

What's Happening

All times are Central

This Week

AARP Tax Aide Program

The AARP Foundation Tax Aide program will be assisting people with filing their taxes for the 2025 tax year in the Green County Extension Office on Mondays through tax season. This service is available on Mondays only and is by appointment only. To make an appointment call Brenda Cook at 270/932-7459.

GCMS SBDM Council

The Green County Middle School SBDM Council will hold its regular monthly meeting on Wednesday, February 18, at 3 p.m. in the school conference room.

GCHS SBDM Council

The Green County High School Site Base Council will meet on Wednesday, February 18 at 3 p.m. at Green County High School Conference Room.

Fiscal Court meeting

The Green County Fiscal Court will meet in a Special Called Session Thursday, February 19 at 5 p.m. at the Green County Courthouse, 203 West Court Street Greensburg, Ky 42743. This will take the place of the regular monthly meeting

Post 5813, VFW, Aux.

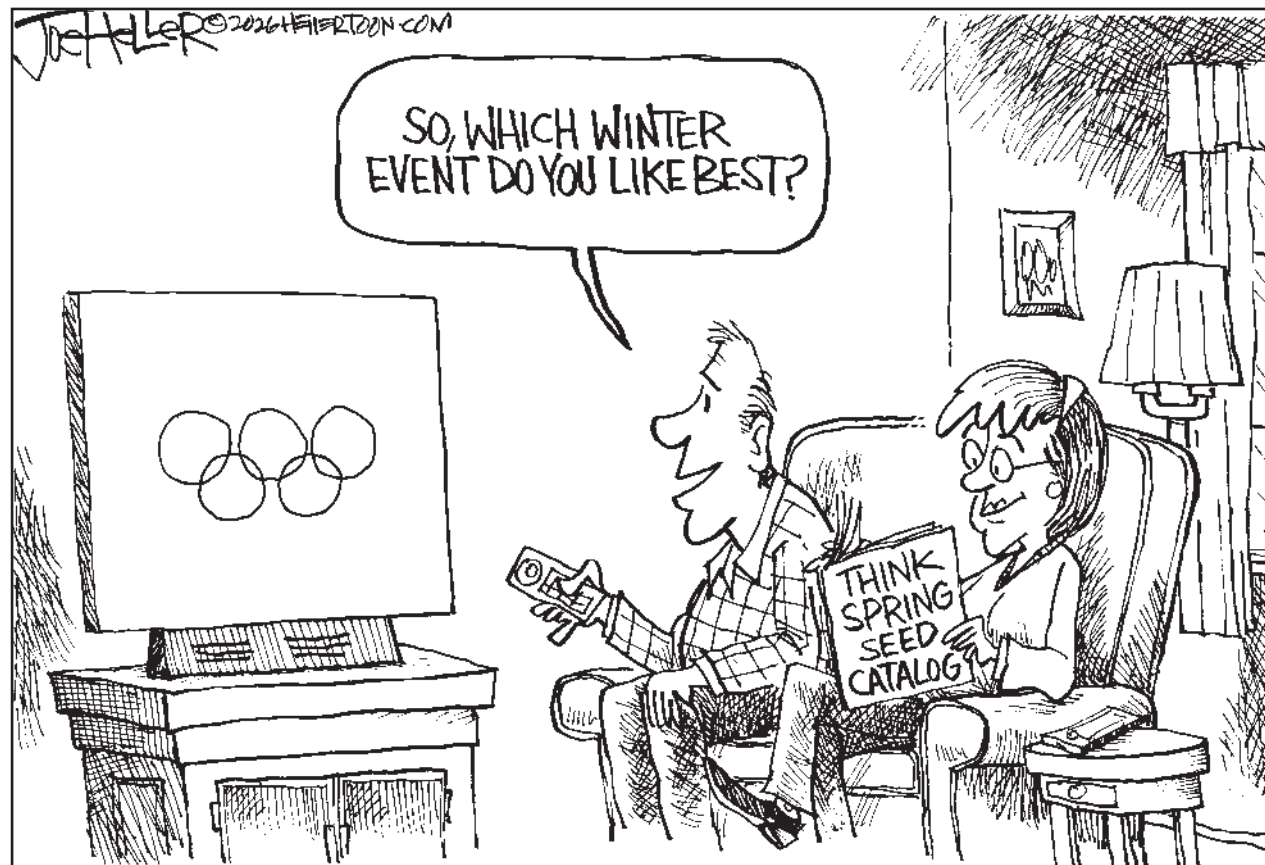
The regular monthly meeting of the James L. Pruitt Post 5813, Veterans of Foreign Wars, and the Auxiliary will be held Feb. 19 starting with a meal at 6:30 p.m. Members are encouraged to attend and anyone interested in joining either organization is invited to attend.

Head Start applications

Green County Head Start is now accepting applications for the 2026-27 school year. Head start is for income eligible three and four-year-olds. For more information, call Donna Rogers at 270-932-6618 or email donna.rogers@lc-hs.org. Lake Cumberland Head Start welcomes children with disabilities and special needs.

Send events and reunions for
What's Happening to
news2@record-herald.com.

The deadline is 2 p.m. FRIDAY
prior to the Wednesday newspaper.



Winter teaches us to rest



Dr. Angelia Bryant
Licensed Clinical Counselor

Winter has a way of slowing everything down.

The trees stand bare. The gardens rest beneath quiet soil. The days feel shorter, and even our bodies seem to crave a little more warmth, a little more stillness, and a little more grace.

For many years, I thought winter was simply something to endure; something to "get through" until spring arrived. But as I have grown older and wiser, I've come to see winter differently. Now, I believe it is one of God's greatest teachers. Winter teaches us how to rest.

In a world that celebrates busyness, productivity, and constant motion, rest can feel unsettling. We are taught to stay busy, stay strong, and stay ahead. Yet creation itself shows us another way. Even the earth pauses. Even the trees release their leaves. Even the fields lie still. And somehow, we think we are supposed to keep going without pause. But God never designed us that way.

As a counselor and educator, I often meet people who are exhausted—not just physically, but emotionally and spiritually. They are tired of being strong. Tired of carrying burdens quietly. Tired of showing up when their hearts feel heavy. And I gently remind them, and myself, that rest is not weakness. It is wisdom.

Winter invites us to

rest. It invites us to sit by the window with a warm cup of tea. To reflect on lessons learned. To laugh with family. To pray a little longer. To sleep a little deeper. To forgive ourselves for not doing "enough."

Some of our greatest growth happens in quiet seasons. Just beneath the frozen ground, roots are strengthening. Seeds are preparing. Life is gathering energy for what is coming next. Nothing is wasted. Nothing is forgotten. The same is true for us. When life feels slow... When doors seem closed... When answers seem delayed... When progress feels invisible... God is still working.

Winter is not empty. It is sacred. It is a season of restoration. I've learned that when I honor winter, when I honor rest, I enter spring stronger. My

faith is deeper. My joy is steadier. My heart is lighter. My spirit is renewed.

So this week, dear friends, I encourage you: give yourself permission to rest. Rest without guilt.

Rest without apology. Rest knowing that God is near. Let winter do its gentle work in you.

Because spring is coming. And you will bloom again. Remember "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." — Matthew 11:28

Love God and All People. Amen.

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Kentucky Centennial Business

Love is in the air... but it smells like skunk



Dale Curry
Staff Writer

Sometimes when I'm driving in the car, I start thinking about one thing which leads to another thing which leads to yet another and before I know it, I've completely forgotten about what started me down that rabbit hole.

People who were in my congregation when I was serving as a pastor, will also agree that I had trouble keeping my focus at times.

So, what does the title of this piece have to do with what follows? It may take me a minute but by the time I'm finished and just like a good sermon, when I'm ready to give the altar call, maybe I can bring it home.

Saturday, Valentine's Day, we made a quick trip to Glasgow to buy fabric for my

wife. FYI, it was a great gift for my wife. On the road there and back, we saw (and smelled) six skunks. Some had departed this world and moved on to skunk heaven or wherever they go.

Every time I see (or smell) a dead skunk in the road, I'm reminded of Ken Allison. I know, I know, that needs some explanation.

You see, Ken was my neighbor for many, many years when we lived in the parsonage for Greensburg United Methodist Church. He became a good, good friend and also a member of my congregation where I served.

He also fulfilled his leadership gifts on the District Committee on Ministry, a group of pastors and laypeople who met with pastors and prospective pastors across this area, Green County to Simpson County and Russell County to Warren County. Meetings could some-

times be difficult.

Most of our meetings were in the very early Spring—February and March. I served as the Registrar of that committee, a fancy title that meant I had the opportunity to schedule the meetings. Which, believe it or not, were always scheduled around Green County basketball games.

But always on the road to those meetings, we would encounter skunks. Sometimes when we arrived at the meetings, I'm confident that we smelled like skunks. Ken would always remind me that it was mating season for the skunks. (Do you see why I always think of Ken when I see a skunk in the road as well as the connection between love is in the air...but it smells like skunk?)

But Saturday, because of the date, February 14, I continued down that rabbit hole a little more and remembered a time several years ago

when I was scheduled to go to Irvine, Kentucky to meet with another pastor. At that time, I was serving on the Kentucky Annual Conference of The United Methodist Church Board of Ordained Ministry. There the members had the responsibility to interview pastors as well as a committee from their church. That meeting was set for February 13.

Ken found out I was going to Irvine, a place I hadn't been before. The day before, he told me he was going with me. He didn't ask, but instead, simply told me.

The day was cloudy and misty and foggy, sort of a typical dreary Winter day. We get to Irvine with no problem. I meet with the church committee while Ken waits in the sanctuary. I had told him it would be boring, but that didn't adequately describe all of his wait time. Then we take the pastor and his family out to

eat at a family style restaurant that the pastor suggested. About five hours after arriving in Irvine, we finally head home. By this time, the cloudy, misty, foggy afternoon had turned to a full-on sleet and snowstorm on a very dark night. Windshield wipers were not working very well. Didn't know my way on the roads at all while Ken helped with directions. We made it home without incident but the next morning, February 14, all of Greensburg woke up to a good snow that ruined Valentine's Day for lots of people.

What's the takeaway of all this? I hope I am always grateful for friends who let me know they love me by doing things for me when I don't even know I need it done. But even more, I'm reminded I need to be that kind of person to many others not only on Valentine's Day, but each day of the year. Even when there are skunks on the road!

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