

The Voice of Maybee

**Village of Maybee issue 168 www.maybeevillage.com
P.O. Box 36 734-587-2900 fax 734-587-6534 April, 2014**

Council Corner

At Wednesdays council meeting the engineering firm of Natural Resources Management, LLC was approved to be the company to oversee the operation of the Maybee Stone Quarry for the village. Also at the meeting two new ordinances were passed that eliminates the requirement that the village clerk and the village treasurer be elected. Both of these positions are administrative and they do not have voting rights so the State of Michigan changed the requirement for General Law Villages. Road work and lagoon repairs were also scheduled for the Spring. Don't forget Downtown Maybee Day May 17th from 9am till 5pm.

Suggestions for the Downtown Maybee Day shirt may be dropped off at the First Merit Bank in Maybee. The person whose entry is selected will receive a free 2014 t-shirt. The selection will be made in April so don't wait.

The Library Table 734-587-3680

Preschool Story time

Event Type: Story times & Playgroups **Age Group(s):** Children

Day-Mon. Start Time: 6:00 PM **End Time:** 6:45 PM

Day-Thurs. Start Time: 10:00 AM **End Time:** 10:45 AM

Story times increase the crucial language skills that help children get ready for school. They also promote listening skills and prepare them for social situations. Fun and engaging activities advance children's motor skills while creative art projects help develop color and shape recognition

80th Birthday Celebration Dance Party-Maybee Branch

Saturday, April 19, 2014 2:30 PM - 4:00 PM

Celebrate the Monroe County Library System's 80th Birthday with us.

- Lots of Dancing
 - Light Refreshments will be served
- Maybee Branch Library -

All Ages Contact Kelli Venier (734) 587-3680 kelli.venier@monroe.lib.mi.us

Registration Required

Lego Building--Maybe Branch Library

Gaming Age Group(s): All Ages

Date: Saturdays **Start Time:** 11:00 AM **End Time:** 1:00 PM

-Open play for anyone who loves to build with Legos. -Legos will be provided

Mother's Day Craft--Maybe Branch Library

Monday, May 05, 2014 6:00 PM - 7:00 PM

-Supplies will be provided! Maybe Branch Library -

Age-Children Contact Kelli Venier (734) 587-3680 kelli.venier@monroe.lib.mi.us

Seed Exchange

Saturday, May 10, 2014 10:00 AM - 11:00 AM

Come join us at our seed and garden exchange. Sharing gardening tips, questions, seeds, plants and produce. Recipes welcome too! March 29th Seed exchange: Brings seeds to trade and discuss starting them. May 10th Bring your started plants in to exchange. June 28th Come in to share progress, tips, question etc.. August 9th Bring in produce or flowers to trade.

Friends of the Maybee Library Book and Rummage Sale

Saturday, May 17, 2014

9:00 AM - 2:00 PM

Come to the Maybee Day Festival and visit the Friends of the Maybee Library Book and Rummage sale.

Maybe Branch Library -

L.M.R.Fire Department

This year at the Downtown Maybee Day the fire department will have all of the fire trucks on display for the kids and adults to check out. They will be explaining to the youth ages 14 to 18 about the new Explorer program for future firefighters. Stop by their display and learn more about one of the best fire departments in Monroe County. Take a chance on a shotgun raffle if you're feeling lucky.

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

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee many mothers were stay-at-home moms, wore house dresses and never cooked without wearing an apron. My mother wore an apron, too, but it was usually over her blue jeans. For my mom, Esther (Gotha) Rupp, worked side by side with my dad, Carl, at our Mobil Gas station for over 35 years and house dresses were simply out of the question. Mom's daily ensemble...blue jeans or pedal pushers....simple cotton blouses in colors or stripes...and tennis shoes...pretty much made up her wardrobe for most of the year. Winter called for sweatshirts, boots and a coat. And most of all this finery was purchased locally from Bill Helzer's General Store which once stood where the vacant lot is next to Sam's Pizza.

My mom was an original "Super Mom". She was a "multi-tasker" long before such terms were ever dreamed up to describe the woman who can do it all. To say she was industrious is an understatement! I just never realized what she accomplished on a daily basis until I became a working mother myself and found it wasn't so easy!

Mom's house was always spotless. Except for breakfast, we ate all our meals together as a family and the food was hot and home-made. Clean, ironed clothes filled the closets and drawers and there was a home-made pie with dinner almost every Sunday. Huge containers of family recipe cookies were abundant at Christmas time and lots of big family dinners were hosted in our basement. In summer her flower garden between the station and house was filled with healthy, weeded petunias, four O'clocks, marigolds, asters and zinnias. All the produce from Dad's bountiful garden ended up frozen or canned. And when his apple orchard started to really produce she sold apples by the bushel and also cider. When his bee hives flourished, she extracted the honey and bottled it up to sell. She mowed the lawn, too. And during all this she still worked at the station pumping gas, checking oil, airing tires and washing windshields because that's what an 'all-service' station did in those days.

Mom's industry and her need-to-clean extended to the station, too. Her scrub bucket was always close at hand and the floors, counters, bathrooms and plate-glass windows always gleamed. She kept handwork handy so that between customers, she could mend clothes and write her Christmas cards! When Mom added the job of Village Treasurer onto her schedule (a position she held for 33 years), she collected taxes at the station and kept her books up to date at home after the business hours.

Mom tackled the largest of jobs and figured out how to accomplish them. At that time when the Mobil Company made any changes to their company color-scheme, they would furnish gallons of paint to the station owner who was then responsible for arranging the application. Hiring labor for such a large project could be costly. Mom had learned early in her marriage that placing a paint brush in Dad's hand was very messy and foolish unless you were OK with everything else in the general area being painted the same color....so she decided to tackle this herself.

And she did...she painted the inside AND the outside of the building. At that particular time, the company added a shade of sky blue to their scheme. It was to be applied in a ribbon around the top

of the station and also to the bathroom walls. So much paint was furnished that for years we painted numerous household items this color just to use it up. It became jokingly known as 'bathroom blue' in our family.

In spite of all those years of some very unglamorous work, Mom seemed to thrive on it. She never lost her femininity...her hair was always nicely done...she played bridge with 'the girls' once a month...she attended all my school events *in a dress*...she was 'first lady' to all the Mayor's Exchange Days when Dad was Village President (a position he held for 13 years)...and she made cupcakes for my school parties just like all the other moms.

Dear Readers:

The first part of this story about my mom I wrote back in 2007 as a Mother's Day tribute. As many of you know, Mom recently passed away on March 15th at the noble age of 95 years. I would like to add a couple more recent stories onto this existing one to show what spirit this lady continued to portray as her years went on.

Mom's most frequently used phrase was "I can do it." She always figured out a way to accomplish what she wanted to do even when the rigors of aging got in her way. Mom appreciated a clean kitchen floor. And she enjoyed scrubbing hers. She was never a 'mopper', she was a 'hands-and-knees' scrubber! Of course, that became more difficult in her later years. So she devised a new method. She would sit down on the floor and scoot around on her fanny, wiping up crumbs and sticky spots. Then she'd inch her way over to the cellar way steps, grab the handrail, and pull herself up to a standing position! She did this *at least once* during her 95th year.

As Mom aged, she got shorter and shorter and tinier and tinier. Frequently at a doctor's appointment, the nurse would ask me Mom's height. I never knew exactly how to answer that so I would guess...Oh, about 4' 8" before she gets her hair done...4' 10" afterwards!! I'm sure I was mistaken many a time by drivers who passed me on the road as a nutcase who talked and laughed with an 'invisible' passenger in the front seat. She was so short barely a wisp of gray hair showed above the dash board!

Sadly Mom's life ended in a convalescent facility, a place she never wanted to go because "there were too many old people there." And she certainly never considered herself in that category! There is a funny cartoon that shows up often on the internet of a little old lady sliding through the Pearly Gates of Heaven with a cigarette in one hand and a drink in the other with the adage that we should live each moment to the fullest and have no regrets when we die. That always reminded me of Mom...NOT the cigarette part or the drink... (Well, OK...*maybe just a little Southern Comfort*). But definitely, the part about living life to the fullest. Mom did that...she quite literally 'used herself up', barely tipping the scales past 80 pounds when she passed away.

I would like to envision her awakening in her new Heavenly body with strong legs and no more pain. That's what she wanted more than anything, to walk again like she used to when she pumped gas and washed windows and did all those super-mom chores of decades past. I hope when she arrived at her new destination that she 'hit the ground running!'

Moms can be pretty darn incredible. I had one and I salute her and all other marvelous mothers who made good lives for those of us who were kids lucky enough to be... growing up in Maybee.

A note of thanks: I would like to thank all those who visited the funeral home, sent gifts of food, cards, emails, memorials, and floral tributes. Your thoughtfulness touched my family deeply. And even more, I thank you for all the additional stories and memories you shared with us... of Mom's 95 years of her life growing up...and living... in Maybee.