

Granny's Porch

I Wrecked My New Truck

Hello Everyone,

This is Granny back and ready to set down and visit with you all, last week I promised to write more about my second marriage. Before I get started on that, I must tell you all about two dear friends, they are Dr. E.W. Shaffer and his wife Roeberta, they have been my friends since 1947, they moved to the Red Bird Mission at Beverly, Ky in Bell County.

Dr. Schaffer was the doctor at the hospital for 36 years or more before

he retired and moved to Berea, KY. He was my family doctor all through them years, delivered most of my ten children. He took good care of us all, he set broke bones, more than one child had appendix removed, many colds and flu and much more. He doctored my first husband when he had a heart attack in 1982. We all love them very much. He also doctored my second husband which I promised to write more about.

After we were married, I went home with Lawrence my husband. So, after a few days I needed to go home and get some things. There I had a new house on top of a mountain with one of God's beautiful views where I could see the sun rising and pretty sun sets. I had a house full of furniture, now Lawrence also had a nice house and plenty of furniture, he didn't want me to take any of mine over there. He said just give it all to your children. One of my boys had just got married and moved back from Oklahoma and they moved into my house.

I also gave them my truck, because Lawrence said give the boy the truck and I'll buy you one. He kept his promise and bought me a new Dodge Ram pickup. I drove it a few weeks and then I had my first wreck. It wasn't real bad, just smashed the front part of it. The hood was hurt the worst.

I had come home from work the evening before and they were no new gravels on the road across the mountain but when I came through the next morning there was a big pile of gravel all the way across the road. I was in a hurry because I was running late. I speeded up and as I came around a curve there the gravels were. There was no room to go around them, so when I went over them I got scared. I was a poor driver anyway. I hadn't had my driver license very long. As I crossed the gravel, I put my foot on the gas instead of the brake and I was going uphill from one side of the road to the other side. I saw a big culvert on the upper side of the road. I said to myself, I'm not going over in that hole. So, I turned the steering wheel the other way.

All this time, I never thought to take my foot off the gas. I soon found out such driving, you end up where you didn't want to go. I went over the hill, down just far enough to be out of sight. I hit a big poplar tree and there I sit. It didn't take long for me to realize I had wrecked. I turned the motor off after I took it out of gear. Then I made my way up to the road when a lady soon came along and took me down the road to a woman's house where I could call Lawrence.

We hadn't been married long so I didn't know how he would react to me wrecking a new truck. Well, I soon found out. I called and he answered. I said I've had a wreck on my way to work. He didn't ask about the truck. He said are you all right and I told him I was ok but would need a wrecker. He said stay there I'll be there soon, and a wrecker won't be far behind me. This was a big relief! I knew right away I had a good man. He always made sure I had something to drive, since the truck was new it didn't take much to get it fixed.

We took it back to the dealer where we bought it and we got a loaner for me to drive, and everything was soon back as before. I did watch out for gravel piles after that. They soon black topped the road which was much better.

Lawrence still night watched for the same coal company. I would go with him on the weekend. We would take food for a picnic or sometimes I'd cook breakfast. They had a little gas stove. This was good. I could keep plenty coffee made. I'm a big coffee drinker. I also love to eat. Lawrence always kept plenty to eat. We also planted a garden and raised plenty of vegetables. I always love to can lots of food and freeze some.

Everything went along about the same with us. We had our little disagreements sometimes, but it didn't last long. We soon made up and soon forgot what we fell out about. Things went on until we were married about two years and then, well you will just have to wait and meet me next week on Granny's Porch.

Love Granny.

Inspirational Thoughts Into God's Word

By Lynetta Hunter

(Num. 21:4-9) Their spurts of complaining, rebelling, and tempting God was nothing new, but this certain occasion caused God to send fiery serpents to bite and kill them. They requested, with their repentance, that God take the serpents from among them. He didn't honor their request, but He did design a remedy to counteract it. He told Moses to make a serpent of brass, put it upon a pole, and anyone who was bitten could look upon it and live.

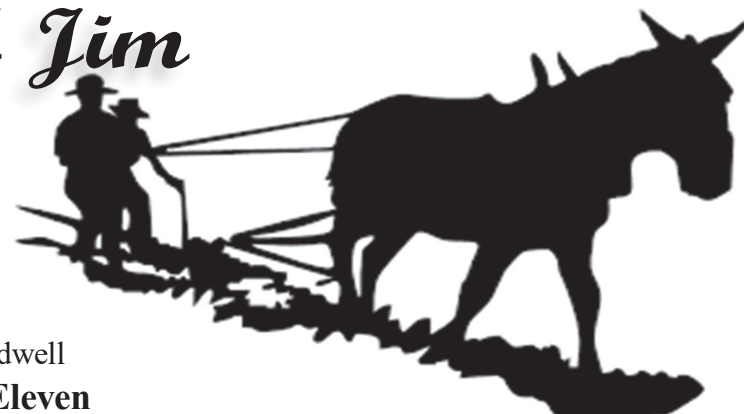
This was not a new addition to God's sacrificial system, but a remedy for a specific poisonous attack that led to quick and inevitable death. This was a tangible temptation that lurked in dark, hidden places, until it got close enough to bite, leaving its burning venom to overtake and eternally destroy human life.

(John 3:1-21) Jesus used this event as a way to explain to Nicodemus how to obtain eternal life. As they had to look upon, and have faith in what the brass serpent represented, believers must do the same concerning Jesus' crucifixion. Serpents are associated in the bible as sin, temptation, and evil. (Mark 10:45) Jesus bore the penalty of sin on the cross to set humanity free, (1 Cor. 10:13) He makes the way to escape temptation, (John 16:33) and overcame evil on mankind's behalf.

Changes in society are taking place, leadership is transferring from generational hands, and partiality will soon end (Num. 32:11). Until then, "serpents" have to be dealt with, but there is a Remedy, one who holds the balance between life and death



Old Jim Vol. 3



By Dan Caldwell
Chapter Eleven

Evening had settled in the valley in Sandy Fork and the sun had sunk to nearly the top of the mountain at East Branch. Young Elizabeth stood on the porch of their tiny cabin holding an armload of wood for her new wood cook stove. This stove was the latest thing on the market and boasted six caps with a reservoir and bread warmer. Her husband Jay had carted the thing home from Harlan last fall. How thankful she had been and how proud he had been to surprise her with it. It had taken four men to get the thing into the cabin. She smiled now as she remembered. Suddenly there came a rumbling from the mountain across the way and the ground began to shake. The porch began to vibrate beneath her feet. With one arm she held the firewood and with the other she shaded her eyes against the evening sun, peering toward the mountain.

"What on earth could be happening," she spoke aloud to herself.

Then came the crashing, thundering sound of the logs as they began to come into view. One dug its way into the potato patch, plowing up half a row of the young potatoes. Several more struck with terrific force into the river, splashing water all the way across to the opposite side. Farther away she could hear more crashing, but she could not see against the light of the evening sun. There at the back of the garden lay a huge boulder that had not been there before. It had been dislodged from its resting place somewhere up the mountain and had rolled down and stopped just short of the last rows of cabbages.

"Well Jay," she spoke into the evening, "The logs are here. Or at least some of them are."

With a chuckle she entered the cabin. She would have supper ready for the men when they got home. Tomorrow they would begin the building of the barn and cribs. A tiny movement inside reminded her, "And maybe an extra room for the secret that I am hiding."

Another hour and a half had gone by before the men finally arrived. Supper was almost ready when they came into the yard. Going to the door she yelled, "You fellows get washed up now and come to supper. I've cooked enough to feed a small army so come and get it."

After washing their hands and faces the men filed into the tiny cabin. On the table sat a huge platter of baked pork chops rolled in her own secret batter. A huge bowl of thick brown gravy sat beside a pan of fresh, steaming hot biscuits. On each end of the table sat platters piled high with fried potatoes. Fresh churned butter filled another bowl and beside each plate sat a glass, ready for whatever each chose to drink. In the kitchen a large pot of fresh brewed coffee sat warming on the back of the stove.

"Uncle John, you and Uncle Luke can sit on that side of the table with Isaiah. Mr. Taylor, you, and Mr. Saylor can sit down at the end and Dad and Grandpa can sit on this end. Jay and Mr. Stidham can sit there with Jacob. I think that's everybody. I'll get your drinks now. I have milk, tea, or water. There's coffee for later."

"Thank you anyway," said the old farmer, "But I will go on home and have supper with my Elizabeth. I wouldn't have her to eat alone. I know she will have supper waiting and besides, I need to take care of the old mule first. He eats and then I will eat."

"We'll see you tomorrow then," they all spoke at once.

"Bright and early," replied the old farmer, "By sunup at least."

After sitting a table Elizabeth said, "Dad, will you say the blessing so we can eat?"

"Glad to do so," he replied.

Darkness had nearly fallen as the old farmer reached the barn with the old gray mule. From the hillside came the sound of a screech owl as she announced her intentions. From farther away came a reply.

"Whoa Jim," the old farmer spoke as they entered the hallway, "Now let me get this rigging off of you so you can eat your supper."

Taking the curry from the nail the old farmer began to curry the old mule. The old mule grunted with pleasure as the curry massaged his skin. He leaned heavily into the brush, flexing his huge muscles with quick jerks. It was plain to see that he was used to this kind of treatment.

"Don't fall asleep on me now old fellow," the old farmer chuckled, "I don't think I can carry you into the stall."

Filling a pail with fresh water the old farmer led the old mule to the stall. Then a bucket of shelled corn and a half gallon of sweet feed was added to the trough.

"Good night old boy," he spoke gently, "I'll see you about daybreak. It's time for me to go home to supper now before Elizabeth thinks I have forgotten where I live."

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