

# THE TIE THAT BINDS

Issue 2 Volume 4 November, 1990

## HOW I PICKED MY HUSBAND

By Happy Chronister

For years my father tried to convince me to sit down and compile a list of qualities I wanted in a husband. As a sixteen year old, that seemed a ridiculous task. I wasn't looking for a husband, so why waste time figuring out what he should be like. My father persisted, "Hap, make a list. You really ought to make a list of the things you're looking for in the man you want to marry." Finally, at age 18, I had an opportunity to do just that.

One evening at church, I met a young man named Wayne who had just moved to Alaska to work on the slope. My parents invited him over to our house after the service for cake and ice cream. He and I had a great time joking and talking. I was disappointed when he told me that he was leaving the next day and would not be coming back to Anchorage for several months. He asked for my address, and we decided to write. Just 6 weeks later I was surprised by his arrival in town for my birthday! He took me out for dinner and to a movie. Since I thought I might really be interested in him, I began to discuss subjects that were of importance to me. I found that we were unable to discuss spiritual things, which led me to believe that his commitment to God was not as strong as I had first thought. His conversation seemed to bore me; after all, I had just finished my first year of college, and he could only talk of his stupid high school adventures. To top the evening off, he took me to Earthquake Park, the official necking spot in town. When he attempted to maul me, I said, "I really don't want to spend my time doing this," and I asked to be taken home. He started the car and silently drove me home. As I got out of the car I said, "See you tomorrow in church."

I came away from this event very confused. At our first meeting I had been attracted to him. The six weeks of letter writing had led me to be-

lieve that this might be someone I could really grow to like. Now I was wondering what had made me change my mind. That fact that one day I thought I might be falling in love, and the next day be totally turned off -- all reactions to the same guy -- made me aware that I did not have a very effective system of evaluating male prospects. I had gotten emotionally involved with the man I thought he was. The Wayne I was interested in turned out to be imaginary. The real Wayne never showed up in church the next day.

The following evening after church, Brian, a good friend noticed that I was troubled and asked if I would like to go to Pizza Hut and talk. Brian, being older, wiser, and understanding seemed to be just the sounding board I needed.

I poured out my confusion and explained my concerns about the previous night's date. As my friend asked questions, I realized that there were certain things I WAS looking for in the men I dated. Lo and behold, I now had a list I could give my father! I was relieved to have a clear understanding of why I had changed my attitude toward Wayne so quickly. It was based on preconceived ideas I had about what a life long partner should be like. My father had an old saying that I must have subconsciously internalized, "You tend to marry the people you associate with." I realized that eventually one of the guys I dated would become the man I married. Wayne was not going to be that person.

That evening, I quietly sat on my bed and wrote a note to my father.

Dear Dad,

I have finally made a list for you of the qualities I am looking for in the man I want to marry someday. I want:

1. someone who has a spiritual commitment to God that is equally as strong as my own, or stronger, so that he will be the spiritual leader in the home.
2. someone who is as intelligent as I am, or

smarter. I want someone who is interesting and fun to be with. I don't want someone who will be an embarrassment to me in public.

3. someone who is attractive.

*P.S. These are listed in order of priority, so if a man meets qualifications 2 & 3, but not number 1, I won't even bother to date him.*

Love, Happy

Originally I had thought I was making this list for my father, but he was wiser than I thought. After going through the process of making the list, I actually put it into effect. Men who called for dates during my second year of college were measured by my list. Since none met my qualifications, I didn't date. At first it was hard to make a gracious refusal, but soon I found that an honest explanation of, "I have better things to do with my time," seemed to get the point across.

At mid-year, after sending out a few Christmas cards to let old friends know I was alive, I received a torrent of mail from the dear old friend, Brian, who had been the listening ear at the Pizza Hut. After getting my Christmas card, he said he could not get me out of his mind. Once he had my address, he set his mind to writing, to get me out of his system. The 8 and 10 page, legal size, typed, single-spaced letters piled up in my mail box while I was in Florida on Christmas break. When I returned I was faced with deciding if this guy was serious in his pursuit of me, or whether he had gone mad. When a cassette tape arrived the day after my return, I determined he was serious. It contained the first love song ever written for me, and a proposal of marriage. My friends in the dorm and I had great fun listening to the tape. Obviously, at this point, he was much more emotionally involved than I.

I wasn't really looking for someone to marry, but if I had been, how would he measure up? I consulted my list of qualifications. Brian was a committed Christian. His life evidenced a strong moral character. I had really appreciated his interest in team teaching the high school Sunday school class with me during the summer. He also helped me start a young adult Bible study which he led. Yes, he had a commitment to God which I admired. He certainly stood apart from many of the men at my Christian College who seemed to be preparing for the ministry by getting drunk every weekend and getting girls preg-

nant. He also met qualification number two. He was quite intelligent. Brian had earned a degree in philosophy and had managed to get a good job working for RCA. He was conscientious and hard working. He was a lot of fun to be around and had a terrific sense of humor. He also got along well with other people. He was all around nice guy!

That only left #3 -- someone who is attractive. Well, remember the days when pants were 100% polyester, and little balls of lint collected on them in the dryer? That's the kind he wore, and to make matters worse, they were about 2 inches too short. Add shoe boots with heels worn down at a funny angle, perma-press shirts that have been stored in the dryer for two weeks, scratched wire rim glasses, and a crooked haircut. This was not exactly what I had dreamed of marrying. But the fact that he scored so highly in categories one and two sent me to talk to my psychology professor, who also happened to be my uncle. The previous school year I had come to the conclusion that all of my male friendships deteriorated when a physical relationship began. The guy who made me feel real special on Friday night was kissing and hugging some other girl on Saturday night. I decided that if there was no commitment, there should be no physical involvement. I asked my uncle if he thought that I could have convinced myself that Brian was not attractive so that there would be no risk of ruining a friendship which I really valued. "Knowing you," he said, "it is likely that you could do such a thing."

Within a day or two Brian made a call to my dorm in order to get some feed back on all of his correspondence. When the phone rang on my floor, my roommate happened to answer it. She and Brian had the following conversation. "Hello, may I speak to Happy Titus?" he asked. "Is this long distance?" she asked. "Yes." "Are you calling from Alaska?" "Yes." "Is this Brian?" "Yes." After that he heard this high pitched scream and was left to wait. If he knew then what he knows now, he should have hung up. When I came to the phone we talked for awhile and then he asked if he could come see me, like on Thursday. I told him that he could come to visit me -- but only as "Brian, my friend". Less than a week later he flew 3,000 miles to visit me!



During that week I had rationally evaluated the pros and cons of getting married. I weighed the importance of finishing my education. Since "undecided" had been listed as my major for 4 consecutive semesters, I determined there were cheaper ways of spending my time. I could decide what I wanted to do when I grew up just as easily if I was married as I could being single. Maybe even better, since Brian had made a special point of letting me know I could go back to school whenever I was ready, and he even had the money to pay for it. I had already traveled to Europe, so marriage would not rob me of my chance to see the world.

Finally, I decide that if I didn't throw up the first time Brian touched me, I would marry him. Finding someone with his qualities might be hard to do at another time, and I truly believed that under all that polyester there was a very attractive man. When I picked Brian up in Indianapolis, we said hello, and he gently put an arm around my shoulder. I remember thinking, "I don't feel the urge to throw up. Maybe I'll marry him."

As we drove the sixty miles to my school, we each took a turn explaining what we were looking for in a lifelong partner, and described the qualities we admired in each other. About ten miles from home we both decided that, "Yes, you meet the qualifications. Let's get married." There was no hand shake to finalize the deal, or any papers to sign, but it would not have been inappropriate. Brian seemed quite surprised that I had made the decision so quickly. He was sure that he would have to spend many days or months convincing me. I hadn't told him that my final test was as simple as a single touch.

When we got out of the car, Brian made a move to kiss me. Having perfected the art of avoiding physical contact, my hands instinctively moved to his chest to gently push him away. Consciously I had to tell myself, "What more do you want in commitment, Happy? He says he will marry you." At that, I relaxed and met his kiss.

During the next five months we were together a total of four weeks. Although our relationship began on a very rational level, it quickly became emotional. I fell in love with Brian after

I told him I would marry him. The girls in my dorm could not believe that I decided to marry someone that I had never even kissed! During the long separation, we corresponded by cassette tapes, a total of more than 140 in fact. We probably knew more about each other than most couples discover in years of dating. I continually prayed that I would be very uncomfortable at the thought of marrying Brian if it wasn't the right thing to do. The fact that I had listed my priorities, was a great comfort to me. Once I was emotionally involved with Brian I could look back and tell myself, "I made this decision back when I was rational. I can trust my judgment."

14 years later, I can honestly say that I married the best friend I ever had. I rest in the confidence that I picked a life partner that I like, as well as love. My advice to young men and women of dating age is to set standards concerning the kind of person you would want to marry. Making decisions is easier if you are not totally controlled by your emotions and if you have guidelines established prior to dating. This can prevent you from getting into undesirable relationships. The last thing you want to do is get into a situation where your heart changes your mind!

### **Future Courtship Features**

Now that we have finished the courtships of the original 7's courtships we are interested in hearing from the rest of you. I went first since I already had mine written due to a writing assignment I was given several years ago. Who will be next? Send yours in. Your children will thank you some day.

### **REUNION VIDEO AVAILABLE**

A special thanks goes to Pat Titus for videotaping the reunion and to her and Elaine for editing and copying it. Tapes will soon be available for purchase. Write or call Elaine to place your order: Route #8 Box 8172, Hayward, WI 54843 (715) 634-3910 The following people have already indicated that they want a video: Stewart, Rose, Jane, Walt, & Paul Titus, Manion, Frank Underwood and Chronisters. Four people requested an audio tape if we have one. Did anyone do one? If so, please let Ruth know.

## FIRST TITUS REUNION RUN REPORT!

Following are the description and results of the races:

1. **Kid's Race** - you run your month age in yards. Derek Ruschill and David Chronister were both beat by Charity Chronister.

2. **4 X 440 Relay** - each of the relay team members must be formed from one of the seven main families. Teams:

1: Rose Titus, Glen Rushill, Josh Manion

2: Brian Titus, Nancy Fisher, Kevin Titus

3: Dale Manion, Steve Stewart, Patricia High

4. Brian Chronister, Shirley Ruschill, Joanne Stewart (this team won by cheating, since they were certain they didn't have a chance with only one man on their team)

3. **Monogamy Run or Walk** - each partner must finish at least 2 of the 6 lap course.

Brian & Happy Chronister beat Dale & Ruth Manion, Steve & Joanne Stewart, and Kevin Titus and Rachel.

4. **Ladies 100 yd. Dash** - Angie Titus beat the snot out of Rachel, Happy, Rose, Nancy, and Patty High.

5. **Predict Your Own Time** - each participant indicates how long it will take him or her to complete one or two laps around the track either walking or running. This event was won by Brian Chronister.

Laps	Name	Time: Predicted	Actual
2	Brian Chronister	3:30	3:28
2	Kevin Titus	4:00	3:53
2	Dale Manion	3:30	3:16
1	Rachel	3:00	3:17
1	Ruth Manion	3:00	3:18
1	Charity & Happy	6:00	5:32
1	Patty High	3:00	3:31
2	Glen Rushill	6:00	4:51
2	Angie Titus	6:00	4:40
2	Josh Manion	4:45	3:48
2	Phil Gregory	20:35	7:22

A highlight of the afternoons event was the group cheer that brought Uncle Phil across the finish line: "Phil, Phil, he's our man, if anyone can do it, PHIL CAN!"

## Marriage Article

Published in Marriage Partnership  
by Dale and Ruth Manion

*She said, "If he really cared, he'd be sensitive*

*to my feelings."*

*He said, "When I sensed tension, I kept my mouth shut."*

## RUTH'S SIDE

Back in the early years of our marriage, Dale would leave me at home while he went to play basketball or to attend a ball game with some friends. I'd sit at home feeling alone and deserted.

Every time that would happen, I'd think, "We're going to end up living separate lives, just like so many other married couples." That bothered me because it wasn't the kind of marriage I wanted. And I hoped it wasn't the kind of marriage Dale wanted, either.

But I never came out and told him what I was feeling about our relationship - I just dropped subtle hints. I thought Dale should love me enough to know what he should be doing without me having to tell him. Whenever tension built up, I'd tell myself, "If Dale really cared, he'd understand my feelings and he'd do something to change."

When he didn't pick up on my hints, I'd sulk. Sometimes I'd be less loving and less communicative in an attempt to let him know something was wrong. Eventually the tension would build until I'd finally explode and almost demand some kind of response from him. And then instead of talking about it, Dale would clam up.

The tension extended into other areas as well. For example, I like to plan ahead. But Dale is a spur-of-the-moment person who waits until the last minute and then comes through under pressure. His approach always bugged me. But I wouldn't say anything.

The bottom line was that I felt my husband wasn't sensitive to my needs. It upset me, and holding my feelings in didn't help. But trying to get Dale to discuss our differences didn't work either. That left me not knowing what to do.

## DALE'S SIDE

Most of the time when the tension was high, I knew something was wrong between us. But I often wasn't sure what caused it.

My natural inclination was (and still is) to avoid conflict. And so my first reaction would be to ignore a problem in hopes it would resolve itself. If that didn't happen, and if the tension

grew to the point of a confrontation with Ruth, then I tended to withdraw into myself.

The trouble is that it is impossible to have a marriage without some tension. And the harder I tried to ignore it, the more Ruth pushed the issue. When she pushed, I'd back off. So she pushed harder, trying to get me to say what I thought about the problem. She'd say, "I just want to hear your side of the issue. What are you feeling?"

But I figured if I told her and she disagreed with my viewpoint, we'd really have conflict. And so I wouldn't say anything. I'd clam up until she would finally give up. Of course that didn't solve anything.

One time this pattern escalated to the point where we had a real fight. I decided to go to a ball game, and I wanted to make it a family outing. Ruth didn't think that sounded like much fun with a toddler daughter. As much as I tried to avoid it, things eventually came to a head. I said I was going to the ball game no matter what. And Ruth declared she wasn't going. I went. She stayed home. And we both felt miserable.

That incident forced me to face the problem we had dealing with conflict: while I dreaded facing it, avoiding it only made it worse. I didn't know what to do, but I realized something had to change.

#### **WHAT RUTH AND DALE DID:**

That disagreement over a ball game became a turning point in the Manion's marriage. "We agreed to set aside two hours at a time, three days a week to spend together," Dale says. We started talking about our lives, our plans, our schedules and our feelings."

This new plan made a difference in one of their ongoing conflict areas. "I'd often felt as if Ruth was wanting us to be together all the time. When I'd do something on my own, she'd feel left out. But once she was able to count on this regular time together, she was much more willing for me to do my own thing at other times."

"Once I felt like a priority again," Ruth explains, "it gave me the strength to let go. For so long when something bothered me, I'd think, 'If Dale really loved me, this would bother him, too,' "she adds. "What I had to learn was that

because of his personality, he could put things on the back burner for years. I matured to the point where I decided not to take things personally."

"I decided whenever I had a problem or sensed a conflict, I'd go ahead and raise the issue. He wouldn't have to guess what my problem was, he'd be able to begin working with me in solving it. I discovered that when I came right out and asked for what was needed, Dale usually tried to respond."

Dale says this new communication style took some time and practice. Neither of the Manions changed their basic approach to life: Ruth is still more of a planner and instigator; Dale is still more of a hang-loose guy.

And Dale admits, "I still have a tendency to avoid conflict. But eventually our trust level has built up to the point that I know I can bring things up and Ruth won't overreact or jump all over me. I know she'll listen to what I have to say. And even if she disagrees she'll respect my feelings and accept me without trying to change me."

It's been 16 years since the Manions began their regularly scheduled times together. They now carve out a couple of hours in the mornings on Dale's days off and another two hours every Saturday evening. Ruth says, "Those times when we feel dried up emotionally with nothing specific to talk about, we read books together - books about marriage and relationships and personality. Then we discuss our feelings and reactions."

"We don't have nearly as much tension in our marriage now," says Dale, "because we face any tensions together before they grow into conflicts Ruth doesn't have to push me to face conflict anymore, and I don't have to keep ducking it. Our solutions didn't come easily or quickly, but it has come to be a very natural part of our marriage."

(Dale and Ruth Manion, of Janesville, Wisconsin, have been married 27 years.)

#### **ON THE APPALATIAN TRIAL Betty Titus**

Exciting, exhausting and exhilarating! All three words describe my first and second hike

on the Appalachian Trail. The trail covers some 2,000 miles from Georgia to Maine. We are fortunate to live within 20 miles where one can get on to begin to hike.

The first hike of 11 1/2 miles was a year ago, two days after Hugo went through. It was cold, wet and slippery. One night of sleeping in a three-sided shelter in 50 degrees weather convinced me I was not a seasoned hiker. Our trip ended the next day, one day short of our intended schedule.

The second hike was September 27 & 28th of this year. The weather was beautiful and the trail dry. Four of us went, two ladies from the church and a "borrowed husband" whose wife couldn't go. We started at an elevation of 4,000 feet at Spivey Gap. The first two miles was a gain of 1,500 feet in elevation. By 3:30 p.m. we had reached the shelter. It felt good to unload an 18 pound backpack and rest. At 9:00 p.m. we had chosen our hard wooden bunk to sleep on. In contrast to the first trip, I found myself stripping off layers of sweat pants and shirts for it was too hot in the bag. The sound of the night began with the animals in the woods, including what we thought must have been a black bear near the shelter.

The second day hike was more level terrain but yet places where we had to climb over boulders and a path that was sometimes no wider than 1 1/2 feet overlooking the valley below. I zigged when I should have zagged at one spot and stepped on soft dirt and went down the side of the mountain for several feet before stopping.

Had I not been stopped by a bush, I would have hit a big tree. The only result was a scare and a few scratches and bruises.

I asked myself during the hike, "Why am I punishing myself like this?", only to find the answer in the beauty of the view down the valley and off in the distance. It is spiritually renewing and physically invigorating. But you can only draw these conclusions when the hike is over and the soreness is gone.

I now have 22 1/2 miles to my credit along the Appalachian Trail. Not bad for a 59 year old lady.

Will I do it again? Probably, but not unless Paul goes along.

### **Letter from LOLA TITUS**

In response to the question of what being retired is like, check with us in another 10 years and maybe we'll have an answer.

You'll know we are still quite active when I tell you that from the produce of our garden, since we returned from the reunion, we have canned 56 quarts of string beans (half of which we gave to our single pastor), 60 qts of tomatoes, plus 30 qts of pickles. Also we have frozen 12 pts of shell beans, 20 gal of diced cucumbers (for our salad drinks), 15 pts of broccoli, and 100 pts of corn. We also sold some tomatoes and cucumbers and a lot of corn as well as giving some away.

We had a good crop of apples again this year and have already sealed up 88 qts of pure apple juice and have a lot more to do and some to store.

We enjoyed seeing everyone at the reunion, but are sorry we didn't have time to really visit with all of you. Our two Sunday services were really special to me, especially when I realized that in our small group there were 7 ordained ministers, at least 10 accomplished pianists, a lot of good singers, and a number of former teachers or other professionals.

In our "dining hall" after our noon meal Sunday, dad's cousin mentioned that she had tried without much success to get her relatives in Iowa together for a reunion. She also commented that they didn't have the abilities and religious interests that we did. And then she added, "But you are Christian!"

My dad wasn't raised in a Christian home, but someone cared enough to give him a New Testament and invite him to a Sunday School when he started teaching school. That brought about his conversion when he was 19 years old. Then he led his dad and mother to the Lord and later some others of the family. So that's what made my Grandpa Titus's family line different from his brothers' families in Iowa. And I'm thankful to have that kind of heritage. Let's all do our part to keep it that way. We are indeed blessed!

### **SPECIAL THANKS**

Thank you Darrell and Cindy for graciously opening your home to us for this past reunion. We greatly appreciated your willingness to give us the opportunity to gather together. Thanks also to everyone who worked so hard to feed us and clean up after us. Maybe in the next newsletter we will have a report about our options for the next reunion. A committee made up of Walt, Rich, Kent, and Paul are checking into locations around the U.S. where we could meet and maybe not have to worry about the cooking. Which one of you guys is in charge of this committee? Thanks for volunteering!

### **THANKSGIVING**

*written in 1988 by Rosalyn Titus*

Broccoli, carrots, green beans and peas --  
What if Thanksgiving were famous for these?

Turnips, asparagus, liver and rice--  
Before taking seconds, you'd surely think twice.

Eggplant, zucchini, cauliflower, beets--  
Just suppose those were holiday treats!

Hominy, parsnips, the dread sauerkraut--  
If that's what Thanksgiving were really about,

Would you be thankful and fill up your tummy,  
And say, "Oh how tasty, everything's yummy"?

What a relief that we're feasting, instead,  
On turkey and stuffing and hot buttered bread,

Potatoes and gravy; a cranberry mold  
With apples and oranges, tangy and cold.

Now that is a meal for which thanks truly rise--  
With one last indulgence: Grandmother's pies!

### **How to be MOTHER OF THE YEAR?**

requested from Dorothy Underwood

Be a good listener - when they are little and  
when they are grown up.

Be patient and don't talk too much. Let them express themselves.

Be a good friend - sometimes its babysitting or

going shopping with them. We sometimes help each other clean house, etc.

We can laugh together and cry together. More often than not prayer is the best answer to their problem. Sometimes they call and say, "Mom pray." And that means right now. God does the best job of handling our problem or situations.

### **Train ride to California notes from John Titus**

Diane, her mother Marvel and I took a trip to California this summer. The trip out from Wisconsin was two whole days and two nights on the train. We went by way of Milwaukee, Chicago, Denver, Las Vegas to near L.A. The nights were terrible trying to sleep sitting up, but the trip up and over the Rockies was terrific. We seemed to be in the desert for a whole day.

While there, Diane went to Roy Roger's farm, museums, plays, music productions, and Disneyland. I spent most of my time visiting the nearby Riverside College and going to Dodge games.

The trip back was north to Portland and then east back to Columbus through Minneapolis. The trip back was 3 nights and 3 days with much crying of kids and clogged toilets. It was a great trip, but I won't do it again.

### **THIS LIFE IS FRAGILE written Sept. 9,1990 by Bryan Titus**

a world so fragile.  
in a moment in time.  
shattering before our eyes.  
never knowing why.  
not even holding tight.  
closing our eyes, but it doesn't fade.  
holding on tightly  
lingering for awhile.  
why can't we stay?  
sing for the day, even scream.  
but there's no release.  
life is what we perceive  
just going by.  
a new sphere in our game.  
trying to fly, but straining to stand  
can't even stand.

## MY FIRST MARATHON

by Dale Manion

On Sept. 30, 1990 I ran my first marathon (26.2 miles). Completing it in 4 hours and 3 minutes was one of my greatest achievement athletically. It took a discipline that I wasn't sure I had; both in training and in running the last 6 miles. I had run 20 miles before but had only read about the last 6 miles. I had read that somewhere between mile 20 and mile 26 your body runs out of glycogen and you "hit the wall". I found out what "hitting the wall" means. About mile 20 the thought of quitting entered my mind.

By mile 23 each step became an effort. By mile 24 it was mind over body. About mile 25 I knew I would finish and the emotion of it almost overwhelmed me. Then I saw the finish line and all I could do was force myself across it. No sprint to the finish for me. My 10 minute miles were now full steam. When I saw Josh, Ruth and Missy at the finish I could contain it no longer and the emotion poured out in the form of tears.

You ask why? That is a very hard question. Why does a mountain climber climb? I don't understand all the reasons. I think I found out a lot about myself and my body. I found out that a well trained body can do more than most of us expect from it. When I was training my body, I found that I was also training my mind and my spirit.

Will I do it again? Probably.

## NEW NEWSLETTER REPORTERS

The original seven and their spouses have been recruited as reporters so that the newsletter will have more variety and interest. Ruth and Happy greatly appreciate their assistance. The newsletter will be published twice a year with issues in October and April. (Of course you can see we are late already.) The reporters have deadlines the month prior: Sept. and Mar. Help your family reporter by sending them your current News Flash paragraph or an article that they can submit from your family branch. They will send it all to Ruth who organizes it and mails it to Happy and Brian to type. Then Olive addresses the labels, and it is sent back to Ruth who makes copies and sends it out to you. We appreciate the contributions you make. We can be proud of our family for doing this. I don't

know of any other family that does this on this scale. So, **Mail your newsletter contributions to:** Your family reporter (Olive, Jane, Lola, Walt & Jean, Elinor, Dorothy, Paul & Betty) or to Ruth Manion, 1403 N. Lexington, Janesville, WI 53545

## Memories from the 1990 Reunion

Jane's favorite memory: The singing. Thanks to Nancy and Cindy and all those who sang that wonderful choir medley. Every special song was special, and even the table grace sounded like a chorale.

Patsy Fletcher's worst memory: Dallas being sick in Cindy's house.

Patsy's funniest memory: Cindy was playing the piano for one of the special songs when Jared got up onto the bench beside her and started playing his own tune. She just gave him a shove off the bench. Fortunately Aunt Linda got there in time to catch him.

Floyd Titus: I enjoyed the morning service at the reunion.

Dave & Laurie Titus: We enjoyed the singing of the children on Saturday night and the jam session. (Remember "Shake My Sillies Out" with Walt on the bones and Art on the harmonica?)

Happy Chronister: I enjoyed getting a chance to talk to Brian Titus, playing Scattagories in Cindy's kitchen, and finding out my husband wished he could have spent more time with me.  
Brian Chronister: Haranguing in the kitchen and the monogamy race.

Suggestions for the next reunion:

- Have the activities planned by the people who want them.
- Find out what songs people want sung at their funeral. Sing them for them ahead of time.
- Maybe a door between the kitchen and the dining room. Ha! Ha!
- Have more time to visit.



but we try...try for the sky.  
someday we'll fly.  
must believe.  
have to try.  
try and fly.

### NEWS FLASH ITEMS

Report from John on:

**Dan, Jody, and Jade Titus:**

We see them every once in a while; at least once a month. Jade is so much fun and is a pretty good kid in spite of us all trying to spoil him. Dan was salesman of the year for his company that has recently gone international. Jody works for American Family and is moving up fast. They all expect to be back in this area in about one year as Dan moves up in the company management.

**Joe Titus:** Joe has been back in school now about 3 months and spends most of his weekends playing golf around the state. Most of the time I manage to get there. Rich and Elaine met us in Eau Claire one weekend and Joe shot a 76 while Rich followed along with us. Brian went to Spring Green with us one weekend and Joe shot a 78. Josh, Dale and Missy saw him play in Janesville when he shot a 77. He has worked his way into the #2 spot on the Stevens Point team and recently just missed ALL CONFERENCE by 2 strokes at the conference meets. We're hoping that he does some studying also.

**Jamie Titus:** Jamie is a senior and the quarterback of our unbeaten football team. This is the first year Columbus has ever been undefeated. Between practices he is practicing many hours in preparation for the musical "Grease" in which he has the lead. The musical has had to be rescheduled around the state football finals because Jamie can't be at Camp Randall Stadium in Madison and on center stage at the same time. The big game is Saturday, Nov. 10th. *They won!*

**John & Diane:** We are so busy trying to follow one son on the weekend playing golf while preparing the other one for the next game. We can't remember having this much fun.

**From a letter from Elaine Titus:** We have had at least one event every weekend in October at the club, sometimes 2 events per week-

end so it is difficult for us to get away. Rich is hard at work on the golf course. He is rebuilding "Tees" now, and then he has all of the winterizing to do. We hope to meet Pat at Brian's in early November and the next weekend see Jamie perform in "Grease". Brian moved the end of September to his own apartment in North Aurora.

**From Ruth Manion:** At the end of August Josh Manion had emergency surgery on his appendix. It was an interesting night at the hospital for all of us. He had a short hospital stay and got out of 6 weeks of labor while he healed.

At the reunion Glen and Shirley invited us to come visit Willow Creek Church. So in Sept. we did - what an exciting visit! The service is very relevant and has a theme that includes drama, music and message. The service we attended focused on building bigger hearts for God.

**Missy Manion** has a part in the Craig High School play "Inherit the Wind". She is an old woman in the crowd.

**From Jane Titus: Joanne and Steve** moved to Indianapolis Sept. 17th. They are still unpacking. So far they are satisfied with their new location.

**From Happy Chronister:** On August 28th I had 3 moles removed by a dermatologist. One was fine, one was a dysplastic nevus (cells in a weird formation), and the third was a malignant melanoma (skin cancer). I have been advised to cease trying to get pregnant as the doctor fears hormonal changes due to pregnancy could cause other moles to change and possibly become cancerous. So, if anyone hears of an infant up for adoption, we are considering this. I would love to adopt twins or triplets. (Mom says she may move out if I get triplets, so twins are preferable.) I am having 7 more moles removed and wider margins will be cut around the site where the cancer was removed in November. If they are all fine we may go ahead and try to have more children after a waiting period to be sure the melanoma doesn't return.

**Brian** is continuing to enjoy his job as the pastor of Grace Community. We are currently buying 20.4 acres of land to start building on. We have reached the capacity of our 7,000 sq ft facility and are anxious to move to something larger. We just sponsored a Billy & Sarah Gaines concert with a local radio station which about 2,000 people attended. Unfortunately we could not hold it in our current building.

**David and Charity** were on the local news recently. They wore their rabbit costumes to a local mall to collect candy and were shown holding their full buckets. A news team asked the kids how much candy they got and 25 month old Davey announced, "A whole bunch!"

**Floyd and Olive** plan to travel to Florida Dec. 10 through January 8.

**Dave & Laurie Titus** and boys hope to move to Alaska sometime in the next year if David can get an engineering job there.

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