. Afterwards, Dicie asked Curt if he knew David Owens and Curt said he did. But, at the time, he didn't know who was getting the shirt, just that someone's mother wanted one like it to send her son.

That's probably a longer story than it needed to be but I just wanted you to know that Curt is for sure, a "nice guy."

And, along the same subject line, Willetta also told us that David is trying to help children in Bosnia, some of them war orphans. Willetta said that David told her recently that the children needed everything basic. She immediately got together, toothbrushes, toothpaste, soap, hard toothbrushes, etc., and sent a box of supplies. I thought that others in the community might want to take part in this effort. I am going to suggest to Allison's youth group at First Christian that this might be a worthwhile project for them. Of course, we can't cure all the ills of the Bosnian children but we can do a small part to make life more palatable for them.

If you are interested in helping, Willetta has given us the address to send care packages to and we will be glad to share it with you.



As you faithful readers may remember, I recently wrote about an old cat who hung out at a service station/convenience store near Berea before he died. It was pretty apparent in that column that I like cats.

So a week or so ago a reader, who writes that her name only be listed as Gen in the paper, emailed me and said that she owned a cat that she thought would suit my fancy.

Big Tom cat. Bout ten pounds. Spayed and current on his shots. Quite lovable and affectionate once you got to know him. Loves to come in the house once in awhile during cold weather but basically an outdoor cat. Gray with black stripes across his back and around his tail with an orange belly. E.E. In other words, precisely what I was looking for in a cat.

We swapped email (Gen and me) for several days and it simply was not convenient for me to get to London at a decent hour of the day so she emailed me last Friday night saying that she would drive to Berea and meet me in the Berea WalMart parking lot at high noon on Saturday with her cat.

Gen had done such a good sales job that I already felt like I was on a first name basis with Toby (the cat's name) and she said she would have the cat in a Pet Taxi along with his food and the favorite meat he loved to sleep on.

So that's what happened. We met in the parking lot, exchanged pleasantries and then I loaded Toby up in the seat of my truck. He was not the happiest cat I'd ever met, but most cats don't like riding in cars, especially in those pet carrying cages. For that matter, I've never met an animal; feline, canine, rabbit, hamster, pot-belly pig or any other sort of critter that felt at ease in a pet carrier.

But on the other hand, Toby had not chewed holes in his particular cage and he seemed rather resigned to just jump up and be unsoluble until his situation changed. Typical cat attitude, huh? Toby. Gen had put a big fluffy bath towel on the floor of the pet taxi for him to lay on so while the quarters seemed to be a bit confined, Toby was not lacking for comfort. In fact, I really thought he had it made and felt no pity for Toby's arrangement. If anything, I was jealous.

Anyway, I loaded him up in the seat of my truck with the box pointed so he could see out the window and headed to Paint Lick. But still, about every thirty seconds, he would let out

East By: Ike Adams

a loud and pitiful, "MEOWWERRR" as though he was headed straight for the gates of Hell.

There were numerous holes around the side of his box, so I poked my fingers through them and scratched behind his ears and along his spine while I talked to him and tried to hold my truck in the road at the same time and by the time we got to Paint Lick he was purring up a storm and had even rolled over so I could scratch his belly.

I was thinking to myself that me and this cat had just started a long kinship.

I took his cage into the garage and set it on the floor, filled up a bowl of water and another of the food that Gen had brought along and then reached in through the cracks to see if he was still purring. He was, so I opened the pet taxi door and waited for Toby to get up and stretch and wander out into his new surroundings. I figured the first thing he would do was eat a bite or two and then jump up in my lap.

Immediately on my opening the door Toby departed the Pet Taxi. The recoil was like a 12 gauge shotgun and I will forever be glad that I was in front of that cat box instead of on the backside. The cage charged backwards into my lawn mower at a velocity that would have broken my leg if I had been in the way and Toby went forward out the garage door.

Blur is the only word that comes close to fitting but he was actually faster than a blur. I'm surprised there was no sonic boom when he left the end of the driveway and hit Charlie Brown Road. Put a saddle on him and Pat Day in the stumps and think Toby if you bet on the Derby this year. If Toby is in the race it's a done deal unless there is a thunder storm and they let you bet on lightning.

I've checked with all the neighbors and one actually said he saw a gray blur flying down the road with smoke coming off it but he figured somebody had shot a stray dog and hit it in the privates so he never gave it any further concern.

Several others have said that they heard a mysterious whooooooosh about 1:00 PM last Saturday, too, and then, right after, the air smelled like cat pee for a minute or two, but that's not uncommon here in the Paint Lick

(Cont. to A3)

Causes of Alzheimer's Disease

Presented by: Dr. George W. Griffith

What causes Alzheimer's disease? People have blamed heredity, aluminum cooking bowls, viruses, and numerous other things.

Many comments have been made about the possibility of aluminum causing Alzheimer's. There are no studies that show that aluminum plays a role, and most experts state that there is absolutely no need to worry about using aluminum cooking bowls or aluminum-containing medicines and deodorants.

Alzheimer's is definitely not the same as aging, although increasing age is the biggest known risk factor. The older a person gets, the more likely he will develop Alzheimer's. For a person who does not get Alzheimer's, his mind should continue to function normally, although perhaps slower and be a bit more forgetful. The brain can maintain its capabilities throughout life much better than most other organs in the body.

Besides aging, we know that heredity plays a role at times. A few cases appear to run in families. And among identical twins, if one gets Alzheimer's disease, the other has a 40% chance of developing it. Persons with certain genetic abnormalities, such as Down's Syndrome, are much more likely to develop Alzheimer's disease. Yet, 90% of cases appear not to be related to any genetic factor and their cause remains unknown.

Researchers have found a protein, called β -amyloid, that is elevated in Alzheimer's, but have not found its exact relationship to the illness. Medicines which may affect this β -amyloid and other medicines that may be useful for Alzheimer's are undergoing trials but are not yet available.

News and Ad Deadline is Noon Tuesday

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Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

The Rockcastle County High School, Class of 1973, has planned its thirty year class reunion for May 24, 2003 at 6 p.m. at the Renfro Valley Red Barn in Renfro Valley.

In addition to the food, entertainment will be provided by the Wild River Band.

Invitations were mailed to all classmates with known addresses. If you did not receive an invitation,

please give us a call. We are having trouble finding some of our classmates. We ask for friends or family members of the following list of names to please help us find an address for these classmates:

Roger E. Alexander, Geraldine Alsip, Doris J. Anglin, Lancy Bell, Frederick Brewer, Catherine V. Allen, Velya L. Burton, Kathleen Cheater, Edna Marie Clark, Sharon E. Clark, Vickie A. Coffey, Dennis Cox, Johnny Dailey, Lantia Dwyer, Roger D. Thomas, Sara J. VanWinkle, Gwendolyn Deborde, Isabelle Gibbons, David Hines, Freda E. Jordan, Bobby R. Jones, Deanna P. Leger, Lonnie D. Lewis, Donna S. Moore, Jerry W. Mullins, Lee O. Renner, Carol J. Robbins, William Chester Singleton, Patricia M. Smith, Jennifer J. Spigars and Marjorie J. Thomas.

If you have information on our classmates, please call: Pamela

(Cont. to A4)

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Saturday, April 26th
Begins at 2 p.m.

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Time: **11 a.m. to 3 p.m.**

Location: **Mt. Vernon Drug**

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Wednesday thru Saturday Services - 7:30 p.m.
Sunday Worship Service - 10:00 a.m.

**Speaker will be Evangelist
Doug Hawkins**
Somerset, Kentucky

Everyone is invited to attend