



The Way I See it

By
Doug Ponder

Last Saturday, I watched one of my best friends marry the love of his life at a ceremony at the Ashley Inn Bed and Breakfast in Bryantsville.

As a groomsman for my best friend Derek Adams, I got to stand up front with him and witness his reactions firsthand as his bride, Mary Jennings, walked down the aisle.

Their story was nothing short of a Hollywood love story. Derek had a crush on Mary since high school. During statewide FFA events, Derek would always joke about wanting to win a date with the one and only Mary Jennings from Lee County. They remained friends throughout high school and college. However, after college their friendship grew into a relationship.

All the long late night talks, dates, and years of friendship led up to that one defining moment of Derek seeing Mary walk down the aisle to exchange vows and officially take his last name.

As I stood and watched both of them during the ceremony, one particular question kept coming to my mind. Where had the time gone?

It seems like yesterday we were all in grade school and didn't have a care in the world. We would go to each other's home on the weekends and stay up all night playing video games or poker. After graduating from RCHS, many of us in our group of friends went to EKU and would always be sure to eat lunch together, study together, go golfing, etc.

To me, our time spent in high school and college seems like it happened just last week. A lot of senior citizens I know always tell me things like "time really speeds up when you get my age" or "time goes by faster each year that you get older." If that's the case then I am doomed because time is already flying by for me and I am only 24!

The realization that came to me during Derek and Mary's wedding ceremony was change is inevitable and time never stops for anyone.

After the wedding, my curiosity got the best of me as I started researching and thinking about the different stages of life that we all experience in one way or another.

Many renowned psychologists agree to the "stages of life theory" which includes the stages of being a newborn, toddler, infant, schoolchild, adolescent, young adult, mature adult and aging adult.

Each stage includes new life changing events such as learning to crawl, learning to walk, first day of school, playing on your first sports team, getting your driver's license, first date, first job, getting married, buying your first house, becoming a parent, becoming a grandparent, retirement, etc.

Looking from my generation's standpoint, a lot of those events toward the end of the list seem to be far off for us. But they are actually just right around the corner.

One thing I have learned in life is our time here on earth is like a vapor as we are here for a while and then gone. I'm sorry to be so dramatic but it is true. The same thing can be said for the stages of our lives as we are in one stage for a short time and then all of the sudden we find ourselves in another stage.

The only thing we can do is soak up the moments of whatever life stage we are in currently. I thought about this as I was driving by the baseball park in Brodhead last week. I saw a lot of proud parents and family members watching their young children playing on their little league baseball teams.

Those moments are very important because soon enough that child playing on their little league team will enter the adolescent and young adult stages, graduate high school and start their own life.

We cannot stop time or stop change from happening and we cannot revert back to a previous life stage. The only thing we can do is make the most of our current life stage because the next one is just around the corner.

Strange... But True?

by: Tonya J. Cook



Mysterious Magnetic Fields II

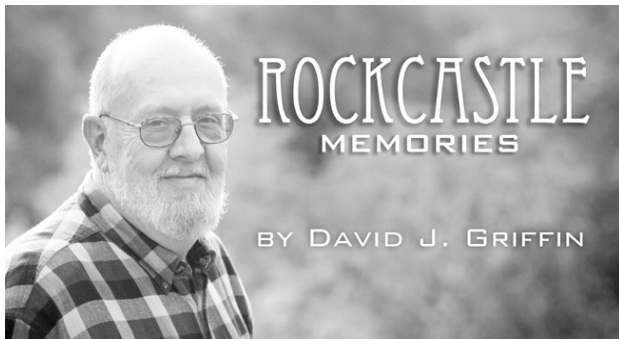
Through the decades there have been numerous episodes of aircraft and ships, along with their crews, apparently disappearing from the face of the Earth, some never to be seen again. In some cases, wreckage has been found or a few crew members who would report "mysterious" circumstances occurring just prior to the fateful incident.

The subject of these occurrences was discussed in last week's "Strange But True?" and will conclude this week. The disappearances have been plaguing shipping lanes and air space for decades; however, what is the cause of this abnormality?

Although the more famous Bermuda Triangle has claimed its share of ships and planes, and the lives of crew members, there are two lesser known but equally as powerful "triangles", the Marysburg Vortex and the Sophiasburg Triangle. The are located on Lake Ontario, relatively close together. According to incident survivors, plane and ship instrumentation severely malfunctioned, a mysterious fog rolled in, or a storm would blow in from literally "out of the blue" causing the plane or ship to be lost.

Wikipedia states "Although there is no one explanation for all the mysterious disappearances, fires, and shipwrecks, there are some theories about the existence of a natural or supernatural phenomenon, or even extraterrestrial influences".

Also according to



The Dirt on Mommie Katie

Sometime ago my wife and I were walking in the woods adjacent to our home when she spotted a young maple tree growing next to the cliff's edge. She pointed to the tree and said, "David Joe, I think that we should move this tree into our yard." We actually needed to replace one that we had taken down because it was rotting from the inside out. It was too close to the house to take a chance on it falling. But for both of us, there was now a void in that area of the yard. Therefore, we were sort of on the lookout for a replacement.

Since the tree was already adjusted to its location in the woods, I came to the conclusion that I should get our landscaper to move it for us. I tied a ribbon around the tree, called Kevin, and explained what I wanted him to do. In a few days, we came home from work and saw that the maple tree had been replanted in just the right place our yard. That night, Kevin called and advised us to water the maple on a daily basis until it could have time to adjust to its new environment. The entire

process reminded me so much of my grandmother (Mommie Katie). She had a special knack for plants and could essentially transplant any living thing in her yard.

I remember one Saturday morning when Mommie Katie came into my bedroom and said, "I want you to get dressed and help me go to the woods to get some good dirt." Without any hesitation, I dressed and joined her in the backyard. She had gathered a large bucket and some small potting tools for us to use. As we ventured into the woods, she described the process that we would use to select the right soil.

When we reached the spot she had used before, she began to rake back the leaves until the rich, black dirt made itself visible. That was what she wanted in order to provide the best for her plants. Mommie instructed me to use a small spade to fill the bucket. As I began to place the black soil into her container, she told me to make certain to remove any small stones or roots from the dirt. With each shovelful, she bent down, carefully removing any debris that she did not want to use. Finally, she said, "That is enough; you can carry the bucket back home."

As soon as we made it back into the yard, she pointed to a small snowball bush. "David Joe, I want to put this bush in the corner of the yard so that I may see it out of the kitchen window," she said. Then she had me begin to dig an appropriately sized hole that would be the new home for the snowball bush. I was informed to place the dirt from the yard into the garden. We would use the black soil from the woods in the hole where the bush was to be transplanted.

I watched Mommie Katie as she deftly placed the small bush into the hole, making sure that the roots were not bunched or twisted. Then she said, "Now shovel the black dirt into the hole." As I filled the hole, she moved the rich soil with her hands until she was satisfied that the snowball bush had an adequate base

(Cont. to A4)

Points East

By Ike Adams



Ever since moving here to 249 Charlie Brown Road I have waged an ongoing battle with dock and thistles. I would also take up fighting dandelions but I am so discouraged by my failure with the other two that it seems pointless. I've similarly given up on ever ridding the place of honeysuckle vine.

Besides that, if I was able to kill off all the dandelions, our yard would look basically like the surface of the moon. Lots of pits and craters but not much sign of life. At least the hummingbirds seem grateful for the honeysuckle vines that are beyond my control. And I wonder what the moon would look like now if the landing gear of that first lunar craft had been accidentally stuck in a honeysuckle vine before it left the earth.

Actually the thistles are pretty easy to deal with. One little squirt of name your favorite weed killer and they die off in a day or two. However, my house is surrounded by hundreds of acres of graze land and it would be more than a full time job to keep down all the thistles that spring up in fence rows, alongside ponds, inside brush piles etc.

And only one or two plants need to survive the growing season because the flower heads on these things contain hundreds of thousands of seeds that can travel for miles anytime the wind blows. Not only that, but there are at least 4 different and very distinct varieties here in Lowell Valley and the biggest things they have in common is that they sting like yellow jackets if you get too close to them and they spread like wildfire.

I've already gone through 4 gallons of weed killer spray aimed specifically at thistles this spring and I figure I'll need at least four more just to make it safe to walk barefoot through the dandelions. You may get foot cancer from all the chemicals in my lawn but you're not apt crippling yourself by stepping on a thistle.

Dock, on the other hand, is a much tougher customer. Dock puts down a taproot as much as two feet deep. The leaves and stems will wrinkle up into ugly contortions and you can tell the plant is suffering mightily when you triple dose it with RoundUP. It'll turn yellow and brown for a few days and the original leaves may even all off but as soon as the next rain comes along, it comes right back with a vengeance.

If anything, weed killer just makes it tougher. I don't use weed killer in my vegetable garden so what I've done is dig it up by the roots by the five gallon buckets full. On three occasions this year I actually used post hole diggers which is why I know for a fact that the tap roots will go down two feet deep.

Once I've finished digging out all the roots I can see, I flood the hole with a couple gallons of boiling water to cook anything that might be left. I've learned the hard way that if I leave one little sliver of dock root in the ground, it'll sprout right back in a few days and the next plant will be far more determined than the first. A good scalding seems to be the one thing dock can't survive.

(Cont. to A4)

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Mount Vernon Signal

Publication Number 366-000

Periodical Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456
606-256-2244

Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Offices in the Mt. Vernon Signal Building on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456. Postmaster, send address changes to P.O. Box 185, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky 40456.

James Anderkin, Jr., Publisher Emeritus
Perlina M. Anderkin, Publisher/Editor
Paige Anderkin Benge, Advertising Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In County - \$20.00 Yr. Out-of-County - \$27.00 Yr.

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