

# Old Jim



By Dan Caldwell

(Volume Two, Chapter Twenty Two Pt.1)

It was nearing the edge of night. Over the mountain up on Snake Ridge the moon had begun to creep into the late evening sky. Dimly it shone for the sky was lightly overcast, almost as though it may rain later tonight. The young man spoke.

“Get up Monk! Let’s get this load down the mountain before it gets too dark to see the trail.”

Young Jay Stidham looked upward as he spoke. Certainly, it would not be good if the rain started before he reached the bottom of the mountain trail. He would use roughlocks on the sled of course to keep it from running over the mule but the rain would make the trail slick and muddy to say nothing of the added weight of a sled load of wet corn!

“Come on boy” he urged the mule again. “We’ve a long way to go with this load”

The young man tapped the mule lightly with the lines, clucking through his teeth, sounding a command which, the big black mule understood. The mule leaned heavily against the load, grunting, then harder as he tested the weight. With a snort he leaned harder and, with a heave, started the load. Jay chuckled softly, his chest swelling with pride as he saw the huge sled begin to move. The big black was indeed a powerful animal. A young, powerful animal.

“Next to a hound a mule is truly a man’s best friend” the old farmer had said. Bringing in the crops this year had taught the young man that the old farmer was indeed right. What a chore it would be to raise a crop here in the Sandy Fork without a mule!

As the mule got the sled into a smooth steady pull the young man again sighed in relief. This was a heavy load. The biggest load of all. This load was the last of the corn in the north mountain. Jay had thrown more and more onto the sled, hoping to gather all of it onto the load so as to not have to make another trip. He had become somewhat concerned when the final sack had been placed atop the sled. “Could the mule even move such a load?” he had wondered.

His thoughts went now to another matter. Now that he no longer worried about the mule’s efforts. Elizabeth!

Last evening had been eventful. After inviting him to eat with the mules, young Elizabeth had had almost nothing else to say for most of the evening. Perhaps he had angered her when he teased her about her bare feet? He thought not.

“She’s just being stubborn” he said aloud.

The big black shortened a step-in preparation for some unexpected order from the young man.

“It’s alright of fellow” Jay said, “I’m just talking to myself.”

The big black mule snorted loudly, dipping his neck low against the weight of the sled. With much effort he regained his step and again pulled in smooth, steady rhythm. The sled runners whispered against the thick leaves along the trail.

“Elizabeth” he whispered her name. Only a few days past he had asked her to marry him. She had promised to think about it and let him know what she was thinking. She had not.

“Stubborn” he said again. “It’s been days now”. He spoke as if he expected the mule to answer. Oh, what misery. What torment! What love he felt for her. Could she not see that? Did she not know. Did she not believe him? What if, what would he do if she flatly refused him?

The young Stidham dared not think any farther. He could not bear to think of it. But could she not answer him? Could she not give him any relief, comfort? or would she greatly multiply the agony which he now felt?

A screech owl chattered from some lonely spot down the mountain. Jay hardly noticed. Then, a moment later, from a place straight ahead came the sound again as the owl had flown silently past. Again, the young man noticed nothing, so lost was he in his own thoughts of Elizabeth.

The big black stopped!

“What is it old boy? What’s wrong?” he asked the mule. Looking all about he could see nothing amiss.

“Get up now boy, come on” he said.

The mule snickered and shook his head, making the chains rattle. Then, stomping the ground with his front feet he turned himself about. Across the trail and stared down the mountain.

“Oh! Oh my. Yes, of course. Whoa boy,” the young Stidham exclaimed, “I’ll put the roughlocks on the sled!”

So lost in his own world had the young Stidham been that he had not noticed that they had reached the point where the trail started down the steepest grade.

Taking the short lengths of chain from the sled the young man lay them across the trail in front of the sled. Normally he would use only one lock but with this tremendous load and with the steepness of the trail and, just in case the rain was to start while they were on the steepest part, he decided to use a lock on each runner. This would initially be a bit harder for the big mule to pull but, after the sled was headed down the trail it would take hardly any effort at all.

“Step up now Monk.” he spoke to the mule after he was satisfied with the placement of the chains. “Easy now, whoa!”

The big black stopped instantly. The young man reached underneath the sled and retrieved the ends of the chains. Hooking the ends together with a pin in each he reached again and took the lines.

“Come on big fellow” he said, “Let’s get this load down to the bottom.”

The owl screeched again from farther along the trail. An eerie and lonely sound. This time the young man did notice.

“You and me both.” he said in the direction of the sound.

By the time they had reached the river crossing at the bottom of the mountain it was dusk. The moon, which was just past three quarters full, shone dimly through the haze. As they emerged from beneath the pines by the river the young hound came bounding across the stream, splashing water with every jump. The big mule stopped.

“Easy now boy. Take it easy. Let’s catch our breath before we cross the river” Jay soothed the mule. Walking up to his head the young man patted the mule’s neck. “Good boy” he finished.

“Oww. Oww,” the young hound barked.

“You’re a good boy too,” Jay laughed. “I didn’t mean to leave you out of it”

“Ow. Oww. Owuu,” This time the young hound looked across the river towards the old farmer’s tiny cabin.

“Oh, I see what you mean” Jay said.

Past the cabin and down along the river towards them came the old farmer and the silver haired old mule. Trailing behind them was the new sled that the old farmer and Isaiah had built only two days ago. Its shiny oak standards reflected the dim light of the moon. The old mule was easiest of all to see as his hair shone like silver. A loud snort greeted them as the old farmer guided the silver old mule across the river.

Please See Next Week for Part 2

# Granny’s Porch

Hello Everyone! This is Granny. As we are all busy thinking about getting our Covid and flu shots, as I am sitting here this morning having my coffee, a little story comes to mind that I have been putting off writing. But now, is a perfect time to do it.

All of us children were young and in school, so one day it came time for us all to go get vaccinated for chicken pox and other things. We had to walk over a mountain so when we got to the clinic there was a bunch of children there to get shots.

Some were all lined up watching children come out after their shots had been given, we’re watching to see if they said it hurt or not. My brother, Harlan, was afraid of needles. He was really keeping an eye on everyone.

Meanwhile, there’s an old man, Jim Asher, that stayed near by to help the doctors with their horses and saddles. He walked up and was talking to everyone. My brother, Harlan, asked him what size needles they use for the shots. He pulls out a number 6 nail and said to Harlan, you see that and just went on talking.

So after a while, about everyone had had their shots we looked around to see if Harlan was ready and he was nowhere to be found. We asked old man Jim if he had seen him and he said he took off running hard as he could go towards home. We asked him why he didn’t stop him and he said no in Kentucky could catch that boy.

But, later on to Harlan’s surprise the health nurse came to school to give shots to the ones that didn’t go that day and to the boy that ran off. So that was the beginning of the health nurse coming to school to make sure every child got vaccinated.

Harlan may try to get even with me for telling this on him but even though I’m just two years older than him, I’ll be ready and waiting. We’ve always love each other and enjoyed pulling jokes on each other. We inherit this from our daddy, Elige T. Caldwell. We sure miss him and mom. Once again, I put down my pen and say meet me again here on Granny’s Porch. Love, Granny.



## Inspirational Thoughts Into God’s Word

By Lynetta Hunter

Circumstances of life led the Hebrew people into Egypt, where they ended up in severe bondage. It wasn’t because they woke up one morning and said, “Hey, let’s go to Egypt and become a tormented and abused people”. Neither does anybody else preplan their future to end up enslaved. God had already arranged their exodus from a life of evil bondage, into a life of freedom and peace.

The Last Supper Jesus had with His disciples was powerfully significant to every detail of Christianity, from the already prepared room, to the exiting of the personal teachings that took place there. The Passover meal took on a new meaning, as Jesus broke the bread in front of them. Bread was food, and therefore it sustained them with health and strength on a daily basis. Spiritually, Jesus is the Bread of Life and the same concept applies. Jesus passed the cup for each to take a drink of, representing His blood that would be shed for forgiveness of sins. The blood of an unblemished lamb at the very first Passover, foretold the blood of Jesus that gushed out at the cross, He being the perfect Lamb of God, who being slain, became the final sacrifice for all sins.

Jesus’ body contained the pureness of the Kingdom of Heaven, the wholeness of God’s nature and will, and the supernatural knowledge of people’s needs. The spiritual body of Christ, all that He represented along with the sinless power He possessed, became embodied in believers at the rise of the new covenant. Because His body was broken, each believer can now spiritually receive a part, according to God’s will and portion. One individual part is represented as a foot to take the evangelistic gospel, one as a hand for outreach ministry, another being a voice box to proclaim the gospel in song, and so on, to make up the body of Christ. The Passover experience is now eternal and complete in its purpose.

## Turkey Dinner

Friday, November 5th

12:30 pm - 6:00 pm



Turkey,  
Dressing,  
Mashed  
Potatoes, Green  
Beans, Roll,  
Gravy,  
Cake & Drink  
**\$8.00 per plate**

**All proceeds go to the  
Jackson County Cancer Fund  
Call 606-493-8580,  
606-493-3223 or 606-438-7296**

Sponsored by: Grace Covenant Ministries,  
Gray Hawk Reformed Church, and Mt. Gilead Baptist Church  
Will deliver to local businesses you can call as early as  
**Wednesday, November 3rd thru Friday, November 5th by 10:00 am.**