

Grown and Gone!



Tam's Front Porch Ponderings
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and Rankin greatly. Hooch stood behind my seat with his nose stuck out the window, sniffing the air. Rankin did the exact, same thing behind Corky. They had just settled down for a nap when we reached the Mt. Vernon exit and anytime the truck slows down, they must recheck the area and get their bearings. It's 'look this way, swap sides with me, look that way, sniff, sniff, whine to go to the bathroom, get a treat from Mom and then lay back down' kind of a moment until we reach the next intersection or stop light. Then the routine begins all over again! We soon discovered they don't travel as well at night but with some coaxing and a few more treats, they were fine. I fought sleep all the way to the campground but dared not say anything to Corky. This was supposed to be our great, late night adventure and I caught myself nodding off! I tried to keep a conversation going so I could stay awake, until Corky told me to "be quiet" . . . I was putting him to sleep!

We pulled into our driveway at the campground around 1:00 a.m. so tired we could barely drag ourselves out of the truck. The dogs were off like rockets to chase squirrels, bobcats and house cats down the creek towards the lake. I struggled to find the right key and get the door open. Corky headed around back to turn on the water as I flipped on the air conditioner. I was already in my gown by the time he came back in the camper. "We gonna unload tonight?" he asked yawning.

"No Way!" I yawned back, "let's get it in the morning".

We both fell into bed, exhausted. I think Corky was snoring before his head hit the pillow and I fell into a deep sleep that was made ever-so-much-more peaceful, by the pounding of rain on the tin roof. We had made it just before the clouds opened up and poured.

The bad thing about our children being grown and gone is that . . . we are alone and I miss them terribly. The good thing about our children being grown and gone from home is that we are alone and . . . can sleep as late as we want!

Goodnight moon, Goodnight stars, Goodnight Hooch and Rankin, wherever you are!



The bad thing about our children being grown and gone from home is that . . . we are alone. On the other hand, the good thing about our children being grown and gone from home is that . . . we are alone! Sometimes we forget we can come and go as we please so sometimes you will find us asleep in our chairs by 10:00 p.m., then there are times we might jump up and head to Richmond at midnight for ice cream. It's a struggle adjusting back to being just the two of us. Even though Dylan and Sarah Beth have been away at college (and then to Louisiana), it's like all of a sudden . . . for real! I've found myself going through boxes of things and tossing stuff I've held onto for years thinking they might need it or want it, now I'm just done with it! I'm trying to reclaim the space that once housed stuffed animals, dolls, Hot Wheels and Grave Digger monster trucks. I have to watch myself though, I tend to get weepy and all sentimental until I realize those things mean more to me than to my children.

When our children were little, we worked everything around their schedules. If we ate out, it was some place they liked. Vacations were planned with water and go carts in mind! Now? I don't have to squeeze into a go cart anymore! The only thing I have to squeeze into, is my bathing suit! And that's only if I WANT to, not because I have to be on sight for the kids to swim.

A perfect example of "we are alone", was a recent midnight jaunt to the lake. We really hadn't planned on going, the forecast called for rain, but at the last minute we threw our clothes in a bag, loaded up the dogs and headed down I75 South. The night air was perfect for running with the windows down and this pleased Hooch



Times Remembered

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August Doings

Over the course of my lifetime, I think it is fair to say that my relationship with the month of August has been of a decidedly mixed nature. As a kid, the situation was one of love-hate. I loved the lazy days the month brought, with katydids playing their tunes like there was no tomorrow, and Joe Pye weeds beginning to bloom and attract tiger swallowtails. Also, I loved getting to go squirrel hunting with my Dad. It was something I looked forward to every year in August.

August also brought the harvesting of tobacco; farmers' cash crop in those days, but I hated working in tobacco, suckering and cutting it. The hot, humid August afternoons were nearly unbearable. You could hardly breathe with tobacco over your head while suckering. I would be covered in hot sticky gum on my hands and clothes. The smell literally made me sick. Thankfully, I

never smoked; it smelled so bad.

I remember getting up very early on many mornings to accompany Dad squirrel hunting. If we didn't hunt on our farm, we went to Crooked Creek where my Dad grew up and hunted on the old home place. Also several other friends and family allowed Dad to hunt on their farms.

I remember one particular hunt when we started out on Grandma's place on Hinton's Branch. The farm was nestled on a ridge top with hills up and down, and it had some hollers and gulleys too. I believe we covered every one of them. I remember we didn't do much good on Granny's place so we ventured across to Uncle Ray's place and past Uncle Anse's woods, then past the old schoolhouse hill, and crossed over into John Cox's line to Darrell Winkler's place. Here is where we encountered a passel of squirrels. Dad knew where a big hickory was; so we went straight to that tree and sure enough there were two red fox squirrels cutting in that tree; we sat down and waited and listened; then all at once I Dad fired once, twice and he got both of them. We went a little further and there were more squirrels cutting in a beech tree. We hit the jackpot; he killed three or four more. We could have killed more, but there was a limit of six that you could kill.

Dad was happy; I was happy too . . . to actually head toward the road to go home. We must have walked twenty miles. We came out of the woods and walked down the hill and through



Bob's red fox

Darrell Winkler's farm to the road. Darrell owned the farm where my mother, Sophia Garrett Arvin, grew up. It belonged to my Grandfather, J.R. Garrett years ago. It was and still is a beautiful place. I often wish my Grandfather had never sold it.

Another fun time squirrel hunting was when we bought the land where we built our log house. We purchased the land several years before we built the house and we hunted squirrel, grouse and deer on it.

One afternoon we came out on a Saturday evening to squirrel hunt; Bob went up near the front and I went back to the proposed home site where we were going to build. I sat down by a pine tree where they had been cutting on pine cones and waited. I listened for a squirrel to bark or see some movement, nothing happened. In a few minutes I heard Bob shoot one time; I thought . . . well he must have missed him or

had a good shot one or the other.

I waited and waited; we had talked about a huge red squirrel that we had seen before and both were hoping to kill, but he never did appear on my site. I got up and started walking up the lane to see what Bob had killed; he came out of the woods about the time I got half way up the lane and was carrying something red; I thought . . . that red fox squirrel was big we had been seeing, but man this one was a monster. I crept a little closer and then it dawned on me . . . it was a RED FOX. I go, "What did you do?" "That's not a squirrel," I said, "I know, I just thought I'd kill him since he looked so much like the red fox squirrel!" Well . . . The red fox now sits in our living room!! Bob took him to the taxidermist.

Squirrel season opening last Saturday, the 20th of August. Hope everyone gets out and does some hunting!!

The Midnight Hour

by **BOB CASEY**, preacher
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It is written in **Matthew 25:1-13**, the story of a bridegroom coming to claim his wife at the hour-day of his choosing. I strongly encourage all of our readers to read this Bible story, because I believe that even today our world is fastly approaching the hour of midnight when our Lord may, any day now, come to claim is bride (the church) as His own. **Sadly**, also in this story it is revealed that many were wise and they had before hard prepared for this glorious occasion, **but on the other hand** many had failed to maintain their watchfulness, and their lamps had run out of oil. **But again**, it seems that all had not looked unto contentiousness because all were in a slumber (or a relaxed state of mind). When we are warned by Jesus Himself in the previous chapter to watch and be ready for His coming, most are not doing this. How sad!

Then at the hour of midnight (the least expected time) there was a cry made, **the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him!** This should tell all of us something regarding watchfulness. There will be same that **in any hour, any day that will be watching for His return**. These are likened unto sentinels, or guards who will sound out the warnings. These are the avid readers of the Bible, these are the ones who with consistency invite people to church, these are the ones you can count on to teach and live the truth. These are the ones who never miss a church assembly, these are the ones who don't swap off a Lord's day for a vacation day. These are the ones who never consider a day on a beach or a fishing lake more important than meeting our Lord on His day!

Well, by now you get the point. Some will go into the wedding and some will not. You see, it is contingent upon your state of preparations. By this story many will try to get into a marriage by asking those prepared to share some of their oil with them, but it will be to no avail. **They will say** (we only have enough for ourselves.) **In I Peter 4:18**, it says "And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where will the unjustly and the sinner appear?"

Notice carefully, the bridegroom came, collected his bride, took her to his house, and closed the door. All this happened while the unprepared was trying to make up for lost time. Even though they begged and pleaded they were shut out of the marriage feast.

What about you? Are you watching for Christ's return? Are you a sky walker, or are you a Wal-mart watcher? Have you prepared by obedience? **What is obedience?** **Romans 10:17** says faith cometh by hearing and hearing by the word of God. **Do you believe that Jesus is the Son of God?** Do you feel sorry for your life of sin? **Then you need to repent. John 8:24:** "Jesus says: 'That ye shall die in your sins: for if ye believe not that I am He ye shall die in your sins.'" **Luke 13:1-5** (Except by repent ye shall perish). **Luke 12:8-9 - Matthew 10:31-33** and **Acts 8:37**, herein the verse are commands and examples of one who did. And have you been baptized in the Bible way, also for the right reason? If you have, then you are one that understands obedience.

In closing, notice and read Hebrews 5:8-9, "Though he were a son, yet learned the obedience by the things he suffered, and being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." Have you failed to obey? He will know when He returns. Visit with us at 70 Bond Street in West Irvine. We will do you good!
Sincerely, Bob Casey, 1-Waco (859) 369-4165

Man easily determines gender of flies he swats



America's Heartland
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A woman came home to find her retired husband waving a rolled up newspaper round his head.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm swatting flies," he said. "So far, I've gotten three males and two females."

Puzzled, his wife asked how he knew which gender they were.

"That's easy," he explained. "Three were on my recliner, and the other two were on the telephone."

There's something humorous about old jokes that stereotype men as lazy and women as gossips. I think that's largely because the very idea is so outrageous. Most men I know work so hard they rarely have time to sink into a recliner, and most women are certainly not gossips. So we can laugh when someone pokes a little fun in that way.

But we also realize there are times when stereotyping is no laughing matter. It's downright mean-spirited when people form in-

stant opinions about others simply because of their race or skin color or age.

God warns against that: "Do not judge by appearances, but judge with right judgment" (**John 7:24**).

The Old Testament prophet Samuel was sent by God to the home of a man named Jesse to anoint one his sons to be king. Samuel looked upon Jesse's sons, and was certain God would choose the eldest who was tall and handsome and strong. But, instead, God chose the youngest, a rather scrawny kid named David.

God explained his rationale in that instance, saying: "The Lord does not see as man sees. Man looks on the outward appearance, but the Lord looks on the heart" (**1 Samuel 16:7**).

God looked at David and saw something Samuel couldn't see. He saw inside that little shepherd boy the heart of a champion. And that was reflected a short time later when David took on the giant Goliath and won. His older brothers trembled at the thought of fighting Goliath. David fought him in the name of the Lord without a twinge of fear, knowing that he had The Almighty on his side when he came against that giant.

So, if you, like David, have been stereotyped by others for one reason or another, do not be dismayed. It could be that they simply haven't yet taken time to know the real you or to figure out that within you beats the heart of a champion.

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

Living for God's Glory

(1 Peter 4:7-9)

- 7 But the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer.
- 8 And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins.
- 9 Use hospitality one to another without grudging.

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