# OPINION

## Letters to the Editor

**Dear Editor,**

I am writing in response to the letter about the children being in school on Memorial Day. The state allows so many days to be made up this happened to be one of them also even though the polls are open from 6am-6pm and this is a way to allow children that are 18 and teachers to vote. Also, some counties use the school as polling booths. As for the comment about going to school on Martin Luther King day. This is a national holiday for all people and as an African American woman I found this offensive. There are other holidays that could be used, why this one? He was one of the greatest men of our time. He fought for the rights of EVERY-ONE. So how can we disrespect him in this way? We need more people like him in the world and not those who choose to be negative and ungrateful.

**Thank You,**
**Theresa Mynhier**

**Dear Editor,**

My name is Jesse Robinson. I was one of the young men charged with the damage to the Carlisle Cemetery. A number of tombstones were knocked down and destroyed. I know there is no way I could ever show the community how sorry I truly am. I knew what was right and wrong. However, I still chose to do wrong, even though I knew it wasn't right. Due to this I spent 47 days in jail. Those 47 days were an eye-opener to me. It made me realize that I had done something stupid and messed up. Not only had I hurt and damaged a lot of my friends and family's trust, but I also disappointed the community where I have grown up in the past nine years. I'm going to use this second chance to make something good out of this situation.

I give my word to this community that I will do better to make things right. Since I've been out of jail I've already finished about 250 hours of community service. On top of that I've paid the Cemetery Board $343 of my own, for restitution.

One of my good friends always told me that a man should not only stand up for what is right, but should take responsibility for his actions. I'm taking responsibility for my action toward the cemetery, Industrial Park, soccer field, Nicholas County High School, Carlisle Christian Church, Carlisle Baptist Church and the young lady who's tires was slashed. Not only am I going to continue community service, but I have decided to go to college and go on with my life, and prove I can do right.

I don't know how to put into words how sorry I really am. I hope the citizens that I hurt and damaged their loved ones tombstones can forgive me one day.

Once again, I'm very sorry and thanks for the second chance the community has given me.

**Thanks again,**

**Jesse Robinson**
**Once again, I'm truly sorry.**


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The deadline for letters to the editor is 5 p.m. Monday.

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**Mailing address: P.O. Box 272, Carlisle, KY 40311**
Phone: 859-289-6425 • Fax: 859-289-4000
Email for news editor@thecarlislemercury.com
Email for advertising: advertising@thecarlislemercury.com
Online at: www.thecarlislemercury.com

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## Heaven Is A Lot Like Kentucky

**REGARDING BOONE AND FORT BOONESBOROUGH**

Late spring, 1778 along the Sciota River in Ohio

Daniel Boone removed the small caliber lead ball from his deer rifle, a white tail deer after expertly butchering the small buck and loading his backpack with the four quarters and two tenderloins, or back-straps, as the Shawnee most often called them.

"Lord have mercy, what would my Little Becky think of me if she could see me now," he thought while pondering about his wife Rebecca Bryan Boone, as he prepared to hoist the pack to his shoulders.

Nearly the entire deer would be used, and was thus placed in tanned bags, which were then wrapped around the deer hide, which would also be cured and tanned later for use.

His heart was torn between his old life with Rebecca and their children in Kentucky, and his new life among the Shawnee.

The American Revolution was in full conflict and it appeared as if the British would be the strong victors as the war raged across the territory.

He had tried to be a loyal English servant in his earlier days, but the thoughts of his own land, his own opportunity to be part of the Transylvania Company, now that was something dreams were made of.

Kentucky was a wilderness paradise and he had an opportunity to begin his own family empire here.

For the first time in his life, he had a chance to be somebody, to be something more than a dirt-poor hunter and farmer who was constantly in debt.

He looked around in a casual but intense gaze, and when he was certain that no Shawnee hunters were near, he placed the lead ball into a secret pouch in his hunting belt.

He was slowly but surely secretly hording ammunition to make his escape.

The Shawnee were careful about giving him lead and powder and kept a good account of the ammunition they sparingly allowed him.

There had been rumors of a southern British and Shawnee invasion of Kentucky for later in the summer, and he knew that he would have to return to Boonesborough to save his family.

He grabbed the old Shawnee musket he'd been entrusted with and began the two-mile journey back to the camp where his adopted Shawnee family was temporarily staying.

He had become a Shawnee hunter in every sense of the term.

He especially looked the part.

He was 43-year-old, and other than the slight limp he carried from the agonizing Shawnee bullet that broke his ankle last summer during a raid on Fort Boonesborough, he was in otherwise remarkably strong physical condition. The painful injuries he'd suffered, during his running the gauntlet earlier in February after being captured and surrendering his salt makers, were completely healed.

He had no idea that his wife and children had left his cabin and had returned to the Bryan plantation in the Carolinas.

Only his daughter Jemima and her new husband Flanders Calloway remained.

The dynamics of the settlement had changed in the fort since his departure and capture in February.

There were several new Virginia families that had arrived.

Among these families was a man who would figure prominently in the following years in the conflicts that would consume so many lives along the frontier.

His name was Joseph Proctor.

He was skilled 23-year-old hunter who had recently married Polly Horn, a daughter of Aaron Horn. He had also recently joined the Virginia militia and received orders to go to Fort Boonesborough as part of his military service to help protect the frontier.

It is very likely that Proctor was part of the same militia company that brought Josiah Collins to the fort, as well.

The inhabitants of the fort, were in dire straights during the late spring of 1778 and we have only to examine the words of then 21-year-old Josiah Collins, who arrived in March 1778, with a group of approximately 80 Virginians that came to Kentucky by way of the Wilderness Trail.

"We found a poor, distressed, half naked, half starved people, daily surrounded by savages, which made it so dangerous the hunters were afraid to go out to get buffalo meat."

The fascinating testimony of Josiah Collins can be found in volume 12 CC of the Lyman Draper Manuscripts. Collins would live a long, industrious and adventurous existence along the Kentucky frontier, later fighting side by side with many frontier legends, including Captain Daniel Boone, who would eventually return to Kentucky.

Collins helped build the first cabin in Maysville and was the axe man who felled the first Burr Oak to build the first cabin where Lexington would one day stand.

Collins was interviewed at his Bath County home along

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## Veloz Viewpoints

Greetings from Nevada! I hope you are all having a great week.

Well, my kids are learning the hard way this week that what goes up must come down...and sometimes it hurts coming down!

What can I say other than my children are little daredevils that are about to give their momma a heart attack! They just keep getting more and more brave. I'm not sure what I'm going to do with them.

On Saturday, we were over at Ben's parents' house visiting and we were outside. The kids love to be outside and with as warm as the weather has been, we like to indulge them when we can. Anyway, on their patio is a playhouse. It has a door and windows with shudders. It also has a sink in front of one of the windows.

Antonio and his cousin, Alina, were in the house playing together. Alina had closed the door and all the shudders. I was trying to watch them through the little openings on the door, but wasn't having much luck. That is when I heard the screams. I raced to the house to find that Antonio was no longer in the house.

He was outside the window that is in front of the sink. I went around and scooped him up. He had a little concrete burn on his forehead. It seems that he hit face first on the concrete. He didn't have a knot and he stopped crying rather quickly but it sure made my heart race. And wouldn't you know it, not 15 minutes later he was trying to climb through the front window of the house.

I hope he gets over this phase pretty quickly, but I have a bad feeling that it might last for a pretty long time!

Analise didn't want to let her brother get all the scares. She seems to be a little daredevil too. Only she likes to perform her tricks indoors.

On Sunday afternoon, Ben was in the office working on his school work for his master's program and I was watching the kids. I was sitting on the couch with Analise and in two seconds flat she was diving off the arm of the couch.

She did a front flip off the couch and landed on her back on the hardwood floor. Mid-fall I screamed her name, so it didn't take long for Ben to rush out of the office to her aid as well. I scooped her up rather quickly and loved on her. I swear these kids are going to be the death of me.

I don't know what I'm going to do when they are able to climb higher. Those falls are going to hurt a lot more, I'm sure. I feel like a bad Mom sometimes because they fall and get hurt, but it is literally impossible for me to be by both of their sides at all times. And it literally takes seconds for them to fall and get hurt.

Like I said, I don't know what I'm going to do when they are bigger!

Until next week, make it a great one!

Amy

## Talkin' From The Mountains

**What about McCain's Preacher Friend?**

The media continues to talk about comments by Obama's preacher and I agree that Reverend Wright has said some outrageous things.

If, however, we are going to imply guilt by association, Republican Presidential candidate John McCain has a more damaging relationship with a pastor.

Senator McCain's preacher friend and supporter is an extremist who reaches millions on national television and makes statements even more horrifying than Wright's.

In his book Jerusalem Countdown, McCain's pastor pal, John Hagee, calls for the United States to join Israel in starting a war with Iran to help bring about the end of the world.

Hagee thinks war with Iran is a precondition for Armageddon and the coming of Christ. He preaches that God's plan is for the United States to help destroy the earth by attacking Iran. And Hagee says God expects this to happen real soon.

Frightening? Even more frightening is the fact that Senator McCain asked Hagee to endorse and support him.

Hagee also screams from his television pulpit that if the U.S. backs a plan for peace between Israel and Palestine "God will bring the United States to judgment." That sounds very similar to Wright's "damn America" statement, doesn't it?

Hagee has a checkered past. He divorced his wife and married a younger woman in his congregation, was kicked out of his church, and then somehow rose out of disgrace to make a pile of money preaching on television.

It can be argued that McCain's association with Hagee is worse than Obama's relationship with Wright. Obama was blindsided by his preacher but McCain was aware that Hagee was a radical and still wooed him for over a year to get his support.

Let's take a look at some other Hagee pronouncements:

Hagee called Catholicism "the great whore," the "anti-Christ," and a "false cult system."

At the request of Catholic Republicans supporting McCain, Hagee then apologized—well, sort of. Hagee has blasted away at Catholics for many years. The Conservative Catholic League has called Hagee a bigot and asked McCain to renounce Hagee's endorsement. McCain refused, saying only that he does not go along with anti- Catholic statements.

Hagee also preaches that God sent Hurricane Katrina to destroy New Orleans because the city sinned.

"I believe that New Orleans had a level of sin that was offensive to God," said Hagee, "and they were recipients of the judgment of God for that." [John Hagee, NPR Fresh Air, 9/18/06]

Concerning equal rights for women, Hagee said that the feminist movement was a rebellion against God's plan for the family.

He also said that the difference between a woman and a terrorist was "you can negotiate with a terrorist."

Hagee makes Reverend Wright look like a Boy Scout but McCain recently said again "I'm very proud to have Pastor Hagee's support."

McCain cannot plead ignorance. Hagee appears on multiple religious networks, including Trinity Broadcasting which reaches 75 million homes.

McCain says he does not endorse Hagee's views any more than Obama endorses Reverend Wright's, but it boils down to this: McCain knew what Hagee preached and still sought his support and endorsement.

McCain has been a bitter disappointment. He is still respected for his courage as a POW during the Vietnam War but the respect he earned as a Senator who would stand up for what he believed has all but been erased. He now seems willing to sell his soul to get elected President.

McCain insinuates criticism of President Bush one day, and the next day he backs Bush again. And they called John Kerry a flip flopper?

McCain said we will stay in Iraq for 100 years and then said he will get us out of Iraq by 2013. Then he backed off that statement and said we would keep troops in Iraq, but they wouldn't fight. (Sure Senator, that will work).aMcCain reaches out to the left by spouting lib-

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# OPINION

## Steve's Report

One of the things I have enjoyed most about my military service has been the opportunity to live in many foreign countries and to encounter their various cultures. During the latter-half of the 90s, I worked for Joint Task Force – Full Accounting, now the Joint Prisoners of War, Missing in Action Accounting Command (JPAC). Our mission was to achieve the fullest possible accounting of all Americans missing as a result of the nation's past conflicts.

After the Army taught me how to speak Vietnamese, I spent three years conducting investigations throughout the entire country, interviewing eyewitnesses, visiting suspected aircraft crash sites and burial sites, and helping to recover the remains of Americans who died in that conflict. This was one of the most meaningful and rewarding experiences of my life – helping to provide closure for families who lost their husbands, sons, fathers, or brothers during the Vietnam War – to assist in finally "bringing our boys back home."

Obviously, our success depended heavily on the cooperation of the Vietnamese government and the local population. Before we began work in an area, it was customary to meet with the local government officials to thank them for allowing us to come, to explain what we hoped to accomplish, and to ask for any assistance they might be willing to provide.

During one of my first trips, the mayor of one town invited us to attend the festival they happened to be celebrating that evening. I explained that many team members had For the finale, both the motorcyclist and the bicyclist took off at the same time, circling in opposite directions, narrowly avoiding collisions as they passed each other time and time again, still reaching up and collecting money.

During the show, I felt someone in the crowd bump up against my leg. I looked down and saw a small boy trying to work his way forward to get a view. No one was letting him move ahead and he was too short to see anything. Knowing he would be disappointed to have purchased a ticket and still not see the show, I decided to help out. I reached down, put my hands beneath his arms and lifted him up high over my head.

I was surprised at how heavy the child was for his short size, but still managed to keep him over my head for the entire finale, only lowering him once the cyclists stopped and the applause began. When I set him back down, I looked down expecting to see a big smile of gratitude. What I didn't expect to see was the heavily whiskered face of an adult staring back at me. The crowd around me started laughing.

What had I done? Even though my intentions had been good – trying to help someone in need – I had insulted this man by treating him like a child. Blushing bright red, I bowed deeply and offered my sincerest apologies. The man gave me dismissive waves of his hand and walked-off. As soon as possible, I made my own way back downstairs, still accompanied by the laughter and the jeers of the crowd: "Hey, you lig American! Do you want to carry me around, too?"

Over the next couple of days, our work went very well. The local government practically bent over backwards to ensure we had access to everything we needed. When our investigation was complete and it was time to move on, we met with the mayor once more so we could thank him for his help. He slapped me on the shoulder and laughed once more at the way I had embarrassed myself. Then he got serious and said, "We know you thought he was a child. But it was because you tried to help us that we helped you."

It was so pleased that my small act of kindness had ended up doing so much good that I really didn't mind that it had come at the cost of my public humiliation.

At least, that's what I'm supposed to say, right? But to be honest, I would have liked it much better if that tiny man had simply turned out to be a little kid, or if they had seen me helping a little, old lady across the street, instead. I had to work in that town a few more times after that. Anytime someone recognized me they'd turn and try to pick up the person next to them.

Very funny, ha, ha…

Signing out from Honolulu

Steve Scalf

** Steve Scalf is a member of the U.S. Military. Reach him at slscalf@msn.com.


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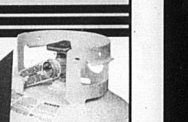
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