

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



More Light

So, you want to know if the lights are still there? Well, they were this morning when I got up and still on when I went back to bed at 6 a.m. to catch a nap during the short time they would be off before regular getting up time. At about 3 or 3:30 a.m., something awoke me and a drowsy peep through eyelids half closed by sticky residue left by insufficient sleep, I saw what I was sure was the sun shining on the opposite wall. My first thought was, the sun must have come up early or I have surely over-

slept. Then on a trip to the kitchen to turn the coffee on before going to the porch for the morning paper, I found the shades there had been drawn lower and the lights weren't as bright as in the bedroom where they had been left up a couple of inches to let in a little fresh air. Sunshine? Coming into my bedroom? What was I thinking about anyway? The sun still came up in the East and this window faced N. West. This was where I watched it go down in the evenings before the new bank building blocked my view. I raised the kitchen shades

and, of course, the bright security lights were still there. I had simply become confused by strange bright lights on the bedroom wall at an unusual time in a house I was just getting used to after all the changes of restructuring and additions to the house I had been through for the past several months.

Since I was wide awake and the paper didn't arrive till 5:30 or a bit later, I glanced around and there, on the table, lay the Bible, the Holy Book, telling about the problems of Job and how he refused to yield his faith in God when he lost all his possessions. Soon the bed became more tempting as my eyes became heavy. So, once again, I lay down and tried to get adjusted to lights in my bedroom. Night lights have seldom been used in our home, none of us felt the need or desire to disturb our sleep with them. But, an old saying came to mind. "One never gets too old to learn." I also thought of the one, "You can't teach an old dog new tricks." I would see for myself which was true. I did go back to sleep. If the sun came up and tried to get in my win-

dow, it did a good deed with the coffee bright lights out. So, with the coffee ready, the paper on the porch, eyes opened, exercises to limber aching joints and strengthen stiff knees over with, I am pecking on typewriter keys

so, come Thursday, you will have something to read about. Every coin has two sides, and every storm has an ending. Also above every cloud, the sun is shining. So I am depending on some of them to become a reality in my life.

The very next day after I began this continuation of last week's Sweet and Sour column, a new chapter of the story began.

Big signs advertising the opening of The Berea Bank, the positioning of it blocking my view and use of the public pass way adjoining my drive has caused problems. So, when two of the receptionists, David and Tina came to give me a personal invitation to attend, I was quite adamant in my refusal to accept their invitation. It didn't mean a thing to me. I was not going. The black fence on top of the beautifully laid blocks beneath,

was not the white picket fence of my dreams, where I could plant and little with flowers and cut blooms from them to fill the vases I have tucked away. The bright lights shining in the windows all night long were not of mantic candle light. The drive around the building to the drive thru windows was not a gravel driveway to my front door where a welcome mat greeting friends and kinfolk at any time of day or night. I was still upset about the public they used enough of that blocked my use, as well as anyone else that needed to get from Tevis Street to Lewis Street where it ended. Yep! My mind was made up -- I was not going here! These were two nice young people it was hard for me to refuse their sincere invitation to attend the biggest thing happening in my area. A brand new bank, where they would be working and had a part in the management of, opening next to my house and I was not offering to be a part of it. Then I found out David was the son of Ms. Rhoda, a friend from Church where Tina and I are both members. I do love the company of young people and, although I refused their invitation, I asked them to visit some evening and they could see for themselves how those lights were disturbing me.

The next day at the mission wasn't very busy but the companionship of the other volunteers and taking part in a mission dedicated to doing something for others that need help when things get out of control in their lives was an experience I hadn't enjoyed since I moved to Kentucky.

Shopping for groceries and getting them in for the week end always

wears me out and Friday was one of those days. My shoes were already kicked off and feet ready for the lounge chair when I looked up to see David and three young women with arms full of a big tray filled with snack goodies and one carrying a gorgeous big blue plant as a gift from the bank, standing in the door. David had kept his word and treated me as if I had been an absent guest by delivering it himself, accompanied by three attractive assistants. Now I had met five of the six bank employees and, as it turned out, would be meeting others before the night was over.

Again, I must say, we had better wear carefully how we word our answers, for once in a while, we may have to retreat and eat the words. I hadn't said maybe, or perhaps if you coax a little I'll change my mind. I

had said emphatically, I am not going. Those words didn't taste too bad when, after David supported by the help he had brought along, insisted I put on my shoes and get the few steps it took, to the bank where all signs of the celebration was over and he would take me on a personal tour of what I had missed. Now who could deny such a nice young man and three pretty girls an invitation to accompany them the few steps it would take to go see and brag about the place they had watch being built from scratch, were the first to be hired to manage, and take care of it and would probably be spending most of their future life in. Of course, I put on my bedroom slippers, took hold of David's arm with a pretty girl holding the other, and proudly marched down to see the new bank. I must say the inside of the bank is beautiful, well planned and decorated with good taste. The conference room formal enough for the board to be comfortable while planning plans for growth or plain enough for the comfort of staff during a break. The young women I met were attractive, pleasant and a staff anyone would be pleased to do business with. One last look around before I was ready to leave revealed a scene outside the big triple that brought a gasp to my throat, for there was the well kept lawn and whole scene I had watched change from spring to summer, then autumn, and finally winter covered with a layer of snow. The only thing missing was the beautiful trees that announced what season it was by changing to the appropriate color. The architects or lawn care designers had stolen "my scenery" and left in its place the backside of a brick building with blinding lights attached at intervals overhead pointed in such a way as to be in a direct line with my windows facing the bank. I am sure this wasn't done purposefully or for malice, it just happens to be one of the misfortunes that has been hounding me for the past few years and good fortune and beautiful location in a quiet residential neighborhood for modern expansion and development to take hold. What better business venture could fill that street corner than a brand new bank.

Thanks to David, and one of the girls, I was escorted home safely. The words (of refusal to the invitation), I ate, weren't so bitter after all. David promised I could watch out the big window anytime I feel lonesome for it, and they might find a better way to dim the lights.

Our Readers Write

Dear Editor,

The Rockcastle Rockets 10-12-year-old fast-pitch girls softball team would like to thank Rose's One Stop, Celena's and Lee Earl Adams for their support this year. The girls' record for the season was 13 and 1, placing the team first in regular season play and second in the tournament.

Sherry Spragans, Paula Dollins and Dana Taylor
Coaches of the Rocket Team

Dear Editor,

The Rockcastle Touch of Grass appreciate the opportunity to play along with other musicians at the Livingston Homecoming. We would also like to commend the Livingston Homecoming Committee for a well-organized and orderly homecoming. We played to a large, attentive crowd on Saturday night. We also would like to thank those who purchased our tapes and CD.

Rockcastle Touch of Grass
Ken Hopkins, Ken Mink, Casper Bowling, Russell Blackburn and Ruby Powell

Dear Editor,

The RCMS Lady Rockets Booster Club would like to thank the following people for helping out this year with their donated items and special prizes:

Pizza Hut, Wendy's, Renfro Valley, Mt. Vernon High School, Hark & Co. Savory's Furniture, Ronnie Owens, Aletha's Flowers & Gifts, Spatt's and More, Denny's and the Mt. Vernon Signal.

The money being raised will go to our 6th, 7th and 8th grade girls

basketball players.

A special thanks to the parents, coaches and school personnel who had dedicated so much time helping work the concession stand at the door.

Good Luck Lady Rockets!
Tammy Barnes

Dear Editor,

I am writing this letter in hopes of helping the person who recently wrote to you about social services constantly visiting her home. Now, I don't know this lady or anything about her and her family other than what she wrote in her article. I had rather read her letter complaining about social services visiting her home and not finding no violations of any laws to act upon, than to read about a child being murdered by its parent; as such was the case in Houston, Texas earlier this year. Social workers are required by law to act on information that is reported to them. They are only performing the job they have chosen as their profession. It sounds as though the social worker mentioned in the lady's letter is dedicated to his/her profession. I wish someone had kept reporting Andrea Yates to social services, or that the one report they received from an anonymous caller could have been investigated to a greater extent. If further investigations could have been continued logically or just out of genuine concern for children, then maybe, just maybe those five precious children would still be alive and well today.

I'm sorry if I offend anyone, but I would like to defend the children

(Cont. to A8)

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