

## Script for the Cemetery Walk, September 16, 2018

Hello! Guten Nachmittag! Ich bin froh dass ihr hier seid!

I'm glad I'm here, too!

I'm Elizabeth Miller Hengsbach.

**1. I'm setting up a card table for our TOB party tonight. (Point out items on table.)**

Cards, Tallies and a pencil to keep score, chocolate covered raisins. It's at my house on Jason Road. You know, southwest of town. Eight of us ladies get together every month to play euchre, and kaffeeklatch. Hm. I'm sorry Mary Bengel can't come tonight. She's just tuckered out after cooking for the big Nurenberg wedding on Saturday. It's the first time she's missed in fifteen years. Can anybody here play euchre? Gut. What's your name? NAME, you can take Mary's place. **(Talk directly to the person.)** Oliva Koster and Mary Martin will be there. Well hey, Elizabeth Droste can give you a ride. And save room for lunch. I'm having pork tenderloin sandwiches with celery and nuts, pickles, fruit jello with whipped cream, jelly roll cake, devil's food cake, cookies, coffee and cream.

NAME I hope can stay out late. **(Talk to group.)** One night at Katie Fink's house, Fr. Gutha came to the front door. It was ten o'clock. He came in and played the piano and played duets with Gustie Martin and Paulline Schaefer. We were singing until after 2:00 in the morning. Somebody said we should be called the Night Owls. Fr. Gutha asked me once what T.O.B. stands for. Thats Our Business, I told him. He was taken aback for a minute, I can tell you! He was such a good pastor, gel. **(Hold up the ring binder.**

**Display the design on the first page and leaf through the minutes.)** I kept minutes of our TOB parties: who got 1st, 2nd and 3rd prizes and each woman's score. The menus for our lunches and dinners. Oh, this little present here? We call her Lena. Every

time somebody plays their cards alone and makes it they get Lena. Lena leaps from person to person when they play alone. The one who has Leaping Lena at the end of the party gets to keep her. **(Toss to someone in the front row.)** Ja, sicher. You can keep it!

2. Well, I was born on April 11, 1901. My parents were John Miller and Mary Weiland. My grandparents came to Westphalia from the Rhineland. Our farm is a mile east of town. The house is still there, the barn is gone now and so is the apple orchard. Lots of good cider came out of there. At thrashing time, a glass or two of hard cider really hits the spot. Gel?! We women in the house aren't drinking cider! We're busy frying chicken, baking biscuits and pies for the thrashers' dinner. Oh, that reminds me. I've got to get the bins out there on the lawn so they can wash up. My Dad was a farmer, He was also the village clerk. He played Fr. Kopp on the parish float at the Westphalia centennial in 1936. It was such a shock when my mom died at only age forty-seven. My brother Isidor - everybody called him Pro. He was such a good golfer. Well, Isidor managed the telephone office, and ran the switchboard. Do you remember the long ring? Well, If something unexpected came up Isidor would call each party line exchange with a long ring. He'd say: "School will be closed tomorrow and Friday because of the snow storm." I worked the switchboard, too. Our party line telephone number was 88 F one long and one short ring. Does anybody remember their party line number? *What was it?* I have to tell a little story. There was a man on a party line who always listened in. We called it loistering. Well, two ladies decided to play a trick on him. One time when they were on the phone together, the one said to the other, "I think he's listening in again. I can smell his bad breath". "I don't have bad breath," he said. They had a good laugh. My brother,

Teddy, joined the Civilian Conservation Corps in the mid-thirties. They were paid \$25 a month and could keep \$5 for themselves but \$20 was sent home. I know that helped dad out during the depression.

3. I loved to bake. Bread. Cakes. Cookies. Look here! **(Hold up rolling pin.)** The kind of rolling pin I used almost everyday of my life. Ja. That's right. Only one handle! The other handle broke off years ago but It was still too good to throw away. Say did I ever bake a wedding cake for any of you or maybe for one of your kids. **(Ask their name.)** It was a three layer white cake with rosettes all around. I know the cakes were kind of expensive - \$5.00. I did supply all the ingredients except the sugar.

4. I worked as housekeeper for Dr. Charles Ellis and his family. He was a medical doctor. I liked working for them and living in Lansing. I bought a piano with money I saved up. I was twenty-two years old when I married Louie Hengsbach in 1924. He had such sparkling pale blue eyes! He was forty-one. Louie's grandparents emigrated from the Sauerland. Our daughter Ruth joined the Sisters of Christian Charity. We called her Ruthie but our youngest, Teddy, always said Offie. That name stuck. Even when she was Mother Superior she was still Offie to us. Even to some of the Sisters! Offie is buried on the convent's cemetery in Wilmette. But there's a head stone to her memory right here. **(Put your hand on top of the headstone.)** Our son, Louis, and his wife, Evelyn Platte, bought our place and made it a dairy farm and raised their family there. Our Bob built their house and with his wife, Harriet Thelen, raised their family in town. Bob built our house in town, too, at 5930 Willow Street.

5. Was noch? I played the part of Mrs. Ballou in the first play directed by Fr. Gutha when he came to St. Mary's. Julius Pohl was in it and Bernita Thelen, Ferd Thome,

Elizabeth Schneider. I sang in the women's and mixed choir all my life. Oliva Koster and I sang an Ave Maria duet as part of the formal program when the new church organ was dedicated in 1935. Well hey, we went to mass on Sundays, attended the holy hours and made the First Fridays and First Saturdays of the month. I still remember when the Infant of Prague statue was brought to Westphalia on its pilgrimage through the United States. I think Louie was the last person to be buried from the parish hall in 1962. It's where we had mass after the church was destroyed by fire and before the new church was built. I died in 1964.

6. I shopped at Schnitcher's and Belen's Meat Market. On Sunday we'd get the *Detroit Free Press* and a bag of candy at Platte's store. In Lansing, I shopped at Penny's and at the self-serve Kroger Store in Portland. I always drove our car to Chicago, Sioux City, Iowa and New Ulm, Minnesota to visit Offie. We visited relatives in South Bend. Mostly, we stayed home on Sundays. Relatives would come to visit. I'd get a snack together: home made bread and jam and *MMMMMMMM* I'd bring up a pint or two of pickled heart and tongue from the cellar that I had canned.

7. I was hired to write a weekly Westphalia News column for the *Fowler Post* and *Portland Review*. **(Show front page of the Fowler Post and point out other copies on the display table. Then turn inside.)** Here is some Westphalia News.

"Mr. and Mrs. Carl Platte and children from Ann Arbor were supper guests on Saturday of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Fandel."

"The Children of Herman Pline surprised him on his birthday on Friday night."

"The Forget-Me-Not Club met on Monday evening with Mrs. Simon Smith."

Huh? I just overheard somebody say that these sound like *tweets* - whatever they are.

8. I was "hooked" on crocheting. **(Show coat hangers and point to Afghan and other items on display table.)** It was such fun for me and useful, too, you know. I liked to crochet and watch wrestling on TV at the same time. Gorgeous George was the big star. My fingers really flew crocheting during exciting action in the ring.

9. Ja. Ja. I was sad and surprised when our Teddy left the seminary. I was happy to meet his future wife, Rose Marie Seitz from Madison, Wisconsin.

**(Step over to side.)** Well, I have to say that *I* am **glad** Teddy left the seminary.

I'm his daughter, Heidi. Elizabeth is my grandmother.

**(Step back to where you were.)**

Well hey, that's my story.

Auf Wiedersehen.

Till we meet again.

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