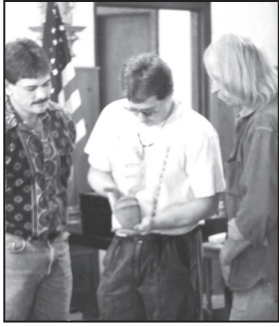


OPINIONS

The opinion page does not reflect the views of the KyNewsGroup.

SPIRIT WALK



Heaven Is A Lot Like Kentucky

By Charles Mattox

“The being within me hears the voice of the ages, which tells me that once, always, and until lately, there were no white men on all this island, that it then belonged to the red men, children of the same parents, placed on it by the Great Good Spirit who made them, to keep it, to traverse it, to enjoy its yield, and to people it with the same race. Once they were a happy race! Now they are made miserable by the white people, who are never contented but are always coming in! You do this always, after promising not to anyone, yet you ask us to have confidence

in your promises. How can we have confidence in the white people? When Jesus Christ came upon the earth, you killed him, the son of your own God, you nailed him up! You thought he was dead, but you were mistaken. And only after you thought you killed him did you worship him, and start killing those who would not worship him. What kind of a people is this for us to trust?

Shawnee War Chief Tecumseh, in a speech delivered to William Henry Harrison, Governor of the Indiana Territory on August 11, 1810.

“I am the good shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd. Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from

me, but I lay it down myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father.”

Jesus of Nazareth, Book of John, chapter 10, verses 14-18, King James Bible

“I knew they would kill their prisoners. When I arrived, Morgan’s Station was in flames. The Indians kept back spies and I heard them whistling,” John Crawford, former Shawnee prisoner of Shawnee Chief Black Wolf, and member of the pioneer force that pursued the raiders of Morgan’s Station, following the April 1, Easter attack on Morgan’s Station. Draper Manuscripts, volume 12 CC.

They had carried off all the movable plunder; such as clothing and bed sticks... and had gotten every creature that belonged to the place. The horses were well loaded; but if a bed turned, or a pack in a saddle, they didn’t stop to straighten it up, but just cut the cords and let it go.”

James Wade, survivor of the attack on Morgan’s Station and one among the party that pursued the three dozen Native American warriors who had taken most of the women and children as prisoners. Draper Manuscripts, volume 12 CC.

“The inability to appreciate the virtues of the departed disqualifies us to put a proper estimate on the merits of those that remain. What is character, but the product of our deeds? Habit makes character, and character makes destiny. An appreciation of character in ourselves gives us power to appreciate character in others.”

Kentucky historian James J. Dickey

Sept. 19, 1929 from the Dickey Manuscript Collection housed at the Fleming County Public Library.

I was having an unusual dream the other night, dear reader.

As is typical, on such occasions, I awoke frequently during the night in a state of confusion for several moments before

realizing, ‘it was only a dream” and then I fell back asleep.

Naturally, I picked up the same unusual dream in the very spot I left off when I had earlier wakened.

Sometimes my historical research has a way of infiltrating my subconscious and my dreams present themselves in a variety of time continuums.

Many cultures and sub-cultures of Native American clans placed a high value on dreams and their interpretations.

It was a dream, perhaps, or a vision, of the Mingo Chief Black Wolf that led him to order his Mingo and Shawnee raiders to avoid the Sam Trimble homestead on April 1, 1793 during a two-prong raid into Kentucky.

This is the Same Black Wolf who was in charge of a small group of warriors during the Battle of Lower Blue Licks.

In April of 1793, while Black Wolf led one group of raiders toward Charles Morgan’s Station along Slate Creek in Montgomery County near

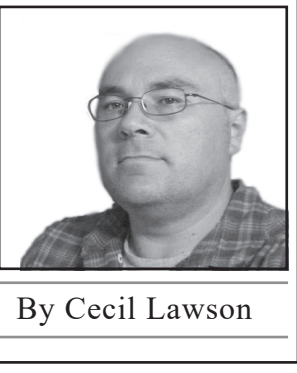
the boundary with Bath County.

The Shawnee leader named The Panther Leaping Across the Sky, or Tecumseh, would lead a diversionary horse stealing raid into the Fleming settlements of Cassidy Station and Stockton’s Station.

Black Wolf’s raiding party came upon the Trimble home just as Mrs. Trimble and her servant Rosa were fanatically fighting a lobo Black Wolf that had entered the Trimble chicken house and was killing all the chickens. With a club and a pair of blacksmith tongs the two women eventually killed the wolf.

This was the first in a series of incidents that day, which would lead to the unmerciful slaughter of nearly a dozen women and children at a location along Murderer’s Branch in Menifee County.

My co-worker, Michael Clary has mentioned that he would liketo visit the location,so I’m prepping for a spirit walk, can’t let Michael run around in the woods by himself in such territory!



By Cecil Lawson

Note: It’s been 10 years this week since I lost my Dad. Next week will mark the loss of my Mom in 2023. I thought I would share this older column I wrote shortly after Dad’s passing as a way to commemorate these losses. I still miss them both immensely, and I think about them most every day.

To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

- Ecclesiastes 3: 1 - 8

This past month contained a series of occasions to mark some important events in my life.

I turned 44 years old on the 7th; my girlfriend and I had our 6 month anniversary on the 8th; and the 25th marked my fourth year with the newspaper.

But all of this was overshadowed by my father’s recent illness and his passing on the 31st.

He had been dealing with a set of mysterious symptoms since after Thanksgiving last year, symptoms which grew worse with each passing week. He spent most

of the last several weeks in the hospital. He was confused and sometimes didn’t remember what year it was or where he was or even who he was with. He couldn’t keep his balance when he tried to walk. He began sleeping a lot and was hard to wake up. He finally lost the ability to breathe on his own.

After all the tests and other potential problems were eliminated, doctors told us that he very likely had a quickly advancing form of what is known as Lewy body dementia. This form of dementia, affecting about 15% of all dementia patients and which has symptoms very similar to both Alzheimer’s and Parkinson’s diseases, is caused by the presence of abnormal proteins in the brain as well as the loss of brain cells which produce necessary chemicals. No one is sure of what causes it, but the disease has a genetic link.

All I know is that it took a very strong and determined man away from his family.

My father would have

turned 78 this June, and he lived a very full life. He worked hard his entire life, and while he occasionally grumbled about it, he seemed to enjoy it. He did a stint in the US Army from 1958 to 1963. He took up construction work and was one of the many dozens of men from this area who had a hand in building Cave Run Dam.

Even after he had retired from full-time construction work, he continued to stay busy. He was diagnosed with bladder cancer in 2004, had surgery, and remained active until he developed the dementia symptoms late last year.

This past summer, in the heat of the season, he cut an estimated five cords of firewood, and did most of the splitting and stacking on his own.

The hardest thing was that he didn’t get to enjoy its heat during the coldest time of this past winter.

Most people who knew my dad remember him as friendly and talkative and liking to kid around. It always amazed me that he could go anywhere in the

region and find someone he knew.

He was also impatient and quick-tempered and sometimes hard to live with. He kicked a long-time drinking problem in the early 1990s after facing some serious time in jail for driving under the influence. He often didn’t share his feelings, or his pain.

He was my father, but he was very human.

Because we knew his health was declining quickly, my mother and I had time to prepare ourselves as much as we could for the inevitable. I hadn’t seen him awake (although Mom had) for several weeks, but I sat with him as he took his final breaths at the hospital last Tuesday morning.

Instead of feeling sad and scared, I sat there beside him and reminisced and chuckled to myself over some of the good times we enjoyed, those precious father-son bonding moments.

He and I never had many interests in common, but my mother often tells me I’m very much like him in

temperament, especially stubbornness, although I would prefer to think of it as persistence.

I can see the similarities between us more and more as I get older.

In the grand scheme of things, our individual lives in this world are short, and we’ve got a few short decades, if we are lucky, to do the things we need to do.

If we make the best of that time, there can be a season for all things.

While I am thankful for the care he received from all of the doctors who saw him, the nurses who cared for him, and all of the other medical personnel who tended to him over these past few weeks, I am glad my father didn’t have to spend the rest of his days in a nursing home or being monitored 24 hours a day. I am glad that help is available for others and their families, but that was not something my father would have wanted.

He lived his life, and he had his season with us. His memory remains.

From the Table

By Tim Bailey

Well, last week, my piece was a little long, and it was brought to my attention from my brother-in-law Shawn and cousin Rhonda Copher, so I will cut this one back somewhat. Sometimes it is a little hard to come up with a topic, but hanging out with my staff helps. As my working group sat in the afternoon cool breeze and watched the Lady Cats play softball, they won!! The ideas kept bouncing around just like the bright yellow softball on the playing field. As usual one came up that now, after all these years,

needs to be exposed to the public. With it happening so many years ago I think the statute of limitations has ran out.

There were two incidents that were connected but truly accidents. I can't remember the order since they happened back in the late 60's? The first one was upstairs at mamaw's after Sunday dinner. Me, along with Terry and Brent, were playing with our Tonka toys construction set. As we were building a new road or some city block, Terry for some reason started swinging his crane around. Me, as an unexperienced construc-

tion worker, stuck my face in the way. Well, after some medical attention and one lost tooth, work began again. Luckily it was not a permanent tooth and all was well.

The second incident - and believe me, there are many more which we will dive into later on - this one seems like it's connected, but like I said, it was just coincidental. This happened down at the dairy barn, a place where many

hours of playing took place. Again on a Sunday with Terry and Brent, we were heading back to the house, tired of all the hard playing and target practice. For some reason I turned and shot at Terry. My earlier shooting skills did not indicate that my BB gun would be that fast. But on that shot, it hit Terry in the leg, He said, you shot me, so needless to say, I was scared to death. I told him not to say a word, and

I guess he didn't, because mom did not take my BB gun away. Like she did with my pop gun less than a year earlier. I was worrying her in the car as dad drove, and she just threw it out the window on Donohew Road. I was too little

then to run back looking for it, but now I would find it with no problem.

These actions were unintentional, well maybe not the pop gun one. That said take care of yourself, mother nature and ALWAYS be KIND.

Invitation to Bid

The Bath County Board of Education will be accepting bids and quotes on the following services: Occupational Therapy, Speech-Language Pathology, Physical Therapy, Orientation & Mobility Therapy, Diesel, Gas, Fire Alarm Services, Fire Extinguisher Services, Elevator Service, Propane, Student and Team Pictures, School Signage, Alarm Monitoring Services, Pest Control Services and Cafeteria Hood Range Cleaning Services. Bids are due to the Board of Education by Friday, April 11, 2025. The bid opening will be scheduled for April 18, 2025, at 2 pm.

For more information, please contact:

Liz Watkins, Brittany Combs, or Phil Dettwiller
Bath County Board of Education
405 West Main Street
Owingsville, KY 40360
606-674-6314

Published in the Bath County News-Outlook 03.27.25 and 04.03.25

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY
CLAUDETTE FAUDERE
BATH COUNTY CIRCUIT CLERK

Notice of Final Settlements filed in Bath District Court:

NAME OF ESTATE: Gary E. Purvis
NAME OF EXECUTOR/ADMINISTRATOR: Eleanor Purvis and Jason Purvis
DATE FILED: 3/17/26
Any exceptions to final settlements must be filed within 30 days from date said settlement was filed in Bath District Court.

Published in the Bath County News Outlook 03.27.25

PUBLIC NOTICE

Second reading of a proposed ordinance amending the Menifee County budget for fiscal year 2025, to include unanticipated receipts for the following funds: General, Opioid Settlement, which totals \$61,366.01 will be held on Friday, April 11, 2025 at 8 a.m. at the Menifee County courthouse. A copy of the ordinance with full text is available for public inspection at the office of the county judge/ executive during normal business hours.

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