

ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

Just as everyone else, the atrocities in Syria have horrified me. But, I am of two minds on what, if anything, needs to be done.

I am upset with the President making his emphatic "Red Line" pledge than dithering but at the same time, I have an aversion to interfering in another's country civil war, especially when neither side seems to be anywhere near our country's political philosophy (whatever that is these days).

I do think there should have been swift and sure retaliation for the Benghazi attack which took four American lives. I also definitely think it does matter what happened, unlike our former Secretary of State Hilary Clinton, who obviously doesn't with her famous (infamous) "What does it matter?" statement at the Senate hearings. I also am still upset that there was no effort to send in help from troops evidently stationed within striking range of the tragedy.

I also think everyone will be very surprised at how quickly Obamacare destroys our health care system. But, that will be the subject of another column.

On a local level, I am amazed at how many items are considered essential these days for a newborn baby.

Here we go again, but,

back in my day, if you had bottles, diapers and a crib, you were in business. Now I did forget my walker. Since I never had a playpen I used the walker instead and actually think it helped teach my children to walk. I also never had a diaper bag. If we went somewhere, I folded a diaper around a bottle and we took off. I always teased my first daughter-in-law that she and her baby could survive in the Arctic for six months on the contents she carried around in her diaper bag.

Anyway, Allison was recounting to me the proceeds from her first shower recently and I didn't recognize half the items she was so excited about receiving. I've decided it is a generational thing. My mother was impressed with my high chair and walker and she would have been even more impressed with Allison's Boppy, Bumby, Pack 'n Play and the myriad other "essentials" she is gathering up.

I was finally forced with the birth of Allison to use a car seat and it was pure aggravation, although, I will have to admit, safer. She hated it and cried from the time I put her in it until I took her out.

Now you have to have about four different sizes to get a child to the seatbelt stage -- it's just too complicated.



The Way I See it

By
Doug Ponder

As of last Wednesday, I have officially been accepted in to Liberty Baptist Theological Seminary in Lynchburg, Virginia where I will be seeking my Master of Divinity degree, the standard professional degree for Christian ministry.

I've already registered for 12 credit hours this semester online and I intend to complete my entire degree online while I continue to work here at the *Signal*.

The whole process of "discerning the call" to ministry has not been easy for me. Actually, it has been extremely trying at times. It all started in March through my daily Bible reading. During this time, I began having a kind of inward pull toward ministry and to attend a Bible college or seminary.

When this first happened, I completely ignored it because I thought it was just something I was dreaming up in my head. I convinced myself that it wasn't something God actually wanted me to do and I removed those thoughts completely from my mind because I never want to make those types of decisions unless I know for sure that it's what God wants me to do.

After the first incident, there were two more distinct times between March and May when I knew God was calling me and each time I would once again try to justify it and use my own reasoning in interpreting what

God was asking of me. I found myself thinking "why would God want to use me like that? God really can't be calling me to do something like this, not me!"

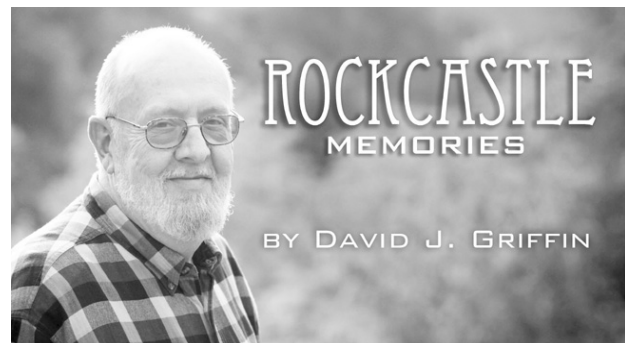
For each of those three times, just when I thought those thoughts were gone, God would lay it on my heart once again. Sometimes it was days later, weeks later or even a month or two. No matter how hard I tried to shut those thoughts out, God was always persistent in bringing it back up to me and laying it on my heart over and over again.

The fourth and final time was when I heard Brother Stayton's COME message on Sunday morning, June 9th and it was the icing on the cake. I finally realized it isn't just me dreaming it up because every time I tried to remove it from my thoughts and sweep it under the rug it would always come back. So I finally just said "okay, God I will do it."

I immediately started researching and seeking out different Bible colleges and seminaries. I requested information and visited some of the colleges but I was very hesitant about making a quick decision because I didn't want to go to a college that God didn't want me to attend.

I applied and was accepted to Clear Creek Baptist Bible College in

(Cont. to A4)



ROCKCASTLE MEMORIES

BY DAVID J. GRIFFIN

That Pesky Kudzu

When I was about four-years-old, my dad, Hobe Griffin, was named foreman of the State Highway Garage in Rockcastle County. I was too young to remember much about his new position, but I do recall that one of his duties was to plant kudzu on the sides of US 25 and US 150. It was a plan devised in order to control erosion and to enhance the quality of the topsoil. Little did anyone realize at the time how prolific and hardy the plant could be or how successfully it would spread.

In approximately three years, the vine began its climbing, coiling, and trailing -- on its way to covering everything in its path. Native to southern Japan, kudzu acts as an invasive species, climbing over shrubs and trees so rapidly that it not only overtakes them, it destroys the other plants with its heavy shading. It kills by literally cutting off the process of photosynthesis for anything that it climbs over, resulting in death by suffocation.

Kudzu spreads by vegetative reproduction or by producing runners. It can also spread by seeds, which are extremely hardy. However, they may not germinate for several years, which can result in the reappearance of the kudzu years af-

ter it was thought to be eradicated at a specific site.

Daddy and his crew were extremely proud of their work because in almost no time the sides of the roads in Rockcastle County were covered by this aggressive new plant species. It is strikingly deceptive in its looks, as it can appear quite lovely with its dense mass of green. It is now common along roadsides throughout most of the southeastern United States because it was introduced by road crews in many southern states.

It was actually introduced in the US in 1876 at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Since that time, it is said to have continued spreading at the rate of 150,000 acres annually.

I distinctly remember riding with Daddy when he began his taxi business. As we drove the roads of Rockcastle County, he would point to huge areas of flourishing Kudzu and proudly announce, "Joe, my crew and I planted this vine all over the county; see how well it has been growing." He had no idea how overwhelming this Japanese plant would become over the next fifty years. Nor did he have any clue about how arduous and challenging it would be to eradicate this particular species.

(Cont. to A4)

Points East

By Ike Adams



It's been three weeks since my Texans were here for a couple of days and I'm still basking in the afterglow.

My daughter, Genny, her husband, Scott Tesh, and their three kids, son Mazzen who is 11, son Ramzy is 8 and daughter Isabel (Izzy) is 2.4 going on 12. The Maz is into basketball and i pads, Ramzo is into guitar and i pads and Izzy-ka-dizzy-ka-do is into absolutely everything that isn't securely locked and bolted down.

Genny teaches American Culture and English to international students at The University of Houston. Scott calls himself a "geek whisperer" for Dell where he develops and teaches online seminars for computer technicians across the country and around the world that enable them to communicate with folks like you and me.

They are both extremely busy and it's usually difficult for them get away from work and the boys away from school all at the same time. They managed 9 consecutive days off in August, 4 of which were on the road and 5 thinly spread visiting a host of friend and relatives in Tennessee and Kentucky. Two days with me is easily the best present I'll get this year and far better medicine than anything injected or out of a pill bottle.

We put up lots of photographs on facebook and exchange email and have the occasional phone call so it's easy enough to keep up with health issues and sort of know what's going from year to year, but there's

nothing to compare with 36 hours or so of touching-hugging-talking-laughing-eating together, broken up only with a scant few hours of sleep.

I hadn't seen them in over a year. In fact, Izzy wasn't even a year old, but when they pulled into my driveway she was yelling "Grandpa! Grandpa! Grandpa!" Her little arms stretched out as she tried to wiggle out of her kiddy seat. I slid the van door open and those arms were around my neck as she glared at her Mom and brothers and proclaimed "This is MY Grandpa. AIIIIII mine." In other words don't even think about getting any of MY Grandpa.

I'd been a bit worried that Izzy would be shy and standoffish because she certainly wasn't old enough for me to have made much of an impression during only the handful of times we'd connected when she was an infant. But apparently her mom and brothers have made sure that she's seen pictures and they have made me enough of a subject in conversation that she knew exactly who I was the instant she saw me. And it has been a long, long time since anything has touched me so deeply.

I'm sure the boys had told her, "there stands Grandpa", because I was impatiently waiting in the yard as they drove up. Or maybe it's just plain ole chemistry that I've always had with the little girls in the family. Both Genny and

(Cont. to A4)



September 19, 2013 • 5-7:15 p.m.

Inspired by the gang at Duck Dynasty, we've put together a fun, interactive evening that even Phil and Jase Robertson would attend.

We'll have short but informative presentations, the chance to swap stories, important health screenings such as blood pressure checks and PSAs, along with door prizes, including a few genuine Duck Commander duck calls. For those who arrive in camouflage, you'll have the chance at some bonus door prizes.

This year we're encouraging participants to bring a buddy -- a wife, a mother, dad, son, friend, whoever you'd like. In fact, we'd like to have a few women in the room, since many are the CEOs of health in their families.

Location:

Rockcastle Regional Hospital
Wellness Center
(3rd floor Outpatient Services Center)

Agenda:

5:00 p.m. Health screenings

6:00 p.m. Health presentations

- Rockcastle Regional Physical Therapy
- Dr. David Bullock

7:10 p.m. Door prizes



Dr. David Bullock is a physician at Rockcastle Family Wellness in Mt. Vernon

For more information contact
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ROCKCASTLE COUNTY MEN: LET'S BUILD A DYNASTY OF GOOD HEALTH



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