

Opinion

Calvert is the right size and the right place for me

If you attended the Veterans' Fish Fry at First Baptist Church last week you probably experienced the same thing I did. There were a lot of people from Calvert City there. Possible more people there that I haven't seen or spoken to since before the pandemic. The event which is always a wonderful thing because of the way it is geared to help veterans and to honor veterans, became even better for me because of such a big turnout from people in Calvert City. While the fish fry is held at First Baptist Church it is a community effort that is powered by several Calvert



Northwest Passage
By Loyd Ford

City churches working together to help host the event and raise funds for the Wounded Warrior Project. That kind of thing doesn't happen everywhere. Perhaps there is hope for all of us to make it in a world that often seems a little

bleak.

I love Calvert City so much. I can't explain it but there really isn't anything better than to take a slow summer drive around town, late in the day, when there aren't many other vehicles on the road. It is probably silly of me but I like to do it, just soak in Calvert on a summer evening, not going anywhere in particular, just right here in Calvert. Sometimes I see what is there, or what used to be here and sometimes I see things I think would be great to have here.

Calvert and I have a long history. Sometimes when I park in the new parking lot behind the

civic center I remember when I was a small boy and I walked with my grandfather through a gap in his fence and onto the hilltop that is the parking lot. My granddad had a few head of milk cows and he grazed them there on a neighbor's property. Someone would have to go into that field every day to bring the cows back down the hill to the barn for milking. I can remember other times when I would stand and watch the cows walk in a single file down the hill to the barn in the yellow light of a setting sun. That view will never be there ever again for anyone else to see it, but

it will remain in me for as long as I live.

I full well understand that no two of us that live here in Calvert will have the same memories. That just isn't the way things work. I am certain just as there are just as many of us that love this little town as there are others who would really rather be some other place. There are lots of reasons not to like where you live and small towns have, it seems like, fallen from favor. Some people like the big cities and the bright lights, they also need the better jobs that bigger towns can offer. I wish them well.

Calvert is the right size and the right place for

me. I could never fit in a big city. Folks there want you to drive fast and they do not care where your granddaddy grazed his cows, or where you used to catch crawdads and you caught your first fish. No, I could never fit in there.

The world is an imperfect place and we humans must seek shelter from the toil and sorrows that come along in life. A place where each of us, even with our shortcomings, can fit together, eat fish and white beans and make where we live a little better. There doesn't have to be a sunset or a bunch of cows to create the memories we need to sustain us.



Our View

Safety begins with us!

We hear all too often about drivers making terrible choices on the roads in our area. Vehicular collisions in Marshall County happen all the time. Our emergency responders are making calls all the time and the past week has been particularly filled with serious and tragic collisions, including some where people did not survive.

Both Marshall County Coroner's office and Marshall County Ambulance Service along with several other emergency responder agencies have had a steady demand to respond to incidents on both land and water. Last week in particular was a tough week.

This time of year, and just over all, Marshall County and all the areas around the lakes are crowded with people. Lots of these people are in unfamiliar areas and can make bad driving choices. We must expect and account for that.

All of us want people to get home from work or school safe. We want people who come here to spend their vacation to get home safe and sound. We want them to take home good memories of a great time.

So, we have to learn to be safer and practice safe habits and demonstrate patience and good will on the roads.

We need to do what we can to get everyone home safe. We need to remember that safety begins with us.

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The Lake News

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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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We all need magical, fairytale gardening

Back in May my son came home from school with a tiny styrofoam cup full of potting soil, three cucumber seeds and hope. He had been on a field trip to the fairgrounds for Ag Day. This little cup instantly achieved prize possession status. Cucumbers are Easton's vegetable of choice. He thinks he is big stuff when he gets to use a sharp knife to cut them up for dinner. Here he was given the opportunity to grow his very own cucumbers.

With great care he



By Emily Morrison

intentionally brought his cup of seeds home and gave them a place of honor on the patio. When those seeds sprouted, it was a cele-

bratory moment. Once they were big enough, we separated them and repotted them into their own separate and much larger pots. Last week their runners were ready to find something to climb. Together we repurposed an old clothes drying rack to serves as a frame for the cucumber vines. The vines were greatly appreciative and took off growing. When we came back from our weekend visit to Calvert City, Easton checked on his plants. "That one's Jack and the Beanstalk!"

To be fair one vine has reached Easton's height. It's exciting and magical.

I think we all need a little fairytale gardening. There is a special kind of magic that happens in the garden. Plants grow, wonder and awe are achieved. There in the midst of all that creation and growth it feels magical. Anyone who's ever grown their own tomato knows it is so. All it takes is a little soil, a few seeds, some patience and just like that you have grown your own fairytale magic.

Finding refuge in the shelter of His wings

Several years ago, I picked blackberries along the fence row of a small cemetery not far from my house. In the shade of those blackberry vines, there is a small, weathered tombstone with a little stone lamb resting on top. It belongs to Randall. Randall lived from 1941 to 1943.

Beside Randall is Pearle. I feel certain that Pearle is Randall's mother because if I had to bury the body of my toddler son in a cemetery, I would make sure that mine was eventually placed beside his. Floyd is lying beside Pearle. His stone says he was a corporal in the U.S. Army during World War



Tales of Grace
By Leigh Ann Northcutt

II, which, for the United States, lasted from 1941 to 1945.

Each time I picked berries in that cemetery, I wondered about that little grave and the family that stood beside it when Randall was

laid there. Did Randall die while his father was away at war? Did Floyd hold the boy before he left home, or did he miss his son's life entirely? Did Pearle bury Randall with or without her husband by her side?

Suffering isn't new to the world. But neither is the faithfulness of God. People have been crying out to him for as long as they have been crying. I wonder if Pearle was among them.

Seventy-eight years ago, in the cemetery not far from my house, did the Spirit of God stand beside the family at that little grave? Did He wrap his arms around Pearle and whisper comfort to

her heart? Did he hold her up as her baby was laid down?

Many of us today have found God faithful in our suffering. How many others, in the generations before us, stood in places of pain and also found him faithful?

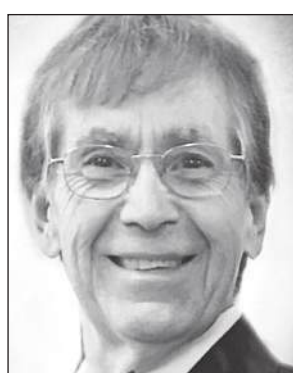
Hear my cry, O God; listen to my prayer. From the ends of the earth I call to you, I call as my heart grows faint; lead me to the rock that is higher than I. For you have been my refuge, a strong tower against the foe. I long to dwell in your tent forever and take refuge in the shelter of your wings. (Psalm 61:1-4, NIV)

Storms and heat waves also hit OUR area

This last week I saw this on Facebook, maybe I posted it. It said, "Sad News, The inventor of the heat index has died. He was 88, but felt like 107". I'm pretty sure his last week was in the Lakes area.

Keeping with the weather, I seldom make comments about our local weather people. They do a great job during really bad weather. However, over the last several weeks with all the thunderstorms they tend to under play or just don't mention it is happening here, and by here, I mean my house.

Last week while I was watching the weather, he said the storms in Illinois moved south but stopped before crossing the Ohio. As he was saying this it was thunder-



My Side of the Fence
By Mike Harrell

ing and lightning while a cloud burst was happening. Yet he didn't look at the radar that I could see behind him and there on top of me was a storm.

Sorry for the rant, it just irritates me that we get passed over unless it is something that puts us in a bad light. That may not be totally true but the bad news seems to out number good news

reports.

I heard several commercials saying something like, "now that summer is here", being a teacher so long I almost laugh. Summer is not only here, it is nearly over. So, are you enjoying summer? As a student or teacher who are staring down final days of summer here is a cherry thought, if you are 18 and live to the average American age, you only have about 57 summers left. According to this formula I am in my first bonus summer.

I've been having a weight issue lately and I think I've discovered part of the problem. I recently read that we have about five pounds of bacteria on our bodies and there are more bacteria cells than regular cells. That's

kinda creepy.

Oh, during this heat my recommendation is to stay in the shade. A moderately severe sunburn damages the blood vessels so much it takes 4 to 15 months for them to return to their normal condition.

Birthday greetings go out this week to this group of celebrants, John Purdue, David Arant, Jon Noles, Suzy Colburn, Dale Strader, Scott Shelton, Jordan Colburn, Parvin Latta, Chip Tullar and Rhonda Adamson. As you celebrate your special day, eat the cake.

Happy Anniversary wishes are extended to Mr. & Mrs. Kyle Parish. Celebrate your special day and have some cake if you wish.

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

Letters to the Editor

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All letters must be submitted with Name, City, State and Phone Number. Letters limited to less than 250 words.