

Our Readers Write

**Extremely proud
of RCHS boys
basketball team...**

Dear Editor,

Let me start by saying that I contemplated long and hard about whether I should write this article. Needless to say, "I should" won out.

When the Lady Rockets were going to Diddle to play for the state title, it was easy for me to write an article about that group of girls. For starters, I had known most of them since they were 5 years old and second, the seniors had completed their high school careers with multiple wins. I can't and will not take anything away from those girls (including my daughter who was a part of that team). They worked long and hard for that title and I was, and still am, very proud.

On the other hand, I feel compelled to write about not only our senior boys (whom I have also known since they were five years old), but the boys Rocket team as a whole. Unfortunately these boys haven't had a winning season. Nevertheless, this has been as easy an article for me to write as the Lady Rockets' article two years ago.

This group of young men have worked extremely hard throughout the year only to face multiple adversities. If anyone knows me, they know "I hate to lose" but this team has taught me so many things throughout this year that I will hold special for the rest of my life.

This team continues to

work hard at every practice, continues to play 100% at every game and, most of all, they represent our school, RCHS, with dignity, integrity, good sportsmanship and pride. These young men have learned a life lesson way before their adult lives, and I'm positive they will leave RCHS and enter into the "real world" ready to tackle any challenges that might come their way.

I will finish this article by saying to the team, "Thank you for teaching me that while it's not fun to lose games, it's OK as long as you don't forget who you are. I could not be prouder to say that I am your #1 fan and you all make me extremely proud.

Forever, your
"Super-Fan"
Rebekah Arvin

"I See It"

(Cont. from A2)

share their religion while they are in public. I would become disgusted when I would see preachers passing out Bibles in the hot spots of our campus or when Muslims would pull out their prayer rugs and pray as they were bowing on their rug toward Mecca.

One of the best examples was my economics professor who claimed to be an atheist. Almost every single class of the semester he would tell us how Christians are stupid for believing there is a God and how he is tired of seeing all the preachers on campus trying

to spread Christianity.

This would upset many of the devout Christian students in the class. I remember one girl who left in the middle of class and never returned. I guess she either flunked out or withdrew from the class simply because our economics professor wouldn't stop "preaching" about his atheism.

I also remember getting mad at him one day and asking him how he could continuously complain about preachers trying to spread Christianity when he was openly trying to spread atheism in all of his classes. I remember telling him that "it looks to me like you are doing the exact same thing as the preachers except that you just have a different belief. I understand that you are telling me they should be banned from sharing Christianity on campus. But if they are banned from sharing their Christian beliefs with students, then explain to me why you should be allowed to share your atheist beliefs with your students? It seems to me that you are contradicting yourself by practicing the same concepts that you are advocating against."

Surprisingly, he couldn't provide me with a straight answer to my question and he started to tone his atheist rants down for the remainder of the semester.

As a result of these religious debates and confrontations, I grew to despise people who freely tried to spread their religion and beliefs across campus. I had come to the conclusion that everyone would get along better if people didn't practice or share their religion with anyone while they were in public.

I now realized what happened to me while I was in college. I had become another victim of a worldwide epidemic that robs thousands of Christian believers of their faith while they are in college.

A lot of Christian students become increasingly influenced by their peers and professors who may be Muslim, Buddhist, Hindu, Atheist, etc. Many of them will convert to one of these different religions or beliefs before they graduate college. Or in my case, some Christians grow tired of any organized religion as they view it as something that tears the world apart and causes mankind to hate each other or even kill each other.

As a result of these changes in their beliefs, thousands of Christian believers grow away from God while they are in college.

Personally, I never doubted my salvation while I was in college. I still believed that I was a lost sinner and that Jesus died on the cross as payment for my sins. However, there was one very important part of salvation that I struggled with while I was a student. I didn't have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ. As I said before I rarely prayed or went to church. I also hardly ever studied God's word by reading my Bible.

When a Christian

doesn't have a personal relationship with God, it's very easy for them to become a backslidden Christian. Everyone has to fill their heart and mind with something and if you don't fill it with Jesus Christ then you are practically destined to fall away from your Christian principals.

Throughout our lives we are going to meet people from all walks of life and beliefs. There are good people in this world that we will meet throughout our lives that are of a different religion. As Christians, if we don't have a personal relationship with God then we are simply leaving ourselves more vulnerable to their influences.

Looking back now, it's not difficult to figure out what happened to me in College and why I drifted away from God during this time period. I only hope and pray that other college students don't become victims of the same epidemic as I did when I was a student.

I also pray that Christian students will always retain their personal relationship with God because if they don't, then something else will fill the void that is left in their heart.

"Memories"

(Cont. from A2)

press as the team of mules turned the huge wooden wheel. The juice that was extracted was boiled to concentrate and crystallize the sugar. The result of this boiling process is called "first molasses," which contains a very high sugar content. If it is boiled again, the extraction is slightly bitter and is called "second molasses." If it is boiled a third time, the resulting liquid is called "blackstrap" molasses, which has a robust flavor and high concentrations of calcium, magnesium, potassium, and iron. It has long been sold as a health supplement.

After Pop and I watched the molasses-making process, we always took several jars of the sweet, brown liquid home with us. I can never remember being without sorghum in our pantry. It truly was a staple in our home. My mother (Bee) and Mommie Katie both also loved the taste of "lasses" for breakfast, and, on occasion, at other meals.

Each year, sorghum molasses is produced at Gladie, which is found in the Daniel Boone National Forest in Powell County. Kathy and I have watched several times as the process unfolds by those demonstrating their techniques. Watching the cane sugar being boiled makes my mouth water because I immediately recall the process as a young man.

Odors can contain very strong prompts of certain memories, and this is certainly one of them. I find that I cannot leave the area without purchasing a couple of jars of the brown delight. My wife is not much of a fan of molasses, but I have long been hooked on the taste and smell of the sugary mixture. Just like Pop, I mix my blend with butter to produce the thick, sweet, composite

to top off my biscuits. Add a pot of coffee, and I am completely satisfied.

I've made some of you hungry for some "lasses," haven't I? Well, just join in—because I've made myself hungry for it, too.

(You can reach me at themtnman@att.net or you can drop me a line at P.O. Box 927 – Stanton, KY 40380. Thanks for your continued responses to my column.)

She poured over half a gallon of antifreeze that she found in her garage into an old pan because she'd heard that would kill them. She set the pan out in the front yard and the chickens promptly turned it over.

"These chickens were working me to death and driving me crazy," DC told Ralph. "So I decided to pray about it. I asked the Lord to do whatever He could to get rid of these chickens before they killed me", said DC.

"The next morning I heard a loud racket out in front of the house. I looked out the door and saw a little black and white dog with a chicken by the neck. But when he saw me, he ran off into the woods dragging that chicken", she said.

For the next three or four days it seemed like every time she turned around, DC would hear chickens squaking and when she'd look out the door, that little black and white mongrel would either be chasing chickens or dragging one into the woods. By the end of the week there was not a chicken to be seen on her place and the little dog was gone, as well.

Old age, being what it is, DC said she was so tickled with being chicken free, that she'd forgotten all about praying for the Lord to take them away until she drove ten miles to church the next Sunday.

"I'd no sooner gotten out of my car when I saw that little black and white dog sitting there by the church steps. As soon as he saw me, he held his head up high, cocked his tail, trotted across the parking lot and ran into the woods.

"Now what do you make of that, Mr. King?", DC asked my buddy, Ralph.

That's when Ralph called me and I don't know what to make of it either.

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