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Maudie's Naughties



Left On The Bus

On the first day of school, the bus driver picks up his children at school, then makes his rounds, letting them off at their respective stops. But when he gets to the end of the route he realizes that he has one small boy, a kindergarten student, who is still on the bus. So, the driver retraces his route, stopping at each street and asking the child if he recognizes his house. Finally, they get back to the school, and the driver tells him, "We have to go inside the school and find out where you live."

"I live right there," says the boy, pointing to a house across the street. "I just always wanted to ride in a school bus."

Man At The Bar

Joe is sitting in a bar when another man comes in and sits down next to him. The bartender goes over to the man and asks, "What can I get for you today, (small donkey)?"

The man orders his drink and the bartender hands it to him, saying, "Will there be anything else, (small donkey)?"

"No," replies the man. "I'll be fine."

The bartender walks away, so Joe gets curious about what the bartender had called the man.

"Why do you let him call you a name like that?" asks Joe.

The man replies, "He al . . . he al . . . he always calls me that!"

Call From Work

Bambi bought a new program for her computer and has not been able to get it to work. She calls the tech support number listed on the back of the box.

"I need you to right-click on the Open Desktop."

"Ok."

"Did you get a pop-up menu?" "No."

"Ok. Right click again. Do you see a pop-up menu?"

"No."

"Can you tell me exactly what you have done up until this point?"

"Sure, you told me to write 'click' and I wrote 'click.'"

Three Old Ladies

Three old ladies are sitting in a diner, chatting about various things. One lady says, "You know, I'm getting really forgetful. This morning, I was standing at the top of the stairs, and I couldn't remember whether I had just come up or was about to go down."

The second lady says, "You think that's bad? The other day, I was sitting on the edge of my bed, and I couldn't remember whether I was going to bed or had just woken up!"

The third lady smiles smugly. "Well, my memory's just as good as it's always been, knock wood." She raps the table.

With a startled look on her face, she asks, "Who's there?"

Stripping

Pa is passing by Farmer Green's barn one morning when he notices through the open door that Green is doing a slow and sensual striptease in front of his old Massey Ferguson tractor. He performs a slow pirouette and gently slides off first to the right, then to the left. Green then hunches his shoulders forward and in a classic striptease move, lets his braces fall down from his shoulders to dangle by his hips over his corduroy trousers. Grabbing both sides of his checked shirt, he rips it apart to reveal his tea stained vest underneath and with a final flourish he hurls his cap on to a pile of hay.

"What on earth are you doing, Green?" says Pa.

"Well," says Green "Me and the Missus been having some trouble lately in the bedroom department and the therapist suggested I do something sexy to a tractor!"

Late For Work

For thirty years, Johnson had arrived at work at 9:00 a.m., on the dot. He had never missed a day and was never late. Consequently, when on one particular day, 9:00 a.m. passed without Johnson's arrival, it caused a sensation. All work ceased and the boss himself, looking at his watch and muttering, comes out into the corridor. Finally, precisely at ten, Johnson shows up, clothes dusty and torn, his face scratched and bruised, his glasses bent.

He limps painfully to the time clock, punches in, and says, aware that all eyes are upon him, "I tripped and rolled down two flights of stairs in the subway. Nearly killed myself."

The boss says, "And to roll down two flights of stairs took you an entire hour?"

Kentucky Craft Luminaries: Sharing the Stories

Frazier History Museum,
Louisville
November 19, 2018
– March 24, 2019

In Kentucky, creative arts are a vibrant part of everyday life. Musicians and storytellers, quilters and boat builders, master cooks and gardeners – all the people who take pride in handmade and homegrown – make up our heritage and play a key role in our economy. Early settlers made what they needed for their own household, work, and entertainments, and traded with their neighbors. Weavers,

pottery, glassblowers, basketmakers, and metalsmiths was that others valued their artistry and would barter or buy their wares. The Frazier History Museum, in collaboration with the Kentucky Craft History & Education Association (KCHEA), presents Kentucky Craft Luminaries: Sharing the Stories, an exhibit featuring artworks and stories from some of the most accomplished and talented artisans in the commonwealth.

Mary and Robin Reed, of Irvine are two of today's craftspeople of Kentucky

who continue to work in both traditional and innovative craft forms, influenced by their predecessors while blazing paths for the next generation. The 18 artists in the show constitute a fifth of the more than 90 individuals that have been interviewed over the last decade as part of KCHEA's Craft Luminary oral history project. Each artist has their own unique relationship with the state of Kentucky.

The Frazier will be working closely with members

of the Kentucky Craft History and Education Association to celebrate the Commonwealth's craft heritage through a diverse lineup of events and activities. The programming includes workshops, moderated conversations, artisan demonstrations, school field trips, teacher development sessions, homeschool programs, and family activity days.

For more information please visit www.kchea.org or www.fraziermuseum.org.

Wanderings
from the
Woods
& Water
by Jay
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My Prayer Warrior Has Gone Home

I apologize to all my readers for not having a column in a few weeks. I have spent some late nights up with my son who was in pain from a broken arm. Then my Prayer Warrior, Granny Bick, has passed away. I will be honest, after she passed, I have just not felt like writing. I guess I knew I needed to write about my Prayer Warrior and just couldn't bring myself to write it until now. I am back!

This amazing Prayer Warrior has been praying for me my entire 43 years on earth. If I was needing prayer, I would give her a call. I knew she would be talking to God on my behalf. I have friends call me and ask if I would give my sweet Granny Bick a call because they needed prayer.

I can remember listening to her pray over meals and had this feeling, God had his arms around me. I wish I had words to describe how she prayed. She knew with all her heart and soul the Lord Jesus would hear her words. She had zero doubt!

I got to speak at her funeral and what an honor that was. I said there was three things that my sweet granny couldn't be beat at. She could cook a squirrel like no other. She made a breakfast that was just out of this world. She was a Prayer Warrior. I wish I could hear her pray

one more time. I know she is walking the Streets of Glory shouting out Praises to Jesus. In the pain of her loss I really want to talk to her and ask for prayer. It's hard to be sad because I know she is where there are no more tears and no more pain.

On November 13th, 1961 Brenda Bicknell was buried. That was my granny's first born. My Aunt Brenda passed away in a car wreck well before my time. On November 13th, 2018 my Prayer Warrior, my sweet Granny Bick, went to be with the Lord. No doubt she has been reunited with Brenda in Heaven. How she missed Brenda while here on earth. I look forward to seeing my granny again and seeing Brenda for the first time.

I close with this. When someone asks you to pray for them be sure to do it. Don't just say you will. When you pray do it with all your heart and soul. You can impact lives that way. If not for my Granny's prayers no telling where I might be. She will be greatly missed!

Thanks to everyone for your kind words and prayers over the last few weeks with granny's illness and passing. Appreciate all the prayers for my son and his broke arm. Know Jesus Know Peace! No Jesus No Peace!

Until next week, get out and enjoy God's creation!

Americanisms



"We must find the time to stop and thank the people who make a difference in our lives."

—John F. Kennedy

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