



# Tingley Times

DESCENDANTS OF  
EDITH GERTRUDE GAGE  
AND  
NELSON EUGENE  
TINGLEY

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## The Christmas Gift

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### POLICY

**Tingley Times** is for the contributions, reading, and possession of all descendants and spouses of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley. Send your contributions at any time; they will go in the next edition.

Send your contributions to <tingleytimes@hotmail.com> or mail to either:

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Be sure to print a copy for your close relatives who do not have internet service.



## 2007 Christmas Greetings to All Our Family



A card just received says, "God gave us Jesus because He loves us so much! And wrapped up in the gift of Jesus, we have received the power to know God intimately and love Him deeply." During this time of busyness and excitement in all the decorating, shopping, feasting, get-togethers, and celebrating, I am going to try to keep in mind the REAL reason for and meaning of Christmas.

We have had quite a year; how about you? Our Army grandson, Daniel, is out of the Army now after four years and two tours of Iraq. Praise the Lord for bringing him home safely!!! He is planning to go into some area of law enforcement. Our daughter, Diane, has purchased a darling little house in Lake Wildwood, about 12 miles from us. She got her new house and a new "old" name. She is now Diane SCHAFER, 14228 Shadow Court, Penn Valley, California 95946. Two of her sons are living with her at the present time, Tim and Ben. And, let's not forget Leo, one adorable poodle! Ben is 16, a sophomore, and is quite sure that school is absolutely unnecessary, a colossal waste of time.

We were heartbroken at the sudden illness and death of my lovely little sister, Peggy. It was such a shock to us, and most of all to her loving husband, Dick, and the seven children, the 24 grandchildren, and nine great-grandchildren. God be with them all with loving comfort at this time. Praise

God for the expectant hope of seeing her again soon, along with all those others who have gone before, but I sure miss her.

Dave and Deb are doing well. In spite of the slow real estate market, they are still selling houses, not quite so many as before. Their grandson, Cooper, will be two in January. They are looking forward to another grandbaby in March. Since Deb is a fabulous, doting grandma, I get to see the little ones and enjoy them – without having to change a diaper! She babysits three days a week while Mike and Amanda are working. Andrew and Shannon keep very busy with work and college. She graduates soon and will teach school.

Bill is going to be 86 in February; can you believe it? He keeps so busy and involved with so much:

- His gardening – The vegetables and fruit were fabulous this year.
- His sheriff volunteering
- His visitation to sick and shut-ins every month
- All his other work

We are involved in a Tuesday morning Bible study group – a real blessing and lots of fun too. I am involved in the music at church, but do not have to play every Sunday. (I

guess 65 years of that should be enough.) Our church is a blessing. We attend Penn Valley Community. Our pastor is Rev. David Hoge – an unusually gifted minister.

We are grateful for good health, Bill especially. I do a running battle with painful peripheral neuropathy, but am glad it is not worse. It is still a joy to have David and Debbie living so close to us. They are a delightful couple and lots of fun, and they help so much with the work on "the farm."

We pray you and yours are doing well and living joyfully for our Lord. Have a blessed Christmas and a wonderful new year.

Much love and good wishes,

*/s/ Alice and Bill  
Schaffer*

*Daughter of Glenn Vincent  
Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene  
Tingley and Edith Gertrude  
Gage Tingley*



## Greetings from the Great Northwest, Land of the Siskiyou

*Betty Crowell (daughter of Wilson Eugene Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley)*



**Did** you miss seeing my name, Betty Bucks, listed among the wealthiest women in the good ole U.S. of A.? I didn't see my name on that list either! How'd they ever miss me? Do you suppose they were only counting money in their evaluation? Pity, because I'm a lady of great riches indeed.

Example: It's cold, windy, and snowy outside, yet I'm warm and cozy sitting beside Toby in my comfy, little home.

There are many who don't have this luxury. I am not a lonely, unhappy person. My four children are just a phone call away. I have wonderful grandchildren, and the love grows. Four new great-grandsons are here, Jeremiah, Michael, Hunter, and Trapper. How about that? I'm a great grandmother! Amazing!

You should see my little great-grandsons and me racing through the house playing hide-and-seek. Ok, maybe I limp a bit, but we play our games - and opening cupboard doors is fun too. The old joints are rusty and painful, but limber up when we gallop around a bit, making me young like them.

That's what silly old grandmas do; at least this silly ole grandma does.

This year has gone by so swiftly. There have been illness and heartache all the more as years accumulate. Some dear friends whom I have walked with through the years, either for a long time or a short while, have gone on to their "Graduation Day" and stepped through the threshold, leaving this life behind and moving on to their reward. Saying goodbye does not get easier. Each day I know I am one step closer to my own "Graduation Day." I dearly love my life, but it is well with my soul. So if you should learn that my walk has ended, please rejoice for me; meanwhile I feel so blessed.

Please do this for me and for you too. Love each other and make peace with anyone you may have ill feelings toward. Do it now; you may not have another day. This is a most precious time. After all, God made this day for you and me. Don't waste it. Please.

Have a joyous Christmas and a great new year.

## Our Christmas Greeting to You

May Christmas bring you the gifts of love and laughter and the blessing of peace.



*ISI President Dorothy and Ron Stead*

*Daughter of Wilson Eugene Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley*



## Christmas Wishes

*Florene and Jim Turner (daughter of Helen Mae Tingley Ulrich Goss, daughter of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley and Nelson Eugene Tingley)*



**From Florene:** Christmas! My favorite holiday! I can't help it; I love it. It's the beginning of the God's love for me and for my salvation. If Jesus hadn't come, I would be sad, very sad, because I'd be lost for eternity. I even have nativity water globes in my home year round because I LOVE CHRISTMAS!

I'm with Peggy Barker - I'd like to do away with presents. A few years ago I did away with Santa Claus. I had wanted to for a few years before I did it, but felt an obligation to see the last grandchild through age 12 because it had been our tradition to celebrate Santa Claus through age 12. When we had celebrated Santa Claus for that last time, I got rid of all of it. It is so good to celebrate Jesus, the Christ, for Christmas.

I LOVE CHRISTMAS. I love the God for sending Jesus. I love Jesus for coming. I love the God for creating me. I love Jesus for making me acceptable to the God. I love the God for accepting me.

If there were such a thing as "Christmas wishes," my very first wish would be that I could love the God just like Jesus loves Him. How I desire that. Jesus loves Him perfectly, and that's exactly what I want to do. Father deserves perfect love, and I want to love Him perfectly.

My second "Christmas wish" would be that each of you reading this Christmas greeting would experience the love that God feels for you personally. If you just experienced it, well, that experience is the best gift of all. This Christmas may you be aware of the God's love for you personally.

If you already have this experi-

ence, you already have the blessing of the God upon you, and you know first hand the best gift of all. That is what makes Christmas merry, isn't it!

**From Jim:** Well this is our first Christmas in Saint George, Utah. We both love it here and are happy we made the move. I am recovering from the rotator cuff surgery, and I am able to play some golf. I have also played in a few local senior softball tournaments. I'm still not able to throw the ball like I want, but it will take some time to get my strength back.

Florene and I have found a local church and are getting acquainted with the pastor and people. We participated in a Harvest Festival with the church, which was fun. There are still many sights to see, so hopefully in the future we can take some trips to those sights. It is a little cool here now, but usually warms up during the day. We are looking forward to Christmas and also looking forward to Jaden, Jett, and Daniel visiting us for Christmas.

**From Jim and Florene:** Lori, our older daughter, lives in Everett, Washington. Her spleen died last year and so that was removed. She is more vulnerable to illness without that spleen unfortunately, but she *lives*, fortunately! She is reconciled with her two sons, Jesse and Daniel, which pleases us immensely. She is clean and sober and living for Jesus.

Jesse, Lori's older son, married last year. Valerie, his wife, is expecting their first child, Olyvia, in February 2008 (our first great-grandchild)! They live in Lynnwood, Washington. Jesse has been in the insulated window occupation for two or three years, canvassing for prospects. They are both clean

and sober and living for Jesus.

Daniel, Lori's younger son, supported himself at age 17 while attending senior high school and working at Wendy's. He received many Employee of the Month awards from Wendy's. He was an excellent employee, industrious and hard-working, an amazing kid.

Jaden, our younger daughter, is living in Seattle, Washington, and is working for Palador as a lead developer. She loves her work, is very happy, and is greatly enjoying her relationship with her son, Jett. Her heart is not good, valve problems. Her cardiologist said that a replacement heart would be good. She also has Lupus. Most of the time, you wouldn't know that she is ill. She is happy, energetic, industrious, helpful, and loving. She is clean and sober and living for Jesus.

Jett, Jaden's son, is attending University of Washington in Seattle, Washington, and lives on campus. He is in his sophomore year. He works part time for Game Stop, and is seeking work on campus. Jett is hard-working in school and strives to do his best. He is handling his education expenses himself. He sees the big picture and has goals to achieve. He has always been clean and sober and living for Jesus.

We thank the God all the time for building our home because it was a shambles before He did. It is no longer a shambles; it is becoming The Home that God Built!





## A Different Christmas Poem

(Author unknown)



The embers glowed softly, and in their dim light,  
I gazed round the room and I cherished the sight.  
My wife was asleep, her head on my chest,  
My daughter beside me, angelic in rest.  
Outside, the snow fell, a blanket of white,  
Transforming the yard to a winter delight.  
The sparkling lights in the tree, I believe  
Completed the magic that was Christmas Eve.  
My eyelids were heavy, my breathing was deep,  
Secure and surrounded by love, I would sleep  
In perfect contentment, or so it would seem.  
So I slumbered, perhaps I started to dream.

The sound wasn't loud, and it wasn't too near,  
But I opened my eyes when it tickled my ear.  
Perhaps just a cough, I didn't quite know.  
Then the sure sound of footsteps outside in the snow.  
My soul gave a tremble, I struggled to hear,  
And I crept to the door just to see who was near.  
Standing out in the cold and the dark of the night,  
A lone figure stood, his face, weary and tight.

A soldier, I puzzled, some twenty years old.  
Perhaps a Marine, huddled here in the cold.  
Alone in the dark, he looked up and smiled,  
Standing watch over me, and my wife and my child.  
"What are you doing?" I asked without fear.  
"Come in this moment; it's freezing out here!  
Put down your pack; brush the snow from your sleeve.  
You should be at home on a cold Christmas Eve!"

For barely a moment I saw his eyes shift  
Away from the cold and the snow blown in drifts  
To the window that danced with a warm fire's light.  
Then he sighed, and he said, "It's really all right.  
I'm out here by choice. I'm here every night.  
It's my duty to stand at the front of the line  
That separates you from the darkest of times.

No one had to ask or beg or implore me,  
I'm proud to stand here like my fathers before me.

My Gramps died at Pearl on a day in December,"  
Then he sighed, "That's a Christmas Gram always  
remembers.

My dad stood his watch in the jungles of Nam,  
And now it is my turn and so, here I am.  
I've not seen my own son in more than a while,  
But my wife sends me pictures; he's sure got her smile."

Then he bent, and he carefully pulled from his bag,  
The red, white, and blue... an American flag.  
"I can live through the cold and the being alone,  
Away from my family, my house, and my home.  
I can stand at my post through the rain and the sleet.  
I can sleep in a foxhole with little to eat.  
I can carry the weight of killing another  
Or lay down my life with my sister and brother,  
Who stand at the front against any and all,  
To ensure for all time that this flag will not fall."

"So go back inside," he said. "Harbor no fright.  
Your family is waiting, and I'll be all right."  
"But isn't there something I can do? At the least,  
Give you money," I asked. "Or prepare you a feast?  
It seems all too little for all that you've done,  
For being away from your wife and your son."  
Then his eye welled a tear that held no regret.  
"Just tell us you love us, and never forget  
To fight for our rights back at home while we're gone,  
To stand your own watch, no matter how long.  
For when we come home, either standing or dead,  
To know you remember we fought and we bled  
Is payment enough, and with that we will trust,  
That we mattered to you as you mattered to us."

*Georgette Menditto (daughter of Ruthie Teer,  
daughter of Glenn Vincent Tingley, son of  
Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude  
Gage Tingley)*



## From Patty Salyers

Daughter of Harold Nelson Tingley, son of  
Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley

I would like to wish all the Tingley cousins and families a happy 2007 holiday season. I miss all of you and am so thankful we have gotten back in touch with each other.

All my love and best wishes,

*151 Patty Tingley Salyers*



## Written in 1998 for Us, It Bears Repeating

From December 1998 Tingley Times

### Greetings from Georgia:

Having just moved to northeast Georgia from Florida the first of October, we have been enthralled at the change of season. The gorgeous fall leaves that change daily and light up with the sunlight are a source of constant delight. Cousins who don't live in the East or have never visited this time of year can only imagine. No painting or photo can match the wonder of actually seeing, smelling, and hearing this beauty. God is THE GREAT CREATOR. I am thankful.

Next week will be Thanksgiving. What a blessing to be near family and join together for food, fun, and fellowship. There is so much to recount together for this family.

- Health is a major thing. Sometimes we don't appreciate it until we get sick.
- Peace is when there is no friction between family members, only goodwill and best wishes. Thank God for that.
- Hope for the future. If we major

on the news media or gossip, we soon lose hope, but with our eyes on the Prince of hope Who made and fulfills promises and gives good gifts to His children, we have cause to hope with validity.

- Heritage - This Tingley family has a great heritage. Grandpa and Grandma Tingley did a lot of things in their lives and touched most of us in some way or another, but one thing rang true – they loved God and didn't mind saying so, and didn't they have fun in life!

Remember the story of when Grandpa was so sick and Grandma painted a pig on his forehead with Mercurochrome and then laughed hysterically at him? My daddy (Glenn Vincent Tingley) said that he had a high fever, and in those days, they didn't know if Grandpa would live or die, and here was Grandma playing jokes and laughing. Are any of you like that? My husband thinks I have done a few things like that in our lives. he he

That leads us up to Christmas. Frankly, I'd like to forget all the presents and just enjoy Christmas! Maybe you think I'm just too old now. I'm only 9+ in dog years! What I could hear over and over are the gorgeous Christmas carols. Some of the most beautiful music is there. Some of the most profound theology of truth is there. Then to hear a child recite from memory the beautiful story of Mary, Joseph, and baby Jesus is heavenly music.

Merry Christmas to all my cousins!  
*151 Peggy Tingley Barker*  
Daughter of Glenn Vincent Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley





## Remembering Marie Tingley

It was a Christmas that will never be forgotten. I was living in Lake Arrowhead at the time, and all the family wanted to come to our place in the mountains and to have a white Christmas. I was expecting a houseful of family, but on Christmas Eve I received a phone call that Marie, my Oma as I called her, would not make it through the night. Well, she did not. Marie Tingley passed on Christmas morning. It was difficult to put on a happy face and enjoy that Christmas. The following day I ran right to the nearest Hallmark store to find an ornament I could put on my tree to remember her by. I could not believe what I saw - the perfect ornament. It was a Santa dancing with a grandma. It was just what I was looking for. Ever since, I hang it on our tree to remember her always. Also, because she passed during the holiday, every year since then I have gone to a local convalescent hospital and visited people who do not have any family (I have no grandparent). I also take my children, and they don't seem to mind. I tell them why I do it, and they understand and are

patient too. Marie always gave of herself, and we too should do the same. She was an inspiration to me as long as she was here on this Earth. She is not just dancing with Santa, but with Jesus too.



Merry Christmas,

*ISI Rosemary Kleiser*

*Daughter of Richard Eugene Tingley, son of Wilson Eugene Tingley, son of Nelson Eugene Tingley and Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley*

## News Section

### Oh Oh!

I am a little embarrassed because of my ignorance. After compiling Grandma Tingley's *Memoirs* and *Memoirs #2*, applying for a copyright, sending the \$45 non-refundable fee, and self-publishing a few, the Copyright Office informed me that I cannot copyright *The Escapades of Edith Gertrude Gage Tingley* because I am not the author. So, it is not copyrighted after all. It seems a shame that Grandma didn't copyright them because they are so good, but so be it. However, I can publish the work, which I wish to do because I don't want it to go into oblivion. I am so pleased for having done the work because it's my tribute to a very, very wonderful woman, Grandma Tingley.

*ISI Florene*



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