

Times Remembered
Betty A. Young

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The changing of the seasons has always been my favorite thing to watch in the fall. This year isn't as pretty as the past years but it is still very beautiful. It is one of the awesome gifts the Lord has given us.

I am not as fond of winter as I was when I was a kid. I didn't care how cold it was, but now that I'm older it's a different story. The winter has many beautiful snowfalls that are truly gorgeous and I enjoy them for a little while, but after two or three snowfalls I'm ready to move on.

I remember winters on the farm that were brutal; especially when the temperatures were below zero. We had more snow forty or so years ago. We would be out of school from Christmas till sometime in February.

We worked outdoors on the farm no matter what the weather was; the cattle and all the other animals had to be fed and cared for. I can remember many a

Changing of the Seasons

morning I would don a heavy coat, gloves, cap and boots and trudge through the snow behind Dad when he broke the path to the barn.

Next Dad would break the ice in the creek below the barn to water the animals and then he got the tractor and loaded the bales of hay on it. I would stand on the carry-all and cut the strings on the bales of hay and begin scattering the hay as the tractor moved forward.

After the animals were fed we would head to the house for breakfast. One of us would stay behind in the morning and cook breakfast. Usually, it was Margaret, because my oldest sister Tootise liked to milk and she always helped Mom milk the cows. At that time we sold milk to Carnation Cream Company. Therefore, we milked several cows every morning and night.

We always had a big breakfast, gravy and homemade biscuits, bacon, sausage and sometimes country ham. Also, hot biscuits were good with molasses or homemade peach preserves or blackberry jam. Sometimes we would have pancakes or oatmeal, mostly on weekends. Dad sure loved buttered biscuits with honey or molasses. He always ended his meal with some "sweeten" as he called it, he just had to eat dessert or a biscuit with something sweet

on it. He never became a diabetic nor had any major health problems except arthritis in his later years. He took a Tylenol for that and no other medicines and lived to be 91 years old.

I wonder how my Mom and Dad and many of the families that were raised on Crooked Creek lived to be in their nineties. My Uncle Preacher Arvin was 96; I believe, and my Aunt Gin was in her nineties too. They were blessed to live that long. Many of Dad's cousins lived to be in their 90's. I remember Dad's double-first cousin, Bro. Jennings Arvin, who was a minister lived to be 99 and was but a few months away from 100 when he passed.

I believe it was the food they ate, everyone grew their own food and raised animals for their meat, and milk. Today, we don't know where our food comes from or for sure if it has been inspected. It sure makes you wonder?



Five Things Gray Catbirds Love:

1. Shelled peanuts and sunflower hearts.
2. Fruit-and-nut seed cakes (blocks).
3. Red and green grapes.
4. Lots of fresh water.
5. A well-trained person to toss peanuts to them.

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Mountain preacher proves there is joy in serving the Lord



America's Heartland
Roger Alford

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If you're a regular reader of this column, you've enjoyed more than a few tales from Seymour Wattenbarger, a beloved preacher from the mountains of southeastern Kentucky. I've shared a good bit of his humor with you over the years, and, in honor of his retirement, I thought we might take a look back at some of his funniest moments.

You might remember a year or two ago that I told you about having lunch with Seymour, and, on that particular day, he was on a tear about lazy Christians who never share the gospel with anyone.

"If breathing didn't come natural, they'd smother to death," Seymour said.

"I'll never forget the time," he continued, "that I saw this one fellow sit-

ting under a shade tree, his hair blowing in the breeze, and him too lazy to run and get it."

Seymour, now 80 years old, will work his last day as missions strategist at the Knox Association of Baptists on Dec. 31. That will mark a half century of ministry, primarily as a pastor. The Bible tells us that we should give "honor to whom honor is due" (Romans 13:7), so I thought it would be a good idea for us to honor Seymour today. He's enjoyed a very successful ministry, having introduced countless numbers of new believers to the Lord and having disciplined lots of preachers.

Ministry is a serious business, and that's why Seymour cherishes moments of levity. He loves to laugh, and he loves to make others laugh, and he did just that when he told us in this column not so long ago about a kindergarten teacher who asked her kids to bring in "show and tell" items that represent their religions.

The first child, Seymour said, took his turn, saying, "My name in Benjamin. I am Jewish, and this is a Star of David."

The second child said, "My name is Mary. I am Catholic, and this is a crucifix."

The third child said, "My name is Bubba. I am a Baptist, and this is a

casserole dish."

But my favorite Seymour tale actually happened many years ago when he was preaching a revival. A man widely known for his drinking and cavorting showed up, and Seymour's first thought was that he had come to cause trouble. Seymour said the best way he knew to describe the fellow was as a reprobate. He would get home in the evenings, stumble out of his car and stagger up the sidewalk, cussing loudly and kicking at his dog.

That fellow got saved in Seymour's revival service and immediately gave up his drinking and his wicked ways. The change was so drastic in that man that when he got home his dog didn't recognize him and nearly ate him up.

Don't assume Seymour will be taking up the rocking chair upon retirement. He plans to keep on preaching revivals and such. He may even serve as pastor if the Lord wills. What's certain is that he'll enjoy whatever he's doing, because Seymour knows the joy of serving the Lord.

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REVIVAL

Turning Point Apostolic

735 Cow Creek Road, Ravenna
Friday, Saturday & Sunday
November 8, 9 & 10 @ 7pm

Friday's speaker

Bro. George Stidham

Saturday's speaker

Bro. Charles Clark

Sunday's speaker

Bro. Jeremy Peavie

Come and join us for old time gospel preaching!

Larry McIntosh, pastor


Thus saith the LORD, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.


— Jeremiah 6:16


You can't predict the weather, but you can plan ahead to effectively weather the storm. Use these tips to keep you and your family safe, and remember, there is power in planning.

BE PREPARED BEFORE A STORM STRIKES

In the event of a power outage, be prepared by keeping the following items in an easy-to-find emergency supply kit.

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■ **WATER**
Three-day supply, one gallon per person per day.
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■ **TOOLS**
Flashlight, extra batteries, manual can opener, battery-powered or hand-crank radio, NOAA Weather Radio with tone alert.
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■ **FIRST AID KIT AND PRESCRIPTIONS**
First aid supplies, hand sanitizer and at least one week's supply of prescriptions and medications for the family.

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