



**Times Remembered**  
**Betty A. Young**  
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**Mud Pies**

One of the many pleasures of childhood was making mud pies. Sound yucky? It probably does to this generation. Anyway, that is just what two of my first grade school mates and myself did at recess and lunch time.

You see, we attended one of the last one-room schools in the county, Stump School. There were only three children in the 1st grade, Wayne Aines, Gary Jones and myself. (We three went through grade school and high school together;

they were like brothers). I am happy to say I got to see both them at our 50th high school reunion on June 30.

We were constantly getting into something and making mud pies was our favorite thing to do. The older kids played ball on the other side of the schoolhouse and we weren't allowed over there, so we just made our own fun.

Under the old schoolhouse building was plenty of red dirt and sticks to make mud pies. And a quick rain shower made it even better. We would fill our buckets with dirt and then set them outside to collect the exact amount of water to make the right consistency for our mud pies. When it rained, then we would have plenty of water to make the mud pies.

Every child knows the art of making them. We stirred the water into the mud with a stick, adding more dirt until it was just right. Then we rolled handfuls of mud into balls, then flattened them with the palms of our hands and left them on a board to dry in the

sunshine.

The next day after all the pies were ready we played store behind the old wooden front steps. One would play store keeper and sit behind the steps, pretending the steps were a counter and the other one would take turns being the customers. Each pie cost a nickel. We spent days perfecting the mud pies.

When Ms. Back rang the bell for us to come in, we hurriedly brushed our clothes off and ran for the coat room to wash up before she ever saw us. It didn't take much to entertain us 6-year-olds. I wonder how many kids nowadays would touch a mud pie. I'd say... Not many!

Another thing that was fun to do, was mud ball fights. We would be re-setting tobacco by hand when we would all be muddy and someone would throw a mud ball at you; then the war began. We'd pounce on each other for a little bit; then back to work. I don't think there was a winner; Dad usually ended it with: GET BACK TO WORK!

**Husband wants things to go smoother at wife's second funeral**



**America's Heartland**  
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Someone who prefers to remain anonymous sent me a funny joke about a woman's funeral, if you can imagine such a serious subject being funny.

When the funeral service was over, the pallbearers accidentally bumped into a wall, jarring the casket. They heard a faint moan, so they opened the casket to find the woman was alive.

She lived for another 10 years and then died.

A funeral service was held again. As the pallbearers carried the casket, the husband called out: "Watch out for the wall."

The Bible tells of a day when every Christian who has died will rise from the grave.

"The Lord Himself will descend from heaven with a shout, the voice of the archangel, and the trump God. The dead in Christ shall rise first, then we which are alive and remain will be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. And so shall we ever be with the Lord. (1 Thesalonians 3:16-17).

The very next verse says we are to comfort one another with those words. But the words are comforting only to people who have given their hearts and lives to Jesus. For people who are unprepared, the thought can be very troubling.

Some of our older folks will remember Jan. 25, 1938, when the

northern lights, or aurora borealis, were visible in the mountains in our southern states, a very unusual occurrence there. People were caught totally off guard. They had never seen northern lights. Most had never even heard of the phenomenon. Some thought it might be a sign of the rapture, and they rushed to churches to set things right.

That "false alarm" served as a wake-up call for lots of people at the time. But one day, it's going to be for real. God the Father is going to say to Jesus, go and bring my children home.

The old joke my anonymous friend sent about the woman's funeral was indeed amusing. But there will be nothing funny about being caught unprepared for the return of our Lord.

**Roger Alford offers words of encouragement to residents of America's heartland. Reach him at rogeralford1@gmail.com.**

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**2018 Patrick Family Reunion**

The annual reunion for the descendants of Sanford and Dora Ann Dickerson Patrick was held on Saturday, August 4, 2018, at the Ravenna National Guard Armory with plenty of fellowship, games and door prizes.

Attending from the family of Tracy and Irene Patrick were Alex Patrick, Johnnie Patrick, Ryan Patrick, Johnnie Lee Patrick Sr., Mary Abney, Austin Hayden Abney, Amanda Patrick, Hannah Patrick, Tracy Randall Patrick, Delores Rowland.

The family of Jasper Patrick Jr. "Little Jasper" included Raymond Patrick Jr. and his two sons Raven Patrick and Thayde Patrick, and Raymond Patrick Sr.

The family of Elmer and Elsie Patrick Proffitt included Angela Rogers, James Rogers, William Rogers, Elizabeth Rogers, Terrell Adams, Amelia Merino, Hector Jacome, Ricardo Jacome, Mariela Merino, Kathy Cooper, Emily Cooper, Chester Proffitt, Sue Frazier, Margie Fielder, Jim Fielder, Reece Wise, Barbara Wise, and Lanny Glenn Proffitt.

Chester and Nora Patrick's family included Darryl Patrick and Nora Sue Patrick.

John and Hazel Patrick's family included Henry Patrick, Elwood Patrick, Phyllis Ann Johnson, Opal Covey

and Tony Covey.

Bill and Cecile Patrick Patton's family included Linda Futrell, Rita Walker, Ava Patton and Alan Patton.

James and Alma Patrick Combs' family included Mary Combs, Geff Combs, Melissa Combs, Leesa Watkins (Combs), Gerald Combs, Vivian Hayes and kids.

Door prizes went to the winner of the Patrick book, Vivian Hayes and Kathy Cooper who won the afghan.

Thanks to Johnnie Lee Patrick II for securing the armory for the reunion.

Sanford and Dora Ann Dickerson Patrick raised their children in a log cabin at Cob Hill (which still stands).

They had no running water nor electric. Their water came from a bucket brought up a line from about two hundred feet up the hill from a spring.

He died in the mid 1940's and Dora Ann lived most of the rest of her life in the cabin although she spent a week or more at times with each of her children. She had 12 that reached maturity but lost one, Hazel Patrick Durbin, who died in childbirth. Grandma once said she didn't know how many children she had because a few had died young.

The rest of her children went on to raise children of

their own and when Grandma Patrick died she had more than 80 grandchildren. Since her death, all of her children and their husbands and wives have passed away.

Many of the older grandchildren remember the good times at Grandma's house. She had about 80 acres and most of it was cliffs. There was a pretty good size cave in the back of the house where the family placed gelatin to get it to gel and also kept milk there.

Nearby was a large sink-hole that was about 20 feet across and near a hundred feet deep. Tracy Patrick talked about how their dog fell into the hole when he was young and they had to climb in to retrieve him.

One of the more popular places for kids to go was a sort of "I dare you" place called "the devil's kitchen" which was on the far end of Grandma's land.

There was always an abundance of things growing at Grandma Patrick's including large round gourds and long handled pitcher gourds.

Two flowers that grew over the hill was a frilly, fragrant plant called Tansy that Tracy Patrick always carried a setting from to wherever he lived along with old fashion hollyhocks which grew tall on the hillside.

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