



THE GRANDMOTHER OF THE BRIDE, Jeanette Diederich, snuggled up to a “friendly sailor” while waiting for a ride on a submarine while in Hawaii for the wedding of her granddaughter, Teresa Richardson, and Grant Seymour.

Grandma enjoys trip of a lifetime

By MARY LOU OLSON

The dream of a lifetime came true recently for an Oberlin mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother.

Jeanette Diederich said she was thrilled when three of her children, Ben Richardson, Anita Hirsch and Annette Troyer, told her that they would pay her way to attend the wedding of a granddaughter, Teresa Richardson, in Hawaii.

“I had always hoped to go to Hawaii some day,” she said, “but never thought it would happen.”

The former Jeanette Wurm was born on the Otis L. Benton farm just west of Oberlin. Later, her parents, E. J. “Swede” and Iris Wurm, moved to a farm north of Oberlin.

“As a child,” she recalled, “I helped milk 38 cows at 5 a.m. and 5 p.m. every day, before and after school, without exception, at the dairy owned and operated by my parents.

“My mother also required each of her five children to bake bread and prepare a dessert once a week. My brother Bobby was so short that he had to stand on a chair or sit on the cupboard when it was his turn. In later years, his specialty was always sour cream cake with chocolate frosting.”

After she was grown and her family moved back to Oberlin from Salina in 1979, her mother insisted that she take over baking cinnamon rolls and 28 pies a day for the Green Lantern, Frontier, Fifth Wheel and Sale Barn cafes.

“I got up at 3 a.m. each day to help Mother do the baking,” Mrs. Diederich said.

Her early training has helped her over the years, she added, and she works and bakes for the Oberlin Sale Barn Cafe every Monday.

Besides that, the 68-year-old

grandmother paints houses, cleans offices and helps out part-time in the offices of Hirsch and Pratt and Ultimate Fertilizer.

Her favorite hobby is acrylic, oil and water-color painting. As a young woman, she said, a painting she did for a Last Indian Raid Museum sign was chosen for highway advertising and several are still be-

ing used. She also spends much time gardening, canning and volunteering. Tonight, she said, she will help paint murals of favorite area towns and country scenes for residents at the Good Samaritan Center.

She and her husband, Vernon Diederich, together have 15 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.



THE BRIDAL COUPLE, Grant and Teresa Seymour, were married in a double-ring ceremony at Anaeho’oMalu Bay, Hawaii on June 7. The bride is the former Teresa Richardson, granddaughter of Jeanette and Vernon Diederich of Oberlin.



SHANNON RICHARDSON, (left) and daughters, Elizabeth and Rebecca, of Salina, enjoyed some fun with Mrs. Diederich while in Hawaii for the Richardson-Seymour wedding.

Couple gets married on Hawaiian beach

By JEANETTE DIEDERICH

When you were a kid, you always dreamed about your wedding being on a secluded beach with just your close friends and family there to support you.

In your mind, it was the most beautiful spectacle you’d ever seen. Snap back to reality, and you’re a great-grandma now.

I never got to carry out this dream, but my granddaughter, Teresa Richardson, daughter of Ben and Shannon Richardson of Salina, did. Shannon and Grant Seymour of Wichita were married at Anaeho’omalua Bay with the Rev. Cheryl Pascual officiating. Grant’s parents are Steve and Laura Seymour of Salina.

Little did I know how much preparation this dream would require to become a reality. Not only did it need a lot of time and skills in planning, but it needed a sense of fun and the idea that a dream must come

true. We left for the Big Island on June 5, which was an extreme feat in itself. We flew from Wichita to Chicago, from Chicago to Kona, and a puddle jumper from Kona to our condo. Needless to say, we were all tired and a little grumpy, but the view from our balconies was breathtaking.

The next day, we all went snorkeling, including the bride-elect, groom-elect and the groom’s family. I found that snorkeling was not my thing: I sank like a rock. I got to see the pretty little fishies for a brief moment underwater and went topside back to the boat. While they were snorkeling, our captain told everyone to get back on the boat because there was a huge pod of pilot whales.

It was one of the most amazing things I had ever seen in my life. There were about 150 of these white wonders floating so gracefully next

to the surface. The next night, we went to a luau — VIP seating — which is an absolute must if you go to Hawaii. It wasn’t the food that was exquisite; it was the program that followed. I was so close to the fire dancer, I could feel the heat on my face. My family told me later that the look on my face was like that of a small child seeing Santa Claus for the first time.

Wednesday was the big day. Teresa and Grant were to be married that night at sunset at a place called A-Bay, which was like an oasis. We were driving there and I thought that it was going to be just some more black lava rock, but the white sandy beaches rose out of the blackness around it, creating a picturesque wedding retreat, complete with palm trees, real coconuts, and beautiful Hawaiian flowers.

For the wedding, the minister

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