



# THE ACORN

Henry & Laura A Huth Tall Oaks Newsletter. Established 1989

This publication was established in 1989 by a very determined **Richard R. Huth** (10) who wanted to spread good news and cheer to our extended family. It is now in its 23<sup>rd</sup> year thanks to **Karen Huth** (12) and many others who care for its upkeep. We'd like to keep it going so be sure to email or phone in your family news so we can spread that cheer around.

## LETTER FROM THE EDITOR/PRESIDENT

February is the month of LOVE. So, let's talk about it. Love, according to an old Webster's New World Dictionary we own says that it means (noun) 1) a strong affection for or an attachment to someone; 2) a strong liking for or interest in something; 3) a strong, usually passionate affection for a person of the opposite sex (I did say

it was an old dictionary) ; 4) the person who is the object of such affection; sweetheart; 6) in tennis, a score of zero. (Verb) 1) to feel love for; 2) to take great pleasure in; 3) to feel the emotion of love. So there you have it. Or do you?

If I had to define love, it would mean the absence (albeit sometimes temporary) of hatred and fear. I would say it means you'll move to the other side of the country for your loved one who just

got a new job. I'd say it means taking in your mother-in-law when she has fallen ill; even if it means, again, moving across the country. I'd say love means that at times, you are willing to hold up the relationship with your significant other when he or she is unable to put 100% into the relationship. I'd say love means travelling long distances once a year to visit with family and friends. It means accepting change for which you may not be totally ready. It

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### INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

- \*Letter from the Editor/President
- \*Janet Huth in sunny Arizona
- \*February anniversaries
- \*Two leap year birthdays!



## POSTCARDS

**TUSCON, AZ: Janet Huth** (6) has moved to sunny Arizona to be with her son, **Eric** and daughter-in-law, **Yvonney**. She is enjoying walking, she's enjoying their dogs, and she is enjoying watching Tiger Woods golfing. She wants to extend a personal thank you to all of you who have called and sent cards. They really cheer her days and nights.

**RAVENNA, OH/THOUSAND OAKS, CA.: Greg Mercer** (12) and **Lindsey Blanchfield** (6) finally get to celebrate a birthday! On February 29<sup>th</sup>, Greg will be 11 years old and Lindsey will be five! (I'll let you figure out how old they *really* are)!

**Vancouver, BC, Canada: Lisa Andres** (2) continues to pilot her computer program.



Janet Huth enjoying sunny Arizona

### LETTER FROM THE EDITOR/PRESIDENT (con't)

is walking the dog in the extreme cold and letting him or her stay in from the cold. It means waking before dawn to feed your horses and clean their stalls. Love is maintaining a relationship even when things get complicated. And perhaps more sadly, love also means being ready to leave a relationship that is dangerous or

otherwise unhealthy. Love is all this and so much more.

And I can confidently say that in the Huth family, there is no shortage of love. We especially "love" to come together that one time each year as we reunite and gab about the good 'ole times and share excitement about the future. We "love" to eat, talk, play and we especially love watching our children

### LETTER FROM THE EDITOR/PRESIDENT (con't)

do the same; enabling long-standing traditions to continue. So as you think about love this month and as you also think about this year's reunion, consider whether you'd love to be there. To see long lost cousins and celebrate the Henry and Laretta Huth family. Consider your

space in this family and whether or not you have room for more love. Because love is so much more than any words will ever be able to describe. You just have to be there to know it, feel it, be it.

## HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY!

Laura Acierno (10)

### FEBRUARY ANNIVERSARIES:

- Karen Huth/Ian Honohan (2) 2/2/06
  - Martin/Helen Huth (2) 2/8/64
  - Lois/Ray Lewis (2) 2/14/75
- J. Gayle/Dennis Hart (2) 2/14/85
  - Bill/Teresa Yingling (1) 2/16/02
  - Julie/Tim Hartung (1) 2/20/93
- Juanita/Leonard Spada (2) 2/24/07

CONGRATULATIONS TO YOU ALL!



### POSTCARDS (con't)

#### Vancouver, BC, Canada (con't):

Lisa's program encourages healthy living via the computer. She is still running tests on the program to get all of the bugs out but I am a test subject and I can tell you, it's going to be fun! One earns rewards for performing "sparks." These are activities that range from the very simple to the more complex but all of them encourage health.

If you'd like to know more about the program, you can check your directory for Tim and Lisa's email or phone and get in touch with them. It would be worth your while.

#### Phoenix, AZ:

OK – This has to be a record... **Barbara and Dick Hill** (9) hosted Thanksgiving for their family, poolside, and a total of 38 showed up! Now THAT'S a reunion. What I want to know is how many turkeys and potatoes it took to feed all of them! How brave of you both to take on such a feat! By the way, who got stuck doing the dishes?



Dorothy Bridges wrote a Valentine poem each year for her husband Lloyd. Even after he had passed and even though they had a rocky marriage at times, the poems continued. The following are excerpts from a book entitled You Caught Me Kissing: A Love Story by Dorothy Bridges.

1992

The paper lace is fragile now,  
 The hearts red fire grows fainter, too,  
 But we are here to note the day,  
 Though not the way we used to do.  
 The look of love in tired eyes,  
 And words of love so slow and weak,  
 Can mean much more to each of us  
 Than presently we see or speak  
 Our history of love is long,  
 Through tears we've learned the sun will shine,  
 And here's my yearly promise, love,  
 You'll always be my Valentine.

Suggestion

Let us have our love so glow  
 That only you and I will know  
 Flames that burn in either breast,  
 It matters little to the rest.  
 Only you and I should scheme  
 And make or break our little dream.  
 Keep each kiss and every sigh  
 Between just us – the sea, the sky.

To L.V.B.

A year ago you sent a valentine  
 To an eager, dreamy girl.  
 And around that heart you sent her,  
 Her dreams began to whirl.  
 And she found that her dreams were true,  
 When the days let her discover  
 how fine, how true, how wonderful  
 Was her handsome, willful lover.  
 And the dreams still are here,  
 And the heart is the same,  
 All built, all beating for you, dear  
 And the girl wants me to say,  
 On Valentine's Day,  
 That she will ever be true, dear.

XOXOXOXOXOXOXOX

