

Old Jim



By Dan Caldwell

(Volume Two, Chapter Sixteen)

"I got him grandpa" said Isaiah, proudly holding up a large male weasel. "He won't be gettin any more of grandma's chickens now"

"That's good son" said the old farmer, "But gettin' his mate won't be so easy. You'll have to get her too you know. She'll be around soon enough lookin for him."

"I'll set the trap again just like I did for this fellow" said Isaiah.

"You'll have to use a different trap for her" said the old farmer, "She can smell his scent in that one and she won't come near it. She'll know there's been trouble and she'll be wary of it"

"I'll catch her" said the young lad.

The old farmer smiled, then chuckled to himself but said nothing more.

The sun was just now lifting itself from its hiding place behind Snake Ridge, sending long shadowy waves streaking through a partly cloudy morning. It could rain today but the old farmer thought not. At least he hoped it did not. "Well, anyway, whatever it does is God's business and not mine to complain" he thought to himself.

The silver haired old mule grunted as he sensed the approach of the old man, then snickered softly, a greeting that they had shared for many long years.

"Good morning ol' fellow" replied the old farmer, "I guess you're gettin hungry right about now eh? Thirsty too I'd say. Well, you'd better eat plenty ol' son caused you're gonna need it today. You've been too lazy for too long now and it's time to earn your keep"

The old farmer had kept the gray old mule in the barn last night in preparation for today's chores. The gardens that were closest to home would be needing a plowing and the old farmer had chosen to plow them himself. Most of the plowing these days was being done by the sons of the old farmer.

"You don't need to be doing that kinda' work anymore" they would say. "Let us take care of the farming"

The old farmer appreciated the offer but today he would be plowing, he and the old mule just like they always had.

Slipping the halter over the old mule's ears the old farmer led him from the barn. The river flowed clear and clean. The old man breathed deeply as the old mule drank his fill. He would drink much more after he had eaten all he wanted. Then, after allowing him to rest for an hour after eating, the old farmer would return to the barn and "gear him up" for a long day of plowing.

The old gray mule raised his head and snorted, a sign that he was done with drinking for the time being. The old farmer waited a moment longer then, as the old mule began to nibble on the growth by the river, he spoke softly.

"Come along old man and let's get you fed. The sun is almost fully up. It's gonna get hot today so we'd best get started soon"

The old farmer was right! As the sun began to pass its zenith, dropping slowly towards late afternoon, it was hot. Very hot, too hot for man or mule. The old farmer was glad to be nearly finished with the potato field. As he turned out of the last row he stopped the old mule and proudly surveyed the day's labor. This field was finished until time for digging. The old farmer breathed deeply, taking his hat from his head, fanning his face as he wiped the sweat from it.

The old mule snorted and stomped the ground with a front foot, shaking his head from side to side. The old farmer laughed.

"I'll get to you in a minute Jim" he said, "You'd best be catching your breath while you can. I know it's hot but we've still another garden to plow before we stop for the day"

The old farmer took the halter strap then and led the old mule from the field. Finding a shady spot near the river the old farmer sat on a stone, letting the old mule have time to cool before allowing him to drink.

From across the river came the voice of young Elizabeth, the old farmer's granddaughter.

"Grandmother wants you to come home. She thinks it's too hot for you to be doing any more plowing today."

"I'll be just fine. You tell her. I need to finish the upper field before the rain" he answered.

"Grandpa?" she started, then stopped.

Something in her voice made the old farmer look up.

"What is it Elizabeth? What?"

"I don't know grandpa, I think maybe grandma don't feel well today. She hasn't said anything. But, well actually, that's the whole thing. She has hardly said anything today and that's not like her at all!"

"I'll be home straight away" he said.

Without another word the old farmer took the mule and headed for the barn.

"I'll be back to take care of you in a little while" he said as the old mule entered the hallway of the barn. "You just stand here and cool yourself. I won't be long"

With swift, knowing hands the old farmer released the gears and let them slip onto his arm. Hanging these on the peg he turned towards the trail that led to his tiny cabin and Elizabeth.

Inspirational Thoughts Into God's Word

By Lynetta Hunter

Light is the source by which daily actions are performed. Most of the tasks performed in everyday life require being able to see how to do them. In this physical realm, it wouldn't even be considered, and completely out of the question, to shave in the dark, read a book, write a letter, or sew, without having light to see by. The productivity would be a waste of time and the danger of self-affliction not worth the effort. So, in a spiritual sense, living in the darkness of the world causes stumbling, lack of proficiency, and can be an endangerment.

Jesus is the Light of the world, because He is the Life of the world. Life is defined as being a force distinctive from death, with capacity for growth, reproduction, and the capability to move and be useful. Henceforth, this defines the Life of Jesus that lives and grows in His believers, who eventually become useful vessels by letting His Life live through them.

The Life of Jesus shines light on, and gives glory to God's will and purpose. Jesus explained the importance of this to His disciples, during His announcement of going to Bethany to wake Lazarus from his death. The disciples feared for their own lives, because of the attempted plot to stone Jesus at Judea. Jesus taught them how to wait for their path to be lighted by the will of God and His timing.

One of them could have easily decided that he wasn't up for the trip and would set this one out, one could have come up with other excuses to stay there, or one could have considered his earthly life too important for the task. But they chose to trust Jesus, believing He was Light enough to keep them from stumbling into trouble, and finding out He was Life enough to command a dead man to live again.

Granny's Porch

Little Squirrels

Good morning everyone on this beautiful fall day! As I sit here watching the leaves begin to change and the beautiful fall colors start to peak out, I'm enjoying my coffee and watching the little squirrels scampering around the yard and packing away my walnuts for their winter treats. Fall is my favorite season. But I always say that. I like all the seasons really! Seeing these little squirrels running around reminds me of a story years ago when my daddy trapped the squirrels to keep them from taking up the corn he had just planted.

I am from the old school. So, the younger generation may not understand a lot of this. But if you follow my chats, you will learn a lot about how the older people lived and raised their families.

As I sit here on my porch, I'm recalling many of my childhood days from the early 1930's. I was born on March 28th, 1929. As we all know, the first few years of our lives we don't remember a lot of details. So, I will fill them by saying God blessed me with one of his best ladies for my Mother and one of his very special men for my Father. Lige and Tishie were their names. They worked hard to raise the nine of us, five girls and four boys. One of my brothers is a first cousin who my parents adopted when he was only 24 hours old. His mother (my mother's sister) died during childbirth.

There was never a lot of hugs and kisses, or saying I love you. However, we knew our home was filled with love by the way mommy and daddy treated us. Mother would go about her daily chores singing. "Oh, how I love Jesus," while daddy worked in the fields all day. There were no floor coverings, such as rugs or carpet. So, mother would sweep the bare wood floors with a broom, which she made from the BroomCorn that we grew in the fields. She would cook, make beds, sweep, and mop, wash clothes, and when we would fall and skin our knees she would stop to tie a rag around our cuts and bruises.

Mother always managed to get the work done and the meals ready and waiting for when daddy came home from the field. He would put the mule in the barn, get washed up and we would all sit down to eat our meals together. After supper, everyone including many of our neighbors, would gather on the front porch to tell stories, talk about the old days and sing. We didn't have radio or television to entertain us or bring us the news, but there were always lots of things to talk about.

My Grandmother, (daddy's mother) was a full blooded Cherokee Indian. She died when daddy was very young, leaving him with his father, two brothers and two sisters. One of daddy's brothers died at a young age, his other brother John, which I will talk about more in the future, and his two sisters lived to have families. Daddy was raised by a stepmother until he was old enough to volunteer for the Army. He went to Germany to fight in World War II. When he came home, he met my mother and was soon married.

I can remember the first public job that daddy had. It was called the WPA, and they built roads by hand because there were no bulldozers or other heavy equipment available to assist in their work. Daddy farmed and made sleds and plowstocks to sell to help buy food and clothing for his family. In his workshop he also made horseshoes and other things for people.

Daddy liked to have a good time and pull jokes on people for a good laugh. He, and the other farmers, would have to trap the squirrels to keep them from taking up the corn once it was planted. They would place a grain of corn under a big flat rock that was propped up on one side with a stick. When the squirrels would knock the stick out the rock would fall and kill them. One morning daddy gathered up all his squirrels, about seven or eight of them, and took them to one of his neighbor's traps. He put them all under one trap and hid under the bushes until the neighbor came and found them. Daddy was laughing so hard he could barely keep quiet as his neighbor checked the trap and said, "No one else on earth would think of this but Lige." I'm sure he had a few jokes pulled on him somewhere along the line too.

Daddy had younger brothers and sisters by his stepmother. One was named Saylor. When Saylor was just a lad, daddy would go visit Grandpa Joe, his daddy, and his stepfamily when no one was looking he would stick his tongue out at Saylor, making him cry and run around the house. There was a path beat out around the house where Saylor would run and cry. After several times of this grandpa would ask "What's wrong with the boy?" But no one knew except Saylor and daddy, and they wouldn't tell.

There's a lot more to tell you about my grandpap, daddy and uncles. For now, I'll just rock on and dream of the good old days when I was a child. Turn the pages of the Jackson County Times where you will find me on Granny's Porch.



CHRISTMAS ANGEL TREE APPLICATIONS



(Children birth to 12 years old on Christmas 2021 are eligible
- Please DO NOT bring Children)
(Available for ALL eligible families in need.
We will verify eligibility by your Income to Expense ratio)

The Salvation Army will take applications in Jackson County:

October 25th, 2021

Monday, 9AM-2:00 PM

Apply at: JACKSON CO. PUBLIC LIBRARY
COMMUNITY ROOM
338 N. Main Street
McKee, Ky 40447
Questions: Call 859-624-5826



Please Note: Applying for additional Christmas Assistance at any another Agency, School, Organization, or Church is grounds for disqualification from the Angel Tree Program.

To apply you must bring: Please do not bring hand-written notes

- ✓ Your Valid State Issued Photo ID that has your **CURRENT** address on it.
- ✓ Government-Issued Identification for **ALL** household members such as Birth Certificate, Photo ID, Passport, Matricula consular identification, etc.
- ✓ Your **CURRENT** Food Stamp Award Letter listing all family members and eligibility qualifications.
- ✓ Proof of **ALL** household **INCOME** (Pay Stubs, SSI, Disability, Child Support, KTAP, etc).
- ✓ **ALL** household **EXPENSES** (Copy of Lease/Proof of Mortgage, electric, gas, water, cable, internet, phone, car payment, car/ health/ life insurance, storage, rent-to-own, personal loans, any other monthly expenses).

*Official paper copies only & NO Social Security Cards can be used as ID

ALSO BRING

- ✓ Childs/Children's Clothing and Shoe sizes (for Angel Tree applications).
- ✓ Possible gift ideas for your child/children (for Angel Tree applications).



ALL items above are needed to create Christmas applications.

Please make sure to bring all needed items as we will only be in your county one (1) day.

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