



Blast from the Past!!!

This week's photograph is of the 1941 Mt. Vernon High School cheerleader tryouts. Pictured from left are: Mary Ann Davis, Tabitha Craig, Christine Bussell, and Ann Lair. If you have a photo for Blast From The Past, contact David Owens at (606)256-9870 or scoopowens24@yahoo.com

"I See It"

(Cont. from A2)

in the same way as it does others because my father

passed away when I was 10-years-old.

Before then everything was going fine in my own "race of life." I had my dad to turn to for support, ad-

vice, etc. But on that day in October of 1999 when he was killed in an electrical accident, all of that was taken away from me at the snap of a finger.

My dad's death left a void in my life. I remember praying to God for direction and guidance to help me overcome the loss of my dad. Although that void could never be replaced, it was filled.

Looking back on everything now, I often tell people that when my dad passed away it was like I went from having one dad to having six dads as my four uncles and two grandfathers immediately stepped in and became a father figure in my life, thus filling the void left by my dad's death.

I could fill up a 16 page newspaper explaining all the ways each one of them have had an impact on me as a father figure and how each one of them played a particular role in shaping

me into the man I have become.

Don't get me wrong, no one could ever replace my dad. But my four uncles and two grandfathers all became like second fathers to me and have always been there for me as a father figure in my life.

Actually, they're not really uncles and grandfathers to me anymore as they are all like second fathers instead. That is why when my Uncle Randall died it was like I lost another father all over again.

As you can see, the video of Redmond's story had an entirely different meaning to me while I was watching it in church on Sunday morning.

For the first ten years of my life I had started my race off great and all of the sudden I came home from school one day and learned that my dad was killed in an electrical accident. When that happened I was just like Redmond as I fell and I fell hard.

But just like with all deaths in the family we have to go on in our lives and we have to continue our race.

As I continued on with my life, I had six great men who came charging out of the stands, barging through security and running to my aid to support me as a father figure.

Despite their busy schedules and commitments, they still took the time out of their lives to be there for me and support me like a second father. There is not a day that goes by that I don't thank God for bringing them in to my life and for giving me the father-like relationships that I have with each of them.

One thing I have learned is we are all going to fall in our own race of life. Some of the falls are out of our control and some of them are caused by decisions we make. Some people may fall harder than others and some people may fall more than

others. But one thing is always for sure, we will all fall at one point or another in our lives.

When we do fall, thoughts usually flood our minds and try to convince us that there is no hope in continuing our race. But just when many of us are about ready to throw in the towel, God always sends people rushing out of the stands who barge through any obstacles in their way as they run to our aid for support.

From now on when I fall in life and thoughts of hopelessness fill my mind, I have learned to pray for and always be aware of the people who God sends my way to help carry me through to the finish line.

Those people are always there but it's still our choice to recognize them, accept them and allow them to help us in continuing our own individual races in our lives.

"Strange"

(Cont. from A2)

through history, has captured the fascination of many weary travelers and led them away never to be seen again. Through the years, the lights have been given different names: Hornet Spooklight, Hollie's Light (around Joplin, Missouri), and of course the Joplin Spook Light, or the will-o-the-wisp. Each country has a name for this mystery.

The legend goes back to the 1830s to the time of the Trail of Tears, but the first documented sighting was in 1881, although some say 1866. During the 1960s and 1970s, the phenomenon brought about a large amount of sightseers hoping to get a glimpse of the light. People would park along the road for miles and wait for it to appear.

The light is to be seen in a small area known as the Devil's Promenade, located on the border between southwestern Missouri and northeastern Oklahoma, near the town of Hornet, a small unincorporated town in Missouri along Highway 50. Some say, on East 50 in Oklahoma, near the tri-state junction of Kansas, Missouri, and Oklahoma is best for viewing. It has even been seen in people's backyards, both near and far away.

The cause of the legend goes back to the days when the native tribes occupied the prairie. A "chief" or tribal elder was apposed to giving his daughter in marriage to a certain young brave, possibly of another

tribe, who couldn't afford her as the elder requested too much in exchange for her hand. The young lovers ran away together and when they heard a search party coming, they jumped from a rocky ledge, killing themselves. The legend says that the light is the spirits of the young lovers searching for each other even today.

Is the legend true? We will try to "shine a light" on the origins and other sightings of these orbs in the next column of "Strange But True?"

"Memories"

(Cont. from A2)

a drastic mistake on our way to return our dates to their homes. One of our friends with a car stopped by and offered to give the four of us a ride. We took him up on it. I'll tell you, neither of those girls' mothers appreciated our delivering their daughters home by way of a car. I don't know what we were thinking. We knew good and well that they were not permitted to date in cars. We received some extremely stern and sour looks from those mothers. Jim Barton and I never made that mistake again.

The simplicity of the time when we were only allowed to walk with our dates stands out in my memory. The fun we had and the topics we discussed were so uncomplicated. Most of the time when we arrived at the girls' houses, we were allowed to sit on the front porch for a while before saying goodnight. And, of course, there was that magical time at the end of the evening when we procured the much-desired goodnight kisses. For a 13 or 14 year old boy, that capped off a successful evening.

Those were the days my friend; we thought they'd never end ...

"Points East"

(Cont. from A2)

walkers and diabetics when we left shortly after noon. And, of course, she walked with her own "Red Team", whose members are all diabetic. Loretta even got a photo of me hugged up with Amber that I intend to frame.

Amber Philpott is an award winning journalist but she is also a down to earth, genuine human being who goes way beyond the call of duty to stand up for causes she believes in. I feel like I'm with family when I watch her on the evening news.



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