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"The Little Green Paper"

December 05, 2018

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The True Meaning of Christmas

The true meaning of Christmas often gets lost in the rush of the season: the shopping, the parties, the baking, and the wrapping of presents. But the essence of the season is the greatest gift of all time — God gave us Jesus Christ, his own Son:

For a child is born to us, a son is given --Submitted by Brian K. Walters to us.

The Purpose of Christmas

The government will rest on his shoulders.

And he will be called: Wonderful
Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting
Father, Prince of Peace. (Isaiah, NLT)
The gift of Jesus brings great joy to
everyone who receives him. The purpose of Christmas is to share this gift so the whole world will know the love of our Savior.

The people were scurrying
To get out God's Word.
The hymns were being sung
To Holy God above,
In thanks for Him sending,
Jesus Christ and His love.
Christmas brings remembrance
Of family and friends.

Allow these thoughtful meditations And the importance help you focus on celebrating the birth A love without end. Our blessings are to

The True Meaning of Christmas
In today's day and time,
It's easy to lose sight,
Of the true meaning of Christmas
And one special night.
When we go shopping,

When we go shopping,
We say, "How much will it cost?"
Then the true meaning of Christmas,
Somehow becomes lost.
Amidst the tinsel, glitter
And ribbons of gold,

We forget about the child, Born on a night so cold. The children look for Santa In his big, red sleigh Never thinking of the child

Whose bed was made of hay. In reality,

When we look into the night sky, We don't see a sleigh But a star, burning bright and high. A faithful reminder, Of that night so long ago, And of the child we call Jesus, Whose love the world would know. The Purpose of Christmas Just one week before Christmas Once prayers had been heard, The people were scurrying To get out God's Word. The hymns were being sung To Holy God above, In thanks for Him sending, Jesus Christ and His love. Of family and friends, And the importance of our sharing Our blessings are too numerous, Our hearts filled with joy, Yet our eyes have often drifted Away from our Lord! The Christmas season brings forth The best in most souls, To help those less fortunate And lighten their load. Salvation was offered For all to receive, If only each person Would listen, heed and believe. So if you don't know Him Down deep in your heart, Ask Him to save you now You'll be changed on the spot. -- Submitted by Cheryl White Christmas Eve

Today in the town of David

A Savior has been born; We praise the Father of all mankind For Jesus Christ, God's Son! Kneel before the holy babe It was for us he came to save; Give to him our wisest gifts Gold and myrrh and frankincense. Gold: Our money give unto Him To help us serve in the world of sin! Myrrh: To share in his sorrows and those of the world. To love each other in one accord! Frankincense: The adoration of a consecrated life, Give to the Lord this sacrifice. No greater gift was ever given Than Jesus Christ come down from heaven; Let thankful hearts rejoice in praise, On this most holy day of days! Thanks be to God for his indescribable gift (2 Corinthians 9:15). -- Submitted by Lynn Moss Be It Unto Me! O blessed Virgin, rejoice! An angelic voice On the wings of joy Brings a plea, a choice. To undo the deed Of the dark deceit. Hidden on the tree, Apple sought by Eve, Falling unforeseen, Our ancestral sin Shall be healed by Thee. How shall this be? Light of Life in me? God in flesh concealed, Father's will revealed,

The universe receives
The Son of God, indeed?

How shall this be? Lord, I beg of Thee,

Hearken unto me! How shall this be? On Thy holy hill,

Thy celestial winds,

How shall this be? Lo, in the whirlwind Time has ceased to be,

God's awaiting Thee,

Just one word to hear, Our salvation's near, The Virgin's soul beams,

Holy mystery, Silence deep within.

Life creating springs, Streams of mystery, Veiled eternity, Lord, enlighten me! On her lips appear Like the streams of Eden: "Be it unto me!"

-- Submitted by Andrey Gidaspov

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell

G.A.R. Cemetery to dedicate 'The Christmas Box Angel' & "Angel of Hope Candlelight Remembrance Ceremony"



G.A.R. Cemetery to dedicate 'The Christmas Box Angel' and hold their first annual

"Angel of Hope Candlelight Remembrance Ceremony"

Thursday, December 6th, at 7:00 p.m.

For more information call the G.A.R. Cemetery office at (918) 541-2288

DATA MASTER: Doug Stone



Little Gretchen and the Wooden Shoe

Once upon a time - so long ago that everybody has forgotten the date - in a city in the north of Europe - with such a hard name that nobody can ever remember it - there was a little seven-year-old boy named Wolff, whose parents were dead, who lived with a cross and stingy old aunt, who never thought of kissing him more than once a year and who sighed deeply whenever she gave him a bowlful of soup.

But the poor little fellow had such a sweet nature that in spite of everything, he loved the old woman, although he was terribly afraid of her and could never look at her ugly old face without shivering.

As this aunt of little Wolff was known to have a house of her own and an old woollen stocking full of gold, she had not dared to send the boy to a charity school; but, in order to get a reduction in the price, she had so wrangled with the master of the school, to which little Wolff finally went, that this bad man, vexed at having a pupil so poorly dressed and paying so little, often punished him unjustly, and even prejudiced his companions against him, so that the three boys, all sons of rich parents, made a drudge and laughing stock of the little fellow.

The poor little one was thus as wretched as a child could be and used to hide himself in corners to weep whenever Christmas time came.

It was the schoolmaster's custom to take all his pupils to the midnight mass on Christmas Eve, and to bring them home again afterward.

Now, as the winter this year was very bitter, and as heavy snow had been falling for several days, all the boys came well bundled up in warm clothes, with fur caps pulled over their ears, padded jackets, gloves and knitted mittens, and strong, thick-soled boots. Only little Wolff presented himself shivering in the poor clothes he used to wear both weekdays and Sundays and having on his feet only thin socks in heavy wooden shoes.

His naughty companions noticing his sad face and awkward appearance, made many jokes at his expense; but the little fellow was so busy blowing on his fingers, and was suffering so much with chilblains, that he took no notice of them. So the band of youngsters, walking two and two behind the master, started for the church.

It was pleasant in the church which was brilliant with lighted candles; and the boys excited by the warmth took advantage of the music of the choir and the organ to chatter among themselves in low tones. They bragged about the fun that was awaiting them at home. The mayor's son had seen, just before starting off, an immense goose ready stuffed and dressed for cooking. At the alderman's home there was a little pine-tree with branches laden down with oranges,

sweets, and toys. And the lawyer's cook had put on

her cap with such care as she never thought of taking unless she was expecting something very good!

Then they talked, too, of all that the Christ-Child was going to bring them, of all he was going to put in their shoes which, you might be sure, they would take good care to leave in the chimney place before going to bed; and the eyes of these little urchins, as lively as a cage of mice, were sparkling in advance over the joy they would have when they awoke in the morning and saw the pink bag full of sugar-plums, the little lead soldiers ranged in companies in their boxes, the menageries smelling of varnished wood, and the magnificent jumping-jacks in purple and tinsel.

Alas! Little Wolff knew by experience that his old miser of an aunt would send him to bed supperless, but, with childlike faith and certain of having been, all the year, as good and industrious as possible, he hoped that the Christ-Child would not forget him, and so he, too, planned to place his wooden shoes in good time in the fireplace.

Midnight mass over, the worshippers departed, eager for their fun, and the band of pupils always walking two and two, and following the teacher, left the church.

Now, in the porch and seated on a stone bench set in the niche of a painted arch, a child was sleeping - a child in a white woollen garment, but with his little feet bare, in spite of the cold. He was not a beggar, for his garment was white and new, and near him on the floor was a bundle of carpenter's tools.

In the clear light of the stars, his face, with its closed eyes, shone with an expression of divine sweetness, and his long, curling, blond locks seemed to form a halo about his brow. But his little child's feet, made blue by the cold of this bitter December night, were pitiful to see!

The boys so well clothed for the winter weather passed by quite indifferent to the unknown child; several of them, sons of the notables of the town, however, cast on the vagabond looks in which could be read all the scorn of the rich for the poor, of the well-fed for the hungry.

But little Wolff, coming last out of the church, stopped, deeply touched, before the beautiful sleeping child.

"Oh, dear!" said the little fellow to himself, "this is frightful! This poor little one has no shoes and stockings in this bad weather - and, what is still worse, he has not even a wooden shoe to leave near him to-night while he sleeps, into which the little Christ-Child can put something good to soothe his misery."

And carried away by his loving heart, Wolff drew the wooden shoe from his right foot, laid it down before the sleeping child, and, as best he could, sometimes hopping, sometimes limping with his sock wet by the snow, he went home to his aunt.

"Look at the good-for-nothing!" cried the old woman, full of wrath at the sight of the shoeless boy. "What have you done with your shoe, you little villain?"

Little Wolff did not know how to lie, so, although trembling with terror when he saw the rage of the old shrew, he tried to relate his adventure.

But the miserly old creature only burst into a frightful fit of laughter.

"Aha! So my young gentleman strips himself for the beggars. Aha! My young gentleman breaks his pair of shoes for a bare-foot! Here is something new, forsooth. Very well, since it is this way, I shall put the only shoe that is left into the chimney-place, and I'll answer for it that the Christ-Child will put in something to-night to beat you with in the morning! And you will have only a crust of bread and water to-morrow. And we shall see if the next time, you will be giving your shoes to the first vagabond that happens along."

And the wicked woman having boxed the ears of the poor little fellow, made him climb up into the loft where he had his wretched cubbyhole.

Desolate, the child went to bed in the dark and soon fell asleep, but his pillow was wet with tears.

But behold! the next morning when the old woman, awakened early by the cold, went downstairs - oh, wonder of wonders - she saw the big chimney filled with shining toys, bags of magnificent bonbons, and riches of every sort, and standing out in front of all this treasure, was the right wooden shoe which the boy had given to the little vagabond, yes, and beside it, the one which she had placed in the chimney to hold the bunch of switches.

As little Wolff, attracted by the cries of his aunt, stood in an ecstasy of childish delight before the splendid Christmas gifts, shouts of laughter were heard outside. The woman and child ran out to see what all this meant, and behold! all the gossips of the town were standing around the public fountain. What could have happened? Oh, a most ridiculous and extraordinary thing! The children of the richest men in the town, whom their parents had planned to surprise with the most beautiful presents had found only switches in their shoes!

Then the old woman and the child thinking of all the riches in their chimney were filled with fear. But suddenly they saw the priest appear, his countenance full of astonishment. Just above the bench placed near the door of the church, in the very spot where, the night before, a child in a white garment and with bare feet, in spite of the cold, had rested his lovely head, the priest had found a circlet of gold imbedded in the old stones.

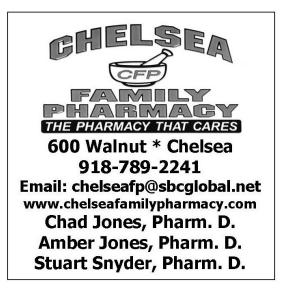
Then, they all crossed themselves devoutly, perceiving that this beautiful sleeping child with the carpenter's tools had been Jesus of Nazareth himself, who had come back for one hour just as he had been when he used to work in the home of his parents; and

reverently they bowed before this miracle, which the good God had done to reward the faith and the love of a little child.

DATA MASTER: Eric Peachey







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Marie White Agent

The Three Kings

Three Kings came riding from far away, Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar; Three Wise Men out of the East were they, And they travelled by night and they slept by day, For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear, That all the other stars of the sky Became a white mist in the atmosphere, And by this they knew that the coming was near Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows, Three caskets of gold with golden keys;

Their robes were of crimson silk with rows Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,

Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West, Through the dusk of the night, over hill and dell, And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast, And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest, With the people they met at some wayside well.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltasar, "Good people, I pray you, tell us the news; For we in the East have seen his star, And have ridden fast, and have ridden far, To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain; We know of no King but Herod the Great!" They thought the Wise Men were men insane, As they spurred their horses across the plain, Like riders in haste, who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem, Herod the Great, who had heard this thing, Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them; And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem, And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still, The only one in the grey of morn; Yes, it stopped –it stood still of its own free will, Right over Bethlehem on the hill, The city of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard, Through the silent street, till their horses turned And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard; But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred, And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay, In the air made sweet by the breath of kine, The little child in the manger lay, The child, that would be king one day Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother Mary of Nazareth Sat watching beside his place of rest, Watching the even flow of his breath, For the joy of life and the terror of death Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet: The gold was their tribute to a King, The frankincense, with its odor sweet, Was for the Priest, the Paraclete, The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her head, And sat as still as a statue of stone; Her heart was troubled yet comforted, Remembering what the Angel had said Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate, With a clatter of hoofs in proud array; But they

went not back to Herod the Great, For they knew his mal-

ice and feared his hate, And returned to their homes by another way.

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

Little Piccola

Piccola lived in Italy, where the oranges grow, and where all the year the sun shines warm and bright. I suppose you think Piccola a very strange name for a little girl; but in her country it was not strange at all, and her mother thought it the sweetest name a little girl ever had.

Piccola had no kind father, no big brother or sister, and no sweet baby to play with and love. She and her mother lived all alone in an old stone house that looked on a dark, narrow street. They were very poor, and the mother was away from home almost every day, washing clothes and scrubbing floors, and working hard to earn money for her little girl and herself. So you see Piccola was alone a great deal of the time; and if she had not been a very happy, contented little child, I hardly know what she would have done. She had no playthings except a heap of stones in the back yard that she used for building houses and a very old, very ragged doll that her mother had found in the street one day.

But there was a small round hole in the stone wall at the back of her yard, and her greatest pleasure was to look through that into her neighbor's garden. When she stood on a stone, and put her eyes close to the hole, she could see the green grass in the garden, and smell the sweet flowers, and even hear the water splashing into the fountain. She had never seen anyone walking in the garden, for it belonged to an old gentleman who did not care about grass and flowers.

One day in the autumn her mother told her that the old gentleman had gone away, and had rented his house to a family of little American children, who had come with their sick mother to spend the winter in Italy. After this, Piccola was never lonely, for all day long the children ran and played and danced and sang in the garden. It was several weeks before they saw her at all, and I am not sure they ever would have done so but one day the kitten ran away, and in chasing her they came close to the wall and saw Piccola's black eyes looking through the hole in the stones. They were a little frightened at first, and did not speak to her; but the next day she was there again, and Rose, the oldest girl, went up to the wall and talked to her a little while. When the children found that she had no one to play with and was very lonely, they talked to her every day, and often brought her fruits and candies, and passed them through the hole in the wall.

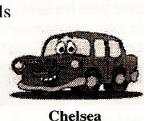
One day they even pushed the kitten through; but the hole

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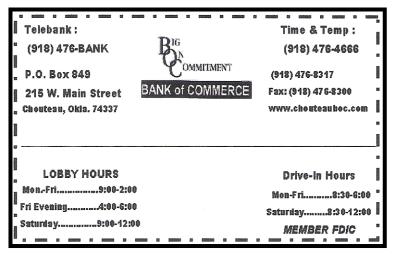
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was hardly large enough for her, and she mewed and scratched and was very much frightened. After that the little boy said he would ask his father if the hole might not be made larger, and then Piccola could come in and play with them. The father had found out that Piccola's mother was a good woman, and that the little girl herself was sweet and kind, so that he was very glad to have some of the stones broken away and an opening made for Piccola to come in.

How excited she was, and how glad the children were when she first stepped into the garden! She wore her best dress, a long, bright-colored woolen skirt and a white waist. Round her neck was a string of beads, and on her feet were little wooden shoes. It would seem very

strange to us—would it not?—to wear wooden shoes; but Piccola and her mother had never worn anything else, and never had any money to buy stockings. Piccola almost always ran about barefooted, like the kittens and the chickens and the little ducks. What a good time they had that day, and how glad Piccola's mother was that her little girl could have such a pleasant, safe place to play in, while she How sad, how sad it was! Now Santa Claus would come, was away at work!

By and by December came, and the little Americans began to talk about Christmas. One day, when Piccola's curly head and bright eyes came peeping through the hole in the wall, and they ran to her and helped her in; and as they did so, they all asked her at once what she thought she would have for a Christmas present. "A Christmas present!" said Piccola. "Why, what is that?"

All the children looked surprised at this, and Rose said, rather gravely, "Dear Piccola, don't you know what Christmas is?"

Oh, yes, Piccola knew it was the happy day when the baby Christ was born, and she had been to church on that day and heard the beautiful singing, and had seen the picture of the Babe lying in the manger, with cattle and sheep sleeping round about. Oh, yes, she knew all that very well, but what was a Christmas present?

Then the children began to laugh and to answer her all together. There was such a clatter of tongues that she could hear only a few of the words now and then, such as "chimney," "Santa Claus," "stockings," "reindeer," "Christmas Eve," "candies and toys." Piccola put her hands over her ears and said, "Oh, I can't understand one word. You tell me, Rose." Then Rose told her all about jolly Santa Claus, with his red cheeks and white beard and fur coat, and about his reindeer and sleigh full of toys. "Every Christmas Eve," said Rose, "he comes down the chimney, and fills the stockings of all the good children; so, Piccola, you hang up your stocking, and who knows what a beautiful Christmas present you will find when

morning comes!" Of course Piccola thought this was a delightful plan, and was very pleased to hear about it. Then all the children told her of every Christmas Eve they could remember, and of the presents they had had; so that she went home thinking of nothing but dolls and hoops and balls and ribbons and marbles and wagons and kites.

She told her mother about Santa Claus, and her mother seemed to think that perhaps he did not know there was any little girl in that house, and very likely he would not come at all. But Piccola felt very sure Santa Claus would remember her, for her little friends had promised to send a letter up the chimney to remind him.

Christmas Eve came at last. Piccola's mother hurried home from her work; they had their little supper of soup and bread, and soon it was bedtime,—time to get ready for Santa Claus. But oh! Piccola remembered then for the first time that the children had told her she must hang up her stocking, and she hadn't any, and neither had her mother.

and perhaps be angry because he couldn't find any place to put the present.

The poor little girl stood by the fireplace, and the big tears began to run down her cheeks. Just then her mother called to her, "Hurry, Piccola; come to bed." What should she do? But she stopped crying, and tried to think; and in a moment she remembered her wooden shoes, and ran off to get one of them. She put it close to the chimney, and said to herself, "Surely Santa Claus

will know what it's there for. He will know I haven't any stockings, so I gave him the shoe instead."

Then she went off happily to her bed, and was asleep almost as soon as she had nestled close to her mother's side.

The sun had only just begun to shine, next morning, when Piccola awoke. With one jump she was out on the floor and running toward the chimney. The wooden shoe was lying where she had left it, but you could never, never guess what was in it.

Piccola had not meant to wake her mother, but this surprise was more than any little girl could bear and yet be quiet; so she danced to the bed with the shoe in her hand, calling, "Mother, mother! look, look! see the present Santa Claus brought me!"

Her mother raised her head and looked into the shoe. "Why, Piccola," she said, "a little chimney swallow nestling in your shoe? What a good Santa Claus to bring you a bird!"

"Good Santa Claus, dear Santa Claus!" cried Piccola; and she kissed her mother and kissed the bird and kissed the shoe, and even threw kisses up the chimney, she was so happy.

When the birdling was taken out of the shoe, they found that he did not try to fly, only to hop about the room; and as they looked closer, they could see that one of his wings was hurt a little. But the mother bound it up carefully, so that it did not seem to pain him, and he was so gentle that he took a drink of water from a cup, and even ate crumbs and seeds out of Piccola's hands. She was a proud little girl when she took her Christmas present to show the children in the garden. They had had a great many gifts, dolls that could say "mamma," bright picture books, trains of cars, toy pianos; but not one of their playthings was alive, like Piccola's birdling. They were as pleased as she, and Rose hunted about the house until she found a large wicker cage that belonged to a blackbird she once had. She gave the cage to Piccola, and the swallow seemed to make himself quite at home in it at once, and sat on the perch winking his bright eyes at the children. Rose had saved a bag of candies for Piccola, and when she went home at last, with the cage and her dear swallow safely inside it, I am sure there was not a happier little girl in the whole country of Italy.

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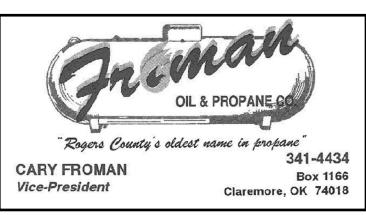
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A True Heartwarming Story of Faith!

In September 1960, I woke up one morning with six hungry babies and just 75 cents in my pocket. Their father was gone.

The boys ranged from three months to seven years; their sister was two.

Their Dad had never been much more than a presence they feared. Whenever they heard his tires crunch on the gravel driveway they would scramble to hide under their beds. He did manage to leave \$15 a week to buy groceries.

Now that he had decided to leave, there would be no more beatings, but no food either.

If there was a welfare system in effect in southern Indiana at that time, I certainly knew nothing about it.

I scrubbed the kids until they looked brand new and then put on my best homemade dress, loaded them into the rusty old 51 Chevy and drove off to find a job. The seven of us went to every factory, store and restaurant in our small town. No luck.

The kids stayed crammed into the car and tried to be quiet while I tried to convince who ever would listen that I was willing to learn or do anything. I had to have a job. Still no luck. The last place we went to, just a few miles out of town, was an old Root Beer Barrel drive-in that had been converted to a truck stop. It was called the Big Wheel. An old lady named Granny owned the place and she peeked out of the window from time to time at all those kids. She needed someone on the graveyard shift, eleven at night until seven in the morning. She paid 65 cents an hour, and I could start that night.

I raced home and called the teenager down the street that baby-sat for people. I bargained with her to come and sleep on my sofa for a dollar a night. She could arrive with her pajamas on and the kids would already be asleep. This seemed like a good arrangement to her, so we made a deal.

That night when the little ones and I knelt to say our prayers, we all thanked God for finding Mommy a job. And so I started at the Big Wheel. When I got home in the mornings, I woke the baby-sitter up and sent her home with one dollar of my tip money-- fully half of what I averaged every night.

As the weeks went by, heating bills added a strain to my meager wage. The tires on the old Chevy had the consistency of penny balloons and began to leak. I had to fill them with air on the way to work and again every morning before I could go home. One bleak fall morning, I dragged myself to the car to go home and found four tires in the back seat. New tires! There was no note, no nothing, just those beautiful brand new tires. Had angels taken up residence in Indiana? I wondered.

I made a deal with the local service station. In exchange



for his mounting the new tires, I would clean up his office. I remember it took me a lot longer to scrub his floor than it did for him to do the tires.

I was now working six nights instead of five and it still wasn't enough. Christmas was coming and I knew there would be no money for toys for the kids. I found a can of red paint and started repairing and painting some old

toys. Then I hid them in the basement so there would be something for Santa to deliver on Christmas morning. Clothes were a worry too. I was sewing patches on top of patches on the boys pants and soon they would be too far gone to repair.

On Christmas Eve the usual customers were drinking coffee in the Big Wheel. There were the truckers, Les, Frank, and Jim, and a state trooper named Joe. A few musicians were hanging around after a gig at the Legion and were dropping nickels in the pinball machine. The regulars all just sat around and talked through the wee hours of the morning and then left to get home before the sun came up.

When it was time for me to go home at seven o'clock on Christmas morning, to my amazement, my old battered Chevy was filled full to the top with boxes of all shapes and sizes. I quickly opened the driver's side door, crawled inside and kneeled in the front facing the back seat. Reaching back, I pulled off the lid of the top box. Inside was whole case of little blue jeans, sizes 2-10! I looked inside another box, it was full of shirts to go with the jeans. Then I peeked inside some of the other boxes. There was candy and nuts and bananas and bags of groceries. There was an enormous turkey for baking, and canned vegetables and potatoes. There was pudding and Jell-O and cookies, pie filling and flour. There was a whole bag of laundry supplies and cleaning items. And there were five toy trucks and one beautiful little doll. I could not believe my eye's!

As I drove back through empty streets as the sun slowly rose on the most amazing Christmas Day of my life, I was sobbing with gratitude. And I will never forget the joy on the faces of my little ones that precious morning. Yes, there were angels in Indiana that long-ago December morning. And they all hung out at the Big Wheel truck stop....

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell

Pittock Mansion

BUILDING A LIFE, BUILDING PORTLAND

Henry Pittock (c.1834-1919) was born in London, England but grew up in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In 1853, when Henry was 19, he headed west on the Oregon Trail to seek his fortune. A year later, his future wife Georgiana Burton (c.1845-1918) left Missouri with her family and headed west as well. When Henry and Georgiana arrived in the area, Portland was a frontier "stumptown" competing with Oregon City to become the major trade and industrial center for the region.

Henry found work as a typesetter at The Oregonian at a time when the newspaper industry was financially risky and fiercely competitive. More than 30 newspapers were launched in Portland during this period. On June 20, 1860, Henry and Georgiana married and five months later, he was given ownership of the paper in exchange for back wages. Henry went on to transform The Oregonian into a successful daily newspaper that is still printed today.

AN ADVENTUROUS LIFE

While best known for being a successful newspaper publisher, Henry Pittock also built a financial empire by investing in real estate, banking, railroads, steamboats, sheep ranching, silver mining, and the paper industry. He was an avid outdoorsman, bicycle enthusiast, and was among the first group to climb Mount Hood. Georgiana Pittock became a founder and fundraiser for many charities and cultural organizations, such as the Ladies Relief Society, Women's Union, and the Martha Washington Home, a residence for single, self-supporting women.

BUILDING A GRACIOUS HOME

It wasn't until the early 1900s that Henry Pittock started planning his "mansion on the hill" on property that had panoramic views of Portland, the Willamette River, and the distant Cascade Mountains. Construction began in 1912 and Henry and Georgiana moved into the home in 1914 with eight other members of the family. The couple only lived in the Mansion for roughly four years before they died. Family continued to live in the home into the 1950s. The last residents, grandson Peter Gantenbein and his father, Edward, moved out in 1958 and put the Mansion up for sale.

THE FATE OF PITTOCK MANSION

The Mansion sat empty for four years and was hit by the Columbus Day Storm on October 12, 1962. Hurricane-force winds damaged roof tiles and window panes which then allowed water to infiltrate the Mansion. By 1964, the Mansion was in poor condition and developers expressed interest in tearing it down and turning the estate into a







subdivision. Dedicated citizens of Portland rallied and assisted the City in raising the funds to purchase the property for \$225,000, which included \$67,500 raised by citizens.

SAVING PITTOCK MANSION

The work needed to restore the Mansion and transform it from a private residence to a public space took 15 months. In 1965, Pittock Mansion opened to the public as a historic house museum.

In 1968, the nonprofit Pittock Mansion Society was formed to take on the responsibility of furnishing the Mansion, taking care of the collection, and providing educational activities.

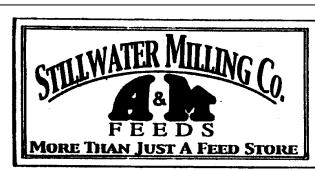
PITTOCK MANSION TODAY

In 2007, the Society took over the day-to-day museum operations from Portland Parks & Recreation and has been operating the historic house museum ever since.

The Pittock Mansion Society is a 501(c)3 nonprofit organization whose mission is to inspire understanding and stewardship of Portland history through Pittock Mansion. The Society also works with Portland Parks & Recreation to maintain and preserve the historic buildings. All admissions, memberships, donations, grants, and museum store purchases go to support Pittock Mansion and its mission.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton





721 W. 6th Claremore 341-0933 Open: M-F 8-6 & Sat 8-5



5 Reasons Why We Celebrate Christmas

The Christmas season is wrought with traveling, family get-togethers, office parties, breaks from school, and insane deals on flat-screen televisions. And let's not forget Santa Claus, hanging the stockings, decorating the tree, eating copious amounts of delicious food, and opening presents. Does this describe your Christmas? Generally speaking, this probably describes the majority of people around the world, but what's the real reason for Christmas? Most people could probably answer this question by stating "the birth of Christ." But are we truly celebrating the birth of Christ? Sure, the wise men brought Him gifts, but they also worshiped Him. While we give gifts to each other, ask yourself what gift you are bringing to Him. The wise men knew the significance of Christ, so they brought Him gifts and worshiped Him.

So why do we celebrate?

1. We celebrate Christmas because, as the angel said, the birth of Jesus Christ is "good news." Good news is meant to be celebrated. In fact, the angel said the news of Jesus' birth would cause "great joy" and would be "for all the people"—the joyful celebration would be universal. People around the globe would be glad for this occasion 2. We celebrate Christmas because, as the angel said, "A Savior has been born to you; he is the Messiah, the Lord." The three titles the angel applies to Jesus are important. Jesus is the Savior who delivers us from sin and death (Matthew 1:21). He is the human Messiah (or Christ) who fulfills the Law and the Prophets, showing that God is faithful (see Matthew 5:17). And He is the divine Lord who has entered our world: the Almighty has taken on human flesh; God and man have been fused together in an indivisible, eternal bond; God is truly with us (see Matthew 1:23).

3. We celebrate Christmas with gift-giving because of the "indescribable gift" that God gave to us (2 Corinthians 9:15). We celebrate Christmas by stringing lights because the Light of the world has come to us (John 1:4; Isaiah 9:2). We celebrate Christmas with carols and choirs because they are expressive of joy and follow the examples of Mary and Zacharias and Simeon and the angels, all of whom extolled the Lord in poetry (Luke 1–2). We celebrate Christmas by decorating evergreen trees with stars and angels and tinsel because of the eternal life Jesus brings (John 4:14)—and stars and angels and beauty were all associated with Jesus' birth.

4. When even one person is in a life-threatening situation, we understand what has to be done. When God looked down at our sinful planet, He saw a whole world of people in mortal danger. We celebrate Christmas because it was at Christmastime that the Rescuer of all mankind

came to save us from the hopeless situation we were in. God did not stay in heaven; He came down to where we are that is reason to celebrate i tell you

5.we celebrate because In celebrating Christmas, we celebrate the Savior, because we needed deliverance. We celebrate the Christ in whom all of God's promises are "Yes" and "Amen" (2 Corinthians 1:20). We celebrate the Lord who in humility took on "the very nature of a servant" for our sakes (see Philippians 2:6–8).

The message here is this, The true gift of Christmas is Christ—the Son of God, who became a man and willingly sacrificed Himself for the atonement of our sins to save us from a justly deserved, eternal punishment. We are blessed exceedingly by this gift but only seem to celebrate it once a year, although we should be celebrating year-round. Do we truly understand who Jesus is and what He did?

If Yes, then let us take time, forget about all the secular Christmas hype, focus on what you are giving to Christ, and worship Him. That is the big idea: the real reason for Christmas is the gift we have received from God, so we need to give back to Him worship and a life centered on Him.

let us Pray and thank God for His gift and ask Him to give you the courage to take this gift to others. Merry Christmas everyone

DATA MASTER: Alyssa Hollingsworth

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THE LITTLE MATCH GIRL

It was dreadfully cold; it was snowing fast, and was almost dark, as evening came on—the last evening of the year. In the cold and the darkness, there went along the street a poor little girl, bareheaded and with naked feet. When she left home she had slippers on, it is true; but they waddled along the floor straight to the little girl. were much too large for her feet,—slippers that her mother had used until then, and the poor little girl lost them in running across the street when two carriages were passing terribly fast. When she looked for them, one was not to be found, and a boy seized the other and ran away with it, saying he would use it for a cradle some day, when he had children of his own.

So on the little girl went with her bare feet, that were red and blue with cold. In an old apron that she wore were bundles of matches, and she carried a bundle also in her hand. No one had bought so much as a bunch all the long day, and no one had given her even a penny.

Poor little girl! Shivering with cold and hunger she crept along, a perfect picture of misery!

pretty curls about her throat; but she thought not of her beauty nor of the cold. Lights gleamed in every window, and there came to her the savory smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve. And it was of this which she thought.

In a corner formed by two houses, one of which projected beyond the other, she sat cowering down. She had drawn under her little feet, but still she grew colder and colder; yet she dared not go home, for she had sold no matches, and could not bring a penny of money. Her father would certainly beat her; and, besides, it was cold enough at home, for they had only the houseroof above them; and, though the largest holes had been stopped with straw and rags, there were left many through which the cold wind whistled.

And now her little hands were nearly frozen with cold. Alas! a single match might do her good if she might only draw it from the bundle, rub it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. So at last she drew one out. Whischt! How it blazed and burned! It gave out a warm, bright flame like a little candle, as she held her hands over it. A wonderful little light it was. It really seemed to the little girl as if she sat before a great iron stove, with polished brass feet and brass shovel and tongs. So blessedly it burned that the little maiden stretched out her feet to warm them also. How comfortable she was! But lo! the flame went out, the stove vanished, and nothing remained but the little burned match in her hand.

She rubbed another match against the wall. It burned brightly, and where the light fell upon the wall it became transparent like a veil, so that she could see through it into the room. A snow-white cloth was spread upon the table, on which was a beautiful china dinner service, while a

roast goose, stuffed with apples and prunes, steamed famously, and sent forth a most savory smell. And what was more delightful still, and wonderful, the goose jumped from the dish, with knife and fork still in its breast, and But the match went out then, and nothing was left to her but the thick, damp wall.

She lighted another match. And now she was under a most beautiful Christmas tree, larger and far more prettily trimmed than the one she had seen through the glass doors

merchant's. Hundreds of wax tapers were burning on the green branches, and gay figures, such as she had seen in the shop windows, looked down upon her. The child stretched out her hands to them; then the match went out. Still the lights of the Christmas tree rose higher and higher. She saw them as stars in heaven, and one of them fell, forming a long trail of fire.

"Now some one is dying," murmured the child softly; for The snowflakes fell on her long flaxen hair, which hung in her grandmother, the only person who had loved her and who was now dead, had told her that whenever a star falls a soul mounts up to God.

> She struck yet another match against the wall, and again it was light; and in the brightness there appeared before her the dear old grandmother, bright and radiant, yet sweet and mild, and happy as she had never looked on earth. "Oh, grandmother," cried the child, "take me with you. I know you will go away when the match burns out. You, too, will vanish, like the warm stove, the splendid New Year's feast, the beautiful Christmas Tree." And lest her grandmother should disappear, she rubbed the whole bundle of matches against the wall.

> And the matches burned with such a brilliant light that it became brighter than noonday. Her grandmother had never looked so grand and beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and both flew together, joyously and gloriously, mounting higher and higher, far above the earth; and for them there was neither hunger, nor cold, nor care;—they were with God.

But in the corner, at the dawn of day, sat the poor girl, leaning against the wall, with red cheeks and smiling mouth,—frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. Stiff and cold she sat, with the matches, one bundle of which was burned.

"She wanted to warm herself, poor little thing," people said. No one imagined what sweet visions she had had, or how gloriously she had gone with her grandmother to enter upon the joys of a new year.

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell

R & S Deer Processing

As most of our friends and family know we lost R&S Deer Processing back in March to a tragic fire. Nothing was salvageable. After much consideration it is with a heavy heart that we inform everyone that we will not be reopening R&S Deer Processing. We would like all our customers to know how much we have appreciated your business over the last 27 years. Without all of you we would not have had the success we had. We will miss seeing everyone, the conversations, and all the visiting we would do. Our favorite was hearing stories and memories you would share after Roy in 2015, you all helped us through that tragic time. We hope everyone has a wonderful deer season and please be safe.

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Getting to know the Lutherans

Words: Weighed, Not Counted

As Christians, we know that foul language is a problem and that our communal life is much better when we are free of it. The Bible warns us in many places against foolish talk, swearing, profanity, gossip, vain and idle talk. In fact, the apostle Paul says in Colossians 4:6 "Let your speech always be gracious, seasoned with salt, so that you may know how you ought to answer everyone."

Our speech should always be "seasoned." it should "taste good" to those around us. It should not be foul-smelling, but pleasant and gracious.

Question: Do you know someone whose foul mouth always seems to be working overtime? Let's use our speech to be God pleasing and a blessing to others.

DATA MASTER: Eric Peachey

Messiah Lutheran Church 460 N. Wilson, Vinita, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:00 a.m. Worship 10:00 a.m. 918-256-3223 Email: messiahvinita@aol.com	St. Paul Lutheran Church Washington and Pine, Fairland, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:15 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-676-3059 Email: stpaulluthch@aol.com
Bethlehem Lutheran Church 6911 West 380 Road, Adair, OK 74330 Worship 9:00 a.m. 918-785-2994 Sunday School and Bible Class 10:15 a.m.	Immanuel Lutheran Church 706 Rockwood Drive, Grove, OK. Worship 9:30 a.m. 918-786-4585 Website: www.lutheransonline.com/lo/Groveok
Mt. Olive Lutheran Church 2337 North Main, Miami, OK 74354 Worship 2:00 p.m. (918) 542-4681 Sunday School and Bible Class 3:00 p.m. Email: mtolive@cableone.net	Redeemer Lutheran Church 220 N. Seminole, Claremore, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:00 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-341-1429 Email: rluther@sbcglobal.net—Website www.rkcok.org
Guests are always welcome. See you Sunday at worship.	St. John Lutheran Church 607 SE 9 th Street, Pryor, OK. Sunday School and Bible Class 9:15 a.m. Worship 10:30 a.m. 918-825-1926 Email: stjohnpryor@sbcglobal.net-Website: www: stjohnpryor.org

Up-coming Events

TOPS #570 We meet 9am to 11am Monday morning at Mt. Olive Lutheran Church in Miami 2337 N. Main St. "Taking off pounds sensibly!

TOPS #567 meet every Thursday at 10am 433 N Mississippi in Nowata.

TOPS #506 in Miami Heavenly Winds Worship Center meet every 6pm Monday evening. For more info call Susan Walls at 918-540-0570

Every 4th Saturday of the month Veteran's Support Group: Veterans for Veterans. Have you served in the military? Are you struggling with readjustment? Anxious about the future? Struggling to connect with friends and family? Struggling with school? WE CAN HELP! Free veterans support group at 10am every 4th Saturday of the month. The Landing 502 West Corner Fairland, Ok. For more information call Larry Boyd (918) 541-7592 or Cindy (918) 676-3228.

Food Truck Wednesdays —Every Wednesday, grab some tasty eats and gather on the grounds of Guthrie Green. During Food Truck Wednesdays, lunchtime transforms into a community-wide affair, with roaming food trucks posting up at this Tulsa park. While you dine on delicious food, be sure to enjoy the live music and fresh air. Guthrie Green 111 E Brady St Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-574-2421

Chelsea Dance and Jam Session—Every Friday Night 6:00 pm—9:00 pm—Bring a dish for potluck at 6:30 pm. Musicians are welcome. Civic Center 618 Pine street Chelsea, OK 74016

Big Cabin Senior Exercise Program—Fitness program for seniors held at the Big Cabin Baptist Church gym three times a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 10 to 11 a.m.

Nov 20, 2018 - Dec 30, 2018 Fantasy Land of Lights—Bring the family out for this drive-through Christmas light show at Johnstone Park. Enjoy the music, synchronized lighted tunnel, animated displays and thousands of lights decorating the park each night the display is open. You'll be dazzled by the different colors and shapes of the displays coming together for a park full of Christmas cheer. Johnstone Park Bartlesville, OK 74003 Phone: 918-914-1530 Nov 21, 2018 - Jan 01, 2019 Rhema Christmas Lights—Join over 200,000 annual visitors at the Rhema Christmas Lights display and witness over two million lights and over 100,000 shimmering bulbs synchronized to Christmas music. This much-loved lights display in Broken Arrow began in 1982 and has been attracting thousands of visitors ever since. Visitors to the Rhema Christmas Lights event can drive through the lights in their own vehicle, get out of the car and

SUDOKU PUZZLES

Fill in the grid with digits in such a manner that every row, every column and every 3X3 box accommodates the digits 1-9, without repeating any.

You asked and we listened. The top puzzle is easy and the bot-

	4					6		1
						3	7	
		8		7			4	
	5	2	4					9
3	1		9		2		8	4
4					8	2	3	
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	7	1						
6		9					1	

Hardship level: Moderate

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	8		1	5			9	
			6	4		8		
	5			6		3	4	
	6	2		3			1	
		3		9	6			
	2			1	7		8	
		4	8				3	9

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton Solutions are printed in page 35.

walk around the park, or view the spectacular displays from a carriage. Horse-drawn carriage rides will be available on select evenings. Don't miss the Rhema Park bridge, complete with over 90,000 lights draped across the bridge alone. Synchronized to both classic and modern Christmas 14801 S Hwy 137 Fairland, OK 74343 Phone: 918-542music, these lights have delighted visitors of all ages. While there, enjoy concessions that include cups of hot Nov 23, 2018 to Dec 31, 2018 Limo Holiday Lights chocolate, piping hot coffee or sweet apple cider while venturing into the displays. Popcorn, funnel cakes and other treats will also be available. Admission to Rhema Christmas Lights is free; however, donations are appreciated. Rhema Bible Church 1025 W Kenosha St Broken Arrow, OK 74012 Phone: 918-258-1588 Nov 22, 2018 to Dec 31, 2018 Castle Christmas— Experience one of the world's largest collections of holiday inflatables and Christmas lights at this year's Castle Christmas, held at the Castle of Muskogee. Take a drive through the kingdom's winter wonderland and enjoy over 2,000 displays in various holiday scenes ranging from four to 20 feet in height. Bring the whole family and hop on an old-fashioned tractor-drawn havride or chug along on the train throughout the Christmas village. Castle Christmas will also feature camel and pony rides for the kids and a special visit from Santa or Father Christmas. Visit the holiday gift shop and create a festive ornament with Santa's elves or enjoy a free holiday movie shown at the castle. This event is free; however, donations are much appreciated. Make your way to Muskogee for a breathtaking, old-fashioned Christmas celebration. The Castle of Muskogee 3400 W Fern Mountian Rd Muskogee, OK 74401 Phone: 918-687-3625

Nov 22, 2018 to Jan 01, 2019 Winter Wonderland Christmas Light Tour—Come and enjoy this spectacular oldfashioned Christmas light display featuring over 400,000 lights. Step back in time and become a child again with illuminated log cabins, antique cars and woodland animals all aglow at the Winter Wonderland Christmas Light Tour. Get into the Christmas spirit along the shores of Grand Lake as you drive through the twinkling grounds of Pine Lodge Resort in Ketchum. Admission is free and visitors can drive through the grounds as many times as they like. Pine Lodge Resort Ketchum, OK 74349 Phone: 918-782-1400, 918-782-7062 Toll Free: 800-640-3173 Fax: 918-782-3493

Nov 22, 2018 to Dec 30, 2018 Twin Bridges Park of Lights—Dress warmly for the brisk winter chill and bring the family out for a drive through this annual Christmas lights display, set up in beautiful Twin Bridges Area at Grand Lake State Parknear Fairland. Twin Bridges Park of Lights features a dazzling collection of over 40 brightly lit holiday displays in Grand Lake State Park. One of the largest displays of twinkling Christmas lights in the area, Twin Bridges Park of Lights transports holiday visitors to an evening wonderland filled with themed displays. More than 50,000 visitors drive through this lights display each year, so show up after the sun sets for your chance to

view the lights. Santa Claus will make an appearance December 15th and 22nd and free hot dogs and drinks on those nights as well. Admission is free, although donations are appreciated. Twin Bridges Park 6969

Tours—Schedule a two-hour tour of the city's most spectacular holiday lights via limo, and enjoy a smooth ride past vibrant light displays. VIP Limo's Limo Holiday Lights Tours pick up groups of friends, families and couples to drive them to see stunning winter light scenes set up throughout Tulsa. Book a seasonal tour, sit back and relax while taking in the brilliant views. Citywide Tulsa, OK 74136 Phone: 918-492-5984

Nov 23, 2018 to Jan 01, 2019 Garden of Lights— Experience animated displays and over 1.2 million shimmering lights at Muskogee's annual Garden of Lights. Drive through Honor Heights Park and view 120 acres of trees, bushes and water areas decorated for the holiday season. Visit Garden of Lights and experience the natural beauty of the park filled with twinkling streams of light. View rose and azalea bushes illuminated with color, imitating their natural state during the blooming of spring. This Christmas light display will also feature lighted displays of deer, squirrels and birds scattered amongst a wide variety of trees wrapped in lights. Honor Heights Park 1400 Honor Heights Dr Muskogee, OK 74401 Phone: 918 -684-6302

Nov 23, 2018 to Jan 06, 2019 Winterfest—Downtown Tulsa is transformed into a festive wonderland during Winterfest, an annual holiday tradition. Bring friends and family together for holiday festivities and share the joyful spirit of the season. Experience the thrill of outdoor ice skating, see Oklahoma's tallest outdoor Christmas tree, take a ride in a horse-drawn carriage, listen to live entertainment and browse beautiful holiday light displays. Downtown Tulsa, OK 74103 Phone: 918-894-4268 Nov 23, 2018 to Dec 31, 2018 Philbrook Festival— The Philbrook Museum of Art hosts the Philbrook Festival each winter, an annual holiday tra-

dition in Tulsa. Experience this six-week community celebration of the season, and see the museum decked out in festive Christmas decorations, holiday lights reflecting the spirit of the season and exciting winter events. Philbrook Museum of Art 2727 S Rockford Rd Tulsa, OK 74114 Phone: 918-749-7941 Fax: 918-743-4230

Do You have an event that you would like to share? **Community Links of Chelsea** 1100 Walnut/PO Box 85 Chelsea, OK. 74016

Ph: 918-789-2862 Fax: 918-789-5296

DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick

This Month in History - December

1st

1934 Josef Stalin begins a purge of enemies in Soviet Union

1942 Nationwide gasoline rationing goes into effect U.S. 1955 Rosa Parks sets off a bus boycott in Montgomery, Georgia

1958 Fire at Our Lady of Angels School grade school in Chicago leaves 100 children dead

1969 The U.S. government holds its first draft lottery since World War II (Vietnam War)

1990 Channel Tunnel links UK to Europe

1997 Heath High School Shooting in Paducah, Kentucky. 1999 Mapping of Human Chromosome 22 Released Into

The Public Domain

2009 The Treaty of Lisbon comes into force in European Union

2nd

1939 New York's LaGuardia Airport Opens

1956 Cuban Revolution Begins

1959 The Malpasset Dam in France collapses leaving 400 dead

1969 The Boeing 747 (Often Known as Jumbo Jet)

Gains FAA Airworthiness Certificate

1974 Birmingham Pub Bombing By IRA

1988 School Bus Hijack Soviet Union

1995 Dayton Accord peace plan Accepted By All Parties 2001 Enron an energy trading company filed for Chapter 11 protection

3rd

1964 800 students arrested at the University of California at Berkeley

1967 Worlds First Heart Transplant South Africa 1984 Bhopal Chemical Accident In India

4th

1872 Crew from the Dei Gratia, a small British brig spot the Mary Celeste

1952 Deadly London Smog In England Leaves 1'000s dead in London

1954 first Burger King (Insta Burger King)is opened in Miami, Florida

1998 International Space Station Assembly Begins

5th

1933 Prohibition comes to an end

1945 Five U.S. Navy Avenger torpedo bombers comprising Flight 19 Lost In Bermuda Triangle

6th

1917 Munitions Ship Explodes In Halifax Harbor Killing 1,800

1922 Irish Free State is created

1962 Deadly Smog Spreads In England

1969 Altamont Rolling Stones Concert Disaster

1989 École Polytechnique massacre Montreal

7th

1931 Ford produces the last Ford Model A

1941 Japanese Attack Pearl Harbor

1960 First episode of British Soap "Coronation Street"

1993 Long Island Rail Road commuter train shootings

8th

1941 US Enters World War II

1980 Former Beatle John Lennon was shot dead in New York

1993 The North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) Signed into Law

9th

1963 Studebaker Production Ends

1990 Solidarity founder Lech Walesa wins Poland's presidential runoff

1992 Prince Charles and Princess Diana announce a formal separation

1993 Hubble Telescope Repair is a success

10th

1948 Universal Declaration on Human Rights By United Nations

1958 First US Commercial Jet Flight

2008 Illinois Governor Rod Blagojevich Arrested

2006 Augusto Pinochet Dies

11th

1936 King Edward VIII Abdicates to marry American divorcee Wallis Warfield Simpson

1946 UNICEF Established

1985 The Unabomber kills his first victim, Hugh Scrutton

1990 Ivana Trump filed for divorce from real estate mogul Donald Trump

1997 150 countries agreed at a global warming conference in Kyoto, Japan (Kyoto Protocol)

2005 Buncefield Oil Depot Explosions Hemel Hempstead in England

2008 Car Companies Bail Out Bill Agreed

12th

1901 Marconi sends first wireless transmission over 2000 miles across the Atlantic Ocean from Poldhu in Cornwall, England, to Newfoundland, Canada

1917 Father Edward Flanagan founds Boys Town

1925 first Motel opens the Milestone Mo-Tel of San Luis Obispo, California

1975 Balcombe Street Siege London England

1988 Clapham Junction Rail Crash South London

2003 Keiko From Free Willy dies

13th

1937 Rape of Nanking

1950 James Dean who is still unknown at that time appears in a Pepsi commercial

1972 Thalidomide victims (50's and 60's Sales) are offered a compensation deal

1995 Brixton Riots London England

2003 Saddam Hussein is captured by U.S. forces at a farmhouse in Adwar

2007 Rupert Murdoch buys Dow Jones & Co. which includes The Wall Street Journal

14th

1905 1 in 10 are Illiterate in US

1947 NASCAR is formed

1962 Mariner 2 space probe becomes the first spacecraft to fly by Venus

1972 Last Men To Walk On The Moon

1995 Dayton Accord Signed Ending War

15th

What Happened on 15th:

1939 Gone With The Wind Premiers

1944 Glenn Miller Killed In Plane Crash

1967 The Silver Bridge across the Ohio River collapses

16th

What Happened on 16th:

1916 Rasputin Murdered In Russia

1920 Earthquake measuring 8.5 hits the heavily populated of Gansu province of midwestern China, causing the deaths of an estimated 200,000 people.

1944 Battle of the Bulge Begins during World War II

1969 Death Penalty Abolished England

17th

1903 Orville and Wilbur Wright made the first successful man-powered airplane flight

1942 Mass executions of Jews by killing squads and in Poland

1983 Harrods Department Store Bombing

1987 The Simpsons Debuts as a half-hour prime time show

18th

What Happened on 18th:

1966 Dr. Seuss' book "How the Grinch Stole Christmas" is made into an animated television special and shown

for first time on CBS

19th

1997 The movie "Titanic" opened in American theaters. 2008 General Motors and Chrysler bailed out

DATA MASTER: Doug William Stone

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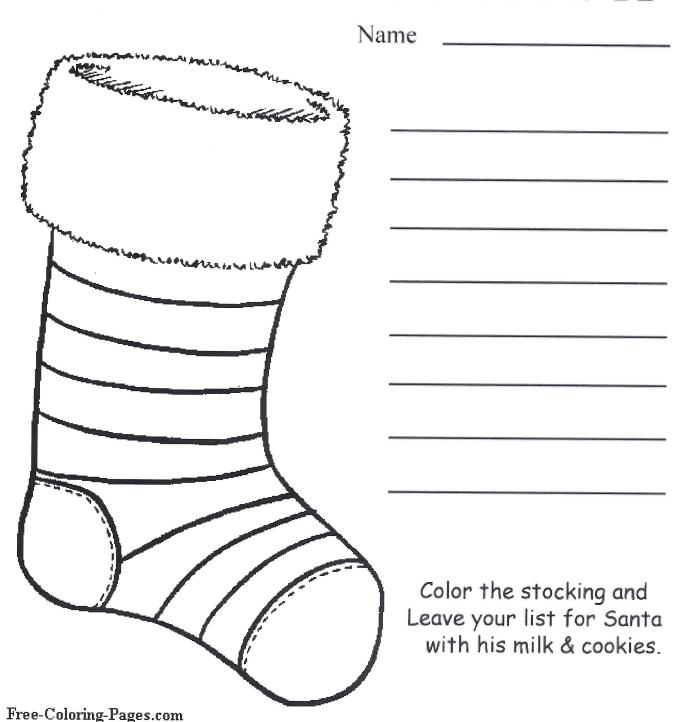


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TO TUI YM LASTUUTL SKIXSOTL



Crossword Puzzle

2	3	4		5	6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
				15						16			
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Across

- 1. Soft light
- 5. Theatrical awards
- 10. "Breaking ____ Hard to Do" (Neil

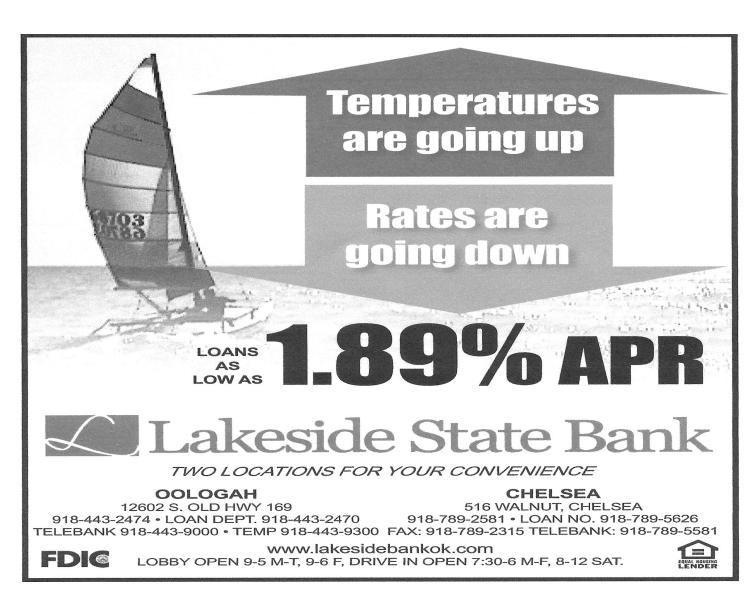
Sedaka hit of '62 and '75)

- 14. Island near Mull
- 15. Feat of genetic engineering
- 16. Gamma preceder
- 17. Green site
- 19. Web addresses, familiarly
- 20. Whenever
- 21. Tarsus
- 22. Program airing
- 26. "The ____ Witch Project" (1999 film)
- 30. Clapped
- 34. Friend of Han in "Star Wars"
- 35. Hidden mike
- 36. "___ of little faith..."
- 37. Prodding, with "on"
- 39. Checked some bones
- 42. Conger
- 43. "The Sum ____" (Russell Crowe movie)

- 47. Eskimo home
- 48. Arguer for
- 51. Gripes
- 52. Jolie of "Changeling"
- 54. Marriott competitor
- 57. Recovery setback
- 62. "You and ___ going to get along just fine..."
- 63. Treacherous
- 66. The "C" in CMYK
- 67. Parfait feature
- 68. Blubber
- 69. Comedian Williams
- 70. 17th century diarist Samuel
- 71. An attempt

Down

- 1. Prefix with hertz
- 2. Nut job
- 3. No more than
- 4. Float in the breeze
- 5. Carol opening
- 6. Bit of Sunday legislation
- 7. Super suffix?
- 8. Printer's measures
- 9. "Oh say can you ____..."
- 10. Humanist philosophy of Africa
- 11. Benefit
- 12. "___ all come out in the wash"
- 13. Snail mail enc.
- 18. Large lemonlike fruit
- 21. Hard ___ rock
- 23. Prefix with dermal or gram
- 24. EMT's specialty
- 25. "A Clockwork Orange" lead role
- 26. The sound of censorship
- 27. Tavern choice
- 28. Prefix with Saxon
- 29. Uganda's Amin
- 31. "The Lost World" author
- 32. Ken Follett's "___ the Needle"
- 33. Whoop-____ (big deals)
- 38. Big bell
- 40. Vulgar in speech
- 41. Grow old
- 44. Payment for services
- 45. Not in the book, say (abbr.)
- 46. Wok dish
- 49. It may be pending
- 50. Toronto's prov.
- 53. Young and Peart
- 54. Redneck
- 55. Sisterhood in a Rebecca Wells novel
- 56. Smell ____ (be leery)
- 58. Former Sony brand
- 59. Keats or Yeats
- 60. Litigator
- 61. Notice
- 63. Handheld game console, for short
- 64. Flock female
- 65. Tom or Taylor



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Word Search Puzzle

Ε Е Ν S Α Ρ Ρ R т С н ı Ρ L Α Α С С Е Е Ρ R Α W Ν D О S 0 G R С Е R M 0 Е V V 0 О S Ν Е Е R т Ρ K Е W Т Α Н F Α S R Ν Е R Е ı Ν S Е G Н Е R Е S Е S В Α т Υ М U М L G Ν I Υ R R U Н Н 0 U R I G S Р F Ν О ı т О Е О Ρ Ν G С ı Υ R Е Р M Α Ν M L Е Α Υ S Е S I Ν Н Α R 0 L D R ı Ν Р U т W R G ı L Е Ν Υ т 0 U S Т Ν G 0 В т R Е K S С R т Е R Е Е L Е Α С S Α L В С Ν S U S G Е Е D Α 0 R В

Accede
Apprenticeship
Breed
Broad
Census
Coiling
Comprehensible
Crater
Denims
Eccentricities
Facet
Flier

Gents
Geography
Granola
Green
Grocers
Haven
Heirs
Herein
Holly
Hurrying
Input
Merges

Minks
Misers
Molted
Moose
Novel
Ousting
Pages
Pokes
Position
Prawn
Prune
Rebates

Runny Scale Spawn Straggle Super Threaten Treks

CryptoQuote Puzzle

VBYNWVE QFAAGUC JU JBMU YNRV YWJU RVK CQRHU; RVK SUY VBYNWVE YMBFDGUC JU GUCC, RC W VULUM YNWVT RDBFY YNUJ.

> — Charles Lamb Puzzle #P711AJ

HFU OBAXHD RN KUXAQ SARMA HR KU HEZGHUW MXHF B GULEUH XG QUAUEBTTD RAU RN HFU LFXUN VRHXOUG HR WXGLTRGU XH.

— Samuel Johnson Puzzle #W887IW

DFMDJADGHD LVU WY XD WVZDG VU UEYLAGP WEVW YGD KAPEW PDW V TABD-MYIGR GYWD VU YGD PYW V NAPEW TYJ V HAPVJDWWD; XIW YGD EVR WY HEDHZ WED TJADGRNO AKMINUD WY VUZ TYJ AW AG WED UVKD LVO.

— Henry James Puzzle #Z126ND

DW DZ F LDMB WVDMU WC VFYB FTDKDWR, TOW WVB FTDKDWR WC JDZACYBH FTDKDWR DM CWVBHZ DZ WVB WHOB WBZW.

Elbert HubbardPuzzle #X523FA

DATA MASTER: Ivory Tipton

Solution is on page 33



Logic Puzzle

		First Names					Football Teams				Internet Crazes											
4		Elizabeth	Haylee	Lily	Lucia	Rodney	Broncos	Cowboys	Forty-Niners	Giants	Jets	dancing baby	exploding whale	hamster dance	lolcat	rickrolling						
	6:00am																					
뻃	7:00am																					
Wake-up Calls	7:30am																					
Vake	8:00am																					
	8:30am																					
60	dancing baby											Logic Puzzles										
13 Z8	exploding whale												_				zle Bar					
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_	rickrolling											ww	/w.Pr	rintab	le-Pi	uzzle	s.com!					
92	Broncos						١	Vake	-up	Calls	3	Fire	st Na	mes		Footl	oall Tea	ms	Int	ernet	Crazes	S
Team	Cowboys								:00ar													\perp
Eg	Forty-Niners						7:00am						+							\dashv		
Football Teams	Giants						7:30am 8:00am								+							\dashv
	Jets							8:30am														

- 1. The person who started the exploding whale craze is the Cowboys fan.
- 2. The person who started the hamster dance craze has a later wake-up call than the Broncos fan.
- 3. Rodney has a later wake-up call than the Forty-Niners fan.
- 4. The person who started the exploding whale craze has an earlier wake-up call than Haylee.
- 5. Of Rodney and Lucia, one has the 8:00am wake-up call and the other started the lolcat craze.
- 6. The Cowboys fan is not Lily.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

- 7. The person who started the rickrolling craze isn't the Jets fan.
- 8. The 5 people were the Cowboys fan, Rodney, the one with the 6:00am wake-up call, the person who started the hamster dance craze, and the Jets fan.
- 9. The one with the 6:00am wake-up call isn't the Forty-Niners fan.
- 10. Either the one with the 7:30am wake-up call or the one with the 8:00am wake-up call is the Cowboys fan.
- The one with the 6:00am wake-up call started the lolcat craze.

Solution is on page 33

(918) 783-5793

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NEWSRELEASE

Association

Development

Economic

November 13, 2018

RELEASE TIME: Immediate

CONTACT PERSON: Lahona Young

Ombudsman Supervisor

"Tis the Year for Holiday Cheer"

The holidays can be a depressing time for some people. Residents in Long-Term Care facilities often have little or no direct family. For many residents, Long-Term Care employees may be the only visitor a resident receives. As members of the community, we can help fill those gaps and make the holidays enjoyable for those individuals.

To spread holiday cheer this year, take an hour out of your day and visit someone in a long-term care facility. These facilities include nursing homes, assisted living centers, and residential care facilities. If you have a pet, contact the facility and find out the guidelines for bringing your pet along for a visit. Most residents love pets and most pets love attention! This will bring additional joy to you and the person you visit.

Please do not forget some of the loneliest people right here in our own communities. After visiting a resident, please consider becoming an Ombudsman Volunteer, a voice for those living in long-term care. Grand Gateway Area Agency on Aging serves the following counties in Northeast Oklahoma: Craig, Delaware, Mayes, Nowata, Ottawa, Rogers, and Washington counties. There are approximately 78 facilities in the seven counties, Your Help is needed! Training to become a volunteer is free, flexible, and available in your area~vour time is all that is needed. For more information, please contact Grand Gateway AAA at 1-800-482-4594 and ask for Lahona Young ext. 220 or e-mail: lyoung@grandgateway.org

Funding for this training is provided in part by state and Older Americans Act funds from Grand Gateway AAA and DHS Aging Services. Grand Gateway AAA serves all individuals who are eligible for its programs without regard to race, national origin, ancestry, color, religion, sex, age or disability.

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DATA MASTER: Steve Burdick



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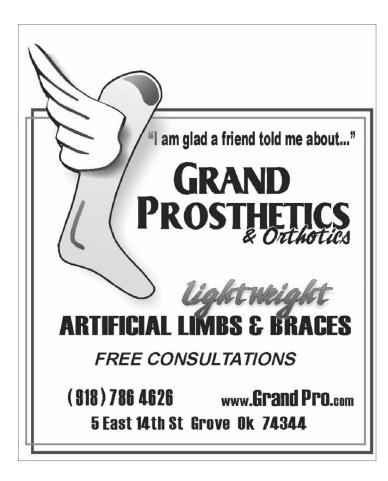
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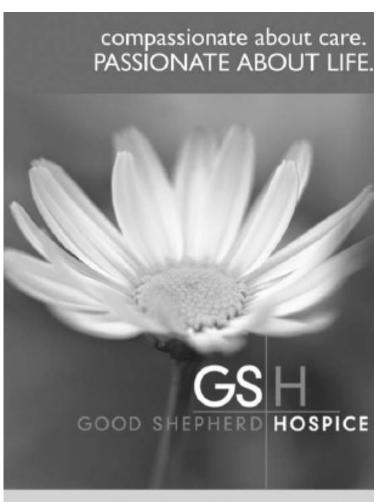
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Logic Puzzle Solution

6:00am	Lucia	Broncos	Lolcat
7:00am	Lily	Forty-Niners	Hamster dance
7:30am	Elizabeth	Cowboys	Exploding whale
8:00am	Rodney	Giants	Rickrolling
8:30am	Haylee	Jets	Dancing baby

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

CryptoQuote Puzzle

Puzzle #P711AJ

Hint #1: U decodes to E. Hint #2: Y decodes to T. Hint #3: R decodes to A.

Solution:

Nothing puzzles me more than time and space; and yet nothing troubles me less, as I never think about them.

Puzzle #W887IW

Hint #1: U decodes to E. Hint #2: H decodes to T. Hint #3: B decodes to A.

Solution:

The vanity of being known to be trusted with a secret is generally one of the chief motives to disclose it.

Puzzle #Z126ND

Hint # 1: D decodes to E. Hint # 2: W decodes to T. Hint # 3: V decodes to A.

Solution:

Experience was to be taken as showing that one might get a five-pound note as one got a light for a cigarette; but one had to check the friendly impulse to ask for it in the same way.

Puzzle #X523FA

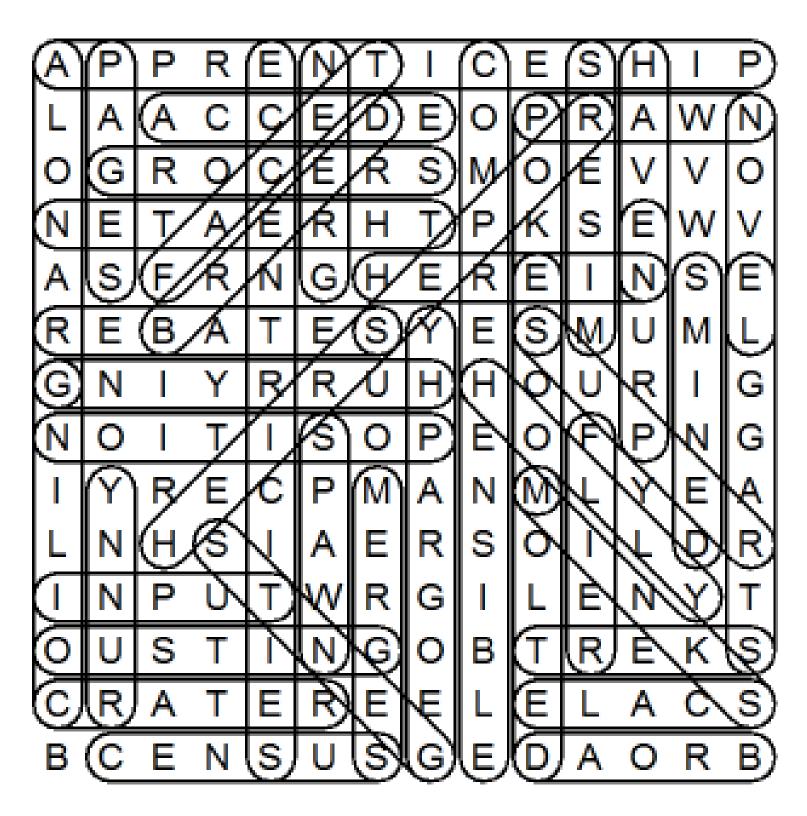
Hint 1: B decodes to E. Hint 2: W decodes to T. Hint 3: F decodes to A.

Solution:

It is a fine thing to have ability, but the ability to discover ability in others is the true test.

DATA MASTER: Ivory Tipton

Word Search Puzzle Solution



DATA MASTER: Ivory Tipton





Sudoku Puzzle Easy Solution

Sudoku Puzzle Moderate Solution

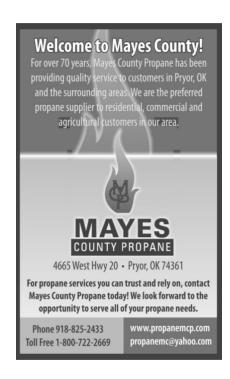
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8	5	2	4	3	7	1	6	9	1	5	7	9	6	8	3	4	2
3	1	6	9	5	2	7	8	4	3	4	8	2	7	1	9	6	5
4	9	7	6	1	8	2	3	5	9	6	2	5	3	4	7	1	8
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5	7	1	3	9	4	8	2	6	5	2	9	3	1	7	6	8	4
6	8	9	7	2	5	4	1	3	6	7	4	8	2	5	1	3	9

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

Crossword Puzzle Solution



DATA MASTER: Eric Peachey





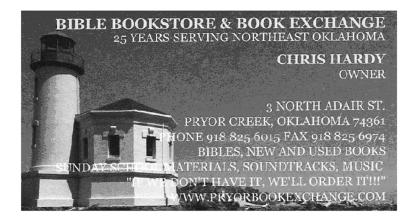
Some Riddles

- 1. "I am no sooner spoken, than broken. What am I?"
- 2. A box of hardware contains nuts and bolts. The bolts account for 25 percent of the number of items in the box. What percentage are the bolts of the entire box.
- 3. Dead on the field lie ten soldiers in white, felled by three eyes, black as night. What's going on here?
- 4. When does Christmas come before Thanksgiving?
- 5. What did Mrs. Claus say to Santa when she looked up in the sky?
- 6. What does a snowman like to eat for breakfast?
- 7. Why is Santa so good at Karate?
- 8. Which one of Santa's reindeer can be seen on Valentines day?
- 9. Who is never hungry during Christmas?
- 10. Why do mummies like Christmas so much?

Answers

- 1. Silence.
- 2. 20 percent. For example, there are 10 bolts. Since the number of bolts is 25 percent of the number of items, there must be 40 nuts. The total number of items = 10 bolts + 40 nuts = 50. So, 10/50 = 1/5 = 20%.
- 3. A strike was thrown in ten pin bowling.
- 4. In the dictionary.
- 5. Looks like rain dear.
- 6. Frosted Flakes.
- 7. Because he has a black belt.
- 8. Cupid.
- 9. The turkey because he is always stuffed.
- 10. Because of all the wrapping.

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell



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JEWELS FROM THE WORD

NOT DISPOSABLE

My mother gave me my Uncle Otis' crank wall phone recently. It's a wooden box just like the one you see in the movies, that hangs on the wall with a handle you turn, a

earpiece, and a mouthpiece.. I remember being fascinated with it when I saw it hanging on his wall in Albuquerque in 1958 when we stopped at his home on our way to California. It has been adapted to use as a dial-tone phone. That phone is over 100 years old.

I have my grandmother's black dial desk phone too, with the clear plastic label in the center of the dial with her phone number neatly typed on it. She used it right up until she passed away in 1985. That phone is at least 50 years old..

I still have my own blue Slimline phone which I keep in the bedroom. I don't keep it hooked up, since it has a loud ringer which can't be turned off. That phone is about 41 years old.

We are now a throw-away society. It costs as much to fix

Lavon Hightower Lewis To read more devotioals, go to: http://jewelsfromtheword.com/ Email me at llewis2138@sbcglobal.net something as to buy a new one. Many people are cancelling their landline phone and opting for only a cell phone. Some people get a new cell phone once a year when their contract runs out and throw away the old one.

If I were God, I would have been sorely tempted to discard Adam and Eve after they sinned. After all, they were the only human beings alive. God could have easily created a new couple to take the place of Adam and Eve, and start all over with His plan, but He couldn't do it. He created them himself out of the love in His heart, and, even when they failed, He had a plan to redeem them, because we aren't disposable.

"Long before he laid down earth's foundations, he had us in mind, had settled on us as the focus of his love, to be made whole and holy by his love." Ephesians 1:4 The Message Bible. Before He create the world, God in love had you and me on His mind

DATA MASTER: Ivory Tipton

