

How Flag Day Got Its Start

Flag Day is commemorated each year in the United States on June 14. Though Flag Day is not an official federal holiday, the day remains significant nonetheless, as it traces its origins all the way back to 1777.

The Second Continental Congress formally adopted the flag of the United States on June 14, 1777. That resolution noted certain characteristics of the new flag, including the alternating red and white stripes that remain part of the flag that is celebrated each June 14.

Flag Day is one of various notable events and holidays commemorated in June, a list that includes Father’s Day, Juneteenth and the summer solstice. That can make it easy for Flag Day to get lost in the proverbial shuffle, but the Farmer’s Almanac notes it is customary for the sitting president of the United States to encourage Americans to display the flag outside of their homes and businesses each June 14. The flag is flown from all public buildings on Flag Day, which the Farmer’s Almanac reports is another rich tradition that dates back 1877 and the centennial of the

flag’s adoption. President Woodrow Wilson issued a presidential proclamation on June 14, 1916, that designated the day as Flag Day going forward. Thirty-three years after President Wilson’s proclamation, the U.S. Congress officially established June 14 as National Flag Day.

One notable tidbit Americans can consider this Flag Day is the connection between the flag and seamstress Betsy Ross. Many American schoolchildren were taught that Ms. Ross designed and sewed the first American flag, but historians have since discredited that legend. The Farmer’s Almanac notes that many historians now believe George Washington already had a design for a flag with 13 red and white alternating stripes and 13 six-pointed stars set in a circle when he visited Ms. Ross in Philadelphia. And while historians do not doubt that Ms. Ross sewed a flag reflecting the design George Washington brought with him when visiting the seamstress, it’s hard to confirm if she in fact sewed the first flag.



I Majored In “Matheny”

By Tommy Druen

Twenty-five years ago, I sat in a chair on Centre College’s campus, clad in cap and gown, prepared—but hardly ready—to graduate. For the first time in my life, I was adrift. I had a plan, but no conviction. I was unsure whether the path ahead was mine or simply the one I had chosen because I didn’t know what else to choose.

Centre, like most colleges, typically invited a prominent figure to deliver the commencement address. That year, however, the graduating class selected one of our own—Dr. Larry Matheny. It was a decision that surprised no one, especially his students.

Dr. Matheny was more than a professor; he was an institution. Nearly four decades teaching government, a dry wit as sharp as his intellect, a fondness for gin, and a rumored familiarity with every book in the college li-

brary made him a figure of lore. I took eight of his classes during my time at Centre. Technically, I majored in government, but if I’m honest, I majored in Matheny.

As I had done so many times before, I listened to him closely. There was the expected humor, of course, but then he said something that landed with such clarity it has stayed with me ever since: “When you graduate from Centre College, you don’t know how to do anything... except learn. But if you know how to learn, you can do most anything in life.”

That statement has echoed in my mind each May as a new crop of graduates turns their tassels. It came back especially strong recently during an online exchange I had about the purpose of education. A friend insisted that the goal of education is job preparation. I pushed back—because while preparing people for the

workforce is valuable, it is not the same thing as educating them. Nor do I think that should be the sole goal.

Somewhere along the way, we started conflating education with vocational training. We now expect students to emerge from college ready to plug directly into their chosen profession. Any class not deemed “practical” is dismissed as wasteful. Entire disciplines—literature, philosophy, art history—are cast aside as indulgent because they don’t come with a clear paycheck.

Even a former Kentucky Lieutenant Governor once took a swipe at history majors a few years back. As someone who has spent a good portion of his adult life studying history, I took that a bit personally.

Then there are the critics who declare that college is a waste of time altogether. And truly, college is not for everyone. “You could make more money in a

skilled trade,” they argue. And they’re not wrong—many trades are both stable and lucrative. Eight weeks of training can land you in the cab of a semi-truck, with the average salary hovering near \$90,000. That’s real, respectable work.

Is a French literature major likely to make that kind of money reading Rimbaud in the original language? Probably not. Do denists need to study metaphysics to fill a cavity? Of course not. That’s not the point. The question we should be asking isn’t, “What job will this get me?” It’s, “What understanding will this give me?” Because the essence of education isn’t the memorization of facts—it’s the cultivation of understanding. It’s one thing to know the definition of an atom; it’s another to grasp how atoms behave. It’s one thing to summarize a novel; it’s another to understand what the author intended to convey. Knowing the dates of a war is easy. Understanding the forces that led to it—and the ones it unleashed—is much harder.

If education were merely about job training, we could all stop learning once we punched the clock. And sadly, many do. But I believe education is about more than utility. It’s about becoming a fuller, better version of ourselves.

Plato wrote, “If a man neglects education, he walks lame to the end of his life.” I take that to heart. I don’t want to learn just to work. I want to learn to grow. To better understand the world around me—and the one within me.

To take knowledge and turn it into comprehension, and hopefully, over time, into wisdom.

I may never learn everything. But I fully intend to die trying.

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The Union County Fiscal Court is accepting applications for a road crew/general laborer. The road crew member must possess a current CDL license or be able to obtain one within 6 months from the date of hire.

This is a full-time position with benefits, including health insurance, retirement, and vacation.

Applications can be picked up and turned in at the Union County Judge/Executive’s office, 100 W. Main St., Morganfield, KY or you can apply only at www.unioncountky.org. Applications will be accepted until 4:00 p.m. June 13, 2025.

The Union County Fiscal Court is an Equal Opportunity Employer: All applicants are considered for employment without regard to race, color, national origin, religion, sex, age, veteran status, or disability.

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-- PUBLIC NOTICE --

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The licensed premises will be located at 100 S Maple St, Waverly, Kentucky 42462. The sole owner and President is Marcus Wade Wolfe 120 E Market St, Waverly, Kentucky 42462.

Any person, association, corporation, or body politic may protest the granting of the license(s) by writing the Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control, 500 Mero St 2NE33, Frankfort, Kentucky 40601, within thirty (30) days of the date of legal publication.

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Between You and Me x 2

By Monty Carter

At The Feet O’ Jesus

One of my favorite poets is Langston Hughes (1901-1967), an African American poet, playwright, and social activist. I owe my love of poetry to my mother. One of my most treasured possessions is her copy of “Selected Poems” of Langston Hughes. His most famous poem is “Harlem”. My favorite Hughes poem is entitled “Feet o’ Jesus”:

At the feet o’ Jesus,
Sorry like a sea.
Lord, let yo’ mercy
Come driftin’ down on me.
At the feet o’ Jesus
At yo’ feet I stand.
O, ma little Jesus,
Please reach out yo’ hand.

A simple yet profound perspective of standing in front of Jesus. He begins as a sinful beggar with a cry of mercy for God’s grace. He is acknowledging the stature and power of Jesus as he pleads for His hand. There is not one of us who deserves to stand at the feet of Jesus. And yet, by His grace, we can. In that moment, no one can be arrogant and prideful before the Lord, Jesus. When God confronts us, we become undone. We recognize our sinful ways and bow before Him.

When confronted by Jesus on the road to Damascus, the Apostle Paul, then Saul, fell to his knees and was blinded (Acts 9:1-9). Saul was a bad man: “As for Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering every house,

and dragging off men and women, committing them to prison.” (Acts 8:3) He was influential in the deaths and persecution of those who followed Jesus. If anyone was underserving of God’s mercy, it was Saul. He even called himself the “chief of sinners” in his first letter to Timothy years later. It’s important to note that once confronted with his sin, Saul did exactly what God told him to do. When we come to the feet of Jesus, we have two choices: follow or reject. It is the most important decision we will ever make.

At the feet of Jesus, our lives are an open book. Even the sins we committed in “secret” are revealed. We are laid bare before the very Son of God. And we either reject Him, or cry out for mercy and reach for His hand. And when we reach out in confession and recognition, He grabs us and never lets go! From that one moment, for all of time, we are in the grip of Jesus!

Maybe it’s time to remember that moment in your life. Perhaps you’ve grown distant from Him and need to return. He still has you. He never let go. Just lean into Jesus one more time. If you have never faced Him, you will upon your death, and it will be too late. Do it now. Cry out to God in “sorrow like a sea”:

“Lordy, let yo’ mercy
Come driftin’ down on me.”

Agape, Monty

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