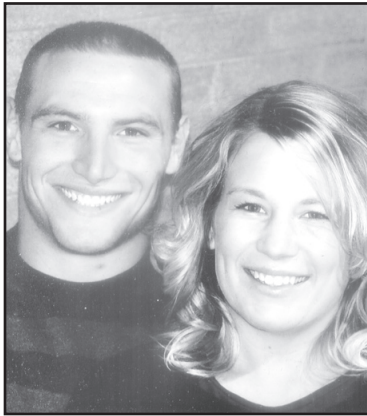


English students receive recognition

Couple plans wedding



Ross—Lampe

Allyse Lampe, daughter of Rod and Carla Lampe and Derek Ross, son of Doug and Marla Ross, are planning a May 23 wedding at the United Methodist Church in St. Francis.

Allyse is the granddaughter of Alice Oelke of Hastings, Neb. and the late Vic Oelke and Jack and Marge Lampe of St. Francis. Derek is the grandson of Charlsie Rogers of St. Francis and the late Sam Rogers and Kurt and Margaret Bucholtz of St. Francis and the late Harlan Ross.

The bride-elect is a 2004 graduate of St. Francis High School and student at the University of Nebraska-Kearney and will be graduating in August with a Business Management degree. The prospective groom is a 2005 graduate of St. Francis and a student at the University of Nebraska-Kearney majoring in Philosophy and will graduate in 2010.

Introducing

Avery Elizabeth Jenkins

Avery Elizabeth Jenkins was born at 3:40 a.m. on March 8, 2009, at Memorial North Hospital, Colorado Springs. The daughter of Gabe and Ashley Jenkins, Avery weighed 7 pounds, 8 ounces and was 19-inches long.

Grandparents are Karen Shaw, Greeley, Colo., Ralph Shaw, Denver, and Steve and Connie Jenkins, St. Francis.



Avery Elizabeth Jenkins

Club Clip

The Red Hat Mamas

The Red Hat Mamas of Bird City/McDonald chose St. Patrick's Day to visit Atwood. The theme was set in place when our queen, Phyllis, adorned each of us with a shamrock. Lunch was at the Atwood Bowl. Phyllis delighted us with three chuckles plus an advice reading for our age set. She also provided our after meal treat of sunflower cookies.

Chalked chicken tracks and the aura of the chicken dance invited us into the home of Agnes Reeh where we witnessed her fabulous chicken collection. We all came to attention when the waffle iron started chirping, signaling it was hot enough to cook a chicken shaped waffle. In-

cluded in the assemblage were salt cellers, a 47 pound rooster wine bottle and many pieces of dinner ware. As we watched the lighted chickens and eggs on the Christmas tree, Christmas carols were sung by chickens. Agnes displayed stuffed chickens, most playing the chicken dance and recounted the history of each. Thanks, Agnes, for the memorable day.

Red hatters attending were: Ana Antholz, Frieda Black, Linda Carroll, Vernetta Haack, Bev Higgins, Diane Kribs, Betty Lewis, Iris McIntosh, Carol Mears, Lois Morelock, Connie Rooney, Edna Rosesner, Margaret Voorhies, LaVina Waters and Phyllis Wingfield.

Two of Lisa Gibson's freshman English class were among 115 semi finalists in the Kansas Letters About Literature project. Tilyn Bell and Isaac Schiltz, St. Francis students, were among 54,000 national and state entries who received certificates of recognition.

"I'm very proud of these two students," said Mrs. Gibson. "What a great honor for them."

Mrs. Gibson's students enter several contests each year. Students in this contest were to choose an author, living or from the past, explaining why they enjoyed the author's book.

Criteria for judging included:
• Exposition - The writer's use of language skills, organization and grammar.

• Content - The writer's achievement in addressing the contest theme.

• Writer's voice - The writer's style and originality of expression.

Following are the letters written by the winning students:

By Tilyn Bell

Dear Margaret E. Sangster,
If I died tomorrow, what would happen to me? Does it matter how many good things you do in life? Do they ever outweigh the bad? Is failing to perform a righteous deed the same as committing a sin? These were a few of the many questions making their way through my head as I read your poem "The Sin of Omission."

I've always thought to myself, "Sure I'll go to heaven, look at all of the good deeds I've done!" But does that determine it? Does God sit up in heaven tallying the number of worthy and unworthy things I do; like a judge with a scale, putting blocks on each side to see if good outweighs bad? Most likely not, but I'm sure it disheartens Him when an opportunity arises for me to perform an admirable deed, and I bypass it as though it is not even there.

I liked your wording when you wrote, "The flowers you did not send, dear, Are your haunting ghosts at night." That is so true. How many times have I gone to bed feeling bitter about not helping the old lady cross the street, or not helping the nerd in the hallway pick up his books? Even if the answer was one, it would still be one too many.

My father always told me, "If you can lie down at night, and feel good about yourself, you have probably



Schiltz



Bell

done the right thing." Maybe that's what's wrong with the world these days, a lack of conscience. Think about it. Would there be theft, adultery, and murder if everyone had a strong conscience? Sin quite obviously would not be eliminated entirely, but I'm sure it could be greatly reduced if every person around the world had a little voice inside their head that said, "NO! You know this is wrong! It's not worth it!"

Do you ever wonder what the world would be like if every person lifted every stone out of a stranger's way. What a wonderful world that would be if we all took a small amount of time to make an immense difference in someone else's life.

I would like to thank you for this wonderful poem. It has helped me to reconsider the way I am living my life, to wonder about a different world, full of helping instead of hurt, and to slow down in life to lend a hand to someone in need. You have taken your "chance to be an angel" as you said, by transforming me into a more thoughtful person.

For "It isn't the thing you do, dear, It's the thing you left undone. That gives you a bit of heartache, At the setting of the sun." May these words stick with me in my days, months, and years to come.

Sincerely,
Tilyn Bell

By Isaac Schiltz

Dear Mr. Farshtey,
I will be bluntly honest with you. I despise reading, and if it weren't for my teacher requiring me to read eight hours over the semester, I wouldn't have given Voyage of Fear a chance. However, because of my reading assignment and my past love of Bionicle, I figured that I'd give it a shot. Little did I know that

from this little book, I would feel so much. So much emotion, so much fear, so much power, and so much passion. I can only scratch the surface of trying to describe my emotions generated from your book.

I have read some of your books previously, and I was impressed, but a book never altered my imagination and train of thought like this book has. As I remember it, emotion was kindled from the very beginning.

What was the spark that lit the flame? Suspense, obviously. Would the Toa be unharmed? How would they escape from the recently destroyed Metru Nui? What trials will they face on their journey? Will the six Matoran capsules be rescued safely? I simply needed to know, so I read on.

As the Toa entered the cavern, it was like someone threw lighter fluid on the steadily burning flame; an instant rush of curiosity. I then tried to imagine I was a

Toa, right there beside the other six. My first thought was that there is no way I would be brave enough to rescue all these Matoran, with danger lurking around every corner. However, I continued on reading the book, and on my journey as well.

As the Toa continued and the character of Mavrah entered the scene, things drastically changed. It was as if a huge dead tree fell upon the fire, instantly causing a blazing inferno of interest. I was instantly overwhelmed with knowledge of the great history of the Onu-Metru Archives and the dark past of the mysterious character Mavrah. However, none of this ranks in comparison to pure flowing adrenalin produced when the amazingly huge, powerful Rahim beasts were introduced. Then it hit me, like falling into a freezing lake; it felt like my physical being itself was sucked into the book.

I just sat there for a second with my eyes closed; not really knowing what had come over me. I realized then, that in my mind, I was actually there. I was at the underground lake right beside the Toa. I then proceeded to turn around and what did I see? A two hundred foot tall water monster standing right beside me! I then looked across the lake, so anx-

ious to discover what I would find. I saw everything as I had perceived it. All six Toa were there. Mavrah was there too, now becoming half crazy by this point. There were more Rahi as well. Not just five or six, but hundreds, tearing each other to shreds in all of the confusion that the Toa had caused. I just sat there, confused for quite a time. Shortly, the Toa entered the fray...and shortly, so did I. I loved the feeling of taking on a ten-thousand pound crab Rahi, or a sky scraping sea serpent. What a rush of power! I was instantly consumed by goose bumps.

I realized then what I could've realized with any other book I've read. I can do anything. Fly, jump sky high, lift thousands of pounds, or run at the speed of sound. You name it, I could do it. I felt as if I were a mighty warrior, fighting along side the six Toa like I was one of their own.

The fighting continued for sometime, about half and hour I think, and then I did something I really regretted. I opened my eyes. It had felt so real, all the emotion, all the passion, all the fire running through my veins. I continued to read, desperately trying to make it back to the world from which I had recently returned, but it was in vain. It was all over, and I would never again return to that deep crevasse in my mind where I had discovered this amazing world. No more mystical powers, and no more ten-thousand pound beasts running head long into each other. Most importantly, no more being a hero.

The day I read Voyage of Fear is still today one of the biggest mysteries of my life, even four years later. Was it a dream? Was it my imagination? I don't know what it was, but it altered the way I think and operate. Every time I recall that day, I instantly get goose bumps and felt like I can take on the world and win. So lastly, I want to say thank you, Mr. Farshtey, you have turned my dull imagination upside down, and I am so glad. Reading is more enjoyable now, knowing that one day, maybe, I might just come upon another Voyage of Fear. I can't wait.

Sincerely,
Isaac Schiltz

Coming Soon

The Uptown Meat Market and Deli

(In Downtown St. Francis)

Providing: Fresh Meat, Poultry, Seafood, Deli Cheeses & Meats, Prepared Salads and Sandwiches, Rotisseri Chicken, Dairy Items, Frozen Food and Desserts, Take & Bake Breads, Snacks, and Other Great Items!

Locally Owned and Always Involved

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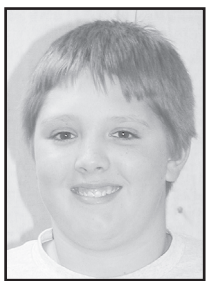
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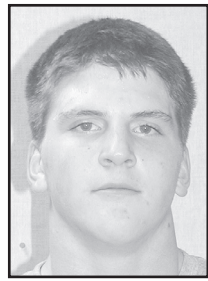
Garrett Brunk



Shakotah Blanka



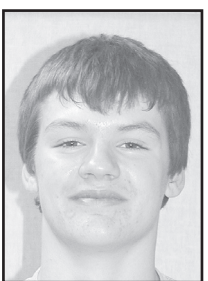
Lane Hoffman



Adam Guthmiller



Logan Lampe



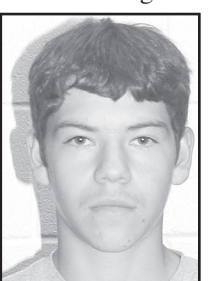
Zach Gienger



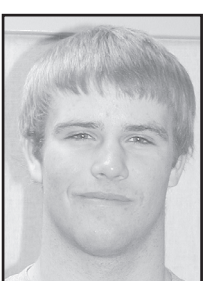
Terrence Lamb



Darris Keller



Freddy Pacheco



Grady Brunk



Coming Soon:

SENIOR PARENTS!!!

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Congratulate Your Graduate

The Saint Francis Herald and Bird City Times are now planning the Senior Graduation Supplement and will be giving parents a chance to put a baby picture in along with a short message from the family for \$20 extra. This feature is optional.

Senior pictures will be sponsored by parents, grandparents, individuals and/or businesses for \$39.00 each or three for \$99.

David Guthmiller

I plan on attending Sterling College on a football scholarship and major in Biology.

Congratulations, you made it! We are so proud of you and everything you have accomplished. Good luck next year, we will be behind you all the way! Love Mom, Dad, Sarah and Adam



Parents: John and Kristi Guthmiller



For more details, contact Casey McCormick at the Saint Francis Herald at 785-332-3162

Bird City Times
The Saint Francis Herald
785-332-3162