

# Family



## From the Window

Look Mother it's dawn  
No Mama's gone

I see her trying to take a peek.  
She falls back because she is so very weak.

There's the children laughing and playing  
As she lays here praying.

The cars whiz by  
And all she did was sigh.

Here comes her mother and sister dear  
She smiles and comes alive—they're here.

Now it's time for them to go to their homes.  
The life is gone, the tears fall, and she moans.

The time grows near for my Mother Dear.  
She knows it and she shows no fear.

Look Mother it's dawn  
No Mama's gone

—Sandra J. Zile

## He Was One of a Kind

My father-in-law Edward was one of a kind  
not another one like him will you find.

Sweet, gentle, loving and kind,  
that's how he was  
that father-in-law of mine.

Once in a while he'd tell me a lie  
and when I figured it out  
we'd laugh till we cried.

Edward was such a very good man;  
he was always there to lend a hand.

He never had a bad thing to say  
about anyone who passed his way.

He loved his family with all of his heart;  
that's why he whistled like a lark.

I only knew Edward for eight short years,  
and everyday I held him more dear.

On April 20 of 94 our Heavenly Father opened his door,  
and he told our sweet Edward, "You can do no more."

While you were here, you did your best;  
now it's time to go home and rest.

Now Edward is sitting high on a cloud.  
And I know we're all going to make him very proud.

I know you don't want me to shed a tear,  
but I can't help it. You were such a dear.

We'll watch over Dorothy and try to ease her pain.  
But without you around, nobody will be the same.

It broke my heart when you had to go,  
but our Heavenly Father called you home.

You'll always be with me and on my mind  
because, dear father-in-law,

YOU WERE ONE OF A KIND

—*Mary L. Garrison*

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## A Warm Embrace

She would hold me in her arms  
 With tender love and care.  
 She would wipe my tears with her soft hands.  
 She would run her fingers through my hair.  
 And when I was little,  
 She would tie my shoes.  
 She taught me well.  
 I learned so very much from her.  
 She taught me how to love the Lord.  
 She taught me how to enjoy the Lord's beauty.  
 And then through the years,  
 She became my best friend.  
 Not only did she teach me,  
 She took me in her loving home,  
 With open arms.  
 She would heal my hurts.  
 She would laugh with me.  
 She would give me advice  
 She would tell me stories of the broken past,  
 Even though it hurt her to tell.  
 When I felt like I would fall,  
 She would stretch out her arms and catch me.  
 Then, when I thought it was the end,  
 She would always manage to find a new beginning  
 The most amazing thing she taught me  
 in all my life was music.  
 She taught me about Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven.  
 She taught me how to sing.  
 She believed in me and my dreams.  
 She always said that there was no star too far to reach for.  
 She is a wonderful woman.  
 I feel so blessed and honored to know her.  
 She is my Grandma. . . .

—Courtney E. Manning

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## Courage

Courage is facing reality. Reality is in the mind's eye; the sum of all the events around us. It's continually moving forward in life willing to face death for our country, family, and beliefs. Facing death is imminent and always with us. It brings loneliness, fear, and despair. We must never falter, but rather strive to conquer.

A good example of courage is my great grandfather, Lieutenant/Captain James G. Stephens. The Stephens had been granted a plot of land in the wilderness of Tennessee as payment for services rendered during the Revolutionary War. James G.'s grandfather had answered the call of liberty and now it called again, as before, pitting brother against brother.

Times and life were hard in Scott County, Tennessee. The area was isolated, and local people banded together to bring law and order to the wilderness. These brave souls took care of themselves and cared for their own needs with little surplus to barter trade from outside the mountainous area. Odds were a man would live and die within twenty miles of his birthplace. The only recompense was liberty—the God-given right to choose one's own fate.

After a long and heated debate, the States voted to create a central government. It was decided that this Federal government would address only the issues concerning the common defense of everyone and insure that trade was kept free and equal between the States. As James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, and others had stated, local government would be empowered to take care of local needs. This was the very foundation of liberty and what grandfather had given everything to fight for.

Now in the early 1860's the fair lady known as Liberty was being raped and pillaged by the northern moneylenders and industrialists. History, as always, would soon be tinted to reflect the winner's point of view. But for now free men still had a chance. A new amendment to the Constitution had been set forth and would soon be approved. At this time it was

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known as the Fourteenth Amendment. It prohibited anyone holding the title of Esquire from holding any government office. Those holding this title were lawyers and bankers. In addition, the Fourteenth Amendment prohibited judges from being called “your honor” (because all men are equal and none are to be honored above another) and set forth strict guidelines on how the Federal government could raise monies and to whom they could become indebted.

Freedom meant that a man could become indebted by his own free choice and no one had the right to bind another to the yoke of indebtedness. This Fourteenth Amendment was an affirmation of that ideal and left no room for the maneuverings of the moneylenders and industrialists. Knowing that no one would support the Southern cause against freedom (as shown by the Fourteenth Amendment’s creation and adoption) alternate issues supporting an expanded Federal role were played upon and propagated upon the people.

Of the 3,319 souls in Scott County, Tennessee, only 23 joined with the Confederate forces to fight the insidious evil from the North. James G. went against the advice of friends and peers to fight as his grandfather had for the cause of liberty. He firmly believed that States should be left to govern and take care of their own needs. James G. was an educated man and knew that real issues were being disguised behind the issue of slavery, but slavery meant little to the residents of Scott County where the economy was not dependant upon this labor pool. What was important was the right for all men to be treated as equals and the right to remain free of indebtedness to causes they and their local fellows didn’t support.

Leaving his friends and family to fight an unpopular fight on the largely unsupported side was only the beginning of his test of courage. On the frontier men and sons were a necessity for survival and James G. had seemingly left everyone behind to fend for themselves.

The grandeur associated with fighting for ideals and glory of war was lost in the first battle with the grim reality of the smell of stinking blood, the screams of the dying, and the

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emptied bowels of the dead. Reality was your opponent’s blood sprayed across your hands and face as the bayonet stole the wind from his dying screams. War held no glory, only the putrid stench of death and the certain knowledge that death was always but a moment away.

General Lee marched them north for 200 grueling miles. Two hundred miles walking without shoes and little in the way of food in the wet and cold of the mountains. To steal food or clothes from anyone meant certain hanging. General Lee would not allow such uncivilized behavior in this army. When they finally came upon Harper’s Ferry and won the day, all felt the need to rid themselves of the uncleanliness that battle brought with it and to grieve for friends lost and maimed. But the day held no rest for them. General Lee had split his forces to strike Harper’s Ferry and the Union Commanders, sensing his vulnerability, charged head on to engage the General with an overwhelming force. With the afternoon the long retreat began, fleeing from the vast hordes released by the Union commanders. As evening fell, James G. was assigned along with a few other brave souls to delay the Union forces on South Mountain. James G. knew this was his day to die. He was willing to spill his own blood to buy time for the General and his army to ford the river and have some chance for survival. While he and his comrades waited without hope for their certain death, God did come for James G. that night. James G. and his comrades fought for eight long hours moving from rock to rock fighting with knives and clubs or any weapon which availed itself, for they had no supplies. Everyone knew they were the walking dead. For eight long hours they more than held, they survived, joining up with General Lee again several days later. Through courage, an unbending will to follow what he knew to be right and the grace of God, he’d come back to a cold meal and hot fire he’d thought never to see again. He’d lived to fight another day.

In less than a week, James G. would again be tested at Sharpsburg in the Battle of Antietam Creek, which is still the bloodiest day in American history. James G. was placed in a small wooded copse next to the infamous cornfield. James G.

was one of nine surviving Lieutenants of the 34 deployed.

James G. was eventually wounded, captured, and sent to the dreaded prison on Lake Erie for officers and political prisoners. After the war he was released on his oath of allegiance and taken to Richmond, Virginia, where he was set afoot to walk home.

Once home, he continued to fulfill his ideals. Through honor, courage, and commitment, James G. served many years as Justice of the Peace, lawyer, and prosecuting attorney with distinction. He raised his family to be committed to these same values (as demonstrated by two of his sons: Andrew Jackson, his fourth son, served for many years as Sheriff and Coroner. His fourteenth son, James, fought side by side with soon-to-be President Theodore Roosevelt in the Battle for San Juan Hill.)

James G.'s ideals of honor, courage, and commitment to God, Home, and Country are indeed rare, especially when you consider that this man devoted the rest of his life to public service. The Fourteenth Amendment would be ratified by the necessary majority by 1865 only to be lost amidst the scandalous turmoil and corruption following the war. An ordinary man may have given into despair, but James G. passed his values to his descendants and ever will they be remembered as men who left their footprints in history.

—*Anna Khulenberg*

## I Remember

I remember the day you were born,  
So innocent and sweet.  
It was only fate that we should meet.  
God gave me a gift, a prize.  
That's how I felt when I looked into your eyes.

You're growing so fast.  
Oh, how I wish it would last.  
When you needed to be cuddled and loved,  
I wouldn't have traded that for the stars above!

You needed me so much then.  
Now you're determined, ready for life to begin.  
No one could love you more.  
I want you to fulfill your dreams and soar.  
I will always be thankful for you.  
You were meant for me before I knew.

Your life will always be a ray of sun,  
And my heart will remember  
And cherish when we were one.

—*Regina Mulkey*

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## Grandpa's Gift

On Christmas night my husband's family always gathered at his grandpa's house. With his six children and their spouses, eighteen grandchildren and spouses, twenty-seven great grandchildren, and eight great-great-grandchildren there was always a house full.

After gathering at Grandpa's, we would always feast on all the food we had prepared. Grandpa always made the ham and the homemade bread. The rest of the family would bring the rest of the food.

After eating, it would be time to open presents. The little kids would be so excited to open presents from Grandpa. All the grandchildren thirteen and older would receive a little package to be opened. We always knew what it was, but we pretended to be surprised.

All throughout the year, Grandpa would save up his change, and his two daughters (Janet and Mary) would roll it. They would then take the rolls to the bank and trade them for brand new ten-dollar bills. Then they would wrap these bills in little boxes.

Grandpa would always ask us what we planned to spend our money on. We would always tell him our plans. We had so many things we planned to buy with our ten dollars. Grandpa always laughed and smiled, as we told him all of our dreams for the money.

Grandpa died last January and could not be with us this year. But we still got together. We brought lots of food, lots of love, and lots of memories. I know Grandpa was with us in spirit, watching over us with a Christmas blessing.

—Wendy Wion

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## Differences

My two girls, Tikasha and Mary, are somewhat different. Tikasha is 4. She is very quiet and shy; she likes to watch TV and play with toys like dolls, blocks, and playing dress up. She goes to bed really late. She does what I ask her to do. Tikasha doesn't like to hug and kiss all the time.

On the other hand, Mary, who is 3, is not quiet; she likes to be heard. She is bossy, hardheaded, and can be a bully. She likes to dress like a boy and play with cars and trucks. She is just like her father. She goes to bed on time, but she has to be told a few times before she does what I ask of her. She can be very lovable and likes to give lots of hugs and kisses.

They are my girls, and I love them both the same and just the way they are.

—Joanne Turner

## Granddaughter

Granddaughter, Granddaughter I miss you. Will I ever see  
 you again?  
 I miss your big blue eyes and your long brown flowing hair.  
 I miss the library trips when you'd give me lip for three books  
 weren't enough to check out. You wanted fifty.  
 Reading to you and braiding your hair always brought me  
 great joy.  
 It's been four years since I saw you last.  
 Now you are a big girl of seven and I bet you're just as pretty  
 as your mother.  
 I still remember the day your dad took you away and the pain  
 I felt.  
 Big tears rolled down your cheeks as they carried you down  
 the walk way.  
 The words you spoke still ring in my ears as if it were  
 yesterday.  
 "Grandma, save me, Grandma." There was nothing I could  
 do.  
 I sat on my stoop and began to cry and a memory came to  
 me.  
 Remembering when you, your brother, and I played school.  
 I'd pretend I didn't understand or know words,  
 numbers and colors.  
 This particular day I remember I asked "What's this color and  
 this word? Who knows what comes after number ten,  
 and what letter comes after M. You have to help me.  
 I don't remember."  
 Your brother turned to me and asked this question.  
 "Grandma how do you drive a car?"  
 If you can't remember, the color is purple.  
 The word is house.  
 The number after ten is eleven and the letter after M is N.  
 You, granddaughter dear, turned to me and placed your tiny  
 hands on my cheeks and squeezed them together.  
 Asking me, "Yea, Grandma, what's wrong with you?"

For that I had no answer, but I did know your brother was  
 getting wise.  
 It made me smile then made me sad to know  
 That I would no longer have the opportunity to have more  
 cherished memories in the future.

—*Juanita Lindgren*



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## What is a Baby?

Some people think a baby means a lot of hard work.  
 They think about the messy diapers, the stinking bottles,  
 crying and dirty clothes.  
 They also think about all of the attention they need to give  
 this child,  
 And all the money they're going to have to spend.

Then other people think about the good stuff that comes  
 with a baby,  
 Like the first time you hold that precious baby in your arms.  
 They look up into your eyes and wonder.  
 You feel happy, excited, and worried at the same time.  
 The first time they smile at you, you just smile back and  
 feel so good.  
 Their first tooth, you were so proud, after all the crying  
 from pain  
 That precious baby went through.  
 The first time your baby sat up by himself, crawled, walked,  
 Said his first word, "Mama, Dada," you were just so proud.  
 These people think of the love that they are going to share  
 with this little person  
 They just brought into the world.

—*Misty Williams*

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## Bon Homme

He was ethnic Irish, or so the rolling accent of our  
 Canadian relations seemed to indicate. He came from a  
 remote town named "Sheen" in the Ottawa River valley, where  
 kissing cousins denoted "you might be a Quebecois if. . . ."

Leaving the farm by sixteen, he drifted from Val d'Or, to  
 Goose Bay, to Prince Rupert, to Galveston, to Cleveland. He  
 stayed with an older brother; it was here he met my mother,  
 married, and settled down to eventually raise two sons.

Now in the course of normal maturation in America of  
 the 50's and 60's, a father would teach his sons to drive. My  
 dad was, however, not Robert Young or Ozzie Nelson. Never  
 having owned a car until his thirties, he was more comfortable  
 with horses, and perhaps partially for this reason, he made  
 everyone who ever rode with him uncomfortable. This, then, is  
 a true story of how my dad made me the driver that I am today.

The family station wagon was a huge Chevy with a stick  
 shift. It was even more huge when you were seven and your  
 dad sat you behind the wheel. I'd steer and pretend I was  
 driving while the car was safely shut off in the garage. Though  
 too small to reach the pedals, I'd listen to Dad tell me about the  
 clutch, brake, gas . . .

One day Dad took me along on some errands in the  
 next town. I felt like a big deal in that behemoth of a car and  
 was surprised when Dad parked on a hill beside a shoe store.

"I will only be gone a bit, eh? Be a good lad and we'll  
 see about getting ya some skates. It's time I taught ya to skate  
 like Rocket Richard! Back in three shakes of a lamb's tail!"

As he walked towards the store, I tried to imagine who  
 Maurice "Rocket" Richard of the Montreal Canadians was like.  
 Davy Crockett, Zorro, Captain Penny, and Ed Sullivan were all  
 accessible role models thanks to TV. The Rocket and "National  
 Hockey Night" was a mystery south of Lake Erie.

I grew restless. The eternity (5 or 10 minutes) of  
 waiting prompted me to think of something to do. I decided to  
 play Roy Rogers, and since Trigger was unavailable at the time,

I'd pretend to drive "Nellie Bell" the Jeep. I jumped into the driver's seat and tugged at the wheel in mad pursuit of the "bad guys." Glancing down at the pedals, I thought I'd give "Nellie" the gas. As I strained to reach, I slid on the vinyl seat and landed with both feet on the clutch, while at the same time pulling the wheel hard to the left.

"Whoa Nellie!" Heading down the hill, I couldn't see over the dash where I was headed. Certain I was going to die, I ducked to the floor too stunned to make a sound and prepared to meet Jesus and the Holy Ghost. While on the floor, I heard a grinding noise, then a click as the car mysteriously stopped. At the time I didn't comprehend that getting off the clutch and not a guest appearance by the Virgin Mary stopped the car. Climbing up on the seat, I was able to see that while I didn't hit anything, I was sitting on the middle of the hill sideways.

Dad was going to kill me, I was sure. I made myself small on the side of the seat where I was supposed to have been. He'd be like great bear or a devil, eh? Click! went the driver's door.

"So ya'd be leavin' without yer dear old father, eh?" He wasn't screaming. It was a good sign.

"No Dad, I'm sorry Dad, please don't tell Mom!"

Some years later, as I was now a teen, Dad decided to give me another shot. We were at a campground with a lot of dirt roads and not very much traffic. It was the age of Dad's pink Rambler Classic three speed. He had acquired it as a used car to save gas to and from his ironwork jobs. While it was easy on gas, it jerked going in gear and shook like magic fingers in a cheap motel bed up over 50 mph. Dad never seemed to notice the increase in our bouts with carsickness, boasting "it's a fine wee car!"

Little brother and I could not understand why he didn't have a cool car like Uncle Joe's Buick Wildcat: fire engine red, ragtop, white leather interior, four on the floor, etc. I was sure if I had a car such as this (along with some shades), I could impress the chicks and make the guys just stand back and say "damn."

As we readied to embark on this voyage, I glanced at Little Brother. He was delighted to be going along with me and was singing the theme from "The Monkees." He stuffed his pudgy frame in the back of the two door pink car, smiling at the prospect of high adventure.

Now if Little Brother was mildly apprehensive of his sometimes mean older brother, he was genuinely terrified of our Dad, or "Your Father" as he always tagged him. He had adequate grounds, for at 5'11" and 190 (even at 50), Dad looked more like an enforcer for the Gambino family than a PTA alum. Add to all this, dark ominous eyes, a sunburned bald head, arms the size of most men's legs, and a hockey-stick-broke nose the size of a casaba melon. You had the Devil Incarnate. No wonder "Baby Dumplin" as Dad dubbed him had trepidations.

Dad got in the passenger seat, as I climbed behind the wheel. Pushing in the clutch, I hit the starter.

"Don't be grindin' coffee now, this is a fine car, not the A&P eh?" Dad admonished.

We were off! I drove over the dam of the lake we were camped by.

"Don't be weavin' now, ya put me wee car in the lake and the Coast Guard'll have to retrieve it!" Dad spoke as I began to ignore him and concentrate on driving and daydreaming.

Cruising along, I imagined myself not in a pink Rambler with my next of kin, but in a red GTO with Ursula Andress and Cat Woman drawing straws as to who would have their way with me. My fantasy tigress de jour hesitated as I turned down a steep hill.

"Watch out for those holes!" Bam! went the pink car, as it went in almost to the axle!

"Sweet Roarin' Jesus, you've wrecked me car!" Dad was shrieking at me in a high decibel voice half an octave higher than normal. He was also choking me with both hands, causing us to weave as we descended in whichever direction my head was being shaken. We stopped at the bottom of the hill when I hit the brake and stalled the car. The car stopped. Dad stopped. I had lived to see Ed Sullivan another night.

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From the back seat came an unholy noise like Yoko Ono being pleased by a herd of banshees. Little Brother was sobbing, screaming, and calling for Mommy, the Army, Navy, Air Force, or anyone at all that would let him out and save him from these two psychotic fiends in the front seat.

Somehow I restarted the car and managed to get it back to the campsite under the malevolent gaze of Dad. We parked, got out, and I watched as Little Brother shot into the trailer like a frightened deer. I then had to help Dad crawl underneath the evil pink car for a lengthy damage assessment.

When we emerged from beneath the bowels of the Rambler, we were faced with certain death, for there stood Mom with my brother behind her. He had dry eyes, newly dry pants, and a smirk on his face. She had a scowl and a look in her pale blue eyes like two phasers on stun.

I felt as if she would bore holes through us with her stare when she spoke: "I honestly don't know what's wrong with you two idiots, but you (Dad) are not to take him driving again, and you, young man, are not to drive until you take driver's ed at school!" She took L.B. back to the trailer and went inside.

The world had come to an end! How was I ever to get a car and learn to drive? How was I to become a playboy and all around international babe magnet?

"Ah, the dear girl's full of malarkey! Let's be jolly now, and walk down to the lake and go fishing!" Dad shot me a big grin after he said this, and I realized things would be OK after all, because as they said in Quebec, he was a Bon Homme.

—Ken Tallon

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## Bear

A sad experience happened to me last year. My dog named Bear was shot. I don't know why, but when I found out, I felt like someone had ripped my heart out. So I fell to my knees, and asked the good Lord, "Why?" I waited for a response, but there was no answer.

I stayed on my knees and started to think about us. I remembered how his ears would stand up and his tail would start to wag. I would sit down beside him, and he would put his paw up to shake hands like a friend would. Bear's coat was the most beautiful mixture of black and brown. I would run my fingers through his thick coat, and he would look at me with his eyes full of love.

He was the most intelligent dog I knew. He could look at me with those big, brown, puppy eyes, and I knew that something was wrong. Then he would start to fix the problem with his love and affection by rubbing up against me, putting his head on my knee, and looking up at me. I'm going to miss all of that. Now I know what it feels like to lose a best friend.

—Kenny Butcher Jr.

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## Just Matthew

He's just Matthew. He's one person.  
 Not made of steel or iron. Made of everything we are.  
 He enjoys the simple things in life, such as  
 Taking a walk on a nice day, or laying on  
 A blanket on the grass looking at the stars  
 On a beautiful night with his best friend, while talking.  
 He loves nature.  
 Sitting on a rocky surface and looking out into  
 The trees, the sky, the clouds and the sun.  
 He's just Matthew.  
 He found the meaning of life and enjoys it.  
 He appreciates family.  
 He loves to learn about a lot of different religions.  
 His favorites are following the path of life and Astrology.  
 He always says, "You are your own best friend."  
 He enjoys the company of others, but also loves to be alone.  
 He's just Matthew.  
 Very easy to please.  
 He loves to ride the wind on his "78" Harley Davidson  
     Low Rider.  
 He admires dolphins.  
 One of his dreams is to swim with one.  
 He's just Matthew.  
 Sweet, Sentimental, Caring, Kind.  
 He's just Matthew.  
 A very special person to know.  
 And it's even better when he's your best friend.

—Shannon Neal

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## Your New Baby

### CONGRATULATIONS

Hip-Hip-Hooray! Your beautiful baby is on the way.

A boy or girl we know not which,  
 But we'll learn a little more when they start taking the pics.

Bubbly, happy and full of joy,  
 Have you already started buying the toys?

It won't be long til your lives will change.  
 Nothing will ever be the same.

Your lives will be happier and lots more fun  
 When your little one finally comes.

God is sending you his greatest gift.  
 Just wait until you feel the lift.

You'll touch the clouds and reach the sky.  
 You'll be so happy you'll want to cry.

Congratulations.

—Mary L. Garrison

## A Grandmother's Reward

"Nana, what was it like when you were a little girl? Was it a real long time ago? How long ago?" So many questions from one small boy, my dear grandson age seven.

So, I decided to answer as many questions as I could, for how else does a child learn? I began. "Yes," I said, "it was a long time ago. Close to seventy years." "Wow," he said. The more I talked, the more questions he asked. "What did you watch on television?"

"It wasn't invented yet," I replied. And so it went. I told him how we lived far from town. "We had no electricity in the house, so we used oil lamps and candles for light. We had to be very careful with them and keep them very clean so we didn't start a fire. Our water came from a well so that you used a pump to fill your water pails. A pump was a very funny looking iron thing with a long handle for pumping up and down. This made the water come down the little spout on the front and into our pails. It was the coolest, most refreshing water you ever tasted."

"Oh, Nana! how cool," he said. "I sure would like to see one of those pumps!"

"Well, you can indeed see one," I told him. "They still use them on many country farms, especially in Amish country, and we can go to the library and take out books."

Then came the big question. The one I was hoping he wouldn't think of, but did. "Nana, if you didn't have water in the house, how did you use the bathroom?" How to explain the little house out back to a little boy who had never seen one?

"Well, it was like this," I said. "We had a small building outside, in the back yard, quite a ways from the house. It sat among some evergreens and inside were two seats. One for the children and one for the grown ups. Some people called them outhouses but we called ours Biffy. We thought that sounded much nicer. It was painted white and it was always kept very clean." Needless to say, my grandson was fascinated by this phenomenon.

"Did you have toys, Nana, and did you play outside like we do, and how about a bike?" "Wait a minute, one question at a time," I replied. "We had some toys, not as many as you have. We had skates, not like today's skates. We just clamped them on our shoes and kept them tight with a skate key that we wore around our necks. We had checkers and Monopoly, and the whole family played. In the summer we played outside until dark, catching fireflies and playing hide and seek. It was so much fun. I guess that is why we call them 'the good old days.'"

He still had more questions. I told him we would save them for another time, and I would tell him everything he wanted to know. "OK, Nana," he said, "but don't leave anything out."

"Don't worry," I replied, "I won't."

It was so much fun to share these things with my grandson. To me they are memories; to him they are history. I consider it a privilege to share history with him. To see the light of shining interest in his eager eyes is, indeed, a grandmother's greatest reward.

—Marlyn Lucrezi

## Tail

I am not a dog.  
 A three year old boy am I.  
 My Daddy says I'm a dog.  
 Mommie says I look cute.  
 Daddy says cut it off.  
 Mommie says not.  
 They argue back and forth.  
 Cut, Cute, Cut, Cute.  
 Snip, Flush.  
 Now they can argue over the bald spot in the  
 back of my head.

—*Juanita J. Lindgren*

## Name

Husband, Dear, of twenty four years.  
 Do you know my name?  
 Where's my Where's my  
 Is not my given name.

—*Juanita J. Lindgren*

## My Two Children

I see many differences between my two boys Jeffrey, who is five, and Bryan, who is four.

They like different TV shows. Jeffrey is more into dinosaurs and "Nature." Bryan likes "Blue's Clues" and "Sesame Street."

Jeffrey is more independent. He can run his own bath water, even though I'm in the room with him. But Bryan gets all silly and goofy and needs more help.

Jeffrey can comprehend more than Bryan. He knows when something is dangerous. He can warn Bryan.

They both can understand things, but Bryan needs a little more help because he's younger.

—*Tara Rhinehart*

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## What is a Parent?

Parents love you with all their heart  
no matter what you say or do.

Good or bad, right or wrong  
they're right there with you all along.

They instill you with values, then hope and pray that they will  
always with you stay.

Parents will give you all that they can  
to help you grow to be a man.

They want to make you happy and give you all that you need  
even if they have to do without  
But that's OK, 'cause that's what their love is all about.

Parents are fallible and not always right  
But they love you, little man  
And they're just doing the best that they can.

As time goes by and they start to turn gray,  
you'll be old enough to go your own way.

It will break their hearts when you decide to go,  
but they'd never dream of telling you no.

Always remember, once you leave home  
their love goes with you where ever you roam.

So, what is a parent?

A parent is the most precious gift that God can give a child.  
And Anthony, God has given you the very best!

—*Mary L. Garrison*

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## Hands Are Precious

Hands are for grasping and holding onto things. The way  
you held my finger when I rocked and sang you to sleep or the  
way you held my hand to cross the street.

As you grow and learn your hands will reach down and tie  
or buckle your shoes, reach up to zip or button your coat, a little  
farther up to comb your hair.

Hands are precious things to have.

—*Anna Khulenberg*

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## Someday

He stands so straight and tall,  
holding his wife who is so small.  
He loves her, she loves him,  
over fifty years married they have been.  
He holds and steadies her shaking hand  
and says someday we are going to a better land.  
They have lived a very good life,  
praying through their times of strife.  
Knowing that someday everything  
would turn out to be all right.  
Someday her hand won't shake anymore  
when they cross over to the other shore.

—Norma King

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## Grandfather

One of the most influential people in my life was my grandfather. My grandfather lived on a large, beautiful farm near Attica, Ohio. During summer vacations, my brother and I would stay with them for about six weeks to help with the farm work.

Although Grandfather had a large farm, his primary occupation was cabinet builder. He built custom kitchen and bathroom cabinets, stairways, and did trim work for some of the finest homes in the area. He was a perfectionist in his cabinet making, and this trait was carried over into everything he did.

On his farm, the house, the barn, and the white board fence that surrounded the farm were always painted and in good repair. The corn was always planted in perfectly straight rows, and the hay was always stacked in neat rows inside the barn.

This quest for perfection, which he tried to instill in his grandsons, wasn't always appreciated by my brother and me.

One hot, summer day, we were spreading crushed stone on the floor inside a tool shed. Grandfather was down on his hands and knees sighting across the floor, directing us to throw more stone in the low spots and to rake down the high spots. After about 2 hours of shoveling, raking, and sweating, I said, "I think this floor is level enough for a tool shed," which started a 20- minute lecture on how, "If a job is worth doing, it's worth doing right." After another hour of shoveling and raking, he was finally satisfied with the floor.

As teenage boys, we were only interested in getting the job done as quickly as possible, so we could get on with what we considered the really important things in life, like swimming, or hanging out in town with our friends. Grandpa would take the time, and he had the patience, to show us how to do the job properly.

Grandpa also collected and restored antique furniture and clocks. His house was filled with wonderful examples of



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antique chairs, tables, and stands of solid walnut and cherry wood. Many had marble tops and elaborate carvings and inlays. His special passion was his collection of over 300 antique clocks. There was a room upstairs lined from floor to ceiling with shelves, filled with clocks restored to perfection, of course.

My grandparents' house was the family gathering place for Sunday dinners and holidays. One Christmas, my brother and I thought it would be fun to wind up a bunch of clocks before dinner and set them to strike 12 o'clock all at once. We snuck up to the clock room and wound up about 100 clocks. As we sat down for Christmas dinner and just after the blessing was said, "all hell broke loose" upstairs! The clanging and banging of 100 clocks all going off at once caused enough noise and commotion to raise the dead. My brother and I were laughing and red in the face. We thought it all very funny, My mother, however, didn't think it was so funny. As punishment, my brother and I had to wash and dry all the pots, pans, and dishes after dinner.

Secretly though, I think Grandpa got a big kick out of it.

My grandparents were generous almost to a fault. Their farm was located along State Route 224, a major east-west route through the state before the construction of interstate highways. It was a lucky motorist who broke down near their house. Many times during the summer, we would assist stranded motorists.

Grandpa would help them change flat tires, or give them gas from his storage tank, or call for help if they had a major breakdown. Almost everyone would get a tour of the farm and be taken into the house to wash their hands and get a drink. Grandpa would show them his clock collection, and while he was giving a tour, Grandmother would be preparing them a meal. Almost no one got away from the farm without being fed first. They would "break down" as strangers, but leave "well fed" as friends. At Christmas my grandparents would receive cards from all over the country and often people would stop

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with homemade pies, cakes, and bread for the nice people who treated them with such kindness when their cars had left them stranded.

I'm thankful for the work ethic my Grandfather instilled in me, the pride I feel when I've done a job well, and for the fortitude to stick with it until the job is done right.

The appreciation I have for fine antiques and the enjoyment I get from restoring old cars probably started with Grandpa's furniture and clocks. I can only hope that I've inherited some of his generous nature and love of people.

My Grandfather has long since passed away, and the farm has been sold. The new owners haven't kept the farm up, and it saddens me to drive past the old place and see it deteriorating. When I drive by the old place, that old tool shed catches my eye, and I can't help thinking, that old shed has a stone floor in it that's level enough to play billiards on.

—*Bob Evans*