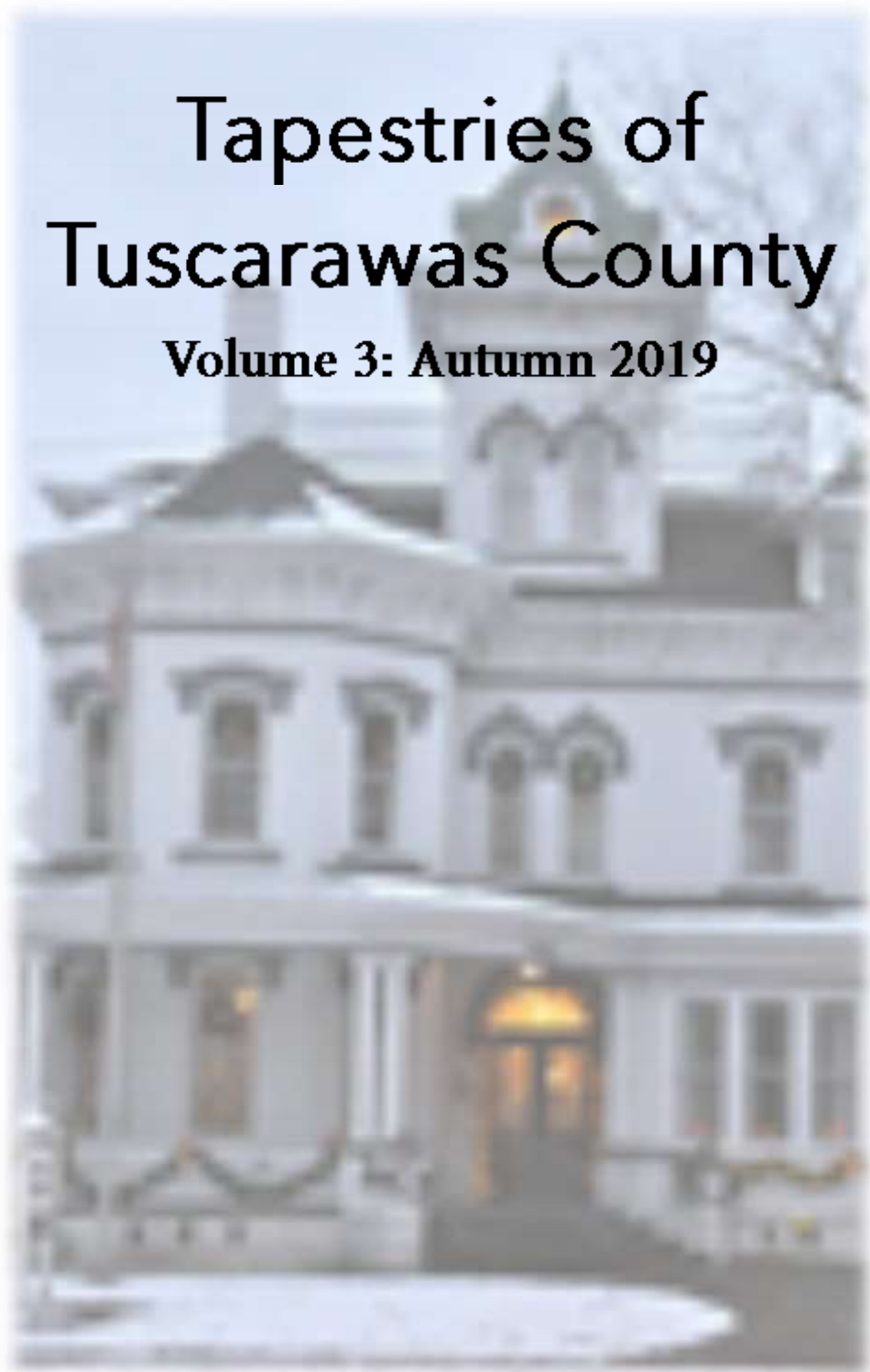


Tapestries of Tuscarawas County

Volume 3: Autumn 2019



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“Showcase of the Victorian Era”

by Patricia M. Albrecht

*The personal views expressed in this magazine do not necessarily
represent the views of the Dover Public Library.*

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Preface
By Jim Gill
Director, Dover Public Library

"If a nation loses its storytellers, it loses its childhood."
- Peter Handke

The public library has truly become a place that is so much more than books. Although the circulation of books and movies and other formats are still a big part of what we do each and every day, what I am most proud of is how the library has become a place where people come together and share ideas, learn a new skill, get inspired or simply to have fellowship.

I like to think of the library as the front porch of the community. We all come to the library for different reasons, and we all have a story to tell. It is an honor and a pleasure to release the third volume of *Tapestries of Tuscarawas County* to you and to the community. I want you to view each of the submissions in this year's volume not as a poem or a memoir or a photograph, but as a personal story.

Each submission is a gift from the writer or photographer to the people and the places that influenced them. I admire so much the courage it takes for writers to put themselves out there, to make themselves vulnerable by sharing a piece of themselves. Whether it is a memory that has defined their life or snapshot of a memorable

moment in time, each entry in *Tapestries* is a gift to the community.

Today, I encourage you to take your time and to unwrap each of these stories with care and thoughtfulness. Savor the journey because in many ways the writers and photographers' journeys you see in this little book are very much your own.

Our Valley

by Kimberly Hunt

Our valley
is surely a tapestry
each stitch in resplendent,
bright color
each one added
one breath at a time.

Many an artisan's
dedicated hands
carry shiny threads
of great beauty,
claiming sections,
devoting labor
to specific hues and tones,
creating wondrous
design, portrayal
of our lives and times.

Not one color is isolated
but rather each
is enhanced, defined
and its value revealed
only when woven
beside an adjoining

Our Valley

stitcher's handiwork.

Thus, a pattern emerges
pulsating, unlabeled,
multi-faceted,
shared ownership
a configuration of lives.

Our valley,
beautiful tapestry.



Founded in 1915
Patricia M. Albrecht

A Journey of Memories

by Susan Cramer Stein

I recently had the opportunity to return to visit and photograph my high school. There has been a great deal of debate over the building of a new school. With it slated for demolition in June 2020, now was the time to make that visit



I had a lot of time to think about how I wanted to photograph this location and the story I wished to tell within my images. That pretty much went out the window once I arrived.

With the exception of one other time, I had not been in my old school since graduation of 1981. The first thing I realized was that it didn't seem as big as I once recalled, nor was it as visually interesting from a photography viewpoint as I thought it would be. I found myself at a crossroads, and over the next two days, the journey would be less about the building and more about the memories within it

I knew things would be different. There would be changes. Things would no longer exist as when I attended and walked these halls.



The murals I painted in the Social Studies department are gone. However, when the light strikes the walls just right, I can still see and feel the edges of the painted images.

The photography darkroom is no more. If you didn't know where it was, you would never know it existed today. I could still see the signs of the drum door, but everything else is gone.

I made my way to the third floor, the art department. It seemed an eternity before I turned the door knob and stepped through the door into the room. The large double room is now two separate classrooms and has been converted into the foreign language department. I sat in the classroom, memories flooding back, of the hours I spent in these rooms, the people, the projects, of Bryce himself. I was hoping that for just a moment, I would hear his voice. But instead I heard a voice within myself, a voice telling me that what I was looking for was no longer here, but a memory that I would always have, long after the school is gone. I stood up, turned off the lights, and closed the door.



I realized then that what I was in fact looking for wasn't to be found. I was looking for my footprints within this school. But they no longer exist, any more than those of the people before me or the classes after me. Dover High School no longer belongs to me. It belongs to the children of today and tomorrow. They will leave their footprints for now, and in the years to come, find them replaced by the next generations. They will realize that their memories are not within the brick and mortar of a building, but deep within themselves.



Positive Message
Susan Cramer Stein



Boiler Room Door
Susan Cramer Stein

Buttercup

by Kristin Sanville Pinelli

I am a teenie tiny Buttercup
Blooming in a grassy cow pasture
Alongside many other Buttercups
This is where I am, at the moment
My soft buttery yellow tint, radiates light
My vision is to rise up to my potential
Standing as tall as a Sunflower
My head filled with hundreds of seeds
Ready for germination



Welcome to Our City
Patricia M. Albrecht

Faith and Perseverance

by Richard Robertson

My grandpa was Delbert H. White, who worked over thirty years for the East Ohio Gas Company.

Delbert White was one of five children born to Frank L. and Anne M. (Wood) White. His father, Frank, worked as a blacksmith in the Village of Tuscarawas until the untimely passing of his mother, Anne, at just 42 years old. Unable to work in his trade and care for his children, Frank left Delbert and his two brothers in the care of his eldest daughter, Ida. Ida and her husband, Red Ferrell, lived in the nearby Village of Wainwright. This was a widely known coal town—so Grandpa White went to work in the mines at an early age.

By 1920, World War I had just ended. Delbert White's older brothers both returned from their service in the Army and Navy. It was also around this time that he married my grandmother, Sadie Baltzell, of Gilmore. In order to establish a family, Grandpa worked several different jobs throughout the 1920s. He and Grandma Sadie settled in Parral, just north of Canal Dover. Here they reared four children. The oldest, Mildred Jean, was my mother. Second was Betty Ann, and then the twins: Wilma May and Wilbur.

Growing up in the depression era was not easy. My mom would recall meals of milk toast topped with a sprinkle of sugar. Meat was a rare luxury. Maybe once a week they would have ham or chicken with a dinner of beans and potatoes.

Throughout the depression, Grandpa worked hard, and the family led

a fairly happy life, as did everyone they knew. Everyone tried to make the best of the circumstances.

Grandpa was then hired in 1929 as a laborer for the East Ohio Gas Company. Work included digging ditches and other laborious tasks. Regardless of the assigned duty, he considered himself lucky to just be employed during the Great Depression. This steady job allowed Grandpa to move the family to New Philadelphia.

He purchased a modest home at the corner of Fair Ave and 5th St NE. My mother and her siblings attended school and the United Bretheran Church, which once stood on part of the lot now occupied by Otterbein United Methodist.

Grandpa began moving through the East Ohio Gas Company and next became a gas meter reader. He was well known throughout the city, which eventually coined him the nickname of "Whitey." Grandma Sadie stayed a homemaker but was actively involved in her many church social groups.

Grandpa and Grandma White leaned on one another through World War II. They watched as neighbors didn't return from battle, while their only son, Wilbur "Red" White, deployed a Navy landing craft at Normandy, France, on D-Day. Red miraculously survived and would return home.

Grandpa White retired from the Gas Company after over thirty years of service. *The Daily Report* even did a special, multi-page spread on the occasion.

Through the best and worst of times, my grandparents relied on faith, family, and friends to help see them through. Their children eventually married and grandchildren brightened their later years.

Grandma Sadie passed away in 1966. I was only two years old at that time. I was, however, fortunate enough to have grown up to know my Grandpa better. Grandpa White passed on in 1977.

I cannot imagine the sacrifices and hard times that they, and countless other families, endured during this time. I will always be grateful and proud to know that even in tough times, faith and perseverance will always win.

Grandpa's Stories

by Tammie Taggart

My grandfather, Roland Gribble, was born in 1911. Growing up, he lived on what is now Stonecreek Road in New Philadelphia on a farm that would have been just behind where the Job and Family Services building is today. Grandpa spent 33 years working for Reeves Manufacturing in Dover. He and my grandmother, Eula Mae, were the parents of four children. He always had the best stories. Each member of my family has their favorites. Here are a few of my favorites as I remember them told.

Grandpa said, "Did I ever tell you about the job I was never hired for?" Grandpa said he and his cousin were looking for work. They went to a bridge that was being built in Dover, "Not the one there now," he would say, "the one before that." It was in a time when they paid the workers at the end of each day. He said they went to the bridge to inquire for work, and they were told they were too young. The next day, they went back to the bridge and began to work, at the end of the day, they mixed in with a large group of boys, and they got their pay. He said they worked that job until the bridge was finished, and they were never hired to work.

Grandpa said, "Did I tell you about setting dynamite charge in the mine?" He said he went to a mine to get work and they asked him if he could set the charge. He told them yes! He didn't know one thing

about setting off a charge in a mine! He said you never ever tell someone you can't do something; you find someone who can and ask them how to do it. So, that's what he did. (I never forgot that lesson.)

Grandpa told a story about working for a company that sold bathroom fixtures. It was back when the tubs, sinks and commodes were made of cast iron. He said he and another fellow came to Uhrichsville with a load of fixtures in a truck. They went to unload the fixtures and realized that the person who loaded them had put the first delivery on the front of the truck and not the back. He said they had to completely unload that truck of all those heavy fixtures to get the first order out, and then they had to put it all back into the truck!

My grandfather lived to be 93 years old. When he was in his 70's he went to auctioneer's school and became an auctioneer. When he was up in his 80's he was still up on a ladder painting houses, as an after-retirement job; he used to joke about how many houses he painted for folks younger than him. His mind was very sharp right up until the end. I know he would have told you these stories with much more fun details than I have, but I am thankful I remember enough to share them with you.

The Catalpa Tree

by Kristin Sanville Pinelli

The heat of the summer day beats down
As waves of sunbeams, shimmer like water
I retreat to the coolness of my porch swing
The aged Wisteria vine, my curtain
Twining between the columns
Soft grape like clusters of scented flowers
Weave a tapestry of texture and color
Decorating my curtain at random

All the while honeybees are busy, buzzing nearby
Gathering nectar from each purple flower
Listening to their soft humming is as soothing
As a mother, sweetly holding her baby close
While rocking and singing a lullaby
Glints of sunlight break through the veiled shade
Highlighting the blistered peeling paint
A testament to the dilapidated old farmhouse

My nostrils tingle, with the perfume of fresh cut clover
With strawberries, ripening down in the patch
Glancing far off to the corner of the yard near the lane
Stands the Catalpa tree in full blossom
The showy white flowers with blotches of orange
Give way in late summer to long, thin, green pods
Once they dangle through the branches and sway in the breeze
We picked these "Johnny Smokers" and we smoked them

The Catalpa Tree

Down behind the barn, out near the pigpen or up in the Apple
orchard

They sure stunk and tasted bitter

What did we know

We sat on our haunches, puffing, laughing, telling stories

We felt like cowboys, reciting tales around the campfire

It only took a few puffs to get our fill and feel green

While always worrying we'd get caught

Or smell like a "Johnny Smoker" a dead give away

Following a nostalgic journey a half century later

The winding road and dirt lane are the same, only I have changed

In my minds eye I see the strawberry fields, the farmhouse with
peeling paint

I yearn to hear the bees buzzing in the Wisteria vines, and pick
"Johnny Smokers"

What I find is a vacant slab of concrete, no orchard, no
strawberry patch

Glancing far off to the corner of the yard near the lane

Stands the Catalpa tree heavy laden with long green pods

As the heat of the day beats down, I puff one last puff, feel green
and remember



Winter Fading
Zachariah T. Baer

Can't Stop the Rain

by Becky Soehnlen

When I was little, I didn't like rain. Lots of children, before realizing that weather is just a part of life, are afraid of storms and thunder, sheltering in their parents' beds in the middle of the night. I was no different, and I remember snuggling with my older sister in the big double bed, the covers over our heads to diminish the flashes of lightning. But though the thunder and lightning were frightening, I didn't like storms because storms brought rain.

It would seem odd that I didn't like rain. I lived with my parents and six siblings on a farm in northern Tuscarawas County. On a farm, rain is essential for the crops and pastures to be abundant. We lived from the bounty that the land produced. My mother got most of our meals from the farm, whether grass-fed beef or vegetables by the bushel. We had a huge garden, and summer days were spent hoeing rows of potatoes, beans, tomatoes and sweet corn. These staples, canned or frozen, got us through the winter till the next growing season. If it didn't rain, we watered by hand, carrying bucket after bucket to be poured from a tin cup onto the thirsty plants.

But it seemed to me, at my young age, that rain was not a very reliable ally. Rain came and went how it chose. It was like an annoying friend, never seeming to be around when needed, or leaving you dreading it when you saw it coming around a corner,

then hanging around not knowing when to leave. If it didn't rain, the pastures would not grow and there would be no grass for the cows to graze. If it didn't rain, there would be no crops to produce seed for the next year's crop or to sell, to buy all the things a growing family needs. On the other hand, if it rained too much, a crop could be ruined. For me, it seemed like a war between us and the weather, and rain was more like the enemy. And I took it personal.

My father, on the other hand, was a true farmer at heart. He grew up near Sandyville, and he and his brothers had worked alongside their father doing the farm work. When he married Mom, the first thing they did was buy our farm. Over the years, there were herds of sheep and cattle and hogs, and all the while Dad worked hard making the farm productive, plowing or planting or harvesting crops. He loved the land, and I can still hear him singing as he drove the tractor. He seemed so accepting of what the weather brought, and, at times, it seemed to bring calamity. I remember a time when there was a good field of oats, thick and ready to harvest, the best crop he'd ever had, Dad said. But heavy rain came overnight, making the seed heads so heavy that the stems couldn't hold them up, and most of the field was flattened to the ground, with Dad losing most of the crop. Another time, there were days of rain, just when the wheat was in full head, yet unable to be harvested. The wheat actually sprouted on the stalk, making it useless for seed wheat for the next year.

Making hay was the worse. Hay was important on the farm. It was essential to have enough baled to feed the cows through the winter, and it had to be of good quality to put fat on them. If we were lucky, there might be enough to sell.

But when Dad hitched up the old sickle mower to cut a field of clover

or alfalfa, I would start getting anxious and restless. Baling hay was not a simple one-day chore. To be done properly involved at least three to four days of nice sunny weather. The hay had to be cut and dried, then raked and baled. At times I would go with Dad as he daily examined the cut hay. He would scoop an armful, feeling it for dampness, and smelling it. And then he would look at the sky. Ideally, the sky would be blue with puffy white clouds gently moving across. We would be able to take our time, with Dad driving the tractor and baler, my brothers stacking it onto the wagon, and all of us then helping to unload it in the barn. Afterward, we would sit on the empty wagon drinking ice water and eating watermelon and enjoying the fact that a hard job was done successfully. But it always seemed that on the day the hay was cured perfectly, instead there would be a different feel in the air. There would be a breeze and the trees would be showing the undersides of their leaves, a sure sign of rain, my mother would say. By afternoon, there would be a line of blue-black clouds on the horizon. Soon we could hear the sound of distant thunder. Then it was a mad scramble to get the hay in. At other times, the weather never cooperated at all, and the cut hay would lay day after day, getting wet and brown from one rain shower and then another. I could see the disappointment on Dad's face. But he would just shrug his shoulders and sigh. "Can't stop the rain," he would say, and then wait for the sun to come out again.

How did my dad do it? It had to have been a source of worry for him. There were bills to pay and us children to raise. Maybe his years of growing up on a farm had given him a resilience I had not yet acquired. And indeed, it would be a long time before I came to accept what the weather brought, and I came to terms with the fact that there are some things we cannot control.

I am grown now. All my siblings and I are well established in our lives. The farm is sold, but I am still farm-raised at heart. I still watch the cycle of farming going on around me. From the earliest days of springtime, I watch the farmers working their fields. I see the fields plowed and planted. I see the oats and wheat ripen and turn gold. But whenever I see a field of hay being cut, I still get a touch of anxiety, although I am completely separated from the situation. I keep an eye on the sky, hoping for those perfect sunny days that spell a good crop, but when that doesn't work out, when those blue-black clouds appear on the horizon, and thunder is heard in the distance, I just shrug my shoulders, sigh and mumble Dad's words, "Can't stop the rain," and, with acceptance, carry on.



*"Straw Season" featuring Nick Soehnlen
Photo by Peggy Soehnlen*

Christmas Memories

by Tammie Taggart

I was seven years old in 1969, and I couldn't wait for Christmas. I lived on East High Avenue in New Philadelphia with my parents and three siblings: a sister and two brothers. I don't remember ever going to a tree lot to buy a Christmas tree, but a large fresh tree would grace the front window of our house each year. I would lay underneath it and smell the fresh pine.

The first sign that Christmas was near was when Storybook Lane would start going up across the street. Each home for several blocks would have a different animated nursery rhyme set up in the front yard, "Jack and Jill went up the hill" was directly across the street from our house, and from the window in my bedroom I would watch "Jack" fall down the hill over and over again. In the evening, a long line of cars would slow traffic to show their children the featured rhyme in motion in each yard. It's quite nostalgic for me to see it set up in Tuscora Park at Christmas now.

I was in 1st grade at East Elementary School, and I walked to school each day with my sister and brother. An older gentleman was at the corner to cross us across the street. How I wish I could remember his name! It was a long, cold walk in the winter. It was so exciting to have a Christmas party at school; we would get to put away our work, and the room mothers would arrive with cupcakes, candy and punch.

We would play games and win little prizes. With our little bellies full of sugar, we would pack up and go home and be glad we didn't have to get up early for school the next day.

I would watch for the little red Santa house to appear on the square in front of the courthouse every time we drove by. It seemed like forever before it would show up. When it finally did, us kids would start bugging Mom to take us there. Santa would finally show up, and, if you went to visit him, you could tell him your wishes and get a candy cane. There was always a long line to get to see Santa, and waiting in line was very hard! When I was really little, I thought he lived there and then he and the little house would magically disappear after Christmas.

On Christmas Eve, we would go to my grandparents' house. It was always a packed house because all of my dad's seven siblings and their families would all show up. It was a little house out on top of Red Hill in Dover, and we would pack in for an evening with family. Elbow to elbow, the kids would sit together on the floor. My grandmother had a little tree in front of her picture window that she would put chocolate ornaments on. Years later, I realized that grandma woke up on Christmas morning to a bare tree because all us grandkids would clean off all the candy before we left. All twenty-nine of us grandkids would receive a package from my grandmother; she bought something for each of us. I understand now how much time and effort that was for her to do. The house was full of love, lots of loud children, laughter, and a table full of good food. I wish I could go back there for just one more Christmas Eve. Sweet memories.

When we left there, I would watch the sky on the way home in hope that I would see Santa and his reindeer heading toward our house. It

was so hard to go to sleep! We woke and opened presents, which always included a new pair of pajamas. Our stockings were full of candy and oranges. To this day, when I smell oranges, I am reminded of Christmas.

We would go to my mom's parents' house on Christmas Day and have a wonderful dinner. They lived on Miller Avenue in New Philadelphia. At grandpa's, the only snacks he ever had in the house were Scot Lad root beer or orange soda and Correll's potato chips. Sometimes my uncle would play his guitar, and us kids would sit on the floor and listen. My grandmother would spend some time and a lot of patience to teach me how to crochet. If we were lucky, sometimes there was candy in the candy jar on top of the television. It was always hard candy or those orange circus peanuts. A visit back there would be a wonderful thing. If I close my eyes, I can still see it.

After a full day, I would return home and play with the gifts I had received and be saddened that the day I waited so long to arrive was quickly coming to an end. The Christmas tree would come down and the decorations would be stored away, and I would begin the long wait for the next Christmas, which always seemed so very far away.



Zoar Meeting House
Christina Kenney

Moonflowers

by Kristin Sanville Pinelli

Dusk settles in the garden
The buttery yellow moon
Illuminates the moonflower vines
Entwining themselves upon the arbor

Luscious deep green, heart shaped leaves abound
Tubular pods dangle abundantly through the foliage
Like twisted taffy with green wrappers
These closed flowers will bloom for only a day

Sitting in the stillness of my garden is communing with my Soul
Nature has a way of humming a lullaby, soothing my cares
At dusk the Moonflowers begin their unfolding
In silence, I listen and watch, waiting

As if by magic the twisted green wrappers split, slowly opening
Creamy white petals begin to unfurl themselves
Unwinding and morphing into one large five pointed star
Larger than my hand, glowing like the moon

I reflect on how it has taken me a lifetime
To begin my unfolding, how long the journey, to my blossoming
A sweet subtle fragrance draws me closer, pulls me in
The scented air intoxicating, the beauty overwhelming, as I weep

My unfolding is no more or no less glorious
Than that of the Moonflowers, entwining themselves in memory
As the moonbeams illuminate the darkened garden
I sit with my own glow amid the luscious perfumed blooms

Early Remembrance of Barnhill, Ohio

by Shirley Bitticker

From stories that my mother told me, I was born on April 2, 1933, one of seven children, in the home of my grandparents, Charles and Susie O'Donnell Burgett of Barnhill, Ohio. My parents, William Byron Edie and Mary Burgett Edie lived a short distance within the same village, but relocated to the Burgett homestead when my birth was imminent. My older brother, Dean Edie was also born in the Burgett home in 1931, shortly after the Midvale Mine Disaster in which five men were killed in an explosion. My mother, being pregnant, was discouraged from attending the viewing of the deceased miners in New Philadelphia. Both Dean and myself were delivered by Dr. R. J. Foster of New Philadelphia and midwife Lizzie James of Barnhill. My uncle, Charlie Burgett, and cousin Doris Jean Kohler were also born in the same house.

The Burgett home was situated on a road we called "the track" which was nothing more than a cinder road. My Aunt Hester Kohler tells me our grandfather, Charles Burgett, built the road with cinders that he hauled in a little trailer, and pretty soon the neighbors wanted the road extended to their properties, and that is how the road began. It wasn't the main route through Barnhill at the time, but it developed into a paved road that leads to Roswell. The coal mines and the brickyards were the main source of employment for the families living in Barnhill. My father worked in both industries, but would have to relocate the family when the economy was poor.

One such move occurred shortly after I was born, when my family relocated into a small dwelling on my Grandfather James Edie's farm

in Possum Hollow outside of New Philadelphia. Our new house was originally built for hired hands to live in, and also served the farm as a chicken coop. My dad worked on the farm at that time during the Great Depression. Some time later, he and his friend Dean Huff went to Gary, Indiana, to find work in the steel mills. My mother later followed with Dean and myself as a relative newborn, traveling on a train unannounced to surprise dad. She said they had an apartment there where they could see the trains arriving and departing. Dean was old enough to stand on a chair to watch the trains and soon learned which ones were going in the direction of home. He would point out those going to "Hago," meaning Chicago, and would add, "Let's go home." My mother said we would use newspapers for blankets because times were hard. We didn't stay in Gary, Indiana, very long, and moved back to Barnhill before the birth of my brother Jerry in 1935. Upon our return, we lived in an apartment. I suppose you could call it that, in the same building as George Ohler's saloon on the main street. Brother Jerry may have been born when we lived here because Mom told me the patrons from the saloon would come over to inquire about the progress of Jerry's birth. Dr. Clayton Nipple had recently moved from Pennsylvania to Midvale and delivered Jerry along with Barnhill Midwife, Lizzie James. This is the same bar where Jerry would later dance for the patrons, and they would feed him all the candy and pop that he desired.

After a short stay in the apartment attached to the saloon, we moved into an older house located two doors down the street. As I recall, there was only an old building between the two places. I don't know what the original purpose of this building was, but I do remember that it was used to display big colorful posters for the Ringling Brothers, Barnum and Bailey Circus, which performed at the Tuscarawas County Fairgrounds. My father took us to a performance, and I remember witnessing what seemed like about a dozen painted clowns coming out of a very small vehicle, which puzzled me. This was under the "big top," complete with elephants, tigers, trapeze artists, animal shows, etc.

The older house where we lived was an old log cabin covered over

with clapboard wood siding; it belonged to Kirk and Miley Henderson who lived on the other end of town. We paid \$2.00 a month for rent. The house was old in appearance then; the exterior was bare weathered wood that had not been painted in a very long time. The kitchen was just off the side porch, and there was a storage shed adjoining that porch. Another memory of that shed centers around a wagon that was being stored there by my parents who had bought it for Christmas. This was after my brother Dean was in school, and I wasn't yet. Being educated on some of the great mysteries of life, he had heard that Santa was slightly over-rated and tried to tell me what he had learned. I wouldn't believe his story, so he had to show me the wagon that he had found.

The kitchen woodwork of this older house was painted gray. In fact, I believe all the woodwork was that color. There was a large old free-standing gray cupboard in the kitchen, a coal burning cook stove, a table with chairs, and a washstand where we brought buckets of water from the outside well. The next room was the living room, with a fireplace for heat, a doorway into our parents' bedroom, and at the other end of the living room was an enclosed stairway to the two rooms upstairs. We used the first room for the children's beds and the front bedroom was used for storage, until my Aunt Hester, Uncle Russell and their son Russell Kholer moved into it when times got bad for them during the Great Depression. Aunt Hester cleaned it out and made living quarters for them. That would have been after our brother Mike was born in 1937.

I remember the day Mike was born; he also was delivered by Dr. Clayton Nipple of Midvale and midwife, Lizzie James, of Barnhill. That morning my dad got Jerry and I ready, and took us out to Grandma Edie's farm in Possum Hollow. Dean was in school then. What I remember most was that he put Jerry's coat on him, which was very dark blue with a U. S. Navy insignia on the sleeve, which included an anchor. I remember grandma holding Jerry on her lap and feeding him bread with milk and sugar. I'm sure she fed me also, but I don't remember that. When dad came back, I remember she wanted to know if we had a boy or a girl.

The town of Barnhill was mainly one street through town with a couple of side streets leading over to the road I called "the track." There weren't too many businesses then, but even less now. On the main street, there was Reiser's Store situated on the hill in an area called the Upper End. Just below our house, in what we called the Lower End, was Ivan Herron's grocery store. That is where we shopped and got our groceries on a bill. On payday, when we paid the bill, he gave us a bag of penny candy. Dean and I used to walk up there to get our groceries, even after we moved to Midvale, using the back alley and Negley Row. In addition to George Ohler's saloon, there was the Blue Goose tavern, later owned by Jerry, located on the road leading from Barnhill to Negley Row in Midvale. There was a Bocce game (an Italian game where one rolled wooden balls at wooden pins) built in a wooden fenced area behind the Blue Goose where I used to watch the fellows play. There was one other small grocery store called Police's across from the Evan's Brick Yard on what was the main road from Barnhill to Midvale. I only recall there being one Evangelical United Brethren Church and one school.

The Barnhill school housed eight grades, four in each room, but only one room and three grades were in operation during my time there. Miss Lea from Beach City taught my first and second years. She roomed at Earl Cole's, a schoolboard member, across from the school. She was young, kind, and patient. In the third grade, we had a teacher with a rather contemptuous disposition. Many children got whippings that first half-year (including Jerry and myself), and one first grader received solitary confinement in the windowless cloak closet. This young student was terrified; she cried and banged on the door her entire stay. But the teacher kept her there until time for dismissal, which seemed to me began from the last recess. The next day, confined girl's sister Laura brought a note from her parents, and I don't know what transpired after that except we didn't have the harsh teacher when the second semester started. We had Mrs. Gardner, who lived in Midvale, and she was also kind, patient, and a little older than our two previous teachers. Our classroom had brightly painted orange crates for seating in our reading circle and a

sandbox built at waist level in the back of the room. We had a coal stove for heat and the toilets were outdoors type, one for boys and one for girls. The playground equipment was tree branches to swing from, if you got there first.

Charlie Burgett Jr., our uncle, died 14 November 1941 after being kicked in the stomach in a neighborhood football game in the school yard. His Uncle Jim had sent him a football and he was holding it. Another boy, Jerry Page, later killed in the war in Korea, kicked at it, missed and kicked Charlie in the stomach. He died in Union Hospital within the next week of peritonitis, unfortunately only a little while before antibiotics became available. He was born 23 December 1931. I remember Charlie riding his little bike through Barnhill with his dog Pal, a little black, brown, and white dog, following after him. After Charlie died, grandma gave Pal to our family. Charlie was in my same schoolroom at Barnhill, we were only separated by a row of seats. I recall it was a Friday when he died, and the brother of the boy who accidentally kicked Charlie stopped at the school and told the teacher he had died. I had stayed after classes as I often did to wash blackboards and clean erasers. I saw the teacher glance at me when this was announced, and I thought she was looking for confirmation. I responded that I didn't know, but I would ask my mother and tell her when I came back to school Monday. There was no doubt when I got home that he had died because my mother was crying. My brother Mike, whose birthday was that day, was sitting in the cradle beside her. I now know the teacher was only checking my reaction.

Barnhill had a population of around 300 during this era, down from nearly 1,000 in 1890. Some of the prominent names in the town during my childhood were; Baldwin, Beans, Boggiani, Bolon, Booth, Cox, Garabrandt, Hawkins, Hensel, Hunter, Maistrelli, McPherson, Morgan, Ohler, Page, Phillips, Police, Rennicker, Richards, Rogers, Rosenberry, Russell, Singerman, Smitley, Stevenson, Tonelotti, Weaver, Zontini, and Zurcher.

Unfortunately, all of my close relatives who were born in the Burgett homestead died in their youth. Doris Jean Kholer died of pneumonia

at a very young age, then my brother Dean would die in Occupied Japan at age 19. In my adult age, a relative asked me if I had ever thought of the fact that I was the only one of the relatives born in the Burgett home to have survived to adulthood, and I told them, I had in fact given that some thought.



National Register
Patricia M. Albrecht

There was Never Extra Change in the Couch Cushions

by Tammie Taggart

I didn't think it was going to be this difficult, but it was. I was 28 years old, and I had a car, a house with a mortgage in Dennison, two young boys, and not a dime to my name. I had been home taking care of the boys for the last 8 years. I had to figure this out, and quickly. I had a child support check coming in each month but that wasn't enough to live on. He took the furniture except our beds and the kitchen table.

I begged \$5 from a friend and put gas in the car and went out to find a job. That trip led to a job at Sears behind the customer service counter at \$2.85 per hour for about twenty hours a week. It wasn't much but it was more than I started with. Later, I added another job at Nickle's Bakery thrift store. Two jobs, no health insurance, and one Sunday off a month. I was exhausted, but I was getting it done.

My oldest son had medical problems, and over the years many surgeries, so I had to go to Akron Children's Hospital a lot. My mom and dad had to give me gas money to get there because I didn't have anything left after my bills were paid. I spent all my paid time off from work at the hospital when my son had surgery.

The kids were on reduced cost lunch at school due to our financially

poor situation. It was 40 cents per meal. On payday, I would get a roll of dimes and put money in a jar in the kitchen. I told them to take 40 cents each per day for lunch, but if they used the money to go buy candy, they would have to do without a lunch at school because I had no more money to put in the jar.

The boys were told the check I received for their child support was their money to spend so I sat down with them at the table with that check, all in cash, and the pile of bills. One boy read off the amount of the bill and the other put the cash with it until all the bills were paid. At the end, there was a \$20 bill left over, they asked if they could keep it. I told them they could but they would have to do without food because that money had to be used for groceries. Then, they understood. With my pay and that check we could survive only if we were very careful with every penny of that money. One small thing, like a flat tire or needing to buy something extra would wreak havoc on my very tight budget.

The hardest day ever was when I had nothing in my house to feed my kids for dinner. I felt like a failure. I sat on the couch and cried. I didn't know what to do, there wasn't much in the house. I went to the cupboard and found a can of cream of something soup, a package of frozen ground turkey was in the freezer, three partial bags of noodles, none of them the same kind, and a small amount of shredded cheese. I cooked the turkey and made a casserole of the noodles and cheese. I kept telling them how wonderful it smelled while it was cooking. I was afraid they wouldn't like it, but they each ate 2 helpings and thought it was good, I had managed to feed my kids for the day. If money was really tight, I would plan the meal and stop at the store and buy just what ingredients I needed to make it, nothing extra, I didn't have a dime to waste.

I used to lay in bed at night and look around at that big house and wonder how I was going to pay for it. I had decided to stay there because it was cheaper than rent, and, in the end, I would at least own it. Every month when I paid the mortgage payment, I would tell the kids, "We get to live here for 30 more days" because I wasn't sure in that moment if I could pay the next one. A day off work, a sick kid and the paycheck would be short. I prayed. A lot.

Yard sales and Goodwill were where we bought most of our clothes. There isn't much left of boys clothes by the time boys are done with them, so clothes weren't always easy to find in good condition. There was a lady in Uhrichsville whose kids were just a bit older than mine, and I would always make sure to hit her garage sale every year. The clothes were the right size and always in good condition, I wish I could tell her how much that helped us. One year I had a large yard sale with containers of kids clothes a friend had donated to me, with that I paid the boys' band fees.

My dryer quit working, and I didn't have the money to replace it, even with a used one. Instead I bought clothes line and pins and hung the clothes in the basement with a fan on them to dry. It took 2 days for them to dry. I went for over a year without a dryer. I really appreciated when I found a used one for \$50 and my Dad paid for it so I could have a dryer again.

One day, I stayed home with what I thought was the flu. The boys came in from school and both fell asleep at the same time on the couch. I looked at them and knew that didn't look right. When do two young teen brothers fall asleep together? Never, that's when. I knew I had a problem. I had my oldest son go to the hardware store to buy a carbon monoxide detector. The hardware store was closed,

so he went to the fire department and returned with a fireman. He used his detector and my house was full of carbon monoxide. Had we slept in that house that night, we would have never woken up. The furnace was running fine but it had 3 large cracks in the heat exchanger that was producing the carbon monoxide. We contacted Harcatus and thankfully they bought us a new furnace. I developed horrible headaches, and my short term memory was gone. I couldn't even remember the dates of my kids birthdays. I had to go to Aultman Hospital and be put into a hyperbaric oxygen chamber two times to get it restored. Afterwards, I received a large medical bill I couldn't pay. My parents fed us dinner at their table for a couple months so I could pay it off.

Every year I would save up \$50 to take the kids to the Railroad Festival. They got an armband for rides and a sandwich at one of the vendors for dinner. They had a great time every year. That was as close to a vacation as we ever got. I always tried to buy a pool pass at Dennison Pool every year. It was a lot of fun for the kids, and it was cheaper than paying the fee at the gate. We checked out books and movies at the library for free. Cheap or free was the name of the game for any extras. My kids always had clean clothes and shoes on their feet, a warm coat on their back, and the utilities never got shut off. I had done the best I could with what I had.

For eleven years, this was our life. The kids grew up. The house was finally paid off. I went to college part time for years and graduated with a bachelor's degree. I remarried in 2001 after my sons had both graduated high school. We fixed up the house and sold it. After all the payoff and fees, I was handed a check for \$30,000. I stared at the check for a very long time. I told my husband that the check represented a lot of hard work and a lot of years of hardship.

Is this a sad story? I certainly hope not. It's a story about resilience, working hard and getting through. It's about taking care of your family the best way you can, no matter what. I learned that right here in this county. If you know a single parent struggling through, offer to take the kids for the evening, buy them a gasoline card, or a take out pizza; it will be so very appreciated. It was through small gestures of kindness and wonderful people that we encountered along the way in Tuscarawas County that we were able to survive. This is home.



Nature's Light Show

Christina Kenney

Up on the Hill

by Jeannie Manini Michel

"We're going up on the hill." We were embarking on another summer adventure. The hill was my family's property behind our house on South Wardell Street, on the west side of Uhrichsville. It consisted of a large, park-like buffer zone where my dad mowed the grass and maintained the trees, topped by untrimmed woods crisscrossed by well-worn paths made by the hordes of kids who roamed and played there all summer. This was in the late 1950's and early 1960's when summer vacation consisted of doing your chores first thing in the morning and then entertaining yourself the rest of the day. The 11:30 and 3:30 whistles from the Evans Clay Pipe Plant told us when to get home for dinner and supper. No camps, workshops, lessons, video games – lots of fresh air, exercise and free time that allowed us to use our imaginations.

The biggest attraction on the hill was a large stone quarry containing "The Devil's Tea Table," a huge, flat-topped hunk of stone situated about ten feet down from the upper rim of the quarry, and 10 feet above the quarry floor. It was accessible only by those brave enough (I never was) to cling to the rock wall while treading an extremely narrow path cut in its face. The quarry was the largest of three on adjoining properties; the stone cut from it was used to build the Uhrichsville Moravian Church in 1876. Although the upper rim was twenty-some feet from the floor, the terrain gradually sloped to

where you could walk right onto the floor from the bottom end.

A favorite pastime was sliding down a steep dirt bank from the top to the bottom of the quarry – our free (and slightly dangerous) version of an amusement park ride. My parents never knew about our wild rides in mom's discarded tin dishpan, or they would have put a fast stop to them. We played cowboys and Indians, taking turns at each role. We packed lunches and went on quests to find hidden treasures. And we did – snake skins, animals (dead and alive) and their droppings, interesting rocks, and the occasional arrowhead. A favorite rendezvous was the "telephone booth," a tree that had been struck and hollowed out by lightning.

One summer a thick, wild grapevine growing out of a tall tree provided a "Tarzan swing" over the upper rim of the quarry. Fortunately my dad caught us at that before anyone was hurt. He hacked out the grapevine with a machete, all the while scolding us "boneheads" for endangering life and limb. In late summer a big hedge apple bush provided plenty of "ammunition" to throw at the rock walls. The goal was to see who could throw the hardest and make the biggest splatter.

Another summer we made our own camp in a plateau halfway up the hill just above "rock side," named for the giant boulders abandoned there. We cut down saplings and small trees, stripped off the leaves, and made a small hut which the homesteaders defended from marauders – again taking turns on both sides. My brother had the bright idea to build a trap for "trespassers" at the entrance to the plateau. He dug a hole about two feet square and two feet deep, flooded it (the clay soil held water fairly well, along with an organic contribution from Duke the dog), then covered the whole thing with

small tree branches. Unfortunately the first (and last) trespasser was my dad, who had come up to see what we were doing. I think he was (very) secretly amused, but my "boneheaded" brother had to clean dad's boots right away and fill in the trap.

One of our neighbors, an enterprising young man, dug a series of shallow holes on his grandfather's property adjacent to ours. These outhouses, minus the house, were available for 5¢ for the boys and free for the girls. Again, my dad came to the rescue, and the neighbor boy had to figure out another way to make his spending money.

After my dad died subsequent owners neglected the hill. The manicured buffer zone no longer exists and that entire area is overgrown and littered with deadfall trees. My brother tried to explore about five years ago and found the paths have disappeared and the quarry is nearly inaccessible through profuse brush.

Kids today have countless opportunities for learning during the summer, but I think our days "up on the hill" gave us an appreciation for nature and developed our imaginations in a way no video game, organized camp, or summer school ever could.

Pool Day

by Keturah Kneuss

I thought it was a secret. You had to go down side streets, past quiet split level homes, and down a tree-shaded lane to find it. As we drove, windows open, peering out of my mom's 1967 beast of a Suburban, we would crest the hill and then there it was. The asphalt parking lot radiated heat as we impatiently danced around the car. Our mom would load our arms with snack bags, suntan lotion, beach towels, chairs, and babies. It was pool day at the Dover park.

I loved every little detail of that place. Loaded down we would trudge to the front doors and be greeted by an extremely bored teenage who would collect the \$2 per person entry fee. The wall paintings of blond, smiling lifeguards painted in the classic red suits friendly pointed to the separate changing rooms for men and women. My brothers and I would race through the changing rooms to see who would emerge on the other side first. Coming out of the locker area, the scent of chlorine and the sunlight reflecting off the water would temporality blind me as I attempted to scan the crowd to see if any of my friends were there. Then came the hunt for a towel spot. Every Dover pool family had an area which they preferred to camp out in. I would have chosen a spot on the lawn to the left where the teenagers spread out their towels, but we were baby pool people. With six kids, there was always a baby, and my mom preferred to find a spot by the cement wall in the fenced off baby pool area. We weren't allowed to go

anywhere near the water until we busted out the industrial sized bottle of suntan lotion and slathered ourselves with it and then paired with a sibling to keep tabs on. But once released, I would grab my sister's hand, and we would use the front steps of the pool to slowly descend into the freezing water. Some kids preferred jumping in directly, but I took my time and acclimated until impulsively I would plunge my head underwater.

I would swim, race my siblings, continually climb out and jump back in, and turn somersaults in the water. Eventually, during the day, I would get up the courage to jump off the diving board and feel the thrill of free falling into the deep end. The whistle would shrill and the teen lifeguards, responsible for keeping water out of our lungs, would yell at the kids running or hanging on the ropes. I always assumed I was getting yelled at despite my rule-following nature, and the kids that were getting tweeted at rarely stopped the infraction they were committing. Then came the long, simultaneous shrill of multiple whistles that signified that it was break time, and we would leisurely make our way out of the pool as the guards tweeted and yelled at us to hurry up.

Then came the snacks. The glorious crunch of salty pretzels, tangy lemonade, and chewy red licorice that we had packed and a quick trip to the snack shack to get a blue sno-cone. During the breaks, we would reapply sunscreen, dip our toes in the baby pool or wait on the yellow line around the big pool waiting for the whistles to shrill again that signaled that we could jump back in. My mom would always go for the adult swim during this time and I remember it as one of the few times she looked relaxed as she floated, kid-free, in a temporarily calm public pool.

This cycle of swim, snack, reapply, and swim again would continue all day. As other families left around dinner time to get back to parents returning home from work, we would stay. My dad was a farmer and rarely came into the house until after dark so we would soak up the extra hours at the pool. This was a perfect time to try swimming laps and new cannonball jumps that needed lots of room. When the sun began to set, and the lifeguards started to stack the lounge chairs we would pack up our soaking towels and make the slow, tired procession back to the Suburban. We would buckle up the babies, climb into the nearest seat and promptly fall asleep dreaming of our next Dover pool day.



Satellite
Zachariah T. Baer



Park Peace
Patricia M. Albrecht

Appalachian Aria Part II

by Gabriel Riggle

Many people are familiar with the Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC), one of many programs started by President Franklin Delano Roosevelt to get Americans back to work during the Great Depression. Those needing income helped with improvements to our infrastructure, natural resources, and public art. National service opportunities continued under President Lyndon B. Johnson's Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA), helping wage the War on Poverty. Of course, almost everyone is familiar with the United States Peace Corps, started by President John F. Kennedy, with the mission "to promote world peace and friendship" by sharing our skills and culture.

What people may not know, however, is that national service exists today in Tuscarawas County (Tusc.), with dedicated Americans serving here for over a decade. Through VISTA and AmeriCorps, young people have educated hundreds of youth and aided in environmental remediation projects. I was fortunate enough to have participated twice, one year before and one after Peace Corps service. National service helped shape me into the person I am today, as well as continuing to shape Tusc.'s future.

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Shortsighted land use policies and selfish investment bankers destroyed the economy in 2008, fortuitously closing off the easy route for my legal career. By the time I graduated in 2010, maybe the top 5 students had decent jobs lined up. Me, a mere cum laude, didn't have much hope for something lucrative, or, at least, cool. So, I started doing something new: whatever I wanted.

At times during my adult life, I bumped into people who would randomly tell me how awesome it was to teach English in South Korea. "Oh, if only I had known! But, now, I'm on this set professional track. Too late for me," I'd say.

Then, 2008 happened, and most Millennials were thrown off their set professional track.

"Well, looks like I'm going to Korea."

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The hiring process to be a teacher for the government of South Korea is a long process, rightfully so. Whilst I awaited "deployment," I thought that I would see what I could accomplish in Tusc. As I bicycled around, (nearly) the lone cyclist commuter not suffering through abject poverty, I realized that bike lanes may have been too ambitious. Many neighborhoods lacked crosswalks. What sidewalks existed were mostly vestigial and in disrepair. For sixty plus years, no one considered that a person on one side of the street may want to travel to something of interest on the other side of the street without getting into an automobile.

Tusc. had benefited greatly from the adoption of a cutting-edge (for

the time) mode of transport: canals and canal boats. The state connected communities using natural waterways and engineered canals, from Lake Erie to the Ohio River. Canals included towpaths for mules to pull the boats. After the development of rail, canals fell into disuse and were eventually destroyed by a massive flood in 1913.

The state of Ohio had owned a lot of the canal property and sought to divest in the 1960s. Fortunately for everyone in Ohio, a solicitor in the village of Navarre saw the potential of a recreational trail along former towpath property. This man, Ralph Regula, would eventually be elected to Congress and develop the formal Towpath Trail and Cuyahoga Valley National Park.

Fortunately for everyone in Tuscarawas County, we were the southern terminus of the Towpath Trail.

After I discovered the Towpath Trail, I used it at least once a week with my mountain bike. The age of the trail has allowed a nearly contiguous tree canopy to grow to shade the path. There are twists and turns, wildlife, historical sites, and even several restaurants. Further, everyone likes to use this trail, even those that can rarely agree on anything. Thus, I found the perfect multimodal project to support.

I started attending meetings for a local connector in my village, Tuscarawas (referred to as “Tusky” by locals). The idea behind Zeisberger Trail and Parks Trail (ZTAP) was to connect several local communities to each other, and then to the Towpath Trail when it winds south.

This is when I first gained experience attending public meetings and

introducing myself to local elected officials. I would leave for Korea shortly after starting this “hobby,” but I wouldn’t forget these community projects while abroad.

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I have no complaints about Seoul, South Korea. They paid well, treated me well, and students respected me. Plus, they know how to party. I won’t regale you with stories of my “waygook” mis-adventures, except to say that Korea’s great reputation is well-deserved. The one thing lacking in my life, which I had started in Tusc. and would emphasize later, was community engagement. Aside from letters to the editor from the Far East, I couldn’t contribute much to my home town or new city.

After completing my contract abroad, I returned home. What was next? The Peace Corps, of course.

While again waiting to head overseas, I had the idea to volunteer for everything. I started reading the newspaper for any and all community events and meetings. I attended a book club. I saw local authors speak. I overpaid to listen to politicians that visited our county at fancy luncheons. I decided to call this approach to life “County Year,” a riff on the existing “City Year” programs throughout the country. Little did I know that this approach would lead to a formal position.

After having been living back in Tusc. for a couple of months, I encountered a young woman in Tusky whom I had never met.

“So...what are you doing in my town?” I awkwardly asked. It wasn’t

very often that I would come across someone around my age that I didn't know.

"Oh, I'm the AmeriCorps member for the Mud Run Watershed!" responded Emily Ankney, originally from New Philadelphia. "We're cleaning up the environment in Tuscarawas County!"

"What? And, can I take over your spot?"

I eventually learned that AmeriCorps is similar to a domestic Peace Corps program, descended from the CCC and VISTA. There are numerous programs all over the United States, some with a lineage directly in line with the CCC, and others that focus more on education. Emily's position involved working with the community and the Ohio Department of Natural Resources (DNR) on abandoned coal mine remediation. Other duties were heavily focused on environmental education. All of this sounded amazing. I applied and was accepted.

There were some stipulations. For example, I couldn't write any letters to the editor. At all. Further, we all had to tread carefully when it came to hydrological fracturing for natural gas, a new process that recently opened new drilling sites in Tusc. that potentially posed a threat to drinking water. Those stipulations were understandable and a small price to pay for the opportunity to improve my community.

I received training in water sampling (chemical and macroinvertebrate), environmental education, and grant writing. Scientific sampling was far beyond any skill set that I had developed and proved very stressful. Environmental education was more

familiar, having just spent a year teaching in Korea. The subject matter was much more interesting to me than English, though, and I enjoyed this work.

The real life-changing experience, however, was grant writing. The process and structure of grant writing incorporates many of my legal skills. I could easily break down grant applications into individual components to address logically. Many times, I would need to attend a public meeting to acquire information or a formal letter of support. Finally, implementation required record keeping and reporting back to funders. This was the perfect alignment of my legal training with community service. Now, I needed to match a need with a funding source.

I had attended a Memorial Day service in Tusky that year. The entire experience was like time-traveling back fifty years, with festivities and a candy-filled parade culminating in a reverent speech at the public park. The problem was, it was nearly impossible to hear the guest speaker. At the same time, many of our AmeriCorps public and educational events took place outside. Thus, a portable outdoor speaker would be useful for both the community and our office.

I identified a local grant of a modest sum and applied, working with my boss Marissa Geib-Lautzenheiser, herself responsible for millions of dollars of investment in our county. I found out on my birthday, and final day of AmeriCorps work, that the project was approved. Now, Marissa would be able to purchase the speaker for use by Tusky and the AmeriCorps office.

As exciting as grant writing proved to be, the highlight of the year of service was our "Collaborative History in Mud Run" presentation in

my village's library. Local journalist and historian Jon Baker traveled down to present on the Mud Run Watershed, the region including Goshen, Wainwright, and Tusky. The Tusc. Historical Society brought photos and artifacts to complement the presentation. Best of all, locals from throughout our region brought their interesting and funny stories. After the formal presentation ended, we stayed, listening and laughing, until the library reluctantly closed for the day.

While executing my AmeriCorps duties, I was chipping away at the elaborate Peace Corps application. Online forms, hardcopy forms, record submissions, medical tests, and various interviews all had to be completed. During the final phone interview, we discussed again Peace Corps expectations and the interviewer concluded by asking if I had anything else that I wanted to say. She was still determining my placement for the subsequent two years.

"So, yeah, I don't want to teach English," I said, with both hesitation and certainty that I knew what I didn't want to do.

"You know how to teach English, right?" she responded.

"Yes."

"You've done it before, right?" she followed.

"Yes."

"Yeah, you're going to teach English."

In retrospect, I should have stood up for myself more and had confidence in my other skills. However, I had everything banking on

being accepted into the Peace Corps. I imagined it couldn't be too bad, anyway. Was I wrong? Sort of yes, sort of no. I worked with a lot of great people in the Republic of Moldova and helped a lot of students gain a better understanding of English. More importantly, I made learning a foreign language fun and practical, introducing "realia" (authentic American artifacts/items), songs, and games. Best of all, I wrote grants. Lots and lots of grants.

The thing is, the Peace Corps wouldn't let me transfer out of the English program. We had the highest work load and the longest required hours with the strictest schedules. Over half of my Volunteer cohorts didn't make it through the second year, for one reason or another.

How did I make it through? I lawyered my way through it, reading really boring documents and filing the proper paperwork to alter my duties.

All of this culminated in a second year where I was able to teach fewer hours and focus on cycling and eco-tourism projects. This second year reflected how I dreamed Peace Corps would go. Although I still taught some English, my heart and mind were always on my projects and how I could creatively mesh them with various funding sources.

All told, I acquired a functional blackboard and full multimedia accoutrement for the main English classroom, beaucoup awesome English reading materials, ten American bicycles with a full suite of maintenance tools and secure storage, and an eco-tourism project that resulted in garbage cleanups throughout the community, two beautiful tourist maps, and a seminar for local entrepreneurs on how

to accentuate the local natural assets to attract tourists. Oh, and I taught orphans how to ride bikes.

Towards the end of my Peace Corps service, my community partner looked at me and said, "Gabriel, I can't believe how much we have accomplished."

\$10,000 in projects later, I was ready to head back home.

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What does a master grant writer do after Peace Corps? He applies his skills to his hometown. I re-joined AmeriCorps, this time as the Tuscarawas County Park Department Environmental Education Liaison. Thankfully, this position included all of the environmental education and grant writing from before, but now without the stressful scientific sampling.

I started by learning as much about available funding as possible. I then paid attention to the community and what projects were needed. I learned that there was no shortage of funding for projects that included fishing. At the same time, the Norma Johnson Nature Center had been considering for years how to make their facilities more accessible to all audiences. While advocating for improved pedestrian and bicycling infrastructure in years past, I had made connections with local special needs advocacy organizations, including Starlight Enterprises.

My AmeriCorps colleague, Sarah Homan of Mineral City, had also developed a strong relationship with Starlight. She recruited all four of the Tusc. AmeriCorps members to aid in a fishing and

environmental education event at Tuscora Park. About a dozen Starlight associates joined us for a beautiful day of angling and science lessons, the enthusiasm demonstrated by our students a clear highlight of the year for all involved.

My experience with the Starlight fishing activity demonstrated the need for improved access to natural resources, as the sloping bank of the Tuscora Park pond was not ideal for those in wheelchairs. All of this culminated in a wheelchair accessible fishing dock project for the Norma Johnson Center with its Director, Marsha Freeland.

Marsha and I started by applying for funding through DNR. They provided a third of the funding. As there isn't much use for one-third of a fishing dock, I applied for all Tusc. County and national grants under which a fishing dock was appropriate. We used an Excel spreadsheet listing all of the local funds that I had encountered working with ZTAP. In the end, for the \$10,000 dock, I acquired \$18,000. The balance was used to install the dock and develop a wheelchair access route through the Center.

In addition to this, I acquired more fishing funds to hold an outdoor education event for local Spanish-speakers: translators, transportation, complimentary fishing poles, and lunch. My AmeriCorps colleagues and local volunteers made up a full retinue of angling aficionados. Like our prior environmental education events, the enthusiasm of our participants was rewarding in an indescribable way.

The remaining activity of note was TuscPARKS Day for the annual Camp Watershed. Other days included tours of waste treatment facilities, mine remediation projects, and nature centers. For my day,

I created an exciting and silly scavenger hunt that sent campers scrambling all over the Norma Johnson Center. The grand finale was biking on the Towpath Trail, complete with donated helmets that were decorated by campers, and a safety talk by Ernie's Bicycle Shop.

All of these grants put me over \$20,000 mark, with a starting budget of \$0 and a cost to Tusc. County of \$8,000.

The fishing dock didn't actually arrive at the Norma Johnson Center until after my AmeriCorps contract had ended. However, I was happy to don my AmeriCorps garb one last time and see it installed. The highlight of this AmeriCorps term was the smile on the Marsha's face as a year's worth of work was gently lowered into the pond behind the Yellow Pole Barn.

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I briefly mentioned both Sarah Homan and Emily Ankney of Tuscarawas County. While those are the only two AmeriCorps members that served in our home community, we are fortunate to have several Peace Corps Volunteers, as well.

Scott Habrun of Bolivar served in Sacatepequez, Guatamala as a Sustainable Agriculture advisor. Coincidentally, many of his contacts in Guatamala have familial connections in Dover. Daniel Widder served as an Organization Development consultant in Tkibuli, Republic of Georgia. Mark Galay of Mineral City served in the Dominican Republic.

Thus, the good work of dedicated Tusc. residents has shaped lives far beyond our county's borders.

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With over \$30,000 in projects executed, hundreds of kids educated, dozens of adults reached, and two communities impacted, I could not have had a more positive impact practicing law than what I pursued. Though, there were real struggles.

These endeavors were not well-remunerated. Pursuing food support and applying my AmeriCorps education award locally proved incredibly frustrating. I couldn't check my email at one of my office sites for six months. Funding, and AmeriCorps positions in Tusc., were cut by 75% the year after I completed my second term.

However, when my Moldovan partners can't believe how much we accomplished, I know that I made the right decision. When the Director of the Norma Johnson Center grins from ear to ear as a crane lowers a wheelchair accessible fishing dock into a pond, I know that I had to be involved to make this change happen. When our local history event for the library goes on for an extra hour as locals share their funniest community stories, I know the work was worth the effort.

All of this work demonstrates that Appalachians don't need more highways or strip malls, but rather thoughtful investment in our communities and our people.

Making Their Way

by Janet Ladrach

Many chose this Place.
Charred wood in a long-buried pit
reveals the presence of others.
They camped here while hunting,
fashioning arrowheads and scrapers from flint
to replenish what was lost or broken.
A full wind rocked grasses
where finches clung to gorge on seeds.
At days end, they rested, watched over
by the moon and her hunter companion.
The sun in the east drew them on,
for it was not their way to stay,
or leave more than a thumbprint of ash.

It has become a stopping place
for two more, now that haymaking is done.
He plants American Chestnuts, grown
from seed, fruit trees, pines, buckeyes.
It will become a forest, given enough time.
She watches him check for growth,
earnestly kneeling at each plant.
She watches the grass waving in the brisk breeze,
the finches gathering, then kiting off.
From her bedroom window, she watches Orion,
still tracking his way through the night

©Janet Ladrach

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Keeping in Touch

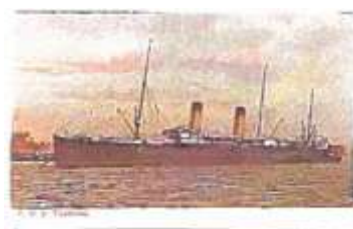
by Cheryl Feutz

Keeping in touch is a human need that has transcended the ages. As we walk through malls, grocery stores, even restrooms, we are subjected to the intimate details of everyday life from what size shoe little Johnny wears to how many pounds of ground beef will be needed for the weekend cookout. That need to know permeates our lives and must be met on a minute to minute basis.

Keeping in touch was no less important at the turn of the 20th century. It just lacked the speed and details.

The Feutz family came to America from Switzerland in/or around 1902. They settled in Dover, Ohio. I did not know my great-grandmother, Louise, but she certainly liked to keep in touch as evidenced by the number of cards she sent. Her sister, Elise, must have been a historian of sorts because she started a post card album that preserved many communiqués to my grandfather, James O. Feutz. Since the cards were to him, he must have saved them and given them to her because I cannot think the man I knew would have put them together in album form.

The first card had no message. It was printed by The Pictorial Stationery Co., Ltd., London, and depicted the R.M.S.



Teutonic, the ship the Feutz family sailed on. It must have inspired Elise to save an entire album of post cards that chronicled the life and times of my grandfather, his family, and friends in the first two decades of the 1900s.



While the album was set up chronologically, the cards fell into several distinct categories that were revisited annually. These were birthday and holiday cards: beautifully embossed with floral and gilt wishes decorating the front with personal wishes penned on the back. "Best wishes from Emma & Leon," his brother and sister-in-law, and "From your Mother, Louise Feutz," were two such messages. More like today's texts, definitely not phone calls. Brief and to the point, however, the thought was there. The sender had thought enough of the receiver to select a card, write a message, and spend one or two cents to post the card.



Christmas, New Year's, Easter, and Thanksgiving were times of remembrance. One Easter card read, "Best Wishes from Plin and Willie. Write soon again." New Year's brought greetings addressed to M. Jems Feutz, RF2, Canal Dover, Tuss Co., Ohio, Amerique du Nord from Switzerland written in French. Similar

messages came in each year.



*James O. Feutz,
(on the right)*

During harvest time, my grandfather, who was in his early twenties, would travel to Illinois and Iowa to work at bringing in the crops and sometimes stay the winter. Keeping in touch meant post cards from family and friends.

Many cards addressed to him were sent in care of E.E. Shafer, Garrison, Iowa. On March 27, 1911, this message was sent, "Hello, Jim—

Guess you thought I was never going to write but I'm here at last. I am fine and dandy. M.S. is working at Bolivar. Don't know when I'll get to

see her. But send her a card anyhow. Well I guess this is all for this time. Ever your friend. Geo. K." Quite risqué for the time, the card shows a man and a woman together holding an umbrella, the wind has blown inside out in the driving rain with the caption, "Where ignorance is bliss."

There were also cards sent from my grandmother-to-be, Flossie Haswell, before they were married. She was working at Garver Brothers store in Strasburg selling post cards so many of her cards pictured photos of Strasburg landmarks. Her notes were more newsy and beautifully penned. In fact, the quality of penmanship of most of the writers was extraordinary.



Reading through these cards has given me pause for thought about who these younger people were and what their lives were like. No

pick up the phone and call for instant gratification. No electronic response to what size shoes Johnny wears or how many pounds of hamburger are needed for the cookout.

It has given me a sense of what living in a kinder, more genteel time was like. The subject matter available for everyone to read was suitable for anyone's eyes. Letters enclosed in envelopes carried more personal messages. While we know what life is like today, these post cards have spurred me to inquire more about the lives and times of family passed.





1876 Red Beauty
Patricia M. Albrecht

To Every Thing There is a Season

by Patricia M. Albrecht

To every thing, there is indeed a season. Not simply spring, summer, fall, and winter, but seasons in our lives. Our season in Tuscarawas County began with six small children and a 125-year-old, 4 bedroom farmhouse nestled in the hills.

It was a season of highs and lows, bounty and want, and struggles and triumphs. When you are young, you look to the future in hopes of better days. But, as you grow older, you realize those are the days that shaped you and taught you valuable life lessons.

Oh, the endless chores! Dishes for eight waiting to be washed, clothes on the line waiting to be brought in and put away, weeds choking the garden needing to be pulled, and the big lawn that always needed mowed. Questions... what can I make for a treat with so little ingredients? How can I make this cot look like a sofa? How can I make homemade Christmas gifts exciting?

Frozen pipes, bees in the wall, rodents looking for a warm home, fans blowing heat, and bills that kept me up at night were just a few challenges that faced us back then. In between the worries came glimpses of hope, laughter, and thankfulness. It was beautiful scenery every day, wildlife who visited us regularly, berries waiting patiently up the hill. Long walks to the mailbox were refreshing and allowed us

time to throw rocks into the pond, listen to the bullfrog's croak, and marvel at nature's beauty up close.

Time passed much sooner than we expected or desired. How can we now be in our sixties, our children grown, and our grandchildren young adults? Wasn't it just yesterday we were hoping someday to have two cars, ample money in the bank, and little luxuries like air conditioning and a garage?

I am really not far from the last season of life now myself. If good health continues and accidents avoid me, I can possibly be here for another two or even three decades. In looking back, however, decades went by in days instead of years. Wasn't it just yesterday my children were laughing as they rolled down the hill by the barn? Wasn't it just yesterday that both of our dogs raised from pups simultaneously died of old age?

Now, in this particular season of life, I live in town by Tuscora Park. I have a beautiful home with bedrooms that actually have closets and more than one outlet. I have air conditioning at my fingertips. I have pipes that never freeze, a garage for our two cars, and one of the things I am most thankful for... a dishwasher. Every convenience is available to me now. We live with very few financial worries. We really have it all in this season of life.

But, often I reminisce about the season in the old farmhouse. Today, it sits sadly, eaves hanging, wood rotting, and being slowly choked by everything growing around it. It looks lonely—if indeed a house can truly be so. How can a house deteriorate so quickly? My son told me it's because there are no longer people moving about creating an air flow. That's it! The house is sad and lonely because the life is gone out

of it. But... if you were to listen very, very carefully, you might hear the laughter from a season long, long ago. A season I hold close to my heart

The Part

by Dick Ladrach

When I (ahem) retired from farming, I liquidated my equipment, keeping various items that seemed as though they might prove useful to me in the future.

One of these was an aging pressure washer which did, indeed, prove to be needed. This unit had sat unused for several years and needed some service to be usable. The fuel tank, being plastic, needed to be replaced. Not a problem. The internet soon provided a replacement. The pump needed parts, and the fuel line was rotten. Also easily solved. Here, however, is where the plot thickens, just like the old gas in the carburetor.

The carburetor was removed and placed on a workbench next to my ultrasonic parts cleaner. Complete disassembly followed. Everything, butterfly, jets, needle valve, air screw, everything went into the cleaner. After a suitable amount of time, all the little parts were taken out, placed on a towel and dried. Reassembly commenced. Everything went back together. Almost. One part was missing.

The air screw was missing. I looked everywhere. In the parts cleaner. Under the workbench. Under the towel on which the parts were placed. Everywhere. Spent about an hour. We will at this point, delete the expletives. It was gone. I tried to blame the cat and our little goat.

They proclaimed their innocence. Back to the internet. There did not seem to be any parts available for that 20 year old carburetor. More expletives at this point. Now what?

We live on the edge of what is usually referred to as "Amish Country." Small engine shops of various descriptions dot the area. I headed for one close to Baltic, at a place called Whiskerville. I walked in carrying my now semi-complete carburetor, explained my problem, and asked if they might have the air screw I needed.

"You can't get parts for that carburetor anymore." I asked if he had any suggestions and said I would buy a complete carb if necessary. "Well, we do save a lot of parts of old engines. I'll go see if we have one like that," was the answer. After a twenty-minute search, he returned empty-handed. "No, we don't have that one. You might try Bedford Engine. They have lots of stuff." He gave me directions, and off I went.

I knew where this place was. I had driven past it many times when I delivered hay in the area of New Bedford. It looked like the lawnmower/chainsaw version of the junkyard we all see with old cars, but less neat. Piles of old engines were alongside the shop, as were piles of chainsaws and mowers. Smoke poured out of the chimney from the furnace that was used for heat. I walked in carrying my carburetor. My hopes were not buoyed.

I stood in front of the counter, waiting for someone to look my way. That didn't happen for twenty minutes. Amish workers scurried back and forth, intent on their work, and did not look my way. Finally one man, he turned out to be the owner, said, "Whaddya need?" I explained my problem and was told, "You can't get parts for that

anymore." I had heard that before and said so explaining, however, that I was told that Bedford Engine has everything. "Well, we do save a lot of parts. I'll go look" It must take twenty minutes to look for anything anywhere. He came back empty-handed, "What's that off of?" he asked. I told him it was from a nine horse Briggs with a horizontal shaft. He said that they had a twelve horse version of that engine, and was pretty sure that the carbs were the same. "It's out front in the third pile down, on the left side as you face the road. It's down in a bit but you should be able to see it. Go have a look."

I went out, crawled up on the pile, pulled a few motors to the side and sure enough, there was the same carb. How he remembered where that motor, out of hundreds in those piles, was there was beyond me. I went back inside and asked the price. "Twenty bucks," was the answer. I couldn't help myself and I tried to get it cheaper, allowing that I only needed the air screw. "Naw, you have to take the whole carb, and I have to have the boy take it off," Having tools in the truck I asked the price if I took it off. "Still twenty bucks." At that I said let the boy take it off. "You'll have to help him. He's seven and not too big." So I head home with two carbs, one minus the air screw.

Getting back to my shop I decide to clean the second carb. After cleaning, I lay out all of the parts. This carb is complete, but with one leftover part. You guessed it. It is the air screw.

Joined at the Hip

by Karen Slough

As the Tuscarawas County dog warden for nearly 25 years, I found myself falling a little bit in love almost every day. Most of the dogs who came into the pound were friendly and sweet. Of course, part of my job was to keep my head clear and my emotions in check while caring for these wayward souls. As a lifelong animal lover, it wasn't always easy.

One day a call came in from a man who lived on Bailey Road just outside of Mineral City. He advised me that a small stray dog had been hanging around his house for the last couple of days, and he was concerned it was either lost or abandoned. He requested I pick it up as soon as possible because his wife did not appreciate the dog digging up her flower beds. I told him I'd be there in a jiffy. Grabbing my clipboard, I headed to my truck.

As I was cruising up Route 800 with my window down, enjoying the warm breeze, I found myself wondering what kind of pup I would soon meet and also considered how lucky I was to have a job which combined two of my favorite things: helping dogs and driving thru the local countryside.

Pulling in the driveway of the address the man had given me, I couldn't help but notice the old farmhouse was practically picture

perfect. It looked freshly painted and was surrounded by dozens of colorful flowers, all in full bloom.

Out of the corner of my eye, I spotted a handsome black and white terrier type dog sitting smack dab in the middle of some red tulips by the front porch. I got out of my truck and our eyes met. Now you don't always know how a dog will react to a stranger, but I figured a little sweet talk might help calm his fears so in a soft voice I said, "Hey, buddy, what are you doin' out here?" As I got a bit closer, I knelt down and offered him a biscuit. He stood up and sniffed the treat, then gobbled it down like he hadn't eaten for days. I reached over to pat his head and saw his stubby tail start to wag. We became fast friends.

As I led him to my truck, I wondered what his story was. He was wearing a red collar, but it had no tag. Weighing no more than 20 pounds, he was cute as a button.

Driving back to the pound, I pondered if this stray would ever be claimed. So many never were. But this one looked young and healthy so I hoped for the best.

The pound was undergoing an extensive renovation at the time, so there was a lot of banging and pounding in the kennel area. None of it seemed to bother this new arrival. He strutted in like he was king of the hill. I took him into my office for some company while I did my paperwork. There happened to be a pile of sawdust in the corner that hadn't been swept up yet. This ornery boy wasted no time jumping in it and rolling around till he was covered from head to toe! After he got up and shook himself off, I smiled and said, "Look how dusty you are." From then on, his name was Dusty.

As the days passed, I realized no one was coming for this cute little guy, and I found myself mulling over the idea of taking him home. I already had several other dogs, but there was something special about this Dusty boy. Plus, his big brown eyes made me melt.

After discussing it with my significant other, we agreed to make him a part of our little fur family. Although I loved all my dogs, Dusty quickly became my favorite. We went for long walks, often in a nearby cornfield, where he liked to run and bark at the crows, track the rabbits and even chase the butterflies. We had a ball together, and I felt so happy just to be with him.

Then one day, on our way back home, I felt a sharp pain in my left hip. It nearly took my breath away, and I had to sit down. Dusty came rushing over to see what was wrong. After a few minutes the pain subsided and I was able to get up and continue walking. Several days later it happened again. Thinking I may have pulled a muscle, I reluctantly called a doctor and made an appointment to have it checked out. The doctor told me my cartilage had deteriorated to the point where I would need a hip replacement. Not what I expected, but arrangements were made and surgery was scheduled for the near future.

Ironically, I had recently noticed that Dusty seemed to be limping a bit so I called Oak Pointe Vet Clinic and took him over. Dr. Dale Covy examined him and took a quick x-ray. The diagnosis was grim. Dr. Covy suspected he had osteosarcoma, a form of bone cancer in his back rear leg. The only treatment available would involve complete amputation and it had to be done soon before the cancer spread. He emphasized the sooner the leg was removed, the better his chances for survival.

My heart dropped, and I felt a pit in my stomach. I was in complete shock to learn my precious Dusty was suddenly so deathly ill. Trying to keep my composure, I told Dale I needed a few minutes to digest this information, but in reality there was only one logical choice. As my hand was shaking and tears filled my eyes, I signed the papers for the procedure to be done.

Dr. Dale was optimistic, telling me not to worry as most dogs adjust well to losing a limb. Because they have four legs, they basically had one to spare. I appreciated his reassurance but was still apprehensive of what lay in store.

Sure enough, a couple weeks after Dusty's operation, he was up and running! The cancer had not spread, and he was good to go. I was amazed.

Now it was my turn. As I was being prepped for my own surgery, I thought about all that Dusty had been through. I was so proud of him. He became my inspiration.

My recovery was rough at first. I basically had to learn how to walk again. The pain was excruciating, but Dusty was there for encouragement every step of the way. I'm sure we were quite a sight shuffling down the sidewalk: a girl with a cane holding a leash attached to a three-legged dog. But I didn't care. Dusty and I were healing together.

After a couple of months, things started to settle down, and I went back to work. Three years passed filled with many moments of fun, laughter and more adventures in the cornfield. Then one day, I noticed Dusty seemed to be slowing down. He became lethargic and

started picking at his food. He lost weight, and his eyes became sad. Soon enough we were back at the vet office and Dale was telling me that the cancer had returned with a vengeance. There was nothing he could do. Dusty was dying.

I was nowhere near ready to say goodbye. I couldn't imagine my life without my best friend. A short time later, Dusty passed away in my arms.

My world changed that day. As I look back on our time together, I feel blessed to have had the privilege of sharing my life with such a beautiful soul. Some people may disagree, but I've always felt that all dogs go to heaven. I was just lucky to have found my angel on earth. Rest in peace my dear Dusty. You were loved.



A Guatemalan Wedding in Dover, Ohio

by Sherrel Rieger

On a sunny Saturday afternoon (November 7, 2015), I made my way to St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Dover hoping that, when I arrived at the appointed time of one o'clock, I would find that other people realized that events here in the United States started on time, even Hispanic events. To my surprise, the parking lot of the church annex was already full of parked vans of different colors and sizes. As I watched these beautiful bronze-skinned people getting out of cars, I could not help but smile to see the mixture of clothing styles. The men were impeccably groomed, wearing pastel-colored shirts with dark vests. Some of the women wore the colorful traditional clothing from their home village, while others wore American-style clothes. Hair was painstakingly styled. Again, a smile warmed my heart as I watched the Guatemalan community converge on the sanctuary—a sanctuary that was neither an American sanctuary nor a Guatemalan sanctuary, but rather God's sanctuary.

Upon entering the church, I was aware that, being a mature white lady, I was in the minority; however, I did not feel like an "outsider." I recognized many familiar faces and greeted them with a smile, a soft nod of my head, or a heartfelt embrace. Children who attend Camp Imagine If, a tutoring program for Guatemalan children, peeked around the skirts of their mothers to smile and wave their little hands at me. Even so, there were many more people that I had never met.

I slid into a pew knowing that, from this position, I would be able to see the entire wedding ceremony. This was a special moment I wanted to share with the three couples being married that day. It was also the first time I would attend a Latino wedding in the United States, and I did not want to miss any part of it. I was soon joined in the pew by an older woman, her teenage daughter, and her grandson.

The welcome was given by an elder in the community. He spoke in Spanish and in Quiché, the language spoken by many of the people present at the ceremony. I am sure everyone appreciated the heartfelt welcome given by the elder on behalf of the entire Hispanic congregation at St. Joseph's Church. From my own personal experience of living abroad, I can attest to the fact that one of the sweetest sounds ever is hearing your own language and singing familiar hymns and songs of worship in your native tongue. Being enveloped in the sounds and feelings of earlier times is both a comfort and a refuge for these believers in such a far-away place. As the people participated in the mass, I sensed they felt they belonged in this place, in this moment, sharing an important rite with family and friends.

In the corner at the front of the sanctuary, a group of young musicians sang songs and accompanied themselves on guitars, drums, and an electronic keyboard. I closed my eyes to enjoy the music they were playing. The drummer kept the rhythm lively while the warmth of the guitar blended with the sounds from the keyboard. During one song, the keyboard imitated the airy sounds of a pan-flute, an instrument heard in many places in Central America. The melodies are uncomplicated; the words are straightforward. This simplicity invites all people to participate and internalize the

sentiments behind the words, creating a spiritually uplifting moment for everyone present.

The cries of babies and the restlessness of small children caused me to open my eyes. All around me, young families enjoyed the celebration together. Before me—a breathtaking mixture of Guatemala and America. In front of me—a spacious altar and its central wooden crucifix. Around me—approximately 400 people joined together to celebrate the marriage of three couples. To the right—a framed image of the beloved Virgin of Guadalupe. Women proudly wore their woven “cortes” (skirts) and blouses adorned with colorful embroidery and beadwork. Each weave is specific to the village where the women live. So, in looking around at all the different woven patterns, I could see that many villages were represented here. Little girls were dressed in tiny traditional garb with perfectly braided hair complete with ribbons, bows, clips or barrettes. One little girl stood on the pew caressing her mother’s hair while a father took his son’s hand and showed him how and when to make the sign of the cross. Fathers and sons alike had gelled their black hair into a fashionable spike. Some babies were strapped into carriers while others were wrapped tightly to their mother’s back. These little ones are the first generation of Hispanic children to be born here in the United States of America. These families are a vital part of the future of our community and our country. Like other people in Dover, they find themselves trying to balance work, family, and community. In this moment, one realizes we as a human race, are more alike than we are different. We value family. We value tradition. We value culture. They are also striving to hang onto one culture while living in another.

As I said before, three couples were exchanging marriage vows this

day. The children in the wedding party came down the center aisle first. Then came the men in their elegant suits. The men were obviously uncomfortable being in front of so many people. Each directed his humble gaze at the floor and positioned himself at the front of the central aisle to await his bride. Last of all, the brides were escorted down the aisle by a male relative and the godparents. Each woman wore a white floor-length dress with exquisite details of lace and beadwork. The young women looked like perfectly dressed dolls. Even though each bride was timid, she was very aware that all eyes were on her. As each bride approached the end of the aisle, her escort placed her hand into the hand of the man who was waiting for her. I could see then that each groom reassuringly took his bride's hand and brought her to his side. They went up the steps together and took their place behind the kneeling benches. Making a commitment to their love for one another is even more meaningful as they face the challenges of a new home together. The ceremony was touching, sacred, and absolutely beautiful.

After the ceremony, everyone convened at the school gymnasium to share a wedding feast consisting of corn tortillas, chicken, rice, black beans and macaroni salad. A band provided live music, which made conversation nearly impossible. The young woman who organized the event announced that the reception was being broadcast live on the radio station in the town where the couples were from. A videographer was filming the entire event and would later send the video to the townspeople so that they can watch the video, hoping to catch a glimpse of any loved ones who have left their homeland and made the journey to the new land to the north. The video as well as pictures taken with cell phones will allow everyone to connect across the miles. I marvel at the joy technology brings to everyone!

What an honor to be invited to share in this special day. I am privileged to experience these traditions first-hand. I have tried to show to our immigrant neighbors that there is a place for them here in our community. I have attempted to ease their way. Words cannot express how grateful I am they have made a place in their hearts for me. I hope that some day in the near future others will have the opportunity to experience this sense of belonging and to recognize that each culture enriches the other.



Baby Acorns
Zachariah T. Baer



Death From Above
Zachariah T. Baer



Showcase of the Victorian Era

Patricia M. Albrecht

That Magical Christmas Town

by Grace Williams

My favorite Christmas memory is of a town. It was a colorful little village, with not too many people, and it always smelled of candy and gingerbread. I can still remember the stress of having to transport that town from the southside of New Philadelphia to the Reeves Carriage House in my family's silver minivan. See, this gingerbread town was my mother's and my shining achievement at the time. We had spent weeks planning and building. After many burned gingerbread men and even more eaten by the dog and me, we had succeeded in making a beautiful creation that we believed stood a chance of winning the coveted first prize ribbon at the Reeves Home Gingerbread House Competition.

My mom and I had to begin in early November with the planning. One night, we had gone through so many Pinterest posts looking for inspiration that my eyes had begun to blur. We had yet to find something we thought would be good enough for the competition.

"What about a beach house?" I had said after seeing a promising picture online of brown sugar crystals that someone had sprinkled onto some white creamy frosting to create a sandy look.

We would use that idea in later years, but for now Mom said, "No, I don't think that's it. We're getting closer though. We just need to

keep looking?" My ten-year-old self was not very excited about the prospect of another half hour of looking through Pinterest boards. Luckily, at that exact moment, Mom jumped up off of our chestnut colored couch and shouted, "Grace! This is the perfect idea for this year. Look!" She then proceeded to show me a half an hour of Pinterest boards so we could decide on what materials we would need and how we could make this creation our own. Needless to say, I still don't have a Pinterest account of my own, and I blame memories like this one for that.

The next step we had to accomplish to make the most amazing gingerbread creation was to get our materials. This meant candy, gingerbread house kits, frosting, and everything and anything related to gingerbread houses that Mom and I could find at the two Buehler's and the Jo-Ann's store we visited. Even now, I have an amazingly large sweet tooth. In third grade, however, I was so addicted to sugar that going to the candy aisle of any store was a dream for me. I would round the corner and immediately smell the sweet chocolatey aroma of the countless Hersheybars and Kit Kats to the left of me. Then, I would gaze farther past those and see the plethora of rainbow colored snacks that I wanted to open and eat right there. At that time, in early November, I could not allow myself to get distracted by the thought of the sour Haribo gummy worms that I enjoyed so much. Mom and I were on a mission to find the most beautiful looking candies that would aid us best in building an award-winning gingerbread concept.

"Keep your eyes peeled for anything you think will look like trees, Grace. Also, we're going to need lots of frosting and food coloring to make different colors," said Mom. We ended up getting the most promising materials from Jo-Ann's like these amazing pre-made

gingerbread men and wreaths that had red berries and white decorations frosted on them. Those were the kinds of special candies that clumsy ten-year-old me was very firmly told to be careful around.

The time had come to start assembling the gingerbread. We had to give the houses one full day to set after we put them together, which felt like way too long for me. I kept checking on them throughout the day, anxious to start the fun part: the decorating.

Finally, my mom said, "Gracie, are you ready? I think the houses are good to go!"

I came running from my bedroom at the end of the hall, slipping and sliding on the kitchen's hardwood floor in my excitement, and I said, "Really? This is going to be so much fun!"

Mom then proceeded to gently push my tiny fingers away as I tried to take some of the oozing white frosting from the triangle-shaped house and eat it. "Stop that," she laughed, "You're going to eat enough frosting from the cans we bought, don't mess with the special stuff." I must explain that Mom really believed in the integrity of the frosting that came special with the gingerbread house making kits above all other types of frosting. If I tried to eat any of that frosting I would hear something along the lines of "Only frosting from the cans, Grace! This frosting is special." I didn't really mind since the frosting from the cans tasted a million times better to me. It was almost like eating a generic brand gummy worm and then tasting the brilliant flavor of a Haribo sour cherry worm. The generic gummy isn't really all that bad, but you can definitely taste the difference. I was amazingly impressed with our work. Not only had my mom

and I decorated three different houses, but we had also constructed a four car candy-toting train which was filled to the brim with M&M's of all colors, a rainbow of gum drops, and tiny chocolate mints in the colors pink, blue, purple, orange, and green. The train's conductor was none other than a candy Santa Claus, and the wheels were made of peppermints. Our town also had cobblestone streets made of black and gray rock candies. There was a bright blue lake made of frosting that sat next to a hill dusted in coconut flakes where some tiny gingerbread men were riding sleds made of lifesavers and building a snowman out of marshmallows. We decorated all of the houses in a different and unique way. One house had red and green gum covering its four walls to give off a nice Christmassy feel. The other house had shredded wheat cereal and gumdrops in four different colors coating the roof. The last house was decorated with pretzel sticks to look like logs. Everything we used on that house was brown and rustic because we had chosen it to be our reindeer barn. My mom, ever the artist, had shaped and molded brown tootsie rolls into adorable little reindeer that were milling around outside of the barn. It all came together quite well, and, after a week of planning, buying, and building, we were very proud of ourselves.



The only thing we still had to do was get our gingerbread town out of our house and to the Reeves Carriage House. We were all prepared for this to be the most stressful part of the experience. The town was definitely not modest in size and a lot of our candies were very delicately placed. The slightest bump could send something small flying into the trunk where it would never be found. Mom had brought what we had left of the very special frosting so we could glue anything that might have fallen off back to its original spot. Since she was the one tasked with holding the cardboard sheet we had set our town on, she was by far the most worried that something terrible was going to happen.

We did get there after what felt like an eternity, and I had to give “props” to my dad for being such a good driver with such precious cargo. We walked our masterpiece into the carriage house, being very careful not to tilt it even the slightest bit. The ladies were so impressed with the creativity and all of our fun colors and designs that we got a spot right in the front on top of a cardboard box that they had covered with white felt to look like a snowy hilltop. Now, all Mom and I could do was wait for the town to be judged that Sunday.

One of the most nerve-racking experiences of my life to date was the walk from our car into the carriage house to see what the judges had thought of our gingerbread town. I ran faster than I had ever run before and whipped open the door. I was so happy when I looked at our town sitting elevated on that cardboard hill. We had won first place in the group division of the competition. I was so excited and proud that something I had worked on had gotten such high praise. Mom and I hugged and collected our blue ribbon and candy canes. I went to the snack table and got a well deserved cup of hot chocolate. Today, I look back on that experience and I can still feel the pride of

winning like it was yesterday. Mom and I had done so much, with scrolling through Pinterest boards and constructing train cars out of graham crackers, and all of that hard work had really paid off.

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