



Times Remembered Betty A. Young
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Memories of Irvine

was definitely louder than what we hear today. Maybe we need to have our toes stepped on more today.

Religion had other summertime faces as well. There were tent revivals and often part of the event would be some exceptional gospel singing. Similarly, once or twice a summer there would be sort of offshoots of the traditional brusharbor revivals; some churches would spend an entire Saturday being devoted to preaching, singing, and dinner on the grounds.

Most of the time when I listened to street preachers it was after having attended the Saturday matinee at the local movie theater. For a thin dime (later inflation took the price to 12 and then 15 cents) you got the latest installment of a serial, a cartoon, and a Western featuring the likes of Lash LaRue, Roy Rogers, or Gene Autry. In July I usually had a little money, thanks to the fact that blackberries peaked in ripeness and I had baby sitting money from keeping my nieces.

Later on, in my mid-teens I worked at the Rite-Way Clothing Store. That brought in sometimes as much as fifteen dollars a week, if I got to work three days during the week, and if Dad could spare my time from the farm. I reckoned I thought I was in high cotton!

Mostly though, "those memories that won't leave

me alone" are about ordinary things which somehow, with the passage of time, have turned extraordinary. The memories I cling to are many and varied, but without exception they are warm, winsome ones such as:

√ Cruising the Wigwam, a local hamburger joint (which still makes wonderful Country Boys), or going to the drive-in were standard summertime activities.

√ Walking to town with my best friend, and flirting with guys from out of town cruising Irvine.

√ Playing softball with all the neighborhood boys and girls after school.

√ Being elected varsity cheerleader when I was a sophomore in high school.

√ Feeling that a 20-cent milkshake and a 25-cent hamburger with all the trimmings were the finest fare imaginable.

√ Being on a square dance team and performing at the county fair and kicking up one's heels to clashing tunes such as "Down Yonder" and "Sally Good'en."

√ Looking at the new fall edition of the Sears & Roebuck catalog, which always showed up about mid-July, and picking out one or two items for school clothes.

√ Eating corn-on-the-cob to my heart's content, and that usually meant a minimum of three ears of Silver Queen or four of the smaller "sweet" corn.

√ Climbing the June apple tree and eating green apples until I got a belly ache.

√ Spending several days with my cousins who lived all of six miles away, but to me it seemed like another world where we skipped rocks and visited the old swimming hole.

√ Picking blackberries and enjoying the fruit of my labors in the form of goodness straight from nature.

√ Having my heart broken half a dozen times in those stumbling, sensitive times of teenage romance.

√ Collecting baseball cards, paper dolls and movie star pictures and putting them in scrapbooks.

√ Enjoying an icy slice of watermelon after a long, hot session of garden work, then seeing how far I could master seed spitting.

√ Riding truck inner tubes in the creek while scanning overhanging limbs for water snakes and hornets' nests (a major problem if you disturbed a nest).

√ Catching the first really big fish on the river accompanied by my grandfather.

√ Checking out books from the book mobile; reading books was a constant and welcome companion throughout my youth, but in the summer they were reserved for rainy days and evenings. There was simply too much to do on the farm the rest of the time.

All these memories and many more, course through my mind, and with increasing frequency, especially as I become older. I suspect many of you have similar memories, whether they are ones which carry you back or those currently in the making. Either way, I hope you are as blessed as me in terms of having had summers in small towns aplenty filled with wonder.

THE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE

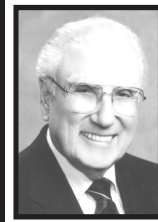


The Lord's curse is on the house of the wicked, but he blesses the home of the righteous.

PROVERBS 3:33

Little School House, Pitt Street by Lionel Lindsay (1917)

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SEEDS FROM THE SOWER

Michael A. Guido, D.D.
Metter, Georgia

A teacher was encouraging his class to be kind and think of the needs of the people around them. "Remember, kids, you were put here to help others."

"But," protested one of the students, "what were the others put here for?"

Where would we be if no one helped us? What if no one taught us to read or write or do arithmetic? Sometimes we forget to think about all of the help that others

have given us and focus only on ourselves. It is hard to imagine where we would be if no one had ever helped us.

So, if we have been helped, should we not also do the same for others? We need to have a goal that reminds us to help everyone we can.

As we seek to help others, God will help us. May we never forget that every time we help pull someone uphill, we will find ourselves getting closer to the top.

Just for today, rather than pointing a finger at someone, hold out a helping hand.

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BIBLE TRIVIA

by Wilson Casey

1. Is the book of Nahum in the Old or New Testament or neither?
2. When the Holy Spirit descended on Jesus after His baptism, how did it appear? Whirlwind, Dove, Angel, Burning bush
3. Moses said the Lord

will have war with whom from generation to generation? Meribah, Lucifer, Heathens, Amalek

4. What heavy priest fell off his seat backward and died on hearing the ark had been captured? Eli, Nadab, Ezra, Ahaz

5. What of yours did Paul say is called to be the temple of God? Soul, Body, Doings, Children

6. From Proverbs what does a soft answer turneth away? Untruths, Enemies, Wrath, Justice

Who Will Be A Wise Man?

by BOB CASEY, Preacher, Church of Christ

In **James 3:13** are written these words: "Who is a wise man and endured with knowledge among you? Let him shew out of a good conscience his works with meekness of wisdom." I suppose that nearly the whole of mankind would like to think of themselves as having a certain degree of wisdom, so as not to be thought of as a foolish man. It was the desire for more wisdom than she needed that caused Eve to bring sin and death into the world (**Genesis 3:1-7**). In this scripture we can see that Eve was wondering about this tree that God said not to eat of it lest ye die. So she knew nothing about death at this time, at the suggestion of Satan telling her that God really did not mean what he said about dieing. He said: "No, it is really God's intent to keep you in a lesser state than you are now in. If you will eat of this fruit God will know that you are as wise as he is. Now then! Hold the phone! You mean to tell me that God wants to keep me in this state, not having much wisdom? This wounded her pride and began her rebellion against her Creator. How soon she had forgotten that she was shapened from the soil by the Creator's mighty hands, and now she rebelled against the very one who caused her to be alive in the first place.

In the garden, God had given to Adam and Eve everything they needed to cause them to live forever in this wonderful state, but of course we now know they sought something additional. Men are still doing the same things right today. The bible is the world's only book that reveals where man began, his historical past, and his future. No other book can do this, but still men are searching and indulging in scientific researches, for things, they hope will give them a greater knowledge concerning man. Sadly, most of the time it will lead them farther from God. At this point in my life, I am glad that I only seek for the simpler things in my journey of life. I want to remain simple enough to believe the Bible is my only true guide through all the world's messes. **1 Job 32:9**, He wrote: "Great men are not always wise." We see this from time to time from those in positions of leadership. Also in **Job 5:13**, "He taketh the wise in their own craftiness." Paul wrote in **1 Corinthians 1:19-21**, "I will destroy the wisdom of the wise." He goes on to say that by the wisdom of the world men do not know God. How sad, when it is a simple thing to go by, by reading the scriptures, obeying all that is written, follow these until we die, and the Lord will give you a place in Heaven someday. How much more simple can our Lord make it? **Isaiah 25:8**: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfar- ing men, though fools, shall not err therein." So let us all remain wise trying to win souls. **Proverbs 11:30**: "He that winneth souls is wise." This is all of my life's goals.

Sincerely, Bob Casey, Waco 1-859-369-4165

RAVENNA YARD SALE

The City Of Ravenna will be having a city wide yard sale on August 2nd, 3rd and 4th. There will be a charge of \$5.00 for anyone wanting to setup and participate. Yard sales will be set up throughout the community. If you would like to buy a permit and participate please come by Ravenna City Hall.

FREE CLOTHING Give-Away Saturday August 3rd Irvine First Church of God 199 Broadway Many Sizes Available! Kids To Adult! Everyone Welcome!

During my growing up days it was the highlight of the week to go to town. On Saturday, I always visited the dime store. I would roam the aisles, especially the toy aisle, with wide eyes. Shiny cap guns, crayons, vinyl baby dolls, and spinning tops captivated me. Kids didn't expect a toy on every shopping trip back then, so I was on a treasure hunt, sometimes to just look and sometimes to buy if I had a dime or a quarter. It was an adventure to visit all the stores in Irvine.

I loved going to the A&P and helping Mom shop for groceries. I definitely remember those Jane Parker Spice Bars. They were so good. There are not too many A&P Stores left in Kentucky or across the country.

My Grandfather used to walk to town everyday and enjoyed spending time socializing and sharing his religious beliefs. His main place to congregate was on the ledge in front of Harry Cockrell's Men's Store on Main Street; although he did venture across the street to the courthouse square where all the "old fellers" were hanging out.

I remember when several intriguing characters spent idle hours at a shady spot on the court house square where they whittled, talked politics, swapped lies, and traded knives. The gathering site could have been called "Loafer's Glory." I suppose because most of the men were retired, they were senior citizens, or like my grandfather, were widowers. I think they just enjoyed having someone to talk with and to share stories.

That same square was also frequented on Saturdays during the summer by various persuasions of Bible thumpers. Some of these street preachers, with their powerful voices and verbal depictions of hell-fired and damnation, could draw quite a crowd. Others garnered scant attention but preached on bravely nonetheless. Often I would stop to listen to them. The preaching