

Granny's Porch

God, The Cross in the Road,
and WLJC

Hello everyone. This is Granny once again ready to have a visit with you all. I'm hoping all is well with you on this beautiful day that the Lord has made. He not only made today but he made every day that has ever been or ever will be until he returns and puts an end to all days. Sometimes I get to thinking what eternity will be like and I repeat forever and ever, and ever, and ever, many times and I can't find a stopping place. Then I get to thinking where I will be at that time.



I'm so glad I accepted the Lord and I know if I still serve Him and do what He says to do I'll be in a place of rest where things will be perfect. No one can imagine what happiness there will be. It has never entered into the heart what God has prepared for His people. He has prepared this beautiful earth for us to live on and be happy. I know heaven will be much much more than this. I would be happy to live in eternity here on this earth if there wasn't so much evil. It's going to be a joyous place where peace abounds. There is another place prepared for those who are evil.

My nephew, Joel Jarvis, wrote a song called "The Cross in The Road," and I get a blessing each time I hear it. He tells how he was going down the wrong road and how he saw a cross in the road and he knew it was time to stop doing the things he was doing. He was keeping his mother and father up at night wondering where their boy was and will he come home sober. I'm sure there was many prayers going up for him. When he came to this cross he knew there was still hope for him if he would just turn away from sin and accept the Lord. He accepted the Lord and is now going about with three other Christian men singing and writing songs. It is a joy to hear his testimony and see such a change in him. They go to different places singing for the Lord and many people enjoy listening to them. They sometimes sing on Christian T.V. WLJC in Beattyville, KY.

I remember before the TV station was built there was a good man named Forest Drake, he was a school teacher and the Lord put it on his heart to put up a radio station. He didn't have much money, but he told me he dug a ditch for \$50 and started the radio station then years later the Lord made it possible to acquire the land across the road from his home and this is the home of the television station, WLJC. My late husband went about collecting money to help build the first tower for the T.V. station and we went many times to sing and raise money to build the station. Foister never stopped helping raise money until he died in 1982 just shortly after WLJC started broadcasting. He was in the hospital, and I got to tell him that they were on the air. This made him happy. Anything good that goes out over the airwaves will be because of the good people like Foister Caldwell and Forest Drake that never gave up on the dream and worked so hard to see it come true. I haven't been there for a long time, but I just may go back some day.

Well, I'll put my pen away once more saying meet me again next week on Granny's Porch. Pray for our nation and our service people that God will bless all of them. Love Granny.

Old Jim Vol. 3



By Dan Caldwell
Chapter Eight

"Timberrrr." came the call from farther around the mountain. Hugh Saylor and France Napier were the first to fell a tree. The call was a warning that the tree that they were sawing was ready to fall but there was nobody near to hear the warning or to be moved by it.

France looked the question at Hugh.

"You never can tell." he laughed, "And besides, I've always wanted to yell that for real."

Back around the other way several hundred yards the old farmer and his son Matthew heard the crash as the huge poplar fell to the ground.

"Sounds like them boys are keeping busy this morning" he said.

Minutes later came the sound of other trees falling. The old farmer said, "We may as well let these go too."

"Yeah, we may as well since they are already notched and barely standing." said Matthew.

The old farmer and his son, Matthew, had notched several trees towards the side they wanted them to fall and had left them standing. Now they would fall them and trim away the branches and get them ready to pull out to the landing. There Matthew's two sons, Jacob and Isaiah would peel away the bark and send them downhill to the river.

"We'll take these out one at a time" said the old farmer, "Jim is getting old now and I don't want to work him too hard.

"Will he be okay to pull these?"

"Oh yeah. The ground is level here and besides, it's me that worries I reckon. That old mule don't act like he knows his age. He will pull until I tell him to stop."

The old gray mule snickered and shook his head.

Both men laughed at that. "He must know we are talking about him." said Matthew.

When the two men had finished trimming the three trees which they had just fallen the old farmer took from the gearings a contraption which he had invented in the blacksmith shop. It was designed to hook the logs in a way that would keep them steady while the old mule was pulling.

"What on earth is that thing? asked Matthew.

"I'll show you" said the old farmer, "Watch and you will see."

"Oh, believe me, I am watching. In all my years in the logwoods I have never seen anything like that."

"This is my own invention. It's to protect the old mule. You don't work with mules. You use bulldozers to pull down the logs and they can go twisting and turning and go any way they want too without endangering anyone or anything. This "contraption" as you call it will keep the logs from rolling over and twisting the chains up and possibly causing the old mule to fall or they might get too close and break his hind legs."

The contraption or tool that the old man had designed was little more than a wide band of heavy steel that he had bent into a circle. This had been cut in half making two equal sides. Into the end of one these the old farmer had cut three rectangular holes. On the end of the other one he had cut away part of the steel, leaving three fingers of metal which he then inserted through the holes of the other one creating a hinged oblong circle of steel with a diameter of ten to twenty-four inches. Then he had drilled holes into the ends of the closing end and inserted a bolt about twenty-six inches long. This would allow the rig to open up to at least twenty-four inches and close around the tree. Inside these bands of steel, the old farmer had welded spikes to pierce into the end of the log. Four on one side and three on the other. When clamped together with the huge bolt they would hold the log secure. On each end of these bands, the old farmer had welded heavy hooks through which the chains could be hooked.

"How are you gonna' hook that thing to the singletree?" asked Matthew

"I'm not using the traditional singletree. I have this one here" he pointed to one hanging in the old mule's gearing, "This one has the hooks on both ends so I can use double chains. These hooks will attach to each end of the bands on that "contraption" and that will hold it steady. The log cannot turn over while the old mule is pulling."

Matthew shook his head in amazement. "Let's see if the thing works then." he said.

Taking the bands the old farmer said, "Here, help me slip this under the end of the log. We'll pull this one by the small end. It will be a little harder to pull but the old mule won't mind."

The old farmer closed the rig around the small end of the log and tightened the bolt, twisting the nut down as far as it would go. Taking a hammer, he struck the band a hard blow right above each of the spikes. Then he retightened the nuts on the bolt.

"There" he said, "That should hold it securely. The log cannot twist or roll over as long as the old mule is pulling!"

Again, Matthew shook his head. "Never would have thought of that." he said

"Back....back up Jim", the old farmer spoke kindly to the old gray mule. "Here, he said to his son, "Hook these chains to the gadget there, one on each end and let's see how this thing works."

The old farmer made a familiar clucking sound through his cheek which the old mule understood, "Come up Jim", said the old man, "Let's get this log to the landing."

As the old gray mule leaned into the weight of the log he grunted, then pulled harder. The log began to move and then followed perfectly straight and level.

"That beats all." Matthew sighed.

The old farmer chuckled and said, "Come up Jim!"

Inspirational Thoughts Into God's Word

By Lynetta Hunter

(John 6:15-21) Jesus encouraged them to take a boat ride that was not a new adventure or anything out of the ordinary. The disciples had been on this sea many times before and the boat was like home to the professional fisherman on board.

The storm came while they were in the middle of the sea, not close to the shore. Their hope was as frail as the twisting boat, and as unstable as the contrary waves crashing up against it. Their eyes searched strenuously for any sign of land to row toward, but all they could see was darkness and turmoil. Then a figure appeared on the water, with the comfort, hope, and rescue they desperately needed.

(Matt. 14:22-33) Peter was uniquely chosen of God, and had a personality that was both envied and shunned. This storm gave him the opportunity to walk on water with Jesus, but also revealed concealed matters of the heart.

Peter left his brethren in the midst of a shattering boat as he walked to safety. The "guts and glory" theme seems impressive, but all too transparent to those who have suffered rebuke for being selfish. While Peter was walking on the water, he was no good to no one. His permissive will let him have a few divine moments, but landed him right back in the boat. Here, Peter didn't realize how his dominant nature and bold character was purposed to be used by God, but later would understand completely (Luke 22:32, John 21:15-17).



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