

# If you enjoy the roar of chainsaws, you'll love hunting camps



**America's Heartland**  
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"It was awful," he reported. "I didn't sleep a wink. With all the snoring, I just sat up all night and watched Bubba sleep."

After the second night, another of the guys came to breakfast with his eyes bloodshot and his hair frizzed.

"It was terrible," he reported. "I didn't sleep a wink. A chain saw isn't as loud as Bubba's snoring. I just sat up all night and watched him sleep."

The third night, a big dude with a long beard and lots of tattoos had drawn the short straw. He came to breakfast the next morning all refreshed after a great night's sleep.

"How did you do it," the others wanted to know.

"I just walked in there, gave Bubba a good night kiss and patted him on the behind," the big man said. "Bubba just sat up all night and watched me

sleep." You may remember from your Bible reading a time when the disciples were sitting up wide awake while Jesus slept. Instead of the sound of snoring, it was a violent storm that had them awake. The boat was being tossed about. Waves were crashing in.

"And his disciples came to him and awoke him, saying, Lord, save us: we perish. And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith? Then he arose and rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was great calm" (Matthew 8:24-26).

You know, there was no safer place for the disciples to be than in a boat with Jesus, even in the midst of a storm. What could we possibly have to fear when Jesus is with us?

But we can all probably

identify with the disciples. We've all spent sleepless nights up worrying about one thing or another. Storms come into our lives sooner or later. When they do, we need to trust that Jesus is there for us.

In 1735, the famous preacher John Wesley was on the same ship with a group of Moravian immigrants who were in the middle of a worship service when a violent storm hit. The Moravians continued praising God throughout, even with waves crashing across the deck.

Wesley wrote in his diary that he was terrified, but the Moravians weren't at all afraid. Their faith, shining in that storm, had a profound impact on Wesley. He wanted what they had.

Wouldn't it be wonderful if all of us so fully trusted in God that we could worship dur-

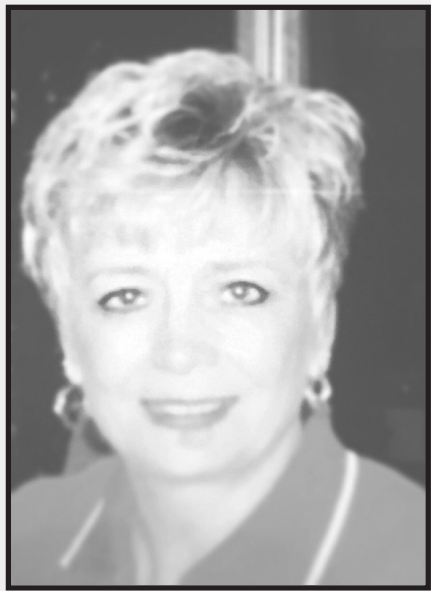
ing the storms that come into our lives and that we could lie down and sleep instead of pacing the floors with worry.

You probably know lots of believers who rest comfortably in the Lord no matter what's going on around them ... unless they're in a hunting camp with a snoring Bubba.

I went down to a deer camp in Arkansas in November to hunt with a great group of fellows. Whether or not they snored, I couldn't tell you. I fell asleep as soon as my head hit the pillow. But there was some evidence that I might have snored, because several of those guys showed up to breakfast with bloodshot eyes and frizzled hair.

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# Hog Killing Time



**Times Remembered**  
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Hog killing time in the early sixties usually came in the November-December time frame. The weather needed to be about 20 degrees or colder. As long as I can remember, Dad and my Uncle Bev always killed hogs every year.

Dad began the day about 5:00 a.m. when he built a fire in the scalding box. The box was used for scalding the hogs in preparation for scraping or removing the hair.

Dad took care of the killing of the hogs with his .22 rifle. There was no squeal from the pig with this gun.

I thought it was an exciting time because I got to help scrape the hog. The scalding box was a long trough, where the hog was placed in scalding hot water with chains under it. The workers rotated the chains back and forth in the water to insure all the hair was covered and scalded and ready for the scrape. After the scalding was done, the hog was flipped upon the wooden board panel to scrape and clean. It was a nasty job; but I didn't care, I was a kid.

Once the hog was scraped, it was

hoisted by a pulley onto a tree for washing and gutting. The smelly process of gutting the hog, with entrails streaming in the chilly air, was not for the faint hearted or someone with a weak stomach.

Once the hog had been gutted and washed, the process of cutting the meat started. The organs meats were removed and set aside in cold water for fried liver and other parts. The meat was cut into pork chops, backbones, tenderloins and ribs. We always killed two hogs and processed one for pork chops and one for tenderloin.

The fat was trimmed for lard from all the parts, and ham strings and the lean meat were used for sausage. The hams, shoulders, jowl bacon, pork bellies, and middlings were laid out on tables in the smoke house and chilled for the night; then salted the next morning. The next few days were spent grinding sausage. We mixed our own spices using ingredients such as sage, red pepper, black pepper and salt. Mom and I would pat one pound of sausage in each bag to freeze.

Dad enjoyed making the souse meat (head cheese) from the hog's head, and he pickled the hog's feet. I loved the souse meat on crackers with a little mustard. But, it is bad for your blood pressure! Another blood pressure spiker was cracklings; from the rendering of the lard -- they are good, too.

What I remember the best was the taste of fresh tenderloin for supper, fresh from the cast iron frying pan, atop a cat head biscuit with gravy. Nothing tasted better. You just can't get any store-bought tenderloin that tasty nowadays.

The only thing to match it would come a few months later in the form of fried country ham, red eye gravy, corn bread hoe cakes, wilted lettuce and green onions. What a feast!

# The Real McCoy

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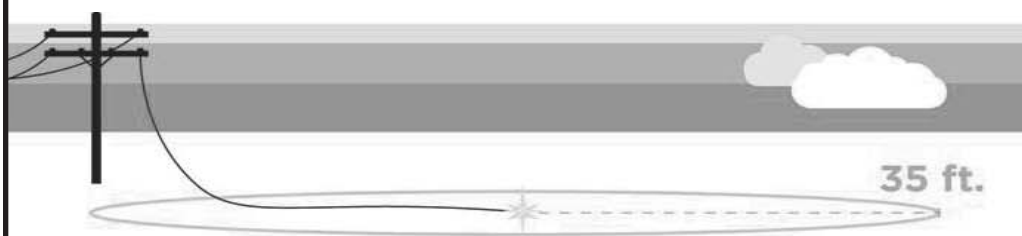
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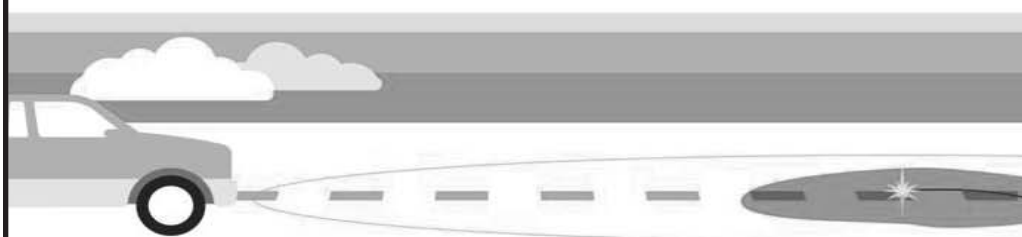
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Downed power lines can energize the ground up to 35 ft. away - so keep your distance.



Never drive over a downed power line or drive through water that is touching the line.



If you see a downed power line, notify the local authorities immediately.



Never try to move a downed power line, even if you think the line is deenergized or if you're using a non-conductive item - this will not prevent injury or death!

# The Estill County Tribune

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