



**Tam's Front Porch Ponderings**  
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The morning started out well enough-after all the medicines I've been on lately, my sinus situation seemed much better-which left me without the sound of running water in my ears- which resulted in me HEARING the alarm clock. Soooo, I was up early, dressed, had my lunch packed and ready to take my nephew to school. See? It all sounds so, so simple, but

# The Morning Had Started Out Well Enough . . .

as you've come to know, it's never simple with me!

I was just about ready to head out the door when I remembered something I needed from the bedroom. I'm glad I did! Curled up on the far side of the bed was our dog, Rankin, snoozing away. He must have come in as Corky went to work, "Well morning Sleepy Head", I said as I reached down to pat his head, "Come on, it's time for me to go to work, come on and get up". I walked towards the door with my purse on one arm and book bag on the other, figuring Rankin was behind me. I opened the door but no Rankin. I called again, "Come on buddy, I gotta go to work", still no dog. I plopped everything down on the kitchen table and dug through the cabinets for the doggie treats. I finally managed to coax him to the back steps with a 'Beggin' Strip'. That's when the garbage man pulled up!

Rankin came barreling out of the garage and Hooch made a leap from the front porch as the truck stopped for our dumpster. I suppose they were being extra protective since I happened to be outside, but it just seemed like they were bouncing around yelling, "The garbage man is here, the garbage man is here!". My sister was trying to pull in my driveway to drop off Jon while all this was going on and that just made the dogs even more excited. "Your sister is here too, hey, hey, she's got the boy and the girl, your sister is here, looky, looky, so is the garbage man! Oh boy! What a morning, everyone is here!" and they jumped and barked and ran in circles in the front yard, then there was more jumping and barking and excitement. The noise of the garbage truck and Beth's vehicle in the driveway, plus my truck was running and all the barking, it

was chaos! Scarlett rolled out of her mom's car to put her soccer gear in my truck, the dogs made a beeline for her but then saw Jon emerging from the other door and Hooch LOVES Jon. He adores that boy!! Hooch did an about face and raced towards Jon, nearly knocking him down in the process! There was a big wet paw print on Jon's shorts and shirt and two bright, red whelps on Jon's arm where Hooch had jumped on him. Everyone is yelling, we're trying to get in our cars, Rankin is still jumping and barking, "The garbage man is here! Your sister is here! It's a party!" and that's

when he spots that Jon is upset! He immediately gets quiet and runs toward his doggy door in the garage. He peeps his head out as he watches the commotion. Hooch is still trying to lick everyone goodbye and then HE notices Jon is upset. He had the funniest look on his face, he glanced at me, then Jon, like..."Mom? What's wrong? What is wrong with the boy? Why are you upset? I just wanted to lick him hello..." I'll swear, I could read his thoughts!

Jon made it into my truck, we dried off his clothes and everything was fine. Scarlett got back into my sister's truck and they were on their

way to school. The garbage man got my dumpster emptied and rolled back into the yard. Jon and I were on our way to school too, "Jon I'll have you to West Irvine in no time, we're not running late and have plenty of time, everything will be alright".

"Aunt Tam?", Jon questioned.

"Yes babe, what is it?", I replied.

"I go to the Middle School now", he said softly. Well heavenly day!

*The morning had started out well enough....*



## Winkle Graduates Rogers Scholars

Estill County High School student Abby Winkle graduated this summer from The Center for Rural Development's 2015 Rogers Scholars program.

RogersScholarsisanintensive one-week summer leadership program that provides valuable leadership skills and exclusive college scholarship opportunities for high school students in Southern and Eastern Kentucky to seize their potential as the region's next generation of business and entrepreneurial leaders.

"Rogers Scholars is an amazing program that taught me about teamwork, leadership, college, and a career in

health care, as well as other skills," said Winkle, 16, a junior at Estill County High School. "Not only did I learn a lot, I made friends that will last a lifetime."

Sixty-three high school students from 45 Kentucky counties graduated this summer from the 2015 Class of Rogers Scholars. The program was held on the campus of Lindsey Wilson College in South Central Kentucky in Adair County.

"We had yet another outstanding class of Rogers Scholars to participate in the program this summer," said Delaney Stephens, youth programs coordinator and com-

munity liaison for The Center. "I'm excited to see what happens over the next few years for these young people as they pursue other opportunities to seize their future."

"What's so encouraging to see with these Rogers Scholars is that they come together for six days, from 45 counties, and form friendships that will last a lifetime," he said. "I was amazed at the level of focus each of them has for wanting to return to their hometowns and make a positive impact for their community."

Abby is the daughter of Jamie and Michelle Winkle of Irvine. **See photo on Page 2**

## FBLA State Officers At State Fair

On Thursday, August 27, two current Kentucky FBLA State Officers and Estill County High School seniors, Tianna Richardson and Madison Sparks, represented Career and Technical Education (CTE) in Kentucky as they worked the CTE portion of the Kentucky Department of Education booth at the Kentucky State Fair. Some of the facts they shared with the public included the following:

- CTE impacts 167 of 173 Kentucky school districts
- 98% of CTE concentrators (preparatory students)

graduated from high school in 2014

- Kentucky CTE offers over 150 career pathways
- Almost 70% of Kentucky high school students are enrolled in CTE (over 132,000 high school students enrolled)

Unlike the old "vocational education" as we previously knew it, today's Career and Technical Education is for ALL students. It is no longer geared for only certain student populations. CTE is now integrated with Academics through Rigorous and Relevant Curricu-

lum with many high school, industry, and postsecondary partnerships. Today's CTE has an emphasis on Foundational Academic, Employability, AND Occupation Skills rather than simply a specific occupational skill set.

Both Tianna and Madison have been actively involved in Estill County High School FBLA throughout their high schools careers. Tianna is the daughter of Kevin and Julie Richardson. Madison is the daughter of Jeff and Kim Sparks. **See photo on Page 2**

## In Memory of BassLee Richardson Born April 20, 1923 -- Died September 26, 2013

### Fallen Leaves

I strolled over the wooded trails of old dirt roads that lead me back to a place I hold so dear to my heart. Bring me back home.

Among the fallen leaves, reminds me of the last time I passed this way, touched of a passing breeze.

I feel so sheltered when I look back on our tender roots of my childhood I had with you today and yesterday past.

Things that remind me of you; clouds floating low in the sky on a summer day, when springtime comes alive, birds making their self known, trees are so full with their songs.

Leaves before the wind, I wonder what you'll be at your journey's end.

A day of golden beauty of autumn, mountain peaks sweeping the valley; chilly winds blow against my face.

Smoke rises from a farm house chimney; smells so good.

Fall sunset oranges and pink against the gray sky. Snow on mountain tops, ice cycles hanging over a cliff of rocks look like crystal glass; sparkle like diamonds.

When sun starts to melt the ice. Frost on the ground. Your old coat and cap, your work boots, tobacco in your shirt pocket.

These are things I love and fallen memories of yesterdays past. I cherish and hold dear to my heart.

I see you in all of this, Daddy, missing your smile and touch, hug and embrace, saying "Goodbye," and "Happy Hello."

I miss everything about you. Let me remember as the day passes a brief time to look back on all happy times and joy you gave us all.

I see you in all God blessed us with.

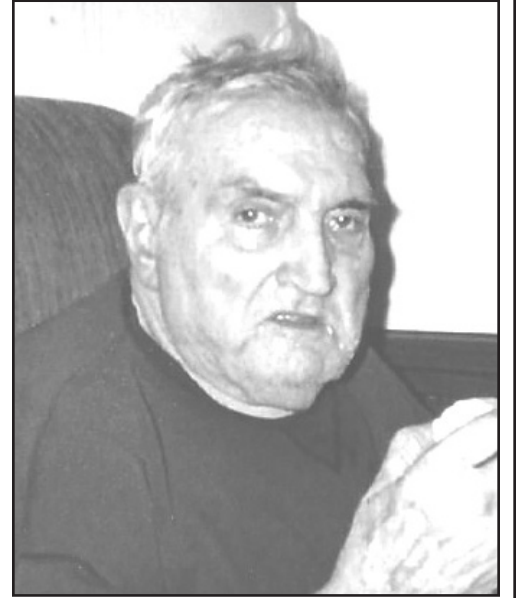
Summer beneath a lovely shining sky of morning blue. Watching the sun come up, hearing chickens crow, working the land where wildlife runs so free. I wish I was an artist, I'd paint the sky as you saw it, through your eyes.

I'd paint a picture of your life story of hard times, the good and bad and sad. I'd pain the suffering and pain, tears and laughter, happiness, and joy through your face and eyes.

I saw your life, it said it all; how hard you worked and life's journey you traveled and all you've seen and all you've done and what you became.

That man I loved and respected, a simple man to the end. You were my Dad. You had a story to tell about the olden times from your childhood up 'till you died. You had a story to tell someone.

I could sit all my life and listen to them stories. They were so dear to my heart, treasured memories they have become.



**BassLee Richardson**

Fallen leaves of beauty I saw in our eyes and soul you left us to behold.

As a poet, I can write for my Daddy; you had a kindred spirit that lies across all our hearts; the most precious gift I had was, you were my Dad, a blessing from God.

Some's waiting at Heaven's door to welcome me in. A red rose was the last flower I gave you at the hospital before God called you home. But where you are, roses bloom forever to never fade or die.

I'd gather star dust to make you a crown, I'd pick you the first red rose to bloom in spring and have it delivered by angel's wing if I could.

Strings of pearls I found deep in the seas, I'd wrap them with the moonlight so white doves can see them when my heart breaks for you.

I'm missing you so much, I look to the heavens and the stars so bright, and I know you're not far, you're still with me, watching over us from the windows of Heaven.

Fallen leaves are for you, Dad, missing you even more. If you were here I'd pick you another beautiful vase of flowers like I did all the time for you. You'll say, "Did you bring me them weeds," then we'd laugh. I miss you so much, our times together.

The simple times are the best. You never know how much you love them until they're gone. If you have your parents, you are truly blessed. Life is short, take time out, enjoy the most important things you'll ever have, that's family. Love them and cherish them because you're here today, gone tomorrow.

I wouldn't change one thing about my Daddy. I was proud of him, the strongest man I ever knew. I respect him just the way he was. I love you, miss you so much.

**Love, your daughter,  
Frieda Holliman**

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