

Opinion

Mashed or creamed potatoes, they aren't really the same

There are many things in life that aren't the same, some are very close to being the same but not. This was brought to my attention a few weeks ago by my grand-daughter, when she looked me dead in the eyes and said Papaw I don't like mashed potatoes. Her statement stopped me cold in my tracks, as a man who has a difficult time keeping control of my potato input, this was revelation that almost made the earth stand still.

She quickly added, "Unless they are KFC mashed potatoes." Sensing the moment, I said, "Oh you like creamed potatoes not mashed potatoes." Then I told her my grand-mother made wonderful creamed potatoes. I hope Mama can forgive me for unconsciously comparing KFC mashed potatoes to her creamed potatoes.

I don't ever remember her saying she was making mashed potatoes, it was always creamed potatoes. The two are not the same. Now I confess I do like mashed potatoes, but creamed potatoes in the style my grand-mother used to make them are simply light-years ahead of mashed up potatoes.

Mama started with red potatoes, peeled with a



Northwest Passage
By Loyd Ford

craftsmanship that people master when they have truly suffered from want. The best potatoes were the new potatoes fresh out of the field in early spring. Those potatoes would be gently scraped of their thin early skin. Then she would "dice" those potatoes into nearly equal size cubes before putting them into a pot. Uniformity of those cubes produced a better product. They produce almost no lumps when they were carefully prepared at a low boil.

Mama always used lots of milk and butter, along with salt, or we used to say back then "table salt". I don't ever remember her saying she mashed her potatoes either, it was always "whipped potatoes", there is a difference. The creamed potatoes were finished last before the meal, that way

they were always served warm. She added butter and whole milk I believe when she could get it. The cream in the whole milk probably produced an artery clogging product more than equal to any triple cheese burger with bacon found today. In today's world I would have to use butter, Vitamin D milk and whipping cream to find equivalency.

Creamed potatoes along with cream style corn, black-eyed peas and a slice of warm corn

bread is truly a meal fit for a king or queen. This is especially true if a big glass of sweet iced-tea comes along with it. Mashed potatoes and creamed potatoes are not the same, for me there isn't any doubt about that.

This isn't the end of the story. I promptly over committed myself to my grand-daughter. In a moment of overconfidence in my culinary abilities I promised my grand-daughter I would make her some creamed

potatoes just like my grand-mother showed me when I was a child.

I am pretty sure I can handle the creamed potatoes, if everything falls into place. One thing is certain none of my grand-children ever forget about me telling them I will cook something for them. They always remember and they hold my feet to the fire until I come through on the deal.

The difference between simply mashed potatoes and creamed

potatoes probably doesn't trigger most people like it does me. But they are two different dishes prepared using the same basic component, potatoes. I promise you they aren't really the same, just like tomatoes we grow at home and those we pay exorbitant prices for at the grocery. They aren't the same we have just been conditioned to accept them.

It is important to remember that similar isn't the same.

Send a card to show someone that you care



By Emily Morrison

Spoken words are necessary. Physical touch is meaningful. Both are fleeting. A thoughtful note on a heavy paper takes the power of each and makes them durable. You can't keep a word said. You can't make a hug last forever. But, you can take a card and pin it up, tuck it in your Bible, or lovingly store it with your keepsakes.

I have amassed a collection of other's words to me. My Granny's handwritten letters complete with the accompanying traditional family Christmas Candy recipes stays in my recipe bowl on top of the refrigerator. The birthday card from my grandmother is tucked inside the book she gifted. I have that one in duplicate, she made the same gift with the same card two years in a row. She might not have been able to remember what she had given, but she remembered me and what I liked. There is a sticky note scribbled stuck to a frame. An index card wedged in the corner of the mirror. All of these words I value as some of my greatest treasures.

If it weren't for the time some of these dear ones took to write out their message to me, I wouldn't have any real and tangible proof of what I meant to them. There is legacy in their words. Love and kindness and gratitude all the things that matter most, deserve to be written down. In a world where so many things go wrong. Where the ugly and hateful steals so much of the record, our words of gentleness must be put down for one another. With one small jot we can bring the light and love into the ledger of our time. All it takes is a pen and a piece of paper and the will to send goodness to another.



Our View

Labor Day celebrates historic success

Labor Day in America, celebrated this past Monday, is a reminder of how organized labor ended poor working conditions, child labor, brought about the minimum wage and the 40-hour work week. More recently, however, the needs of people who work for a living have not been met.

According to a story by NBC news, since the year 2000 inflation adjusted earning for workers have gone up just 12.5 percent. At the same time the S&P 500 stock index has grown nearly 600 percent.

For the most part it has been a very tough way to go for working families in the United States and they are being hammered with inflation brought on by tariffs and the way with Iran.

Gas and diesel fuel prices have spiked, and this past weekend, in some areas have hit the highest levels ever recorded in the United States.

American labor has had historic success, but not in the last quarter century.

However, the current climate may change all that. The economic pressure places on working families could create a new generation of labor successes. Something needs to happen. People must become involved for new successes to happen.

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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.

Kentucky Press Association Member

Kentucky has lost some of its heart and soul

Last week, in the shadow of the nation's mourning for Dolly Parton, Wendell Berry died. As a novelist, poet, and environmental activist, he was one of Kentucky's most respected voices.

Berry spent a few years doing some impressive things in the world of art and literature. But then, he left the places of prominence and influence. He returned to his birthplace in Henry County, Kentucky, to write and tend to a 125-acre homestead. In the next six decades, Berry wrote over 50 books of poetry, fiction, and essays and farmed.

Some admire Berry for his environmental views. He was a voice against industrial agriculture and for farming methods that preserved the culture of rural farming communities. In his admiration for



Tales of Grace
By Leigh Ann Northcutt

small farmers, he wrote, "Farmers farm for the love of farming. They love to watch and nurture the growth of plants. They love to live in the presence of animals. They love the weather, maybe even when it is making them miserable. They love to live where they work and to work where they live."

Others are inspired by his poetry. Among his

most loved writings are his Sabbath poems, written during decades of Sunday mornings spent walking the land. They center around Berry's belief that people should live more attentively and reverently within nature. "I dream of a quiet man who explains nothing and defends nothing, but only knows where the rarest wildflowers are blooming, and who goes, and finds that he is smiling not by his own will."

But me? I love his fiction. Berry wrote a series of books about a fictional small Kentucky community called Port William. His characters were flawed but honorable and self-sacrificingly loyal to each other. Berry once said, "The only thing I try to accomplish in fiction is to show how people act when they

love each other."

Having left the "impressive" things of his own life behind, Berry wrote with beauty about lives that intertwined through the ordinary and profound occurrences of birth and death, love and hard work. He wrote of a slow and calm way of life that vilified the desire to have and be more.

Hannah Coulter, one of my favorite Port William characters, said, "You mustn't wish for another life. You mustn't want to be somebody else. What you must do is this: Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks. Those are the right instructions."

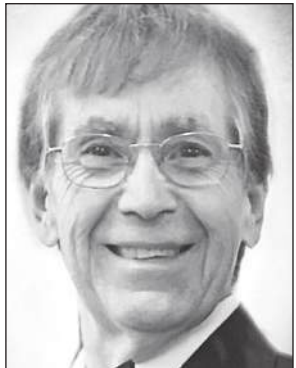
I thank you, Mr. Berry. Your thoughts and words, your characters and their stories have made me want to live and love better.

Snails on Chinese facials, I say no thank you

As much as I prefer warmer weather, Saturday was just a bit much for me to go and enjoy the Arts & Crafts Show in Grand Rivers. It was the first time we have missed this event in years. I do hear tomorrow the temperature may drop, I'm hoping no storms are used to bring in the change in temperature.

I know it has been really warm but my choir has been practicing for our Christmas cantata for several weeks now. I'm expecting to see a Christmas commercial anytime. I have a cousin that on June 25th starts playing Christmas music. Even I think this is just a little early.

Recently in my move I had to get rid of most of my 55-year accumulated Christmas decorations. I had Nutcrackers numbering an army of over 200. They ranged in size



My Side of the Fence
By Mike Harrell

from about as tall as an ink pen to almost 6 feet. The tall one was from a friend in Paris, TN. We didn't try to outdo each other decorating but she was as bad as me. Over the years we visited each other's homes checking out each other's decorations. When she passed away, she told her husband to give me the tall Nutcracker, saying I was the only one who would appreciate him. Well, she was almost correct. I can

honestly say he went to a new home that loves him as much as we did.

When I was teaching or taking fitness classes there were members who told me I should get a massage. Nope, I never have either and here are some things that probably would have convinced me not to. In Russia and Japan many salons have added snails to their facial treatments. I know, right! They believe the snail's slimy trail will help with skin problems. Do you know how slowly they would move around your face? Nope, just nope.

On a lighter note, American Express's famous slogan "Don't leave home without it", translated into Chinese comes out, "Stay home with it." I may remember this if I think about a spa treatment. Of course another famous slogan

didn't translate well into Chinese. KFC's "Finger Licking Good" comes out as, "Tastes like human fingers."

Those are just two and if you are going to open a business in China, make sure you know your slogan is going translate. After all it could make or break you in one advertisement.

Some people are going to be celebrating this week. Happy Birthday to Nan Arant, Bill Kunnecke, Valerie Dukes, Greg Northcutt and to my great nephew Lincoln Harrell, but he will probably not see this since he lives in Australia. However, even there they remember, eat the cake.

Happy Anniversary to Mr. & Mrs. Roger Colburn. Trust me, you can have cake also.

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