



**America's Heartland**  
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## Band-Aids on the mirror a certain reminder that we should be praying

put all the Band-Aids on the bathroom mirror?"

I've always felt sorry for women whose husbands feel compelled to booze it up. It's not an easy life, worrying about them constantly. What kind of trouble will they get into next? Will they hurt themselves in a car crash, or, worse, will they hurt someone else? Will they offend the neighbors or embarrass the family?

There are times when our hearts should be so burdened for those we love that our minds can think of nothing else, a time when we feel driven to pray without ceasing.

But, you say, the Bible tells us we are not to worry about anything. What I'm telling you is there is a huge difference between a healthy concern for those we love and unhealthy worry.

Out of great concern for the Israelites, Moses once prayed for 40 days and nights without stopping. Deuteronomy 9 tells us he did so because those people had become so very rebellious that he feared the Lord would destroy them.

When those we love get off track, we need to be concerned

enough to pray like Moses did. The Lord wants to hear from us. And we should want to hear from Him.

I'm reminded of a little deaf boy named Grayson Clamp who, as a 3-year-old back in 2013, underwent an experimental surgery in North Carolina to allow him to hear. Cameras were rolling when little Grayson heard his father's voice for the first time. The look of delight on the little fellow's face was priceless. Millions of people watched the heartwarming video.

There's truly nothing as beautiful as the voice of one we love. We can be assured the Lord is absolutely thrilled to hear from us in prayer, because he loves us so very much. And when he speaks to our hearts, I hope our eyes will always light up the way little Grayson's did the day he heard his father's voice.

The Lord is so gracious to us that he will sometimes send us reminders that he wants to hear from us. Band-Aids on the mirror might just do it.

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Maybe you heard about the husband who didn't want his wife to know he'd been out on the town drinking again. When he got home, he sneaked as quietly as he could up the stairs. He looked in the bathroom mirror and banded the bumps and bruises he'd received in a fight earlier that night. He then got into bed, smiling at the thought that he'd pulled one over on his wife.

When morning came, he opened his eyes and there stood his wife. "You were drunk last night weren't you!"

"No, honey," he replied innocently.

"Well, if you weren't, then who

## Is 'snipe hunting' considered hunting?

It's refreshing that we have someone like Steve Brewer who is willing to contribute some part of his vast knowledge of a lifetime of hunting and fishing into a weekly story for all to enjoy.

I'm not a hunter and never claimed to be, except for arrowheads and wheat pennies, and for that matter, any coin that's laying around in the parking lots.

My dad was not a hunter, although he did hunt and was willing to hunt, but the Cold War of the 60's and hours of overtime at Avon took away any thoughts of time to hunt.

I'm sure he hunted plenty while growing up during first the Depression, and then, early in World War II days before he was called up to travel from Cob Hill, Kentucky to the far side of the world to fight Japs, as he called them.

Both he and my mother went through hard times during the Depression, when no wild animal was safe. People hunted then to eat when they didn't have much else. I asked one of my aunts one day why my mother had so many ration stamps left over from the war, "Did they get more stamps than they needed?"

"No," she told me quickly. "Those were left over when the war ended, we used ever stamp we could get."

I know my dad probably had eaten a lot of animals growing up that a lot of us wouldn't touch today, like 'possums.' I asked him one day if he had ever eaten crow and he said he thinks he had. He told me they had it fried up like chicken, but he thinks it was crow.

The closest I ever was to hunting was when I went with the surviving two of the neighborhood Barnes triplets or their older brothers. They never failed to take a roll of toilet paper with them on a hunt, and they never failed to make use of it.

I followed my Uncle

Orville a time or two, rabbit hunting in the snow. Unlike squirrel hunting where silence is a must, I guess it didn't make much difference in rabbit hunting whether it was my noise or the dogs that scared a rabbit up.

One time I nearly was on the receiving end of a rabbit hunt. While at the far end of our garden, a wild rabbit came straight toward me and brushed up against my leg. I looked over the cliff below to see a trespassing hunter with his gun trained on the rabbit, and me. It was like that back then, visiting hunters from farms on either side had no idea what a fence meant.

My Uncle John often came to our house with his family and went out past Cressy on the railroad to what was called North Sloan. He was a former railroader and walked alongside the rails, looking for groundhogs in the cuts. He even walked out on the huge Red River Railroad Bridge to the Clark County side to look for groundhogs. He also hunted on our place since that part of our farm was split by a cliff which was a favorite ground for ground hogs. That's one of the cleanest animals you can eat, but after helping him to skin one, I didn't have much taste for it.

Groundhog oil was also used by my dad to protect boots from water. We still have a pint jar or so sitting in the grass next to a nearby tree.

One year at our church's homecoming, an elderly lady we called "T Puckett," whose name was Matilda, showed up with a ground hog cooked whole. It looked black to me and I decided I had seen better looking "road kill."

That spoiled me from eating most any wild meat although I did eat some "gater" at a wild game dinner I was invited to several years ago.

When my Aunt Madeline and Uncle Troy

lived in the house going up the hill off Kentucky-52 at what's now called Furnace Junction, I recall going there once after Troy had bagged several squirrels. I remember them frying in the skillet, heads and all, and the children would eat the heads. A spoon was used to peck open the head and the brain was picked out somewhat like eating a boiled egg.

I got calls several times over her final years from my Great Aunt Nora from the Irvine nursing home. When she wasn't asking what was the county seat of so-and-so county, she talked about squirrels. I'll bet she hunted squirrels herself and was especially interested when she heard of white squirrels and black squirrels.

The closest I ever came to being called a hunter was a snipe hunter. Anyone who knows about snipe hunting knows what I'm talking about and anyone who doesn't can give me a call and we'll take you on a snipe hunt.

I was the hunting guide, or instigator, on at least three snipe hunts and I can honestly say I was a failure at all three.

We took a girl who was visiting neighbors and left her near some sink holes on our farm. All of us showed up back at the house but my brother. He decided he needed to stay with her even though it wasn't even dark for this one. What kind of snipe hunt is that? I asked him about it recently and he told me she was a big-time doctor now. I said, "But, you didn't know that then." Failed snipe hunt #1

We once took my friend Dale on a snipe hunt to an old cemetery in the middle of a pasture. You had to cross a barb wire fence to get inside it and we left him in the middle in total darkness, hoping he didn't notice all the old grave stones on all sides. We slipped across the fence and were getting ready to run across the

field when Dale started hollering, "Bring me a light, I think I found an arrowhead."

That wasn't the holler we expected but the arrowhead part piqued our interest. Sure enough, in the middle of a field, in the pitch of night, in the middle of a graveyard, Dale had found an arrowhead. And it was really pretty, too. He thinks later that he sold it to me for a dollar. Failed snipe hunt #2.

Our last snipe hunt was at one of the deepest, darkest ravines in Estill County where the sun rarely shines and you can't see your hand in front of your face at night. The victim, Jim, eventually became my brother-in-law. We parked in the middle of the road and had him to walk up a ways while we sneaked off and left him. I stepped out of the car and immediately fell into a deep ditch in the darkness. All of the others were in similar circumstances and one was screaming that he had fallen off a cliff. Meanwhile, Jim started hollering for us to bring him a sack, "I've already seen three," he said. Failed snipe hunt #3.

-- Tracy Randall Patrick

## I Must Tell Jesus

Sunday, August 23<sup>rd</sup> 2020 Morning Message  
 Bro. Warren Rogers, Ivory Hill Baptist Church  
 Based on Psalm 62 and 1 Peter 5:6-8

Leading up to Psalm 62, we find that it was a time when Absalom was trying to remove King David from the throne. David was having a lot of worry, and it was a trying time in his life. As we read Psalm 62, it is David telling us where he turned to at this time.

*"To the chief Musician, to Jeduthun, A Psalm of David.} Truly my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation. <sup>2</sup>He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defence; I shall not be greatly moved."* Psalm 62:1 & 2

We learn from this that we too must take our troubles to Jesus. I started this sermon with the song, 'I Must Tell Jesus' that everyone sings in church, but, do we listen to the words?

#1 Tell Jesus all of your trials:

**1st Verse** - "I must tell Jesus - All of my trials - I cannot bear these burdens alone - In my distress - He kindly will help me - He ever cares and loves His own." Elisha Albright Hoffman in 1893

*"That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ."* 1 Peter 1:7

#2 Tell Jesus all your troubles:

*"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. <sup>29</sup>Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. <sup>30</sup>For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."* Matthew 11:28-30

**2nd Verse** - "I must tell Jesus all of my troubles; - He is a kind, compassionate Friend; - If I but ask Him, He will deliver; - Make of my troubles quickly an end."

David tells us in Psalm 62:1, "from him cometh my salvation" & in verse 2, "He only is my rock and my salvation."

#3 Tell Jesus about your temptations:

**Verses 3 & 4** - "Tempted and tried I need a great Saviour; - One who can help my burdens to bear; - I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; - He all my cares and sorrows will share."

*"O how the world to evil allures me! - O how my heart is tempted to sin! - I must tell Jesus, and He will help me - Over the world the vict'ry to win.."*

I suspect that as you read these words that you are singing them in your mind. Go back and emphasize the word MUST! We as Christians have to realize that when we have troubles, Jesus wants us to call on Him, trust Him, and LOVE Him with our prayers.

*"Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. <sup>15</sup>For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. <sup>16</sup>Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."* Hebrews 4:14-16

Now go back to Psalm 62 and see how David repeats himself in verses 1 & 6. Notice that David said that Jesus was his defense. Friends, if you know Jesus as your Savior you've got the best lawyer that you will ever need. The song says, "I must tell Jesus". True, but we know that Jesus knows all about you before you ever ask. But the point is, He wants to know that we fully trust Him. We must take our worries and troubles to Him.

If you are reading this and realize that you have not given your heart to Jesus or you really have not had the trust you should have, please consider turning to Him and asking forgiveness.

I cordially invite you to Ivory Hill Baptist on Rt 89, north of Irvine. We meet at 11:00 a.m., Sundays, and Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m. If you need to talk to me, just call 606-481-0444.

Until next week, May God bless you each day!  
 Bro. Warren

## The Estill County Tribune

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