



America's Heartland
Roger Alford
 RogerAlford1@GMail.Com

Ever been so hungry that eating with a fork was dangerous

tite, so hungry that they can't get scriptures into their minds and hearts fast enough. The Bible likens God's word to milk and meat in 1 Corinthians 3:2. And, you will remember, Jesus identified himself as the Bread of Life in John 6:35, saying "he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

You've noticed that physically healthy people have healthy appetites, and spiritually healthy people have healthy spiritual appetites. This truth has led some to question just how spiritually healthy people are at this point in history. Church attendance in the U.S. has fallen off like crazy this year because politicians have convinced huge numbers of people that going to church will make them sick. In some states, governors even declared churches to be nonessential and ordered them to shut down.

Did you ever wonder how Christians of the early church would have responded to that? Throughout recorded history, God's people have faced truly life-threatening circumstances, but they refused to bend or bow. Hebrews 11:36-38 describes a people who "endured the trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea moreover, of bonds and imprisonment. They

were stoned; they were sawn asunder; were tempted, were slain with the sword. They wondered about in sheepskins and goatskins, being destitute, afflicted and tormented."

You'd never convince those people that worshipping the true and living God is non-essential. They were serious about their faith. They had to be to risk being sawed in half, to risk having their flesh laid open by whips, to risk being run through with swords or pelted with stones until they were dead. Would they have been frightened away from worship by a virus? I leave it to you to draw your own conclusions about that.

The question I'm raising is this: How does the faith of people in modern-day America compare to those of centuries past? Would people in modern-day America run and hide if they faced the kind of persecution that their forefathers in the faith faced? Would people in modern-day America measure up at all?

I fear that this coronavirus has provided the answer to those questions.

Roger Alford is pastor of South Fork Baptist Church. Reach him at 502-514-6857 or rogeralford1@gmail.com.



Just Hunting

by Steve Brewer

It is mid-day, August 15th, opening day of squirrel season, 2020. I set my clock for 5am, made sure the coffee was set to go off at the same time. I had taken the time to get my light-weight squirrel season hunting clothes washed and ready. I had loaded my hunting vest with my favorite number 5, Remington Clean-Bore shot. I was just waiting on daylight on the 15th to be in the woods, and watching the limbs bend with the weight of the squirrels, heading to breakfast.

I got my coffee poured, my Honey Bun heated, and started slipping into my camo gear when Sharon, my wife of 49 years on August 13th, came through the house. "Going hunting, I see." I answered, "yes."

My mind went back to the day we got married on August 13th, 1971. It was a Friday the 13th, but I was leaving to head to the Daniel Boone, for a hunt on the first day of squirrel season; on Saturday, so I would not be back 'till Sunday. Either get married on the Friday before squirrel season, or postpone it 'till later, we chose the 13th. Our honeymoon could happen later. Sharon knew I am a hunter before we got married; she has never said one thing about me hunting and has always given me a free pass, even paying for some of my very expensive trips, like the one to Canada last year.

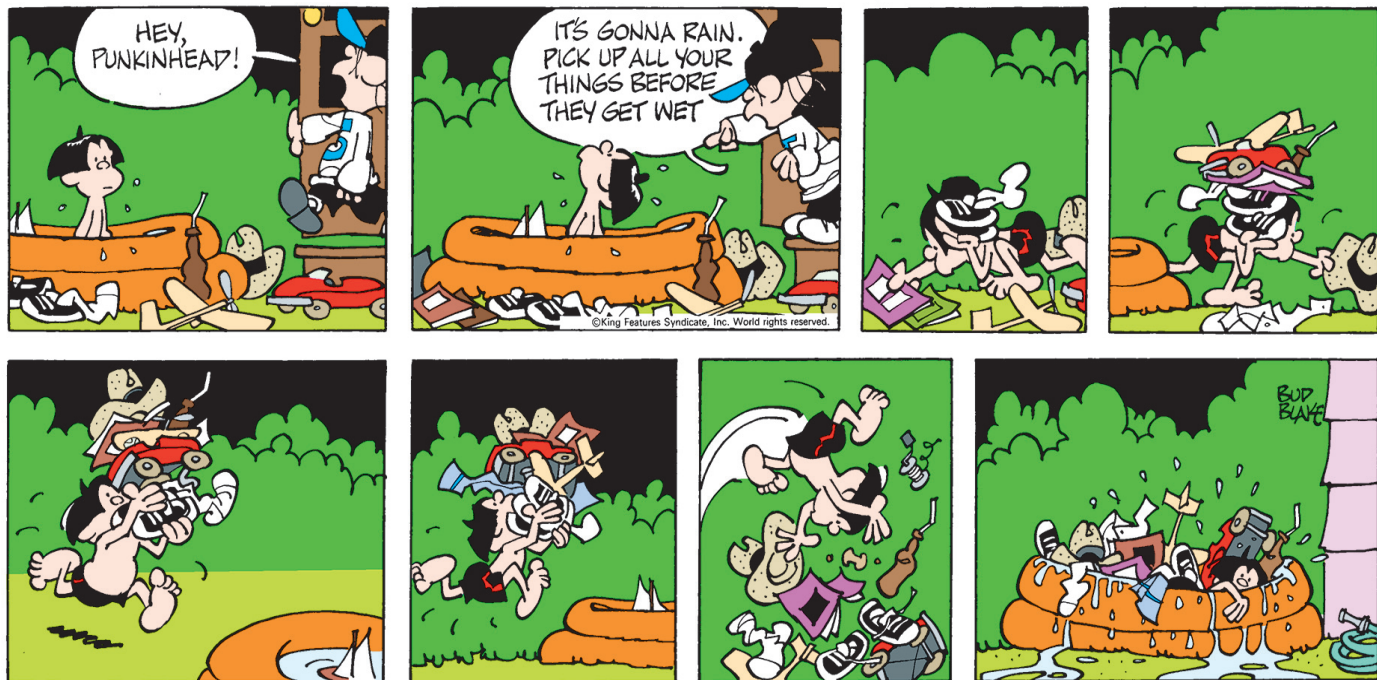
She sat down, and asked just these few words; my mind went blank, "Poppy, where are you hunting today?" I froze. For the first time since living here, I don't have a friend that offered me a place to hunt nor did I have a place under lease. I thought for a minute, started taking off my hunting clothes, and said, "think I will go back to bed." Ole habits die hard, and I haven't missed opening day in almost 70 years of hunting. Oh well, there is a first time for everything, I have been told.

Take a child hunting, please let me know if you will allow me to squirrel hunt on your property, I will really be one happy camper.

You can email Steve Brewer at <Steve@EstillTribune.com> and message is forwarded.

TIGER

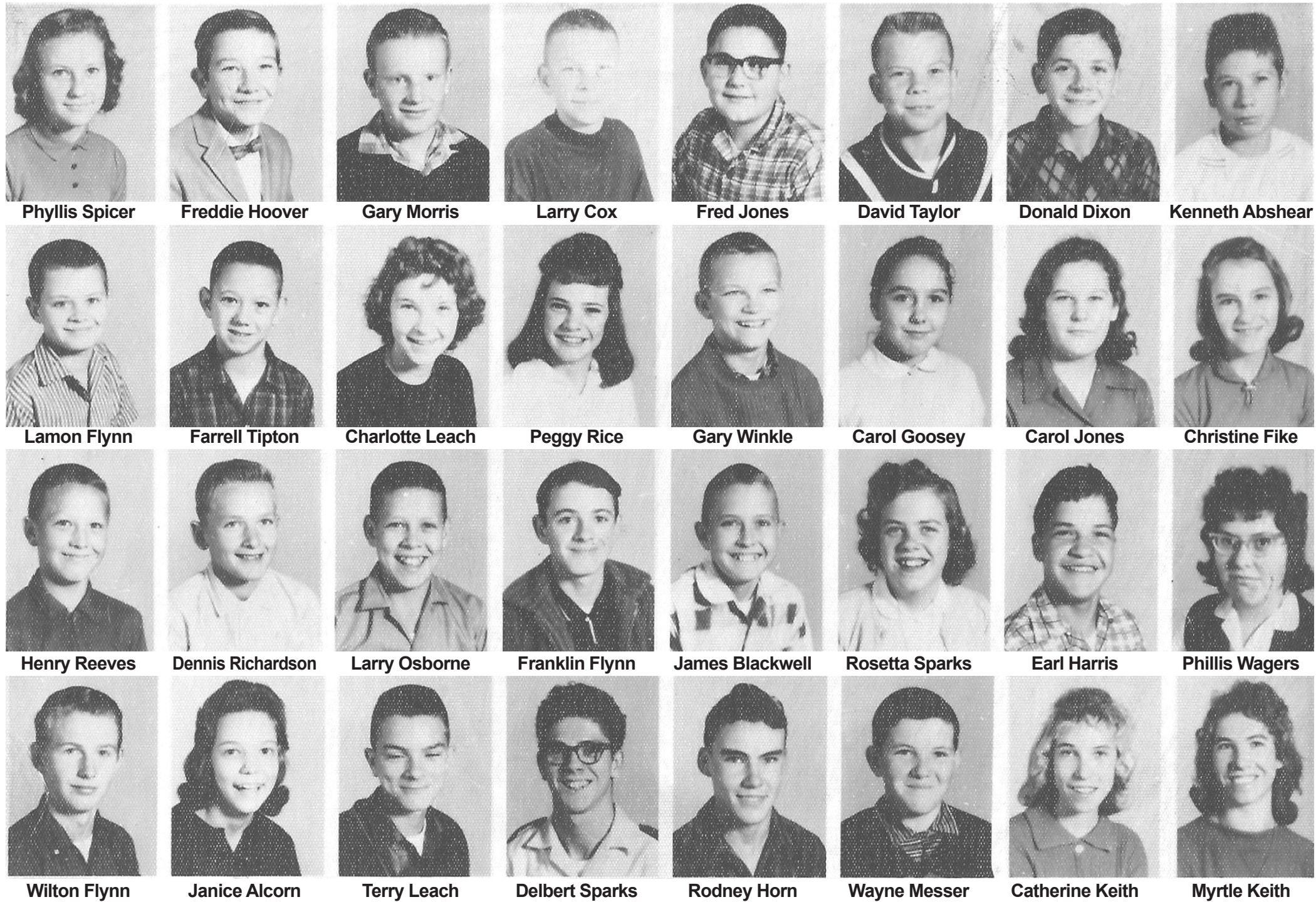
by BUD BLAKE



South Irvine Elementary School 7th & 8th Grades -- 1960-61 School Year

Florene Tuggle of South Carolina originally sent in this picture of the 1960-61 7th & 8th grade classes at South Irvine Elementary in 2016. It came from her sister, Lorene Dean's things. Student's names are listed from "Schools of Estill

County, Kentucky" which was produced by the Estill County Historical & Genealogical Society. Their notation says this would have been the first and second classes to graduate from the new building at South Irvine.



Phyllis Spicer	Freddie Hoover	Gary Morris	Larry Cox	Fred Jones	David Taylor	Donald Dixon	Kenneth Abshear
Lamon Flynn	Farrell Tipton	Charlotte Leach	Peggy Rice	Gary Winkle	Carol Goosey	Carol Jones	Christine Fike
Henry Reeves	Dennis Richardson	Larry Osborne	Franklin Flynn	James Blackwell	Rosetta Sparks	Earl Harris	Phillis Wagers
Wilton Flynn	Janice Alcorn	Terry Leach	Delbert Sparks	Rodney Horn	Wayne Messer	Catherine Keith	Myrtle Keith