

Our Readers Write

Longest Day of Play thank you...

Dear Editor,

I would like to thank the enthusiastic crowd of over 490 community members who participated in the 2013 Longest Day of Play annual physical activity extravaganza and Community Health Fair last week at Rockcastle County Middle School Track. I am deeply grateful to the increasing number of community partners who embraced this event and gave their time and energy to assist with this year's evening of "play."

In an effort to increase activity among adults and youth and to promote a healthier Rockcastle County, each June the Rockcastle Healthy Communities hosts a "longest day of play" to celebrate summer solstice, the day with the longest amount of daylight. This year's event was packed with outdoor games and activities, including , water play, bubbles, duck pond, hula hoops, jump rope, obstacle course, karate training course, pool noodle madness, bean bag toss, sponge races etc.

In addition to the play activities we had several educational activities some of which included: child and summer safety information, Cancer info, Cumberland River Victims services, good dental health, KY Safe Foods, Recycling, Hand hygiene , rethink your drink, Asthma education, poison prevention and many more.

On behalf of Rockcastle Healthy Communities, I would like to express appreciation and gratitude to the volunteers and staff who assisted during the event as well as those who participated in planning over the past months. While it is impossible to list each agency and individual who contributed to the success of Longest Day of Play, I want to publicly thank some key folks who made our event possible. Rockcastle County Middle School for opening

its doors to us: Jesse McHaffey and Angie Payne were essential in facilitating the booths' setting-up and just being there for us throughout the event. Rhonda Childress with her HOSA group helped us tremendously with various activities. WRVK and the Mt. Vernon Signal were instrumental in getting the word out to the community and DJ Charlie Napier as our Emcee throughout the event. King Bottling gave us a generous supply of water for all participants. Shari Proctor and the Bittersweet Cloggers, Ginger Taylor with KY Romp and Stomp and Eric Bullock with the Rockcastle Shaolin Do provided entertainment. The Rockcastle Regional Hospital for hosted the Fit Family Fun Run which had an astounding 168 participants.

Overall, the event provided exercise for the "whole" person- mind, body and spirit, as well as education about available community services. The result was a wonderful evening of FREE fun and fellowship among community families and agencies. The Rockcastle Healthy Communities group is composed of individuals and agencies with a common commitment to making Rockcastle a healthier county.

*With Thanks,
W. Anne Harris
Rockcastle Healthy
Communities*

"Strange"

(Cont. from A2)

nage remaining after the disaster, especially the eyes of the victims. Now it has the power to see all, even at night. Also, in Argentina, the light is known as Luz Mala or Fuego Fatuo, the "evil light". It is seen in rural areas and is greatly feared.

Mexico has its share of spook lights, known as the "mia-mia light". These are supposedly witches that were transformed into orbs of light.



The above photo was taken around 1946 or 1947 of the Owens Schoolhouse. It was located between Quail and Bee Lick and was a one room schoolhouse with no electricity, a pot belly stove and one teacher to teach eight grades. The school closed its doors in 1955. Students show above, front row from left: Johnny Taylor, Della Mae McLemore, Ruby Jean McLemore, ?, Bonnie McKinney, Joyce McKinney, Elva Bullock, Nina Lou Caldwell and Carl Blevins. Second row from left: Reba Bullock, Margaret Brown, Lucille Brown, Betsy Price, Roberta Elder, Ina Taylor, Mildred Taylor, Janet Thompson and Martha Blevins. Third row from left: Jackie Brown, Paul Blevins, Robert Elder, Charles Bullock, Sam Hayes, Annaleen Bullock and Irene Bullock. Fourth row from left: Donald Gentry, Elsie Hayes (teacher), Fern Weaver and Wanda Blevins.

Australian folklore dates the lights prior to the settlement of Europeans. However, along with the increasing population, the lights increased, too. The lights approached people and when fired upon would disappear, only to reappear later. These are only a few of the countries to play host to the mysterious spook lights.

In an attempt to explain the lights, the scientific community, going back to 1776, has determined the cause to be methane gas sparked by lightning or spontaneous combustion. Others believe the light is a reflection from another light source a distance away, a fungus, fireflies, or reflections of barn owls.

The spook lights or "will-o-the-wisp" has been noted in literature, music, and art. They may be seen in Missouri, Texas, North Carolina, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Florida, Michigan, and Utah. There are postings of them on "YouTube", as well. Sources: As earlier noted in previous columns.

"Memories"

(Cont. from A2)

iced tea that could match hers. That delicious beverage was one of the comforts that I missed most when I left Mt. Vernon for UK in the summer of 1962.

On some nights when the adults were "swangin," my friends and I were playing in the big yard in front of the house. We occupied our time with playing hide and seek, lying on our backs watching the stars, or catching lightening bugs. Countless Mason jars were filled with those lit-up insects. It was a challenge to see who could catch the most fireflies. That time of day has some sort of magical quality all its own, with the darkness truly setting in and the lightening bugs just piercing the air in quick flitters—until you suddenly realize that it really is dark. By that time, their glow seemed to be a reasonable night light to lead you where you must go – most often, to bed.

Another memory I have of porch swings revolves around a girl whom I dated

in high school. Her name was Joyce, and her parents released her to date in cars at about the same time that I got my driver's license. Joyce had to be home at a reasonable time, but we usually took a seat in her front porch swing as soon as I pulled into her driveway. As long as she was at home, she was permitted to sit on her porch for long periods. That was just fine with me, because I was occasionally able to steal a few kisses while we were "swinging." Joyce and her family moved to Denton, Texas when we were juniors in high school. I really missed her, and for a long time after that I would notice that swing every time I drove by her vacated home.

I also have fond memories of Bee and Mommie Katie sitting on the swing while breaking white half-runner green beans. Pop loved these beans so much that he always planted several rows in his big garden. When the beans were ready, Pop gathered buckets full and simply placed them on the porch. Then it was time for the ladies of the house to take to the swing and break beans. This went on for days each summer. Mommie Katie canned the half-runners and carefully placed them in the cellar so that we would be able to have them all winter long.

About the time that I started driving, Mommie Katie sometimes asked me to join her on the porch so she could give me some Godly advice. I actually loved these personal chats because it quickly became clear that she had been thinking about a potential problem that I was about to encounter. Even though she was not highly educated, she had a world of common sense, and she often shared special thoughts with me while we were sitting on that wooden swing. Once she had finished her task and believed that I had understood her advice, she usually placed her wrinkled hand into her apron and handed me a "wad" of crumpled cash. She was one of the most generous women I ever knew.

So the very idea of a front porch swing holds a special place in my heart because of

my own background. My family members were drawn to that spot, and year after year we kept coming back – even though some of us moved away. On our visits home, that big old swing drew us back to the front porch where it felt like we would just pick up where we left off the last time we gathered there. That swing greeted us like a lifelong trusted friend.

Oh, how I cherish those memories of the times when we were just swangin!

"Points East"

(Cont. from A2)

brand new tiller.

I took photos of the part and sent them to a small engine place in Minnesota. To make a long story short, they sent me the module for \$30.00 and that included shipping. However, taking a coil off is pretty much a piece of cake. Putting one back on is not so easy because it has to be lined up precisely right.

And it turned out that the mule had a host of other issues that had developed because it had been sitting too long and the fuel system had become terribly corroded. But Keeter can fix anything and Andy is almost as good. He just has two years less experience.

But they got the tiller going and the garden perfectly ready for summer planting before they headed back to the hills early Sunday afternoon. The lawn mower is also running like it has power steering even though we had to make one trip to Berea and two to Richmond and put 95 miles on Andy's car before

we found the right tie-rod end.

We didn't eat supper Saturday night until after it got too dark to work in the garden.

Jimmy Robinson, who owns and runs Robinson Premium Meats (formerly known as Robinson Sausage) there in East Bernstadt, had send us a big box of stuff to grill on The 4th but I figured Jimmy wouldn't mind if I fed my brothers a little early because they won't be here for the holiday.

So Loretta steamed up a big kettle of snow peas we'd just picked, a big bowl of tater salad and a skillet full of bodacious sweet corn from lasts years garden that tasted like it had just been picked to serve up with a dozen big Robinson Polish Sausages.

The sausages are laced with sharp cheddar cheese and a variety of herbs. One of the 4-packs had also been laced with halapeno' peppers but she forgot which was which and you couldn't tell without tasting.

I happen to love hot peppers in meat dishes if the cook doesn't get carried away and I already knew that these were perfect , because I figured Jimmy wouldn't mind if I sampled them before I tried them out on other people. So, the week before the boys showed up I'd been eating one a day for four days just to be absolutely sure.

I looked across the table and Keeter was sweating like a race horse even though it was cool in our kitchen but he was literally stuffing that sausage away and I knew he'd latched onto one of the hot sausages.

Rockcastle Community Bulletin Board

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Mon., July 8th: No service. **Tues., July 9th:** Spiro, Level Green, Willailla and Country Care. **Wed., July 10th:** Ottawa and Bee Lick. **Thurs., July 11th:** Child Development, Cave Valley and Lisa's Little People.

City of Brodhead Agenda

To be on the agenda for a Brodhead City Council meeting, you must let the office know before 2 p.m. the first Friday of each month. Also, the recycling unit, located in Brodhead, has been moved to the fairgrounds.

Soup Bean Supper

The Pongo Fire Department will have a Soup Bean Supper on Saturday, July 13th. There will be bluegrass music and auction items. Contact Tony at 606-687-0865 or Roger at 606-687-0385 for more info.

Alcoholics Anonymous

Alcoholics Anonymous meets Tuesday nights at 8 p.m. behind Our Lady of Mt. Vernon Church on Williams St. in Mt. Vernon.

Kiwanis Club Meetings

The Rockcastle Kiwanis Club meets every Thursday at noon at the Renfro Valley Lodge. Everyone is invited.

Sons of Confederate Veterans

The Sons of Confederate Veterans (SCV), Rockcastle Camp, meets the second Tuesday of each month at 7 p.m. on the third floor of the county courthouse. For more information, contact David Owens at 606-256-9870.

American Legion Post 71

American Legion Post 71 meets the second Thursday at 7 p.m. of each month on the third floor of the courthouse. Commander David Owens invites all Rockcastle veterans to join this organization that honors American soldiers, sailors and airmen.

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