Your Country Neighbor

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Free

January 2019

Your Country Neighbor

Voices and Views From the Valleys of the Nemaha Publisher & Photographer, Stephen Hassler

> P.O. Box 126 Peru, Nebraska 68421 countryneighbor@windstream.net

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"ImPERUving as One" Group to form Committees in January

Following the town hall meeting held November 14 at the Peru City Hall, the group collaborating under "ImPERUving as oNE" met again to plan next steps for the work groups. As discussed at the town hall, a key component of moving forward will be forming working committees in five unique areas:

- Infrastructure
- Housing
- Relationships and Communication
- Economic and Business Development
- Attraction and Retention

Committees will be formed and begin meeting in January. Anyone interested in serving on these committees should visit perunebraska.org/imperuving-as-one or call Amy Mincer at Peru State College, (402) 872-2239. Results from the survey, focus groups and town hall meeting are posted on the website.

The group of City of Peru officials, Peru State College officials, city residents and business owners began meeting over the summer to develop a vision and possible plan for collaboration between the City and College. The collaboration sponsored surveys and focus groups conducted by the University of Nebraska-Extension Office, with the goals of identifying ways the community can move toward positive change and better understand Peru's unique characteristics, community assets and potential opportunities.

Cover Photo

Historically restored building in Auburn opened as "Gallery 75" Art and Event Center, just before Christmas, 2018. Included among the variety of pieces are wildlife photos by "Your Country Neighbor" photographer, Stephen Hassler. For more info, 'Like' the new "Gallery 75" on Facebook to see new artists on display, upcoming events, and future expansions within the Gallery.

"Gallery 75" photo by Ruth Heywood.

January Writers

Devon Adams Stephen Hassler Merri Johnson Vicki O'Neal Dorothy Rieke Janet Sobczyk Merlin Wright Thank You! Your Relatives and Friends might appreciate this magazine.

Your Country Neighbor is online

Just send them this address: www.yourcountryneighbor.com

Hooray for Nebraska Dorothy Rieke, Syracuse

And its rich resources and friendly people.

Hooray for fertile fields, rivers, and Sandhill wonders.

As Nebraskans, we celebrate "Big Red" football.

We cheer for John Cook's winning volleyball teams.

We clap for those who serve our country.

We oh-h-h, when we view "Old Glory."

And often bow our heads in thankful worship.

We ah-h-h for democracy and its freedoms.

There aren't enough bands to proclaim "The attributes of Nebraskans."

Kindness, caring, and compassion reign in this state.

With thankful spirits, we proudly proclaim,

"I'm from Nebraska!"





Window On Fifth Street Stephen Hassler, Peru

Lately, looking out my Window on Fifth Street I have not been expecting to see any signs of Spring. After all, we only recently had the "first day of Winter." But seeing the many shades of gray; concrete sidewalks, asphalt streets, cloudy skies, trees with leafless branches, the snowless, barren ground, and gray-rock parking lots, I was reminded of an article I wrote years ago in which I said I thought the world through my window on Fifth Street looked as if it had the "flu." And I was thinking wow, all that gray makes me hope for an early Spring!

I certainly don't want to think about Winter for another two months. But at least the days are getting longer, and by the middle of January I'll notice extra light after 5:00 P.M. I'm especially looking forward to being able to leave my bedroom window open at night so I can hear birds singing when I wake up in the morning and see sunlight through the blinds! Just a bit more than a crack, since the nights will still be cool.

The Robin's "song" is earliest, before sunrise, then the Cardinal. My favorite sound is the little who, who... who-whooo

Fantastic Flyers at PSC half-time performance, December 15, 2018

Continued on page 11 >>>>>

Old Home Place 390 Memory Lane Lost Coast

Of Dreams, Drama, and Dachsbunds!

By Vicki O'Neal



My peers and siblings have lots of grandbabies! But I have none. Nada. Zilch! I'm bereft of the joys that others take for granted. I've despaired of ever becoming a grandmother!

My daughters are "career women" who have little time for producing babies. But then, last month, my two daughters decided to surprise me with a Consolation Gift.

They plotted and planned for weeks... and finally the Big Day came. My daughters went all-out! They took me to Red Lobster and we had All-You-Can-Eat Shrimp! They took me shopping, and I got a half-dozen outfits.

Then, they took me on an elaborate "Treasure Hunt" which touched my heart the most! They said it was to thank me for the dozens of Treasure Hunts I'd given them over the years. They took me to my eldest daughter's house. Inside, I found lots of "clues"—elaborate riddles printed on fancy paper which led me from place to place... Underneath furniture. Behind doors and mirrors. I was mystified.

The clues finally led me outside, and I arrived at my youngest daughter's car.

There on the front seat was my hidden "Treasure"... a covered box that quivered and shook. In a moment, a little face appeared and looked at me with big chocolate eyes that melted my heart. It was a darling long-haired dachshund! A miniature, pedigreed pup with long 'curly' ears—the cutest I'd ever seen!

Instantly, I fell in love. I cuddled my fur-baby close to my heart and named him Barnaby—which means "Son-of-my-Consolation." I also gave him a sir-name that was befitting the little hot dog. I christened him: "Sir Barnaby Wienerschnitzel".

He's a most wondrous addition to our family.

We decided to go straight to the store and buy some toys and "baby supplies". It would be the perfect ending to a glorious day! My daughter drove us to the store in her fancy car, and we left Sir Barnaby in the backseat, sitting in his little cage.

We had quite a time inside the store! Laughing and chatting, we shopped 'til we dropped. We bought dog-shampoos, treats and toys, a collar and leash, and even a warm doggy sweater.

As a final purchase, my daughters picked out a cloth bag that said, "Make Your Dreams Happen!" With a flourish, they loaded all the puppy merchandise into the bag, and we walked outside—flush with triumph and motherly joy!

Our joy lasted about three seconds. The moment we opened the car door, my daughters began to wail.

"Oh NO!" My eldest was beside herself. "My beautiful car is ruined! I'll never get that stench out of here!"

Although his smell was very evident, Sir Barnaby Wienerschnitzel was nowhere to be seen. His cage door was wide open. I soon found my Son-of-Consolation shivering on the floorboard. Tiny and forlorn, he was sitting in a pile of poop which he had tracked throughout the car.

My daughters nearly melted down. "Mom, why didn't you lock the door on his cage?" They both begin to holler and toss things about. I've never seen such a hullaballoo. People in the parking lot stared at us in consternation.

At that moment, I was thankful that my daughters had never borne me any grandbabies. Lord have mercy! Such a ruckus over a little poop.

"Now, you've stepped in it, Mom!" my daughter yelled. "You sat in it too! There's poop everywhere!"

Caffeine Musings Merlin Wright, Brownville

MATINS. That was a new word for me in 1963. I taught chemistry my first year of three at Auburn and learned that word meant morning church services for the men teachers and school boys the week before Christmas. Auburn Kiwanis began that custom in 1947 or so which means this is the 71st year of it. I did not attend during the ten years I taught at Johnson but resumed attending when we returned to this area in 1978. There were 5 days of services in five churches. I recall that two Lutheran churches alternated from year to year but perhaps I am wrong about that. I quote Mark Twain by saying that the things I remember best are things that never happened.

Later the practice was changed to six days so both Lutheran churches could participate every year. Three churches were added to the community but have not been included. In December of 2018 the first service was at Methodist followed by Christian, Presbyterian, St. Paul's Lutheran, Catholic and finally the Trinity Lutheran. Next year the order is reversed. The three newer churches are New Life, Berean and Assembly of God. There are several other smaller congregations in town and all men and boys of the town are encouraged to participate.

Usually only the members of the six older churches go to the services. Pastors have only short parts sometimes. The service lasts less than a half hour and always starts at 7:30. Men tell short stories of Christmas and the topics are often unusual. One year a man told that house cats have the letter M on their face because a cat was near Mary during the birth of Christ. This week a man told of his walking in the dark while trapping and being startled by car headlights. This was his lead in to Christ being a LIGHT for the world of darkness.

Often the speaker gets our attention with a joke that relates to the topic. There are two Christmas songs and a scripture reading. The area ministers help coordinate which scripture and which songs are used so each day is different.

Until next month, keep the coffee perking.

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Poetry by Devon Adams, Peru

ICE FOREVER

Through the dark of night the blizzard blew into deep drifts whipped like cream but not so sweet and soft. By morning plows were behind before they started. Parking lots were bladed, with ridges and piles left around the edges and a skin of snow on the lot that was turned to ice by tires coming late to work. As the sun came up, the temperature dropped into a well and didn't warm up for days that seemed like weeks. Melting didn't happen soon enough, but when it did, the water wasn't water very long. At night it froze again, slicker than before, and the broken bones from falls were keeping doctors busy. Spring might come, but there is doubt.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

In a little town all alone on a long, long road, everyone is known to all, and there are no secrets to be found. Kids are all like cousins, and adults act like aunts and uncles. There really are lots of blood kin, but it doesn't make much difference. Neighbors become friends who look after each other, and their children learn to care that way, then pass it on as time outruns us all.

THE BOOK ON THE TABLE

Words are waiting for you there, inside the covers of the book that you laid on the table. They are projecting a silent scream to your brain waves to stop what you're doing and read them. If they were a magnet in a science class, students would be amazed at the number of nails their force could grab. If they were a siren, ear drums would be broken. You are fighting an urge that threatens to keep you awake all night, to make you call in sick at work, to stretch the limits of common sense until they break. In short, you belong to the lucky learners who snuggled in the laps of their Mommies and Daddies and were drawn into the magic worlds that appear to be black marks on white paper, but are the secret keys to lifelong adventure.

STATIC

If you could be sitting on a stump in a pasture next to a wild creek. with birds all around and cows grazing on the tender brome, you wouldn't need to check your phone, or send a text, or even call someone and speak words instead of typing them. The peace would lie so soft on your battered brain that thoughts of communicating wouldn't intrude upon your rusty skills of contemplation.

PENCIL PORTRAITS: PEOPLE & ANIMALS

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STOP AND START

Who says that a year stops at the end of one month and starts at the beginning of another? People who count days and money would no doubt be adamant that you can't change their routine. Or calendar makers might quibble over divisions and days. But time is like a river of jello that quivers and wavers when you jiggle the table. It is a flexible concept that is subject to interpretation. So, on paper, so to speak, you are free to start your year any time at all, or declare your year to be sixteen months long, or six months short. Be careful though, or you will try to design a clock that runs fast through your workday and slows down every evening and weekends.



THREE IN A ROW

In the deepest part of winter, three of us had birthdays that fell just one week apart. It was like one long day that we shared, a special bond that tied us in a forever knot. My friend and I would plan fancy parties in our heads, hoping to go skating at the roller rink, or to movies twenty miles away across the barren rolling prairie roads. But my mother, the third birthday, always had a backup plan. She knew the chances of a blizzard blowing away our plans was more than possible. My favorite memories are of the snowy days when we were stuck in town, the streets too slick for cars, when we'd walk the long hill between our homes and celebrate the best gift of all, that we were able to be together again for another year.





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WHO'S DRIVING?

Devon Adams

Like the proverbial "box of chocolates," the weather keeps secrets from all of us humans. Even professional meteorologists are thrown sideways now and then, when they open a storm box and find that things seem to be getting out of control. A weather system seems to turn into a living being as it develops devilish whims of its own.

The open prairies are the perfect setting for a combination of wind and moisture and temperature to have a little discussion with each other and to unleash the raging fury of a supercell, or the suffocating white-outs of a blizzard. Under the sickly black of a wall cloud, a vision of hell can drop down in the form of an undulating funnel. It is a mesmerizing sight, as a tornado grows in size and strength into a killing machine a quarter of a mile wide that gobbles dirt and buildings and vehicles and cows. Even professional storm chasers can be tricked by experience and scientific reasoning into believing they will be safe as they skirt the edge of an EF 5 monster. If they are wrong, they will disappear into the crushing jaws of a meat grinder and never come out alive.

In a way, a blizzard can be a more subtle form of disaster, but no less deadly. A sunny day that brings Spring to mind can lull us into distraction, so that we neglect to check the darkening of the northwest horizon. We don't notice the drop of the gentle breeze, because that only makes the sun feel warmer. As sounds fall into dead silence, the peaceful atmosphere intensifies, until a faint shadow crosses

S) '1	2 John Deere 825i Gator, 230 hrs, power steering, radio, windshield, roof	\$11,500
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S) '1	3 JD RSX850i, 83 hrs, 610 miles, green and yellow	\$5,900
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S) '9	95 JD 425, 1157 hrs, 54" deck, pwr steering	\$2,450
A) '1	3 JD 825i S4, 189 hrs, 2067 miles, Curtis hard cab, loaded machine	.\$19,900
A) '0	08 JD X324, 1154 hrs, 48" deck, AWS	\$1,900
S) '0	09 JD Z820A, 1914 hrs, 60" deck, 25 HP	\$2,900
S) '1	5 JD Z960R, 192 hrs, 72" deck, 31HP kawaski	\$9,850
A) Jl	D D105, 278 hrs, 42" deck, new transmission	\$880
S) '9	98 Sabre 1438, 38" deck, 5 speed transmission	\$450
S) '0	09 JD 620I, 560 hrs, bucket seats, steels wheels, roof	\$5,900
S) '1	2 Frontier WC1103, wood chipper, used once, 3" capacity	\$2,500
	13 JD 825i Gator, 140 hrs, camo, alloy wheels, roof, bucket seats	\$11,800
S) '1	12 JD 568 Round Baler, twine, wrap, hyd, Megawide pick up	\$26,900

over the sun. At that same instant, the chill of a draft rushes over us, accompanied by some lovely, large snow flakes that take their time floating to the ground. Then we hear a distant rattle that becomes louder by the second. It is an invading army of hail stones, pelting with venom the exposed landscape. Blasted by a raging wind, the ice particles are like broken glass as they cut into exposed skin. Before living beings have time to reach shelter, the air becomes an impenetrable mass of swirling snow that erases any trace of roads or fences or familiar landmarks.

In the midst of devastation, there are always boundaries. A city block becomes rubble until we reach the corner of 4th and Elm, at which point, nothing is disturbed, with every rose and every window pane intact and in place. The snow line stops precisely at the edge of six inches and a trace. And there is no way to know ahead of time where the lines will be drawn. Sometimes there is more than luck involved, when lives are spared. The Angels among us know the answers to questions we are too ignorant to ask.

With all of our accomplishments, and the "development" of the natural environment that we have engineered, we tend to forget our size in relation to the forces of nature. We are exponentially puny in comparison. When the earth can crack into chasms beneath our feet, and fires can burn our structures, and lava can obliterate any trace of human habitation, and storms can kill us, we would do well to remember that we aren't the ones who are driving this pretty little blue sphere through space and time.





Merri Johnson, Auburn

Happy New Year, dear readers! Since I'm short on inspiration and mental focus right now – and my deadline for submitting my column is TODAY – I'm choosing to bring back an oldie-but-goodie column from yesteryear. Aside from a few particulars, not much has changed since I wrote this in 2009. I hope you get a chuckle out of it.

It's the last Saturday before Christmas. I'm still in bed, half-asleep, groggily organizing my mental list of things yet to be done. But it's cold and snowy, a good day to lie in bed until the sun comes up officially. My husband reaches for the remote control and turns the TV on to the network morning show. We watch for about ten minutes and conclude that we haven't heard anything newsworthy yet, so we roll out.

He pushes the start button on the coffee maker; I take care of cat duties. He begins frying sausage for his own breakfast; I debate with myself between oatmeal and Malt-O'-Meal, or maybe yogurt with granola. Malt-O'-Meal wins. So far, we're off to our predictable and slow weekend start.

After breakfast I cart the hamper to the laundry room and toss in a load of pants and shirts. I find this is the least jarring way to actually start chores. You feel like you're accomplishing something while expending very little effort. I'm awake enough now to notice a fair amount of grit on the floor and make a mental note to sweep after I get dressed.

Returning to the kitchen, I notice an unfinished Christmas card on the counter. Better get that done. The mailman pulls up out front just as I'm licking the envelope. I could run out and holler for him to wait, in a jovial, neighborly sort of way, but I'm not dressed yet. My breeding is just good enough to restrain me from deliberately making a spectacle of myself.

I decide it's time to get cleaned up. While brushing my teeth, I notice that the sink needs to be cleaned. Might as well give both bathrooms a once-over. That was easy enough. Now I'm motivated to make the bed. I'm still in my bathrobe when the washing machine timer dings. I hang up the pants and shirts and toss in the whites. It's nearing 11:00 a.m. when I finally overcome my wardrobe inertia, and trade my PJs for sweats.

Hubby has been in the basement for a while now getting geared up to install shelving in the guest bedroom closets in preparation for holiday visitors. He requests my assistance. We note the width of the shelving unit we purchased some months back and realize it's too small. "We can make this work," my husband assures me. His plan is to rig up a bracket on one end of the closet instead of mounting the shelving to the end wall. "That will leave a foot of inaccessible space in the corner," I point out. "Better to return this unit for the right size." It takes very little convincing to bring him around to my point of view. Everything goes back in the box. We tape it up. I spend 20 minutes looking unsuccessfully for the receipt. Oh well. They'll take it back without it.

By now it's after noon. Hubby fries himself a burger and takes a nap. I opt to sweep (a quiet task) rather than unload and reload the dishwasher. Hubby wakes up when the phone rings. Since he's up, I ask if he can get the treadmill ready for use after its year-long hiatus in storage. He agrees, and we spend the next 20 minutes searching for the owner's manual, which we both know has been lying around somewhere in plain sight since I first brought up the subject about a month ago. Aha! The manual is found (nearly in plain sight) and hubby gets the job done. He even takes the treadmill for a test run.

It's 3:00 p.m. What have we done so far today? Not a whole heck of a lot. Specifically, very little of what's on my yet-to-be-done Christmas list. But it's only Saturday. I still have four more days. Yikes! Only four more days! I'd better get cracking!

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Your Relatives and Friends

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Something had to be done-and done quickly!

I thought fast and came up with a plan born of desperation. "Come now, girls!" I said. "All this fuss will make a marvelous Story for the Newspaper! Maybe we can put it on Facebook, too!" Then, I whipped out my smartphone and began videoing the chaos.

The effect was magical....

Abruptly, my daughters pulled themselves together, becoming quite business-like. In mere moments, they became mature "career women" once more. It was a startling transformation. Calmly, they got out the disinfectant spray and paper-towels which my daughter keeps in her car trunk. Calmly, they took care of business.

Soon, the gawkers and onlookers lost interest and wandered off. Sir Barnaby Wienerschnitzel stopped shivering and shaking. The Son-of-My-Consolation licked my hand with gratitude. It was great.

Best of all....I now console myself with an obvious truth. It isn't always a tragedy when your "career-minded" daughters don't produce grandchildren. In fact-it might be a blessing in disguise!

Never doubt it, my dear Country Neighbor... The Good Lord knows what He's doing! Yes-sir! He knows what He's doing!

As you go forth to conquer the New Year, folks—remember this... You might run into a lot of doo-doo in the year ahead... There might be some stench, and fuss, and messes to deal with! Don't let it overwhelm you. Be wise and keep a cool head!

Turn your troubles into Triumphs... Your blunders into Blessings! And you'll never go wrong.

Now-go make your dreams happen, folks! And have a fantastic New Year!

ing of an owl. I've heard it late in the evening, and early in the morning too. I suppose it's annoying to some, but I would rather lay awake and listen to that sound, or even have it awaken me early in the morning.

Bird songs are usually described as being part of their mating rituals, but I think they're celebratory too, or there would just be color and 'dancing'.

I don't hear them for long. The days of Summer pass with just a few species producing one additional brood, but most songs and celebrations are over by July, then it's just noisy, lazy children begging mama and papa to feed them.

So maybe Spring should not be here too soon. With more time to savor looking forward to the future I will appreciate better the brief benefits of a favorite time of year.

I hope Spring gets here whenever you are ready! Happy New Year!!!

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The Lady Cardinal is colorful this time of year.

Not A Total Loss

By Janet Sobczyk, Omaha, 2017

Time to clean out the car. It should have been no big deal.

The repairman directed us to the back lot and brought out the key. He removed the plates from my daughter's t-boned, black Prius as she unloaded her possessions from the interior. An ice scraper, blanket, registration papers, sunglasses. Andrea left the empty coffee cup in the holder. Its mocha brown contents stained the passenger floor.

She turned to me and I hugged her, tears welling up. Sadness clouded our faces at the loss of her first, self-paid car. The insurance company deemed it a total loss, but she yearned to have it repaired and returned to our driveway.

My tears were a mixture of sadness and relief. I knew how fortunate she was to walk away with only whiplash. The t-boned car next to hers had suffered much worse, and so had its owner. The door smashed far into the driver's seat. The fabric streaked with a dried substance, much darker than a latte. I turned away with a shudder, to load her things into my van.

As I walked past the line of crushed cars, a flashback took me to a similar lot, several years ago. The sight of my oldest daughter's smashed silver Santa Fe. She, too, walked away with whiplash, from a head-on collision. The driver had led police on a high-speed car chase through Kansas City and ran off after the crash, with the police in hot pursuit. Meanwhile, paramedics checked Carolyn, an innocent bystander on her way to work. The tow truck driver kindly offered her a ride home.

As we traveled from Omaha to KC to be with her, news of the chase permeated the radio broadcasts. My stomach lurched at each replay of the event until we could see she would be okay.

My mind raced back to her other t-boned vehicle, a black Mazda. That time a plumbing truck didn't stop at the red light. Its driver was heading into the setting sun and talking on his cell phone.

Three vehicles totaled. Three times our girls walked away. Three miracles. I cried with gratitude. Then wiped my tears to drive Andrea to work. She pointed out the row of waiting, crumpled vehicles. "Look! They're all either black or silver!" Just like the three cars we lost.

Without a doubt, the next one we buy will be... red!





Soon we'll hear his cheerful morning song.

PSC Women's Basketball Early in the fourth quarter the Peru State women's basketball team was down by 13. The Bobcats would go on a 23 to 8 run over the final eight minutes to break a six-game losing streak. More info at: https://goo.gl/AXcNL6



January 2019

PSC Men's Basketball PSC won 105-56 over the Wildcats with all players on the Bobcat bench seeing time, and 12 players finishing in the scoring column. The Bobcats improved to 8-3 on the season and are 5-2 in the Heart of America Athletic Conference. For more information, please go to: https://goo.gl/X33zVx





Your Country Neighbor January 2019 14

Peru State to provide Scholarships to Diversified Foods and Seasonings' Employees and their Families

Following the announcement that Diversified Foods and Seasonings would be closing its Nebraska City, Nebraska location, Peru State College will offer a one-year scholarship to Diversified's employees, their spouses, children and dependents. The one-year scholarship is for 67% of the cost of tuition and is the equivalent of the tuition waiver offered to the families of College employees.

Dr. Dan Hanson, president of Peru State, said, "It is important to the mission of the College that we partner with southeast Nebraska. Offering a scholarship to displaced workers in Nebraska City is one more way to engage with the communities that have supported Peru State College." Hanson continues, "The College is dedicated to working with students. For more than 150 years, our faculty, staff and academic program have helped students build the future of Nebraska."

Dr. Jesse Dorman, vice president of enrollment management and student affairs, adds, "The College will offer this scholarship to both new and returning college students. We feel this is the best way for Peru State to support the employees and families of Diversified Foods and Seasonings."

Peru State College enjoys national recognition for its affordability; 13 majors with more than 40 options are available.

The College also offers a seamless transfer for students returning to school and a special degree, the Bachelors of Applied Science, for students with vocational degrees.

Peru State College Recognized by National Strength and Conditioning Association

Peru State College is now approved as a National Strength and Conditioning Association Recognized Undergraduate Strength and Conditioning Program. The program prepares students for the NSCA-Certified Personal Trainer® (NSCA-CPT®) and NSCA Certified Strength and Conditioning Specialist® (CSCS®) certifications.

The approval recognizes and distinguishes Peru State's strength and conditioning or personal training curricula. Professor of Kinesiology and Certified Strength and Conditioning Specialist, Dr. Kyle Ryan, says, "The recognition from the NSCA is another wonderful milestone for the Kinesiology program at Peru State College. It allows students to take certifying exams at reduced costs, as well as the ability to attend area and national conferences at a discount."

Dr. Ellie Kunkel, dean of the School of Education, adds that, "This recognition, along with our clinical agreements with Makovicka Physical Therapy, Madonna Rehabilitation Hospital, and our articulation agreement with the Athletic Training program at the University of Nebraska Omaha, makes the Kinesiology program the program of choice for aspiring students."

In addition to a rigorous curriculum, the Peru State Kinesiology program provides students with the opportunity to engage in faculty-mentored research and internships. A human performance lab provides state of the art metabolic testing, body composition analysis, EMG/ECG function, as well as anaerobic and aerobic program design. Graduates of the program have gone on to careers with professional sports teams, colleges and universities.

Mole Day brings Chemistry Magic to Campus

Chemistry faculty and students from Peru State College put on their annual Mole Day magic show on October 25. Mole Day is an unofficial holiday celebrated among chemistry enthusiasts on October 23, between 6:02 am and 6:02 pm. The day commemorates Avogadro's Number (6.02 x 10 to the 23rd power), a basic measuring unit in chemistry.

Student Dylan George opened the celebration dressed as a mole before students and teachers conducted several chemistry created "magic tricks." This included turning a normal fire green and using a trash can to blast plastic cups off of audience member's heads.

Attendants of the school's magic show also munched on different mole themed foods throughout the performance, such as mole-asses cookies, carmole-corn and taco-mole sauce.

Sarah Budz, a pre-nursing and criminal justice major, who performed one of the magic tricks, commented on the experience, "I think Mole Day is a great way to get the campus and community together and learn about chemistry in a fun and exciting way. Some people are intimidated by chemistry, but Mole Day makes it fun for everyone!

Chandler Retires after 43 Years

After 43 years at Peru State College, Yvonne Chandler retired on October 31, 2018. A small celebration was held for her on campus that day. When asked what she enjoyed most about working at Peru State College, Chandler said, "All the people." Chandler started at Peru State in 1975 as a Computer Service Clerk II. In 1980, she began her work as a Computer Operator and has acted in this capacity ever since.

She has been the smiling face of the computer services help desk and a welcoming voice to students, faculty and staff alike seeking a password reset or other computer help. Chandler has also been a dedicated member of Support Staff Senate.

"I've met so many people throughout the years and seeing them on and off campus is a joy. The people in computer services [and other staff] have always been superb, but I have also loved working with and getting to know the students."

Chandler concluded, "I couldn't have chosen a better place to work." Chandler and her husband, Darrell, live in Peru.

January 2019 Your Country Neighbor 15



'18-'19 BOBCAT BASKETBALL

MEN'S -

11/26	Graceland Univ.	Peru, NE		
12/1	Evangel Univ.	Springfield, MO		
12/4	Grand View Univ.	Des Moines, IA		
12/8	William Penn Univ.	Oskaloosa, IA		
12/15	Culver-Stockton College	Peru, NE		
12/29	Dakota Wesleyan Univ.	Mitchell, SD		
12/30	Dakota State Univ.	Mitchell, SD		
1/2	MidAmerica Nazarene Univ.	Peru, NE		
1/5	Mount Mercy Univ.	Cedar Rapids, IA		
1/10	Benedictine College	Peru, NE		
1/12	Clarke Univ.	Peru, NE		
1/16	Grand View Univ.	Peru, NE		
1/19	Central Methodist Univ.	Fayette, MO		
1/24	Graceland Univ.	Lamoni, IA		
1/26	William Penn Univ.	Peru, NE		
2/2	Evangel Univ.	Peru, NE		
2/6	Mid-America Nazarene Univ.	Olathe, KS		
2/9	Culver-Stockton College	Canton, MO		
2/13	Missouri Valley College	Peru, NE		
2/16	Mount Mercy Univ.	Peru, NE		
	Senior Day			
2/20	Bendectine College	Atchison, KS		
2/23	Clarke Univ.	Dubuque, IA		
2/27	Missouri Valley College	Marshall, MO		
3/2	Baker Univ.	Peru, NE		





RICA

7:30 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 2:00 p.m. 7:30 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 7:30 p.m.



WOMEN'S-

11/26	Graceland Univ.	Peru, NE	5:30 p.m.
11/29	ИМКС	Kansas City, MO	7:00 p.m.
12/1	Evangel Univ.	Springfield, MO	2:00 p.m.
12/4	Grand View Univ.	Des Moines, IA	5:30 p.m.
12/8	William Penn Univ.	Oskaloosa, IA	2:00 p.m.
12/15	Culver-Stockton College	Peru, NE	12:00 p.m.
12/19	Augustana Univ.	Sioux Falls, SD	5:30 p.m.
1/2	MidAmerica Nazarene Univ.	Peru, NE	5:30 p.m.
1/5	Mount Mercy Univ.	Cedar Rapids, IA	2:00 p.m.
1/7	Missouri Valley College	Marshall, MO	7:00 p.m.
1/10	Benedictine College	Peru, NE	5:30 p.m.
1/12	Clarke Univ.	Peru, NE	12:00 p.m.
1/16	Grand View Univ.	Peru, NE	5:30 p.m.
1/19	Central Methodist Univ.	Fayette, MO	2:00 p.m.
1/21	Baker Univ.	Peru, NE	7:00 p.m.
1/24	Graceland Univ.	Lamoni, IA	5:30 p.m.
1/26	William Penn Univ.	Peru, NE	2:00 p.m.
1/30	UNO	Omaha, NE	7:00 p.m.
2/2	Evangel Univ.	Peru, NE	2:00 p.m.
2/6	Mid-America Nazarene Univ.	Olathe, KS	5:30 p.m.
2/9	Culver-Stockton College	Canton, MO	2:00 p.m.
2/13	Missouri Valley College	Peru, NE	5:30 p.m.
2/16	Mount Mercy Univ.	Peru, NE	12:00 p.m.
	Senior Day		
2/20	Bendectine College	Atchison, KS	5:30 p.m.
2/23	Clarke Univ.	Dubuque, IA	12:00 p.m.



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