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Editors:

Zia Partovi Grace Peterson

Data Masters & Sales

Steven Burdick Bobby Callison Karen Deffenbaugh Nikki Hamilton Doug Stone Stephanie Baker

Public Relations

Debbie Gray Samantha Peterson

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P.O. Box 85 Chelsea, OK. 74016 1100 Walnut in Chelsea Phone 918-789-2862 Fax: 918-789-5296 links@links.community-options.net "The Little Green Paper"

April 05, 2021

April Fools' Day: Origin and History

The uncertain origins of a foolish day by David Johnson and Shmuel Ross



April Fools' Day, sometimes called All Fools' Day, is one of the most light-hearted days of the year. Its origins are uncertain. Some see it as a celebration related to the turn of the seasons, while others believe it stems from the adoption of a new calendar.

New Year's Day Moves

Ancient cultures, including those of the Romans and Hindus, celebrated New Year's Day on or around April 1. It closely follows the vernal equinox (March 20th or March 21st.) In medieval times, much of Europe celebrated March 25, the Feast of Annunciation, as the beginning of the new year.

In 1582, Pope Gregory XIII ordered a new calendar (the Gregorian Calendar) to replace the old Julian Calendar. The new calendar called for New Year's Day to be celebrated Jan.
1. That year, France adopted the reformed calendar and shifted New Year's day to Jan. 1. According to a popular explanation, many people either refused to accept the new date, or did not learn about it, and continued to celebrate New Year's Day on April 1. Other people began to make fun of these traditionalists, sending them on "fool's errands" or trying to trick them into believing something false. Eventually, the practice spread throughout Europe.

Problems With This Explanation

There are at least two difficulties with this explanation. The first is that it doesn't fully account for the spread of April Fools' Day to other European countries. The Gregorian calendar was not adopted by England until 1752, for example, but April Fools' Day was already well established there by that point. The second is that we have no direct historical evidence for this explanation, only conjecture, and that conjecture appears to have been made more recently.

Constantine and Kugel

Another explanation of the origins of April Fools' Day was provided by Joseph Boskin, a professor of history at Boston University. He explained that the practice began during the reign of Constantine, when a group of court jesters and fools told the Roman emperor that they could do a better job of running the empire. Constantine, amused, allowed a jester named Kugel to be king for one day. Kugel passed an edict calling for absurdity on that day, and the custom became an annual event.

"In a way," explained Prof. Boskin, "it was a very serious day. In those times fools were really wise men. It was the role of jesters to put things in perspective with humor."

This explanation was brought to the public's attention in an Associated Press article printed by many newspapers in 1983. There was only one catch: Boskin made the whole thing up. It took a couple of weeks for the AP to realize that they'd been victims of an April Fools' joke themselves.

Spring Fever

It is worth noting that many different cultures have had days of foolishness around the start of April, give or take a couple of weeks. The Romans had a festival named Hilaria on March 25, rejoicing in the resurrection of Attis. The Hindu calendar has Holi, and the Jewish calendar has Purim. Perhaps there's something about the time of year, with its turn from winter to spring, that lends itself to lighthearted celebrations.

Observances Around the World

April Fools' Day is observed throughout the Western world. Practices include sending someone on a "fool's errand," looking for things that don't exist; playing pranks; and trying to get people to believe ridiculous things.

The French call April 1 Poisson d'Avril, or "April Fish." French children sometimes tape a picture of a fish on the back of their schoolmates, crying "Poisson d'Avril" when the prank is discovered.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

Mutated Pineapple Looks Like Something Out Of A Horror Movie



"Feed me, Seymour!"

A crazy-looking pineapple is turning heads on social media for having multiple growing points. It is believed to have a rare condition called fasciation or "cresting" which is a mutation that occurs in succulents.

This happens when the original plant sustains some damage to the normal, single growing point and causes it to make multiple growing points.

Any occurrence of fasciation has several possible causes, including hormonal, genetic, bacterial, fungal, viral and environmental causes.

DATA MASTER: Doug WM Stone



The Story of An Hour by Kate Chopin

This story was first published in 1894 as The Dream of an Hour before being republished under this title in 1895.

Knowing that Mrs. Mallard was afflicted with a heart trouble, great care was taken to break to her as gently as possible the news of her husband's death.



It was her sister Josephine who told her, in broken sentences; veiled hints that revealed in half concealing. Her husband's friend Richards was there, too, near her. It was he who had been in the newspaper office when intelligence of the railroad disaster was received, with Brently Mallard's name leading the list of "killed." He had only taken the time to assure himself of its truth by a second telegram, and had hastened to forestall any less careful, less tender friend in bearing the sad message.

She did not hear the story as many women have heard the same, with a paralyzed inability to accept its significance. She wept at once, with sudden, wild abandonment, in her sister's arms. When the storm of grief had spent itself she went away to her room alone. She would have no one follow her.

There stood, facing the open window, a comfortable, roomy armchair. Into this she sank, pressed down by a physical exhaustion that haunted her body and seemed to reach into her soul.

She could see in the open square before her house the tops of trees that were all aquiver with the new spring life. The delicious breath of rain was in the air. In the street below a peddler was crying his wares. The notes of a distant song which someone was singing reached her faintly, and countless sparrows were twittering in the eaves.

There were patches of blue sky showing here and there through the clouds that had met and piled one above the other in the west facing her window.

She sat with her head thrown back upon the cushion of the chair, quite motionless, except when a sob came up into her throat and shook her, as a child who has cried itself to sleep continues to sob in its dreams.

She was young, with a fair, calm face, whose lines be-

spoke repression and even a certain strength. But now there was a dull stare in her eyes, whose gaze was fixed away off yonder on one of those patches of blue sky. It was not a glance of reflection, but rather indicated a suspension of intelligent thought.

There was something coming to her and she was waiting for it, fearfully. What was it? She did not know; it was too subtle and elusive to name. But she felt it, creeping out of the sky, reaching toward her through the sounds, the scents, the color that filled the air.

Now her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. She was beginning to recognize this thing that was approaching to possess her, and she was striving to beat it back with her will--as powerless as her two white slender hands would have been. When she abandoned herself a little whispered word escaped her slightly parted lips. She said it over and over under the breath: "free, free, free!" The vacant stare and the look of terror that had followed it went from her eyes. They stayed keen and bright. Her pulses beat fast, and the coursing blood warmed and relaxed every inch of her body.

She did not stop to ask if it were or were not a monstrous joy that held her. A clear and exalted perception enabled her to dismiss the suggestion as trivial. She knew that she would weep again when she saw the kind, tender hands folded in death; the face that had never looked save with love upon her, fixed and gray and dead. But she saw beyond that bitter moment a long procession of years to come that would belong to her absolutely. And she opened and spread her arms out to them in welcome.

There would be no one to live for during those coming years; she would live for herself. There would be no powerful will bending hers in that blind persistence with which men and women believe they have a right to impose a private will upon a fellow-creature. A kind intention or a cruel intention made the act seem no less a crime as she looked upon it in that brief moment of illumination.

And yet she had loved him--sometimes. Often she had not. What did it matter! What could love, the unsolved mystery, count for in the face of this possession of selfassertion which she suddenly recognized as the strongest impulse of her being!

"Free! Body and soul free!" she kept whispering.

Josephine was kneeling before the closed door with her lips to the keyhole, imploring for admission. "Louise, open the door! I beg; open the door--you will make yourself ill. What are you doing, Louise? For heaven's 3 sake open the door."

"Go away. I am not making myself ill." No; she was drinking in a very elixir of life through that open window.

Her fancy was running riot along those days ahead of her. Spring days, and summer days, and all sorts of days that would be her own. She breathed a quick prayer that life might be long. It was only yesterday she had thought with a shudder that life might be long.

She arose at length and opened the door to her sister's importunities. There was a feverish triumph in her eyes, and she carried herself unwittingly like a goddess of Victory. She clasped her sister's waist, and together they descended the stairs. Richards stood waiting for them at the bottom.

Someone was opening the front door with a latchkey. It was Brently Mallard who entered, a little travel-stained, composedly carrying his grip-sack and umbrella. He had been far from the scene of the accident, and did not even know there had been one. He stood amazed at Josephine's piercing cry; at Richards' quick motion to screen him from the view of his wife.

When the doctors came they said she had died of heart disease--of the joy that kills.

Having read the story, why do you suppose Kate Chopin chose to change that one word? Given societal norms and expectations about women and marriage in 1895, do you see how simply changing a single word in the title may have been an answer to the controversy and criticism that the story engendered at that time?

DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick







This is the Surprising Outcome When a California City Gave Struggling Folks Free Money for a Year

In an encouraging flip of the narrative, an experiment demonstrated that basic income recipients in a California city displayed intelligence and ambition, not lethargy.



The randomized, controlled trial in the city of Stockton is being viewed by sociologists as a good jumping-off point for further research into the effects of a no-strings -attached cash payment to alleviate the difficulties of living with a lower-income.

The project called SEED (Stockton Economic Empowerment Demonstration), which ending in February 2021, distributed \$500 every month for two years to 125 random people living at or below the city's median household income—around \$48,000. The results of what happened in the first year, ending Feb. 2020, may be surprising to some.

The most compelling fact was that people who received the cash managed to secure full-time jobs at more than twice the rate of people in a control group who did not receive the income. Full time employment spiked from 28 percent to 40 percent for folks who received the added cash cushion. In contrast, the control group saw only a 5 percent increase in full-time employment over the first year—from 32% to just 37% one year later.

Unlike unemployment benefits though, participants were not told that their injection of cash would hinge on their searching for a job. Instead they received their money on a debit card and were told to spend it on whatever they liked.

The vast majority of the spending was on things one might imagine it would go towards, such as food, utilities, rent, auto-maintenance, and so on.

Another significant finding was that it allowed participants a little more time in the day to enjoy life, spend time with their families, or study to potentially improve their skillsets.

"The \$500 spilled into their extended networks in material and immaterial ways that alleviated financial strain across fragile networks and generated more time for relationships," the authors wrote.

One man had spent an entire year being eligible to receive a real estate license, but he never actually had time to begin the process. The \$500 allowed him to take time off work to get his certificate and switch careers, resulting in a "360-degree" turnaround in his fortunes.

Lastly, despite the fact that every participant spent 100% of their monthly \$500, 25% of the participants by trial's end had managed to cover the \$400 cost of an unexpected expense, suggesting that rather than going on spending sprees or committing the money immediately to rent, at least some were able to extend the life of the \$500 and other sources of income much further, perhaps by saving more than normal—the most fundamentally important aspect of financial strength and growth.

It's an encouraging sign that a randomized placebocontrolled trial was able to find so many benefits. A basic income may be a more flexible and effective alternative than other existing welfare programs that limit the scope of the handout to particular requirements and circumstances, because it allows the individual to maintain their own agency and manage their own affairs, and who—as the economists of centuries past recognized are the only ones who can do so.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

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Butter Wouldn't Melt

This metaphoric expression alleges that one is literally so cool that butter inside the mouth would not melt. It wasn't meant to be a scary trip. It was an ordinary trip to the library with my son, Gregor.

There is a car park at the rear. A short walk through a lane brought us out into Mill Street. The library is on the left, in we went. I showed him the children's section. There are tables and chairs, pencils and paper, colouring books and kaleidoscopic picture stories to browse through.

He was smitten. Instantly absorbed. "I'll be back shortly, you stay here." I handed in my borrowed books and popped to the fiction section to hunt down the latest Ian Banks. I can spend hours browsing a library. Not today. I marched my fingers through the Bs, found what I was looking for. It was under my arm in a flash and I nipped back to the children's section. Maybe he'd want me to read him a story.

He wasn't there.

My head looked up and down each aisle, eyes scanning back and forth as I scurried through the library, a trained police officer in fast forward mode. Down as far as I could go and then retraced my steps, almost at a run.

He was gone.

I was back at the desk. I butted in, ignoring the man getting his book stamped.

"Did you see a kid in a blue top leave on his own?"

The librarian shook her head, a frown appeared. She was annoyed at the rude man. Except, I wasn't being rude. I was being me, a police officer. A police officer who knows decisive action is essential when tracing a missing person. Especially with kids. In the first minutes' speed is of the essence.

"My son is missing." I explained.

She continued to stamp books. Her shoulders rose an almost imperceptible amount and back down again. She couldn't even make an effort to show her lack of con-

It was enough to trigger me into action. I knocked over the 'keep quiet' notice on the counter as I climbed onto it. I roared at the top of my voice, 'Gregor, Gregor,' and then a third time. People popped their heads around from the bookcases and stared — none of them Gregor. He'd gone.

I called 999.

"Police please, my son is missing."

And took my search outside. Scanning the street for his sky blue shirt. Pinning my hopes on spotting that shade

against the backdrop of concrete and legs.

Then running. Distraught. Almost in tears.

Up the street. Down the street.

Urging the police to get officers there quick. Holding back the ball of grief in my throat.

Through the lane. Back into the car park. Searching. Suspicious of every car or van. Looking through windows as they passed.

Yards from my car, I circled around it — and there he was. Standing by the passenger door. He had that expression on his face as if butter wouldn't melt. How is it possible to love someone so much? Sometimes the scariest pictures are the ones we paint in our head.

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

A Simple Story of a **Birdcage**

There once was a man named George Thomas, a pastor in a small New England town. One Easter Sunday morning he came to the Church carrying a rusty, bent, old birdcage, and set it by the pulpit.

Pastor's Story of the Birdcage

Eyebrows were raised and, as if in response, Pastor Thomas began to speak: "I was walking through town yesterday when I saw a young boy coming toward me swinging this



birdcage. On the bottom of the cage were three little wild birds, shivering with cold and fright.

I stopped the lad and asked, 'What you got there son?'" "Just some old birds." came the reply.

"What are you gonna do with them?" I asked.

"'Take 'em home and have fun with 'em." he answered.

"I'm gonna tease 'em and pull out their feathers to make 'em fight. I'm gonna have a real good time."



"But you'll get tired of those birds sooner or later. What will you do?"

"Oh, I got some cats." said the little boy.

"They like birds. I'll take 'em to them."

The pastor was silent for a moment.

"How much do you want for those birds, son?"

"Huh?? !!! Why, you don't want them birds, mister. They're just plain old field birds. They don't sing-they ain't even pretty!"

"How much?" the pastor asked again. The boy sized up the pastor as if he were crazy and said, "\$10?"

The pastor reached in his pocket and took out a tendollar bill. He placed it in the boy's hand. In a flash, the boy was gone.

The pastor picked up the cage and gently carried it to the end of the alley where there was a tree and a grassy spot. Setting the cage down, he opened the door, and by softly tapping the bars persuaded the birds out, setting them free. Well, that explained the empty birdcage on the pulpit, and then the pastor began to tell an ancient story:

From Birdcage Story to God's Story

The Pastor's story started with: "One day Satan and Jesus were having a conversation. Satan had just come from the Garden of Eden, and he was gloating and boasting."

"Yes, sir, I just caught the world full of people down there. set me a trap, used bait I knew they couldn't resist. Got 'em all!"

"'What are you going to do with them?" Jesus asked. Satan replied, "Oh, I'm gonna have fun! I'm gonna teach them how to marry and divorce each other, how to hate and abuse each other, how to drink and smoke and curse. I'm gonna teach them how to invent guns and bombs and kill each other. I'm really gonna have fun!"

"And what will you do when you get done with them?" Jesus asked.

"'Oh, I'll kill 'em." Satan glared proudly.

"How much do you want for them?" Jesus asked.

"Oh, you don't want those people. They ain't no good. Why, you'll take them and they'll just hate you.



They'll spit on you, curse you and kill you. You don't want those people!!"

"How much?" He asked again.

Satan looked at Jesus and sneered, "I'll take your blood, tears and your life."

Jesus said, "DONE!" Then He paid the price.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton



When This Island's Penguin Population Dropped From 2,000 To 4, They Sent Dogs In To Protect Them

On a small island near the Victorian coastal town of Warrnambool, livestock guardian dogs are hard at work protecting Little Penguins, the smallest of the penguin species.

Middle island is a dangerous place for little penguins. 30 years ago, it was home to thousands of penguins, but by the late 90's that number had halved and by 2005 there was only four birds left.

At low tide, Middle Island becomes accessible to an introduced species, the European red fox, with disastrous consequences. The foxes wreaked havoc on the island.

So, Allan Marsh, a local chicken farmer, suggested that Maremma sheep dogs could be used to protect the penguins.

"The whole idea was taking an off-the-wall type farming practice of having Maremmas protecting your live-stock and transposing it here on an island where there was a penguin colony that was being constantly marauded by foxes," Marsh said.

Maremmas have been protecting herd animals for centuries. Unlike most herding breeds, Maremmas do not confront livestock but integrate with them, forming social bonds.

The Warrnambool City Council approved the idea and Marsh camped on the island with his Maremma, Oddball, for the first week during the month-long trial.

The trial was a huge success.

"It did exactly what I hoped it would do," said Marsh.
"The presence of the dog kept foxes from going onto the island."

The project has been running ever since and the penguin population on the island continues to climb.

It is now estimated 180 Little Penguins are returning to Middle Island each breeding season.

"When the dogs have been on the island, there has been no foxes on the island. So we know the dogs work. It's fantastic," says Trish Corbett of the Middle Island Penguin Project.

DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick

91-Year-Old Police Officer Has No Plans To Retire

L.C. "Buckshot" Smith, a 91-year-old police officer in Arkansas, has no plans to retire anytime soon.

Smith has worked more than four decades for the Ouachita County Sheriff's Department, where he went by his childhood nickname "Buckshot."



And everyone in Camden, Arkansas, knows his name.

"This badge and gun don't make a you a police officer. You got to respect people," Smith said.

After 46 years as a deputy, he tried to retire — but it only lasted five months.

So in his 80s, he became a rookie Camden cop.

"He does not want to retire. In his words, to me, he'll retire when the good Lord tells him to," said chief Boyd Woody.

DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick

Are You God's Wife?

From New York City, on a cold day in December, some years ago, little Bobby, about 10-years-old, was standing before a shoe store on the roadway, barefooted, peering through the window, and shivering with cold.

A lady approached the young boy and said, 'My, but you're in such deep thought staring in that window!'

'I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes,'was Bobby's reply.



The lady took him by the hand, went into the store, and asked the clerk to get half a dozen pairs of socks for the boy. She then asked if he could give her a basin of water and a towel. He quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed his little feet, and dried them with the towel. By this time, the clerk had returned with the socks. Placing a pair upon the boy's feet, she purchased him a pair of boots.

She tied up the remaining pairs of socks and gave them to him.. She patted him on the head and said, 'No doubt, you will be more comfortable now.' As she turned to go, the astonished kid caught her by the hand, and looking up into her face, with tears in his eyes, asked her.



'Are you God's wife?'

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton





A Toddler's Guide to Chess



If you, like me, are a small child living in a house with a chess set, you'll know that nothing delights your parents more than your showing an interest in the game. What follows is a synthesis of all I've learned about chess, which I hope you, like me, find to be a great way to expand your mind, bond with your family, and delay the specter of your inevitable upcoming bedtime.

The Pieces

NO ONE must touch the pieces but you. This is a fairly simple point, so WHY do I find myself explaining it AGAIN and AGAIN?

Now that that's out of the way: the queens and the kings are married. White and black pieces MUST NOT be allowed to co-marry or fraternize, no matter how uncomfortable this fact makes your parents.

The queen travels around the board very fast, knocking over the other pieces, sometimes singing "Let It Go" from Disney's Frozen.

The king never moves, and speaks only ever to say one word: "poopoo." He's a very funny part of chess, very witty and celebrated.

Horsies gallop erratically, neighing and whinnying VERY loudly. Remember: it's not chess if there aren't lots of loud horse sounds.

The pawns are the babies. To put them in the yogurt is to end the game abruptly and to be taken to bed immediately. And yet, in the yogurt is where they must go... One of the delightful contradictions of chess!

The castles can (and must) be stacked.

Setting Up the Board

Don't even bother setting up the board until about 20 minutes to bedtime. Attitude is key. If you respond to all questions with a kneejerk "NO," you know you're in your chess zone.

White pieces go on white squares, black pieces go on black squares. This is always the case, except sometimes. Don't let naysayers question your whims—chess has only one arbiter and that is YOU.

The Play

The movement of chess pieces is unpredictable. Like the weather, like bath-time, like when you can or can't eat a muffin: there is no order, only chaos.

The pawns need to visit the Turtle Conservatory, which is located in various crannies around the house. You know you're playing chess correctly if you end up with one fewer pieces than when you started.

Strategy

The key to winning at chess is to extend the game well past bedtime. As I always say, if you're waking, you're winning. Here's one simple strategy for beginners:

The Midgame Horsies Gambit

The horsies gallop off the board, into the barn in the living room. This has a decentralizing effect on your opponent that can be helpful in delaying bedtime efforts.

In order to maintain momentum, one of the horsies could develop a tummyache. Maybe you use your new stethoscope to take his temperature? Maybe give him some medicine?

Later some of your stuffed animals could join in for a picnic with cake and ice cream and spaghetti. Why don't you get out your crayons and draw some flowers? It's literally ALL chess!

Remember these tips and before long you might just become the next tiny Garry Kasparov—I hear that guy never went to sleep.

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

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The Little Match Girl by Hans Christian Andersen

Most terribly cold it was; it snowed, and was nearly quite dark, and evening-the last evening of the year. In this cold and 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 what was the good of that? They were very large slippers, which her mother had hitherto worn; so large were they; and the poor little thing lost them as she scuffled away across the



street, because of two carriages that rolled by dreadfully

One slipper was nowhere to be found; the other had been laid hold of by an urchin, and off he ran with it; he thought it would do capitally for a cradle when he some day or other should have children himself. So the little maiden walked on with her tiny naked feet, that were quite red and blue from cold. She carried a quantity of matches in an old apron, and she held a bundle of them in her hand. Nobody had bought anything of her the whole livelong day; no one had given her a single farthing.

She crept along trembling with cold and hunger--a very picture of sorrow, the poor little thing!

The flakes of snow covered her long fair hair, which fell in beautiful curls around her neck; but of that, of course, she never once now thought. From all the windows the candles were gleaming, and it smelt so deliciously of roast goose, for you know it was New Year's Eve; yes, of that she thought.

In a corner formed by two houses, of which one advanced more than the other, she seated herself down and cowered together. Her little feet she had drawn close up to her, but she grew colder and colder, and to go home she did not venture, for she had not sold any matches and could not bring a farthing of money: from her father she would certainly get blows, and at home it was cold too, for above her she had only the roof, through which the wind whistled, even though the largest cracks were stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost numbed with cold. Oh! a

match might afford her a world of comfort, if she only dared take a single one out of the bundle, draw it against the wall, and warm her fingers by it. She drew one out. "Rischt!" how it blazed, how it burnt! It was a warm, bright flame, like a candle, as she held her hands over it: it was a wonderful light. It seemed really to the little maiden as though she were sitting before a large iron stove, with burnished brass feet and a brass ornament at top. The fire burned with such blessed influence; it warmed so delightfully. The little girl had already stretched out her feet to warm them too; but-the small flame went out, the stove vanished: she had only the remains of the burnt-out match in her hand.

She rubbed another against the wall: it burned brightly, and where the light fell on the wall, there the wall became transparent like a veil, so that she could see into the room. On the table was spread a snow-white tablecloth; upon it was a splendid porcelain service, and the roast goose was steaming famously with its stuffing of apple and dried plums. And what was still more capital to behold was, the goose hopped down from the dish, reeled about on the floor with knife and fork in its breast, till it came up to the poor little girl; when-the match went out and nothing but the thick, cold, damp wall was left behind. She lighted another match. Now there she was sitting under the most magnificent Christmas tree: it was still larger, and more decorated than the one which she had seen through the glass door in the rich merchant's house.

Thousands of lights were burning on the green branches, and gaily-colored pictures, such as she had seen in the shop-windows, looked down upon her. The little maiden stretched out her hands towards them whenthe match went out. The lights of the Christmas tree rose higher and higher, she saw them now as stars in heaven; one fell down and formed a long trail of fire.

"Someone is just dead!" said the little girl; for her old grandmother, the only person who had loved her, and who was now no more, had told her, that when a star falls, a soul ascends to God.

She drew another match against the wall: it was again light, and in the lustre there stood the old grandmother, so bright and radiant, so mild, and with such an expression of love.

"Grandmother!" cried the little one. "Oh, take me with you! You go away when the match burns out; you vanish like the warm stove, like the delicious roast goose, and like the magnificent Christmas tree!" And she rubbed the whole bundle of matches quickly against the wall, for she wanted to be quite sure of keeping her grandmother near her. And the matches gave such a brilliant light that it was brighter than at noon-day:

never formerly had the grandmother been so beautiful and so tall. She took the little maiden, on her arm, and both flew in brightness and in joy so high, so very high, and then above was neither cold, nor hunger, nor anxiety--they were with God.

But in the corner, at the cold hour of dawn, sat the poor girl, with rosy cheeks and with a smiling mouth, leaning against the wall--frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. Stiff and stark sat the child there with her matches, of which one bundle had been burnt. "She wanted to warm herself," people said. No one had the slightest suspicion of what beautiful things she had seen; no one even dreamed of the splendor in which, with her grandmother she had entered on the joys of a new year.

DATA MASTER: Doug WM Stone

Praying for a New Bicycle

Remember being a kid and praying for whatever you needed? Or wanted? Or just know you had to have it? Did you ever pray for a new bicycle? This not to be confused with a red rider BB gun. Imagine how a child might pray for a bicycle.



Two young boys were spending the night at their grandparents. At bedtime, the two boys knelt beside their beds to say their prayers when the youngest one began praying at the top of his lungs.

"I PRAY FOR A NEW BICYCLE..."

"I PRAY FOR A NEW BICYCLE..."

"I PRAY FOR A NEW BICYCLE..."

"I PRAY FOR A NEW BICYCLE..." "I PRAY FOR A NEW BICYCLE..."

His older brother leaned over and nudged the younger brother and said:

"Why are you shouting your prayers? God isn't deaf."

To which the little brother replied:

"No, but Grandama is!"



DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton

Thank You, Dad



There is a metal Japanese container/vase I inherited from my father that he had on his window sill. He had dried cotton plants in it. I have it under our patio on a little table and yesterday I was sitting by it and heard a tremendous little hum. There were two hummingbirds coming and going, taking little bits of the cotton from the dried plants.

My father would be so pleased, as he loved birds dearly. I like to think he was with me during this episode, seeing how his vase and plants are helping his bird friends. Or maybe he was part of the hummers. Perhaps he directed me to put it there for them. I don't know but I love that they are using his old plant decoration.

Not long before he died, my dad was luring birds into his assisted living room by laying trails of birdseed on the carpet and hiding peanuts around various wall sculptures. He would leave his balcony door open for them. The facility put a stop to this as it was "not hygienic." But given that I found peanuts around the eagle wall hanging and bird poop all over the sculpture, he definitely had birds roosting and feeding in his room!

So, thanks dad, for all the bird love, from here and there and beyond.

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton



Family Buys Cat Bed For Possum That Sleeps In Garage



A Family in Australia bought a cat bed for the brushtail possum that sought shelter in their garage.

Leisa Embury says that Pandy the brushtail possum has been sleeping in the cat bed in her garage almost every day since June 2020.

"He's been a fabulous distraction through the pandemic," she says. "He used to sit on our garage shelves and look so sad and often knocked the paint cans off the shelf."

So, she bought him a little cat bed to see if he would use it.

Now he comes back almost every morning to his comfy bed in the garage and sleeps in there all day. "Pandy is free to come and go as he pleases. He's now living his best possum life in Belgrave, Victoria, Australia," Embury said.

John's Body Shop

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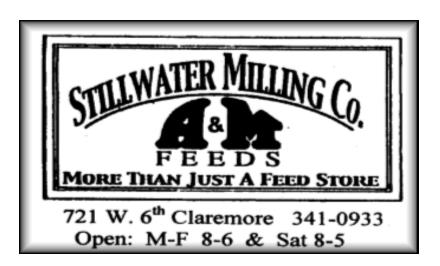
johnsbodyshop85@att.net

Chelsea

918-789-3184

Johnny Parks

We Repair It Right The First Time



DATA MASTER: Doug WM Stone

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You can also place ads on the website. Of course, ADs on the website can be in color and animated and they are live and attract more attention.

Now you can play GAMES

For any inquiry you can reach us at: (918) 789-2862 or (918) 244-0457 ask for Debbie or Zia

our website can be accessed at: https://links.community-options.net



Chelsea Tag Office

336 W. 6th * Chelsea, OK.

789-2332

Open Monday thru Friday 9am to 12pm 1pm to 5pm and 9am to 12 pm Saturday Marie White Agent

Claremore Nursing Home - Employee of the Month



If you would like to join, "Susan Grimmett" as a Certified Nurse Aide, please apply in person. Now taking applications for Certified Nurse Aides both days and nights. Must pass a background check. New pay scale for CNA's.

Susan Grimmett was unanimously elected by Resident Council as February honoree. She has been part of the Housekeeping Department for 5 1/2 years.

Born on the East Coast, Susan has been married but says, "Never again." Her 2 girls and 1 boy have given her 4 grandchildren.

Even though she is a private kind of person with most, Susan loves the residents and takes good care of them. Her favorite thing is talking with them and listening to their interesting stories.

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

Maya Angelou

Claremore Nursing Home 920 E. 16th St. Claremore, Ok. 74017 918-341-1717

To share your story with us contact: Zia Partovi at 918-244-0457 or 918-789-2862 or email him at links@links.community-options.net



Q&A When Someone Learns You're Colorblind

Let's clear up some misconceptions here.



So, you like, can't see any colors? I can see all of them.

No, but you see in black and white, like an old TV? That's monochromacy, which is extremely rare.

So everything is just gray then? No, I can see all colors, it's just—

Then why is it called color blindness?

It isn't, really. It's actually called "color vision deficiency" and it just means having a decreased ability to distinguish—

Can you see this?

Yes, of course.

What is it?

A banana.

No, I mean, like, what color is it? Yellow.

That's too easy. You probably just memorized that. Here, what color is the label on this bottle? Blue.

Sort of, but it's like, more green than blue. So... aqua?

Nah, I'd say it's more like cyan. That must be one of the colors you can't see.

No, I can see it, it's just that different shades of blue, green, and red can be hard to tell apart, like the way purple can sometimes—

Right, right. So, you can't see cyan or purple or whatever. Got it. Hey, what color is that car out-

side—cyan or aqua or teal?

What's the difference?

Well, you'd know if you could see colors.

I can tell it's a greenish blue, or maybe a bluish green. Teal?

Nope. It's totally turquoise. Gotcha.

Ok, I'll take your word for it.

Ah, how about this: what's the Miles Davis album that starts with "So What?"

...Kind of Blue?

What's the name of the chemical the U.S. military sprayed all over Vietnam during the war? Agent Orange.

Hmm. That's interesting. How come you can see those colors?

Those are words. I know what words are and how they function.

Ok, sure, but if you can see color words, why can't you see color colors, you know what I'm saying? I don't know. I'm not Oliver Sacks.

Oh, can he not see color words either? Man, that's crazy.

No, he was a neurologist who-

How do you know what to do at a stop light?

I can easily see those colors—they're really bright and bold—but I also know which is which by the position of the light.

Ah, so you do have to memorize things you can't see—like the banana.

...Yes. You got me. I thought I could trick you, but I failed. The only thing I can actually see is the raining code from The Matrix.

Can you see in the dark?

Not at all. Everything gets washed out and grainy like a daguerreotype. Sometimes ghosts follow me home and wail about their unfinished business.

So you're one of those people who actually can't see race? That's awesome.

Ok, well, I just finished my drink and should probably tell Brad and Christine thanks for the invite before I head out. Enjoy the rest of the party. Happy St. Patty's Day.

Hey, Brad! Christine! Did you know this guy's colorblind?

Oh, they do. They learned all about it an hour ago

when Christine's brother got in my face because I didn't realize he dyed the beer green.

So you can't see brown and green either? Goodbye.

DATA MASTER: Karen Deffenbaugh

List: The Overly-Anxious, Child-Free Shopper's Guide to Selecting a Gift for a Coworker's Daughter's Eighth Birthday Party

Avoid these common toy store pitfalls, aisle by aisle.
by Alece Kaplan | March 18, 2021



Aisle One: Board Games

If you buy a competitive game, it implies that winning at the expense of screwing over others is all that matters in life. Solitary problem-solving games say, "I'm guessing you don't have any friends." Cooperative games mean you're a socialist.

Aisle Two: The Pink Aisle

If you buy your coworker's daughter a girly toy, like a princess tiara or a baby doll, you are reinforcing outdated, binary gender role expectations and are a horrible person.

Aisle Three: The Blue Aisle

If you buy your coworker's daughter a typical boy toy, like a foam sword or a dump trunk, you are reinforcing the male-centric belief that femininity is objectionable. And you're a horrible person.

Aisle Four: Building Toys

If you buy a toy consisting of 100 small plastic pieces, it shows you don't care about the oceans and are basically using this innocent kid as a middle man in your quest to contribute directly to the Great Pacific garbage patch. Wooden building toys mean you support deforestation.

Aisle Five: Slime

LANGLEY DRUG

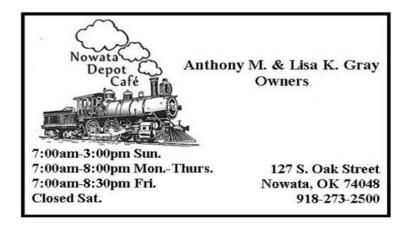
1631 N. 3rd Langley, OK. 74350 918-782-3271

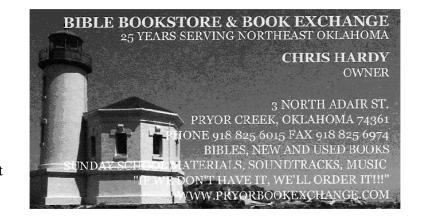
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Mon-Fri 9:00 am to 6:00 pm Sat 9:00 am to 1:00 pm

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Julia Brown, Pharmacist





A surefire way to make your coworker hate you.

Aisle Six: Books

A surefire way to make your coworker's kid hate you.

Aisle Seven: Cooking and Baking

If you buy a homemade ice cream maker or a cookie decorating kit, you are contributing to the child obesity epidemic sweeping America. If you buy a Healthy Snacks Cookbook for Kids, you are promoting body dysmorphia and eating disorders.

Aisle Eight: Science Toys You think the arts don't matter.

Aisle Nine: Arts and Crafts You think girls are bad at science.

Aisle Ten: Stuffed Animals

The irony of buying a soft, cuddly snow leopard made from polyester, which in turn comes from non-biodegradable oil obtained by drilling in the Arctic,

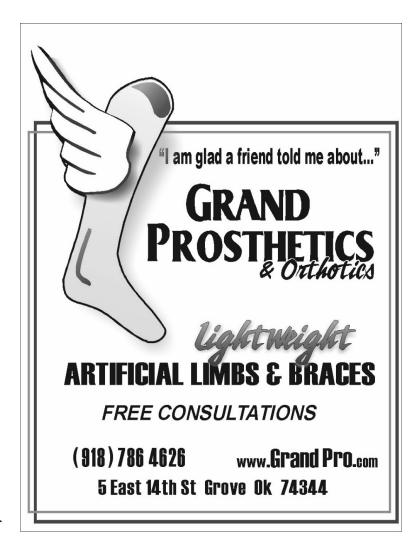
must really be lost on you, huh?

Last Stop: Register

To your coworker, buying a gift card means, "I am childless and clueless, but well-meaning. Someday I too, hope to become a parent and spend a beautiful Saturday afternoon leading 15 sugar-crazed children in a game of freeze-tag. Until I ascend to this higher level of adulthood, please accept this humble offering." What the gift card really means: "I absolutely plan to drink this card's monetary equivalent in wine during the course of this party, and it will not be pretty."

DATA MASTER: Doug WM Stone









206 S. Ash Nowata, OK



918-273-0433

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 Thursday 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 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

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

PRYOR DANCE—Every 1st. and 3rd. Thursday of the month. 6:15 pm—9 pm—Cost is \$5.00 per person, Double H Band will be playing. Cookies and Coffee will be serving. It's for seniors but all ages are welcome. Mayes County Nutrition Center 851 SE 9th Pryor (just east of 9th and Elliott intersection)

Apr 1, 2021 - Apr 22, 2021 Tulsa Earth Day Celebration - At the Tulsa Earth Day Celebration, artists, musicians and environmentalists all come together. Tune in virtually throughout April to experience a month's worth of Earth Day-themed wonders, from art shows and live music to educational videos and nationally-prominent environmental speakers. All ages are invited to learn more about how to reduce, reuse and recycle during the Tulsa Earth Day Celebration festivities. Vir-

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.

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

Hardship level: Moderate

	6	2	3	evel. I	7			
			4			6	7	2
7				2		1		
6		8						7
	5						1	
9						3		4
		5		8				1
1	4	7			5			
			2		1	4	9	

By Nikki Hamilton

tual Event, Tulsa, OK 74103. Phone: 918-284-0728, or 918-592-3382.

Apr 1, 2021 - Apr 30, 2021 Azalea Festival - Held since 1968, Muskogee's Honor Heights Park boasts 40 acres of manicured gardens with over 30,000 azaleas in 625 varieties. Visit this stunning park throughout the month of April for one of the top events in the South. The annual festival celebrates the blooming of azaleas, tulips, dogwoods and wisteria as these buds begin to unfurl during the warmer temperatures of spring to the delight of visitors. Honor Heights Park, Muskogee, OK 74401. Phone: 918-682-2401. Fax: 918-682-2403.

Apr 2, 2021 - Apr 23, 2021 Momentum: Tulsa - Experience Momentum, an interactive, multimedia arts exhibition featuring Oklahoma artists ages 30 and under. Celebrate emerging artistic talent in Oklahoma during Momentum, featuring visual artists presenting creative works alongside local musicians, performers, poets and more. Come to Momentum to witness artwork that will astound and electrify. Past displays have included large mechanical sculptures causing chaotic destruction, aerial dancers suspended from the ceiling with fabric and light bulbs flashing in response to a heartbeat. Visitors to Momentum will enjoy a wide variety of unconventional artwork from Oklahoma's young artists. Tues - Fri: 12:00 pm -4:00 pm. Living Arts of Tulsa, 307 E Reconciliation Way, Tulsa, OK 74120. Phone: 405-879-2400.

Apr 8, 2021 - Apr 11, 2021 Oil Can Classic - Witness thrilling equestrian action unfold at the Oil Can Classic at Tulsa Expo Square, an officially-sanctioned American Quarter Horse Association event. See cowboys and cowgirls of all ages show off their equestrian skills in a wide variety of competitions. At the annual Oil Can Classic in Tulsa, spectators will see roping, show halter, reining, ranch horse pleasure, barrel racing and more. Tulsa Expo Square, 4145 E 21st St., Tulsa, OK 74114. Phone: 405-641-4598.

Apr 9, 2021 - Apr 10, 2021 Woolaroc Spring Traders Encampment - Experience living history at its best at the Spring Traders Encampment with approximately 125 tents and teepees set up for this annual Western heritage event formerly known as the Spring Mountain Man Encampment. Spend the weekend at Woolaroc in Bartlesville and join participants from all over the United States as they recreate the rugged pioneer life of the men and women who trapped and traded in 1840s-era Indian Territory. Step back in time at the Spring Traders Encampment and observe their lifestyle, learn about their backgrounds and interests, watch their craft demonstrations and check out their wares. The public is invited to browse through the encampment while enjoying food and living history demonstrations. Fri - Sat: 10:00 am - 4:30 pm. Woolaroc Museum & Wildlife Preserve, 1925 Woolaroc Ranch Rd., Bartlesville, OK 74003. Phone: 918-336-0307.

Apr 9, 2021 River Spirit Casino presents: Xtreme Fight Night - Head to River Spirit Casino in Tulsa for a night brimming with action. Join UFC Star Frank Mir cageside when Xtreme Fight Night presents the 8 Man Lightweight Kickboxing Tournament. See eight of the world's hardest hitters collide in this action-packed night of knockouts, where the champion must win three fights in one night. Please note that masks are required to attend this event, and seating capacity will be reduced by half to allow for social distancing. Doors Open at 6 9m, Preliminary Bouts at 7 pm, and Main Card Match at 8 pm. River Spirit Casino, 8330 S Riverside Dr., Tulsa, OK 74137. Phone: 918-299-8518.

Apr 9, 2021 - Apr 10, 2021 SpringFest To-Go - Come kick off the spring gardening season in Woodward Park once again with the continuation of SpringFest To-Go. Shop dozens of vendors selling a wide variety of plants, garden art and more, and talk with expert horticulturalists to solve all your gardening questions. Friday: 9:00 am - 4:00 pm, Saturday: 9:00 am - 3:00 pm. Tulsa Garden Center, 2435 S Peoria Ave., Tulsa, OK 74114. Phone: 918-576-5160.

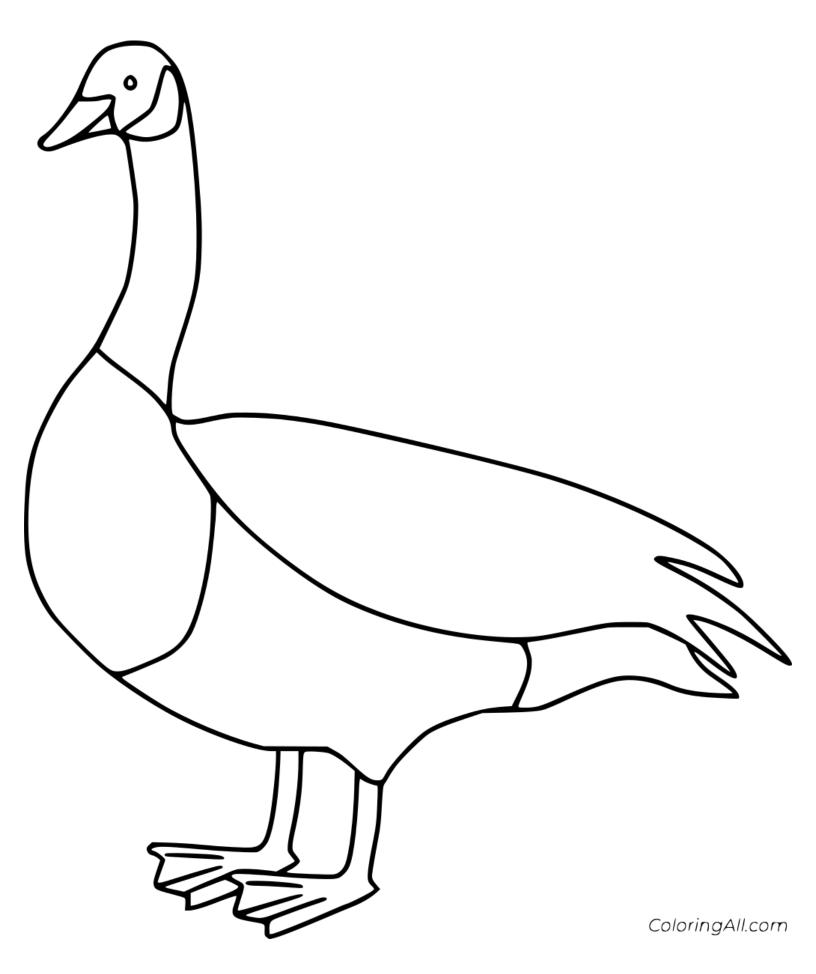
Apr 9, 2021 - Apr 10, 2021 Gigging Tournament - Come to the annual Green Country Giggers Association fish gigging tournament at the gigging flats on Lake Eucha near Jay to witness as two-person teams rush the lake in flat boats at 9pm each night to gig fish. Gigging is an old-fashioned method of fishing that utilizes gigs, a long pole that has been tipped with a multi-pronged spear. Fishermen use these trident-like gigs to spear fish while on flat boats. The use of gigging spears reflects the area's Cherokee heritage and keeps the fishing tradition alive. Gigging Flats at Lake Eucha, Jay, OK 74346. Phone: 918-253-8698.

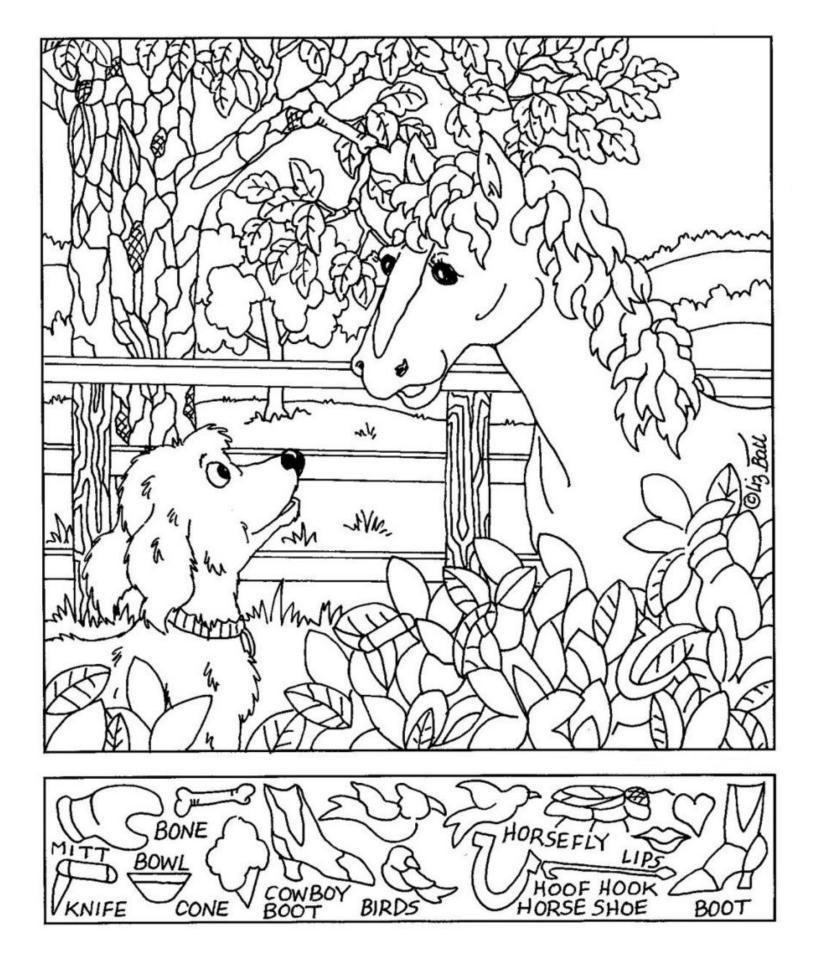
Do You have an event that you would like to share?

Community Links of Chelsea 1100 Walnut/PO Box 85 Chelsea, OK. 74016 Ph: 918-789-2862 Fax: 918-789-5296

Email: links@links.community-options.net

DATA MASTER: Nikki Hamilton







Getting to know the Lutherans

He Is Risen! He Is Risen Indeed!

Easter. A time for rabbits to lay colorful eggs; for ladies to wear colorful spring dresses and... for going to church! Some will not only collect eggs, but will gather the family and attend church, possibly for the first time since...was it way back at Christmas? Those who go, hear wonderful news! The Son of God has risen from the dead! It is God's way of showing what happens when our time on earth is complete when we confess Jesus the Christ as the Son of God and our Savior! We can spend eternity in heaven with our Lord.

Was the message upbeat? Were people smiling and greeting each other with the phrase, "He is risen!" and responding with "He is risen indeed!" If the last visit was Christmas, it can be confusing, for then we were celebrating Jesus' birth and now everyone's saying He is risen from the dead! Want to know what happened in between? Maybe you missed something on Sundays at the lake, on the golf course or at soccer practice? Stop by each Sunday, and let us fill you in! God's blessings.

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

St. John Lutheran Church 607 South East 9th st. Pryor, OK 74361 Sunday School and Bible Class 9:00 am Worship 1:30 am (918) 825-1926 Email: stjohnpryor@yahoo.com

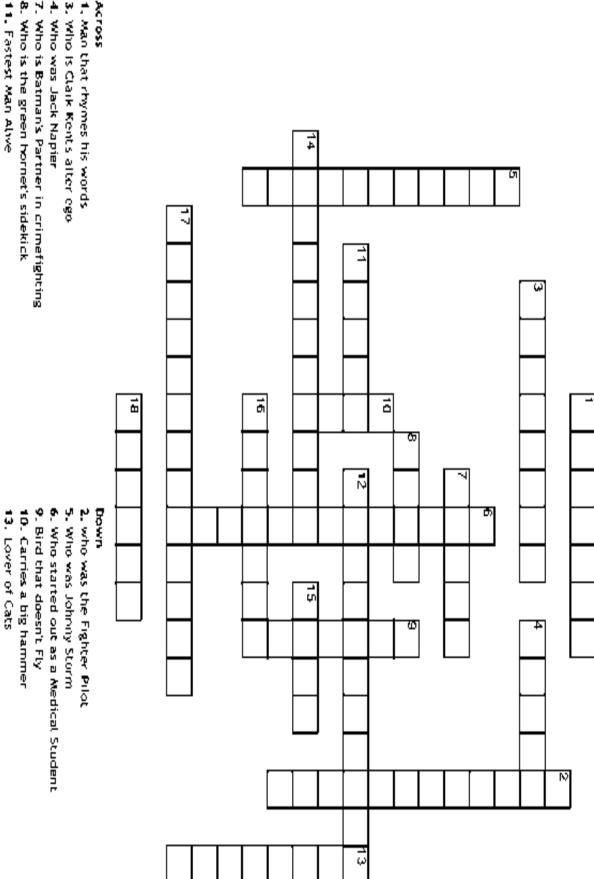
Guests are always welcome. See you Sunday at worship.

Crossword Puzzle

Hero's and Villians

Across

- Fastest Man Alive
- Who was the Man that Stretches
- Insect with a nest
- Who was the king of the sea Who was the scientist that turned green?
- who was Sue Richards in the fantastic four who is Bruce Wayne's superHero Character



Word Search Puzzle

Super Hero's

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z
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Silver Surfer

Green Hornet

Kato

Black Widow

Thor

Doctor Octopus

X-MEN

Sandman

Green Goblin

Black Panther

Ant-man

Superman

Aquaman

Human Tourch

Invisible Girl

Penguin

Mr. Freeze

Riddler

Joker

Catwoman Hulk

Space Ghost

Thing

Mister Fantastic

Hawkman

Spiderman

Fantastic Four

Robin

Flash

Green Arrow Doctor Strange

Batman

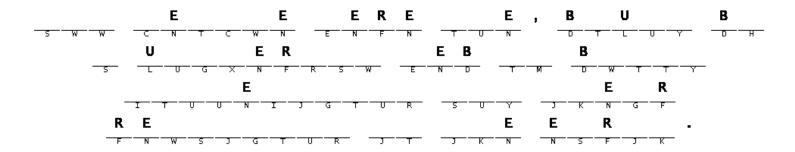
Green Lantern

Wonder Woman

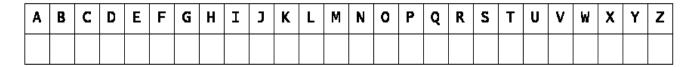
CryptoQuote Puzzles

Title: People are one and connected From: Philip J Deloria

Α	В	С	D	E	F	G	Н	I	J	K	L	М	N	0	P	Q	R	S	T	U	٧	W	X	Y	Z
	D			N													F			L					



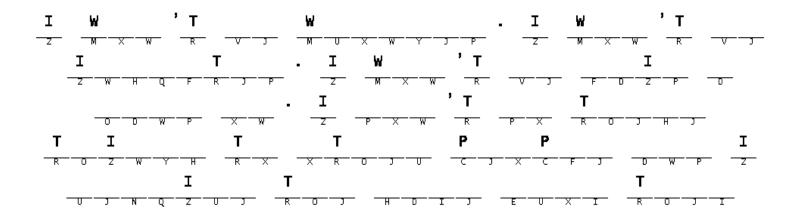
Title: Dreaming From: Albus Dumbledore





Title: Expecting same respect from others From: John Wayne

Α	В	С	D	E	F	G	Н	I	J	K	L	М	N	0	Р	Q	R	S	Т	U	٧	W	X	Y	Z
								Z							С				R			М			



Remember When



















To share your story with us contact: Zia Partovi at 918-244-0457 or 918-789-2862 or email him at links@links.community-options.net

Guy Builds His Dog A Beautiful Dog House INSIDE His House

Johnathan Lower, who goes by "thehomeprojectguy" on TikTok, built his dog a custom dog house inside his home and it's simply amazing.

Meet Teddy.





Lower recently moved into a new home and found the perfect spot for Teddy's custom home inside a closet.





But he wanted more room for Teddy. So, he busted down a wall to add to the living space.





Then he started finishing the room -- which included a window, fireplace, TV, and raised bed.



Everything about this dog house is amazing.



DATA MASTER: Steven Burdick



Chicken and Dressing Dish



Total Time:

Prep: 15 min.

YIELD:

8 servings

Ingredients

- 1 cup chopped onion
- 1 cup chopped celery
- 1/4 cup butter, cubed
- 2 cups chicken broth
- 1-1/2 teaspoons dried thyme
- 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 2 large eggs, lightly beaten, or 1/2 cup egg substitute
- 1 package (12 ounces) unseasoned stuffing cubes
- 1/4 cup minced fresh parsley
- 3 cups cubed cooked chicken
- 1 can (10-3/4 ounces) condensed cream of chicken or mushroom soup, undiluted
- 1/3 cup water

Directions

- In a large saucepan, saute onion and celery in butter until tender; remove from the heat. Stir in the broth, seasonings and eggs. Add bread cubes and parsley; toss to coat.
- Transfer to a greased 13-in. x 9-in. baking dish. Top with chicken. Combine soup and water; spoon over chicken. Let stand for 10 minutes.
- Cover and bake at 350° for 50 minutes. Uncover; bake 5-10 minutes longer or until a thermometer reads 160°.

Nutrition Facts

1 cup: 390 calories, 13g fat (0 saturated fat), 48mg cholesterol, 572mg sodium, 41g carbohydrate (0 sugars, 0 fiber), 26g protein. Diabetic Exchanges: 2-1/2 starch, 2 lean meat, 1-1/2 fat, 1 vegetable.



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It's a daily exercise in making this moment, this day... the very best it can be.

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Order forms for **our other services** will be added to the website as they become available. If you are seeking **employment** you can apply for your desired position with us online at https://community-options.net. You can read the current, 2018, and 2019 issues of **Little Green Paper** online or download them to read later. We are adding old and current issues of the paper as they become available.

You can also place ads on the website. Of course, ADs on the website can be in color and animated and they are live and attract more attention.

Now you can play GAMES

For any inquiry you can reach us at: (918) 789-2862 or (918) 244-0457 ask for Debbie or Zia

our website can be accessed at: https://links.community-options.net



our website can be accessed at: https://community-options.net

To share your story with us contact: Zia Partovi at 918-244-0457 or 918-789-2862 or email him at links@links.community-options.net

$Dot\ To\ Dot\ Picture\ Puzzle\ ({\tt Connect\ dots\ to\ complete\ the\ picture})$





CATOOSA PUBLIC LIBRARY

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

CHELSEA PUBLIC LIBRARY

618 Pine (918) 789-3364

Hours:

Tuesday: 10:00am to 7:00pm

Wednesday, Thursday & Friday: 10:00am to 4:00pm Saturday: 9:00am to Noon Closed Sunday & Monday

CHOUTEAU PUBLIC LIBRARY

307 W Main Phone: 918-476-4445

Hours:

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

DELAWARE COUNTY LIBRARY

(918) 253-8521 429 S. 9th St. Jay, Oklahoma

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

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

GROVE PUBLIC LIBRARY

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

325 W Osage Ave. (918) 782-4461

Hours:

Mon.-. 1:00pm to 7:00pm Tue.-Fri. 9:00am to 12:00pm And 1:00pm to 5:00pm Closed Sat. & Sun.

MIAMI PUBLIC LIBRARY

200 N. Main (918) 541-2292

Hours:

Sun. 1:00pm

Mon., Wed., Thurs., 9:00am to 8:00pm Tues., Fri., Sat., 9:00am to 5:00pm

NOWATA CITY-COUNTY LIBRARY

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

Hours: Mon-Fri 10_{am} -5:30_{pm}; Sat-Sun Closed

PRYOR PUBLIC LIBRARY

505 E. Graham, Pryor 918-825-0777

Hours:

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

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

Saturday:9:00 AM-12:00 PM (Noon)

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

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215 W. Illinois (918) 256-2115

Hours:

Mon., Tues., Wed., & Fri. 11:00am to 6:00pm

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Closed Sunday

WILL ROGERS LIBRARY

1515 N. Florence, Claremore OK (918) 341-1564

Hours:

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CryptoQuote Puzzles Solution

Title: People are one and connected From: Philip J Deloria

All people were one, bound by a universal web of blood connections and their relations to the earth.

Title: Dreaming From: Albus Dumbledore

It does not do well to dwell on dreams and forget to live.

Title: Expecting same respect from others From: John Wayne

I won't be wronged. I won't be insulted. I won't be laid a hand on. I don't do these things to other people and I require the same from them

By Steven Burdick and Doug WM Stone



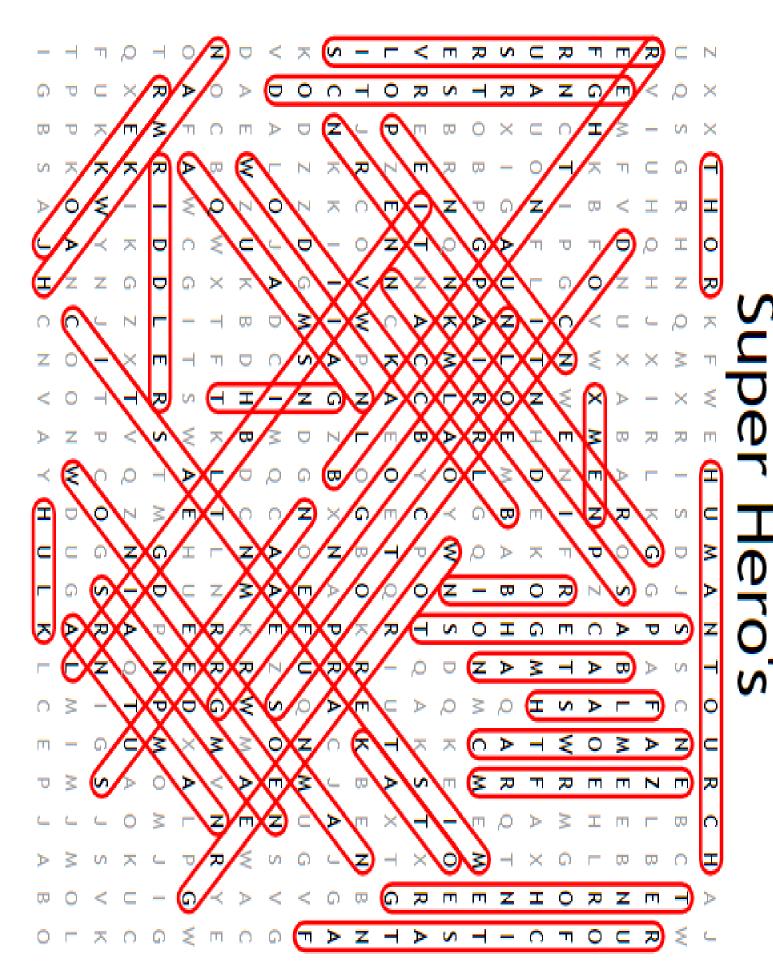
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Sudoku Puzzle Easy Solution

2	3	1	8	5	7	6	9	4
6	8	1	1	9	4	2	3	5
9	4	15	6	3	2	1	8	7
8	N	9	4	6	1	4	Ŋ	3
1	6	4	5	7	3	8	2	9
5	7	3	2	8	9	4	1	6
4	9	6	3	1	8	5	1	2
3	5	8	7	2	6	9	4	1
7	1	2	9	4	15	3	6	8

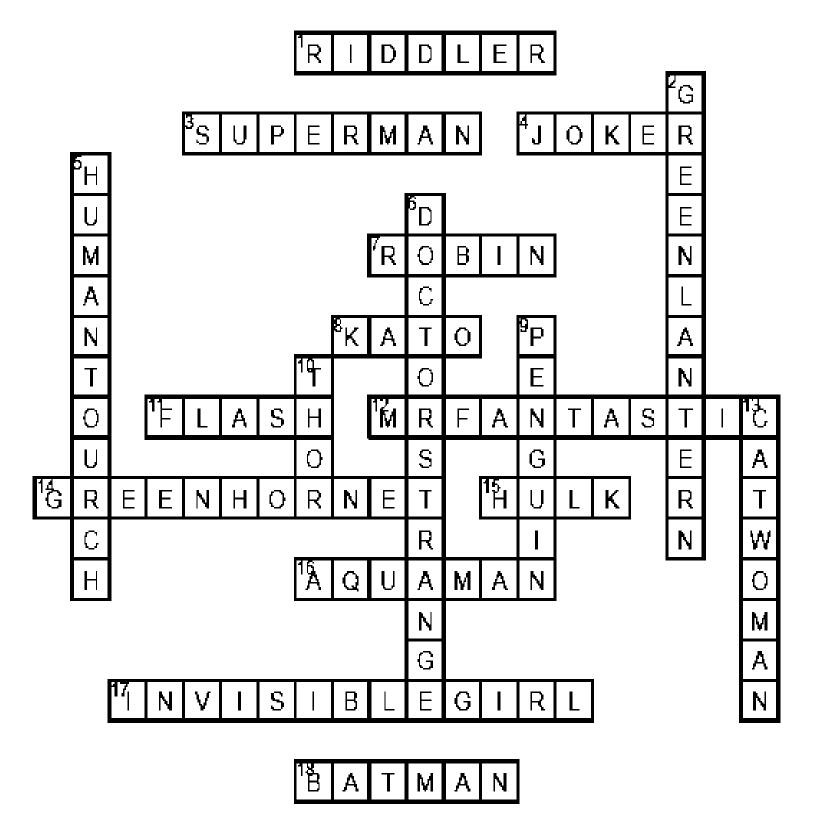
Sudoku Puzzle Moderate Solution

By Nikki Hamilton

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

Crossword Puzzle Solution

Hero's and Villians



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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

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