

Friday, December 20, 2013

Volume 28, Number 46



Warren Weekly

Your Hometown Newspaper

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WARREN, IN 46792



PO Box 695, Warren IN 46792 • 260/375-3531 or 260/375-6290 • Fax 260/247-2426 • email: wwkly@citiznet.com

Thought for the Week: Merry Christmas & Happy New Year to all!

JOYS OF THE *Season*



50 YEAR CELEBRATION

The Gingham Gals recently celebrated 50 years of the club's beginnings.

In April, 1963, a group of young housewives with a desire to meet and share common interests and acquaint themselves with others of the community, organized a new Home Demonstration Club with the help of the Extension Office. There were 24 charter members at the first meeting.

Many things have taken place during the 50 years of the club. The membership reached a peak of 35. Twelve babies were born in one year. The club is not a profitmaking organization but energies were committed to several projects.

The club supported the Salamonie Summer Festival with cake walks, window decorating, flea market, lunch wagon, crazy style show, variety acts, outhouse races, water fights, also won parade award for the marching green worm. Other projects - the club donated money to purchase gloves and shoes to needy families and gas money to HAT (Huntington Area Transportation).

It has been a short 50 years with a caring, sharing group of gals and we are looking forward to more meetings of learning, laughing, talking, and fun for many years.

Pictured l-r: Back row - Joyce Trout, Carolyn Barner, Martha Jennings, Myrna Neff, Joneta Keller, Evelyn Thompson.

Front row: Ruth Ann Ackley, Marjorie Pearson, Joyce Buzzard, Mary Lee Brinneman.

CHRISTMAS EVE SERVICE

McNatt UMC will celebrate the birth of Jesus with its annual Christmas Eve candle light service at 11 P.M. December 24. All are welcome to join us as we hear the Christmas Story read from the Bible and listen to music from various artists including: The Statler Bros., Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Manheim Steamroller, Celo Green, and many others. This is a great way to unwind from the hustle and bustle of the Christmas Season.

SPECIAL OLYMPICS

BASKETBALL

On Friday December 20th, 2013 Huntington North takes on Richmond High School in a boy/girl varsity basketball doubleheader starting at 6 PM in the Arena. Between the girls and boys games a Special Olympics 5 on 5 basketball game will take place featuring our very own Huntington Special Olympics team which

includes Zack Wilcox, Luke Wood, Darrin Thomas, Ryan Thomas, Brandon Smith, Matthew Hartley, Colt Helton, Truby Parker, Brian Niverson, Nick McKoon, and Jacob Parker. We will have a 10 minute running clock for this game. This team of athletes are coached by Pat Karst, Markus Clancy, and George Danielson. We will also be introducing members of the 3 on 3 team, consisting of Chrissy Canvin, Michael Paff, Christian Smith, and Crystal Waters. Make plans to come out and cheer on the Huntington Special Olympics team.

Sock Hop

Get out your bobby socks, poodle skirts and a wave put back in your hair for a fun evening on Saturday, February 22, 2014 from 6:00 - 9:00p.m. "Historic Warren", an Indiana Main Street Initiative, will be hosting this family-friendly event at the old Warren High School

(KBC), home of the Warren Lighting 5.

Mark your calendars and look for more information in the upcoming weeks in the Warren Weekly, Historic Warren's Face Book page and Warren's website warrenindiana.us.

Athletic Fundraiser

The Southern Wells Athletic Department is having a Chops Fire Pit fundraiser on Friday, December 20th, from 5-8 PM.

BEEF MEETING

Beef producers can learn about improving their herd reproductive efficiency at an upcoming meeting hosted by the Indiana Beef Cattle Association (IBCA) and Purdue University Extension. This meeting will take place on Tuesday January 7 at 6:30 p.m. in Columbia City, IN at the Eagle's Nest on 125 S. Glen Trail. The meeting will feature great food and valuable information

CONTINUED PAGE 3

*May Peace be your Gift at
Christmas & Your Blessing
All Year Through.*

Happy Holidays from
Warren Weekly
Nicki, Jack,
Andy, Quaid, Alf,
Bonnie & Mary Jo



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WARREN WEEKLY • Owner/Publisher: Nicki L. Zoda
Mailing Address: P O Box 695, Warren, IN 46792
Shipping Address: 7920S 900W 90, Warren, IN 46792
Phone: (260)375-3531 or 1-877-811-9089 **FAX:** (260)-247-2426
e-mail: wwky@citiznet.com

WARREN WEEKLY is a free paper for the Warren, Indiana area. It is distributed every Friday to rural postal patrons of Warren, Liberty Center, and Van Buren, Indiana. The Warren Weekly is available at the Warren Market, Huggy Bear Ice Cream, Dollar General and next to the Post Office in downtown Warren. The Warren Weekly is also available in a few businesses in Van Buren. Total circulation is 3000.

It is sent anywhere in the Continental United States for three (3) months for \$12, six (6) months for \$24 or \$48 for one year. Email subscriptions are \$24 per year. Mail name, address, and payment to WARREN WEEKLY at: PO Box 695, Warren, IN 46792.

Deadline for news and/or advertising is 10:00 a.m. Tuesday, for that week's edition. Call if you need something in but won't have it here on time.

Leave news and/or advertising at Town Hall in Warren, mail to PO Box 695, Warren, fax to 260.247.2426 or email to wwky@citiznet.com.

WARREN WEEKLY will make every effort to see that all advertising copy is correctly printed. The firm assumes no financial responsibility for typographical errors in advertising, but will gladly reprint without charge that part in which an error may occur, provided that it is reported within five days of publication.

The publisher takes no responsibility for statements or claims made in any advertisement.

KUDOS, KICKS & KARATS



THE UPTOWN GARDENER

by Ruth Herring

Greetings to all and hope you are all keeping warm and cozy. Just glad I don't have to shovel this white stuff anymore although do have a new shovel sometimes the front door drifts over so I requested a new shovel for Christmas and was delivered early just in case I needed it.

I have been thinking back about past Christmases and some of the humorous things that happened and bring back good memories. Some I have written about in the past but all of you can enjoy them with me.

When the girls were very young and we lived in the big house downtown Wayne and I had told the girls to do the dishes and we went downtown on a mission mainly to find Santa Clause and have him make a personal call mainly to the 6 year old Treva. We had threatened her to clean her room or else Santa would not be coming down that big ole chimney. Santa was more than happy to make the visit to our house. Upon ringing the door bell two girls were happy to answer the door knowing it would stall time dish washing. To their surprise none other than Santa, after the HO HO part he got down to business and instructed Treva the room had better be picked up and junk put away or no present under the tree for her only lump of coal in her stocking. After the shock settled of the guest at the door her reply was "I'll do it I'll do it right away" All this time Gayle was standing back wringing her hands around the dish towel wondering what her orders might be. Lucky for her Santa was having trouble keeping his composer and gave poor little Treva final warning, I n ever seen a kid whip into action so fast.

I think about the article that is always in the papers this time of year about Virginia asking if there is a Santa clause. So to our Treva yes there is a Santa Clause he lives in our hearts and mind forever. Another memory was when the fireplace mantel was overloaded and came loose from the wall came crashing down 12 Christmas stockings well filled and bringing with it an antique mantel clock, Santa must have been looking out for us as nobody was close by and the clock only received a broken hinge and couple small scratches.

Now we all laugh about many more silly things that has happened over the years. We never fail to remember those fun times.

Something good for your holiday dinners that we have had for dessert in the past is this pie.

Nutcracker Pecan Pie

4 ounces German sweet chocolate, 1/4 cup butter, 12 ounce can evaporated milk, 1 1/2 cup sugar, 3 tablespoon cornstarch, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 1/2 ounces flake coconut, 1 unbaked pie shell.

Melt butter and chocolate in sauce pan over low heat and set aside in mixing bowl combine cornstarch sugar beat in eggs and vanilla gradually add in chocolate mixture and last pecans and coconut pour into pie shell bake 1 hour at 325. this is quite rich (but I took out the calories).

Best of Happy Holidays to each of you from the Uptown Gardener

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ASBURY CHAPEL UNITED METHODIST
 8013W 1100S - 90, Montpelier
 Phillip Freel Jr, Pastor

Worship 9:30 a.m.
 Sunday School 10:30 a.m.
 Wed Carry-in & Fellowship ... 6:30 p.m.

BANQUO CHRISTIAN CHURCH
 8294S 900W 35
 Brad Kelly, Pastor

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
 Worship 10:30 a.m.
 Wed. Bible Study 6:30 p.m.
 Thurs. Kings Kids 6:30 p.m.
 BYG Youth Svc. (2&4Sun.) 6:00 p.m.
 CWF Ladies (3 Tue) 6:00 p.m.

BOEHMER UNITED METHODIST
 Rev. Barry Humble, Pastor
 Denise Heininger, S.S. Supt.

Sunday Worship 9:30a.m.
 Sunday School 10:45a.m.

CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH
 Van Buren, Indiana 765-934-2199
 Pastor - Heath Jones
 Youth Leaders - Kelly Jones

Worship 9:30 a.m.
 Sunday School 10:40 a.m.
 Adult Bible Study Sun 6:30p.m.
 Youth Group Sun 6:00p.m.
 Handicap Accessible

Little Panther Preschool 765.934.2099

HEALING WATERS MINISTRY — MAJENICA
 Pastor Wayne Couch
 260/224-3376

Sunday Prayer 9:15 a.m.
 Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
 Worship Service 10:30 a.m.
 Wednesday Bible Study 7:00 p.m.
 Daycare provided during Worship Service

DILLMAN UNITED BRETHREN
 8888S 1100W-90, Warren 375-2779
 Matt Kennedy, Pastor

1st Worship Service 8:15a.m.
 Sunday School 9:30a.m.
 2nd Worship Service 10:30a.m.

HANFIELD UNITED METHODIST
 101 N 400 E - Marion 765/664-8726
 Timothy Helm, Senior Pastor

1st Worship 8:30 a.m.
 Sunday School 9:45 a.m.
 2nd Worship 11:00 a.m.

HERITAGE POINTE
 Sunday Morning Worship 9:30 a.m.
 OTHER SERVICES BY ANNOUNCEMENT
 Tues, Thurs, Fri & Sat
 Chapel Services 9:00 a.m.

THE NEW BEGINNING
 SR 218, 2 1/8 mile west of Poneto
 Steve Sutton, Pastor
 765/728-2065 for more info

Sunday Worship 10:30a.m.
 Thursday Prayer Meeting 7:00 p.m.

NEW HOPE MINISTRIES
 9019 E 300 S - Warren Indiana
 Jim Graham, Pastor
 260/494-6753 260/489-1456
 260/375-4224

Sunday School 9:30am
 Morning Worship 10:30am

HILLCREST CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
 375-2510
 Rev Mark Davis
 Bus Service 375-2510
 www.hillcrestnazchurch.org

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
 Worship 10:30 a.m.
 Evening Worship 6:00 p.m.
 Youth Group (Wed.) 6:00 p.m.
 Wed. Midweek Service 6:30 p.m.

SOLID ROCK UNITED METHODIST
 485 Bennett Dr, Warren, IN 375-3873
 Kathy Newton, Pastor

Sunday School 9:00 a.m.
 Worship Service 10:00 a.m.

LANCASTER WESLEYAN
 468-2411
 Doug Sharrard, Pastor
 David Thrift, S.S. Supt.

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
 Worship 10:30 a.m.
 Wednesday:
 CYC/Teen/Adult Meetings 7:00 p.m.

LIBERTY CENTER BAPTIST CHURCH
 694-6622
 Aaron Westfall, Pastor

Sunday School 9:00 a.m.
 Fellowship 9:55a.m.
 Worship 10:15a.m.
 Wed. Bible Study 7:00 p.m.

LIBERTY CENTER UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
 Pastor Chad Yoder
 Morning Worship 9:30 a.m.
 Sunday School 10:45 a.m.

MCNATT UNITED METHODIST
 375-4359
 Bill VanHaften, Pastor
 Lois Slusher, Supt.

Coffee Fellowship 8:30 a.m.
 Worship 9:15 a.m.
 Sunday School 10:30 a.m.
 Bible Study - Wed. 7:00 p.m.

MT. ETNA UNITED METHODIST
 260/468-2148 Sr 9 & 124
 Rev. Sam Padgett - Pastor

Trad. Worship 9:00 a.m.
 Fellowship 10:00 a.m.
 Mdrn Worship 10:30 a.m.
 Sunday Youth 6-7:30 p.m.

MOUNT ETNA WESLEYAN
 Pastor Brian Holland
 www.mountetnachurch.com

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
 Worship 10:30 a.m.
 Bible Study (Wed) 6:30 p.m.
 Children's Ministry (Wed) 6:30 p.m.
 Youth (Wed) 6:30 p.m.

SALAMONIE CHURCH OF BRETHREN
 468-2412
 Mel Zumbrun, Pastor

Worship 9:30 a.m.
 Church School 10:45a.m.

UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST
 375-2102
 Pastor Scott Nedberg
 Youth Pastor - Rev Harold Smith Jr

Sunday Worship 9:30 a.m.
 Contemporary Service - Wed 6:30 p.m.
 Junior Church 10:00 a.m.
 Sunday School 10:30 a.m.
 Youth Meetings-Wed 6:30 p.m.

Communion 1st Sunday of the Month

VB CHURCH OF THE NAZARENE
 765/934-3321 Parsonage
 Jeff Wass, Pastor

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
 Adult Worship 10:30 a.m.
 Children's Church 10:30a.m.
 Evening Praise Hour 6:00p.m.
 Hour of Power (Wed) 7:00p.m.

VB UNITED METHODIST CHURCH
 765-934-1431
 Pastor Leon Pomeroy

Worship Service 9:30 a.m.
 Sunday School 10:30a.m.
 Not Home Alone - Wed 2:30 p.m.
 Prayer-Bible Study (Thur) 7:00 p.m.
 UMW 2nd Wed 7:00 p.m.
 Little Ones Book Club 1st Tue ... 10:00 a.m.
 Just Older Youth 3rd Tue 12:00 p.m.
 www.vanburenumc.org

WARREN CHURCH OF CHRIST
 375-3022
 Ethan T Stivers, Minister
 Ben Renkenberger, Youth Minister
 Tara Bower and Melinda Haynes - Secretaries

www.warrenchurchofchrist.org

Fellowship 9:15 a.m.
 Worship & Communion 9:30 a.m.
 Sunday School 11 to 11:40 a.m.
 Youth: (Start back up in the fall)

K-5th grade, Mon 6-7pm
 Jr/Sr Hi, Sunday 6-7:30pm

WARREN 1ST BAPTIST CHURCH
 Corner of N. Wayne & Matilda Sts.
 Senior Pastor Rev. Bill Fisher

Asst Pastor for Youth Greg Casserino
 Sunday School 9:00a.m.
 Sunday Worship 10:00 a.m.

WARREN WESLEYAN CHURCH
 375-2330 6th & Nancy Sts. Warren
 Rev. Allen Laws, Pastor
 Wesley Welch, Supt.

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.
 Worship 10:15 a.m.
 Wed Bible Study 6:00 p.m.

FARRVILLE COMMUNITY CHURCH
 Pastor Richard Ladouceur
 11044 E 200 N, Marion, IN 765-934-3609

Sunday Worship 10:30 am
 Sunday School Classes 9:30 am
 Youth Group 6:00 pm
 Sunday Adult Bible Study 6:00 pm
 Thurs. Bible Study 7:00 pm

Please Attend the Church of Your Choice

AREA NEWS

MORE PAGE 1

on beef issues. IBCA will provide an update on policy and programs.

If you would like to attend the Area XI beef meeting, please RSVP by calling the Huntington County Extension Office at 260-358-4826 by January 3. Note that the counties in Area XI include Adams, Allen, DeKalb, Huntington, LaGrange, Noble, Steuben, Wells and Whitley.

This is an opportunity for farmers to get updates on new rules and regulations, and recommendations to improve compliance and profitability," said Ron Lemenager, Purdue Extension beef specialist.

The IBCA will discuss how dues and beef checkoff dollars are used to help producers remain profitable and sustainable. The Indiana Board of Animal Health also will provide an update for producers.

Note that an IBCA Area Director will be elected at this meeting. All beef producers are eligible to vote in the elections as the Director will represent their respective area on the IBCA Board

of Directors which oversees the IBCA membership programs and the utilization of the national beef checkoff funds.

Cattle producers can keep up with the latest beef industry news on the Purdue Animal Sciences Beef Blog at <http://www.thebeefblog.com/>. It includes timely news, issues, and management tips that have the potential to affect the beef business and decision-making process. This blog was created by the Purdue Beef Team as an educational forum for beef producers and Extension educators.

For more information, contact Ed Farris, Agriculture and Natural Resource Educator, Purdue Extension - Huntington County Office, 354 N Jefferson - Suite 202, Huntington by calling 260-358-4826.

HOLIDAY HOURS

Commissioner of the Indiana Bureau of Motor Vehicles, Kent Schroder, announced that license branches will be closed on Tuesday, December 24th and Wednesday, December 25th in observance of the Christmas holiday. All license branches will

resume normal hours of operation on Thursday, December 26th.

In addition, license branches will be closed on Wednesday, January 1st in observance of New Year's Day. All license branches will resume normal hours of operation on Thursday, January 2nd.

HOLIDAY SAFETY

Christmas is right around the corner, which means many will be making the final push to finish shopping and arrange travel plans. Indiana State Police (ISP) and the Indiana Department of Homeland Security (IDHS) are reminding Hoosiers to take the extra precautions to avoid a Grinch ruining their holidays. This includes being smart about what information is posted to social media.

"If leaving for an extended period of time, do not discuss your plans with strangers or post them to social media sites," said ISP Capt. Dave Bursten. "You could be setting yourself up as a potential target to thieves."

Bursten also recommends Hoosiers avoid advertising recent expensive purchases on social media.

IDHS advises citizens to review the privacy policies and settings on social media sites.

"Privacy settings can vary greatly between social media sites," said IDHS Senior Public Information Officer John Erickson. "Make sure you under-

stand how these settings work in order to prevent people you don't know or trust from potentially seeing your information."

An explanation of these settings can be found on both Facebook and Twitter, among others.

In addition to being cyber smart, Hoosiers should keep the following information in mind when out shopping:

- Be aware of your surroundings in any store and the parking lot.

- Park in a well-lit area and always keep your vehicle locked.

- Notify building security or another employee if you notice a person or persons acting suspiciously in the store or the parking lot.

- Do not leave wrapped or unwrapped gifts in a vehicle where others can see them. Place them in the trunk or cover them with a blanket or other object so they can't be seen.

- If a fire alarm sounds, leave your shopping carts and bags and evacuate the building immediately. No bargain is worth ignoring a fire alarm.

Hoosiers traveling this holiday season should also take these steps to help ensure the security of all items in the home.

- When away, have a trusted friend or neighbor keep an eye on your home.

- Use light timers to turn on lights or a TV when away to give the appearance someone is home.

- Use window coverings such as curtains or blinds to decrease visibility into the home.

- Label valuable items, such as stereos, computers, movie players, and televisions with an identification number unique to the owner.

- Create an up-to-date home inventory list, and store it in a secure location.

For more holiday safety tips visit GetPrepared.IN.gov and IN.gov/ISP.

VB COUNCIL NOTES

On Wednesday evening, December 4 the Van Buren town Council met in the Council Room in Town Hall. At 7 p.m. president Marvin Surber called the meeting to order. All in attendance repeated the pledge to the American flag.

Officer Pat Collins gave the police report. He said he is still searching for a part time deputy.

Activities of town employees was reported by Rob Reeder. It had been noted that there is no stop sign at the corner of East Park and Chester Streets. After discussion it was decided to put one up at that intersection.

Due to the New Year's holiday. January meetings are scheduled for January 8 and 22.

Still Accepting Orders for Winter Cemetery Tributes - Grave Blankets/pillows/wreaths



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Community Calendar

Items listed here are open to the public. If there is an admission charge or items are for sale or a donation is necessary, there is a one-time \$5 fee to be listed. Events can be listed for as long as 6 months. (If an event is cancelled, please notify WW.) Only event, place, time, and sponsor, for events in Warren, and the surrounding area will be listed.

Dec 18 7pm Van Buren Town Council meeting
Dec 25 Merry Christmas
Dec 27 No Paper due to Holidays
Jan 1 New Year's Day
Jan 3 No Paper due to Holidays
Jan 8 7p.m. Van Buren Town Council meeting

Bread of Life Food Pantry - Wed 2 - 4:00pm & 6 - 8:00p.m. at KBC Bargain Basement - Friday & Saturday 9 - 4 at KBC ; Cancer Support Group - 3rd Tuesday 6:30-8p.m. at Bluffton Regional South Campus

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AREA NEWS CONTINUED

MEMORIAL RIBBONS

Every year ribbons are placed on the Town Christmas tree next to Town Hall honoring loved ones. This year's ribbons were donated by Gebhart's Floral Barn. Money from the ribbons helps to provide the Christmas lighting downtown. Those honored this year with a ribbon on the tree are as follows:

White Ribbons (for those who have passed on) - Don Slusher, Madaline Long, Oscar Long, Roscoe Slusher, Nina Slusher, Helen Slusher, Gary Martin, Doris Carroll, Steve Banter, Clint Glessner, Mike Lamb, Kevin Lamb, Erinie Fox, Raymond Fox, Robert James Nevil, Janet Schmidt, Janet Schmidt, Mark & Margarit Knight, Frank & Fay Schmidt, Dave Yount, Chuck Lee, Barbara Holmes, Bill Eckman, Glade Eckman, Richard Brown, Thelma Brown, Bentley Gene Spears, Jerry Spears, Bob Stucky, Roy & Cleo Stuber, Burton & Elizabeth Gebhart, Erle & Doris Stuber, Ben & Elizabeth Good, Lloyd & Gwen Mains, Mike Coolman, Pauline Scheib, Nipper-Doc-Petie, Paul, Frances & Mike Gilmer, Marvin Gephart, Linda Gephart, Cecil Schwob, Edith Schwob, Cindy L Leazier, Philip Herr, Barbara Gearheart, Lela Brinneman, Paul Brinneman, Cora Poff, Bill Poff, Joyce Sorg, Clint Glessner, Martha Buzzard, Granny Shoemaker, Grandpa Shoemaker, Burton Gebhart, Elizabeth Gebhart, Jesse J Brown, Mary Alberta Brown, George E

Brown, Carl Jake Douglas, Wm (Bill) Collins, Joyce Sorg, Jerry Haney, John Bill Buzzard, Gerald & Maxine Sheets, Danny DeWeese, Joye Sorg, Lloyd Morrison, Martha Morrison, Paul & Ruth Yount, Myron Landrum, Dwight Boxell, Margaret Ann Boxell, JoAnn Samuels, Dennis Miller, Harvey Miller, Deloris Miller, Linda Edwards, Mary Emma Huffman, Ty Green, Kimberly Shafer, Harry & Dalta Shafer, Elvin & Nellie Parker, James Bell, Pat Boxell, Robert Shideler, Earl Crispin Family, Ralph & Pauline Blair, Robert Wilkerson, Mary Wilkerson, Joseph Wilkerson, Jerry Boyer, Dude Booher, Robert Wilkerson, Mary Wilkerson, Joe Wilkerson, Dennis Miller, Violet Lewis, Samantha Foster, Bill Cartwright, Don/Maxine Pinkerton, Warren Keene, George Sliger, Frances Cramer, William Cramer, USS Salamonie, Clyde & Marjorie Fiock, Marcus & Jackie Ruble, Mildred Eckman, Roy Osborne, Marguerite Osborne, Fred Dalrymple, Elsie Dalrymple, Harry J Marvo, Arden L Hamilton, Dale Davis, Wayne Herring, Marvin Gephart, Linda Gephart, Suzanna Slater Boening, Harold Trout, Jonathon Wyatt, Margaret Wyatt, Jeffrey Brubaker, Miriam Thompson, Gene Thompson, Mary Andres Vickrey, Edward Vickrey, Patricia Davis, Chester Myers, Claesia E Myers, Harry Sumwalt, Myretta M Sumwalt, Rebecca JoAnn England, Phillip Souder, George & Helen Bentley, Fred & Lela

Zimmerman, Barbara Brown, Ora Banter, Hilda Banter, Martha Banter, Morry Zeller, William & Irene Zeller Sr, Paul Ruble, Ada Ruble, Leander Morrison, Elsie Morrison, Russell Tobia, Margaret Tobias, Rex Tobias, Jack Tobias, Laura Tobias Dungan, Jimmy Schwob, Madge & Dorman Hudson, Frank Minnich, Nina Miles, Nina Miller, Merideth Miles, Thanamae McCammon, Ruth Baker, Bill & Ferol DeWeese, Tom Perry, Todd Bowers, Scott Whitaker, Harold Poulson, Georgie Poulson, Edna & Grover Poulson, Leonard & Dora Wearly, Ron Boxell, Kent Boxell, John Howell, Ina Estella Howell, Mike Boxell, Megan Boxell, Carol Doyle, Mary Doyle, Ora & Mabel Moriarity, Russell Moriarity, Orville Lee, Marvin Shideler, Norma Shideler, Arthur D Graff Sr, Mildred Graff, Edward Graff, Jess & Lois Langston, Mark & Ruby Rittenhouse.

Yellow (for those serving our country) - Noah Slusher, Billy Lows, Andrew Elliot, Stacey Woods II, John DeWeese, Jennifer Bergman, Paul Davis, Larry Yoder, Wayne Doyle, Chris Vogleman, Stephen Poff, Cody Schenkel, Alan Brinneman

Yellow/White (for those who served but have passed) - Lowell Brinneman, John Poff

Red (for those living) - Kahlen Lows, Cooper Lows, Gina Bolinger, Jacob DeWeese, David DeWeese, George DeWeese, Ellie DeWeese, Uriah DeWeese, Aiden DeWeese, Laney DeWeese, Keegan Anderson, Tate DeWeese, Ashley DeWeese, Alma DeWeese, USS Salamonie, Ruth Herring, Lilly Nutter, Wayne Dungan

FARMERS ALMANAC 2014

The Warren Pharmacy has the 2014 Farmers Almanac. It is available as your FREE gift when you fill a prescription at the Warren Pharmacy. Extra copies can be purchased for only \$1.00.

FREE POCKET PLANNER 2014

The Warren Pharmacy has received the 2014 Norman Rockwell 13-Month Pocket Planner. Small enough to fit in a purse, each Calendar starts with December 2013, with room on each day to write the important events that affect you and your family. They are available as a FREE GIFT at the Warren Pharmacy.

FREE CALENDARS FOR 2014

The Warren Pharmacy has Calendars for 2014. There are two choices of 2014 Appointment/Wall Calendars. The Art of the Holy Land and Journey of Faith. They are available as a FREE GIFT at the Warren Pharmacy.

Each Calendar starts with December 2013 with room on each day to write the important events that effect you and your family, and each day has a Bible verse to meditate on. These complimentary calendars are provided at NO CHARGE by your Healthcare professionals at the Warren Pharmacy.

GOOSE SEASON

The Indiana Department of Natural Resources is again offering a late season for hunting Canada geese.

The season runs Feb. 1-15 in 30 counties: Steuben, LaGrange, Elkhart, St. Joseph, La Porte, Starke, Marshall, Kosciusko, Noble, DeKalb, Allen, Whitley, Huntington, Wells, Adams, Boone, Hamilton, Madison, Hendricks, Marion, Hancock, Morgan, Johnson, Shelby, Vermillion, Parke, Vigo, Clay, Sullivan and Greene.

The late season helps control the population of the breeding "giant" subspecies of Canada geese around urban areas, a

CONTINUED PAGE 5

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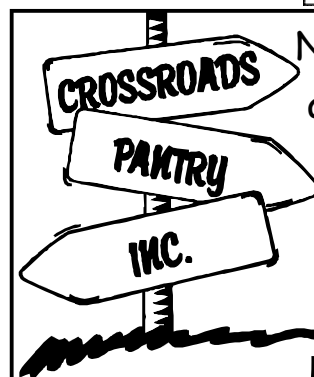


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GENEALOGY REPORT

Remembering

Gary L King
Mar 2, 1936 - Dec 28, 2011



Wonderful memories.
Greatly missed by:

Ellen I King
Keith, Ann, Morgan & Joshua
Gilbert
Todd, Sue, Grant & Carlie
Williams

FULTON

Barbara E. Fulton, age 68, of Huntington, passed away at 8:10 a.m. Monday (December 16, 2013) at Coventry Meadows in Fort Wayne.

Visitation will be held Friday (December 20, 2013) from 3 to 7 p.m. at Bailey-Love Mortuary, 35 West Park Drive, Huntington, Indiana. Funeral services will be held Saturday (December 21, 2013) at 10 a.m. at Bailey-Love Mortuary with Rev. Mel Zumbrun officiating. Burial will take place in Lancaster Cemetery in Huntington County.

Preferred memorials are to Salamonie Church of the Brethren or Family Life Care Hospice, in care of Bailey-Love Mortuary, 35 West Park Drive, Huntington, IN 46750.

Barbara was born March 11, 1945 in Huntington County, daughter of Earl and Alice (Lahr) Thomas. She graduated from Lancaster High School in 1963 and she married Steve Fulton on September 11, 1965 in Warren. She worked for the Huntington County School Corporation for 33 years managing the cafeteria at Lancaster School. She was a member of Salamonie Church of the Brethren where she sang in the choir. She was active in the Town and Country Extension Homemakers Club of Lancaster Township.

Barbara is survived by her husband of 48 years – Steve Fulton of Huntington; two sons – Tom (Jennifer Goff) Fulton and Rich Fulton, both of Huntington; one sister – Marilyn (Terry) Penn; and two grandchildren – Mariah Fulton and Gregory Goff. Her parents precede her in death.

BUZZARD

Roger James Buzzard, age 81, of Huntington, died at 5:39 a.m. Sunday (December 15, 2013) at Visiting Nurse and Hospice Home in Fort Wayne.

Roger was born on June 26, 1932, the son of Elbridge and Laura (Kocher) Buzzard in Wabash. He graduated from Lagro High School in 1950. He married Juanita Burkholder on April 5, 1953 at College Park Church in Huntington. He graduated from Huntington College in 1955 and received his Master's Degree from Michigan State University. He worked as a professor at Huntington College for ten years. After 29 years of service at Manchester College, he retired in 1997 as a Professor Emeritus. He was a member of the Huntington City Council for four years and he served as member of the American Red Cross Board. Roger was also a licensed private pilot. He was a Fulbright Scholar in India for a summer, and will be remembered by many students.

Survivors include his wife of 60 years – Juanita Buzzard of Huntington; two sons – Scott Buzzard of Huntington and Brian (Xu) Buzzard of East Amherst, New York; two daughters – Jennifer (Dan) Lance of Roanoke and Karen Bucher of North Manchester; two sisters-in-law – Ava Buzzard and Freda Buzzard, both of Huntington; six grandchildren and two great grandchildren. His parents and four brothers – Wallace Buzzard, Dean Buzzard, Rex Buzzard, and Murl Buzzard preceded him in death.

Visitation of family and friends will be held from 2–6 p.m. Sat-

urday, December 21, 2013 at Bailey-Love Mortuary, 35 West Park Drive, Huntington.

Memorial contributions may be made to Visiting Nurse and Hospice Home, in care of Bailey-Love Mortuary, 35 West Park Drive, Huntington, Indiana.

Bailey-Love Mortuary is honored to serve the family of Roger James Buzzard.

JACOBSEN

Theodale Jacobsen, 95, of Warren, IN, died Monday, Dec. 16, 2013, at 1:15 a.m. at Heritage Pointe, in Warren.

Mrs. Jacobsen graduated from Warren High School in 1936. She was employed as a secretary for the Department of Defense for many years.

She was born Jan. 17, 1918, in Warren, to John P. and Annis Stroup Kariger. Her first marriage was to William F. Weser, who preceded her in death. Her second marriage was to Charles Jacobsen, who also preceded her in death.

Survivors include two daughters, Nina "Joan" Ross, of Gaithersburg, MD, and Jocelyn Smith, of Warren; a son, William Jerrold (Catherine) Weser, of Santa Fe, NM; six grandchildren; and four great-grandchildren.

Calling is Saturday, Dec. 21, 2013, from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m., with a service following at 11 a.m., in the Applegate Chapel at Heritage Pointe, 801 Huntington Ave., Warren. Gerald Moreland will conduct the service. Private interment will be at Woodlawn Cemetery, in Warren.

Memorial gifts may be made to the Muscular Dystrophy Association, 2869 E. DuPont Rd., Fort Wayne, IN 46825.

Glancy-H. Brown & Son Funeral Home, Warren, is in charge of arrangements.



TOOTH TIPS

By: Dr. Kevin J DeaKyne DDS, PC
YOUR DENTAL INSURANCE

Did you know most dental insurance plans renew every January 1st? This means any dental benefits you may be paying for and have not utilized will be lost. Any unused benefits cannot be transferred to the next benefit year. In order to best utilize your benefits, you must have your dental work completed before December 31st. Call your dental office today to schedule an appointment.

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AREA NEWS CONT.

MORE PAGE 4

common issue in Indiana and surrounding states. Indiana has offered hunters a late Canada goose season in select counties every February since 2008.

A valid hunting license, Indiana waterfowl stamp privilege, signed federal duck stamp and a HIP (Harvest Information Program) number are required to hunt during this season.

No special permit is needed for the late Canada goose season, and birds no longer need to be checked.

Indiana hunters harvested 8,100 Canada geese during the 2013 late season, the same number as in 2012, according to estimates from the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service. The total late-season harvest for Indiana across all six years is estimated at 41,600 geese.

The season may be closed or the bag limit reduced in future years if local Canada goose populations are sufficiently reduced. Based on the population

reductions Indiana has seen, the bag limit is likely to be reduced to three for the 2015 late season, DNR waterfowl biologist Adam Phelps said. However, the bag limit will remain five for the upcoming February 2014 season.

More information is at dnr.IN.gov/fishwild/3570.htm.

BEWARE OF 'THIN ICE'

Every winter, thousands of Hoosiers enjoy fishing, skating, hiking or just sliding around on frozen ponds and lakes. And every year, people drown after falling through ice.

As ice begins to form on many waterways, Indiana Conservation Officers with the Department of Natural Resources want citizens to put safety first.

Here are a few tips to remember before going onto a frozen lake or pond:

—No ice is safe ice.

CONTINUED PAGE 6

Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

to all of our Customers and their families.

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AREA NEWS CONTINUED

MORE PAGE 5

—At least 4 inches of ice is recommended for safe ice fishing; 5 inches for snowmobiling.

—If you don't know, don't go.

—Wear lifejackets or flotation coats.

—Carry ice hooks and rope gear.

Depending on conditions, ice can change from several inches thick to nearly open water within just a few feet. Flowing water, such as rivers and streams, should be avoided when covered by a layer of ice. Water surrounded by sand often freezes with inconsistencies.

Wind, waterfowl and beavers can also keep areas of ice thin.

Parents are strongly encouraged to closely supervise all activities their children participate in on our frozen waterways.

When participating in any recreational activity on ice, partnering up is a must. This includes ice fishing.

A fall into icy water can quickly result in the onset of hypothermia for the victim, which can lead to catastrophic consequences if not treated immediately. If you see a person fall through the ice, call 911 immediately with clear and concise instructions on the location of the victim. Attempts to rescue a victim should begin only after calling 911.

Going into the water after the victim should be the last option in a rescue effort.

FIRST DAY HIKE

Usher in the New Year with other outdoor lovers at one of the many First Day Hikes, and one First Day Horse Ride, offered Jan. 1 at Indiana's state parks and res-

ervoirs.

First Day Hikes are a healthy way to start 2014 and a chance to get outside, exercise, enjoy nature and connect with friends. The family-friendly, guided hikes are organized by the Indiana Department of Natural Resources in cooperation with America's State Parks.

According to America's State Parks, First Day Hikes will be held in all 50 states in 2014. Last year, state parks across the country hosted 22,000 people who hiked a combined 43,911 miles.

"Think of it as the start of a new and healthy lifestyle, for the whole family," said Priscilla Geigis, president of the National Association of State Park Directors.

DNR's Division of State Parks & Reservoirs is hosting 30 First Day events throughout the state, including a trail run/walk at Monroe Lake, and a First Day Horse Ride at Tippecanoe River State Park.

Information on First Day events in Indiana is at dnr.IN.gov/parklake/files/sp-first_day_hikes.pdf

Area First Day events at Indiana State Parks & Reservoirs are:

— Fort Harrison SP: Meet at 2 p.m. at the park office for a 2.5-mile hike on Schoen Creek Trail.

— Ouabache SP: Meet at 11 a.m. at the bison enclosure for a hike around the enclosure, followed by a short bison program and a bison feeding session.

— Salamonie Lake: Meet at 2 p.m. at Salamonie River State Forest for a 1-mile hike. Registration is requested by calling (260) 468-2127.

'Twas The Night Before CHRISTMAS

This poem was written by a Marine stationed in Okinawa Japan.

'Twas the night before Christmas,
He lived all alone,

In a one bedroom house made of
plaster and stone.

I had come down the chimney
with presents to give,
And to see just who
in this home did live.

I looked all about,
a strange sight I did see,
No tinsel, no presents,
not even a tree.

No stocking by mantle,
just boots filled with sand,
On the wall hung pictures
of far distant lands.

With medals and badges,
awards of all kinds,
A sober thought
came through my mind.

For this house was different,
it was dark and dreary.
I found the home of a soldier
once I could see clearly.

The soldier lay sleeping,
silent, alone,
Curled up on the floor
in this one bedroom home.

The face was so gentle,
the room in such disorder,
Not how I pictured
a United States soldier.

Was this the hero
of whom I'd just read?
Curled up on a poncho,
the floor for a bed?

I realized the families
that I saw this night,
Owed their lives to these soldiers
who were willing to fight.

Soon round the world
the children would play,
And grownups would celebrate
a bright Christmas day.

They all enjoyed freedom
each month of the year,
Because of the soldiers
like the one lying here.

I couldn't help wonder
how many lay alone
On a cold Christmas eve
in a land far from home.

The very thought
brought a tear to my eye
I dropped to my knees
and started to cry.

The soldier awakened
and I heard a rough voice,
"Santa don't cry,
this life is my choice;

I fight for freedom,
I don't ask for more,
My life is my God,
my country, my Corps."

The soldier rolled over
and drifted to sleep
I couldn't control it
I continued to weep.

I kept watch for hours,
so silent and still
And we both shivered
from the cold night's chill.

I didn't want to leave
on that cold, dark, night,
This guardian of honor
so willing to fight.

Then the soldier rolled over,
with a voice soft and pure,
Whispered, "Carry on Santa,
it's Christmas day, all is secure."

One look at my watch,
and I knew he was right.
"Merry Christmas my friend,
and to all a good night."

'Twas The Night Before CHRISTMAS FOR MOMS!

Written by Karen Spiegler. Originally published in "Maniac Moms: A Humorous Newsletter for Crazy Mothers" in December/1993.

When this season gets to be too much - just read this poem...

'Twas the night before Christmas,
when all thru the abode

Only one creature was stirring,
& she was cleaning the com-
mode.

The children were finally sleep-
ing, all snug in their beds,
while visions of Nintendo 64 &
Barbie, flipped through their
heads.

The dad was snoring in front of
the TV,
with a half-constructed bicycle
propped on his knee.
So only the mom heard the rein-
deer hooves clatter,
which made her sigh, "Now
what is the matter?"

With toilet bowl brush still
clutched in her hand,
She descended the stairs, & saw
the old man.
He was covered with ashes &
soot, which fell with a shrug,
"Oh great," muttered the mom,
"Now I have to clean the rug."

"Ho Ho Ho!" cried Santa, "I'm
glad you're awake."

"your gift was especially diffi-
cult to make."

"Thanks, Santa, but all I want is
time alone."

"Exactly!" he chuckled, "So, I've
made you a clone."

"A clone?" she muttered, "What
good is that?"

"Run along, Santa, I've no time
for chit chat."

Then out walked the clone - The
mother's twin,

Same hair, same eyes, same
double chin.

"She'll cook, she'll dust, she'll
mop every mess.

You'll relax, take it easy, watch
The Young & The Restless."

"Fantastic!" the mom cheered.
"My dream has come true!"

"I'll shop, I'll read, I'll sleep a
night through!"



*Merry Christmas
& Blessings in
the New Year*

Dr. Bob & Laura Berghoff
Staci, Kathy, Julie,
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yours at this
wonder
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AREA NEWS CONTINUED

From the room above, the youngest did fret.

"Mommy?! Come quickly, I'm scared & I'm wet."

The clone replied, "I'm coming, sweetheart."

"Hey," the mom smiled, "She sure knows her part."

The clone changed the small one & hummed her tune,

as she bundled the child in a blanket cocoon.

"You're the best mommy ever. I really love you."

The clone smiled & sighed, "And I love you, too."

The mom frowned & said, "Sorry, Santa, no deal."

That's my child's LOVE she is trying to steal."

Smiling wisely Santa said, "To me it is clear,

Only one loving mother is needed here."

The mom kissed her child & tucked her in bed.

"Thank You, Santa, for clearing my head.

I sometimes forget, it won't be very long,

when they'll be too old for my cradle & song."

The clock on the mantle began to chime.

Santa whispered to the clone, "It works every time."

With the clone by his side Santa said "Goodnight.

Merry Christmas, dear Mom, You will be all right."

Sometimes we need reminding of what life is all about. Especially at times during the Holiday season, when all we seem to do is clean and bake and shop and and and and and and.... You get the picture, I'm sure.

So stop for a moment and hug that little one so special, whether he/she is 2 or 22, or even older than that. For they are the Gift that God gave us in life...and what a gift to be treasured, far above any other! May the real meaning of Christmas be with you all this year, is my prayer.

CHRISTMAS LOVE

by Candy Chand

Each December, I vowed to make Christmas a calm and peaceful experience. I had cut back on nonessential obligations - extensive card writing, endless baking, decorating, and even overspending.

Yet still, I found myself exhausted, unable to appreciate the precious family moments, and of course, the true meaning of Christmas.

My son, Nicholas, was in kindergarten that year. It was an exciting season for a six year old. For weeks, he'd been memorizing songs for his school's "Winter Pageant."

I didn't have the heart to tell him I'd be working the night of the production. Unwilling to miss his shining moment, I spoke with his teacher. She assured me there'd be a dress rehearsal the morning of the presentation. All parents unable to attend that evening were welcome to come then. Fortunately, Nicholas seemed happy with the compromise.

So, the morning of the dress rehearsal, I filed in ten minutes early, found a spot on the cafeteria floor and sat down. Around the room, I saw several other parents quietly scampering to their seats.

As I waited, the students were led into the room. Each class, accompanied by their teacher, sat cross-legged on the floor. Then, each group, one by one, rose to perform their song.

Because the public school system had long stopped referring to The holiday as "Christmas," I didn't expect anything other than fun, commercial entertainment - songs of reindeer, Santa Claus, snowflakes and good cheer. So, when my son's class rose to sing, "Christmas Love," I was slightly taken aback by its bold title.

Nicholas was aglow, as were all of his classmates, adorned in fuzzy mittens, red sweaters, and bright snowcaps upon their heads.

Those in the front row-center stage - held up large letters, one by one, to spell out the title of the song. As the class would sing "C is for Christmas," a child would hold up the letter C.

Then, "H is for Happy," and on and on, until each child holding up his portion had presented the complete message, "Christmas

Love." The performance was going smoothly, until suddenly, we noticed her; a small, quiet, girl in the front row holding the letter "M" upside down - totally unaware her letter "M" appeared as a "W".

The audience of 1st through 6th graders snickered at this little one's mistake. But she had no idea they were laughing at her, so she stood tall, proudly holding her "W".

Although many teachers tried to shush the children, the laughter continued until the last letter was raised, and we all saw it together. A hush came over the audience and eyes began to widen.

In that instant, we understood the reason we were there, why we celebrated the holiday in the first place, why even in the chaos, there was a purpose for our festivities.

For when the last letter was held high, the message read loud and clear: "CHRISTMAS LOVE"

And, I believe, He still is.

THE SECOND GREATEST CHRISTMAS STORY EVER TOLD

by Thomas J. Burns

(Originally published in Reader's Digest, December 1989)

On an early October evening in 1843, Charles Dickens stepped from the brick-and-stone portico of his home near Regent's Park in London. The cool air of dusk was a relief from the day's unseasonal humidity, as the author began his nightly walk through what he called "the black streets" of the city.

A handsome man with flowing brown hair and normally sparkling eyes, Dickens was deeply troubled. The 31-year-old father of four had thought he was at the peak of his career. The *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist* and *Nicholas Nickleby* had all been popular; and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which he considered his finest novel yet, was being published in monthly install-

ments. But now, the celebrated writer was facing serious financial problems.

Some months earlier, his publisher had revealed that sales of the new novel were not what had been expected, and it might be necessary to sharply reduce Dickens's monthly advances against future sales.

The news had stunned the author. It seemed his talent was being questioned. Memories of his childhood poverty resurfaced. Dickens was supporting a large, extended family, and his expenses were already nearly

more than he could handle. His father and brothers were pleading for loans. His wife, Kate, was expecting their fifth child.

All summer long, Dickens worried about his mounting bills, especially the large mortgage that he owed on his house. He spent time at a seaside resort, where he had trouble sleeping and walked the cliffs for hours. He knew that he needed an idea that would earn him a large sum of money, and he needed the

CONTINUED PAGE 8



TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

...and all through our town

The people were smiling, there wasn't a frown.

The Bolinger crew had met all their needs

For plumbing and heating and other good deeds.

Doug E. starts out early, hauling the gas;

Rocking Rick keeps furnaces running first class.

Brandon is our fourth generation plumber

Dan does his HVAC winter and summer

Dennis leaves lokey to head to work

And keeps us laughing with all of his quirks

The Geothermal units run dandy

With the ground loops installed by Andy

When Nate's not riding his motor bike,

He's a happy plumber, that's what he likes

Jim T. & Josh are "on board" this year,

They help where needed, "on calls" far & near

Doug does installs with helpers like elves

While Jeff is busy, stocking our shelves

Tara sends out the bills and hassles the guys

To turn in their time and also supplies

Kelly makes sure your propane tank's filled

With her projections, she's truly skilled

Miranda has joined us and pays the bills that are

due

Gina Thanks those three Gals for all that they do!

Scott estimates jobs and does scheduling too

Mike is super-skilled at all that we do

We're thankful for family & friends we hold dear

And Thank God for Blessings each day of the

year!

And now as Christmas is drawing near,

We wish you a Christmas filled with good cheer!

**BOLINGERS PROPANE &
WARREN SERVICE & SUPPLY**



*Peaceful
Seasons*

from the

Management & Staff at
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AREA NEWS CONTINUED

MORE PAGE 7

idea quickly. But in his depression, Dickens was finding it difficult to write. After returning to London, he hoped that resuming his nightly walks would help spark his imagination.

The yellow glow from the flickering gas lamps lit his way through London's better neighborhoods. Then gradually, as he neared the Thames River, only the dull light from tenement windows illuminated the streets, now litter-strewn and lined with open sewers. The elegant ladies and well-dressed gentlemen of Dickens's neighborhood were replaced by bawdy streetwalkers, pickpockets, footpads and beggars.

The dismal scene reminded him of the nightmare that often troubled his sleep: A 12-year-old boy sits at a worktable piled high with pots of black boot paste. For 12 hours a day, six days a week, he attaches labels on the endless stream of pots to earn the six shillings that will keep him alive.

The boy in the dream looks through the rotting warehouse floor into the cellar, where swarms of rats scurry about. Then he raises his eyes to the dirt-streaked window, dripping with condensation from London's wintry weather. The light is fading now, along with the boy's young hopes. His father is in debtors' prison, and the youngster is receiving only an hour of school lessons during his

dinner break at the warehouse. He feels helpless, abandoned. There may never be celebration, joy or hope again...

This was no scene from the author's imagination. It was a period from his early life. Fortunately, Dickens's father had inherited some money, enabling him to pay off his debts and get out of prison—and his young son escaped a dreary fate.

Now the fear of being unable to pay his own debts haunted Dickens. Wearily, he started home from his long walk, no closer to an idea for the "cheerful, glowing" tale he wanted to tell than he'd been when he started out.

However, as he neared home, he felt the sudden flash of inspiration. What about a Christmas story! He would write one for the very people he passed on the black streets of London. People who lived and struggled with the same fears and longings he had known, people who hungered for a bit of cheer and hope.

But Christmas was less than three months away! How could he manage so great a task in so brief a time? The book would have to be short, certainly not a full novel. It would have to be finished by the end of November to be printed and distributed in time for Christmas sales. For speed, he struck on the idea of adapting a Christmas-goblin story from a chapter in *The Pickwick Papers*.

He would fill the story with the scenes and characters his read-

ers loved. There would be a small, sickly child; his honest but ineffectual father; and, at the center of the piece, a selfish villain, an old man with a pointed nose and shriveled cheeks.

As the mild days of October gave way to a cool November, the manuscript grew, page by page, and the story took life. The basic plot was simple enough for children to understand, but evoked themes that would conjure up warm memories and emotions in an adult's heart:

After retiring alone to his cold, barren apartment on Christmas Eve, Ebenezer Scrooge, a miserly London businessman, is visited by the spirit of his dead partner, Jacob Marley. Doomed by his greed and insensitivity to his fellow man when alive, Marley's ghost wanders the world in chains forged of his own indifference. He warns Scrooge that he must change, or suffer the same fate. The ghosts of Christmas Past, Christmas Present and Christmas Yet to Come appear and show Scrooge poignant scenes from his life and what will occur if he doesn't mend his

ways. Filled with remorse, Scrooge renounces his former selfishness and becomes a kind, generous, loving person who has learned the true spirit of Christmas.

THE GOLD WRAPPING

PAPER

Once upon a time, there was a man who worked very hard just to keep food on the table for his family. This particular year a few days before Christmas, he punished his little five-year-old daughter after learning that she had used up the family's only roll of expensive gold wrapping paper.

As money was tight, he became even more upset when on Christmas Eve he saw that the child had used all of the expensive gold paper to decorate one shoebox she had put under the Christmas tree. He also was concerned about where she had gotten money to buy what was in the shoebox.

Nevertheless, the next morning the little girl, filled with excitement, brought the gift box to her

father and said, "This is for you, Daddy!"

As he opened the box, the father was embarrassed by his earlier overreaction, now regretting how he had punished her.

But when he opened the shoebox, he found it was empty and again his anger flared. "Don't you know, young lady," he said harshly, "when you give someone a present, there's supposed to be something inside the package!"

The little girl looked up at him with sad tears rolling from her eyes and whispered: "Daddy, it's not empty. I blew kisses into it until it was all full."


The father was crushed. He fell on his knees and put his arms around his precious little girl. He begged her to forgive him for his unnecessary anger.

An accident took the life of the child only a short time later. It is told that the father kept this little gold box by his bed for all the years of his life. Whenever he was discouraged or faced difficult problems, he would open the box, take out an imaginary kiss, and remember the love of

Merry Christmas
Zeller
Construction



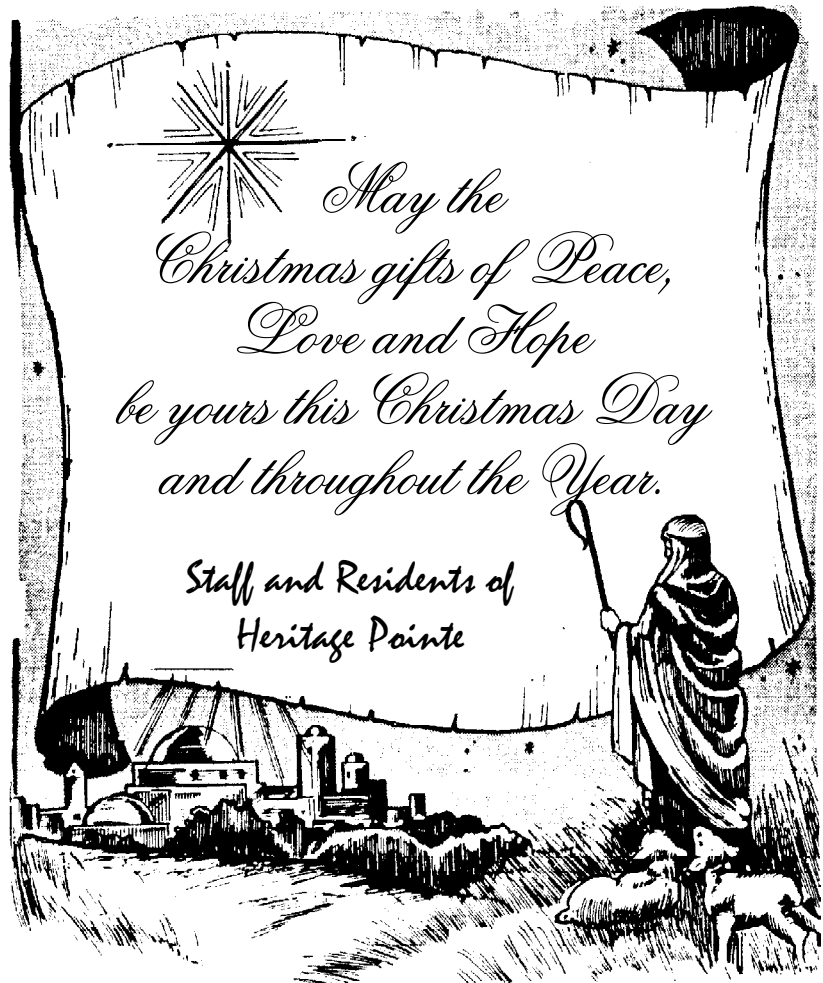
Wishing
you all
the
blessings
of the
Holiday
Season



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May the
Christmas gifts of Peace,
Love and Hope
be yours this Christmas Day
and throughout the Year.

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AREA NEWS CONTINUED

this beautiful child who had put it there.

In a very real sense, each of us has been given an invisible golden box filled with unconditional love and kisses from our children, family, friends and God. There is no more precious possession anyone could hold.

WHO STOLE THE CHRISTMAS COOKIES?

My brother Joey and I had just finished hanging our stockings by the fireplace one Christmas Eve, when the most disturbing thought crossed my mind.

"Joey!" I shrieked.

"Did you know that we forgot something?"

"No we didn't," said Joey crossly. "We've got both our stockings hung up. What could we possibly have forgotten?"

"We forgot the cookies," I explained to my seven year old brother, who happened to be older than me and who also happened to be more selfish than me.

"Cookies!" Joey laughed. "Why would you want to have cookies just before you go to bed?"

"They aren't for me silly," I declared. "They're for Santa Claus."

"Oh my!" Joey suddenly clued in. "Mom! Mom! We forgot to leave a snack for Santa! He'll never leave me the racing car set if we don't leave him a snack. How could we have forgotten

something so important?"

Mommy came running into the family room. She had flour all over her face and in her hair. She looked very funny.

"Children!" she cried. "What is all this screaming about? I've got to finish my pies. This had better be important."

"Oh Mommy," I said very seriously. "We forgot something."

"Now Missy," Mommy said, a bit impatiently. "What did we forget?"

"We forgot Santa's snack," Joey and I cried in unison.

"Oh my!" sighed Mommy. "Santa's snack! How did we ever forget that? Come on children, let's go into the kitchen."

Joey and I followed Mommy into the kitchen. We both sat down at the table while she got out the milk and poured Santa a big heaping glass full. Then she went to the pantry to get the cookie jar and she set it on the table.

"Now," said Mommy. "You two each pick out a cookie for Santa and put them on the saucer."

I let Joey pick out the first cookie. Very carefully, he took the lid off the ceramic jar and set it on the table. He reached deep into the jar and then he let out the loudest scream that we had ever heard.

"There are no more cookies left!" he cried.

"That's impossible!" Mommy said, as she picked up the cookie jar and examined it. "I just baked

a fresh batch this afternoon. Where could they be? Who stole the Christmas cookies?"

Just then, Daddy walked into the kitchen. He had a plate full of Christmas cookies in one hand and an empty glass in the other.

"I just came up to get another drink of milk," he said as he walked over to the refrigerator. "These cookies are really great!"

Mommy dropped the cookie jar onto the floor.

"No!" she cried. "Don't eat those cookies! We need them for Santa Claus!"

Daddy gladly gave up his cookies for such a worthwhile cause when he saw the look of anguish on our faces. Joey and I put the cookies on the table beside the glass of milk and then we went to bed to dream of sugar plums, Santa Claus and those cookies, all night long.

CHRISTMAS IN 1776

"On Christmas day in Seventy-six, Our gallant troops with bayonets fixed, To Trenton marched away."

Children, have any of you ever thought of what little people like you were doing in this country more than a hundred years ago, when the cruel tide of war swept over its bosom? From many homes the fathers were absent, fighting bravely for the liberty which we now enjoy, while the mothers no less valiantly struggled against hardships and discomforts in order to keep a home for their children, whom you only know as your great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, dignified gentlemen and beautiful ladies, whose

painted portraits hang upon the walls in some of your homes. Merry, romping children they were in those far-off times, yet their bright faces must have looked grave sometimes, when they heard the grown people talk of the great things that were happening around them. Some of these little people never forgot the wonderful events of which they heard, and afterward related them to their children and grandchildren, which accounts for some of the interesting stories which you may still hear, if you are good children.

The Christmas story that I have to tell you is about a boy and girl who lived in Bordentown, New Jersey. The father of these children was a soldier in General Washington's army, which was encamped a few miles north of Trenton, on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware River.

Bordentown, as you can see by looking on your map, if you have not hidden them all away for the holidays, is about seven miles south of Trenton, where fifteen hundred Hessians and a troop of British light horse were holding the town. Thus you see that the British, in force, were between Washington's army and Bordentown, besides which there were some British and Hessian troops in the very town. All this seriously interfered with Captain Tracy's going home to eat his Christmas dinner with his wife and children. Kitty and Harry Tracy, who had not lived long enough to see many wars, could not imagine such a thing as Christmas without their father, and had busied themselves for weeks in making everything ready to have a merry time with

him. Kitty, who loved to play quite as much as any frolicsome Kitty of to-day, had spent all her spare time in knitting a pair of thick woolen stockings, which seems a wonderful feat for a little girl only eight years old to perform! Can you not see her sitting by the great chimney-place, filled with its roaring, crackling logs, in her quaint, short-waisted dress, knitting away steadily, and puckering up her rosy, dimpled face over the strange twists and turns of that old stocking? I can see her, and I can also hear her sweet voice as she chatters away to her mother about "how 'sprised papa will be to find that his little girl can knit like a grown-up woman," while Harry spreads out on the hearth a goodly store of shellbarks that he has gathered and is keeping for his share of the 'sprise.

"What if he shouldn't come?" asks Harry, suddenly.

"Oh, he'll come! Papa never stays away on Christmas," says Kitty, looking up into her mother's face for an echo to her words. Instead she sees something very like tears in her mother's eyes.

"Oh, mamma, don't you think he'll come?"

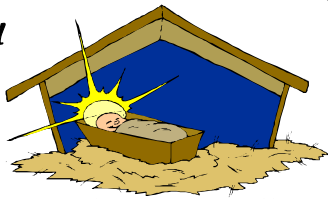
"He will come if he possibly can," says Mrs. Tracy; "and if he cannot, we will keep Christmas whenever dear papa does come home."

"It won't be half so nice," said Kitty, "nothing's so nice as REALLY Christmas, and how's Kriss Kringle going to know about it if we change the day?"

"We'll let him come just the same, and if he brings anything

CONTINUED PAGE 10

*May You
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Blessed
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AREA NEWS CONTINUED

MORE PAGE 9

for papa we can put it away for him."

This plan, still, seemed a poor one to Miss Kitty, who went to her bed in a sober mood that night, and was heard telling her dear dollie, Martha Washington, that "wars were mis'able, and that when she married she should have a man who kept a candy-shop for a husband, and not a soldier--no, Martha, not even if he's as nice as papa!" As Martha made no objection to this little arrangement, being an obedient child, they were both soon fast asleep. The days of that cold winter of 1776 wore on; so cold it was that the sufferings of the soldiers were great, their bleeding feet often leaving marks on the pure white snow over which they marched.

As Christmas drew near there was a feeling among the patriots that some blow was about to be struck; but what it was, and from whence they knew not; and, better than all, the British had no idea that any strong blow could come from Washington's army, weak and out of heart, as they thought, after being chased through Jersey by Cornwallis.

Mrs. Tracy looked anxiously each day for news of the husband and father only a few miles away, yet so separated by the river and the enemy's troops that they seemed like a hundred. Christmas Eve came, but brought with it few rejoicings. The hearts of the people were too sad to be taken up with merrymaking,

although the Hessian soldiers in the town, good-natured Germans, who only fought the Americans because they were paid for it, gave themselves up to the feasting and revelry.

"Shall we hang up our stockings?" asked Kitty, in rather a doleful voice.

"Yes," said her mother, "Santa Claus won't forget you, I am sure, although he has been kept pretty busy looking after the soldiers this winter."

"Which side is he on?" asked Harry.

"The right side, of course," said Mrs. Tracy, which was the most sensible answer she could possibly have given. So:

"The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there."

Two little rosy faces lay fast asleep upon the pillow when the good old soul came dashing over the roof about one o'clock, and after filling each stocking with red apples, and leaving a cornucopia of sugar-plums for each child, he turned for a moment to look at the sleeping faces, for St. Nicholas has a tender spot in his great big heart for a soldier's children. Then, remembering many other small folks waiting for him all over the land, he sprang up the chimney and was away in a trice.

Santa Claus, in the form of Mrs. Tracy's farmer brother, brought her a splendid turkey; but because the Hessians were uncommonly fond of turkey, it came hid-

den under a load of wood. Harry was very fond of turkey, too, as well as of all other good things; but when his mother said, "It's such a fine bird, it seems too bad to eat it without father," Harry cried out, "Yes, keep it for papa!" and Kitty, joining in the chorus, the vote was unanimous, and the turkey was hung away to await the return of the good soldier, although it seemed strange, as Kitty told Martha Washington, "to have no papa and no turkey on Christmas Day."

The day passed and night came, cold with a steady fall of rain and sleet. Kitty prayed that her "dear papa might not be out in the storm, and that he might come home and wear his beautiful blue stockings"; "And eat his turkey," said Harry's sleepy voice; after which they were soon in the land of dreams. Toward morning the good people in Bordentown were suddenly aroused by firing in the distance, which became more and more distinct as the day wore on. There was great excitement in the town; men and women gathered together in little groups in the streets to wonder what it was all about, and neighbours came dropping into Mrs. Tracy's parlour, all day long, one after the other, to say what they thought of the firing. In the evening there came a body of Hessians flying into the town, to say that General Washington had surprised the British at Trenton, early that morning, and completely routed them, which so

frightened the Hessians in Bordentown that they left without the slightest ceremony.

It was a joyful hour to the good town people when the red-jackets turned their backs on them, thinking every moment that the patriot army would be after them. Indeed, it seemed as if wonders would never cease that day, for while rejoicings were still loud, over the departure of the enemy, there came a knock at Mrs. Tracy's door, and while she was wondering whether she dared open it, it was pushed ajar, and a tall soldier entered. What a scream of delight greeted that soldier, and how Kitty and Harry danced about him and clung to his knees, while Mrs. Tracy drew him toward the warm blaze, and helped him off with his damp cloak!

Cold and tired Captain Tracy was, after a night's march in the streets and a day's fighting; but he was not too weary to smile at the dear faces around him, or to pat Kitty's head when she brought his warm stockings and would put them on the tired feet, herself.

Suddenly there was a sharp, quick bark outside the door. "What's that?" cried Harry "Oh, I forgot. Open the door. Here, Fido, Fido!"

Into the room there sprang a beautiful little King Charles spaniel, white, with tan spots, and ears of the longest, softest, and silkiest.

"What a little dear!" exclaimed Kitty, "where did it come from?"

"From the battle of Trenton," said her father. "His poor master was shot. After the red-coats had turned their backs, and I was hurrying along one of the streets where the fight had been the fiercest, I heard a low groan, and, turning, saw a British officer lying among a number of slain. I raised his head; he begged for some water, which I brought him, and bending down my ear I heard him whisper, 'Dying--last battle--say a prayer.' He tried to follow me in the words of a prayer, and then, taking my hand, laid it on something soft and warm, nestling close up to his breast--it was this little dog. The gentleman--for he was a real gentleman--gasped out, 'Take care of my poor Fido; good-night,' and was gone. It was as much as I could do to get the little creature away from his dead master; he clung to him as if he loved him better than life. You'll take care of him, won't you, children? I brought him home to you, for a Christmas present."

"Pretty little Fido," said Kitty, taking the soft, curly creature in her arms; "I think it's the best present in the world, and tomorrow is to be real Christmas, because you are home, papa."

CONTINUED PAGE 12

Merry Christmas to all!



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MORE PAGE 10

"And we'll eat the turkey," said Harry, "and shellbarks, lots of them, that I saved for you. What a good time we'll have! And oh, papa, don't go to war any more, but stay at home, with mother and Kitty and Fido and me."

"What would become of our country if we should all do that, my little man? It was a good day's work that we did this Christmas, getting the army all across the river so quickly and quietly that we surprised the enemy, and gained a victory, with the loss of few men."

Thus it was that some of the good people of 1776 spent their Christmas, that their children and grandchildren might spend many of them as citizens of a free nation.

"MY FIRST CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN"

I see the countless Christmas Trees

Around the world below
With tiny lights
Like heaven's stars
Reflecting on the snow
The sight is so spectacular...
Please wipe away that tear
For I am spending Christmas
In Heaven this year...

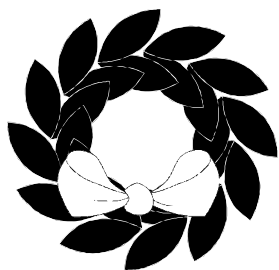
I hear the many Christmas songs
That people hold so dear
But the sounds of music can't compare
With the Christmas choir up here...
So be happy for me loved ones
You know I hold you dear
And be glad I'm spending Christmas
In Heaven this year...

I have no words to tell you
The joy their voices bring
For it is beyond description
To hear the angels sing...
I know how much you miss me
I see the pain inside your heart
But I am not so far away
We really aren't even now apart...

I send you each a special gift
From my heavenly home above
I send you each a memory of
My always undying love...
More precious than pure gold
It was always most important
In the stories Jesus told...

So please love and keep each other
As my Father said to do
For I can't count the blessings
Or love he has just for you...
So have a Merry Christmas
And wipe away that tear
Remember I am spending Christmas
In Heaven this year...

This poem was written by a 13 year old boy who died of a brain tumor that he had battled for four years...
He died on December 14, 1997.
He gave this little poem to his Mother before he died.
His name was Ben...



Merry Christmas

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J	H	D	A	S	H	E	R	C	N
D	O	I	D	M	R	E	K	O	N
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