

Life is about change and how we deal with it

Looking out from where I sit there have been many changes in the world. There is a little stubborn streak in me that would like to say that I haven't changed. That isn't true. My experiences over a life time of interaction with lots of other people has shaped me into the person I am today.

Hopefully those changes have for the most part been good, but I have also been around long enough to know that others are the ones who take measure of what kind of person you are, not you. People bring out the best and worst of me. I have been trying to work on that worst of me part but I have to admit I still have a lot of rough edges.

I can remember having a conversation with a young woman many, many years ago and she was sharing her belief that other people were trying to change her and she didn't want to change. She was a little frustrated with someone and I didn't have the requisite level of understanding to fully engage in that conversation. I alternatively agreed and disagreed with what she was telling me fortunate-



Northwest Passage
By Loyd Ford

ly, for once in my life I just listened and didn't get too involved in her personal conflict.

She was right in what she said that people, either knowingly or unknowingly act to promote change in others. It goes on all the time in the natural world. People do it because they are people. Change is part of us. I know that now, and if I could turn back time and go back to that time, I would tell her to get a grip. If you don't like the change that people are fostering on you, change your people.

One of the changes I have been faced with over the past few years is I am not getting younger. Time has crept up on me and my aging body. I need to look twice before I take step, or sometimes

more times than that if I am about to venture into unfamiliar territory, especially at night. Toting a heavy camera bag across grassy slopes or up and down bleacher steps is something I review much more cautiously now than I did five or six years ago. That is a change and the only one responsible for it is me.

Ask I said in this column last week we have finished 42-years in the newspaper business, or to use the more modern term the news media business. So, right now I

am finishing up the first issue and first week of The Lake New's 43-year. There have been times in the past when we marked the completion of another year of operation that I could look back at 1984, the year we started, and think that wasn't all that long ago and nothing has changed all that much. But at this point I can confirm that things have changed quite a bit, everywhere I look, our business operation, our community and the people who make it work

have changed. Technology has changed, the businesses have changed, the streets have changed and life has changed. Yes, I have changed too, but I am not certain whether I have changed too much or not enough.

I have printed 2,236 consecutive weekly issues of The Lake News. We have never missed a week. We have never published a perfect newspaper, but we always work to do the best we can every week. Admittedly I and our small

staff haven't found the best formula for combining our print newspaper product and our online product on the website and our social media interactions. But every week we put our best foot forward and work to do the very best we can for our readers and advertisers no matter which of our platforms they may choose to use.

Changes will always come and we will always seek to handle them the best way we possibly can.

Sit down and stay a while with your people

I was reared by a group of grown folks who went visiting. On Sunday afternoons, we would change out of our church clothes and go to my Granny Aleen and Papaw Wesley Ford's house on the lake. Not only was this an anticipated event for the kids, but for the grown-ups too. You never knew just who was going to be there, but you knew it was going to be a real good time.



By Emily Morrison

Sunday afternoons at the lake house were an accepted and estab-

lished occurrence. It was unusual not to go. Granny always expected a crowd, so much to my chagrin, a mess of white beans was always on the stove top ready to feed the assorted masses of our people.

Somehow as the years passed those visiting Sunday afternoons got away from us. Us kids grew up. Some of us moved away. The lake house was sold. Sunday afternoons stopped

being our weekly muster and roll call.

Our family is in a new season. One that is bittersweet. We've gathered to both grieve and celebrate over the past couple of months. We've experienced the soul filling love of those Sunday afternoons once again. There is a special thrill that we still feel when one of us shows up. It just feels good to sit a spell with your people.



Our View

Please play it safe

Tens of thousands of people come to Kentucky Lake and Lake Barkley every summer weekend and almost all of them have a great time and go home filled with wonderful summer memories. There are those that don't, there are injuries and some times fatalities for some who came for a good time but left with a nightmare.

Many of these nightmares were avoidable. It is our task to remind people that when you are on a huge body of water with high-powered water craft you must remind yourself that things can happen. The lakes are fun but unforgiving. The water is deep and in a state of constant change. There is always the risk posed by the unexpected.

Use life jackets, consider speed and what other things and people are in the surrounding. What kind of decisions will they make. Be extra cautious.

Be safe on the water. Make sure your memories from the lakes are always good ones.

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The Lake News

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Founded-----May 29, 1984

The Lake News is published by Loyd W. Ford, Owner, 153 East Fifth Avenue, P.O. Box 498, Calvert City, Kentucky 42029. Publication number - ISSN - 87503698. Telephone (270) 395-5858. E-mail to news@thelakeneews.com Fax number (270) 395-5858. Periodicals postage paid at Calvert City, Kentucky 42029.

Published weekly on Wednesdays. Publication schedule may be altered during holiday weeks. The publishers reserve the right to accept or reject any material submitted for publication.

Subscription rates: Marshall County, Livingston County, Lyon County, Calloway County, Graves County, McCracken County and Trigg County: \$29.95 per year. Elsewhere in Kentucky and out-of-state: \$39.95 per year. Postmaster: Send address changes to: THE LAKE NEWS, P.O. Box 498, Calvert City, Kentucky 42029.

Letters to the editor policy

The Lake News welcomes and encourages original letters to the editor about issues of community interest. Letters should be limited to 400 words or less. Letters must be signed and contain the name and address of the author. The Lake News reserves the right to edit letters. The Lake News also reserves the right to reject letters for publication.

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“Unless I put my finger in the nail holes”

On the day of Jesus's resurrection, the disciples gathered together behind locked doors. John and Peter had been to the empty tomb and they all knew that Jesus's body was not there. As the disciples whispered to each other about the unfathomable possibility of resurrection, Jesus suddenly appeared among them. The crucified Messiah showed His disciples the scars in His hands and side and, seeing Him alive, they rejoiced.

Thomas was not with the other disciples when Jesus appeared to them. When they told Thomas what had happened, he doubted their stories and replied, “Unless I see the nail holes in his hands, put my finger in the nail holes, and stick my hand in his side, I



Tales of Grace
By Leigh Ann Northcutt

won't believe it.” (John 20:25, MSG)

With that statement, Thomas became known as Doubting Thomas and moved to the bottom of the church's list of Jesus's best disciples, falling in place at number 11, just above Judas, the traitor.

I think, perhaps, Thomas does not belong at the bottom of the list. He wasn't a bad disciple. He was a grieving man

struggling to believe the unbelievable. So why do we know Thomas as a guy with an unfortunate nickname and a smudge on his character? Because we think doubting is a sign of weak faith.

At times, it might be. But it is also one of the first steps toward a strong faith.

Christian apologist Tim Keller writes, “A faith without some doubts is like a human body with no antibodies in it. People who blithely go through life too busy or indifferent to ask the hard questions about why they believe as they do will find themselves defenseless against either the experience of tragedy or the probing questions of a smart skeptic. A person's faith can collapse almost overnight if she failed

over the years to listen patiently to her own doubts, which should only be discarded after long reflection.”

Bible commentator William Barclay wrote, “If a man fights his way through his doubts to the conviction that Jesus Christ is Lord, he has attained to a certainty that the man who unthinkingly accepts things can never reach.”

Jesus didn't chastise Thomas. He gladly offered the proof Thomas needed. And then Thomas preached what he had seen until the day he died.

The struggle to understand can be a vital part of our faith. Faith that is never questioned becomes a habit. Faith that never struggles against doubt, has little strength in a storm.

Every little event in time has a first

According to the experts, today should be pretty nice, although we still need rain. I'm stretching this forecast because I am writing this Thursday night instead of my usual Sunday night time slot. I'm not sure how I will be feeling Sunday night. Friday morning I have some surgery scheduled. It was 4 p.m. Thursday when they finally called to tell me the time to arrive Friday morning. I've only visited people at Baptist, so I was totally lost when I went for my pre-operation checkup, but now I can find it easily, I hope.

I haven't turned on my A/C as of yet, but with recuperation pending, I'm pretty sure by now the house will have gotten considerably cooler.

Thinking about this being the first time this season to turn on the A/C, what other firsts can I come up with. I will be willing to bet



My Side of the Fence
By Mike Harrell

you don't know who Bridget Driscoll was. Give up? She was the first person killed by an automobile. The car was traveling at the high speed of 4 MPH. Staying in the slightly depressive firsts, Thomas Selfridge was the first to die in an airplane crash. It was 1908 and the pilot of the plane was Orville Wright.

A little closer to now and more people might be using what physicist William Higginbotham did in 1958. He invented the first video game, it

was Tennis For Two. I think I may have had the knock off version, it was Pong.

You may have used this one today. In 1974 Marsh Supermarket in Troy, Ohio used the very first barcode scanner. Yes, but what was the first item scanned? A pack of Wrigley's gum. Apparently, no one chewed any because that pack of gum is in the Smithsonian.

In 1897 Traveler's Insurance wrote the first auto-insurance policy to Gilbert Lewis. He had developed a steam powered car and since there was only one of them, he wanted it insured as he drove it around to potential investors. Traveler's was the first that would insure his invention.

You have a cell phone no doubt? Motorola was first in 1983. It cost \$3995 and wasn't exactly pocket size, weighing in at about two pounds.

And just to keep this column clean, Fort Worth, Texas brought us the first laundromat in 1934. Keeping things big in Texas, it boasted four machines.

I can assure you that no one on this list is celebrating their first birthday. That however takes nothing away from their special day. So, without further ado, let's wish Jameson Wells, Dewi Timpe, Dan Sills, Bub Johnson, Josh Colburn and Reggie Tubbs the happiest birthday ever. Celebrate your day and eat the cake.

We have several celebrating anniversaries. Congratulations to Mr. & Mrs. Loyd Ford, Mr. & Mrs. David Madison, Mr. & Mrs. Jim Gregory, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Donald, and Mr. & Mrs. Gayle Hall. I wonder how many years these total up to? Celebrate your special day.

Stay safe, stay well and as always, stay in touch.