

# Granny's Porch

Almost Swallowed Up By A Mudslide

Hello Everyone. This is Granny back once again and ready to tell you another story from my life.

There is a song that has the words "Count your blessings one by one." Well, let me tell you, I have been counting my blessings for years and today I will share one that I have counted many times over the years. When God saves one of your children from destruction, it is worth counting over and over. It's worth telling one more time.

Back in 1974, there were several coal companies, all competing for the dollar, and seeing how rich they could get. They would come into the mountains and strip away all the soil, rocks, and trees to get the coal. When they were finished, they just left a mess. When it rained, the water would build up behind the mess of rocks and mud and push it over the hillside into the roads and valleys below. Sometimes it dumped into the rivers and streams and pushed the water out of its banks and a lot of times killed the fish. (Later on, laws were passed that stopped the coal companies from doing these kinds of things and they were required to clean up the mess and replant trees.)

At that time, Foister and I worked at the Red Bird Mission and our boy, Danny, had just graduated from high school and got a job with the county taking the kindergarten children to school. He had his own car and had to leave early in order to pick up all the children and get them to school on time.

It was March and was still dark until late morning. This one particular morning, Foister and I had decided to stay home from work because it had rained nearly all night and was still raining. We figured that the water would be over the low water bridge, which was on the road that we had to travel to get to work, and that we might not be able to get over it.

Danny decided he would go on and check it out, and if there was water over the bridge he would just come back home. He had been gone about 30 minutes when Foister said he felt uneasy, and something wasn't right. God had warned Foister about a danger that we knew nothing about at that time. So, we decided that we would just go on to work.

We started down the road and there was water running into the road in several places. We didn't have to go far until we would see exactly why God had led us to go down the road. The mud and trees had come down the mountain and surrounded Danny's car, but he managed to get out of the car and was standing out there on a little island. There was no other place to go. The mudslide had happened so fast, and it had been dark so there was only one small place to get away from the rushing water.

The mudslide had pushed the rising river over into the road and the trees continued to slip and slid into the rushing water. Foister decided he would go over and get Danny and bring him back across the water. Danny was already wet and cold.

When Foister started out into the water, he realized just how strong the current was and that it would be impossible to cross that river. He thought for a moment and then headed up on the side of the mountain. He came back with a long slim tree limb and managed to communicate over the noise of the rain and rushing water to Danny what he wanted him to do. He threw the branch into the water above where Danny was and let it come down river where he could get hold of it as it came by. Just as it got to where he could reach it, he grabbed it and Foister pulled him across the water to safety.

This was a scene hard to describe as one of your children is hanging on for dear life as they're being dragged through a swift muddy river. There were some intense moments when we didn't know for sure if Danny had the strength to hang on.

We finally got him into the truck and got him warmed up. He said the noise was deafening and it was very frightening because he couldn't see where it was coming from. When his car started filling up with water, he knew he had to get out of there fast. Now, you can see why I said I had counted my blessings more than once and had to tell how good my God is for shielding my son in what could have been such a disaster.

Keep praying for our nation and our leaders. For now, I'll put my pen away and try to get some work done until it's time to meet you again on Granny's Porch.

Love, Granny.



# Old Jim Vol. 3



By Dan Caldwell

## Chapter Nine Pt. 2

"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."

"I'll go" said Isaiah, "I will be back in a few minutes. Let the big mule rest until I get back."

"Don't you think we could just hook the mules on and let them pull these logs down?" asked Matthew.

Hugh and France laughed at that. "Not likely son" said the old farmer, "Not if you want to keep your mule."

Hugh Saylor, France Napier, and Elijah Stidham were old, old friends of Benjamin Hawkins, the old farmer. They knew what would happen as soon as the stop log was removed. They had seen it many, many times before. John, Luke and Matthew, the old farmer's sons had not experienced anything like this although for the past few years they had worked in the logwoods.

"I reckon some things just can't be explained" said Elijah, "Not until you see it for yourself. It is a rather shocking thing to see how the logs move" he said, nodding down the hill.

Twenty minutes had passed before Isaiah returned. "The way is clear." he said, "I told everyone to stay put at the house and keep the dogs in the barn. Is that good?"

"Very good" said France, "That's very good son. I wouldn't have thought of the dogs."

"Those dogs would head this way if they heard the racket I'm sure," Isaiah replied.

"Okay boys, are you ready for this? Matthew are you ready?" asked the old farmer.

"Alright then" Matthew sighed deeply and shrugged, "Let me hook up the big mule."

"Hook him up and let him pull the stop log out of the way. When he starts don't let him stop until the log is completely out of the way." said the old farmer.

The stop log lay horizontally across a small depression or hollow where they had chosen the landing. This hollow ran vertically up and down the mountain all the way down to the river. That is a common thing here in the Sandy Fork. Most mountains are formed that way. Around one flat and into a hollow, then around another flat and into another hollow. These were plainly visible in all the mountains around the Sandy Fork country. Here, against the stop log lay ten huge poplar logs that the boys had skinned. Each was positioned with the large end pointing downhill. Each log pressed hard against the stop log almost as though they awaited its removal.

Matthew, finished now with hooking up the big Missouri mule, looked at the old farmer. "Now what?" he asked. "Are we ready then?"

"Pull" the old farmer said, "Just let him pull!"

The big mule grunted with the strain as he leaned into the log. The weight of all ten logs were pushed against it. With a heave the big mule pulled as the stop log began to move. "Get up now Joe, quickly, pull Joe, pull" yelled Matthew, a note of fear in his voice. Then as the stop log cleared the end of each of the other skinned logs they, with a tremendous roar, started down the hollow. Almost immediately two on the outside of the pile skidded against a rock and took off in a different direction, climbing out of the hollow and heading around the mountain. Then one on the other side clipped the side of a small bush just enough to cause it to head in the other direction. With tremendous speed they all were headed down hill, jumping over rocks, some bounding into the air as they would hit a boulder in the hollow or a mound of dirt. One big log slammed head on into a huge boulder knocking it out of the hollow and started it rolling down the hill. In less than a minute all ten logs were out of sight down the mountain.!

Matthew, with mouth agape said not a word.

The men all laughed at that.

"We'll go after the three that got away." said Elijah, "I'm sure they'll not be too far up or down the river."

"Well," said the old farmer to Matthew, "You still think we should just pull them with the mules?"

Shaking his head Matthew replied with a chuckle, "Not if you want to keep your mule."

## Inspirational Thoughts Into God's Word By Lynetta Hunter

A substitute of anything can never become the tangible thing it is temporarily replacing. Alternatives of everything have progressively become available over the years, being easily accessed by technology, and affordable because of low quality. When consumers bypass the original item, it's easier to keep buying the alternative, for the genuine product becomes forgotten and deemed unnecessary, considering the deceitful image of its replacement.

Certain distributors have a policy that restricts door-to-door sales and require their product to be demonstrated only to those who have been referred by someone else. The product, in no way, can be showed to be worth its cost, so the salesman's presentation is to convince the prospect to buy into the concept that if their friend or neighbor bought one, it must be worth having.

So, it raises the question of how the gospel of Jesus is presented. Is He demonstrated in the true love, power, and salvation of God, or is the concept of using Him, deceitfully offered to people? Genuine gospel proves He is the perfect fulfillment of needs, for this life and the one to come, not just a concept to buy into.

Substitutions of real salvation are like the cheaper replacement items bought in a store; they fill the space but bring no satisfaction. They are used to make do, but they don't fulfill. People are fooled by cunning sales pitches and justify it by their neighbor's actions. With pride and arrogance, confession is made that Jesus has been accepted, yet like the product, stays hid in the back closet. However, once genuine salvation and truth have been experienced, nothing else will do, no matter the cost (Luke 14:25-35).

**Saturday**  
GRAY HAWK VOL. FIRE DEPARTMENT  
**CRUISE-IN**  
**CAR SHOW**

JULY 2ND — 1PM — GRAY HAWK PARK  
FIRST 50 GET DASH PLAQUE  
★ 50/50 RAFFLE ★ FOOD-\$7 PLATE ★ DOOR PRIZES ★  
ENTRY FEE \$10