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Village of Maybeeissue 127www.maybeevillage.comP.O. Box 36734-587-2900fax 734-587-6534May 2010

Council Corner

With the testing of the lagoon system complete the council decided that more damage would be caused by trying to clean the lagoons than by waiting until they are at the level where they really need cleaning. The matter of cleaning the storm sewers was also discussed and the village will be contacting the Monroe County Drain Commission to use their Vac truck to clean them out. Also discussed was the clean-up process needed from the fire at the old "Maybee Hotel".

The Fire of 2010

100 years ago the West side of Raisin Street was destroyed by the big Maybee fire. This was the section of Raisin where Liedel Funeral home and the Village Hall now stand. Tuesday fire destroyed the old Maybee Hotel on the East side of Raisin. This was probably the oldest building in Maybee dating back over 130 years. It really hurts to see part of the history of a small town destroyed. To the families that lived there we are truly sorry.

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.

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

When I was a kid growing up in Maybee, I learned to enjoy, at a very early age, the simple pleasures of life. At the time, I didn't realize their enduring value, but as I matured, I began gathering, in the deep recesses of my memory, a collection of the small everyday occurrences that brought me comfort and pleasure throughout the years. All this popped back into my mind recently when my grandson, Little Rob, 19 months old at the time of this writing, toddled to my pantry door and waited for a treat. He smacked his pacifier down onto the floor with great force, tucked his chubby little hands behind his back and waited with great anticipation for.....a soda cracker....lo-fat, at that! And that started me remembering...

When I was small and stayed overnight with my grandparents (John and Mary Rupp) in their little farm house on Stewart Road, I loved waking up on summer mornings to a cool breeze blowing across my face from the open window. On the breeze came the scent of pink roses that were climbing up the trellis right outside that window. I could hear the rooster in the chicken coop crowing his greeting to the new day just as the mantle clock in the living room bonged a very early hour. And if those weren't *enough* simple pleasures...Grandma was frying potatoes for breakfast and I could hear the sound of the sizzle and smell the aroma. Put all those together and I felt happy and secure in my childhood world. Those things were <u>my</u> "soda crackers".

I recall a few years ago when my mom had her *third* hip replacement. It was a long, grueling, worrisome surgery for her. When the day finally ended with her back in the hospital room following a long stint in recovery, she was drained of energy. And she asked the nurse to please bring her a cup of tea. The nurse complied and when a small styrofoam cup, with the wet string and tag plastered to its side, was placed in Mom's hands, she closed her eyes, took a sip and sighed deeply with relief from the simple comfort it gave her. That was her "soda cracker" that day.

I've lived in Maybee my whole life and I still enjoy the simple pleasures of small town rural life that I've experienced many times over. I look forward to that first crisp day of autumn when the furnace clicks on for the first time. I can always "smell" that initial blast of heat after the furnace has been off all summer. It's doubly pleasurable if I happen to be standing near the heat vent and feel the welcome warmth against my legs. How many times have I looked out my windows to catch the peachy pink light that floods the yard and street after a spectacular sunset....it's fleeting but it always stops me in my tracks to watch it. Likewise I've watched many a Michigan blizzard swirling outside my windows as the wind bangs against the glass and I experience that moment of feeling secure and warm and safe. I love the rustle of the dry leaves as Halloween-ers traipse through them as they cross the yard to my door...the smell and sound of the mill, sometimes running day and night through the height of harvest season... the ball being clanked by the aluminum bat followed by cheering coming from the ball park...the bell at St. Joseph's Church ringing nine, twelve, three and six o'clock hours, often followed by the chimes playing a hymn (which stops me again to listen)...and the sound of the first birds chirping at 430am as they realize a new day is soon to dawn. These are but a few of those simple pleasures...those soda cracker moments...that give me great comfort, cost nothing and only require that I notice them. Everyone has his own collection of simple pleasures...we should never ignore those moments but value them highly because they are fleeting. I recently ran across this little verse printed, of all places, on a roll of paper towels:

"It's the simple joys, the simple pleasures, the heart remembers and deeply treasures."

May you never lose the anticipation of the moment and may your life be filled with "soda cracker moments" just as mine has been since I was a kid... growing up in Maybee.

