

The Knight Family Calendar

2017

A Look Through
Twenty-Five Years of
Knight Family Calendars

My Gift.

*You, my children, I'll not bequeath
A wealth of jewels and gold,
Nor will you find upon my death
A horde of coins, to hold.*

*The riches that will follow me
Need not be counted for
Division of my property
To grasp and wish for more.*

*The gems I leave will only be
A store of memories
To overflow each cask of love -
My dears, I give you these.*

G. Knight

January, 1992

The idea behind this, our 26th annual Knight Calendar, is to provide a glimpse through the first twenty-five. When you add them up, that means we had some 300 pages to pick from, and so these dozen pages can represent only a few selections.

This edition is in special memory of Mom, whose own poetry got this project started in the fall of 1991. Her poem, "My Gift," reproduced on the cover of our current calendar, was the first entry in the first calendar in 1992. The cover photo from that calendar is included here, too (on the October page.)

We're wishing a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to every one of you in our big, inclusive, wonderful family that extends far beyond the surname, Knight.

Love,

Denny

(p.s.: here's to another twenty-five)

August 1999

"A rolling stone gathers no moss" - Dad
"Timmy, stop that NOW!" - Mom
"Put pepper on a bird's butt and he can't fly." - Dad
"Do not use an axe to swat a fly from your brother's forehead." - ancient Chinese proverb.

Tim Knight

February 2011

Mom was always organized and on top of things, but often someone would spring a project on her that required her to jump into action. I remember once when she had a last-minute demand to make a new dress for Kathi. With no time to spare, and working too quickly, she ran the sewing machine needle through her thumb. The needle was still locked in the machine while it was lodged in her hand. The recourse was to loosen the assembly so the needle could be removed and she could be extricated. Dad was in near hysteria, until Mom ordered, "Dammit, Mickey, just get me the pliers." She got herself loose, extracted the needle, bandaged her thumb, and finished the dress on time.

Jim

February 1999

Do all the good you can, by all the means you can, in all the ways you can, in all the places you can, at all the times you can, to all the people you can, as long as ever you can.

Tim Knight

October 2016



Top: Wm Knight, Bill Coughlin, Tim Coughlin, Bill Knight, Julia Hunt, Doc Hunt, Kate Knight

Bottom: Naomi Hunt, Lee Hunt, Jerry Coughlin, Catherine Coughlin

(This undated family photo would have been about 1934 when Catherine would have been about seventeen)

February 2008



Beneath the feather is the family Knight. Denny, Jimmy and Kathi are in front, with Jerry and Maureen in the middle, all under the supervision of Mickey and Geraldine. There is snow in the picture, but the lawn is still green, and we're not wearing parkas, so this must be September or October, about 1949.

Editor's Note: Maureen says it was Easter.

February 2004

Grandpa's Prayer

Dear Grandma,

I would like to have you quote a prayer your father would have prayed...I love you, Charlie

Thank you Charlie for such a warm and beautiful question, I love you also...Grandma

"Dear Father in Heaven,

We thank You for this day, for it's sunshine and showers, for it's breezes and it's serenity. Our hopes go out to You for our continued well-being, but most of all, for the love You have given us so freely and so generously. May this love be just as free and as generously shared with our family, our neighbors, our friends and even our enemies so in the not too distant future we may all know a peaceful world. Amen "

March 2004

Becoming Catholic

Dear Mom,

We have enjoyed your story of your first date with Dad on St. Patrick's Day, and his proposal that same night. I think it would be wonderful to hear your story of your conversion to the Catholic Church before your marriage the following November. Please tell us as much as you want about your thoughts and emotions as you went through the process, your parents' reaction, and other associated memories. This is a question I've pondered asking for awhile, and you assured me this evening when I called for your birthday that you would enjoy telling us all the story.

Love, Denny

Dear Denny,

Even though, in the beginning, the decision I made in becoming a Catholic must have been a shock to my parents and possibly a heart break to them at the time, I'm often reminded that it was a very good decision. Sometime after the fact of revealing this decision to them, my father, recalled that as a pre-teen and during my teen years, I would very often bring books home from the library which would present the rosary as an appealing factor in the practice of the Catholic religion.

This religion was quite different than the religion (Methodist) which I had been born into and raised in. I have never been able to recall when, or why this practice became an important religious feature to me. I was very receptive to the opportunity to learn more about and soon to accept the fact that I really did have a great desire to become a Catholic. Thus it was that my first date with Mickey Knight on March 17th, 1936 was also the date of his marriage proposal to me. Because the piece of the puzzle all seemed to fall in place and I could feel the immediate bonding between us prompted my positive answer of assent without question of an alternative answer.

On November 14th 1936, we were married by Father McCarthy, pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Alamosa, Colorado. In 1986 we joyously celebrated our golden wedding anniversary. This joyous affair held at St. Laurence O'Toole Church in Laramie was made complete with the presence of our seven children, their spouses and our grand children, other relatives and many friends.

It was on this day that I said a prayer, looked heavenward, and saw my parents looking down at me, nodding their heads and saying "Fifty years ago our daughter dear, you certainly made the right decision!

Love to you, Dennis, Mom

March 1999



Our parents' favorite expression, "DO YOUR HOMEWORK!"
Sarah and Casey Brewer

I can't remember any saying from when I was younger. There is one expression that I get a kick out of. It is from Yogi Berra (the baseball catcher and manager), "When you come to a fork in the road, take it."
Rosie Knight

"Don't do as I do, do as I say." - My father.
Gene Goodnough

"Do as I say, not as I do." - Dad
Gary Goodnough

"Every black cloud has a silver lining." This is what my father used to tell me when I would be sad over things.
Eleanor Workman

Blarney, and other truths.

I remember my dad always calling everybody "Love". I never picked that one up but it is really nice. And I do remember Grandpa Knight saying "if you have a canker sore on your tongue, you peed outside." He also told me (at Scottie's) "if you put salt and pepper on a seagull's tail, you can catch it." And one time for Christmas, Grandma gave me a diary. In it, she wrote "if you don't want anyone to read it, don't write it down." Guess what, Grandma, I never wrote anything in that diary.
Barbara Collins

Grandma Payton used to talk about a person's "hind leg". If one of us kids hurt our leg and came in crying she would say we had "a sore hind leg".
Mick Knight

"If you don't have anything good to say, don't say anything at all", and "Treat people the way you want to be treated" are two expressions that just stuck with me through the years.
Dan MacMillan

"Make sure to change your underwear everyday in case you ever get in a car wreck." - My mom.
Christi Clay

"Remember, it's not the size of the dog in the fight that counts, it's the size of the fight in the dog." - John Deti, my high school football coach
Jerry Knight

Well, it's not an expression, but I remember dad holding me upside down to empty the "grampus galumpus" out of me.
Thomas Knight

When Amy and I were little, mom and dad always told us they'd "take us back to the Indians" if we didn't start behaving.
Jennifer Jones

"Don't let the sun go down with regrets." - My grandfather.
Charley Martin

"I can't read your mind by looking at your butt." - Roxie Brewer
Dawn Goodnough

The 1999 calendar was a compilation of results of a family questionnaire about travel, lottery winnings and blarney. Lots of blarney.

June 1999

Moneybags

I'd buy a new toaster, a four-slicer, probably, and some new tires for my Honda Civic. After that, if I had anything left over, I'd buy a house, a monkey, and Disneyland. I'd live at Disneyland. The monkey can have the house. Also, I'd give some money to charity.
Kevin Knight

My dad used to tell me when I was little that, if I was ever in a life-threatening situation, to "put your head between your legs, and kiss your ass goodbye."
Joleen Knight

"Them's tougher than woodpecker lips." - My Dad
Vince MacMillan

"Grass doesn't grow on a rolling stone", and "a rolling stone gathers no moss." are two forms of an expression I often heard growing up.
Eileen Knight

January 1999



Globetrotters . . .

Africa. Do a wild tribal dance and go on a safari.
Christi Clay

I would go to Denmark to visit my friend, Morten, and we would probably go out and have some fun.
Jimmy Mora

Ireland. I would go to the nearest pub to find some Gaelic music and then go to kiss the Blarney Stone!
Dawn Goodnough

Tahiti! I'd take a tour of the island.
Denise Marie Wolf Martin

I would buy a ticket on the Orient Express, that fabulous train from Paris to Constantinople (Istanbul) in Turkey. Actually, I don't think the train still runs, at least not the full distance, so I may have to wait for my Powerball check and buy my own railroad.
Dennis Knight

Hawaii is the place I want to go, hang out on the beach and eat all the fresh fruit and smell all the beautiful flowers.
Andrea MacMillan

I would go to France, ride my bicycle through the countryside and eat bread and cheese and drink wine in a field of sunflowers. Then I'd lie back and watch the clouds drift.
Becky Knight

My first choice would have been Ireland, but since we did that last summer my next choice would be to go to France and take an extended boat trip, traveling inland waterways, through France, Holland, Germany, and wherever else you can go that way.
Jerry Knight

April 1996

Maureen: Homemade Noodles with a Homegrown Hen, Perfection Salad, Creamy Mashed Potatoes, Harvard Beets, Chocolate Pudding

*I'm not sure Mom will ever admit to this; however, I have a vivid picture of her taking on a job that was customarily Dad's. With the help of Jerry and myself she was able to catch the fattest hen in the henhouse. Then, in her plaid cotton house dress and apron, hatchet in hand, she placed the unlucky bird on a stump in the backyard and, with one whack, the headless chicken bounded around the yard for what seemed like an afternoon, but was only a few minutes. There was a pot of scalding water waiting on the backyard fireplace and there, with a little help from Jerry and me, Mom plucked the hen. After bringing it inside to finish cleaning, we discovered 3 egg yolks inside, in fruitless anticipation of future breakfasts. These, boiled with the chicken, were the next best thing to the wishbone and homemade noodles. This particular dinner, homemade noodles and chicken, was **always** eaten at the dining room table, usually with Grandpa & Grandma Payton present. Yum, yum.*

NOODLES: See Homemade Noodle Recipe opposite November calendar.

MASHED POTATOES: Use your own recipe or favorite instant

FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN WITH NOODLES

Prepare noodles anytime previous to cooking the chicken.

Follow the directions for fricassee of chicken opposite the June calendar, up to and including removing the vegetables and adjusting the level of the broth. Using heat high enough to keep the broth boiling vigorously, slowly add the noodles, stirring with a long fork to keep them from sticking together. Reduce heat and keep cooking for 10 to 12 minutes. At this point, hopefully there will be enough broth to cover noodles. If not, add water to allow the noodles to be swimming in broth. Bring back to the boiling point for 3 or 4 minutes. Remove chicken pieces to shallow pan, plate or platter, keeping warm while reheating noodles and transferring them to a deep bowl. Arrange chicken pieces atop the noodles, ladling some broth over the chicken. Traditionally, our family has served chicken and noodles with mashed potatoes along with a favorite vegetable and/or salad.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE PUDDING

1 1/2 c. sugar	3 eggs, beaten
1/2 tsp salt	2 tbsp cornstarch
2 c. canned milk	1/2 c. cocoa
1 c. water	2 tbsp butter or margarine
	2 tsp vanilla

Mix sugar, salt, cornstarch and cocoa until well blended. Add milk. Stir to mix. Bring to boil for 1 minute. Remove from heat and pour half of mixture into beaten eggs. Stir well, then add egg mixture to other half of cornstarch mix. Continue to stir while boiling one more minute. Add butter and vanilla. Serve hot or cold with topping of your choice.

HARVARD BEETS

2 no. 2 cans beets (diced, sliced, or preferably tiny whole) drained
3/4 c. reserved beet juices
3/4 c. sugar
1/2 c. vinegar
3 tbsp corn starch
2 dashes tabasco
1/4 tsp. cinnamon
1/4 tsp. cloves

Combine all ingredients in heavy, medium sized pot. Bring to boil over medium heat, stirring briskly with wire whisk. Add beets, reduce heat to low. Cook for 5 to 10 minutes until sauce is thick and glossy. Keep warm or reheat at serving time. The beautiful jewel tone of this dish makes any garnish, well, garish.

PERFECTION SALAD

(Yes, Maureen, this salad did have a special name, just as you thought)

1 large pkg. lemon Jell-O	1 no. 2 can crushed pineapple, undrained
2 c. shredded carrots	1 small jar diced or sliced pimentos.

In a medium sized utility dish heat 1 3/4 c. water to boiling (in microwave). Remove from 'nuker', add pineapple, shredded carrots, pimento and 2 dashes tabasco sauce. Stir to distribute the ingredients, then add 1 c. cold water and stir again. Refrigerate until firmly set. A more modern touch is to top the salad with 1/2 8 oz. container Cool Whip mixed with 2 heaping tablespoons mayonnaise. The final touch of a sprinkling of coarsely chopped pecans is truly a perfection.

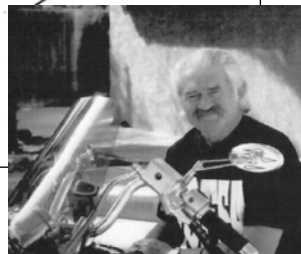
The theme of the 1996 calendar was "Home Cooking at the Knights. Each of us seven gave mom the description of a favorite family meal, and Mom's job was to supply the recipes she used when she originally prepared it.

May 2000

Denny
This is just a short letter and a picture to let you know that I did do my good deed for the year ok. In May I rode my bike (motorcycle to you) in a poker run to raise money for the blind... about four or five hundred of us bikers rode about 200 miles. We started out in Vegas, went to California/ Nev. State line over to Searchlight down to Laughlin and back to Vegas via Hoover Dam. It was a nice ride, by the time we got back it sure was Miller time, anyway Denny we managed to raise around 700 & thousand dollars for the blind not to bad huh.

Yana truly
Mae

P.S.
{ Put My Hanson pictures }
{ in your calendar if }
you don't want dead ok.



October 2008

Mickey's friend, Joe Sanchez worked as a hostler in the Laramie rail yards. A hostler is an employee who operates engines to move them around a rail yard, but is not authorized to take the trains on the road. In the early 40's, Mickey had been appointed as a "griever" for the union, and the railroad needed men for engine crews on the road, but wouldn't promote Mexican or other minority employees. Mickey said Sanchez was the best employee in the yards, and deserved the job. He took his fight to the superintendent in Omaha, and was fired or threatened with his job over the deal. Mr. Sanchez came to our house to thank Mickey for his support, but said he didn't really want the job and called off the battle. Mickey stayed on the railroad, but he was no longer the griever, because the union wasn't too happy with him, either.

August 1993



Denny



Our Home
at
718 Spruce



Jerry



Jerry

June 2001

SAUERKRAUT SURPRISE

This recipe I created as a Boy Scout. We were deep in the throes of a winter survival camping experience on Pole Mountain, at about 20° below zero (Fahrenheit!). It was so cold I couldn't even think of opening a tin can—a nearly impossible task with mittens on over gloves and an icicle dangling from the tip of my nose. It seemed logical under those conditions to simply nestle my can of sauerkraut, unopened, in the campfire, and when it warmed sufficiently, the lid would pop gently off, yielding a succulent garnish of kraut for the hot dogs.

If you follow my recipe carefully, the explosion will resound through the forest and echo for miles. There will be shards of pickled cabbage nestled in the snow banks, dangling from branches, and frozen to the bark of every pine tree on the perimeter of the camp ground, with significant collateral damage to the troop itself. The lid will settle in a low earth orbit, perplexing NORAD and prompting an occasional UFO sighting.

A note of caution to my fellow bachelors: this is an outdoor recipe.

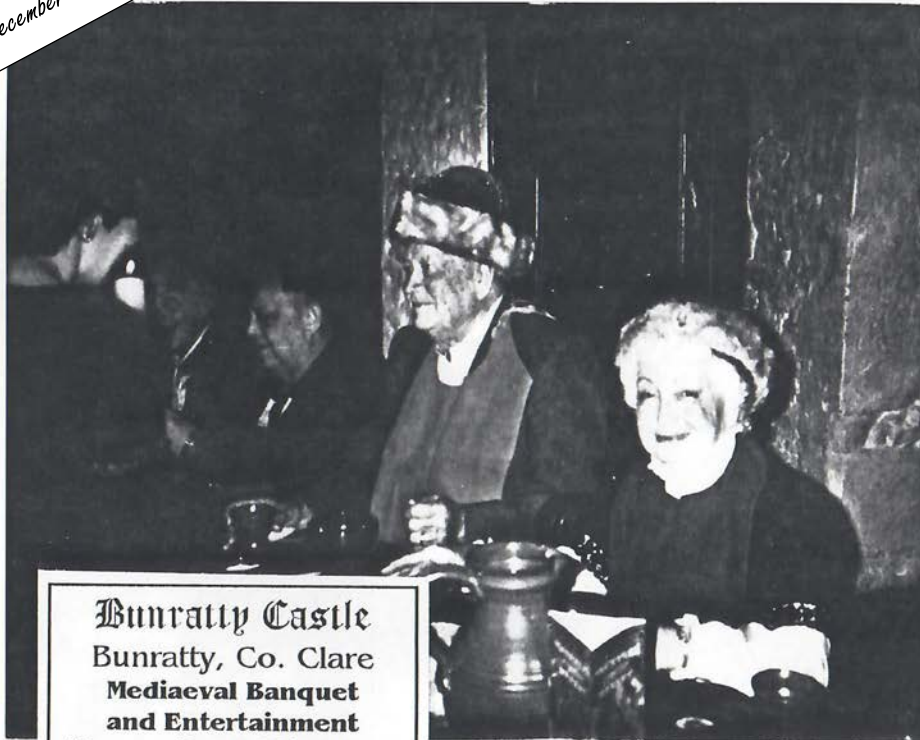
— Stormy Knight

November 1993



... and the Crowning Moment of
our adventure in Ireland.

December 1995



Bunratty Castle
Bunratty, Co. Clare
Mediaeval Banquet
and Entertainment

The magnificent 15th Century Castle of Bunratty is situated on the Limerick/Shannon/Galway Road, 8 miles from Limerick City.

It was a wonderful surprise when Mickey and I were crowned the Lord and Lady of Bunratty Castle at the Mediaeval Banquet. Note Lord Michael's elevated position at the table...a loyal democrat in America, he filled his monarchy with grace and dignity, and wore a wee bit of an Irish smirk. No subject was allowed to partake of a dish until the Lord had the first taste. The memorable event happened to coincide with Mickey's 79th birthday, and we're sure our tour guide helped to arrange the honor.

Cover Picture 1998



Pixie guards the castle.

by Maureen

June 2004

Lessons in Living

Hi Grandma,

I have been wondering what, when looking back on your 89 years of living, you would change if you were able to do so? Also, if not too overwhelming, would you share one of your more valuable lessons in living? Please don't let the serious sound of these two questions overwhelm you Grandma, I'm really looking for a light hearted response from you, as it is quite apparent you have been living a quite blessed life. Lots of love, Danny

Dear Danny,

Your questions have not overwhelmed me. It's the answers that have come to my mind that are far more overwhelming to me. I'm trying to answer your questions honestly and, in doing so, I am actively putting down in black and white my life story.

Over my long life I have been granted privileges which I have not earned and in turn not deserved. I am so sorry I failed to give my most wonderful parents the credit which they so quietly earned. I wish now I could so much repay them for the sacrifices

they made for me. I am on the other hand proud of the large family I have been able to raise to carry on their traditions of honesty, truth, and love, which make the world a better place. This is a moment of pride which I can only give credit to you, my children and grandchildren. Thank you one and all

One of the more valuable lessons I have learned in my eighty nine years is this...As long as I can do some of the things I want to do, the things I have to do don't seem so bad!

Thank you, Danny, for recognizing how blessed my long long life has been. Every night in my evening prayers I recall the many blessings I have received and the merciful hand in which they have come. Isn't it great all of us get to do some of the things we want to do so the things we have to do don't seem as bad?

Love, Grandma

June 2011

Mom's last days were emotional and inspiring for Kathi and I, and I think our memorial calendar is a fitting place to talk about it. There is no question in our mind that Mom made the decision for herself that it was her time. The fact that she passed away on the anniversary of Dad's death had to have been her plan and her prayer. Kathi and I were so privileged to be with her in her final days. On Wednesday she had a wonderful day, full of vitality and humor. Kathi had been over and we had all been laughing and enjoying the day. On Thursday she seemed fine, but asked me a strange question, "Did you call Kathi?" When I asked why I was supposed to call Kathi, she said, "Well, it's time for me to go." It was stated in a matter-of-fact, almost exasperated manner, as something I should have known. On Friday she had a massive stroke and was mostly comatose until she passed away days later on June 8, 2004.

Maureen

2004 Bonus Page

Hopes and Expectations

Hi Grandma,

I've enjoyed reading the questions you've received on the message board - and especially your answers. I was wondering if there has been anything that you have expected to happen in your life time that has not happened, or vice versa, anything you'd thought you'd never see that has happened. For example, I do not expect to see a woman elected President of the United States in my lifetime. But I also did not expect to see the Iron Curtain fall, which happened when I was relatively young. What were your expectations of the world, and how have they been met?

Love you lots, Becky

Dear Becky,

Thank you for your interesting questions. I'm finding myself in quite a dilemma as to the answers. As I think about these questions many thoughts become intertwined and I realize that my answers would be confusing to say the least. So this is an attempt to simplify my answers and, though short, I hope you will see that they have many dimensions.

I am taking the privilege of changing the word "expect" to "hope" in the answer to your last question. I have never stopped hoping and praying for world peace. I hope at some point in time that our world leaders will think very seriously about world peace and perhaps agree to disagree in a civilized way to make the interludes of peace much longer and shortening the times of war. Perhaps in time the people will realize that it is possible for everyone to live, prosper and benefit in a happy, war free environment.

I think the most amazing thing I have seen take place in my life is the enormous advancement in the field of medicine. The breakthroughs in pharmaceuticals, technology, skills, and medical facilities have improved the life of young and old far beyond anything I could have imagined. I'm also aware that things are continuing to advance each and every day. My life has certainly been made more comfortable and most likely longer because of this.

I am very proud of your affiliation in this endeavor for improving the quality of life, Becky.

As I stated at the beginning, Becky, many things that could be answers to your questions have come to mind but I think I have made a good choice as to these two things being at the top of my list.

Love, Grandma

October 1998

... cattle drives by our front door ...

-Jim

On Saturday mornings we often rode our bikes uptown to Barney Deti's second hand store and bought used comic books at 3 for a dime. Barney sewed the loose covers on so they were better than new.

-Denny

Dad would send me to buy him a pack of Chesterfields from a vending machine at the garage over on Cedar Street. The cigarettes cost 17¢ a pack; you would put two dimes in the machine, and 3 pennies change were wrapped inside the cellophane. Dad would give me the pennies for running the errand.

-Denny

I would ride along with the neighbor kid, Donny Shaner on his paper route across town in the neighborhood around 9th & Grand. I sometimes went with him to collect, often again to the same house. I was there when he broke (and had to pay for) the fork on his bicycle going over a curb hell bent for leather with a load of papers. I concluded there wasn't a lot of profit in the distribution side of the newspaper business.

-Denny

Dad took me to my first football game one Saturday afternoon to see the Plainsmen beat the Cheyenne Indians.

-Mick

Jerry came home after being initiated into the Laramie High School Athletic "L" Club with a mohawk hair cut.

-Kathi

Dad traded cars with the neighbor, Mr. Shaner. They were both robbed, but neither of them could complain because they were each sure they had saddled the other with the greater lemon.

-Kathi

Why, when I was in trouble with Mom, would I run to the bunkbeds for safety? They were enclosed on three sides, and there was no way out but through Mom. She always had me when I did this.

-Jim

It was very scary watching the news one evening with Mom and Dad to learn of a terrible accident and fire on Mick's ship, the U.S.S. Enterprise. It was unclear what had happened and we didn't get much if any sleep that night until we finally heard from Mick that he was okay.

-Tim

I remember Dad's great excitement (and mine, too!) when Jim came home from the Navy.

-Tim

I was completely surprised the day Jerry came home from the Navy. Dad and I had been digging on the south side of the house that morning, and when we came in for lunch, there was Jerry in the living room. I was overjoyed.

-Mick



March 2003



Geraldine and Jerry

February 2008



Mickey, Mickey Don, Denny, Jerry, Kathi, Maureen, Timmy, Geraldine, Jimmy (1954)

1992 Cover Photo



Sitting: Geraldine and Mickey.
Standing: Jerry, Mick, Tim, Jim, Maureen, Denny, Kathi (1986)

November 2004

Thanksgiving

Dear Mom,

Would you please share with us memories you might have of Thanksgivings which took place during your childhood? What were some of your favorite dishes, who might have been feasting with your family, what chores do you remember being assigned to help prepare for the feast and, also, where do you suppose the turkey came from? Also, do you remember a particular Thanksgiving day throughout the years that you could consider your favorite, whether it be during childhood or as an adult? Finally, what would you say is the best thing about Thanksgiving?

Thank you, Mom. Love, Maureen

Dear Maureen,

Looking back over many, many decades of Thanksgiving days, I think that most have been very traditional with family, relatives and friends gathering around the table, enjoying the usual turkey dinner. The one common fixture of these huge meals was the groaning of overstuffed tummies. Occasionally, we ventured out of town to join other friends or relatives on this festive day. Although Thanksgiving Day was always a special occasion, one was so extra special that I will never forget it.

Because a severe blizzard had stranded people to the small town of Kit Carson, Colorado, my father, the Methodist minister, went to the small local hotel to check on travelers who might be finding shelter there. He generously invited them to Thanksgiving Dinner the following day. I can't remember at this time what sort of a panic attack my mother went through when she realized there would be 21 people for Thanksgiving dinner. However, that was the number and I recall that there was an abundance of food.

Bill Brown, a Negro man who was the husband of Blanche (our self appointed cook) and their daughter, Lucille, my friend, were three of the guests. Bill raised chickens, ducks, rabbits, turkeys and geese at the edge of town. I'm sure he supplied plenty of fowl for the dinner and Blanche was a great help in preparing the mountains of food. Everyone had a great time and offered their thanks for such a wonderful day and the hospitality of our family.

The guests included three musicians (young men), a newlywed couple, and an older couple. I don't remember the other six, but I believe they were all men and probably salesmen.

Upon returning to their home in New York, the three musicians sent me a packet of sheet music which contained the words and music to the current songs of the day. One of the songs from this packet that I remember was "Always", a song that has stayed one of my favorites. The newlywed couple returned to Denver but remained friends of my parents the rest of their lives.

I remember that Thanksgiving as the best, ever!

Maureen, I think that the best thing about Thanksgiving is the reminder that we all have so much to be thankful for and although it comes but once a year we are many times over, reminded to praise God for all of his blessings. May you and yours have a wonderful day together and I will be thankful, once again, for all of your love.

Thank you from Mom, Grandma, Gigi

The First Thanksgiving

Dear Grandma,

As Thanksgiving nears I would like you to tell us anything that you might relating to our ancestor Francis Cooke whom I believe came to this land on the Mayflower and would have been present for the first Thanksgiving celebration.

Thank you Grandma and I love you, Charlie Mac

Dear Charlie,

I think your question has been the most challenging of any I have received up to this time. I am sure I will have to do some research before I can give you an answer, which may prove to you that your Grandma knows very little about history and probably even less about Francis Cooke. But I do think yours is a very intelligent question, and I will really try to appear to have a somewhat intelligent answer, with help from the family history book, as well as the Internet.

I have taken the privilege of copying two pages from the family history book which I had, rather crudely, I admit, concocted some of the facts about our ancestors or forefathers. Some of the more interesting facts were the story of their part in the journey of the Mayflower and their contribution to the formation of a government and abiding by its laws. The document referred to as 'The Mayflower Compact' is considered by many prestigious historians as the beginning of democracy in America. Francis Cooke was not only one of our ancestors but the seventeenth signer of the 'Mayflower Compact'.

Love, Grandma

First Vote

Dear Grandma,

How old were you when you cast your first vote for President? Who did you vote for and why?

Love, Jill Mac

Dear Jill,

Thank you for a question I had probably given little thought to for many years. It has managed to get my brain in gear.

My first presidential election came a year and nine months after my eligibility in 1935. I had read with some interest about FDR and his courage in fighting the battle with polio, which had

left him confined to a wheel chair. I would never have conceived him as being crippled and after hearing him and watching him as he gave one of his famous campaign speeches, I was so impressed with his platform and all that it meant to me, a college graduate (at 21 years of age) in 1935, with little or no prospect of a job.

His obvious care and concern for the common citizen gave me hope and courage. It seemed that re-electing this man, Franklin Delano Roosevelt (ironically a very wealthy man) was the answer to recovery from the crippling disease of economic disaster and social disorder.

It was with this projected hope and courage I was able to proudly cast my first vote not for Al Landon the Republican nominee but for FDR the Democratic nominee to begin his second term of office....

Love, Grandma

Nightowls

Dear Grandma,

This one may seem kind of inane after the others you have received, but anyway... It is currently 12:30 a.m. on a week night, and I have no desire nor inclination to go to bed; in fact, my productivity seems to peak about this time (although I have always carried around an unshakable guilt associated with staying up late). I am pretty certain that you are also a night owl, yes? Has this always been so or was it the only way you could gain some peace and quiet?

I love you, Vince

Dear Vince,

Your question seemed no way inane to me. On the other hand, I have finally found a kindred spirit. This soul mate I have found in my very own family! What a joy! What a blessing! Thank you so very much for being that kindred soul!

I have for many years considered myself a pretty good seamstress and, in my more mature years I have thought of myself as a rather good designer. Designing clothing for myself, my daughters and occasionally for other people has been an activity which often has taken place at night. Because the nighttime was usually quieter, more peaceful and less demanding of my attention-the telephone was not ringing, meals were not to be prepared, no one was knocking at the door, children were not to be dressed and fed for school-I could probably add to this endless litany of everyday jobs which were always needing to be done during the day.

These are the reasons that I have been able to accomplish many things at night. I have always been able to do my best thinking at night and because I too, am a nightowl, I have been happy spending the night time accomplishing chores which other wise might never have been done.

Love always, Grandma

November 1992

My Kitchen Prayer

I love my little kitchen, Lord
Its shiny pots and pans
The little rack where spices lend
Their scents from other lands.

The crowded shelves of handy tools,
That slice and chop and grate
Recall the times the family shared
Their food, their love, their fate.

It's here where children come to find
A cookie jar replete
To tell me of their victories,
To nibble something sweet.

The kith and kin, and strangers, too
Who enter through the door
May soon find themselves befitted
With an apron and a chore.

The aroma from the kettle,
A bubbling on the stove,
Is akin to family blending
In a potpourri of love.

On sleepless nights my kitchen calls,
I brew a pot of tea,
And bask in all the warmth herein
And have a chat with Thee.

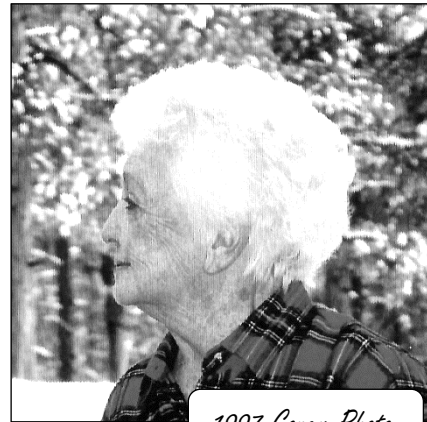
So, Thank You, Lord, for these Thy gifts,
I'll never ask for more,
Than every happy memory
My kitchen holds in store.

Let Sleeping Dogs Lie

Cash doesn't grow upon a tree,
I've heard it said since I was three.
So that leaves fruit and nuts to be
The reason why you'll never see -
Me, no never me, no, not me! -
You'll never see me shake my family tree.

G. Knight

April 1992



1997 Cover Photo

June 1992

Help Wanted

Those who step within my walls,
For bed or board, or just to lurk,
Most often join with me, to make
A quick resolve of all my work.

Because I'm never ready early,
My cry for help is evident.
The offer of a helping hand
Precludes the question imminent.

When my Final Guest raps on my door,
The welcome is undiminished,
As I explain "I have some tasks
That cannot be left unfinished."

Smilingly, He accepts the towel,
The dusty window panes He shines.
As I remove my earthly grime,
He gently closes all the blinds.

"Ah, now, at last I'm ready, Sir,
To follow to those Promised Lands.
I'd never, ever made it, Lord,
Without the gift of Helping Hands."

G. Knight

My Hangup

The moon, the stars, and occult signs
All hold no mysteries.
I love to study maps and charts,
Plot travels overseas.
From miles to knots and meters, too
Is really quite a breeze.
But when I see a detour sign,
My brain begins to wheeze,
At once I'm in that well known stuff,
Far up above my knees.

G. Knight

April 1992