Battle Mountain News
Submitted by Angelica LaMiaux
It was, to me, a breath of fresh air. This week, I had the opportunity to gather with friends not seen in months and talk and have fun like we used to.
The George Schwinn Senior Center opened briefly on February 10, for nine games of Bingo, a raffle and ending with a blackout game that kept us on the edge of our seats. This was the first social outing that many of us have had in months.
In spite of masking and physical distancing, talk was abundant until the “SHHHhs” started flying and the caller announced the first game. During the pandemic, the Senior Center has provided seniors with weekday lunches, which we normally pick up in our cars and take back to our homes.
A couple of days after the bingo, we were given the option to pick our lunch or have it inside. Ten of us opted to eat our meals inside the center.
Lunch was good; dessert heart-shaped and fresh roses gifted for Valentine’s Day. It was a nice occasion but so much more. These two little gatherings gave me a chance to reflect on what all of us take for granted: freedom.
It’s the freedom to go out and meet people and shop - when and wherever we choose. When you no longer have it, the chance to do it transforms into a gift.
My gift this week was to see old friends, meet new ones and have lots of fun. For this, I would like to thank Tonia Bakker, the director of the Senior Center and her able staff.

Refuge of the Derelicts” Mark Twain
There’s a good spot tucked away somewhere in everybody. You’ll be a long time finding it sometimes.
Hi, I'm Nevis. Do you believe in miracles? I do because one happened to me. I was 6 years old when it happened. I want to tell you about it. But, first I need to tell you about myself and where I am from.

I am a Miskito Indian. I live in a little village called Tasba. It's in a far away land called Nicaragua. On one side of my village is a big lake. It's called Pearl Lagoon. On the other side of the village is a big ocean. It's called the Caribbean Sea.

All the boys and men in my village were fishermen. They made boats by hollowing out big logs. They rowed the boats on the Lagoon and Sea. They catch fish to feed their families. They sell fish too, to buy clothes and other things they need.

But I couldn't fish. I was born different than most kids. I had only one finger on my left hand, no thumb. And I couldn't use my left elbow as it was held tight by a web of skin.

So, I couldn't hold anything in my left hand and I couldn't row a boat. I couldn't cast a net or pull a fishline. I couldn't fish! There was no work in the village for a boy with only one good hand. So, I could never have a family of my own. I had no hope. I was very sad. And then, one day a miracle happened. It didn't happen right away, it took a while.

It all started when a little girl named Mandi, came to my village. She had come from America, a place far away from Nicaragua. Her father was a doctor. He came to teach us how to take care of ourselves when we were sick or hurt.

Mandi was hunting seashells on the beach near my house and she saw me sitting alone and she came over and said: "Hi, my name is Mandie", "Hi, I'm Nevis" I said. Why are you looking so sad? Mandi asked. "Because I can't fish" and I showed her my hand. "Come with me" Mandi said.

Mandi took me to her dad and asked: "Dad, can you make Nevis a new hand? He can't fish." Her father examined me and said; "No but we may be able to find someone who can". Soon after, Mandi and her Dad went back to the United States. I thought to my self, Maybe they can make me a new hand! I was so happy.

Two months went by, then three. I guess they forgot about me, Nevis thought. I was getting sad again. But two weeks later they came back! Mandi and her father showed up at the boat dock at our village. Mandi said to me, "This special doctor thinks that maybe they can make you a new hand"! My heart almost jumped out of my chest!

The doctors ordered x-rays of my hands, arms and feet. Mandi's dad took me by boat to a town that was a long way away, where there was an x-ray machine. I had never been to a big town before. There were no roads where I lived. I had never even seen a car or a TV. I called a TV "A box with pictures in it". I even got to eat an Ice cream cone, I had never seen one of those either.
They took the x-rays back to the United States. A month later they came back in a big jet airplane to take me and my Dad to the United States. I'd never seen an airplane before and at first it scared me. But then I told my dad, "Look we're flying like a bird!"

They flew us to Reno, Nevada to a big hospital called St. Mary's. They told me and my dad they were going to cut off one of my big toes and make a thumb out of it and cut the web holding my elbow tight. They took me to the operating room and put me to sleep, so it wouldn't hurt. Four hours later one of the doctors came out and told my dad, Mandi and your dad, "Sorry, it didn't work. The blood vessels don't match." I would never fish. "Can't you do something else?" Mandi exclaimed. "Well," said the doctor, "We could cut off his left big toe and try it. But, it probably won't work either. It's up to Nevis' dad." "I don't know," Nevis' dad said wearily. "Please let them try!" said Mandi. "It's his only chance." My dad said "Ok, Go ahead and try it."

4 Hours later the surgeon came back out, this time he was smiling. "It worked!" "And we cut the web holding his elbow, so that will work too." I stayed at the Ronald McDonald House. Physical therapy taught me how to use my new hand and my arm.

Now I'm grown up and have my own family and I am also a fisherman! What are the chances that a little girl from thousands of miles away would have found me on a beach in Nicaragua? And what are the chances that her dad would be a doctor? And what are the chances that all those specialists, hospital, physical therapists and airplane people (Medi Air) would all help me? All of them gave so much to a little boy from a far away land.

It was truly a miracle that I can fish now!
OBITUARIES

Shirley (Goose) Lorraine Hinchcliff Baum

Shirley was born May 28, 1932 in Butte, MT, passed away on January 29, 2021 at Battle Mountain General Hospital after a long illness. Shirley was preceded in death by her parents Audrey Hinchcliff Miller, Loren Hinchcliff and stepfather Adolph (Gus) Miller. She is survived by daughter Kayla Mauldin (Mike), grandson Thomas Walters (Dannette), granddaughter Megan Desmond all of Battle Mountain and granddaughter Kim Harrison (Ron) of Boise, Idaho. She had four great-grandchildren and three great-great grandchildren. Shirley attended school in Battle Mountain and was the last survivor of the Lander County (Battle Mountain) High School class of 1950. She worked as a 21 dealer, bartender and retired as a clerk from Battle Mountain General Hospital. She enjoyed shopping, cooking, caring for her animals and sharing WILD stories of life in Montana and Nevada. At her request, no services are planned with interment in Butte, Montana alongside her parents at a later date. The family wants to thank Mary Bengoa, Lyle Lemaire, Anna Cortez, Hope Bauer, Abby Burkhart, Lori Pinkerton, Cayla Millsap, Joyce DeAllah, Gerri Ortiz, Dr. Willcourt and all the BMGH staff for their kindness, patience, and great care.

Joyce Helen Staton Gronning

Joyce age 93, passed away January 12, 2021 in Delta, Utah. Joyce was born May 10, 1927 in Pocatello, Idaho to Alta Clorece Cobia and Eugene Matthew Staton, the third of six children. After the family moved several times in California they moved to Las Vegas where, at age 19, Joyce was swept off her feet at a church dance by tall, dark and handsome Ralph Gronning, newly returned from fighting in WWII. They married May 28 1946 later solemnized in Logan Temple March 1961. Ralph graduated from the Mackey School of Mines as a Mining Engineer, so his career choice moved them around the west often, and to many out-of-the-way areas.

Joyce's talents were many and varied. She enjoyed knitting, crocheting, sewing, serving in PTA and Girl Scouts, and playing her accordion and singing with Ralph while he played his banjo. Joyce loved playing and teaching accordion, piano, and organ. Perhaps Joyce's greatest joy came from her art. She loved working in her art studio and created many, many beautiful paintings, and taught art lessons to many young people. Joyce loved researching her North and South Carolina roots and compiled a mountain of genealogy. She was a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, loved serving in many church callings and had deep love of her Savior.
OBITUARIES

James Peter “Pete” Hardy

James Peter ‘Pete’ Hardy began his eternal journey on February 15, 2021 in Battle Mountain General Hospital at the age of 85. He was born in Ogden, Utah 6/16/1935 to James Elisha Hardy & Veda Owen Cook. He had two sisters, Beatrice Colleen Guthrie and Faun Cook Sandall, and one brother, Wyon Lee Hardy. Pete grew up on the Western Pacific Railroad between Elko and Winnemucca. He worked on ranches and in mining, the milling process for most of his adulthood. Later in life he became a gunsmith. He retired from gun-smithing about five years ago. Around the house he was a jack of all trades! It was very puzzling when he got something that he couldn’t fix, which wasn’t often. In 1952, Pete met and married the love of his life, Shirley Ann Welch. They were blessed with three children, Sonya Sharilynn Milke, James William Hardy and Terry Hardy. He was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, where he served in the various organizations within the church. He was also involved in the Lions Club and the Moose Lodge. Pete loved the outdoors either hunting or fishing or even golfing! It was quite a shock to him that he enjoyed golfing. He was challenged by a friend to try it, so he did. He was amazed that chasing a stupid little ball all around the country could be entertaining! He was a great fabricator. If he needed a spring for a gun he was working on, he made it! If we needed a way to carry oxygen he built a box. He worked a lot with wood making cabinets and dressers and decks and patios. Some of the fun sayings that he would say was “What you want… don’t make your fat.” When people would say “I want this or that” that was always his answer! Another one that sticks out is “If you order number five on the menu, that’s what you get.” If you do something that’s going to hurt, you’re going to hurt. Pete was well known for his humor always trying to tease or joke. He was very kindhearted and easy to talk to. Whenever he would meet somebody, they would be greeted with a big smile and a warm handshake. He was well liked by all those who knew him. He was well respected for his opinion and his no-nonsense manner. He became very attached to his animals, especially Muffy (cat), Penny & Sassy (dogs). He will be greatly missed by all. He was preceded in death by his parents, siblings, daughter Sonya, grand-daughter and other dear relatives. He is probably having a great reunion at this time. He is survived by his wife Shirley, son Jim, daughter Terry, grandsons Russell Milke and Peter James Johnson, great-grandson Aiden Milke and nieces and nephews and many friends.

Josephine Ann Messerole Serna

Josephine assed away on February 10, 2021 at the age of 88. She was born in 1933 to Joe Messerole and Lucy Rossi in Texas. She enjoyed cooking, gardening, and taking care of her grandkids. She was a member of the Catholic church. Josephine Ann Messerole Serna is survived by her husband, Rudy Serna, Children; Ron (Kathi), Joann (Jerry), Joe, Rudy Jr, Tana (Ed), and Tony (Diann). Her 8 grandchildren, 14 great-grandchildren and her sister, Mary Teresa Gray. The family would like to thank Rudy Serna Jr for taking care of our mother for all the years that he did. You do not know how much the family appreciates all the time you put in. The family would also like to thank the Battle Mountain Hospital Long Term Care, Kayla Millsap, and their staff for the great care that she received during her stay.

FROM THE EDITOR

This is a Community Newsletter only. If interested in submitting ideas such as public awareness, obituaries, birthdays, prayers, desert recipes or other positive information please send them to schwartzie8@sbcglobal.net. This newsletter is not for political viewpoint platforms or negative bantering. Refer to Social Media for that type of coverage.

Kathleen Schwartz-Ancho
FOR YOUR INFORMATION! PLEASE CHECK OUT THIS LINK!
The creation of counties within counties; https://www.chartercitiesinstitute.org/post/an-analysis-of-nevadas-proposed-innovation-zones-law

A Short History of St. Patrick’s Day

Saint Patrick was born as Maewyn Succat in 386 A.D. in Britain to a wealthy Christian Deacon. He was kidnapped by Irish raiders when they attacked the family estate and took him back to Ireland as a slave. He worked as a shepherd for six years before escaping back to Britain. He returned to Ireland to spread Christianity to the pagans by incorporating the symbolism of both religions together; thus, creating a Celtic Cross. There were many stories surrounding his time in Ireland including his infamous way of comparing the holy trinity to the three-leaf clover and the exaggerated version of him banishing all snakes from Ireland.

Although Patrick was never formally canonized, he became a Saint through popular demand and we still celebrate his legacy today on the day of his death in 461 A.D. The first celebratory parade took place in the year 1601 in St. Augustine, Florida. The parade became a tradition after 1772 when homesick Irish troops marched to New York City to honor the Irish Saint. The tradition conditions in many cities around the world every March 17th with a 1.5-mile parade route that lasts for five hours.

https://www.history.com/topics/st-patricks-day/who-was-saint-patrick
Submitted by Brenda Thomas