



Stories From Lin Moseley

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What was your Mom like when you were a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on December 29, 2020.



When I was a little kid I believed my mom could do ANYTHING! She could sew all my pretty dresses, make yummy meals, raise lots of chickens, keep a huge, weed-free garden, make birthday cakes, help Dad in the barn and crochet dainty doilies. As I grew older, I realized that assumption was correct with the exception of knitting. That skill never became a part of Mom.

Mom kept house like she kept friends....comfortable, clean and sensible. Rarely was anything new or flashy purchased if a durable, used version could be found. All her clothes (and mine) were home-sewn, including underwear. Her patterns were cut out of old newspaper pages but the finished products looked just fine. Modern fashion was not a concern as long as the garment was pretty, decorated with lace or rickrack.

Mom was forgiving to a “fault” but, once that “fault” was reached, LOOK OUT! I never heard her and Dad argue and only once did she spout off about something he

did. (Actually, he had promised to help her clean out a brooder house but he went to the field to plow instead. Boy, was she hot!) I was the recipient of her ire fairly often because I was a brat and pushed the envelope too often.

Mom and Dad were a team and made most decisions together; however, Dad almost always agreed that Mom's point of view was the right answer.

I was an only child and Mom was very busy on the farm but she always took time to do things with me.....like skipping rope or playing Fox and Goose in the fresh Illinois snow or blowing soap bubbles or skipping in circles, singing, "Skip to my lou, my darling" or riding a sled down our lane and bailing off just before we hit the mailman's car.

Holidays and birthdays were filled with Mom's magic. She put long hours into making those times perfect for Dad and me and anyone else near us.

Magic! Yes, magic is the perfect term for what Mom was like when I was a little kid.



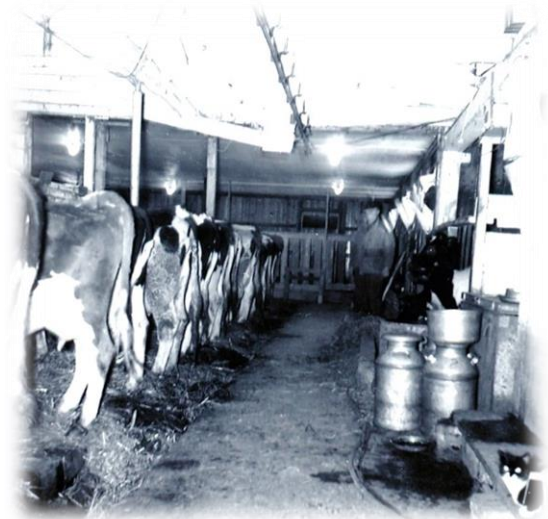
What was your Dad like when you were a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on January 07, 2021.

My dad! The most vivid memory of my dad was one day when I was 4 or 5 years old. Dad and I were walking on a sidewalk in Freeport, IL. He tightly gripped my hand. I remember looking up at him and thinking he was the tallest person in the world. My dad was, maybe, 6'1" or so but, to a little rug rat, that looks very tall.

Dad was mild mannered but he could, when the occasion arose, spout some mighty colorful language. This usually happened at milking time. The "girls" were secured in their stanchions and, in a normal act of nature, relived themselves. No problem except that their hairy tails got in the way of the process. The next occurrence was pesky flies landing on the cows so they fought back by swishing their tails. No problem there either except when the dirty tails smacked Dad in the face. Splat! Soon Dad nailed the end of a piece of twine to a rafter behind the cows and tied their tails up. This greatly reduced their range of motion. It was comical to step into the barn and see a whole row of cows with their tails reaching for the sky.

I don't remember ever seeing Dad angry. He never yelled at Mom...maybe, because he knew she could out-yell him. This is not to say that he did not get disgusted with people. Once I heard him describing a salesman as being "full of chicken s—t". He only spanked me once and that was because he caught me pushing my doll



buggy down the center of our busy road. Two potches on the rear convinced me of the folly of that adventure. My feelings were hurt far worse than my backside.

Dad loved a good joke and visits with his siblings or the Cornelius family were filled with laughter.

He was gentle and loving. There was always room on his lap for me...but I wasn't especially keen on his nickname for me: Shikenpoop.

I can't ever remember him singing but he provided the background music as Mom and I did our "thing". Dad stood solidly behind us and made sacrifices so that I had everything I NEEDED to grow up plus some luxuries (like a class ring). He always made me feel safe and secure.

Dad stood as tall as anyone I've ever met. Such a good, Christian man he was!



1951

Where did you go on vacations as a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on January 14, 2021.

When I was a kid family vacations ALWAYS were to Nebraska. Mom was a transplant from Nebraska to Illinois so Dad made sure she got back to see relatives and friends every couple of summers. This entailed finding somebody responsible enough to do all the milking chores for a whole week. The trips blend together but pieces of many of them stand out.

One year Nebraska was having a severe drought so Mom picked oodles of veggies from her garden to haul along. She had the trunk so full that suitcases were stacked in the back seat with me. Now, a trip to Nebraska in those days involved many more hours than today due to the lack of interstate highways. All main roads went thru every little town and you had to stop for every stop sign or red light. The journey started about 6AM and ended about 8 or 9PM in Lincoln. Anyway, back to my tale. Mom packed the trunk the afternoon before we left home and all went well until it started to get dark. Dad put on the headlights and soon realized that oncoming traffic was giving him the brights even tho he was dimming for them. The cause? So much weight in the trunk caused the whole car to be launching skyward.

Another trip on a very rainy day found us the victims of road construction and the detour was about 10 miles of muddy gravel roads. Dad had to keep running the windshield wipers to see thru the thick splashes of mud. We found a carwash before arriving at the relative's house.

You must remember there were no McDonalds along the way in those days so Mom packed whatever she could find that wouldn't get sour or yucky during the 12 – 14-hour trip in a non-air-conditioned car during the summer heat.

One of my earliest memories was an aunt leading us up a narrow, steep stairs to a non-electrified upstairs bedroom, kerosene lamp in hand. I worried how we would find our way to the outhouse overnight in the dark if Nature called. Not to worry ————— a Thunder Mug (chamber pot) was at the ready.

One cousin once tried to convince me that people in Nebraska did not have to buy string; they just used grass spears and it magically turned into string.



Above: Cousin Duran, my mule-riding buddy

That same cousin and I went for a ride on Uncle Louie's mules. No problem except I had never before ridden a mule.....or a pony or a horse. The critter started moving faster than I wanted so I started kicking him in the ribs with all my might while screaming at the top of my lungs for him to slow down. Apparently, that mule misunderstood. Man, did we cover Nebraska ground in a flash! Duran caught up to us, got the mule stopped just short of the property line

fence, ordered me off the mule with some words I'd only heard Dad use in the barn, and made me WALK all the way back to the house.

I don't know any vacations more memorable than that little episode so it's time to put this story to rest. The vacations were great but coming home was always the best ——and safer.

Wouldn't it be great if we could take these same trips again but at our current age and find the people and places in Nebraska still frozen in time? Oh, to walk thru Mom's childhood home and meet the people who were parts of her "growing-up" years.



Above: Sept. 1949 in Nebraska at the Lostroh farm: Ann Saaijenga, Duran and Ardell Lostroh, Linda and Folkert Saaijenga, Alma Lostroh.



Above at 2748 Apple Street in Lincoln, Nebraska in 1953:

Back: Ronald Plautz, Gerald Miller, Louis Lostroh.

Row 2: Bernard and Lois Miller, Duran and Karna Lostroh, Linda Saaijenga,
Virgil Plautz.

Row 3: Elsie Miller, Janette Plautz, Ardell Lostroh.

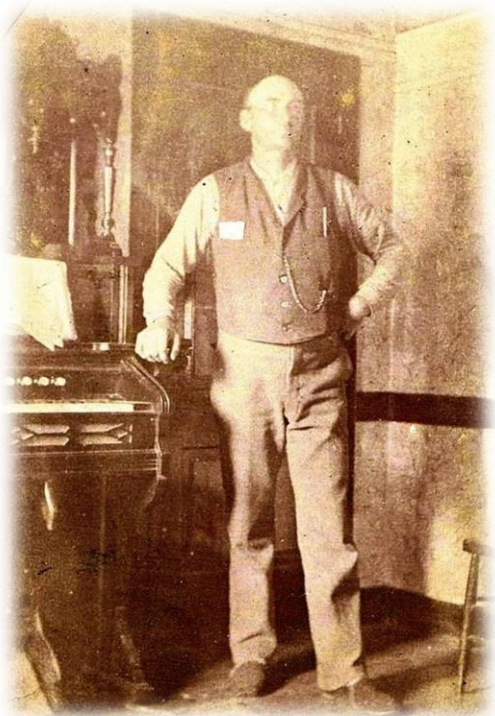
Front: Carl Plautz.

What were your grandparents like?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on February 05, 2021.

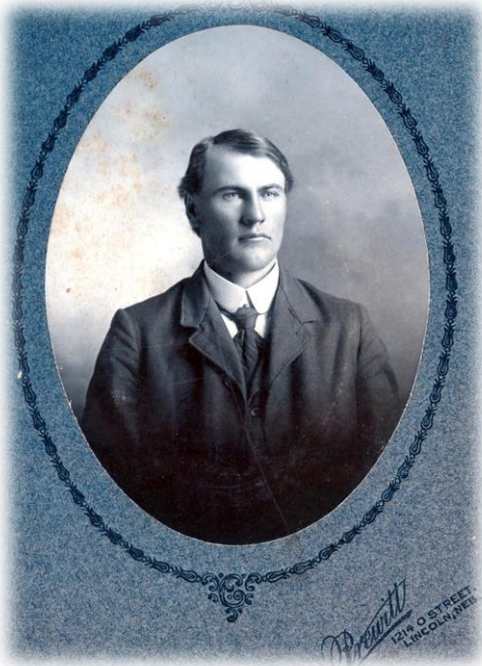
Both of my grandfathers, George Saaijenga (1853-1925) and Carl Pieper (1879-1941) were gone before I was born.

Grampa Saaijenga was born May 19, 1853 in New York City. He was only a few months old when his parents bought the farm near German Valley. That was home for him all but a couple of years when he moved his large family into the village of German Valley. He passed away there in 1925. Grampa was a farmer, inventor, musician, jokester and father of 9. You can read more about him in the www.wannabeauthor.com story, "Gramma Hilka's Kids".



Grampa Pieper was born March 25, 1879 in Poland (now part of Germany) and came to the US on the ship Cimbria in 1881 when he was 3.

On the way to Nebraska, his parents lost a baby and it was buried somewhere in Ohio. He spent all his life on the farm and he and Gramma Martha raised 5 children.



Above: Anna, Alma, Martha, Carl, Art. Mildred and Esther in front.

Gramma Hilka Saaijenga was born in the Netherlands Dec. 21, 1880 and came to the US with her family in 1892. She died when I was 8 months old so I don't have any memory of her. Mom told the story that one day Gramma was watching me and I got sick, "tossing my cookies." Apparently, those cookies were bright red and Gramma panicked until Mom explained that I had been eating beets. Gramma was only 45 when she became a widow. She raised her 9 children by herself. See more about her in the story, "Gramma Hilka's Kids".



In the picture above see Gramma Hilka hand-milking a cow and her child is drinking milk from the bucket.

Gramma Martha Pieper was born Feb. 28, 1886, married at 18 and lived on the farm 36 years until Grampa Carl died. I think she was a good mother. She wanted to spend a little time with each of her 5 kids first before she purchased a new home. She never bought a house, spending the next 30 or 31 years shuttling between the 5 houses, spending a few months at a time in each one. Having been the head of her household 36 years, she assumed control of each house she visited, what food should be served, how the grandkids should be raised, what clothing styles the family should wear. This worked fairly well when the grandkids were little but things got tense when those kids turned into teenagers. The kids were used to going to ballgames and dates and wearing modern clothes during the months when Gramma wasn't present. I believe she meant well and was a good grandma as long as nobody crossed her wishes and concept of "How things should be". She just didn't understand that life in the 50s and 60s was a bit different than when she was the mom of the family. I suspect she was desperately trying to keep control of her life and this was her way.

She could sew beautifully, her baking skills were phenomenal, she wasn't afraid to swing a hammer when any building project was happening, and she could crochet the daintiest doilies. Recycling junk into useful items was her niche. She was short and chunky and NEVER wore a pair of trousers. Rheumatism caused her to give off the scent of Ben Gay.

Gramma's usual mode of transportation between Illinois and Nebraska was the train on the Milwaukee Road and she made many trips in the 30 years before she entered a nursing home.

In the end, her downfall was a series of strokes and she passed away on Christmas Day 1973. I honestly believe, if she had moved into her own home, her last years would have been much easier and less stressful for her.



What were your favorite toys as a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on January 28, 2021.

I had so many favorite toys. Compared to today's kids, it would seem sparse but I didn't know any better. What I had was sufficient.

One Christmas Santa brought a dainty, pink, miniature tea set. They were so beautiful and I thought I had the world by the tail. There were some painted metal dishes, too, but they were used out under the hedge apple trees along the road and were the dishes of choice for the mud pies that my dog was offered.



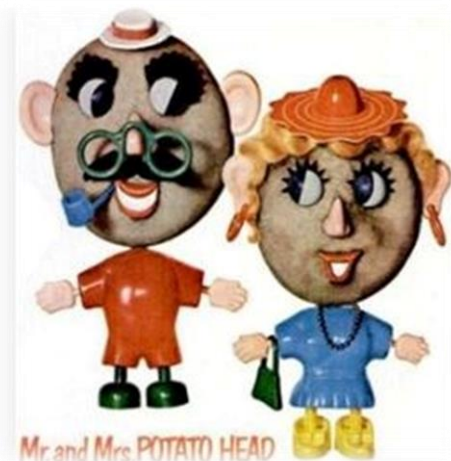
My jigsaw puzzles were another hit. Mom used to challenge me to see how many I could put together while she was out in the barn, helping Dad with chores. Years later those puzzles came to the Florence Road house but did not work well with 5 little kids. Most were minus a piece or ten by the time they were retired. The puzzles stayed at the farm when I moved away.

Fan Cornelius gave me a set of Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head and I spent hours poking eyes and ears into potatoes after the Styrofoam heads that came with the

set fell apart. After a while Mom got tired of me wasting perfectly good potatoes by poking them full of holes so she greatly reduced my supply of artistic canvas. It sure was fun while it lasted tho.

Oh, my dolls were so precious to me! Each Christmas Eve I arranged them around the tree and Santa added a new one to the crew. Mom sewed dresses for them and I made sure to never let a doll in sight without clothes on or Grandma Pieper would smear horseradish mustard between its legs. My first doll was Flossie, a home-sewed toy with black yarn hair. I drug her all over the farmyard and one day she disappeared. Dad fed whey to the pigs and such a surprise he had when he emptied the barrel and a sippy Flossie rolled out. No amount of soap and water could return her to her previous beauty. She spent the rest of her days with a sickly, yellowish body and a strange scent...but the black yarn hair still looked just fine. That's Flossie above the red arrow.

When I was in grade school Mom's cousin's husband from Chicago was a salesman for Tri-States Plastic Co. of Henderson, KY. He gave me two sets of Block City plastic building blocks. I spent hours with them, building dream houses. The white plastic blocks were 1/8 scale of real cement blocks and the matching windows and doors were red. There were



even glass (clear plastic) blocks to build light-friendly walls. Those blocks never came to the Florence farm because I knew the blocks would meet the same fate as the jigsaw pieces. When I left Freeport I gave them to Randy. I loved those blocks!

Every little kid loves their trike and I was no different. First there was a very small trike but that soon was outgrown. Mom answered an ad and found a spiffy, larger one in Dakota, IL. It's a wonder I didn't wear out the sidewalk and grass. A family friend used to tease me that he was going to take my trike home with him.



Whenever I saw Elmer's truck coming up the lane, I ran to hide my precious toy in the bushes, in the outhouse, behind the barn. I don't think he ever realized how much I feared him because of his jokes. I even had nightmares about him. Case in point: be careful how you tease little kids!

Another special toy was a full-size wicker baby buggy that my parents bought at a sale. Mom painted it gray and it hauled all my dolls...and sometimes cats...around the farmyard. A few ducks and chickens went for a ride in that thing too. The last I knew it was in GA.





That is cousin Margaret with me in 1951.

Toys are an important part of childhood. Little kids need to have some things that are THEIR'S.



What is one of your favorite children's stories?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on January 23, 2021.

The question this week asks what were my favorite childhood stories. How about I mess up the system and talk about my LEAST favorite stories? Someone gave me the book, “Alice in Wonderland”, with a bonus section of, “Through the Looking Glass”. I did not like the stories and never read the whole book. No idea where the book went; it isn’t in Virginia.

My favorite childhood story was not written in a book and no other kid could appreciate it as much as me. You see, I was an only child and well remember sitting many times on the hand woven rug beside my parents’ bed late into the night. They told the most intriguing stories of their growing-up years (Mom in Nebraska and Dad in Illinois) and living through the Great Depression. Best of all, they shared their stories of the events leading up to me.

Dad was a confirmed bachelor (all of 38 years old) living with his mom and 7 unmarried (at the time) siblings in the house just east of the old homeplace.



He was in charge of farming the 160 acres plus he had his own corn sheller and custom shelled corn kernels off the cobs that were stored in corn cribs at various locations around the community. The Saaijenga farms were just EAST of the Holland Church.

In 1940 Mom was “an old maid” at the advanced age of 30.

She lived on a farm in Nebraska with her mom and dad, brother and sister-in-law. She considered herself the unhired hand and got fed up with the idea of it. A distant cousin lived in California and Mom had made arrangements to move to California and keep house for the lady. The family had a conniption when she shared her plans! “You will get homesick and be stuck there forever!” They convinced Mom to ride a bus from Lincoln, Nebraska to Chicago and spend a few weeks with her Uncle Richard and family so that she would be convinced of the folly of her plans.



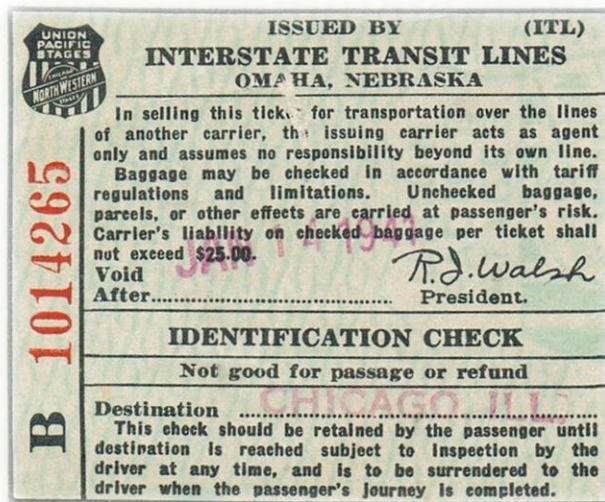
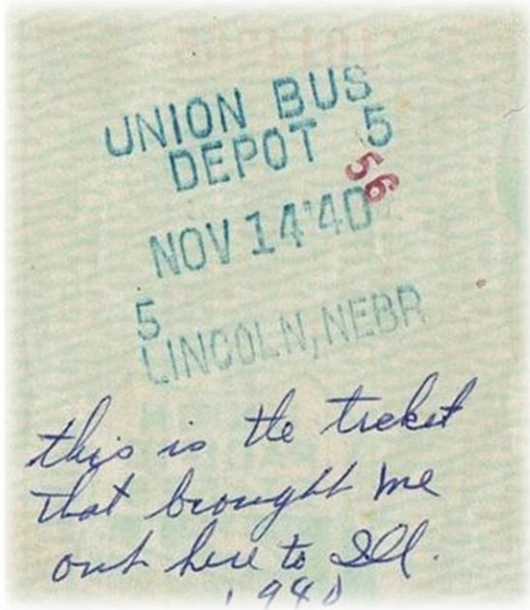
Mom did exactly that but did not get homesick. On her way back to Nebraska she stopped off at German Valley to visit her 2nd. cousin Fan and Fan’s hubby Dick Cornelius. The Cornelius family had 4 little boys and lived on the first farm SOUTH of the Holland Church. Are you beginning to get the picture?

On a very cold December day Dick C. hired Folkert (my dad) to shell out a crib of corn. Fan invited Dad to come into the house to warm up a bit. BINGO! There sat Mom, battling a cold, runny nose, wrapped up in a blanket. Dad always said that he believed in love at first sight because he saw Mom and knew she was the one for him.

They went to a show in Freeport later that week.

Fan's boys had all caught Mom's cold just before Christmas Eve so Fan called the Saaijenga family and asked if the sisters could take her house guest, Anna, along to Christmas Eve service. Enter my Aunts Dena and Hattie.....they assured Fan that it was a good thing and they would be happy to do it. At the last minute they told their brother Folkert that they had to leave early, and would he mind picking up Fan's house guest? They chuckled at how uncomfortable their brother would be, having to take a woman he had never met to the service. Oh, it was a big joke when he agreed to pick her up on the way to church. They had no idea that Dad and Mom had already been out to several movies together.

Bottom line, Dad and Mom were married less than 6 months later.....and that part of the story is saved for another week.





Above: Dad's sheller rig in 1940.



If you could thank anyone, who would you thank and why?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on February 19, 2021.

My life has been blessed by so many people and to thank just one would be a big mistake.

My parents for giving me life and loving me unconditionally.



Mrs. Wilson, teacher of first thru fourth grade for giving me my first taste of school and the experience of being away from Mom and Dad for hours at a time.



Frank Krayenborg, my first school bus driver for teaching safety on the bus no matter the weather. I'll never forget seeing him on hands and knees with his ear on the railroad track before he drove a busload of kids across it on a pea-soup foggy morning.

Rev. Ralph Fry, my 7th and 8th grade teacher, for insisting that I be one of the four 8th grade cheerleaders for the boys' basketball team.



He taught me that, no matter how dorky, uncoordinated and self-conscious, I could kick my feet and cheer. I still looked like a dork but got thru it. When the outfits were sewed, (white turtleneck sweater and black corduroy jumper), my Gramma Pieper absolutely forbid me to wear a skirt that was not well below my knees...so I cheered with a long skirt and the other girls looked great in their cheerleader-length skirts.



Back: Robert Bolen, DuWayne Everts, Randy Schneiderman, Larry Frey, Dick Leerhoff, Gary Brinkmeier, Tom Kriens

Middle row: Larry Stein, Randall Bolen, Larry Hinders, Jerry Guth, Steve Borchers, Mr. Fry Front: Charlene Ackerman, Judy Ross, Jerrene Borchers, Darlene Ross, Rose Marie Buttel, Lin

A tie between Carol Lee Asche and Carol Schoonhoven:



Carol Schoonhoven above

All thru my 5th - 8th grade years I was almost a head taller than any of the boys in class so they called me Silo, Skyscraper, Topheavy...you get the idea. My first day of 9th grade in Forreton I spotted those two girls. They were taller than me and they were gorgeous. I realized then that being tall didn't have to be something to be ashamed of...the boys just had not reached their growth spurts. Eventually, the boys caught up but, now, I've shrunk almost 5 inches (which isn't all bad because I have no problem finding pants long enough now.)

Yet another tie between 2 teachers: Mrs. Vera Ziegler (9th grade English) allowed me to branch out with my goofy theme subjects. Mrs. Mildred Capps (Senior English) permitted me to continue. I suspect neither one of them was exactly sure of what to do with me.

Your dad: despite our differences, he gave me you 5. I might have had 5 kids with someone else but they would not be YOU FIVE.



Above in 1974. Back: Lori, Cindy, Larry. Front: Bob, Randy, Lin, Sandi

My coworkers at Honeywell, plant 4: they let me vent and did not tell me to keep it to myself. They let me bounce ideas off them and were incredibly kind. When it came time to move (twice) they pitched in and helped me pack and load.

Another tie: Lottie Lawrence and Edna Meyer: Lottie was my meandering companion and co-visitor to Walmart most weekends. Sometimes we had to pull over to the side of the road until we could get our laughter settled.



That is Lottie on the left and Edna on the right.

Edna was there for me any time of day and, usually, called me when I should arrive home from work to make sure I was there. We had rousing Scrabble games after second shift on many a Friday night.

Then came the move to Virginia: thank you to family and friends who helped make it happen. And thank you to the kind people of Lynchburg for accepting a Northerner.

Thank you to Intercon for hiring a less-than-professional solderer. (That's where Jim was waiting for me.)

I thank my beloved five for being in my world all these years (starting in 1962) and giving me emotional support and for all your assistance in helping me build a new life. I could not have survived without you five!



Thank you Jim for caring about me, even tho I am not a raving beauty and slender. You have given me so much happiness and love.



Most of all, thank you, God, for placing all these people (and many more) in my world and giving me all these blessings.

Life is good, God is GREAT.
To God be the glory.

Favorite Sounds and Scents

by [Linda Moseley](#) on May 29, 2021

When you have lived 78 years, you have heard some sounds (car crashes) and smelled some things (elections) that are NOT pleasant to the senses. We need to shut the ugly things out of our memory banks and concentrate on the more pleasurable things of life.

Nothing makes me happier than the sound of little kids at play or the squeals of delight when they are splashing in a wading pool. Their laughter rings thru the air and bounces off the world around them. Everybody within hearing distance smiles and feels better.



Above.....Fourth of July, 2003 in Janesville, WI. L to R: granddaughters Anna, Morgan, Abby and Emma



Above: Fourth of July, 2004, Janesville, WI. Grandkids Matt and Amelia



Above...Fourth of July, 2004 in Janesville, WI, Justin, Emma, Matthew, and Amelia in the pool. In front: D-I-L Monica

The sound of rain pattering on your roof can put you to sleep. Your world is cozy, dry and peaceful. Traffic, driving thru fresh snow has the same muffled effect.

When a carnival is in town, you hear the lilting, electric music and you just know there is a merry-go-round full of grinning little kids close by.

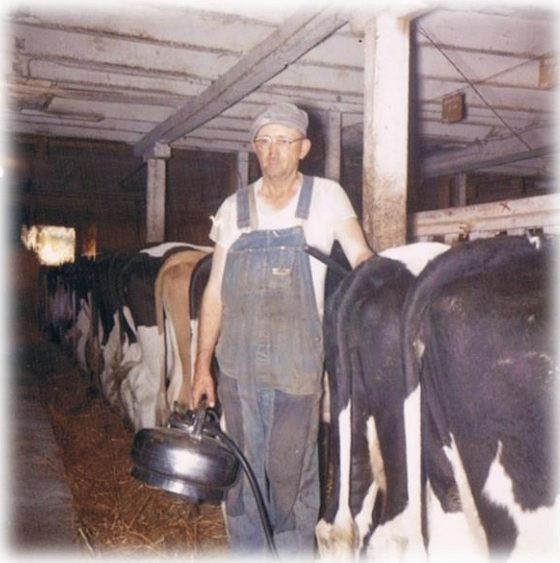


Above: granddaughter Abby at Krape Park, Freeport, IL in 2005.

Christmas carols transport you back to your childhood and you secretly still

look around for a glimpse of Santa and his magic sleigh. You drift back into memories of special Christmas Eve services many years ago in a favorite church.

A tea kettle whistles and you can already taste the cup of hot, soothing tea. The whirl of a hand-held mixer or a blender promises that something yummy is coming soon. Someone munching on a crisp apple makes you reach for one yourself.



The twump-thwump hum of dad's milker compressor tells you all is well on the home front and you will soon hear Mom calling you to come in for supper. That's my dad in 1963 at his barn near German Valley, IL

The sound of the mail truck by your mailbox means that you have letters (or bills).

Tractors, working in distant fields, remind you of all the dedicated farmers who supply our food needs.

The whoosh of the blower fan tells us that warm air is coming. Your dog softly snores and you know he is happy and healthy.



A loved-one's gentle voice stays in your heart forever. The first cry of a newborn baby gives us evidence of life's continuity.

Very often those sounds are accompanied by familiar scents. The powdery whiff of a newly-bathed infant is wonderful. The fresh, clean aroma of a man's after-shave tells you that he is a responsible man.

The fragrance of new-mowed hay or corn ensilage being brought to the farmyard for storage, freshly-plowed soil or the sweet aroma that settles over you early on a mid-July morning when corn is tasseling can't be beat. Later in the fall, when shelled corn is in the dryer bin, you hear the whoooosh of the dryer fan cycling thru its program and the unmistakable scent of drying corn.



After rain on a summer morning the air smells so clean. In the winter you can, actually, smell when snow is coming.

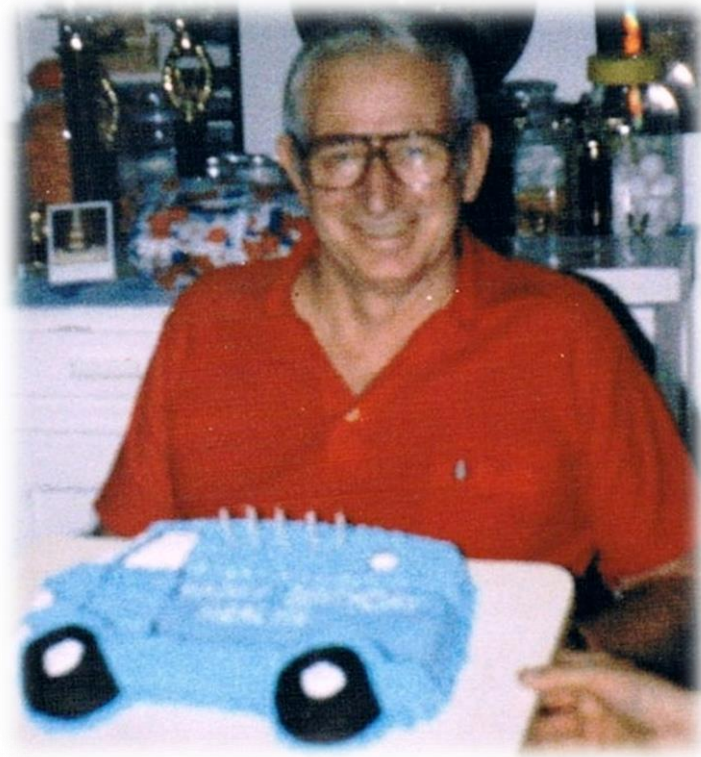
Wood smoke, curling from a chimney, smells like the house is all toasty warm. Smoke from a bonfire tells you that roasted hot dogs are on the way.

Pumpkin pie's spicy scent gets your taste buds in gear. Smelling a slice of bread toasting in the toaster makes you instinctively reach for the butter and cinnamon.

Who can ever forget the yummy savor of bacon frying or chicken in the oven or veggie/beef stew brewing on the back burner? And don't forget fresh-baked bread when you step thru the kitchen door after a long day.

Clean sheets off the wash line make sleeping a sensory treat. Shiny, newly-waxed floors are nose candy as is a whiff of polished furniture.

Merlyn Greenfield, on a hot summer day, when passing by a farm yard that reeked of bovine or porcine excretory fumes, often commented, "That's the smell of money!"



What was your favorite candy as a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on February 26, 2021.

As usual, let's flip this question and talk about candy that never won any prizes with the little blonde from German Valley.

Mom bought a big bag (you could buy candy in bulk in those days) of chocolate drops. These were the ones with a super sweet white filling and covered with chocolate. I thought they were pretty good and, besides, the rumor was that kids were supposed to eat all the candy they could get. I ate a bunch of those drops and got miserably sick. To this day I can't face one of them without feeling nauseous. The same thing happened with those nasty, pale orange, circus peanut things. No, thanks!



Another breed of sweets that were a no-no was those multi-colored little hard things that were the base of most sacks of candy at Christmas programs and parades. I still don't know why Santa allowed those things. Some looked like pieces of wrinkled ribbon and tasted the same.



Very often Gramma Pieper was at our house during the Christmas season. She always claimed first dibs on any box of mixed chocolates that came into the house and searched thru the bounty for the ones that she liked. When we finally got the box, any remaining pieces had a hole jabbed into the bottom (with a crochet hook, no less) to check out the filling flavors.

OK, let's shift gears here. I LOVED the Hershey bars that were in my lunch bucket every day. They cost all of 5 cents then. But Mom refused to spring for the 10 cent size.



Often, when the Chicago relatives arrived, they brought the great BIG Hershey bars (cost all of a quarter then). I could make those puppies last over a week!

Any chocolate covered peanut confection was a winner for me (still love that combination). Mom had a recipe for no-bake cookies that filled the bill nicely. It was oatmeal, cocoa, sugar and butter cooked together. Then at the last minute you dumped in vanilla and a bunch of peanuts and dipped it out into blobs. Oh, it was SO good and we went thru barrels of that stuff. I remember teaching DeWayne Everts how to make it on winter evening when my family was

visiting his family. They lived on the corner of Edwardsville Rd. and Ridott blacktop where Melody Peck Briggs grew up.

Two hard candies that were delicious during my childhood were Butter Rum Lifesavers and coffee flavored Charms (a square individually wrapped Lifesavers-style candy in a square roll). Yum!



The last candy favorite is not something from my childhood but, instead from my beloved five's childhoods. Santa used to bring a small (about ½ bushel) plastic tub of mixed chocolate candy (all in wrappers) each Christmas. Once Santa lost his magic, my kids still expected to find that tub of goodies on Christmas morning. In fact, they often helped me, opening packages of candy on Christmas Eve to fill the tub. The largess did not last long and I suspect they each had a stash secreted away in their bedrooms to make sure they each got their fair share. Oh, the memories!



2005

What was something you were surprised to learn when you moved out from your parents' house?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on March 06, 2021.

I think what had not entered my teenage mind was how much planning and management it took to keep a farm and household running smoothly. The magic skill seems to be anticipating things before they are obvious.



Groceries needed to be purchased before the last can of beans was used. A biggy was getting a planned meal to be all ready at the same time. Meat had to

be removed from the freezer long enough ahead of cooking so that it was thawed and ready to cook in time for the meal too. When cooking a meal you better have a backup plan in case the main course burns. Laundry had to be done before the last change of clothes was being worn.

This chick had a whole lot to learn about housekeeping!



What were you like when you were 50?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on March 13, 2021.

My 50s was a memorable decade. Five different home addresses in 10 years were something of a mover's challenge.

I turned 50 on Jan. 10, 1993. I was a farmwife at the time, was resigned to hard work and not a very happy life. My 5 children were the happiness in my world. Later that year the farm part of farmwife was no longer accurate. By the time I was 51, I was searching for a full-time job.



Dec. 11th - Waiting for the sale to start - on a bright - shiny day

In Dec. 1995 I was hired full time by Honeywell/Micro Switch and found some good friends. I also learned that I COULD do things right. I had reached the ripe old age of almost 53.

Sept. 1, 1998 (at age 55) I moved away from the farm into a pretty duplex in town.



During the next 17 months I learned that I could support myself, solve everyday problems, pay all my bills and still have enough money left for a new blouse if I wanted to buy one. One thing I learned was to dig my heels into the sand and insist on results and arrangements being honest and equal. Self-confidence was reached when I realized I could take off after work on a Saturday and zoom 6 hours north to visit son Larry and his family or drive to Nebraska or Georgia by myself. My beloved 5 were my lifeline.

Dec. 15, 1999 was the end of my marriage and I felt a sense of peace.

Jan. 22, 2000, 12 days after my 57th birthday, I was an official Virginia resident, eager to face a whole new life and residence.

March 8, 2002 (at age 59) I married my best friend, Jim, and now have a sense of self-esteem and a sense of worth. Life is good!

Now, 20 years later, Jim and my family are the “wind beneath my wings”.



Describe the places you've lived.

by [Linda Moseley](#) on March 19, 2021

Of course, my first home was at 8363 Edwardsville Road, German Valley, Illinois. It is where I was born (as were my father and his 8 brothers and sisters) and lived 18 ½ years. The house was filled with love. It was often remodeled but the original part was built in the late 1800s. It consisted of 2 stories, a half-basement and an attic above the original part. During one remodel project, square nails were found in the walls of the original section.



My second home (June 1961) was a 10' X 50' green and white mobile home. It was very pretty with pink bathroom fixtures, a turquoise kitchen sink and appliances and two bedrooms. A 10' X 12' bedroom and a 6' X 6' porch were added. Larry, Lori and Cindy were born while I lived there.



In August, 1965 we moved across the lawn to the original farmhouse at 455 West Florence Rd, Freeport, Illinois. This was a 2-story home with a full basement. It, too, was remodeled and a 26' X 26' family room was added. After some remodeling, there were six bedrooms in the house. Sandi and Randy were born while I lived there.



In October, 1988 I moved to an upstairs apartment along Galena Ave. in Freeport. It had one bedroom but was chock-full of my belongings. In December I moved back to the Florence Road farmhouse.

August 1, 1998 was yet another move, this time to a beautiful, newly-spiffed-up duplex at 538 N. Hardin in Freeport. This was a huge 3 bedroom, 2-story house plus a large attic and a basement (steps were too steep and my family forbid me to go down them). It



was such a pretty place with large, original glass panes (The uneven glass caused the sun to shine prism colors into the rooms.) windows and a large

leaded glass window in the front, an open stairway and arched doorways between two of the rooms. I loved that place.

January 21, 2000, was my time to move away from Freeport and I lived with Cindy and Freddie in their gorgeous home at 434 Federal Hills Drive, Forest, Virginia. This was a split-level, four-bedroom home on beautiful, wooded property. It was where I got on my feet, finding jobs in Lynchburg, Virginia. Cindy and Fred were SOOO good to me! Even Sasha, the pup, made me feel welcome.



June 9, 2000 a pretty brick duplex was my newest home at 1103 Heath Avenue in Lynchburg. Cindy, Fred and Joey (with the help of many friends) totally repainted and re-carpeted the home. It was so clean and snazzy! There were two bedrooms, a large living room and a back deck. It was just the right size for me.



March 8, 2002 Jim Moseley became my husband. In December 2002 we purchased 1131 Heath Avenue, just 6 doors south of the duplex. This house is a one-story brick ranch-type home with a carport, full basement and three bedrooms. One of those bedrooms has been turned into a den (Moseley Central) and the other is now a library. Jim's model train layout is in part of the lower level.



Throughout these last six addresses, my beloved five have been supportive, helpful and so very generous. This is HOME for me, and I intend that my next address will be Heaven.

What do you admire most about your mother?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on March 27, 2021.

There were so many things to admire about Mom: her honesty, her patience, her ability to recycle things, her sewing skills, her cooking, and her common sense. I am going to turn this question a bit today and include my dad. They were a team for 47 years.

What I admire most about them was their devotion to each other. The day Mom discovered she had cancer and was waiting for the ambulance to Rockford, her tears were profuse, not because of her illness but, “What will become of Daddy? Who will take care of him?” Dad stayed by Mom’s side as much as possible and was in Rockford every day to visit her. At the end, he stayed 24/7 in her room.



After Mom passed away, Dad and I were sorting thru his finances and I was amazed at the amount of savings he and Mom had amassed. His comment,

“Huh! I should have had twice that much by now. I always wanted to build Mom a new house at the west end of our farm but never had enough money to do it. I should have done it anyway!” I assured Dad that a new house was not something Mom craved. She loved the home they had and was very satisfied all those years.

That is devotion and love!



Tell me about an adventure you've been on.

by [Linda Moseley](#) on April 03, 2021.

The wildest adventure that I ever embarked upon was having 5 kids in less than 5 years. Randy, the youngest was born Jan. 27, 1967 and Larry, the oldest, did not turn 5 until May 10. Considering that I'd never held an infant before Larry, this was one big culture shock. I remember calling the head nurse at the Peds dept. at the hospital one night to ask if I dared give Larry an extra ounce of formula because he still seemed hungry. I worried that I'd bust his stomach or something. She said, "Feed the kid!"



Five little kids in a household tend to bring lots of chicken pox, measles, pneumonia, 2 appendectomies, crashing into a tree with a sled, crashing mini bikes, being backed into by a car in a parking lot, falling off the monkey bars,



1969: too many monkey bars for Cindy

broken bones and noise. You kids were pros at fighting (No blood was shed but you sure could yell at each other!). My mom used to hear you battling behind me when she called and renamed you the Florence Choir. (We lived on Florence Road.)

Keeping ahead of 5 very smart kids was a challenge. We lived in a house with two stairways and you ran up one set and down the other in a continuous loop. You also took wild pillow rides down the back stairs so I piled lots of heavy boxes on that avenue. No problem; you soon mastered navigating the turns of the stairs down to the kitchen. Several bonked noggins took a bit of the fun out of that plan so you went on to other exciting adventures....like pulling over the Christmas tree to see how far the balls rolled, dropping cats out of upstairs windows to see if they landed on their feet or slinging each other off a rope held between two of you (Sandi got 2 broken arms from that one.).



1973: being slung off a rope did not end well for Sandi

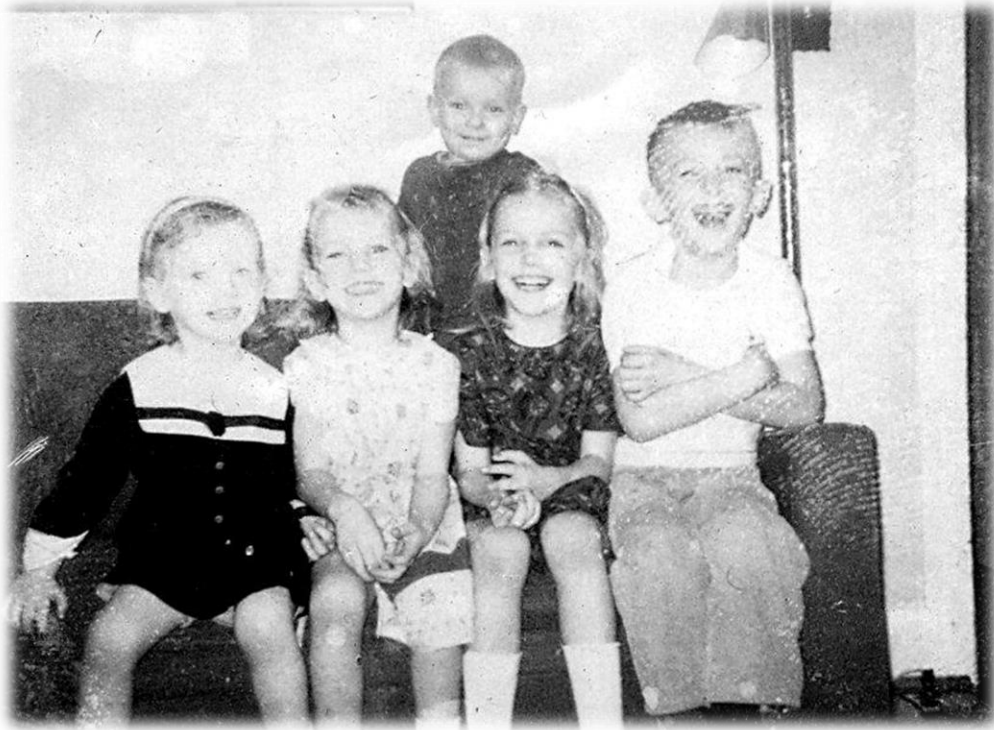
Cooking for the crew was mind-boggling. I used to start out with 5 pounds of potatoes and build the meal around that. During sweet corn season I cooked 5 or 6 ears each. We started eating the corn before it was fully ready so, by the time the corn was really fit, your tummies had adapted to all that fiber and butter and you had no ill effects. Visitors often tried to keep up with your consumption level but their tummies were not used to the volume and most became somewhat uncomfortable for the next few days.

Happy and chaotic years flowed by and my beloved 5 became teenagers. It was great! Nobody needed their noses wiped anymore and you brought home some of your “funnest” friends. Most weekends and many evenings between our front yard looked like a Walmart parking lot. Each visitor was unique and lots of fun. The trails along the creek echoed with the sound of mini bikes, dirt bikes and laughter. You and your friends brought the world to me with your sensible ideas and goals.

Now I am 78 years old and a grandma (will probably be great gramma to many in a few years). My adventure is still rolling along and you 5 are all so good to

me. I never expected such an adventure but wouldn't have missed it for the world.

I love you!



What are some of your family traditions?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on April 10, 2021.

Our family traditions run about the same as those of families all over the Midwest and parts of the South. Holidays and birthdays are a time to “meet and eat”. When I was a kid, most such occasions were spent at one of 3 homes: ours, the Cornelius home or the Gerloff home. Oh, they were such exciting times. Everybody showed up with yummy food to add to the table that was already overflowing with goodies. Well, sometimes it was 2 tables because, when we kids got older, everybody did not fit at one table. Then the years flew by and we kids grew up, each having married and now needed to juggle holidays between our family and our spouse’s family.

Eventually, the 3 original families quit gathering and split up into separate events. After you kids were born, the dinners were held at our house, Aunt Marion’s house or the grandparents’ homes.





You kids and your cousins were growing up by then and Mom's 1972 diary speaks of the family being at our house for Christmas and your dad, Larry, Merlyn, Gary and Mark went snowmobiling in the afternoon. Mom wrote in her 1973 diary that the family was at their house and Mark shot a pheasant on their farm. Christmas 1974 my dad drove a snowmobile for the first time. Thanksgiving 1977 the Eisemann boys (Duane and Roger) joined us and they and Larry went hunting. Larry shot his first pheasant.

²³ WEDNESDAY, bake rolls + rauer bread
got the dress ing ready got the bean salad
cabbage + Fruit salad things ready
made a pumpkin pie baked a cake
etc and this even ing 7 an Dick
Patie and Ervin Kempes were here
put the turkey in the oven 250° at
11 to night

24 turkey was done at 7 this AM
THURSDAY, got corn + cauliflower and mixed
the salad ready also hunted for Whip
and supender + butters as we
are going to Landa the Eisemann
boy boys were there to Sandi + I
made chair boys out of clothes pins + felt
its cold to night about 20°
Larry shot his first pheasant
snow ing again to night

Again, the years flew by and the grandparents and Marion and Merlyn were no longer able to host the dinners so, after that, all occasions were at our house. Thanksgiving 1983 Mom told of Lori calling home from New Jersey.

Mom, Dad, Uncle Merlyn, Aunt Marion, Mark, Grandpa and Gramma Faist and your dad are all gone now. You five and Gary live too far apart to be together for every holiday but you do manage to meet for some of them. Our world has changed so much but the memories of a tradition live on, even if that tradition can no longer be honored in practice. Keep the memories close to your heart! I love you.



1970 at German Valley, IL.

Back: Arvilla & Clem Faist, Ann & Folkert Saaijenga.

Middle: Mark & Gary Greenfield, Larry Faist.

Front: Randy, Sandi, Lori & Cindy Faist.

Which fads did you embrace while growing up?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on April 17, 2021.

Fads? Oh, where to start! One fad was the popularity of REALLY full skirts. Under those skirts were crinolines, REALLY full half-slips with rows and rows of gathered netting. The crinolines needed to be stiffened with starch or sugar water, then left to dry in the sun until the netting was rigid enough to make the skirts flare out. Starch was better for the process than sugar water because the sugar tended to crack when you sat down and you sounded a bit like distant lightning. If you spilled water on your skirt or sweat too much, the crinoline turned into a limp, sticky, gooey mess.



Some of the skirts were circular which meant, if you twirled fast enough, your skirt would stand straight out (but you jolly-well better have on plenty of layers of slips so your “unmentionables” did not show).

Another method of implementing a full skirt was the hoop slip. A long, rigid tube of material called horsehair was threaded thru the hem of a very full skirt and it did a great job. You best only use a hoop slip on a floor-length garment

because, when you wore it with a just-below-the-knee skirt and sat down, that rigid hem shot right up in front of your face, not the most lady-like event for a young girl.

As soon as Labor Day arrived, the fashion police put out new orders; no white shoes, no light weight fabric skirts or dresses. This made the lightweight cotton skirts out of season and the crinolines couldn't handle corduroy or felt fabrics. Also, in season then were the pencil-slim straight skirts constructed with wool or corduroy. By the way, there were very few poodle skirts at my school.

White and black saddle shoes were the “in” thing and were worn with “cuff-em” white cotton anklets. By April or May, those white and black shoes were looking pretty ratty so we added food color to the white shoe polish and made the shoes coordinate with our outfits.



Another shoe style that was a “must-have” was the brown penny loafer. It was imperative to slip a shiny penny into the slot at the front of each shoe. These shoes were also worn with the white cotton sox.



And then there were class rings.....When 2 teenagers decided to date each other exclusively, they exchanged class rings. The guys wore them on their pinky or on a chain around their neck. The girls got creative. Some gals wound yarn around the ring's shank so it would fit better. Others wrapped the shank with dental floss for fit, then coated the floss with nail polish so you could wash your hands without taking off the ring. Really high style was to tuck bright-colored,

small feathers between your finger and the top of the ring to draw attention. This practice did not last long, tho. The feathers tended to slide out of position and the class rooms and hallways were soon a rainbow of floating feathers. By the way, in 1960 my ring cost a whopping \$21.18.

79057

School FORRESTON HIGH

City Forreston State Ill.

Student's Name Linda Saaijenga

Student's Address Forreston, Illinois

DESIGN NO. 411-10

STYLE <u>XSB. SB. B. G M</u>	PRICE <u>19.25</u>
	TAX <u>1.93</u>
STONE <u>-</u>	21.18
YEAR OF GRADUATION <u>1961</u>	TOTAL <u>21.18</u>
FINGER SIZE <u>6½</u>	DEPOSIT <u>5.00</u>
PERSONAL INITIALS <u>LS</u>	BAL. DUE <u>16.18</u>

REMARKS:

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Friends from high school

by [Linda Moseley](#) on April 24, 2021

During high school there was a group of us girls who became good friends. We did not consider ourselves part of the “In Crowd” but we had a ball together, going to ball games, going skating, having slumber parties, cruising “The Strip” (This activity consisted of making many circles around Stephenson to Main Street in Freeport, just being seen and watching for cute boys.). There were between 7 and 9 of us but, usually it was just 7.

After graduation, our lives changed so much. We still got together a couple of times a year but our worlds were so much different that, after the usual “how are your kids?” and “remember when we all did this or that?”, the gatherings lost steam and we were ready to go home. Oh, we kept in touch thru the years and attended parents’ funerals but we were never “The Gang” again.



Above,
Back: Carol Coy, Sandy Rogers, Linda, Diane VanRaden.
Front: Elaine Hayunga, Betty Remmers



Above,
Back: Lin, Elaine Hayunga, Sandy Rogers.
Front: Lynn Thomas, Carol Coy, Betty Remmers.

Now 60 years after graduation, our group is very spread out. Two are in Arizona, several are in Illinois, I am in Virginia and 3 have passed away. We still keep in touch with occasional Facebook notes and I treasure the memories of our hijinks.

What were you like as a teenager?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on May 01, 2021.

What was I like as a teenager? Oh my, my kids would never identify with me. I was a nerd, scared of what people would say about anything I did. You see, I was a good head taller than any of the kids in my grade school class and, as kids are prone to do because I did not look like the rest of them, they decided I must be lacking so I was ridiculed at most opportunities. I was called Silo, Skyscraper and, once when one of them tripped me and I fell, I became known as Topheavy. My Grandma Martha told me not to pay attention to them because I was better than them. As a result, I now know that I was aloof and that sure didn't help matters any. I had NO self-confidence (still fighting the self-esteem ghost) and was not really accepted by the majority of my classmates in high school because they had no way of knowing why I was the way I was. If somebody laughed as I came into a room, I was certain they were laughing at me so I sure didn't mingle much.



My grandma ruled with an iron fist when it came to what clothes I dared wear and her ideas of proper made me look like a dowdy old woman. Remember the crinoline escapades? Grandma wasn't really a mean person but she was unhappy and frustrated by a situation of her own making.



After Grampa died, she intended to buy a little house “in town” but never got around to doing that. Instead, her home was a large black suitcase. She compensated for that by trying to dominate whichever house she was visiting. My home life during my teen years was great as long as it was just my parents and me. When a fourth person tried to assume ownership, things did not work well.

There was a group of girls who did accept me and I had nothing to do with the rest of the girls in class, other than to smile and say, “Hi”, when I had to. (Now I am friends with many of the other girls and realize how much I missed by not being friends with them so many years ago.)

How I wish I had had someone to talk to or counsel me.

Then I met someone and got married 3 days after graduation.

I believed no one else would ever ask me and I sure didn't want to be an old maid school teacher.

Years and experience and maturity have taught me that I do have some self-worth and life is so much easier now. Eventually, I learned that if you just roll over and be a door mat when someone takes advantage of you, there will always be someone who is more than happy to put you in that position on a regular basis.



I would like to have a second crack at being a teenager, knowing what I know now. (But Rock and Roll music still wouldn't be on my playlist.)

My kids had self-confidence, the experience of growing up with 4 siblings allowed them to hold their own in an argument and they had the sense to insist on modern styles. I am so proud of them!

The picture is of my beloved 5 in 1983.



What were your friends like in high school?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on May 07, 2021.

I've written several times before about my high school friends so, instead, I am going to mess-up the scheduled stories and continue on with the story of my parents' wedding. I wrote the beginning of this during the January 22 week if you care to check back.

HERE WE GO.....

After deciding to not go back to Nebraska, Mom found a job in German Valley, caring for Mr. Neumiller, the elderly father of Mrs. Wieman. The Wiemans operated a grocery store in town so Mom cared for Mr. N. and, basically, kept house for the Wiemans.



Dad continued living with his family and farming the land.



Above is where Dad lived before he and Mom got married.

In their free time, Mom and Dad restored the “old home place” to be a livable place again. No one had lived there for about 15 years. Plenty of fresh paint, wallpaper and elbow grease turned the house into a home again.



Plans were set in motion for a June 5, 1941 wedding at Mom’s family home in Nebraska and all hands were busy preparing for the big event. Then disaster struck...Mom’s dad passed away May 2, 1941.

Mom and Dad traveled to Nebraska for the funeral and wedding plans were greatly reduced to a small church wedding and a reception at the bride’s home place with just family members and a few friends in attendance.

Mom sewed her own wedding dress, a pretty blue lace garment.



In 2017 Sandi tried on Mom's wedding dress.

A few days before the wedding date Dad and Mom traveled again to Nebraska. Mom remembered to pack her dress but Dad left his suit behind. I have a letter that Dad's sister Dena enclosed with the suit when she sent it to Nebraska in time for the ceremony. (Obviously, the mail service was faster in 1940 than today) Dad did the morning milking chores the morning he and Mom left for Nebraska but Aunt Dena teased him in the letter that his mind had not been on the chores. He left the cow locked in the barn for the day.

The wedding day dawned bright and clear. All went well until the family discovered that Mom's brother Art had set the clocks back one hour. They were late for their own wedding!

Bottom line, they were married in Mom's home church, the Lutheran Church in Malcolm,



Nebraska, friends and family attended their reception and they headed back to Illinois for the next 46 years together.



Above: same house in 1953



Above: in 1985



Above: in 1987

Once I asked Mom if they had gone on a honeymoon. She replied that the moon was dripping honey all the way back to Illinois. They were an example of loving devotion and pure dedication to each other!

What were your favorite subjects in high school?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on May 21, 2021.

My favorite subjects in high school? I can't really say I had a favorite. I worked pretty hard to get the grades that I did but several subjects were the most valuable to me the rest of my life.

Speech class was agony for a teenager with no self-confidence and an inferiority complex but it was probably the best thing that happened to me in school. I had to learn to stand in front of a roomful of people and talk without heading the opposite direction. I learned that most of my classmates had to overcome the same hurdles when they stood up to speak and it felt so comforting. Eventually, I learned to speak up....and I haven't shut up since.

Latin was very difficult. Conjugating the verbs was a pain in the posterior and learning the vocabulary was a challenge. However, it is something that I have used more than any other subject the next 60 years...and counting. Conjugating was useless but, if you learn the Latin vocabulary, you can pretty much figure out the meaning of any word that you find since many words and languages are based on Latin.

The third subject was English. I loved it. There are words to describe



any emotion or feeling if you search for them. I was taught sentence construction (which I often do not properly use) and zillions of wonderful words. Writing themes was great as long as the assignment was not a boring subject. I had great fun twisting subjects to fit my imagination and the teachers were kind enough to cooperate. They may have given me passing grades to get me out of their class. No, they were all very honest and encouraged my love of writing.

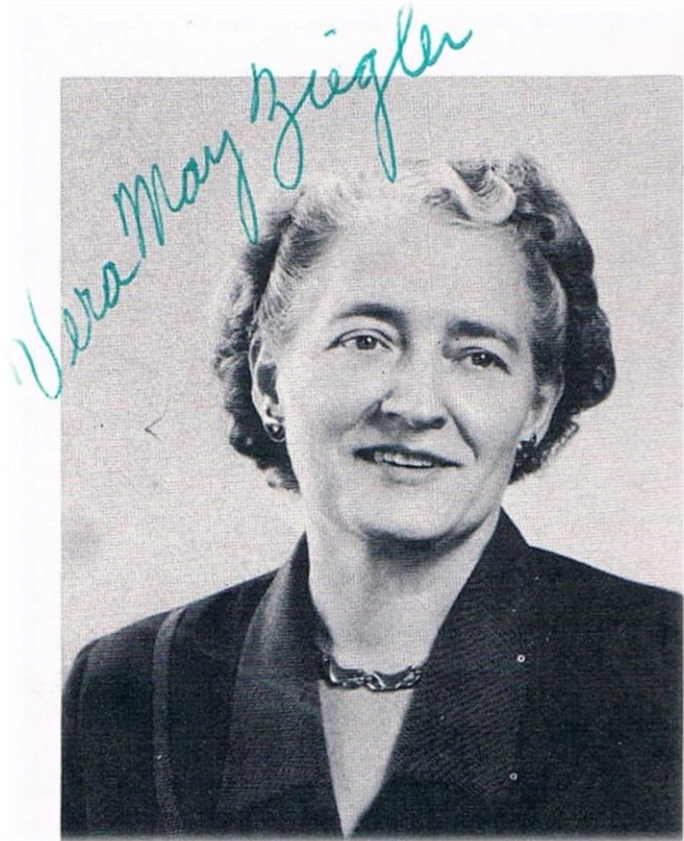
Who was one of your favorite high school teachers? What made them great?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on May 29, 2021.

My favorite high school teacher would be Mrs. Vera Ziegler. She taught Freshman English and I learned so much from her about writing themes. (I suspect Mrs. Capps, 3 years later, blessed Mrs. Ziegler when I handed in my first-of-the-year, off-the-wall theme in Senior English.)

She had a gentle way of teaching and reminded me so much of my aunt, Hattie Saaijenga. She also had a way of making a shy teenager comfortable. I remember her sharing her experience of getting her first glasses when I got my first pair in 9th grade.

The other high school teachers were OK, too, but did not have the desk-side manner of Mrs. Ziegler. I respected all of them....even the study hall teacher who gave me a “below average” mark for lack of



study habits. (I had straight As that 6 weeks.) His explanation was that I did not study hard enough and other kids would think they could get As without keeping their nose in books all the time. Many years later I ran into him at McDonalds and we sat down and drank coffee together. I didn't think I should bring up the subject of that mark tho.

Were you involved in any organizations in high school?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on June 05, 2021.

The only organization that claimed me as a member was F.H.A. (Future Homemakers of America). We often kidded that FHA should stand for Future Homewreckers of America. Personally, I did not get much out of belonging to it other than getting out of study halls to attend meetings. One Halloween night we had to go around Forreston to collect money for U.N.I.C.E.F. What we did was run around town, get cold and hurry back to school for hot chocolate.

I don't think Girls Chorus, Choir or Annual Committee (I was co-editor for 1960-61) qualify as organizations but they were more fun than F.H.A.



What was it like learning to drive?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on June 12, 2021.

A kid on the farm gets their first taste of driving with either an old farm tractor or a riding mower. For me, a riding mower was not available until after I left home. (Just an added note to the mower subject...after I moved to the Florence Road farm, Grampa Faist bought a snazzy rider mower. I was conned into learning to drive it...and I enjoyed mowing for another 37 years. Gramma Faist took me aside and shared that she could very well “run that thing but, if I do, it will become my permanent job and I have better things to do.” Gramma Faist never so much as sat on the mower.)

My driving skills were sharpened on Dad’s old McCormick H. Bales of hay needed to be picked up from the field so I was taught to drive, pulling the hay rack while Mom and Dad loaded and stacked bales. At the time my cousin Margaret (several years younger than me) was spending some time at our farm. She bristled that I was able to drive and she had to run alongside the hay rack. Her comment was, “When I get big and Linda gets little, I am going to drive and she will have to run around the field.”

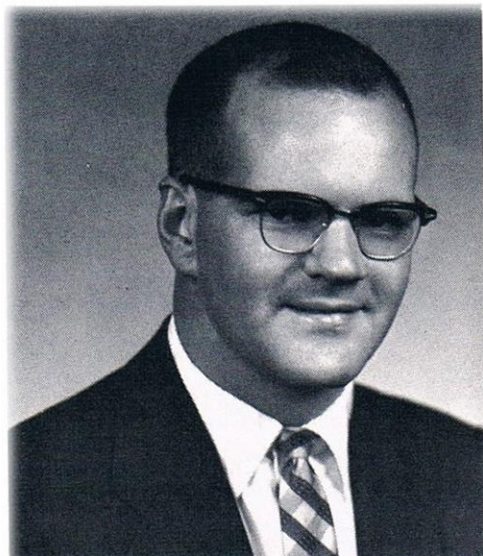




1951: Margaret

I've often heard that kids are like sponges and learn what they see. I had been watching Dad drive his car so figured that you had to start out with the tractor in low and gear up as you gained speed. Mom laughingly cleared that idea up when she rode with me.

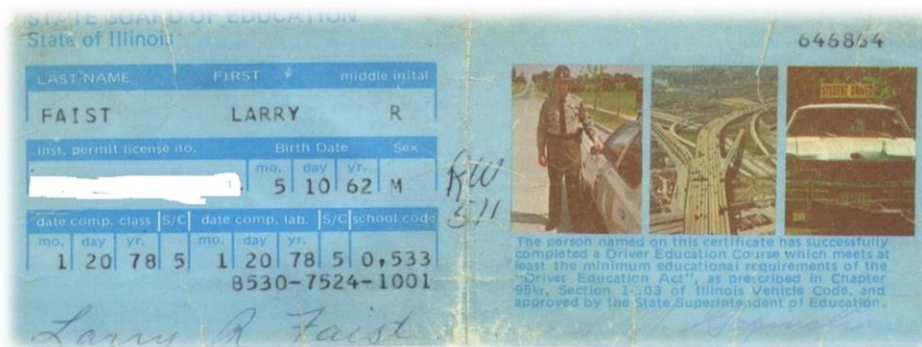
During my sophomore year in high school, I was able to take Drivers' Ed the first semester. Rusty Egan was the instructor and led us through many days of "book-learning" before he risked his life with students at the wheel.



WILLIAM F. EGAN
Northern Illinois University B.S.
Ed., M.S. Ed.
Driver Ed., Industrial Arts, As-
sistant Coach, Class Adviser.

We were divided into groups of 3. One of the students in my group caught on that, if he got Rusty talking sports, he could drive most of the period while Bob Finch and I sat in the back seat watching the scenery pass. I did learn to drive, eventually, but most of my driving instructions came from Mom and Dad. Anyway, on my 16th birthday, I was able to pass the tests and get that drivers' license.

Now, let's add a bit more info to the story. My kids scrimped and saved and were able to buy their own cars. They, too, took Drivers' Ed in high school. As soon as one of them got their learner's permit, I had an eager volunteer to go grocery shopping with me. Once that kid got the actual license in their hot little hand, the bliss of grocery shopping tended to rapidly fade. Then I had to wait for the next kid to get their permit.



Today I rarely drive but that is OK. Memories of trips to see my beloved 5 fill my head and I just smile.



Who are the best cooks in your family?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on June 20, 2021.

The best cook in the family, hands down, would be my mom. She rarely tried to cook something fancy (éclairs...just ONCE) but her food was always delicious, filling and appetizing. Whenever somebody called that they were coming or simply showed up at her doorstep, she headed for that chest-type freezer and made magic out of whatever she pulled out of it. Up until the last couple of years, she had a huge garden, fruit trees all over the farmyard and plenty of chickens and eggs to use. Her garden was filled with just about any veggie you could wish for. The fruits on hand included blackberries, raspberries, Juneberries, peaches, pears, apples and grapes and she was well versed on the best way to use them in pies or other desserts. Two weeks before she passed away she was still the boss of her kitchen and did her own cooking.

I used to be a pretty good cook (nobody that I knew of ever died of botulism from my cooking but one person did accuse me of trying to poison him). Cooking for 7 (plus various visitors) was a challenge but the bowls were usually empty when I cleared the table. Today my cooking expertise has changed into one-dish meals or something in the crock pot.





1990 at the Florence Road farm: Monica Faist, Nancy Becker, Sandi Parsons, Randy Faist, Jeff McCarthy, former family member (Don't hurt one of my kids.), and Jeff Vietmeier.

All of my daughters and daughters-in-law are excellent cooks. Jill, my DOTH, can cook up a mighty good meal too. I have no worries of malnutrition finding its way into the ranks of my descendants.



Ellen 2005



Lori 2008



Abby and Cindy 2014



Sandi 2005



Monica 2004



Jill 2011



I'm a little worried about those grillmasters tho.

Did you ever take any great road trips?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on June 26, 2021.

The great road trip for me would have to be the one started Jan.21, 2000 and ending Jan.22, 2000. It started at my beautiful duplex on Hardin Ave. in Freeport, Illinois. Many friends and relatives helped me load a 25' Ryder with all my earthly possessions. Those possessions were about ½ of what was in Hardin House. Oh, so much was sold or given away in the days before the road trip!



About 3PM Larry and I pulled away from my dear Hardin House and I cried most of the way to Rockford because I couldn't take along the house and all my friends. It was frigid cold but Larry kept the pedal to the metal as we zoomed across the miles of snow-kissed pavement. We got as far as Indianapolis and decided to roost for the night.



The next morning was even chillier but Larry was up for the job and we rolled thru Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia with that Ryder and my little red Cavalier on a trailer behind.

It was getting dark already when we stopped at Tamarack at Beckley, WV. This place is a HUGE building that houses all merchants selling only WV crafts, food and skills. We could have spent hours there but Lynchburg was waiting for us so we shoved off.

The road that Larry chose to drive for the last part of the journey was Highway 501. Snow was piled up on the road edges and every quarter mile was another sharp curve. Every curve seemed to have another vehicle meeting us. Larry commented that the road had been more fun the summer before when he had driven it in his sporty car. At one point the whole sky ahead of us lit up with eerie lights. As we rounded yet another sharp curve, the steam-shrouded paper mill at Big Island came into view. What a sight!

At last we pulled into Fred and Cindy's driveway. Fred came to the door and I told him that his worst nightmare was coming true. His mother-in-law was moving in. I don't remember his answer but he covered his concern nicely. We found out that 501 had been closed the day before because of jack-knifed semis. My car was covered with yellowish-brown road slush.

The next day was unloading day and all my “stuff” was piled high in Fred’s side of the garage.

The Ryder was returned and Larry hitched a ride to DC for his flight home.



The day after that Virginia had an ice storm and drivers were warned that anybody caught on the roads without chains would be fined. You better believe the little red cavalier stayed in front of Cindy’s house that day.



How is life different today compared to when you were a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on July 10, 2021.

My childhood world was safe and secure. In my “kid’s-eye-view” nothing bad ever happened to anybody we knew and troubles were far away from German Valley. I now know that was a bunch of hooey but the world seemed so innocent back then. Dad’s car keys were always left in the car and the house doors only were locked when we all went away and overnight so their kid (a sleepwalker) did not head out for the back 40 some night. There was no fear for little kids walking around German Valley while Mom and Dad were shopping. Mind you they made me hold their hand when we went to the big city of Freeport....but I was told that was so I didn’t get lost.



Money back then never seemed to be a problem. I knew we were not rich but always had what we needed. Again, now I realize the money was often short but I was shielded from those things.

Today our news is crammed with all the awful things that are happening and the money troubles. Just maybe, today’s world isn’t all that much worse than the days of my childhood; it is just that we are so much more aware of the turmoil. The crime rate ratio to the number of people may not be much

different. We just have more people who do rotten things and we hear about it within hours.

Just remember, today's world is what my grandkids will someday refer to as "the good old days".



Lauren Johnson, Morgan Parsons, Matt McCarthy, Justin Parsons, Dalton Allaben, Paige Allaben, Anna Faist, Hannah & Ryan McCarthy, Spence Allaben, Isaac Faist, Emma Faist, Abby Watson, Amelia and Miranda Faist, Ben Watson.

Who have been your closest friends throughout the years?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on July 04, 2021.

My best friends through the years would be my beloved 5. They were always there for me and were the glue that kept my head on fairly straight....most of the time. They were normal, fun-loving kids but I knew I could count on them no matter what and I so appreciated that.

Then, about 20 years ago another best friend came into my life...not instead of but in addition to my 5. They and Jim are my rocks.

Thank you with all my heart!



How To Serve Sweet Corn

by [Linda Moseley](#) on July 16, 2021.

There is a special, tried-and-true method of serving corn on the cob. To get perfect corn you must set a huge pot of cool water, maybe a canner, on the burner, shag out to the corn patch, pick as many ears as you need, husk them right in the field, and bring the bounty to the house. By that time the water is just coming to a boil. Dump the ears and ½ cup of sugar into the boiling water and let the water return to a boil. Let it boil 7 minutes. Stack the ears onto a large tray and place it on the table.

There are 2 ways to butter it: each person can have their own stick of butter and a saltshaker or you can “butter on demand”. One person buttering and salting works best. Then you don’t have 8 or 10 melted, squashed sticks of gooey butter left after the meal and there is much less salt covering the table, chairs, kids and floor. This method staves off fights over who is getting the best ears. They are all “nice ones” if the diners have no choice.

When my beloved 5 were growing up, we started eating corn when it was pretty tender. By the time it was “fit”, their tummies had developed a cast-iron lining and none of them suffered ill effects when they each ate 6 or 8 ears of corn during one meal. Most guests at our home had not had the “system-prep” time and learned a cruel lesson when they tried to keep up with my kids’ cob count.



1964 at Saaijenga farm,
German Valley, IL: Larry and
Lori Faist.



Larry in 2004 at Larry's dad's home,
Rockford, IL

Are you good at crafts? What's something you've made and are proud of?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on July 25, 2021.

I, like my mom, get involved in various crafts (even tho I'm nowhere as good at any of them; she had a special knack for "making pretties".)

In 1988 I inherited 4 or 5 fully-stuffed garbage bags of yarn from my mom. The yarn just hung-out in the storage closet for about a year. Then the news came of grandson Ryan's impending arrival. Hot Dog! It would be so great to make him a baby's granny quilt, using yarn from his great grandma. One minor drawback reared its ugly head....I didn't have a clue how to crochet. No problem; that shouldn't be all that hard to learn, could it? Allrightythen! My beloved 5's Aunt Marion spent 2 full days teaching me the skill. I cocked my head slightly to the right, rested my tongue on my upper lip and crooked my fingers "just so". Wouldn't you know it, the crochet hooks must have been defective because, the stitches I made looked nothing like Marion's? I gave it a major effort with consistently disappointing results. Time to go to plan B. Did you know that K-Mart sells the prettiest baby blankets? That is what Ryan got!

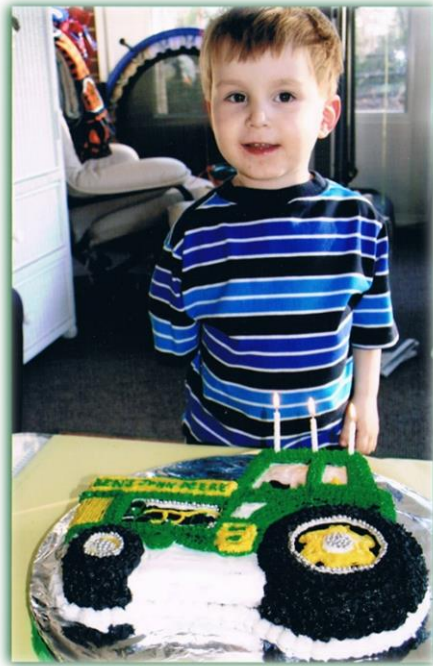
What to do with all that yarn, still residing in the storage closet? Marion gave me a couple of her plastic canvas pattern books and the game was on. The next 33 years have been a fun-filled yarn explosion. To do this you need patterns. Oh, yes, I bought oodles of pattern books since 1988. At one point I vowed to not buy another book until I had used at least one pattern from all the books already in my tightly clutched hands. What a joke! In addition to more books, I discovered a number of pattern clubs online. Whoo Hoo! With all that inherited

yarn I should never need to buy a skein. Yeah, right. They keep coming out with new shades of yarn that would be just perfect for my next project.

Several years ago, I gave boxes and boxes of yarn to a knitting group and some of Lori's friends. There is still plenty left for me. My projects thru the years have ranged from skunks and kangaroos to Santa, driving a John Deere, pulling Rudolph in the sleigh. It is such fun to do this and it keeps me happy.



Above are my granddaughters in 2008 with their bride doll outfits for their American Girl dolls.



Above is grandson Ben in 2006 with his birthday cake.



The project for 2012 was quilts for charity.



The 2011 project was sewing the white cowgirl outfit for i8” Starr for a mission fundraiser.



A bear for the Brownies was a job in 2010.



For several years many “little dresses for Haiti” were sewn.

Did you ever get in trouble at school as a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on August 01, 2021.

Did I get in trouble in school? Nah, I was too mousey to be naughty. Well, I did discover that an empty Mennen Baby Oil plastic container, filled with water, could be used to squirt somebody clear across study hall and nobody would know where the ammo originated. A search of purses only revealed an innocent container of baby lotion.



The closest I came to trouble was the time my pal Reuben and I had been studying for a test in science. When I had finished, I looked over to see how Reuben was doing. Imagine my shock when I heard, “Eyes on your own paper, Linda!” I told the teacher I was done and was only checking on how Reuben was doing. Well, the teacher made a big deal of making me turn in the paper immediately. No problem; I aced that blasted test and Reuben did not. That teacher never mentioned it again....but he did not apologize for making me look like a cheater.



Above: Reuben Bolen in 1960.

Have you ever experienced a severe storm?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on August 06, 2021.

The worst storm in my life was leaving my beloved 5's father and the next 17 months of legal red tape to finish it all.

The marriage had many problems and, as the years passed, the bad days outnumbered the good. I DO NOT condone divorce. In my family nice people did not get divorces. If someone did, the family seemed to keep them at arm's length and there was all sorts of whispering at family gatherings. My upbringing and faith are totally against it. I had left the farm 10 years earlier but returned after some tumultuous happenings and assurances that all would be OK now.

I always prayed that he and I could grow old together and find peace between us. Then, late one July night, it became obvious that my wishes were not to happen, and I was told to move away. It was not my choice to leave but I did as ordered and felt as tho I had a big red "D" emblazed on my forehead. I had to face the community and admit that I had not been able to keep my marriage together.

I was angry that God had not answered my prayers but accepted the way things had to be. The next 17 months were miserable, filled with drama and soap opera script but I did get thru it with the help of my beloved five and friends. My friends and family kept me afloat and I could not have survived the time without them. I also learned who I was and was able to become myself. And I realized that God had gotten me out of a bad situation.

Dec. 15, 1999, it was all over, I was surviving on my own and, with massive help from family and friends, I moved to Virginia. One would think that the

storm would be over when proper paperwork was secured but that was not the case. The storm was every bit as hurtful, just lower key and farther away.

Eventually, the storm clouds subsided but some of the thunder and lightning still resides within me and the feelings of being a quitter still plague my mind at times.

A year after moving to Virginia I met Jim and we were married the next year. I live a life of peace and love now and thank God for the people who love me and care for me.



Life is good

God is great

How would you like to be remembered?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on August 15, 2021.

I think that what I would most like to be remembered for is the fact that I love my family. Circumstances made it difficult to do so many things as my beloved 5 were growing up and I missed so many opportunities to stand behind them. The wisdom of hindsight tells me that I should have made many other decisions and spent much more time just enjoying my little blondes as children. I wish I had been able to go to many more of their programs, ball games and celebrations.

Bottom line: I hope they realize and remember that I did the best I knew how and love them all dearly.



Sandi, Cindy, Lori and Larry

Randy on the floor

What is your best advice when it comes to raising children?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on August 22, 2021.

Advice for raising children? Love them fiercely but don't solve all their problems for them. Try the best you know how to devote special one-on-one time to each one....not always just a lump-sum activity. Devote more time than you think you should to just be with them. Toss the dirty dishes into the dishwasher and go hug your kids. They will soon be gone from the home and you will live with the guilt of not going to games and plays and programs with them. I hope they understand that I did the best I could.



How has the country changed during your lifetime?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on August 29, 2021.

The innocence of childhood does not really give an accurate yardstick to compare the world of today to that of 70 years ago. When I was a kid, my world was pretty small...just the German Valley, Freeport and surrounding farmland area. Even Nebraska was someplace far away where relatives lived. If something happened somewhere around the world, you didn't hear much about it until the newspaper came the next day. The newscasts on the radio were very short.

Nobody locked their car doors and few people even locked their houses. Parents had no worries letting their kids wander around town evenings and in Freeport the kids could hop on a bus for a trip downtown or to the movies. Again, this was my child's view of the world. Everybody was "nice" and there was no fear.

The truth is, there were probably just as many ugly things happening but it did not affect our little world.

Today we are all hooked together by internet, TV and instant cell contact and know about things minutes after they happen. This afternoon I looked on the cell phone and saw that Randy was at the Veterans Hospital



and my heart froze. Within minutes I had a text that he was having eye problems again and I could breathe easier.

I do think the morals of our country have gone to pot for many people and that results in a much less innocent world. Politics also play into the lack of trust in government and our fellow man. There are far more people in this world today and, even if the percentage of good people to scum bags is the same as 70 years ago, there are more crooks and they are more vocal.

Just remember, someday our grandkids will refer to 2021 as “the good old days”. YIKES!



My legacy:

If you could choose any talents to have, what would they be?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on September 04, 2021.

I am changing the subject for this week to, “What is something I wish I had learned to do during my lifetime”.

I used to do a fairly good job of singing (high soprano) in school and church choir, but Lisinopril knocked that skill out of the running and I do well to reach a high bass. As the old saying goes, “I can’t carry a tune in a bucket”.

What I really wanted to do all my life is to play a piano. So many people make it seem so effortless.

Well I remember walking into the girls’ locker room at high school and finding Rose Marie playing a piano that had been moved there for contest practice. She was playing “Flight of the Bumblebee” and I was mesmerized!



ROW 1-Shirley Glover, Denise DeGraff, Virginia Stabenow, Luann Moring, Mrs. Amsrud, Delmar Lohr, Ferna Gorwig, Ione Lynch, Carolyne Terry, Mavis Sanders. ROW 2-Evelyn Rätmeyer, Wava Fager, Judi Ross, Harold Sanders, Richard Masterson, John Beightel, Marcia Kutz, Judy Taylor, Ruth Fuls. ROW 3-Mary Link, Judi Miller, Judy Trei, Ronald Ludwig, Gary Kaney, Jim Grigsby, Darrell Windle, Faye Smith, Myrna Anderberg, Linda Asche. ROW 4-Judy Daitzman, Carol DeVries, Luann Hoffman, Raymond Miller, Robert Baumann, Paul Dale, Ronald Gronewold, James Kaney, Daska Haijenga, Aljean Frisbie, Sandra Cravenstein. ROW 5-Arysetta Toomsen, Charlene Ackerman, Carol Asche, Tom Garnh, Larry Beebe, John Birkholz, Elwyn Zimmerman, Marvin Hayenga, Frank Binkley, Carol Schoonhoven, **Linda** Haijenga, Boris DeVries.

Oh, I plunked around on pianos at relatives' houses and LOVED the player piano at Fan Cornelius' home. Instinctively, I realized that piano lessons and a piano at home would be a strain on my parents' finances so I donned a cowboy hat and strummed away on a guitar that somebody had sent my way. It had a big crack in the back so the sound was not "Nashville-ready".



Rose Marie Buttel in 1961

Years later my kids' Aunt Marion had a Clavinova and I could listen for hours when she made that thing come alive with music. She had a special, magic touch with that instrument and carried it along to many nursing homes for programs. I believe Holly has it now.



Above: Marion entertaining at the nursing home.

At my age, lessons and a piano would be a mistake. I wouldn't have the energy to do what is needed to learn that skill. Besides, we certainly do not have room for a piano. No, I will listen to my beautiful CDs of classical music and lose myself in the sounds. Won't you join me?

What is the farthest you have ever traveled?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on September 12, 2021.

The longest trip I have taken has lasted from Jan. 10, 1943 until whenever I “go home”.

I was born on a small farm near German Valley, IL and in the same house where my father was born 39 years earlier. It was a house filled with peace and love. My pre-school years were THE GREATEST! I had the run of an 80 acre farm with my dogs and all the chickens, ducks and other critters.



Sept. 1949 was the start of school. The first 4 years were innocent and fun.

Then the district consolidated and we kids were, eventually, all thrown into a new school. By that time I was a good head taller than the rest of the class and was the butt of most jokes. I resigned myself to getting good grades.

Sept. 1957 was the start of high school and, by that time many of the other kids had caught up to my



height so they couldn't single me out for ridicule. I had formed a protective shell around myself and was not able to make very many friends. I still thought I needed to get mostly A s and was something of an egg-head. Eight girls in my class were friends and we went to games and skating and slumber parties together. I so wish I had learned to relax and gotten to know more of the kids in school during those years.

June 1961 I got married and moved to a farm near Freeport. There were good times and not-so-good times during those years but the best part of the whole 38 years was my beloved five. They kept me afloat more often than they know.



Lori, Randy, Sandi, Larry and Cindy

August 1998 I moved to a duplex in Freeport and had the time to learn who I actually was...and discovered that I could make my own decisions and care for myself just fine.

January 2000 I became a Virginia citizen and loved my new state. Eventually, I met and married Jim. My beloved five, Jim and many friends have made life here so good.

Only God knows how long this journey will last but I know the final destination. Life is worth the living.



My beloved 5

Have you ever had a "supernatural" experience, or an experience you couldn't explain?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on September 18, 2021.

I've had several occasions in my life that put me in a "Whoa there" position.

On Christmas Day, 1973, my Grandma Pieper passed away in Nebraska. The next day my parents headed from Illinois to Nebraska for her funeral. They asked me to go along but, due to having 5 little kids (all with colds) and very cold and snowy weather, I decided to stay home. The day of the funeral, at the time of the service, I drove to Faith Methodist Church in Freeport and sat in silence in the very back pew. No one else was in the building. All of a sudden, I was no longer in Freeport but was in the back of the little white Lutheran Church in Malcolm, Nebraska. I saw Grandma's casket down front. After sitting there for a while and listening to the service, it



ST. PAUL LUTHERAN CHURCH MALCOLM NEB

all faded from view and I found myself in the Freeport church again. You could say I was surprised!

When my parents returned home a few days later I told my tale to them and correctly told them which cousins sat beside each other, that Aunt Mildred had a brown coat, and more details. They were stunned and we never talked about it again.



Many years later, my mom passed away and Dad was living alone at the German Valley farm. He was not terribly cooperative with my efforts to make things easier for him....he even fired the lady who came in daily to make sure he got his meds and meals because she was cleaning out some cupboards and got rid of some butter tubs that Mom had saved to use for transplanting violets. Anyway, I often stopped at the cemetery on my way home, just to get my head straight on how to help Dad adjust to his new life. I felt Mom's presence and could go home with more peace of mind.

Then Dad fell and was taken to the hosp. Doctors told me that he could not live alone at the farm any more so I moved mountains and got him into a senior apartment in Freeport on very short notice. My beloved five's dad decided that we would rent out Dad's house and I had 2 weeks to clear out everything. The attic (and whole house) was packed with 5 generations of "stuff". During the day a young boy from German Valley was hired to help me. Mostly, he hauled junk from the house to a humongous bon fire.

After taking the boy home at 5, I went back and spent many nights in that attic. I had to go thru every envelope and box because many of them held cash or family history documents and pictures. Most nights it was about 2AM when I

headed back home. Then I had nightmares of my mom rising out of the bonfire, crying and asking me why I was burning her things. One such night I went to the cemetery and drove back to Mom's grave. (It's a wonder the neighbors didn't call the county!) I sat on the ground in front of her stone and cried my eyes out. Suddenly, I was aware of a presence and it was Mom. She told me not to worry about what was being thrown out because she understood. I went home and never had the same nightmare again.

After my dad passed away and he was buried next to my mom, trips to the cemetery were just standing in front of a stone. There was nobody there. The stone has the words, "Together Again", and I believe Mom waited for Dad and then they both left

Was it supernatural? Was it Devine? I firmly believe that we are not always aware of the forces around us and only see them when we are raw, vulnerable or desperate.



If you could have as much money as you wanted, what would you do with it?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on September 24, 2021.

My first step would be to tithe. Then I would still have 90% more money than I have now. Well, don't try to do the math on that last comment. What I mean is that I'd have buckets more money than now.

Uncle Sam would need to have his share removed from my largess so the money left would be mine to spend at will. Next would be to give my beloved five and Scott a good sum of cash. They have all been wise with their income, investments and savings so they are not destitute, but a little extra jingle in their pockets wouldn't hurt anything. Each grandkid would get a good sum also.

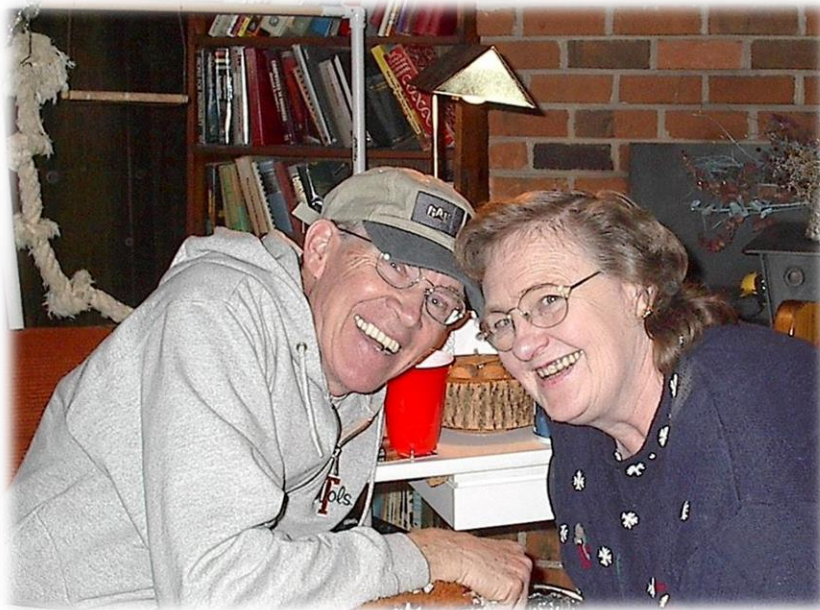
Now comes the fun part! There are some organizations that I feel would make prudent use of cash so they would find a surprise in their mailboxes. Some struggling neighbors and people I know would also find an unexpected boost in their finances. These gifts would be anonymous and not publicized. (Last thing I want are 8 zillion letters from other groups, demanding cash.)

My Jim would find the latest state-of-the-art running system on his model railroad. He has sacrificed for so many people thru his years and he deserves the best that money could buy.

I would not want to move away from this house because it is a home of love and peace so I'd do a bit of tweaking on the floor plan. There would be an elevator installed so Jim and I could be safe going downstairs. A few piddly things would be repaired and I'd replace our lawn with artificial turf to eliminate the need to mow 10 months out of the year.



I'd find some way to be slender and pretty. Yup! I know that is just as large a pipe dream as having all the money I could wish for. In reality, I have all the cash that I NEED. More importantly, I have a life filled with love and peace. I would not trade my life today for any amount of money!



What television programs did you watch as a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on September 30, 2021.

Our first TV was purchased in October 1954 when I was in 6th. Grade. We had all of 3 channels available, all 3 from Rockford. There was no antenna so some days the reception was a bit grainy but we loved that TV. The programs were clean, moral, not violent in content and portrayed the US culture pretty much as it really was in those days. Programming started at 6AM and went off the air about midnight after playing the Star Spangled Banner. Newscasts were not biased or political and you could trust them to be the truth. The pictures were back and white....NO COLOR.

SATURDAY - OCTOBER 2

*was to Freeport today
got a T.V. set
the was out tonight*

Company came to visit and often we spent the whole time watching TV if they did not have a set of their own. One Saturday morning the neighbors, the Abbas girls, came to watch cartoons. Another evening Paul Frey and his family came to watch TV. It was “big stuff” and revolutionized family evenings at home.

One of the programs that I remember watching was “The Loretta Young Show”. She sashayed from behind the curtains, onto the stage wearing a gorgeous dress, the full skirt floating around her. What an entrance! Then she told a bit about the current week’s one-hour drama and the show went on.

The U.S. Steel Hour had much the same format. It was a different hour-long drama each week.

Red Skelton played a bumbling, patriotic clown in skits each week on his show. He was a master of home-spun humor and the live audience loved him.

“I Love Lucy” was another audience favorite and her reruns continue today.

“The Millionaire” was popular and gave a fictional story of a multi-millionaire gifting (tax-free) a million dollars to an unknown recipient each week. Some people did well with the money and others squandered it.

“The Ed Sullivan Show” was an hour-long program of various entertainment acts, including Elvis. But he was only shown from the waist up. Too much gyrating for Ed.

There were a number of game shows even in the 50s. “What’s My Line” was a favorite as folks appeared on the program and a panel of celebrities tried to guess the contestant’s occupation.

“The Hit Parade” was on every week with singers performing the top list of modern hits. One of the lead singers was Snooky Lanson. Today’s modern Hip-Hop singer, Snoop Dogg does not have a corner on catchy names, huh?

The all-time family favorite was Saturday Night Wrestling. One wrestler was Argentina Rocca. He fought bare footed. This dude spent most of his time in the ring doing back flips, turning cartwheels and



slapping his opponents in their face with his bare feet. My Gramma Pieper LOVED him and would be bouncing in her chair, pounding her cane on the floor and yelling, “Get him! Get the bum!” Given the opportunity, she would have climbed into the ring to help her hero Rocca and conk the “bad guys” with her cane

The 50s TV is long gone but you can still catch a few of the classics online or late at night. What memories!



What is something you found out but wish you had never known?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on October 09, 2021.

I believe most secrets eventually do come to the surface.....some sooner, some later. When you learn about them it can make you very sad and you must carry it in your heart the rest of your life. One positive thing, tho, light is shed on some unanswered questions. You are able to understand many things that have bothered you. The info still bugs you but there is not ONE thing you can do about it and you have more compassion than if the info had been buried successfully.

Am I going to share with anyone what the info was? No way, Charlie. It would do no one a lick of good and would open up a big can of worms.

Love you guys!

What color best describes you?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on October 17, 2021.

What color best describes me? I'd have to answer "plaid" because I change according to the situation.

Most of the time I am plaid in shades of gray. I am a behind-the-scenes-worker and do not take a position of leadership. I certainly do NOT stand out in bright colors.

When we are parked along a railroad track on a cool summer day, I am plaid in shades of green and blue as we enjoy the beauty and peace of the world around us.

When my beloved 5, Jim or Scott are near, I am plaid in shades of pink and purple. I love you all so much and just feel warm in my heart when you are near.

In the fall I am plaid in shades of orange and brown, reflecting the gorgeous colors of nature that God provides.

Christmas turns me into a plaid of red and beautiful green. It is my favorite holiday and I'm so glad that God provided the "reason for the season". (Is your tree up yet???)



What simple pleasures of life do you truly enjoy?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on October 23, 2021.

Life itself is just a vapor that flows every which way. What makes it real are the simple things that you appreciate. Oh, fancy cars, stylish clothes, majestic houses and all that “stuff” is fun to have and view but, the bottom line is having love and joy. And you can have love and joy even if you are broke if you are with a good spouse and friends.

I love looking out the window and watching birds conduct their busy lives as squirrels scamper across the lawn. When you step outside and the sun caresses your face, you understand that the world is still spinning, no matter what messes you are trying to fix. It’s the same with rain splashing on your cheek. Rain is simply water and water is life-giving if you can deal wisely with it and aren’t in a flood.

I love seeing the trees green up in the spring, then “bloom” in the fall with their gorgeous colors. Falling leaves dance to the earth in their ancient ritual of nourishing the ground. They also remind me that no matter how ugly your life seems to be at the moment, there is a new start in the spring or future to enjoy the sun again.



I love to see genuine smiles. They are the window to a person's inner being. The person who does not smile is dark inside and needs love to turn on the light. (You CAN be that light, you know.) Nothing is sadder than a sullen child or teenager.

I love good food....boy, do I ever, judging from my shape! Simple food, prepared with care and love, is every bit as good as some meal in a ritzy restaurant. Remember, dirty dishes means you have food and are not starving.

I love to feel gentle breezes against my skin. You can't see air but cannot live without it. Just feeling the brush of air tells you that you are in a pretty good place.

I love opening up email or Facebook and seeing a message from one of my beloved five. Even tho I don't see them as often as I'd like, they are only a key-stroke away.

Life is what you make it. Don't overlook the common, everyday things because they are really the most important things that make life worth living. Thank God for the little blessings as well as the bigger blessings.

(I'll get off my soapbox now.)



What foods did you cook for your children?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on October 31, 2021.

With 5 little kids at the table, they did not really have the option of, “I don’t think I will eat this today. Make something else.” I tried to mix their favorites with the foods that I felt they needed to grow so it was quite a balancing act of menus. Five growing children with “hollow legs” can consume a great deal of food.

Perhaps the earliest “I want” was from Randy for his “pink muck (milk)”. I used to carry a thermos of the wonderful nectar along upstairs at night to prevent needing to go downstairs to make pink milk in the middle of the night.

Now, my Cindy watched cartoons and was sure that Popeye’s famous canned spinach would be the growth boost that she needed. OK, she helped me pick out the perfect can of the delicacy at the store and was very excited that we were going to serve it that very night. Suppertime found Cindy sputtering and gagging. We needed to find some other wonderful food from that day on.

Several foods that my beloved 5 craved were Aunt Marion’s cherry salad (It is still served today at family gatherings.) and Gramma Saaijenga’s macaroni and cheese. And don’t forget Gramma Faist’s chocolate cake with caramel icing.

Cookies were a popular munchy. My cookie recipes were all converted to quadruple ingredient requirements. The cookies were baked a couple of times a week and stored in gallon plastic jars in the freezer. The kids ate their lunches at school about 11AM and were famished when they came running down the quarter-mile lane after the bus left them off about 3:30. Supper was ready when

they hit the house. I wanted them to have the “nutritious stuff” in their tummies first and they could eat cookies until bedtime if they were still hungry.....and they did exactly that.

Corn on the cob was an all time favorite and we chewed thru bushels of that gold goody.

The food that received top billing was not something I cooked. It was Mrs. Mike’s potato chips! Those were purchased in five-gallon plastic tubs and it was amazing how fast those tubs were emptied. Mrs. Mike owner, Butch, has been in business about 50 years in Freeport and my family gives his company a boost in sales whenever one of them is back in town.



If you could invite somebody famous to your home for a meal, who would it be?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on November 09, 2021.

I realize that this whole idea would never happen in real life but it is fun to think about such a situation.

I would like to invite Donald Trump and his wife to our home for a supper of spaghetti. No Secret Service, no news reporters, no neighbors, no relatives, nobody but The Donald and his missus. They would have to arrive in a private vehicle after dark to keep the newshounds at a distance.

I would like to climb around in his head and see what makes him tick, if he is the “real deal” or just one more politician. They might even welcome a chance to let down all their pretenses and act like normal people. They would have a chance to better understand how the “other half” lives and gain insight on family homes that do not include gold faucets or penthouse views.

My mom had a cousin who lived a fancy life in Chicago but escaped several times a year to the modest home of a girlhood friend in Nebraska.

The family had no idea where she was staying but Mom's sister happened to run into the 2 ladies in a store and almost did not recognize her cousin...no makeup, jeans, hair pulled back in a bun, you get the picture. I suspect both Donald and Melania might go for such a respite from their high pressure lives.

Wouldn't that experience make a GREAT story for this website?



What do people get wrong about you?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on November 15, 2021.

I've always been something of a nerd, was considered way too tall in grade school and my hearing has always had problems. Because of this I tend to retreat around strangers face-to-face.

My big fear is making a fool of myself by answering a question wrong because I misunderstood the question or the topic. I've learned the art of smiling knowingly or affirmatively to comments that I am supposed to join and comment back.

Strangers (and some who should know better) think I am aloof or a dork. Oh, well, those who know me and care will make a better effort to include me. That is why I love Facebook. I can read the other person's entry and have a fighting chance at answering correctly without sounding stupid.



1954: age 11 with Judy Ross and Rose Marie Butte

Often strangers tell me, “You don’t talk much.” I tell them that ladies are born with a limited number of reproductive materials and I was also born with a limited number of words. I am trying to make them last for the duration of my life.....not sure that explanation is plausible but it gets people out of my personal space.



What is your favorite season of the year?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on November 18, 2021.

Life is good during all seasons but the best season of all is fall. Now, fall for me does not follow the calendar. The first of September is the beginning of fall in my mind. The heat of summer lessens and the trees begin to lose their lush, green colors. Jim and I are more than ready to search for the first sighting of streetlights on Coronado Ave. thru the dense woods behind our house. (After the leaves all fall, the streetlights will be joined by sparkling Christmas lights.)

A light jacket feels cozy as the wind swirls golden leaves around us. And those pretty fall sweaters are just right. Toasty heat smooths over us as we step inside our home.

The sun spotlights maroon and rust trees across the street and they form an impressive background for an age-old dance as leaves pirouette toward the earth. A gust of wind sends several rebel dancers skittering against our window, then they join their buddies on the lawn.



Back on the farm the people are rushing to complete the harvest. Dryers are humming as combines purr across the fields. Since early spring money and lots of labor have been applied and it is, finally, time to see a return from their vast investment.

In towns across our country merchants are on pace to push their early Christmas sales and bright lights already glow in the malls. Many families are engaged in putting up their Christmas tree early so they can enjoy the beauty and memories of past years and make new memories for this year.

Fall gently whispers its goodbyes and we are ready for the Thanksgiving holiday. Turkey and pumpkin pies and all the trimmings are expected but we need to be especially thankful to God for another year on this revolving sphere and that God has given us so many blessings.

Life is good
God is great!



Tell me about a kitchen disaster you once had.

by [Linda Moseley](#) on November 26, 2021.

I've had more kitchen disasters than I care to admit. Living on the farm it was easy to dump the flaming food over the fence to the pigs and they took care of the evidence.

You may have read on my website, thewannabeauthor.com, about the infamous zucchini cookie fiasco.

And let's forget about the turnip caper, another story on my website.

One escapade that stands out is the strawberry debacle. In June of 1966 Florence Church was holding a noon share-a-dish event. Early that Sunday morning, I went to my strawberry patch and picked a heaping mixing bowl full of fresh, ripe berries. After hulling and washing them, I dipped sugar from the sugar canister to complete their "nummy factor". Oh, they looked so pretty and sparkly!

We arrived at church and I took my bowl of beautiful strawberries downstairs while services were being held.

At noon I proudly uncovered the bowl and planned to place it on the food table. Something did not look exactly right so I



sampled one of the sparkling spheres. Eeeyow!!! My face turned red and a coughing fit came over me. The berry tasted just horrible!

On our way home I blessed a roadside ditch with the whole bowl of berries. Rumor has it that local crows swore off foraging for food and they drank dry the little creek that runs under Florence Road.

What caused the disaster? Gramma Faist had been at our house the day before and had helpfully refilled the sugar canister. The problem was that she mistook a sack of salt for the sack of sugar. Those berries had been salted down and cured.

To this day I still check the sugar before dumping it over something.

Gramma Faist always looked out for her kitties.



What did you look forward to the most as a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on December 04, 2021.

I've looked forward to the magic of Christmas for as long as I can remember. My parents always made sure that I understood the real reason for the day but they "pulled out all the stops" to make it a magical time too. If you read my [Thewannabeauthor.com](#) website you will find recollections of those days in the stories, "1999 Lin's Christmas Memories" and "2000 Christmas Memories". Several other stories on the site allude to many of the same memories.

Being in the Midwest, my childhood Christmases were like the greeting card settings.... lots of snow, old fashioned decorations and trees, Santa coming to German Valley and even a new doll every year. The magic was so real, and I was full of the energy that only little kids are supposed to display. Once September rolled onto the calendar, I was ready and running. My parents never disappointed me.

Now that I am almost 79, Christmases are more low-keyed, but I am still off-and-running come September. So is Jim since he was the one who put up and decorated our tree Sept. 20 this year. There is still magic when you gaze at your decorated and twinkling tree; there is magic when you drive thru Lynchburg in



the dark a week after Thanksgiving and count the “light alerts”. (That would be the act of counting every Christmas tree that you see lit in houses and businesses and keeping track as the numbers increase every few days.) Magic is watching the Hallmark Christmas movies a couple of times a week, even tho you know the basic plots of all of them are the same. Jim watches them with me and makes a cup of hot chocolate to enhance the time. Magic is seeing people more friendly in stores and seeing red bows or fake antlers attached to the front grill on vehicles. It is the Christmas Carol that you hear somebody humming to himself.

Magic is knowing why we anticipate and celebrate the day in the first place. My hope is that my family experiences this important fact too.



Were you ever lost as a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on February 02, 2022.

When I was 4 or 5 my family went on a trip to Nebraska to visit Mom's relatives. While there we attended the Nebraska State Fair. One of the booths had a life-size plastic cow with its insides displayed to show how hay was converted to milk. I was mesmerized!



Twice I walked away from my parents and went back for another look. The first time they panicked until they found me but, the second time, they knew exactly where to look. For some reason they did not share my attraction to that cow. (I still love cows and barns after almost 75 years.) When we returned home from our trip, I checked out all of Dad's cows, looking for one with a side door to open. Ah, the magic of a child's imagination!



What are the top 5 things that you and your spouse have in common?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on December 19, 2021.

First and most importantly, we share the belief in God and that His son, Christ, died for our sins. Everything else pales by comparison and I hope anyone reading this realizes that my fervent wish is that they also believe. Life is short and can be gone in an instant, no matter how much we have accumulated or accomplished. It is THAT important.

Jim and I share a love of nature. We sit for hours along a river or in the mountains just watching clouds and leaves and animals. We often comment on the same view at the same time and laugh that we are thinking alike.

I suppose you could lump watching birds into the nature category but this deserves its own paragraph. We never tire seeing which birds come to the feeders or how many birds are “warming their feet” on power lines on a cold winter day. Jim and Abby found a half-frozen sparrow on our carport one snowy day and they worked with that little bird to warm him up. He responded by eating cracker crumbs and hanging out in a rag-stuffed box until he felt safe to fly on. They named him Crackers. We love sitting on our carport and watching the flock argue over who has the first dibs on birdseed and we duck when birds hot-dog thru the area above us as a shortcut to the feeder.

We love sitting by a window as snow gently falls. It is a feeling of closeness and peace.

We love people. There are so many people who are much more interesting than they give themselves credit. If you can just make them comfortable enough to trust you with their life stories, you can learn so many life-truths. Our favorite sport is watching the human race.

We share a deep love for our families. We grew up half a country apart but find so many common threads in our childhoods. Our families spark those memories.

Ooops! I was only supposed to list 5 shared things. Oh, well, I never have been good at following directions. Maybe that is why I have problems taking down Christmas decorations. By, the way, a love of Christmas is yet another thing that Jim and I have in common. We can't wait to get the tree up every fall. Many folks are aghast when they hear that our tree was put up Sept. 20. (But several have asked to hire Jim next year.)

Christmas is less than a week away as I write this. I hope each of you finds it to be a day of precious memories and an occasion to bask in its true meaning. Love you!



Did you have a special pet when you were a child?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on December 11, 2021.

My earliest memories involve Zippy, a "wanna-be-boxer-breed". Zip was on the job even before I became a resident of the household and he claimed me. When I was an infant and someone wanted to hold me, Zip promptly sat on their feet. If I was passed to somebody else, Zip was on the move as well.

Mom didn't worry about me as long as Zippy was beside me. We cruised the farm, chasing rabbits and cats and just were buddies. Often Zip discovered a potential mouse under a building and I was only too happy to tear boards off the side of the building. My parents disapproved of that practice. Mom called us the wrecking crew.

Zip protected me. If Mom saw a need to chastise (spank) me for some imagined infraction, she soon learned that she was wise to make sure Zip was outside and I was inside. Zip would jump into the activity, his teeth bared.

In his old age, he became very sick and Dad had a warm place in the barn for him. One day I came home from school and ran out to check on Zip. He put his head in my hand. Dad told that,



as soon as I left the barn, Zip passed away. It seemed as tho he was waiting for one last goodbye.

Memories of Zippy live on in my heart.



Have you participated in any competitions? How did you do?

by [Linda Moseley](#) on December 26, 2021.

My most exciting competition....and let me tell you the trumpets were blowing.....was being in a snowmobile drag race on one of the John Deere machines.

After sign-up the competition was green with envy as I pulled up to the starting line. Oh, wait, I was using that green face shield, so everything looked green.



In the Halloween picture above, Randy is wearing the infamous green face shield.

Anyway, I revved the engine and, with hand clutching the brake, I waited for the starting signal. The starting line official gave the signal. I released the brake and my steed roared into action and speed. The crowd's cheer was deafening. Actually, I saw and heard nothing. Everything went black around me. The next thing I remember is sitting along the fence at the far end of the race track.



I slowly made it back to the pit area and was thrilled to learn that I had taken second place. Second place!!! I probably should not admit that there were only 2 of us in the race.

I took home my wimpy little trophy and decided that I was not cut out for a career in racing. My boys and their dad more than made up for my lack of expertise thru the years and our house was filled with trophies and awards for them.



Above see Larry and Lori in 1981 with some of my family's trophies.



Above is the famous Scorpion STING with some of its earned hardware.

The people we met during our racing days were such good friends. I am still in touch with some of them after about 30-some years.

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A cartoon illustration of a mechanic wearing a headlamp and holding two wrenches, standing next to a snowmobile. The snowmobile has a star on its front. The entire advertisement is framed by a decorative, scalloped border.

The End (For Now)