

Opinion

Protecting the Earth is no longer out of place, or tie-dyed

Considering the events of the time it is hard to believe, looking back on it, that people could focus on the creation of, or the need for an observance called “Earth Day”. I was a senior in high school counting down the days to graduation and summertime. It wasn’t until a couple of years later that I have any recollection of “Earth Day”. That was when I was in college and those were the days of tie-dyed tee shirts, long hair and Vietnam.

I had a student job in the university’s art department gallery. Mostly we loafed except when exhibits came in for display or exhibits were being shipped out. At



Northwest Passage
By Loyd Ford

those times muscle was required. One of our main jobs was to watch the art gallery to make sure no one had gotten too attached to a piece of art work and were trying to relocate it to a place where it would be easier for them to appreciate.

I can’t be sure but I

think it was during this time period of my college days at Murray State that I came into contact with a poster about “Earth Day”. Frankly I can’t be certain this even happened. I confess my priorities were a little skewed and Earth Day by itself just wouldn’t have registered.

But I do remember that before Earth Day there was that great promotion with the Indian crying over what had been done to the land. I also remember after the anti-litter campaign some of the banks and other local businesses gave away little plastic trash bags that could be hung from one of the knobs on your car ra-

dio. Those bags had ads for the sponsoring businesses but they were too small to hold the amount of fast-food trash people generate today. Plus, cars stopped having radios with knobs on them.

That was 55-years ago and as hard as it is to believe, those tie-dyed, long-hairs actually breathed life into social change for the good. While certainly “Earth Day” isn’t really a counter-cultural event. Some where along the way people realized that taking care of the planet has great benefits for everyone who lives here.

While it is easy to blame big companies for polluting, it is a lot harder to point fingers

at each of us. I certainly can remember disposing of products at home and at work in ways that were not good for the land or the water. In those days long ago, we easily understood the rotten aesthetics of truck loads of trash blowing around in the wind, but could not see the harm in dumping that three-quarters of a quart of oil out of our push lawn mowers onto the ground. That is what everyone I knew did. As long as you didn’t step in it and track it into the house you weren’t hurting anything.

What “Earth Day” has done for us is promoting the soundness of environmental constraints. Certainly, there are times

when “Earth Day” pushes the limits of what they see as being needed and necessary, and people don’t buy into it. But most of us now see the need to make good choices for the Earth.

Perhaps the lesson for all of us that comes from “Earth Day” is that we have learned that over time, if we will listen to each other, we are a lot closer in our beliefs than we first thought. A celebration for the Earth sounded very strange in 1970 in this neck of the woods, but here we are today and the idea of doing things that protects the Earth and the environment are not out of place here at all.

Our View

Is AI what we want for our healthcare?

Dr. Mehmet Oz the Trump administration’s new head of Medicaid and Medicare recently told employees of the federal agencies that artificial intelligence models may be better than frontline human physicians. He said this in his first staff meeting with the huge federal health organizations.

Oz said cost was roughly \$100 per hour for a human physician and only \$2 per hour for an AI visit. He also said that patients may prefer an AI avatar for their medical visit.

We doubt that people will prefer having a screen character rather than a live physician. In addition to that we believe that the brakes need to be put on most AI development until some rules and regulations can be put in place.

We have already seen how lives can be devastated by vicious content creation using AI to generate images that are not real but really hurtful. We also believe that something that only cost about \$2 per hour won’t be worth that much to a patient that may have to use it whether they want to or not.

It takes years to approve new medicines and vaccines. We see no reason to abandon that practice. It is only safe and prudent to protect people who could be put at risk.

Most of the time cheaper isn’t better, it is just cheaper. Is that what we want for our healthcare?

Look for the light in dark situations

Monday night I was in a class on legal and ethical practice. These Monday night classes go long, often over three hours. The content is often heavy. This week took a deep dive into the struggles many of our students and families are facing. At just the right moment, a classmate’s two-year-old toddled in and announced to everyone his successful toileting adventure.



By Emily Morrison

To which our professor made a big deal, much to his delight. This was a

perfect reminder of how we have to look for the light even in the darkest situations.

Lately, as I survey the state of affairs in the world, I am left with a sense of bewildering frustration and righteous anger. Things just ain’t right, and it don’t sit well with me. I needed that two-year-old’s reminder to celebrate all the victories no matter their size.

As we walk through this Holy Week, I will take time to survey the cross. But, I need to take the light into account too. Even in the darkest of storms there are rays of joy and love. They give us hope and strength. It really is all around us from the two-year-old’s triumph to the grand parent’s presence. A smile, a nod of recognition, there are glimmers all around.

The blood that set the world right again

“His heart beats, his blood begins to flow, waking up what was dead a moment ago. And his heart beats, now everything is changed ‘cause the blood that brought us peace with God is racing through his veins. And his heart beats.”

These are the lyrics of Andrew Peterson’s song “His Heart Beats.” I listened to it recently, and my imagination began to whirl. It set about creating an Easter story in my mind.

Feel free to enter into the scenario in my head as you read. If you see any theological problems in there, ignore them and just roll with the story. (Also, if you stumble across a memory of where I put my cell phone, send it on over to me.)

One evening, a couple of thousand years ago, a baby was born. Messen-



Tales of Grace
By Leigh Ann Northcutt

gers of God appeared in the sky outside Bethlehem, showing themselves in mass and singing God’s praise. All of nature echoed their worship, and the air filled with the glory of heaven.

God had come to the people He created with a plan to reclaim them. The Father had sent the Son to be the savior of the world. That night, the plan was set in motion, and the power of God infused a baby’s blood as it began to flow.

It is a man’s blood that carries the properties of life through his body. Even the early generations knew its importance. That is why Moses said the life of every living thing is in the blood (Leviticus 17:11).

And the blood of Jesus? Well, it carried the life of God as it coursed through him, unfolding the power of God in a human man.

Mercy gushed from his heart, and undesirables were loved. Healing flowed to his hands, and the blind could see, the lame could walk. Peace came to his mind, and his words spoke rest to the weary. Joy swept through his veins, and his smile brought delight to his disciples.

Then, one day, on a hill outside the walls of Jerusalem, the blood of Jesus was poured out in death. It was done to defeat evil and purify man from sin

because the law of the land required that sin be cleansed with blood. Without the shedding of blood, there was no forgiveness (Hebrews 9:22).

This was the plan meant to reclaim God’s people.

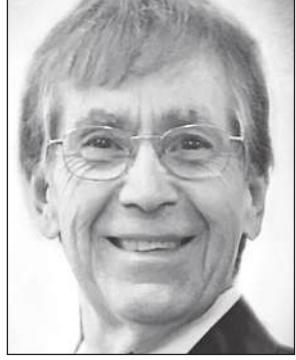
The members of heaven who watched the birth watched the death. As the blood of Jesus poured out, the source of its power to purify must have been evident to them. It was the life! The life of God in the blood! Sin can’t defile it. Death can’t destroy it. The eternal, almighty life of God poured from the heart of Jesus and set the world right again. The Son became the savior of the world.

And then, the power of God, which lived in the babe, returns to the man, and his heart beats. The blood that brought us peace with God is racing through his veins. And his heart beats.

Remembering Easter Egg Hunts with real eggs

There have been numerous Doves under my bird feeder this week. I’m pretty sure Noah sent out a Dove in search of dry land. I think it found my bird feeder instead. I am so glad the water has gone down. I do want to say how well the retention basin on 6th Avenue worked. Before it was put in place there would have been considerably more flooding in Calvert City than there was and there was more than enough as it was. However, without it things would have been far worse.

I was on the patio today in shorts. I hope maybe we are finally reaching shorts and t-shirt weather. Although this also brings on mowing and yes, my yard needs it but before any mowing can take place the limbs have to be removed. This will



My Side of the Fence
By Mike Harrell

make quite a pile.

If you celebrate Easter then you are in the middle of Holy Week. Easter comes in the Spring, both celebrating new life. Easter is a “movable feast” and does not have a fixed date but it is always on Sunday. My sister was born on Easter but it was on one of the earliest dates for it to be on. I always laughed and told her she would never

see it again on her birthday. I think it may be another hundred years before it lands there again.

I’m so old that I remember when we had Easter egg hunts—they were real eggs. Did we actually like hard boiled eggs? I guess the fun was in the hunt. We didn’t have those chocolate filled plastic ones like they do today and I don’t remember anything like a golden egg. I just remember trying to find the most eggs. Maybe that was the prize.

I try to get really low on gas before I fill up. I know this is bad, but, the reason is I usually have a good discount at Kroger. I had run the gas out and was preparing to go to Kroger but I unexpectedly had to go to Benton first. I left for Paducah and it has been years

since I took I-24 from Calvert. About half way to Reidland my car informed me I had 25 miles till empty. When I filled up I put in almost 11 and half gallons. The thing is, I only have a 12 gallon tank. I hope I don’t push it that far again.

Happy Birthday greetings go to Ben Wilson, Jarrod Sego, Lee Watson, John Peck, Trevor Elliott, Scott Futrell, Cody Walker, Jagger Rowe, Fred Ross, Emilie Shemwell, David Brien, Karen Kunnenecke and Jackie Conn. My oh my, lots of candles. I guess the air will get warmer. Celebrate your day and eat the cake.

Happy Anniversary to Mr. & Mrs. David Brien. Celebrate your day.

Happy Easter.

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

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