

# Granny's Porch



Good morning everyone. This is Granny back to spend some time with you on this beautiful April morning. I hope all of you had a blessed Easter and was able to spend some time with your family. As I promised you in last week's paper that I would tell you about a time that I sang in front of a lot of people with the Kirby Knob Boys in Tucson, Arizona at a bluegrass festival.

In the early spring of 2008, the Kirby Knob Boys had been booked to play at the Diamond Desert Bluegrass Festival on October 25th and 26th. They were very excited about the trip. While me and my son, Danny, were talking and he was telling me about the trip,

I said "Oh, I'd love to go. I've never been to Arizona." He immediately said if I wanted to go, we needed to buy me a ticket. We had to get our tickets early to get a better price. So, we started making our plans. Ricky's wife, who arranged for the plane tickets and hotel for us to stay in, put my name on the ticket list with all of theirs.

Now with this being said, it's springtime. Time to garden and raise my stuff to put away for the winter. There was much work to do around the house. I had all my canning done, but my apples, and there were lots of them. I was helping gather some one day and I turned around and fell and broke my wrist. Now I said to myself, I'll not go if I have to wear that old cast. I had it on about three and a half weeks and asked the doctor if he would take it off. Saying that I would be careful. He decided to take it off and put a brace on. So, it was time to leave for Arizona two days later, you will see some pictures with the brace on. I would have liked to leave that thing at home, but I couldn't so this meant wear it or stay home. I decided to wear it and go.

The Kirby Knob Boys and three of the girls, Rhonda (Doug's wife), Eddie Belle (Ricky's wife) and my daughter-in-law, Sue (Danny's wife) and myself had a 7:00 am flight from Louisville to Arizona. Most of the time when the boys do a concert out of state or out of town, Rhonda, Eddie Belle and Sue most always go to take care of the cd table for the boys and to talk to the fans when they stop by to check out the Kirby Knob Boys cds. We had a wonderful flight and when we got to Arizona, Eddie Belle had arranged for a 10-passenger van for all of us and the instruments. What a beautiful ride we had from the airport to the festival grounds where the festival was being held. The mountains and the scenery was breathtaking. We got settled in and had a delicious dinner and prepared for the next days show.

When the boys hit the stage, everyone accepted them with lots of handclapping and cheers. The radio station in Tucson had been playing their music for some time and the crowd had their favorite songs they wanted to hear from the Kirby Knob Boys. Both Saturday shows were filled to capacity and that evening the boys were so excited how their day had gone and all the fans that had stopped by to meet them and take pictures and have them autograph the cds they had bought.

As we were sitting that evening, eating another delicious meal, the boys asked if I'd sing with them on Sunday. They explained it was all gospel. Oh my, was I surprised to be asked to join them. I had gone with them several places and sang with them in Ohio and around Kentucky. I never imagined or thought about singing with them in front of such a huge crowd. Of course, I said I'd sing and was honored to do so. When the time came for me to join the boys on stage on Sunday, God took over and that was the easiest I ever sang. I sang Master's Bouquet, the crowd cheered and stood, so I sang one more, Come Home It's Suppertime. There were many tears shed, but it wasn't me, it was God. The Lord blessed the Kirby Knob Boys, also they had one of the best shows I've ever witnessed. There was a casino close by and many came out and set in the crowd. The show was under a big tent and one man came up to me later and started to talk and he said this is what the world needs, and he started to cry and couldn't say anything more and just walked away.

We went sightseeing, visited the desert and saw lots of cactus and pretty palm trees. We went to Tombstone and took lots of pictures, made many friends, but for me, the highlight of the trip was to get to sing for the Lord. I also sang two more songs in the evening show. That morning when I was getting ready to sing, my boy Danny introduced me, and he almost had me in tears before I started. He told the crowd how blessed he was to have his mother there and he said a lot more, he even told them how old I was, that's okay though, some didn't believe it anyway. God has blessed me and I'll always serve him.

It was a wonderful trip and one of my most favorite. Spending time with the boys and the girls and seeing the beautiful scenery in Arizona. For now, I will put my pen away and say have a wonderful day and week and God Bless you all. I will see you next week here on Granny's Porch.  
My love to all, Granny.

## Yards to Paradise Blossoms of Springtime

Landscaping Column by Max Phelps

Some things, like daffodils and forsythia in bloom, are sure signs spring has arrived or is just around the corner. I thought I'd put together a little collection of bulbs, perennials and shrubs so you can look for them, identify them, or perhaps shop for them.

Crocus, windflowers (anemones), grape hyacinths are some of the early bulbs you have already seen, along with the daffodils. Tulips and various lilies will be a bit later. With a mild winter, pansies are still going strong from last fall. Sweet William, or woodland phlox, yellow aconite and yellow trilliums are things to look for in the woods. Virginia bluebells and miner's lettuce (claytonia) won't be long away now. Tulips take a bit longer to open.

Hellebores start blooming in masses in March, although a few bloom as early as November. They are an evergreen perennial one to two feet tall that don't mind the weather and keep on going.

And you know spring has arrived when dandelions start blooming by the hundreds in golden masses!

Heather (winter heath) blooms even in the snow sometimes. It's pinkish flowers are eye catching and look pretty for weeks. The plant itself is evergreen, almost looking like a dainty juniper.

Larger plants with early blooms may start with these woody shrubs: witch hazels; then soon include forsythia, flowering quince, flowering almonds, Nanking cherries, cornelian cherry dogwoods, spicebush, pieris and daphne.

Lilacs are spring bloomers, I have one in bloom as I write this. Some of the viburnums bloom early and lovely, including Korean-spice viburnum and cranberry bush viburnum.

Trees in early bloom include red maples (you notice the red blooms and seeds—it's not the fall color they get their name from), the Bradford pear, followed by redbud trees and flowering crabapples. The flowering peach trees are among this early crop of blossoms.

Lets don't leave out magnolias; the star magnolia, saucer magnolia, and yellow hybrids such as "Yellow Bird" will bloom in late March and early April.

Take note and enjoy a spring drive, or even better a springtime walk through the neighborhood, or a nearby woodland or park. Your day will be brighter if you stop to look at some flowers. And you might even get the 'bug' and want to plant some of them in your yard.

The author is a landscaper specializing in watergardens. [www.rockcastles.net](http://www.rockcastles.net)

# One Old Mule



By Dan Caldwell

## (Chapter Forty-Six)

The urgent braying of the old gray mule and the barking of Highbones awakened the farmer with a start.

"What is it" asked Elizabeth

"Something is wrong," replied the old farmer as he hurriedly put on his overalls and boots.

As he hurried from the tiny cabin into the early morning he knew something had changed. But what? As he started for the barn he heard the bawling of Bessie coming from the smaller stall at the back of the barn. Highbones came bounding towards the old farmer, his tongue hanging to one side as if he had been on a long chase! Panting, he ran ahead toward the barn.

"What's wrong boy?" the old farmer asked.

From upstream came the sound of thunder. No, not thunder, the sound of logs and stones rolling downhill. No! That didn't make sense! As he neared the barn and the river the sound became more distinct. The ground beneath him trembled and the old farmer strained his eyes to see. In the dim light he could just make out the shape of the barn. And then he knew what was wrong! Why had he not realized it sooner! The morning air was warm, too warm!

Weeks had passed since the men of the Sandy Fork had gathered at the old ice house up near the Sandy Fork school. The nights had been cold, extremely cold in fact, and the river had frozen to a depth of nearly thirty inches. In most places the river was no more than a foot deep but there, by the ice house, the men had dammed the river across to allow the water to build behind it and freeze deep enough to make the sawing much easier. For several days they had continued to saw huge squares of ice, loading the sleds to capacity, taking tons of ice each day as the river would freeze again each night. Finally the ice house was filled to capacity, enough to last the whole community of Sandy Fork for at least most of the coming summer.

The old farmer chuckled at the thought in spite of the present danger. Ice! Too much ice! A warm blast of wind fanned his face as he strained his eyes to see where the sounds were coming from. Crunching, grinding, sliding and toppling over the banks of the river the ice came. The old gray mule whinnied loudly again as he sensed the danger. Quickly the old farmer ran to the door and released the latch.

"Come Jim" he spoke. "Come quickly!"

Turning the old mule into the pasture behind the barn the old farmer returned to the stall and turned Bessie into the hallway. She had been "turned dry" for the season and would not require a milking. The old farmer slapped her across the hindquarter and started her in the direction of the hillside pasture. She would follow the old mule.

As the morning light increased the old farmer could see now that piles and piles of ice had already been pushed from the river and had spilled over the banks and had begun to threaten the end of the barn. The river had been frozen for weeks and the sudden warming had caused the ice to crack in places and had allowed the water to push through. This had caused further cracking and breaking of the ice. As the chunks and slabs of ice began to move downstream it became hindered in places where the river was still frozen solidly across. As the water and ice began to back up behind these barricades the pressure would become too great and would shove the ice out onto the top of the frozen river beneath. Heavier and heavier it became as more and more water and ice came from above until finally it began pushing over the banks. Nothing would stop the flow of ice. "Perhaps I'll lose the barn" thought the old farmer. "But at least the old mule and Bessie are safe now."

Only once before in all his years here in the Sandy Fork had the old farmer seen this. As he watched, the ice pushed higher and higher, piling against the end of the barn. Finally, with a loud crashing, grinding surge the ice below the barn gave way and slammed into the bank on the other side of the river, turning the water free. The barn had held. The old farmer was thankful for this but he knew that the danger was not over.

As the morning turned to full daylight the old farmer looked about him. The river was flowing freely now and most of the ice was moving along, down past the barn, past the garden plots and out of sight beneath the pines.

The air smelled of rain as the old farmer returned to the tiny cabin. The old farmer remembered the last spring he had experienced. Certainly that would not happen again so soon. Across the river towards the north mountain the tall pines swayed back and forth. The quickly changing temperature was creating a strong wind which blew along the river and up the mountainside.

"Perhaps the ground will thaw and we can start thinking of planting again." the old farmer said to Highbones.

As the old farmer stepped onto the porch of the cabin he was met by Elizabeth, his Elizabeth of these many years.

"Ice tide," he said, nodding towards the river.

The smell of bacon and coffee answered him.

## Inspirational Thoughts Into God's Word

By Lynetta Hunter

(John 6:2, 22-66) The demands of being a provider can push someone to labor and strive toward anything that will make life easier. The earthly ministry of Jesus, and the miracles He performed, offered help and provision that the people of that time had never seen before or even considered possible. Multitudes of people came from everywhere, hoping to get their part of the supply.

The people wanted to make Jesus a king over them, so He would be at their beckon call, which was altogether a different plan than God purposed. Their focus on Jesus created the perfect timing for Him to explain and teach them about eternal life and the real reason for His arrival and miraculous signs. He told them how He was spiritual bread and drink, the everlasting manna that could fill them from now to eternity. Because of this unknown philosophy, many of them went away and walked no more with Him.

It's almost mind blowing how numerous amounts of people walked for miles, left their families, suffered through heat, carried their sick, had aches and bodily pains from forced effort to get to Jesus, overcame hunger and mental distress caused by the worry of not reaching Him in time, all for a physical healing. They were willing to follow Jesus wherever He went, even if it meant getting in ships and going to the other side of the sea, just to have a little food on their table. Yet, they walked away and wouldn't accept Him as eternal Savior, when all they had to do was effortlessly believe in Him. Jesus corrected their human errors of thinking that turmoil, self-effort, and drive to reach Him for temporary worldly needs, should be priority over eternal life in Him. (Matt. 6:31-34)

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