
From: The Vasbys <kvasby@smallbytes.net>
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LINCOLN HIGH NEWSLETTER



Responses to previous topics:

Rick Riley - rrile6@yahoo.com

I'd like to remember Bill Gilles for our days in Cub Scouts and boy scouts Pete Reinschmidt from all of our great times on the ice skating rink and other events

Number 7 - wishing everybody a wonderful healthy and safe Christmas - best of health to everybody

Chris Gorski - cwgorski@yahoo.com

Hi Kent, regarding funerals, my advice to all of our readers is "make sure you go to all of your friends funerals because if you don't, they won't come to yours".

Chuck Hanners - Chuck@crgfinancialconsulting.com

I think about kids that lived in Rapids but moved away before HS graduation.

Here are just a few of my lost acquaintances for starters. I am sure other members of the class will remember them and others. Class other than 65 is noted.

Susan Braem, Tom Heath, Dick Clinkenbeard 64, Jerry Gruber, Tom Trewyn (moved to Joplin Missouri in 1957), Ray Kuehl, Dennis Honeyager 64, Tom Graves 63, Cathy Marshall (Moved to Manitowoc in 61), Mike Olson (Marcia Olson Ziarko's cousin)

This week's topics:

- Best, worst, saddest, surprising, strangest Christmas?
- Celebrated Christmas in a foreign country? When, why, how was it?
- Celebrated Christmas in the military?
- When did you stop believing in Santa Claus and why?
- Sitting on Santa's lap. Did you?
- Christ and Christmas - your thoughts.
- Any other Christmas memories/thoughts you'd care to share.

and responses:

Len Ironside - ironside.len@gmail.com

What do you mean, "stop believing in Santa Claus"?

If you want a interesting gift for Christmas for yourself or an old classmate, think of giving a membership to the South Wood County Historical Society. You will get four quarterly magazines full of interesting articles and photos that bring back many memories of the old Wisconsin Rapids and other central Wisconsin communities.

Just send \$25 to South Wood County Historical Society, 540 Third Street South, Wisconsin Rapids, WI. 54494 and ask for the annual membership.

Bonnie Weber - thewebs@wctc.net

Hi Kent, Merry Christmas. I just had to respond to #1. I'm not sure how you would class this. Scary and weird. You know that Christmas Eve service, at the Moravian Church for the last song, they pass out lit beeswax candles. It's really beautiful. In 1972 Jim and I were sitting in the pew with Bob and Sharon Manley and Jim's sister and her boyfriend. Bob and I were sitting next to each other and Bob was misbehaving (as usual) and we were trying not to laugh. Jim's sister leaned over to see what was going on and her hair caught on fire from her candle. (too much Aqua Net) Thanks to quick reactions on Jim's part, he put her candle out and had her hair out before she even knew that she was on fire! She didn't know why he hit her in the head. Most of the people around us didn't even know it happened. It could have been a serious situation, but we were able to laugh about it afterward!!

Thanks for the work you do for all the newsletters.....Bonnie Weber

Chris Gorski - cwgorski@yahoo.com

When I stopped believing in Santa:

I was in 1st Grade at Sacred Heart school in Nekoosa. My brothers were 4 and 5 years older then me. We were on Christmas vacation, both my parents weren't home, and as I came downstairs I noticed my brother Steve trying to unlock the door for the closet that was underneath the stairway. I didn't pay too much attention to him until my oldest brother,

Stanley started telling Steve to stop trying to get the door open because he could get in a lot of trouble with my mom and dad (Stanley was watching us while my parents were gone and he was responsible for anything that went wrong). Suddenly Steve got the door to pop open and said something like, "look at this". I walked over to the closet and looked inside and saw some wrapped presents and some unwrapped ones. I didn't connect them to Santa Claus because I just thought they were from our mom and dad in addition to what Santa would bring. Then on Christmas morning as I was opening my presents I saw that some of them were the same ones I saw in the closet. I didn't say anything because I would get in trouble if I asked why these were the same ones. It took me a day or two to figure it out but I still didn't say anything to my parents. The stark reality was that either Santa didn't come for some reason or that Santa wasn't real. I don't remember exactly when I bit the bullet and gave up on believing there was a Santa but by the next Christmas I had given up on him stopping by with what I wanted. It was OK though because I still got presents.

Don Solie - dg.solie@hotmail.com

Worst Christmas was in 1963.....we had a new gas furnace installed on December 23rd. They made an installation error and our entire family, (sister and her husband and two boys, mother and father and me) all suffered from carbon dioxide or monoxide poisoning. My youngest nephew woke all of us in the very early AM hours. We got out and the fire department said we wouldn't have made it another five minutes! Maybe it was the best Christmas!

Military Christmas in 1967, 1968 and 1969 were the loneliest holidays ever. We were at sea in the Tonkin Gulf for all three holidays, and while there were 5000 sailors with me, there was no family. We did enjoy performances from Connie Francis in '68 and Bob Hope in '69, but it was still very lonely without family.

Looking forward to Christmas within our kids and grandkids this year. And we hope the whiners finally recognize that we fairly elected Donald J Trump as POTUS! I may have bitched about BO, but he was still (regrettably) our President.
Sent from my iPad

Marcie [Basler] Ortscheid '65 - marcie.ortscheid@ki.com

The reason for Christmas is Christ, the savior of the world, was born.

Yes, I celebrated one Christmas in Switzerland - not a lot of difference, we had to explain what pancake mix was and we had to good laugh when we explained about the joke with fruit cake. We told them just pass it along to the next door neighbor and they will pass it along. I don't think they really understood about the passing it along, as they all looked pretty surprised. Always told my sons I wanted a grandfather clock and they thought they would buy me one (they were only 9 and 7) they were pretty sad when they saw the price of one and between the two of them they only had a few dollars. I told them that was the best Christmas present I got just to have them thinking about it. Merry Christmas to all and hope everyone has a great 2017 ...

Barbara Cammack - barbaracammack@hotmail.com

In 1968 we flew to Honolulu, Hawaii for a Navy 3 year posting. We had friends to stay with the first few nights before housing was available that December. So here we were in a high rise building and getting into bed that night we thought someone had forgotten to dry the bedding. (Welcome to humidity in the tropics!) Two yrs. later we hosted family at Christmas; four adults and four kids in a two bedroom, one bath home. When an actual Santa came to the house our nephew cried sitting on his lap, kids found presents in the closet, we had tree rats running around in the attic, I got sick with flu and my sister-in-law had to guess at the things in the kitchen to take charge of making Christmas dinner. But we were outside much of the time, we were together and laugh about it today.

I remember my mom saying "as you get older, Christmas doesn't mean the same thing." I couldn't believe that, but this year it came true. We will golf with friends on Christmas Day and go to friends for dinner. We have no family visiting and are fine with that. We will be ushers at church Christmas Eve and experience the spiritual part as we help others enjoy their children or families. God bless all of you and if you're religious, please continue to pray for peace.

Kent Vasby (Fort Atkinson 58) - kvasby@smallbytes.net

My first Christmas abroad and in the military was in 1964. Another lieutenant and myself had no where to go so we got together in his apartment in Wurzburg, Germany. Opened a couple of beers & a can of cold beans and celebrated Christmas.

I stopped believing in Santa Claus when my dad, on Christmas Eve, suggested we go for a walk down Madison Ave and when we returned, Santa had come and gone.

I thought it a little too "convenient" and that was the end of my believing in Santa.

Barbara Cammack - barbaracammack@hotmail.com

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Randy Cox - w19cox@gmail.com

Christmas now and never has been religious, it's only about kids and the smiles and the hope you see in their eyes. Getting older, everybody passing away around you, there is less and less to celebrate knowing what's coming, but it is still joyful to spend time with brothers, sisters and friends. Merry Christmas!

Sue (Christensen) Weimer - susanweimer2@gmail.com

Just wanted to let you know that my husband Paul passed away Nov. 17th. He was only in the hospital for 10 days. It was a shock. He had pneumonia and sepsis, a blood infection.

I have been doing OK. Lots of things to do which is keeping me busy. Not looking forward to Christmas. This is a message that I have on my frig now: YOU MAY SEE ME STRUGGLE BUT YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME QUIT.

Merry Christmas and a Happy and Healthy New Year.

FIRST CHRISTMAS IN HEAVEN

I see the countless Christmas Trees around the world below, with tiny lights, like heaven's stars, reflecting on the snow.

The sight is so spectacular, please wipe away that tear, for I am spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

I hear the many Christmas songs that people hold so dear, but the sounds of music can't compare with the Christmas choir up here.

I have no words to tell you, the joy their voices bring, for it is beyond description, to hear the angels sing.

I know how much you miss me. I see the pain inside your heart, but I am not so far away. We really aren't apart.

So be happy for me dear ones. You know I hold you dear, and be glad I'm spending Christmas, with Jesus Christ this year.

I send you each a special gift, from my heavenly home above.

I send you each a memory of my undying love.

After all "Love" is the gift, more precious than pure gold.

It was always most important in the stories Jesus told.

Please love and keep each other, as my Father said to do, for I can't count the blessing or love he has for each of you.

So, have a Merry Christmas and wipe away that tear.

Remember, I'm spending Christmas with Jesus Christ this year.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN