

MIRACLE OF THE ASHES

In February 2007, a small boat set out from Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Hawaii to go past the three-mile limit.

On board were James Allmon, married daughter, Amy Allmon Dankel and Jim's two younger children, Shaun and Leilani Allmon. They were on a mission to strew the ashes of Valerie Allmon into the Hawaiian Ocean, as Valerie had requested nine years earlier when she was dying of breast cancer. Leilani had just turned twelve and Shaun turned fourteen on December 1st. Val died at home in Temecula, CA on December 23, 1998 during the night. Jim had held her in his arms until the coroner came at 5:30 AM.

Just past the three-mile limit, the boat stopped and they held a brief ceremony, read the 23rd Psalm, Lord's Prayer, and a poem about God's heavenly garden, where he sometimes picks the rosebuds and the best! Each person said their own eulogy and then the ashes were strewn onto the water. The day was overcast and dreary, as fitting for their mood.

Suddenly a bright light came down from heaven and lit up the spot where Val's ashes were strewn, while the surrounding water remained dark and untouched by the light.

Leilani had always asked where her mother was. Although, Jim and Amy were devout Christians, Leilani and Shaun were exposed to the Buddhist teaching and she was confused. I had told her that her Mom was in Heaven with God who was holding her in His arms and who loved her very much. She was at peace and happy now and looking down on her family with love and guidance. I told her that the light from Heaven was her Mom and God telling them she was there and that she loved them very much.

It was truly a miracle that touched all their hearts.

Ruth Lehti
Wildomar Assisted Living
July 16,2007

SPICE OF LIFE - INTERESTING INCIDENTS

BEESWAX:

I like variety and change and look back at opportunities that came to my life to "spice it up."

I visited Toni, a ladyfriend of my mother-in-law, Edith Allmon, who did unusual things, as I soon found out. Her interest that day was in cleaning out ears. Uneasy, I agreed that she could clean mine. She rolled a 9" flat square of beeswax into a funnel. The pointed end was put into my ear; then she lit a match and inserted it in the other end of the beeswax, pushing it down until a vacuum formed. The wax was gently pulled from my ear and onto the wax. It did feel a bit warm for a few seconds, but it beat someone probing my slightly deformed inner left ear - the result of an abscess breaking there when I was 18 months old. My brother was being born at that time and my mom said I threw my bottle clear across the room. I never had the wax treatment again, however.

HYPNOSIS:

Toni and husband, Joe Kallaus, lived in a one-story home on Lincoln Ave., Alameda, CA. Another time when I visited Toni, she announced that she had been studying Hypnosis and convinced me that it was OK to become her practice subject for that day. I layed back on her recliner couch, closed my eyes as she said, and following her directions, breathed deeply and slowly, relaxing. Then she asked me to begin counting backwards from 100. We hadn't gotten very far when her phone rang. She slowly said, "You will remain as you are, you won't be able to open your eyes until I return." Of course that is just what I decided to do. I didn't "feel" any different, and certainly not hypnotized. So I tried to open my eyes - and they didn't open! I tried again and again, rather alarmed that I was actually hypnotized. Then Toni returned and we counted backward a little more. At some point a beautiful purple color filled my eyesight. Then suddenly a witch dressed in black flashed on twice. I must have reacted by moving or groaning, because she awoke me, "feeling wonderful!" She asked what color I had seen, and I told her purple. "I figured you for purple," she replied. I never did tell her that I saw the witch, because I figured she was the witch, and I was a little scared. I never let her hypnotize me again.

LOSING WEIGHT:

One day a friend asked me to drive her to see a Healing Doctor in San Jose, CA, a half-hour drive from my home in San Leandro. We arrived on time and I discovered the doctor was a young man who devoted his life to healing. I watched him as he placed his hands near her and spoke softly. After a few minutes, the session was over. She insisted I be healed also— although the only thing I could think of was to lose 10-20 lbs. I stood very still, while the healer stood in front of me with his right hand over (not touching) my head. I felt a bit scared, so I prayed for Jesus to surround me with His invisible protection from any evil or harm. I then concentrated on wanting to lose weight. Suddenly, I felt a strong warmth go through me. The session ended and we left. I was amazed that I felt so light-weight, - almost a floating feeling. I don't think I lost weight - I didn't weigh, but I sure felt like I did for several days.

(I took Mrs. Elizabeth Whiteside, when she and her husband, Robert, who was President of the College of Personology, stayed with us at the Sandpiper Apartments while their home was being completed on Maui, Hawaii.)

THE PSYCHIC:

In 1972, I, Ruth, was married to George Abraham, having received my final Divorce from "Ken" (M.C. Allmon in March 1971). We lived in Alameda, CA at George's 9th Street Apartment building, and occupied the top (2nd floor), back apt.

My son, Mike Allmon, had married Connie, and little Ryan was a new baby. They lived in a new condo in San Leandro. Mike had come back from the Vietnamese War so nervous that he said "he didn't know what to do about it." Later on I learned that he had been given pills to keep him awake 36 hours a day.

My daughter, Carol, had moved with her husband Willem (Bill) Leenstra to Seattle, WA. Her best friend, Alexis, had moved to Olympia, WA, an hour's drive from Seattle. Alexis went to seances then, and she and Carol attended one. Carol called me, panic stricken. In his trance, the psychic said that Mike would die unless he moved away from the area he was in.

Alexis knew of a Mrs. Green, a psychic in San Francisco. She was a nice older woman. Carol asked me to please go to see her to get a second opinion. I made an appointment, and though I felt a bit scared, I went. Mrs. Green was very nice and her opinion was that it isn't always wise to quit a good job (Mike worked for the University of

California, Berkeley), or to pull up roots from a new home with a new baby and wife.

I decided to ask a question of my own. George Abraham's wife had committed suicide and left an 8 year old girl, Shelly, and 2 boys- James, 18 yrs old and Tony, 20 years old. George's mother, Esther Derderian, had mental problems but he brought her to his apartment from the facility she was in. After George and I married, I moved into his apartment also, because his mother refused to live in my home where she would have a separate bedroom, living room and bath. Esther resented me, even though we took her and Shelly everywhere George and I went. I asked Mrs. Green how long Esther would stay with us. She was quiet a bit and then said she saw the number 2, and asked me just to be nice to her. I thought it might be 2 years. I had been trying to be nice to her, and Shelly clung to me and I dearly loved Shelly. She was the prettiest, love starved little girl I had ever known.

I thanked Mrs. Green and went to the door to leave- but Mrs. Green said loudly, "She's here, she's here!" "Who?" Tasked. "The little girl's mother. She's blessing you for being so good to her little girl." I was amazed!, but grateful to hear that.

Two weeks later, George and I went to a Personology Conference Dinner in Sacramento. It was the only time we didn't take Esther and Shelly. Esther criticized and tattled on the children so much that they didn't like her. My birthday was that weekend so it was sort of a special celebration dinner out! - with friends.

We arrived home about midnight and all the lights were on. Esther had killed herself. Somehow she had gotten a bottle of pills from the druggist and took the whole bottle with a tall glass of liquor. Tony's wife, Paula, was home for the weekend from Nursing School in Oakland (her last few months before graduation) and she helped. The Coroner had already removed the body before George and I returned. It was exactly 2 weeks to the day since I'd seen Mrs. Green!

GHOSTS:

The next day after Esther died, I got up, and went to the kitchen to make breakfast. I made a pot of coffee, and went to set the table. Clear at the other end of the kitchen was my automatic toaster. If a piece of bread was put in, it automatically went down, toasted the bread, and popped up when done. Suddenly, I heard my toaster go down. No one else was in the kitchen. I walked over to the toaster and sure enough, it was on. I thought of Esther. She always got a cup of coffee and made a piece of toast as soon as she got up. I was scared, but said out loud, "Esther, you don't live here anymore. You go away and don't come back here any more." It shook me up, but the toaster never came on by itself again.

PREMONITIONS:

Our family planned to go with another family to Bass Lake for a day's outing. I had a dreadful premonition that something bad was going to happen and did not want to go, nor did I want the children to go. My husband insisted we had to go and paid no attention to my fears - so off we went. It was a beautiful drive through the tall green pines and at last we arrived, about noontime, at Bass Lake.

We parked our cars near the boat landing and the men proceeded to launch the boat. We sternly told the children not to go near the water yet as we had to unload the cars, and no one could watch them. We had a 4 yr old boy, a 6 yr old boy and 9 yr old girl, while our friends had 2 boys, 8 and 9 yrs old. The children ran along the sandy shore and I began to unload the food. I glanced up and saw the two boys of our friends in the water but no sign of my 9 yr old daughter, Carol.

I yelled and asked where Carol was, and they said they had stepped into a deep hole and were standing on top of Carol's shoulders. Our friend's brother, Walter Peckfelder, had just gotten the boat into the water and with his big strong legs, he strode through the water to where the children were, grabbed the boys and threw them to shallow water, then yanked Carol up and carried her ashore. Her eyes were bugged out and I thought she had drowned. He put her down on the ground and pushed on her chest. A glob of water burst out. Quickly, Walter turned her over on her stomach and pressed on her back to make the water gush out of her lungs. Thanks to a good God, he saved Carol's life. When no more water came and she seemed conscious, we wrapped her in a blanket to keep warm. The last thing I ever wanted to do was to have her go near the water again. Larry Peckfelder, the boy's father, insisted that we had to go out in the small boat right away, or Carol would have a fear of water and drowning all the rest of her life. My husband loaded Carol, and our two little boys, Jim and Mike (who had obeyed and stayed by me) into the boat with Larry, and out he zoomed onto the lake. I was petrified and held tightly to Carol, dreading every second of that boat ride. Eventually we returned to shore and we had lunch. I don't remember much else about that trip. I felt like I was forewarned about the ominous happening, and had it been up to me, we'd not have gone there that day. But I shall always be thankful that God spared my little girl. His angels must have worked overtime that day.

VISIONS:THE RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP:

After my husband was transferred from the East Coast to Alameda, CA Naval Air Station, we attended a Lutheran Church in Oakland, which we liked very much. But when we moved to San Leandro, CA we joined the local Lutheran Church, as we felt it

would be easier for our 3 children to participate in Church activities. Unfortunately, the Pastor and my husband had a falling-out and my husband forbid me to go to Church. I was very unhappy, as I'd been brought up to attend Church every Sunday. Our family participated in all the activities. I suppose I became depressed because I wanted to stay in bed with the pillow over my head, but with 3 children that was impossible. One Sunday morning as I was waking up, I prayed for God to send me a sign to show me if I should go to Church despite my husband's demands.

Suddenly, there was, in my closed eyes a brilliant white light - brighter than any I'd ever seen. Then I saw an arm with a narrow white sleeve on it, and the largest, most beautiful right hand - none like it in us humans. The white sleeve was whiter than our white color. I felt that God said I could go to Church, so I got ready and drove to Our Saviour's Lutheran Church in the Oakland Hills, arriving in time for Sunday school. We were all seated and the Leader began reading the Scripture that includes "I will extend to you the right hand of fellowship," I was stunned! My heart skipped a beat! The vision that God had miraculously given me was of an extended right hand. From then on I went to Our Saviour's Church and became an active member. I thought that Scripture said we were not to ask for signs, but God gave me a beautiful one to always remember, and I like to think He didn't really mind this time.

JIM IN VIETNAM:

One of the saddest days of my life was when my son, James Allmon, flew on Continental Airlines from San Francisco Airport to duty as a Marine in Vietnam. My heart was sad and heavy, and continued to be so, until his return a year later.

Jim arrived in Vietnam during one of the fiercest battles - Marble Mountain, at Danang. Little did I realize that they would drop him and other replacements there. With only six men left and the enemy climbing close to the top, the Leader phoned for help. The Air Force came in the nick of time to ward off the Viet Cong and evacuate our boys.

Then Jim was made an MP (Military Police) for a while, checking ID's of the Vietnamese workers on the base. He became good friends with some, so it was especially hard to see them betray our men by exploding bombs etc. that they carried on to the base. It was later learned that the Viet Cong had threatened to kill their families if they did not betray Americans as they were instructed.

Jim also was a helicopter maintenance man. If their helicopter was shot down, Jim had to repair (and often fly) it as quickly as possible. The other men in the crew jumped out and formed a circle surrounding the helicopter - "rifles at the ready." Needless to say, Jim's expertise and swiftness made a great deal of difference as to whether they lived or died by snipers, etc.

At night the men slept in groups in tents. On Mother's Day, I awoke to a vivid vision of my Jim on crutches, bandaged head, tattered clothes and a sad look on his face. I knew something had happened to him but had no way a to find out. Finally, two weeks later I received a letter from him that said that on Mother's Day his tent was blown up and his buddies killed. Jim had just stepped out of the tent and was walking away when it happened and he was spared .Gratefully, I thanked God for protecting Jim.

Another thought comforted me also. After completing his training at Camp LaJuene, Cherry Point, North Carolina, the Marines were given 30 days leave before reporting for duty at Vietnam. Jim bought an old (vintage) car with portholes for back windows - his pride and joy. He shared his drive home with two buddies coming this way also, and they shared the driving.

In Kansas, about midnight, Jim was sleeping on the back seat of his car, and a hill approached. When they reached the top of the hill, a drunk was sitting in the middle of the road. An oncoming car swerved to avoid the drunk and hit Jim's car head-on, taking part of the left side of the car, including part of the driver's shoulder, and scattering broken glass all over him and the passenger. Jim's car veered into a tree. It was totaled. In the back seat Jim was thrown violently around and woke up saying, "What's happening to my car? What's happening to my car?" They were all taken to the hospital and Jim was released with no serious injuries. He caught the first Greyhound Bus to Oakland, CA and home! I felt so sorry for Jim, but eternally grateful that he was "OK".

After learning about Jim's escape from death again in Vietnam, I remembered the car incident and felt reassured that if God could bring Jim through that horrific car accident safely, that God could bring Jim home from Vietnam OK also!!! But my heart remained heavy until Jim walked through the door of our home from his tour of duty in Vietnam.

LOVE:

Shortly after I returned home from a near-death illness I awoke one morning to the strongest feeling of Love I had ever felt, - nothing like the love felt on this earth. It was a total overwhelming feeling of LOVE. It was such a strong, warm, sweet feeling that I didn't want it to ever go away. I thought, "If Heaven is like this, how wonderful it will be." Then the feeling left and I felt it's loss. Yet, the experience left a remembrance of great joy. I believe it was Jesus showing me what lies ahead. We do have a veil over our eyes in this world. What beauty and fullness of love awaits us!! About that time my daughter, Valeric Allmon (Jim's wife) had died of breast cancer at the age of 41. It comforted me to know that she was being loved like that.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RUTH LEHTE

Ruth Lehti

Wildomar Assisted Living

Ruth's Grandmother, Barbara Fetzer came to America on a ship at age 15, and lived with relatives in Rochester, New York. Franz Otto Wolff had come to America at age 18 to avoid service in the Prussian Army. He did stippling (painted borders around ceilings) and was an artist. Emma, Ruth's Mother, was their first child. Barbara succumbed to TB when Emma was 13, and her dying wish to Emma was that she never give up her Lutheran religion. She never did – and even waited until Ruth was 11 years old so she could be baptized in a Lutheran Church ... going to church was a way of life no one questioned when Ruth was growing up ...

During the depression, Ruth and her family lived in New York City for one year, but moved back to Florida because of Ruth's health. Emma took in washing and ironing as Lowell got only part-time gardening jobs, and Ruth learned all about bluing, starching, ironing, etc. Emma wanted to be home with her children, and was always loving and gentle, but firm. She taught her children that if they made a promise – KEEP IT! And also, "Never judge anyone, because you don't know why they act like they do."

Ruth joined the Girl Scout troop at her church and earned her Golden Eaglet award. Some highlights were:

- Tasting Dr. Pepper when it first came out (while waiting tables at a church dinner.)
- Learning to embroider ... can still make French knots!!
- Audubon trips to the Everglades ...saw cranes, herons, etc., etc. Pink Flamingos were a delight!
- Camping trips to Key Biscayne before President Nixon made it a summer vacation home – huge turtles 100 yrs old; learning to swim in the Atlantic Ocean (warmed by the Gulf Stream), and floating over big waves that thrilled your tummy; campfires, ghost stories, and screams when a dog's cold nose touches a girl's arm, baking potatoes in the sand and trips to an old lighthouse and beautifully colored fish swimming under bridges.
- Camp scholarship to St. Augustine, Florida – Ruth played the part of King Neptune on closing day, only to step out of the boat into a hole and go "plop!"

English author, Beatrice Plumb (listed in "Who's Who") was Ruth's Sunday School teacher, inspired her class with a desire for creative writing. Ruth has several articles and books she has written. Miss Plumb was Godmother to Carol, Ruth's daughter. Miss Plumb married, but her husband died of Spinal Meningitis three weeks into their honeymoon.

Ruth worked after school for Burdine's Department Store (Miami's finest!) in their Personnel office. After her children left home, she worked in offices of a medical laboratory, a steel import company (from Australia), and a septic tank company. But, it was when she was working at the 7th Naval District Headquarters in Miami that she met her future husband – Maynard “Ken” Allmon, a U.S. Navy Chief Aviation Mechanic. He chose the name “Ken” after the famous movie cowboy, Ken Maynard. They were married on January 9, 1944 in Miami, Florida. After a tour of duty in Rhode Island, Carol was born. Two years later, son, James was born in Coronado, San Diego, California, and lastly, son, Michael was born in Oakland, California (U.S. Naval Hospital). The Allmon Home was in Alameda, California. Ruth lived in the San Francisco Bay area until December 2001, when she moved to Temecula, California to be near her son.

In 1974, Ruth's uncle left her an inheritance for the exact amount of two trips that her church professor was making – Lutherlands (Scandinavia and Germany – east and west) and the Holy Land, Venice, Greek Islands, and Egypt. Enjoyable memories fill her mind and heart to this day!

On May 19, 1989, Ruth married Taisto (Tye) Lehti – a Finnish Lutheran friend. They sort of eloped – while helping drive two cars to Las Vegas that were to be picked up by relatives of a Navajo boy that Ruth rented to. At the urging of the Indians, they found a lovely Lutheran Church, purchased two gold wedding rings from a pawn shop (\$10.00/each), and the license and had a beautiful, meaningful wedding. Tye treated Ruth like a queen until his death in February 2002. Shortly, thereafter, Ruth had a hip replacement. After a short stay in a convalescent home and a care facility, Ruth moved to Wildomar Senior Assisted Living just five months after it opened. She is very happy here and has made some wonderful friends.

THE HURRICANE
By Ruth Lehte
Wildomar Assisted Living

Once upon a time a little girl named Ruthie Rich lived in a magical land of swaying Palm trees, golden-sand beaches, big pink Flamingo birds, red hibiscus flowers and Seminole Indians who wrestled alligators. This land was named Miami, Florida. It was located near the bottom of a long thumb of land (called a Peninsula) at the South Eastern edge of the United States of America. The Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf Stream run along the whole Eastern shore of Florida. The Gulf Stream is always warm and so is the Atlantic Ocean running beside it. Ruthie liked to swim in the warm water. The most fun was floating on her back over the high waves. They made her stomach thrill on the slide down.

Seminole Indians lived near the Miami River and wore colorful shirts and dresses. The clothes were sewn together by the women, who wore their hair as a sunshade for their eyes. The shirts and dresses were made of tiny one-inch pieces of cloth, sewn in lines and looked very pretty. To entertain tourists (visitors) to Miami, the young Seminole men wrestled alligators. Alligators are very dangerous and their tails are very strong. One time an alligator bit an Indian boy's arm and he wore a bandage for a long time. Somehow the Seminoles knew when a big storm was coming. People knew that when they moved inland on their little boats – down the Miami River into the Everglades – that a storm was coming. It meant DANGER!

One day five-year old Ruthie and her three-year old brother, Clarence, were doing cartwheels in front of their small wooden house – one of many in Magic City Tourist Camps, in Lemon City section of Miami, when suddenly a strong wind began to blow! Ruthie's short brown hair whipped in all directions and the sand around their home blew into her eyes. The sky began to turn dark gray.

“Go in the house!” shouted Emma, Ruthie's Mother, as she hurried down the dirt road with groceries she had purchased from a nearby store.

“A waterspout is coming!! HURRY!!” Emma screamed.

They all looked up at the sky and saw a wide, dark-gray whirling ball with a narrow tail dangling almost to the ground. It was whirling toward them from the south. Lowell, Ruthie's Dad, rushed Ruthie and Clarence into the house. Emma was right behind them and slammed the door closed, even though it took all her strength to fight the wind. She put the children on the bed and covered them with a blanket.

“Stay under the blanket and everything will be all right.” Emma said calmly. She didn't seem to be afraid, so Ruthie wasn't either.

The fury of the wind and rain blew against the little house, making it tremble. The rain banged on the roof like hard rocks.

“Lowell, come help me hold the door shut! It’s about to blow in!” Ruthie heard Emma shout. It was dark and warm under the blanket. The roof made a loud creaking sound. Suddenly Ruthie felt a hard slap as the wind hit her and Clarence. The creaking sound screeched like wood coming apart. Was it the roof? Then her Dad grabbed her in the blanket and Emma grabbed Clarence in one. They braved the 120 mph winds and crossed the dirt road to their neighbor’s home. Many other people had gone there also, hoping for safety.

A big “BOOM” sounded. The roof on Ruthie’s home went flying off into the sky; it’s timbers tearing apart like matchsticks. (Later people learned to open a window on the leeward side to prevent that. “Leeward” is the side where the wind is NOT blowing from). Ruthie’s home and everything in it was completely blown away. Even their car disappeared in the whirling wind and rain. (Months later a pair of scissors was found buried in the sand – all which remained of their possessions. Emma had only that day unpacked her treasured cut-glassware.

Suddenly everyone slid to a corner of the room of the neighbor’s house – then to another corner. The house was blowing off the foundation!

“Get out!” someone shouted.

Once again, Ruthie was under a blanket carried by her Dad. His Mom was carrying Clarence. Even under the blankets, the driving rain felt like little rocks stinging their faces. Ruthie wanted to cry – it hurt! How much more it must have hurt their parents, who had no blankets.

“Watch out, Emma!” Lowell shouted. “A big piece of corrugated metal roofing is blowing toward you.” (Corrugated is up and down curves)

“Can you get up?” Lowell asked. Emma had fallen on a 2” by 4” piece of wood, but she and Clarence were able to get on. The sky was dark from the rain clouds.

After battling the raging wind and rain for a long time, they arrived at Schindler’s Dry Goods Store. It was the only concrete building in the area, and the only one able to withstand the hurricane. Sproul’s Drug Store shared the building.

Ruthie and Clarence were shivering with cold from their wet clothes. Emma asked Mrs. Schindler to let her use some of the cloth material she sold in the store, but Mrs. Schindler said “No.” Many other people had taken shelter in the store also. Emma noticed that Ruthie and Clarence were getting a fever, and felt very upset with Mrs. Schindler for not sharing her dry material.

After several hours the hurricane stopped and there was a great calm – even the sun shone. Sirens sounded and an ambulance pulled up. Ruthie and Clarence were put inside

the ambulance on a bed called a gurney. It has legs that fold under so it can fit inside the ambulance. Emma tried to get inside also, but the ambulance driver said “No,” closed the doors and drove off, leaving Emma crying and running after the ambulance to be with her children.

Ruthie and Clarence had diphtheria from being wet so long. They were put in the same hospital room. It had a big window. Ruthie said she saw sheep grazing on the lawn outside her window, but there were none – her high fever made her delirious (imagine things); - but she never forgot those sheep!

Ruthie felt so sad for Clarence when the nurse came in daily to cut the scabs off the sores on his body. They were called “Florida Sores.” Someone said playing in the sandy ground where cattle had been before the tourist camp was built caused it.

After three weeks, Ruthie and Clarence were overjoyed to see their Mom. Emma had volunteered to care for 9 children, including Ruth and Clarence. They spent a lot of time in a sunny room, with lots of windows. After 2 weeks, the family found themselves in the lobby of a hotel in downtown Miami. Everyone sat on the floor, around the room. The Salvation Army gave everyone clothes, and hardtack to eat. Hardtack is a very large, round, hard biscuit about one inch thick. The children also got a small cup of milk.

People talked about the hurricane. Ruthie learned that a hurricane turns in a circle and that in the middle is “the eye” – a quiet, sunny “hole.” Once the eye passes, the wind comes from the opposite side of the hurricane, blowing in the opposite direction. They told of people who drove their cars on to the Causeway (a dirt-road bridge that has been paved) to see the huge waves. When the other side of the hurricane hit, they and their cars were blown into the water and they all drowned.

Large ships docked at Miami and during a hurricane a huge Ocean Liner was blown up onto the lawn of Biscayne Bay Park. It was turned into an Aquarium, and people enjoyed watching starfish, coral, and beautifully colored fish – yellow, blue, orange, and many other colors. Huge four-foot to six-foot Sawfish and Marlin (like Tuna Fish) were caught. Fishing for large fish is quite a tourist attraction.

Homes were rebuilt and Ruthie and her family once again lived in a house in Lemon City Tourist Camp. Years later, houses were built to withstand a hurricane. One thing remains as a witness – the bent Coconut Palm Trees can still be seen everywhere to attest to the strength and viciousness of a hurricane!

Because of her Mom and Dad’s courage, Ruthie has never been afraid of hurricanes. You don’t have to be afraid either. Just obey your Mommy and Daddy because they love you and will help you in any way they can. Give them a great big hug every day to let them know that you love them. They’ll be so happy!

Remember that you also have a Heavenly Father who loves you and protects you. Even if Mommy and Daddy aren’t with you, you will NEVER be alone because He cares about

you and is always with you in your heart. He will help you. You can show love to Him by saying your prayers and by being good, especially to others. Always trust Him to guide your life to good!

THE END

FOOTNOTE: The Seminole Native American Indian Nation is the only tribe that does not have citizenship in the United States of America. They eluded capture by hiding in the swamps of Georgia and in the Everglades of Southern Florida. In the 1920's era, the Seminoles survived in the Everglades during hurricanes.

SEMINOLES

In the middle of the 18th Century, North Florida was a haven for fugitive bands of Creeks and other Southern Tribes of Indians – including a Oconee, Apalachiocola, Hitchiti, Yamasee, and Yuchi. Intermarriage produced a New Nation, the **Seminole**; but the arrival of the Red Sticks (Creeks against America in the War of 1812 with Britain) put Red Sticks in villages against America. Red Sticks tripled the population and gave the tribe a distinctly Creek character. President Jackson chased them and the 1832 treaty provided for Seminole removal west of the Mississippi, causing the 2nd Seminole War (7 years). Seminoles pushed into impenetrable swamps of Everglades. Any Seminoles who surrendered were sent west in small bands. In 1842 the United States agreed to permit a few hundred holdouts to remain in Florida where some descendants still live.

Osceola was the most elusive Indian Leader in the 2nd Seminole War. During an Armistice in May 1837, Osceola was painted by an artist in his Seminole dress – buttoned leggings and ruffled shirt. Crescent shaped pendants of silver hung about his neck, and Ostrich plumes adorned his cloth turban. Failing to capture him, they ran up a flag of truce in treachery and seized him in October 1837. The following January he died in prison, but the war lasted four more years.

From the book “American Heritage Book of Indians” published by Simon & Schuster



photo George Catlin. Lithograph. New York, 1838

SMILE, AND THE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU
Ruth Lehte
Wildomar Assisted Living

Our Employees feel:

If only I had six hands to use, zipped around on a skateboard and held
trays like glue,
Had a four-inch smile to use all day, and a recording of
“I’m coming, Dear” to play;
If I had the patience of Job, and joy always to give
To Seniors who need kindness and understanding to live
At Wildomar Senior Assisted place, I’d feel my job’s worthwhile
And appreciate their grace
For the effort I give to bring them their needs
Seniors, please be grateful to those helping in deeds!

Our Residents feel:

We live in a home of beauty, fun and friends
And are likely to be here until the end...
Sometimes we hurt, or even feel blue, and
We need patience and kindness and understanding, too
And totally depend on employees so tried and true.

But that’s no reason to be grumpy and mean
To the one’s trying to help us eat or keep us clean.

It’s a two-way street, so it behooves me to say,
Let’s just LOVE EACH OTHER!
There’s no other way!

“ LOVE IS NOT LOVE UNTIL YOU GIVE IT AWAY!”

BE PATIENT!!!

BE KIND!!!

SMILE!!!

INDIANA

Ruthie Rich's feet felt cool and wet as the edge of a wave glided over them at the Pacific Ocean seashore in Los Angeles, CA. She was only five months old so her mother, Emma, held her tightly. Only her feet touched the ripple of the wave. What Fun!!!

Later that day, Ruthie's mom and dad, Lowell, packed their things and the family moved to the Rich family grain farm in Martinsville, Indiana.

Ruthie's Mom and Dad lived on Goss Ave. in Los Angeles, when Ruthie was born June 10th, 1921. The named her Ruth June Rich. To find just the right name, Emma looked in the Bible, and found the story of Ruth, who was good to her Mother-in-Law, and married a man who was an ancestor of Jesus's human parents. It was a good name and Ruth liked it all her life. After she got married, she had a Mother-in-Law, Edith, to be nice to, and she was, but a lot of times Ruth had to be kind when she didn't feel like it. In other stories, there are exciting adventures about Edith and Ruth. At the end, they loved each other very much.

June was picked for Ruth's middle name because she was born in the month of June. Rich was her Dad's last name (Lowell Glenwood Rich). The Rich family lived near Indianapolis, Indiana, and had farms (160 acres in size)- very large. There relatives had come from Germany and called themselves Pennsylvania Dutch.

In those days people were superstitious - afraid of some things. On one of the Rich farms, someone who lived in the farmhouse died and no one would live in that house because they were afraid they would die also. The house was "hexed," they said. The farm was not being kept up so Lowell and Emma and Ruthie were asked to move into that house. If they ever left (and didn't die there), then the farm and farmhouse could be rented to people again.

Ruthie loved to touch the cool water in the tiny brook near the farmhouse. It babbled happily along. The tall trees of the forest also made Ruthie feel cool in their shade. She loved to squat down and put her fingers in the water and watch it part and go together around her fingers. The dirt at the end of the brook was rich and Ruthie often ate some. Her mother scolded her severely each time, but Ruthie always forgot and ate more dirt.

After a year or so, Ruthie's Daddy put her little coat and hat on, and they went for a walk outside. She held her Dad's hand, but managed to step in a hole and fell "KERPLUNK" .. .right on her forehead. The bone on her eyebrow cut through the skin and blood ran down all over her face and clothes. Ruthie cried and Lowell took her back into the house, where Emma cared for it like a nurse.

In December (1922), the day after Christmas, December 26th, Ruthie was surprised to receive the best present of all - a baby brother. He was born in a hospital in Indianapolis,

Indiana. What would they name him? Emma's name was Emma Clara Wolff before she married Lowell Rich. She decided to name the baby "Clarence" after her, and after a famous lawyer, named Clarence Darrow. Someone in the family was named "Edward" So the baby's name became Clarence Edward Rich. But when Clarence was in school the children teased him and called him "Clara Bow" after a famous movie actress. After a while Clarence went by "C. E." One day, when he was grown up a girl asked him his name. When he said "Clarence," she said, "Oh, quit your kidding." He went by "C.E." again and for the rest of his life. Clarence went to live in Heaven August 8,1996.

One day Emma had a surprise for Ruthie and Clarence. She took each by the hand and they walked to the barn. Inside, near the back, they found lots of hay on the ground. Beside the hay was something they had never seen before. "This is a calf, - a baby cow." Emma said. Its big brown eyes seemed so loving, and they liked looking at the calf. Suddenly the calf "ba-a-a-w-ed" loudly. Hoof beats sounded and all turned their heads toward the barn entrance. The mother cow came charging at them with her head down so that her horns would hurt them. She was trying to protect her baby calf! - The only way she knew how.

Emma grabbed a pitchfork standing near her. With her other hand she pushed Clarence and Ruthie in back of her and held out her dress and apron as wide as possible, while pointing the pitchfork at the cow.

"Stay behind me! Hang on to my skirt!" Emma said hurriedly.

Slowly she moved toward the front of the barn, turning to keep the children out of sight. The cow lowered her head even more as she charged forward; but the pitchfork made her stop short of hitting them. By then, Emma and the children were at the barn door entrance so the cow stayed where she was - in front of her calf! Once outside, they ran to the house. Emma fell into a chair with a sigh of relief, and Ruthie and Clarence both climbed onto Emma's lap and held her tightly. Emma had been very brave! Had she not had the "Spunk" to face danger, all could have been hurt by the cow's horns and feet. After that they waited for the calf to come outside with its mother and watched from a distance.

A strange looking tall "bucket" was in their large kitchen. Emma would pour milk into it, then put on the lid. There was a hole in the lid with a pole that Emma pulled up and down. She said she was churning milk to make butter. Ruthie got to help churn now and then, but since she was only 3 years old, she didn't do it very long. The butter tasted so sweet, and the milk was warm and fresh. Sometimes Emma made the milk thick and called it Cottage cheese. She strained the water off the cheese and the water was called "whey" It was used in cooking and many other ways.

There was a great big hog on the farm and some little pigs- all in a pen. The hog was bigger than Ruthie, but she and Clarence liked to look through the fence and watch

them eat and roll in the mud, and snort. Emma told them not to ever play with the hog, so they didn't.

One day Lowell and another man came into the kitchen and Ruthie heard them say that the horse had fallen in a hole and that his leg was broken.

"We'll have to put him out of his misery," the other man said. "Yes," agreed

Lowell," but I'd rather you do it." "OK," he replied.

In those days, no one could mend a horse's leg and the horse had to be shot, rather than let it suffer for a long time. Ruthie and Emma felt so sad to hear that the horse had to be shot, but Emma reminded Ruthie that she would be out of pain and could never have recovered. It was the kindest thing to do for her sake. The men felt badly, also. Today, we have Veterinarian Doctors who mend hurt animals, so that we can continue to love and enjoy them. We have to take care of them, as God commanded Adam to do, and us, his descendants. So feed your pets, clean up any mess,. Wash them, and do whatever your pet especially needs in order to be happy and healthy. They are so loving! Take time to pet and love your pet. You'll both be very happy then!.

Not long after that, Lowell, Emma, Ruthie, and Clarence moved to Florida, but that is hi another story..

THE END

By Ruth J. Lehti, Wildomar Sr. Asst. Living

THE DEPRESSION

My name is Ruth June nee Rich Lehti. I was born June 10,1921, so I was 8 years old in 1929 when the depression hit. I lived in Miami, Florida where a Building Boom had not occurred. No jobs were available so my folks decided each would return to their own people and whoever found work would send for the other.

My Dad, Lowell Rich, went to the family farm in Indiana and took my brother, Clarence - 6 years old at the time.

I went with my mom, Emma Rich, to Manhattan, New York City, New York. In Miami we had lived in a house by the railroad track, and Clarence and I enjoyed running beside the train. The engineer tooted the whistle, and let off lots of steam! When Mom and I rode a Pullman Train to New York, I was in awe. The seats were very wide and deep and tall. At night the Porter made them into a bed.

Mom had a brother in Rochester, one in Brooklyn, and a sister in the Bronx. Mom got a job as a housekeeper for a man in Manhattan, and we had a curtained-off bedroom. Each evening mom read me a chapter of "The Secret Garden" book and I could hardly wait for the next time. It was also when the song, "Love Letters In The Sand" came out or was popular. The man's daughter sang it when she and her new husband came by to visit him. It was the first time I'd heard it and it sounded romantic.

Mom found a job as Supervisor of a brownstone 5-flat Apartment building and sent for Daddy and Clarence. Meanwhile, she had to haul the huge filled garbage cans up the stairs in the basement to the alley so the garbage trucks could empty them. We lived on the top floor (5th) and there were no elevators. It was one big room. A double bed was by the alley window for Mom and Dad, I had a cot and my brother had a cot. A table with chairs was by the other alley window and a piano filled the remaining space. That was the only time we had a piano and I loved to hear my mom play it. Her favorites were "Star Of The East", "Bye Bye Blackbird," " Missouri Waltz", "Our Little Gray Home In The West" I tried to take a few lessons and learned to play "O Solo Mio" and at the recital, I (Ruth) heard a man say that he thought the girl who played "O Solo Mio" did the best. I was thrilled. The flat below ours was rented by a lady who studied voice and she sang the scales very loudly for hours at a time.

Often times singers and instrumental players sang and played in the Alley. People threw them a nickel, dime or quarter and then they could buy food.

We washed our laundry in the sink or tub and had clothes lines on pulleys over the alley. Wooden sliced clothes pins were used. Later on the clasp ones were invented and were a great help. There was no such thing as vinyl or foam then.

When we first went to Miami, Florida, we stayed in a one-room cottage. The bath house was for all the cottages and had only sinks and toilets. Therefore, on Saturday night the big laundry tin tub came out and teakettles of boiling water made our bath water warm. I (Ruth) always took my bath first and it never occurred to me that the water would be dirty for my brother, next in line. My mother was next and then dad - guess his water was icky. That house was blown away by the 1926 hurricane, along with our car and everything we owned. One house we lived in had a pump and we had to prime it and pump water to fill the washtub and rinsing tub. We used a washboard and wrung out our clothes by hand. Once we had a wringer that was turned by a handle and sat on the top of the rinse tub. We used bluing to make the clothes white, and had thick starch and thin starch - thick for collars, cuffs and front button area. We had clotheslines in the yard and the clothes smelled so fresh in the air and sunlight. They had less wrinkles if hung properly. We had to iron everything. Momma had some irons that she had to heat on the stove. Momma did washing and ironing to earn money - 10 cents for one shirt. Daddy tried gardening but people didn't hire many during the depression years.

Earl, a man who lives at Wildomar Sr. Asst. Living, lived in Brook, Indiana where Leila Hansen, J. D. Rich's relative lived. Earl says that J. D. Rich, my dad's Uncle, ran the Bank in Indianapolis and left when it closed due to the depression. He had farm sections and grain silos. His granddaughter, Louise Rich babysat me (Ruth) in Indiana and then moved to Miami, Florida and was a History teacher at Miami Edison High School. Ruth and some of the other kids would walk along with her on 60th St. after she got off the Bus on N. E. 2nd St. or Miami Avenue.

The School was on N. W. 7¹ Avenue. Ruth graduated from Edison High in June 1939.

We had no radios or TVs. We played hopscotch, Jacks, turned cartwheels. We never heard of Soccer. In high school we played volley ball and baseball, and the boys played football. We played card games, - Gin Rummy, Old Maid, Please and Thank You, etc. My mom loved Pinochle - Never heard of Poker.

In New York, Prohibition was on, and liquor was illegal. In the basement of our Brownstone Apt. House was a Speak- Easy where shady characters often came to drink liquor. One day my dad found a bottle with some whiskey in it and drank it. My mom was furious and yelled at him a long time. It was put out of business and one day my brother and I looked around there and he found a cigar butt and some matches. He was about 8 years old and smoked it like a veteran for about a minute. Then he started turning green and became so sick I had to take him upstairs to Momma. I was so scared that I never smoked a cigarette, much less a cigar. We didn't tell Momma why he was sick until she was almost 70 yrs old.

Movies were a nickel and Clarence and I went every Saturday in New York. Some mean boys used to fill cloth sacks with flour and beat us with them like with a club. A nice black boy, son of a Doctor, lived across the street from us. He was older - 13, and a Boy Scout. He used to chase the bad boys away from us so we could run home. Sometimes his dad would take us to the park with his son and buy us ice cream cones. Then he would show movies of "Peck's Bad Boy" and "Our Gang" in his home and invite us over. To us black people are just like God's other children - better behaved than some.

In Miami, where we returned after a year in New York, we lived in a house that had been condemned. My mom put on her shoe one morning and a scorpion was in it and bit her. She was allergic to it and her leg swelled up terribly big. We had a huge front yard with a Royal Ponciana Tree that had branches that sprawled over most of the yard. Several months of the year, bright orange flowers covered the tree. It was beautiful. Clarence and I and all the kids in the neighborhood liked to play Tarzan - swinging from one limb to the other. In those days, crime was not expected and we never locked our doors. We'd play hide and seek and the yard until 9 PM quite often. Many times during the day we played records on our Victrola that we had to wind up, and tried to dance even if we didn't know how. One neighbor boy, Billy Yates, gave me handkerchiefs for my birthday, the only Surprise Party I ever had and I was thrilled for days. Of course, the next year I didn't "like" him any more.

Those were simple days, when every got to know their neighbors and everybody helped out anyone in trouble. People went to Church every Sunday - all day. and had values and respect for people and things. We wanted to do right and make the world better. What happened?? Momma used to brown a chuck roast (cheapest cut) every Sunday, and put it in a pan in her portable electric oven. She put potatoes, carrots, and onions in also and it browned for 5 or 6 hours while we took the bus to Sunday School and Church, and took the bus back. It was the best meal - have never tasted one that good since. Moms loved their families and parents tried to do their very best for their children.. We kids never expected a lot of things. At Christmas time one toy was GREAT! I remember getting a doll and I was so thrilled - my only present. For my birthday, I got a silhouette set and enjoyed cutting and pasting sunsets, mountains, Palm trees, etc. My brother got an erector set and he liked that. The depression days were very hard on my parents but they showed us children so much love and care that we survived it without suffering.