

# THE TIE THAT BINDS

AUGUST 1995

ISSUE 1

VOLUME 9

Well believe it or not, the Tie That Binds may actually be on it way, if Charlotte can figure out how to work this new computer. The last Tie That Binds turned out to be a little bit more trouble than we had really planned on. We were using Eddy's Dad's computer which turned out to be not a good idea. It had a habit of dumping at the most inopportune time. When we tried to use it again this time, we ran out of patience and gave up. Now we have our own after some months of looking and it seems to be doing a good job, if we operate it correctly.

## THIS IS YOUR FLAG

It was first raised on June 14, 1777. It is far more than a piece of cloth having a design of stars and stripes. It symbolizes the greatest Nation on earth. It has been the refuge of millions of oppressed people from everywhere. It has stood for freedom from want and fear.

The Red Stripes symbolize hardiness and courage - the hardiness of the early pioneers, the courage of the common working man. The White Stripes signify purity and innocence - the purity of the idealists who believe that each person is a child of God, and the innocence that strives for his right to be here. The Blue Field is indicative of vigilance, perseverance and justice. The vigilance to protect man's freedoms, and the perseverance that rejects all defeat, and justice, the goal of free men everywhere. The Stars unified on the field of blue embrace the fifty states as one - unified for the good of mankind and country.

*Honor her. Respect her. Defend her.*  
Never let her enemies, from without or within, tear her down in shameful defeat, lest she never rise again.

Place God first and others second.

Then our nation will remain the bulwark of peace, freedom and equal opportunity for all mankind. **This is your Flag.**

**Let your heart salute her!!!**

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## **\*\*CONGRATULATIONS!!!!\*\***

**Richard Titus and Judy De Groff were married Dec. 21, 1994. Welcome to the family, Judy!**

**Brian and Linda Crume are the proud parents of Jenna Nickole, born Feb. 22, 1995.**

## **PAUL TITUS FAMILY NEWS**

**Paul** - After three trips to the hospital (April '94, May '94 and Aug. '94), I have been stabilized on medication to keep my heart ticking regularly. I am still working but not as hard. One more year and I will reach the magic number that allows you to retire (July '96).

**Betty** - is still working full time. She would love to see her grandchildren more often than at six weeks intervals. We went to Florida the middle of February and visited Jane and Walt and Jean plus friends from our church.

**Kevin** - is still working for the same company but he hasn't traveled quite so much as before. He sings in the choir at church. The minister of music there is Don Dykhoff, Kenny's son.

**Rachel** - quit work last June to stay home with Brittany. She works at home doing alterations for a woman who has a business of making drapes and alterations.

**Brittany** - is learning to talk and says most anything she wants. She loves to play with her cousin Jason.

**Mike** - has all year been threatening to quit his job with Duke Power but he is

still with them. He worked in seven different states this year doing mechanic work mostly in the nuclear power plants. Needless to say he wasn't home much.

**Denise** - works full time.

**Jason** - is in day care. He has learned to say his alphabet, speak some Spanish and play with the computer. He is at a stage now where he keeps asking Denise if she is going to be his Mama forever. He probably hears kids, at day care, talk about their parents separating.

**Bryan** - spent the summer of '94 with Rose, in Seattle. He left in May and came back in Sept. He has been working part-time with mentally handicapped adults supervising them at their work places. He will go full time when he gets back from Europe.

#### **RIDER PARTICIPATES IN AROUND-THE-WORLD TREK**

What Bryan Titus loves most nearly killed him. Now he's out to face it- and beat it- again.

Titus, a bicyclist who nearly died 10 years ago after colliding with a car, was selected to compete in AXA World Ride '95, a trip around the planet taking eight months and featuring a selected group of riders, many of whom are disabled. Portions of the event will be shown on CBS's Eye Sports, a 90-minute special scheduled to air at 2:30 p.m. Thanksgiving Day, November 23.

The objective of the World Ride is to show that disabled athletes can participate along with the able-bodied. The 12,549-mile trip began March 17 and will pass through 16 countries and three continents before concluding November 18 in Washington, D.C.

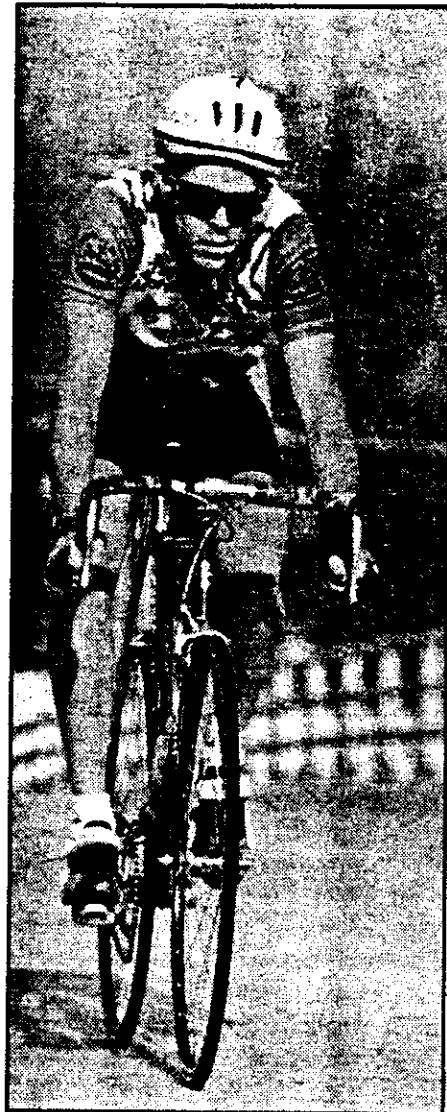
Titus, a 30-year-old West Asheville resident, enters his portion of the race April 9, leaving from Shannon, Ireland, and continuing to Paris, France. It is an experience, he believes, that will heal the wounds, especially the emotional scars of being left with permanent disabilities.

"It will be my rite of passage for re-entering a world that looks down on people with disabilities," he said. "I've

worked very hard getting to the level I am at now. It's been through many tears and sweat." The sport that failed him is the one he hopes will restore him.

The World Ride, he said, is a personal triumph. "It's a celebration of where I came from."

Taken from the Asheville newspaper  
Spring of 1995



STEVE DIXON/CITIZEN-TIMES

**Cyclist Bryan Titus, disabled from a near-fatal accident 10 years ago, pedals across Smith Bridge in Asheville. He was selected to participate in the AXA World Ride '95, in which a group of cyclists will journey around the world.**

## **ELINOR WOELLHOF FAMILY NEWS**

**Paul and Elinor** - were busy getting things ready for the Kansas State Auxiliary Convention, under World Gospel Mission. It was held at their Faith Mission Church in Clay Center, KS., on April 27-29.

**Paul James** - worked a short time at a nursery packaging plants to be shipped out to other places. Since they are pastoring a small church, they find extra work to help suppliment their income. They have had a few new ones come to church. People are being saved.

**Carol** - enjoyed being a school bus driver this past school year.

**Becky and Christy** - will be attending Vennard College this fall.

**Sharon** - is a good trumpet player.

**Wesley** - had surgery on Jan. 26, for nearly two hours. The Jordanian surgeon spent the time cutting out adhesions, which had kinked up his intestines in several places. Seven weeks later, his intestines were ballooned in a narrow place.

**Mary** - had to quit her paper route. She has "carpel tunnel syndrome" in both of her wrists, from 10½ years of throwing tons of papers.

Faith Christian Academy students, Fort Scott, KS, participated in a music, drama, art and photography competition.

**Cara** - placed third with her piano solo, in the instrumental solo division. She placed third in the pastels/chalk division, of the senior art division.

**Rita** - placed first in the pastels/chalk division, of the senior art division.

**Edwin** - in the junior photography, placed first in the scenic division. In the portrait division, he placed third.

**Eddy** - keeps busy with airplanes, gardening and various other projects. He is now Youth Leader at church.

**Charlotte** - directed the Christmas program at church. She is now the president for the Washington/Idaho state auxiliary, under World Gospel Mission.

**Rachal** - did well in third grade and is looking forward to fourth grade. She appreciates the Christian school that she attends.

**Joel** - likes to ride his daddy's lawn mower, his daddy's Model T and anything else that will move.

## **NEWS FROM JANE TITUS**

I am fully retired now. My former boss has reached his goal of all full time employees, which I did not want to be. I worked for two months in the village office. Now, I think my Mom will come and live with me for a couple of months.

I do volunteer work in the village library and help with a few tax returns. I have time to play Scrabble once a week. And finally, I have no excuse for not cleaning house.

## **OUR ALASKA MOVE**

by Joanne Stewart

The United States Army Recruiting Command has decided that Alaska will no longer be a part of the Seattle Recruiting Company. It will be a Recruiting Detachment of the Seattle Recruiting Battalion; "Detachment" indicating that for now it will not have an Officer in Commander. (Have I totally confused you yet?) Due in part because of intense lobbying by Steve, he is now the Alaska Recruiting Detachment's 1st Sergeant. Consequently, we are now among those of the Titus Clan who call the Far North "home."

This has been a hard move for us in many ways, but I will not bore anyone but my immediate family with the details. The easiest part of the trip for me was the flight to Anchorage. The flight was routine and uneventful, just the way I like it! (The kids and I flew on Sat., Feb. 25th, and Steve drove with a friend, as the Army would only ship one of our vehicles.) As some of you may know, Steve had been coming to Alaska every six weeks or so for a couple of years. As a result, he had accumulated so much mileage credit with Alaska Airlines, that he always updated his ticket to first class when there was

space available. He was able to update two of our tickets to First Class. We were supposed to have all three tickets updated but there was a mix up and they had only two spaces available when we got to the airport. So Jacob sat a few rows back in the coach section. It was my first time flying First Class. David and family met us at the airport and we spent a couple of nights at his house, and then stayed at Happy and Brian's. Wednesday night "everyone" went to the final dress rehearsal of an operatic version of "Hansel and Gretel" that Marlene got us into for free. Friday night, Saturday, and Sunday morning I spent with Olive and Laurie at a ladies retreat. We had a nice time. I teased Olive that the only reason she went to the retreat was because she had a captive group of ladies from which to recruit nursery volunteers for the church! Happy and David took turns being responsible for the children that weekend. As I recall, David baby-sat Charity, Davey, Jenna, Landry, Kendrick, Jacob, and Leanna all by himself for a couple of hours on Sunday. What a brave man! In the mean time Steve was on the road driving through Canada to Alaska. For the most part he had a pretty good trip, although he did have some transmission trouble, and got run off the road once by a logging truck in Canada. Steve arrived at Happy's on Sunday afternoon after Olive and I got back from the retreat. That evening we moved into temporary lodging at Ft. Richardson. The next Monday we moved into "permanent" quarters. About ten minutes after the movers left, water started to come out from under the dishwasher. Of course this happened after all of Ft. Richardson's contracted maintenance people had gone home for the day. We managed to get the flooding stopped, but had to wait until the next day to get repairs done. It was a big hassle, but we ended up with a new dishwasher, so I guess I can't complain too much! If things work out we are going to build a house near Palmer. Alaska has a lot of special programs to encourage people to build new energy efficient homes. (David just

took advantage of some of them.) We qualify for almost all of them. Steve would like to retire in Alaska, so we might as well build a new house if we can. I'm looking forward to getting to know my Alaska relatives again.

**"FAMILY SPOTLIGHT"**  
**THE PAUL AND WANDA**  
**GREGORY FAMILY'**



Back row		
Left	Center	Right
Jonathan, Melody In arms-Sienna Standing-Samantha	Phillip Warren, Kim Seated - Wanda, Paul Phil's children, Sara & Joshua on laps	Kevin, Diana Seated, their children, Kari, Paul Joseph
Seated-Heather		

by Wanda Gregory

**Paul and I** had a wonderful time in Jan. when we drove to Arizona to visit our son Phillip Warren and his family. They have a beautiful home - four bedrooms, dining room, kitchen with cherry wood cabinets, nice family room, two bathrooms, patio and a nice garage.

**Phil and his wife, Kim** are both so busy with work and going to college.



They are studying so hard and both are making A's in micro-biology. Phil has had to adjust his work schedule so that he does not have to miss any classes or labs. He is working full time at Asarco Mining. He is anxious to pursue his career in becoming a medical doctor. He is planning to continue with Asarco until Kim finishes her R.N. degree. (We are encouraging her also to be a doctor.) As of now, when she finishes school, she plans to be a flight nurse and work so that Phil can be in school full time.

We visited the school where their children, **Joshua**, age 9 and **Sara**, age 7, attend. It was very interesting since the "hallways" were sheltered outside walkways from which they entered their individual classrooms.

While we were there we worked in the flower beds, pulling weeds and it was like a summer day. Arizona has the most beautiful sunsets ever. There's also cactus everywhere and Sara and Josh could tell us what each kind is. Arizona's environment according to Joshua is: If it's green, it's prickly. If it's brown and moves, it will bite. If it's brown and stays put, it's a rock.

We saw the mine where Phil works. The open pit is about three miles long - the largest hole in the ground we have ever seen.

We learned a little about the desert. There is low country desert and there's high country desert. Phil and family live in high country. Weather there is a little different. The morning we left there was four inches of snow. By that evening they had a total of seven inches. That made TV and radio news!

Phil lives in Oracle, Arizona, a small town about 34 miles from Tucson. Both Phil and Kim have quite a distance to drive to school and work.

**Jonathan and Melody** are working two jobs. Jon is still a meat cutter, at Biggs, and dislikes it. He has been able to cut that to four days a week. The rest of his week is devoted to his new business.

Gregory Framery is doing very well. He specializes in custom framing and applejack prints and various other prints for sale. He does commission work also.

Melody works mornings at her job and fills in the rest helping Jon in the frame shop. They are busy and for a new business it is going great. Jon hopes to be in his business full time and at full time art work as soon as possible. Their 3 daughters - **Heather**, age 13½, **Samantha**, age 11½, and **Sienna**, age 4, help with the work at home and are doing well in school. Sienna spends time with her dad at the work shop.

**Diana and Kevin** are working full time, Diana at the bank and Kevin at Montana Resources. **Paul Joseph (P.J.)**, age 9½ and **Kari**, age 12½ are doing well in school and growing up too fast.

Kari was practicing for a piano recital coming up soon. She is playing very well now. P.J. is anxiously waiting for his Grandpa (Paul) to complete his Go-Cart.

Wanda's definition of retirement: "Twice as much husband and half as much salary!" But they enjoy being and working together and not having to get up so early.

#### NEWS FROM PHILLIP AND LOLA GREGORY

The stress I mentioned in the last "Tie" letter referred to problems with getting our rental house cleaned up, repaired, and improved (including re-roofing). Thanks to a lot of help from our 2 good sons, the work was accomplished. The young woman, who wanted to rent it, and her mother helped with the cleaning and painting inside and has been living there since Sept. '94.

Our variety of weather this past winter gave us 2 major snow storms in 3 days (1st week in March) and some near zero or below weather. Then followed some 40 degree and 50 degree temps and in less than 2 weeks our 15 inches of snow on the level, plus high banks along the road sides, was all gone.

We were thankful for good weather for our missions conference March 17-19. Our missionaries were from Mexico, Peru and Seirra Leone.

An acquaintance of Paul's told a young woman about Paul's trips to Wis. and she contacted Paul. An aunt of hers who had lived in Bessemer, Michigan wanted her to have a family heirloom - an antique roll top desk. The aunt had gone to live with a daughter, but the desk was still in her house. She offered to pay Paul well if he'd get the desk for her.

So on March 20th, at 10:30 P.M., Paul and Wanda arrived here with their truck and trailer with another antique John Deere tractor for Edgar. Tues. A.M., Paul called the neighbor who looks after the house in Mich. and then he and Phillip went with the truck to get the desk.

Wed. they unloaded the tractor and then loaded up some oak lumber Edgar had had sawed and wanted to sell (good market for it is Mont.).

In a week or so, Paul and Wanda stopped by again. April was spent in Ohio (Cincinnati) where son Jonathan and her brother John live and some time in Kentucky with her mother.

When they returned, May was spent here, to renew our front room and stairway. I've scrubbed the walls once in the 25 yrs. since we painted. (That's the outcome of farming too long and retiring too old. Our inabilities are becoming more noticeable than our abilities.) The rest of the walls only need cleaning.

### EDGAR GREGORY FAMILY NEWS

Edgar and Judy are busy with their ostriches. The birds are getting more settled and mature. The hen lays her eggs in her nest now instead of just "anywhere". Ed had 2 eggs in an incubator near Hayward, but lost them in hatching. He still has 2 more eggs in hatching there. Hopefully, they'll turn out better. From now on he may go back to the man in Minnesota who took care of his eggs last year - hatched them and raised the chicks to 3 months of age and sold them for him for a share. Hopefully, he can get an incubator and hatchery set up of his own in the future.

April 8th, Ed and Judy went to an

ostrich seminar. Edgar had one class on "wintering the birds". Judy says she does "net-working" - discussing and exchanging information with others - to see how many new things they can learn. Every day is a learning process in their business.

As soon as the weather permits, Edgar will have to expand his building and fenced in area to give the birds more running and pasture space.

Bob and Kathy are doing quite well and keeping busy. Christopher is doing very well in school. Andrew is showing improvement in school. He has a lot of friends and enjoys telling them stories. Rebecca is small in size but is bright and active and loving.

Scott worked at a temporary job for several months; but on March 6th, he changed to a permanent job. He is now a computer programmer for a National Benefit Resource Co., in Minneapolis. He likes his work.

Patty isn't working at a job now so is a full time home-maker. She has time for sewing and other activities.

Earlier this winter, John and Gina and family moved into her great-grandma's trailer near Judy's folks, about ½ mile east of our place.

Gina was scheduled for her 3rd C-section Jan. 20th. But her water broke Jan. 8th A.M. so John took her to the hospital in Rice Lake. Because of so much no-stretch scar tissue from the other surgeries, the 2 doctors had a hard time getting the baby out. About noon, they finally liberated 6½ lb. Tyler James. He was quite jaundice and having some trouble breathing. Also the valve in his esophagus didn't work right. He had a hard time keeping his milk down. He's doing better and gaining weight. He was on 3 medications.

Tyler has pretty dark blue eyes and a nice smile. His 2 sisters, Jessica and Ashley, adore him and are careful and loving with him. John has been very helpful with the children and the work of caring for them. Gina needs our prayers for strength and healing. She is a good mother and home-maker.

## **A Little About Myself**

by Patricia Gregory

This speech was written for the Happy Talkers Toastmaster group that I am a new member of. This group is to help people to learn how to become more comfortable with public speaking and also get over their fears of getting to know new people. This speech was to introduce me to my fellow members.

We all expect changes when we get married. Some people hope to have their dream home, others hope to have a wonderful adventure. Little did I know just how much of an adventure that I would have coming my way.

Let me tell you a little about myself. I had lived in Fort Wayne, Ind. since shortly after my father died when I was two. Everything and everyone I had ever known was here. When my husband and I got married, I thought that we would be there for at least a little while. When my husband lost his job, which is nothing uncommon in this day and age, we had no choice but to move back to the farm in northern Wisconsin over 600 miles from Fort Wayne. It was Oct. 31, 1991 when I was getting settled in carrying boxes upstairs and things like that. It started to snow. After 5 or 6 inches fell, I started to get a little concerned about the food supply since the driveway was a ½ mile long gravel road. I had experienced snow but not usually in this amount. When I expressed my concern to my mother-in-law, she just took me to the 2 chest freezers, pantry and the refrigerator. To say the least, my worries were quickly put to rest. It was a week later and we still had enough food for at least a few more weeks and 4 feet on the ground.

When I got married, I had no idea about being a wife. That was also soon to change. When my mother-in-law found that out, she was determined to change that. She started to teach me everything from cleaning the bathroom to taking care of my young nieces and nephews and everything between.

On one occasion, I was asked to fix the fire that kept us warm. When my father-in-law came home from work, he came up from the basement with a puzzled look on his face. He turned to the people in the living room and questioned who has fixed the fire that afternoon. When I acknowledged that it was me that did the task, he asked me why I had used his brand new ax handle to stir it instead of the poker that was hanging in plain site. I was shown immediately how that job was done since I has scorched the ax handle almost beyond recognition.

This would be the first of many such happenings. From listening to flying squirrels running throughout the wall to watching baby black bears go through the truck full of garbage in the side yard late at night.

I learned a lot from living in that house for a year and now I am willing to try something new. So you are looking at a young lady that went from living in the city where the mall was a couple miles away, grocery store up the road and Burger King right around the corner to living in the northwoods where the nearest major grocery store is 15 miles away and the nearest Burger King is 35 miles away. The adventure continues I believe with Toastmaster being one more mile on that journey.

So, when you have a dream, go after it. When you want something, work for it, for I believe and have learned that nothing worth while ever comes easy.

## **Bateman's Voice Lights Up A Dark Night**

Anchorage Opera presented the well-trained voice of Anchorage mezzo-soprano Marlene Titus Bateman. In what would otherwise have been an empty Discovery Theatre, a couple hundred opera fans filled the seats.

There were no well-known arios from Puccini or Verdi; rather, it was more of a musical adventure. Bateman opened with three pieces by Henry Purcell. The second cluster, with music by Hugo

Wolf, presented both vocal challenges and a variety of moods. Performed in German, deep, moving passages gave way to uplifting bursts of voice.

Bateman returned to the stage clad in Spanish headdress to flavor Jaime Ovalle's "Azulao" in Portuguese.

After intermission, Bateman gave cheerful renditions of six mostly light-hearted selections by William Bolcom.

The evening was complete after flowers, generous applause and an encore of "Somewhere Over the Rainbow".

Taken from the Anchorage Newspaper  
March 1995

### ***My Trip To Hawaii*** ***Jan. 17-31, 1995***

by Olive Titus

I flew from Anchorage to Honolulu, Oahu. A five plus hour flight and right away I took a short flight to another island, Maui, where Dave and his family met me. The company that Dave works for has a condominium about a half hour's drive from the airport. The drive along the shoreline was scenic and the condo was nice and was on the fourth level. It had one bedroom, bathroom, a combination kitchen, dining room and living room. Landry slept on the floor, Kendrick in two armchairs pushed together to form a 'crib' and I on the couch. The double glass doors were screened. We could hear the surf all day and all night. The doors opened onto a deck where there were chairs and a table. The beach was just below and was never crowded. Across the water to the left there was an island and to the right, another one. Occasionally we could see whales in the distance. I loved being at the condo, enjoying it and the view. The weather was perfect. The others used the pool once or twice a day but I usually preferred walking the beach.

One day we drove to the extinct crater of Haleakala, a mountain 10,000 feet high. We could drive to the very top and on the other side we could see the big island which is Hawaii. Another day we

decided to drive to the small town, Hana. We saw some rural life, did some hiking, and while eating our lunch on a bluff we watched some expert surfers.

I was with Dave's family on Maui from January 17-25. The 25th was a busy day, packing, doing the laundry and leaving the condo as clean as they found it January 10. I ended up watching the boys at the pool while their parents finished the work. Then we drove to the airport, returned the rented car and flew the short distance back to Honolulu, took a taxi to Waikiki to our reserved quarters. However the kitchenette consisted only of a tiny refrigerator and a coffee pot. We called our friends, Craig and Sue Floyd, who had arrived from Anchorage the day before. They were able to get us a much better place at White Sands where they were staying. They came to get us with their three kids. Their 3 year old was riding in a jogger that they had borrowed from Happy. She gave her ride away to Laurie's big trunk which was too big and heavy for anyone to carry. We were quite a spectacle moving all our people and luggage through the crowded sidewalks. We arrived safely and liked being on the 2nd floor near the Floyds on the 3rd. Groceries were very expensive on Maui but even higher on Oahu. Susan and Laurie went miles by taxi to a Costco store and brought back boxes and boxes of food. Everyone could get free rides to a store and factory where jewelry was made of black coral and to another large store next to the old Dole's pineapple cannery.

At White Sands, I met Betty Brown from Redwing/Hager City area. She and I boarded a city bus one day and road all the way around the island of Oahu for 85 cents, a four hour trip. On Sunday, we went to a century old Hawaiian church in downtown Honolulu. Several choirs and groups sang and the sermon was good. An announcement was made that at 4:00 p.m. the Brigham Young University concert choir would sing and also the 1995 Hawaii All-State High School Honor Choir. Betty didn't want to stay that long and so after we had a Hawaiian



lunch including poi. I went to the bus stop with her. While waiting we talked to several native people. One of them showed me around the area, the state capitol, the castle where a princess was imprisoned, her statue on the lawn, and in another place, a statue of Captain Cook. Our Alaskan Cook Inlet is named after him.

Other than getting lost a couple of times when I went out alone in that big city, these are my main memories of the Hawaiian Islands!

## K I D ' S

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*Dear Kids,*

HI! My name is Rachal. I will be entering the 4th grade, at New Life Christian School. I am 9 years old. I like to go bike riding and ice skating and riding on my dad's Model T.

I would like to get to know better, those who are 18 years old and younger. I would appreciate it if you would send in any short stories, poems, puzzles, jokes, articles or maybe something you have written for school. On each piece you send, please write your name, age and where you live.

*Thank You!!!*

Rachal Mattson  
9 years old  
Quincy, WA

### A Joke For You

Question: What do frogs like to drink?

Answer: Croak - a - cola

**HEY KIDS! What Would YOU Like To Be When YOU Grow UP???**  
Put your answer in the next TTTB.

★★ Due to Beginner's learning frustration (over the computer - never having touched one before - Eddy typed the last TTTB), the "Family Tree" and address up-date will not be in this issue, as had been promised. Next deadline is Sept. 30th. Please send all "new" up-dated addresses and all "new" family additions. "THANK YOU!" for your patience.

A special "THANK YOU!" to RUTH for doing all of the copying, putting the newsletters together and mailing them out.

Maybe YOU have a special "Thank you!" that you would like to express to someone. Say it in the next Tie That Binds! ★★

Your Editors

Send us your suggestions for new and various different kinds of articles.

Example: I Remember When

This comes from an incident that I remember happening when I was a kid. I was in first grade and it happened at Aunt Lola's house.

What articles would YOU like to see in THE TIE THAT BINDS?

Send all items for The Tie That Binds to:  
Charlotte Mattson  
11340 Adams Rd. N  
Quincy, WA 98848

This last article was written by Marlene Bateman.

We are copying it off of her original copy.

She did such a good job on it that we hated to mess it up.

♥ ★ ♥ ★ ♥ ★ ♥ ★ ♥ ★ ♥ ★ ♥ ★ ♥ ★

**Memorial Climb and Service for Floyd Evans Titus  
July 8, 1994 - South Suicide Peak - Alaska**

On July 8, 1994, we set out to climb Suicide Peak to commemorate Dad and Dave's father/son climb of Suicide Peak in July of 1974 and to scatter Dad's ashes. It had been two and a half years since Dad (Floyd) had died, but we had waited until several of us siblings could make the climb. John and Diane were up for a visit to Alaska (Diane's first trip to Alaska!) and part of the reason for their trip to Alaska was for John to make this climb and be present for the scattering of the ashes. And as Ron and I had moved to Alaska the previous fall, finally three of us siblings who wanted to make the climb were finally in Alaska all at once. So the five of us set out: Dave and Laurie Titus, John Titus, and Ron and Marlene (Titus) Bateman.

We had a beautiful day for the climb: it was clear, warm, and sunny. The McHugh Falls trail head from which we started is just a few miles south of Anchorage. We started at about 9:00 in the morning at sea level, and as we climbed the trail that zig-zagged up the mountain through the birch, spruce, and aspen, we could look to the west and see the sun shining on the ocean below us. There was a profusion of wildflowers: lupin, wild rose, and columbine, to name just a few. After climbing for a couple of hours, we were above the tree-line and eventually came to McHugh Creek, where we stopped for a lunch break and cached some of our food and packs. Dave carried Dad's ashes, a video camera, and most of our extra warm clothing, and still could easily keep going when the rest of us were winded. Ron and John formed a team, both able to climb quite quickly and confidently, despite the fact that this was John's very first mountain climb. A rather extreme beginning mountain, I might add. Laurie and I brought up the rear, stopping frequently to look at the view, examine the lichens and flowers, but *most* of all, to catch our breath! The climb from the creek in the valley up to the ridge of the mountain took two or three hours, and for me was the most strenuous link of the climb, as we were climbing on the shoulder of the mountain rather than on path or a ridge.

Dave came back and climbed with Laurie and me as we approached the ridge, while Ron and John pushed ahead. John had never been up high like this, and he was doing very well. After we had returned home and were safe and sound, he told us that it was quite a shock to him after climbing up the side of the mountain and reaching this very high ridge, that it dropped away so dramatically on the *other* side of the ridge, too. I think he must have been harboring a hope that when we reached the top of what we could *see*, the ridge would flatten out into a huge plateau. Well, it didn't. Furthermore, he could see way on *up* the ridge where we would be climbing to reach the summit. I think John had serious doubts about going on at this

point, and he questioned Ron to see how he felt about climbing up that ridge. Ron said something like "It looks a lot more worse than it really is. It'll be OK." And after sitting with that a bit, determination overtook fatigue and John decided, "Well, if Ron says it will be OK, I guess it will be OK." Of course, it didn't help for John to have so much time (while waiting for Laurie and me to get up to the ridge) to sit motionless and peer off either side of that rather steep ridge, and on up to where we yet had to go. Laurie, too, I think, was having some second thoughts at about this point, but after she and Dave had a head to head conversation (what *do* they say in those little talks???) Laurie decided to keep going, too.

So here we were, all huddled at the top of the ridge, with the wind just whipping. We weren't overheating in the summer sun any more. We had a little snack, and the first of our liturgies. I read a poem by Edward Lear that has long been a favorite of Ron's and mine. We brought it along because it reminded us of some of the journeys we've taken, and particularly, on this occasion, reminded us of Floyd and Olive setting out for Alaska from Wisconsin in 1964, taking themselves and four children (Barb, Marlene, Happy, and David), the very *few* earthly goods they kept hold of, *and* camping gear in a little old compact Plymouth with a top carrier. A great leap into the unknown. Mom and the rest of us had never even *been* to Alaska before. And here is the poem:

### The Jumblies

They went to sea in a sieve, they did;  
In a sieve they went to sea:  
In spite of all their friends could say,  
On a winter's morn, on a stormy day,  
In a sieve they went to sea.  
And when the sieve turned round and round,  
And everyone cried, "You'll all be drowned!"  
They called aloud, "Our sieve ain't big,  
But we don't care a button; we don't care a fig:  
In a sieve we'll go to sea!"  
Far and few, far and few,  
are the lands where the Jumblies live;  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;  
And they went to sea in a sieve.

They sailed away in a sieve, they did,  
In a sieve they sailed so fast,  
With only a beautiful pea-green veil  
Tied with a ribbon, by way of a sail,  
To a small tobacco-pipe mast.

And every one said who saw them go,  
"Oh! won't they be soon upset; you know!  
For the sky is dark, and the voyage is long;  
And happen what may, it's extremely wrong  
In a sieve to sail so fast."

The water it soon came in, it did;  
The water it soon came in:  
So, to keep them dry, they wrapped their feet  
In a pinky paper all folded neat;  
And they fastened it down with a pin.  
And they passed the night in a crockery-jar:  
And each of them said, "How wise we are!  
Though the sky be dark, and the voyage be long,  
Yet we never can think we were rash or wrong  
While round in our sieve we spin."

And all night long they sailed away;  
And when the sun went down,  
They whistled and warbled a moony song  
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,  
In the shade of the mountains brown,  
"O Timballoo! how happy we are  
When we live in a sieve and crockery-jar!  
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,  
We sail away with a pea-green sail  
In the shade of the mountains brown."

They sailed away to the Western Sea, they did,--  
To a land all covered with trees:  
And they bought an owl, and a useful cart,  
And a pound of rice, and a cranberry-tart,  
And a hive of silvery bees  
And they bought a pig, and some green jackdaws,  
And a lovely monkey with lollipop paws,  
And forty bottles of ring-bo-ree,  
And no end of Stilton cheese.

And in twenty years they all came back,--  
In twenty years or more;  
And every one said, "How tall they've grown!  
For they've been to the Lakes, and the Terrible Zone,  
And the hills of the Chankly Bore."  
And they drank their health, and gave them a feast  
Of dumplings made of beautiful yeast;

And every one said, "If we only live,  
We, too, will go to sea in a sieve,  
To the hills of the Chankly Bore."  
Far and few, far and few,  
Are the lands where the Jumblies live.  
Their heads are green, and their hands are blue;  
And they went to sea in a sieve.

At this point, looking down off the ridge to the lakes and creeks and ocean far below us, feeling the whip of the cold wind, and making ready to head up the ridge even further, some of us felt that we were entering the Terrible Zone. We pushed on, climbing step by step, and after a couple of hours more climbing, we neared the summit, having climbed several miles and having gained about 5,000 vertical feet since the beginning of the climb. The wind was gusting strongly, and the higher we went, the colder it became. At the summit, was a small field of snow that, even in July, had not yet melted off. We were exhilarated and high-spirited upon reaching the summit, in spite of the wind and the cold. On reaching the top, Laurie exuberantly pronounced the climb a "piece of cake." This was John's very first mountain, at the age of 50! And the rest of us no youngsters, either: Ron, 44; Mar, 43; Dave, 36; and Laurie, 33. But Dad had been 58 years old when he and Dave had climbed this mountain. And with a heart condition (large aneurysm) that we didn't even *know* about at the time. A very tough, determined old guy.

When we reached the top, John called Mom on a portable phone (Happy's) that Dave had carried to the top -- so that we could share that moment with Mom, and also to let Diane know that he had made it to the top and was safe.

After the phone call, we had a little snack, and then, as it was quite cold and very windy, moved right ahead to the service of the scattering of Dad's ashes, as described below:

#### Service for Scattering of Ashes on the Summit

Opening prayer read by Marlene:

O God, as we commemorate the life and passing of Floyd Titus, look favorably upon your whole family, and by the working of your providence carry out the plan of salvation. Let the whole world see and know that things which were cast down are being raised up, and things which had grown old are being made new, and that all things are being brought to their perfection by God through whom they were made--Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Scripture Reading - chosen by Mom because it was one of Dad's favorite passages,  
and read by Laurie:

Matthew 6: 25-34

Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor gather into barns; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is and to morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.

But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Closing Prayer read by John:

O God, who gave us birth,  
you are ever more ready to hear  
than we are to pray.  
You know our needs before we ask,  
and our ignorance in asking.  
Give to us now your grace,  
that as we shrink before the mystery of death  
we may see the light of eternity.



Speak to us once more  
your solemn message of life and of death.  
Help us to live as those who are prepared to die.  
And when our days here are accomplished,  
enable us to die as those who go forth to live,  
so that living or dying, our life may be in you,  
and that nothing in life or in death  
be able to separate us  
from your great love in Jesus our Lord.  
Amen.

Scattering of the Ashes by Dave, Mar, John, and Ron.

It was deeply moving to remember and honor Dad, to see the wind take his ashes at this high and beautiful place where he had once walked, and to feel connected with each other and the great cycle of life and death in that moment. As we started down, John commented that this was a true spiritual experience for him: "*This* is what those evangelists were talking about."

Before descending, we uncovered a canister under a pile of rocks at the summit where people sign their names when they climb the mountain. There, at the top of the list, were the names of Reverend Floyd Titus and his son, Dave - July 1974.

The descent was an especially long one, as we were quite fatigued by the time we reached the top. We finally made it back to the car about one o'clock in the morning, after having climbed and then descended for a total of 15 hours. Thank goodness for the midnight sun! We needed it that night.

When we arrived back home after a drive of just a few minutes, Happy, Mom, and Diane warmed up the feast they had prepared for us -- and which we were *almost* too tired to eat. Once we started, however, we revived and really enjoyed it. But maybe not quite as much as we enjoyed *sleeping* that night.

1403 N. Lexington  
Jones, WI. 53545



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4805 Maunytell Ave.  
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