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"The Little Green Paper"

October 05, 2019

Ford Model T and October 1st. 1908

1925 Ford Model T Touring



The Ford Model T (colloquially known as the Tin Lizzie, Leaping Lena, jitney or flivver) is an automobile produced by Ford Motor Company from October 1, 1908, to May 26, 1927. It is generally regarded as the first affordable automobile, the car that opened travel to the common middle-class American; some of this was because of Ford's efficient fabrication, including assembly line production instead of individual hand crafting.

The Ford Model T was named the most influential car of the 20th century in the 1999 Car of the Century competition, ahead of the BMC Mini, Citroën DS, and Volkswagen Type 1. Ford's Model T was successful not only because it provided inexpensive transportation on a massive scale, but also because the car signified innovation for the rising middle class and

became a powerful symbol of America's age of modernization. With 16.5 million sold it stands eighth on the top ten list of most sold cars of all time as of 2012.

Although automobiles had been produced from the 1880s they were still mostly scarce, expensive, and often unreliable at the Model T's introduction in 1908. Positioned as reliable, easily maintained, mass-market transportation, it was a runaway success. In a matter of days after the release, 15,000 orders were placed.

The first production Model T was produced on August 12, 1908 and left the factory on September 27, 1908, at the Ford Piquette Avenue Plant in Detroit, Michigan. On May 26, 1927, Henry Ford watched the 15 millionth Model T Ford roll off the assembly line at his

factory in Highland Park, Michigan.

Henry Ford conceived a series of cars between the founding of the company in 1903 and the introduction of the Model T. Ford named his first car the Model A and proceeded through the alphabet up through the Model T, twenty models in all. Not all the models went into production. The production model immediately before the Model T was the Model S, an upgraded version of the company's largest success to that point, the Model N. The follow-up to the Model T was the Ford Model A, rather than any "Model U". The company publicity said this was because the new car was such a departure from the old that Henry wanted to start all over again with the letter A.

The Model T was Ford's first automobile massproduced on moving assembly lines with completely interchangeable parts, marketed to the middle class. Henry Ford said of the vehicle:

"I will build a motor car for the great multitude. It will be large enough for the family, but small enough for the individual to run and care for. It will be constructed of the best materials, by the best men to be hired, after the simplest designs that modern engineering can devise. But it will be so low in price that no man making a good salary will be unable to own one – and enjoy with his family the blessing of hours of pleasure in God's great open spaces."

Although credit for the development of the assembly line belongs to Ransom E. Olds, with the first mass-produced automobile, the Oldsmobile Curved Dash, having begun in 1901, the tremendous advancements in the efficiency of the system over the life of the Model T can be credited almost entirely to the vision of Ford and his engineers.

The Model T was designed by Childe Harold Wills, and Hungarian immigrants Joseph A. Galamb and Eugene Farkas. Henry Love, C. J. Smith, Gus Degner and Peter E. Martin were also part of the team. Production of the Model T began in the third quarter of 1908. Collectors today sometimes classify Model Ts by build years and refer to these as "model years", thus labeling the first Model Ts as 1909 models. This is a retroactive classification scheme; the concept of model years as understood today did not exist at the time. The nominal model designation was "Model T", although design revisions did occur during the car's two decades of production

Source: Wikipedia

Website: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/

Ford Model T

DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick

21 Ways To Celebrate Life

After Nancy Rothstein's son, Josh, passed away unexpectedly, she was seeking a way to offer a tribute for family and friends to honor his birthday. With each passing birthday, she adds one more item to the list.



Last April 16 would've been Josh's 21st birthday, and true to her tradition, Nancy shared these 21 ways to celebrate life:

Smile. Smiling makes you and those around you feel good. If you don't feel good, a smile can trick your brain into feeling better.

Eat ice cream.

Run on the beach. If you can't physically do this, use your imagination.

Call someone who is ill or lonely. Listen to their story. Take the time. Tell them your story, if they ask.

Listen to music that touches your heart and soul.

Sing in the shower, or out loud if you are comfortable.

Visit the grave of a loved one and celebrate your continued BREATH. And tell your loved one what's on your mind.

Play with a dog.

Thank yourself for putting up with all the things about yourself that drive you nuts! Activate your sense of humor!

Apologize to someone you have wronged in any way.

Take a day, or even a few hours, "off" to do something you always want to do but never take the time to do.

Eat something you never indulge in (unless allergic!) and savor every bite....slowly. No guilt permitted!

Re-watch your favorite funny or happy movie in your most comfortable clothes.

Make plans with 2 friends that you are crazy about but ² never see...near or far away.

Go outdoors to a natural setting. Sit. Close your eyes. Listen to the world. It's all an extension of you! Your breath connects you intrinsically to the world.

Laugh. Do something fun or silly that evokes laughter. It has been said that laughter is God's sunshine.

Place this list in an envelope and revisit it periodically to see how you are celebrating YOURSELF! If you are good to yourself, you can be much better to those around you.

Go to your heart and make all your decisions from there; and all will be well.

Follow the path that matters.

Believe and feel the change you want to see and you will BE the change you envision.

....Yet you must know that in the end, it is LOVE's garden you must tend.

If you had to add one more to this list, what would it be?

Source: Kind Spring **By:** JZ May 21, 2009

Website: https://www.kindspring.org/story/view.php?

sid=9148

DATA MASTER: Doug WM Stone



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The Sound of the Genuine

"Don't ask what the world needs. Ask what makes you come alive, and go do it. Because what the world needs is people who have come alive." --Howard Thurman (From Howard Thurman's 1980 commencement address at Spelman College.)

There is something in every one of you that waits, listens for the sound of the genuine in yourself and if you cannot hear it, you will never find whatever it is for which you are searching and if you hear it and then do not follow it, it was better that you had never been born...

You are the only you that has ever lived; your idiom is the only idiom of its kind in all of existence and if you cannot hear the sound of the genuine in you, you will all of your life spend your days on the ends of strings that somebody else pulls...

There is in you something that waits and listens for the sound of the genuine in yourself and sometimes there is so much traffic going on in your minds, so many different kinds of signals, so many vast impulses floating through your organism that go back thousands of generations, long before you were even a thought in the mind of creation, and you are buffeted by these, and in the midst of all of this you have got to find out what your name is. Who are you? How does the sound of the genuine come through to you...

The sound of the genuine is flowing through you. Don't be deceived and thrown off by all the noises that are a part even of your dreams, your ambitions, so that you don't hear the sound of the genuine in you, because that is the only true guide that you will ever have, and if you don't have that you don't have a thing.

You may be famous. You may be whatever the other ideals are which are a part of this generation, but you know you don't have the foggiest notion of who you are, where you are going, what you want. Cultivate the discipline of listening to the sound of the genuine in yourself

Now there is something in everybody that waits and listens for the sound of the genuine in other people. And it is so easy to say that anybody who looks like him or her, anybody who acts as this person acts, can't hear any sound of the genuine. I must wait and listen for the sound of the genuine in you. I must wait. For if I cannot hear it, then in my scheme of things, you are not even present. And everybody wants to feel that everybody else knows that she is there.

I have a blind friend who just became blind after she was a grown woman. I asked her: "What is the greatest

disaster that your blindness has brought to you?" She said, "When I go places where there are people, I have a feeling that nobody knows that I'm here. I can't see any recognition, I can't see... and if nobody knows that I'm here, it's hard for me to know where I am."

There is something that waits and listens for the sound of the genuine in your mother, in your father, in the people you can't stand, and if you had the power you would wipe them out. But instinctively you know that if you wipe them out, you go with them. So you fight for your own life by finding some way to get along with them without killing them.

There is something in you that waits and listens for the sound of the genuine in other people. And if you can't hear it, then you are reduced by that much. If I were to ask you what is the thing that you desire most in life this afternoon, you would say a lot of things off the top of your head, most of which you wouldn't believe but you would think that you were saying the things that I thought you ought to think that you should say.

But I think that if you were stripped to whatever there is in you that is literal and irreducible, and you tried to answer that question, the answer may be something like this: I want to feel that I am thoroughly and completely understood so that now and then I can take my guard down and look out around me and not feel that I will be destroyed with my defenses down. I want to feel completely vulnerable, completely naked, completely exposed and absolutely secure.

This is what you look for in your children when you have them, this is what you look for in your husband if you get one. That I can run the risk of radical exposure and know that the eye that beholds my vulnerability will not step on me. That I can feel secure in my awareness of the active presence of my own idiom in me.

So as I live my life then, this is what I am trying to fulfill. It doesn't matter whether I become a doctor, lawyer, housewife. I'm secure because I hear the sound of the genuine in myself and having learned to listen to that, I can become quiet enough, still enough, to hear the sound of the genuine in you.

Now if I hear the sound of the genuine in me, and if you hear the sound of the genuine in you, it is possible for me to go down in me and come up in you. So that when I look at myself through your eyes having made that pilgrimage, I see in me what you see in me and the wall that separates and divides will disappear and we will become one because the sound of the genuine makes the same music.

Source: Daily Good By: Howard Thurman Website: http://dailygood.org

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

Interview: Diane Ackerman, author of One Hundred Names for Love

"First appeared in SMITH Magazine, smithmag.net."

"I've always transcended best by pretending that I'm Margaret Mead viewing a scene for the first time or an alien from another planet regarding the spectacle of life on Earth and discovering how spectacular, unexpected, and beautiful it is"



Photo: Toshi Otsuki

Diane Ackerman, bestselling author of A Natural History of the Senses, An Alchemy of Mind, and The Zookeeper's Wife, has built a reputation on her poetic sensibility and uncanny knack for scouting out connections between the heavens, Earth, and everything in between. In her latest memoir, One Hundred Names for Love: a Stroke, a Marriage, and the Language of Healing, Ackerman navigates between the science of aphasia, the culture of illness, and her marriage to author Paul West with graceful and surefooted verve.

Diane and Paul had built a marriage on their shared love for an "immense cosmos of words" that thrived on life's nuances and innuendos. But when Paul suffers from a stroke that leaves him aphasic, it no longer matters how many books Paul has published or that, as he lays in a hospital bed, one of his works is being translated into French. Initially, Paul's once epic vocabulary is dwindled down to the hateful utterance, "Mem, mem, mem," and his attempt to write his name ends with the laboriously scrawled: "Poop."

But all is not lost. Evidence of Paul's great mind still thrums beneath the surface, and Diane, the everresourceful mate, fashions a panoply of exercises to stimulate her husband's brain.

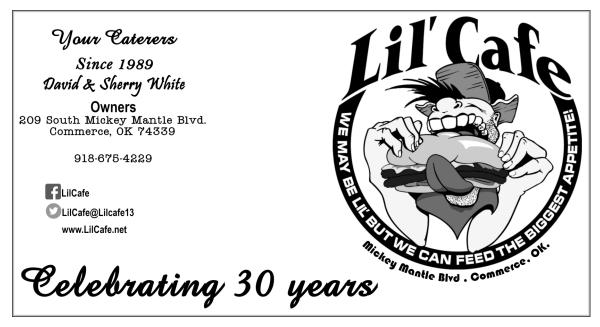
Indeed, the memoir's namesake is one such exercise. Paul had once loved bestowing whimsical pet names on Diane such as "Swan," "Paprika Cheeks," and "Bushkitten." "Used to have ... hundreds." Paul laments after his stroke. "Now can't think of one." Undeterred, Diane suggests that, instead of blocking the wrong words that aphasia feeds him, Paul purposefully free-associate for one hundred days to create new pet names to replace the ones he'd lost. The results—"Apostle of Radiant Postage Stamps," "Divine Hunter of the Cobalt Blue Arena," "Pong of the Pavilion Where Sweet Peas Go to Spoon"—are a testament to the joyful and creative core of their decades-long marriage. "More than anything else," says Ackerman, "I think of this book as the crazy love story of two playful, romantic, deeply eccentric, word-obsessed people."

SMITH recently caught up with Ackerman to discuss her latest memoir, how she managed to write her next book, The Zookeeper's Wife, while caring for Paul, and, of course, her favorite pet names.

As a writer of creative nonfiction, this isn't your first memoir, but it is arguably your most personal subject to date.

Yes, it was by far the most personal and it was great fun to write. Books of mine like The Moon by Whale Light and the Rarest of the Rare are just not as revealing or psychological.

I share a lot of intimate things about Paul and me be-



fore the stroke. Paul was a true British eccentric who liked to improvise and was afraid to be in the presence of fresh fruit, but he was also the most gifted, romantic person, and our household was always zany in romantic ways. It was great fun to include those elements in the book.

You aren't a scientist, but you are quite adept at writing about science. I noticed Carl Sagan was on your doctoral committee at Cornell.

When I was at Cornell my doctoral committee included a poet and a scientist. With everyone running interference, I could do an interdisciplinary degree and take courses like Physics for Poets. I didn't believe nature was knowable from just one perspective. I still think it's unfortunate that students are obliged to choose between the arts and science.

I don't want to be a scientist, but I'm fascinated by the revelations of science. Science is just nature. I don't make a distinction. It's all part of the spectacle of being life forms on this crazy planet of ours.

You write about slipping into your "naturalist's way of knowing" as a way of coping with Paul's brain damage. Did your work on An Alchemy of Mind inform your understanding of Paul's condition?

Because of my work for An Alchemy of Mind, I knew in chilling detail what had happened to him. Certainly, as a writer telling a story I was fortunate to have this knowledge, but as a spouse, the knowledge brought terror as well as hope. I knew that Paul had permanent damage to his brain and that in the case of stroke, a full cure isn't possible though improvement is. I also knew the new golden rule of brain research: Contrary to what we were all taught and what a lot of people still think today, the brain isn't rigid. We know now that brains are what neuroscientists call plastic, and that means don't lose hope, because some neurons used for other tasks or some unused neurons can take over the functions of those that were damaged by stroke or injury.

When Paul first emerged from his stroke, all he could say was "mem." Have you two developed an attachment to that sound or do you just absolutely hate it?

We still don't know what "mem" meant, but it's common after a stroke for somebody to be left saying just one word. Good thing it wasn't a curse word. In the case of Charles Baudelaire the only thing he could say was "goddamn," which was so awkward, because he was being cared for by nuns! We know of a director who can only say "yes"—not very useful for a director—and someone else who could only say "chicken." No one knows why the brain is left snagging on just one word after a stroke.



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Paul doesn't say "mem" anymore, but he sometimes makes jokes about it. The valentine I received from Paul this year was a handmade collage in multi-colors, and "Mem Mem" was scrawled across the top. That was on the first page, and the second and third pages were filled with sentiments. He always made me valentines, and that didn't stop after the stroke. They just got a little more chaotic.

As you were dealing with the first months of Paul's stroke, were you keeping notes with the thought that you would publish on this subject matter?

No. I was writing a little bit in a journal just to help organize my feelings, but I wasn't thinking at all about publishing anything about it. I've always transcended best by pretending that I'm Margaret Mead viewing a scene for the first time or an alien from another planet regarding the spectacle of life on Earth and discovering how spectacular, unexpected, and beautiful it is. Certainly it came in handy when I was in the hospital. I sometimes roamed the hallways looking at it as if it were a separate culture with its own fascinations, habitat, tribes, customs, and protocol. I noticed unusual sounds, smells, textures, sights, and noises that we tend to take for granted, and I thought about how hospitals wreck havoc on the body and the mind. One of the first things that struck me about the hospital is how the florescent lights keep signaling to the brain that it's always noon. Everything is white, sounds are pinging and clanging; everything is different. Such things do affect patients and their visitors.

While caring for Paul after his stroke, you were also writing The Zookeeper's Wife. How did you manage to write one of your most widely read books while in crisis mode?

Writing The Zookeeper's Wife was my salvation for many reasons. It's important for caregivers to carve out time for themselves in which they can just nourish themselves. Every day, sometimes for just a few minutes or hours, I'd announce I was going to Poland, to the zookeeper's wife.

The Zookeeper's Wife recounts the true World War II story of Antonina Zabinski, who hid hundreds of Jews and Polish resisters in the Warsaw Zoo. As a caretaker, were there aspects of Antonina's character that you particularly connected with?

Antonina had an almost mystical relationship with animals and nature, and I do, too. One way in which I would nourish myself as a caregiver was to go out in nature and find out what everyday miracles had taken place overnight and look at them with curiosity and wonder. That might just mean a walk through the woods or gardening. It could just be a few minutes, but I always found it replenishing. Another thing about An-

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tonina—her husband was a hero in a traditional way—he worked with the underground—but Antonina was heroic because of her radical acts of compassion. She wanted people she was hiding to survive, not just the war, but with their humanity intact. All of these things came into play while I was dealing with the very intense and, in many ways, traumatic events of Paul's stroke and the difficulty of having Paul at home and looking after him when I couldn't understand a word he was saying.

You write that "a caregiver is changed by the culture of illness." Can you elaborate on that?

I think both Paul and I were changed by illness, but not all for the bad. There's always a piece of my mind that is vigilant—keeping an eye on Paul's health and looking after his blood thinner and medications. I prefer to have that piece of my mind free as before. But on the other hand, Paul is happier than I've ever known him to be. It really brought to him an appreciation for life and living in the moment and a greater appreciation for me. It's brought us closer than we've ever been. We now unwrap each day as it arrives, as the special gift that it is.

I say at the end of the book that a bell that has a crack in it won't ring as clearly, but it still can ring as sweetly. We've made a very good life for ourselves despite this trauma. Over the last six years, through ingenuity and mainly hard work on the part of Paul, Paul has improved beyond anyone's expectations. I hope that readers take away that it's important to know what's possible and not to believe what doctors and textbooks still tell people—that whatever you don't achieve in the first few months after a stroke you'll have to learn to live without.

As Paul improved, you encouraged him to write a novel about his experiences, entitled The Shadow Factory. What does the shadow refer to?

I think the shadow is many things. The shadow is the misfortune that can befall a person. The shadow is what appears on x-rays during CT scans of the brain. The shadow could be the memory of a different life, a previous life that is behind you. The shadow is Plato's shadows on cave walls. The shadow is also what the brain does—it makes allusions, because the brain itself is silent. The brain doesn't feel anything. It doesn't taste anything per se. It processes everything the body is experiencing. In the brain there are sleights of mind, there are shadows. But I don't know which, if any of those, Paul had in mind.

You mention in the epilogue that as you wrote this book, you reviewed your work with Paul. What was that like?

Every evening, Paul would ask me to read him the pag-

es I had written, and then we'd talk. We reminisced, we mourned, we helped each other remember what had happened, and in the process he learned better what had happened to him, and he also learned what I'd been going through. It brought us closer together. It was therapeutic.

How has your marriage changed since Paul's stroke?

It's not really one marriage, it's several. Our household was always very romantic and zany and it still is, and we still play lots of word games and relish language, but Paul is aphasic and he always will be.

Do you have favorites among Paul's one hundred names for you?

I absolutely love them all. But a few of my favorites are: "Little Moonskipper of the Tumbleweed Factory," "Spy Elf of the Morning Hallelujahs," and "My Little Bucket of Hair." I don't have a hairdo, I have a weather system of hair!

You continue to devote so much time to caring for Paul, and yet you still manage to write. How do you juggle it all?

Paul and I just agree what time I will be working. I get up early. I love to watch the dawn. I do most of my writing between dawn and noon before Paul gets up. We'll both stop working at five p.m. and then have dinner and watch a movie.

What's next?

I am working on something, but I can't tell you about it yet I'm afraid. No hints! But it will be Ackermanian.

And finally, Diane Ackerman, what's your Six-Word Memoir?

There was never a dull torment.

Source: SMITH Magazine

By: Vivian Chum

Website: http://smithmag.net

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

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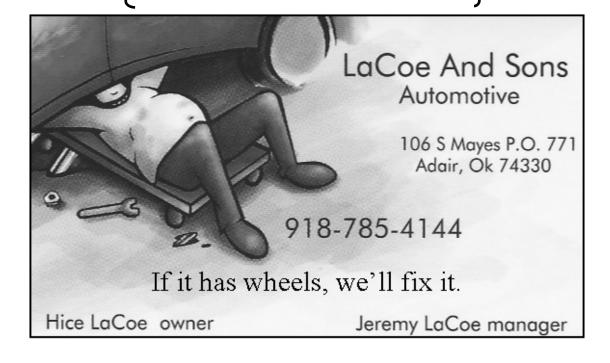
Employee Of The Month... Samantha Walker voted Employee of the Month by the residents. She was born in San Antonio, TX on November 15th. She has been a CNA here for 10 years. She has two daughters but no longer married. Her hobbies are fishing and swimming but really likes doing anything with her girls. Not many people knows she likes to paint and draw. We all know she loves to mow but only with a push mower. "I love the fact that Claremore Nursing Home feels like home and we work as a team."

"They may forget your name, but they will never forget how you made them feel."

Maya Angelou

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To share your story with us contact: Zia Partovi at 918-244-0457 or 918-789-2862 or email him at communitylinks1999@yahoo.com



One of a Thousand Stories to Tell

Hello, my name is David G. Nadeau and I am from Monroe, Michigan, hometown of General Armstrong Custer. I am a paid-on-call Firefighter for Monroe Township Fire Department and I was at Ground Zero for one week starting September 12, 2001. Some of my hundred or so pictures from Ground Zero have been published in EMS magazines. Newspaper reporters from Cooperstown, New York and Lexington, Kentucky call me wanting to publish this story. That is because someone from the family of the business card I found at Ground Zero told the reporters this story – a story about a business card which is just one of a thousand stories to tell.

I arrived at Ground Zero on September 12, 2001 with another Firefighter. After several hours of working at the front of a bucket brigade on Friday, September 14 – just one of many bucket brigades -- there came an opening in the debris pile just big enough for one person to fit in. With the help of a New York Firefighter holding my fire boots, I went down the opening with a flashlight. While down in the hole, everyone up above velled to be quiet -- at this time we were still hoping to find survivors. I prayed to God to let me find a survivor. There was none. While backing out of the hole with the help of the New York Firefighter (this hole was very small and tight), dust and debris in the hole was all around me. The dust was very thick. The void was around 6 to 10 feet deep, and once in opened to a 20 foot circle. Just as I was coming out of the hole, something out of the corner of my eye caught my attention, and for some reason (I still do not know why), I caught this piece of paper just as it was falling through the air back in to the void.

When I stood up, the New York Firefighter who helped me out of the hole was standing behind me and saw what it was I had in my hands. He said "Do you know what you found?" I said "No, I do not". He asked "Haven't you seen the news?" I said no -- working these long hours, there was no time to. He said piece of paper is the business card of a man that was the Vice President of Canter Fitzgerald from the south tower that lost several hundred employees. The New York Firefighter said he could not believe the business card survived in all of this fire and destruction, as we stood on a 25-30 foot pile of debris. The card came from the 104th floor of the south tower. It was dirty, but legible. I asked the New York Firefighter if he wanted the business card. He said, "No, you came this far to help us, you keep it brother". That is what he called me, brother. And the whole time there, we called each other brother. Firefighters from all over the country were there, and

we called each other brother, not Firefighter. Firefighters have had traditions for years, and this is one I will never forget.

Out of the million tons of debris, I found the business card of a man that was working, providing for his family that horrible September day. And no matter what kind of job those people had, from janitor to vice president of a large company, or how much money they made, they were all there that day providing for their family. Little did I know how much this business card would affect me for the rest of my life.

After a week at Ground Zero, I came home alone. I drove my own vehicle there. The other 18 Firefighters from Monroe County left a day and a half earlier. I wanted to stay as long as I could, but it started to take a toll on my five and seven year old boys. That was the longest drive of my entire life. One thing I will never forget while driving home is the newspaper reporter from the Toledo Blade who called my cell phone. He heard I was there at Ground Zero and someone gave him my cell phone number. As he was asking questions about what I did at Ground Zero, a song started playing on the radio. It was, "I Am Already There", by Lonestar (with inserts from the WTC disaster playing in the background). I was so tired from this last week and driving home alone, and that being my son's favorite song, I started to cry. Yes, Firefighters do cry. With the reporter on the cell phone, I told him I could not talk, hung up, and had to pull over to the side of the road.

when I was there and I know he had everything to do with this. I know he had put me there at that time and at that place for a reason. I know there are better people in this world, but for whatever reason, God wanted me to be the one to find that business card.

After a few phone calls and with the wonderful help of a wonderful woman from Canter Fitzgerald that I do not know (though I wish I did), I found this man's family. This woman from Canter Fitzgerald got a hold of the wife of the man whose business card I had found. With the courage of a million people, this man's wife called me at my home one night a couple of days after I had talked to this woman from Canter Fitzgerald about the business card I had found. You see, I did not know if I would get a call back from Canter Fitzgerald about the business card I had found. The woman from Canter Fitzgerald told me she did not know how she was going to approach the family about this business card. I felt she thought I was nuts after I told her my story about finding it, so I did not expect a call back, much less a call from the wife of this man.

She began by telling me who she was and asked me if I was the Firefighter who found her husband's business card at Ground Zero. When I told her it was me, she began to cry, and that was one of the hardest things I've ever had to do. I mean, I have to tell many people in my career as a Firefighter that their loved one has passed away, but this was the hardest thing for me ever. While I talked to her the best I could under the circumstances, I kept as calm as I could. She wanted to know where I found the card, how I found the card and if I had any pictures of where I found the card. What I thought was one of the saddest things (next to my own seven year old son asking me on the phone while at Ground Zero if I had found any more bodies) she asked if I would send her the card and the pictures of where I found it. I told her, "No problem". At that moment, I knew God wanted me to find that business card so I could hold onto it until I could find her. Can you imagine one day you a! I made it home and a couple of weeks had gone by, but every day that did, I could not stop thinking of what I had seen and the business card I had found. I was watching TV and saw a program about how families that lost their loved ones at the WTC were hoping to find something of their loved ones to hold on to. I got goose bumps when I saw this show, and even today as I write this, I still get goose bumps. I knew then I needed to find someone in this man's family, even though this was only a business card. There was a name of a man on this card and I knew he had a family that was missing him. You see, when I found this man's business card and was standing there holding that business card at Ground Zero, and after what that New York Firefighter said to me, I had the strangest feeling come over me. While standing on that huge pile of debris, holding that business card in my hand, something told me this man did not suffer. I believe in God, and believe me, I talked to him a lot regarding kissing your loved one in the morning before they leave for work, and then you turn on your TV and see the worst disaster in American history, knowing your loved one was in there? I cannot imagine that horrible feeling those people felt seeing that unfold before their very own eyes. You see, the family of this man heard he had gotten out when the towers came down and was in the hospital with smoke inhalation problems. But several hours later found out differently.

I don't think people outside the families that lost loved ones that day, realize these people will see and hear about this disaster every day for many years to come. I would take away the pain for every one of those family members if I could so they would not have to see or hear about that terrible day ever again. But, I am just one person in this world and that is what I have to deal with every day of my life. Just like many others in this world, I feel great helplessness knowing I cannot help.

However, I did get to help one family in this terrible disaster. You hear about all the heroism and people helping each other -- all the Fire, Police, EMS -- and the loss of life of a loved one that was taken from this world and their families on that terrible day. I have not even come close to comparing it to the courage and fortitude of those great people because of that cowardice act. However, it helps me sleep at night to know that on the saddest day in American history, I got to help one family that suffered so much. And in whatever way, no matter how small of a part it was, it feels good to know that they can start to heal some of the pain.

I sent the business card and pictures with a letter that I had written to the wife of that man's family. And after she received the business card, pictures and letter, sisters and brothers of this man have called me. Newspaper reporters from different parts of the country have called to say how touched the family was about the letter I wrote and sent with the business card and pictures, and they wanted to put my letter in their hometown paper. When I started this, I was afraid that by contacting this family it would only hurt them even more, and that was the last thing I wanted to do. But like I said, God only knows why he put me there that fateful day.

The saddest thing about this whole story is the brother and the other family members that worked in the financial district had to run away, and then witness the towers come crashing down. And the man of the business card that I had found escaped the attacks on the WTC in 1993 and was a "hero" himself that day in 1993 by helping a woman get out of the building safely. Nobody will ever know how that business card survived from the 104th floor of the south tower for me to find it among all the debris, but I am glad that I was the one that did.

In April 2002, I met the man's wife and family members at a restaurant called Park Avenue Country Club in New York. They showed me the power of love. They hugged me, and cried with me, and told me so many people were touched by my letter. Then they showed me pictures of a loving father, husband, brother and family member. Pictures just as I have of my sons and family. The restaurant refused to let us pay for anything that night. The restaurant owner treated us like we were someone famous. When we left the restaurant that night, the wife of this man came up to me, hugged me, told me thank you. With tears in both of our eyes, we walked away. At that very moment, I never felt more proud about being a Firefighter and I knew that I completed the journey that God had started for me back on September 14, 2001.

The next day, the brother of this man gave us a tour of the New York stock exchange. While there, people came up to us to shaking our hands and saying thank you. One very nice man that was introduced to us by his brother told me that the letter touched the family so much, then handed me a check for \$500, which I gave to my own Fire Department. While in New York, we were there to give a check for \$31,600 to the New York Port Authority Police Department. We have given money before to the New York Fire Department, but after seeing a story on the Port Authority Police and how little they were getting for losing 37 of their own, we decided to give the money that the people of Monroe County, Michigan had given us in two days from a fire boot and bottle drive.

Just before we left the hotel to head to Ground Zero to present the check to the Port Authority Police, one of the brothers from this man's family called me on my cell phone. He asked me if he could go with us to present the check to the Port Authority Police. On April 5, 2002, we went back to Ground Zero, with a new friend and a man that lost a brother on September 11, 2001. During the presentation of the check, this brother watched and was touched by what we were doing for the Port Authority Police. But I knew he was there for a very different reason, he got to say goodbye to his brother that day. My reason was for my own closure, and for him.....I think he realized that you can't let them win, you have to carry on. Whatever the reason, it helped two people come together from different parts of this country. And all because of a terrible, senseless act, it helped them both in so many ways and different levels.

No matter how small a part I played in this, there are some people in this world able to face the day once more because God put me there that day. Though I was there only a week, this one event has affected me more than anything in my life. The nightmares are less frequent. I can't imagine the people that have been there since 9/11 working effortlessly day and night. And how the rest of their lives will never be the same, these are true heroes. And this disaster is about the people of New York, Firefighters, Police, EMS that gave the worst price of all -- their lives. I just wanted to say there were people from all over the world, from small towns like mine, there to help the people of New York. And if you ever need us again (God forbid), we will be there -- Semper Fi. The reason I did not say this man's family name is I don't know if they would have liked that.

Who would have thought that a small business card could have touched so many lives in so many different ways? The brother that went with us to Ground Zero was the first of this family to go since 9/11. He dug

deep down inside himself that day and came with us to represent this enduring, courageous family so he could say goodbye for them. And for someone that I have never met before in my life, this man of this business card had a family that I knew loved him very much and had touched my life in so many different ways. To this date, they have not found or identified this man. This business card may be the only thing they have left.

God bless all the families and the people of New York that were affected by this. I Salute You and hope some day the pain is not so strong.

Source: Kind Spring (Small Acts That Change The

World)

Website: https://kindspring.org

By: David G. Nadeau

Post Date: Sep 10, 2007

DATA MASTER: Eric Peachey





If You Thought This World Was Small



[A while back, I wrote a story about my 9/11 experience -- One of a Thousand Stories to Tell. The story took me two years to write, but I never realized that so many would be touched by it. Thank you for all the heart warming comments. Below is a follow-up story.]

When I went back to New York in April of 2002, we went to the Port Authority Command Center to offer the money that our local firefighters had raised -- \$31,600. They took us down to Ground Zero in 2 of their police vans to present the check.

"Where are you from?" the driver of police van asked all of us. I said, "Michigan." He was very moved by what we were doing for them, and the families of the Port Authority Police would benefit a lot from the money.

As we were presenting the check at Ground Zero, the Police Officer that drove me down there said that on 9-11 he was on duty and had seen the people jumping from the towers. He then said the next day he was put in the command center because they did not want him at Ground Zero because of the things he had seen.

And then, he told me that there was a firefighter from Michigan that kept calling the command center on 9-12 -01 asking for directions. "He gave me his name, so when he did call back, I could talk to him," he said.

He looked at me, and at the same time I looked at him; I asked him his name he told me. I then looked down at his name tag; it was the same name I wrote down on a piece of paper back on September 12, 2001.

You see, I had to call the command center several times to find my-own-why to Ground Zero; I still have that piece of paper with this Port Authority Police Officers name on it. When we both realized how small of a world this planet really is, we hugged and shook hands. What are the odds that the same police officer

(out of thousands) that gave me directions on September 12, 2001, drove me back to Ground Zero in April of the next year?!?

I believe we all have a purpose in life; there is no way to tell the feeling I have about September 11, 2001 and the lives that have been touched by the hands of God.

Source: Kind Spring

By: David G. Mnadeau Posted Sep 11, 2019

Website: https://www.kindspring.org/story/view.php?

sid=7408

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh



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A homeless man with a big heart

Riceman, a YouTuber who does social experiments and pranks, did an experiment in which he told people his brother was missing to see how they would react. The reaction of one homeless man showed him how generous a person — even with little means — can be. The man was standing on the corner, holding up a sign reading "U.S. Vet in need, please help." Riceman went up, gave the man some change, and told him that his brother was missing and to let him know if he saw him. When Riceman walked away, instead of holding up his own sign to passing cars, the man held up the sign with Riceman's missing brother on it. He deliberately chose to stop asking for money for himself, in order to help Riceman.

When Riceman returned, he told the homeless man about the experiment and asked him why he chose to hold up the missing person's sign rather than continuing to ask for money. The man told him, "What kind of a person would I be if I didn't help someone else?" Riceman then gave him some cash and a hug, moved by his desire to help someone in need.

Source: The List **By:** Daniela Uslan

Website: https://www.thelist.com

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Love Beyond Labels

Last night, when I went to see my grandmother, she was sitting alone at the nurses station with her word search book (when my grandmother, who has dementia, came to live here over 5 years ago, I tried many things to keep her occupied – painting, magazines, crossword, music, coloring, mazes...but it was only her word search book that kept her interest...the one thing her mind could follow – she began to think of it as her job; it kept her from wandering – over these 5 years, I have gotten her the same BIG EASY WORDSEARCH book at least 17 times... each one has 100 puzzles and she does them all. Recently coloring simple pictures like fishes has gotten her attention too).....

SO my grandmother was sitting at the desk with her book but no pencil just staring at the letters as if she was trying to find the word. I came to her and said hello. Usually, she at least knows I am connected to her somehow but this time, she looked at me with suspicion. I introduced myself and told her that I was her granddaughter. I don't know who you are, she said. What are you doing? I ask (better to stay in her world rather than try to move her into mine). I need to find this word she said. Let's do it together, I said. Okay, she said. And, so I helped her find it with our fingers then found a pencil and marked it for her. Do you want to go outside? I asked. Okay, she said.

We get her things - the box of Japanese flash cards, her book, her purse with the playing cards and little dime purse. I wrap it all in a blanket we will use as a table-cloth. I ask her if she can hold it while I push her wheel chair and hold her cup of tea. She holds her hands out and I place the cloth bundle on her lap. She lifts her legs up as we go down the hall. Somehow she remembers to do this without me telling her. The mind is a funny thing. Outside there are about 5 tables – one with a little sun. I say, do you want to sit where the sun is? Yes, she says. I put the cloth on the table and she helps smooth it down – then I put the rest of the items on the cloth.

Now she is just staring at me as if confused, as if trying to figure me out. Do you know who I am? I ask. She says, I don't really know. I am your granddaughter, I say. I am not sure what that is. I don't know, I don't know you, she says. What is YOUR name? I ask. Me? I'm Mutsuko. She says. Where are you from? I ask. I am Japanese but I was born here. Who are your children? I ask. Bobbie, Gracie, Larry, Irene and Joann, she says. Gracie is my mom, I say. I am your granddaughter. "Oh, okay" she says smiling but still doesn't really know. She wants to be kind.

I think of my friend whose mother has not known him

for years; has no recollection, doesn't speak anymore. Sits vacantly. It is a painful sight for all those living who remember. I am grateful that my grandmother is still so present. I have a sinking feeling that our days are numbered. Still, I have been so blessed. Later my grandmother will read me a book and beat me at poker. And after we go inside and I get her ready for and into bed, she will tell me to come closer and then happy shout, Aren't I going to get a kiss good-night!? Of course I say and we kiss and hug real tight. Then I tuck her in on the other side of the bed and we kiss and hug again as if for the first time. It isn't the first time though and someday sooner than later there will be a final time.

For now, I feel the blessing of the moment; it doesn't matter if the word "granddaughter" holds no meaning anymore — we are bound by love not labels. And, at some point, if she turns more inside or decides to leave this world, I will remember the love and laughter we shared. For now, she is still here, still says thank you, and still loves me from a deep and secret place. Tomorrow, I will see her and she may or may not know me - and that will be okay. I still know her.

Source: Kind Spring **By:** Miatagano Sep. 6, 2019

Website: https://www.kindspring.org/story/

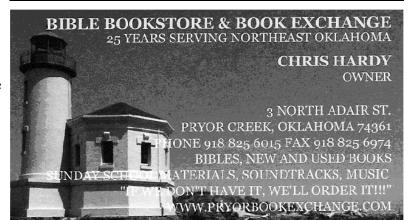
view.php?sid=173562

DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick



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The Love You Seek

Make love of yourself perfect. Deny yourself nothing -- give yourself infinity and eternity and discover that you do not need them; you are beyond. --Nisargadatta Maharaj



The love you bear for yourself is never unrequited. You are the generous giver and the sole receiver. You do not have to wonder if your sentiments will be echoed or your kind gestures returned. You need only love yourself fully.

The love we bear for ourselves is guaranteed, each return exceeding its investment. Perhaps you're longing to experience this kind of love from someone you care about, or maybe your heart aches from loving someone who cannot fully love you back.

The more we seek love like this, the harder we struggle, and the less we come to love ourselves. But who is more worthy of the careful attention and thoughtful affection we so readily dole out on others than the gentle soul that carries us through each day?

Self-love is an incredible gift we can choose to give and receive over and over again. As much as we say I love you to another, we can say it to ourselves. We can say these three words frequently, and we can say them with the reverence for which they are meant.

There's a beautiful scripture often reserved for romantic love, but what if we looked at it in the light of loving ourselves?

Love is patient, love is kind. It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails. – 1 Corinthian 13:4-8

Imagine if you loved yourself in this way, every day; when you were feeling at your best and at your worst. Imagine if you loved yourself in this way when you were stuck in traffic, running late, waking up each morning, or enjoying a simple sunrise.

Could you love yourself in this way when you were angry, ashamed, scared, or overwhelmed? Could you turn to yourself in these moments and seek tenderness, instead of instinctively turning to or turning against another?

Love is patient, love is kind. Self-love is forgiving of failures and our steadiest companion during moments of doubt. It takes joy in looking in the mirror each day and does not magnify imperfections. It is accepting of short-comings and freely offers second chances.

It does not envy, it does not boast, it is not proud. Self-love does not compare, but celebrates wholeness, confidence, and security. It dwells within the receiver, but its ripples spread for miles. It does not dishonor others, it is not self-seeking, it is not easily angered, it keeps no record of wrongs. It does not tally weaknesses or failures, but thrives in the light of taking chances.

Love does not delight in evil but rejoices with the truth. It always protects, always trusts, always hopes, always perseveres. Love never fails. Self-love sees what is already present, and not what is presently lacking. It is steady, dependable, and strong. It is warm hands, tight hugs, belly laughs, and beaming smiles.

The love we give to ourselves is among the most valuable we can receive. It is not dependent on the presence, openness, or availability of anyone else, but instead allows us to be present, open, and available to ourselves.

Is there any greater gift we can give ourselves than the openness of our own hearts? Isn't this what we crave from

others, that they open their hearts to us, share their stories, and let us in?

We may not always get the love that we desire, or it may only leave us wanting more. We may get it when we're too closed off to receive it, or when it comes in a form we cannot recognize, leaving us immune to its presence. We may get it one day, and feel its absence the next.

This love cannot compare to the love that is always available to us, always waiting to be received, always with our best interests and



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expectant hearts in mind. As we begin to love ourselves unconditionally, we become better able to love those around us.

We begin to sympathize with the stranger who speaks to us in anger because we too have been angry, and loved ourselves through it. We begin to be more accepting of our family members' struggles because we too have struggled, yet our hearts have grown. We begin to ask questions instead of jumping to conclusions because we too have shared our stories, and been met with heartfelt gratitude.

Self-love is not selfish, but leads to openhearted engagement. It is far easier to be fully present with one another when we are not preoccupied by our perceived imperfections or our previous failures. When we can meet our inadequacies with softness, we invite others to do the same. When we can recognize our worth, we allow others to shine.

Take time to be the love you seek, and you shall find the love you've been looking for.

About the Author

Emily Rose Barr is a DailyGood volunteer and a light-hearted creative who finds joy in simple pleasures. With a background in social sciences, she has a heart for connecting with others and sharing in their stories. When she's not behind the lens or keyboard, Emily can be found hiking, ticking books off her to-read list (often with a cup of tea in hand), whipping up the best desserts, and playing with her sweet pup, Lyla. You can read more of Emily's works on her personal blog at ilyrose.org.

Source: Daily Good

By: Emily Rose Barr, Apr 05, 2018

Website: http://www.dailygood.org/story/1994/the-

love-you-seek-emily-rose-barr/ **Photo by:** Bharat Chauhan

DATA MASTER: Doug WM Stone



Aftermath of September 11, 2001



In the aftermath of September 11, 2001, my friend Pamela and I founded United We Quilt to recruit volunteer quilters to make memory quilts for families who lost loved ones in the attacks that day.

Overtime 500 generous quilters were recruited from all over the U.S. and from several other countries. They were matched to families who requested a quilt to be made from clothing and/or photos of their loved one. More than 500 families were gifted with personalized memory quilts made with love. Here is a photo of such a memory quilt.

Source: Kind Spring

By: Jane Clark Jackson Sep 9, 2019 **Website:** https://www.kindspring.org

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell



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.

American Legion Post 178 in Grove, OK – Bingo every Saturday evening at 6pm. Family atmosphere. Contact Lee Cathy for any questions at: 901-487-9060

Oct. 19 - Oct. 24 2019 Bag O' Books Sale - Fill a Paper Bag with any Items from the Book Sale Tables. Sat. Oct. 19 \$5.00, Mon. Oct. 21 \$4.00, Tue. Oct. 22 \$3.00, Wed Oct. 23 \$2.00, and Oct. 24 - 26 \$1.00. Prices on individual items: \$1 each for hardbound, audio, video and 25¢ each for paperbacks. Vinita Public Library 215 West Illinois Avenue Vinita, OK Hours: 11am - 5:30pm Weekdays, 11am - 2:30pm Saturdays. No Credit/Debit Cards Accepted - Cash or approved check only. Contact 918-256-2115-Email library@cityofvinita.com

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.

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Hardship level: Moderate

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DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton **Solutions are printed in page 36**

Sep 20, 2019 - Nov 02, 2019 The Hex House - Travel to Tulsa for The Hex House, northeast Oklahoma's extreme haunted attraction. The Hex House is an intense, multi-element, walk-through haunted house attraction themed around a dark chapter in Tulsa's haunted past. The original Hex House was involved in a 1944 police investigation surrounding a small casket buried in the backyard of a Tulsa house and two young women who had been under hypnotic or occult control5610 W SkellyDrTulsa, OK 74133 Toll Free: 877-980-7882

Sep 24, 2019 - Nov 09, 2019 Pumpkin Festival at Shepherd's Cross - Celebrate fall with pumpkins, hayrides and harvest educational activities at Shepherd's Cross, an authentic working farm in Claremore. Come out and select a pumpkin from truckloads available in all shapes and sizes at the Pumpkin Festival at Shepherd's Cross. Guests can also take home straw bales and corn stalks for fall decorating. At this annual pumpkin festival, walk the hay maze, create a scarecrow, take a hayride, pet the animals in the petting zoo and make memories. Enjoy lots of fun games and activities for the whole family, farm demos and festive fall story time while celebrating the harvest season. Shepherd's Cross 16792 E 450 Rd Claremore, OK 74017 Phone: 918-342-5911

Sep 27, 2019 - Nov 02, 2019 The Asylum - Uncover the disturbing secrets held within The Asylum in Nowata, a terrifying haunted attraction that will leave you frightened for days. The story goes that this building is a former mental institution that was the site of a horrible fire decades ago, and many of the details are unknown, including if there were any survivors. Experience The Asylum at the risk of your own sanity, because you'll see scary things beyond your wildest nightmares, based on the unrestricted operations of sanitariums in the 1940s. A VIP pass will be available on Halloween night for an exclusive tour of The Asylum. 304 Cherokee Ave Nowata, OK 74048 Phone: 918-559-5049

Sep 27, 2019 - Oct 26, 2019 Haunted Castle Halloween Festival - The Castle of Muskogee is Oklahoma's largest haunted attraction with over 62 acres of spine chilling thrills and excitement. Come celebrate more than 20 years of thrills with a combination of indoor and outdoor attractions with activities, vendors, games, shows, rides, shops, food and fun for all ages. There are 11 spooktacular events to test your nerves in the scariest and rated one of the best haunted attractions in the state. The Castle of Muskogee 3400 W Fern Mountain Rd Muskogee,OK 74401 Phone: 918-687-3625 Toll Free: 800-439-0658

Sep 28, 2019 - Nov 03, 2019 Oklahoma Heritage Farm Fall Festival Maze & Pumpkin Patch - Celebrate fall with a trip to Oklahoma Heritage Farm for the annual festival that features a pumpkin patch and an incredible

maze. Kids of all ages will love picking out a pumpkin in the pumpkin patch and visitors can spend hours having fun with over thirty acres covered with games, rides, activities, animals and entertainment included in the general admission price. A real working farm transforms into a great family outdoor adventure for six weeks every fall. 38512 US Hwy 75 Ramona, OK 74061 phone 918-371-7887, 918-346-8738

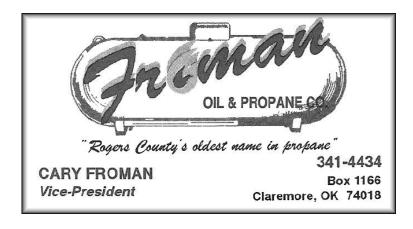
Oct 04, 2019 to Oct 26, 2019 - Psycho Path Haunted AttractionTravel to Sperry for the Psycho Path Haunted Attraction and prepare to be terrified. Enter woods shrouded by fog and venture deep into the darkness where ghoulish creatures are waiting behind every twist and turn. Psycho Path offers visitors Hollywood-caliber scenes and over 40 acres of wooded terror. This haunted house attraction features high-intensity scares in an outdoor1517 E 106th St N Sperry, OK 74070 Phone: 918-288-7685 918-637-9445 Fax: 918-371-6965

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Fax: 918-789-5296

Email: communitylinks1999@yahoo.com

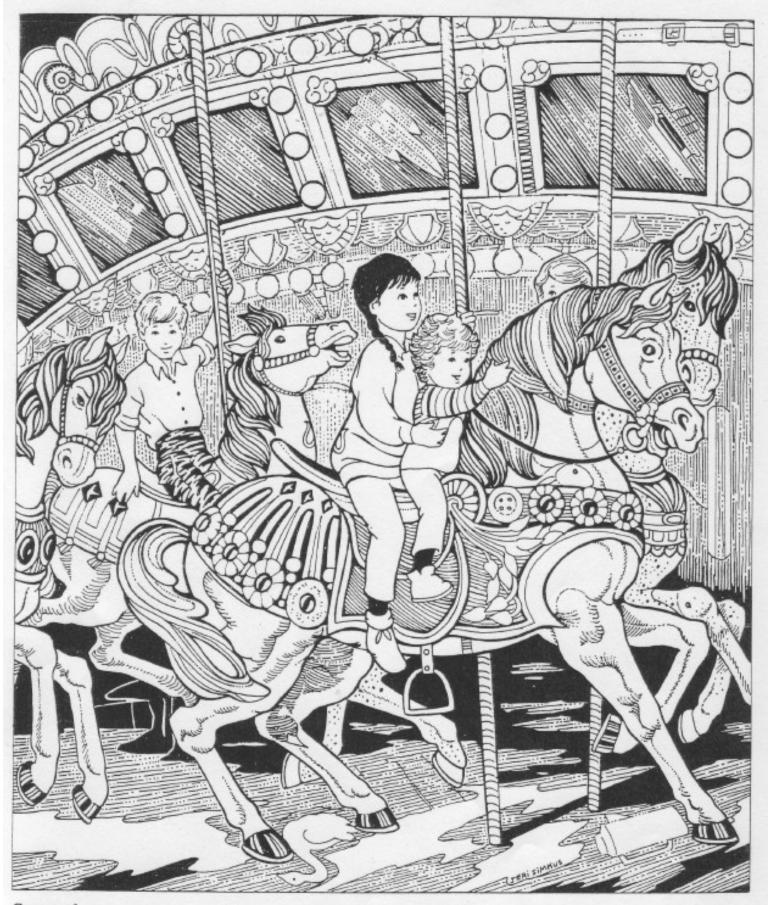
DATA MASTERS: Steven Burdick and Eric Peachey







560 TO 555



Carousel

Cindy, Carl, and their friends love to ride the carousel horses around and around. In this picture are twenty-seven hidden objects: a candy cane, cowboy hat, ski cap, pair of shorts, duck's head, shoe, pair of binoculars, vase, spaceship, swan, mushroom, bottle, comb, banana, button, sombrero, boat, mop, lollipop, spur, penguin, doughnut, little fish, coffeepot, wristwatch, sock, and iron.



Getting to know the Lutherans

Blessings for Today

One of my fond memories of the rural church in which I was raised centers on the congregational dinners. Everyone, it seemed, stayed after church for those meals. We enjoyed being together. The food was plentiful and delicious, and it was customary for the pastor to pray before our meal. He often used a verse from Psalm 145, which says that God gives us our "meat in due season" (v. 15). As I grew older, I learned that "meat" meant more than beef, pork, and venison, and that "due season" meant more than those weeks when pheasant and deer hunters roamed the fields.

Jesus reinforces the words of the psalmist in the Fourth Petition of the Lord's Prayer. Our Lord has us say "daily" and "this day" so we remember that He does indeed provide everything in due season, that is, at the right time. We learn that "daily bread" includes everything that has to do with the support and needs of the body.

So often we spend so much energy reminiscing about the past and worrying about the future that we become oblivious to the blessings our Savior always provides in the present. His open, nail-pierced hands do satisfy the desire of every living thing every day. We can depend on Him.

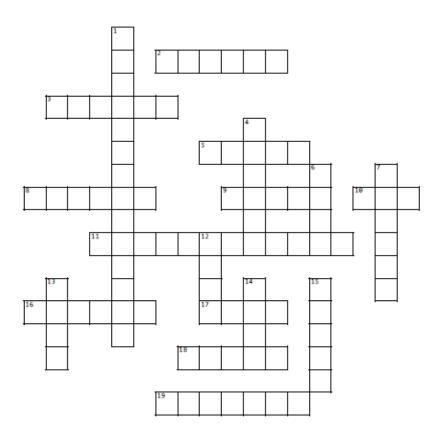
Join us at one of the area Lutheran churches. You never know when we might be having another of those delicious meals.

DATA MASTER: Heather Conn

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.rlccok.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

Crossword Puzzle

Links Crossword October 5, 2019



Across

- 2. Shook some extra flavor into, as a bland soup
- 3. or journey back, do stand
- 5. Some extra deliveries for business
- 8. Very old yacht initially on time for journey
- 9. Own way to replace velocity for speed
- Chick-___-A (mall eatery)
- 11. Voucher for journey back
- 16. Some extra velocity for journey
- 17. Bag for a mall
- 18. Formal mall
- 19. Barrister needs briefly to sum up case of sabotage before end of trial

Down

- 1. Mall
- 4. It's Swahili for "journey"
- "You are ____" (mall map legend)
- 7. British reserve and some extra added muscle
- 12. Complains and complains and...
- 13. An ocean-going bird of prey somehow never losing velocity for a star
- 14. Bag for a mall
- 15. Indulgence at the mall

DATA MASTERS: Eric Peachey and Heather Conn

Solution is printed in page 37

Word Search Puzzle

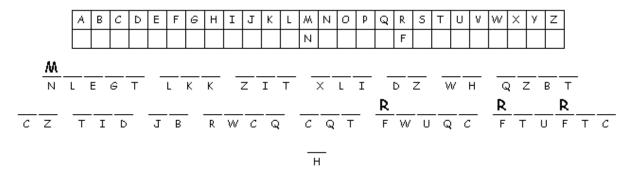
Links Wordsearch October 5, 2019

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E R
          В
     В
      ERTQAVO
            Ε
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          EOQUZW
BGNIMMUHSNELLAESY
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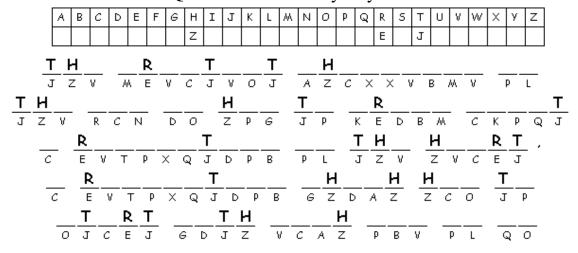
BLACK-CHINNEDHUMMINGBIRD	ALLENS-HUMMINGBIRD	OYSTERCATCHER	GOLDEN-PLOVER
AVOCET	SWALLOWS	KINGFISHERS	HERONS
CHICKADEES	AUKS	NIGHTINGALE	CANARY
TOUCANS	COCKATIELS	COCKATOOS	PARAKEET
PARROT	MACAW	SEA EAGLE	SPARROWS
OWLS	WRENS	FINCHES	CROWS
ERNE			

CryptoQuote Puzzles

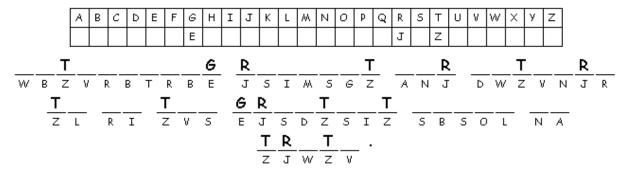
Title: Regret Quote From: Arthur Miller



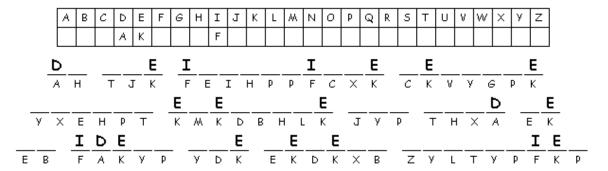
Title: Revolution of Heart **Quote From:** Dorothy Day



Title: Enemy of Truth Quote From: Albert Einstein



Title: Doing the Impossible Quote From: Howard Hughes



Logic Puzzle

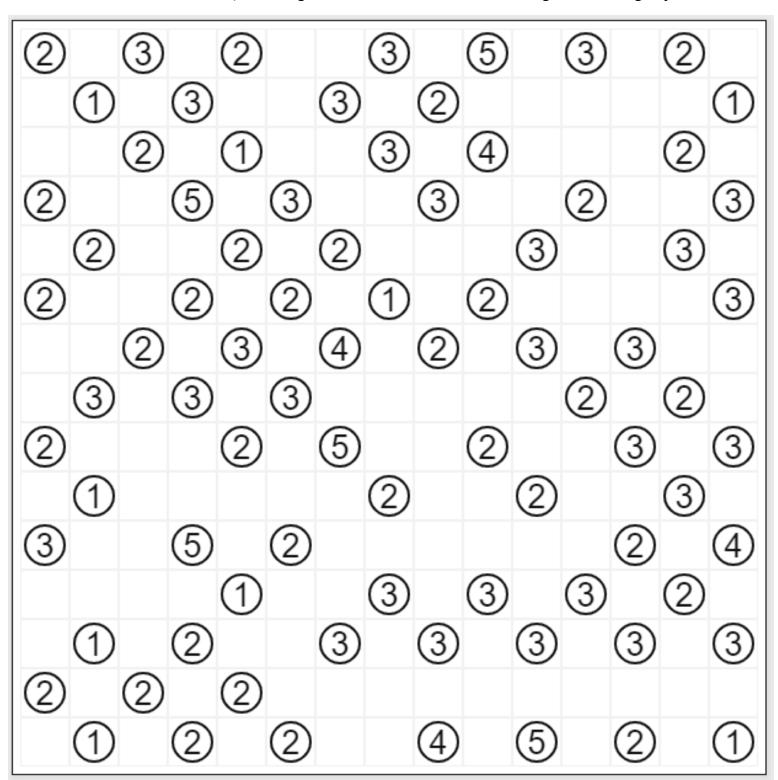
		F	irst I	lame	s		Bre	ads		(Candy	/ Bars	5								
		Ashlee	Matthew	Melina	Shawn	combread	focaccia	pita	wheat bread	Baby Ruth	Snickers	Three Musketeers	Twix								
40	9:30am																				
Time.	10:30am																				
불	1:00pm																				
Ē	5:00pm																				
	Baby Ruth									Γ,				•							
Bar	Snickers										_	•		uzz							
an dy	Three Musketeers									Pi	rese	nted	i by i	Puzz	ie Ba	aron					
ľ	Twix													962 ns and		e puz	zles.	go to			
	cornbread													uzzles			,	_			
sp	focaccia							Fligh				First	Nam	es		Brea	ds		С	andy E	Bars
Bre	pita								30am 30am									\dashv			
	wheat bread								00pm		1							\dashv			
						'			00pm												

- 1. The person who bought the Three Musketeers didn't buy the pita.
- 2. The person whose flight departs at 1:00pm bought the cornbread.
- 3. Of the person who bought the Twix and Ashlee, one will depart at 10:30am and the other bought the cornbread.
- 4. The person who bought the pita is not Matthew.
- 5. The person who bought the Twix will depart earlier than Shawn.
- 6. The person who bought the Twix will depart later than the person who bought the focaccia.
- The person whose flight departs at 10:30am bought the Twix.
- 8. The person whose flight departs at 9:30am is Melina.
- Either the person who bought the Baby Ruth or the person who bought the Snickers is Melina.
- 10. The person who bought the Baby Ruth is not Shawn.

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Bridge Building Puzzle

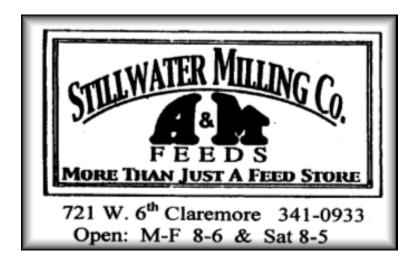
Puzzle Rules: The goal is to connect all of the islands by drawing a series of bridges between the islands. The bridges must follow certain criteria: 1) They must begin and end at distinct islands, travelling a straight line in between. 2) They must not cross any other bridges or islands. 3) They may only run orthogonally (i.e. they may not run diagonally). 3) At most two bridges connect a pair of islands. 4) The number of bridges connected to each island must match the number on that island. 5) The bridges must connect the islands into a single connected group.

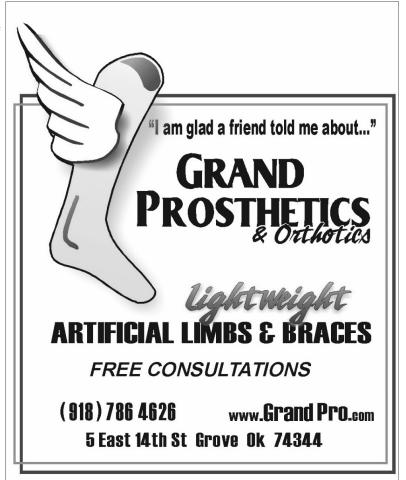


Some Riddles

- 1. Two fathers and two sons sat down to eat eggs for breakfast. They ate exactly three eggs, each person had an egg. The riddle is for you to explain how
- 2. Why don't skeletons watch horror movies?
- 3. Why don't skeletons like parties?
- 4. Why don't skeletons play music in church?
- 5. Why didn't the vampire have any friends?
- 6. Why don't angry witches ride their brooms?
- 7. Why did the witch refuse to wear a flat hat?
- 8. What was the witch's favorite subject in school?
- 9. I am something people love or hate. I change peoples appearances and thoughts. If a person takes care of them self I will go up even higher. To some people I will fool them. To others I am a mystery. Some people might want to try and hide me but I will show. No matter how hard people try I will Never go down. What am I?
- 10. Only one color, but not one size, Stuck at the bottom, yet easily flies. Present in sun, but not in rain, Doing no harm, and feeling no pain. What is it?
- 11. Three guys rent a hotel room for the night. When they get to the hotel they pay the \$\$\\$30 \$\$ fee, then go up to their room. Soon the bellhop brings up their bags and gives the lawyers back \$5 because the hotel was having a special discount that weekend. So the three lawyers decide to each keep one of the \$5 dollars and to give the bellhop a \$2 tip. However, when they sat down to tally up their expenses for the weekend the could not explain the following details: Each one of them had originally paid \$10 (towards the initial \$30), then each got back \$1 which meant that they each paid \$9. Then they gave the bellhop a \$2 tip. HOWEVER, 3 • \$9 + \$2 = \$29. The guys couldn't figure out what happened to the other dollar. After all, the three paid out \$30 but could only account for \$29. Can you determine what happened?
- 12. I am a number with a couple of friends, quarter a dozen, and you'll find me again. What am I?
- 13. Add me to myself and multiply by 4. Divide me by 8 and you will have me once more. What number am I?
- 14. There is a three digit number. The second digit is four times as big as the third digit, while the first digit is three less than the second digit. What is the number?
- 15. How many 9's are there between 1 and 100?

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell





Logic Puzzle Solution

9:30am	Melina	Focaccia	Baby Ruth
10:30am	Matthew	Wheat bread	Twix
1:00pm	Ashlee	Cornbread	Three Musketeers
5:00pm	Shawn	Pita	Snickers

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

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Answers to Riddles

- 1. One of the 'fathers' is also a grandfather. Therefore the other father is both a son and a father to the grandson. In other words, the one father is both a son and a father.
- 2. Because they don't have the guts.
- 3. Because they have no body to dance with.
- 4. Because they have no organs.
- 5. Because he was a pain in the neck!
- 6. They're afraid of flying off the handle.
- 7. Because there wasn't any point to it!
- 8. Spelling!
- 9. Age
- 10. It's a Shadow!
- 11. There are many ways of explaining/thinking about this truly brain bending riddle! It all boils down to the fact that the lawyers's math is incorrect. They did NOT spend \$9 3 + \$2. They spent exactly \$27 dollars. \$25 for the room and \$2 for the tip. Remember they got exactly \$3, in total back. Another way to think about the answer to this riddle is to just pretend that the bellhop refunded \$3 to the lawyers (rather than giving them \$5 and receiving \$2 back). If the lawyers get \$3 back and each takes \$1. They they spent exactly \$27 dollars.
- 12. Three
- 13. Any number.
- 14. 141
- 15. 20

DATA MASTER: Breanna McDowell







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105 E. Oak (918) 266-1684

Hours:

Monday thru Thursday: 9am to 7pm Friday: 9am to 12pm & 1pm to 3pm

Saturday: 10am to 2pm

Closed Sunday

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Hours:

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CHOUTEAU PUBLIC LIBRARY

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Hours:

Mon - Fri – 10AM to 5PM Closed Saturday & Sunday

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Web: www.eodls.lib.ok.us/jay.html

Hours:

Mon., Wed., & Fri. 9:00am to 6:00pm

Tues. & Thurs 9:00am to 8:00pm

Sat. 9:00am to 1:00pm

Closed Sundays and Holidays

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1140 NEO Loop (918) 786-2945

Toll free in the 918 area code: 1-888-291-8150

Fax: (918) 786-5233

Hours:

Mon., Wed., & Fri.: 8:30am-5:00pm

Tues. & Thurs.: 8:30am-9:00pm

Sat. 8:00am-12:00pm Closed Sunday

Library News

LANGLEY PUBLIC LIBRARY

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Hours:

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224 S. Pine (918)273-3363 Fax: (918)273-1818

Hours: Mon-Fri 10_{am} -6_{pm} ; Sat 9_{am} - 12_{pm}

PRYOR PUBLIC LIBRARY

505 E. Graham, Pryor 918-825-0777

Hours:

Monday & Thursday: 1:00 PM-9:00 PM

Tuesday, Wednesday & Friday:9:00AM-5:00PM

SALINA PUBLIC LIBRARY

420 E. Ferry St. (918) 434-8001

Hours: Tue. 12pm-7pm, Wed. 12pm-5pm,

Thurs. & Fri. 10am-5pm

Closed Saturday, Sunday & Monday

TALALA AREA PUBLIC LIBRARY

106 W Watova St. (918) 275-4540

Hours:

Monday - Friday 2pm to 5pm Monday and Thursday evening 6pm to 9pm

Saturday 11am to 2pm

VINITA PUBLIC LIBRARY

215 W. Illinois (918) 256-2115

Hours:

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Thurs. 11:00am to 7:00pm Sat. 11:00am to 3:00pm

Closed Sunday

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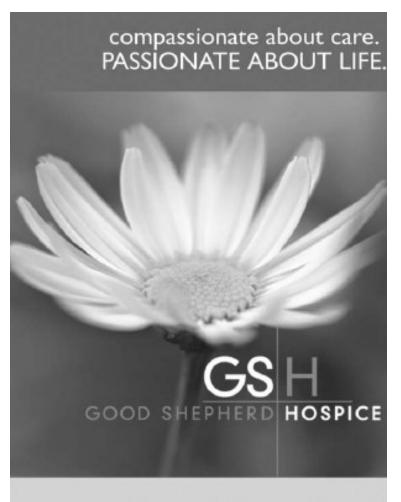
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CryptoQuote Puzzles Solution

Title: Regret By: Arthur Miller

"Maybe all one can do is hope to end up with the right regrets"

Title: Revolution of Heart **By:** Dorothy Day

"The greatest challenge of the day is: how to bring about a revolution of the heart, a revolution which has to start with each one of us?"

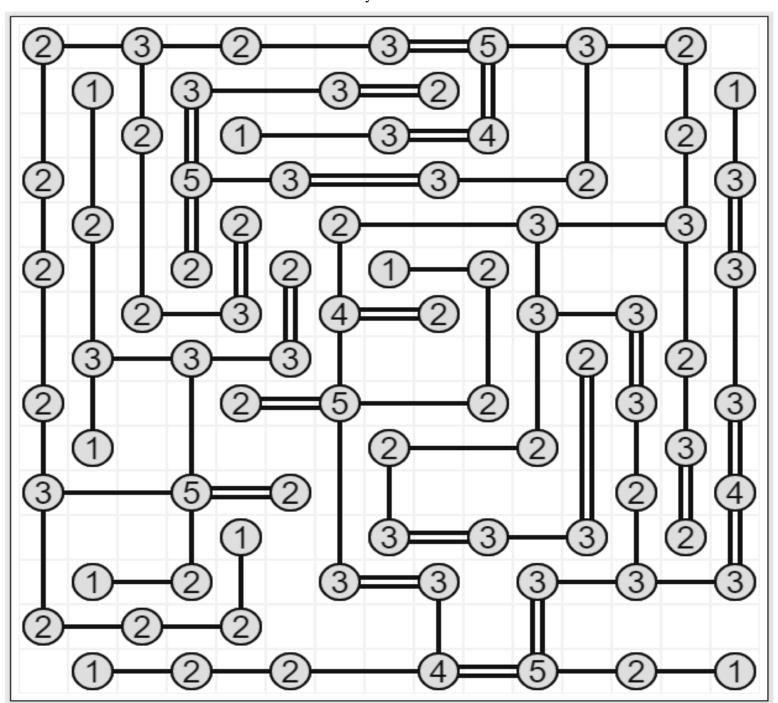
Title: Enemy of Truth By: Albert Einstein

"Unthinking respect for authority is the greatest enemy of truth."

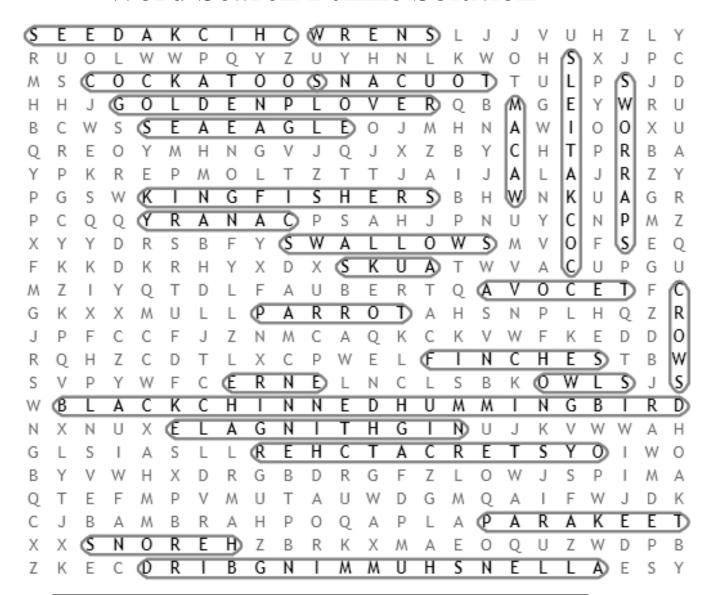
Title: Doing the impossible By: Howard Hughes

"Do the impossible, because almost everyone has told me my ideas are merely fantasies."

DATA MASTERS: Eric Peachey and Steven Burdick



Word Search Puzzle Solution





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Sudoku Puzzle Easy Solution

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

Sudoku Puzzle Moderate Solution

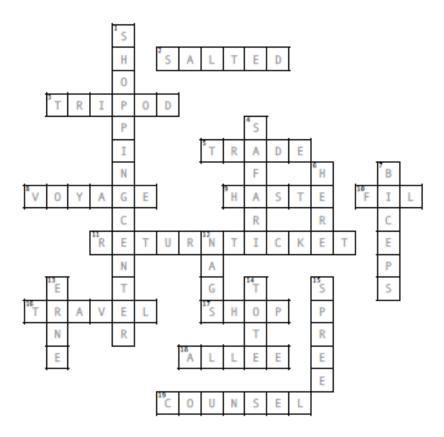
	8	2	9	3	6	5	7	1	4
	6	7	5	4	1	2	9	8	3
	4	3	1	7	9	8	6	2	5
	9	4	6	5	8	1	3	7	2
	2	1	8	6	7	3	5	4	9
	7	5	3	2	4	9	1	6	8
	1	9	7	8	5	4	2	3	6
	5	8	2	1	3	6	4	9	7
6	3	6	4	9	2	7	8	5	1

36

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

Crossword Puzzle Solution

Links Crossword October 5, 2019



Across

- 2. Shook some extra flavor into, as a bland soup
- 3. or journey back, do stand
- 5. Some extra deliveries for business
- 8. Very old yacht initially on time for journey
- 9. Own way to replace velocity for speed
- Chick- -A (mall eatery)
- 11. Voucher for journey back
- 16. Some extra velocity for journey
- 17. Bag for a mall
- 18. Formal mall
- Barrister needs briefly to sum up case of sabotage before end of trial

Word Bank

NAGS	FIL	SALTED	HERE
HASTE	SHOP	TRIPOD	COUNSEL
TOTE	SPREE	ALLEE	ERNE
TRADE	SAFARI	TRAVEL	RETURN TICKET
SHOPPINGCENTER	VOYAGE	BICEPS	

Down

- Mall
- 4. It's Swahili for "journey"
- "You are ____" (mall map legend)
- 7. British reserve and some extra added muscle
- 12. Complains and complains and...
- An ocean-going bird of prey somehow never losing velocity for a star
- 14. Bag for a mall
- 15. Indulgence at the mall

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Afton City Hall Evans Roofing

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Big Cabin Senior Citizens

Chelsea

Bank of Commerce
Chelsea Family Pharmacy
Chelsea Library
Chelsea Post Office
Chelsea Sr. Citizens
Chelsea Terrace
Community Links
Dollar General
Harp's Grocery
Jiffy Mart
Lakeside State Bank
Little Green Shop
Main Street Diner

Chouteau

Cherry's Chouteau Mall Chouteau Public Library & Senior Citizens Center Dutch Pantry Marvin's Grocery Pizza Corral

Claremore

Bill's Sporting Goods
Brook Field Nursing Home
Casey's
Claremore DHS
Claremore Nursing Home
Claremore Senior Citizen's
Claremore Veteran's Center
Classy Cuts and Wigs
Kum N Go (W Will Rogers)
Kum N Go E Hwy 20
Midco Clothes & More
Stillwater Milling
Emerald Care Center

Commerce

Eastwood Manor

Fairland

Fairland Sr. Citizen's

Grove

Eagles Landing
Drakes
Grand Prosthetics & Artificial
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Grandwood
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Grove Sr. Citizens
Harps Grocery
Tom Cat Corner

Jay

Sinclair Station
Delaware County Library
Jay Senior Citizen's

Ketchum

Buddy's Foods Woodshed

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Marvin's Grocery Windridge Wal-Mart Supercenter

D&L's

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Oologah

Pump - N - Petes #15 Tacora Mart (Conoco)

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Carter's IGA
Grand Lake Mental Health
Heartsworth House
Midco Clothes & More
Sam's Tire
Veterans Clinic
Vinita Sr. Center
Vinita DHS
Vinita Post Office
Wood Shed
Young's Tire

Welch

Welch State Bank

Winganon

Winganon Bait Shop



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LINKS

Information

The Links Paper comes out twice a month, the 5th and the 20th of every month. We offer many different advertising options and have competitive pricing. Should you be interested in placing an ad with us you can contact us at the phone number or the email provided below.

Deadlines for ad submission: 5th issue: 25th of previous month 20th issue: 10th of the same month

Community Links of Chelsea 1100 Walnut Chelsea, OK 74016 communitylinks1999@yahoo.com (918) 789-2862 Open: Monday –Friday 8am to 4:00pm



Contents of this newspaper is compiled from available original sources. The sources URL addresses are provided for readers' further reading, if so desired.



JEWELS FROM THE WORD

Word That Endure I recently held a letter in my own hands written by my great grandmother Mary May (Slankard) Hightower in 1929 to her son and daughter-in-law, my grandparents. It was in a box of papers that looked as

though they would disintegrate and fly away if I breathed hard on them. I carefully unfolded the letter and brushed the dust off with a soft-bristle paintbrush, then placed it in an acid-free archival-quality clear plastic sleeve to protect it.

Those letters she wrote reveal something of my family that I might not have known. It always seemed to me that my family was not very well educated, but here I was reading letters, handwritten letters, written by my supposedly uneducated great grandmother who was born in 1867 and died in 1953. She wrote 5 pages of her life—how she missed her son and daughter-in-law, what the weather was like, what she was growing in her garden. She talked of being thankful that the Lord was helping her in an illness. She had clear handwriting, and wrote using clear language.

On the 1880 census, my great grandmother was 12 and going to school. In 1900 she was 34 and had been married 15 years, had five children from ages 3-14, and could read, write, and speak English, according to the census. Her three

Lavon Hightower Lewis To read more devotioals, go to: http://jewelsfromtheword.com/ Email me at llewis 2138@sbcglobal.net

older children were in school and two of them could read, write, and speak English. Her 7-year-old was able to speak English but couldn't read or write yet. These were my family who I considered uneducated. I don't think that my great grandmother knew she was writing a letter that would be read by her future descendants but she had something she wanted to communicate and God saw that it was important enough for it to be preserved for her great grandchildren and other descendants to come.

"Write down for the coming generation what the Lord has done, so that people not yet born will praise him." Psalm 102:18. Good News Translation.

We have the ability to use our words to communicate with future generations.

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