



Points East

By:
Ike Adams

I have become almost totally Internet dependent. Print information and communication exchange is a million times faster than snail mail. Online you pay the carrier once a month, and it's even better than the phone because you answer when you want to and delete all the stuff that's trying to sell you stuff. I do my banking online when I have a choice in the matter and pay my credit card bills. I send my money to the newspapers who are kind enough to both print and pay me for this drive and bill them for the service with a click.

More importantly, I met folks who should have been old friends all along. Not a week goes by that someone out of the blue sends me an email to see if I have been seed or onions or what not and I spend an hour or two every evening responding to worthwhile email. I spend about ten minutes trashing all the "spam" attempting to sell me everything from Viagra to second mortgages and other stuff that will make my manhood grow. (Incidentally I'd love to hear from somebody who actually bought that stuff and it fit worked)

Lately I've been corresponding with Captain Mike Majority who grew up in Whitesburg and who has made a point of reading The Mountain Eagle every week, all over the world over the last 20 years. Mike flies, or has flown, about anything the Air Force ever put wings on and

knows the terrain over Iraq, where he flew daily missions, like the back of his hand. In the Air Force, as a fighter pilot since 82, he is currently stationed at Shaw Air Force Base in South Carolina where he teaches whippersnappers to fly everything from F-16s to Wild Weasels.

He's told me over and over that getting the hometown newspaper is a passion-in Turkey, Germany, Saudi Arabia and name your favorite Air Force Base state side. He hooked up with me because he caught my email address at the end of a column and decided to drop me a line via the Internet. And I swear to you that it's practically the same as having a brother in the service as far as I'm concerned. I check my email about once every thirty minutes throughout the day and I'm disappointed when I don't hear from Captain Mike Majority. I take a lot of pride in being a hillbilly and standing up for our values in the eastern half of the States. Mike's been doing it world wide for the last 20 years and he writes to me like I was his brother.

Mike's Dad and Mom are Mr. & Mrs. Frank Majority of Whitesburg. He wound up marrying a career Air Force Health Administrator (April Haynes) from Harlan County (Three Points, just above Cawood) but didn't meet her until they had been in the service for over a dozen years. They

were even stationed at the same base once. Now they have a two-year-old daughter (Robin) and Mike is teaching her to fish in the bathtub with a plastic rod and reel along with plastic fish. Robin is recovering from a broken arm and just got her cast off. The toy rod & reel is a cast-off present. (Hey, I told you he was a hillbilly, bless his heart!!)

Mike told me, a couple or three weeks back, that he had this big hill of fire ants in his front yard and when one bit you it was worse than a wasp sting. He said it would burn real bad and you'd swell up awful and one day somebody told him to put grits on the hill and the ants would take them in one bit you it was worse than a wasp sting. He said it would burn real bad and you'd swell up awful and one day somebody told him to put grits on the hill and the ants would take them in one bit you it was worse than a wasp sting.

About ten days later I got an email. "It ain't (no pun intended) working" he said. "They've carried in several pounds of grits but from all I can tell, they are just eating them. Don't put this in the paper as a fire ant cure." And then last week I got an email with "SUCCESS" on the subject line. Captain Mike reported that only

Sweet and Sour

By Zi Graves



The past several weeks have been a time of living a dream or nightmare, according to the frame of mind the circumstances brought. The day of our reunion changed the course of living for me and my family temporarily and I am just now getting back to normal. The joy of having so many of these people close by overwhelmed me, I reckon and I ended up in Central Baptist Hospital for several days. Now it wasn't the result of the get-together. It was the result of many years buildup of health practices, I have been guilty of. Mom used to say, "If you dance to the music you must pay the fiddler." Well believe me that fiddler has been paid. But know something else? The debt is being paid in installments. I decided to pay back by seeing how many good deeds I could do for someone in need of compassion and love. I have always been apt at doing

an ant or two came forth when he stomped the hill and even they looked feeble. Normally, they'd have come out by the hundreds. The grits had got em. "You can put it in the paper now," he told me and insinuated that it might be better than anything I'd ever done to get rid of snakes and moles.

So if you'll live down South, please take note that grits are good for something besides causing constipation after all. (Actually I love em if they're buttered right.)

But if you think the Internet is a waste of time, I beg to differ. I have a great relationship with a real American hero and it's all because I got acquainted with him on the Internet. I asked Captain Mike Majority if he wanted to say Hello to anybody and he said to just tell everybody he said "Howdy" cause he didn't want to leave anybody out. But if you have a farm pond, Robin's arm is getting better all the time and I know for a fact that Mike just bought her a serious Zebco outfit and by the time you read this she'll know how to bait a hook and sharpen and use a fillet knife.

If you want to drop Captain Mike Majority a note the email address is: mike.majority@SHAWAF.MIL

Occasionally I realized these strong arms were those of a gentle woman whispering kind words while carefully guiding me into the waiting arms of my family. This part of my hallucination was what I believed to be the torture chamber, or hall of horrors, frankly. I was scared, that is why Ann, Chad, Birch (and others) sat close by constantly assuring me it's well. What a blessing these grandchildren are. Here they are, full-grown young people, soothing their grandmas fears, just like she soothed them when they showed fears of the dark. My problem was I didn't know what I was afraid of. I saw was semi-dark, and a shadowy form, the form asking, can I help you? If another light came on so did another light come, that's ok. I'll help you. How? Who was speaking? I was a soft human voice offering help to the one in distress. OK, I will gladly accept the offer. When I wet my pants, instantly an arm drew me close and a dry garment was secured around my body as well as a dry sheet. After two or three days of changing my bed I was finally settled in and breakfast was announced. The tumbled condition of the covers were evidence of my night with "OGRES" in the dark and the smiling faces of the nurses stepping from their place beside a patient was a signal of "all is well" a new day has begun.

This was then I noticed the pleasant smiling faces around the beds and from every nook and corner of the room. Were they there last night? They must have been for it is my time for a change of shifts, or are they working overtime again. Over time for a nurse seems to be a continuation of whatever task they are performing when a new shift arrives. Since each person on the fifth floor has a private room I have no idea what went on behind those closed

doors, nor did I need to know. The shared knowledge between nurse and physician was sufficient evidence to me that all was well. These smiles came from the heart of those who genuinely cared for others. I was feeling lost, alone, these good folks offering help to one lost in the shroud, and cloud of a strange identity were lucky for they at least knew where they were.

A smile can melt the heart of demons when it is given in sincerity. The smiles that began to appear from each and every employee in the women's corridor came on quickly and served as a remedy before a complete could be made. In fact, there was no reason for complaint. These were not smirks; they were genuine expressions of happiness from doing a job they enjoyed doing well. Occasionally a burst of hearty laughter could be heard when exuberance over a new way to fasten a diaper on an adult. I think what I am trying to convey is the wonderful atmosphere around Central Baptist Hospital. My impression was it is being protected by angels. One can almost see delicate wings slipping out from beneath starched folds of a rumpled uniform. While a gentle voice says, "that's ok, I'll take care of it." Everyone, including your surgeon and staff are at your service. I am not advertising or doing a commercial for Central Baptist Hospital (in fact, I received equalizing treatment here in our Rockcastle County Hospital emergency room). I am only telling you about the spirit of angels hovering close to the care center. Even the fountain and flower garden that is located in front of the hospital are a part of the scene. The comfort of sitting quietly beside a fountain while birds fit around the fountain is medicine to one soul. Try sitting there some time, and feel peace flood over you.

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"What Saith the Scriptures"

I was reading a sermon outline by a denominational preacher on the text in Matt 28:18-20. It said, "The Church has 3 duties to perform: 1) to make disciples; 2) to baptize those who are saved; 3) to teach them observe all things commanded of our Lord." I would concur with points 1 & 3, but would have to disagree with point #2. "One is not saved first and then afterwards the person is baptized. Look at what Jesus said in Mark 16:16. 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.' Notice Jesus said there are 2 conditions in this text, before one is saved. A person must believe the gospel and then must be baptized. Jesus did not say, 'He that believeth is saved and then is baptized.' God grants salvation based on conditions he states in his word. We must believe in Jesus. In 8:24 we must be part of the command of the Lord. Ac 17:31, we must confess the name of Jesus, Rm 10:9-10, and then we must be baptized. Ac 2:38. This will make us a saved person if we obey this form of doctrine from the heart. Rm 6:17-18. Then we must be faithful until death. Rev 2:10c. 'be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' No wonder we have so many denominations today, when errors such as this, are taught and promoted

Providence Church of Christ

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Web Site: www.WhatSaithTheScriptures.com

Time of Services: Sunday 10am Bible Study, Worship 10:40 & 7:00pm; Wednesday 7:30pm Radio program, Sunday 8am 1460 AM

Mount Vernon Signal

Publication Number 366-000

Periodical Payment Paid in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456
606-256-2244

Published every Thursday since November, 1887. Offices in the Mt. Vernon Signal Building on Main Street in Mt. Vernon, Ky. 40456. Postmaster, send address changes to P.O. Box 185, Mt. Vernon, Kentucky 40456.

James Anderkin, Jr., Publisher Emeritus - Richard F. Anderkin, Editor
Pirline M. Anderkin, Managing Editor
Paige Bengt, Advertising Manager - Jessica Lawson, Circulation Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In County - \$16.75 Yr. Out-of-County In State - \$21.75 Yr.
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