

OPINION

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

ANCIENT SYMBOLS



gists call the late Woodland time period. The Woodland period was a time when the Native American groups that lived in the Ohio River Valley became more involved in earthwork projects and burial mound construction.

Human artistry reached new heights of design, manufacture and ceremonial use.

Although the woodland people: Adena and Hopewell cultures, still hunted and gathered for most of their resources, farming played a bigger role in the lifestyles of the inhabitants of villages that reached populations of upward to 50

individuals. And though they had no written languages that we are as of yet aware of, they left their marks and symbols.

One of the symbols I continue to find on Hopewell village sites are the swirling designs that some archaeologists suggests is a symbol for water.

From interpreting the artistic works of the people who occupied this area, we know they were deeply religious and conducted their everyday life activities around their religion and it likely played a hand in the construction of the various geometrical earth-

works and burial mounds in northeast Kentucky.

About 30 years I found a series of broken pottery shards in a Mason County tobacco patch that had examples of the design as well as other geometrical designs, such as the chevron design along with the swirling symbols.

We believe that the Native woodland people held to the notion of their being two worlds they lived in: The above world and the below world where various creatures and entities along with symbols shaped the future of the villagers and how they approached the different seasons and how that impacted agriculture.



Heaven Is A Lot Like Kentucky

By Charles Mattox

I've been diving a little deeper than normal with my Native American research of late, dear reader.

I'm particularly hung up on the activities of the native population about two thousand years ago, during what archaeolo-



By Cecil Lawson

I realize now, looking back on the past five decades of my life, how privileged I was to be able to enjoy the surrounding wilderness before civilization began to encroach.

My parents allowed me to roam freely into neighbor's property and ride my bicycle for miles, to be

THE LIGHTNING FLASH OF EXPERIENCE

gone for hours at a time, exploring, wandering, following my curiosity.

Except for sometimes riding my dirt bike on the main road, I never really felt in danger. I felt safer in the woods than any place else, far away from people. I didn't worry about getting hurt or lost, because I had a vague notion of where I was headed.

People like to say it was a different time back then, but I wonder if it's not that much different now, except that kids tend to stay close to home, and the population has noticeably grown.

It's been heartbreaking for me to see so many place I had visited in my youth now developed into residential areas, gates and fences put in place, and some landscapes no longer recognizable.

Moore's Ferry, where I grew up, is a lot different now. The last time I took a long walk in my childhood woods, I spent as much time worrying about walking through someone's back yard or being picked up on a trail camera as I did enjoying the forest.

Sometime in the late 1980s, over summer break, I got in the habit

of riding my bicycle from home to the Ore Mines community and exploring the hills there. I would park my bicycle under some brush and follow old tractor trails and deer paths along the hillsides. I would ride back home, satisfied and yet planning for my next trip, and mom would have dinner almost ready.

When I had my driver's license, and my grandmother let me drive her little car the following year, I returned to the same area. I once drove through an area now gated off and dodged enormous potholes on the old

gravel roadway. This was a time I had never felt so free, and I look back on it with some fondness.

I've always idealized the kind of freedom to just throw on a backpack and head off into the woods for several hours, until I get worn out and it's time to head back home. That's how I ultimately dealt with a bout of serious depression in the mid-20s. When I was at my lowest, and life felt its heaviest, I remember putting my pack on one hot August afternoon and moving some miles under my feet in the Clear Creek area. I pushed until my

feet wouldn't carry me any further. I sweated and struggled, and then, like a blot of lightning inside of me, the depression lifted, long enough for me to push back to my car. It took a long time to get my mind back on a better track, but that was a start, the experience and then the memory of what it was like to not carry those heavy feelings.

Even though it's been decades ago, that memory of freedom still helps me to keep going today. I've had further epiphanies in the woods in the years since. I will keep looking for them.

The court approved the "purchase of a Road Department vehicle," from the lowest bidder and not exceeding \$50,000.00, for a replacement half-ton truck, to be used by Road Dept. Supervisor Steve Kelsey; approved the "County Clerk bond;" and approved the "Detention Center housing contracts," for surrounding counties for the sum of \$42.00 per day, per inmate.

Before going into closed session, the court approved the budget transfers, monthly financial statement, quarterly financial statement, and consideration of monthly bills

The meeting then went into closed session, with no action taken, and subsequently adjourned, with committee meeting being held directly after.

OBITUARIES

CLINEON MULLINS



Clineon Mullins, age 86, of Morehead, Kentucky, passed away Tuesday, April 22, 2025, peacefully at his home surrounded by loved ones. Born on October 16, 1938, to Dewey Mullins and Elsie Meade Mullins in Knott County, Kentucky. Clineon lived a life rich in love, laughter, and unforgettable stories.

In addition to his parents, he was preceded in death by his wife of 50 years, Linda Lou Terrell Mullins on July 14, 2009,

his daughter, Tammie Irene Mullins Dean on May 17, 2018; and three brothers, Darrell Mullins, Vernon Mullins, and Farris (Pee Wee) Keisling.

He is survived by a daughter, Loretta Lynn Mullins (Rod Smith); a son, Danny Keith Mullins, all of Morehead; five grandchildren, Clineon "Sluggo" Pelfrey, Megan (Justin) Diller, Amanda Mullins, Jessica (Derek) Orme, and Michael Mullins (Abby Watts); seven great grandchildren, Layne Pelfrey, Jaxson Maze, Ellie Maze, Miles Maze, Kaitlyn Kelsey, Caleb Diller, and Max Orme; and one sister, Dorris Bering of Fort Wayne, Indiana

A proud United States Army veteran, Clineon served his country with honor and integrity—carrying that same sense of duty and strength throughout his entire life. A man of unimaginable strength and quiet dignity, Clineon was known for

his unrelenting work ethic and his deep devotion to his family. He poured his heart into everything he did—whether it was casting a fishing line before the sun came up, patiently crafting something, or proudly tending to his garden with a touch of friendly competition among close friends.

Clineon was a long-time employee of Perk's in Morehead, and a craftsman specializing in custom cabinets. He enjoyed raising tobacco on the farm and grew the largest and most delicious tomatoes.

Clineon lived for the simple joys of life: hunting in the hills he knew like the back of his hand, swapping tall tales that always ended in laughter, and carving out moments of wit and mischief with his sharp sense of humor. To know him was to be met with warmth, wisdom, and a perfectly timed sarcastic remark that left you smiling long after.

He was a legendary fisherman, a loving family man, and a loyal friend. His presence filled a room, and his stories filled hearts. Clineon Mullins was truly one of a kind—and the echoes of his laughter, love, and legacy will live on in every story told in his memory. Clineon will be deeply missed and forever cherished.

At Clineon's request, a private visitation and service will be held with Brother Herbert D. Lewis officiating. Burial will be in the Gregory Cemetery on Wallace-Terrell Cemetery Branch Road.

Pallbearers will be Clineon "Sluggo" Mullins, Terry Wallace, Michael Mullins, Justin Diller, Rod Smith, and Layne Pelfrey.

Arrangements are under the direction of Northcutt & Son Home for Funerals, 400 Fraley Drive, Morehead, KY 40351.

Sign guestbook at www.northcuttandson.com

Business and Professional Guide

FARM BUREAU INSURANCE

William D. Ellington
AGENCY MANAGER
Derek Ellington, Agent
Owingsville • Ph.: (606) 674-6335

Darvin's Small Engine Repair

"Can Pick Up & Deliver"

5607 Moorefield Rd. • Carlisle, KY
859-473-3281

JR's Home Improvement

New Homes • Vinyl Siding • Replacement Windows • Remodeling • Roofing • Barn Repair • Concrete Work • Wiring • Plumbing

We Build Dreams & Rebuild Old Ones

518 Lakeview Drive, Ewing, KY • Experienced
Home: 606-267-4710 • Free Estimates
Mobile: 606-776-4311 • Custom
jr@jrbarton.com • Backhoe Work

Gray Technical

Graphic Design • Software

For Graphic Design services contact
design@graytechnical.com • 606-776-1238

www.graytechnical.com Find us on Facebook!

USED TANNING BEDS!!!

Only 1 Left!!!!

\$999.99 plus Tax

Pickup this great deal!

Call (606)683-2104 or (859)948-4376

Garrett's Furniture

"The area's best value in quality home furnishings since 1952"

West Main Street
Carlisle, KY
859-289-2308

Want to advertise in the Rowan County News?

Email Curtis Anderson at curtis@kynewsgroup.com

Allison's Concrete

(859) 289-6888
8355 Maysville Rd.
Carlisle, Kentucky 40311
www.allisonsgifts.com
allisonsconcrete@hotmail.com

- Fountains
- Bird Baths
- Memorial Items
- Garden Decor
- Gifts

Like us on facebook

Swartz Construction & Tree Removal Inc.

• Bath and Surrounding Counties •
• Specializing in Tree Removal & Trimming • Fully Insured
• Free Estimates • State Certified • We grind stumps

Mike Swartz, Owner
Cell: (606)210-3049

P.O. Box 39
Olympia, KY 40358
Home: (606)674-3960