

ramblings...

by: perlina m. anderkin

My children are determined to drag me into the 21st century -- especially in the cell phone technology area.

I had a flip phone which I had managed to master. I learned all its little features -- okay, so it was just calling and texting, but I had them down cold.

I was due for an upgrade and the children insisted I needed an iPhone4. "Oh, Mom, it's amazing what it can do." You know, it doesn't matter if it wakes me up in the morning and fixes my breakfast while I am dressing -- if I don't know how to tell it to do that then it's useless.

They should have learned from one experience I had while on vacation in June. I had left my phone in my room and needed to call Paige so I borrowed Allison's, after having her place the call, of course. While talking to Paige -- and I swear I hit nothing, not intentionally anyway, there was the sound of ringing interrupting our conversation. I panicked and threw the phone at Allison and she figured out that, somehow, I was calling her old boyfriend. Of course, she quickly terminated the call. I have no clue to what I did but it just points up the fact that I am dangerous around advanced technology.

The new phone texts, tweets, has the internet, plays music, gets the national news, blah, blah, blah. This is a far cry from the phone I really wanted -- the Jitterbug. That's the one that has the big numbers for old people and, best I can tell, just places calls.

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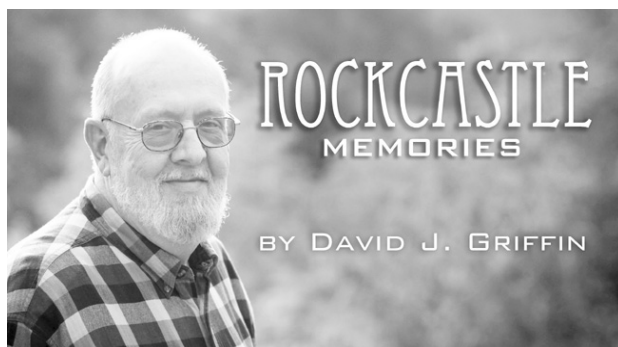
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Don't Blink

I receive many emails and letters from my readers, and I am very grateful that anyone cares enough to let me know how he or she feels about my column. This past week, Larry Poynter contacted me and suggested that I listen to Kenny Chesney's song, "Don't Blink."

I was only somewhat familiar with the tune. As soon as I pulled up the song on my iTunes account and took the time to truly listen to the lyrics, I immediately understood why Larry had sent such a message. Chesney is singing about me!

For those of you who are not country music fans, the lyrics are as follows:

*I turned on the evening news
Saw an old man being interviewed*

Turning a hundred and two today

Asked him what's the secret to life

He looked up from his old pipe

Laughed and said "All I can say is..."

Just like that you're six years old and you take a nap,

and you wake up and you're twenty-five

and your high school sweetheart becomes your wife

Don't blink

You just might miss your babies growing like mine did

Turning into moms and dads next thing you know your better half

Off fifty years is there in bed

And you're praying God takes you instead

Trust me friend,

A hundred years goes faster than you think,

So don't blink

I was glued to my TV and it looked like he looked at me and said

"Best start putting first things first."

Cause when your hourglass runs out of sand

You can't flip over and start again

Take every breath God gives you for what it's worth

Don't blink

I've been trying to slow it down

I've been trying to take it in

In this here today, gone tomorrow world we're livin' in

Now don't blink.

How fast life goes! As we grow older, our perception of time changes. As a child, I remember how long it took for Christmas to come again -- it seemed like forever. Or what about how long it took to reach the age of sixteen in order to get a driver's license -- wasn't it like an eternity from 13 to 16? That's what is meant by "wishing your life away." We always want to be some other age than we are.

I remember that it was only yesterday when Bud Cox and I were teenagers, driving around Rockcastle County gazing at the "classic cars" on the roads in front of us. That time period lasted a few seconds -- and now my firstborn son, Andy, has three children who are in junior high and high school -- "Almost Grown," as Chuck Berry used to sing. How is that possible? My son can't possibly be 44 years old. Before he can turn around, he will be a grandfather. As Chesney said, "Don't blink!"

You just might miss your babies growing like mine did turning into moms and dads."

We are all guilty of

(Cont. to A4)

Points East

By Ike Adams



The Lowell Branch Bandit has struck again and I'm really commencing to get seriously upset about this very confounding situation.

The capers or hits or whatever you want to call them started about a month ago shortly after Loretta bought several throw pillows for our front porch furniture. Four or five of them were green and two were shades of red and purple.

Around the first of July we had a storm one night and the next day Loretta announced that one of her pillows was missing. We looked all over the yard and garden, thinking that maybe wind had blown it off the porch but it was not to be found on the place.

I knew there was more to it than wind because the missing pillow was too heavy to have blown very far and if the wind had been that strong, my sweet corn would have been flattened. Then, a few nights later a green pillow went missing in perfectly calm weather.

Two weekends ago I left my good, high-dollar, SAS dress shoes sitting on a porch table when I changed into my garden sneakers to go pick beans. I forgot and left them on the porch overnight and the next morning one was gone. We spent an hour searching and I even called some friends in Mount Vernon who had been visiting to see if one of their kids might have packed it off.

In the meantime, two more pillows went missing and then, last Saturday, the straw that broke the camel's back! I admit that I'm a slow learner, but I left my brand new, \$100, top-of-the-line, New Balance sneakers on the porch to dry because I'd

gotten them soaking wet during a rainstorm Friday and I forgot to bring em in. Saturday morning one of them was gone and I'm ticked-off---- big time.

We have a dog gate on the front porch so that we can keep our horse that looks like a dog confined to the premises when he's not outside in his run. Loretta maintains that the gate was closed on Friday night when we went to bed because she checked on it. Which begs the question, "Then why on earth didn't you bring my shoes in when you went outside to check the gate?" But I didn't raise it because I was in no mood to discuss whose responsibility my shoes are.

So Loretta maintains that the thief has to be a raccoon that is either getting under the gate or between the porch rails. The coon snatches a shoe or colorful throw pillow, hops up on a table and tosses his loot out in the yard. Then he slips back through the rails or under the gate and takes it wherever coons take stuff like that. The coon, she maintains, has to be a male because no female of any species would put up with the way my shoes smell. Then she says that maybe it's a pair of coons and the female, with obviously good taste, has been stealing her pillows.

But I don't think the culprit is a coon or coons because our garbage cans have not been bothered in ages and there's no such thing as a garbage can that a raccoon or team of raccoons can't overturn. I also point out that our sweet corn is coming in and the patch has not been raided even though several

(Cont. to A4)

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