



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

Last Saturday night, (Mother's Day Eve if you're a week behind) Loretta and I were invited to a dance at Berea College.

Invited by Patty Tarquino, a Berea College student and wonderful young woman, native to Columbia (South America) who spent the summer of 2001 in our home and became so close to us that we literally consider her family. We call her "daughter" even though no adoption papers were signed. Actually none were needed because Patty has her own wonderful family and, truth beknown: she adopted us as well.

But it was the first time in our lives that anybody of a radically different ethnic heritage had shared our lifestyle. Or vice-versa. But just a year ago we moved all of Patty's stuff from campus to our house and to this day we marvel at how she managed to get two truck loads of "stuff" crammed into a dormitory room about the size of a walk-in closet.

Patty was a student intern at my place of work and to make it economically viable for her to stay in Berea, she needed an affordable place to stay for the summer. Loretta and I talked it over and the rest is history.

In short order our house was absorbed by her presence. She would get on the phone with her mother and converse in pretty loud Spanish. She would get in the kitchen and stir up guacamole to die for and she helped out in the garden like an old hand.

She fused at me for smoking. She cajoled when anyone was upset. She learned to drive my old standard shift Chevy truck like it was her own. She went yard saleing on Saturday mornings and showed me how to barter. She mowed the grass. But most of all she wrapped us up in her love and enthusiasm for life.

The last thing in the world Patty had to look for was an opinion on whatever. She always had (has) one and it is well reasoned. In even shorter order everyone in our family came to adore, respect and treat Patty as though she had been among us all our lives and in the process she became just that a member of the family and loved as such.

So last Saturday night we were Patty's favored guests on her turf. A reserved table and treated like royalty at a multi-ethnic dance on the Commons at Berea College. It was the ultimate in diversity for this little town where the city government and college politics shortcomings frequently give me cause to wail.

Pattykin's dance, and I'm sure it had a more formal title, was a celebration of diversity. College kids and several professors/instructors showed up on the Commons to have a good time. The kids came from all over Appalachia and from Mexico, several African countries, several South and Central American Countries, the Midwest, Asia and other parts of the globe. And they

danced together as a single people. I have never been so proud of Berea and I certainly have not ever been so enraptured with a college "happening".

I do get perturbed at the local and college politics from time to time but I am absolutely sure that Berea College is the best place in Kentucky - and maybe the entire country - for diverse cultures to intimately appreciate and learn about each other and ultimately become "one". It is nothing short of miraculous. Nothing short of the miracle that our modern

world needs and deserves.

Last Saturday night, on the dance floor, arm-in-arm, hand-in-hand, soul-to-soul and passionately so at Berea College, there were kids from all over the world dancing together but there were no minorities. This notion of diversity is not a lesson to late for the learning. It is simply one that has not been learned.

Thank you, Berea College, for showing a few of us just how simple that lesson can be. Thank you Patty Tarquino La Pilar, for asking us to the dance. It was a life-changing and awakening experience.

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



Happy Mother's Day

The past weekend was spent with Rod and Helen in Sinks Grove, Va. where I had been invited to attend a Mother's Day celebration at the home of my Grandson Birch and friend Gretchen. When I arrived I was told Grandmothers were special guests and it was a must all three should be there. That included Birch's two, Helen's mother, Virginia Campbell and me, Rod's mom and Gretchen's only living one, Elanice. Of course, the mothers, Birch's mom Helen and Gretchen's mom, Ghee were there. Know what? I never got a last name of anyone. I forgot as usual, that would be an important part of my story if I was tempted to write about it. As it turned out I am reporting what a wonderful day it was. It was just what I needed to take away some of shadows that have been hovering over me.

The sunshine warmed the shade of the big trees in the front yard where tables were spread and the prepared feast, cooked by Birch and Gretchen, served by the younger folks so there was no need for the Grandmas to rise from their comfortable chairs to even ask for a second helping. Gretchen's grandmother and sister sat at my table where we got acquainted and swapped a few stories of the days gone by when things were quite different. The menfolk were not shy about putting in their two cents worth either. It was undoubtedly one of the friendliest get-togethers I have been to in years. This was my first time to meet Gretchen's people but within minutes we were chatting as if we had been old acquaintances. Helen's family, Mother, Virginia, sister and brother-in-law Ruth and Bill are already family to me and now I feel like I have an extended one when Gretchen is added on August 3rd. That was what the big celebration was about.

They both wanted the parents and grandparents present when they announced their engagement. So, while we were all present around the table and ready for a social hour, Birch and Gretchen with arms entwined stood beside the big oak tree to be by and asked for attention. When all got quiet Birch looked toward Gretchen's parents and asked them for permission to marry their daughter whom he loved and would like to share the rest of his life with. In turn she confessed her love for him and made the

same promise to his parents to always love and care for him. By now tears of joy was flowing from happy eyes and congratulations and hugs came from all present. It was the kind of good news all Grandmas are glad to hear. It was then I knew why Birch was so determined to have me there

on this special Mother's Day. Thank you Birch and Gretchen, for including those of us who often feel we are forgotten by the generation we watched and loved, grow to adulthood. And may God's richest blessings accompany you throughout a happy married life.

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TIME FOR A CHANGE VOTE

Gary V. Linville

Rockcastle Co. Sheriff

May 28, 2002 (Lever 8)

One man can make a difference with God's help, your vote and support
Rockcastle Co. will have a new Sheriff, Gary V. Linville,
by the people for the people

TO PROTECT AND SERVE

On Sept. 11, 2001 each of us witnessed a great tragedy which caused great fear all across our nation, yet reminded us of the many freedoms and privileges we have as U.S. citizens. Along with these freedoms, there are also many responsibilities that each one of us have in doing our part to help to make our nation a better and more safer place to live and raise our children and grandchildren.

One of those privileges that is also a responsibility is voting as you go to the polls on May 28, 2002 think back to Sept. 11 and the emotions you had.

When voting think how important your vote really is. As we have already said there are many grave dangers our county faces and now more than ever we need leadership, a sheriff with a vision to move forward, and enforce the laws of our commonwealth.

A sheriff that will work hard to bring all the good people together to help make Rockcastle Co. a safer place to live, work and play.

Rockcastle Co. is a good place to live, by voting for Gary Linville you will have a part in making it a even better place.

As your new Sheriff, I will bring fresh energy forward and fight to eliminate the many crimes that are sweeping across our county, that are destroying our families, endangering our children, scaring our elderly and hindering growth in Rockcastle Co.

We have worked hard for months to try to see and talk to as many of you as possible, we're almost out of time if I don't make it to your house by May 28, forgive me.

Don't forget, it's time for a change. Vote Gary V. Linville Rockcastle Co. Sheriff May 28, 2002.

As always, special thanks to our many supporters both city and county.

UNITED WE STAND!

Paid for by Gary Linville