

Granny's Porch

Alice and Her First Guitar



Hello Everyone! This is Granny again, up early back on my porch listening to the birds sing. I'd say they are praising God because as the bible says let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. This is another of the many things that remind me of my childhood.

The birds sing songs early in the morning, well not just in the morning, but all day long. If you have never got up early and went outside at the break of day and listened to them, then you have missed the best part of the day.

This is the best time to relax and reflect on the past or whatever is on your mind.

Writing about singing reminds me of the little log church house where I went to church. People sang without music for a long time, then the wife of Joe Simpson learned to play the guitar. She began to bring it to church and play. My sister, Alice, who is four years older than me, got saved and learned to play the guitar.

Alice became determined to buy a guitar, so she worked for some of our neighbors in the field hoeing corn for two dollars a day.

There was no other way to make money except to stay with someone and do all their work for two-fifty or three dollars a week.

(That is comparable to fifty or seventy-five dollars now.) She saved her money and eventually had enough to buy a guitar. She would take it to church and when she brought it home she would put it up in the loft (little attic) for safe keeping. She thought that

since there were no stairs going up to the loft and only a trap door that her guitar would be safe from us younger children. She was

afraid that if we got our hands on it that we would drop it and break it and the safest place was up high.

You see, we wanted so badly to learn to play that guitar, that we formulated this plan. After Alice left to go somewhere we would get us a chair and help someone up to reach the guitar down to us. Then we would post someone on guard to watch for Alice while the rest of the gang tried to make music. Sometimes it got pretty loud but to us it was as near to making music as anything could be. It sounded like mother with her big spoon and dish pan, when daddy would call out, "get the pan, the bees have swarmed." Mommy would run and get the pan and beat on it to make as much noise as possible until the bees had settled on a nearby tree limb.

This is what our guitar playing sounded like. To see us, you would have thought we were getting ready to audition as a rock-n-roll group, but it sounded good to us. We took turns watching for Alice to return, then when someone saw her coming they would yell, "Alice is coming."

We lost all interest in making music then. You should have seen us trying to get the trap door open and putting everything back just as she had left it. She could never figure out how her guitar got out of tune just lying up in the loft. Well, to my sister Alice, thank you for buying that guitar, it helped all your brothers and sisters learn how to play. Even now a lot of mother's grandchildren are playing the guitar and a lot of other instruments.

Another sister, Lydia, two years older than me and two years younger than Alice was called to be with the Lord a few years ago. Cancer got the best of her, but she too is in that number waiting for me. She sure was a good sister and I miss her a lot.

Most of my life I have played the guitar, nothing fancy, just enough to sing a little. It is good to see my children playing the guitar. Most of them can play the guitar and some the piano and Autoharp and one of them can play anything that has strings and a lot of instruments that doesn't have strings at all. (I haven't seen anything that he couldn't play.)

Some of you may be wondering just how many children I have and some of you probably know from all my other stories. God has blessed me with ten children - six boys and four girls. You see, if I had not had children, I wouldn't be Granny now would I? I'm thankful for each and every one of them.

I've always loved music and I remember the first fiddle I ever heard. It was when I was about seven or eight years old. There was an old man named Bentley Brock who came to our house to stay all night and go to church. He had his fiddle with him, and he played in church. This was the prettiest music to me.

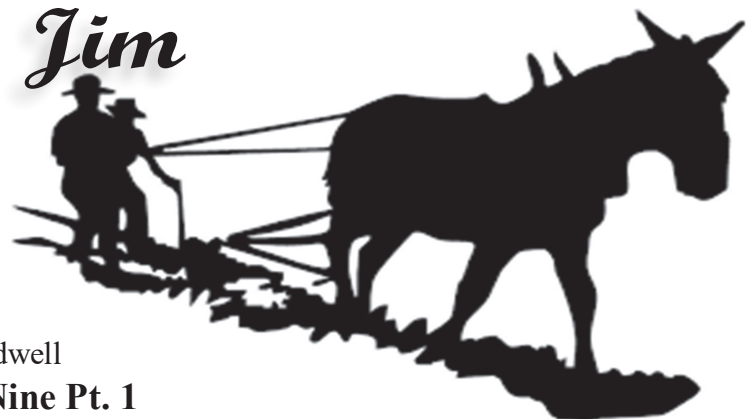
After we got home from church, Bentley hung it up on a nail and he and Daddy sit around the fire and talked for a long time. I remember hoping he would play some more. He and Daddy were good friends and had a lot to talk about. I suppose he didn't even know the little girl sitting in the corner was hoping to hear some more of that pretty music. I was much too shy and afraid to ask. They just kept on talking and I kept getting sleepier until I gave up and went to bed.

Well, there are so many more things to write about, meet me back on Granny's Porch real soon and we'll have another memorable chat.

Love ya'll, Granny.

Old Jim

Vol. 3



By Dan Caldwell

Chapter Nine Pt. 1

"Whoa Jim" the old farmer spoke softly to the old gray mule as they reached the landing, "This'll do." Then to the other men he said, "Matthew will be along shortly with the big Missouri mule with a couple more logs."

"How many logs will we need to build the barn?" asked Isaiah.

"Probably about one hundred and fifty." answered the old farmer.

The other men agreed. "He's building double stalls on each end, enough to stall four or five horses, mules or cows. You can never really have too many stalls. I guess if you're planning on having a farm." said Hugh.

"The logs average about twelve inches in diameter" said Jay, "I want the stalls to have good high ceilings, so we'll stack them ten logs high. That should give enough room for even the big Missouri mule."

"What do you want Jacob and me to do now?" asked Isaiah. "You said we were gonna skin the logs. Will you show us how?"

"I can do that" said France Napier, "I'm a log skinner from the old days."

Taking one of the axes he said, "Start here, at the end of the log. Cut a straight line from one end all the way to the other. Just chop lightly through the bark. You don't have to chop too hard, just enough to reach the wood. Then when you're ready.... here, like this. Turn the axe on its side and slip it under the bark and push down and away from you. The bark will start to turn loose. When you have done as much as you can on one side of the log, turn it over and repeat the process on the other side. The bark will turn loose in two halves. Make a pile of the bark over there somewhere out of the way of the mules."

"We need to build a block of some kind for the logs to lay against while they skin them." said the old farmer, "Because when the last bit of bark comes off the log it will want to slide away downhill. Somebody could get hurt."

Matthew looked at his father. "What do you mean?" he asked

"Never mind asking" said the old farmer, "You will see soon enough. Bring the big mule around and lets pull this big log out here and let it lay against these two trees."

The old farmer indicated two trees that stood about thirty feet apart. "Let that big log rest against them. We will pull all the other logs up and let them play against that. When the boys get a dozen or so ready to send down the mountain we'll pull the big log out of the way, and you will see what I have been talking about."

"Here comes uncle Luke and Uncle John with more logs" said Isaiah, "Boy, we sure got a lot of work to do Jacob. We had better get started skinning these logs right away."

The old gray mule snorted as he sensed the approach of the big Clydesdale. "Easy ol fellow" the old farmer spoke to him and stroked him along the shoulder, "We don't want no trouble with that big fellow today."

The sun had reached well past the halfway point of the sky by the time the men returned with the next few logs. First came Luke and John with the big Clydesdale, then Hugh and France with the other. These horses were big and strong, though not as sure footed as the mules, they could pull equally as much on even, level ground. Next came Elijah and his son Jay with ol' Monk, the big mule that belonged to Jay. His strength had not been tried although he had been hooked to some huge loads. Then came Matthew and Benjamin with the big Missouri mule that Matthew had bought from a fellow over Harlan way a few years ago. His strength was unknown as he had never been hooked to anything that he had failed to pull. One plow stock, two sleds and one wagon had gone under from his strength. Big Joe as he was called was much bigger than the Clydesdales even, a big mule with muscles that rippled with every move.

Now, as they came into the landing, Big Joe was hooked to three logs that each had a twenty-inch diameter. When France saw that he said, "Ain't you afraid you'll break the old boy down."

"Nah, I don't think so, not as long as we are in the level. I just have to make sure the logs don't get away from him. He is a tremendously strong mule."

"He is that" France replied.

"Looks like the boys have a few logs ready to turn loose." said the old farmer as he came in to the landing. Behind him was the old gray mule. Behind the old mule was a single log. "That's all I will allow him to pull" he said to the men as they looked the question, "I wouldn't work him at all except he just won't be still. When I go somewhere, he wants to go so I just bring him along. It will be that way for as long as he lives.!"

"We weren't questioning you about that" said Hugh, "We were just admiring the old mule's spirit. Anyone could tell that he really enjoys his chance to work."

Looking at Jacob and Isaiah the old farmer asked, "Are you boys ready to see some action?"

"We sure are" answered Jacob, "We have ten logs skinned and the bark is over there" he pointed to a pile several yards away, "What now?"

"When the big Mule rests a bit" the old farmer said to Matthew, "Hook him up and let him pull the stop log out of the way. First though we need to walk a way down the mountain and make sure no one is in the way. Go down to the river and the field beyond and see that nobody comes up this hollow here. These logs will not stop until they reach the bottom, and they can be very dangerous to anything in the way."

See Part 2 of Chapter 9 Next Week!

Inspirational Thoughts Into God's Word

By Lynetta Hunter

Not everyone has an investment in the government stock market, but all have investment in some sort of stock. The time put into raising children, devotion to a marriage, upgrade to property or a home, and sincerity of a ministry, are forms of investments that are intended to bring about incentive gains at maturity. These wonderful ventures taken on as responsibilities bring joy, pride, and a feeling of completion, often without consideration of how easily they can become "at risk".

Surprising changes and sudden downfalls cause great fear when the unexpected happens. In an instant, everything important can become at risk. Assets can easily fall from someone's fingertips at any given moment, either all at once or like dominoes. Life is more than the air that's breathed, or the pumping of blood that races through a body, it's an investment of gifts from God and people loved more than life itself. Satan imposes fear, yet all he can do is roar like a lion (1 Pet. 5:8), set out to trick the weak and unlearned believer (Mark 14:38), and try to deceive even the greatest of faith bearers (Mark 13:22). His lies and misleading voice sow a seed of assumption that is nothing more than a conspiracy theory that brings hurt, doubt, and confusion in a situation. The security and pattern of life that is held dearly, all at once becomes turned upside down by imaginary darting thoughts.

Satan can't win unless a believer pulls out of the stock market, so to speak. Sure, he can cause it to bottom out making investments seem like a waste of time. And it may look like they are gone forever, the building-up has been destroyed, and it's too late to start over now. But don't leave or give up, like the sounding bell of a stock market closing, the sound of victory will eventually ring out, exclaiming the victory of an Almighty God.

Spring is Here

It's Time for a new Style!

Call us or stop by for an appointment with

Donna, Erica or our new stylist, Shay

Donna's Cut & Curl

5346 Highway 30 W, Annville, KY

(606) 364-2426