Not so long ago we could have conversations



Northwest Passage
By Loyd Ford

Every fall it seems I have an ongoing debate with myself about whether or not the trees will put on a beautiful coat of foliage or if they will turn brown quickly and not be all that impressive at all. This year, mostly because of the extended dry period we had in the late fall, I wasn't very optimistic about the leaves on the trees. I thought they would fall rapidly. But that hasn't really been the case.

We are already at the time in November when the leaves do fall rapidly. But in my travels around the lakes, I am still seeing lots of bronze-colored hickories and yellow maples and red sumac leaves. They have been hanging with us.

While I know autumn will soon pass and winter is lurking behind Thanksgiving and Christmas, we have been having a near Indian summer over the past few days and I have appreciated it very much. It has been a spirit lifting time.

The nights have been getting colder and anytime soon we can have frost. The harvest is nearing being over and the plants are headed for a winter's nap. Mother nature's clock doesn't slow down. The seasons can hesitate some but they must make their annual passage as long as the Earth circles the sun.

It is during this time of year that we have festivals, parades and community gatherings. There have been lots of events in our area over the past several weeks. I have attended several but no where near the majority of these events. We tend to schedule events during this time of year, the weather is nice and school, which is actually the head scheduler of events in our communities, is in session and people have fallen back into a predictable pattern. We find our groups during the early fall and hang with them until the wintry weather forces everyone indoors and off the roads. We have a pattern and we tend to stick to it.

The end of the year is also a time of reassessment for many of us. There is a lull of sorts that hopefully is headed our way during and after the upcoming holiday. We get to think about things. I hope we think more about things that are personally important to each of us. How we want our lives to be and how we want our family, friends and neighbors' lives to be. We are all connected, just like the leaves on the trees. The sunlight and the rain that falls on us also falls on our neighbors. We are not alone on this planet, even though there are times when we might feel apart from each other.

I have said all these things to come to this thought. Now that the elections are over it is my hope that we can become a little more tolerant of each other. Maybe become a little more compassionate toward others and more understanding about one another. We have so many things in common surely, we can find those things that remind us that we have much more in common than those things that cause division among us.

In a few days I will be 74-years-old. I have worked in and around the newspaper business all my adult life and I have owned and published The Lake News now for most of 43-years. In those years I have learned much about people. It is very easy for someone to convert disagreement into dislike, dislike into disgust and then hate. Sharing ideas and opinions ought to be welcomed but when those ideas and opinions do not match the ideas and opinions of some individuals an argument results instead of thoughtful conversation. We have got to get better than this, at one time not so long ago we could have conversations, now all too often we argue. We have got to get better than that.

Something special about locally owned shops



By Emily Morrison

I have never been a big shopper. It just feels so tedious. I like things to be streamlined and efficient. I admit this is how the mega massive online retailer got me. It all started with books. Then they started offering clothing and home goods. I could shop, select and order from the comfort of my home and it would be delivered to me. Then came the jump to mercantile applications on my phone. Now I can buy what I want, when I want from anywhere with good internet reception. This crowd adverse, bookworm with sensory sensitivity was unable to resist. I was a prime target.

Now after ordering and rejecting three separate dress orders for one event, I realize I miss the little shops I grew up in. The small locally owned stores. Where the clerks knew you and took care of you. You weren't a number or just another sale. You were a customer who was valued.

I have begrudgingly accepted the fact that shoe shopping will never be as magical for me as it was when I was a little girl. Jill's Shoebox was one of several stores in the Calvert City shopping center. Mrs. Jill didn't just sell tennis shoes with plain old factory issue laces to little girls. She made sure that the public understood just how fabulous a tennis shoe could be with ribbons for laces. I was a sucker for the white organza. Now that I wear tennis shoes to work every day, for safety and speed, I'm seriously considering reintroducing this concept to my footwear.

I spent countless Saturday afternoons walking the endless racks of blue jeans inside Reidland Clothing. All in one visit my daddy would pick out a new pair of pants, try them on and have them hemmed. I used to watch the ladies who did the alterations. They worked at a level of efficiency and proficiency I have never seen since. Straight pins in their mouths, tucked into their sleeves, and jammed into cushions. Measuring tapes dangling around their necks. Industrial grade sewing machines whirling. It was magnificent!

Somewhere along the line we traded quality and connection for speed and simplicity. Now what we are missing is the care we left behind. The care we receive. The care we give. These are the most important transactions we make. It's time to start looking for more of these.



Our View

CASA grant is a great first step

The grant to CASA by the Lakes from the opioid money held by Marshall County Fiscal Court, $20 thousand per year for two years is a great step forward for the use of these funds, which are earmarked to be used to address problems resulting from opioids. The children CASA serves certainly are suffering from the effects of drug use.

Giving a portion of the money, which amounts to nearly $1 million, to an organization that serves children is a great start by the court. We hope they will open the spicket a little wider and let more of the money out to deserving charitable organizations. There is plenty of need.

Before the court can do this, groups, who qualify, should prepare grant requests for the court to consider. The court can't act if they don't receive grant requests.

More than 20 percent of the children who live in Marshall County live below the poverty level. The need is real and it is local. These funds could improve many lives in Marshall County. We hope people will present their needs to the court and keep things moving.

Reflecting on Veteran's Day with gratitude



Tales of Grace
By Leigh Ann Northcutt

Today is Veteran's Day, also called Armistice Day and Remembrance Day.

To many in my children's generation, the holiday is observed by shopping for sales at the mall. My grandchildren celebrate by coloring pictures of soldiers in school.

It was different for my father-in-law and others of his generation. In 1919, when President Woodrow Wilson proclaimed Armistice Day a holiday, he said, "Reflections of Armistice Day will be filled with solemn pride in the heroism of those who died in the country's service and with gratitude for the victory . . ." My father-in-law, a veteran of the Korean War, reflected on the day with that pride and gratitude.

My generation is caught somewhere in the middle. We are children of the Vietnam War, the generation that grew up viewing images of war each night in the comfort of our living rooms. While we are influenced by our parents' patriotism, we are also impacted by our detached familiarity with war. To varying degrees, we are apathetic.

Leo Buscaglia, author of numerous books about love, said, "I have a very strong feeling that the opposite of love is not hate. It's apathy."

The last name on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Wall in Washington DC is Second Lieutenant Richard Vandegeer, one of the last Americans to be killed in combat during the Vietnam War. Before he died, he wrote this longing in a letter to a friend. "I can envision a small cottage somewhere, with a lot of writing paper, and a dog, and a fireplace and maybe enough money to give myself some Irish coffee now and then and entertain my two friends."

I have seen a picture of Richard Vandegeer in uniform. He was a freckled-faced young man with a boyish look about him, a young man with simple desires for life after Vietnam. He almost made it home to them. Lieutenant Vandegeer died on May 15, 1975 when the helicopter he was flying was shot down in the last battle of the Vietnam War. He was 27 years old, my youngest daughter's age. It's hard to be apathetic about the death of the young boy I saw in that picture.

So today, my thoughts are on Lieutenant Vandegeer and other veterans like him. Today, I am reflecting on Veteran's Day with gratitude as my father-in-law did. The Lord has reminded me that love lays aside apathy.

Let love be genuine. Abhor what is evil; hold fast to what is good. Love one another with brotherly affection. Outdo one another in showing honor. (Romans 12:9-10, ESV)

Phone calls in public can be a nuisance to others



My Side of the Fence
By Mike Harrell

Happy Veteran's Day to all who served. I do know several and used to know many more. I believe I've told you this before, but I grew up calling it Armistice Day because that was what the day was called when my parents got married 99 years ago today.

Last week I laughed about getting a senior discount without being asked my age. Well at the gym I was talking to a man (not a young man) and as he was leaving he said, "Have a great day, sir". Senior discounts don't bother, in fact I kinda like them, but sir from someone who has been around the sun a few times himself bothered me a little bit.

Speaking of bothered and age, yes, I am so old I remember, and have used, a pay phone, in a phone booth. You could enter the booth, close the door and have a private conversation. However now a days when you are out in public, I'll say a restaurant, a person's phone rings and they answer it, you really don't have to you can just call them back. They proceed to have a lengthy conversation and most of the time they put it on speaker.

I have wanted to make a comment about the discussion, after all I feel part of it since I am clearly hearing both sides. I haven't yet, but one of these days, who knows. This is the part that hurts. I have done the very thing I am talking about.

Do you remember that you are supposed to be quiet in the library? I have a friend that ranted to me about being in a library when someone's phone rang and they answered it. They talked (loudly they said) then got up and walked around talking like they were the only person there. I have known several librarians that would have shown them the door.

Well, UK and WKU both went to Tennessee to play longtime rivals. They both came home with the same results. It is Homecoming next week at WKU, I'm hoping for a win at home. All I can say is, Go Tops and Wildcats!

Have you noticed how dark it is? When I started writing it was light but 20 minutes later you would have thought it was midnight. And yes, I am cold. I know some of you love it, but really maybe snow later this week.

Happy Birthday greetings are extended to the following group of fine people. So, blow out your candles Sara Hensley, Bettye Conner, Jamie Bradley, Dan Sills, Randy Allen, Bennie Deaton, Becky Tuner, Eric Zarycki, Conner Prince, and Natalie Johnston. Celebrate your day and by all means, eat the cake.

Happy Anniversary to Mr. & Mrs. Reggie Tubbs. Celebrate your day, cake wouldn't hurt.

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

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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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