

Times Remembered
Betty A. Young

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This past two weeks have been very difficult for me; you see I lost my sister, Juanita "Tootsie" Arvin Rison on November 9th. She was very dear to me; her being the oldest daughter in my family and I being the youngest. She often called me her baby sister. I was just 6 years old when she married and I became an aunt at age 7.

My parents had two daughters; the eight years later they had two more daughters, my oldest sister, Juanita "Tootsie," was 12 years old when I was born. I remember that she baby-sat me and my sister who was just three years older when we were little. Sometimes she would let us get into things we weren't supposed to and then tell Mom and Dad it was our fault. Oh! Well that's siblings.

I remember so many things about her; she

loved to read, sew and quilt and she even had a wood working class in high school. She made some wooden what-nots and waste baskets. She was very crafty-talented with her hands.

The one thing she always let me do was to drive her car when I was a teenager. She had a little blue Corvair that I drove a lot; I even took my driver's test in it. I would go pay bills for her and drive around the Wigwam several times before I came back; but she didn't care how long I stayed, she trusted me. But my Dad didn't like me to go around the Wigwam; he thought I should pay bills and come straight home.

After Tootsie graduated from high school she attended Eastern Kentucky College and acquired nine hours and became eligible to teach... it was about 1956-57. Anyway, I remember she got a one-room school at Granny Richardson Springs on Barnes Mountain. She taught grades 1-8. The best I remember she only had 15-20 students in all the school.

I enjoyed going with her to get started teaching. They gave her a broom, coal bucket, water bucket, chalk and waste cans. They didn't have many books in those days. Most

of the kid's last names were Sparks; they lived across the road from the school and were very nice to my sister. She stayed some with them when the weather was bad in the winter. I loved the pie suppers they had to raise money for books and supplies it was a community affair and a social affair.

She taught at Granny Richardson Springs; I believe a couple or three years, then to Watson Ridge, near Cob Hill, and later to Gum Springs School on Tipton Ridge. She taught at Gum Springs the most years. The students got along with her really well; she even played softball with them and several of them came home with her and spent the night. We all would have a big softball game. So much fun! The Tipton Ridge boys were great softball players. I remember Jerry Abney, Delmas Marcum, and Harold Adams were some of the players. Several more played but I can't recall their names.

Another special memory was going with her when school was out to Estine Watson's house to work on her yearly record book. It was some sort of report they did every year. I met her girls; Sue, Phyllis, and Janet. While they were working we would walk to Alexander's Store

and get a pop and chips. I told them I didn't have any money, but I'll never forget, Janet saying, "We will put it on Pa Tip's bill, we do it all the time." That being her grandfather who had an account at the store. Sadly, Janet lost her life in a car accident in 1964 and Sue also passed at early age. I loved going to their house with my sister. They were a very nice, friendly family.

Tootsie married Estill Rison and began to start her family. Her daughter, Vivian, and a few years later a son Ronald and daughter, Lisa. So I became an aunt at age 7. They lived next to door to us in my Grandpa's house, so I got see the baby a lot. I loved pushing her in the stroller and later on I baby-sat in the summer for the kids when I was going to high school.

Teachers could barely survive because the pay wasn't good at all. She left her teaching career and began school at a Vocational School in Winchester where she studied clerical office practices. She then started working at Lexington-Blue Grass Army at Avon as a Key Punch Operator making much more money. She worked there until she had to retire on disability.

At the time of her retirement her husband

In Loving Memory of My Sister

If Roses Grow in Heaven

If Roses grow in Heaven Lord
Please pick a bunch for me.
Place them in my Sister's arms
And tell her they're from me.
Tell her that I love her and miss her
And when she turns to smile,
Place a kiss upon her cheek
And hold her for a while.
Because remembering her is easy,
I do it every day
But there is an ache in my heart
That will never go away.

- By Amanda L. Watson

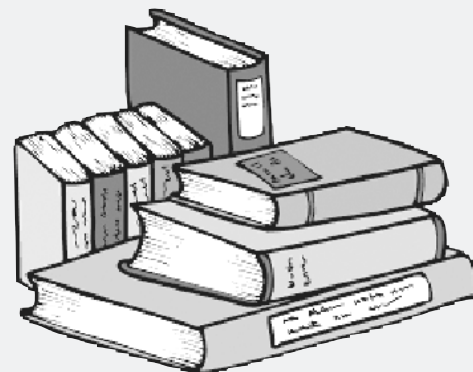
became disabled and she spent many years caring for him. Being a caregiver takes a toll on the person. She began to have several major health problems but fought through some that was very serious. She had numerous surgeries in her lifetime and suffered a great deal with all the other ailments she had.

I will always remember her kind, loving and giving heart. She loved cooking, especially her (Chocolate Sheet Cake), for others and her passion was quilt-

ing. She made many, many quilts over the years. I am happy that I have a quilt and an afghan she made for me. I cherish it very much.

She loved to color the new style coloring books that I bought her while she was home bound; and she loved Word Search and Crossword Puzzles.

She was very special to me and I am grieving; but I have that blessed hope of eternal life and I know I will see her again someday.



Men think they're handsome despite beer guts and bald heads



America's Heartland
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Maybe you heard about the man who was quizzing his wife about what she loved most about him.

"Is it my good looks, my tremendous athleticism, my great physic, my huge muscles or my superior intellect?"

"Obviously, it's your sense of humor," his wife responded.

The husband in that old joke seemed to think more highly of himself than he should, which is almost word-for-word

what the Bible warns against in Romans 12:3: "I tell everyone among you not to think of himself more highly than he should think. Instead, think soberly."

I thought it interesting that the Apostle Paul, in writing that passage, aimed the warning directly at men who seem to have this strange tendency to imagine themselves in ways that are far different from reality, as if they are the strongest, handsomest creatures on the planet.

Some wise person once said women will never be truly equal to men until they can walk down the street with a bald head and a beer gut and still think they're sexy. Isn't it just the craziest thing how conceited men can be? Even when they're wrinkled as prunes with sagging skin and missing teeth, men can still think of themselves as physical specimen.

The Apostle Paul, to make his point clearer,

tells men to think soberly, as if they'd have to be drunk not to see themselves for what they really are.

The Bible says we're nothing more than dust, that our righteousness is like filthy rags, that we're nothing more than worms in contrast to a most holy God. Those descriptions straight from scriptures should give us a sobering perspective when we begin to think of ourselves more highly than we should.

What we need to do is praise God for the mercy he shows us every day. He's the one we should think highly of, not ourselves.

Of course, if you are one of those men who tend to think more highly of yourself than you should, you could always ask your wife what she loves most about you.

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"Well, how much did it cost me to get you out of the _____ this time?"

SCRAMBLERS

Unscramble the letters within each rectangle to form four ordinary words. Then rearrange the boxed letters to form the mystery word, which will complete the gag!

- Hubris
- DIPER
- Believe
- DIRECT
- Great
- PURES
- Despair
- MOGOL

TODAY'S WORD