

The Voice of Maybee

Village of Maybee issue 134 www.maybeevillage.com

P.O. Box 36 734-587-2900 fax 734-587-6534 February, 2011

Council Corner

Last night the council received the good news that the downtown streetscape has a conditional commitment to proceed. This means that when the rest of the necessary paperwork is filled out the village stands to receive up to \$87,000 for the renovation of the downtown area. This would include lighting, trees, sidewalk updates to ADA standards, crosswalks, benches and trash containers. This along with the village's decision to mill and resurface the rest of Bluebush and Raisin streets will make the Village of Maybee a beautiful small town.

The council also approved the 2011-12 London, Maybee, Raisinville Fire Department budget. This year the village portion will be ten percent of the cost.

The village would also like to acknowledge the time put in by Mark Drouillard (of Pit Stop Pizza fame) and Richard Woodruff for their help in taking down the Christmas decorations in the village. Others that helped finish up the job were Dale Younglove, Larry Richardson and Tom Opperman. Thank you for a job well done.

The L.M.R. Fire Department is once again looking for a few more fire fighters to part of this volunteer department. If you think that you or someone that you know would be interested in joining the force you can contact Chief Rick Smith at 587-2143 or go to there website to learn more about the department

www.lmrfiredepartment.com .

DOWNTOWN MAYEEE DAY

May 21, 2011

The committee is looking into starting the event on Friday night with live entertainment and activities to add to the festival. The committee is looking for some unique slogans or sayings for this years T-shirts. If you have one that you think is unusual, write it down and give it to Stephannie at Citizens Bank and the winner gets a free T-shirt. Crafters are still needed and the applications can be printed off the maybevillage.com website.

The Library Table

734-587-3680

Now with free Wi-Fi

Preschool Storytime

Mondays @ 6:30 PM - 7:30 PM & Fridays @ 10:30 - 11:30

Preschool Storytime is intended for kids ages 3 years to 5 years. This program offers stories, songs, movement activities, art experiences, and fun each week.

EVENTS

DinoMite Dino Party!--Maybe Branch Library

Age Group(s): Children **Date:** 2/15/2011 **Start Time:** 6:00 PM **End Time:** 7:00 PM

Description: For a Roaring Good Time, come over to the library's DinoMite Dino Party! Don't be Extinct, come roar with the dinosaurs! There will be prehistoric giveaways, crafts and games! **Library:** Maybe Branch Library

Pizza and Pages--Maybe Branch Library

Event Type: Book Clubs **Age Group(s):** Teen **Date:** 2/18/2011 **Start Time:** 6:00 PM **End Time:** 7:00 PM

Description: Bring the book you are reading, talk about it, eat some pizza then talk some more! Ages 13 & up!

When I was a Kid growing up in Maybee.....by Marjorie VanAuker

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee, I... like most other kids in town... could play outside for hours on end, in any season of the year, regardless of the weather, by simply making use of what Mother Nature offered up in our surroundings. This all came flooding back to me recently while I was knocking heavy icicles down from my mother's eaves troughs. My memory flashed back to cold, but sunny, winter days of decades ago when I did that very same thing to those very same eaves but for a very different reason. Back then those sparkling twigs of ice became "a priceless diamond treasure" and I, a daring adventuress! I'd carefully harvest this remarkable discovery and then bury my treasure in snow caves I dug beneath the bushes for safe keeping...and "only I" would hold the secret of their location...Following this adventure tale that I had been spinning in my head, I'd wander off to another amusement. Perhaps I'd build a snowman or animal...then head for the ice on Big Sandy Creek to try to skate with wobbly ankles or do "belly flops" on my sled. And maybe I'd just see if I could walk on top of the snow, or climb snow piles, or just trudge up passed my knees in really deep drifts. Eventually I'd concede it was time to quit playing and go inside. It wasn't until the heat in the house made my fingers, toes and cheeks tingle that I even noticed I had been cold! But times have changed! Nowadays I prefer looking at snow from *inside* the house and avoid going out into the frigid cold as much as possible!

When spring rolled around, a whole new array of outdoor offerings abounded. The frozen creek gave way to fast running crystal clear water. I dropped sticks and old leaves into it at the bridge over Blazer Road and watched them race each other down to the bridge over Blue Bush Road. I climbed to the top of the big old willow in the backyard with my library book and sat as high up in the tree reading until my bottom got weary of its wooden seat. Then I climbed half-way back down until I came to a good sturdy limb that allowed me to swing my way back down to earth with the grace of a trapeze artist.

Dad had a tall metal windmill erected by the creek bank and put a large birdhouse for the Martins on top of it. Honeysuckle vines climbed up the sides and smelled heavenly when in bloom. They also provided a great hiding place for me when I climbed under them. I made that spot my "secret hiding place". And the bonus was that right outside my secret entrance, grew some blueberry bushes that Dad had tried desperately to get started. I know he wondered why they never produced much. Well, actually, they did...I just managed to eat the blueberries before he ever saw them...

Hot summer days, when my parents set up the sprinkler in the yard, I spent hours running through the sulfur - smelling spray it spewed forth. Or I would set up camp in the backyard. Usually I threw a large old sheet or blanket across Mom's clothesline and anchored the edges with bricks. I'd pack up an old discarded purse with "supplies" and hang out in my tent with my cats. *Sometimes* I could talk Dad into putting up this heavy, old green canvas Army tent that he had in the backyard. It was very hot inside when the sun beat down on it. It was like crawling into a sauna! And when Mom grew tired of looking at it and Dad took it down, a big square of dead grass remained. It wasn't one of my most popular ideas! I fished discarded envelopes out of the trash can and wrote my own letters to refill them. Then on my bike...turned car in my imagination...I delivered them to all the crotches in the trees around the yard. I pretended to deliver the mail just as my dad did when he was a substitute rural carrier on the Maybee route.

I created a whole world of daily play possibilities out of my imagination and what I found in my everyday surroundings. When the end of my play day came, I went in the house tired, dirty and with very few "things" to put away. The world really was my playground and it would be waiting for me again the next day to see what I could do with it...when I was a kid growing up in Maybee.