

From: [The Vasbys](#)
To: [i](#)
Subject: Lincoln High Newsletter - 6/30/11
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Lincoln High Newsletter

This week's topics:

1. **Wis Rapids church organists - remembering those who played.** Your memories?
2. **Driver's tests:** Remembering the first one when you turned 16 and any you may have taken since.
3. **Summer cottage memories:** Your parents had a cottage where? Memories of summer. You have a summer cottage now?
4. **The very first song that you remember.** *Mairzy doats and dozy doats* is the first one I remember. I was 4 years old. Guess that makes the Editor really old since it was 1944! Did your parents have a favorite song?
5. **Lyme disease: Tis the season! Have you had it?** Any after-effects? My daughter, son-in-law, and sister-in-law all live "in the woods" up north and have contracted it, sister-in-law has had it twice. The first symptom is a "bull's-eye" rash - shown here on my daughter last year.
6. **Controversial subject:** Are the tenets (An opinion, doctrine, or principle held as being true by a person or especially by an organization) of the Democrats and Republicans the same as a religion? If so, what are the ramifications? Can they ever resolve the differences?
7. **Controversial subject #2:** Conservative WI Supreme Court justice Prosser is accused of "choking" a liberal counter-part on the court. <http://www.seattlepi.com/news/article/Sheriff-investigating-Wis-Supreme-Court-argument-1441834.php> Your thoughts?

and responses:

Gene Hafermann genehafermann@charter.net writes:

OK, until I saw this week's topics, I never even realized what the real words were to that song you remember. I thought the words were: Mares eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy. A kid will eat ivy, too, wouldn't you.

My mom and dad's "song" was "Don't Fence Me In". The first songs I remember were ones my mom made my twin sisters and I sing as trios. Songs like "Tell Me Why" or hymns like "Beautiful Savior". And then there were songs I listened to in my Uncle Bob's pick-up truck while hauling junk from home construction sites. Songs like "Duke of Earl" and "Drums A Go Go".

I flunked my first drivers test for making incorrect right turns (right lane to left lane) and not rolling down my window to hear if a train was coming at a crossing. I think you had to wait 2 weeks to take the second test and if I hadn't passed that one, Judy or my dad would have had to drive us to the prom. So I actually didn't get my official

driver's license until I just turned 17 (even though I had been driving since I was 10). And my driver's second test I had to do everything ... including parallel parking on a hill.

I've never had Lyme's disease, but my Uncle Dick did and I think the ramification was arthritis like symptoms. I finally beat him at golf when he was about 75 and couldn't hardly hold the clubs anymore (and then it was because he tried 3 times to hit a shot out of the edge of a pond on the last hole).

As a family we would use a summer cottage of friends near Three Lakes. Great fun fishing for perch. And I had a cabin on 600 feet of the north shore of Lake Superior in Canada (16 miles from Isle Royal) for 12 years, but had to sell it when I got divorced in 1990. Actually, as nice and remote as that was, I felt obligated to go there for vacations (because we were paying for insurance, electricity, and taxes) and ended up working on the place half the time we were there. So in a way I was happy to get out from under that burden.

My dad had stage 4 Lyme's disease in his 80s (he was a golfer and probably got the tick that way). He thought he had bad flu and several weeks later he could not hold anything, nor walk properly. I found him on the floor, next to his bed one morning, and promptly took him to the doctor and onto the hospital. They tested for everything in the world before they tested for Lyme's. Finally, when Lyme disease was determined, they pumped him with antibiotics. He had to transfer to a nursing home for rehab to get him to walk again and use his hands. It took nearly 5 weeks of therapy every other day, and a lot of my hearing 'I can't do this', before he started doing the basics again. Dad survived this disease, and lived till he was one month short of 88, when his heart gave out.

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Tom Lehr lehrtom@AOL.com writes:

Thanks again for all your work on the newsletter.

With regard to the controversial subject, I just have a couple things to contribute that at least to me seem relevant. First is my favorite bumper sticker which says "God, protect me from your followers."

The second is an old Hagar strip which, at the risk of running amok of the copyright police, I have used in my work over the years.



Paul Miller paul_miller@sympatico.ca writes:

Wise words from Paul Harshner last week. Much appreciated.

A sick man turned to his doctor as he was preparing to leave the examination room and said, 'Doctor, I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side.'

Very quietly, the doctor said, 'I don't know.'

'You don't know? You're a Christian man, and don't know what's on the other side?'

The doctor was holding the handle of the door; On the other side came a sound of scratching and whining, And as he opened the door, a dog sprang into the room And leaped on him with an eager show of gladness.

Turning to the patient, the doctor said, 'Did you notice my dog? He's never been in this room before. He didn't know what was inside. He knew nothing except that his master was here,

And when the door opened, he sprang in without fear.

I know little of what is on the other side of death, But I do know one thing...

I know my Master is there and that is enough.'