## ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

Christmases are not as much fun as they used to be. I used to write these columns telling everyone how much I enjoyed the Christmas season but that was during the 43 years I had children in the household—it ain't as much fun as it used to be.

Not wanting to be called a "Debbie Downer," I will not dwell on the fact that no child's happiness on Christmas morning depends on me -- unless you count the couple of children I buy for that I don't even know their names. The grandchildren, whom I adore, do not look to me as their primary "Santa Claus." But, that's probably a good thing. My physical stamina is not what it used to be and if I had to expend the energy to find out and act upon small children's wishes -- half of which I wouldn't understand anyway -- I would probably run out of said energy quickly and just throw money at them. I actually do that any-

way. I justify it by saying that I am not up on current fashions, toys, electronics, etc. and they would rather have the money so they can hit the store sales in January.

Every year it becomes

more and more of a chore to drag the Christmas tree out and decorate the house
-- I promise, this week end.
But with less energy and

enthusiasm for the commercial part of the holiday, I try to dig deeper into, and remind my children and grandchildren, of the true meaning of Christmas and remind myself that it's not about me, it's about the birth of Christ and the hope of mankind.

I do reflect a lot on the past year during the season

Mount Vernon Signal

Publication Number 366-000

Periodical Postage Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456

606-256-2244

Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Of-

fices 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

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**SUBSCRIPTION RATES** 

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

Out-of-State \$35.00 Yr.

e-mail address - mvsignal@windstream.net

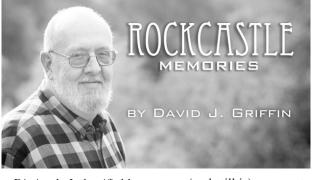
and that is painful at times, to me and anyone who has lost loved ones. But there is also joy every year, a new grandchild didn't hurt anything.

So, I extend to you my very best Christmas wishes and for a Happy New Year and a reminder to especially appreciate the years you have with getting to watch the happiness on your children's faces on Christmas morning. It is fleeting.

**Points** 

East

By Ike Adams



Distinctly Indentifiable

In my day, the Rockcastle Hotel was located on the corner of Main Street and Richmond Avenue in Mt. Vernon. There

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I don't get out and about as much as I'd like to these days. The last two strokes in October have put another serious hitch in my giddyup.

But when I am able to go shopping, I'd like to just once, between now and Christmas, walk into a store that didn't have Little Drummer Boy on instant replay blaring through the speakers. I don't want to overdo the Scrooge bit here, but if you hear or read news accounts of some old guy ripping off his clothes while running through the aisles at Wally-world screaming, "TURN IT OFF, TURN IT OFF, TURN IT OFF! ", that was probably yours truly because I'd heard one rumpa-pom-pom too many.

Whatever happened to "Gramma got run over by a reindeer"? Or "I saw Mommy kissing Santa Claus"? Why can't they pipe in some good Holiday music for a change? Last year it was that 12 days stuff over

and over and over. I was in the sporting goods section and a guy next to me said, "If you'll go over to hardware and get a chain saw, I'll grab a shotgun and shoot all them aggravating bobwhites when you saw the pear tree down and the covey flushes."

I said, "but I thought there was only one partridge in that tree."

He said, "Nope, where there's one quail, there's a llus a lot more. That's what them calling birds are and everybody knows that French hens and turkel doves are game birds too.

We had it all planned out. As soon as he'd "harvested "the birds, we'd run over to lawn and garden, fire up a grill, and pass out free samples of barbecued game bird while telling folks they could buy the Bull's Eye Barby Sauce that was stacked there right next to the cornflakes over on the far side of the store, in the other zip code, and that they could get some good hiking boots on sale in clothing on the way over there, if they could still find em, and that would make the last half of the trek a lot easier on their

"But hustle on back over here to check out", we'd advise, "cause everybody else does since that last woman working register 73 finally quit last week. And all the people on registers 3 through 72 retired 4 years ago. And you can't self-scan the sauce on 1 and 2 because they ain't had time to

(Cont. to A4)



From our Brindle Ridge home to you and yours, we send a heartfelt holiday greeting.

We are so grateful for the blessings of family and friendships, and for the birth of our Saviour.

Merry Christmas and hopeful New Year from the Burdettes.

Jeff, Twila, Thomas and Zoe

was (and still is) a concrete wall on the tall sidewalk just outside the lobby. When I was a young teen, my friends and I sat on that wall watching cars as they came down the hill from US 25 and US 150, heading north toward Berea, Richmond, Lexington, and points north. At that time, there was no interstate highway running through Rockcastle County. As you might imagine, the string of automobiles passing that corner of the main road was almost endless.

None of my closest friends had his driver's license so we had to find places where we could gather and "watch the cars go by." The most popular post that we chose was that large concrete stoop, which served as a place to loaf and indentify cars. We'd sit on that wall eating potato chips and drinking fountain Cokes that we had purchased from Kelsey's Restaurant. It was just a few doors down from the infamous corner.

During the 50's and early 60's, cars had their own distinctive looks and styles. As soon as one of these fine vehicles rounded the corner of US 25 and US 150 and headed down the hill toward the Hotel, we had already declared the year, make, and model of each car.

For example, if it was a Chevy, we'd also know whether it was a '58, Impala, Bel Air, Biscayne, or Delray. If we were looking at a 1960 Ford, then we knew it would be a Galaxie Special, Galaxie, Fairlane 500, or the base model Fairlane. Finally, if we noticed a '57 Plymouth coming toward us on the Hotel stoop, we would be able to identify it as a Plaza, Savoy, Belvedere, or Fury. In 1960, Ply-

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Richmond St.

(Cont. to A4)



## The Way I See it

Doug Ponder

It is hard to believe it's that time of the year again as Christmas Day is less than a week away.

Many Americans consider Christmas their favorite holiday as the season creates a spirited atmosphere during the weeks building up to and on December 25th.

Churches have Christmas plays portraying the birth of Jesus Christ, local groups are singing Christmas carols throughout the community, children can be taken to shopping centers to see Santa Claus, stores are filled with shoppers buying Christmas presents for their loved ones, towns are having their annual Christmas parades, etc.

Then there is the precious time people get to spend with their families. A lot of people have large family gatherings at their parent's or grandparents' house with their immediate and extended family.

For parents with small children, another blessing comes on Christmas morning when they wake up "with their eyes all aglow" as they see all the presents that Santa Claus left for them under the tree. Parents often take pictures and video their children as they excitingly unwrap all of their presents. The priceless scene of Christmas morning creates a precious moment for many families. Although the entire holi-

excitement of Christmas festivities and presents, many Americans agree that the most cherished and important part of Christmas is getting to spend quality time with their families.

But what a lot of people tend to forget is for people

day season is filled with the

tend to forget is for people who have lost loved ones, Christmas can be one of the most depressing and trying times of the year.

This thought has been weighing on my mind a lot lately as there has been a high number of deaths in our community during 2013. The obituaries in the Signal are usually only a page but there has been many weeks when the section has required two pages.

This means a lot of people in our community have recently lost their grandparent, parent, child, aunt, uncle, niece, nephew or cousin and for the first time ever their loved one won't be with them during their family's normal Christmas gatherings and festivities.

So instead of the joy and excitement Christmas brings a lot of people, people who have lost loved ones, those happy feelings can easily be overshadowed by feelings of sadness and hurt.

My heart breaks for these people and my heart breaks in particular for a friend around my age who recently lost one of their parents. They told me that with their parent gone, Christmas wasn't going to be the same this year and that they weren't looking forward to their family Christmas gatherings without them.

I can relate with my friend, I have also experienced this type of sadness and hurt firsthand as Christmas has been very depressing for me in the years past, particularly in 1999.

My dad died in October 1999 when I was ten-years-old. As an only child, my parents and I were always a close tight-knit family. Needless to say, on Christmas morning in 1999 my childlike eyes were not "all aglow" as my dad was gone and I was not accepting that fact very well at all.

Not only was my dad
(Cont. to A4)



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