



1 Section Tuesday, May 5, 2026 Volume 67 Number 22

# Bless her Heart...Our Mom was a *Bum!*



July 22, 2024, Mom turned 99-1/2 years old. I stuck a candle in a peach and sang Happy Birthday to Bummie. She loved peaches so I figured it was an appropriate "cake".

(Continued on Page 8)



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## FARMLAND NEWS – A Gift That Lasts All Year!

# Poor Will's Farmland News Almanack

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## May 5 - 12

### For the Transition to Late Spring

*For us, the winds do blow,  
The earth doth rest, heaven move,  
and fountains flow.  
Nothing we see but means our good,  
As our delight, or as our treasure.*  
George Herbert

### The Phases of the Moon

**May 11:** The The Goose Nesting Moon enters its final quarter.

**May 16:** The Fledgling Moon is new.

**May 25:** The Moon enters its second quarter.

**May 31:** the Moon is full.

### The Stars

In the dark sky before dawn, Cygnus , the Northern Cross, is overhead in the Milky Way. Below Cygnus, Delphinus, the Dolphin, swims toward Aquila, the Eagle. In the far west, Hercules follows the Corona Borealis into the horizon. The Great Square fills the east while the Pleiades and Taurus appear on the edge of the tree line.

### The Weather in the Week Ahead

This quarter of May brings highs above 60 on 75 percent of the afternoons, and warm 70s or 80s a little more than half the years. May 2 is typically the coldest day of the period, bringing cool 50s on 35 percent of the afternoons, and a 20 percent chance of 70s or 80s. Frost strikes only 10 to 15 percent of the mornings and is most likely after the first high pressure system of the month passes through around the 2nd of the month, and after the second system arrives near the 7th.

Each day of the period carries at least a 30 to 35 percent chance of a shower, but some of those days have a much better chance of sun than others. The 6th has an unusual 90 percent chance of clear to partly cloudy skies, making it historically one of only a handful of such days in the year. The 8th through the 10th are not that far behind, each having an 80 percent chance of sun.

### The Natural Calendar

The first week of May (or the first week of Late Spring) brings Daddy Longlegs Season to the undergrowth and Petal-Fall Season throughout town. Darner Season commences along the waterways.

Dandelion Blooming Season ends throughout the Lower Midwest as Ruby Throated Hummingbird Season and Baltimore Oriole Season begin at feeders there.

Rose-Breasted Grosbeak Passage Season takes place this week in Ohio. All along the 40th Parallel, Bellwort Season, Golden Seal Season, Golden Alexander Season and Solomon's Seal Season mark the woods.

Scarlet Pimpernel Season appears in the lawn. Sweet Gum Flowering Season, White Mulberry Flowering Season, Black Walnut Flowering Season and Oak Flowering Season spread through

the high canopy. In the garden, it's Poppy Season, Columbine Season and Rhododendron Season.

### In the Field and Garden

Here commercial radish harvest has begun, and half of the potatoes are planted. Plant seed turnips in middle summer for late fall and early winter grazing.

Commercial tomatoes are half transplanted. Early tobacco plants are set out. Gardeners now finish up early sweet corn planting. Weeds take over the untended garden by this time in the spring. When dandelions have gone to seed, asparagus peaks at roadside markets.

### Frostwatch

Between May 1 and June 1, only a few mornings of light frost occur in Ohio. Chances of freezing temperatures after the dates listed below are:

May 1:	45 percent
May 5:	35 percent
May 10:	25 percent
May 15:	15 percent
May 20:	10 percent
May 25:	5 percent
May 31:	2 percent

### Journal

From this fragile space in the year, we can travel to the whole panoply of early, middle and late spring. For just a few days, all of those seasons lie out totally accessible to anyone who will go to see them.

As May begins, the Lower Midwest lies between the first stirring of color in northern Minnesota and the leafing of all the trees along the Gulf of Mexico. If you travel to the Canadian border now, you will find the first cottonwoods budding there, the first crocus, the first daffodil and tulip foliage pushing out of the ground. It is still the second or third week of March in Ohio River Valley time.

The city grass is green, but the plantings along the roadsides are still brown, and the fields are all still dull from the cold.

Gaining on spring at the rate of approximately one day for every thirty miles south, you will see the grass showing color near St. Cloud, Minnesota. By Minneapolis, it's the first of April in our time: A few tulips are in bloom, and forsythia is out. Daffodils are blooming, Maples flower, and Willows glow.

Into Wisconsin, down to Madison, the tree line comes alive with golds and pale greens, and dandelions appear in the lawns and fields. Scilla, bluebells and daffodils are in full flower, and the first of the pink magnolias. Willows are starting to green up, and it's April 10th Southern Ohio Time.

Into Chicago and northern Indiana, the intensity of coloration grows with each mile, all the winter branches filling in. Redbud and apple tree blossoms announce the middle of middle spring; then Kentucky brings out full yellow garlic mustard by Lexington, and middle May's sweet rockets at the Tennessee border, moving the world quickly toward summer.

It's clover time all the way now to the ocean,

first the white, then pink, then the tall sweet clovers into South Carolina. The canopy closes in and loses its early brilliance by the time you pass into southern Georgia where redbud and apple blossoms are falling. In Mobile, Alabama, the leaves are full size. Mulleins and thistles and lilies are open. It's June.

### ALMANACK LITERATURE

#### Story 34 of the Great American Almanack Story Contest

#### Self-Sufficiency

By Jerry Golay, Vevay, Indiana

I was a city boy, and when I retired, I got some land in the country. I didn't have "a clue" about the hardships that country life had in store for me.

The land I bought was very beautiful, and I loved the idea of becoming self-sufficient. I had no power or water, just the ground. I bought a camper, and my dog and I set about to become woodsmen.

He and I lived in that camper the first two years. I built a place with no other human hands for help. So now, our first winter was fast approaching in the cabin.

Well, I thought all you had to do to get fire in the woodstove was to stick a match to it. Some guy sold me some wood and mixed in was green cottonwood.

The lessons came fast after that.

By the third winter, I sure the heck knew wood.

If it had not been for Hoss, my dog, I would have froze the first winter. Every fall, I would clean the stove, seal the pipe. The pipe went over the roof's edge and it had a hood to keep out the weather.

So I'm cleaning and scraping, readying myself for the first fire of the season, and I hear a buzzin' in the pipe, and before I could close the doors to the stove, it happened: the dreaded yellow jacket.

I was hit seven times in the back before I made the door. Lesson learned.

So I put screen wire around the hood of the pipe, but the stove wouldn't draw right, so I had to take it off.

The next fall, I had already cleaned the stove and pipe and had some kindling started and I heard scratchin' in the pipe.

I thought a squirrel had gotten in through the opening of the pipe outside.

So I bent down and opened the doors of the stove, and a red-eyed, burning RAT springs onto my lap!!!

I freaked out and knocked over everything for ten feet, and it disappeared. And now I didn't know where the dog-gone thing was. I opened the windows to let out the smoke that was filling the cabin fast. Finally, I saw the drapes moving, and he went out!

Follow the summer with Bill Felker's **A Daybook for May in Yellow Springs, Ohio** and **A Daybook for June in Yellow Springs, Ohio**. These daybooks contain all the nature notes used to create Poor Will's Almanack. Order yours from Amazon. FN

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## Celebrate New Life! Words of Inspiration By Pastor Stan Harmon

How wonderful it is to celebrate the Easter season!

The beginning of spring, with its longer days of sunlight, warmer temperatures, the return of many song birds, green grass and blooming flowers, are profound evidences of new and abundant life unfolding before us.

I'm confident our God planned this special calendar ages ago, so we would have a beautifully graphic image of new life in Christ Jesus!

The Bible teaches that before the world existed the Lord Jesus was with God and is God.

Therefore, He has always been alive and He created everything there is—everything we see and hear.

So, nothing exists that He didn't make (John 1:1-3).

Scripture also tells us, "In him was life..." (John 1:4).

All that came to be was alive with His life, because He is the Source of all life; physical and spiritual.

"In him was life, and that life was the light of men.

The light shines in darkness, but the darkness has not understood it" (John 1:4-5).

I find it interesting, that with the sunlight we have each day, many people fail to see all of the natural

beauty that surrounds us.

There are perfectly designed examples of living things fashioned by a Creator. Some are plants, bushes and trees that reproduce every year, regardless of weather conditions.

Others are animals, birds and fish, uniquely crafted and designed to fulfill their purpose in nature.

Design and function are the key. Only God, who is the source of all life, could create such wonders.

Only spiritual darkness could keep one from seeing and admitting to the obvious existence of a divine Creator.

Jesus once declared to a close friend, "I am the resurrection and

the life.

Anyone who believes in me will live, even after dying.

Everyone who lives in me and believes in me will never die" (John 11:25-26).

For those who receive Jesus now are given a new life in Him.

This new life is abundant and eternal!

It's a fresh start in this life, full of joy and purpose, with the full assurance of being with Jesus throughout eternity.

That is something to celebrate!

As "the resurrection and the life," Jesus saves us from sin, changes our outlook (2 Cor. 5:17),

and puts us on a new path in this life.

When anyone sincerely "believes in" Jesus, they will desire to follow His teachings and place their faith in Him.

This journey with Jesus is called discipleship and it is fulfilling, as well as exciting (Matt. 11:29-30).

The life long relationship we enjoy with Him is enhanced as we meet others who are on their own journey.

This is the fellowship of believers.

Jesus' promise of eternal life, after we leave this world, is a promise filled with hope and assurance.

His sacrifice, made at the cross, was our provision for this gift of eternal life (Isaiah 53).

By believing in Jesus, we pass from death to eternal life.

That's truly something to celebrate!

My prayer for you and your family, this Easter season, is that you will celebrate new life in Christ Jesus by sharing the gospel (Good News) with everyone you meet.

We often sing, "You ask me how I know He lives?

He lives within my heart."

When He lives within us, we will have peace, joy and the assurance of heaven.

So, let's celebrate this life! FN



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**Sunday Worship ~ 10:00 a.m.**

**Sunday Prayer Gathering ~ 6:00 p.m.**

**Wednesday ~ Children, Youth, Adult**

**Bible Fellowship ~ 7:00 p.m.**

# Blast From The Past...

THE VALUE OF JUST ONE CENT

## MEMORIES GARDEN 5/7/68

Originally published in the Farmland News.

By: Evelyn Head

### HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY, MOM

M is for Memories of you, Mother dear,  
O is you're Older by sweeter each year,  
T is the Tenderness that you gave to me,  
H is your Helping Hand for humanity;  
E is for Everyday a good deed you've done,  
R is Remarkable the hearts you have won,  
S is for Sympathy you give to each friend.

D is Determined some sunshine to lend;  
A is Ability to take life on the chin.  
Y is your Youthfulness seen in your grin.

May your remaining years be carefree and gay,  
Filled with the happiness you've given away.

## FOSTER MOTHER 5/8/63

There is no mother who is more  
Deserving of our praise.  
Than she who takes  
another's child,  
To comfort and to raise.  
Who has the blessing of the  
court.  
To keep and call her own.  
The baby someone of  
necessity  
Allowed to live alone.  
A cold and cruel earth  
Where all too often hum  
an life  
Is deemed of little worth.  
Her child belongs to her  
not by  
The grace of nature's art,  
But by the choice made  
freely from  
the goodness of her heart.

On the farm and in the home, electricity is  
accomplishing more and more.

For example one penny's worth of electricity on the  
farm will:

1. Milk seven cows with pipeline.
2. Run a 20 inch ventilator fan 60 minutes
3. Grind 150 pounds of feed.
4. Elevate 4000 pounds of grain.
5. Pump 300 gallons of water.
6. Clean a 12 stall barn.
7. Run an electric drill 60 minutes.
8. Milk nine cows in stanchions.
9. Mix 700 pounds of feed.
10. Dry 1 bushel of corn.

One penny's worth of electricity in the home will:

1. Light a 100 watt bulb for 3 hours.
2. Brew 12 cups of coffee.
3. Beat 600 eggs.
4. Toast 40 slices of bread.
5. Run a sewing machine 4 hours.
6. Wash 2 tubs of clothes.
7. Run a clock for 7 days.
8. Keep a refrigerator cold for 6 hours.
9. Run a vacuum cleaner for 60 minutes.
10. Warm a heating pad for 10 hours.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS 4/29/69

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED OVAL-SHAPED HOT-  
CAKES? Oblong hotcakes fit better on the plate than the  
round ones. This leaves space for the bacon without all the  
syrup spreading into it.

DO YOUR HOTCAKES STICK TO THE GRILL?  
Try adding more shortening to the batter.

FOR EASY CASSEROLE TOPPINGS USE instant  
mashed potatoes for a quick potato topping on meat pies,  
instead of bread crumb toppings, try crushed cereals,  
crackers, potato chips or corn chips.

GLUE CAN BE SOFTENED by adding a few drops of  
vinegar in the container and giving it a good shaking.

## THE COUNTRY PARSON 5/21/68

"Money must be easier  
to save than time - a least  
I never heard of anybody  
leaving time to his survi-  
vors."

## ARE YOU A BACK BONE? 7/65

The anatomy of an association includes four kinds of bones:

- 1.) Wish bones, who want someone else to do the work,
- 2.) Jaw bones, who talk a lot but do little else,
- 3.) Knuckle bones, who knock everything others try to do,
- 4.) Back bones, who get behind the wheel.

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OFFICE OF PUBLICATION  
104 Depot Street, Archbold, Ohio 43502  
(ISSN 0093-5832)  
PUBLISHED TUESDAYS  
Periodicals Postage Paid At  
Archbold, Ohio 43502  
Postmaster: Send address changes to:  
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# The Road Less Traveled

## My Two Cents Worth

by Ivy Lane

In the 1950s we lived on a stone road and whenever a vehicle was traveling down the road a black cloud of dirt was spewed and my mother bolted into hysterical motion.

She would rush to close windows.

In a time before central air conditioning, open windows were the only option for cooling a house.

"Oh, damn", she'd wail, at the sight of dirt already clinging to the screens and the backside of curtains.

Once again, the black cloud had arrived at the house before Mother could get all the windows closed.

She would suffer something close to heart failure if laundry was on the clothesline.

We could practically see her cuss words in the air following behind the black cloud as she rescued the laundry from death by dirt.

One day in the early 1960, a letter came in the mail stating that the stone road would soon be paved.

"FINALLY! My tax dollars at work", Dad exclaimed; hopeful that dirt-free air would ease his wife's anxiety, and it did.

It also gave the rest of the family time to watch the traffic going past our house instead of running away from it helping to close windows and rescue laundry.

One of the most memorable motorists we watched was "The Road Hog"; in person he was Mr. Carter.

When I knew him, he had already sold his farm to his daughter.

With farm duties lifted

from his shoulders, he took leisurely drives around the neighborhood.

He never stopped for a cup of coffee... "No time for that", he scoffed when Dad suggested he park the car and come inside for a cup.

However, Mr. Carter had plenty of time to wander down the road at a snail's pace rubbernecking to see if someone was outside within earshot.

Once a victim was located, Mr. Carter would stop his car half on the side of the road and half on the shoulder of the road near the place he wanted to visit.

Why use a driveway when the road would do?

He'd coax people to come to the driver's side of the car while he sat behind the wheel with the motor running.

The conversation usually lasted much longer than the "visitee" wanted to stand there!

Mr. Carter would not move on until he shared all of the gossip he had collected from the places he visited before he got to our house.

My Aunt Nan said "The Road Hog takes his share out of the middle as well as BOTH sides of the road".

It was risky to chance going around him because you

never knew which direction he was headed to next.

Mr. Carter would suddenly, using no turn signals, move from one side of the road to the other; crossing the center line to get to the next house on his route.

He figured the traffic in front or behind him should wait for him to make his move either along or across the road.

His attitude seemed to be, "I know the rules - they just don't apply to me."

Mrs. James was another memorable motorist, unlike Mr. Carter, her driving was perfect and so was her hair.

Once a week her beautician, as hairstylists were called back then, piled Mrs. James' hair high on top of her head into the shape of a bee-hive... a popular "hair-do" at that time.

Then the beautician would spray a thick layer of hair spray over the top to keep the bee-hive in place.

Mrs. James bought "wind scarves" by the dozen to defend her hair against her enemy, the wind.

Air-conditioning in cars was not standard back then, so people drove with their windows open in the summer months which caused

a great deal of wind to pass through the vehicle.

Wind scarves, the name used in advertisements, were made of a light-weight nylon chiffon material, and they were see-through and very delicate looking.

It was hard to believe that one placed over the beehive, then tied under the chin could defend much of anything.

All of her scarves were non-patterned pastels and they were color-coordinated with her many outfits.

Mrs. James was impeccably groomed whenever she left the farm.

She wouldn't be caught dead wearing muck boots to town or being seen in public with messy hair.

Mrs. James was a smoker...we seldom saw her without a cigarette between her lips, including while driving past our house.

My dad would joke that someday a cigarette will catch the tie-ends of a scarf on fire and when it did all that hair spray would explode.

"Don't be morbid" my mother chastised him.

I probably only remember it because I didn't know what morbid meant, but I could

tell by her tone of voice that morbid was not a good thing to be.

Thankful, Mrs. James never exploded into a ball of fire even though I did watch carefully in case it happened in front of our house.

There is a poem by Robert Frost called "The Road Not Taken".

A character in the poem describes conditions of the two roads he has to choose from.

He chose the one that appeared to be a road less travelled, this describes the road I grew up on.

Very little traffic traversed our country road even after it was paved.

But the traffic that did go by was memorable, friendly, and entertaining.

When I was a teenager, Mrs. James ended up giving me her huge collection of wind scarves.

She had a new "hair-do" - a Shag and it didn't require protection from the wind.

One man's trash is another man's treasure.

I would tie several of those scarves together into a long length of material as a belt for my bell-bottom jeans, letting the long end flow down my leg as a colorful accent.

I was so cool!

**Ivy Lane is the pen name of a writer who lives in northwestern Ohio and wishes to remain anonymous.** FN

### HEADING HOME?

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# STATE FFA DEGREES

## BOWLING GREEN FFA



**Gavin Roessner, Casey Naus**

\* Farmland News would like to apologize for putting the wrong school for these recipients in last week's paper.

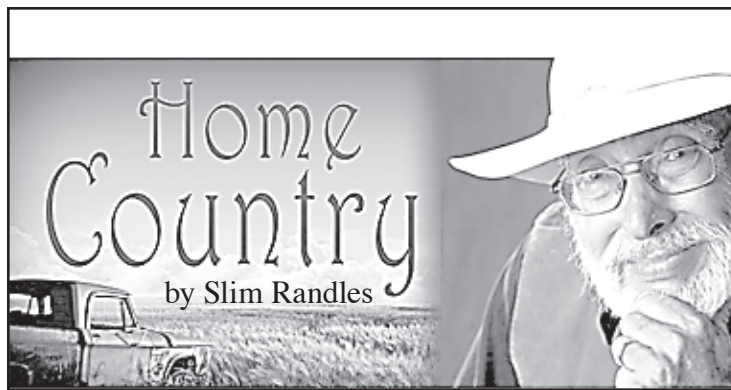
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\* Received the Holgate and Archbold pictures from the FFA on Monday.

## HOLGATE FFA



**Alex Rupright**



Doc hadn't even finished loading his coffee with fake sugar before Steve piped up.

"I think it's disgusting and weird and unnatural and it should be outlawed!" the tall cowboy said, coming to rest at the philosophy counter of the Mule Barn truck stop.

"Aw Steve," said Doc, "the coffee isn't that bad."

"Coffee? Nay, I say unto you, Doc.

It ain't the coffee ... it's them Academy Awards on the television.

You see them?

All them good-looking women Scotch-taping themselves into those dresses so they almost stay on?

Those weird guys they're with who only shave on Tuesdays?"

"And this makes you angry?"

"Sure does, Doc.

Those folks make a lot more money than I do and all they have to do is dress up and talk to those red carpet cameras."

"Well, Steve," said Dud, "we can do just as good as they can.

Stand up."

Steve looked around and then stood slowly.

Dud picked up a bottle of Tabasco sauce and, using it as a microphone, turned to the breakfast crowd in the Mule Barn.

"Good morning, folks, and we're so happy you could join us here on KRUD this morning to welcome our list of celebrities.

Oh, look, it's Steve, the pride of farrier life and heavy anvils.

Steve, wherever did you get that outfit?"

"Well," said Steve, grinning, "it's a creation of Levi Strauss, and please note the genuine brass rivets."

"Give us a twirl there, cowboy."

And he did, to great applause.

"And your headwear today, Steve, that would be what ... Stetson?"

"Yessir. A genuine John B. Stetson original.

Five ex beaver fur felt."

"The sweat stains?"

"Those were added later, actually, Dudley.

A genuine cow pen filip to offset the otherwise stunning look of my entire ensemble."

"So as not to overwhelm the onlookers, I suppose?"

"Precisely.

We don't want ordinary people to think they'll never achieve this look, you see."

"An admirable pursuit," Dud said.

"Noblesse oblige, I believe," said Steve.

"Not until lunch," said Loretta, topping off the coffee mugs.

"Breakfast special is bacon and a short stack."

-----  
Brought to you by Dog-sled: A True Tale of the North, my first book.

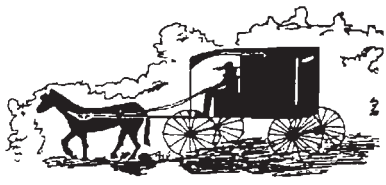
## ARCHBOLD FFA



**L-R: Nicole Stevenson, Caleb Wanemacher, Gage Nafziger, Adison Kinsman**

# The Amish Cook

by Gloria Yoder



When I was young, I mean before the responsibilities set in that I now find on my plate, my sewing machine and I would spend many happy hours together.

I sewed for my siblings and helped out here and there when I could.

Best of all was making a matching shirt for my faraway friend who later became my husband. Ah, those were the times.

When Julia and Austin were three and six, fostering became priority. Our number of children doubled two weeks after the license went through.

Four months later Baby Elijah Courage was born, adding rich joy and more responsibilities.

I won't paint a picture of perfection; life was real, but it was rich.

Joshua David topped off the family like icing on the cake two and a half years later.

Though our hands were fuller than ever, I kept telling myself that I never knew a baby could add so much happiness to a home.

Little did I imagine this would be the last addition for us to marvel at together.

Hosanna tells me we could just adopt another baby, now that Daddy died.

Um, I think for now I'll just take care of what God has given me.

When I would read that one children's story to my little ones, I would pause and swallow the lump in my throat time and again when I would come to the part where Blue Mother Hen quit going to the meadow with the other hens and no longer joined the others to the creek.

Was that not life?

The nook I was called to fill required my entire life to stop, readjust to my surroundings, and keep going while staying at home.

Like Blue Mother Hen, I wanted to care for my babies.

The blessings were precious and the sacrifices were real.

When Daddy went home to his reward, I was thank-

ful for those times we waded through the sacrifices and demands of parenting.

Now it was hard, but we readjusted again and in my heart I knew it would be alright.

God ultimately filled the needs of our hearts; others blessed us along the way.

Sister Mary did amazingly in making sure we had the clothes sewn we needed and aided with canning and the like.

I had no mood to do it and the energy was not there; gratefully I received, over and over again.

I could not imagine ever wanting to do those things on my own again... yet I thought maybe.

Yesterday I called Sister Mary with a triumphant ring in my voice.

I had cut a cream cape dress for Hosanna to wear at a wedding, and it was fun.

A part of me that was dormant is really waking up, I told myself!

Though I had sewn bits and pieces here and there and patched mounds of pants, I hadn't done much in sewing new dresses, pants or shirts from start to finish.

In the afternoon I dropped everything else around the house that tried to call for attention and tackled that dress for Hosanna.

The children were all outside at the moment.

I paused, inviting God's touch on the afternoon.

It was the same kitchen where I sewed when I was a girl.

I set up my ironing board and serger; it almost felt too perfect.

I got up to rummage through a stack of random papers to look for one with verses to meditate on, like I did when I was a girl.

A paper got my attention with notes from a meeting with the teachers at PTA.

No, I chuckled to myself, I'm not worrying about that stuff now, I'm just going to be young at heart and relish the moment!

It was as if another bit of real life was coming back.

"Mom, come look at this!

## Recipe Of The Week

# Rhubarb Sour Cream Crunch

Vintage Recipe from 5/7/68 Farmland News

### Crust:

4 cups cornflakes or 1 cup cornflake crumbs  
1 cup all purpose flour  
1/2 cup brown sugar - firmly packed  
1 teaspoon cinnamon  
1/2 cup butter, melted

### Filling:

1 egg  
1 cup sour cream  
1-1/4 cups granulated sugar  
3 tablespoons cornstarch  
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon  
3 cups cut and washed rhubarb

**Crust:** If using cornflakes, crush into fine crumbs.

Combine cornflake crumbs, flour, brown sugar, cinnamon and melted butter. Mix well.

Press half of crumb mixture evenly and firmly in bottom of 9x9-inch pan reserving remaining mixture for topping.

**Filling:** Beat egg slightly, combine with sour cream.

Mix together sugar, cornstarch and cinnamon.

Stir into sour cream mixture together with rhubarb.

Spread over crumbs crust.

Sprinkle with remaining crumbs mixture.

Bake in slow oven (325 degrees) about 1 hour or until knife inserted near the center comes out clean.

Serve warm or cool. Cut into squares to serve.

I trained Tizza to turn right or left by saying, 'Gee' and 'Haw!'" declared an excited blonde-haired lad bursting into the kitchen.

I trailed after him and cheered him on for a minute or two.

"Mom, when are we having supper?"

"I'm hungry," was next.

"Yes, it is getting close to supper time.

Hosanna, will you make some soup for us with the leftover shepherd's pie in that blue container?"

"Sure!"

Ya, there may be added responsibilities and interruptions, but the added blessings are something I never want to take lightly.

I have done nothing to deserve these rich gifts of children, straight from God Himself.

Let's go with Shepherd's

Pie, and if you happen to have leftovers, make a good cheese sauce and stir it in there; a handful of peas or other veggies may be added.

### Gloria's Shepherd's Pie Meatloaf:

6 pounds hamburger  
2-1/2 cups oatmeal  
3 eggs  
1 teaspoon pepper  
4 teaspoons salt  
1 teaspoon onion salt  
3 cups milk

### Mashed Potatoes:

6 quarts potatoes  
4 ounces cream cheese  
1/2 stick butter  
4 teaspoons salt  
1 cup sour cream

Mix together hamburger, oatmeal, eggs, pepper, salt, onion salt, and milk.

Bake in a large roaster at

350 for 1 hour. Cool.

Cook 6 quarts peeled and cut-up potatoes.

When soft, pour off water, mash and add cream cheese, butter, salt, sour cream, and onion salt,

Stir till it is creamy, add more milk if necessary.

Cool.

When both meat mixture and potatoes are cold, add 2 cans cream of mushroom soup on top of hamburger then layer with mashed potatoes.

Top with Velveeta cheese.

Refrigerate overnight.

Bake at 250 degrees for 3 hours.

Readers may write Gloria with culinary or cultural questions at: Gloria Yoder, 10510 E. 350th Avenue, Flat Rock, IL 62427.

FN

## OUR RECIPE OF THE WEEK BOX IS GETTING LOW ON RECIPES!!!

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Feel free to send along some additional recipes to put with our Reader's Recipes.



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Sisters Mildred and Maxine were excited to show off their new Easter outfits when they were in their early 20s.



Mom always wanted to see the Mississippi River, so in 1994 we took a trip to Illinois so she could "beat her feet on the Mississippi mud!"

### MOM

(Continued From Page 1)

By Judy Wells

"She's one among 'em!" - That's an expression I heard my mom, Maxine, and her mother, Delila, use numer-

ous times when I was growing up.

They'd say it when talking about any woman who had done something unusual, fantastic, undesirable, or even downright sinister.

"She's one among 'em,"

they'd say.

The emphasis was always on the word one.

I have decided that that simple phrase fits my late mom to a tee.

Maxine Whitaker was born near Salyersville, Kentucky on January 22, 1925, the youngest of five siblings, two boys and three girls.

The boys were from Grandma's first marriage to a man called "Cub" who would come in and out of her life until her death in 1967.

Grandma and Cub divorced and she later married Bill Whitaker, the grandpa I never met.

Bill has a story all his own, but we'll get to that later.

To hear her tell it, Mom had a rough childhood, but it was probably no worse than any other kid growing up in that day and age.

Mom passed away on November 22, 2025, at the age of 100, but in those 100 years she made a huge impact, not on the world but on her own circle of life.

### In the Beginning

Remember Bill, the grandpa I never knew? - - Our story begins with him.

When my mom was not quite two years old, Bill was accused of stabbing a man at a barn dance in Kenton, Ohio.

He fled the scene, loaded up his wife and 3 daughters and moved to Indiana, where he had relatives.

At that time the boys were living with their father and his new wife.

Details have been lost over the past 100 years, but not long after the move Bill was gunned down by a posse as he plowed a field with a team of mules.

Following his funeral, Grandma and the girls moved to Carey, Ohio.

With no job, no income, and no way to support herself and her children, Grandma depended on the county and menial work for their meager existence.

She did whatever she could to keep her family fed and clothed.

Mom remembers going to the fields to weed onions at the age of five or six.

She worked right alongside her mom and her older sisters.



This photo of Jim and Maxine was taken at their church around 1990.

Gladys would have been about 16-17 at the time and was called "Sis" and Mildred, who was around seven, went by "Mil."

### Who Is That Handsome Fellow?

I had always heard it said that Grandma could "pinch a penny till it squealed."

Apparently that was true because by the early 1940s, she had saved enough money to buy a small farm near Upper Sandusky.

Mom and "Mil" had attended school in Carey until that time and Mom graduated from Upper Sandusky High School in 1942.

At the age of 17, shortly after graduating, she moved to Dayton by herself to be-

come a stenographer/typist for the U.S. government.

She lived at the YWCA for the first two weeks, for 25 cents a week, then later found a cheap room in the home of an older woman.

She stayed at that government job for three years earning \$3,400 a year.

In 1945 she returned to Upper Sandusky where she worked as a waitress for two weeks but decided that wasn't the job for her.

Her next job was at Swan Rubber in Fostoria as a tire-trimmer.

That didn't suit her either, so she returned to Dayton and found a job as a secretary/receptionist at SWS

(Continued on Page 9)

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**MOM**

(Continued From Page 8)

Chevrolet.

A handsome young dark-haired man who worked there, Jim Sexton, caught her eye.

Jim and Maxine were married on March 12, 1947, and I was born in December of that year.

**Here Comes**

**Jeanette and Nancy!**

For the next several years Mom and Dad moved from house to house and town to town, working wherever they could find jobs.

At different times Mom was employed at a burlap bag factory, a candy store on the evening shift, and at a plastics manufacturer.

My sister Jeanette was born in September 1951 in Xenia, and by that time Dad was working for the government as an analyst, so Mom returned to a government job as well.

In 1962, Mom quit working outside the home and she and Dad became foster parents for children from the Dayton area.

We were living near Waynesville then, a small village southeast of Dayton, and one of our first foster "sisters" was Nancy, who came to us at the age of 19 months from a dysfunctional home.

We nicknamed her "Nan" and that name has stuck with her all these years.

Over the next 20-plus years, Mom and Dad would be parents to over 200 foster children, most of them girls, and in 1966, they officially adopted "Nan" as their third daughter.

**The Strawberry Lady**

On New Year's Day in 1966, we moved from Waynesville to Carey, where Grandma and Sis and her husband, Sam, were living.

Mom and Dad bought a 40-acre farm on Shuman Road, about three miles northwest of town.

Mom considered Shuman Road to be "the most beautiful place on earth."

Her first job in the new village was at Haines Gifts, a small wholesale giftware distributor.

She earned \$1.40 an hour as the secretary, taking shorthand, doing dictation, and taking telephone orders from customers.

When she left Haines and started working at an attorney's office, earning \$85 a week, she thought she was rich!

In the spring of 1967, my parents planted an acre of strawberries with the intention of picking and selling the berries by the quart for a little extra income.

Now, strawberries are a lot of work, not just during the planting season, but all year long.

There are weeds to hoe and blossoms to pinch off the berry plants the first year, so they'll grow bigger and stronger next year, and don't forget the 30-foot irrigation pipe to carry every day to make sure all the plants get enough moisture.

That one-acre patch eventually became a 17-acre pick-your-own strawberry patch.

Mom and Dad worked nearly every day in the patch, from April through October, for the next 20-plus years.

During most of that time, Dad worked full-time as an

**2011 Professional Achievement Awards**  
**Activities Professional of the Year**  
**Maxine Sexton**  
*Activity Assistant*  
**Wyandot County Skilled Nursing and Rehabilitation Center, Upper Sandusky**

The staff at Wyandot County Skilled Nursing and Rehabilitation Center believe that Activity Assistant Maxine Sexton deserves recognition because – when most people are seeking peaceful retirement – she entered into the Work Experience Program at the age of 78 and joined the activity department for a one-year commitment. During that time she has endeared herself to the residents and staff alike.

Although she had never worked in long-term care before, she showed compassion and caring that was equal to that displayed by life-long caregivers.

After a year, when her time at the facility was almost over, her fellow employees inquired whether she was going to leave or stay, and were ready to start a petition indicating that "the residents need her!" The request went to the administrator, and Maxine was granted intermittent work status.

Eight years later, Maxine continues to live lives of her residents. They look forward to her every day she works, and her energy and enthusiasm are contagious. At the age of 86 she rarely gets sick, and when at the facility always has a smile on her face and says "I feel Super!"

Among her other talents, Maxine has brought her guitar from home to allow one resident to play an interest she had prior to admission, and to allow another to connect his past interests. Maxine is particularly keen on interacting with residents who tend to isolate themselves, and has encouraged them to open up, attend pet therapy and entertainment programs. She has encouraged men from her facility to build bird houses with the male residents at the facility, helping to enhance their self-esteem and confidence.

Maxine has a special way with the residents at Wyandot County Skilled Nursing and Rehabilitation Center and they often ask for her when they have something they need to talk about. "We are blessed that she has been a part of this facility a part of our lives, and a part in the lives of our residents," according to her co-workers.

**In 2011, Maxine won the Activities Professional of the Year award from the Ohio Health Care Association. In this photo taken on Pajama Day at the nursing home, she is wearing pink pajamas**

electrician at a factory and Mom worked outside the home as well.

Folks around town started calling her "The Strawberry Lady" whenever they saw her on the street.

**"Bum" and "Pop"**

I married Steve in 1966, the same year I graduated from high school, and two days before our first anniversary, our son, Keven, was born.

When Keven was about four, we watched an old movie on TV in which the young boy called his grandparents "Booma" and "Boompa."

Keven thought that was cute, so he started calling my parents by those names.

Soon the entire family called them "Booma" and "Boompa."

Over the next few years, "Booma" was shortened to

"Bummie" and "Boompa" to "Pawpaw", and eventually those names became "Bum" and "Pop."

Steve and I divorced in 1980, so Keven and I lived with "Bummie" and "Pop" for about two years while I attended school in Toledo.

"Bummie" became Keven's surrogate mother during those years and even after I started working at a hospital.

Keven and I moved into a rental home about a quarter of a mile south of Mom and Dad in 1982, and Mom made sure he was up and ready for school on the days I worked.

**She Loved Her Community!**

Mom was proud of her life, her family, and the community in which she lived.

She and I wrote and di-

rected a play for the 1976 bicentennial celebration of our country and, along with numerous townspeople, presented it in the high school auditorium.

She and Dad both sang in the choir at their church and, in their earlier years, were active in Grange in Waynesville.

She was also instrumental in starting a teen center in that village so the young

(Continued on Page 10)

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When the Nursing Home asked for volunteers to ride on the float in the Carey Homecoming Parade, Mom was the first one to put on her poodle skirt and climb aboard.



Mom showing off her award in front of the Nursing Home sign.

**MOM**

(Continued From Page 9)

people would have a place to hang out, and she didn't hesitate to speak her mind if she thought something was amiss, either through letters to the editor or by attending various meetings.

She and I became best friends, more like sisters, during that time and often took short trips together.

Over the next 50 years, Jeanette and Nancy would get married and have chil-

dren and grandchildren of their own.

Eventually "Bummie" became a grandmother to five and great grandma to six and one grandson preceded her in death.

**Time Marches On**

In 1986, I married Phil and moved to Paulding.

Keven had just started a new job in Findlay, so he moved in with Mom and Dad until he could save enough money to get his own place.

Dad was diagnosed with lung cancer just before Thanksgiving, 1991, and he passed away on December 11 at the age of 66.

In 1992, Keven bought the farm from Mom but allowed her to live there with him.

She decided she wasn't done working yet, so she became a nearly full-time baby-sitter in their home.

In her "spare time" she managed the Carey Clothing Center, a donation center for clothes, shoes, small

appliances and household goods.

The Center held a bag sale once a month, where less fortunate folks in the area could buy a huge trash bag full of goods for a dollar.

**'Join Me for Lunch?'**

Mom continued to baby-sit and run the Clothing Center until 2004, when she was 79 years old.

Saying she needed some occasional adult conversation and companionship, she responded to an ad in her local newspaper offering rewarding jobs to older folks in a field of their liking.

She met with a representative of Experience Works and filled out an application.

One of the questions on the app was "Is there any place you would NOT want to work?"

Envisioning bedpans, bibs, wheelchairs, and unhappy residents her immediate answer was "in a nursing home."

Mom and the representative visited several potential employers where the rep explained to the managers that Experience Works would pay Mom's salary for the first year -- but no one was interested in hiring her.

A few days later the rep called Mom and said she had a possible job for her, but that she'd have to change her application.

The job was at -- you guessed it! - a nursing home, in the Activity Department.

Mom said she felt right at home as she walked through the halls and met some of the residents.

It was lunch time at the facility and as they passed through the dining room, one of the residents offered Mom a seat at her table.

Her snow-white hair must have led the woman to believe Mom was a newly

admitted resident.

**Keep Maxine!**

The Activity Director agreed to hire Mom for a year.

She thought someone closer to the residents' ages might be able to encourage them to participate more often.

During that first year Mom played games, polished nails, went on outings, decorated for holidays and parties, made room visits, talked, listened, and lost her heart to every one of the residents.

When the year was nearly up, the administration at the nursing home decided they couldn't afford to hire her, so Experience Works started looking for another job for her somewhere else.

The employees and residents at the home had other ideas, however, and they circulated a petition to "Keep Maxine!" and even refused to attend activities if she couldn't be there, too!

Following a conference with the Administrator, Director of Nursing, and Activity Director, Mom was offered a three-day-a-week job with no benefits -- Of course she took it!

**Activity Professional of the Year!**

Mom worked at the nursing home for the next ten years, until the age of 90.

In 2011, she was nominated for "Activity Professional of the Year" by her supervisor.

In the nomination letter, her boss explained that "Maxine has endeared herself to the residents and staff alike," and that, "even though she had never worked in long-term care before, she has shown compassion and caring that is equal to that displayed by life-long caregivers."

(Continued on Page 11)



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When mom received a new lamp shade for Christmas in 2006, she could not resist modeling it for the rest of the family.



On Veterans' Day in 2021, Mom and I went shopping at Walmart in Upper Sandusky. She wasn't able to walk very far so she rode in one of their shopping carts. "This is the most fun I've had in a long time!" she said as she looked over the pies in the frozen section

**MOM**

(Continued From Page 10)

She went on to say that "the residents look forward to the days Maxine works, and her energy and enthusiasm are contagious."

Her co-workers added, "We are blessed that Maxine is part of this facility, a part of our lives, and a part of the lives of our residents."

She won the statewide competition and was presented with the title of "Activity Professional of the Year" at a ceremony in Columbus.

All three of her daughters, a grandson, and several of the staff members from the nursing home also attended the ceremony.

**A Slow Decline**

Mom's joint-90<sup>th</sup> birthday and retirement party was held at the nursing home on January 24, 2015, with over 100 guests.

She insisted the celebration be at the facility so res-

idents, friends, co-workers, and family could attend.

Following her retirement, she slowed down slightly because of a bad knee but continued to do most of the housework at her home with Keven.

She and I still took trips together, but not for as many days or as far from home as in the past.

She said she'd rather sit in her recliner, watch TV or listen to music, and admire the birds at her many feeders.

Each year, she became a little more reserved, a little less active, and moved a little slower.

Her cognition slowly went downhill and she became more and more forgetful and unsteady on her feet.

**'Get Me Outta Here!'**

In 2022, she went into the hospital after a fall at home.

When she was discharged, she was admitted

to a nursing home in Bluffton, Ohio, and I visited her every day for the next few months.

Keven went to see her on the weekends; Jeanette, Nan, and the grandchildren saw her when they could.

Because I had her power of attorney, I was responsible for making nearly all the decisions for her and that July, I moved her to a facility in Findlay where Keven and I took turns visiting every other day.

In January, we held her 100<sup>th</sup> birthday party at the Findlay nursing home.

The Mayor of Findlay, Christina M. Muryn, and the Mayor of Carey, Chad Kin, sent proclamations declaring January 22, 2025, "Maxine Sexton Day".

Even though Mom was thrilled with the celebration and all the guests who attended the party, she was never happy being in a nursing home.

The joy she had brought to so many other residents was now gone, and despite the staff's best efforts, she refused to go to activities and she ate most of her meals in her room, alone.

Often when I would visit,

she would plead "Get me outta here!"

It broke my heart, but I always told her I was working on it.

She lived there until her passing on November 22, 2025.

**'Lookin' Out My Back Door'**

Pastor Brett Kelly officiated at Mom's funeral on a cold and blustery Saturday a week after her death.

She was buried next to "Pop" in Spring Grove Cemetery.

From the cemetery, the house on Shuman Road where "Bummie" and "Pop" had made so many memories, and where she had lived with Keven for nearly 20 years, was visible.

One of her favorite songs was "Lookin' Out My Back Door" by Creedence Clearwater Revival, and she had asked that we play that song at her funeral, "If the weather is decent; if it's too cold, just go on home," she'd directed.

As the wind blew and the snowflakes started to swirl, approximately 25 grieving friends and relatives stood over her casket while

"CCR" blared.

There wasn't a dry eye in the graveyard.

*Happy heavenly Mothers' Day, Bummie!*

*We love you!*

*Note: Farmland News would like to thank Judy Wells for sharing her mom's story.*

**Judy Wells lives in Paulding County with her husband Phil.**

**She enjoys photographing wildlife, horseback riding, camping and any other outdoor activities, as well as writing.** FN



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# An Amazing Day



**A memorable day for the Honor Flight group.**

**By Linda Snyder**

Tuesday, April 14 was an amazing day for me...I was privileged to be on the Honor Flight to Washington, D.C. as a guardian for my neighbor, Robert E. Cole.

Bob was in the Air Force from 1951-1955 and is a veteran of the Korean War, his main duties were to be a

clerk for a colonel, stationed in many different parts of Europe.

He's now 93 years young. I have known Bob since I was in elementary school after he had returned from the service, and his relatives bought the house across the road from my parents.

I grew up, moved away,

and eventually I moved back, in the mean time Bob had bought the house across from my parents.

Almost seventy years seems like a short time for being good friends.

### **Flag City Honor Flight**

Last November I accompanied Bob to a Veterans'

Day dinner and out of the blue, at least to me, he said "I would like to go on the Honor Flight."

So I started looking into

it and found that applications are taken online only.

The veterans are selected

(Continued on Page 13)



**Bob Cole at the Navy Memorial.**



**Bob and Linda at the Womens Military Memorial**



**The Korean War Memorial...Bob remembers wearing the ponchos.**

**AMAZING**

(Continued From Page 12)

in order of conflict, age, and application submission date. They are allowed to choose the Guardian to go with them, provided the Guardian's application is approved.

That's when Bob told me "I will not go unless you go with me."

The Big Day started out leaving home at 4:30 am. heading to the Grand Aire Hangar at Toledo Airport.

They shuttled us to the airport where going through the security checkpoint was no problem because they were expecting all of the veterans.

When we reached the upstairs, there was breakfast waiting for us, and also a photographer to take our picture in front of an American flag.

There was a total of 79 veterans; three from the Korean War and the rest from the Viet Nam War.

After we were on the jet, we learned there were 166 people on the flight including: veterans, guardians, and volunteers from Flag City Honor Flight, the organization that makes this flight possible.

All of the volunteers are super friendly and helpful, as we found out immediately upon getting out of the shuttle – they were "Johnny on the Spot" with a wheelchair waiting for Bob and others.

**We Arrived!**

Arriving at Reagan National Airport, we were greeted with a fire trucks'

water salute, and going through the terminal, we were greeted by friendly people waving flags.

What a wonderful greeting!

We were then loaded onto busses and heading for our first destination, The Marine Memorial.

Our bus guide was very informative throughout the

entire trip, making this a memorable experience.

Next stop was the 9/11 Pentagon Memorial.

Each detail at the Memorial represented something of importance about the 9/11 attack, symbolizing and commemorating those who had lost their lives.

The Air Force Memorial was closed for refurbishing,

so being at the Pentagon Memorial was the closest we were able to get to it.

The Air Force Veterans had a group picture taken at the Pentagon Memorial with the Air Force Memorial in the far background.

Each branch of service had a group picture taken at their respective memorial.

Our next stop was the Women's Military Memorial, which is a very impressive memorial.

One of the best parts at the Women's Military Memorial was a delicious BBQ lunch waiting for us.

After lunch, it was on to the Navy Memorial – also a very impressive Memorial.

From there we went to the Korean War Memorial and the Vietnam Memorial.

At the Korean War Memorial, there were many larger-than-life statues of soldiers in the uniform of the day.

Bob commented, "Yup, we all had ponchos like that."

I asked him, "Would you

like me to take a picture of anything in particular. "

His answer, "No, I've got it all in my mind."

The next destination was driving through Arlington National Cemetery on the way to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the Changing of the Guard.

There is only one word to describe this cemetery **Awesome!**

The cemetery covers 639 acres and it goes on and on and on and on!

The Changing of the Guard is also very impressive and humbling...Even though the day was extremely hot and sunny, you could feel the dignity and confidence of each guard.

The last stop was at the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Memorial, where we had a box lunch meal.

This Memorial was a welcome change of pace with all of the cooling waterfalls along with a relaxing view and walking area

(Continued on Page 14)



**Arlington National Cemetery**



**Arlington National Cemetery**



### The Marine Memorial

#### AMAZING

(Continued From Page 13)

by the Tidal Basin.

#### Time To Go

Eventually it was time to head back to Reagan National Airport and head home.

There were storms in our path when we were over Ohio, so the pilot took a detour which extended our flight by about 25-30 minutes.

The crew of Jet Blue were excellent and I can't say enough about Flag City Honor Flight.

Everyone involved with the Honor Flight were super helpful, understanding, and patient.

A lot of planning went into making this trip to Washington D.C. possible.

I won't elaborate any further on this because I don't want to spoil it for future veterans going on this trip – it was just *Spectacular!* – it made you proud to be an

American!

If you're interested go to [flagcityhonorflight.org](http://flagcityhonorflight.org) for applications for both veterans and guardians.

*Note: Farmland News would like to say thank you to Bob Cole and Linda Snyder for sharing this story.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Thank you veterans for your service.*



## Readers' Opinions

*We'd like your feedback!*

*Tell us how we're doing and what you'd like to see more/less of in future issues of Farmland News.*

- Want more recipes? More feature stories? More freelance columns? Puzzles or games?
- Would you like to see more stories about farming? Hobbies? Family Features? Tell us and we'll see what we can come up with!
- We welcome your feedback ... on any topic ... to help us make Farmland News the best it can be!

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**Hay & Straw Auction Results**  
 Auctions Every Monday at Noon

Date	4/6/2026	4/13/2026	4/20/2026	4/27/2026
Bales	882	No Sale	1590	957

Item	Low	High
<b>Small Squares</b>		
Straw	1.00	4.00
1st Grass	1.00	6.75
1st Alfalfa Grass	1.00	6.00
2nd Alfalfa Grass	5.75	8.25
3rd Alfalfa Grass	3.00	7.00
1st Alfalfa	3.00	7.25
Grass/Clover	3.75	5.50
Clover	2.50	4.25
<b>Round Bales</b>		
Straw	20.00	39.00
1st Alfalfa	32.50	75.00
1st Alfalfa Grass	14.00	65.00
2nd Alfalfa Grass	40.00	75.00
3rd Alfalfa Grass	40.00	77.50
1st Grass	25.00	35.00
2nd Grass	27.50	30.00
Cornstalks	15.00	18.00
Clover	25.00	25.00
Grass/Clover	45.00	50.00
<b>Large Squares</b>		
Straw	30.00	30.00
1st Grass	45.00	47.50
1st Alfalfa Grass	50.00	70.00
1st Alfalfa	80.00	85.00
2nd Alfalfa	40.00	50.00
Clover	42.50	42.50

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