

The Big Easy: Part 2

This is an article I wrote several years ago for a magazine and it was published. I have had several people ask me to publish one more time. This is a true story.

Well, after we followed the 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, and we had both chilled out, so it seemed all was right with the world.

EXCEPT, our hotel was in the upper end of Bourbon Street and at 6 PM every night they barricade Bourbon for all the walking traffic! We could get nowhere close to our parking garage! We turned down the next street, a one way and we are going the wrong way.

We were barraged with car horns and screamers. We got to another street and finally turned and got our lives out of danger one more time. We had to park on Royale Street and walk over to Bourbon.

As we were two or three blocks away from The Inn on Bourbon, we only carried our overnight bags and decided we would move the car come morning, if we survived the night. As we stepped into the lower end of Bourbon street, the street was

filled with mimes, hot dog vendors, "barkers" trying to lure you into one of the clubs, tap dancers or people just asleep on the sidewalk. As we passed by one of the "entertainment places," a woman in a long red dress, caught hold of my husband's arm and I thought he would hyperventilate. He dislodged himself and we walked a lit-



Peggy's Take

tle faster down the crowded street. I had a walking regimen for exercise everyday, but - I never walked at this pace. We moved as if Marie Leveau had left her tomb and was chasing us down the street.

As we were approaching our hotel, we could hear loud Dixieland jazz coming from a little way down. It seemed that a funeral band and many followers were parading down the street, carrying the coffin of a departed friend. They were celebrating his life with the loud music.

Some were even in costume. 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 down to Mike's tonight and get some seafood?" You would have thought I had asked him to fly me to the moon. He told me in a very calm manner that we would not leave the safety of this room until daylight. Yes, that's right. I am in New Orleans, my favorite restaurants in the world are on this street. But, here I am on an elevator going to the second

floor vending machines to buy cokes and peanut butter nabs for dinner. Is this not the saddest thing you ever heard????

We turned in early, especially 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.

This recipe was given to

me a long time ago by one of the chefs at Mike's Seafood Restaurant in New Orleans. It's one of my favorites. It doesn't taste exactly like theirs but it's really pretty good.

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 Parmigiano - Reggiano cheese
- Place shrimp and 3 T Essence in a closed plastic bag and shake and put in fridge. Heat 3 qt. skillet and add 1 T olive oil and sausage. Saute' for two minutes and add on-

ions, garlic and Worchester-shire. Cook for about 2 to 3 minutes. Meanwhile cook the pasta according to package directions. To the skillet add, half and half, rest of Essence, 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

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The Top of the Waterfall

By Katherine Britton

"My soul yearns for you in the night; in the morning my spirit longs for you."

Isaiah 26:9

As I looked up the path – and up, and up – I couldn't even see the head of the waterfall. The last cataract foamed in front of me, but the first was far up on mountain, where the sunlight hit the summit. I wanted to see more.

The trail was relatively easy, but I was huffing and puffing before long thanks to the incline. The trail snaked back and forth across the mountain, taking us up a fifty feet with each turn. The second, third, and fourth cataracts appeared, and we clambered onward after each one, still intent on seeing that first drop. In the words of C. S. Lewis, the lure of "further in and further up" kept us going, as beauty upon beauty made us eager to see even more.

The view didn't disappoint us. The autumn panorama spread over the surrounding hills, contrasted in highlight and shadows

from the afternoon sun. Everyone at the summit was smiling and taking pictures. Nobody sat with their back against the view. To our right, the head of the waterfall rushed on, flowing over the first drop. Nothing in the suburbs compares with what we saw.

What is it about a waterfall – or anything natural wonder – that makes us stop and stare? What is it about a rainbow that keeps us looking for the next one? Why is Niagara Falls so famous? Why does the human soul dream of places so far from what we normally experience? Why do we keep following the path until we see the greatest beauty of all?

I think such scenes are part of God's mercy to the whole world, because they teach us what it means to hunger for more. They give us a glimpse of the time when we can drink so deeply that our thirst will be quenched. Like in the Narnia books, they shadow the real thing, when we

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

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?"

As I remember that panorama – and how I want to go back – I consider those verses of longing after God. The more I know and see of God's character, the more I should be amazed and want to see even more. Someday, every Christian will experience the joy of seeing the fullness of the Lord displayed, but until then, we see one beauty at a time as we keep going. Are you satisfied with the small glimpses, or does the summit beckon you?

Intersecting Faith & Life: While each cataract on the way up the falls had a beauty all its own, I didn't want to stop until 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 sight give me a thrill that spurs me on to see even greater heights? Let's encourage each other to keep going, and to seek to know our God more each day.

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