

# Roamin' Rockcastle

BY HILDA PAYNE GABBARD



I walked into Hair Plus by Wayne to get my hair done and ran into Mary Ann Williams. Of course, I asked, "How's your love life?" which brought on a lot of laughing by other customers.

"Oh, it couldn't be better," the pretty, blonde haired woman said and everybody did laugh then but knew she was joking.

"Tell me about your holiday," I said.

"I went to Louisville and spent the day with some of our family." As I came in the door, another woman in an opera's chair greeted me with a "Here Comes Miss America!"

I said, "Yes, but which year. Was it 1992 or 1775 when the states became a new nation?" And I walked over to Etta Davis who is in charge of the Senior Citizen Center in Berea and again there was a lot of laughing.

The shop was busy as usual and all operators were busy.

I asked one of them, Teresa Singleton whom I call Mrs. Rockcastle because she's so pretty and asked her if she had her long john's on.

"Not yet," Teresa said, "but I've already bought myself a Christmas present. It's called a Sound Conditioner."

"Whatever in the world is that? I asked.

"It plays different sounds so that it helps you get to sleep. I like the sound of rain falling."

"I wonder if they played the sound of snoring. I've become conditioned to that."

"It's interesting to see the many hair styles the customers want. Some wear long bushy hair and others short on their head."

I went up to the counter of cold

foods in Superior Market, where they sell. A man and woman standing there were waiting on a clerk. Another clerk asked me what I wanted. Before I could answer, the man started talking to me.

"Get you some of the baked ham. You can't beat it or try some of the roast beef which won't quit."

We came down here and I bought their lunch meats. I tell you I never tasted any so good, Any of it makes a good sandwich. Why don't you buy a slice or two of several kinds to try out?"

I couldn't talk to the clerk for his urging me to buy. Great day! Has Saylor put someone out here to help sell the lunch meat.

I turned to the woman that was with him and said, "Get him to quit trying to sell me meats that I don't want!"

He began again, "Well you'll be sorry if you don't take some of all. You listen to me and you'll have good eating."

I said to the woman, "Take him away. He's causing me to buy meat that I don't want."

Already the girl was wrapping up a pound of roast beef, one I never intended to get in the first place.

I turned to her and said, "What is your names? I'd like to put them in the papers for it sounds like Saylor's work to get up business."

She smiled and said, "We are James and Janice Potter from

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## "Heresay"

(Cont. from pg. A2)

the players not to look into that black light—it would make them dizzy.

Jack turned off the overhead lights, and the color of the wheel began to play on the curtain of sheets being drawn to reveal Mary and Joseph looking adoringly at their new-born doll and flashlight. I activated my "45" and Mario sang "O Come, All Ye Faithful" while the shepherds emerged from the basement, strolled to the stage, and paid homage to the glowing baby.

Then Mario cut loose with "We Three Kings." The wise men likewise promenade, did obeisance, and held their tribute in opened palms before the manger. Goodness gracious, it was going great! I just knew the people were overwhelmed by Mario's vocal range and that orb of colors sweeping the stage. And the beat was yet to be!

A third record engaged and Mario broke forth with "O Holy Night." I fluttered the angels. They moved in behind all others and mounted some World War II ammunition boxes I borrowed from somebody's barn. The angels looked for all the world as if they were hovering over the scene. (What directing! What genius!)

When Mario began the second stanza of "O Holy Night," I switched

on the black light. That made the revolving colors even more resplendent. Then we were ready for the finale, the glorious last scene. I turned off the color wheel, and the entire stage was bathed in the luminous glow of the black light. Everything white was radiant.

Mario was about to crescendo to an upper register, glass-shattering B-flat. So, I leaned back to bask in the splendor of the moment. Until I noticed Jimmy Harold, that is. He was staring intently into the black light! I whispered to him, but he couldn't hear me over Mario. He was totally mesmerized.

Then it happened. Have you ever watched a big tree fall? Well, that's the way Jimmy Harold went down—straight back, no slumping, no bending of the knees, just straight back. When he hit the floor, the whole stage shook, so much so that the needle skipped across the record, making Mario go "O Holy NAAARRRKK! And that screeching so startled Jackie, one of the wise men, that he dropped the gold brick on the bare toes of Charles, another wise man, who squealed "WOOOWWWW!" and also "\*\*\* you, Jackie!"

Then I, Jon, looked on, behold, the angels swayed atop their pedestals. Feeling they also would fall, I stood up told Jack to turn on the lights. And as soon as he did, Charles' mother blitzed up the center aisle from the rear of the sanctuary, shrieking, "Charles! Charles!" She grabbed him by his robe and said, as she snatched him off the stage, "Get down from there before that fool preacher kills you all!"

Years later, not long before he passed away, I came upon Jack Fugate on Main Street in Mt. Vernon. We recalled that Christmas program. Jack laughed almost as hard as he did the night Charles' mother dragged him out of the church house. He also remembered the music. "What was the name of that singer who belted like a bull?" he asked. I got my wish—it was an unforgettable program.

## \$500 REWARD

For information leading to arrest and conviction or return of ICBACCOC stolen from a barn (on the Harbuck tract of C.C. Crawford Farm) on the night of Thursday, Nov. 5th early morning hours of Friday, Nov. 6, 1992. Theft took place on Hwy. 1505 on Biddle Ridge between Holy Jack Church and the home of Charles Harbuck.

Approx. 1300 lbs. of tobacco was loaded onto a vehicle parked on road at aforementioned location.

There is good reason to believe that this vehicle was sojourned during the time the tobacco was being loaded or quite possibly at another location while being unladen.

Theft probably occurred early Friday morning between 1 and 4 a.m. If you have any information, please phone 606-758-8800 or the Rockcastle Co. Sheriff's Office

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### "What Saith the Scriptures"

Today, we want to talk about what is the "key" to understanding the Bible.

Men offer various "keys" to the scriptures, to bring understanding of the Bible. Let's notice some examples of what men are teaching. Our Mormon friends say that precious parts of the Bible have been lost. Thus the book of Mormon is the "key" to understanding the will of God, (cf. 1 Pet. 1:23-25). Our Catholic friends tell us that the "key" to understanding the Bible is the decrees of the Pope and what the "church" says. Our Jehovah Witness friends tell us that the Watchtower Society and its publications are the "key" to understanding the Bible. Many denominations tell us the Holy Spirit must explain and teach us the scriptures. "Except the Spirit of God pull back the veil and reveal the scriptures; it is a book of mysteries to the natural man." Some call it a "still small voice" that will open the scriptures to people. 7th Day Adventists say that the "inspired" writings of Ellen G. White is the "key" to understanding the Bible. We could give other examples, but one can understand why there is so much division in religion. But none of the above examples, is the true "key" to understanding the scriptures.

What is the true "key" to understanding the Bible? First, the Bible says it's a understandable and complete revelation from God for humanity, Eph. 3:1-5, II Tim. 3:16-17, Mk. 16:15. The real "key" is not an external thing as in the examples we cited above but an internal thing. The "key" is our attitude of heart! In Mt. 11:25, "At that time, Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and last revealed them unto babes." The proud, arrogant, self-sufficient attitude never can see the scriptures, only the babes who humbly desire to learn. Mt. 7:8 says it's the man who asks, seeks and knocks, that shall find answers to his search. In Lk. 8:4-15, the parable of the sower, is a parable of hearing. In all 4 grounds they hear the word of God but the attitude varies from ground to ground. Only the good ground is pleasing to God. Why? They have an honest and good heart. The Bereans in Ac. 17:11 are commended by God and were converted, why? Because of the attitude of their hearts, a readiness of mind to receive the gospel and a desire to see if these things were so, by the scriptures. Finally, "Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world let him become a fool, that he may be wise" I Cor. 3:18. Your attitude will be the key that will unlock the scriptures or it will hide it from you!

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