



Mysteries of the future and secrets of the past
go hand in hand,

to understand one
you need to discover the other.

FTW

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The Legacy is a

monthly publication.

Subscription prices are \$24
per year.

To subscribe, send \$24 in
check or money order to:

The Legacy, P.O. Box 201,
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To submit articles, e-mail
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The Legacy, Vol 2,
Number 4, April 1997. All
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Printed in U.S.A. Postage
paid at Perkins, OK and at
additional mailing offices.

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Letter from the Editor



Welcome to the April edition of ***The Legacy Magazine***. This month we are celebrating Easter. When I think of Easter I think of some of the American traditions such as the new Easter Bonnet, (in spite of the fact that not many women wear hats anymore), the Easter Baskets that we give to children and/or other loved ones, and the spiritual reason behind the holiday.

We have tried to keep this publication from becoming a "religious" magazine that would promote one particular faith, belief or church over another, and lean more towards spirituality.

That spirituality is what I would like to talk about today. When I think of Easter I can not help but think about "New Life". If you are a Christian, you might be reminded of the Resurrection. If you are not a Christian, you might see the new life in the trees as the dogwoods show all of their glorious color and beauty, or as the grass begins to turn green and the lilies and other bulb type plants spring forth from the ground -- reminding us that the earth is alive and ready to fill our days with sunshine, warm days and various types of beauty all around us.

This is the time of the year when we NEED to see, and be able to appreciate, all of the goodness that life has to offer. We need a certain amount of hope for the future, knowing that life will continue for future generations.

Many times as we get older, we have a tendency to reflect back on the past. It can be fun and even comforting at times, but as we reflect back, there are also times that we may recall some of the mistakes that we have made. Making mistakes is a part of life. Every seed that we plant in the ground will not sprout and bloom.

Those are the times we need to communicate with the Master Gardener and ask Him to take control of our lives and guide us to the proper location for the seeds, the right time to plant them, and then read His instruction book so we will know how deep to plant them.

If we spent half as much time listening to and talking with Him, as we do with our computers and TV sets, we would see more peace, love and beauty than we ever have before and we would discover that OUR new life can be filled with more joy and comfort than we ever imagined. Just my thoughts

Frank



April 97

By
Bev Albert

April showers will bring colorful May flowers to the folks in Pennsylvania Dutch Country. The vibrant sun of spring is warmly shining and the calls of the songbirds fill the air. Many folks will be looking for the first sighting of the robin with his brightly colored reddish-orange breast. We Pennsylvania Dutchmen know that springtime is here when we spot our little feathered friend.

As we celebrate Easter at the end of March, the saying that "March Comes In Like A Lion, And Goes Out Like A Lamb," comes to mind. The Pennsylvania Dutchmen have a few of their own beliefs on weather and holiday lore:

1. Whatever the weather is like on the last Friday of the month, it will be the same during the following month.

2. If it rains before seven, expect the sun to shine by eleven.

3. Expect rain in the afternoon if the field is covered with cobwebs in the morning.

4. Pain in your bones and joints (or a scar) indicates rain, or a change in the weather.

5. Aching corns on your feet indicate rain.

I'd like to share with you the recipe belonging to my great-grandmother on her cure for "rheumatism." If you suffer from painful inflammation of the joints and muscles, you may want to give this a try.

3 tablespoons of Epsom salt
2 teaspoons of cream of tartar
The juice of two lemons
1 quart of boiling water

Mix the first three ingredients into the boiling water, and when cooled, drink a glass before breakfast.

Pa Dutch Column

If you don't want to suffer from "rheumatism," you might want to keep out of a draft and don't forget to wear your woolen nightcap and underwear!

Easter Holiday Folklore and Beliefs:

1. If your home is swept on Ascension day, it will attract ants.
2. If you bake bread on Ascension day, it won't become moldy.
3. Don't do any baking on Good Friday.
4. Don't do any gardening or planting between Good Friday and Easter.
5. If you get your hair cut on Good Friday, you get a toothache the rest of the year.

Pennsylvania Dutch Recipes!

Easter Eggnog

- 1 1/2 quarts of whipping cream
- 1 cup of sugar
- 6 eggs, separated
- 1 1/4 cups brandy

Beat cream, about 1 1/2 cups at a time, until thick. Combine sugar and egg yolks and beat well. Blend into cream. Next, blend in the brandy (quantity may be increased or decreased to suit taste). Beat the egg whites

until rounded peaks are formed and fold into the cream mixture.

You may add more sugar according to taste. Chill until served. Sprinkle with grated nutmeg, if desired.

Moravian Mints (candy)

- 3 cups confectioners' sugar
- 1 cup boiling water
- 12 drops of oil of peppermint or wintergreen.

Boil water and sugar together until a small amount dropped into cold water forms a soft ball. (234 degrees Fahrenheit on a candy thermometer). Add the flavoring, remove from heat, and beat until mixture begins to thicken. Drop from spoon onto waxed paper while keeping candy over hot water while forming into thin patties.

(makes about 4 dozen small mints)

Easter Candy Recipes Kids Can Make!

Coconut Eggs

- 1 lb. of coconut
- 3 lbs. of 10 X sugar
- Mix with hands. Add small amount of milk if needed to mix. Allow to chill before coating with baking chocolate. Melt the baking chocolate over hot water. Add a little paraffin to chocolate for a smooth coating.

Peanut Butter Eggs

- 1 lb. peanut butter (about 2 cups)
- 2 lbs. of 10X sugar
- Mix with hands. Add small amount of milk as needed. Allow to chill before coating with melted baking chocolate.

Coconut Marshmallow Eggs

- 3 lbs. of 10X sugar
- 1/2 lb. of soft butter
- 1 seven oz. jar of marshmallow creme
- 1 fresh coconut grated fine
- 2 tablespoons of vanilla
- Mix together and form into egg shapes. Chill, and coat with melted baking chocolate.

Humorous Dutch Story

An Amish boy tries explaining to his teacher why his brother just can't learn anything in school. The young lad remarks, "Well now, Miss Soltzfus, it's not that my brother can't learn, he just doesn't remember anything that he has learned!"

Remember,
A ROSE IS RED, BUT ITS THORN IS SHARP !

You can send your questions and comments to **ARCIAY @ AOLcom**, Legacy Mag @ AOL.com or The Legacy Magazine, P.O. Box 201 Perkins, OK. 74059

Three Texans fly to Colorado in their chartered jet, rent their Winnebago, rent a jeep and tie it on the back, and head to the hills to hunt. They set up camp in the dead of night for some shut-eye, anticipating the next days' hunt.

The next mornin', after a great Colorado huntin' breakfast of Hormel chile and Dinty Moore beef stew, with some eggs thrown in and spread around genuine homemade bisquick pancakes, the three Texans head out to hunt.

Pretty soon they come across some tracks. They all gather close to look.

"Them there's deer tracks," says the first Texan. "I hunted 20 yrs in these here hills and I know my tracks, and them there's deer tracks!"

"No they ain't" says the second Texan. "Dem's elk tracks. I been huntin' here in Coloradee for 30 yrs, and my daddy hunted here for 50 years afore me an' taught me everythin' I know, and dem dere's elk tracks, I know elk tracks when I see 'um and dem dere's elk tracks!"

The third Texan was about to say something when the train hit 'em.



Grandparenting

Grandparents' Influence

by Mike Moldeven

Are we still teaching our grandchildren things their parents don't have time to teach them? What lessons and values can we pass on from an earlier, simpler, and less confusing time?

This past week, in the course of an author's interview on the PBS Jim Lehrer News Hour, I was struck by one of the author's responses to a question. He said, although I do not recall his words precisely, that a youngster's most impressionable period, insofar as his/her developing attitudes toward crime and violence was concerned, are the first seven years of life. In effect, what youngsters learn during those early years will have the most powerful influence on how they

act (in crime and violence) during the subsequent years of their lives.

***Professional journals in the human behavior disciplines occasionally present perspectives on how members of a family interact with each other. The studies cover a multitude of cultural and ethnic groups over long periods of time -- sometimes centuries. The factors that are examined include how grandparents and grandchildren see each other. Here are some general conclusions:

*** Several hundred grandchildren (5 to 18 yrs).**

Grandparents' roles were seen as:

- **Historian:** Grandparents provide a historical, cultural, and family sense of history.
- **Mentor:** Grandparents offer wisdom, teach children to work with basics of life, and deepen sex role identity.
- **Role model:** Provide role model for future role of grandparent, aging, and family relationships.
- **Wizard:** Grandparents are magical to children; they tell stories that stroke the child's imagination.
- **Nurturer/Great Parent:** The most basic role grandparents play, widening the support system for children.

* Adolescents.

Grandparents influence adolescent development in three ways:

- **Identity development:** Grandparents transmit cultural knowledge and family history, aiding in the resolution of ego/identity crises.
- **Relationship with parents:** Grandparents provide stories and information about parents, act as confidants, and provide an outlet when parent/teen relations become tense.

-- **Attitudes toward aging:** Quality relationships with grandparents aid in developing positive attitudes toward aging and older adults.

* Grandparents.

They felt pleasure without responsibility, and had a hands-off policy.

- **Formal:** Grandparents follow a prescribed role, hold a constant interest in child, and maintain demarcated lines between parenting and grandparenting.
- **Fun Seeker:** Informality, playfulness, and mutuality of satisfaction characterize the relationship.

-- **Surrogate parent:**

Grandmother identified in role assuming caretaking responsibilities for children at initiative of adult daughter.

-- **Reservoir of family wisdom:**

Grandfather identified in role as a dispenser of special skills and resources, with lines of authority between generations clearly marked.

-- **As a distant figure:** Contact with child is infrequent although the grandparent is benevolent.

If you have an interesting and heartwarming story about your grandparents, if you are a grandparent and you have a cute story about one of your grandchildren or if you simply have some advice you would like to share with others, please send your comments and suggestions to: The Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, OK 74059 or you can reach us by e-mail at Legacy Mag@aol.com

The Sandwich Generation

By Sunshine



Sunshine,

I was a reluctant caregiver to my mother who is very bitter, negative and acrimonious. While my siblings have halos, she resents me because she feels I did not suffer as they did at the hands of our father. She has never recognized my pain and probably never will. My extensive childhood abuse ended long ago, but she was, and still is, emotionally abusive. My siblings act apathetic, amused or oblivious to her while I have catered to her, worried and felt guilty.

When she became ill, she moved in. We had a few times I wouldn't trade anything for. Mostly, though, it was hell - it was excruciating emotionally to witness her decline and extreme physical pain and to hear her say, "I wish I were dead." And it was equally torturous to be on

the receiving end of her lifelong hate and rancor, whether it was directed at me or not. And it seemed endless. No one understood or cared - not my siblings, who blew me off. Her physical health has improved somewhat and she is somewhere else now. While she was here, I was her caregiver, day and night. It was my entire life. On the rare instance I could get out, I dreaded and hated returning - it wasn't my home anymore.

The experience did give me some absolution - I did my best. She was miserable here, but she will be miserable anywhere and she chooses to be so. I still see her, but I space my visits. I try to balance it - what I can handle and minimize future "I wish I had's". Our relationship has improved - it may be just superficial, but it's a beginning.

MH

Dear MH:

While most of us have problems caring for our families, most don't have quite the negative relationships you do with your family.

I would guess that most of us, at some moment, for a brief time, would say something like you have. I think most of us in the middle have one end or the other making some comment like "but you just don't understand".

The problem is that we understand only too well.

I guess any of us could respond with lots of reasons, excuses and theories for your situation. That is also my first tendency, but I also suspect that isn't what you want. You know that already. I know it doesn't make sense to anyone who has never experienced the situation, but your mother seems to be wanting to "even things out" with you. You sense that, and seem to be resigned to that. She has a problem, doesn't want to admit it, and probably never will. If she does, congratulations.

What pleases me most is that you seem to have begun to realize that you can do everything for a parent and "it is never enough". It never will be in her eyes, but you can do what you can do - and let the rest be. We are not children whose hands need to be held when we cross the street. We hold onto the hands of those who need our help now. At some point, all of us have to make decisions about the best care to give our loved ones, and there

will always be someone who thinks we have made the wrong decision. Perhaps we did. Most of us, however, do the best we can at each and every moment.

This is not to say that each decision is the world's best. We all have times when we are sick, or tired, or busy or whatever. We have moments when we have so much on our minds that we get befuddled. Even at those times - especially at those times - we still make the best decision we can, given the circumstances. Heavens, everybody, if we all waited until we were feeling good, had money, had time, had sleep, or whatever we think we need, we would probably still be wearing animal skins and living in caves! The only people that seem to think they can solve the problems of the world are adolescents. But the world has stressed out adults in charge and we can only do what we can do!

You know you did your best. Your mother would probably disagree, but you can sleep at night and look at yourself in the mirror and remain calm with the knowledge. You can even recognize that your relationship has improved -- and that is saying a lot! Many in your position never get to that point.

I know it is difficult, but relax. You did what you could. You will again. That is all you can ask of yourself. If others don't like your decisions - then let them perform the caretaking tasks.

Sunshine

Coffee Shop Conversation



Sam:

Does anyone know if General Patton ever reached the rank of a five-star General?

Henry:

I don't think he did. The only five-star Generals we had were MacArthur, Eisenhower, Bradley, Marshall and Admiral Nimitz.

Carl:

How did General Patton die?

Billy Bob:

He was killed in a Jeep accident. I heard it was his fault. They even tried to give him a couple of tickets. I think one was for failure to yield and the other one was for failure to appear in court.

Bubba:

How do they give a ticket to a dead person?

Billy Bob:

I think they wait until an M.P. gets killed in the line of duty, then they send him after the person.

Carl:

Brad, I heard that you almost got shot in the war. Is that true?

Brad:

Yes it is. I was a radio operator and had my radio strapped to my back. One day when I took it off, I found a bullet in it. I still have that bullet as a reminder of how close I came.

Gus:

At times like those, it has a tendency to make you believe in prayer and a higher power.

Bubba:

Yes it does. I remember being in a fox hole with all kinds of

bullets whizzing over my head. I didn't know how to pray, so I asked the guy next to me if he knew of any prayers he could recite. I'd heard him talk about living next door to a Catholic church when he was growing up, and figured he might have overheard a couple of prayers. He said he would try to remember one; so we bowed our heads and he said, "B5-N27-G32."

Henry:

Sharon, we don't normally get many women to join our conversations, but since you're here, could you enlighten us on what it was like for a woman in the service?

Sharon:

Sure. I remember getting the news of our victory over Japan. I was in New York City at the time

and decided to go to Times Square to help spread the good news that the war was over. There was a Frenchman with me who decided to join me, but his English was very limited.

I decided that we should identify ourselves in case we got separated, so I took some lipstick and wrote VJ on his face and he did the same thing to me.

When we arrived at Times Square, I told several soldiers about the war being over and that it was a time for celebration. After looking at my face, one of them remarked that I should be one of the safest women in the place during the celebration. I asked him why he would make a comment like that, and he suggested that I check out the letters on my face. It seems my friend had confused victory over Japan with Victory Day, and had written the letters "VD" on my face.

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The Genealogy Forum

April 1997



By Linnea Travis Miller

Genealogy
The science or study of family descent.

Share Your Knowledge!

If you're interested in genealogy, or the study of your family history, you often find yourself in the midst of learning not only about your family, but the lives and times of all the people as a part of history in general. This is when your family becomes really interesting! Even just as a part of a community, with no specific importance, your ancestors helped make the area, the state and the country what it is today!

Part of our duty as family historians, is to share what we

are learning about our family and history in general. I work in the public schools as a substitute teacher and often have the enjoyment of sharing the specifics of what I know of early American history with my students. What is taught in the schools of today is the fairly general and accepted rendition of, American history which children have been learning for generations. That's fine, but what makes the history more interesting is what's behind these generalities and how they relate to our own families.

Just today, I was in an intermediate classroom reviewing yesterday's homework as it applied to the Pilgrims who came on the Mayflower and settled in Plymouth Mass. The question read: "Where did the Pilgrims leave from to come to America?" The teacher then added (from England). Of course, the correct answer was Plymouth, England. I could not let this go, since I felt the children should know more about this historic crossing.

Hopefully, since I was bold enough to slightly dispute the correct answer which was in their Social Studies book, they will remember for a long time that these Separatists actually left from Leydon, Holland, stopped in Plymouth, England to take on a few more passengers, mostly the financial supporters of this voyage, as well as supplies, then sailed to the New World. The class loved it! More questions were asked, and we had a delightful discussion based on what they wanted to know!

This is why we need to share our research with everyone, no matter what the age of the listener. There is just so much to learn, and what good is keeping the knowledge all to ourselves? So share what you're acquiring, with young and old alike!

Historical Societies Share with Schools

Locally, the Historical Society sponsors a "History Fair"

each year. This is open to students in the county schools from grades 4 through 12. The different types of projects these children are involved in making include: models; dioramas; booklets; handicrafts; drawings, paintings, sketches or posters; and family trees. All projects must relate to historical Pennsylvania or local county subject. These projects will be judged in age groups by teams of Historical Society members and winners will be announced at a special "Awards Ceremony." I have the opportunity to help judge the "Family Tree" category. I'm excited to view all of the projects these students have produced. This is a great way for the Historical Society to reach out to the youth of this county. If your Historical Society participates in this type of program, I would love to hear about it!

The Coffin Family of Eastern PA/New Jersey

Bruce Coffin writes about his ancestors of Northampton County, PA:

I am looking for the parents and birthplace(s) of Horatio Nelson COFFIN, born in 1791, Susan COFFIN, born in 1794 and Ira A. COFFIN, born in 1796. These siblings first appear about 1810 to 1820 in Northampton and possibly Bucks Counties, PA, also Hunterdon County, NJ. My research indicates, but cannot confirm, that they may have

The Genealogy Forum

Lahaska area of Bucks County.

Ira A. COFFIN migrated to the Portland and Mt. Bethel areas of Northampton County, where he was involved in the manufacture of school slates for many years. He was married to Magdalena MILLAR or MILLER of Bucks County(?) and they had 19 children, 10 or 11 of them reaching adulthood.

Horatio Nelson COFFIN was a private in Captain Adam Hawk's company, 71st Regiment of the PA Militia, commanded by Col. Christian Hutter, during the War of 1812. Records indicate he was drafted from Easton Township and that he was discharged to the same area, but probably was in Upper Mt. Bethel Twp for several years. After discharge from the military, he married Mary SAYLOR, but they divorced(?) about 1825. He moved to Solebury-Lahaska, where he married Amelia ROBINSON of Lambertville, NJ.

Susan COFFIN married Henry COMPTON July 24, 1811 in Kingwood, Hunterdon County, NJ. Henry COMPTON died about 1820 and she married James GIBSON and moved to Jersey Shore, Lycoming County, PA.

There are two unsubstantiated references that the father of these three was John COFFIN of either New Hampshire or Vermont and that he might have had some connection with

Solebury-Lahaska, PA but this is far from confirmed. The 1800 census for Bucks County lists an Elonar COFFIN with the right number, ages and gender of children to be the divorced mother, former wife of Horatio Nelson COFFIN. It is thought "Elonar" was a census taker's phonetic spelling of Eleanor, but again, no proof.

Any help, hint or clue--no matter how seemingly insignificant--will be greatly appreciated.

Well, happy hunting and see you next month!

Your Queries

If you can help any of these people with their queries, please contact this magazine with your information and we will pass it along to them. Please include "April 1997" and initials found below query. You may also submit queries or your family histories to this magazine, or e-mail me at <lebco@aol.com>. Genealogy is a group effort, there are many others seeking the same families and hopefully we will be able to connect them with you!

Seeking information on the following: SEVERS, BECK, KOEHLER and PECK families from VA and PA 1750-1800. Any information welcome!
C.S.

Wade WALTERS and wife

Margaret were living in Cherokee County, TX in 1850s to 1870s, maybe sooner, and had the usual bunch of kids. According to census data, Wade was born in GA about 1809, Margaret was born in TN about 1812. Does anyone out there know who and where they came from?
J.C.

I am searching for the family of Catherine McMILLAN who was in Union Springs, Alabama when her grandmother, Annie E. McINNIS PARKER, died in 1938. Catherine's father was Franklin Clifford McMILLAN and her mother was Lena PARKER. Annie E. McINNIS was my great-grandmother and I am trying to pick up the trail of her daughter Lena's family. The only one I

know of so far is Catherine McMILLAN. I'd like to contact others researching this family.
J.M.

Looking for anyone doing any ARP research either in Southern Tenn. or Northern part of Alabama. I believe my ARP family will connect to this area inasmuch as he was in Lawrence Co., Tenn. in 1818 where he married Ann Elizabeth GRAY. Any hints to this family greatly appreciated!
C.H.D.

Please send queries and/or family histories to: The Legacy, P.O. Box 201, Perkins, OK 74059, e-mail A Legacy@aol.com or lebco@aol.com.

Good luck on your searching and see you next month!

We have readers looking for and /or offering information on the following surnames. If you have or need information on any of these names, please contact us.

Ahlquist
Akins
Alford
Allen
Angst
Arnold
Aungst
Beckett
Betha
Black
Blair
Blaylock
Bollender
Bostick
Bower

Bradley
Brazeal
Braziel
Brixey
Brock
Bryan
Burkholder
Burnes
Burnett
Butler
Buxton
Caldwell
Carman
Carr
Child

Coate
Coates
Coe
Corbin
Couch
Cramer
Creel
Cromer
Cruson
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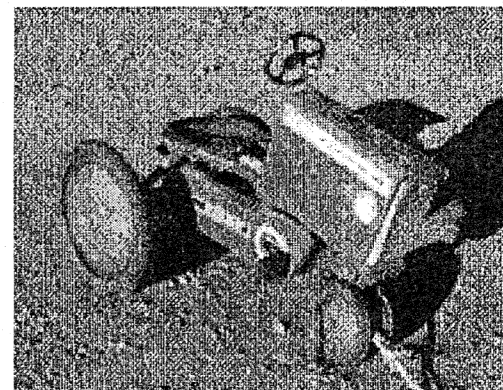
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Green
Gregory
Grosbeck
Gully(e)
Guerin
Haas
Hall
Hardin
Hatchett
Headley
Heimbach
Holgate
Holtzclaw
Hostetter
Houser
Howard
Hughs
Hunsaker
Jackson
Jaggar
Jarrott
Johnson
Jones

Joyce
Kauffman
Kerr
Kimmel
King
Lawton
Lange
Leedom
Licata
Lock
Long
Longerneck
Lovett
Lynch
Lyon
Manship
Matzen
Mayfield
Mayor
McConnell
McCune
McRill
McTiggriett
Mertins
Metcalf
Neate
Olson
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Toms
Trousch
Tucker
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Warner
Weick
Wells
Westcott
Wike
Winter
Young

After twelve years of therapy my psychiatrist said something that brought tears to my eyes. He said, "No hablo ingles."

Nostalgia Corner



Pitiful Pearl was one of my favorite dolls. She came out in about '59. She came in her box dressed in a navy blue "rag" dress. We were supposed to wash her and dress her up in the party dress she also came with. I believe she was originally supposed to have been marketed dirty so little girls could wash her. I don't think this marketing tool flew. She was based on a cartoon drawing by an artist frequently seen in The New Yorker, though his name escapes me now. Wish I still had her...
N. P.

My grandmother never gave anything up. She used a old wringer-style washing machine she got second-hand in 1921, and it was still running in 1972 when my grandfather died. I knew she could afford a new washing

machine, but she insisted on using her old one. I once asked why she didn't buy a new one, and she replied "Why? This one is still working."
A.S.

I remember when people use to sit on their stoops at night while kids played in the middle of the street or ran after lightning bugs. You could hear people call to each other "Good evening, Mrs. So and So! How are the children?"
M.G.

I was born in late 1930. When I was young, the family huddled around the radio on Tuesday evenings to hear Amos'n Andy. I think Fibber/Molly were also in that evening's lineup. Saturday morning's "Let's Pretend" was unmissable. Lux Radio Theater

Nostalgia Corner

on Friday, wasn't it? And who can forget "Suspense"?!
G.L.

I grew up in the 40's on the Canadian prairies. Many of us did not have indoor toilet facilities, just an little "outhouse" over a hole in the ground. Some had one seaters, some had two. Often old newspaper or mail order catalogues were used as toilet paper. Those shiny color pages could be a real pain. Veeerrry cold in the winter, too!
E.T.

I remember playing hopscotch. We'd take a piece of chalk and draw a huge circular game in the middle of the crossing of two paved streets in the neighborhood. All the kids in the neighborhood played, boys and girls both.

Once in a great while, an automobile would come chugging down the street and we would all get out of the way till it passed by. When the street lights went on, we knew it was time to go home. If you didn't go, your mother would start shouting your name and if you didn't go then, you'd be punished by being kept in the following evening. This was in the early 20's.

S.T.

Movies were wonderful, especially the 15 cent Saturday matinees. Tuesday night was dish night for parents and sometimes they even played bingo at the movies.

A.A

I worked in a service station during school in 1930, when the price of gasoline was less than a dime a gallon including 4 cents in tax. Bread was a nickel a loaf.
K.L.

I recall the ice man who carried cakes of ice up flights of stairs. Twenty-five cents bought a lot of ice. The ice man used a truck, no horses, and as soon as he left the truck, us kids would climb aboard to scrounge for the delicious bits that were broken off when he cut from the large cake.

R.Y.

TV Trivia

Bonanza was one of my favorite westerns. Originally, it had four Cartwrights. Ben was played by Lorne Greene, Adam was played by Pernell Roberts, Hoss was played by Dan Blocker and Little Joe was played by? Later in the series, David Canary played a character named Candy. He was the foreman of the Ponderosa Ranch. "The forgotten Cartwright," Hop Sing, was shot during a hijack attempt in real life.

The writers were actually using some real history in the show. Some of the towns that were mentioned in different episodes of Bonanza really existed, just as depicted in a couple of the episodes.

"The Territorial Enterprise Newspaper" really existed in Virginia City and Mark Twain actually wrote articles for it.

But even professional writers make mistakes sometimes. In the very first Bonanza, Little Joe was explaining Adam's and Hoss's mothers to the character of Lotta Crabtree, played by Yvonne DeCarlo. He told her that Hoss's mom was 6'2" in her stocking feet. In a later show she was played by an average-sized actress named Inga Swenson.

Trivia Questions

1: What was Little Joe's middle name?

2: Hoss was a nickname. What was his real name?

3: What was the name of the two theme songs for the show **Happy Days**?

4: Perry Mason Trivia Question: What is Lt. Tragg's first name?

5: Highway Patrol was the name of an old cop show from the 50's.

The late Broderick Crawford played a police officer in this series. Does anyone know the name of the character he played? Helen Broderick, who was a character actress in the 1930's, and who was in a couple of Fred and Ginger movies, was Broderick Crawford's mom.

1: Little Joe's middle name was Francis.

2: Hoss's was Eric, after his uncle.

3: The original theme was Rock Around the Clock by Bill Haley. The show changed to an original composition, appropriately titled Happy Days, in 1976.

4: Arthur was Tragg's first name. Ray Collins died in 1965 and was replaced by Richard Anderson.

5: Broderick Crawford played the part of Dan Matthews.

A seaman meets a pirate in a port, and talk turns to their adventures on the sea. The seaman notes that the pirate has a peg-leg, a hook, and an eye patch. The seaman asks "So, how did you end up with the peg-leg?"

The pirate replies "We were in a storm at sea, and I was swept overboard into a school of sharks. Just as my men were pulling me out, a shark bit my leg off."

"Wow!" said the seaman. "What about your hook?"

"Well...", replied the pirate, "We were boarding an enemy ship and were battling the other sailors with swords. One of the enemy cut my hand off."

"Incredible!" remarked the seaman. "How did you get the eyepatch?"

"A seagull dropping fell into my eye.", replied the pirate.

"You lost your eye to a seagull dropping?" the sailor asked incredulously.

"Well...", said the pirate, "...it was my first day with the hook."

TIE-DYEING

Tie-dyeing a t-shirt is one of those things you just have to try at least once in your lifetime. The fun of making it is outdone only by watching the reactions you get when you wear your psychedelic wonder.

Creating the basic tie-dye is rather easy. Just crumple a white t-shirt into a loose ball and stretch rubber bands very tightly over the balled shirt-- one rubber band every three inches or so. Place this centipede-looking thing into a bucket of prepared fabric dye, and let it soak. Remove the shirt from the dye and let it dry. Now remove rubber bands and invite the neighbors in to "ooh" and "aah" at your one-of-a-kind way cool t-shirt.

The purpose of the rubber bands is to allow the dye to reach only the exposed surface areas of the shirt, while preventing the dye from reaching the hidden areas-- that's how the random tie-dye pattern is created.

Instead of dipping the shirt into a bucket of dye, you can try squirting, spraying, pouring or painting the dye onto the bunched shirt. Each technique produces a different design and color pattern-- and serendipity is half the fun of tie-dye.

Getting Started in Tie-Dye

To get started making tie-dye

T's, use a fabric dye such as Rit[®]; brand which is available in most grocery and drug stores. The Rit brand fabric dye is very easy to use and will give you a colorful tie-dye shirt plus many hours of great fun.

If tie-dye becomes your "thing," you may want to buy dyes made specifically for tie-dye. These are sold in many craft stores, in mail-order craft catalogs, or on the Internet. For a complete starter kit with all the supplies you'll need to make several tie-dye shirts, check out Dharma and Grateful Dyes. These vendors also provide extensive instructions for making a variety of patterned shirts.

Tie-Dye Color Cords

An unusual technique you'll want to try is tie-dye color cords. The cords are long strings which have been impregnated with color dyes. These strings are first placed on the shirt in the pattern you want to achieve. The shirt is then bundled, tied, and placed in hot water. The hot water causes the color in these strings to transfer to the t-shirt, making a fascinating original design. After the shirt cools and you remove the strings, it is ready to wear.

Follow the manufacturer's directions on soaking times and any special laundering procedures.

Angels

Messengers of peace, comfort, and protection

By Barbara Frederick



What I like about angels is their constant message: "Do not be afraid." They break into a frightening world, bearing challenges but also bringing messages of comfort and peace. They tend to disrupt life as we know it, but they remind us that we can live without fear.

In the wee hours of a cold January morning six years ago, my car hit a patch of "black ice," sending the vehicle out of control and careening head-first into a deep, rock-filled ravine. Miraculously, as we gained our composure, we found the car had somehow ended up in the ravine with the rear-end down instead,

which ultimately saved our lives. The car was totally damaged beyond repair, but we survived--without a scratch!

Crawling to the back seat where my daughter was sleeping, I heard a small, sleepy voice say, "I'm okay, Mom. 'Twinkles' is sitting on top of me." (This was the name my daughter had given to her guardian angel!) Through the simple faith and belief of this little girl, I somehow KNEW that angels were real!

After the ordeal, I recalled the psalm I had read the very morning of the accident:

Angels

"... for he orders his angels to protect you wherever you go. They will steady you with their hands to keep you from stumbling against the rocks on the trail." The rocks on the trail...???

Later that year I wrote that psalm down and gave it to my son when he entered the service. I told him to keep those words closely guarded in his heart—and to remember that angels were charged to protect him according to that psalm—Psalm 91.

As a crew chief on a Black Hawk helicopter, he has survived many dangerous missions since he entered the Army—in Bosnia, Desert Storm, and in Somalia. On one occasion, the rotors failed and his helicopter literally dropped to the ground.

On another occasion, his weapon got caught in the ropes while he was attempting to repel, and he was left dangling in the cold winter air for several minutes, underneath the helicopter. His crew was totally unaware of the predicament he was in.

While in Somalia, he came under heavy enemy fire and came within a couple of inches of having his legs riddled with

several rounds of enemy fire. Running toward his helicopter during an emergency alert, he stopped halfway after "hearing" a very urgent—nearly audible—command: "Go back and get your lead shield!" That shield ultimately protected his legs from being injured on that mission. To this day, he carries the mangled cartridge that he dug out of that shield—just as a reminder.

My son has reassured me many times that "Spike" was always there with him—the name he had given to HIS guardian angel when he was a young boy.

Do I believe in angels? You bet! Especially "Twinkles," "Spike," and "Sonshine"—the name I gave MY guardian angel!

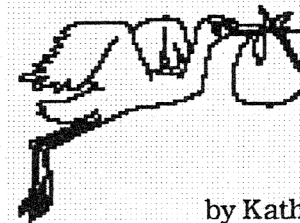
At times, we all need reassurance. Our world is a dangerous and uncertain one. In spite of the many dangers and difficulties which threaten to overwhelm us, I believe that angels are ever with us, protecting us and keeping us safe—often, without our even knowing it.

Why not say hello and get acquainted with YOUR angel today? Ω

Tell a man there are 300 Billion stars in the universe and he'll believe you.

Tell him a bench has wet paint on it and he'll have to touch to be sure.

Within a Beating Heart



by Kathryn J. O'Rear

A solution of the heart can often be found within the beating of a tiny heart. Eight years ago, I was nineteen years old when I found myself an unwed mother-to-be. I was in great distress about what might happen to the relationship with my fiancé, John, because we had the same dream of graduating from college before having the responsibility of marriage and/or children. The thought of telling John that I was pregnant created a gut-wrenching feeling inside me. I was apprehensive that my news would be a signal that the relationship was ending.

When I told John that the pregnancy test was positive, the room got suddenly quiet and cold. He was speechless for a moment, then suddenly with a harsh voice he said, "I want nothing physically, mentally, or emotionally to do with this baby." His protest filled me with

dismay for a moment, then I lost all trust in John. I started to contend that he was the father and should take responsibility for his actions. Later, John and I decided to tell his father.

Knowing John's father was a stern man, who had not been fond of me from the beginning of my relationship with John, increased my apprehension. I was concerned that John would do what his father said, and deep within, I had a nerve-racking feeling that I would face my pregnancy alone. John was terrified of the conviction that his father would place upon him, disregarding how his decision to evade the pregnancy and the relationship would wound me.

So, he abandoned the baby and me. Heart-broken and shocked by John's choice to neglect his obligation to this precious baby and me, I decided to look at all available

A Beating Heart

choices--abortion not being an option for me--and started to search for a resolution, not for me, but for the baby.

I decided to put my baby up for adoption to fortunate parents whom I had selected through an attorney. At the same time, something inside my heart felt as if it was being torn out because of my decision to go through with the adoption.

I cried everyday for the first several months of my pregnancy, though I knew of no better solution. For about five months, I remained with the decision of adoption because I wanted a better life for both the baby and me.

One cold lonely night, lying in bed shivering with thoughts of how I'd like John and me to cherish and raise our child together, I finally faced the truth that it wasn't meant to be. My wondering thoughts of how the baby would be raised and what it would look like swirled in my mind. Would the baby look like John or me? Yearning from within to be able to mold my child the way I wanted him to be, I could almost hear him cooing

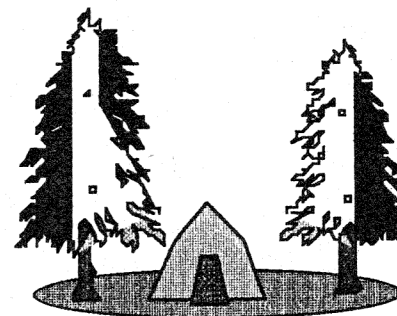
and giggling, as if the baby was present at this moment.

Suddenly, I felt all warm and cuddly inside; it was like being hugged from within. Immediately, I could feel my heart beating like a bass drum and my baby's tiny heartbeat pulsing in harmony with mine. Softly touching my small round belly, I felt magically bonded to my baby, an angel. Feeling fluttering butterflies in my stomach, I realized the baby was kicking inside of me, and that's when I made a conscious decision for the baby and me. From that moment on, I considered this baby inside of my body to be an angel, my angel.

I was going to give birth to and nurture my miraculous baby. I did not know what I was going to do as a single mother, but I was determined to let my baby know how deeply I cared for him.

Looking back at this decision, I believe it was the toughest choice I ever had to make consciously. Envisioning all the values I wanted for the baby, I'm happy that I kept my angel, because I have been able to mold him into a wondrous, tender child. Ω

The other day I was stopped at a light. I looked over at the guy next to me and saw the man sneeze. When he sneezed, he hit his head HARD on the steering wheel of his car, which stunned him to such an extent that his foot slipped off the clutch. His car then lurched forward causing him to rear-end the car in front of him. When his car hit the other car, his air bag was deployed from the steering wheel where he had just hit his head!



Family Camp

by Sam White

The tradition began for my family back in 1968. My father was a full-time postman and a part-time minister and while the two vocations provided well for his wife and five kids, there was not a lot left over for vacations. Still, my parents wanted to take the family on a real vacation away from our home in Abilene, Texas. The question was: where can you take a family almost as big as "The Waltons" and still have enough money to eat--and get home?

My mother stumbled across the answer in the back of a magazine she picked up in church. "Family Camp in the Colorado Rockies," the ad read. No pictures, no real details given, except that it would cost \$25 per person with a maximum of \$100

for a family. My mother called the camp, got a few more details (though probably not enough to warrant the miles they would soon put on the station wagon), and sent in \$10 to register our family. The experience was one previously unknown to the White family, and I'll bet they thought it would be a one-time event with some other vacation taken in following years.

I was two years old that June, and too young to remember anything that happened there--though I have a few of the snapshots. (My mother missed her true calling as a photographer) I feel like I remember it, though, because in the twenty-nine years since then I have been to Family Week at Colorado Christian Service

Family Camp

Camp almost twenty times. In that same stretch, my parents have missed only a handful of summers. Not only that, they have encouraged countless other families to attend with them.

They call the camp "Camp Como" now, and Family Week is "Family Missions Week." It takes place the first week in August these days (giving me a perfect place to celebrate The Legacy's National Family Day) and I have somehow gone from being one of the little tykes underfoot to being on the planning board for the week. A lot has changed over the years, so why do I keep going back? Why do my sisters bring their husbands and families to family week and why did my wife and I spend the second week of our honeymoon in a church camp? Why do the various photo albums of the White families have so many pictures of a place most people in the world have never heard of and will probably never see?

The first thought that comes to my mind when thinking about camp in Como, Colorado, is usually the mountains. Camp Como sits just outside the town of Como, which proclaims a population of 37 (though I think it's actually much smaller) and an elevation of 9796 feet above sea level. And the camp is a couple hundred feet higher than the town! The air is thin, the mountains are beautiful and surrounding, and it's always been obvious that I wasn't in Texas anymore.

But I could see mountains

other places. So maybe it's the cost. At \$300 a family, it's still one of the cheapest full-family vacations to be had--what with room, meals and entertainment being included.

No, it's not the cost. I'm basically a cheapskate at heart and even \$300 seems steep to me. So maybe it's the Bible classes or the preaching or the hikes in the woods.

I could think of other reasons that I take my family to Como, Colorado, each summer I'm able, but the one true, overriding reason is summed up by the first word in the title of the week: Family Missions Week.

There are men's retreats and women's retreats and camps for kids and camps for teenagers and get-togethers for all sorts of ages and interests, but my family and I go back to Family Missions Week because of our families. Many years there won't be a single program or class on the schedule about "Strengthening the Family" or "Marriage Enrichment."

What we do have are chances to eat together, something too many families don't have anymore. Every family gets a cabin of their own, so we even get the opportunity to sleep in the same room--a rare thing in a world where (and I'm all for this most of the year) we go our separate ways at bedtime. And we have family volleyball games and hiking trips and even shopping sprees (or "looking sprees" for the parsimonious among us). It's a week when the

family comes together, not to get on each other's nerves, but to draw close through common activities.

Many other families share in this tradition, having come to Family Missions Week at Camp Como almost as many times as we have, and they keep coming back. Just like the White family, the Duane Muller family of eastern Colorado also brings three generations to camp. And even though we only see each other once a year, these

fellow "family campers" have become a part of my extended family that I know better than some of my cousins.

My parents fiftieth wedding

anniversary will fall during Family Missions Week at Camp Como in the year two thousand. In addition, my middle sister and her husband will celebrate their silver anniversary the following fall. So my parents have asked for no present except that all five of us kids and all the grandchildren gather in Como, Colorado, at family camp, to help them start the second half of their first century together. It's a gift my wife and I intend to do our part to give and we both hope that, in about seventeen years, our twenty-fifth summer of marriage will include a week of family camp in Como with our sons.

Comments from children

Little girl in Sunday school --- "I know my memory verse. I even know the zip code, Luke 19:10."

-The boy who loved to fish offered -- "Thy rod and thy reel, they comfort me."

-The laundry song: "Bringing in the sheets" not to be confused with "Bringing in the cheese."

-A child's memory verse, "God made everything," from "Please-de-lastees 3:11."

- "An epistle is the wife of an apostle."

- "The men who followed Jesus were called the 12 opossums."

- "Solomon, one of David's sons, had 500 wives and 500 porcupines."

-The Catholic Prayer, "Hail Mary, full of grapes."

The verse from SILENT NIGHT, "Round John Virgin, mother and child."

Lincoln's Report Card



Writing: outstanding

A single page of Abraham Lincoln's fifth-grade report card was recently discovered at the construction site of a new 7-11 convenience store in Hodgenville, Kentucky, Lincoln's birthplace. Darrell McPhur, a backhoe operator, accidentally found the historical artifact while digging out the foundation of the 7-11's planned sub-basement stockroom. After two weeks of charging 75 cents admission to see the report card (which Mr. McPhur reportedly kept wrapped in a plastic Ziplock baggie in the crisper of his refrigerator), Mr. McPhur turned the document over to the Kentucky State Historical Society.

THE JOSIAH T. CRANSTON
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
MID-TERM RECORD

Student Name: Abraham Lincoln
Teacher: Ms. Oswalda Philpott

SUBJECTS

While Abraham is clearly a born writer, he nonetheless chooses curious subjects to write about. Near the start of the term, for example, he suddenly decided that stores in Hodgenville ought to reduce their prices for a day or two in mid-February (which I noted with interest is the time of his birthday) and nearly wrote the school out of paper by sending pleas and suggestions to several businesses in town.

Perhaps more strange, however, was the letter-writing campaign Abraham began only last month. He has decided, inexplicably it seems, that the design of the one-cent coin should be permanently altered and has written nearly 100 letters to the U.S. Treasury Department. While the letters are beautifully-crafted and even persuasive, what Abraham should have against our lovely wheat-stamped pennies I cannot tell.

Mathematics: satisfactory
Abraham clearly understands

the rudiments of most mathematical functions (the boy has an almost preternatural understanding of division in particular) and yet he has developed a strange habit of substituting verbal phrases for actual numbers. In our daily lessons on addition, for example, Abraham refuses to say "20 apples plus 30 apples equals 50 apples," as the routine demands. Instead, he carries on with, "A score of apples plus a score and ten of apples equals two score and ten apples." Both myself and my assistant, Miss Ernestine Truehaft, find this mannerism quite fascinating but bizarre.

Citizenship: outstanding

It is in his relationships with his peers that Abraham truly excels. Just last week, by his own volition, Abraham settled a potential squabble in the lunch room. When it seemed clear that two of his classmates were going to exchange blows about which one had brought the more appetizing lunch to school, Abraham suggested that the two boys share their meals, actually parceling out an equal portion of turkey pot pie and baked ham and corn bread for each.

Abraham is also known for his scrupulous honesty, having twice walked three miles in the snow to return Edwin Drooley's earmuffs to the boy when poor Edwin (who suffers from a minor retardation) dropped the muffs

while taking the Church Road home from school.

Attendance: very satisfactory

Abraham appears to genuinely enjoy his studies and is rarely absent or tardy. His only difficulty with attendance is a quirky one. For inexplicable reasons, the boy is consistently missing from productions by the school drama club. While these productions are not mandatory, they are often very rewarding, and Abraham's apparent refusal to enter the theater is quizzical. Miss Truehaft, who remarks that she has seen similar behavior in others, suggested that Abraham may have some bizzarely ingrained fear of the stage.

Appearance: unsatisfactory

For all of Abraham's marvelous qualities, he shows little regard for his outward physical demeanor or even his personal hygiene. Of course, some of the boy's more disturbing traits, such as his extreme height and lankiness, are God's doing and beyond control. Nevertheless, a boy of his age should not be permitted to exhibit such an abundance of facial hair. Also, Abraham has taken to affecting a long dark frock and-- however strange it may sound-- a top hat during the cold winter months. Miss Truehaft and I have already contacted the boy's family in hopes of reversing this troubling development. Ω

The Resurrection.

By Franklin T. Wike

If today was my last day on earth,
would **MY TIME** here have contributed
to making this planet a better place
for the next generation,
then it was for my generation ?

If I have the opportunity to see
and enjoy one more sunrise,
is there anything that I can do
tomorrow to have a positive influence
on the lives of others?

Do I have any talents, wisdom,
money or love that I can
share with someone else ?

I can not change the past,
but if I have a second chance at life,
by living one more day,
I can offer all that I am
and all that I have,
to help someone else.

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EASTER

The greatest festival of Christians commemorate the resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is a movable feast; that is, it is not always held on the same date. In AD 325 the church council of Nicaea decided that it should be celebrated on the first Sunday after the first full moon on or after the vernal equinox of March 21. Easter can come as early as March 22 or as late as April 25.

In many churches Easter is preceded by a season of prayer, abstinence, and fasting called Lent. This is observed in memory of the 40 days' fast of Christ in the desert. In Eastern Orthodox churches Lent is 50 days. In Western Christendom Lent is observed for six weeks and four days.

Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent, gets its name from the practice, mainly in the Roman Catholic church, of putting ashes on the foreheads of the faithful to remind them that "man is but dust." Palm Sunday, one week before Easter, celebrates the entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. Holy Week begins on this day. Holy Thursday, or Maundy Thursday, is in memory of the Last Supper of Christ with his disciples. Good Friday commemorates the crucifixion.

Many Easter customs come from the Old World. The white lily, the symbol of the resurrection, is the special Easter flower. Rabbits and colored eggs have come from

pagan antiquity as symbols of new life. Easter Monday egg rolling, a custom of European origin, has become a tradition on the lawn of the White House in Washington, D.C.

Lent may be preceded by a carnival season. The origin of the word carnival is probably from the Latin carne vale, meaning "flesh (meat), farewell." Elaborate pageants often close this season on Shrove Tuesday, the day before the beginning of Lent. This day is also called by its French name, Mardi Gras (Fat Tuesday).

The name Easter comes from Eostre, an ancient Anglo-Saxon goddess, originally of the dawn. In pagan times an annual spring festival was held in her honor. Some Easter customs have come from this and other pre-Christian spring festivals. Others come from the Passover feast of the Jews, observed in memory of their deliverance from Egypt (See Passover). The word paschal comes from a Latin word that means "belonging to Passover or to Easter." Formerly, Easter and the Passover were closely associated. The resurrection of Jesus took place during the Passover. Christians of the Eastern church initially celebrated both holidays together. But the Passover can fall on any day of the week, and Christians of the Western church preferred to celebrate Easter on Sunday--the day of the resurrection. ☉

HOLY BLOOPERS



The following announcements actually appeared in various church bulletins.

1. Don't let worry kill you - let the church help.

2. Thursday night - Potluck supper. Prayer and medication to follow.

3. Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our church and community.

4. For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery downstairs.

5. The rosebud on the altar this morning is to announce the birth of David Alan Belzer, the son of Rev. and Mrs. Julius Belzer.

6. This afternoon there will be a meeting in the South North ends of the church. **Children will be baptized at both ends.**

7. Tuesday at 4:00 pm there will be an ice cream social. All ladies giving milk will please come early.

8. Wednesday the ladies liturgy will meet. Mrs. Johnson will sing "Put me in my little bed" accompanied by the pastor.

9. Thursday at 5:00 pm there will be a meeting of the Little Mothers Club. All ladies wishing to be Little Mothers will meet with the Pastor in his study.

10. This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs. Lewis to come forward and lay an egg on the altar.

11. The service will close with "Little Drops of Water." One of the ladies will start quietly and the rest of the congregation will join in.

12. Next Sunday a special collection will be taken to defray the cost of the new carpet. All those wishing to do something on the new carpet will come forward and do so.

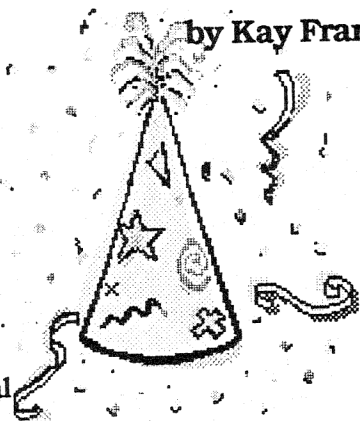
13. The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind. They can be seen in the church basement Saturday.

14. A bean supper will be held on Tuesday evening in the church hall. Music will follow.

15. At the evening service tonight, the sermon topic will be "What is Hell?" Come early and listen to our choir practice.

Twirling Tassels

by Kay Franklin



One Survivor's Journal

April 27:

Lying here on my back as I am waiting for the doctor to come in, allows me time to reflect on this latest episode in my adventure through life. Thoughts flash through my mind ... "Is it too late to change my mind? Why would a person want to put herself through the pain of surgery and the risk of being under anesthesia just for a breast? I must be crazy to put myself through this... all for cleavage! Couldn't I live a normal life twirling only one tassel?"

As I look down at my chest, the mastectomy scar that runs from my mid chest straight to my side under the right arm is still very obvious, but after almost three years, the line has faded. Pondering the reasons why I considered breast reconstruction, I figured that I had a choice. I could easily have chosen to accept my lopsided chest, continued to frantically

search for my prosthesis because I'd forgotten where I had laid it, bought bras with pockets, even had fun playing toss with it when I got bored. But, I developed a "go for it!" attitude very early in life and even now at age 46, I continue to practice this motto. Whatever comes up, whether it be operating a cattle ranch, completing requirements for a doctorate degree, having plastic surgery, or meeting internet friends in person, I listen to my "gut" and if there is a chance for success or personal growth, or if it just feels right in the pit of my stomach... I say, "GO FOR IT!"

Because my chest skin is so tight from the radical mastectomy, the doctor will take a flap of skin, similar in shape to a magnolia leaf, starting from my back right shoulder blade down to my waist and piece it onto my chest over a saline enlarger. "What is a saline

enlarger?" I had asked him. In lay terms, he informed me that it is a soft plastic pouch that has a small metal area located toward the top of the chest. The enlarger will cause the skin to stretch much like the abdomen during pregnancy, as a saline solution is injected into it many times over a period of several weeks.

Well, here comes the doctor, so I guess that it is too late to change my mind. I will continue this after the saline enlarger is installed and the anesthesia wears off.

May 14:

After spending weeks healing from the skin surgery and the installation of the saline enlarger, a constant dull pain throbs from my elbow to mid chest around to my mid back.

I still have tape holding the stitches together on the battle-scars, and I assure you, it is not a pretty sight. The swelling makes it hard to hold my right arm down in order to type these words. I am very tired, which, I suppose, is due to the lingering anesthetic or maybe just because of the trauma my body has experienced.

Was it worth it? At the moment, I'm questioning my sanity, so I respectfully request that you ask me that question again during the summer when it is 100 degrees outside and I don't have a hot silicone prosthetic breast against my skin. Or better yet, ask me at the end of this ordeal, when the enlarger will be replaced with a saline pouch.

Just writing this journal helps me keep my sanity by putting my thoughts and feelings into a sequence. It has a definite calming effect on me.

June 3:

I am now ready for the next step -- the saline injections. The doctor is moving a handheld device similar to a computer mouse across my chest. This device has a magnet in it and a little red light that flashes when it gets close to the metal of the saline enlarger. Every time the red light comes on, he puts a dot on my chest with a purple magic marker. The fun starts as he plays connect the dots and a bull's eye is drawn on my chest (soon to become a breast).

It is interesting how the body reacts to what the mind anticipates. It kind of reminds me of the way my body assumes a lead pipe rigid position in response to the sound of a dentist's drill. As I watch the doctor prepare to put the needle in the purple bull's eye, my body automatically tightens up. I am screaming in my mind, "Give me a bullet to bite, hand to hold, something!" Brenda, the most sensitive and caring nurse, somehow hears my silent scream and quickly takes my left hand and allows me to hold on tight.

You would think that there would be little or no feeling in the chest's outer skin, especially since this particular chest of mine has fought so many battles. This is partially true... as the needle is injected, the pain is

Twirling Tassels

bearable, but I breathe a sigh of relief when it's over.

One syringe is emptied... The breast skin is stretched tight... **Whew!... What?... He's filling another syringe?... He's got to be kidding!** As I wipe a tear from my eye, I ask the doctor, "How many more?" He says, "Only one more." I don't see how there could be room for one more drop... Now what is he doing?...

Is that ano, it can't be.....a GREASE gun?!

He's putting the syringe into the gun and is now pulling the trigger slowly and rhythmically. That pushes the cap in the syringe, injecting saline into my enlarger. Boy, oh boy, I don't think anyone will believe this! In this age of high technology, here I lie on the table in the most prestigious, artfully decorated, high-dollar plastic surgeon's office, and I have an old grease gun over my chest! But, hey... Look at this! I definitely see signs of a future cleavage...I understand the enlarger-pouch exchange will take place in about four months, so I suppose it's not too early to start planning a party... Anyone interested in coming to a "boob burning" bonfire? :)

August 14:

Now as the end of summer is near, I do believe that I can answer your question "Was it worth it?" with a loud "Yes - at

least for me." I am still alive and kicking, I do look better in my clothes and bathing suit, I have met many wonderful people because of this ordeal, and I can go almost all day without being reminded that I had cancer! I believe that deciding to have my breast reconstructed provided a kind of closure to Chapter 43 in my life's story. I also think that writing this journal has provided a snapshot of details, feelings, and thoughts that may help other women.

October 30

It is time to exchange the enlarger for the saline pouch. This procedure requires a short stay in the outpatient center. I was asleep during the procedure but according to the battle scars the same ones were opened and closed again. The best part of this surgery was getting rid of that "dog-ear" skin that was under my arm. The Doctor calls it "dog-ear" skin because of the way the skin is sewn back together. It is necessary to keep the drains in place for a few days after surgery. Because I am not one to miss work unless I am contagious, my colleagues were used to seeing me with long drains hanging from my body.

February 10:

As I sit here writing in this journal, my mind is screaming at me saying "You are crazy to go through this next surgery!" I've had so many - I have lost count. I remember Brenda saying that the nipple surgery is like putting

frosting on the cake. Most women, according to Brenda, do stop or quit before this final procedure. I definitely understand why they decide to stop. I suppose I simply have one of those type of personalities that must have closure. For example, when I was accepted to the doctoral program at OSU, I put myself in second gear and started pluggin' then when my father died suddenly in 1988 and I found myself the care giver for my mother, I felt frustrated that I had to stop working on my program simply because there weren't enough hours in the day nor energy or stamina to take care of the necessary priorities. A couple of years after my mother's death found me ready to pick up where I had left off and complete the journey I'd started toward the doctorate degree.

I'm feeling that same way with this upcoming surgery. I imagine myself taking very small steps and this is simply another step toward my goal. So there! Now I've talked myself into going to the outpatient surgery center and having the nipple/aureole area constructed. As I understand the Doctor will use extra skin from my side under the arm which in turn will tighten up a couple of the scars that are already there.

Feb 14:

Dear Diary. Happy Valentine's Day! This will be a Valentine's Day I'll always remember. I was able to see my new nipple for the first time today. The apprehension grew and grew as the nurse removed each separate bandage from my breast. Finally she got down to a cotton mushroom-size puff that was connected to me with small black thread stitches. As Brenda snipped each thread, slowly the cotton covering was pulled away until..... there!

What is that!

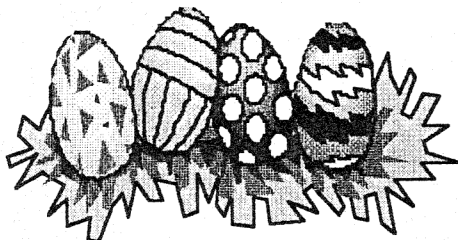
It looks like a miniature sombrero! Actually it reminds me of an old mama beagle dog that has nursed about 84 pups. Brenda quickly explained to me that the nipple was extra long because part of it would or could fall off, and if it didn't then the doctor would cut it off to a more normal size in a week or so. Whew! Thank goodness for that! I would hate to be mistaken for a beagle or illegal alien wearing a sombrero. Will wonders ever cease with modern medicine? Bring on the tassels... I'm almost ready to start twirling.

Ω

**I can see ... in what you call the dark,
but which to me is golden. I can see a
God - made world, not a man - made
world.**

Hellen Keller

The Origin of Easter Eggs



It was thought in ancient times that the silent universe suddenly burst forth into human activity and life. In like manner, the egg which also seems dormant and quiet, brings forth life in a triumphant way. Because of the symbolism represented in the egg, it became an object to be honored and was decorated to celebrate the renewal of nature and life. Spring was the logical season for celebration since the cold, dark winter had past, the sun warmed the soil again, and life was no longer such a constant struggle. What a welcome change!

There were spring festivals. Eggs were dyed in two or three colors in the same wax resist process that is used today.

Eggs were believed to contain great powers; for example, if a woman was barren and desired a child, she would be presented an egg decorated with the design of a chicken, a very fertile creature, symbolic of a growing family.

Another example of belief in the power of the egg concerned protection from fire. At the time, houses were

constructed mainly of wood and often water was obtained only from wells and far away streams.

Fire was an extremely serious prospect then and families could lose everything they owned. The people believed that if a fire did start, an egg carried around the area of the blaze would keep it from spreading any further. In fact, egg shells were even thrown into the fire in the belief that they would squelch the flames.

A bowl of decorated eggs was often kept in the home in the belief that they would keep the family healthy. The peasants felt that eggs could control the weather and provide food in times of famine. Evil spirits were powerless to do their mischief when people used these treasured eggs to help protect themselves. Great love and pride went into their decoration and distribution.

For coloring eggs, the decorators prepared the colors themselves. Yellow was made from the bark of the wild apple, the onion skin, buckwheat husks, campion, and also from the flower of the lilac or dog's fennel. Red was made from

cochineal (carmine), deer horn, and brazolia (sandalwood or aniline). Green was usually obtained from a concoction of sunflower seeds and berries of the wild elder; the dark red from black holly-hock and bush-anemones, as well as leaves from birch trees and moss. For the dark yellow color, alder buds were used along with the hazel and chestnut leaves or walnut, apple and oak bark. Black was prepared from the husks of sunflower seeds along with the addition of sulphate, iron, kupervas, and sometimes two or three dark periwinkles.

The eggs were prepared and decorated mainly for spring festivals which honored the sun, for it was the sun which warmed the soil so that the wheat and other foods could grow. The sun renewed life everywhere and brought light to the dark forests and steppes. The sun was freely represented in the earliest designs.

The first people to exchange decorative eggs were the ancient Persians. As symbols of the renewal of life and rebirth, eggs were prized by these people, who festively dyed and exchanged them in conjunction with the spring equinox - the onset of the new year.

Like Persia, pagan Germany and Switzerland used eggs in their customs celebrating spring. Although these people did not decorate eggs, they used them in a decorative fashion, festooning them on

decorated, beribboned branches, thus establishing the custom of egg trees even prior to Christianity and its attendant Easter customs.

The first country to have merged the egg-decorating tradition with the Christian celebration of Easter was Macedonia. The Macedonian custom was practiced primarily by children, who gathered to dye eggs - mainly the pervasive red, but also some green and yellow ones - and then sold them in the marketplace. That the already established custom of decorating eggs was adopted by Christians and interlaid with religious significance is not hard to understand. St. Augustine compared the egg to the hope of eternal life - both represent potential. Colored eggs seemed to appear wherever Christianity spread, and were even found in the artifacts of a Muslim African tribe that once was Christian.

Practitioners of the Eastern Orthodox faith exchanged colored eggs on Easter day as a symbol of Christ's resurrection, which represented a new, eternal life free from the shackling confines of physical earthly death. During religious services of the middle ages, colored eggs were placed in the symbolic tomb of Christ. These eggs were dyed and some were embellished with gold, silver and precious gemstones. Throughout the centuries, Eastern Orthodox believers exchanged red-dyed

Easter Eggs

eggs on Easter morning and greeted each other by saying, "Christ is risen."

On Easter Sunday, the Irish eat as many eggs as possible - a minimum of four or five, and some people eat a dozen or more! Adults give eggs to those in need, sharing both their bounty and religious convictions at once.

English children go door to door begging for eggs for the week before Easter, in what is known as eggling. Pace eggs - the traditional English Easter eggs - are decorated with the patterns formed by fresh flowers, plants, or herbs that are pressed against the egg shell and held in place by old, colorful scrap sewing fabric, which in turn are made fast by a tie of linen or other material. The egg is boiled for half an hour, during which time the colored fabrics tint the egg and leave behind the outline of the flowers. The custom of making pace eggs was nearly lost over time, usurped by chocolate and confectionary eggs. But thanks to a few devoted practitioners, the folk tradition has not disappeared entirely.

In Scotland, as well as in other countries, including the Netherlands, the children practice the traditional game of egg rolling. The children roll eggs down a hill and the child whose egg travels the farthest is declared the winner. Egg rolling, despite its secular sound, has a symbolic meaning rooted in Christianity -- the rolling egg is a

metaphor for the stone that was rolled away from Christ's tomb.

The Netherlands not only share Scotland's custom of egg rolling, but also have similarities to the United Kingdom with its custom of decorating "sassy" eggs - the Dutch equivalent to England's pace eggs. At Easter, a sassy egg is made by wrapping a hen's egg with flowers and leaves in a cloth, and then wrapping it again with another cloth, onion skin or other natural dye and boiling it for twenty minutes.

On Palm Sunday, children in the Netherlands participate in a ritual uniquely their own. A symbolic palm branch known as a "palmpass" is decorated with eggshells, chocolate eggs, paper flags, oranges, and figs. Children roam with the palmpass saying, "One more Sunday and we'll get an egg, and we'll get an egg, and we'll get an egg." An Easter egg hunt follows on Easter Monday, at which time the children match up eggs of similar colors in preparation for egg-knocking fights.

Some cultures are noted for their chocolate eggs. In Perugia, Italy, hollow chocolate eggs are filled with surprises for the recipients. Luxembourg also is noted for its chocolate eggs. There, they are associated with romance all within a religious context. On the middle Sunday of Lent, called Pretzel Sunday, a boy gives a girl he likes an

ornately-decorated cake shaped like a pretzel. If the boy's feeling is reciprocated, the girl gives him an Easter egg and promises to walk with him on Easter. Often, this egg is a hollow, chocolate one filled with bonbons. In leap years, the custom is reversed. Husbands and wives, as well as unmarried couples, participate in this Easter courtship ritual.

Poland also uses the Easter egg in a courting ritual. Eggs are given to godparents and friends as a matter of course, but if a woman gives a man an egg, this means that she would welcome his attentions. In the past, it was common for romantic interests to receive as many as thirty to one hundred eggs. Priests, exempt from this connotation, were free to receive eggs from everyone; their eggs were dyed red with brazilwood.

In addition to naturally-dyed eggs, dyed eggs that are scratch carved with a sharp instrument are made in Poland, as they are in most of eastern Europe. Yet another decorating technique involves intricate paper-cut designs - an indigenous Polish folk art - which are applied to embellish the Polish Easter egg. Often these appliqued eggs take the form of a jug, with a lip and a handle of cut paper; the egg itself is adorned with flowers, roosters, and other patterns that are cut from paper and applied to the eggshell.

Easter Monday in Hungary is called "Hoscolkodas" or "dousing day." In order to make the girls

good future wives, boys would pour water on them, saying, "Water for your health, water for your home, water for your land, here water, water! Don't shriek and cry and run away, it's good for you on Dousing Day." Girls reward the boys with Easter eggs, as well as with hard rolls and brandy. And should a couple decide to marry on Easter, they were sure to receive a special Easter wedding egg.

The traditional Greek celebration of Easter held more religious significance. The week prior to Lent was known as cheese week - a time of modified fasting when only cheese, eggs and milk were eaten. The eggs consumed at the end of the week were red-dyed Easter eggs, anticipated at the onset of the fast with the recitation, "With an egg I close my mouth, with an egg I shall open it again."

In eastern Rumelia, a division of the old Ottoman Empire including Albania, Macedonia, and Thrace, at the final meal before Lent, eggs were rolled across the table in conjunction with the saying, "May Lent roll by even as this egg rolls." The last egg was strung from the ceiling for a game called "laskus," in which participants would swing the egg with their foreheads and try to catch it in their mouths.

Belgian custom is closely akin to the American tradition of Easter egg hunting but with the addition of its own cultural mythology and strong Catholic influence. On Holy Thursday,

Easter Eggs

the church bells fall silent, according to the legend that they have flown to Rome to dine with the pope and collect the Easter eggs that they will drop, upon return, for the children to find. The bells ring again on Holy Saturday - a signal for people to embrace their chairs, benches, or the ground, should they be outside. An Easter egg hunt follows, and the second one is held on Sunday, lest any of the eggs be overlooked.

Germany too observes the custom of the Easter egg hunt. In addition, it embraces the concept of an Easter Bunny, who supposedly lays red eggs on Maundy Thursday and other colors of Easter Eve. Instead of the hollow chocolate eggs filled with treats that appear in other countries, satin eggs are filled with sweets, perfumes, tiny laced handkerchiefs, and other trinkets. The eggs are used in a game in which they are struck together until broken.

Another German custom calls for decorating an egg tree, much like a Christmas tree. But instead of bibelots and assorted ornaments, the only decorations are colored eggs, which are suspended from the trees branches. Like so many other Easter practices, the egg tree was adopted from an earlier pagan rite of spring that called for uncolored eggshells on tree branches in honor of the new season.

America's Pennsylvania Dutch

brought a love for decorating eggs with them to this country. These immigrants were particularly fond of a decorating technique known as scratch carving, which was popular in the early 1800s in various parts of Europe (especially Eastern Europe) and even in England. The favorite motifs of the Pennsylvania Dutch included scratch-carved tulips, hearts, birds, and scrolls. An egg typically was scratched with both the giver's and recipient's names, as well as the date. (In some cases, an egg carved in this manner even served as a birth certificate.) The scratch carving was done with a knife, needle, or razor. The scratched-out patterns showed up white through the remaining colorfully dyed portion of the egg.

In addition to scratch carved eggs, the Pennsylvania Dutch decorated Easter eggs with applique, using painted fabrics or a combination of fabric with rush pith, called binsa graws. They were not alone. Rush pith-appliqued eggs are also a folk art of Poland and Silesia.

Other cultures utilize different appliques in decorating eggs. In Portugal, they use seashells; in Austria, they use strips of dough. Tufts of wool and metal embellish Serbian decorative eggs.

Pysanki eggs are a masterpiece of skill and workmanship. Melted beeswax is applied to the fresh white egg. It is then dipped in successive baths of

the dye. After each dip, wax is painted over the area where the preceding color is to remain. Eventually a complex pattern of lines and colors emerges into a work of art.

In Germany and other countries, eggs used for cooking were not broken, but the contents were removed by piercing the end of each egg with a needle and blowing the contents into a bowl. The hollowed eggs were dyed and hung from shrubs and trees during the Easter week. The Armenians would decorate hollow eggs with pictures of Christ, the Virgin Mary, and other religious designs.

Easter Egg Games

Eggs play an important part in Easter sports. The Romans celebrated the Easter season by running races on an oval track and giving eggs as prizes. Two traditional Easter egg games are the Easter Egg Hunt and the Easter Egg Roll.

On Easter morning, the children of the house join in a search to locate the eggs that the Easter Bunny has hidden while they were asleep. The searching might continue throughout the house with the older children helping the younger ones. Sometimes prizes of candy awaited the child finding the most eggs.

Easter egg hunts are also part of a community's celebration of holiday. The eggs are hidden in public places and the children of the community are invited to find the eggs.

The rules of an Easter Egg Roll are to see who can roll an egg the greatest distance or can make the egg roll without breaking it, usually down a grassy hillside or slope.

Maybe the most famous egg rolling takes place annually on the White House lawn. Hundreds of children come with baskets filled with brightly decorated eggs and roll them down the famous lawn, hoping the President of the United States is watching the fun. Ω

A little boy who had 3 older sisters was asked in Sunday school "Where does God live?"

He answered that God lived in the bathroom.

The preplexed teacher asked him to explain.

The boy explained that every morning when the 3 sisters have been in the bathroom a long time, that his Dad always says "My God, are you still in there?"

Jump rope Jingles

Spring...

Visions come to mind...
Jump rope: one of my favorite things to do, second only to jacks. Could hardly wait until recess to play jump rope. That was when the third grade girls would teach us first graders all the tricks, rhymes, and secrets of jumping rope. Boys wouldn't be caught dead jumping rope. Hot peppers, turning the rope so fast that when it hits your legs it really burns, was about the only jump rope game that the boys thought was manly enough to join.

I have found no evidence of jumping-rope rhymes earlier than the late 19th century. The best folklore source (Abrahams 1969) claims that boys jumped rope in the last century and girls did not. Girls were more into clapping games until society approved of girls wearing more appropriate clothing for active games, especially the

underclothes.
Here are some jump rope jingles to jog your memory.

Bread and butter
Sugar and spice
How many boys
Think I am nice?
None, one, two,...

Cinderella, dressed in yellow
Went to town to mail a letter.
On the way she met her fellow.
How many kisses did she get?
One, two, three, ...

Cinderella, dressed in pink
Washed the dishes in the sink.
How many dishes did she break?
One, two, three, ...

Cinderella, dressed in green
Died last night at seven fifteen.
How many cars came to her funeral?
One, two, three, ...

Cinderella, dressed in brown
Went upstairs to make a gown.
How many stitches did she use?
One, two, three, ...

Cinderella, dressed in rose
Went upstairs to powder her nose.
How many boxes did she use?
One, two, three, ...

Eenie meenie miney moe.
Catch a tiger by the toe.
If he hollers make him pay
Fifty dollars every day.

One, two: buckle my shoe.
Three, four: shut the door.
Five, six: pick up sticks.
Seven, eight: shut the gate.
Nine, ten: begin again.

Alice, where are you going?
Upstairs to take a bath.
Alice with legs like toothpicks
And a neck like a giraffe.

Alice in the bathtub.
Alice pulled the plug.
Oh my goodness, oh my soul,
There goes Alice down the hole.

Two little monkeys
Jumping on the bed.
One fell off
And broke his head.

Took him to the doctor
And the doctor said
That's what you get
For jumping on the bed.

A dillar, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar.
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock
But now you come at noon.

Who took the cookie from the cookie jar?
Not I took the cookie from the cookie jar.
Then who took the cookie from the cookie jar?
Number 1 took the cookie from the cookie jar.
Not I took the cookie from the cookie jar.
Then who took the cookie from the cookie jar?
Number 2 took the cookie from the cookie jar.
Not I took the cookie from the cookie jar.
Then who took the cookie from the cookie jar?
Number 3 took the cookie from the cookie jar.
Not I took the cookie from the cookie jar.
Then who took the cookie from the cookie jar?

I love coffee.
I love tea.
I love {name}
To jump in with me.

I love coffee.
I love tea.
I love the boys
And they love me.

Tell your mother
To hold her tongue.

Jumprope Jingles

She was the same
When she was young.

No more coffee.
No more tea.
No more boys
And no more me.

One, two: buckle my shoe.
Three, four: shut the door.
Five, six pick up sticks.
Seven, eight: shut the gate.
Nine, ten: begin again.

Pease porridge hot.
Pease porridge cold.
Pease porridge in the pot.
Nine days old.

Some like it hot.
Some like it cold.
Some like it in the pot.
Nine days old.

Rich man.
Poor man.
Beggar man.
Thief.

Doctor.
Lawyer.
Merchant.
Chief.

Teddy bear, teddy bear: turn
around.
Teddy bear, teddy bear: touch the
ground.
Teddy bear, teddy bear: tie your
shoes.
Teddy bear, teddy bear: read the
news.
Teddy bear, teddy bear: go
upstairs.
Teddy bear, teddy bear: say your
prayers.
Teddy bear, teddy bear: turn out
the lights.
Teddy bear, teddy bear: say good
night.
G-O-O-D-N-I-G-H-T.

According to Robert L. Ripley's
Believe It or Not! (December
1918) collage of sports oddities,
there was a man who hopped 100
yards in 11 seconds, and another
who jumped rope 11,800 times
nonstop.

"ALWAYS BY MY SIDE"

Her husband has been slipping in and out of a coma for several
months, yet she stayed by his bedside every single day.
When he came to, he motioned for her to come nearer.
As she sat by him, he said, "You know what?
You have been with me all through the bad times.
When I got fired, you were there to support me.
When my business fell, you were there.
When I got shot, you were by my side.
When we lost the house, you gave me support.
When my health started failing, you were still by my side You
know what?"
"What dear?" She asks gently.
"I think you bring me bad luck."

Second Chances



A steady patter of rain on the
roof, Dummy, a 12-year old
hunting dog, snoring in front of
the fireplace, a rooster crowing
in the distance, a hot cup of
coffee and warm raisin bread --
this is the setting as I visited
with Carl and Audrey Bowen
while they shared their secrets of
the happy life they have finally
discovered through many years
of hard work. This is a story
about tough times, recovery,
healing, love, learning and
strength.

Carl

Carl Bowen Jr. remembers his
paternal grandparents, who
moved to Oklahoma from West
Virginia. His maternal
grandparents, Virgil and Carrie
Nugent, were in the great land
run of Oklahoma and set claim
to a homestead in Ripley,

Oklahoma. Carl feels that he
gets much of his strength, from
his Grandpa Nugent. Virgil
Nugent was a water well driller
in the early 1900s. He used a Y-
shaped stick from a special tree,
and when it would bend down
toward the ground, he would
drill. Virgil and Carrie had 12
children, but alas only 6 of them
survived. One of the children
that survived was Hildreth Alice
Nugent. She was born in 1917
and was Carl's mother.

Carl was born and raised in
Ripley until he was six years old.
He can still remember all the
people in Ripley from different
denominations, getting together
at various churches and
preparing for the end of the
world, because of quotes in the
bible. Carl's parents had five
boys but one of them was
stillborn. Carl's dad worked in

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the oil fields. He ended up moving his family to Kansas, where they lived in Elmwood and Claflin.

The Service

There used to be a law on the books that if you didn't want to be a member of the regular army, you could volunteer to take the draft call. There was a "pay-back" for the volunteer draft call. It was a contract that said that they had to discharge you in 24 months to the day, no matter where you were stationed, or what the state of war was.

Carl was the third person in the state of Kansas to volunteer into army service in 1951. He was only 16 at the time but he signed papers stating that he was 17. While he was in the service, he learned four M.O.S. (better known as areas of specialties). Most people usually had only one specialty, but he wanted to learn four. They were radar, radio, counter gunner commander, and top secret code converter. He set up secret code converters. They used old reel type converters, which required that someone set them up. He used to study on the radio at night and teach communications during the day.

He was a workaholic, and eventually suffered a nervous breakdown. He was on duty in the middle of the night when it happened. A civilian psychiatrist examined him and determined that he was simply over-worked.

The doctor said that a switch in his brain had just turned off when it was overloaded with information.

This overload was similar to being hit in the head with a sledge hammer. What happened was that it burned his brain, or caused a mental block against names and numbers. Although there were hopes that he would regain some of his skills, Carl still has difficulty remembering numbers to this day. While looking from a telephone book to the telephone, he cannot even remember the number long enough to dial it. But, he learned to overcome that problem and compensate for it.

About 5 years after getting out of the service, he worked in an engineering firm, as he didn't forget formulas, just numbers. Carl took engineering technician classes in Kansas and worked 10 years in civil engineering. He worked his way up through Evans & Byerly, an engineering consulting firm, and really enjoyed his work. He planned out bridges, water plants, streets, sewers and gutters. His specialty was city municipal construction.

During this period of time, Carl also became an ordained minister in the Faith Community Church. That position soon became very

important to him, but it also caused some problems with his home life. Carl's wife had difficulty accepting his life as a minister and eventually left him.

When she left, their five children stayed with Carl. The pressures of life got to Carl and as he says, "Next comes a part of my life that shows my real weakness. I became a very heavy drinker and preachers who drink don't last long. I'd never been fired... except one time in my life. It was in construction. I was assistant superintendent in construction. I cost one company so much money one time that they just flat fired me.

I found I wasn't employable. I worried about being black balled, so I left the state of Kansas and relocated in Florida." Carl wasn't able to keep his children because of his drinking, and they ended up living with another preacher. He did not get to see some of his children for 13 years, and that was very hard on him. After relocating to Florida, Carl went into architectural construction and spent 7 years working as an assistant superintendent in a little town name Deland, about 20 minutes north of Daytona Beach. That is where Carl met Audrey.

Audrey

Audrey was born in Ripley, New York, and was the youngest of eight children. She was 10 years old when her parents divorced, and she moved to

Casadaga, Florida, where her mother's sister lived. Casadaga was a spiritualistic community and was also where several well-known mediums would spend their winter months. Audrey's aunt's husband was a medium. He had a gift in the sense that his body could be used by the spirits of dead people.

They would enter his body and communicate with the living by speaking to them, but it was always in a different voice than his.

There was a large hotel in Casadaga where many of the mediums stayed, and Audrey's first job, when she was 13 years old, was to wait tables in the hotel, so she learned a lot about spiritualism. She feels that there is not much distance between your faith and a higher power because when she is praising Jesus in the church, she gets shivers, not because she is cold or hot but because someone is telling her, "Hey, I'm here with you."

Audrey also had a problem with alcohol and she felt tremendous guilt, because she didn't think she was a good mother or a good woman. She knew that her children suffered because of her lifestyle. She lost contact with any higher power and didn't feel like she deserved any love. She believes that

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women have more of a tendency to feel guilt, especially when they are involved with alcohol. Her guilt turned into a fear inside of her.

She describes it as, "The fear I had gripped my stomach, my mind, my whole life.... I was afraid of yesterday and today. I was afraid of tomorrow. I was afraid of the darkness. I was afraid of being in the dark."

I would lock the doors, close the curtains, not answer the phone. You just don't know what it was like. It was a great fear that gripped me... I wanted to commit suicide.

The fear left me after I got into a recovery program. It was replaced with a boldness... now I fear nothing - alive or dead - I have a boldness and can go forth. I have a strength. The worst thing that could happen to you is to be crucified like they did Jesus. That's the worst - so you can deal with about anything else if you know how to turn loose of it... that's the key. If something is eating your lunch - something that you have no control over - that you want to have control over, you can just turn it loose through a thought process.... just imagine putting it in a box, wrapping it up, putting a bow on it and just

sending it off. Just break the thought process."

After Carl and Audrey met, his compassion appealed to Audrey a great deal. They dated a few years and got married in April 1974. Between them, they have 10 children from previous marriages. Audrey had 4 boys and 1 girl and Carl had 4 girls and 1 boy. She came from a little town called Ripley, New York, and he came from Ripley, Oklahoma, but they had more than that in common. Carl claims that another thing they have in common is their belief that it doesn't make any difference where a child comes from, they both believe that children need love, care and a place to call home.

In 1980, they moved back to Morrison, Oklahoma. Carl went through treatment for alcoholism and that was the end of his drinking. He has been sober now for 15 years. He got his ordination papers together and is now working as a relief Chaplain at Valley Hope Alcoholic Treatment Center in Cushing, Oklahoma.

Valley Hope is a commercial treatment center and is one of the top 10 treatment centers in the nation.

It is a large organization that covers many states. The healing process is the goal of the center.

All of the workers at Valley Hope attend classes. It doesn't matter what their position. Carl is currently taking classes in reading MMPI (personality testing) charts and criteria for recovery, plus he observes counselors at work. Valley Hope is very keen on the spiritual side of treatment and Carl really likes that. He just wants to remain a chaplain and he believes that it makes a difference when you have walked the walk and know where people are coming from.

While in treatment, people learn to share their hopes and strengths with one another. They also learn to deal with their past without regret.

They learn to look at their past and the mistakes they have made and yet feel okay. They are what they are today through the grace of God. So actually the program is very strong in the fact that people look to themselves and don't blame others for their actions. They take responsibility for their own actions - they learn to feel good about themselves. They discover that they are not that bad people they thought they were all those years.

Carl uses an old prayer called the prayer of serenity. It says, "Grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change and the courage to change the things I

can and the wisdom to know the difference." He believes that people need to turn loose of things they don't have control over, but change that which they can control.

As he sees life - people can change themselves - their attitudes, but they can't change much else. Another recovery back-up system that Carl and Audrey like is the support group. They deal with the problems one at a time and believe that support groups are one of the greatest things in the world. They have gone to support groups for many years and have traveled all over the United States. Some groups have even called Carl to speak about recovery and his spiritual beliefs.

The Grandchildren

In 1991, two of Carl and Audrey's grandsons showed up on their doorstep unexpectedly. They had been in day care and their mother never showed up to pick them up, so they walked over to their grandparent's house. Carl knew the boys' mother was addicted to chemical drugs so he went over to the their house to locate their mother.

When he arrived there, he discovered that she was having a party and right in the middle of the party, sitting on the floor was Robert, another grandson, who was 3 years old. Carl picked his grandson up off the floor and told Robert's mother that we were taking him with them. Robert was an angry and frustrated little child when his

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grandparents got him. He has many special needs.

He was two years old before it was discovered that he was deaf, so he did not learn to talk properly.

The doctors put tubes in his ears and his hearing has improved, but his speech is still slow. He also seemed to have vision problems, so he was taken to an ophthalmologist and the doctor discovered that his vision was 20/200. That is considered legally blind, without corrective eye wear. Robert's grandparents got glasses for him and they were so happy when he got them --- the world had opened up to him because he could see things he'd never seen before. He came through the door and his older brother Darrell said, "Hey Robert, you got glasses," and Robert went over and put his little hands on his brothers face and said, "You, Darrell." That was the first time Robert had used two words together. The glasses have helped Robert to see, but with 20/200 vision in addition to having astigmatism, myopia, ambliopia, his eyesight will never improve.

When Robert went to kindergarten, the teachers couldn't handle him. The only way anyone could get him to talk was for Audrey to use the little action figures that he loved. Audrey would talk to the figure, then the figure would talk to Robert and then Robert would

answer the figure. He wouldn't say a word to anyone else. So, it was quite a long time before he could say words, not to mention sentences. Audrey remembers the first time he put three words together. She said, "Carl, he just said a sentence!" Audrey once read an article that said if a child doesn't learn to talk before the age of two, he will always have trouble putting words together. She sees that in Robert.

One analogy would be that it seems like there is a bunch of confetti swirling around in his head and he seems to just reach up and grab whatever thought he can until another one comes by.

Audrey has watched him walk from the kitchen to the living room and change his mind three times. "You can just see him reach up and grab another piece of confetti. The other day he was carrying a little plastic thing he'd blown up, then he became interested in a boat, and then he switched to something else."

Audrey finds that she has to tell him what reality is. When his grandparents start to build a fire in the fireplace, he goes to get all of his wood and Audrey will tell him that the fire stays in the fireplace! Breaking his thought process is the most difficult thing for people. People do not understand, but you just have to

break his thought process or he'll stay on it forever.

Carl and Audrey cared for and kept all three boys for several years. Then their father took the two older boys and decided to raise them himself, however it was decided that Robert would be better off staying with his grandparents.

When Robert was old enough to go to school, his grandparents decided to move to Stillwater, Oklahoma. It was a larger town and they talked with the school board about classes for special children, before making the move.

In addition to the sight and hearing problems, Robert also had seizures.

His entire body would start to shake, similar to someone having an epileptic seizure.

He was placed on a medication for the seizures, but it was not working, so Audrey took him to the Childrens Medical Clinic in Tulsa. A neurologist wanted to do a particular test to see if Robert had myoclonic seizures. When he described the test, he spoke of actually taking a graft or removing a portion of the pupil of his eye in order to run their tests. Audrey thought the procedure seemed a bit barbaric. She had a gut feeling inside which was telling her, "Don't do this. Don't do this." One of Robert's teachers had

accompanied Audrey to Tulsa and on the ride back home, they discussed the procedure and the teacher asked Audrey how she felt about the test, and Audrey replied that she did not have a good feeling about it and the teacher said that she didn't either.

Audrey decided to contact another neurologist in Oklahoma City. That doctor took a look at Robert, asked some questions about his motor skills, and various other things. Then the doctor said he wanted to test him for one syndrome. They used a hand x-ray for their test and they can tell through the growth of the bones and the biological age whether the child has Sotos syndrome, or fragile X syndrome.

The tests confirmed that Robert had Sotos syndrome.

Sotos Syndrome,

Sotos Syndrome, also known as cerebral gigantism because of the distinctive head shape and size, is a genetic condition causing physical overgrowth during the first years of life. Ironically, this rapid physical development is often accompanied by delayed motor, cognitive and social development. Muscle tone is low, and speech is markedly impaired. Children with Sotos

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Syndromes are often taller, heavier, and have larger heads than their peers. A child who looks older and acts younger than his/her peer group is at risk for poor self-esteem, strained peer and family relationships, and problems in school.

Fortunately, in late childhood the gap begins to close. Muscle tone improves steadily and with it comes better speech. For many individuals, Sotos Syndrome simply alters developmental timing; despite early trends, the adult with Sotos Syndrome is likely to be within the normal range of height and intellect. Many genetic conditions are obvious at birth, and a clear-cut diagnosis of Sotos Syndrome is frequently made months or even years following the birth of a child, after a slow process of wondering whether anything is amiss, listening to vague reassurances or equally vague gloomy projections, cherishing every sign of "normality," and secretly fearing something devastating is about to happen.

Typical characteristics of Sotos Syndrome:

Growth

Rapid growth is common during the first five years of life. Thereafter growth continues to parallel the 97th percentile or above. Head circumference has been documented well above the 98th percentile.

Birth

The presence of a high arched palate (roof of the mouth is narrow and arched upward), poor suck, and low muscle tone often produces feeding problems. Jaundice occurs frequently.

Craniofacial

Facial features include a large head with a tall, narrow skull, wide set downslanting eyes, flat-bridged nose, early eruption of teeth (as early as 3 months of age), thin hair pointed chin, prominent forehead, and "receding hairline".

Skeleton

An advanced bone age (the bones grow and mature faster than expected for the child's chronological age) is common. The hands and feet may be large in comparison with the rest of the body. Flat or pronated (collapsed inward) feet are common, and scoliosis may develop.

Development

Motor delays are common due to hypotonia. Prolonged drooling and mouth breathing may be present due to poor tone of facial muscles. Delays in gross and fine motor movement are marked in early childhood and improve in the school years.

Coordination problems may persist into adulthood. Receptive language (understanding others) tends to be more advanced than expressive language (formation of words), setting the stage for frustration. The child may whine or scream to demonstrate

desires or emotions. Older children seem to develop competence and normal speech patterns. Borderline to average intelligence is expected, with learning deficits noted in language, math, and socialization. Intellectual, social, and emotional maturity may evolve on widely different timetables.

Other Features

Any of these may or may not be present:

- Behavioral patterns including phobias, aggression, obsessions, adherence to routine, autistic-like behavior, attention deficit disorder, above-average memorization skills.

- Enlarged ventricles of the brain, hydrocephalus (rare), abnormal EEG's and seizures (with at least 1/3 of seizures being fever-related).

- Frequent ear infections and upper respiratory infections, asthma, and allergies.

- Constipation, megacolon.
- Delayed toilet training.
- Genital anomalies.

- Congenital heart anomalies.
- Nystagmus, strabismus.
- Increased sweating.

- Hyperthyroidism, hypothyroidism.

- Possible increased risk of tumors.

Robert

He was 7 years old at the time the doctor confirmed that Robert had Sotos syndrome and his bone growth was equivalent to a child that was around 10 years old. The doctor said that Robert was not going to be very tall. Everything indicates that when Robert is biologically 10 or 12 years old, he will be at his full growth physically, but the mental retardation will always be there.

Sotos Syndrome was only discovered in 1964. The doctors do not know what causes it yet, but they do know that it is hereditary. With the hearing problems, sight problems, seizures, mental retardation and a cleft palate, all of Robert's symptoms are related to the Sotos Syndrome.

Dental work can become a major procedure. The only way to examine his mouth, is to knock him out.

His baby teeth were still around when his permanent teeth began coming in. It took seven hours of surgery to correct the situation.

Robert is also very compulsive and obsessive. This is typical of the Sotos Syndrome. The neurologist said that he has three different ages going on in his mind and it's no wonder he has behavior problems. His growth age, biological age and

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mental age are all different. As a result, his mind is running a mile a minute. There is some hope that after 12 years, there may be some improvement in Robert's mental abilities.

When Carl and Audrey discovered how severe Robert's medical problems were, they applied for Social Security assistance. The Social Security Office had one of their psychiatrists assess Robert and Audrey was assured that Robert would be able to do small work and take care of himself.

There are a variety of medical problems with Sotos Syndrome. In addition to the symptoms that Robert has, some children have developed diabetes and others have developed stomach tumors because of the excess growth and rapid growth of the body. There have been actual defects from this syndrome that don't sound good - but they are still finding out more every day. Carl and Audrey just take it one day at a time and hope that one day Robert will be productive.

Robert is a very loving child. One night while Carl and Audrey were in church, Robert was just sitting there looking at a book and Audrey had a feeling that God sort of pressed upon her to stand up, and she stood and asked that the elders of the church come forth and pray for Robert. When she said that she backed off and was flooded with tears.... immediately they all came forward. Robert just sat

there very quietly and every single one of them put their hands on Robert and asked for God's healing. Robert is used to church now. He just sat there. Audrey figured that he would get upset, but he didn't. He stayed very quiet.

At night when Audrey says, "You need to be quiet so we can say our prayers." He'll quiet down and she will go ahead with her little prayer session. At the end she will say "Amen" and Robert will repeat, "Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen..."

Every once in a while, Robert will come up with something quite comical. He will want to talk in the church. Since his grandfather is the preacher, Robert wants to go up to the pulpit and he will say, "I, Robert. I, Robert," and then he'll tell his grandfather afterwards, "I talk, grandpa," and Carl will say, "yes, you did!" Other times he'll say "Praise the lord, praise the lord, -Hallelujah." He is a very imaginative person.

Being grandparents, the biggest question Carl has is what are they going to do when Robert is 15.... and older?

Carl hopes that they have the strength as grandparents to place him in a school or home by that time. Transition and planning for the future is so hard to do. No one wants to think about death

and who is going to care for him. Carl knows that sooner or later, the time is going to come where Robert will need someone to take care of him.

Every child needs to know where home is. Robert knows he has a mother and a father. They have all kinds of privileges except for medical reasons. But, when it is time to go home... Robert knows where home is.

At the end of the day when his grandparents leave him and Carl goes over to pick him up, Robert will say, "Home, grandpa."

A couple of years ago, Carl belonged to the pilot club in Stillwater and had to go to Arkansas for a weekend convention. Robert was left with a teacher's aid in Stillwater. When Carl went to pick Robert up after returning from the convention on a Sunday afternoon, Robert said, "ooooo didn't forget me." Carl replied, "No, honey, not on your life."

Carl realizes that as grandparents they are not going to be with him all the time. Robert is going to need a lot more training, and Carl is sure Robert is going to end up living in a school or group home somewhere.

But, he wants to wait until Robert's growth is over with, before they decide what they want to do. Carl knows that they have to think about what Robert is going to need to do when he's 30. So they work with his behavior now, so that Robert will understand when he's older. Carl worries and hopes that they will have the strength to do what they have to do. They are so attached, there are times he doesn't know if they will be able to.

Their dog, Dummy, is very good with Robert. Dummy sleeps with Robert and one night Dummy woke Carl and Audrey up when Robert was having a seizure.

The seizures have been timed and can last up to around 30 or 45 seconds. When Robert has a seizure, his knees, ankles, and elbows jerk and it wears him out. It can wipe him out for an hour or two depending on the severity of the seizure. The first two seizures were febrile and he was unconscious all the way to the hospital. Now the seizures seem to come in intervals and are related to his growth. The medication helps to stabilize him for a while, and then it needs to be changed. You give your child the best care you can.

Carl doesn't think that he and Audrey were very good parents,

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but they got better as they got older. He says, "Too bad God got that in reverse. Should be the other way around. Robert has been such a joy to us. This has become a true example of living one day at a time."

In his work at Valley Hope Alcoholic Treatment Center, Carl teaches family communication and how to deal with difficult times. This story will show you that he very definitely practices what he teaches. For it takes two very special people working together to love, care for, care about and cope with the raising and training of a special child like Robert.

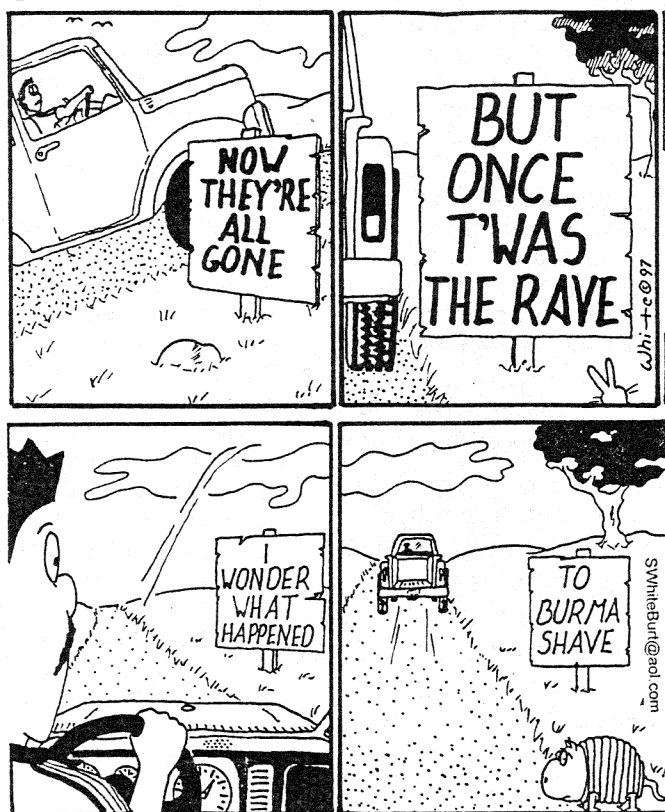
There are many children in this world that have better health than Robert does, but there are few that are loved as much as he is.

If you would like to find out more about Sotos Syndrome, there is a support group that has been a great help to Carl and Audrey, you can contact them at: Sotos Syndrome Support Association, Three Danada Square East, #235 Wheaton, IL 60187
Ph: (630) 682-8815 email: SSSA@well.com Internet: <http://www.well.com/user/sssa/>

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God's Child

By Franklin T. Wike

One of the most important privileges in
your life is when you have the opportunity
to be a parent to one of *God's Children*

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teaching His child to become an
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to leave your home
and follow the path that God has chosen,
until it is time for God to take His child home.

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God's children and cherish every special moment
that you get to spend with each other.

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