



# “Stories of My Life”

By Shelby Roy Hopkins

## Good Directions?

Some people are excellent at giving directions. Others, not so much. Today, with our modern GPS devices and smartphones, directions aren't nearly as intimidating as they once were. We simply speak or type in the information about the place we want to go, and our device does the rest. It wasn't always that way.

My daddy was good at knowing where he was going. Without maps or any other tools, daddy relied on his instincts and prior knowledge of places he had been. I

don't remember us really ever getting lost. If we were confused, daddy would stop at a filling station or such like and we'd soon be back on track.

In 1975, we were on vacation in the southern part of the United States. In Meridian, Mississippi, we stopped at a filling station to ask directions to the cemetery where the late country music artist Jimmie Rodgers was buried. My daddy simply loved the Blue Yodel sound of Jimmie Rogers and wanted to visit his musical hero's final resting place.

we have forgotten about TV from the past fifty years, he can just about tell us every time. John is a big part of our lives. Sometimes he could almost aggravate the hide off an alligator's tail. That is when he repeats himself over and over or when he decides to relate some big something he has seen on TV, like on those Sci-Fi or animal shows. It's ok if you're not right in the middle of your own thing and not wanting to miss the ending or whatever. He went to the mailbox three times today. I didn't tell him to, but that is one of the things he does. If more people in the world were like John, it would be a near perfect world.

Hi all you wonderful kids who read the column. I sure do love and miss all of you from church. Did you know that back in 1987 the earth was traveling through space at the rate of 72,600 miles an hour or 1,000 plus miles every minute. Maddie, do you think it is still traveling at that rate or faster? It seems like everything else is moving faster than it did when your Grandmother and I were growing up.

You kids have missed out on some wonderful, fun times by not being with all of us when we grew up in Chicago, Harlan Co., Buckeye and then Harmon's Lick. We may all have to get together for a big all-night campout and reminisce. There would be Carolyn, Joyce, Janeffer, Glad, Jan and Judy and any of the other cousins who would like to come. I truly do love all my cousins.

While Kylee and I were eating at Golden Corral the other day, we sat by this nice looking couple, David and Sandy Price and their very pretty granddaughter, Braelyn, who is a cheerleader

Unbeknownst to us, we stopped at a place where most likely the greatest "direction giver" who ever lived happened to be employed. This middle-aged man, who had lived in Meridian all his life, turned out to be one of the highlights of our trip. We got out as the man filled up our car with gas. Then, with snacks in hand, we re-entered our car. Daddy asked the man where the cemetery was located.

The man began his spiel, and it was patently obvious he knew what he was talking about. He had told these directions a million times before. As he was talking, his body gyrated with a million different motions. He leaned, pointed, cajoled, made hand signals, and acted out every

at Crab Orchard Middle School. It was Valentine's Day, February 14th and the Price's 49th Wedding Anniversary. We talked for a little bit and found that we know so many of the same people. Sandy told me that Helen Saylor was their first babysitter. I thought that was neat. My cousin, Glad babysat for Helen and Frank's children about that long ago also.

Hi to my new friend, Althea Warren. We met while I was shopping over in Stanford. Then we met again at the Dollar Tree. You are a very special person Althea. People like you make people like me want to come back and shop there again. You are an asset to "The Dollar Tree Firm."

The most widely consumed fruit in the world is the banana.

I read that some people think it is bad luck to spill salt. The belief can be traced to Leonardo da Vinci's painting, "The Last Supper," in which Judas is shown spilling salt on the table. I just now got this one. At first I thought they were saying it is a myth about salt. Then I thought that it must be true after what Judas did and how it turned out. After I read it again, I got it.

I must go, my dearly beloved family and friends. Parting is such sweet sorrow, but I have about so many hundreds of chores waiting on me. Maybe someday I will be able to say something that will catch your attention and convince you to give me a call, acting as my critic. Bad or good, it would be so stimulating to my writing juices.

May God, our awesome, fair, God bless and be with us all.

Joyce Anne Saylor Baker

vehicle maneuver that would be required for us to easily find the place we were looking for.

All of us sat awestruck at the performance we were witnessing. When he finished, the polite man said, "I know that's a lot of directions, so I'm going to tell you again, so you won't have any trouble finding where you are going." He repeated the directions again with the same fervor and enthusiasm. We gladly listened while we watched his fantastic performance once again. We left the station and drove straight to the cemetery without any problem whatsoever.

When I began work at the Nicholasville post office in 1980, I did not know a soul who either lived or worked there. I had to learn every street, road, and address in both the city and the county. It was simply overwhelming in so many different ways. I worried, fretted, whined, and moaned to Deb and myself concerning the complicated mess I found myself in.

Starting in April of that year, my first summer was filled with too much work and too much worry. After absorbing, shuffling, and re-shuffling this monumental amount of knowledge I had been given to acquire, I gradually began to re-arrange the millions of new facts I had implored my mind to embrace. By early September, I felt much better about my situation. My confidence,

while never leaving entirely, returned from its sabbatical and shoved its way again to the forefront of my being.

As I walked down Main Street in Nicholasville one mid-morning in September, a large tractor trailer wheeled over to the curb beside where I was walking on the sidewalk as I delivered the mail on my route. The friendly driver rolled down the passenger side window as he leaned over in his idling truck. Blocking south bound traffic on the then two-lane highway, he was anxious to get going again before he interrupted too many vehicles.

He said, "Excuse me, can you tell me how to get to \_\_\_\_\_ farm?" I stopped and thought for just a moment. Then, I confidently replied, "Yes sir, I sure can!" Then, I proceeded to tell him exactly how to get there. I was confident and sure of myself as I answered. When I finished, I told him, "Let me tell you again so you'll be sure to know. I don't want you to get lost."

Delightfully satisfied with the friendly and helpful young man he had encountered on his journey, the man thanked me profusely for my knowledgeable help. As he pulled away, I could not help but feel a sense of pride. I now felt as if I belonged. I finally knew where I was, and I knew what I was doing. I had figured out this new and strange environment I had been thrust into. I continued along my route

with joy and purpose, satisfied with my new lot in life.

About an hour later, as I journeyed along, a sudden wave of doubt, remorse, guilt, and disillusionment suddenly wafted over me. As I tried to assemble my mind, I painfully and regretfully came to the very real conclusion that I had told the man exactly how to go to the wrong farm, a farm he was not looking for. I had sent this poor fellow down a country road toward the eastern part of the county when he needed to go to the more easily accessible western part of the county to a different farm entirely.

Overtaken with sadness and despair, I walked along my route with only my thoughts. I rehearsed what I had told the man. I had given the nice man the wrong directions! My joyful and springy gait had been replaced by a moping and distressed saunter. I am confident he cursed me incessantly when he found himself traveling down a narrow little lane in Jessamine County that dead ended at the wrong farm.

After nearly 43 years, I imagine he still tells his friends and family about the idiot he met those many years ago. I wonder how long his cursing me lasted. I wonder why I had been so wrong. I had tried valiantly to help the lost truck driver but had failed miserably. I hope he forgave me. If only he had asked me how to get to Jimmie Rodgers' grave in Meridian?

## Harmon's Lick News

*Psalm 145:8 The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.*

*Proverbs 6:6-8 Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise: Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, Provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.*

In all my years of writing and praying, I have never figured out exactly what I should pray for at times. Then I read that ants can lift up to fifty times their own weight.

A bee can carry up to 300 times its own weight, which is the same as a human trying to pull a 10-ton trailer. Honey has been found by archaeologists in tombs of Egyptian pharaohs. The honey was tasted and found to still be edible. After reading about these two, tiny beings, I have decided to ask God to make me as tiny as I need to be and to make me more and more like the ant and the bee.

Hello everyone. It is so good to be here talking to all of you again. I am happy to see our yard, back to its normal color for this time of year. When Kylee and I finally got away on Saturday, it had been three weeks since I had left the house. We had a great day and later we stopped at a coffee shop for some drinks that we hadn't had before. I honestly have to say that I love John's coffee almost better than any we have tried. He told me the other day that he makes his coffee stronger than a mule's shoe. That John can come up with some funny stuff. He is so intelligent and if we want to know most anything

## Schools Approve Disposal of Obsolete Technology for Recycling

By Ted Cox  
tcx@garrardcentralrecord.com

The Garrard County School Board voted unanimously Tuesday night to approve the disposal and recycling of a substantial inventory of outdated and nonfunctional technology equipment.

The action came during the board's regularly scheduled meeting on February 17, under agenda item H., which called for approval of technology items to be declared as junk for recycling. Superintendent Kevin Stull presented the request, noting that the district had attempted to sell the equipment without success.

"There's a pretty good stack of it and we need you to do that so we can get rid of it," Stull told board members. "We've tried to sell it and nobody else wanted it either, so I guess that's why you classified it as junk."

Board Chairman Jerry Browning asked for a motion to approve the recommendation. Board member Kenneth Hurt made the motion to declare the items as junk for recycling, which was seconded by Connie

Lamb. The motion passed unanimously.

Voting in favor were Browning, Hurt, Lamb, Mary Davis, and Ethan Smith.

According to the attached request submitted to the board, the items include a wide range of aging or broken equipment that is no longer suitable for reuse or resale. The list includes eight printers, 38 laptops that are more than eight years old or beyond repair, four projectors, 61 outdated LCD monitors, 132 desktop computers incapable of running Windows 11 or otherwise nonfunctional, and approximately 500 Chromebooks that are at least five years old or broken beyond repair.

Additional items slated for recycling include switches, three uninterruptible power supplies (UPSs), six document cameras, one large-format printer, and several boxes of cables, headphones, keyboards, mice, and other small hardware components. The inventory also contains obsolete technology such as overhead and slide projectors, coaxial television equipment, tape players, and record players.

The request noted that many of the Chromebooks had already had salvageable parts removed to support the district's 1:1 Chromebook repair program, helping to keep costs down. Broken components replaced through that program are also included in the recycling plan.

The district intends to use the state's e-waste contract to ensure proper disposal of the equipment, including hazardous materials such as CRT televisions. The contractor will verify hard disk destruction to safeguard any remaining student or staff data on the devices. The district is also expected to receive payment for certain non-hazardous materials.

Officials indicated that the total number of items may increase slightly if additional obsolete equipment is identified before pickup, but any added items will match the same description and criteria outlined in the request.

With the board's approval, the district will proceed with removing the items from inventory and coordinating their disposal through the state recycling program.

## LEGAL NOTICE

**COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY GARRARD DISTRICT COURT PROBATE NO. 26-P-0004 NOTICE TO CREDITORS IN RE: ESTATE OF BONNIE DAVIS DECEASED**

Notice is hereby given that by order of the Garrard District Court, Lancaster, Kentucky in probate number 26-P-0004 dated February 5, 2026, Linda Adams was appointed Administrator of the estate of Bonnie Davis. All claims against the estate

of Bonnie Davis deceased, must be presented to Linda Adams, 122 Gentry Drive, Apt. B, Stanford, KY 40484, Administrator of the Estate of Bonnie Davis or to the attorney Travis Newman, 2420 Frankfort Avenue Ste. 300, Louisville, KY 40206 within 6 months after February 5, 2026.

/s/Dana Hensley, Circuit Clerk Garrard District Court Garrard Justice Center 54 Stanford Street Lancaster, KY 40444 (2-19-1tc) On December 22, 2025

Judge Bill Oliver approved the tendered settlement of the Estate of Glenn Joseph Thagard for advertising. The advertisement will be published and the settlement will come on for hearing for final acceptance on March 30, 2026. (2-19-1tc)

## REQUEST FOR PURCHASE

Bluegrass 911 Central Communications is seeking bids to replace/upgrade the current radio communications console that has been in operation for over ten years. The system will include up to ten positions with components be compatible with current 24 channels used in radio systems in four service county area utilizing, VHF-P25, VHF Analog, UHF Analog and VHF Digital.

Please contact Director Russ Clark, 278 Precision Court, Lancaster, KY 40444 for information 859-792-7124 russ.clark@bluegrass911.gov

Bids must be received by March 1, 2026 at 4 P.M. (2-12-2tc)

## POSTED

We positively will not permit fixed hunting of any character, fishing, dogs or trespassing on our farms. Any violations will be prosecuted. \$2.00 per week or \$51 per year for posted list.

• Michael & Dana Carrier, 2539 Kelly Ridge Road.....	5-26	• The Brenda Farms, 4870 Harmons Lick Road & Hamilton Valley Road.....	10-26
• Danny & Judy Browning's property at end of Conn's Lane.....	10-26	• Vockery property on Polly's Bend Road.....	10-26
• Carolyn Sparks property at 5252 Lexington Road.....	7-26	• Noah Wagoner and Kelsey Perkins, 10997 Buckeye Road.....	11-25
• Paul Black Farms, Hwy. 1355 (Sugar Creek Road).....	10-26	• Mary and George Watkins Property at 2961 Gabbard Road.....	11-25
• Paul And Suzanne Wells at 4129 White Lick Road, Paint Lick.....	10-26	• Hugh and Amy Johnson, 6198 Lexington Road.....	6-26
• Tammy Fowler, 749 Nina Ridge Road.....	10-26	• Dale Marie Hellard - Barbara French & William Randall Causey Farms at 2178 Hamilton Valley Road, 2636 Hamilton Valley Road And 1454 Hamilton Valley Road.....	8-26
• Mike and Pam Fathergill, 111 Lynnwood Drive.....	6-26	• Frank and Althea Rice, 390 Leavell Ridge Road, 372 Leavell Ridge Road and Rice Farm at Three Forks, all of Lancaster, KY.....	10-26
• Chris and Joy Fathergill, 317 Richmond Street.....	6-26		
• Mary Alice (Paul) Drew, 810 Carry Nation Road Property.....	6-26		
• Kathy Tuggle & Paula Tudor - Jim Clark Road.....	11-26		
• David M. and Rose Walker, 1163 Wolf Trail Road.....	2-26		
• The Kenton Property, 795 and 719 C Valley Drive, Berea.....	7-26		
• Grover Drew Farm, Carry Nation Road.....	3-26		
• Doug and Anna Graves, 319 Richmond Road, Loop 2.....	8-26		

Rates For Posted List - \$2 Per Week, First Property \$51 Per Year - \$10 Each Additional Property

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### FLEA MARKET

New and used items arriving weekly at **COUNTY LINE FLEA MARKET, locally owned and operated**, 2794 Stanford Road, Lancaster. Booths \$125 per month. More booths and new vendors. See Tom or Shirley, Peggy, Eddie and Ernie or call 859-792-6853 or 502-370-8777. NOW OPEN seven days a week! (6-12-tfc)

### FAMILY MINISTRY

**GCCP/FAMILY MINISTRY CENTER** is open for shopping on Wednesday through Friday from 10 a.m. - 3 p.m. We have clothing for the entire family, household good, and antiques, etc. We are closed the second week of every month. Call 792-3300 if you need anything.

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