



Keep Them Close

I grew up in the 40s, 50s and 60s with practical parents. A mother, God love her, who washed aluminum foil after she cooked in it, then reused it. She was the original recycle queen, before they had a Name for it.. A father who was happier getting old shoes fixed than buying new ones.

because they are worth it, because we are worth it. Some things we keep. Like a best friend that moved away or a classmate we grew up with.

There are just some things that make life important, like people we know who are special.... And so, we keep them close!

Author unknown

Recipe

Southwestern Turkey Soup

- 1 medium onion, chopped
- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1 can (14-1/2 ounces) chicken broth
- 2 to 3 tablespoons diced jalapeno pepper
- 3 teaspoons ground cumin
- 1-1/2 teaspoons chili powder
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper
- 3 cups cubed cooked turkey
- 1 can (15 ounces) black beans, rinsed and drained

1 can (10 ounces) diced tomatoes and green chilies, undrained

1-1/2 cups frozen corn

Sour cream, coarsely crushed tortilla chips, shredded cheddar cheese and sliced ripe olives, optional

In a large saucepan, saute onion in oil until tender. Stir in the broth, jalapeno, cumin, chili powder, salt and cayenne. Add the turkey, beans, tomatoes and corn.

Bring to a boil. Reduce heat; cover and simmer for 20-30 minutes or until heated through. Garnish with sour cream, tortilla chips, cheese and olives if desired. **Yield:** 7 servings.

Their marriage was good, their dreams focused. Their best friends lived barely a wave away. I can see them now, Dad in trousers, tee shirt and a hat and Mom in a house dress, lawn mower in one hand, and dish-towel in the other. It was the time for fixing things. A curtain rod, the kitchen radio, screen door, the oven door, the hem in a dress Things we keep.

It was a way of life, and sometimes it made me crazy. All that re-fixing, eating, renewing, I wanted just once to be wasteful. Waste meant affluence. Throwing things away meant you knew there'd always be more.

But then my mother died, and on that clear summer's night, in the warmth of the hospital room, I was struck with the pain of learning that sometimes there isn't any more.

Sometimes, what we care about most gets all used up and goes away...never to return. So... While we have it... it's best we love it... And care for it.... And fix it when it's broken..... And heal it when it's sick.

This is true... For marriage.... And old cars.... And children with bad report cards.... Dogs and cats with bad hips.... And aging parents.... And grandparents. We keep them



CHEYLIN CHRISTMAS PROGRAM — Children and adults enjoyed the winter program put on by the Cheylin students.



Happy New Year!

*Thanks for welcoming our families to
your town.*

*Looking forward to many years of
working together.*

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