The Waldo Phoenix

☞ FREE - TAKE ONE!
Volume Two - Issue Ten, December, 2011

Published by Waldo Historical Society, Inc.
www.WaldoHistoricalSociety.YolaSite.com

Waldo Historical Society News

Penny Dodd

Our Halloween party was more fun than we anticipated. Many of the local children (and their parents) participated in the Fishing game and the Ghost Toss game. Dracula and his family were roaming around amongst us, and Witch Mariah and our local Fortune Teller were busy sharing their insights.

Plenty of food goodies to go, followed by a tour of local spooky Halloween decorated yards.

Our 2012 Historic Waldo calendars will be available soon. This one is filled with memories from the 1960s and 1970s - a great Christmas gift for those who love Waldo.

They will be available from any WHS member, or by mail order (Waldo Historical Society, P.O. Box 459, Waldo, FL 32694) for $10.00 each, plus postage.

We, the Officers and Members of WHS, wish to thank all for assisting us in trying to collect and raise funds for the Waldo Historical Society projects and for supporting us in many ways.
We will keep on working toward a museum and the betterment of Waldo and we wish all Merry Christmas and a safe New Year.
May all your wishes and lives be to your liking in 2012. God bless you and keep you safe.

WHAT CHRISTMAS IS ABOUT
by Mary Sue Holton

I stood amidst the bustle of a crowded Christmas aisle
The shoppers hurried by me, as was the season's style
A few feet close behind me, I heard a small child speak
The words I heard her saying caused a tear to wet my cheek
On Santa's knee I saw her....curled up on his lap
Her withered legs in braces; her small hand touched his cap
"Are you Jesus?" she had asked him, as she gazed into his eyes
"My Mama calls you Santa. She says that you're sooo nice.
I thought I'd come to see you like the other girls and boys
But I know it's really Jesus who brings us all those toys.
Have you ever been to Heaven? Can you tell me how it looks?
I've read so much about it in my Bible story books
And how about the Angels....do they really all have wings?
I can't wait to get mine. I'm gonna love those things.
My Mom was right about you. You're nice and awfully cute.
But I still think you're Jesus, hiding in that suit."
Santa's voice was trembling as he called out "Ho, Ho, Ho!"
I saw him wipe a tear away, as the small child turned to go.
The crowd began to scatter. Each shopper went their way.
But none without the blessing that had happened there that day.
Sometimes in our giving, Jesus is left out.
And we're sent a small reminder of what Christmas is about.

CHRISTMAS COLORS
by Betty Sodders

Favorite colors Christmas
Season. Green and gold and
Red and blue. No others mean
As much. Special shades.
Certain shades of green,
Christmas green. A bit of
Nostalgia. Brings the season
Into focus. For a while to be.
A symbol for the eye for
Some, a smile, a grin. it
Turns the head. Pretty attire.
Some one is wearing it.
Wrapping paper. Pretty ribbon
Match it up. Gift bags will do.
Don't open now you say?
Put a name on it, or not?
Just a little longer to ponder.
A special time, a special place,
With special people around the
Tree. Another Christmas day.
Then comes food and fun. Time
together well spent Hugs for
everyone. All Is Surrounded with
The four colors of the season.
Red and Blue and Green and Gold.

Commodities
Tuesday, December 20, 2011
Time: 1pm - 2pm
Waldo Community Center

Next Waldo Historical Society
~~~~Quarterly Meeting~~~~

Thursday - January 26 - 7 pm
Waldo Community Center
Refreshments as always

Marie's Kitchen

Mini Pineapple Upside Down Cakes

Marie Ankney

Take a muffin tin - grease it.

Now in each cup, put 1 cherry, 3 tbsp brown sugar, and 1 tbsp butter, 4 tbsp crushed pineapple.

then put one canned biscuit on tap of first mixture. Sprinkle w/sugar over biscuit.

Put in oven 12 to 15 minutes on 375 degrees.

When baked, put cookie sheet over top of pan.

Turn pan over. There are the cakes.

ENJOY!

Food Drive for the Waldo Community School

Please donate non-perishable food. Boxes will be prepared to share with those experiencing difficult times.

Please bring your donations to the Waldo Library. We will stop collecting on Thursday, December 8. Thank you!

Christmas Basket donated to United Way by Waldo Library

Basket donated by WHS
Quilt donated by
Quilt Club of Turkey Creek Forest
Strings of lights and crochet angel
Stocking, gift bag, tissue,
United Way T-shirt, tree shaped basket
(general donations)

A Little Bird Told Me by Lucy Roe Cook

Do you hear the jingle bells ringing around town? Do you see the lights on the houses and the businesses? Do you know that Santa is checking us twice?

Do you smell the cookies baking? All around Waldo the feeling of Christmas is in the air. We have no ice for skating and no snow for sledding but we do have cold for mittens, no snowballs.

As I am flying about I see a Chestnut tree, yes a Chestnut. Pecans being gathered for pies, the squirrels are trying to enter into homes to get warm and all wildlife needing food to ward off the cold.

Children laughing and adults greeting one another with warmth. Keep this feeling of joy as the new year continues on.

It is wonderful to see Betty Brooker out and about. Her smile was greatly missed. Continue to heal Betty.

The Canasta girls are still going strong.

Have you been out to Dollie's Blue Light Diner? Good smells fill the air.

This has been a filling week. First the Community Center had a dinner from Elder Care.

Next was the dinner that is held every year at the Waldo Baptist Church. Wonderful dinner, good music, seeing friends, making new friends. Some of the members prepared the meal and the youth served the meal. How good is that?

Thank you Jim DuBois for your humor and prayers. The Cousins, Alma and Agnus, were enjoyed by all as in previous years. They do keep us laughing with the news of everyone else's business. Thank you to all who worked at giving that wonderful program.

Dinner was served by the W3C's on November 21. It was, as always, wonderful. Thank you girls.

And to all of you, Merry Christmas!

Are you bored? Looking for something different to do?

Come join us at our quarterly meeting. We have many projects in the works. Help us with the Quilt Show, the Caboose Display, our Annual Calendar, or write something for our newspaper.

We need your input and your help. What can you do? What do you like to do? Come do it with us.

Small World
Marie Ankney

This happened to me when I went to my doctor's office.

I was wearing a shirt I found at a garage sale in Waldo. I paid 50 cents for it.

Grandma's Homemade Shirt

When my Doctor's nurse came in the room, she said, "Oh, that shirt looks like one my grandma and I made." At closer look, she said, "Where did you get it?"

I said, "At a sale in Waldo, that the Hampton Veteran's were having."

She said, "Oh, my Grandma lived in Hampton."

So she figured it was her Grandma's home-made shirt.

"A woman may race to get a man a gift but it always ends in a tie."
-- Earl Wilson

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Waldo Florida Group

Contributions

Remembering Waldo
Denise Burnham Baun

Remembering the care free, fun days of growing up in Waldo always brings a smile to my face.

Mom and Dad would let us kids roam all over town - going to the drugstore for a cherry Coke, or just sitting under the overpass with friends, playing basketball or just doing absolutely NOTHING! We had that freedom!

Mom didn't think of us kids ever being in any danger. Heck my dad could stand in the back yard and whistle and we kids would start running, because that was our call to come home!

I would have back yard parties in the summer, or slumber parties where all we girls would sit up all night (even if we had to get under the covers with a flash light)!

When my family moved to Georgia (I was 15) all of that freedom left. That place was wild - no more walking around town, hanging out with friends. Mom didn't even want me to have any friends there. Haha. That's how bad it was!

So my memories of Waldo are good ones. I loved every moment of it!

Thanks for letting me rattle on and on.

Walker Safety
by Bobby Cook

Bobby Cook

We spend our lives trying to be safe. Most of us could make a list of safety rules we were taught as children and these rules have served us well. For example, my parents taught me to never run with scissors and to always cut away from the body when using a knife. Look both ways when crossing the street and never stick anything except your fingers into your ears. In addition to these common examples, I can easily imagine most of us have added a few new rules of our own as we experienced accidents.

One of my personal additions to this list resulted from a fishing accident when I was about ten years old. I was so excited about catching a fish. Just as I reached to remove the hook, the fish flopped. The fish hook had to be cut out of my hand: a painful experience that resulted in a new safety rule and possibly my first poem. No matter how dead the fish may look, always use pliers to remove the hook.

My mother had an accident recently and thus the reason for writing this article. Her balance was poor and she had used a walker for years. Her walker had four feet which were firmly planted on the floor before taking a step. She recently acquired a new walker which has four wheels and hand brakes. She didn't understand the need for the hand brakes and was using the walker without her hands on the brakes. She lost her balance and could not find the brakes in time to prevent a fall. Using a four wheel walker requires much more skill than using a walker with feet. Using

a four wheel walker without the brakes is very deceptive. One has the appearance of safety when there is none. So my new safety rules are as follows:

1. Never use a four wheel walker unless you fully understand the use of the brakes and have sufficient hand strength to lock and unlock the wheels.

2. Never take a step with a four wheel walker unless both hands are on the brakes and you are prepared to immediately lock the wheels.

3. Never carry anything in your hands while using a four wheel walker. You need both hands on the brakes. Use the basket to carry things.

After my mother fell, I began noticing people using four wheel walkers with hand brakes. They are very common and have become fashionable among our elderly citizens. One of the reasons for their popularity is a four wheel walker can also be used as a chair, giving temporary rest to aching legs. Also, having a chair in which to sit when one arrives at the destination is a refreshing bonus. Another advantage of four wheel walkers is they extend the range people can walk. Just knowing one can sit and rest for a minute provides the courage to walk further. I frequently see people using four wheel walkers in the far corners of Walmart, where, it's easy to imagine, they would not have been able to walk before. I am not advocating the use of any particular kind of walker. If one can master the handbrakes with absolute confidence, the four wheel walker offers several important advantages. However, if one can't learn to use the handbrakes properly, one is far more likely to fall using a four wheel walker.

To my elderly friends, all I'm saying is this: get the walker that is best for you. If you must use a walker and you cannot master the handbrakes, then you need a walker with at least two legs firmly planted on the floor. The consequences of a broken hip are too great to justify using a four wheel walker if you can't or won't use the handbrakes properly.

The Green Thing
Received via email
(and oh, so true)!

In the line at the store, the cashier told an older woman that she should bring her own grocery bags because plastic bags weren't good for the environment.

The woman apologized to him and explained, "We didn't have the green thing back in my day."

The clerk responded, "That's our problem today. Your generation did not care enough to save our environment." He was right -- our generation didn't have the green thing in its day.

Back then, we returned milk bottles, soda bottles and beer bottles to the store. The store sent them back to the plant to be washed and sterilized and refilled, so it could use the same bottles over and over. So they really were recycled. But we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

We walked up stairs, because we didn't have an escalator in every store and office building. We walked to the grocery store and didn't climb into a 300 horsepower machine every time we had to go two blocks. But she was right. We didn't have the green thing in our day.

Back then, we washed the baby's diapers because we didn't have the throw-away kind. We dried clothes on a line, not in an energy gobbling machine burning up 220 volts -- wind and solar power really did dry the clothes. Kids got hand-me-down clothes from their brothers or sisters, not always brand-new clothing. But that old lady is right; we didn't have the green thing back in our day.

Back then, we had one TV, or radio, in the house -- not a TV in every room. And the TV had a small screen the size of a handkerchief (remember them?), not a screen the size of the state of Montana . In the kitchen, we blended and stirred by hand because we didn't have electric machines to do everything for us. When we packaged a fragile item to send in the mail, we used a wadded up old newspaper to cushion it, not Styrofoam or plastic bubble wrap.

Back then, we didn't fire up an engine and burn gasoline just to cut the lawn. We used a push mower that ran on human power. We exercised by working so we didn't need to go to a health club to run on treadmills that operate on electricity. But she's right; we didn't have the green thing back then.

We drank from a fountain when we were thirsty instead of using a cup or a plastic bottle every time we had a drink of water.. We refilled writing pens with ink instead of buying a new pen, and we replaced the razor blades in a razor instead of throwing away the whole razor just because the blade got dull. But we didn't have the green thing back then.

Back then, people took the streetcar or a bus and kids rode their bikes to school or walked instead of turning their moms into a 24-hour taxi service. We had one electrical outlet in a room, not an entire bank of sockets to power a dozen appliances. And we didn't need a computerized gadget to receive a signal beamed from satellites 2,000 miles out in space in order to find the

nearest pizza joint. But isn't it sad the current generation laments how wasteful we old folks were just because we didn't have the green thing back then?

Waldo Community School News
by William Powell, Principal

Our Fall Festival last month was a huge success. I had one person tell me, "I have been coming to this for 40 years and this was one of the best." Kami Courtney, the Coordinator, the staff, and all of the volunteers worked hard. It just goes to show what can happen when we work together in the best interest of the kids. We were able to raise about $2000.00.

Mr. Duke, our music teacher, is working with the students in grades 3-5 for the annual winter holiday program. It will be held on December 8th at 7pm.

The school makeover is coming along. All the windows in the main building have been replaced and most of the painting is complete. It seems like it never goes as fast as one would like, but we are very pleased with the progress so far. The new wooden doors that were installed about a week ago are beautiful along with the widening of the front porch.

We have two staff members retiring: Sandy White and Marie Ankney. Sandy has been with the school for 33 years. Marie has been for 8 years. We will be hosting a retirement reception for them on December 15th. It will be held in the cafeteria from 4pm to 6:30pm. We invite everyone in the community who knows Sandy and Marie come join us for an adult's only celebration.

With Thanksgiving approaching, I would like to wish everyone a Happy Thanksgiving.

Subscriptions to Waldo Phoenix

Subscriptions are easy to set up and make great gifts for friends and family who are unable to obtain our monthly issues locally. Send us the name and mailing address and just $12.00, which will cover the cost of mailing twelve issues to:

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The Waldo Phoenix is also available in your email every month. Simply email your name and email address to: HistoricWaldo@Windstream.net and ask for an email subscription.

"If you don't read the newspaper you are uninformed; if you do read the newspaper you are misinformed."
-Mark Twain

Chris' Culinary Corner
Pumpkin Supreme
by Chris Mays

Crust
1-cup plain flour
1-stick margarine or butter melted
1-cup chopped nuts (pecans)
Mix and press into the bottom of baking dish at 400

First Layer
1-8oz pack of cream cheese
2-cups of powdered sugar
2-cups of cool whip
Mix this spread over crust

Second layer
1-large Pack of vanilla instant pudding
1-cup of milk
1-cup of pumpkin and dash of cinnamon
Mix milk and pudding until thick then stir in pumpkin and cinnamon
Top crust with cool whip and chopped nuts.

The Demise Of Imagination
Mary Sue Holton

It seems to me that with the progression of technology,(ie computers, cell phone, ipods, ipads, video games, etc), comes a severe decline in something that played a key role in the days of my childhood, "Imagination."

While I can't deny the importance and convenience of advances

which afford me the ability to search the internet for instant "knowledge" on any subject or the capability of making a phone call while driving down a freeway, I occasionally find myself accessing the cost at which such luxuries come. The price? The loss of "Let's Pretend."

Youth and innocence walked hand in hand down the dirt roads of Cracker Hill in Waldo, Florida during the 50's and 60's. I was fortunate to live there and call it "home." And for those of us who journeyed through childhood during that era, we experienced the world through the magic of our own "imagination."

We created our own "virtual reality" by embracing the spark of creativity that lived inside our hearts and minds.

We fought Indians in hand to hand battle, riding horses and wearing white hats.

We captured the bad guys and threw them into the dark dungeon of prison where they belonged.

We danced, balanced on our toes, for an audience of admiring fans whose applause rang in our ears as approval for a magnificent performance.

We saved the lives of wounded soldiers amid the danger of enemy fire that surrounded our camp.

We baked and cooked and sewed for our "babies" and families in homes constructed of twine and sticks, boxes and crates.

And occasionally, unbeknownst to our Pentecostal mother, my brother Ricky and I would klink together our half pint jelly jars in a "toast", yell out "Cheers!", and guzzle down a shot of liquor (dill pickle juice) which turned us into a couple of funny talking, stumbling drunks at Miss Kitty's Longbranch Saloon . . . only to be thrown out by the Sheriff (our older brother Larry) for being drunk and disorderly.

Imagination can sometimes get you in trouble with parents who frowned on such conduct. .But its lure often won out over our "good sense," when we thought we were out of mama's earshot range.

With imagination we were teachers and lawyers, doctors and nurses, singers and dancers, cowboys and Indians. There was no limit to our potential, no boundaries for our accomplishments, no challenge that couldn't be met, no barrier that couldn't be crossed. Because WE were the authors of our own ambition and the stewards of a motivation to be the best that we could be.

We had living heroes to admire and mimic. We were challenged to adopt the kind of life ethic that would lead us to a place of success no matter which road we chose to follow.

Even television offered a definitive "black" or "white" to distinguish good from bad. There were no blurred lines. No compromised standards. No reason to believe that "bad" was ever acceptable. No reason not to believe that doing the right thing was always the better choice.

Imagination is what expanded our world beyond the confines of Cracker Hill. It was free and available to everyone.

It wasn't ethnic, social or gender specific. It did not elude, evade or exclude. It was our constant companion and the catalyst of our freedom. We utilized it to shape and mold our lives and our beings in such a way that we "fit" within the parameters of our individual life standards.

I fear to "imagine" what I might have become had I not believed in the magic of my own dreams. Had I not tested the waters of my future by experiencing through pretense in the present. If I hadn't known and admired men and women who parlayed their dreams into a reality that I could visualize. And had I been limited to ONLY the opportunities that presented themselves in my very small, immediate world.

For these things are the fodder on which young, creative minds feed and develop and mature into functioning, responsible adults. A perpetual gift that makes the world a better place for us all.

I think we have lost a tremendous and powerful tool by allowing "Let's pretend" to be replaced with video games and other technology based "baby sitters". We have robbed our youth of the ability to express the uniqueness of their individuality, and taken from them the vast canvas of imagination.

Now I suppose some would argue that children are "far more advanced" at a much earlier age these days. But for a little girl who walked barefoot through the creek beds and dirt roads of Cracker Hill, you'll never convince me that taking the time to be a child and living through my imagination ever compromised my ability to learn, or thwarted my achievements in life.

In fact, "Let's pretend" that I turned out as great as I once imagined I would.

Information Please!

Waldo Phone Numbers You Might Need
(Cut out and place by your phone)

City Hall	468-1001
After Hours Water Emergency	258-3110
Fire Emergencies	Call 911
Police Department	468-1515
Police Emergencies	955-1818
Waldo Library	468-3298
Waldo Community Center	468-2336
Waldo Post Office	468-1970
Waldo Community School	468-1451
Waldo Phoenix	468-1910

December Birthdays

4 Louie Davis
5 Leanna Fricks
7 Carson Plemons
8 Mary Ann Rich
16 Eugene Wilson
17 Rayford English
17 Kevin Mauldin
18 William Jackson
20 Bernard Carter
23 Donna Kay Smart
24 Mac Cawley
26 Lisa Hill
30 Kimberly Harrison

The Clothes Closet at Waldo First Baptist Church

Open Wednesday and Saturday
From 9 am till 12 noon
Call 468-1721 for information

Philadelphia Missionary Baptist Church Services

Rev. James W. Ramsey - Pastor
2nd and 4th Sundays 11:00 am
Mid-week service every Wednesday 6:00 pm taught by Minister Bernard Carter
Awesome Sunday School every Sunday 9:45 am taught by Bro. Bobby Hill or Minister Bernard Carter for adults and Sis. Josie "Jackson" & Sis. Monique Taylor for the children.
Men's Day service will be held on the 4th Sunday in July at 11:00 am
Always remember that Man is Mighty but God is Almighty

First Baptist Church, Waldo

Hwy 24
352-468-1721

Sunday Schedule

9:15 - 9:45	Refreshments
9:45	Bible Study (all ages)
11:00 am & 6 pm	Worship
11:00 am & 6 pm	Children's Worship
6 pm	Youth Praise and Worship

Wednesday Schedule

5:45 - 6:15 pm	Dinner
6:30 pm	Children's, Youth, Adult Programs

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