

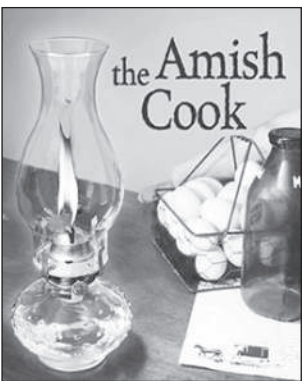
AMISH COOK

# Navigating life after Daniel

By Gloria Yoder, the Amish Cook

April 4th marked three years my husband was called home to heaven. After he passed there were many new things to sift through, some minor, some major, and some I would never have imagined, but all marked the beginning of a new stage for all of us. How vividly I recall that first summer and how I resisted the thought of finding a new normal without Daniel. “How could it be right to go on without him?” I wondered again, then again, and again. Today I praise God; the new normal He has given us is not one which says we are no longer grateful for who Daniel was in our lives, or that we do not love him. It is simply a new way of navigating the process of living the life He has called us to live. There are certainly many more tears than this house has seen prior to his death, but I hasten to add there

are also deeper joys as God Himself grants us everything we need for every day. An unseen presence is there to aid in many ways. God has also gifted us with precious dreams from time to time that encourage us that our reward in heaven will surpass the tears and discomforts. Seven years ago Daniel suggested putting up some lettering on the bathroom wall. The words he chose were nothing fancy; in fact it was a simple question. Many times over I read those words above the mirror, “Where is God in all this?” Though Daniel had no particular situation in mind his goal was to stimulate our minds on the true character of God no matter what. The old saying, “Time heals” may hold it’s own bit of truth, yet in our home it seems that time can also fester wounds if they have not been taken to Jesus. And somehow we are all different,



what one thrives on may be a painful experience for another. I remind the children we need the variety to enable to also do life with others around us their own way of thinking and living. Perhaps our latest favorite is family times at bedtime, in a dimly lit living room sharing Daddy memories. I’m amazed how some of the children recall details of things they did with Daniel I never knew. Sometimes my own heart just wants to freeze when I think of the children never again having those special times on earth with him

as they all so enjoyed. Then I think of the reality of the words someone once spoke, “What God starts, He will finish.” That’s so true, not one of these children were an afterthought after God took Daniel to heaven. These are the same children Daniel and I prayed for long before they were born, and surely God’s plan for their lives remain the same, even unto this day! Now as we sit around the living room we swap stories until the children begin to get sleepy then I’ll take a turn. Thanks to a friend and reader who encouraged me to share with the children how Daniel and I met and got married. The children are spellbound and full of questions. Last week, we had the part about our wedding day. I cannot say it is all easy to rehearse the memories without him, but I feel like I would be cheating the children and myself by not going back long enough to

relive those days. I love watching the smiles on their faces as I tell them how I loved their Daddy and how he took care of me. It is with a sense of relief that the day marking three years since I watched my beloved take his last breaths, is now behind me. Nonetheless God met me again on April 4th in numerous real ways. One was a gorgeous bouquet of six pink roses which were delivered as a gift from Daniel’s cousin Jacob, and his wife. Knowing how they too, are familiar with grief, my heart was touched in a special way. I have often felt at a loss on how to thank you all for the support, prayers, and gifts. Finally I realized it really is a gift from the Lord. I praise Him for His provision and sincerely thank all of you. Three years ago food was not on my priority list, fruit was something that clicked better than most things. I’ll give you

one of my recipes for mixed fruit with sprite glaze, try any fruits of your choice.  
**FRUIT SALAD**  
Fruit:  
1 cup raspberries  
1 cup blueberries  
1 cups sliced kiwis  
1 cup sliced strawberries  
Glaze:  
2/3 cup sprite  
1/2 cup water  
1/3 cup white sugar  
3/4 teaspoon real lemon  
a pinch of salt  
**Fruit Salad Instructions**  
1. Whisk together glaze ingredients in a heavy sauce pan.  
2. Heat to boil, now add ¾ cup water mixed with 2 ½ tablespoons permo-flo.  
3. Bring to a rolling boil, boil for two minutes, stirring constantly.  
4. Remove from heat. Cool.  
5. Layer 1 cup of each kind of fruit in a pretty bowl, drizzle ¾ cup glaze on top. If making larger batches, repeat layers til bowl is filled.

EMPTY NEST

# When Curt has to visit a tavern late at night, a prayer is answered

By Curt Swarm, Empty Nest

I had been clean and sober 15 years when I found myself out late, on a cold winter’s night, on my insurance business. I had skipped supper (well, I had a Salted Nut Roll) so was more than hungry. I was cold, hungry and tired. Not a good situation for a person in recovery. I was close to the Mississippi River near a tiny town called Oakville. If I remembered correctly, there was only one place open this late that served food, a tavern. I didn’t really want to go into a tavern feeling like this. One of my sobriety rules was never go into a place alone that serves liquor. But what was I to do? I needed something to eat.

I thought I’d give my sponsor a call before I headed to the tavern. Just hearing his voice, I knew, would give me confidence and strength. Talking to another drunk will do that. It’s like a shot of adrenaline, or the first cup of coffee in the morning. My sponsor’s phone rang and rang. He was probably at a meeting. Then it clicked into voice mail. “The mail box of the party you are trying to reach is full.” Dang it! Why can’t he delete his messages? My sponsor was a great guy, with over 30 years of sobriety, but was a little disorganized. He was a go-with-the-flow kind of guy. I reached in my pocket for my sobriety coin. We

carry these for just such an occasion. It wasn’t there. I turned my pocket inside out, change, pen knife and lint were all I found. I searched the other pocket. Same story. In a panic, I searched the crack of the car seat, and even felt around under the seat, in case the sobriety coin had slipped out of my pocket. Nothing. I must have left it in my other pants. Now what am I going to do? I’m going to have to tough this one out. I can do this. I’m strong enough, and have been sober long enough, I can go into a bar, get something to eat, and go home. If I have to white knuckle it, I’ll white knuckle it. Who am I trying to kid? I was in a HALT, and

knew it—Hungry, Angry, Lonely or Tired. Halt. Take care of yourself. Use common sense. Are you going to blow 15 years of sobriety because you’re stuck out late at night, hungry and tired? But no one will know. No one knows me in this town. I can get away with it. Yeah, right. When I come to in the morning, in Missouri, in jail. I drove within a block of the tavern, parked and studied it. I could see the Hamm’s Beer sign flashing in the window, and catch the drift of jukebox music when the door opened and closed. “Pop-a-top again.” This wasn’t good. This was exactly the type of dive I used to get blind drunk in, and get arrested for public intox or

DUI. I said a little prayer. “God help me. I don’t want to drink. Help me be strong and not touch liquor, if it be Your will.” I drove to the tavern’s parking lot, got out of the car, and walked to the door, like it was something I did every day. A deputy sheriff was just coming out as I was going in. There was his squad car. What’s he doing here? I opened the door and stepped inside. I swear, 20 heads turned and stared at me. Something was off kilter. What was it? Then I realized, no one had drinks in front of them. The bartender, a woman, was rubbing a circular hole in the bar top with her white rag, as she stared at me. Finally, she spit out what she had

to say, “Sorry mister, we just got our liquor license pulled. Can’t serve you. Got plenty of food though, and pop. What’ll it be? Chicken fried steak, burgers, frog legs? I think there’s some catfish left.” “Er, ah, gimme that chicken fried steak.” As I was eating (by the way, it was delicious) it hit me what had just happened. I had prayed for help in not drinking, and just like that, boom, God took care of everything. Why had I even worried? Note: This is a true story. I’ve also written about it in my first book, “Protected.” Have a good story? Call or text Curt Swarm in Mt. Pleasant at 319-217-0526 or email him at curtswarm@yahoo.com. Curt is available for public speaking.

CRAWFORDSVILLE NEWS

# Crawfordsville Spring Cleanup is April 28

By Billie Jo Rose

Spring Clean-up in Crawfordsville will be held Monday, April 28, 2025. Items must be out by 7 a.m. Household debris should be bagged ...100 lb. limit. Wood needs to be bundled. Paint cans should be emptied and dried out. ITEMS THAT WILL NOT BE PICKED UP Oil, Burn Barrels, Yard Waste, Any Hazardous Waste, Concrete, Brick, Plaster and Tires. Any questions call the city clerk at 319-461-5533.

CRAWFORDSVILLE LIONS CLUB

The Crawfordsville Lions Club met Monday evening, April 14, 2025 for their dinner meeting at 6:30 p.m. at the Crawfordsville Community Room with ten members present. President Scott Davis called the meeting to order leading the Pledge of Allegiance and Lion Fletcher gave the invocation. The meeting reconvened following the

delicious meal prepared and served by Alice Hockettler. The minutes of March 24 were read by Secretary Rose and they were approved as read. Treasurer Finke gave his report. Old Business: Lion Love gave a report of the District 9SE Convention he had attended mid-morning and lunch April

15 at the First Methodist Church in Mt. Pleasant. It was mentioned that host families are needed for exchange students. Community members, as well as churches, clubs may sponsor students, not just Lions Clubs. There were raffles and other games to participate in. Lion Nancy Love won the chance to put a pie in the face of L.C.I.F.

Coordinator Paul Hain. The Peace Poster winner from the 9SE District was from Columbus Jct. International Direc-

tor Debbie Cantrill from Missouri gave a very interesting account of her life as she’d faced many difficult situations and

meeting her husband, Kevin, who was a Lion and becoming a Lion

► **CLEANUP, PAGE 9U**

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Did you know most childhood vaccines are very effective? Vaccines can help protect infants from many diseases including:

- Chickenpox
- Measles
- Polio
- Tetanus
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- And more

**Ask your child’s healthcare provider about vaccines.**

**IOWA** | Health and Human Services

Source: American Academy of Pediatrics 3/25