

FERTILE REMINDER

DECEMBER 2001

MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND A

BLESSED NEW YEAR

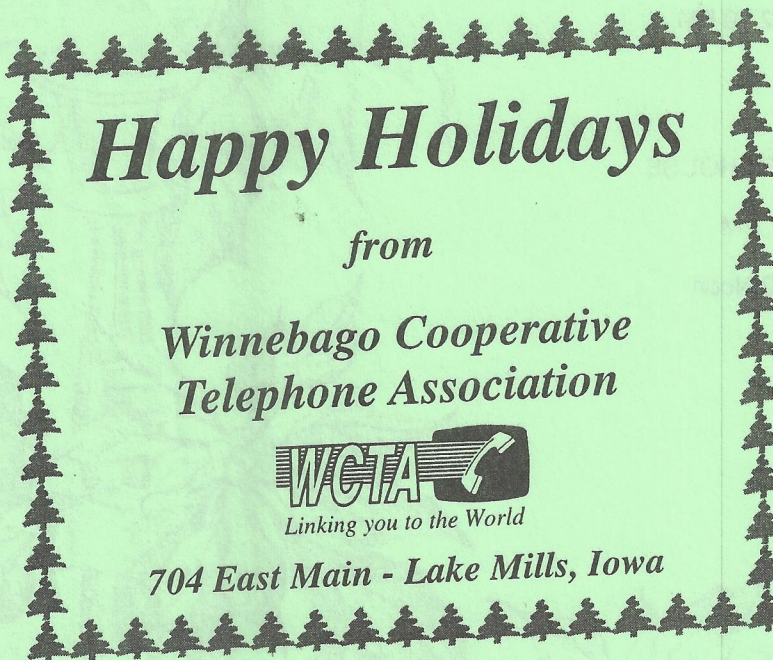
DECEMBER CALENDAR

Dec. 1	Library Santa Day	10 AM-Noon
Dec. 3	Fire Dept. Meeting	7 PM
Dec. 4	Senior Dinner	12 Noon
	City Council Meeting	7 PM
Dec. 6	F B & I Meeting	7 PM
Dec. 11	Garden Club Luncheon	12:30 PM
	1912 House, Clear Lake	
Dec. 14	Boys & Girls 4-H	
Dec. 15	DOWNTOWN CAFE OPEN HOUSE	
Dec. 17	Library Board Meeting	7 PM
Dec. 18	Senior Dinner	12 Noon
Dec. 25	CHRISTMAS DAY	
Dec. 26	RECYCLE DAY	



CITY COUNCIL MINUTES


The Fertile City Council met November 6, 2001 at 7:00 PM in the Fertile City Hall. The meeting was called to order by Mayor Thompson. Present were council persons Tim Tuttle, Jody Smith, Joyce Russell, Tanya Olson and Tom Kirschbaum, City. The minutes were approved. It was decided to trade the End-loader for a new one at a cost of \$10.00 an hour for a total cost of \$140.00. The city truck bids were opened ; the bid went to Brian Nettleton for \$2,050.00. Sewer repair work has been done on East Main helping to eliminate some of the excess water entering the sewer system. January 1, 2002 is the date all residents are required to pay for the use of city water. Tom will begin putting up street signs the first part of November. All residents are asked to make sure their house number is clearly visible to assist in case of an emergency. Council persons elected are Tanya Olson, Tad Miller and Tammy Hall. Mayor elect is Tim Tuttle.



Happy Holidays

from

Winnebago Cooperative Telephone Association



Linking you to the World

704 East Main - Lake Mills, Iowa

October 2001

Expenses	
Fertile Fire Dept.....	2,500.00
Dave Low.....	301.49
Tom Kirschbaum.....	579.01
Gloria Kirschbaum.....	358.17
Dennis Ganz.....	203.90
Waste Management.....	1,666.50
WCTA.....	47.03
Alliant.....	648.05
Thompson Garage.....	60.50
Crescent Moon.....	120.00
FICA.....	320.24
IPERS.....	161.97
Water Savings.....	1,474.00
Sewer Savings.....	1,483.00
Library.....	2,500.00
Larsen Plumbing.....	40.00
Advanced Tech Corp.....	3,454.00
Postage.....	42.00
Petty Cash.....	25.00
State Tax.....	46.00
North Ia Media Group.....	26.8
TOTAL.....	\$16,057.66

INCOME

Local Option.....	1,105.83
Street Revenue.....	3,018.57
Property Tax.....	10,431.04
Water/Sewer/Garbage	8,648.90
TOTAL.....	\$23,204.34

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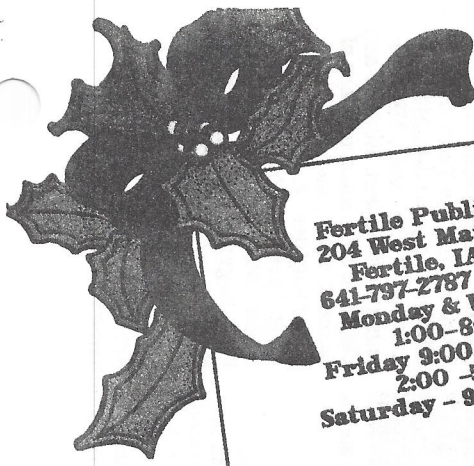

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* * * * *



Fertile Public Library
 204 West Main/Box 198
 Fertile, IA 50434
 641-797-2787 Phone/Fax
 Monday & Wednesday
 1:00-8:00 PM
 Friday 9:00 AM - Noon &
 2:00 -5:00 PM
 Saturday - 9:00 AM - Noon

NEW BOOKS

- Coast Road - Barbara Delinsky
- Fleeced - Carol Higgins Clark
- The Kiss - Danielle Steel
- Midnight Bayou - Nora Roberts
- Midnight Clear - Debbie Macomber
- Desecration - Tim LaHaye
- Skipping Christmas - John Grisham
- Candles on Bay Street - K.C. McKinnon
- The Burning Point - Mary Jo Putney

AUDIO BOOKS

- Call After Midnight - Tess Gerritsen
- Sharp Edges - Jayne Anne Krentz
- Desecration - Tim LaHaye
- Sea Swept - Nora Roberts
- Wicked Widow - Amanda Quick
- Suzanne's Diary for Nicholas - James Patterson
- Such a Pretty Girl - Winston Groom
- The Witchfinder - Loren D. Estleman

VIDEOS

- The Mexican - Brad Pitt
- The Wedding Planner - Jennifer Lopez
- Snow Day - Chris Elliot
- Sweet November - Keanu Reeves
- Hannibal - Anthony Hopkins
- The Watcher - Keanu Reeves
- Thirteen Days - Kevin Costner
- Spy Kids - Antonio Banderas
- Shrek - Mike Myers (animation)
- Hollow Man - Kevin Bacon
- The Legend of Drunken Master - Jackie Chan
- Waiting for Santa - Barney
- Babies Have it Made - Wimzies House
- Dr. T and the Women - Richard Gere
- Autumn in New York - Richard Gere

Answers: Lamb; Chick, Piglet, Cat, Gossling, Kid

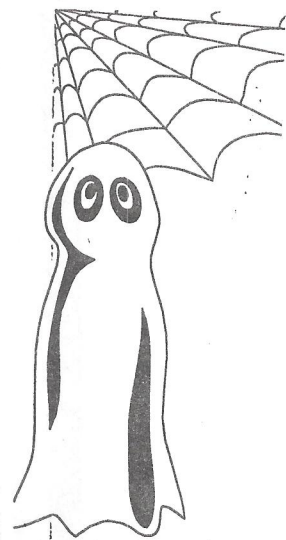
*Buy Your
 Tickets
 NOW -
 \$1.00 or \$5.00
 6 for \$5.00*

SANTA DAY!

FERTILE LIBRARY
SATURDAY
DECEMBER 1
10 TO NOON
RAFFLE DRAWING
GIFTS FOR KIDS 10
& UNDER
HOLIDAY GOODIES
SERVED
PLEASE JOIN US!
EVERYONE
INVITED!

Thank you to everyone who helped on the Spook House & a special thank you to the set crew* who put in countless hours in preparation. Thank you to the community center for letting us have it there.

Food Queens: Loni Knudson
 Evelyn Elthon
 Ardis Sheimo
 Ticket Booth: Lisa May
 Raffle Ticket Sales: Linda Shahan
 Makeup Artist: Katie Koenigs
 Gate Keeper: Tara Millard*
 Tour Guides:
 Dawn Millard*
 Elin Miner*
 Executioner: Steve Noll
 Stockade Prisoner: Tanner Brunsvold
 Madame Zorba: Cindy Kilby
 Zombie: Tad Miller
 The Zombie Band:
 Emily Suby
 Angela Turpin
 Chris Trulsen
 Stacy John
 Armless Patient: John Englehart
 Dracula: Aubrey Wilson
 Vampire: Kylie Anderson*
 Skeleton: Mike Dahn*
 Crypt Keeper: Craig Hansmeir
 Witch: Alicia Shahan
 Mad Scientists:
 Nancy Suby*
 Bobbi Elbert*
 Deranged Patient: Todd Hansmeir
 Lunch Lady: Goldie Felland*
 Cafeteria Prisoner: Jaci Santee
 Maze Phantom: Brad Suby*
 Maze Maurader: Ivy Millard*
 Maze Clown: Audrey Swanson
 Maze Hands: Morgan Miner*
 Boris's Voice: Sherry Kingston
 Set Crew:*
 Chris Anderson
 Harold Miner
 Elizabeth Miner



In Fertile, three proves a charm

Town boasts, count 'em, 3 Ruth Oувersons

By Barbara Ruiter
Forest City Correspondent
FERTILE

What's the most common name in America? Is it John Smith or maybe David Jones?

In Fertile, the most common name is Ruth Oувerson. There are three of them. And they have a cousin Ruth Oувerson of Clear Lake and a niece Ruth Oувerson of Minneapolis.

The first Ruth Oувerson isn't even technically a Ruth. Her first name is Virginia but everyone always called her by her middle name of Ruth from childhood on. The three women all bank at the same bank and go to the same church. They have had mail mix-ups and bank statement mix-ups. The bank now goes by numbers which solves that problem. And they are related. V. Ruth and Ruth E. are married to brothers, who are cousins to Ruth B.'s husband.

V. Ruth has kept busy through the years raising her children. She enjoys crocheting afghans and other items, making dolls out of socks and playing the organ. Her husband is Virgil.

Ruth E. worked for 21 years in



The three Ruths: (from left) V. Ruth Oувerson, Ruth E. Oувerson, and Ruth B. Oувerson. Photo by BARBARA RUITER

the Stitchcraft division of Winnebago Industries. Her hobbies include sewing and raising roses. She and her husband Clarence live on a farm. Ruth B. ran a gas station for 30 years. Now she enjoys volunteer

work, church activities, collecting antiques and baking. For the past few months she has been operating a restaurant in the Fertile Community Center. Her husband is Harold.

One time, Ruth E. was sent a

postcard from a friend named Irene. The card was delivered to Ruth B. She had a relative named Irene and mentioned the card the next time she saw her. This Irene said she hadn't been on vacation and didn't send the card. So Ruth

B. gave the card to V. Ruth who also knew an Irene. When V. Ruth thanked Irene for the card she discovered the postcard belonged to Ruth E. By the time the card reached Ruth E., Irene had been home for about a month.

In another silly turn of events, Ruth B. had been invited to the White House during the Jimmy Carter administration. The invitation was delivered to Ruth E., who was on vacation. A friend was picking up the mail for her and the invitation sat in a stack. Ruth E. arrived home two days early and, coincidentally, two days before the deadline for accepting the invitation. Ruth E., being a Republican, knew she wouldn't be on a Democrat's invitation list and contacted Ruth B. The mix-up ended happily with Ruth B. traveling to Washington.

Ruth B. and her husband Harold have two sons: Michael of Worthington, and Terry of Fairfax, Va.; one daughter: Kristine of Rochester, Minn. and four grandchildren. Ruth E. and Clarence have one son: Gary of Holland, Mich.; and one granddaughter: V. Ruth and Virgil have four children: Larry of Holt, Mo.; Dennis of Sebring, Fla.; Roger of Vinton; the late Rosalie; and 11 grandchildren. None of their sons' wives or their granddaughters is named Ruth. It was just too common a name.

WITH SYMPATHY

VERA L. ABRAMS 1907 - 2001

Vera L. Abrams, 94, of Clear Lake died Nov. 11, 2001 at Oakwood Care Center in Clear Lake.

Her funeral was held Nov. 14, 2001 at the Evangelical Free Church in Clear Lake with Rev. David Wiersbe and Rev. Richard Varberg officiating. Burial was in Grant Center Cemetery in rural Clear Lake.

Vera Louise Abrams was born in Clear Lake on Oct. 21, 1907, the daughter of Abe and Louise Van Hoosen. The family farmed north of Clear Lake and that is where Vera started school.

She moved with her family to a new farm in Royalton, MN. Vera continued her education there. Two years later, the family moved back to Iowa to care for Louise's mother. They purchased the "home place" -- a Century Farm" now.

Vera attended Ventura High School and graduated in 1926. She furthered her education at Cedar Falls Teachers College that summer term and went on to teach in country schools for five years.

She married Spence Abrams on March 7, 1930 at her parents' home.

She was a member of the Evangelical Free Church in Clear Lake. She taught Sunday School and Women's Bible Study groups for several years.

Vera is survived by her husband, Spence Abrams of Clear Lake, and four children: Spence Abrams, Jr. and wife, Janice, of Clear Lake; Vera LaVonne Pederson and husband, Sever, of Westland, Michigan; Arlyn Abrams and wife, Janice, of Beresford, SD; and Jenny Copeland and husband, Timothy, of Bradford, VT. Also, a sister, Etta Mae Conroy of Garner; 17 grandchildren, 34 great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandaughter.

She was preceded in death by her parents; a sister, Mabel Merwin; and two great-granddaughters

Our deepest sympathy to the family.

EVERETT LOWELL FANKELL 1911 - 2001

Everett Lowell Fankell, 90, of Clear Lake, died Nov. 9, 2001 at his home.

Funeral services were held Nov. 13th at the Fertile Church of Christ, with Rev. Dennis Ganz officiating. Burial was in Lincoln Township Cemetery, rural Fertile.



Everett Lowell Fankell was born Jan. 19, 1911 in Grant Township, Fertile, the son of John and Daisy Fankell. He attended and received his education in the Fertile School system. He was united in marriage to Mabel Orcutt in 1959 in Mason City. She preceded him in death in 1975. He was united in marriage to Gladys Jass in 1977 in Missouri. She preceded him in death in 1978.

Everett farmed all his life in Grant Township in the Fertile area until his retirement in 1972, when he moved to Clear Lake.

He was united in marriage to Lydia Christgau on May 5, 1979, in Austin, MN.

He was a member of the Church of Christ in Fertile, which his mother was instrumental in starting.

Left to cherish his memory are his wife Lydia Fankell of the Oakwood Care Center in Clear Lake; three stepsons, a stepdaughter; a brother, Robert Fankell of Worland, WY; a sister, Betty Raymond of Mason City; eight nieces and nephews; as well as other relatives and friends.

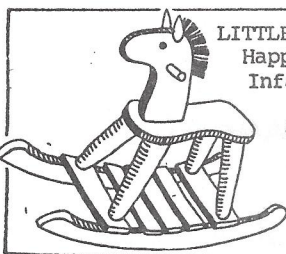
He was preceded in death by his parents, two wives, a sister, Jeanette Hammond, and a brother, Harold Fankell.

Our deepest sympathy to the family.

ARTHUR L. LEVANG

Arthur L. Levang, 80, of 2921 Kendallwood Circle, Des Moines, died October 18, 2001 at his home.

Funeral services were held October 22nd at Westchester Evangelical Free Church in Des Moines. Burial was at Elim Lutheran Cemetery near Fertile.



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A Mid-Winter Ball

Neil L. Kuns
December 1, 1994

Here it is the first of December already! Where has the year gone? *Winter* may not arrive for another three weeks, but winter *weather* has already moved into the mid-west, and will hang around like an unwelcome visiting relative for another four or five months. This time of year Californians return the compliment to their friends back east who pity us for our earthquakes and brush fires. A quake lasts only meager minutes, and a fire is usually contained in a few days. Those who have lived here all their lives, and have never enjoyed (?) a real winter cannot even *imagine* how people can put up with four months of icy misery.

I am aware from my own experience that winter is very difficult for adults who must work or drive in the ice, snow and chilling winds, but for children it is not stretching the truth to refer to the fourth season as a winter *wonderland*. The effect was magical when the snow fell silently and gently during the night with no blizzard winds and blanketed the whole countryside with a soft, white, clean, fluffy cover of flakes. The next morning the little tots could hardly wait to bundle up in their woolen snowsuits and to go outside and wallow around in the white stuff. Young children liked to lie down on their backs on the snow and beat their straight-out arms on the fresh surface to make an impression of the wings of snow angels. The trick was to get back onto ones feet without destroying the design. We sometimes needed help to do this, especially when our snow suits were new and stiff.

As children we soon learned that snow had to have just the right texture to be rolled into a snowman or to be packed into snowballs. When the temperature was low the snow was dry and powdery and wouldn't stick together. To throw it at those times was like trying to throw a handful of feathers. With the thermometer reading at or above 32 degrees the snowball season was officially "open." Kids who hadn't been able to throw a ball for weeks suddenly could make and throw balls which they didn't have to chase down and retrieve. We threw them at whatever moved or didn't move. I always liked to try to hit a tree with my lobs. Trees never threw snowballs back at you like your friends were wont to do.

One winter afternoon in Fertile the conditions were perfect for snowballing. At least a half-foot of the fluff had fallen, and it was packing together perfectly. Eight or ten of us had gathered along the river bank south of Elthon's grocery store. We decided and prepared to have an all-out snowball fight. Those of us down next to the frozen river were at a distinct disadvantage. There was enough snow down there to make all the snowballs we could throw, and we had built our snow fortress walls behind which we could dodge if we saw a barrage coming our way. The problem was purely elevation. The other kids had the high ground and had only to throw their snowballs *down* the hill. We at the bottom had to hurl our missiles *up* the hill. It was much easier for them to pepper us than for us to even *hit* them.

The battle was not going well for our team. Bobbie Elthon, part of the team at the top of the bank, laughed loudly and derisively whenever one of us down below got hit. I packed a snowball, took aim (not that this would help much), lobbed it up at him, got lucky and hit him right in his wide open, "ha-ha-ing" mouth. His tune changed mid breath, and he started to cry. This cooled us all off and the battle soon ceased, but that bottom-of-the-hill moment of the "thrill of victory and the agony of defeat" is still engraved in my memory. We had a mid-winter ball. A snowball, that is.

Thank you for Inching
Our way to the Bridge!

In memory of Guy & Ida Walker
Lois Anderson

In memory of Henry &
Cora Halverson
Dorothy Goodmanson

Margaret & Craig Halverson

In memory of Bud & Cora Jenkins
Fran & Bob
Lanny & Sandy
Cheri & Ed
Connie & Wayne
Bonnie & Mike

In memory of Norma Jean Tarr
Mike & Jill Tarr

LaVonne Pederson Kraft

In memory of Bert & Arlene Lee
Bill Mc Auley
Arden & Ron Suby
Craig & Connie Suby

In memory of Glen, Marcella, &
Sharon Purcell
Sue & Dennis Miller
Sandy & Lanny Jenkins
Bob & Jan Purcell
Richard & Sharon Purcell

In memory of Pete Oredsen
Mrs. Pete Oredsen

For sale:

A reprint of the cookbook
125 Years in the Kitchen
1856-1981, Fertile, Iowa.

If you would like one mailed to
you, send \$15.00 to
F.B. & I. Box 104
Fertile, Iowa 50434

INCH OUR WAY TO THE FOOTBRIDGE

The Footbridge will be approximately 100 feet long or 1200 inches
and cost approximately \$30,000 with landscaping and handicap
accessibility. Please support our project by sponsoring an inch
or more of the Footbridge.

SPONSOR AN INCH FOR \$20.00
SPONSOR A FOOT FOR \$200.00
SPONSOR A YARD FOR \$500.00

What do you get for sponsorship:

- .Your name displayed near the footbridge after its completion
 - .Safe access into William Rhodes Park for our young and old citizens
 - .Free use of the footbridge (along with everyone else)
 - .The feeling of great community spirit and satisfaction from knowing
you made a difference!
- Thanks for your consideration of this very worthwhile project!!

Yes! I want to support the Footbridge Project
I would like to sponsor:

_____ Inch(es) @ \$20 each inch for a total of \$ _____


_____ Foot/Feet @ \$200 each foot for a total of \$ _____

_____ Yard(s) @ \$500 each yard for a total of \$ _____

Make your tax deductible donation to:
Fertile Footbridge Project
Box 104
Fertile, Iowa 50434

Name and address _____

TENTATIVE COMPLETION DATE
OF FOOTBRIDGE IS JULY 4, 2002




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DELAYED DELIVERY

Stella had been prepped for her husband's death. Since the doctor's pronouncement of terminal cancer, they had both faced the inevitable, striving to make the most of their remaining time together. Dave's financial affairs had always been in order. There were no new burdens in her widowed state. It was just the awful aloneness...the lack of purpose to her days.

They had been a childless couple by choice. Their lives had been so full and rich. They had been content with busy careers and with each other. They had many friends. Had. That was the operative word these days. It was bad enough losing the one person you loved with all your heart. But over the past few years, she and Dave repeatedly coped with the deaths of their friends and relations. They were all of an age - an age when human bodies began giving up. Dying. Face it - they were old!

And now, approaching the first Christmas without Dave, Stella was all too aware she was on her own.

With shaky fingers, she lowered the volume of her radio so that the Christmas music faded to a muted background. To her surprise, she saw that the mail had arrived. With the inevitable wince of pain from her arthritis, she bent to retrieve the white envelopes from the floor. She opened them while sitting on the piano bench. They were mostly Christmas cards, and her sad eyes smiled at the familiarity of the traditional scenes and at the loving messages inside. She arranged them among the others on the piano top. In her entire house, they were the only seasonal decoration. The holiday was less than a week away, but she did not have the heart to put up a silly tree, or even set up the stable that Dave had built with his own hands.

Suddenly engulfed by the loneliness of it all, Stella buried her face in her hands and let the tears come. How would she possibly get through Christmas and the winter beyond it!

The ring of the doorbell was so unexpected that Stella had to stifle a small scream of surprise. Now who could possibly be calling on her? She opened the wooden door and stared through the window of the storm door with consternation. On her front porch stood a strange young man, whose head was barely visible above the large carton in his arms. She peered beyond him to the driveway, but there was nothing about the small car to give a clue as to his identity. Summoning courage, the elderly lady opened the door slightly, and he stepped sideways to speak into the space.

"Mrs. Thornhope?" She nodded. He continued, "I have a package for you."

Curiosity drove caution from her mind. She pushed the door open, and he entered. Smiling, he placed his burden carefully on the floor and stood to retrieve an envelope that protruded from his pocket. As he handed it to her, a sound came from the box. Stella jumped. The man laughed in apology and bent to straighten up the cardboard flaps, holding them open in an invitation for her to peek inside. It was a dog! To be more exact, a golden Labrador retriever puppy. As the young gentleman lifted its squirming body up into his arms, he explained, "This is for you, ma'am." The young pup wiggled in happiness at being released from captivity and thrust ecstatic, wet kisses in the direction of the young man's face. "We were supposed to deliver him on Christmas Eve," he continued with some difficulty, as he strove to rescue his chin from the wet little tongue, "but the staff at the kennels start their holidays tomorrow. Hope you don't mind an early present."

Shock had stolen Stella's ability to think clearly. Unable to form coherent sentences, she stammered, "But...I don't...I mean...who...?" The young fellow set the animal down on the doormat between them and then reached out a finger to tap the envelope she was still holding. "There's a letter in there that explains everything, pretty much. The dog was bought while his mother was still pregnant. It was meant to be a Christmas gift." The stranger turned to go. Desperation forced the words from her lips. "But who...who bought it?" Pausing in the open doorway, he replied, "Your husband, ma'am." And then he was gone.

It was all in the letter. Forgetting the puppy entirely at the sight of the familiar handwriting, Stella walked like a sleepwalker to her chair by the window. She forced her tear-filled eyes to read her husband's words. He had written the letter three weeks before his death and had left it with the kennel owners, to be delivered along with the puppy as his last Christmas gift to her. It was full of love and encouragement and admonishments to be strong. He vowed that he was waiting for the day when she would join him. And he had sent her this young animal to keep her company until then.

Remembering the little creature for the first time, she was surprised to find him quietly looking up at her, his small panting mouth resembling a comic smile. Stella put the pages aside and reached for the bundle of golden fur. She thought that he would be heavier, but he was only the size and weight of a sofa pillow. And so soft and warm. She cradled him in her arms and he licked her jawbone, then cuddled into the hollow of her neck. The tears began anew at this exchange of affection and the dog endured her crying without moving. Finally, Stella lowered him to her lap, where she regarded him solemnly. She wiped vaguely at her wet cheeks, then somehow mustered a smile.

"Well, little guy, I guess it's you and me." His pink tongue panted in agreement. Stella's smile strengthened, and her gaze shifted sideways to the window. Dusk had fallen. Through fluffy flakes that were now drifting down, she saw the cheery Christmas lights edging the roof lines of her neighbors' homes. The strains of "Joy to the World" floated in from the kitchen.

Suddenly Stella felt the most amazing sensation of peace and benediction wash over her. It was like being enfolded in a loving embrace. Her heart beat painfully, but it was with joy and wonder, not grief or loneliness. She need never feel alone again.

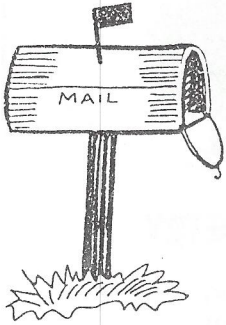
Returning her attention to the dog, she spoke to him. "You know, fella, I have a box in the basement that I think you'd like. There's a tree in it and some decorations and lights that will impress you like crazy! And I think I can find that old

Continued on next page

stable down there, too. What d'ya say we go hunt it up?"

The puppy barked happily in agreement, as if he understood every word. Stella got up, placed the puppy on the floor and together they went down to the basement, ready to make a Christmas together.

Reprinted by permission of Cathy Miller, from *Chicken Soup for the Pet Lover's Soul* by Jack Canfield, Mark Victor Hansen, Marty Becker, D.V.M. and Carol Cline,



Dear Fertile Reminder,
It's so nice to have such faithful people to get the Reminder to us. It's been a long time since we lived in Fertile, but will always remember Fertile as my home town.

We had a grocery store there - Peterson Grocery.

Thank you.

Gyde Hovland Peterson

FERTILE GARDEN CLUB

The Fertile Garden Club met at the Community Center on Nov. 13th. The hostesses were Teresa Smith and Rhonda Schulze.

We brought non-perishable food items for the Food Bank. Betty Theilen gave the lesson on care of poinsettias and how to select and care for your Christmas tree.

Next year's officers are:

- President: Diane Schulze
- V. Pres: Elaine Patten
- Secretary: Ginny Lovik
- Treasurer: Gloria Kirschbaum

A delicious lunch was served by our hostesses.

Lois Anderson, Reporter

Memorial Lights 2001

In Memory of:

Amos & Aletta Nissen
Donald & LuVern Nissen
Marlin "Pat" Nissen

Given by:

Shirley & Loren McIlhatton

In Memory of:

Andy Elthon
Teed Elthon
Peggy Ouverson

Given by:

Evelyn Elthon

In Memory of :

Ron Almelien
Vesta Kuns
Edna Pederson.

Given by:

Al, Jane, & Tami Ramon

In Memory of:

Pete Oredsen

Given by:

Mrs. Pete Oredsen

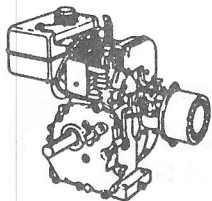
In Memory of:

Norman & Mildred Jorgenson
Roger Humphrey

Given by:

Mrs. Pete Oredsen

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THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS

By Lucille Coleman

Christmas! What does it mean to you
And what does it mean to me?
Tinsel? Balls of red and blue
Mistletoe, candy canes, eggnogg,
The hanging of stockings for toys;
The glow of the Yuletide log;
Happy voices of girls and boys.
Christmas brings carols and holly
And bright cornucopias to fill,
A Santa Claus generous and jolly
With a bundle of love and good will.

Christmas means all these and more:
Three Magi that first Christmas night,
Who humbly knelt to adore
An Infant adorned with a bright
Golden halo around His small head,
Symbolizing Divine Origin;
A glorious star which had led
The three wise men to one little inn,
With their treasures of myrrh, frankincense;
With their love and devout worshipping;
To hail Mary with true reverence;

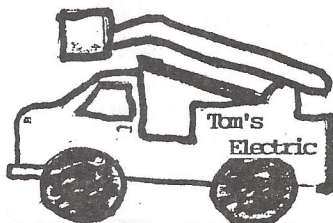
Peace on earth and good will to men,
Welcomed with this Scriptural scene,
Brings Christmas to us, as did then
The birth of the Nazarene.

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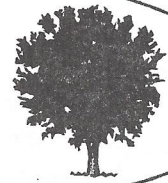
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FERTILE COMMUNITY CENTER

The Community Center served their annual turkey supper November 3rd. We served over 565 suppers and raised over \$2,000 profit. Our expenses were \$850 and we took in \$3,126.00.

We had a great group helping again this year.

Thank you to everyone who helped in any way. I am not naming names as I might forget someone, but you all know who you are.

THANK YOU!!

Ruth B. Ouverson

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COOKS CORNER -

by Pat

GERMAN POTATO SOUP

- 1/2 cups cubed ham
- 2 slices bacon—fried crisp & crumbled
- 1 medium onion diced
- 1 cup diced celery
- 2 tbsp. Flour
- 1/4 cup Sugar
- 1/4 cup White Vinegar
- 1/4 cup water
- 6-8 medium potatoes, baked & cubed
- 1 cup shredded carrots
- 4 cups milk
- Salt & Pepper to taste
- 1 cup Shredded Cheddar Cheese.

Fry bacon and cool. Sauté onion in bacon drippings. Stir together flour, sugar, vinegar, water, salt and pepper and blend into pan with sautéed onions. (You don't need to add salt, as the bacon and ham are salty enough.) Stir constantly to make a smooth sauce. Add potatoes, ham, bacon, cheese and milk. Bake for 1 hour 350 .

COOK'S WISDOM—

'Course I'd gladly give de rule—
I make bes' biscuits by -
But dat don't mean dat you can make
hem biscuits same as I - - -
'Cause cookin's like religion
Some's 'lected and some ain't,
And rules don't know more make a cook
Than prayin' makes a saint.
(copied from 1800's cookbook)

Kid Comments— (from the internet)

- A molecule is so small that it cannot be seen by the naked observer!
- The future of "I give" is "I take".
- The parts of speech are lungs and air!
- The people who followed the Lord were call the twelve opossums.
- One of the main causes of dust is janitors.
- Syntax is all of the money collected at the church from sinners.

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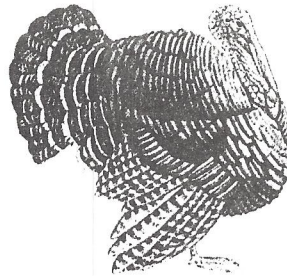
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FUN CORNER -

There are 18 farm animals hidden in this puzzle. Some are female animals, some are male animals, and there are six names of baby animals. Can you name these six?



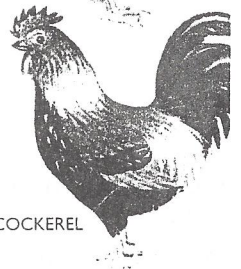
GOSLING



TURKEY



LAMB



COCKEREL

- BULL, CALF, CARTHORSE, CHICK, COW, DUCK, GOAT, HEN, KID, PIGLET, RAM, SHEEPDOG, SOW

Answers found on another page in the Reminder.

- Those pinch-type clothespins really work good to close bags of chips, lettuce, any type of bag that you need to keep fresh.
- Do you have a hard time cleaning the mixing paddle on your bread machine? Soak it in warm soapy water, then scrub out the inside with one of those little brushes designed to clean baby bottles.
- Try putting nuts in a plastic bag and using a rolling pin to break them up in the size you need.
- Like mashed potatoes—try making a larger batch and freezing the extra in muffin cups. When frozen—put in a plastic bag in the freezer. Take out what you need and heat in the microwave. Could do the same with squash or sweet potatoes.

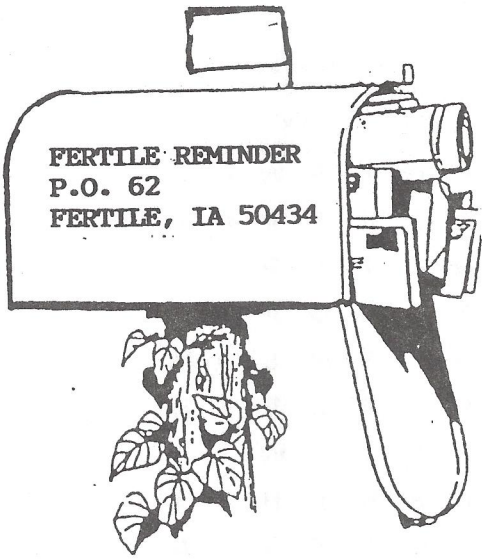
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11/27/01
Residents of Maple Court - Call for an appointment. 324-1741
Clinic will be held at Maple Court
Clinic Time is 8:00 - 4:00

Foot Clinic for individuals who have trouble with foot cares
11/28/01
Residents of Worth County - Call for an appointment. 324-1741
Clinic will be held at Worth County Public Health, Northwood
Clinic Time is 8:00 - 4:00

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