

ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

Spent last weekend in Vegas with Allison and husband, Daniel. Daniel had a conference connected with this job and Allison wanted to go with him and asked me to go along.

Allison is not a good flyer and, after his experience with her when they flew to Aruba for their honeymoon, Daniel was actually all for me going too.

Actually, I don't care to fly either but am pragmatic enough to know what can't be cured -- after all your options are limited, you can't get off -- must be endured. Besides that she had Xanax and that didn't seem to help much.

We had a very smooth flight out but, on the way home, Allison and Daniel both commented on the rough takeoff we had and Allison proceeded to cry for about a half hour into the flight. When we reached Louisville and got into the landing pattern, the pilot came over the intercom and told us we would have to circle the airport because of an "issue" with the flaps.

That sort of set me off but Allison really handled that situation well. After 20-30 minutes, the pilot came back on to tell us the situation "seems" to be resolved and we would be landing shortly.

I am a very literal person and the "seems" really made me nervous. Either the flaps are down (or up whatever) or they are not, don't say "seems."

As to Vegas, well let's just say that it is mainly for young people. We stayed at Caesar's which is where the conference was held. Of course, I was on the gaming floor occasionally and the sight of the state of dress (or undress, actually) of most of the women was something to see. It must be a rule that when you are buying your clothes for Vegas that you begin by getting something several sizes too small because, believe me, every body part was not as contained as it should have been.

Jim and I were in Vegas several years ago. Spencer was stationed at a nearby base while he was in the Air Force and he and Paige lived there. At that time, one thing you could count on, the food was good and cheap. I'm talking all you can eat buf-

fets for \$4-\$5 24/7 wherever you were. That is no longer the case. Evidently, the casinos decided as a whole to switch to high style dining and you could not get any meal for less than \$20. The first night we were there, we went to a place called Gordon Ramsey's and paid \$19 for three sliders, each of which you could eat with one bite.

We took in *The Jersey Boys* show while there. It's a musical about the career of Frankie Valli and it was entertaining -- expensive but entertaining. The only problem I had with it was that Frankie came along after I married and started my family. I didn't have a lot of time to listen to songs so, after the first two or three, I didn't really recognize the songs. Afterwards, Allison asked if I enjoyed the show and I was honest. I said not as much as I enjoyed Malt Shop Memories at Renfro this summer. Of course, they thought that was hilarious, although I wasn't trying to be funny. Malt Shop Memories fitted my time frame as a teenager better.

All in all, it was a good trip but one I will not be repeating soon. Allison, who has never wanted to go to Vegas, has decided that she loved it and will be returning. She doesn't gamble but she said "there are so many things to see."

We did go on a tour of California one day. We were on a tour bus with 17 Canadians. The weather was miserable, cold and misting rain but we did get to see the Pacific, a first for both of us, from the Santa Monica Pier. We got to see the Hollywood sign up close and personal and ate at the Cheesecake Factory and it was good. We also saw several stars' homes, including Michael Jackson's where he died. After his death, his photo was embedded in the driveway. That seemed a little strange to me. Why would you put someone's photo where it would be driven over everytime you pulled into the garage?

It was a good trip. The California part was the highlight. Whenever I take these trips, I realize that my life, in what others consider a "backwater" town, suits my lifestyle much better and I actually feel sorry for the majority of the people who live in the big cities.



The Way I See it

By
Doug Ponder

This past Sunday, I rededicated my life to Jesus Christ during the evening worship service at Bible Baptist Church in Mt. Vernon.

For those of you who may not know much about the Christian faith, Rededication is a decision that is made by a saved Christian who believes they have fallen away from the practices of Christianity. By rededicating their life to Jesus Christ, they are proclaiming to turn back to Christ by striving to follow him more completely than they have in the past.

To be a saved Christian means you acknowledge that you are a lost sinner who is doomed to hell and in need of a savior. It also means you believe God's son, Jesus Christ, died on the cross as payment for your sins and that you accept his free gift of eternal life. By doing these things, all newly saved Christians are born again and become a child of God. Being saved also means that you have a personal and intimate relationship with the Lord Jesus Christ.

First off, I want to say that I was saved when I was twelve years old during a church camp in the summer of 2001. After being saved, I was baptized the following Sunday during the morning worship service.

As the years rolled by, I slowly started to distance

myself from God and my church. I hardly ever prayed and only went to church if I was required to go.

When I started college my relationship with God became progressively worse as I went months without praying or attending a church service. It came to a point to where I was living as if God didn't exist at all.

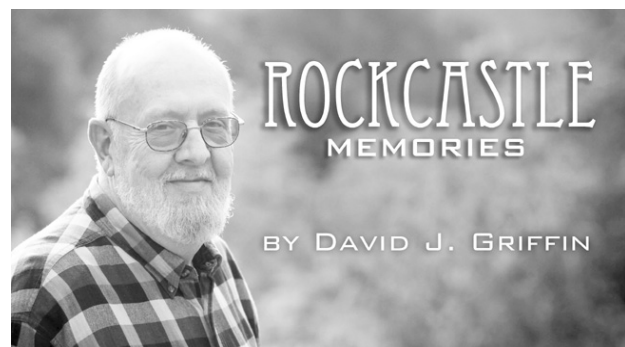
As I sat down and started to type, I realized there will be a select group of people who will snarl at my topic and immediately want to quit reading my column after these first few paragraphs. During my college years, I am ashamed to admit I would have done the same thing.

When I worked for EKV's college newspaper *The Eastern Progress*, I would have been the first to object to any columns that was written by a staff member about their personal religion.

I also preferred news stories written about religion to be 100% unbiased. If someone wrote a biased news article about religion then I viewed it as a way for the writer to secretly promote their own religion in their article. To me, I considered these practices to be journalistically wrong.

During this same period, I developed the belief that no one should practice or

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ROCKCASTLE MEMORIES

BY DAVID J. GRIFFIN

Sorghum Molasses

My wife and I recently took a winter vacation to the Great Smokey Mountains. We stayed in a condo with a great view of the snow-covered peaks in the distance. Our idea of a vacation in Pigeon Forge or Gatlinburg may be different from many visitors to the area. We are not shoppers; we spend very little time walking up and down the main drag in Gatlinburg stopping into the multiple businesses. We generally take several trips into the park to look for wildlife, visit the arts and craft shops in the area, and eat at our favorite restaurants. This time was no exception.

One morning we decided to sleep in and have a late breakfast. We were able to find a restaurant that served breakfast at any time, and this particular café had a roaring fire burning near our table. When I opened the menu, I immediately noticed one item that caught my attention -- they actually had "lasses" and biscuits as a choice. I pointed out my selection to Kathy, and we had a lengthy discussion about what I had ordered. The 'lasses and a robust cup of coffee' were just enough to return me to my childhood days in Rockcastle County.

As a young man living with my grandparents (Pop

and Mommie Katie) in Mt. Vernon, sorghum molasses was a normal staple found on the table for almost every meal. It was Pop's request that the sweet condiment be available every time we had homemade biscuits. And we had homemade biscuits a lot.

I can see him now as he prepared his favorite biscuit topping. He always began with a small saucer and fresh butter to start his formulation. Into the saucer he placed a large hunk of butter; then he covered it with molasses. He proceeded by taking his fork and mixing the two ingredients until they were thoroughly blended into a yellow jelly-like consistency. This concoction was then carefully layered on top of a hot biscuit and devoured by my grandfather. I am certain that it was his favorite morning treat.

Pop had a friend in the neighborhood who owned a team of mules. Pop had this gentleman turn his garden each year, and they became friends. On several occasions, Pop took me with him to watch his friend make sorghum molasses. As anyone can imagine, I was thoroughly impressed with the process.

I was permitted to feed the sugar cane stalks into the

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Points East

By Ike Adams



Let me say, right up front, that the story you are about to read was told to my best buddy, business partner, and frequent co-conspirator, Ralph E. King.

Ralph learned of this event over lunch with an eighty year-old lady with whom he worked during the first half of his 40 years and still-running career in the coal industry. His former coworker told him the tale with a straight face and Ralph believes it.

However, the story involves some activity upon which a court of law might frown and it was told to Ralph only after he assured her that he would not men-

tion her name if and when he retold it. So, in that amazing and often useful journalism tradition of not divulging the source of sensitive information, I feel an obligation to report this bit of interest.

Ralph's friend, let's call her Deep Chic, DC for short, was peacefully retired and living in a secluded area of rural Laurel County where she was surrounded by woods, only had one nearby neighbor and even his home was over 100 yards down the road.

Everything had been just fine for several years until

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