

The Longest Yard Sale



Tam's Front Porch Ponderings
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The yard sale to top all yard sales in my book, is the Highway 127 Yard Sale. Also referred to as "The Longest Yard Sale", it runs the corridor past my Mother-In-Law's house in Junction City, all the way to Russell Springs where we camp with Corky's family. Friday seemed to be the longest work day EVER while I counted down the hours until our departure. I didn't think 4:00 o'clock would ever roll around but finally we were on the road by 5:00. Of course when the dogs saw us loading the Tahoe, they knew something was up! Rankin began barking and prancing all around me in the yard until Hooch caught on to what was happening, then he began to do the same thing. It was all I could do to put my purse and book bag in the truck without them knocking me down! As soon as Corky opened the back to load our luggage, the boys wasted no time jumping in. There they sat like little boys, ready for an adventure! Corky tried to explain to them, "It's gonna be a few more minutes, wait in the yard. It's too hot in the truck". No use! They weren't budging! We opened all the doors so they wouldn't smother and gathered up a few more things, then locked up. The dogs were still sitting exactly where we left them. I think they were afraid that if they moved, we would leave them!

My first stop is always in Lancaster and I was just a little disappointed when we rolled into town and everyone had already covered up their wares. Very unusual for folks to shut down before dark! We puttered on towards 127 on small, winding roads that Corky grew up traveling. It was a beautiful drive and the dogs rode along peacefully, raising their heads every now and then to sniff the air. We picked up the 127 corridor right outside of Hustonville and since I've shopped the 127 for years, I know what fields will be full of vendors. Boy was I wrong! One familiar field after another was empty! I thought I would have a heart attack! All year I wait for this one, all year I tuck a little back and save what I can, so I can pick through boxes of glassware and blue Mason jars. I love to meet the people and trade stories about the interesting items they have for sale, but on this night I was left with a heavy heart. No one was out, no one was open, and no one sat in the empty hay fields selling lemonade and fresh produce. We drove on to the campground in silence.

Corky could see how let down I was. He tried to lift my spirits, "Honey, what do ya say we get up early in the morning, while it's still cool, and head towards Tennessee? We never go that way! I bet there will be all kinds of sales!" With a solid plan for Saturday, I relaxed on the porch with a cup of coffee and envisioned all the unique items we would

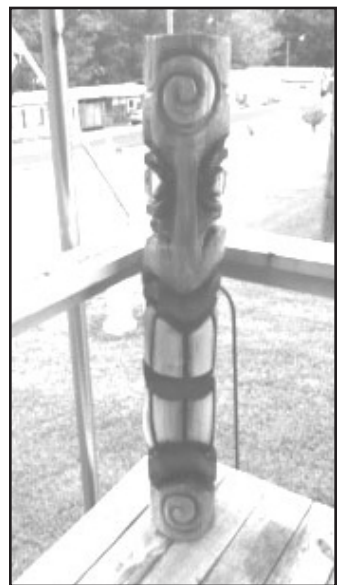
encounter the next day. That night, my dreams were filled with fried pies from the local Mennonite community and deals that one couldn't pass up on everything from quilts to quart jars! Saturday I was up bright and early, dressed and ready to go before Corky had time to back out on his promise. Just outside of Russell Springs we made our first stop, and just like Momma always said, "It's a small world", because the first vendor I visited happened to be the sister-in-law of a teacher here in the Estill County school system! We talked so long, Corky finally gave up on me and headed to the truck! Now this was more like it! Fun conversation and interesting things for sale, my mood was already taking a turn for the better. I walked away with 2 vintage prints and a book for under \$5.00. I was off to a good start.

The sales were hit and miss all the way to Jamestown and we stopped at almost all of them. I picked up two coffee mugs made at a local pottery, from two young boys that had a booth with odds and ends for sale. They were so sweet, sitting under the shade of a tree, eating watermelon. They could've cared less if they sold anything or not, I figured they were watching the tables while their parents shopped the surrounding booths. I ran into friends Linda and Gerald, a couple whose yard sale is one of my favorites each year, and again I talked so long that Corky went to the truck.

The air was turning muggy as we hit the town square in Jamestown. "I'm getting homesick", I told Corky with a grin. "Let's head back to the campground and sit on the porch, in front of the fan". Corky couldn't believe his ears, it was only 11:30! We had been shopping less than 3 hours and I was ready to quit! "Let's hit this last bunch of sales ahead on the left and we'll go home okay?" he replied. We bailed out, Corky went one way and I went another. I uncovered two pieces of Bybee Pottery and a pair of candlesticks from the 1970's. We were nowhere near the Tennessee line and I didn't care! I was hot and worried about the dogs alone at the camper, probably thinking we had left them alone for good. I'd had a fried pie, swapped stories with vendors and found bargains, but I was more than ready to go. I turned for the truck, wiping the perspiration from my face with a wet, Carhartt bandana, when I saw Corky loading something in the back of the Tahoe. It was huge! The colors were a wonderful, bright, tropical green and orange. Peeping around the barn doors of the Tahoe I asked, "What kind of bargain did you find?"

Grinning from ear to ear, he proudly showed me. "A Totem Pole!"

The one thing we didn't have on our porch at the campground! And let me tell you...IT'S AWESOME!



Tam



Times Remembered

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Some of the fondest memories are of my grandpa's house. We lived about 100 yards from him, just down the hill. I ran up and down the worn pathway many times as a barefooted, wide-eyed little girl, knowing just where to place my feet to avoid the stickers lurking on the sides of the path.

I loved going to Grandpa's house. Along the path were June apple trees and cherry trees that I enjoyed climbing

Visiting Grandpa's House

when the fruit became ripe. I ate until I was full; which gave me a tummy ache, but I sure enjoyed those green apples.

Grandpa's house sat on a hill with a white picket fence around it with every flower and tree you could name in the yard. There were roses of all kinds, peonies, tiger lilies, and irises. Hickory nut, hazelnut and beechnut trees grew in the yard.

The house was two-story with four bedrooms, living room, bath room and a small kitchen. The outside wood siding was the color of untreated weathered wood and it had a tin roof that was heavenly to sleep under when it rained. The floors were covered with linoleum and colorful wall paper covered most of the walls.

My favorite room was the sitting room where he had a pot-bellied coal stove to heat the room. He would fill the belly of the stove with blocks of coal and build a fire inside. Sometimes the fire would get so hot that the

stove's sides and stovepipe would turn a glowing red; it looked as though you could see right through it.

I loved sitting in his lap in his big oak rocking chair where he read to me, told me stories, taught me how to tell time with his pocket watch and told me all about the trees outside the big window. He also loved to tell me about all our kinfolks.

He had some wonderful antiques; my favorite was a library table with drawers in it, such as a carved wooden snake with green eyes, a stone with prickly edges, marbles, a powder jar and locks of children's hair. He said his mother kept a lock of each child's hair the first time they got a haircut. Odd, but I guess they did that in those days.

The oak secretary was fun to open and write on the shelf that let down to write checks and pay bills. He had fountain pens, stationery and cubby holes for bills.

The prize antique was the

three-cornered cherry cupboard that was handmade for my grandmother's birthday years ago. He kept all his antique dishes in the cupboard and it was off limits. It was look, but don't touch.

My mother inherited the cherry cupboard and my sister has it now. I got an antique clock that Grandpa kept on the wall beside his rocking that I cherish dearly.

The table drawer that contained all the trinkets was one of my favorite reasons for visiting grandpa and he always had chewing gum and gave me money to go the store. Most of all, he was the first person to tell me about Jesus and I'm thankful for that; he read Bible stories to me that made a huge impact on my life.

Grandpa passed in October of 1963 when I was 13 years old. Grandpa received his wings within minutes, but his reading voice still echoes in my mind as I recall him reading the bible to me.

The Good Old Days

by **BOB CASEY**, preacher
Cornerstone Church of Christ
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It seems to me at least that the older I become that we make references to the "good ole days." This is probably natural as we let our minds roam to the pleasant time of the past. Many times regarding my childhood, I myself have said: "I wish I could do it all over again." Then we realize that we cannot do it again. Now I want to share with you some of my thoughts regarding the days that are past. What causes us to yearn for a return to yesteryear, what makes us call the days "the good old days." First of all there was very little to amuse ourselves with outside the family and neighborhood friends. Very little radio, no TVs, nor video games, so we involved ourselves with each other in baseball in the yard games in the summer and basketball games in the barn in the winter, and all these were well attended by both young and older folks as well. How long has it been since you saw any of these happening today?

Secondly, time was slower back in those days. Friends and neighbors took time to visit each other sitting on the front porch to discuss everything that came to mind. I miss those days.

Thirdly, folks cared more in those days when sicknesses and death came upon a family in the neighborhood. The women folk cleaned, cooked, and offered comfort to their neighbors. This is not done so much in these days. Some still do, but they are few. One of the great commandments in the Bible aside from loving God with all our being is **Matthew 12:30-31**, "To love our neighbor as ourselves." We don't see this practiced very much today.

Another thing about the good ole days was that nearly in every neighborhood about 85% of people went to church at least once a week. Then when summer church meetings, called revival meetings, were held, nearly 100% would attend and interest was at a high level then. Also, the socializing outside after the meeting was over was like a big family reunion that sometimes would last as long as the church meetings. I will admit that I miss those days.

Another thing that I will mention is this. Sometimes there would be a farmer or a business man that took no heed to the Lord's day. In their activity they considered each day alike. How sad it is to see this trend applied in today's world that one can hardly detect one day from another. Sadly, we have slipped into a day into which church attendance and obeying the Lord is at an all time low. Paul warns the world in **II Thessalonians 2**, "Regarding the coming again of Jesus, saying, that day shall not come except there came a falling away first, and that the man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition." The devil is only revealed through the actions of men. My point is this, if you claim to be a Christian and you were away from church taking your pleasure in something else, you could not prove you are a Christian if your life depends upon it, and it does!

Why not return to the good old days of faithfulness and prepare yourselves for His return, because He is coming!

Visit with us at 70 Bond Street in West Irvine.
Sincerely, Bob Casey, 1-Waco (859) 369-4165

BIBLE TRIVIA

by Wilson Casey

1. Is the book of 1 Chronicles in the Old or New Testament or neither?
2. From Judges 11, what judge of Israel was a prostitute's son? Hosea, Jephthah, Samson, Lot
3. In Ruth 1, who

called herself Marah, a name meaning "bitter"? Priscilla, Miriam, Naomi, Deborah

4. Which was a city of Ephraim and home of the Ark of the Covenant? Ai, Sardis, Gaza, Shiloh

5. From 2 Timothy 1, who was Timothy's devout grandmother? Dorcas, Lydia, Lois, Hannah

6. Ahasuerus was also known as? Noadiah, Agrippa, Joash, Xerxes

Answers on bottom of Page 13
Wilson Casey's mainstream UFO book, "Swamp Gas & High Hopes 101," is now available

When trouble rains down, just shake it off and step up



America's Heartland
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With his homespun humor, the late great storyteller Jerry Clower could spin yarns that carried weighty messages. One of my favorites was about his Uncle Versie's beloved mule, Della, that fell into a deep well.

With no way to get her out, Clower said Uncle Versie decided to just bury Della there. He began shoveling dirt into that hole, but every time a shovelful hit that mule's back, she shook it off and stepped up.

No matter how discouraged or scared, Della kept on shaking it off and stepping up. Before long, Della had shook off enough to step right out of that hole.

At some time or other, we have all felt like we've been stuck in a hole with the weight of this world raining down on us. At times like that, we can stand there and let our troubles bury us. Or we can shake them off and step up.

The Bible tells us there's a great blessing for those

who faithfully endure in such situations.

"Happy are those who remain faithful under trials, because when they succeed in passing such a test, they will receive as their reward the life which God has promised to those who love Him" (**James 1:12**)

Let me encourage you to never give up, no matter how impossible the situation seems. You have a Savior who loves you and who reminds you that "what is impossible with man is possible with God." (**Luke 18:27**)

A story similar to the mule tale involves two frogs that were hopping around on a farm when they fell into a churn filled with milk.

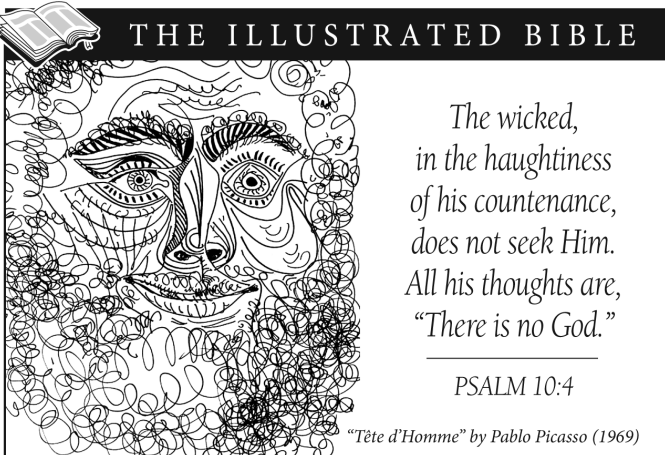
Both frogs started swimming around and around inside that churn. But one soon lost hope of ever getting out, sunk beneath the surface and drowned.

The other didn't lose hope, but kept on swimming and swimming and swimming until his repeated strokes churned that milk into butter. The frog climbed up on top of that butter and hopped out of the churn.

We need to keep in mind that, with Jesus, there is always hope, no matter the circumstances we face.

"Those who hope in the LORD will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles; they will run and not grow weary, they will walk and not be faint." (**Isaiah 40:31**)

Roger Alford offers words of encouragement to residents of America's heartland. Reach him at rogeralford1@gmail.com.



The wicked, in the haughtiness of his countenance, does not seek Him. All his thoughts are, "There is no God."

PSALM 10:4

"Tête d'Homme" by Pablo Picasso (1969)

Living for God's Glory

(1 Peter 4:1-2)

¹ Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourselves likewise with the same mind: for he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin; ² That he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lusts of men, but to the will of God.

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