

Osage News

December, 2010

www.osagecob.org



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Harold Groth, Pastor

(620) 632-5248

“We love you, and will miss you, and will see you again.”

~by Pastor Harold

This has been a very difficult year for Linda and myself. As you know our home in Independence burned last January 15th. We were devastated. We had built the home about 26 years ago and it was to be our home when we retired. I'm not sure I know what I was feeling for quite a while after the fire, but we knew we had to get it cleaned up and so we slowly started the process. We experienced a lot of tears and memories during that time. One memory that stays in my mind was when Philip, our youngest son, was helping one day and he stood looking at the North wall in the living room and he said, "I remember helping put sheetrock on this wall". He would have been about 12 years old at the time. Today he and Chris, our oldest son, are both contractors.

For some time we had been trying to help both Linda's parents and my father, and were feeling that there simply was not enough of us to go around. The house burning was like God saying we needed to stop and evaluate where we were at in our lives at this time and what we needed to be doing. During a time of soul searching and prayer we began to feel that our time at Osage was drawing to a close and it was time for Osage to have new leadership. This was not an easy decision because you, the Osage church, are truly our family.

In the 10 years that I have been privileged to serve as your pastor I have experienced total love and acceptance in this community. The

church and the McCune area and people have accepted us just like we had been here all of our lives, and that truly makes this decision even that much more difficult.

I thank the church for being open to the leading of the Holy Spirit and giving us the opportunity to come and minister in this setting. I know that I have grown during this time beyond anything I could have imagined. As you know, outside of my free ministry time in Independence, this is my first time to serve as a pastor. I am sure that there have been times I could have done things different or better, but you accepted me where I was and helped me to grow. Thank you!

What now? I sure wish I had an answer for that. We will help our parents as much as we can and be open to God as He opens doors of opportunity for us. Linda and I totally agree that retirement does not mean sitting in a rocking chair and watching the world go by. We do look forward to being able to spend time with our grandchildren and being more involved in their lives. We have missed so much with them and before we know it they will be grown up with lives of their own. We also hope to do some traveling to see more of the beauty of this world that God has given us. I guess the most certain thing I can say about the future is we will take it one day at a



Pastor Harold and Linda in the midst of moving from the parsonage to their new home, take a break to tell us good-bye.

December 5
Aunt B & Friends
The Methodist Church
Asbury, MO - 2:00 p.m.

December 5
Caroling Party
5:30 p.m.
Meet at the Church

December 12
Christmas Program
Candlelight Communion
6:30 p.m.

December 14
Prairie Gardeners
Carl & Louise Bronson
Home
5:30 p.m.

December 18
Jerry & Janice Kirby
50th Wedding
Anniversary Reception
2:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.
Osage Church

December 31
New Year's Watch Party

Every Tuesday
Community Lunch
At the Church
11:30 a.m. - 1:00 p.m.

Every Sunday
9:30 a.m. Sunday School
10:30 a.m. Worship
Staffed Nursery
Children's Church

time and praise God for each day.

We love each one of you, and pray that the Osage church will continue to prosper as it does the work God has for it. As God brings new leadership here at Osage I encourage you to give the same support you have given me. I have heard the comment many times now that “nobody can take your place”. To that I say you’re right. I could not take George Harvey’s place but I could be myself and make my own way. Allow your new pastor the same opportunity.

We love you, and will miss you, and will see you again.

~Harold and Linda

Good Bye Harold and Linda

~by Mike Sand

Where in the world does time go? It seems such a short time back that we were interviewing candidates to “fill the pulpit”. I honestly don’t remember what Harold preached on then, but someone told us we needed to hear him sing. Now, that I remember, and also thinking “Lord, let him be the one!”

But ONE isn’t what we got. We got TWO. And how that has been a blessing to us all! Harold leaving a good job in the business sector with all it’s security and benefits, to lead a little rural congregation housed in an old church building on a rise surrounded by fields and pastures: and Linda leaving all her seniority at the Post Office in Independence to start over in Pittsburg at the bottom of the pile: is pretty much the definition of faith.

But their trust in us and our trust in them, and all our faith in The Lord has provided quite the increase. We are today housed in a very nice building which expresses both our faith in the future and our desire to be an active influence in the neighborhood. We see growth in our congregational church community and we also remember all those who were ministered to, but are no longer with us.

Never ones to let the focus rest on them, Harold and Linda have sort of led from behind, giving us direction but from the perspective of being able to see our needs as we go along together. This is shepherding or pastoring at it’s best. And this is why we are going to miss them so much. I am hopeful that they will continue to “hang around” and remain a part of us. Then we could put them on the “specials” list. Harold still sings.

Ten Years

~by Vernon and Barbara Egbert

Ten years ago this last month we left our temporary home in the parsonage. As we moved to our new home we’d just built, our new pastor and his wife moved into the parsonage. It was so nice to be able to see the home we’d lived in for a summer become useful again for our new pastor.

Earlier that spring, as we were cleaning up our old house after the tornado, we looked up at the ceiling in the kitchen and there sat Harold, who had been filling the pulpit some Sunday’s, just helping them tear off the old, splintered boards and dry wall and grinning like everything. That was the first time that Vernon and I had seen Harold besides in church.

We have had so many appreciative and fun times with the Groth’s since then. Harold and Linda have given our church a new burst of energy. They have been involved with so many people and have spent so many days in hospitals with members and their families. Almost no one in the church has missed having them there for them as they go into the hospital.

These last 10 years have been a wonderful experience with the Groth’s -- Linda, as well as Harold -- and the years have gone by so fast. These two people have been an inspiration to all of us with their energy, their willingness to help, and above all their dedication to the Lord’s work. We wish you the very best as you retire and move into your new home. May your dreams become reality as you begin a new chapter in your life.



To Harold and Linda

~from Matt and LaDonna Hartman

Congratulations on your retirement. However if Harold follows in Linda’s footsteps, he will be busier than ever!

Words can not express how any of us feel about you leaving our little congregation. Ten years in many ways does not seem like a long time. But to the kids it is a lifetime! Melanie was only 2, and Trenton and Miranda were not even born yet when Harold was called to our church. You both have been there whenever we have needed a listening ear, or shoulder to lean on. You have not been pastors, but friends. We will truly miss seeing you every Sunday.

God brought you to our church to be our ministers. It was a new experience for both of you. You had to move to a new location, different jobs, and new friends. As you move into another part of your life, I am sure God has other new experiences for you. Enjoy!

Happiness Through the Years

~by Janice Kirby

Fifty years ago on December 18th Jerry and I were married at a little country church - Sherman Baptist in Sherman City, Kansas. We had an Indian summer that year. People showed up in short sleeves - but, one week later there was a huge snow storm.



Jerry and I started out as friends in the eighth grade and were sweethearts all through high school at McCune. After graduation in May 1960, Jerry went into the Army Reserves. When he returned, we were married.

God blessed us with four beautiful children. We now have 12 grandchildren and 6 great grand babies.

The past years have brought a lot of happiness and with it challenges and heartaches.

We about lost Jerry a year ago, but, God brought him through. We have always walked with God through everything, trusting that He would be with us in all things.

We are enjoying our retirement. We take time to walk hand in hand and to smell the roses, enjoying and thanking God for our family.

Our children will host a reception for our anniversary, December 18th, here at the Osage Church of the Brethren from 2 p.m. - 4 p.m. You are all invited.

Oh What a Beautiful Fall

~by Marsha Hartman

The trees are aflame with autumn's tapestry of foliage, fall color like we have not seen in years. Its has been warm with a lot of sunshine, flowers are still blooming and God has been good to us. The love of gardening is a seed, once sown, that never dies. The Prairie Gardeners were blessed with a beautiful fall day and evening for their meeting on November 16th. The Gardeners came together at the Osage church for a thanksgiving supper of soup and salad. Roll call was answered by 19 members. Some of the hints were:

Martha Price on how to made a suet feeder. Carol Troop told how to use onion juice on roses. Jerry Kirby read a fall check list for gardeners (just ask him about storing tools for the winter. He and Janice have a different outlook on it.) Janice Kirby said to cover blanket flowers for winter with a plastic pot stuffed full of straw and turned up side down over them. Colleen Huff informed us that wood ashes would be good for radishes.

There are good insects and Linda Groth told us to invite them into our gardens. Betty Ledford read an item about how to care for tea roses in winter. Then, she told us she didn't do anything and her roses did just fine. Marsha Hartman let us know that grown-ups have playhouses, too. . .they just call them garden sheds.

The program was a Bingo game using cards made with a garden theme and butter beans as game pieces. Some of us had to relearn how to play Bingo, such as -there is a free space to cover and: what is a black out? Winners were Colleen, Diane Hiller, and Martha Parsons.

Next month's meeting will be the Christmas meeting at Carl and Louise Bronson's home on December 14th at 5:30 p.m. A gift exchange with a limit of \$5 to \$10 and finger foods will be shared.



Jerry and Janice Kirby

***You Are Invited To
The 50th Wedding
Anniversary Reception for
Jerry and Janice Kirby
Saturday, December 18, 2010
2:00 p.m. - 4:00 p.m.
Osage Church***



An Eight Legged Lesson

~by Jim Huff

As spiders go, this one wasn't much to look at. He was mottled gray (I guess he was a he), and about the size of a fifty-cent piece legs and all. But there he was looking at me through the cab glass of the combine him on the outside and me on the inside. With spiders that's the way I like it!

At first, I didn't give him much thought. I had corn to pick and was busy getting the machine ready to go. I fired it up and was letting it warm up. I pumped a few shots of grease here and there, climbed back in and headed out.

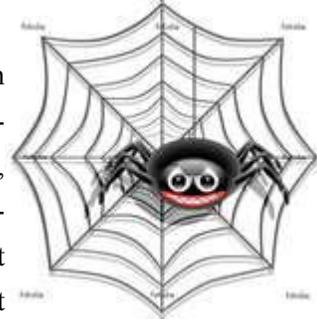
By this time, my eight-legged passenger had worked his way up to the lip of the cab and had strung a few strands of web down to the windshield wiper. I thought to myself: "you've got to be kidding." This creature thinks he's going to weave a web on a moving combine in a thirty-mile-per-hour gale. Even if he did manage to put something together, how was he going to get bugs to land on a moving target? All the webs I had seen were strategically located in a secluded place and especially they were STATIONARY!

Anyway, I began concentrating on my job, but I glanced up once in a while at that spider and what was becoming a supreme example of an exercise of futility. As the combine lurched along, he would, with great effort, drop strands of web. At times he was hanging on for dear life just one misstep from certain death if he slipped and fell into the header. About the time he'd get something put together, a corn husk would whip up out of the header and the wind would drive it into his hard fought handiwork and decimate it. However, he continued on. Hour after hour he struggled against the wind, the movement of the combine and the continual debris making shambles of his handiwork.

All I could think was that this aberration of God's creation doesn't have a clue. All the smart spiders are in somebody's garden sitting peacefully in the middle of a perfect web ridding the world of unwanted insect pests. Here, this guy, if he survives, will end the day exhausted and just as hungry as when he started. Oh well! He wove and I drove, each in pursuit of his own destiny.

The shadows of dusk began settling across the field and my friend and his so called "web" faded from view in the dust and coming darkness. I was glad, because to tell you the truth, this character had totally worn me out just watching him. Dumb Spider!

The sun settled below the western skyline. In an hour or so I would finish that field. I reached up, flipped on the lights, and there he was in the middle of a mass of web strands and corn fuzz. I don't know if spiders can smile, but if they can, there had to be a smile playing about



this little spider's lips. When light from the combine exploded across the corn rows, every flying insect for one-hundred yards fogged up out of that corn and came straight for those lights. In an instant that web was full of bugs. Faster than you could say arachnophobia, that spider had one wrapped and zapped and was feasting to his heart's content!



**O Lord, what a web I've weaved.
This struggle between my want and need.**

**Suspended in an endless gale
Hanging from strands thin and frail.**

**Darkness comes and all seems lost
Little there is that's worth the cost.**

**I pray for light to carry on
Or surely I will perish before the dawn.**

**God knows our hearts before we plead
He bids us ask, we will receive.**

**I lifted my heart to God above
He poured out His boundless love.**

**Then with His love and light bestowing
I found my cup full, pressed down, overflowing.**

~Jim Huff



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Once Upon a Christmas

~by Marvin Egbert

Our family always went to Grandmother Carstedt's on Christmas Day. You see, we had no Grandmother Egbert as Dad's parents passed away when he was a boy.

Now Grandmother's house was off the road and back through the pasture about one half mile -about 12 miles northwest of Cherryvale KS. It was a long ride in the 1937 Ford. The speed limit was 35mph a lot of those years.

One of the sweet memories I will always have is seeing Grandmother coming out the kitchen door onto the porch to greet us. She always had on an apron.

My mother had one brother and four sisters. Two of the sisters never married and they lived with Grandmother until she passed away.

There was always homemade candy and nuts of all kinds to eat. Some times there would be apples and oranges for each of us.

Grandmother had geese on the farm, and one of them often made it to the table on Christmas day with all of the other good things. There was a large bowl of fresh fruit and nuts in Jell-O.

You may think all we did was eat but, that is not true. There were games! Checkers, marble checkers, card games and Caroms. Caroms was my favorite. It was played on a board with red and green rings. The board had a pocket in each corner in which to shoot your rings. You had a white ring called a shooter. You used your finger to snap the shooter to knock the rings into the pockets. When you got your 12 rings off of the board then you could shoot at the black ring. It was a lot like pool.

If the weather was nice we could play ball outside. Sometimes we would play hide and seek. There were lots of places to hide in the farm yard.

It is gone now, but there was a large Cedar tree in the yard that we could climb in because the limbs were large and smooth.

One of the crazy things we would do was slide down the stairs. The stairs were steep so when we were small we could lean back and just slide all the way down.

There are eight cousins in the family which are all still living and we were all at the 50th wedding anniversary for Vernon and Barbara a few weeks ago. Because of the times we had as children we have all maintained contact over the years.

Osage - Awaiting the Baby Jesus

On the First Sunday of Advent, Gary and Betty Ledford lit the first candle. Several people stayed to eat at noon with the Lunch Bunch. Then, everyone proceeded to "Deck the Halls."

In about one hour, the preparations were finished. There was a Christmas tree in the children's fellowship hall, a huge tree in the sanctuary, and poinsettias everywhere. Even the antique Nativity scene was on display in front of the church. The pieces were carefully weighted against the hazards of the Kansas winds with rocks collected from the roads and fields and stored through the years.

The church invites everyone to the children's program on Sunday evening, December 12, at 6:30 followed by the Candlelight-Communion. The chime choir and the voice choir will perform. To complete the evening, there will be refreshments and fellowship. It's a wonderful way to remember "The Reason for the Season."



Greensburg/Dodge City Tour

~by Colleen Huff

On October 11, 12, and 13, I was very honored to travel with a group of women from different counties to attend the fifty-ninth Annual family and community Education Conference. The conference was held in Dodge City, KS. The delegates included Joy Lindenbuy (Labette Co.), Joyce Parsons, Virginia Walkup, Cherokee County Advisor Martha Flanagan (all from Cherokee Co.)

Before we arrived in Dodge City, the group visited Greensburg which had been devastated by a tornado in 2007. Many will remember that a few from our congregation helped build new homes there. We learned that most of the new homes are now "green". Visiting the Kiowa County Hospital, Kiowa County K-12 School, Silo Home, and the John Deere Dealership, we learned that they have made the top "green standards" by earning enough LEED points to be considered Platinum. They have to meet 52 points in the different areas of LEED standards provided by the U.S. Green Building Council.

Mike Estes, from B.T.I. John Deere Dealership, gave us a tour of his dealership. The dealership uses energy from B.T.I. wind turbines and radiant floor heating from boilers fired by waste oil. They have one of the cleanest workshops I have ever seen. The entry sign of the dealership has incorporated the brick scene of yester year farming to present day farming. The scene came from the devastated dealership.

The school and hospital also use wind turbines for energy. The toilets have half and full flushes. They use solar sun roofs and LED lighting. The LED lighting only comes on (gradually) as the sun disappears. All of the materials in building the new buildings are made from recycled materials. The concrete is a mix of broken glass and concrete. Materials for the outside of the building were from Katrina, and various other disasters. The floors were polished concrete, no carpeting in the school.

The Silo House was made of recycled materials mixed with concrete. The countertops in the Kitchen were made of polished recycled glass. The staircase has pieces of implements and huge saw blades welded to it. All of the appliances were

energy efficient. They had a toilet that used gray water. You wash your hands at the top of the tank. The water used fills the tank. The floors were made of bamboo. You could hear a pin drop in this house. It was so quiet. The house was engineered by a company in Florida to withstand hurricane force winds.

While at the conference in Dodge City, there were several tours offered. I chose to go to Spearville Wind Turbine Farm. There were 32 wind turbines with construction beginning on 60 more turbines. The electricity grid is sent to Kansas City. If they don't use all of the energy, then KP&L sells the energy to other entities. On this tour the company allowed us to enter one of the wind turbines. It is all computer operated. There is a ladder that goes to the top to allow maintenance to be performed. There is a box on top of the wind turbine that is as big as a bus. The computer inside of it tells the wind turbine which way the blades should turn to catch the wind. If you see

one not turning, it needs repair. During the winter ice storms you must stay away from the turbines. The turbines send a 25-foot ice spear into the ground when they turn.

Farmers are paid \$3,000 to \$5,000 per wind turbine on their farms over a 30 year period. The farmers can farm and pasture the land. Each turbine requires one acre of land.

When you enter Greensburg, you would think you are in a ghost town. They have landscaped their business with native plants and grasses. Construction continues. The extension office is currently being built to LEED specs. The population has not all returned to Greensburg. The town is at 60% compared to 2007 population.

From Spearville, we traveled to the Immaculate Heart of Mary Church. The church's creation occurred in 1876 when a number of men met at the Arbeiter Hall in Cincinnati, OH. These men were from various trades---cobblers, tailors, carpenters, foundry workers, tanners, blacksmiths and common laborers. They were attempting to better their conditions in this land of opportunity.

Several meetings were held by these German men, and the German Catholic Aurora Homestead Association. D.C. Schmidt traveled to Cincinnati to recommend a tract of land



Left: Wash your hands in the sink on the tank lid. The water goes into the tank which has a half or full flush. Greensburg, Top: A Windfarm, old vs new at Spearville, KS.

Ford County, KS, ten miles southwest of Offerle. The Aurora Association sent their own representatives to Arkansas and Kansas before making a commitment.

A deal was made of ten sections of Santa Fe land for \$10 an acre on a long-term basis. The railroad donated 80 acres of land for a town site in the center of the 10 sections.

The church at Windthorst was built in the spring of 1879. The first Mass was celebrated on Easter Sunday of that year. The church is remembered at costing \$750 with financial help from the Aurora Association. The bell was donated by the St. Paul Church, home parish for the many settlers. By 1892 a larger church was needed. The second church cost \$1,087. There were about 200 parishioners at this time.

The first 15 years of the 20th century marked a very pivotal time for the parish—one of great growth and affluence. The 1915 census shows the congregation to be 395 in number. This era climaxed most dramatically with the construction of the present church between 1911 and 1913.



Left: Immaculate Heart of Mary Church, WinHurst, KS. Right: Birth of Jesus Stained Glass Window at the Immaculate Heart of Mary Church.

The architectural firm of Preuss and Aimes of St. Louis, MO, was selected to design the church. Sand was hauled from the river in 1911; crushed rock was shipped to Bellefont and hauled out to Windthorst by teams of horses and wagons. Four carloads of brick were hauled before a heavy snow storm suspended all operation until March.

Carloads of bricks continued to arrive at the Bellefont station during that time, and parishioners walked in or rode horseback to do the unloading and storing of materials at the railhead.

At the dedication of the church on June 12, 1913, it was declared one of the finest buildings in the western part of the state. Many of the church's interior furnishings were donated by organizations and individual families.

The interior has blue stenciling around the walls with gold leaf incorporated into the stencil work. The stained glass windows were made by made by an Italian, and is what makes the church so valuable today.

The church closed in 1997. A group of parishioners purchased the church and gives tours to help maintain it.

Have a Very Very Merry Merry Christmas!!!



December Birthdays

Darrell Barr	1
Karma Michael	2
Linda Groth	3
Sammathi Rakestraw	3
Marvin Egbert	5
Patty Egbert	5
Evelyn Platt	6
Matt Hartman	8
Esther Groth	9
Lance O'Toole	9
Barbara Wilkerson	10
Kelly Ernst	12
Connie Egbert	15
Brenda Egbert	16
Shi Ann Crumpacker	19
Shirley Wallace	20
Amos Leonard	21
Benjamin Crumpacker	30
Diane Hiller	30
Mike Martinie	30

December Anniversaries

Marvin & Patty Egbert	5
Clark & Ann Egbert	7
Jerry & Janice Kirby (50 Years)	18

January Birthdays

Judy Jo Allen	1
Cody Crumpacker	2
Crista Wagner	5
Jim Michael	10
Jerod Alexander	11
Carolyn Barr	11
Janet Bourbina	13
Ralph Ulery	15
Shawna Crumpacker	17
Margaret Huff	17
Daniel Cheney	18
Taylor Michael	22
Adam Martinie	24
Cherlyn Ingram	28
Paul Troop	30
Kathy Schneider	31

January Anniversaries

David & Cherlyn Ingram	2
Mike & Sherri Wine	6
Merle & Juanita Clawson	13

Visit the church website at www.osagecob.org



You Are Invited To

**Come – N – Dine
Where?**

**Osage Church of the Brethren
896 S 80th St
Phone 632-5248**

**When?
Every Tuesday from 11:30 a.m.
until 1:00 p.m.
(or the food is gone)**



Come - N-Dine Menu*

December 7

BBQ Ribs
Hashbrown Casserole
Green Beans
Salad

December 28

Spaghetti
Green Beans
Salad
Texas Toast

December 14

Southern Baked Chicken
Mashed Potatoes &
Gravy
Corn

January 4

Ham
Sweet Potatoes
Peas
Homemade Rolls

December 21

Meatloaf
Macaroni & Cheese
Steamed Broccoli
Salad
Homemade Rolls

January 11

Chicken Cordon Blue
Candied Carrots
Broccoli Salad
Homemade Rolls

Dessert included with meal.
Freewill offering accepted.
*Menu subject to change.



**A Trip to La Porte
(continued from page 10)**

~by Paul Troop



Every morning and every evening I would go down to the beach and walk around. The strip of sandy beach that you could actually walk on was not much longer than a football field.

This was also a swimming area but the water was not very deep; maybe four feet at the deepest. They have a lot of big rocks on the beach which I assumed was to help keep it from washing away during those nasty storms that come in now and then.

On one of my walks, I saw a street named Kansas and it made me so homesick that I just had to stop and look at it for a while. In this particular area, it doesn't flood as much as you might expect from the big waves that are caused from a hurricane as well as the heavy rains. They are on a bay and not on the gulf and that takes away some of the force from the big waves that are generated by those storms.

The residents living not too far west of them are in a "flood plain" and they do get flooded out when a nasty hurricane comes ashore. This area where Betty lives is about sixteen feet above sea level; some others are 5 and 6 feet and even some are below sea level. We saw some homes that have been built

on stilts that are probably 6 or 7 feet tall, and then they use the space under the house to park their vehicles. At least one house we saw had been raised with jacks, and the area was filled in under it with dirt and other fill material and then the house was set back down on a new foundation to keep the house above the majority of the floods. It seemed to me that moving to higher ground would have been easier. Flood insurance has become so high that many of them are taking their chances and not buying the insurance. Betty lives in a very nice house that her son owns; in the past, it had some water damage, but it has all been fixed up.



We ate at several nice restaurants; one was Jeanette Ann's Tea Room that was quite fancy and the food was delicious.. While waiting on our meals, they brought out a small loaf of bread which we quickly devoured; delicious! On another day we took a drive over to the "Boardwalk" which is a recreational area somewhat like the "Worlds of Fun" only much smaller and they also have a very nice Sea Aquarium. We went inside and to my surprise, they also had a very nice restaurant and we were going there first and then to see the various fish and other creatures. There were five of us and we had such things for our noon meal as shrimp, catfish, cod with all the trimmings; we were all super pleased with our meals. My shrimp were some of the biggest and best I have ever had.

Then we headed for the part of the Aquarium where they had many kinds of fish that were really interesting to watch. They also had a tank of piranhas and they were MUCH bigger than my hand. Even in that tank they looked voracious and very mean!



We went for a walk on the boardwalk and at one place we stopped and watched as the people would drop “fish food” into the bay. The fish went crazy going after that fish food; they were so many of them that it looked like you could walk across the water on top of them and not get your feet wet. A few of those big ducks were right there in the middle of them trying to get their share of that food as well and the fish just ignored them. If I had been a fish, I would have been chewing on “duck feet”.

I like ice cream and nearly every day we would manage to drop into a Dairy Queen and get a blizzard. After a while, I was beginning to feel like I was turning into a blizzard. I tried to walk all of this off but that didn’t work out so well. The weather was super nice while we were down there. It was nearly calm everyday; in the evenings there would be a nice gentle breeze coming off the bay and that made a light sweater feel really great. Her son said one of the things he didn’t like about living down there was he had to mow the lawn all year long. I could sure agree with that!

At least four of us played games every night. Carol taught me how to play a new game called “Sequence”. My winning the very first game sure didn’t make her very happy. Ok, so she did most of my playing for me; but from then on I was on my own. It was fun even though I didn’t win any more after that.

One morning while I was walking on the fishing pier, I saw some flying fish and I thought that was pretty neat and I had to tell everybody about that. What a let down it was when they told me those were not actually flying fish and they called them another name. They were just jumping fish and they were doing that to get away from some bigger fish who wanted to make a meal out of them.



While out walking on the fishing pier, I’d stop to watch some birds that would fly down and pick up scraps of meat that were used as fish bait, and then hop up on the rail to eat it. They looked sorta like our black birds but they were somewhat bigger. No, they weren’t crows. The seagulls were quite friendly as well, but always out of range of being touched.

One of the evenings we attended a Memorial Service for a relative who had passed away shortly before that. It was held in a Catholic church which had been built in the late 1800’s or early 1900’s and it was quite beautiful. That evening, Carol and I decided to walk home and it was only about a ten minute walk. A light jacket sure did feel good that evening.

One day I saw a Wells Fargo armored van which brought back memories of the old movies and the Wells Fargo Banks. So to be friendly, I asked the man with the van, “Where’s your horse?” He said, “He got away, but there’s another 400 or more under the hood so we’ll do just fine without him.”

Soon it was time to pack up and say our goodbyes and head back for Kansas. On the way, we saw a Drive in Theater, and of course being in Texas, I was not surprised to see that it had four big screens! On these four screens they showed four different movies at the same time.

I only saw one deer in Texas and it looked smaller than ours and darker. It was grazing along the highway like he had no worry in the world. I have seen more armadillos in Kansas than I saw in Texas. We stopped at one filling station to fill up, stretch our legs and get something to drink and, of course, we locked the car. After we got everything taken care of, we went back out to be on our way. Oh, No! We couldn’t find the keys. We went back inside and looked around, we traced every step we had taken, we looked all around the car and anywhere else we could think of. Connie had looked in her purse several times for them and she decided to look again. She took nearly everything out, and what do you know, there they were hiding in a corner of her handbag. We got in the car and headed north.

Soon we were back in Tulsa and to her house. We switched cars; put all of our luggage and whatever else we picked up down there, into our car. We double checked everything to make sure we had everything we started with. After saying our goodbyes, we headed for home.

We took a pit stop at McDonald’s on the Turnpike which was 30 or 40 miles west of Miami. Many years ago, we always called this place the “Glass House” before they changed it to McDonald’s. This time we marked our trail into that restaurant so we wouldn’t get lost like we did before and then we followed that same trail back out to our car. Piece of Cake! We returned around 8:00 that night and we were very glad to get back in our own home in sunny southeast Kansas.

Paul's Corner A Trip to La Porte

~by Paul Troop

At the conclusion of our Steel Guitar Show in Baxter Springs on Sunday afternoon, October 3, all of us pitched in and helped put up the chairs and do whatever else to put the Community Building back the way we found it. We were getting close to winding up that project when I saw the opportunity for us to leave without being noticed.

So Carol and I slipped out and left for our stop in Tulsa to spend the night with Carol's niece, Connie, who would be going with us. That night we set the alarm clocks to get us up at 5:00 so we would have plenty of time to get ready, and to load everything needed in her Toyota van. We left her house at 6:45 and headed for La Porte, Texas which is on the edge of Houston to see her sister Betty.

Every now and then we would start looking for a McDonalds for a rest break and something to drink and munch on; it always felt good to get out and stretch our legs. On one unscheduled stop, we couldn't find a McDonald so we pulled into, of all places, a Penny's store. When ladies go into any store such as Penny's they must stop to look around. And then of course it would not be polite to look around and not buy anything. Luckily, we were able to get out of there without them buying too much.

I understand that Houston is the fourth largest city in the United States. It is so big that I thought I was able to see it just as we were leaving Dallas! I'm sure it is the largest according to the area and not according to the population. We arrived in the Houston area sometime around 4:00.

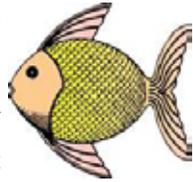
Talk about Oil Refineries, they appeared to be as thick as the hair on a dog's back. It seemed they went on for miles and miles and miles. All of those highway interchanges could almost make me dizzy. On one, I looked up and saw two more highways above us and we were up in the air as well, so I had no idea how many were below us..

It seemed that we sure did a lot of sight seeing on our way to our destination; none of which was on purpose. Ok, so we got lost! The GPS got us confused and I think it finally gave up trying to help us and shut itself off. Something about the battery went dead. We finally made it to the right place with the use of the Cell Phones. Carol's sister Betty just moved there about a year ago and her house was our destination. We called her and she give us directions and eventually she directed us right to her house.

Almost as soon as we arrived, I asked her how close we were to the water. I was told to just step out on the porch and look south. I did and we were about two blocks from getting our feet wet.

After all of the hugs and kisses had settled down, I just had to take a walk down to the beach and look

around. I ventured on to the fishing pier and one fisherman had some good luck. I hurried back to the house and told Carol that I just had to show her something, and everyone else followed me down there as well. This young man had caught five fish; three were "flounders" (looked sorta like a "fat pancake" to me as they were flat on the top and the bottom), and two "red" fish, which must have been between 18 to 20 inches long. Those flounders were white on the top and dark on the bottom (or it might have been the other way around). This was for camoufluge as they would lie in the sandy bottom so other creatures wouldn't bother them.



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