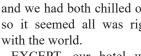
The Big Easy: Part 2

This is a true story.

yellow cab back into New

Orleans and down into the French Quarter, we started looking for our hotel. We were staying at the Inn on Bourbon, right in the very middle of the Quarter. It was 7 O'clock in the evening, the weather had

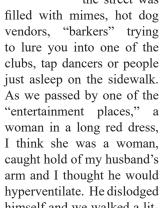
cooled down,

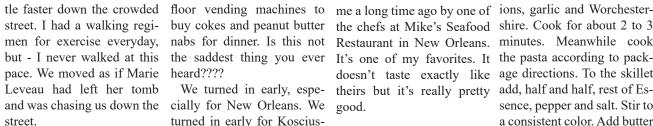


are going the wrong way. himself and we walked a lit- elevator going to the second

This is an article I wrote We were barraged with car Leveau had left her tomb several years ago for a mag- horns and screamers. We got azine and it was published. I to another street and finally have had several people ask turned and got our lives out me to publish one more time. of danger one more time. We our hotel, we could hear loud Well, after we followed the and walk over to Bourbon.

on Bourbon, we only carried our overnight bags and decided would move the car come morning, if survived the night. As stepped into the lower end of Bour-Peggy's Take bon street, the street was





As we were approaching had to park on Royale Street Dixieland jazz coming from a little way down. It seemed As we were two or three that a funeral band and many blocks away followers were parading from The Inn down the street, carrying the coffin of a departed friend. They were celebrating his life with the loud music.

Some were even in coswe tume. We waited for them to pass and ran across the street to the lobby.

We checked into our room and I was so hungry. Just thinking about all the delicious Cajun food surrounding us on the street below, made my mouth water. After settling down for awhile, I said, "Why don't we go and we had both chilled out, filled with mimes, hot dog down to Mike's tonight and so it seemed all was right vendors, "barkers" trying get some seafood?" You to lure you into one of the would have thought I had EXCEPT, our hotel was clubs, tap dancers or people asked him to fly me to the in the upper end of Bourbon just asleep on the sidewalk. moon. He told me in a very Street and at 6 PM every As we passed by one of the calm manner that we would night they barricade Bour- "entertainment places," a not leave the safety of this bon for all the walking traf- woman in a long red dress, room until daylight. Yes, fic! We could get nowhere I think she was a woman, that's right. I am in New close to our parking garage! caught hold of my husband's Orleans, my favorite restau-We turned down the next arm and I thought he would rants in the world are on this street, a one way and we hyperventilate. He dislodged street. But, here I am on an

Scripture is full of references to this kind of longing. In 1 Corinthians 13:12, Paul writes of "seeing dimly, as in a mirror," as he waits to see the true nature of love revealed. Roman 8:18-27 empathizes with all of creation's "groaning" as it waits to see the full glory of God revealed. After all, "who hopes for what he already has?"

go back - I consider those Someday, every Christian terfall - or anything natu- will experience the joy of The trail was relatively ral wonder - that makes seeing the fullness of the easy, but I was huffing us stop and stare? What Lord displayed, but until and puffing before long is it about a rainbow that then, we see one beauty at thanks to the incline. The keeps us looking for the a time as we keep going. trail snaked back and forth next one? Why is Niagara Are you satisfied with the across the mountain, taking Falls so famous? Why does small glimpses, or does the summit beckon you?

> Intersecting Faith & Life: While each cataract didn't want to stop until I

buy cokes and peanut butter the chefs at Mike's Seafood shire. Cook for about 2 to 3 heard????

cially for New Orleans. We turned in early for Kosciusko! Sometimes during the wee hours of the morning, we heard someone pounding on the door and trying to get a key into the lock. A voice called out, "Honey, I lost my key." The voice was rewarded with a thump coming from a tennis shoe being hurled at the door. The visitor walked on down the darkened hallway singing and mumbling.

Now, this has truly taught us a lesson. We don't travel in the hot summertime. We don't book reservations on the busiest street in town. We always try to be on a "timely" schedule. I will never be navigator again. And, I will never enjoy a dinner of peanut butter nabs and coke in a town known for it's scrumptious food.

nabs for dinner. Is this not Restaurant in New Orleans. minutes. Meanwhile cook the saddest thing you ever It's one of my favorites. It the pasta according to packdoesn't taste exactly like age directions. To the skillet We turned in early, espe- theirs but it's really pretty add, half and half, rest of Esgood.

CAJUN SHRIMP ALFREDO

2 lbs. peeled shrimp 6 T. Emeril's Essence 2 T olive oil 1 lb. chopped andouille sausage ½ onion minced 5 minced cloves garlic 3 T Worcestershire 1 lb. linguine 2 cups of half and half 1 cup milk 1 T black pepper ½ t salt ½ t hot chili pepper 1 stick butter 1 ½ cups grated

Place shrimp and 3 T Essence in a closed plastic bag FOR SALE: CENTRAL and shake and put in fridge. Heat 3 qt. skillet and add 1 T olive oil and sausage. Saute' This recipe was given to for two minutes and add on-

Parmigiano - Reggiano

cheese

sence, pepper and salt. Stir to a consistent color. Add butter and stir until melted. Stir in cheese until melted. Simmer. Heat the rest of olive oil in another skillet over high heat and add shrimp and saute' for 1 to 2 minutes until they start to turn pink. Add the shrimp and cooked pasta to the skillet with cheese and other ingredients. Stir to combine and blend flavors, about 1 minute. Serve with hot garlic bread

PAGE 9

* Peggy Sims is a life-long resident of Attala County and columnist.



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The Top of the Waterfall

By Katherine Britton

my spirit longs for you."

on mountain, where the saw. wanted to see more.

us up a fifty feet with each the human soul dream of turn. The second, third, and places so far from what we fourth cataracts appeared, normally experience? Why and we clambered onward do we keep following the on the way up the falls after each one, still intent path until we see the greaton seeing that first drop. In est beauty of all? more.

in highlight and shadows the real thing, when we our God more each day.

"My soul yearns for you from the afternoon sun. in the night; in the morning Everyone at the summit was smiling and taking Isaiah 26:9 pictures. Nobody sat with As I looked up the path - their back against the view. orama - and how I want to and up, and up – I couldn't To our right, the head of even see the head of the the waterfall rushed on, verses of longing after waterfall. The last cata- flowing over the first drop. ract foamed in front of me, Nothing in the suburbs see of God's character, the but the first was far up compares with what we more I should be amazed

sunlight hit the summit. I What is it about a wa-

the words of C. S. Lewis, I think such scenes are the lure of "further in and part of God's mercy to the further up" kept us go- whole world, because they ing, as beauty upon beauty teach us what it means to made us eager to see even hunger for more. They give us a glimpse of the sight give me a thrill that The view didn't disap- time when we can drink so spurs me on to see even point us. The autumn pan- deeply that our thirst will orama spread over the sur- be quenched. Like in the courage each other to keep rounding hills, contrasted Narnia books, they shadow

will be in God's eternal presence. Do we hunger

As I remember that pan-God. The more I know and and want to see even more.

had a beauty all its own, I had seen it all. This week, I want to ask myself daily: am I content with my faith journey, stopping before I should? Or does each new greater heights? Let's engoing, and to seek to know