Community Calendar

NOTICE - If you would like your organization's meeting dates to appear in the calendar, please contact Record-News staff at 464-2440.

Reoccuring Events

2nd and 4th Monday of every Month
Caregiver Support Group meetings will be held the second Monday of each month from 1-2 p.m. at the Ringgold County Courthouse 1st floor conference room.
The meeting is for those who are currently or previously have been the caregiver of a loved one. Call Ringgold County Public Health if questions, 641-464-0691.

Thursdays
Alcoholics Anonymous meetings every Thursday at 7 p.m. at the Mount Ayr Depot Museum.

Al-Anon Family Group Meeting Mondays
Al-Anon offers understanding plus support for families, friends of problem drinkers. Join us for a safe, welcoming spce to share experiences plus find strength together.
7:15 p.m. Mount Ayr First Christian Church.

Red Cross Blood Drive First Christian Church 11 a.m.-5 p.m.
January 6, 2026
March 3, 2026

LifeServe Blood Center

VA Mobile Clinic Held at UBP Church 2343 Hwy 169.
November 25, 2025

EveryStep "Touching Our Grief" support group (every 3rd Thursday)
3:30-5 p.m. Ringgold Co. Extension office, Mt. Ayr

Lucky Lanes Bowling September through May
Friday and Saturday
6 -10 p.m. open bowling. Private Parties available by request.

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DIAGONAL EVENTS
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Princess Theater 7 p.m. on Friday, Saturday 2 p.m. on Sunday.
December 12, 13, 14
WICKED: FOR GOOD
Rated PG

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MOUNT AYR EVENTS
Thursday Friday December 12
8 p.m. Ugly Sweater Party Sponsored By Trails End Saloon.
Saturday December 13
4-6 p.m. Christmas Tour of Homes. $15 advance ticket sales at Country Blossoms, Record News and Mitzi Hymbaugh (641-340-4175), $20 at the door. All Proceeds go to women battlng breast cancer in Ringgold, Union and Decatur Counties. Sponsored by First Christian Church, all
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TINGLEY EVENTS
Saturday December 13
2 p.m. Santa is coming to town, at the Tingley Fire Department.
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BENTON EVENT
Saturday December 13
Benton Community Invites you to Breakfast for Supper from 5 to 7 p.m. every second Saturday of every Month.

Porch Time with T

By TERESA (ANDREWS) CRECELIUS

Grief Goggles

Recently I heard someone use this in a sentence while talking about their recent losses. They said "I must put on my Grief Goggles to get through this."

With this being the season my family lost three very important people in our lives, I can see what they are feeling. Grief isn't just a word but a feeling, a feeling of hurt, sometimes anger, sadness, of losing track of our faith and of depression.

We each handle grief so differently.

I remember attending a funeral for a dear friend once when I was much younger, and still having not felt it myself, confused as to why they weren't crying at the visitation, wondering how they held it together that evening. Twenty years later, as I stood at the end of my own granddaughter's casket that evening three years ago, greeting those who came to say their goodbyes and sharing stories of our girl. I told stories with pride and hugged and thanked each one, checked on my daughter and family and with only an occasional tear.

Why wasn't I sobbing, why was I being so strong, this was the worst day of my entire life, I'd lost the little girl who was the first to say "Grama," the one I rocked and sang "Bye oh Bye" and she would repeat it so sweetly back to me. I'd lost my road trip partner, my "let's get a Frappe" and go shopping partner and yet somehow I was being strong.

Now, today three years later is a totally different scenario. I will tell others I worry about my daughter, my family and if they are able to cope, when all along, I am struggling to cope too some days, and all those things are normal. So if you have gone or are going through grief, you know its a word, a term, yet a very life changing real thing and we each deal with it differently. Now I know our girl and she was full of faith, spirit, spunk and attitude and she would tell me to put on my "Grief Goggles" or in her terms it would of been more like "Big girl panties" and cherish every single day watching for signs that she's in this enchanted place, organizing and preparing to meet us again one day, lining up others who've gone before us. But till then wanting us to do what she did on this Earth and love hard, live big, help others and to not be scared. #Livelikeabbi.

God, are You Listening?

My mind waited out the months for the tree's undressing of leaves to occur after the first hard frost in that second year of Amabele and Klara's lives. Loaded into my vehicle that nippy Wednesday in November we headed to Fife's Grove Park for the underfoot crunching to begin. As I pulled into the grove the girl's excitement heightened when they realized where we were going. I looked at Klara who holds permanent front seat passenger status and said, "Park!" On cue her ears perked up, as her head turned to look out the window with excitement. I pulled into the grove, and parked. As I opened the back door the girls barreled out into the carpet of fallen leaves from the oak trees in the grove. I found myself smiling widely as I watched Klara and Amabele chase each other through the grove sending the fallen leaves airborne. We rustled thru on our walk descending into a pool of gradient fall colors that sparkled as the sun peeked through the canopy of the tree's bare branches.

Klara, who loves to initiate the game of hide-and-seek was the first to dive into the hues of color. Her body embraced by the leaves left her eyes, and nose peeking out. Amabele commenced energetic "zoomies" around-and-around her sister. Their contagious energy took me back into memories of my youth and before I knew it, I had plunged into the pool of leaves too. A lark of folly had taken place as I sat on the ground tossing the leaves into the air. My actions enticed the girl, who then came running into my space lapping my face generously with kisses. As our fun ended, I wisely checked my pockets to make sure my phone, car keys and remote that controls the girls' collars were all on my being before getting up off the ground. With everything in its place, I called the girls to follow me. Grabbing my keys I unlocked the door and signaled for the girls to jump in. As I headed to the driver's side, I next grabbed my phone and then went to my pocket that holds the remote for the girls' collar, it wasn't there.

In panic mode I went around the vehicle searching the ground, nothing. Thinking the remote somehow slipped out of my pocket on the way back to the vehicle, I released the girls out and tried to retrace our steps. Using my feet as a broom to swish the leaves off to the side exposing the ground I searched. After 45 minutes and darkness looming I decided we needed to head home.

A one-way conversation with God commenced as I drove. I told him "I was sorry for my laziness, not attaching a lariat to the remote as I should have. To please give me one more chance to correct my error. And, God money is tight, I cannot really afford to purchase another set."

The rest of the day my thoughts continued to address the "Big Guy in the clouds." It was with resolve that I had to go back to the grove the next day with my rake to try and find the remote, which is exactly what I did. It occurred to me as I raked the leaves that if anyone had seen my actions that morning, they would have labeled me "looney." Who rakes a forest floor? Two hours later, with blistered hands, I headed back home feeling defeated. Another conversation ensued with God as I drove.

"I accept the lesson of loss Lord, I am really sorry, I will do better next time," I said in prayer.

I decided at that moment, the next day I would go purchase another remote set and be done with it. That night I once again prayed for a miracle, what could it hurt I thought? As sleep overcame me the silence of the night took me to a dream where I clearly saw the remote lying face-up on the ground near a tree trunk. The dream was so vivid that it woke me with a startle. I lied back down thinking to myself is this wishful thinking on my part or is this an omen. The next morning before I went off to the store I decided to visit the grove one more time. No rake, no sense of urgency to seek, just a casual walk through the grove with the girls to enjoy the morning. As our walk neared a close, I felt a bit of disappointment, and once again found myself telling God, "It's okay, I get it." I loaded the girls into the vehicle and as I turned I noticed a Kleenex lying on the ground near the shelter. Must have fallen out of my pocket I thought. So, I walked over to the tissue to pick it up. As I bent down my eyes caught the sight of something else to my right. There the remote sat staring at me face-up just as I had seen in my dream.

Does God listen? From this gal's experience yes, he certainly does! In the spirit of Christmas let your faith in God take you ALL into the New Year of 2026 with many blessings to come. XO Simply us.

The author is the owner of Klara, and Amabele who are 4-1/2 years old, sisters. Their mother Gemma is 7 years old and joined living with them in the home of the author where they all live happily. The girls are of the English Cream Retrievers breed of dogs.

Tingley Congregate Meal Site

Congregate meal served at noon
Ellston American Legion Building

Friday, December 12: Beef Enchiladas
Monday, December 15: Grilled Chicken Breast
Tuesday, December 16: Tator Tot Casserole
Friday, December 19: Pork Patty

PRINCESS THEATER
Coming Up
December 12, 13, & 14
WICKED: FOR GOOD
PG
Fri. & Sat. 7:00 p.m.
Sun. 2:00 p.m.
Admission: $7.00
theprincessmtayr.com On the Square in Mt. Ayr (641) 464-2466

Benton Community Invites You To
BREAKFAST FOR SUPPER
Every 2nd Saturday of Every Month • 5 to 7 p.m.
Benton Community Center
• Biscuits & Gravy • Pancakes • Ham/Sausage
• Cinnamon Rolls • Scrambled Eggs • Drinks
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