

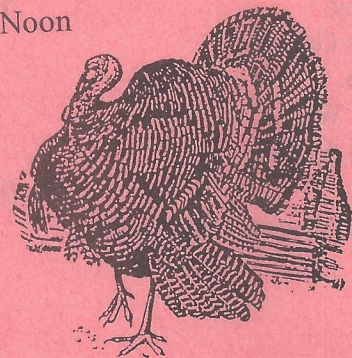
NOVEMBER 2002

# FERTILE REMINDER



## COMING EVENTS

Nov. 4	Fire Dept. Meeting	7 PM
Nov. 5	Senior Dinner	Noon
	City Council Meeting	7 PM
Nov. 12	Fertile Garden Club	7 PM
	Elaine Patten's Home	
Nov. 18	Library Board Meeting	7 PM
Nov. 19	Senior Dinner	Noon
Nov. 23	Boys & Girls 4-H	
Nov. 26	Re-cycle Day	
Nov. 28	THANKSGIVING	



## Fertile City Council

The Fertile City Council met October 1, 2002 at 7:00 PM in Fertile City Hall. Present were Mayor Joyce Russell, Council Persons Tanya Olson, Jeff Berg, Tammy Hall. Absent Richard Bruns, Tad Miller. Also present Tom Kirschbaum. The minutes were declared approved as presented. Chris Diggins of NIACOG was present to assist the council with the Application for Participation in the National Flood Insurance Program. Ron Arends of WCTA requested the Telephone Pedestal erected in South Lake Street be allowed to remain. Olson moved to allow it to remain in present location. Berg 2<sup>nd</sup>. Passed. WCTA indicated Moorehead Electric will be repairing the damage to streets and property. The Community Center has been surveyed and the paper work is being completed. Olson moved to approve expenditures, 2<sup>nd</sup> Hall. Passed. Committee Reports were given.. Meeting Adjourned.

### September Revenue

Property Tax	2,271.85
Water/Sewer/Garbage	7,405.57
Street Revenue	2,524.93
Local Option Tax	1,093.48
Building Permits	40.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$13,335.83</b>

### September Expenses

Tom Kirschbaum	863.79
Dave Low	301.49
Gloria Kirschbaum	321.30
Sewer Acct	1,483.00
Water Acct	1,474.00
FICA	458.94
IPERS	232.20
Basic Materials	363.89
WCTA	54.10
Waste Systems	1,666.50
Alliant	373.85
Sales Tax	158.99
Aquila	43.57
Crescent Moon	120.00
LGI	8.40
Hare Electric	1,104.51
Thompsons Garage	60.81
Larsens Plb.	110.14
Iowa Rural Water	175.00
Northwood Anchor	132.30
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$ 9,506.78</b>

Gloria Kirschbaum, City Clerk

## Worth County Public Health

PO Box 228  
100 Enterprise Drive  
Northwood, IA 50459  
641 324-1741  
Fax: 641 324-2195

Nov. 5 & 6 **Senior Health Clinic** at Fertile Church of Christ. Contact Carol Haugen 797-2247 for appointment.

Nov. 5 **Free Blood Pressure Clinic** at Fertile.

Nov. 21 **Child Immunization Clinic** at Worth County Public Health office from 1-5. No appointment necessary.

**Foot Clinics** available at Worth County Public Health Office. Call as needed for appointment. 324-1741

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## "TEDDY"

Her name was Mrs. Thompson. In class on the very first day of school, she told the children a lie.

Like most teachers, she looked at her students and said that she loved them all the same. But that was impossible, because there in the front row, slumped in his seat, was a little boy name Teddy Stoddard. Mrs. Thompson had watched Teddy the year before and noticed that he didn't play well with the other children, that his clothes were messy and that he constantly needed a bath. And Teddy could be unpleasant.

It got to the point where Mrs. Thompson would actually take delight in marking his papers with a broad red pen, making bold X's and then putting a big "F" at the top of his papers.

At the school where Mrs. Thompson taught, she was required to review each child's past records and she put Teddy's off until last.

However, when she reviewed his file, she was in for a surprise. Teddy's first grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is a bright child with a ready laugh. He does his work neatly and has good manners...he is a joy to be around."

His second grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is an excellent student, well liked by his classmates, but he is troubled because his mother has a terminal illness and life at home is a struggle."

His third grade teacher wrote, "His mother's death had been hard on him. He tried to do his best, but his father doesn't show much interest and his home life will soon affect him if some steps aren't taken."

Teddy's fourth grade teacher wrote, "Teddy is withdrawn and doesn't show much interest in school. He doesn't have many friends and he sometimes sleeps in class."

By now, Mrs. Thompson realized the problem and she was ashamed of herself. She felt even worse when her students brought her Christmas presents, wrapped in beautiful ribbons and bright paper, except for Teddy's. His present was clumsily wrapped in the heavy, brown paper that he got from a grocery bag. Mrs. Thompson took pains to open it in the middle of the other presents. Some of the children started to laugh when she found a rhinestone bracelet with some of the stones missing, and a bottle that was one quarter full of perfume. But she stifled the children's laughter when she exclaimed how pretty the bracelet was, putting it on and dabbing some of the perfume on her wrist.

Teddy Stoddard stayed after school that day just long enough to say, "Mrs. Thompson, today you smelled just like my Mom used to."

After the children left she cried for at least an hour. On that very day, she quit teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic. Instead, she began to teach children. Mrs. Thompson paid particular attention to Teddy. As she worked with him, his mind seemed to come alive. The more she

encouraged him, the faster he responded. By the end of the year, Teddy had become one of the smartest children in the class and, despite her lie that she would love all the children the same, Teddy became one of her "teacher's pet."

A year later, she found a note under her door, from Teddy, telling her that she was still the best teacher he had ever had in his whole life.

Six years went by before she got another note from Teddy. He then wrote that he had finished high school, third in his class, and she was still the best teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Four years after that, she got another letter, saying that while things had been tough at times, he's stayed in school, had stuck with it, and would soon graduate from college with the highest of honors. He assured Mrs. Thompson that she was still the best and favorite teacher he ever had in his whole life.

Then four more years passed and yet another letter came. This time he explained that after he got his bachelor's degree, he decided to go a little further. The letter explained that she was still the best and favorite teacher he ever had. But now his name was a little longer--the letter was signed, Theodore F. Stoddard, MD.

The story doesn't end there. You see, there was yet another letter that spring. Teddy said he'd met this girl and was going to be married. He explained that his father had died a couple of years ago and he was wondering if Mrs. Thompson might agree to sit in the place at the wedding that was usually reserved for the mother of the groom.

Of course, Mrs. Thompson did. And guess what? She wore that bracelet, the one with several rhinestones missing. They hugged each other, and Dr. Stoddard whispered in Mrs. Thompson's ear, "Thank you, Mrs. Thompson, for believing in me. Thank you so much for making me feel important and showing me that I could make a difference."

Mrs. Thompson, with tears in her eyes, whispered back. She said, "Teddy, you have it all wrong. You were the one who taught me that I could make a difference. I didn't know how to teach until I met you."

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# WITH SYMPATHY

## SELMA OPPEDAHL SUMMERS 1913 - 2002

Funeral service for Selma Oppedahl Summers, 89, of Albert Lea, MN was held October 2, at 10:30 a.m. at First Lutheran Church in Albert Lea, MN. She died Sept. 28, 2002, at St. John's Lutheran Home in Albert Lea where she had been a resident since May 3, 1995. The Rev. John Holt officiated. Burial was in Lakewood Cemetery.

Selma Willmette Oppedahl Summers, the daughter of Andrew O. and Elsie (Severson) Oppedahl, was born June 26, 1913, in Fertile, in Grant Township. She grew up on a farm near Fertile and was baptized and confirmed in the Christian faith at Fertile Lutheran Church. She graduated from Fertile High School in 1931 and attended St. Olaf College in Northfield, MN.

June 26, 1934, she was united in marriage to Ralph C. Summers at the Little Brown Church in Nashua. They lived in Blooming Prairie and Hastings, MN, where her husband was a teacher and coach. They later moved to Albert Lea where her husband was a teacher and coach and became the Athletic director. Selma was a tremendous support to her husband and was involved in many community activities. She was a member of the First Lutheran Church where she was active in First Lutheran Women, Ladies Aid and Mission Society. She had been active in the Naeve Hospital Auxiliary Pink Ladies, American Association of University Women, Faculty Wives of Blooming Prairie, Hastings and Albert Lea, National Congress of Parents and Teachers, Albert Lea North Side/Hawthorne PTA, the Tuesday Literary Club, Albert Lea Travel Class and the Sons of Norway. She also enjoyed civic music events.

Survivors include one son, Ralph C. Summers, Jr. and his wife, Ardis, of Carlisle; and two granddaughters, Kristen and Karmen.

She was preceded in death by her parents; her husband in 1992; three sisters, Minnie Oppedahl, Esther Oppedahl and Ellen Pfaltzgraff; one brother, Arthur Oppedahl; and three brothers, Oscar, Edwin and Clarence, who died in infancy.

Our deepest sympathy to the family.

## ELSIE CHRISTINA HICKOK 1916 - 2002

Elsie Christina Hickok, 86, of 624 3rd St. N. E., Mason City, died October 5, 2002 at Good Shepherd Health Center.



Funeral services were held at 1:00 p.m. on October 8, 2002 at Wesley United Methodist Church in Mason City. Interment was at Clear Lake Cemetery.

Elsie was born April 17, 1916 in Goodrich, Minn., the daughter of Wilhelm and Ella (Halverson) Zobel. She graduated from high school in Fertile.

She married Robert O. Hickok on June 6, 1936, in Clear Lake. The Hickocks moved to Mason City in the early 1940's. Elsie was a member of Wesley United Methodist Church, UMW, enjoyed bus trips to the theatre, playing cards, was an avid Iowa Hawkeye Basketball fan and enjoyed being with her family, friends and church.

She is survived by her three children: Gary W. Hickok and wife, Kay, of Clearwater, FL, Dennis R. Hickok and wife, Susan, of Burnsville, MN, Trudy D. Williams and husband, Richard, of Tracy, MN; 4 grandchildren and 3 great-grandchildren; brothers, Ernest Zobel of Rochester, MN, Leo Zobel of Albert Lea, MN and Floyd Zobel of Lincoln, NE; sisters, Mildren Matson and Leone Frahm of Mason City; several nieces and nephews.

Elsie was preceded in death by her parents; husband, Robert Hickok; three brothers, William, Leslie and Stanley. Our deepest sympathy to the family.

### DOWNTOWN CAFE

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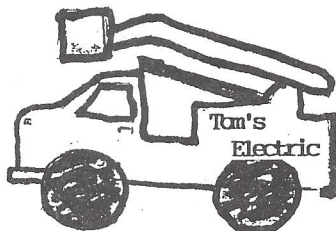
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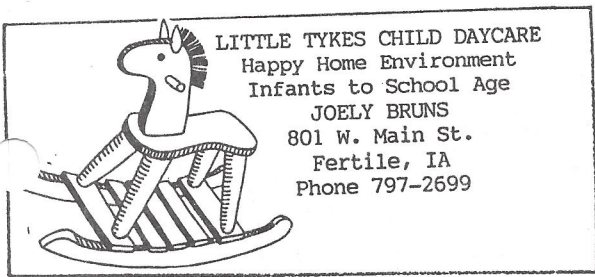
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## *When I Was A Child...*

*Neil L. Kuns*

*November 15, 1994*

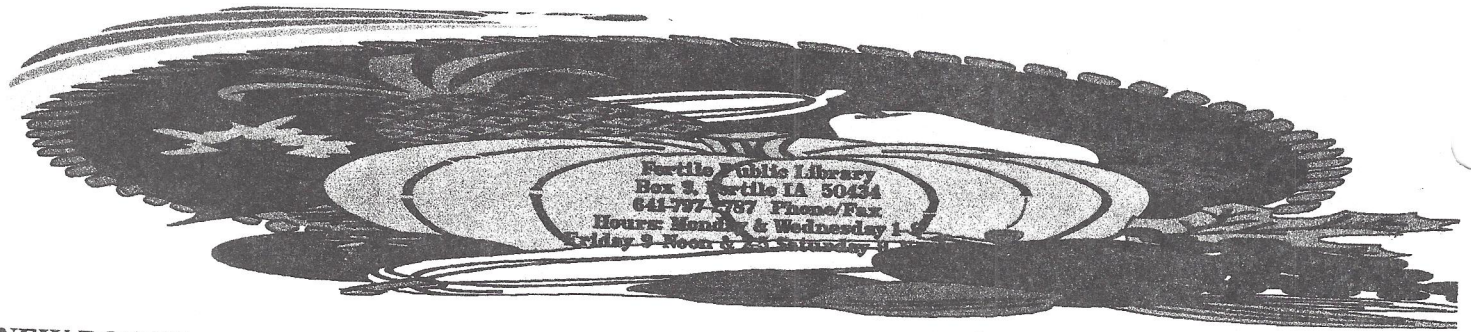
During my seventeen years as a citizen of Fertile, Iowa, our family lived in five different houses. Each of them was in turn considered to be "home." A house is only a dwelling, but a home is where one lives. Three homes were in the east side of town, and two on the west. Documenting *when* we lived in each location has enabled me to know *about* when a memory event occurred. If it occurred indoors, I usually have a visual reference of the room in which an incident occurred, and this one was in the first house I ever called home. It must have happened about 1936.

On this night the family was seated in the dining room. I had been looking at a contest cartoon in *Wallace's Farmer*, a weekly publication which focused on agricultural concerns and featured a line drawing with concealed animals. The idea was to see how many of the animals one could locate. Sixty years ago "Waldo" wasn't even born, so no one was looking for him. This search was similar even if it was in black and white. The animals were of various sizes and were worked into other design elements to conceal them from all but the most discerning eye. I was using a stubby "lead pencil" to circle the animals in the puzzle as I located them. I had placed a lamp with a 40 watt clear glass bulb on a low table to obtain better light for my search. After studying the drawing for some while, probably with my tongue held in the corner of my mouth to assist in concentration, I became thirsty and headed toward the kitchen to get a drink of water.

As I walked away from the lamp I noticed something I had never seen before -- a gigantic and grotesque shadow covering the wall and part of the ceiling of both the dining room and the kitchen. To make matters even more threatening to my startled mind, the *shadow* moved whenever *I* did. I stopped in my tracks, terrified and afraid to move lest "it" get me. In fear I cried out to my mother and was just a little "put out" to hear her laugh as she explained that the shadow was my own. It couldn't be, I reasoned, it is much bigger than this little boy. "Just move your hand and watch; the shadow will also move," she spoke, encouraging me to experiment. At length I did, and was relieved to remove the source of my fear. At that point I too was able to join in the laughter. The lamp had not been on that low table before, and this set up the scary scenario.

Paul, the apostle of Christ, wrote about such a situation in First Corinthians 13:11. "When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a man, I put childish ways behind me." Many of us are childishly frightened by that which we have not previously experienced, and by that which seems to be larger than life, or at least larger than our ability to cope. Most of us are able to put aside our fears when we understand them. Sometimes we're merely unwilling to experiment with solutions to our shadows, and then they become phobias, or unreasoned fears. Someone has observed that while we're children only once we may remain childish indefinitely. Certainly this is true with the shadow-like fears which we allow to limit our lives and paralyze our progress.

So listen to Paul, loosen up a little with your fears and learn to live with and laugh at your self-generated shadows. Most of them are not nearly as bad as they seem to be at first.



**NEW BOOKS**

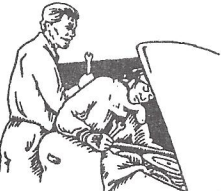
- The Crush - Sandra Brown
- The Beloved Land - Janette Oke
- An Old Fashioned Christmas - Leigh Greenwood
- Christmas Carol - Flora Speer
- The Christmas Basket - Debbie Macomber
- Julotta - Tracie Peterson
- True Honor - Dee Henderson
- No One to Trust - Iris Johansen
- Christmas Spirit - Leigh Greenwood
- Catherine's Heart - Lawana Blackwell
- Kidspace Idea Book - Wendy A. Jordan
- Best Recipes of the Great Food Companies - Judith Anderson
- 4 Ingredient Cookbook - Publications International
- Jello & Cool Whip Simply Delicious - " "
- Philadelphia Cream Cheese Appetizers & More - " "
- The Little Hands Big Fun Craft Book - Judith Press

**AUDIO BOOKS**

- The Beloved Land - Janette Oke
- The Crush - Sandra Brown


**NEW VIDEOS**

- Hart's War - Bruce Willis
- Serendipity - John Cusack
- Shallow Hal - Jack Black
- Texas Rangers - Dylan McDermott
- Life as a House - Kevin Kline
- Sponge Bob Square Pants Halloween




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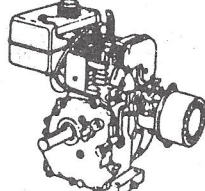
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## HOW OLD IS GRAMPA?

One evening a grandson was talking to his grandfather about current events. The grandson asked his grandfather what he thought about the shootings at schools, the computer age, and just things in general.

The granddad replied, "Well, let me think a minute, I was born before television, Penicillin, polio shots, frozen foods, Xerox, contact lenses, Frisbees and the pill.

There was no radar, credit cards, laser beams or ballpoint pens. Man had not invented pantyhose, air conditioners, dishwashers, clothes dryers and the clothes were hung out to dry in the fresh air and man hadn't yet walked on the moon.

Your grandmother and I got married first--and then lived together. Every family had a father and a mother. Until I was 25, I called every man older than I, 'Sir'-and after I turned 25, I still called policemen and every man with a title, 'Sir.'

We were before gay-rights, computer-dating, dual careers, daycare centers, and group therapy. Our lives were governed by the Ten Commandments, good judgment, and common sense. We were taught to know the difference between right and wrong and to stand up and take responsibility for our actions.

Serving your country was a privilege, living in this country was a bigger privilege. We thought fast food was what people ate during Lent. Having a meaningful relationship meant getting along with your cousins.

Draft dodgers were people who closed their front doors when the evening breeze started.

Time-sharing meant time the family spent together in the evenings and weekends, not purchasing condominiums.

We never heard of FM radios, tape decks, CDs, electric typewriters, yogurt or guys wearing earrings. We listened to the Big Bands, Jack Benny, and the President's speeches on our radios.

And I don't ever remember any kid blowing his brains out listening to Tommy Dorsey.

If you saw anything with 'Made in Japann' on it, it was junk. The term 'making out' referred to how you did on your school exam. Pizza Hut, McDonald's and instant coffee were unheard of.

We had 5 & 10 cent stores where you could actually buy things for 5 and 10 cents. Ice cream cones, phone calls, rides on a streetcar, and a Pepsi were all a nickel. And if you didn't want to splurge, you could spend your nickle on enough stamps to mail 1 letter and 2 postcards.

You could buy a new Chevy Coupe for \$600 but who could afford one.? Too bad, because gas was 11 cents a gallon. In my day, 'grass' was mowed, 'coke' was a cold drink, 'pot' was something your mother cooked in, and 'rock music' was your grandmother's lullaby. 'Aids' were helpers in the Principal's office, 'chip' meant a piece of wood,

'hardware' was found in a hardware store, and 'software' wasn't even a word.

And we were the last generation to actually believe that a lady needed a husband to have a baby. No wonder people call us "old and confused" and say there is a generation gap...and how old you you think I am???

KEEP GOING----

This man would be only 58 years old!

## Thank You for Inching our Way to the Bridge!

In loving memory of our parents,  
**Mike and Ginny Purcell**  
Pat and Dave Lovick  
Colleen and David Lura  
Barb and Bob Klapperich

In memory of Harold M. Ouverson  
Ruth  
Mike  
Terry  
Kris

Roger Felland  
Goldie Felland  
Sheila Trees  
Lona Trees  
Tanya Olson

Nancy Ingham

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## THINK ABOUT IT !!!

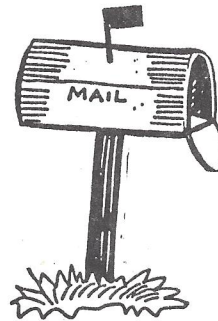
This joke today is not intended to be a joke, it's not intended to be funny, it's intended to get you thinking.

Billy Graham's daughter was interviewed on the Early Show and Jane Clayson asked her "How could God let something like this happen? (regarding the attacks on Sept. 11). Anne Graham gave an extremely profound and insightful response. She said, "I believe God is deeply saddened by this, just as we are, but for years we've been telling God to get out of our schools, to get out of our government and to get out of our lives. And being the gentleman He is, I believe He has calmly backed out. How can we expect God to give us His blessing and His protection if we demand He leave us alone? In light of recent events...terrorists attack, school shootings, etc. I think it started when Madeleine Murray O'Hare (she was murdered, her body found recently) complained she didn't want prayer in our schools and we said OK. Then someone said you better not read the Bible in school...the Bible says thou shalt not kill, thou shalt not steal, and love your neighbor as yourself. And we said OK. Then Dr. Benjamin Spock said we shouldn't spank our children when they misbehave because their little personalities would be warped and we might damage their self-esteem (Dr. Spock's son committed suicide). We said an expert should know what he's talking about. And we said OK. Then someone said teachers and principals better not discipline our children when they misbehave. The school administrators said no faculty member in this school better touch a student when they misbehave because we don't want any bad publicity, and we surely don't want to be sued (there's a big difference between disciplining, touching, beating, smacking, humiliating, kicking, etc). And we said OK. Then someone said, let's let our daughters have abortions if they want, and they won't even have to tell their parents. We we said OK. Then some wise school board member said, since boys will be boys and they're going to do it anyway, let's give our sons all the condoms they want so they can have all the fun they desire, and we won't have to tell their parents they got them at school. And we said OK. Then some of our top elected officials said it doesn't matter what we do in private as long as we do our jobs. Agreeing with them we said it doesn't matter to me what anyone, including the President, does in private as long as I have a job and the economy is good. Then someone said let's print magazines with pictures of nude women and call it wholesome, down-to-earth appreciation for the beauty of the female body. And we said OK. And then someone else took that appreciation a step further and published pictures of nude children and then further again by making them available on the Internet. And we said OK; they're entitled to free speech. Then the entertainment industry said: let's make TV shows and movies that promote profanity, violence and illicit sex. Let's record music that encourages rape, drugs, murder, suicide, and satanic themes. And we said it's just entertainment, it has no adverse effect, nobody takes it seriously anyway, so go right ahead. Now we're asking ourselves why our children have no conscience, why they don't know right from wrong, and why it doesn't bother them to kill strangers, their classmates, and themselves. Probably, if we think about it long and hard enough, we can figure it out. I think it has a great deal to do with "WE REAP WHAT WE SOW." Funny how simple it is for people to trash God and then wonder why the world's going to hell. Funny

how we believe what the newspapers say, but question what the Bible says. Funny how you can send "jokes" through e-mail: they spread like wildfire, but when you start sending messages regarding the Lord, people think twice about sharing. Funny how lewd, crude, vulgar and obscene articles pass freely through cyberspace, but public discussion of God is suppressed in the school and workplace."

Are you laughing? Funny how when you forward this message, you will not send it to many on your address list because you're not sure what they believe, or what they will think of you for sending it. Funny how we can be more worried about what other people think of us than what God thinks of us. Pass it on if you think it has merit. If not, then just discard it...no one will know you did. But if, you discard this thought process, don't sit back and complain about what bad shape the world is in!

*Copied from an E-mail*



Dear Ladies,

Please renew my subscription, It is very interesting and I enjoy it each month.

DeEtta (Thovson) Twedt

## FERTILE GARDEN CLUB

The Fertile Garden Club met at the home of Dolores Sandifer on October 8th with Rhonda Schulze as co-hostess.

The meeting was opened with the Pledge of Allegiance to our country and flag. Our roll call was to name our favorite spring-time bulb. Now is the time to get them planted. Sixteen members were present..

Linda Shahan gave a very interesting lesson on arranging fall flowers. She made it look so easy. Linda works with flower arranging and replaced Pat Oswald for our lesson.

Our business meeting consisted of discussion of our Christmas party, which will be held on Dec. 10th at the Rose Cottage in Clear Lake.

Officers were asked to find their own replacements for the coming year. Election of officers will be held at the November meeting.

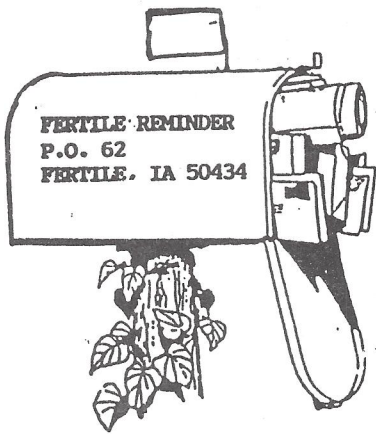
Teresa Smith gave the closing "Thought for the Day." It was a humorous reading entitled "The Comfort of a Brick Outhouse That Couldn't Be Tipped Over." Fertile was known for "Halloween pranks!"

Meeting was adjourned with our table prayer and dessert.

Fern Midtgaard  
Reporter







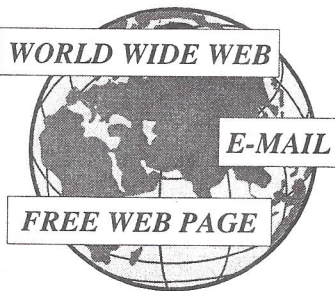
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