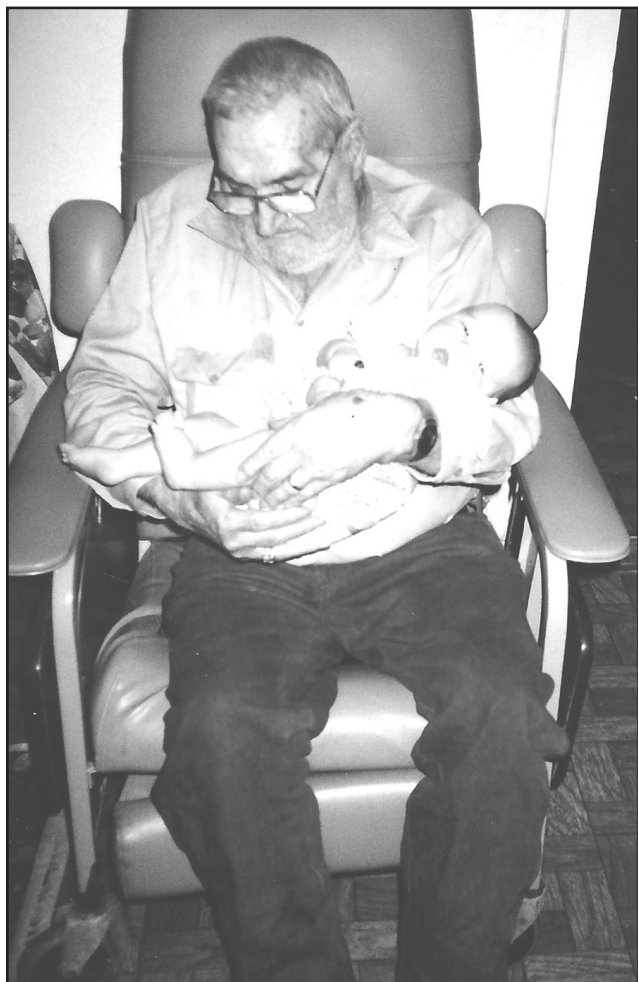


In Memory of BassLee Richardson Born April 20, 1923 Died September 26, 2013



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 with 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 peeks, sweeping the alley, chilly winds blow against my face.

Smoke rises from a farm house chimney. Smells so fall, sunset oranges and pink against the gray sky. Snow on the mountain top, icicles hanging over a cliff of rocks looks like crystal glass, sparkles 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 the things I love, and fallen leaves of memories of yesterday past.

I cherish and hold dear to my heart. I see you in all of this, Daddy. Missing your smile and touch, hug, embrace, saying "Good bye," and "Happy Hello."

I miss everything about you. Let me remember as the day is long, a brief time to look back on all happy times and joy you gave us all. The things you love are in all that God has blessed us with through years of your life.

Summer beneath a lovely, shining sky of morning glory blue, watching as th sun comes up, hearing chickens crow, working the land where wildlife runs so free. I wish I was an artist. I'd pain 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 paint the suffering and pain, tears and laughter, happiness, and joy, through our 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. Story to tell about the olden teimes from your childhood up 'till you died.

You had a story to tell some one. I could sit my live and listen to them stories. They were so dear to my heart, treasured memories they have become.

Fallen leaves of beauty I saw in your eyes and soul.

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

Someone'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 and never fade nor 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 wings if I could.

Strings of pearls 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 heavens and stars so bright and I know you're not far; you're still with me watching over us from windows of Heaven.

Fallen leaves are for you, Daddy; missing you even more today. Gone but no forgotten. If you were here I'd pick you a vase of flowers like I did so many times. You'd say, "Did you bring me them weeds?" and then we'd laugh. I miss you so much, our times together.

The simple times are the est. You'll never know just how much you'll miss them 'till they're gone and how much you loved them. If you still have our parents, you are truly blessed. Life is too short. Take time out and enjoy the most important things you'll every have, that's family.

Love them and cherish them because we're here today, gone tomorrow.

I wouldn't chane one thing about my Daddy. I was proud of him. He was so full of life. The strongest man I ever knew. I respect him just the way he was. I loved you so much and miss you every day.

With love, your daughter, Frieda Holliman

Stone Reunion is held at Clay City

The annual Stone reunion was held in Clay City, Kentucky, on Sunday, September 25, 2016, with the following in attendance:

Rick Richardson, Indianapolis, Indiana; Walter Horn, Franklin, Ohio; Doretta Sexton, Brookville, Ohio; Glen Richardson, Franklin, Indiana; James & Rose Stone, Clearwater, Florida; Ray Harris, St. Petersburg, Florida; Helen & Jeff McDonald, Dayton,

Ohio; Mike Horn, Dayton, Ohio.

Attending from around Kentucky were Alissa, Caleb & Kinley Taylor, Berea; Jim Stone, Lexington; Kristie, Reid & Maci Turner, Waco; Bonnie Stone, Louisville; Bertha J. Wiseman, Winchester; Jaime, Blak, Chase & Myla Wallace, Georgetown; Mike Snelling, Frankfort; Maggie Snowden Banks, Lexington; James & Sue Rogers, Clay City; Mis-

iha, William, Alexis, Spencer & Val Brown, Lexington; Mry Poole, Winchester; Michael Stone, Lexington; Allen & Calvetta Stamper, Cynthiana.

Attending from Irvine were Larry & Pauline Muncie, Raymond & Shurla Cooper, Billy & Christine Cooper, Cale & Carson Wilson, Debra S. Stone, Kathy Puckett, Ann & Earl Blackwell, Donna & Skylar Stone, Marion & Linda

Cooper, Nathan Cooper & family, Lindsey & Josh Rogers, Ann Tipton, Bonnie Stone, Jerry Arnold, Larry Dale Stone & Lydia Friend, Bill Jones, Jerry & Cynthia Townsend.

We missed thos that were not in attendance for various reasons.

Everyone is encouraged to invite relatives and friends to attend next year, at the same place & time, the last Sunday of September.

Most loyal fans in the country



by Larry Vaught

Kentucky football fans have been some of the most loyal fans in the country. Not saying it is easy to be a Kentucky basketball fan, but it is. The basketball team wins and competes for national championships. The football team ... well losing seasons are far too common.

Many fans failed to renew their season tickets this year. Many are already indicating barring a miraculous finish to the season, they will join the non-renew group next year.

Carter Wasson is a typical UK football fan -- except he did have a Wildcat with a football tattooed on his leg if you wonder just how much he loves UK football.

But he gave up his tickets this year primarily for financial reasons.

"Just using rough numbers, I spent at least \$40,000 across 25 years of season tickets, K-Fund donations and costs associated with attendance at probably more than 150 games. In reality, it's most likely closer to \$50,000 if I count pay per view and more than a few years of purchasing someone else's tickets at the beginning of every season," Wasson said.

"For a quarter of a century, this choice always came at the expense of something else in that year's budget.

The product on the field is still sub-standard and I can't justify rewarding poor performance by throwing good money after bad."

Worse yet for UK, Wasson doesn't see a scenario where he would ever buy season tickets again even with UK's win over South Carolina Saturday that kept alive hopes UK might reach a bowl game this season.

"It took decade's of continual upgrades to earn the seats I just gave up. I see no good reason to start that process all over again. I am, however, blue to the bone and will always pull for the Cats so I can see going to the occasional game," he said.

He's been frustrated by coach Mark Stoops and his staff not having the understanding of the players' "capacity" to understand their roles and lack of development in highly rated

recruits.

"The continued lack of continuity in the offensive line. The lack of leadership within the team. The lack of ability to effectively deal with defeat. The lack of ability to effectively deal with success," a frustrated Wasson said when asked what frustrated him most.

"I have always been and will always be a Wildcat football fan. That will never change. I am just weary of all the talk and no walk."

So is Kim Gaines, another long-time Kentucky fan.

"My dad has bought our family season tickets for over 20 years. After rising K-Fund donations, having to re-select seats after sitting with same folks for years and let's not leave out disappointing outcomes over and over, he let them go this year," Gaines said.

"I have always stayed and supported win or lose til

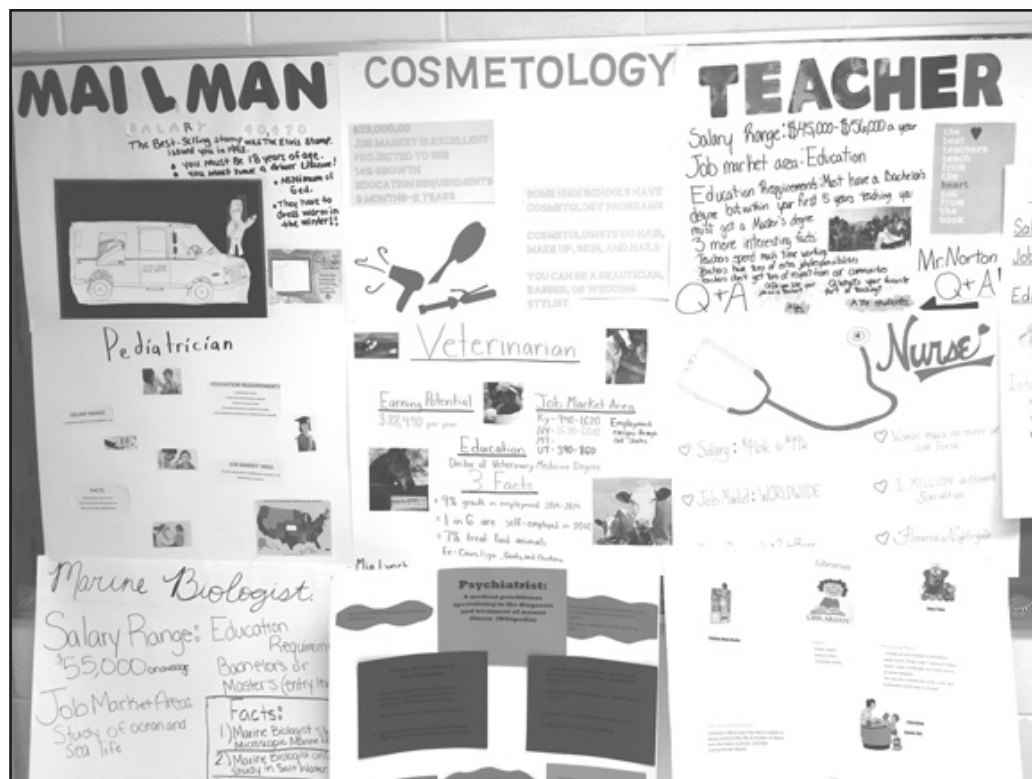
the bitter end until this year. Something has to give."

It does. Fans are disgruntled with more than the product Mark Stoops has put on the field. Many are still bitter over being forced to move to different seat locations when Commonwealth Stadium was renovated last year and those who made the biggest donations got first choice on tickets.

Wayne Kinsel thought not giving season ticket holders for over 25 years the chance to retain the same seats was "just plain wrong and if you want loyalty, you should show loyalty to those fans."

Many more are upset over the higher parking costs - and also being forced to move to parking lots not as convenient to the stadium as where they had parked for years for a higher price.

Could winning cure all this? Maybe. But it's going to take a lot of winning.



The Estill County Middle School Youth Service Center's Student Council is sponsoring a Career Awareness Program at ECMS. These students are researching careers and creating Career Awareness Displays that are being shared with their peers. Pictured above are few of the Career Awareness displays created by: Elliott Hardy, Zoe Abney, Mia Hale, Landon Napier, Jameson Miller, Mariah Riddell Mia Lynch, Gabe Hall, Emma Winkle, Mallory York, and Julia Hardy.

Photo sent to the Editor

South Irvine School 1960-61 3rd & 4th Grades



Bruce Tipton of South Irvine sent in this picture of the 1960-61 3rd & 4th grade classes at South Irvine Elementary. Kathleen Puckett of Winchester Road provided the students' identification from the Estill County Historical Society's book, "Schools of Estill County." Roy Fowler provided the first names of a couple of people and the correct name for another.