























Summer has always been my favorite time of year. I love the long days and the green trees and being outside. I love to take time to cool down and sit on the porch with a fan blowing on me, something iced down to drink and a good read. I hope you spend some time with this issue of Alive Magazine. I hope it brings you some moments of rest and peace of mind. Most of all I hope it finds you healthy, happy and surrounded by those you love. Enjoy Alive Magazine Summer Issue 2022. - John Wambles, Publisher

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Helping Others is Always a Good Thing





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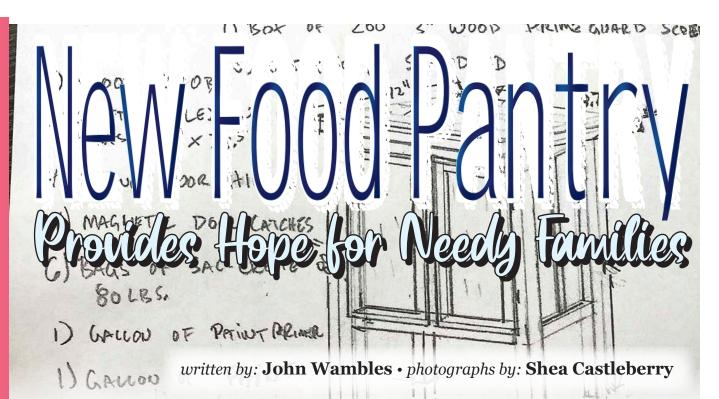
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Each year the Paris-Henry County Chamber of Commerce hosts a program chock full of community awareness and leadership learning opportunities for the current and future leaders in the area known as Leadership Henry County. As part of this program, the members are divided into small groups and must develop a community service project. Soon, Henry, Tennessee will be home to a public food pantry coordinated by one of the Leadership groups.

Group members Shea Castleberry (Peddler/ADvantage), Jessica Crouch (City of Paris), Barry Flood (Board of Public Utilities), PJ French (Hamilton Ryker) and Jacob

Robinson (Foundation Bank) discussed many issues that faced Henry Countians and food insecurities seemed to be the issue they wanted to tackle. A public food pantry is where anyone needing something to eat can visit and take whatever is available. "I believe there's a stereotype that if you need help with food then you're either lazy or homeless," said Castleberry. "That's not the case. Many hard working individuals have a hard time putting food on the table for themselves and their families. This one pantry has the potential to help so many people."

There are no questions asked, no paper work to fill out and works strictly on the honor system. "Many people struggle to make ends meet," said French. "Our hope is to provide a service to the community so that families do not have to do without." The pantry is also a place you can take donations of food. The food needs to be non-perishable, not past the expiration date and easy to open, like cans with pull tabs on top. Also, no homemade items should be donationed for food safety purposes.

A project like this requires many working parts. Finding a location, funding the project, building the pantry, and providing food are some of the big details that needed to be handled. The group members talked to their employers and

2) TUBES OF PAINTABLE 1945"





other businesses about funding the public pantry. Dynamix Physical Therapy of Paris, Foundation Bank, Hamilton Ryker and the Peddler ADvantage all pitched in to pay for building materials provided by Paris Building Supply. Before getting started, Kimberley Martin from Little Pantries, a service organization specializing in food insecurities, guided the group on building the pantry. She will also place its location on the Little Pantries website at littlepantriesofhc.wixsite.com

Always ready to serve our community are the young men and women in uniform, the Cub Scouts. Cub Scout Pack #226 of Puryear met at the local Christian Life Center and started working on the project. The Cub Scout leaders not only instructed the young people on various building skills, but also provided lessons on building safety and working together.

The public pantry will be located at the New Life Baptist Church, 7362 Mansfield Rd., Henry, Tennessee. There are other pantries located in various



places in Henry County. Henry was chosen due to need in their area. "I hope it helps the Henry Community," said Castleberry. It was important to the group that this pantry be independently accessible to the public. "This project can meet the food needs of someone who is struggling," said Flood, "and is a discreet way of helping them."



The Open Door Community Church will be responsible for initially stocking the pantry. Second Harvest will take over after that. Keep in mind, donations of proper food will always be accepted. "I hope it inspires people to not only donate to this particular pantry, but to others as well, and leads to more pantries being installed," said Castleberry. French explained that their mission was simple. "If it helps one family in need or many families in need – then we have accomplished what we set out to do."

Flood probably summed it up best. "If someone can go without being hungry and cannot feel embarrassed about needing assistance then the impact is tremendous!" The food pantry will soon be open. Soon more families will be less hungry thanks to the efforts of this small group in Leadership Henry County. Information about helping or finding a food pantry near you can be obtained by visiting littlepantriesofhc.wixsite.com.



"On behalf of a grateful nation..."

Those bittersweet words are etched into the souls of the family members of departed service men and women as they accept the American flag from their loved ones' comrades-in-arms. The silver sound of Taps gilds those words, allowing them to shine each time a recipient can bear to unsheathe them from the

hidden compartment of his or her heart that cradles such precious memories.

Marie Hinerman, 98, Donnie's sister, of Largo, FL; her son, Fulton Combs and wife, Lynn Combs, of Dover; and Marie's daughter, Terry Combs, also of Largo, all heard those words on May 14 as Army Cpl. Donald Louis Menken was finally laid to rest beside his mother at Green Acres Cemetery in Ermine, KY. It was heartwrenching, but it also brought a sense

of peace to the family, who had been waiting 70 years for Donnie to be brought home.

Marie said she knew their mother, would have been amazed and relieved by this turn of events had she lived to see it.

bpl. Menken

Donnie Menken enlisted in the Army at age 19 in the height of the Korean War, serving in Company K, 3rd Battalion,



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helped a lot of families through these difficult times. We understand what you're going through. We have families. We lose loved ones, too.

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15th Infantry Regiment, 3rd Infantry Division. At the age of 21, he was reported missing in action after being wounded by artillery shell fragments on June 10, 1953, while guarding Outpost Harry, a position on the main road to Seoul in what is now the Demilitarized Zone in the Republic of Korea. Outpost Harry was part of the area referred to as the Iron Triangle.

Donnie was declared killed in action on June 11, 1954, and non-recoverable in January of 1956. Those sterile words, while true, do not convey the gravity of the situation. On June 10, 1953, it was imperative that the 280 Americans, who were vastly outnumbered by the Chinese, hold that line.

According to Fulton, who has researched that battle extensively, Army commanders issued a "hold at all costs" order, something they do only in dire situations. Donnie, with another soldier, manned a listening post in Outpost Harry, and they took the brunt of the beating. According to records, he fought for three hours before succumbing to injuries. The next day, they found hundreds of dead Chinese soldiers around the outpost. Donnie had fought valiantly.

While the Americans were unsuccessful in completely holding the line, the battle drove the Chinese to the bargaining table. They figured if the Americans were that determined, then the war would be too long and costly. The beautiful country of South Korea is the result of their negotiations.



Those 652 unidentified Americans who died in Korea during the conflict were first entombed in South Korea, and later moved to what is called the Punchbowl at Pearl Harbor. The technology at the time did not allow for positive identification.

Pre- bpl. Menken

Before Cpl. Menken was Cpl. Menken, he was just plain Donnie, growing up in the Appalachian hills with his parents, Louis and Lola Menken, sisters Marie and Wilma, and extended family including nephew and niece Fulton and Terry.

"We grew up together," said Fulton. "He was 10 years older than me; we were like brothers. He had an old blue Plymouth, and he would drive it into the creek every day and we would wash it. And he would go to the store and get a Zero candy bar, and he would bring it home, break it in half, and give half of it to me."

According to Lynn Combs, who gave the eulogy at Donnie's funeral, he was a fun-loving and ener-

getic boy who loved his family dearly. He was an accomplished cornet player who attended Whitesburg High School before enlisting. He was well-liked in the community.

Fulton said that Donnie had written frequently while in the service, and the last letter he received was written just weeks before he died, telling him that he was thinking of them and planning to send gifts home to him and his sister Terry.

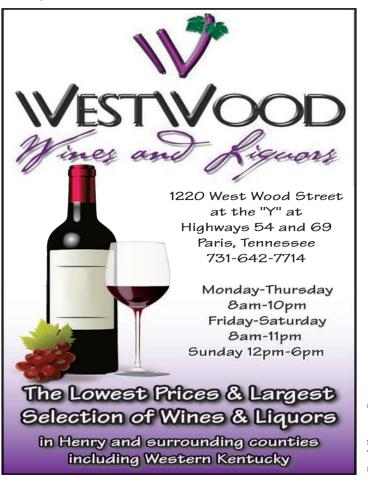
"It's the most memorable thing of my life," he said.

The Identification

Through the years, the family kept in touch with the Army in the hopes that Donnie's remains would be identified.

In July of 2018, Defense POW/MIA Accounting Agency (DPAA) historians and anthropologists came up with a plan to disinter and identify the 652 Korean War unknown burials from the





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Lt. Col. Brian Montgomery, right, commander of the "Can Do Battalion," 3rd Battalion, 15th Infantry Regiment, 2nd Armored Brigade Combat Team, 3rd Infantry Division, presents an American flag to Marie Hinerman, left, the sister of Cpl. Donald L. Menken, during the interment of Menken's remains at Green Acres Cemetery in Ermine, Kentucky, May 14, 2022.





Punchbowl. Technology had come far, and they felt like they could be successful.

Since Donnie's remains were not among those already returned in other operations, there was a good likelihood that he was among those interred at the Punchbowl. The Army asked the Combs family for permission to disinter remains that may have included Donnie's. They agreed. DNA samples of living family members had been taken several years before, including from Donnie's mother, who has since passed away.

Unknown X-6039 was disinterred on Jan. 28, 2019, as part of Phase 1 of the Korean War Identification Project and transferred to the DPAA Laboratory at Joint Base Pearl Harbor-Hickam, Hawaii.

There they used a combination of dental records, mitochondrial DNA (from the mother's lineage) and circumstantial evidence to identify Donnie on Feb. 2, 2022.

When Fulton got the news, he responded with a combination of cold chills and a feeling of relief.

"I'd been waiting all these years," he said.

Coming Home

"The Americans leave no man behind, and truly they didn't," said Fulton.

He has nothing but high praise for how the family and Donnie were treated through this process.

He said the family could have had him buried anywhere they chose, including Arlington National Cemetery, but his sister Marie and the rest of the family agreed that he needed to be buried in the mountains that he loved, beside his mother, who never stopped grieving for him.

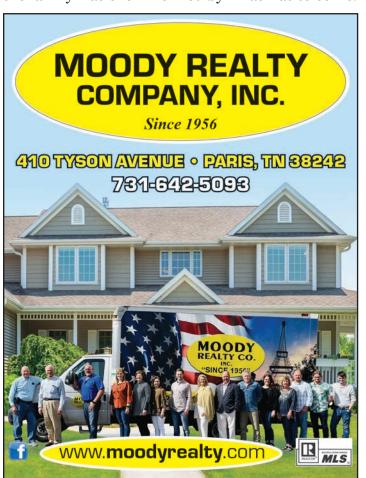
The Army had prepared the family for what was to come, beginning by sending a binder with pictures detailing the steps of the identification. However, the family was overwhelmed by what was to come.

On May 10, Donnie's remains were escorted by a serviceman from Hawaii to Louisville. When the flag-draped casket came out of the plane, it was respectfully placed in a hearse, with military honors, and the six-hour trip to Whitesburg began. The escort never left Donnie's side.

Some 150 motorcycle riders from Rolling Thunder and Patriot Riders, among others, joined the caravan along the way.

Fulton said that during that sojourn, many fire truck displaying flags were on the overpasses, and sometimes there were people lining the roadway with flags and signs. Each county they passed through blocked entrance to the road they were on so as not to interrupt the flow of the procession.

About 30 miles outside of Whitesburg, the crowds along the way thickened. It seemed like the whole area wanted to welcome Donnie home! At the county line, 14 fire trucks were bedecked with flags in memory of Donnie.





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"The streets were just lined with people in Whitesburg," Fulton marveled.

Once in Whitesburg, the Army had to check the area thoroughly, and the funeral was set for May 14.

In the meantime, the Army had assigned a military escort to remain with the Combs family at all times.

"When we went out to eat, he could barely eat his meal because people were coming up to him and thanking him for his service," Fulton said. "And he would just respond, 'Thank you for your support." Later, the serviceman told them, "It just reminds you of what you're doing it for."

Fort Campbell had intended to handle the honor ceremony, but soldiers assigned to the presentday 3rd Bn., 15th IR, in the 2nd Armored Brigade Combat Team, 3rd ID, at Fort Stewart, Georgia, traveled to pay honors.

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"He was one of ours," the ranking officer told

Fulton said that the service was beautiful, and Lynn's eulogy was amazing.

In addition, all flags in Kentucky were flown at half-staff that day, and they received a lovely letter from Mitch McConnell. Senate Minority Leader and Kentucky Senator. And on display at the funeral was a 2000 letter from the South Korean President thanking the family for Donnie's sacrifice during the war.

There is no bonclusion...yet

Fulton said they are still hearing from people about Donnie and the possibility of having their loved ones' remains identified. One lady in Florida particularly touched their hearts. She contacted Lynn about her father, who was lost in Korea when she was just a newborn. Lynn is assisting her with her research.

"We have our answers. I hope she gets hers," Fulton said. "I hope she gets her dad home. There are still a lot of broken hearts out there."

Before Lynn and Fulton left the cemetery, they took one last look down the hill at the grave. They saw something shining and could not make out what it was.

Lynn climbed down, and she found a Zero candy bar with a tiny American flag attached. They don't know where it came from.

And the words of the eulogy came back to mind: "In the words of Thomas Campbell, "To live in the hearts we leave behind is not to die."

Rest in peace, Cpl. Menken.















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My mother loves scary movies. She and my step-dad watch them all the time, and are always excited to tell me about the recent releases. I haven't seen one in years, but I'd be willing to bet I could manage a decent synopsis of most of the big budget horror films of the last decade. Here's the thing about scary movies though; the more you watch them the less frightening they become. As more and more films trend towards endless sequels a la Paranormal Activity or the

endless Conjuring spin-offs, it becomes more and more difficult to take the stories they're telling seriously. The fear transitions into apathy.

I know what you're thinking - how does this relate to gardening? Well, that same lessening of fear over time also occurs in pest animals. No matter how many flashing CDs or tin cans you string up, eventually the rabbits aren't going to be afraid enough to pay them much mind. In no time at all your garden deterrents go from terrifying to passé, and before you know it all the potatoes have been stolen out from under your carefully tended mounds.

Now, no reasonable gardener alive thinks they're going to be able to harvest 100% of what they grow. We inevitably lose a few plants to sun damage, insects, or animals. However, seeing a season's hard work ruined by rodents or decimated by deer is hard to take as graciously as a handful of tomatoes eaten up by heat and hornworms. The only way to truly keep your garden safe is to rely

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on Nature. Or, more specifically, on its randomness.

For example, take a plastic owl. Gardeners might have some relief from rabbits or mice for a while when it's first put up, but find that the effect isn't as long lasting as they'd hoped. These varmints aren't the smartest of animals, but even they will eventually realize that the owl hasn't moved in three weeks.

So move it!

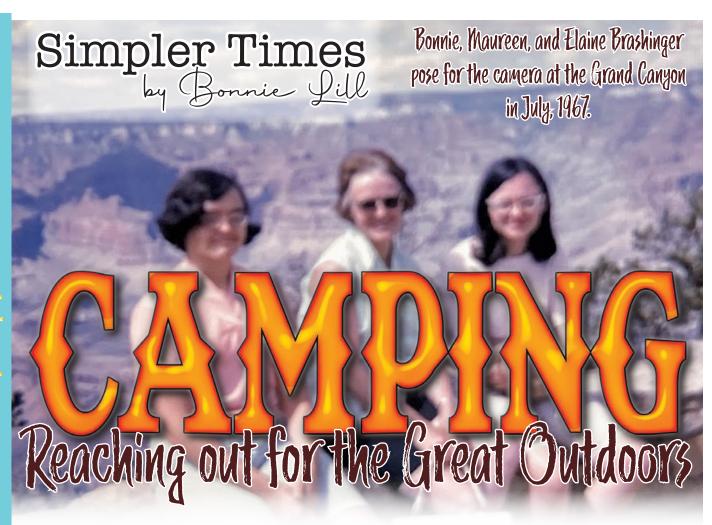
Rotating through a handful of perches for your plastic owl at random will keep the fear response more intact than leaving it in a single place will. The same can be done with scarecrows or rubber snakes. If they shift position every so often it's possible to trick animals into thinking they're real, living predators for longer.

A similar process has recently been adopted by blueberry farmers. At first the loud firing of shotgun blanks would frighten the birds out of their bushes. Unfortunately the birds eventually realized that nothing was actually happening when the sound went off, and even the ones that still bothered to fly away would only stay gone for a minute or two. However, the farmers found that when the sound alternated between a series of loud noises - a gunshot, a car horn, a train whistle, a roar - it was far more effective at keeping the birds out of their crops. In other words, randomizing the environment kept the animals from feeling comfortable enough to stay and eat.

As cathartic as it is to shake a fist and swear a messy end to the animals that help themselves to our carefully laid out gardens, this summer I'd encourage both myself and other gardeners to think of ourselves more like directors in a horror movie. Keeping our audience of raccoons and rabbits constantly on their toes and too spooked out to munch on our as-yet unpopped corn might just be the creative challenge we need to get through the summer heat. And really, isn't an abundance of lovely homegrown produce worth a little extra effort to protect?







In the summer of 1958, a car loaded with borrowed camping equipment, three kids and two grownups set off into the Great Outdoors.

The car was a green sedan, the camping equipment belonged to my Uncle George, the family was mine, and the rest is history.



THE BEGINNING

My mother used to gently accuse my father of having the wanderlust, and she was spot on. What she figured out as time went on is that Matt, Elaine, and I all inherited that gene as well.

That first year was a test run. Dad had two weeks vacation, and so we went up to Benzie State Park in Michigan, where the Platte River flows into Lake Michigan. On a tight budget, we carried almost all our food with us, and we quickly learned that our mother was a gourmet cook on a Coleman stove.

We loved it all – pitching the tent, sleeping in sleeping bags, swimming, hiking and having pine cone fights, eating outdoors and watching the wildlife.

We were hooked.

OH, THE PLACES YOU'LL GO!

By the next year, we had our own camping equipment and within a couple more years, a 6-cylinder Studebaker station wagon (The Creeping Six).

We started out by going East – visiting friends in Maryland and Boston, seeing the sights in Washington DC (including seeing the president of Tanganyika, now Tanzania), sitting in Paul Revere's church, eating at Durgin Park Restaurant (an iconic eatery on the harbor and one of the few times we ate out in a fancy restaurant), spending time at historic Harper's Ferry.

While wonderful, the East was lacking something – space. That's when we decided to head West.

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN!

Not only did we head West, but we practically became the poster children for Ken Burns' "The National Parks," the part where he detailed a generation of folks following World War II that took off in their cars to explore what this nation has to offer. Dad's vacation was now up to three weeks, so we were free to roam.

In the early 1960's, we would begin each trip with a day or two in Benzie State Park, and then we would head West. (In Holland, Michigan, we would go to this particular bakery run by two grandmotherly ladies and get a blueberry pie, figuring they were using fresh blueberries. The pie was delicious. One time we went, however, we saw a can of blueberry pie filling sitting on the counter. We had to laugh at ourselves – and it never stopped us from enjoying that pie!)

However, in the late 1960's, Interstate 80 was complete in Illinois and Iowa – and we would get up before dawn on that first morning and hit the

road, straight West. Although we loved the road trip, the interstates made it easier for us to get through things we had seen before and get to the things we had yet to see.

ROAD TRIP!!!

Today's parents would probably wonder how all five of us could be cooped up in a car, no air conditioning save for the windows, for three weeks, without electronic devices. It was not hard at all! All three of us knew that at the end of the day, we would have a good meal and get to set up camp, so the hours in between were time for our imaginations to soar.

Of course, we had car bingo (the cardboard cards with pictures on them with fingertip shutter slide windows to cover the things you already saw, still available on Amazon.com), and we counted cows. We had to team up on this since there were three of us and only two sides of the car.







We played the Three Stooges (Matt was Moe, Elaine was Larry and I was Curly), and before it was politically incorrect, we played Amos 'n' Andy (Elaine was Amos, I was Andy and Matt was the Kingfish).

And we sang – in harmony, eventually. Our mother had a beautiful singing voice, and through all of our lives she taught us classic songs that are probably now lost to history (Flow Gently, Sweet Afton, is one). On the road, we sang songs, hymns, show tunes, and we taught her songs from "The Smothers Brothers Sing It Straight."

And we had our books!

Factor in a lunch stop at a rest area or park, and the day was pretty well accounted for.

FAVORITE PLACES

We had several places that were our favorites, and we stopped there repeatedly - the Corn Palace in Mitchell, SD, Rocky Mountain National Park's Olive Rodge Campground, Teddy Roosevelt National Park...too many, really, to name...but there are a few that stood out for various reasons.

In Provo, Utah, we stopped in a little restaurant after Mass on Sunday where the waitress was hitting on my dad while my mom could barely get a second cup of coffee. Everyone but my mother thought it was funny, especially since our dad had eyes for no one but his Maureen.

On another Sunday in the Rocky Mountains, back in the days when the National Parks would provide a place for a priest to say Sunday Mass, we were told that Mass would be in Paradise Campground, which was quite a bit farther up the mountain from our campground. As we wound up the switchback roads, we went through a thick layer of clouds, and we were SURE that we were going to emerge in Paradise - literally!

At still another campground in the Rockies, we were told to have our food locked securely in our

cars and not to have ANY food in our tents, because the bears would be coming through. Sure enough, after we were all in our sleeping bags, we heard them, checking out every garbage can on the lower levels of the campground and proceeding to ours. Elaine and I didn't know it until years later that we were both awake and terrified. If we had known the other was awake, we would have said something, but as it is, we suffered in silence. And no, the bears didn't bother us.

Elaine and I washed our hair with ice cold water under a pump in a park in Utah, and then we dried it in the arid wind – probably the first and last time our curly locks dried straight!

We were in Glacier National Park when we looked at the map and decided we could make it to the coast...and we did, and it was wonderful. Tillamook, Oregon!

And at every park where they offered a "Campfire Circle" in the evening, where the park ranger would make a presentation about the local flora and fauna and history, we were there.

A TREASURY OF THE FAMILIAR

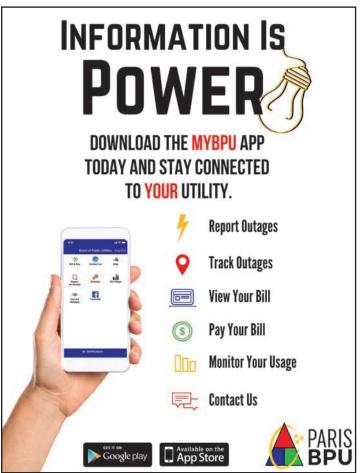
Capping off the day after the Campfire Circle, we sat around the Coleman lantern (or the fire, if it wasn't too dry to have one), and we read aloud from the book "A Treasury of the Familiar."

We never tired of hearing "The Cremation of Sam McGee" and "I Had but 50 Cents," among many other good titles. I wonder if it is a coincidence that almost 50 years ago, I married a man who already owned a copy of that book?

As each of our children wed, they were given a copy of the book. Now that some of the grand-children are of marrying age, guess what they will each receive? It's a little harder now, since it is out of print, but used copies can be obtained. A tradition like that just can't die.

The real "treasury of the familiar," however, is family. Those we live with, play and work with, and dine with are one of the greatest treasures we can have in this life. Maybe not everyone is suited to tent camping, but it is my hope that families can learn to really enjoy their time together, whether it be in a tent or an RV or in a Holiday Inn!





Red, White, & Blueberry **Grilled Chicken**

1 tablespoon vegetable oil • 1 tablespoon kosher salt • 1 tablespoon paprika • 1 teaspoon ground dried chipotle pepper • 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper • 1/2 teaspoon freshly ground black pepper • 2 cloves minced garlic • 4 skinless, boneless chicken breast halves | Blueberry Gastrique: 1/3 cup white sugar

• 1/3 cup apple cider vinegar

2 cups fresh blueberries • salt and freshly ground black pepper to taste

Whisk oil, salt, paprika, chipotle pepper, cayenne pepper, black pepper, and garlic in a bowl to make marinade. Place chicken breasts in marinade and turn to coat evenly. Cover bowl with plastic wrap and refrigerate for at least 2 hours. Spread sugar in a saucepan set over medium heat. Do not stir, but watch closely as sugar begins to melt after about 1 minute. As sugar melts it will gradually turn a golden color. Continue watching but not stirring. When all sugar has melted and golden color just begins to darken a bit (after 1 minute or less), remove pan from heat. Pour in vinegar and stir until sugar dissolves. Place pan over medium-high heat and add blueberries to the sugar-vinegar mixture. Bring to a simmer, reduce heat to medium-low, and simmer until blueberries soften and mixture begins to thicken, 4 or 5 minutes. It should be a syrup-like consistency. If sauce seems too thin, simmer a few more minutes. If it seems too thick, add a splash of water. Stir in salt and pepper. Remove from heat. Set a strainer over a bowl. Strain berries, using a spatula to push through as much juice as possible. Discard skins. Preheat an outdoor grill for medium-high heat and lightly oil the grate. Drain excess marinade from chicken. Place chicken breasts on preheated grill. Cook until no longer pink in the center and the juices run clear, about 4 minutes per side. An instant-read thermometer inserted into the center should read at least 165 degrees F. Transfer chicken to a plate and allow to rest a few minutes. Serve breasts on a swirl of blueberry sauce with more sauce drizzled on top.

Sparkling Hibiscus Cooler

10 cups water • 1 cup dried hibiscus petals • 1 cinnamon stick • 1 whole clove • 1 whole allspice berry • 1/8 teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg • 1 1/2 cups raw sugar • ice cubes • 2 1/2 (32 ounce) bottles sparkling water • 2 limes, cut into wedges

Combine water, hibiscus petals, cinnamon, clove, allspice, and nutmeg in a medium pot. Bring to a boil over high heat. Reduce heat and simmer for 1 1/2 hours. Remove from heat and stir in sugar until dissolved, about 1 minute. Cool syrup to room temperature, about 1 hour. Refrigerate until ready to use. Make hibiscus coolers by filling 10 glasses with ice. Pour 3 fluid ounces hibiscus syrup into each glass; top with 8 fluid ounces sparkling water. Squeeze 1 lime wedge into each glass.





Cornbread Casserole

1/4 pound butter, melted • 1 (15 ounce) can whole kernel corn 1 (15 ounce) can creamed corn • 1 (8.5 ounce) package corn bread mix • 1 ounce sour cream

Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F. Combine butter, whole corn, creamed corn, cornbread mix, and sour cream in a mixing bowl. Fold the ingredients together, and pour into a 2-quart casserole dish. Bake in the preheated oven for 1 hour.

Skillet Strawberry Shortcake

Shortcake: 3 cups all-purpose flour • 1/2 cup white sugar 1 tablespoon baking powder • 1 teaspoon salt • 1 cup cold buttermilk • 1 large egg yolk • 1 teaspoon vanilla extract 12 tablespoons cold unsalted butter, cubed • 1/2 cup sliced strawberries | Strawberry Topping: 4 cups ripe strawberries, hulled and quartered • 2 tablespoons white sugar 1 medium lemon, zested | Whipped Cream: 1 cup heavy whipping cream • 1 tablespoon white sugar, or more to taste 1/4 teaspoon vanilla extract

Preheat the oven to 400 degrees F. Lightly grease a 10-inch cast iron skillet; line the bottom with a round of parchment paper. Whisk flour, sugar, baking powder, and salt for shortcake together in a large mixing bowl. Whisk buttermilk, egg yolk, and vanilla together in a glass measuring cup until evenly combined; set aside. Scatter the butter pieces over the flour mixture. Use a rubbing motion with your fingertips and cut the butter into the flour mixture to distribute. Create a well in the center of the flour mixture. Pour the buttermilk mixture into the center of the well. Use a rubber spatula to mix the flour into the buttermilk mixture to form a moist, shaggy dough. Transfer the dough to the prepared skillet. Smooth the dough to distribute evenly in the pan. Press the sliced strawberries gently into the surface. Bake in the preheated oven until golden brown and baked through, 25 to 30 minutes. Cool for 10 minutes. To prepare the topping, stir together the quartered strawberries, sugar, and lemon zest in a medium mixing bowl to macerate. To prepare the whipped cream, combine whipping cream, sugar, and vanilla in a chilled mixing bowl. Using an electric mixer fitted with a whisk attachment, beat at medium speed until soft peaks form. Spoon the strawberries and juices over the shortcake. Serve with whipped cream,



Pasta Salad

Pasta Salad: 1 (8 ounce) package uncooked tricolor rotini pasta • 6 ounces pepperoni sausage, diced • 6 ounces provolone cheese, cubed • 1 medium red onion, very thinly sliced and cut into 1-inch pieces • 1 small cucumber, thinly sliced 3/4 cup chopped green bell pepper • 3/4 cup chopped red bell pepper • 1 (6 ounce) can pitted black olives, drained • 1/4 cup minced fresh parsley • 1/4 cup grated Parmesan cheese | Dressing: 1/2 cup olive oil • 1/4 cup red wine vinegar • 2 cloves garlic, minced • 1 teaspoon dried basil • 1 teaspoon dried oregano • 1/2 teaspoon ground mustard seed • 1/4 teaspoon salt • 1/8 teaspoon ground black pepper

Bring a large pot of lightly salted water to a boil. Add rotini and cook until tender yet firm to the bite, 8 to 10 minutes. Drain, rinse with cold water, and drain again. Transfer drained, cooked pasta to a large bowl. Add pepperoni, provolone cheese, red onion, cucumber, bell peppers, olives, parsley, and Parmesan cheese. Mix olive oil, vinegar, garlic, basil, oregano, ground mustard, salt, and pepper for dressing in a jar with a lid. Seal the jar, and shake until well combined. Pour dressing over the pasta salad; toss until well coated. Serve immediately, or cover and chill in the refrigerator for up to 8 hours before serving.

The house was hushed and silent as my daddy closed the door. The air was cold and heavy as he walked across the floor, He smiled at me bout halfway ' 'twas neither here nor there. And I knew I should be quiet as he sat down in his chair;

Brother was at the table doing homework for a change, I knew right then things were amiss cause brother was acting strange. Mama called us all to dinner...why we even had apple pie, What was goin' on round here, mama looked like she could cry;

Then in silence...I heard the difference. The joy in our home was missing, Our house was not the same old place, When mama wasn't whistling:

Another day another time I ran into mama's kitchen, Daddy stood there holding her... I think that they were kissing, Mama giggled as she turned to me. her eyes were bright and gay, And everything I'd ever need, my folks gave to me that day;

Daddy picked me up and threw me like potatoes in a sack, And then he let me ride around like a hump upon his back, Then brother jumped right on top of him and then mama she did too. And finally daddy he went down and we all laughed till we were blue;

These memories they keep me going, When life's a hurtin' thing, And a house can never be a home. When mama doesn't sing:

written by: Chelsea Bolen

LOVE Like CHE LEVI MILES FOUNDATION

Helping Others is Always a Good Thing

My sister recently moved back home after a year in New York. On a walk with her and my one year old niece, we talked about what she might want to do now that she's back; work, hobbies, volunteer hours. She expressed some interest in volunteer work but hesitated: where would she even start to choose? I looked at her adorable daughter and answered, you should apply with The Levi Miles Foundation.

The Levi Miles Foundation, or TLMF, was founded by Shayna and David Miles in honor of their son, who was diagnosed with Aicardi-Goutières Syndrome. Though Levi had a strong spirit and incredible support from his parents and medical care team, his parents wanted more for him. Levi wanted to continue going to his daycare and his parents wanted him to not be treated any differently than the rest of his classmates. They felt that children shouldn't be separated from their peers due to disease or disability and that spirit of inclusion lives on in Levi's foundation.

The Levi Miles Foundation provides a variety of assistance to children with disabilities and rare diseases. They organize camps for children where accessibility and inclusion are integral to the event itself. Guardians are also provided learning opportunities that revolve around disability and rare diseases. They work with medical equipment providers to make sure kids with disabilities get adaptive



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equipment. They want to have not just accessible playgrounds, but playgrounds with adaptive resources next to non-adaptive equipment. We continued our walk in silence broken only by my niece's babbling. I could tell that the Miles' family's story had affected her and the work The Foundation does moved her, which is the heart of TLMF: to move people to action through Levi's story, and to see children of all types playing happily together, with no lines of division. We moved on to other worthy non-profits but I hope she's still thinking about it, and I hope you will, too.







Victoria Page,
Operations Manager





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