

YOUR COUNTRY NEIGHBOR

Prairie Communities  River Towns

FREE
AUGUST
2026



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Tiger Swallowtail Butterfly on Ironweed, July 26, 2026

August 2026 Historic Reminder FALLS CITY, NEBRASKA

Recognized by

“Your Country Neighbor.”

(Historical summary compiled from public records.)

Some towns endure because of where they are. Others because of what they choose to become. Falls City has always been a little of both.

Established in the years when railroads and rivers determined the future of communities, Falls City grew into one of Southeast Nebraska's commercial and agricultural centers. Its downtown storefronts, substantial homes, schools, churches, and industries reflect generations who believed permanence was something to be built rather than hoped for.

Like every enduring town, Falls City has experienced prosperity, change, and challenge. Businesses have opened and closed. Families have come and gone. Yet each generation has added another layer rather than beginning again. The result is a community that values its history without becoming confined by it.

Today, Falls City remains a regional center where commerce, education, healthcare, and community life continue to intersect. Its historic brick streets and familiar landmarks remind us that places become enduring not because they resist change, but because they carry their identity forward through it.

That is the quiet strength of Falls City—and why it deserves its place among our Enduring Places.



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including local photos and articles
with the flavor of rural America.

This is “Your Country Neighbor” Territory
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Nemaha • Papillion • Peru • Rock Port • Syracuse • Tecumseh • Verdon

Your Country Neighbor

Voices and Views from the Valleys of the Nemaha

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Thank You!

*“Do not go where the path may lead, go instead
where there is no path and leave a trail.”*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

*“People will forget what you said, people will forget
what you did, but people will never forget how you
made them feel.”*

Maya Angelou

August

by a country neighbor

If July is Summer at its fullest, August gently reminds us that no
season stands still.

The days are still hot, often the hottest of the year. Afternoons
settle over southeast Nebraska with a quiet heaviness, and even
the wind seems content to rest beneath wide Nebraska skies. Yet
beneath the warmth, the countryside has already begun its slow
transition toward Autumn.

Corn now towers over the roadsides while soybeans blanket the
fields in deep green. The harvest remains weeks away, but ev-
ery passing day brings subtle changes that only August seems to
notice.

Gardens are enjoying their busiest season. Tomatoes ripen faster
than they can be picked. Sweet corn appears on roadside stands.
Cucumbers become pickles, and neighbors quietly discover there
really is such a thing as too much zucchini.

Wildlife follows its own calendar. Butterflies drift from bloom
to bloom while dragonflies patrol ponds and roadside ditches.
Young birds have become confident flyers, and before long a few
swallows will begin gathering on telephone wires, quietly an-
nouncing that Summer is beginning to loosen its grip.

Around our communities, August carries its own familiar rhythm.
County fairs continue bringing neighbors together. Student-
athletes return to campus. School supplies begin replacing lawn
chairs and garden hoses in store displays. It’s a month that looks
in two directions at once—still enjoying Summer while quietly
preparing for what comes next.

Perhaps that’s why August has always seemed like Summer’s
most thoughtful month.

It asks very little of us except that we pay attention.

There is still time to enjoy an evening on the porch, visit with
friends over coffee, or simply watch the clouds drift across a
Nebraska sky while crickets provide the music.

Summer isn’t leaving just yet. It is simply beginning to whisper.

Cancer: Replacing Fear with Facts

For many people, the word cancer still carries a powerful fear. That fear often leads to missed checkups, delayed screenings, and a reluctance to "find out." Ironically, avoidance can increase the very risk people hope to escape.

Today's reality is far different from what many remember. Thanks to earlier detection, improved treatments, and ongoing research, many cancers are now highly treatable—and often curable when found early.

One of the greatest misconceptions is that cancer always produces warning signs. In truth, many cancers develop silently. Screening tests are designed to detect disease before symptoms appear, when treatment is usually less invasive and more successful. Some screenings, such as those for colon cancer and cervical cancer, can even prevent cancer by identifying and removing precancerous changes before they become dangerous.

Like any medical tool, screening has limitations. Some tests may produce false-positive results or identify slow-growing cancers that might never become life-threatening. That is why experts recommend screening based on age, personal risk factors, and discussions with your healthcare provider—not a one-size-fits-all approach.

The greatest risk is often not the screening itself, but avoiding it altogether. When cancer is discovered after symptoms develop, treatment is frequently more complex, more expensive, and less successful. Finding cancer early often means simpler treatment, a better quality of life, and a much greater chance of recovery.

The encouraging news is that cancer care continues to improve. Advances in imaging, targeted therapies, immunotherapy, and artificial intelligence are helping physicians detect cancers earlier and treat them more effectively than ever before.

The message is simple: don't let fear make the decision for you. Follow recommended screening guidelines, discuss your personal risk factors with your healthcare provider, and rely on trusted medical information. Knowledge doesn't eliminate cancer—but it greatly improves your chances of preventing it, detecting it early, and treating it successfully.

Health Update

Hope on the Horizon for Pancreatic Cancer

One of the most promising recent developments in cancer research involves an experimental drug for advanced pancreatic cancer called darax-onrasib. In clinical studies, patients receiving the once-daily medication lived a median of 13.2 months, compared with 6.7 months for patients receiving standard chemotherapy alone. Because pancreatic cancer has long been one of the most difficult cancers to treat, these results have generated considerable excitement within the medical community. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has already granted expanded access to the drug for eligible patients while it undergoes an accelerated review process, raising hopes that full approval could come sooner than usual. While additional study is still needed, the development represents another encouraging reminder that cancer treatment continues to advance, offering new hope where few options once existed.



Tiger Swallowtail Butterfly on Ironweed, July 26, 2026



Queen Anne's Lace (H-67)



Wild Chicory (H-67)

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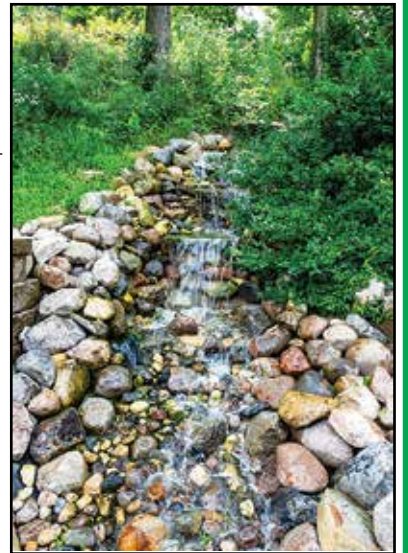
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Stella Woman Earns National Recognition
 This Release Submitted by Ted L. Harshbarger
 PSC Director of Alumni Relations Foundation

Vicki (Hall) Beilke of Stella, Neb., was recently honored at the General Federation of Women’s Club (GFWC) International Convention in June in Scottsdale, Arizona. Beilke received the Jennie award for her commitment to community service.

The GFWC Jennie Award honors one clubwoman from each of the eight regions for outstanding commitment to club, community, and family. They are chosen by their clubs to compete at state, region, and national levels for the Federation’s highest honor.

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A Prairie Journal

Between Hope and Harvest

Across much of southeast Nebraska, the countryside has entered one of its quieter seasons.

The excitement of planting has long passed. The urgency of harvest has not yet arrived.

For now, the fields simply grow.

Corn stretches toward the August sky, soybeans continue filling their pods, and grain bins still wait for the work that will soon begin. Every passing week brings subtle changes. Greens slowly deepen. A hint of gold begins appearing where only Summer green stood a few weeks before.

This is the season when patience becomes part of the work.

No one knows exactly what harvest will bring.

Rain may still help.

Wind may still harm.

A single storm can flatten what months of careful work have built.

Yet every morning begins much the same.

Roads fill with pickups heading toward town.

School supplies appear where garden hoses and lawn chairs were displayed only weeks ago.

County fairs celebrate another Summer while football practices quietly remind us that Autumn is already gathering just beyond the horizon.

Even those who have never planted an acre recognize the rhythm.

Grain trucks will soon return to the highways.

Combines will leave their sheds.



Dust will once again follow tractors across fields that have spent months reaching toward this moment. It is part of living here.

Farther west, some ranchers are still measuring the year in pasture recovery rather than bushels, a reminder that Nebraska rarely experiences a season in exactly the same way from one end of the state to the other. Yet whether the concern is grass, cattle, corn, or soybeans, everyone continues looking toward the same horizon, hoping the weeks ahead will reward the work already invested.

Perhaps that is one of the prairie's quieter lessons.

Hope is not something reserved for Spring.

It lives just as comfortably in August.

It can be found in fields still growing.

In gardens still producing.

In conversations over morning coffee about rainfall, markets, and what the coming weeks might bring.

Much of life in the countryside is lived between beginnings and endings.

Between planting and harvest.

Between expectation and fulfillment.

Between today's work and tomorrow's reward.

For now, the land continues its patient work beneath the Nebraska sun.

Soon enough, the combines will have their turn.

Until then, the prairie continues writing the next chapter, one quiet day at a time.

PERU CITY NEWS

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Thank you to everyone who participates!



Growing Up In Auburn

Tom Combs

The Midway Grocery Store was the firehall at one time. This building has been about everything in its history, even a church. The Firehall had an old pool table they wanted to get out of the way. They told dad and this other kid, Billy Kerns, if they could get it out, they could have it. So dad and Billy worked for 3 days taking it all apart and putting the parts on their coaster wagons. They hauled the pieces 2 blocks to Bill's barn and got it all set up in the hay loft. After all the work was done they were quite proud of their accomplishment. There wasn't anybody in the whole town of Auburn that had their own pool table. It was a beautiful pool table with heavy wooden legs and a slate top. This would have been a lot of work for two kids, I've seen old pool tables taken apart and the slate top comes in sections, but each section weighs almost 100 lbs. The sections are put together into a wooden frame, the seams are sealed smooth with sealing wax. After the slate is done cloth is stretched over the top of it.

One day, a traveling evangelist came to town. He preached at the high school and had tent meetings each evening for a week. The tent was set up on Court House Avenue in the little triangle just below the Midway Grocery building. There was no house there in those days. This lot was sloped just right for spectators to see the stage platform. The evangelist spoke in the assembly room at school, the same room that was my 8th grade study hall in Jr. high. During one of these lectures dad got up and went down to the bathroom and just stayed down there. The principal came down and told him, "You have to get up there! Everyone is required to be in attendance!"

Dad told the principal, "Well--- I'm not going - and you can't make me!" The principal was a little shocked by dad's bold stance and he wasn't sure about what to do. So he just let him stay in the bathroom.

Dad's friend, Billy, kept going with his parents each night to the tent meetings. At the end of that week Billy and his parents came home from the last meeting and acted crazy, heading straight for the barn. When they reached the loft they took a sledge hammer and busted the pool table into a pile of rubble.

My dad was really upset about what they did to the pool table. Days after it was busted up he asked Billy, "Why did you do it?" All Billy could do was hang his head and say, "I don't know?"

I guess way before our time, pool halls were associated with places of ill repute. But - The Hay Loft?

ELEANOR CAPITOLA REED

John C. Chatelain, Omaha

A lonely grain elevator stands guard over what was once the town of Rock Bluff, lying downstream from Plattsmouth, near Beaver Lake. On December 21, 1859, Eleanor Capitola Reed was born in that town. Her father, Dr. Francis B. Reed, was born December 26, 1828, in Meigs County, Ohio. An 1856 graduate of Iowa State University, he practiced medicine in Rock Bluff before moving to Peru in 1876. F. B. Reed died December 5, 1904 and is buried in Mount Vernon Cemetery.

Eleanor graduated from Peru Normal in 1882 and then from "Woman's Hospital Medical College," in Chicago, in 1885. Following a year of medical work in Texas, Eleanor began practicing medicine in Peru. She continued almost to the time of her death on September 5, 1929. According to Louise W. Mears, Dr. Cap was vigorous, her voice low, her abundant dark hair enhancing the dusky glow of her dark eyes and olive skin.

It was not unusual for a medical man to locate on the fringe of the frontier, but for a woman physician to choose such a territory was unusual. Dr. Cap was on the move long before there was a women's movement, treating patients during the proverbial "horse and buggy days." Riding along with her terrifying white bulldog, "Bos'n," which had been a gift from a river boatswain, she combined the qualities of a doctor and a nurse more than did men in her profession. When the gumbo roads of the Missouri bottom lands became impassable, she rode horse-back to the home of the suffering patient. If a call came from a squatter on an island in the treacherous river, Dr. Cap would cross the water in a rowboat or drive over the ice in Winter.

Eliza Morgan, who presided over the dormitory girls on Normal Hill, relied on Dr. Reed many times for medical advice. The young doctor was sometimes guided by sound advice from the conservative Miss Morgan.

In middle life, Dr. Cap married a former Peru schoolmate, Julian D. Graves, who was also a native of Rock Bluff. Graves had been a teacher, who became a Peru attorney. The Reed home stood at the top of Main Street hill. 1

Ernest Longfellow recalled that Reed was an excellent baby doctor. According to Longfellow, Dr. Cap discovered the use of warm mud baths as a treatment for poliomyelitis, about the same time as Sister Kenny. A young son of William and Ina Dallam, who lived on the banks of Buck Creek, west of Peru, had contracted polio and was paralyzed from the waist down. His brothers, who liked to swim in the warm, muddy creek, got young Bill to swim and loll around with them in the warm mud. Dr. Reed noticed that such treatments helped Bill and encouraged further use of the therapy. Although Bill did not gain the full use of his legs and had to use crutches, he was able to ride on horseback to school. He graduated from Peru Normal and taught school for a time. 2

On a personal note, Dr. Cap was born in Nebraska in 1859. My grand-dad, Julius C. Chatelain, was born in 1860, thousands of miles away in Neuchatel, Switzerland. Both of them died in 1929 after many years of active service. In a small town like Peru, they would have crossed paths. Perhaps they had been friends. Imagine knowing such a woman as Dr. Cap.

The grave of Eleanor Capitola Reed Graves can also be found in Mt. Vernon Cemetery.

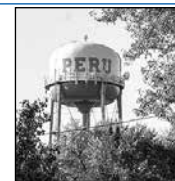
1 HILLS of PERU, Nebraska Lore, Louise W. Mears, pp.54-56;

2 Across the Wide Missouri, Peru, Nebraska 1854-1991, by Ernest Longfellow, p.65-66.

PERU CITY NEWS

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Tuesday Literary Club Reads

DiAnna Loy, Tuesday Literary Club

We are halfway through our year of Celebrating the United States of America's 250th Birthday. Dorothy Chase chose to present *Henrietta Lacks: The Woman Behind the HeLa Cells* by Zahid Ameer for her book this month. You may never have heard of Henrietta Lacks, but almost everyone in our country has been affected by her life.

Henrietta Lacks was a poor African-American woman. She was born as Loretta Pleasant in 1920. When she was 4 her mother died in childbirth. With 10 children to care for, her father found it too hard and sent them to live with relatives. Henrietta was sent to live with her maternal grandfather, Tommy Lacks in Clover, VA. Several of her cousins already lived with Mr. Lacks. He was the one who, for unknown reasons, changed her name from Loretta to Henrietta. One of the cousins that lived with them was David "Day" Lacks, who would later become her husband. They were married in 1941 and moved to Turner Station, VA where David was able to find work as a steelworker at Bethlehem Steel in Baltimore, MD.

Shortly after the birth of her 5th child in 1951, Henrietta found a hard lump on her cervix. She was referred to John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. She was diagnosed with cervical cancer. Treatments for cervical cancer were low, especially for women of color. Making it worse, her form of cancer was extremely aggressive. A biopsy was performed and she underwent radiation therapy. Part of the tissue removed was sent to Dr. George Otto Gey, a physician and researcher at John Hopkins. When these cells arrived at the lab, they not only survived, somewhat unusual, but they thrived. They continued to divide rapidly and indefinitely. This was revolutionary; it was a line of immortal human cells and the first of its kind. Dr. Gey named the cells "HeLa" and shared portions of her cells with researchers and research hospitals freely. The thing he neglected to do was to tell Henrietta or her family that this was being done.

Henrietta's cells were used for many good causes and aided in a wide variety of research areas. A few of the areas furthered by the HeLa cells are: discovery of the polio vaccine; development of treatments for Parkinson's disease, AIDS, influenza, leukemia, and some cancers; establishment of the field of viruses; development of methods for the freezing of cells for storage; study of the effects of radiation; research for space travel; and discovery of the enzyme telomerase that has a role in cell aging and death.

Even though the HeLa cells made a huge contribution to science, the family did not become aware of their use or its extent until the 1970s, 29 years after Henrietta's death. The family reached an undisclosed settlement with Thermo Fisher Scientific. In February 2026, the family reached their second major lawsuit with Novartis. There are still legal battles ongoing. The current value of HeLa cells is between \$320 and \$750 per vial. Helping the family in their pursuit of justice was the research Rebecca Skloot did for her book *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks* and its sequel *Henrietta Lacks: The Sequel*.

The Lacks family has used the settlement funds to achieve "justice" and restore dignity. They have formed the Henrietta Lacks Foundation, a non-profit. They give money to people used in medical research without their permission. Settlement funds pay tuition and living costs for Lacks descendants to attend college.

The book *The Immortal Life of Henrietta Lacks* is available at the Auburn Memorial Library.

"Happy reading!"

The Woman who signed the Declaration of Independence

Sylvia Shires,

Most Americans know that the Declaration of Independence is one of the two most fundamental documents of our nation (the other is the Constitution, of course). Sadly, however, many have never read it and are missing out on this virtuoso's example of masterful argumentation. Although the bulk of the text is the work of Thomas Jefferson, it was revised by a committee of five, representing five different states, Jefferson (Virginia), John Adams (Massachusetts), Benjamin Franklin (Pennsylvania), Roger Sherman (Connecticut), and Robert Livingstone (New York). Together they refined the final version that was presented to the Second Continental Congress, on June 28th, 1776.

It was then hand-copied (the technical term is "engrossed" by the way) on vellum (high quality parchment). Timothy Matlack was chosen for this task, because of his impeccable penmanship. He is also the man who gave it its full title, "The Unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America." Now, this original copy is displayed permanently in a place of honor in the Rotunda for the Charters of Freedom at the National Archives Museum in Washington, D.C. As primordial as that original was, it needed to be copied and disseminated throughout the colonies. Congress asked John Dunlap of Philadelphia to print 200 copies of the Declaration, a task he completed in the night of July 4th to July 5th, 1776. Only three names appear on these "Dunlap Broad-sides": John Hancock, the Congress's President; Charles Thompson, its secretary; and John Dunlap himself, Philadelphia printer. Interestingly of these 200 copies only 26 have been authenticated today. It would be a mistake to believe the rest all lost since in 1989, a pristine copy was discovered in Pennsylvania, hidden behind a \$4, flea market painting. It eventually sold at Sotheby's for over \$ 2 million.

By 1820, John Quincy Adams, then secretary of state, was alarmed to notice that the ink on the original copy was fading. He commissioned the engraver William Stone to make an exact copper-plate reproduction that included not only the text of the Declaration, but all the signatories' names

<<< The Woman who signed... *Continued from page 8.*

as well, and to print 200 copies of it. It took Stone three years to complete this difficult assignment. Several copies were given to survivors of the Revolution, like Jefferson and Adams, the Marquis de La Fayette, members of the Senate and Congress, President James Monroe, former President James Madison etc. Stone actually printed 201 copies, the last one for himself, which is understandable. Out of these 201, no more than 40 have been found and authenticated. The most recent find was in 2021 in an attic in Scotland, and it sold for over \$4 million at auction. Stone's engraving served as model to today's replicas of the Declaration.

What is not often known is that there was another printing of the Declaration called the Goddard Broadside. In January 1777, the Second Continental Congress left Philadelphia for Baltimore to remove itself from the approaching British troops. Wanting to keep the colonies' moral strong, they asked Mary Katherine Goddard, an official printer, and a patriot, to print 13 copies of the Declaration, one for each colony. What was particularly interesting with these broadsheets was that for the first time the names of the signers appeared as well in the text of the Declaration. It was the first time patriots were able to see who had signed it. With the threat of approaching troops better trained, equipped, and numerous than American fighters, seeing the names of their representatives thus was a powerful boost to fight to the end. But Mary Katherine went even farther: at the bottom of the sheet, the words read, "Printed by Mary Katherine Goddard." By adding her name to the broadsheet, she was proclaiming her endorsement of the American Revolution, and joining herself to those who boldly were putting their lives on the line in the cause of freedom and self-governance.

This is another interesting example of women in history who dared and accomplished much.

Mary Katherine Goddard, "A woman of extraordinary judgement, energy, nerve, and strong good sense," a contemporary said, was a printer with her brother William, but took over the printing business when he travelled through the colonies promoting the "Constitutional Post" (ancestor of our USPS). In July 1775, she became the first female postmaster in the United States. After brother and sister had a falling out, she continued on her own as a printer and bookshop owner. Before she died in 1816, she freed her slave and loyal assistant, Belinda Starling, and made her her heir. Of the 13 broadsheets, only 10 have been authenticated.

Haunted?

Voices From Icaria

by a wandering neighbor

The gravel road is quiet now.

Just east of Corning, Iowa, where prairie grasses bend beneath the summer wind, a handful of weathered buildings and a small cemetery are all that remain of one of America's most unusual communities. The people who lived here called it Icaria.

Some visitors have claimed that on calm evenings they hear voices drifting across the prairie. They never seem loud enough to understand. The words sound unfamiliar, almost musical, carried on the breeze before disappearing as suddenly as they came.

Were they speaking French? Or was it simply the wind moving through the cottonwoods? No one knows.

Yet there was a time when French voices filled these fields every day.

The story begins nearly two centuries ago in France, where followers of a writer named Étienne Cabet dreamed of building a perfect society. They believed people could live as equals, sharing their work, their meals, and their possessions. Seeking a fresh start, they crossed the Atlantic and, after several failed attempts elsewhere, settled on the rolling prairie east of what would become Corning.

The Icarians worked hard. They built homes, a communal dining hall, a school, workshops, and a library. They farmed together, educated their children together, and attempted something few communities have ever accomplished—living as one large family. For nearly half a century, the experiment endured. It became the longest-lasting non-religious communal settlement in American history.

Eventually, however, time did what hardship could not. Disagreements divided the colony. Younger members wanted change while older members clung to tradition. Families left. Children grew up and chose lives beyond the colony. By 1898, the community quietly dissolved, and the prairie gradually reclaimed what people had built. Today, only traces remain.

The restored refectory still stands. A few buildings survive. In the cemetery, simple stone markers bear French names that seem almost out of place in the hills of southwest Iowa.

And perhaps that is where the legend began. Neighbors who passed the old cemetery after sunset sometimes spoke of hearing voices where no one could be seen. Some said they sounded like quiet conversation. Others thought they were hymns. A few insisted they were hearing people speaking a language they could not understand.

There has never been proof of such stories. But there is something undeniably haunting about standing among those graves and realizing that an entire village once stood nearby—a place where laughter echoed from the schoolhouse, meals were shared around long tables, and dreams of building a better world briefly took root on the Iowa prairie.

Whether the voices belong to memory, imagination, or something beyond explanation is left to each visitor to decide.

Sometimes history lingers in a place long after the people are gone. Sometimes, perhaps, the prairie remembers.

Historical Note:

The French Icarians settled in Adams County, Iowa during the 1850s after leaving earlier communities in Texas and Illinois. Their colony near present-day Corning survived until 1898, making it the longest-lived non-religious utopian community in American history. Today, the restored French Icarian Village and cemetery preserve the story of this remarkable experiment in communal living.

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2026-2027
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BOBCATS
FOOTBALL



HOME

Aug 29th at 6:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. Grand View Univ.

AWAY

Oct 3rd at 1:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. St. Ambrose Univ.

AWAY

Nov 7th at 1:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. William Penn Univ.

HOME

Sep 5th at 6:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. Benedictine College

HOME

Oct 17th at 1:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. Mount Mercy Univ.

HOME

Nov 14th at 1:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. Culver-Stockton College

AWAY

Sep 12th at 1:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. Missouri Baptist Univ.

HOME

Oct 24th at 2:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. Graceland Univ.

AWAY

Sep 26th at 1:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. Missouri Valley College

AWAY

Oct 31st at 1:00 p.m. —
Bobcats vs. Clarke Univ.

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Children, 7-17 \$4 dollars per ticket
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For more information visit: pscbobcats.com

A *Prairie Love*

Chapter Seventeen: First Frost – November 1924

The first frost came quietly, tracing silver across the prairie. Fence posts glittered in the morning light, and the brittle grass crackled underfoot. At the cabin, a wisp of smoke curled from the chimney, the cast-iron stove within doing its best to chase away the cold.

Lyle stands at the porch railing with one hand around a coffee mug. Cora steps out, wrapped in a knitted shawl over a simple morning dress. The sky stretched wide and pale above her, as if resting after autumn's color. The windmill turned slowly, its steady rhythm familiar now, almost like breath.

Later inside, Lyle was bent over the ledger. He'd started keeping track of every sack of flour, every spool of thread, and each bushel sold or traded. Grain prices had held steady through harvest—around \$1.50 a bushel for wheat, which wasn't bad—but cattle were harder to move this year. The local buyer from Norfolk had talked about "tight pockets in Chicago" and "rail delays east of the river."

Cora watched him from the doorway, noticing the crease between his brows. "You'll give yourself a headache," she said softly.

He looked up and smiled. "Just want to make sure we stay ahead. Winter has a way of coming quick."

They were learning the rhythms of married life. Who lit the morning fire. Who turned back the bed at night. She liked to keep her hands busy—mending, baking, reading recipes clipped from the back pages of the Sears, Roebuck & Co. catalog. He liked things measured, listed, squared away. They laughed easily, but sometimes there were quiet spells too. Not unhappy—just adjusting.



Lyle stands at the porch railing with one hand around a coffee mug. Cora steps out, wrapped in a knitted shawl.

One morning, they walked to the far pasture to check the fence line. The ground was stiff and the air crisp enough to sting their cheeks. A hawk passed overhead, casting a sharp shadow.

"Think you'll ever miss teaching?" Lyle asked suddenly. Cora didn't answer right away. "Maybe," she said. "But this—this feels like a different kind of learning. Slower, but deeper."

They shared a look, not needing more words. At night, the wind curled around the eaves and the coyotes howled far off. Cora stitched a new curtain for the small window beside the bed. Lyle brought in armfuls of firewood. The windmill, lit silver in the moonlight, turned faithfully above them.

That evening, she opened her mother's letter—just a few lines tucked in with a jar of apple butter.

"Every marriage begins with weather. Some sunshine, some storms. Just remember to look at the horizon together."

Cora folded it slowly and tucked it into her journal. Outside, the prairie slept beneath a veil of frost. The cabin stood warm, anchored, and full of promise. This ordinary November day is exactly what they had been hoping for all along. Almost overnight the shared space of the cabin had become their home.

Continued in September

Letters from the Prairie

December 19, 1888 Nemaha County, Nebraska

17th Letter from Anna Wilhelmine Bauer to her sister Klara in Germany



Lena has become my little helper..." "Yesterday she tied scraps of red ribbon around branches of a small cedar tree we gathered along the creek. "Now it looks like Christmas," she declared.

I smiled because she was right.

My dearest Klara,
Winter has taken hold of the prairie. The first snow came quietly this year, covering the fields in a blanket so smooth that even the wagon ruts disappeared. By morning the whole countryside seemed untouched, as though the land had decided to begin again. The world grows smaller in winter. Roads that seemed familiar in October now disappear beneath drifting snow. The trip to town must be planned instead of taken for granted. Even neighbors, though only a mile or two away, seem much farther when the north wind begins to blow. Still, life continues.

Johann keeps busy with chores that never seem to end. The livestock require more attention now than they did all summer. Water must be broken free from ice each morning, and hay disappears from the loft more quickly than I expected. The boys no longer complain about carrying wood. They have learned that every armful means another hour of warmth. I think that is something the prairie teaches all of us—that comfort is seldom accidental. Lena has become my little helper. She kneads bread dough with all the seriousness of a grown woman and insists upon placing kindling beside the stove before I ask. Yesterday she tied scraps of red ribbon around branches of a small cedar tree we gathered along the creek. "Now it looks like Christmas," she declared.

I smiled because she was right.

It is not the grand fir trees of Germany, nor the fragrant forests we knew as children, but there is beauty in making the best of what grows where you are planted.

I often think of the drawing Emil sent last

year of your Advent wreath with each child's name carefully written around it. I have copied the idea onto a sheet of paper for our own table. Johann laughed when he saw it and said our little Nebraska wreath has cousins across the ocean.

That thought pleased me more than I can explain.

Christmas, I have decided, is not made by evergreen boughs or candles alone. It is made by remembering those who cannot sit beside us and finding ways to keep them near all the same.

The prairie can feel lonely this time of year. There are evenings when the wind passes over the house with such force that it seems determined to carry us away with it. But then the lamp is lit, the stove begins to glow, someone laughs at the table, and the loneliness slips back outside where it belongs.

Our second Christmas in Nebraska will not resemble those we left behind, but perhaps that is as it should be. New homes deserve new traditions, even as they honor the old ones.

When Christmas Eve arrives, we shall sing the same hymns we sang as children. I know that somewhere beneath another winter sky, you will be singing them too.

For a little while, I shall imagine our voices meeting somewhere between Germany and the wide Nebraska prairie.

May God keep you warm and bless your home this holy season.

With all my love,
Anna Wilhelmine Bauer

Continued in September

Westward With Lewis & Clark

Chapter 13, Against the Current Late August, 1804

Morning revealed a different world.

The smoke remained, though the fire itself had fallen far behind us during the night. A pale veil lingered over the river, softening every distant bluff until earth and sky blended together in quiet shades of gray. Ash still drifted upon the water in scattered flakes, but the air no longer carried the sharp scent of burning grass.

Instead, it smelled once more of the Missouri. Mud, willows, wet cottonwood leaves.

The familiar odors seemed almost comforting after the uneasy hours spent watching the prairie burn beyond the southern hills.

Our work, however, had changed very little. The current grew no kinder with the passing days.

By sunrise the men had taken their places along the towline once again. Bent forward beneath leather straps across their shoulders, they leaned into the slow burden of the keelboat while the water resisted every step. The bank offered little mercy. At one moment firm enough to bear our weight, the next it dissolved beneath our boots into deep mud that clung stubbornly to every footfall. More than once a man slipped entirely into the river. The laughter that followed usually came only after he climbed back out.

Captain Clark walked much of the shoreline with us that day, choosing the safest paths whenever the banks narrowed beneath steep bluffs. Captain Lewis remained aboard, recording observations of the country while studying plants unfamiliar to the eastern states. His curiosity never seemed to tire.

Whenever the boats paused, he wandered among the grasses or examined shrubs growing near the water's edge, collecting leaves, seeds, or blossoms before carefully pressing them into his journals. No detail appeared too small for him.

Near midday the wind freshened from the northwest. With it came thousands of birds. At first they appeared only as scattered flocks rising from hidden sloughs. Soon the sky seemed alive with them. Ducks circled overhead in wavering formations while long-necked cranes called from somewhere beyond the river bends, their voices carrying across the open country like distant bugles.

One of the younger soldiers remarked that he had never imagined so many birds could exist in one place.

Continued on page 17 >>>>>

August 2026 Your Country Neighbor 13

ARBOR CITY NEWS

Morton-James Public Library Calendar of Events August 2026

All activities held at Morton-James Public Library (unless otherwise noted), 923 1st Corso, Nebraska City, NE 68410
For questions call 402-873-5609 or visit morton-jamespubliclibrary.com All Programming is Free and Open to the Public

Chess Club

Every Thursday 4:00 PM - 6:00 PM

ALL ages and experience levels are welcome to join Chess Club on Thursdays. If you have never played, members will teach you! Chess boards provided.

Paint Together

Registration Required

Saturday, August 1 10:00 AM - 11:30 AM

Make memories through painting! Register yourself and one other person for our partner painting class. We provide all of the materials and refreshments for free. Must be 8 years or older. Call the Library at 402-873-5609 to reserve your spot.

Lego Club Monday, August 3

3:30 PM - 5:00 PM

Join us at the Library in the Kimmel Gallery every first and third Monday of the month for Lego Club! Free build with Legos at the club or bring your own sets to work on. Ages 8 and older. No reservations, free to attend.

Library Story Time Wednesday, August 5

10:00 AM - 10:30 AM Deep Blue Sea Story Time

Join us for an ocean-themed story time. We will read stories, learn some signs in American Sign Language, then have coloring pages and a sticker craft. Story Times are geared toward children ages 2-6 and their families. Free, no registration.

Yarn Crafters Club Wednesday, August 5

1:30 PM - 3:00 PM

This is for all levels of crafters. Bring your own hooks, yarn, needles, whatever you need to make your yarn craft. Club members will be here to help those beginning. MJPL will have some patterns available. Free to attend. Everyone 15 and older is welcome!

Library Story Time Thursday, August 6

4:00 PM - 4:30 PM Deep Blue Sea Story Time

Join us for an ocean-themed story time. We will read stories, learn some signs in American Sign Language, then have coloring pages and a sticker craft. Story Times are geared toward children ages 2-6 and their families. Free, no registration.

Humanities Nebraska: Nebraska State Poet, Jewel Rodgers

Thursday, August 6 7:00 PM - 8:00 PM

Jewel Rodgers, 2025 – 2029 State Poet of Nebraska, performs work on resilience, emotional intelligence, and community. As a spoken word poet, she shares techniques to bring emotion into readings. She often leads workshops and writing exercises, inspiring others to embrace their creativity, authenticity, and multifaceted passions through self-expression

Library Board Meeting Wednesday, August 12 4:00 PM - 5:00 PM

Engaging Mature Minds Thursday, August 13 10:00 AM - 11:30 AM

Join us to engage your mind by connecting with other seniors while acquiring wisdom through community. Different topics/speakers each class. Free to attend, no reservation needed. Optional free will donations to support the library accepted. Topic is Morton Memory Care.

Table at Farmers Market Thursday, August 13 4:30 PM - 5:30 PM

MJPL will have a table at the Nebraska City Farmers Market with free craft supplies and other giveaways.

Youth Dinosaur Build-An-Animal

***Registration Required* Saturday, August 15 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM**

Kids 18 or younger get to build their own stuffed animal for free! Limited spots available. *Must register ahead of time in person or by calling the library at 402-873-5609

Writers Workshop Saturday, August 15

10:00 AM - 11:00 AM

Join us for a roundtable-style writers' workshop! Share writing and give feedback to others. Zoom option available. Email mjplibraryww@gmail.com to have a Zoom link sent to you if you cannot attend in person. Bring a short piece of your writing to share! This program is for writers aged 18 +

Author Visit: Keith Ludden Sunday, August 16

2:00 PM - 3:00 PM

Keith Ludden is a native of Nebraska. He lived in Maine for twenty years, working for the Maine Arts Commission. In 1990 he served as Playwright in Residence at the Great Platte River Playwright's Festival in Nebraska. His stories, *The Man Who Had Nothing More To Say*, and *Passion for Justice* were published in *Little Fish*, an online magazine, and *The Writer's Journal: Live and Learn*, respectively. he has also published in *Penta-Cat*, *Doublespeak Magazine* and *Ariel Chart*.

Lego Club Monday, August 17

3:30 PM - 5:00 PM

Join us at the Library in the Kimmel Gallery every first and third Monday of the month for Lego Club! Free build with Legos at the club or bring your own sets to work on. Ages 8 and older. No reservations, free to attend.

Afternoon Book Club Tuesday,

August 18 2:00 PM - 3:00 PM

The Time Traveler's Wife by Audrey Niffenegger

Afternoon Book Club meets the third Tuesday of the month at 2:00 pm at the library. New members are always welcome! Call 402-873-5609 with any questions.

Library Story Time Wednesday, August 19

10:00 AM - 10:30 AM Bugs Rule Story Time

Join us on for a bug-themed story time. We will read stories, learn some signs in American Sign Language, then have coloring pages and a sticker craft. Story Times are geared toward children ages 2-6 and their families. Free, no registration.

Evening Book Club Wednesday, August 19

5:30 PM - 6:30 PM

Hazel Says No by Jessica Berger Gross

Evening Book Club meets the third Wednesday of each month at 5:30 in the Kimmel Gallery. New members always welcome! Call the Library at 402-873-5609 with any questions.

Library Story Time Thursday, August 20

4:00 PM - 4:30 PM Bugs Rule Story Time

Join us for a bug-themed story time. We will read stories, learn some signs in American Sign Language, then have coloring pages and a sticker craft. Story Times are geared toward children ages 2-6 and their families. Free, no registration.

Engaging Mature Minds Thursday, August 27 10:00 AM - 11:30 AM

Join us to engage your mind by connecting with other seniors while acquiring wisdom through community. Different topics/speakers each class. Free to attend, no reservation needed. Optional free will donations to support the library accepted. Topic is Exercise.

Host Table at Farmers Market Thursday, August 27 4:00 PM - 5:30 PM

In celebration of Library Cards Sign up month in September, MJPL will have a table at the Nebraska City Farmers Market with free craft supplies and other giveaways.

Votes for Women:

A Portrait of Persistence

8/5 to 8/28, 2026

A Smithsonian Traveling

Exhibit circa 2019

ARBOR CITY NEWS

News from Nebraska City

My Birthday

Bruce Madsen

It's my birthday, and you may want to ask how I feel
Well, I feel great, ecstatic, but here's the deal
I find it hard sometimes to appreciate the way things are
And sometimes I struggle to anticipate and keep things above par

I was the spark of an idea in Jefferson's mind
Debated by the Founding Fathers who wanted rule of a different kind
A government "For the people, By the people" Wow! What a thought
To be ruled as a democracy, was what people sought

So, a declaration was written in 1776
Eliminating Britain's rule and one sided politics
It was put together and written in simple language
And when all was agreed upon, was signed at the bottom of the page

That was my beginning so many years ago
And after all this time I think you should know
That all these past years that I've been countin'
I still consider myself, "Top of the Heap, King of the Mountain"

I will say to some of the leadership that handle my affairs
That they seem to create turmoil, hardship, and bring problems to bear
But in the end, I've always managed to work my way through
And still stand proud and tall, draped in red, white, and blue

I've been ignored, rejected, and passed on through
Pushed aside, wounded, disgraced and stepped on too.
But the purpose of my being has always been for the good of all
And I would never want the integrity of my existence to ever fall

People came from all over to live within my shores
Creating a melting pot of cultures that create the center of my core
They were given to ideas, inventions, education and influence
And all this together developed into the character of my existence

Presidents have been killed in support of me
Soldiers have been all over the world fighting to protect me
Causes and reasons and poor ideas have tried to compromise me
But nothing has been able to destroy me

In two hundred and fifty years my appearance has changed little
The Louisiana Purchase and Seward's Folly came about with little trouble
Territories and Land grants have altered my shape
Into what you see now, ownership divided into fifty states

It's been a time for me since the beginning
For all I've been through, you'd think my spirit would be dwindling
But it's not, it's still incredibly strong and I will say to you in reply
'I'm bigger and better than ever, I will never die'

Land of the free, home of the brave
I guess that's me in a nutshell, it's what other countries crave
And for another two hundred and fifty years I will remain
In the hearts of my people, steadfast and strong, and devoted to my name

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ARBOR CITY NEWS

News from Nebraska City

Truck on Over
to Your Neighborhood
Quilt & Needlework
Show!



Heritage Guild Quilt and Needlework Show Set for Applejack Festival

Visitors to Nebraska City's Applejack Festival will once again have the opportunity to enjoy one of the area's most popular displays of quilting and needlework artistry.

The Heritage Needlework Guild's 2026 Quilt and Needlework Show will feature approximately 200 member-made quilts and needlework creations. The show will be held in the lower level of First Evangelical Lutheran Church, 315 South 16th Street, Nebraska City.



Linda, Delta, and Donna, "Two Budts and a Hug."



**JOIN THE JULIAN
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Pulled Pork Feed
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(while supplies last)

A special exhibit this year will spotlight Featured Quilters Linda, Delta, and Donna, three sisters who affectionately call themselves "Two Budts and a Hug." The name comes from the sisters' married surnames and reflects both their family ties and their shared passion for quilting. For more than two decades, they have challenged one another with creative quilting projects, many of which will be displayed in this year's featured exhibit.

The show opens at 4 p.m. on Friday, September 18, and continues through 4 p.m. on Sunday, September 20.

Visitors can also browse a selection of handcrafted potholders made by Guild members. These practical and colorful creations make thoughtful gifts for birthdays, weddings, holidays, and other special occasions.

Admission is \$5 at the door, with proceeds supporting the Guild's community service projects. Whether you're an experienced quilter or simply appreciate handmade artistry, the Heritage Guild's Quilt and Needlework Show offers something for everyone.

ARBOR CITY NEWS

News from Nebraska City

<<< **Westward** Continued from page 13

Drouillard only smiled. "We've not seen half of them yet."

That afternoon the river reminded us again that it possessed dangers enough without fire.

Rounding a broad bend, the lead pirogue struck a submerged snag concealed just beneath the muddy surface. The impact threw two men off balance and spun the craft sharply downstream before they regained control. Fortunately the timber glanced beneath the hull rather than piercing it. Even so, every boat afterward approached the channel with greater caution.

The Missouri reveals little. Its smoothest waters often conceal the greatest hazards.

Toward evening we came upon a high bluff overlooking a wide reach of river. From its crest the country stretched farther than any woodland view I had ever known. Rolling prairie reached the horizon in every direction, broken only by winding ribbons of timber tracing the watercourses.

Standing there, I found myself searching for landmarks. There were none. No church steeple. No distant farmhouse. No mountain to guide the eye. Only sky and grass. I began to understand why experienced voyageurs spoke so often of the river itself. Out here, the Missouri is not merely the path. It is the only certainty.

As darkness settled, coyotes called from somewhere beyond camp, their voices rising together before fading once again into silence. The men listened only briefly before returning to their blankets. Already such sounds had become part of our evenings.

I wrote these lines by the light of a small lantern while the river moved steadily past our camp, carrying driftwood, fallen branches, and reflections of the stars toward lands we had long since left behind. We alone continued against its course. Every mile westward had to be earned.

— Elias LeGrand

Continued in September

August

Sheila Tinkham, Lincoln

Caesar Augustus

Caesar salad

Thousands of years later

We still call the month

August

Maybe it pays to end the Roman Republic

And be knifed on the ides of March

The fifteenth of March....

August

Sheila Tinkham, Lincoln

I greet you with a sigh

Georgia peaches as ripe

As the tasseled corn of Nebraska

Juice pouring down my face

I am nine

And the peaches are riper than ripe

Beautiful to see

Delicious to eat

Almost worth the drenched T-shirt

August brings the state fair

And the funnel cakes hot and delicious...

The cake like divine ambrosia...

The little piglets racing away

The mommy sow smothered with piglets...

The petting zoo with furry alpacas and

Rodents as big as small fiats...

Arbor City News

is a monthly news section in

Your Country Neighbor

A Southeast Nebraska

Regional Magazine (w/News)



At Cody's USave

We're here for the next chapter.

As August arrives, families begin preparing for a new school year. Whether you're checking off school supply lists, organizing busy schedules, or making sure medicine cabinets are ready for the season ahead, Cody's USave is here to help. Count on us for trusted advice, everyday health essentials, and the personal service you expect from your hometown pharmacy. We wish every student, teacher, and family a healthy, successful start to the school year. Your friends at Cody's USave

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Nebraska's State Tree, the Cottonwood--July 2026

P o e t r y

O *by Devon Adams, Nebraska City*

e t r y PERFECTLY SAFE

Staying safe is a good thing in general, unless your life is a maze of strategies to dodge the bullet bouncing around in your brain. Fear can cause you to believe in magic. If you are good enough, and if you are the peace keeper in the family, and you keep everything really clean and in its place, and you do a perfect job at work or school, plus twenty percent more, then you will be safe tomorrow, but only if you also check your door locks ten times, and tap your foot five times before you start your car, and wash your hands until they are red. The trick is to keep so busy that you don't have time to think about why you are so scared.

y b y D e v o n A d a m s, N e b r a s k a C i t y TRUTH IN PLAIN SIGHT

Truth hides in obvious places. You can sit next to it and not see it. But it stays invisible if you don't look for it. And you don't look for it if you are afraid to find it. Don't worry though, because it will find you, sooner rather than later.

MEAN WEATHER

Out of the blue at the edge of distance, is a line of white clouds growing into thunderheads. Sunshine made them pretty, with rounded tops like vanilla ice cream cones planted in the fields. Then the anger grew inside them until they were pulsing with flashes of cloud to ground lightning. Bunker buster bombs of sound come rolling ahead of the wind. Hold your breath and hope that it looks worse than it is.

DEAD END ROAD

Out there on the edge, where road dust doesn't reach, is an old house and a barn on some quiet acres. The cats and dogs don't get run over, but coyotes drift around like silent ghosts. Some spooky owls haunt the barn and watch everything. People live there but aren't loud about it. It is a living tapestry of peace, woven with colors of the sky and pigments of the earth. Music comes from all the wild voices that sing songs of life and love and death.

SILENT SENTENCES

Constant thoughts run through our minds. If foreheads were digital screens, we would have words there that people could see. But our inner world feels safe, unless we speak. We think. Not true. Our bodies speak silent feelings through expressions and movements that can be read. Foreheads wrinkle into sign language, eyebrows twitch, eyes roll and squint and blink. Mouths shape our thoughts into emotions that scream information. Bodies communicate like traffic lights. Be careful what you think, because there are people who can read you like a book.

By Artist, Devon Adams PENCIL AND WATERCOLOR PORTRAITS OF

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1220 Oak Street, Apt. A, Box 9
Nebraska City, NE 68410

Phone: 402-209-9377

adamsdevon07@gmail.com

Window On Fifth Street

Stephen Hassler, Peru

Just a few days into July, the stores were already telling me summer was almost over.



The Fourth of July decorations had barely come down, and there they were—rows of notebooks, backpacks, glue sticks, and lunch boxes. "Back-to-School" signs seem to have appeared almost overnight.

Then something even more surprising happened. I caught myself thinking about football.

I have mixed feelings about those thoughts. I'm not a fanatic, but I enjoy some football; the Chiefs, the Bobcats, the Huskers, especially when the leaves begin to turn and there's a little crispness in the air.

My passion for photography connects me with PSC home games; football, volleyball, and later this Fall, men's and women's basketball.

But I'm not ready to trade sunshine for sweatshirts just yet. Not today. I'm still holding onto the lazy, hazy, crazy days of summer. There are still evenings made for sitting on the porch with my laptop, hoping to find one more good movie or TV series to watch while a gentle breeze moves through the trees. There remain evenings when twilight lingers a little longer, birds sing well past supper, and mornings invite us to step outside before the day gets too warm.

Summer asks very little of us. It doesn't insist that we hurry. It simply invites us to slow down for a while.

The stores, of course, have to think ahead. Today I talked with PSC about advertising football and volleyball schedules in my publication. Before long, pumpkins will replace the ferns and philodendrons now hanging on porches. Barn swallows and cliff birds will gather on power lines and wire fences, perhaps not even sure as to why. Instinct I guess.

Today I'm content to let July be July, to enjoy another evening on the porch, and to pretend that Autumn is still a long way down the road, or at least as far as September.

After all, there will be plenty of time for football, and Summer only comes around once a year.

Diary of a Part-time Housewife

Merri Johnson, Auburn

Wow, it's been hot!! I hope, by the time you read this, we have exited the Dog Days of Summer early. I feel compelled to explain the Dog Days of Summer, so bear with me. I am lifting this directly from Google: The phrase refers to the hottest (check), most humid (check), and lethargic (check) weeks of the season, typically spanning July 3 to August 11. The phrase has nothing to do with actual dogs, although actual dogs do tend to lie about panting a lot more than usual during these weeks. The phrase comes from ancient skywatchers in Greece and Rome who tracked Sirius, the brightest star in the night sky. Because Sirius is part of the constellation Canis Major (Latin for "Greater Dog"), it earned the nickname the Dog Star.

There are more interesting facts about the Dog Days to be found on Google, and I encourage you to check it out. But, for my purposes, the astrological explanation is enough.

So, we have established that we are in the midst of the Dog Days of Summer, those sweltering days when we tend to repeat ad nauseum (another Latin phrase) that we don't know how people survive summer without air conditioning. About that time, the air conditioner decides to conk out. That happened to us a couple of weeks ago right before bedtime. Hubby is not one to put up with discomfort, so rather than sleep in the somewhat cooler basement with all six of our various fans arranged around the bed, he opted to pay the after-hours service call rate to get the A.C. up and running again immediately. No guarantee it will keep running, but at least the replacement bill will be delayed a bit.

As if a dying air conditioner were not enough, the water line feeding our backyard faucet sprung a leak. With all the hot dry weather, Hubby had been watering the lawn for several days in a row. We didn't realize there was water seeping into our finished, walkout basement until he noticed a musty odor. He looked for the source of the odor, but finding none, enlisted my help. I happened to be barefoot. It didn't take long to discover the wet carpet in the bedroom. Naturally, it was a Saturday; another after-hours service rate bill. The leak was quickly repaired, but cleaning up the mess is still a work in progress. Hubby put the wet-vac through its paces and the portable de-humidifier is running non-stop. It will take a professional carpet shampoo job to get rid of the water stain and mustiness. And then there's patching the one-foot square hole in the dry wall that had to be cut to access the leaking pipe.

Today (July 19) our church sanctuary air conditioner decided to take Sunday off. It appears that the church A.C. issue has something to do with a computer setting. Hmm. Is one of our most cherished modern machines getting smart enough to decide for itself when to run and when to quit??? Or is it pure coincidence? Or some sort of cosmic reminder of just how physically feeble we have allowed ourselves to become? (I remember summer Sundays of my childhood when we were handed a cardboard fan along with the bulletin.)

Or maybe, in our case, it's just that an 18-year old A.C. unit is likely to give up the ghost under the extreme duress of multiple 90-degree days. And the church A.C. had been working overtime during Vacation Bible School immediately before the peak heat wave reached 100 degrees on July 18.

I sure hope the church A.C. fix is simple and not too pricey. We are already holding a fund drive to pay for a new roof that has been leaking for years.

On a related topic, our church kitchen used to have three refrigerators. One failed within the last year and a second one has been shutting down periodically for quite a while. I'm not generally a superstitious person, but the fact that our house and our church have both had A.C. and water leak problems makes me wonder if our house is now due for a matching refrigerator problem. Now that I think about it, the ice maker has been problematic lately.

I think I will stop thinking about what could break down next and just be glad that all of these problems can be fixed, and that the Dog Days of Summer will soon be over, to be followed by those glorious days of autumn, my favorite time of year.



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