

State trooper seizes marijuana and illegal edible candies after traffic stop

Press Release

Mississippi Highway Patrol State Troopers have seized approximately fifteen pounds of marijuana along with twelve pounds of illegal edible candies following a traffic stop on I-55 in Pike County.

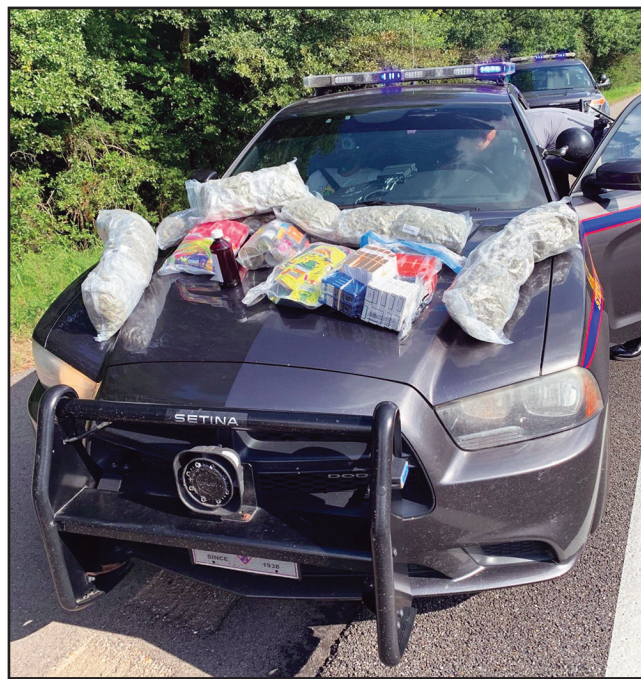
On July 14, 2020, at approximately 4:29 p.m., a state trooper observed a northbound Mercedes Benz passenger car speeding at mile marker 10 in Pike County and initiated a traffic stop. Upon further investigation, the trooper conducted a search of the vehicle and discovered the marijuana and edible candies.

The driver, Tyrece Q. McDonald, 28, from Madison, MS, was arrested and trans-



TYRECE MCDONALD

ported to the Pike County Jail where he was charged with Felony Possession of Marijuana, Felony Possession of Schedule One Narcotics, Felony Trafficking in Controlled substances and speeding. Agents with the Mississippi Bureau of Narcotics are assisting with the case.



Marijuana and laced candies were found during a traffic stop. (Photo Submitted)

Summer heat lends to plentiful compensation

There are some sweet home-grown compensations for Mississippi's torrid summers.

I'm not whining, just acknowledging that other than as a starting point for conversations, humidity isn't fun but one by one we're given gifts to help us muddle through. I'm thinking cold Smith County watermelons, fat blueberries picked on a farm out from Poplarville, Cal-



FELDER RUSHING

houn County peaches, and Delta figs. I spent countless Delta summer days in my great-grandmother's big, quirky Delta garden that included, amazingly, figs, peaches, plums, apples, pears, jujube, both native and Japanese persimmons, quinces, pecans, strawberries, muscadines, elderberries pawpaws, crabapples, blueberries, blackberries, mulberries, and prickly pear cactus fruit. Yeah, she was a fruit nut.

Most had worms or rot, but we just cut off the bad stuff and ate or put up the rest as preserves. Anecdotally, I later made my children pick and make preserves from their great-great-grandmother's ancient fig tree. Told them that anybody can find fancy Vermont maple syrup in any Piggly Wiggly, but you gotta be special, or know someone, to get your hands on authentic plump fig preserves made with lemon slices to cut down on the sugar needed.

The other day, I explained to a caller to my radio program that her peach prob-

lems were normal. And, because of the heavy pest pressures, it's no wonder that we no longer have a lot of once-common local peach and plum orchards, because the sheer labor of hard annual pruning, heart-breaking fruit thinning (knocking off most of the fruit while it's small so what's left is big and juicy), and expensive, nearly weekly sprays aren't for the faint of heart.

I mean, I literally wrote the book on growing fruit in Mississippi, but have a hard time pulling off actually growing all but a handful myself. I usually just grow what looks good as yard plants including blueberries, figs, an Indian cling peach, muscadine vine, and Japanese persimmon, and, because I choose to not use chemical sprays, hope to harvest a bit of fruit.

Anyway, another kind listener emailed about Murphree Orchard, small mom-and-pop orchard out from Pittsboro (at the centerpoint of an X made by drawing a line on a map from Starkville to Oxford and another from Tupelo to Grenada). Out in the boonies, where real people work hard to live good lives.

Seeing a rare opportunity, I found directions to the farm online and made a safari to meet the earnest owners, retirees who even, when their church closed because of the corona virus, held informal services amongst the trees. After talking with them about their farm, I paid for



Local farm-fresh delights

a few bags of huge, juicy, hot-off-the-tree peaches and plums, plus a pint each of homemade peach butter and their own farm honey complete with a thick slab of honeycomb to suck on later.

Not many folks are dedicated enough to do this, leaving it mostly to large horticultural operations with big machinery, seasonal workers and fungicide drench tanks and walk-in refrigerators. So when I find dedicated folks who do it out of love and the ministry of tending the land and sharing the fruit of their labors, I support them wholeheartedly.

'Course, not many folks can jump in a truck and drive all over to find them, which is why we have local outlets for their harvests.

I strongly believe that any kid who isn't taken regularly to either family farms or farmers' markets isn't being raised right.

Anyway, as I drove home, bathed in the fragrance of fresh peaches, I was already thinking ahead to September and its pick-your-own muscadines. Summer is good.

Felder Rushing is a Mississippi author, columnist, and host of the "Gestalt Gardener" on MPB Think Radio. Email gardening questions to rushingfelder@yahoo.com.



Bridal Registry
 Laura Beth Kolb
 Taylor Burrell
 August 1

Shiloh Wammack
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Missing Summer Revivals

Some of us were talking about the things we missed the most this summer with the pandemic raging a hundred miles an hour.

There are lots of things that actually hurt my heart that I cannot do right now, hug and kiss my children and grandchildren, visit my close friends and hug on them, go shopping, take my time grocery shopping as this is one of my favorite things to do, and so many other things.



Peggy's Take

One of the main things I find so discouraging is summer-time revivals. I am a Southern

Baptist and we Baptist are well-known for our "jumping up and down" revivals and fellowship/eating. Oh my, especially all the eating. I don't know about all the other churches, but our Baptist cooks are GREAT cooks!

As a child my mother and daddy would always take us to the tent revivals that were held in the yard of our old home churches. It was hot and no fans or air conditioning. It was "sweatin" hot and all we had were those funeral home hand fans to move a little breeze. We al-

ways invited a preacher that was known for his evangelistic qualities, (jumping up and down, slapping the pulpit and getting loud). There was nobody dozing off during these sermons. I can remember thinking the altar calls were almost like those of Billy Graham because so many went down to the front at that time.

Then the Sunday that the revival ended we all had dinner on the ground and baptizing in the pond. It was something that I wish everyone had experienced.

The food was not equaled to that of a fine restaurant because it excelled in the finest of cuisine. At this time of year everybody's garden was at its peak and there were so many fresh vegetables. My Aunt Louise always brought her creamed corn, Aunt Doris

her pickled peaches, my mama her creamed potatoes with mayonnaise, my aunt Odessa and her lime pickles, and I could just go on and on.

These kinds of revivals don't take place regardless of a pandemic or not and I truly wish they did. It was a special and perfect time in my growing up years and I wish our children could have these precious memories to share with their children.

Aunt Louise's Cream Style Corn
 3 cups fresh from the cob
 cream corn
 1 T. sugar
 1 T. flour
 4 T. bacon drippings
 1 cup milk
 salt and pepper to taste
 Combine corn, milk, flour and bacon drippings. Pour into an iron skillet and cook for 5 minutes. Add the milk and cook for another 10-15 minutes or till as thick as you would like.

Mama's

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