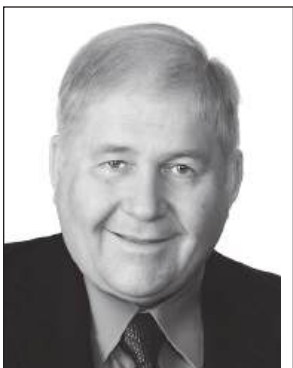


Opinion

Lots of things in life are like bacon, good but not good

I like growing things. Having fresh tomatoes every summer that I and my wife have grown is a prerequisite for happiness. One of the kitchen counters and the fridge are currently repositories for tomatoes. Sunday evening, I feasted on bacon and tomato sandwiches. I can't think of anything that could make a finer culinary delight.

Certainly, if bacon had never been invented billions of arteries worldwide would be a lot clearer and better suited to function as they should. Since tomatoes are a new world plant that was exported to Europe it is probably not speculative



Northwest Passage
By Loyd Ford

to say bacon came before tomatoes for most of the world. When bacon and tomatoes were joined together on sliced bread it had to have been a food moment. There is no going back on it for sure.

There really isn't any getting around it. Bacon

really isn't allowed in any of the normal food groups because the fat and salt and all those other things it contains from processing and preservation put it squarely in the toxic food group. And, frankly we don't care. Bacon could be the schedule 1 food drug.

Judging from the price we pay for bacon it must be addictive otherwise none of us would pay that much for it.

Bacon, other than its fantastic taste, doesn't have much of anything going for it as a food. When you fry bacon, it stinks up the entire house and creates a massive grease disposal and clean-up problem. If it

is sugar cured it wants to stick to the pan and it burns easier.

Another peculiar problem for those who cook bacon is if you are dumb enough to leave it on the cooktop unattended as it cooks, it can combust into a bonfire that can burn an entire house to the ground in a matter of minutes. There isn't anything like a grease fire to move a home renovation to the top of the to do list.

Bacon is just one of those things, despite all of its many bad attributes, is very difficult for us to take off the menu. It is a rare household in which bacon is a left-over on a regular basis. Sometimes I think cooked bacon has

the ability to call out to us from the fridge and make us come and get it.

I would like to think that tomatoes have the ability to neutralize all of the many bad qualities of bacon. But that kind of thing only happens in the movies or on Facebook. I was told Sunday that tomatoes can make arthritis worse. I decided right there that if arthritis in negatively affected by tomatoes it was just going to have to suck it up because I am not giving up fresh tomatoes.

As far as tomatoes go, I have a confession to make. One time several years ago, in January, I paid two dollars for a tomato that wasn't as big as

a hen egg. I still can't believe I did that, but I did.

There are just some things in life that we make poor exceptions for. There are lots of "bacon" like artifacts in life. Because some of these metaphorical "bacons" taste the way we want them to taste or look the way we want them to look we slap it on the bread of acceptance along with a slice of tomato and gulp it right down. We have got to stop doing that. The grease in that stuff will destroy us.

Like bacon, just because something sounds good, looks good and taste good doesn't mean it is really good.



Our View

We can't rush past school bus safety

By this time next week many of our local school districts and private schools will be open or very near opening day of school. Summer is still in our thoughts but the reality of going back to school is at our doorstep.

The big yellow school buses are going to start rolling along our streets and highways. The traffic at and near schools will quickly shoot up. While summer isn't really over if you're looking at a thermometer it is if you are watching what is happening on our streets.

Children will be present in places they haven't been for several weeks and for some of those children it will be their first time to ever be in those places.

Here in Calvert City, we have felt the pain of the loss of a child due to a school bus accident. We never want that to happen ever again. We must always be aware of what could happen if someone makes a choice, we didn't expect them to make.

Look out for children along side the road and on sidewalks. Look out for children on bikes especially near the schools and on highways. Expect the unexpected.

Watch out for cars and other vehicles near schools and busy intersections. When school starts almost everyone has a new schedule and sometimes things get in a rush. We can't rush past school bus safety.

It is true school buses carry our most precious cargo, and we always need to remember that.

What is the point, and are we on point?

This has been the fastest summer I can remember. There have been lessons, classes, and get-togethers. Not to mention life moments, both unexpected and planned. It's been good, it's mostly been sweet.

When you are in the thick of it, it is easy to lose track of when you are and where you are going. Being a busy bee, I often need a forced pause. I will buzz around moving from task to task without stopping to think about the whys of life.

Last week my family had a fluke in scheduling



By Emily Morrison

coupled with an opportunity that led to a spontaneous trip to Missouri. We are not spontaneous people. I am one of the weird people of the world who hates surprises. I of-

ten say, "There is no such thing as a good surprise." I can't stand not having a plan. As it turned out this trip across the Ozarks provided a chance to pause.

As we drove along Highway 60, I noticed three words painted on the concrete support columns of an overpass. These were most likely posed illegally, as it would have been a blatant infringement on the First Amendment. Italicized, "Fear." Bold, "God." Italicized, "Obey". This led to a great family discussion. Are those

words the point?

As a Christian, who focuses on the red words of Christ, I would revise this sign to reading Italicized, "Love." Bold, "Jesus." Italicized, "Serve." If we only see the awesome power of the triune God as a source of admonishment, how are we checking in with ourselves? As much as I struggle to slow down and think, I need to make sure I am on point. I would challenge all of us to check in with ourselves and ask, "What's the point?"

Enjoy the last days of your child's summer

The local schools are promoting their 2025-2026 open house events. Last weekend, Calvert City held its back-to-school bash. Yesterday, I walked through Walmart to find it had placed well-stocked school supplies front and center for easy access.

I don't have children going back to school in August, but the mother in me still wants to scream, "NO! It can't be time for that!"

Except for that one particular year when my children spent their entire summer break fighting, whining, and pounding my last nerve with a SpongeBob SquarePants baseball bat, I hated to send my kids back to school. It meant another year of their childhood was gone.

During those years, a



Tales of Grace
By Leigh Ann Northcutt

Family Circus cartoon, cut from the Sunday newspaper, was stuck to my refrigerator door. In the cartoon, the mommy character walks into Billy's room to find toys, clothes, and a variety of sporting equipment littering his room. An overflowing garbage can, a metal fire truck, a broken snare drum, and a big,

blue dinosaur are fighting for space on his bed.

In frustration, Mommy yells, "Billy, I wish you would grow up!"

In the next segment of the cartoon, a picture of a grown-up Billy packing his car to leave home flashes into Mommy's thought bubble. She pulls her still-small son into her arms and says, "But not too soon."

I looked at that cartoon, hanging on my refrigerator, every day for 25 years. On some days, it was the reasoning that kept me from pinching off the heads of my children, convincing me I might miss them if they were gone. Most days, it was a reminder to enjoy my children while they were still with me.

As Ecclesiastes says, there is a time for every-

thing. There is a season for every activity under the heavens. There is a time to chase your kids with pirate eye patches and foam swords. To make castles with cardboard boxes and crowns with clover blossoms. To blow bubbles and paint rocks and catch lightning bugs as dusk falls on a summer day. To bathe little bodies and clean peanut butter off the couch and fall into bed worn to a frazzle and weary to the bone.

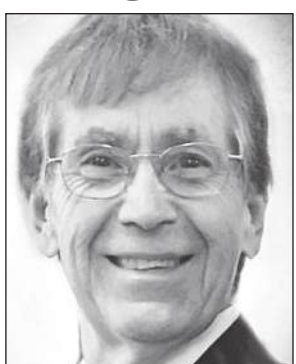
But it's only a season. A season to enjoy as best you can. Because, in the next one, you must let them go. All five of my children have been gone from home for a while now. And, sure enough, when each of them left, I prayed, "It's too soon, Lord! It's much too soon!"

Random thoughts on a hot summer day

What is the only thing I can say about the weather and still get it printed in the paper, lol. Yes, it is hot! I hear maybe tomorrow it may start to cool down. You know usually this time of year we are wanting it to rain, not this year.

I was returning home from my nephew's funeral Friday and I noticed the road side had lots of goldenrods in bloom. Thinking back a few days while on the patio I heard the cicadas making their intentions quiet clear. You know they come up from a prolonged period underground to eat, mate and die. The combination of these two events signals one thing to me. School is about to start.

My great nephew returned to WKU Monday. He is following in the footsteps of his great uncle. He is an R.A. in Pearce Ford Tower. When



My Side of the Fence
By Mike Harrell

he told me that, I laughed and asked if he was on the 26th floor. I had a great niece who was an R.A. there several years ago. I have another great nephew who was going there this year, then U.K. offered him a better scholarship. Follow the money.

Have you done one of those DNA tests to find out about your family? I know, but who cares if they know my family is from Scotland and England. I didn't get any

results like lots of people want, not royalty, etc.

However, I don't think they saw this one coming. President Obama is 10th cousins with Sarah Palin, 10th cousins (once removed) with Rush Limbaugh and 11th cousins with President George Bush. Well, I guess it's all just relative.

Have you ever heard of Edgar Cayce? He was known as "The Sleeping Prophet". He predicted things in his sleep and was well known. Many of his predictions came to pass. There are a few I am waiting for. He lived near Hopkinsville. There is even a museum there all about him. When he was 21, he got laryngitis and couldn't speak for a year. Doctors couldn't help. A friend hypnotized him and he discovered the problem. If it worked for him, why not others. He diagnosed hundreds

of others while hypnotized. Actually, he made his living doing this.

One more tidbit, Russia is bigger than Pluto.

Here is my list of Birthday people this week. I laugh when there is one somewhere like California or Florida but this week there is one in China. I guess her mother will have to tell her that her name was in the paper. These people need to celebrate and I think they probably know how. Happy Birthday to Dale Smith. Winnie Futrell, Amy Scott, Tad Mott, Lisa Parrish, Nancy Irwin, Kyle Graham, Greg Avery, Cherryll Love, Dolie Jo Alexander, Peggy Roman, Addi Thompson and Wendy Lyles. Eat the cake and celebrate.

Happy Anniversaries to Mr. & Mrs. Clint Parish. Celebrate your day.

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

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