

Northwoods Humane Society – Deanna Persson, President

Remembering the good, the bad and the ugly! I am just going to focus on the good and fortunately, there isn't much bad or ugly that I remember. The biggest 'bad' is that my parents and my husband's parents are no longer alive to share memories with.

I was working at our kitchen counter last week in the morning and the sun was pouring in. Cobwebs seemed to have sprouted on the top of the cabinets. Obviously, they didn't just happen and obviously I had successfully ignored the issue for a while. But the need to clean became very apparent.

On the top of my kitchen cabinets I have many treasures that are attached to wonderful memories. I have my grandmother's Aunt Jemima's doll, there is the Army doll that my father brought me from England during World War II. My mother made me a sock monkey when I was 7 years old – I just turned 80. I have my stove and refrigerator that I played with and cooked for my dolls. There are paintings by Carol Donnor, Russ Ramsdell, my mother and son and treasures from our Wilderness Walk days and so much more.

Mike and I took each item down, washed them, cleaned the cabinet tops and replaced them. For Mike, it was a review of our life as I explained why each item was important and which memory it held. It would be easier to remove everything but the emptiness would not hold the memories that make me smile. I think that I will not forget the good memories – but the memory is pretty full and I just love good reminders.

Last Sunday, we went down another memory lane and put up our traditional Christmas treasures on the mantel. Chris's first nutcracker, my Dad's trumpet, the village figures that my mother gave us and my favorite redberry wreath.

Christmas cards bring memories, too. You see the name on the return address and it sparks a good memory. Maybe the sender just signs their name, but that's okay – I know they are alive and well and thinking of me.

Last week I had a phone call from two dear friends' daughter, who called to let me know that her father at age 93, had passed away. Do you remember John 'Jack' and Shirley Eary? Jack and Shirley were a part of the force that created the Northwoods Humane Society. A rush of good memories came forward as I thought about Jack and Shirley. Jack and Shirley left the Hayward area about 10 years ago to be near their daughter in Arizona. They had recently moved in to an Assisted Living home just before Jack had passed away.

When you are in an area business and you see the Northwoods Humane Society donation houses, know that Jack Eary built every one of them and that Shirley Eary painted each of them. Jack and Shirley worked all of our fundraisers, especially Art For Animals. Shirley made racks of doll clothes and Jack made the rack and other furniture for dolls. He made household items and they helped with setup and take down. They always did everything with a smile. Jack also physically worked on building the shelter and pavilion alongside friends Bob Schroeder and Wally McIntire. Shirley was a cheerleader at the early Thrift Shops. Jack and Shirley embraced our son, Chris, and made us all feel part of their family.

Jack leaves us with wonderful memories and a humane society that was built with in part with his love and caring. If you would like to send Shirley a card, give me a call at 725-645-4543 and I will share her new address with you.

I often write about the value of volunteering. You are doing something that helps make the world a better place and you are gifted with the opportunity to make friends that will warm you heart and enrich your world.

Happy Holidays.