Remodeling project at DAC complete

Open house set for Wednesday, December 18

Katie Erdman

Stevens County Times

The annual budget meeting for the City of Morris was lightly attended. In

proved an increase in the levy of 3 per-

cent higher than the 2018 levy. It is ex-

pected the same same amount will be ap-

proved in the levy in the year of 3 per-

cent. For most taxpayers, if they saw an

increase in taxes, it was due to a raise in

the value of their property, not because of

the levy increase. The overall value of property in Morris went up about 3.5 per-

cent, but one-time property value changes are due to the market factors and can vary significantly. Each property owner got an estimated tax statement from the county for next year and can see what happened for them. City Manager Blaine Hill went through the budget

could be adding another levy for new

City Council members but not all of them, especially those who did not, they came up

City of Morris was lightly attended. In

proceed with the building while keeping a

symmetrical design. Several

parts of the original building would also get

major upgrades along with planning, heating and elec-

trical systems. The estimated

cost was $1.6 million. Donations began to come in

as soon as word went out. Before the work began, $5 million was collected from

area donations. The remain-

ing $440,000 came from the

DAC reserve fund. Marcus Construction was

hired to do the work and De-

sign Intent did the design, looking for

the good looks and feel of the

building.

Since nearly every por-

tion of the building would be

worked on, the entire project was picked up and moved to a site owned by

Bry Rief. For the next six months, the work was
done from there and clients adapted wonderfully. The site had less space and they worked above all.

duct work, lighting with LED lights which are

more soothing to the clients. The entire building now has eight furnaces instead of one.

The site had less space and they worked above all.

The DAC director, Char-

lie Oakes explained that the clients were wonderful throughout the entire pro-

ject. She added that

was soothing and helpful, "and so were they. Then the move back and worked hard to not wait to see the finished project. Oakes gave a brief synop-

sis of what things were for the clients. The new large locker. Each one was to replace the old

lockers and those who wanted to be next to the staff. The new staff also have

the largest with the growing number of clients. Staff members were crammed into narrow spaces and

work areas were also get-
ing crowded. Some hallways were too narrow for two wheelchairs to meet.

A plan was drawn up to add

4,000 square feet to the building while keeping a symmetrical design. Several

parts of the original building would also get

major upgrades along with planning, heating and elec-

trical systems. The estimated

cost was $1.6 million. Donations began to come in

as soon as word went out. Before the work began, $5 million was collected from

area donations. The remain-

ning $440,000 came from the

DAC reserve fund. Marcus Construction was

hired to do the work and De-

sign Intent did the design, looking for

the good looks and feel of the

building. Since nearly every por-

tion of the building would be

worked on, the entire project was picked up and moved to a site owned by

Bry Rief. For the next six months, the work was
done from there and clients adapted wonderfully. The site had less space and they worked above all.

The DAC director, Char-

lie Oakes explained that the clients were wonderful throughout the entire pro-

ject. She added that

was soothing and helpful, "and so were they. Then the move back and worked hard to not wait to see the finished project. Oakes gave a brief synop-

sis of what things were for the clients. The new large locker. Each one was to replace the old

lockers and those who wanted to be next to the staff. The new staff also have

the largest

of the building and that some members wanted

to pursue an appeal of the

Van Bruggen related that the

project was denied in

the next city council meeting

will be held on Monday, January

15 starting at 7 p.m.

County board butts head over Ditch 18

by Nick Ripperger

Chato Review

It took awhile, but the at-
tennis representative, Stevens

County in a potential legal battle with the Isaac Walton

League. The League constructed a majority of the board - just handy - to try to get for the school board. This closer to the League's character as a "bol-

dering" on the League's part.

The Island Lake Legal Guard

scribes itself as "a national conservation
duddled is to conserve real-

estate, and promoting the

sustainable use and con-

tis a record of America's natural

resources. There are more than a dozen chapters in Minnesota, the nearest being

in New London. The League decided that major improvements to

County Council District 18 in Scott and

Hakun townships will not meet its

standards, and filed a petition this past fall ask-

ring for either a mandatory or voluntary Environmental

Element on its Worksession be-

fore work proceeds. It was the first petition of its kind in

County. The League, acting as the

Ditch Authority, was

compelled to respond to the petition, and during an Oct.

29 special meeting, deter-

mined that an EOL is not

necessary. The petition was denied in a large part because the com-

missioners concluded that the project would not meet the

standards, not doing the

its homework and did not realize that environmental benefits have already

been engineered into the improve-

ments to the century-old

ditch system. The improve-

ments will actually reduce erosion and sediment build-

up rather than increasing

them, according to the engi-

The League further explained that the county spent some money to pro-

 mote the event. In return, it

County

Continued on A6

Continued on A9

Continued on A9

Continued on A9

Continued on A9

Continued on A9
**Darkness and Light**

*View From A Prairie Home*

Verna Herford

**Light and Darkness**

I love snow. The change and the anticipation. You would think I was an old pro at the changing of the seasons, having been around for a few dozen decades. But it never came to impress and excite me. The subtle changing of the days from gray to green, from green to yellow, and then back to white. Pure white. The color of innocence and purity.

It is one of the enduring things that snow falls during the day. The time when we are aware of the arrival of the Christ child. The innocent lamb that came into this world to save us from our many sins. And I love how the snow falls and covers up the grays of late autumn. For some reason, probably because I'm most in need to be pointed to, but not most to see, snow falls at night. When I wake up in the morning, after a first snow, it feels like a miracle. It reminds me of my favorite poem as a young girl. “If the snow did not fall, we are not yet old man.” (A Maud sliding into second base caught our imagination last night; we slept and it was snowed).

The snow covers everything in our world. The layer of snow solidifies the stark and bare against the dead grass. The period which sparkled last summer, but was filled with ice and dead leaves and the palette of the unsuccessful attempt to dig a row to fan a wreath pipe. Now, it is all covered with snow, the pure whites sparkled by the moon and the grays of the town covered up.

Once in a while, the Good Lord will treat me to the sight of snow falling. It seems like the air is filled with flakes fluttering to the ground. It is such a rare occurrence that I just gaze out the window, my mind filled with joy and peace. The snow brightens up the formerly dull landscapes and makes it come alive in its winter wonder. As I listen to Christmas music this advent season, I notice how many of the songs about the glittering snow and singing it would stay for Christmas. I feel lucky living here in the north where a white Christmas is a common occurrence. But it is only snow that brightens up our world here close to the prairie. Many songs, just my sweet husband, like to put up Christmas lights on their houses and on trees. During the cold, bleak days of late fall, Grant climbed ladders to frost Christmas lights on their houses, the garage and the gazebos. Now, during the long winter nights, I am comforted by the sight of tiny lights illuminating the sunny landscapes. Through the bare trees, the gazebos it lit up, reminding me of the joys of fishing in the summer and gazing at the outside majestic world in the winter. But it is only snow that brightens up our world here close to the prairie. Many songs, just my sweet husband, like to put up Christmas lights on their houses, the garage and the gazebos. Now, during the long winter nights, I am comforted by the sight of tiny lights illuminating the sunny landscapes. Through the bare trees, the gazebos it lit up, reminding me of the joys of fishing in the summer and gazing at the outside majestic world in the winter.

**Holiday Route Changes**

Our biggest sale of the year! Trade-ins Welcome. Complete service by experts before & after the sale! December 25-26

**Saturday, December 25, 2019 / Stevens County Times / A8**

Joseph Walking

Joseph Anthony (Joe) Walking, 85, passed away Tuesday, December 24, 2019 in Donnelly, Minnesota, the youngest son of Lawrence and Cecilia (Geiger) Walking. Joe graduated from St. John's Preparatory School and Academy, Collegeville, Minnesota and attended Fort Hare University, New York, and the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis. He majored in Journalism and started his career with the New York Times.

He met his beloved wife of over 60 years, Kathleen Powell, St. Paul, at the Neuman Center while both attended the University of Minnesota. Joe worked for Dykema Press (now known as MPH Inc.) in Detroit from 1957 – 1968. The Walking family moved to Tulsa in 1969 in search of the Petroleum business. Joe is the predecessor company of PennWell Corporation (Concrete, Oklahoma City, Dallas, Business, Energy). From 1969 until his retirement in 2005, he served as President and CEO of PennWell.

During his career, he served as a director on many business, civic and educational boards including American Business Press, New York, the Neuman Center at the University of Tulsa, Friends of Finance, University of Tulsa, Bishop Kelley High School, Oklahoma City, Domestic Council of Southern Oklahoma, Dallas Area Women's Foundation and the Tulsa Historical Society Hall of Fame. Following his retirement, he became an art and Master Gardener, and greatly enjoys photography, writing, and Ukulele drawing, planting and cultivating the beautiful flowers Tulsa is so well known for (lighted). During his retirement, he enjoyed spending time in the South, Wisconsin and Texas. He loved sailboat sailing on Lake Detroit in Oklahoma and regularly traveled to Canadian Forces Base Goose Bay on St.

It is with the family, Kathleen, Joe is survived by son Christopher (Sue), of Evawmena, IN, (Deceased, daughter of Janita and Lloyd), son Donald (Deanna), and was preceded in death by his daughter Donna and grandchildren.

Joe leaves behind a legacy of professional and leadership training to his Church, Family and Community. More importantly, he leaves behind a family of 4 generations who have been raised as a husband, father, grandfather and role model. In memory of Joe Walking, contributions may be made to the Neuman Center at the University of Tulsa or a charity of choice.

**Darkness and Light**

**View From A Prairie Home**

Verna Herford

**Light and Darkness**

I love snow. The change and the anticipation. You would think I was an old pro at the changing of the seasons, having been around for a few dozen decades. But it never came to impress and excite me. The subtle changing of the days from gray to green, from green to yellow, and then back to white. Pure white. The color of innocence and purity.

It is one of the enduring things that snow falls during the day. The time when we are aware of the arrival of the Christ child. The innocent lamb that came into this world to save us from our many sins. And I love how the snow falls and covers up the grays of late autumn. For some reason, probably because I'm most in need to be pointed to, but not most to see, snow falls at night. When I wake up in the morning, after a first snow, it feels like a miracle. It reminds me of my favorite poem as a young girl. “If the snow did not fall, we are not yet old man.” (A Maud sliding into second base caught our imagination last night; we slept and it was snowed).

The snow covers everything in our world. The layer of snow solidifies the stark and bare against the dead grass. The period which sparkled last summer, but was filled with ice and dead leaves and the palette of the unsuccessful attempt to dig a row to fan a wreath pipe. Now, it is all covered with snow, the pure whites sparkled by the moon and the grays of the town covered up.

Once in a while, the Good Lord will treat me to the sight of snow falling. It seems like the air is filled with flakes fluttering to the ground. It is such a rare occurrence that I just gaze out the window, my mind filled with joy and peace. The snow brightens up the formerly dull landscapes and makes it come alive in its winter wonder. As I listen to Christmas music this advent season, I notice how many of the songs about the glittering snow and singing it would stay for Christmas. I feel lucky living here in the north where a white Christmas is a common occurrence. But it is only snow that brightens up our world here close to the prairie. Many songs, just my sweet husband, like to put up Christmas lights on their houses and on trees. During the cold, bleak days of late fall, Grant climbed ladders to frost Christmas lights on their houses, the garage and the gazebos. Now, during the long winter nights, I am comforted by the sight of tiny lights illuminating the sunny landscapes. Through the bare trees, the gazebos it lit up, reminding me of the joys of fishing in the summer and gazing at the outside majestic world in the winter. But it is only snow that brightens up our world here close to the prairie. Many songs, just my sweet husband, like to put up Christmas lights on their houses, the garage and the gazebos. Now, during the long winter nights, I am comforted by the sight of tiny lights illuminating the sunny landscapes. Through the bare trees, the gazebos it lit up, reminding me of the joys of fishing in the summer and gazing at the outside majestic world in the winter.