

Opinion

There is room for all of us, let's keep it that way

I have been house-bound for a week. I have been suffering from a moderate case of old man disease. Just what you have to put up with if you live long enough.

These past days I have spent a lot of time watching the world through a patio door window. You might think the view would be limited, but it isn't.

The late summer days bring butterflies that flit past, headed somewhere. I have no idea where.

The little grey lizards are entertainers. They find the hottest spot on the concrete patio to do hundreds of pushups. Truly a strange activity for a little lizard barely bigger than a paper clip. They choose the most



Northwest Passage
By Loyd Ford

visible location to show off in front of the girls, I guess. They are pretty quick, too. Otherwise, they wouldn't be around long.

The lizards are just a few of the cast of tiny critters who come into view. The hummers are always zipping through headed to the sugar water waiting for them at the other end of the

patio. They are greedy little birds who display a passionate hatred for their fellow hummers. There is plenty of sugar water for all of them, but they love to fight over it as much as they love to drink it.

There are bugs, too. Some are colorful. I think they are moths rather than true butterflies. They like to sit on the shepherd's hook and sun themselves.

I don't know what these bugs are called. They are mostly black with bright patches of red-orange that is beautiful in the full sunlight they seem to love.

It is surprising that there can be so much life in such a small space. Our world is really bigger than we can imagine. We are connected to it in ways we can't really imagine. When you think about

the immense size of the universe and the amount of life in this tiniest speck of earth, I can't begin to comprehend what other life may be possible.

This place we live in is deep, rich and mysterious to me. Something like a tiny lizard spending much of his day on our patio doing push-ups is amusing, entertaining and interesting to me. That we can see

so many different things in such a small place just demonstrates the enormity of the world, how large it really is.

Even more wonderful is the world in which I live has room for me and little lizards who spend their days doing push ups out in the summer sun. There is room for all of us, we need to keep it that way.

Striving with love to be more like Dolly



By Emily Morrison

it. Those pink frozen pie cartons with Dolly's caricature on them just get me right in the feels.

Living outside of Nashville, we have been in a state of mourning. Wednesday, we all wore pink to school for Dolly. When every radio station across the country played, "I Will Always Love You," we piped it over the intercom at school. Our kids know

Dolly. She sent them books with letters every month in the mail for the first five years of their lives. To small children and parents alike, this made Dolly family. The airport was renamed in her honor. There is just a little less sparkle and sass in the world and we miss it.

The talent, the drive, and the showmanship aside, Dolly Parton was a saint. I mean that in the truest sense of the word. She lived the red letters of Christ. Without preaching or pontificating, Dolly used her gifts throughout her life to minister to others. People she had never met. People who would never be able to repay her. She used her agency in service of others.

Should we all strive to

be like Dolly? Spreading kindness and love. Sharing what we have. Uplifting one another.

I will never sing at the Opry. I will never have my own themed amusement park in Possum Trot. Although that would be a hoot! I will never fund the development of life saving vaccines. But I can use what I've got to be accepting and loving. To spread kindness and love mercy. I can live out Christ's teachings in my own small way just like Dolly did. We can all be a Dolly in some way. Which may be the best way to memorialize her. Although, if you can do it in rhinestones and big hair, I'm sure she would approve.



Our View

Food borne illness, we are the first defense

Reports of new and aggressive food borne illnesses found in foods people eat every day are quite common. More than we can keep track of. The likelihood someone will contract a food borne illness is a real threat to our health.

In today's environment failing to realize that each of us is responsible for protecting ourselves from food borne illness is akin to failing to stop at a stop sign on a busy highway. If we don't take the right steps, it isn't a matter of if it will happen, it is when it will happen.

In today's world it is more important than ever that people look closely at what they chose to eat, where they chose to eat it and when they chose to eat it. What was a safe choice today may not be so safe tomorrow. This is part of the penalty we pay when our food supply chain extends for hundreds and in some cases thousands of miles.

The elderly and the very young are the most at risk, but all of us are susceptible to food borne illness. Each of us are the first line of defense in this ongoing attack on our health.

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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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When God asks us to move a pile of rocks

The Lord recently gave me an assignment, a little work to do in His Church. I was excited because it wasn't a "little" work. It was kind of an impressive work. It was something that would really look good to the people of the Church. And as long as I am being honest, I'll just say it would look good to most anyone anywhere.

I tackled that task. With a true attitude of faith and a heart of compassion, I accomplished the work. Then I stood back and waited for it to matter, for my work to serve the Church of God in a great way.

And nothing happened. No great result. No impressive outcome. It seemed as though I had added nothing to the situation. So I



Tales of Grace
By Leigh Ann Northcutt

wondered if I had heard wrong. Perhaps God had not called me to that task. What could possibly have been His purpose if He had?

Then I remembered an observation my oldest son had made when he was young. It was an insightful metaphor about how God trains His children.

Sometimes, it feels

like God has asked us to move a pile of rocks from one place to another. We see no purpose, but we move the rocks. One after another, we pick them up. One after another, we put them down. We watch one pile shrink as another grows. We work until our backs ache and our hands bleed.

When His children have moved the last rock, we stand back to admire our efforts. We smile because we know we have pleased our Father. And we savor the knowledge that we must surely have accomplished something important in the Kingdom of God.

Then God says, "Great job! That's just what I wanted you to do. Now, I need you to pick them

up and move them back."

Sometimes, it does seem that, while the people of God hope to see a great purpose in the work God asks of us, He could not care less about where the rocks are placed. The work is about the effect it has on us.

Every time we pick up a rock, we become a little stronger. Every time we put it down, we know the joy of obedience. When our backs ache, we find purpose in pain. When our hands bleed, we find comfort in healing.

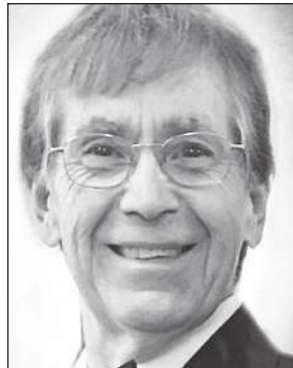
Although we can find no purpose in the task, a good work has been done in our hearts. And God has a purpose for our hearts.

Will someone please tell me why?

Well, the heat may have gotten to me. I've been trying to remember what it was that I thought about last week that would have been an excellent article for this week. I'm really going to have to write it down or at least learn how to use notes on my phone.

So, as I'm trying to think of something, an idea (maybe not the best) came to me. Have you ever just thought "why"? There are so many and I bet you have asked yourself the same question "why" more than once.

I'm so old that I know what an outhouse is and have actually used one. Can you think of what one looked like? As you see the door is there a crescent moon on the door? Why a moon? Some say it was to let some sunlight in so you could see what you were



My Side of the Fence
By Mike Harrell

doing. It was usually high so people couldn't peep in. Others said it was for ventilation. From what I remember that didn't work. Some said it was the symbol for women and the star was for men. Most of these outhouses that I just talked about were mostly in movies and Bugs Bunny cartoons. The top of the door was open for all the listed reasons above but the crescent moon really wasn't there.

Another big why is that "R" in Mrs. Of course "miss and missus" would have an "M" and an "S", but an "R"? A long time ago before "missus" was used and the word didn't have some of the same meanings as today "Mistress" was used as the counter point to "Mister". It was used as head master or school teacher. You've probably heard it used that way in movies. And that's where the "R" comes from.

Why do we wear watches on the left hand? Before they were there, they were mostly in men's pockets. WW1 soldiers didn't really need to be feeling in their pockets for a watch. They strapped them on the left hand because most were right-handed and it just made it easier to wind them. Something that had to be done often. Do you

still wind a watch? Today it is mainly just a habit. Besides, right now I am writing this with my right hand so I can check the time and not need to stop to do it.

I hope you all have a great Labor Day.

Birthday greetings go out to a smaller group than usual. I know more of you had a special day this week but these are the ones I know that did. Kay Nash, Will Kunnenecke, LaDonna Tubbs, Ashley Beth, and Teresa Cherry. Celebrate your special day and by all means, eat the cake.

Happy Anniversary wishes go out to Mr. & Mrs. Wayne Bullock and to Mr. & Mrs. Trey Shelton. Enjoy your special day and have some cake also.

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