

The people who live in Calvert City are the best advocates

I can't really say I always present a meaningful conversation about life in this column. Admittedly I often wonder around verbally without any real point at all. My focus changes from week-to-week and sometimes from paragraph. I try to write as if I were having a conversation on the front porch with someone. Other times I float around like that last Cheerio in the bowl just looking for a lifejacket to get out of the milk.

It has always been my hope to at the least not to bore people to tears, and to give them something to think about in a way that promotes both conversation and thoughtfulness. Sometimes I think people have a tendency to think they have little effect on the rest of the world. But they do.

We learned as children it only takes a spark to keep a fire burning. Inspiration comes from other people. How many times have we heard stories about how someone



Northwest Passage
By Loyd Ford

made a success out of their life because they were encouraged by a teacher, a co-worker or someone else? What I hope to do is to reach as many of those folks out there who are the sparks for others and encourage them to be sparks for our community.

I think we live in a really great place that has much to offer. I also believe there are lots of things that could be done to make this really great place better. I truly believe we need to preserve the history of Calvert City. Our town has a truly great story to tell. In a lit-

tle over a decade Calvert City went from one of the poorest areas in the state to one of the wealthiest areas in the state.

We have wonderful parks with tremendous activities and things for people of all ages to do. Wouldn't it be great if we had a group of people committed to developing more cultural activities, like visual and performing arts? Perhaps a theater group that could have both a winter and summer schedule of shows and concerts featuring local people.

Yes, I can hear it now Calvert City is too small

for these kinds of things. My response to that is we aren't too small to have one of the top pickleball complexes in the region, or some of the best municipal parks in the state, when it is fully connected, we are going to have a walking and biking trail that is expected to be in the top 20 in the US. We weren't too small to create the first football, soccer and marching band programs in the county.

I would also like to remind anyone who is reading this that the reason Marshall County is one of the few rural counties in the state with

three state-of-the-art libraries is because some folks in Calvert City got too big for their britches and decided to create from scratch a library for everyone. Hardin got a library because Calvert City had one.

The first computer lab in Marshall County schools came to Calvert City Elementary funded by a grant from local industry. The monitors at the computer lab in Calvert City Elementary School had just barely gotten warm before teachers and parents in all the other schools rightly insisted the

school district put computers in all the schools. This would have eventually have happened but Calvert City getting computers for kids there jump started the whole process. Someone or a group of some ones had a spark of an idea and good things happened in a small town. It can happen again. We just need a little encouragement.

We live in a great place and truthfully each of us who live in Calvert City are the best advocates for our community. We need to tell other how great it is to live here, because it is.



Our View

Cool Beans!

Here in Calvert City, we have some really cool neighbors. Something not everyone has, Bald Eagles. Tuesday morning one of them sailed across Fifth Avenue from the golf course to the trees in the Old Park.

The bird, our symbol of America, sailed across the road, barely 15 feet off the ground and up into the trees in the park to perch on a limb in plain view. The park has a lot of squirrels and they probably are on the eagle's breakfast, lunch and supper menu.

Bald Eagles have made a wonderful comeback especially in this area near the Tennessee River and Kentucky Lake. We see them often. Still, it is quite a moving experience to see these large birds, up close, flying along a city street. We have to say having these beautiful birds living here in our city can be nothing less than Cool Beans!

Eating my feelings with good food and prayer

When my Papaw died, one of the aunts, pronounced "aints", I believe it was Shelda, made ooie gooie butter bars. These are sometimes referred to as chess squares. I can't say I did so single handedly, because it was definitely a double fisted endeavor, but I put a hurt on those bars. So much so, I couldn't stand the thought of an ooie gooie butter bar for the next five years.

Being reared in the rural south, it was impressed upon me from early childhood that Jesus and a good meal can fix anything. It's part of



By Emily Morrison

my DNA. I'm still eating to nourish my ancestors who had to survive on white beans. To this day I can say prayer and taters have never let me down. My nerves have been

up. Like everyone else I've got things to worry about. There are global conflicts to protest. There are work commitments to fulfill. There are friends and relations to support. There are bills to pay, and the penny no longer exists. In light of these challenges, I helped myself to multiple servings of my niece's birthday cake. That strawberry icing sure did the trick.

The sugar high gave me a new perspective. We are awfully blessed to have the hardships we've got. If for no other reason except they're ours.

We lost Uncle David on Monday. Loss is hard, because of what we've had. We've shared more family meals powered by white beans and banana pudding than I can count. (I still don't like either one.) We've fussed and we've laughed and we've built. We have been and continue to be a family.

I might not be done eating my feelings. There is funeral food on the horizon. But this time around is different, because I know more fully that our circle is not broken.

The spiritual mysteries of faith and art

Several years ago, my husband and I were given tickets to a James Taylor concert. It was the third time we had seen James in concert and, by far, the best.

(I have never met James Taylor, and it may seem a bit presumptuous of me to call him by his first name, but I feel the pleasure his music has put in my life and the many dollars I have, in return, placed in his pocket have made it acceptable.)

With the first notes of the concert, I settled into the music, tapping my foot to the rhythm of James's guitar. His rhythm was dead on. Mine, not so much. But I tapped anyway as my husband and I sang along to all his old songs. "In my mind I'm goin'



Tales of Grace
By Leigh Ann Northcutt

to Carolina. Can't you see the sunshine? Can't you just feel the moonshine?"

I was gone. I could see the sunshine. I could soooo feel the moonshine.

For the next two hours, I was transfixed. The room filled with the sound of James Taylor's music. Then, it filled with the beauty and

aesthetic power of his music. Then, for me, it filled with the creator of his music.

James may or may not recognize that God is the designer of his talent and the author of his music. But I surely do. The same artisan who carved the seas and laid them down beside the shores designed that voice and placed it in James Taylor. The same hand that paints a sunset guides the fingers on James Taylor's guitar. Beauty in all forms, even when disclosed by the unredeemed, springs from the hands of God, circles around His being, and resonates with His voice.

While James sang that night, God appeared in a realm just beyond the stage. I saw Him there. His presence was over-

whelming. And my soul responded with reverence and awe.

I had a discussion last weekend about "religious art" and "secular art", and I told this story. The artists in the group understood the point completely. God will not be boxed into an explanation of where he will or will not be found.

Author and actress Madeleine L'Engle said it this way: "Basically, there can be no categories such as 'religious art' and 'secular art'. Even when the artist does not personally believe in God. Provided he is an artist of integrity, he is a genuine servant of the glory which he does not recognize. And unknown to himself, there is something divine about his art."

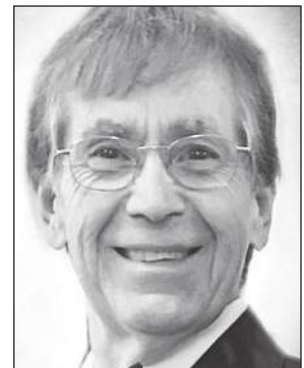
What music will you still love in 50 years

Well, today is the day! I hope you have done your taxes. It no longer matters when your taxes are post marked, it is when they arrive. So, if you waited till today, good luck.

Sunday I certainly enjoyed sitting in the swing on the patio. I even had guest drop by. I was only sorry I hadn't cleaned it as of yet. Lots of dust and pollen. Speaking of which, I am taking pills because of those two.

Today's Sunday school lesson was in Psalms and spoke how they were hymns (good luck singing these) written thousands of years ago, some by King David. It went on to list many songs used by many different denominations that are based on them. This caused me to think about that column on music again.

It has been interesting that since that column on my music likes, I have



My Side of the Fence
By Mike Harrell

been asked what kind of music I didn't like. Now this may strike a "sour note" ...but when my students asked this, I responded with high opera, because it was just screaming. I also didn't like Acid Rock (remember, 30 years ago) because, you guessed it, it is just screaming.

Today however, I feel like those people at the turn of the last century, when swing, jazz and big band were first appearing. Those people said that it wasn't real music,

not like classical. You see that is kind of how I feel about Rap music. One day at the gym a Rap song came on and I had to laugh at the thought that in fifty years some couple celebrating their 50th anniversary, looking lovingly into each other's eyes as the Rap song plays and saying, remember that was our song.

Have you ever heard someone say something (and don't say me) and you thought that is just stupid! Well, hang on. Lieutenant Joseph Ives said, "This was the first, and undoubtedly the last expedition that will see this useless place." Sorry Joseph, I have been there four times and it always impressed me. He was speaking about the Grand Canyon in 1861.

I guess I can't get too far away from music. Decca Recording Company passed on the

Beatles, saying "We do not like their sound, and guitar music is way out of fashion."

That is kind of like when my great uncle from Arkansas wanted me to invest in a company he knew about and I laughed and said Uncle Lee's in Paducah was a better store. He was speaking about Walmart. And so it goes.

Have a great week and remember, we need the rain.

Happy Birthday greetings go out this week to Andrea Wilson, Fred Ross, Alexander Smith, David Brien, Karen Kunnenecke, Andrea Powell, Ben Wilson, John Peck and Lee Watson. Have a great day, celebrate and eat the cake.

Happy Anniversary to Mr. & Mrs. David Brien. Celebrate your special day and eat cake.

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

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