

A FARM-GIRL'S STORY

by Claudia (Miller) Shaffer



Edited by Dean R. Shaffer
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January 3, 1914, is a date I do not really remember, but I am told, and it has been recorded as the date on which I first made my appearance. So this date will be used as a starting point for this narrative.

On that date, I became the 4th offspring of Paul and Alice (Miller) Miller, joining Raymond A., Rosella M., and Millard E. After the above January date, the family later increased to a total of seven children, by the addition of Hilda R., Mildred L., and Geraldine A.



Our family lived on a farm just north of the village of Larue, Pa., which is located on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad that joined Harrisburg Pa. and Baltimore Md. The farm buildings were just a few yards east of the tracks, so the passage of trains became one of little note. Yet the time of day was often noted by the passing of a particular train, for it was only rarely that a train was not right on schedule.

My first exposure to a formal education was received in the nearby Seitzville School. This was a one-room building in which one teacher instructed the pupils in each grade, one through eight. The teachers during my eight grades were Miss Mary Barbehenn, Mr. Conrad Krout, Mr. Elwood Myers, Mr. Clair Heindel, and Mr. Paul Glatfelter.

Since the school was located within easy walking distance from home, we did not have to carry a lunch to school, for we could come home for our noon-time meal.

It would sometimes happen that a train would be blocking the road crossing when it was time to go to school. This posed no problem to us kids. We would just enter and crawl through the storm-water pipe that went under the tracks. Soon we were out on the other end of the pipe and on our way to school. Don't know what we would have done if it were raining.

And too, sometimes, if the water of the Codorus creek would cause the road to be impassable - again no problem. We would walk down the railroad to Seitzville and back to school via the road along the flooded stream. It added a considerable distance to the trip, but that made no

difference, because seeing the flooded area was something exciting to us. This, of course, was understandable since we were not affected by the high waters, other than to have to walk a little farther to school.

Christmas time at school we usually had a special program to observe the season. The first time I had a part in the program, it was to sing "Away In a Manger." I still like to hear and sing this song. Another highlight of the Christmas Season was our Christmas program at church. The reward we got from the Sunday School made the Christmas season complete. It was composed of an orange and a Cracker-Jack-size box containing candy Bon-Bons and chocolate-covered cream candy. And then, to receive one small item from Santa at home on Christmas Day --- made for us a joyful Christmas.

As with all rural schools located in farm communities, our school ended about April 15 for the season. Since there was little exposure to school holidays, it was possible to fulfill the required number of days for the year. We would have Thanksgiving Day and Christmas Day holidays only if they occurred on a scheduled school day. This was done specifically to permit children of farm families to be at home to participate in early spring farm activities.

During the time we were pupils at Seitzville School the occasion would sometimes arise that there was a public sale of farm property and household goods somewhere in the vicinity. If it were in an area in which pupils may have resided, and the teacher was so inclined, a half-day vacation from school would be granted. If we went to the sale, it meant that we would be able to buy an ice cream sandwich. It would cost 5¢, but why not splurge?

As we got older our daily activities were not confined to spring work exclusively. Things like milking the cows (by hand) were, of necessity, year round jobs. My participation in this work, the milking of 4 or 5 cows twice daily, began at an early age and continued through my high school days. It was necessary to get up early each morning at 5:00 A.M. so that the milk would be ready to take to the railroad station for shipment to Baltimore.

The village of Larue, as did all small villages in rural areas, had its General Merchandise Store. Here would be available many of the essentials for a household or farm. The one in Larue was owned and operated by Charles Warner. He was usually referred to as "Charl" Warner by residents of the surrounding area. Occasionally, I would be sent by mother to the store to buy some item that was needed. I would take a basket along to carry my purchase home. The trip was not a real chore, for I knew that "Charl" would reward me with a "penny" piece of candy. In those days a cent would purchase a rather large piece of sweet goodies. Charl was always sure that when youngsters came to the store to make a purchase, they would receive a reward, such as a piece of candy.

Our family purchased many essential pieces of clothing from the Warner store. The list might include shoes, boots, gloves etc. as well as kitchen supplies and food items. Other everyday essentials may also have been purchased by mail order from Sears Roebuck, Montgomery-Ward or Chicago Mail Order House. Much of our clothing was home-made, such as dresses made from feed bags, or dry-goods materials from the store.

Increased age brought on a widening and expanded involvement in farm activities. My involvement, in addition to milking the cows, included feeding the chickens, gathering eggs, and other farm work.

One example was the harvesting of corn. The methods used at that time were quite different from today. When the corn stalks were dry, they were cut by hand on an individual stalk basis. These stalks were put on bunches called shocks. Later on these shocks were attacked by people called corn huskers. The husked corn was put on piles and later gathered up and hauled to the corn cribs for storage. After the removal of the ears from the stalk the stalks were re-shocked to await being shredded for cattle usage.

I became more involved in out-of-doors activity than in kitchen work. A job that I thoroughly disliked was that of pulling mustard seed plants. This was a weed that was prevalent in meadow areas. This chore was usually done after a rain had soaked the ground. I always helped to load the wagon with hay or wheat shocks that were brought to the barn for threshing. Then too, the plowing of the fields usually uncovered a new crop of stones, and Dad did not like to farm fields laden with stones, so we were assigned to stone-picking duty. This was indeed a "back-breaking" job. However, not more so than picking string beans or potatoes at harvest time. Dad planted large areas of string-beans, the crop of which was sold to a local canning factory.

I used to help Dad cut fire wood for the kitchen stove. We burned a lot of wood because it was readily available, and therefore not nearly so expensive as coal would have been. Dad would operate the saw which was driven by a belt attached to a gasoline powered engine. I would take the cut pieces from the saw and throw them on a pile. Then as the need arose, I would haul the wood with a wheelbarrow to the wood-box on the house porch.

During the hot summer months, when work was being done in the field, I would carry water or some other thirst-quencher, such as tea, to those in the field. This was a repetitive job, for it seemed to me that they drank more so that I would have to make more trips to the field.

There was a period on our farm during pasture-feeding time when the cows were put out into pasture for an hour or so in the morning and again in the afternoon. This required someone to keep a watch on the cows to prevent any of them wandering off from the herd and into forbidden territory. I often had to be the watchman. In the fall season, when the weather became cooler, the little white-centered watermelons that were planted in the corn field became ripe and chilled. It was a real pleasure to enjoy these while watching the cows. Later, when fences had been erected, it was no longer necessary to keep watch over these milk-producers while they were in the pasture field.

An event which always proved to be a great family get-together was when we had "Snapper Soup". Dad would catch a snapper turtle down in the Codorus creek, bring it home, put it in a barrel, and feed it with plenty of the food used for the farm animals. This caused the snapper to gain considerable additional weight, and when it was considered to be the proper time, the critter was put on the "Butcher Block", so to speak. This then was the time to prepare a large kettle of

"Snapper Soup". All of the aunts, uncles, and cousins gathered at the home of our paternal grandparents in Neimans to enjoy the soup along with all the additional food and family fellowship. I always remember the games we played with our cousins.

For our transportation to church on Sundays, we were carried in a surrey drawn by two horses. This was during the season of the year when weather conditions allowed. However, when the ground was covered with snow, a horse-drawn sled was used. The bed of the sled was covered with straw and we bundled under the blankets, so we did not mind the cold winter winds. This means of transportation was also used for trips to visit neighbors in the winter. Those days there were no paved roads in the area, and no salt was used to melt the snow. The use of horses and sleds would pack the snow more solidly and it would therefore remain for a longer period of time. More neighbor-visiting was done during the winter months when there was less out-of-door work to be done on the farm. During the summer months, the daylight hours were devoted to out-of-doors work and not for visitations. On the occasion of many of these neighbor visits, it was common practice that while we kids were playing our games, our elders would be having a snack. They would share this snack with us during a break in our games (Parcheesi, Old-Maids). The hostess often provided a small plate with an apple on it, and a paring knife to peel the apple, and the guests would consume it as the conversation progressed.

The before-mentioned surrey was equipped with side curtains which could be readily put into service if weather conditions necessitated. This particular surrey which we used would, some years later, play a major role in an important event in my life. It was this same surrey which I rode on my wedding day from the church to our farm, where the wedding reception was held.



In 1923, Dad bought his first auto, a Model "T" Ford. When road conditions permitted, it was used to go to church at Shaffer's Church, about two miles from the farm. However, when the unpaved roads became deep-rutted or very muddy, the Model "T" was not very practical to use. That's when "Bill" and "Boy" came to our rescue. For special occasions such as rehearsals for a special holiday celebration, we kids often walked the two miles to church. No one seemed to mind, for on the way we would often meet up with other families doing the same thing. Made the trek seem much shorter.

A family practice which continued for many years was to visit our grandparents for dinner each Sunday after church services. Dinner meant the noon-time meal, not the evening meal. That was supper. Visits were done on an alternating basis -- one Sunday we visited our paternal grandparents, Ada and Philipina Miller and the next we visited our maternal grandparents, Samuel and Lydia Miller. They lived on neighboring properties in the village of Neimans.

Neimans was a typical small rural village, complete with a General Merchandise Store, which was operated by Samuel Bailey, later on by Paul Smith, and then by Reily Rohrbaugh.

A high spot in the life of the local youngsters was the annual Shaffer's Church picnic. This was always celebrated on the first Saturday of August. And what an earth-shattering disappointment should it rain on this day! It did happen but not very often, as I remember. Dad would give each of us 20¢, the Sunday School gave us a ticket worth 10¢, and Grandpa would give us another 10¢. So, armed with this enormous wealth, the refreshment stand in the picnic woods area would take in my assets of the day. In return, however, I would be able to enjoy a hot-dog, a bottle of pop, an ice cream cone, a box of Cracker Jacks (complete with a valuable prize), and a bag of peanuts, all at 5¢ each. A hamburger could be had, but that cost 10¢, too much for me. I'll stick to the nickel items.

Summer Sunday afternoons often involved a walk to our family friends' home to visit and play with them. Due to the fact that the daily chores on the farm were required on Sunday as well as week-days, it was necessary for me to be home from my afternoon activity to assist with the "evening work". The Rohrbaugh family was faced with the same activity, so we both faced the same problems - that of having to end our Sunday visits under the same conditions.

All of the water that was used in the house had to be brought in from the hand pump located outside. During the summer months it was not considered a major chore, but when the winter winds howled around the corners, it was a different story. Water for laundry purposes was carried from the pump to the basement fireplace, poured into large iron kettles and heated with a wood-burning fire. Every Monday was washday, using wooden wash tubs - all hand work, until a hand-operated wringer was secured. That was a real labor saver. Prior to the installation of a bathroom, the small pantry off the kitchen was used for personal bathing. The water was heated on the kitchen stove, or whenever a fire was not used in the kitchen range, on the kerosene burning stove.

On laundry day, the wash was hung out of doors for drying. When this was impractical to do, temporary lines were put up in the kitchen and the clothes were allowed to dry in doors. No drip-dry clothing. The following day was usually ironing day. The process was not a rapid one. The irons were heated on the kitchen stove, and then reheated as the iron cooled. Originally the handle of the iron was an integral part, but later, a more modern type was made available with a detachable wooden handle. This eliminated the need for a cloth to protect the ironer's hand while performing this weekly task.

Due to the absence of a bathroom in the house, when the need arose, it was necessary to visit the small facility situated down near the barn. This small building was usually equipped with an out-dated Sears-Roebuck catalogue, or a supply of newspaper. The paper was not for reading, however. The building was unheated, had no electricity, and was not conducive to spending much time there, especially in the winter.

The lack of electricity in the house also created many inconveniences. Night-time illumination was provided by means of a kerosene-burning lamp or lantern.

One of the many tasks performed on an annual basis, canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables, took place at a certain time each year. This was done to assure an adequate food supply for the family during the coming winter. Electricity was not available, and neither were freezers, so then what? Preserving of foods by other means was the answer. This required gathering of the fruits or vegetables as well as much preparation time and work to ready them for canning. Some products took very little time and effort to prepare, while others took considerable time and effort to prepare. The actual canning process was a lengthy one in most cases. As the fall season arrived, we would have on the shelves in the cellar dozens of jars of peaches, pears, plums, cherries, pineapples, peas, beans, tomatoes, and whatever else could be preserved in this manner. Along with the fruits and vegetables would be numerous containers of delicious jams and jellies.

Then, too, when the fall season arrived, it became time to do the butchering. Animals which were being fed during the summer months for this purpose were killed, and the complex method of preparing and preserving the meat began. This was always a big family event, for aunts and uncles would assist in the process. And then at a later date, they would go to the home of another family member and repeat the assistance of meat processing for them. It sure was exciting to have all the activity around, and having the chance to play with cousins. It was fun to be able to pick out of the big boiling kettle of meat, with a long handled fork, certain parts of meat considered to be choice morsels. The meat was preserved by hot-jar canning, or by placed in a salt-brine, or by smoking of the hams, bacon, sausage and bologna in a special building called the Smoke-House.

The fall season also brought about the making of apple-butter. Once again, the aunts and uncles were on hand to participate in this gala event. Apple butter making was not near so complicated as butchering, but it did consume a rather lengthy period of time. The participants of the operation would peel and slice the apples. This required a goodly number of apples, for in addition to our own family needs, the aunts and uncles would have to have a portion of the kettle's finished product. After the apples were peeled and washed, they were put into a large iron kettle, to which were added brown sugar, spices, and sweet apple cider. This mixture required constant stirring using a long handled wooden paddle to prevent the contents from sticking to the hot iron kettle. The fire had to be maintained at a high level in order to provide enough heat to keep the large amount of material in the kettle at the boiling point. Boiling was continued until the contents of the kettle attained the desired consistency for table usage.

These were the days when we participated in the various children's church programs such as Christmas, Easter, or Children's' Day observations. It was often necessary for our family to walk to the church for rehearsals. Often times we had to make the trek after the sun had set in the west and darkness had taken over. I recall on one occasion, during practice of a song in which all the young children took part, that the director, Mr. Adam Glatfelter, said that I was "singing too loud." Well, that just made me want to sing louder. I don't recall the outcome of the instance, but I guess it worked out all right.

As I became older, I was assigned the job of mixing and kneading the dough for baking bread on a twice-a-week schedule. We had no commercial baker stopping at our farm, so we made our own bread. All kinds of pies were also a product of these baking days. We had to bake twice a week, for our family could consume large quantities of baked goods. On some occasions we also made large numbers of doughnuts, and at other times we made potato chips. These were deep-fried in lard, which was made at fall butchering time.

About the year 1926 Dad made an addition to the house which included electricity and a bathroom. This made things considerably different. No more carrying water into the house, for an electric pump did that. No more going down the walk to the out-house, just go upstairs to the bathroom. Then an electric washer came, an electric stove, and an all important instrument called a radio. It was a lot of fun to listen to "Amos and Andy", for we never missed their antics in their amusing programs.



1927

Then came high school days. The location of the nearest high school was Glen Rock. The town was a bit over three miles distant from home. I traveled this distance on foot each school day. On certain days of inclement weather I would walk to Larue and board the train. On these days it was difficult to get the necessary 10-cent train fare from Dad, for he was not convinced that it was necessary for any of his daughters to attend high school, so it was only on rare occasions that I would ask for the necessary 10-cents. A sequel to this detail of my narrative is that my two younger sisters did attend high school. One went on to York Hospital School of Nursing, and the other to Lebanon Valley College.

In my case, Dad later had a change of heart due to the convincing tactics of his sister-in-law, Amy Trone. He decided that maybe his daughters should attend school beyond grade school.

High school days proved to be of real interest, and it was during this time that my desire to become a nurse was intensified. My chores on the farm continued through high school days, including the necessity to rise early in the morning in order to be on time for the milking of 4 or 5 cows. This chore was repeated each evening.

High School, of course, brought new acquaintances and special friends as well. Among this latter group I would name Dorothy Brillhart, Louise Snyder, Anna Sterner, Lorraine Wagner, Marion Myers, and Ella Davis. I participated in class plays, operettas, and the school orchestra with my violin. I enjoyed each of these new-found activities.



I also became better acquainted with a certain boy from down at Hanover Junction. I knew him practically all my life, but never as a close contact. Sometimes we

would walk together from the train to his uncle's store where he worked until school time. He always rode the train, but I did only when the weather was unfavorable for walking. On certain occasions I would take some home-made doughnuts or potato chips to give to him as I passed the store. On days that I walked to school, he would watch for me to pass the store. Since we were not in the same class at school, it often happened that we would exchange notes when passing each other in the hall-ways. This soon aroused the attentions of our fellow class-mates, but more of this later.

Came 1932 and graduation time. Due to the fact that I did not have a dress which I considered adequate for the occasion of graduation ceremonies, my friend Marion Myers came to my rescue and loaned me one of hers.

At Graduation Exercises, I was a member of the school's Class Honor Group, sharing the honor with four other classmates - Dorothy Brillhart, Ruby Roseberry, Loraine Roser and Clyde Bortner.

My desire to enter Nursing School was fulfilled in September 1932 when I was admitted to the York Hospital School of Nursing for a three year period.

During my Hospital training period, whenever it was possible, I would return home for a visit. This was often accomplished by taking a trolley from the hospital and going to center city, where I would board a trolley bound for Hanover. I got off the trolley at Graybill's station. Here I would meet my brother, Raymond, who worked at the local dairy plant, and he would accompany me home to the farm. Then some other family member would take me back to the hospital. We student nurses were on a 12 hour per day schedule, and were paid a monthly cash allowance of \$10.00. Should we happen to break any piece of chinaware or a thermometer, we were required to pay for them.

As part of the hospital training, I was assigned to spend a period of 8 weeks for specialized training in Nervous and Mental Disorders at Byberry State Hospital in Philadelphia.

Hospital training routine required that we report each morning for assembly so that supervision could determine if we had the necessary equipment, such as scissors, syringe, etc., and that our uniform was the necessary length of 12 inches from the floor. If the persons in charge found out that a student nurse was married, she would be automatically expelled from the training class. On certain days we would be on-call for emergency cases such as surgical or obstetrical cases. These off-schedule hours did not excuse us from morning assembly.

May, 1935 was graduation time. One of the portions of the graduation program will always be remembered as a highlight. The class walked in full-dress uniform from the Nurses' Home at the hospital to a nearby church for Baccalaureate Services. The winding driveway to the hospital was lined with white Spirea bushes in full bloom, making an impressive sight along with all the white uniforms worn by the nurses.

After receiving my diploma from the York Hospital School of Nursing, I spent a few months at Jewish Hospital at York and Tabor Roads in Philadelphia. Here I specialized in Obstetrics.

[Comment from Roger:

At the time that Claudia was pursuing her studies in Nursing at the Jewish Hospital (now Albert Einstein) in Philadelphia, at Broad and Tabor, I made frequent visits to that location, for reasons that need no further explanation.

At that time it was comparatively easy to get there by train. I would take the local train to Lancaster from York, then transfer at Lancaster to a train to Philadelphia.

While in residence at Jewish, several of the students were housed in a small residential unit on hospital grounds. I shall never forget an incident that happened on one of my visits. While I was sitting in the reception room waiting for my girl to make her appearance, I heard a female voice exclaim from another area in the house, in a rather loud voice, "THERE'S A MAN IN THE HOUSE!"]



Returning from Philadelphia, I again went to the York Hospital in the Obstetrical Section. One of the doctors in the section was also the plant doctor for the local plant of General Electric Cable Division. He posed a question to me one day. He told me that General Electric was looking for a nurse to manage the dispensary unit at the plant. He also said that he would recommend and submit my name to them if I was interested. I accepted his offer, and soon thereafter, I became an employee of General Electric as Industrial Nurse.

While employed by General Electric, I resided with my Uncle Guy and Aunt Amy Trone at 43 N. Broad St. in York. My practice was to walk to and from work each day, a distance of about 1 mile. Each week-end I would return to the farm. Not having a car, I always had to depend on someone else for transportation. I decided it was time for me to have a car for my own transportation. In 1940 I bought a red Ford Coupe which cost me \$700.

General Electric arranged for me to visit their Ft. Wayne, Ind. plant on one occasion, for consultation work in the dispensary there. I spent a week at that installation.

My employment with General Electric as Industrial Nurse continued until October, 1942, when I submitted my resignation. The reason why is explained in the next paragraph.

During the month of March, 1942 it was made public that an engagement of Roger E. Shaffer and Claudia I. Miller was to take effect, pending a wedding date to be announced at a later date. That date turned out to be August 21, 1942.



House on Northampton St.

On October 15, 1942, my address changed to 262 Northampton Street, Hellertown, Pa.

Continuation of my story will be found in "THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS", by Roger, since our common-shared experiences apply to both of us from this point on.

However, just before that, a few more comments....

A day or two after moving to Hellertown, a Mrs. Fowler, who lived just a short distance from our apartment, came to pay a visit. Her husband was at that time attending night school in Bethlehem with Roger, and he had told his wife that I had just moved into the community and that I knew no one, and was a complete stranger in the area. So Mrs. Fowler thought it was a good opportunity to pay a visit, since she emphasized the fact that she herself had moved into a strange area and did not have anyone to visit her. Her visit was a most welcome and pleasant one, and the beginning of a close relationship which has continued to this day. Lillian has indeed been a real friend, for we have shared many of our thoughts and experiences.

One of the girls with whom I became closely associated with while at General Electric was Ruth Siefried. Shortly after our wedding and my moving to Hellertown, Ruth posed a question to us for our consideration. Her daughter, Suzanne, 18 months old, was suffering from a severe eczema condition. Her doctor recommended a complete change of environment and people as the only means of correcting her condition. Would we please consider taking Suzanne into our

keeping for several weeks in an attempt to help her? We discussed the problem and agreed to give it a try.

"Susie's" family brought her to Hellertown. I was not as concerned about the move as was Roger. For the first two or three nights she cried a great deal. She was not accustomed to having a male person around, only her mother and grandmother, as her Dad was in the Army. Susie would cry whenever Roger would appear on the scene. He was ready to have her family come and get her, but I said, "Give her at least another day." Well, that did it. She became much more tolerant of both of us and soon became closely attached. In a complete turn around, she became very attached to Roger. For the next few weeks we had a lot of fun with Susie, and felt a bit low-down when her folks came to retrieve the one they had put out on loan. Conclusion... IT WORKED. Her condition was corrected and she had no re-occurrence.

In 1943, I was invited to join the church choir of the local United Church of Christ. I joined, and continued a member of the choir until 1989. In 1943, I also had an audition with the Bach Choir of Bethlehem, at that time under the direction of Dr. Ifor Jones, and I was accepted as a member. The choir at that time had a membership of approximately 230 voices - people from all walks of life and many traveling long distances for weekly rehearsals. These rehearsals began in September, in preparation for the Bach Festival in May. I continued to sing with the choir until 1964. For several years after that, I served in the capacity as attending Nurse to the choir. Even though I did not sing with the choir, I kept in close contact with the music and the choir members, but I did not have to attend rehearsals. The music Directors under whom I sang were Dr. Ifor Jones and Dr. Alfred Mann. I've had the pleasure of singing with the group in Carnegie Hall and the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City, as well as two times in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. The one performance at the Academy of Music was to honor the presence of President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Prior to the birth of our first son, Dennis, I worked for a period of time at St. Luke's Hospital in Bethlehem, doing General Duty nursing.

This story is continued in *THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS* by Roger E. Shaffer

A TRIBUTE TO CLAUDIA - by R.E.Shaffer

Claudia passed away in 2001. At the funeral service for Claudia, Allyson made a special request for the choir to sing the hymn, "In the Garden." The reason for her request was because she remembered that Claudia would sing that song to her when putting her to bed for her afternoon nap, or at night time. I can recall very well Allyson saying, "Sing it again Grandma." And of course, her request was granted. Of all the many, many times that I heard that song at Shaffer's Church as I was growing up, I never realized the force of the words of that song until I was faced with Claudia's passing, for the words of the hymn are very forceful, in my estimation.

IN THE GARDEN

I come to the garden alone
While the dew is still on the roses
And the voice I hear, falling on my ear
The Son of God discloses

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known

He speaks and the sound of His voice
Is so sweet the birds hush their singing
And the melody that He gave to me
Within my heart is ringing

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known

I'd stay in the garden with Him
'Tho the night around me be falling
But He bids me go; through the voice of woe
His voice to me is calling

And He walks with me
And He talks with me
And He tells me I am His own
And the joy we share as we tarry there
None other has ever known

Words and Music by Charles Austin Miles, 1913



Mom-mom with grandchildren Alyson and Jesse



Mom listening to some of the latest music from her grandchildren's CDs

A comment made by friends on a card I received: "The Roman Church had Saint Teresa, we had CLAUDIA."

