



Thomas John Peterson

October 12, 1949 - June 22, 2017

Thomas John Peterson, 67 died peacefully in Fort Collins, Colorado early on June 22, 2017 after the shortest night of the year. Tom suffered a 2-year ordeal with brain cancer with unfailing humor and the constant support of family and friends. We are also very grateful for the care he received from many, especially those in the last days including Dr. Jameel Chohan and the Pathways Hospice nurses and music therapist. A memorial service will be held at First United Methodist Church of Fort Collins on Friday July 21 at 11am.

Tom was born in Windom, Minnesota on October 12, 1949 to Raymond and Ruth Jayne Silliman Peterson who were freshly returned to their hometown from an overseas tour with the US Air Force in Guam. Tom lamented that he was 3 days shy of being born aboard a military vessel. Both Tom and his mother were delivered by the same doctor.

Having an Air Force Captain father and a kindergarten teacher mother, he and his younger sister Mary were raised all around the United States--most notably in Hawai'i, Minnesota and upstate New York. Growing up and throughout his life Tom was an avid reader. He attended SUNY Albany where he graduated in 1971 with a bachelor's degree in political science and a minor in African American studies. He later earned a master's degree in urban planning at Rutgers University.

In 1982, after working as a city planner for several years in New Jersey, Tom made his way to the last frontier--Alaska—to become the Planning Director for the capital city, Juneau. It was there that he met his wife, an attorney, Laura Davis. They were married in Park Rapids, Minnesota on September 20, 1986. Tom had already left Alaska in the spring of 1986 to accept the position of Planning Director for the City of Fort Collins. Tom loved his profession as an urban planner (AICP) and also enjoyed his professional association, the American Planning Association, which he served as president of three state chapters: New Jersey, Alaska, and Colorado. This led to lifelong friendships throughout the country.

Having both moved throughout childhood in military families, Tom and Laura loved raising their three children in Fort Collins. Erik was born in 1987, Scott in 1990, and Abigail in 1995. Tom was proud of having helped guide the development of Fort Collins as a city of neighborhoods, where people work, live and play. He pushed for the city to allow outdoor dining on the sidewalks without cost to the restaurants, and to allow free 2 hour parking downtown to promote access to shopping and dining. He pushed for expansion of the rails to trails network for bicycles. He promoted development as well as livability.

Tom joined the Rotary Club of Fort Collins in that period, often saying he waited to do so until women were included as members. Tom continued to be active in Rotary through 2017, serving on their program committee and charitable activities. He also volunteered annually with the Boy Scouts to help educate Scouts about civics. He served as chair of the Poudre River Library Trust, and was a member of the Larimer County Board of Adjustment, until his illness prevented full participation.

Tom left bureaucracy in 1994 and joined a small commercial real estate firm, then called Blackfox, later Stanford Real Estate, to spend the remainder of his

career as a commercial real estate broker, water broker, and land use consultant with expertise in oil and gas issues. He also took management responsibility for family farms in the vicinity of Windom, Minnesota.

Outside his professional life, Tom will be remembered as a vivid storyteller, caring father, husband and friend. Tom encouraged critical thinking in those around him by challenging their assumptions and easy ways of thinking. Tom's dry wit and intelligent humor served him well throughout life.

In addition to reading, especially military history and science fiction, Tom loved to travel, make puns, collect stamps, tell jokes, and was always eager to get the mail. Words cannot adequately describe how much Tom meant to his family, friends, colleagues and many acquaintances.

Tom is survived by Laura Davis, his wife of 30 years, his children Erik, Scott and Abigail Peterson, his sister Mary Peterson Moore, her husband Tom and son Tim, numerous cousins throughout the US and Canada, and former exchange student "Belgian daughter" Valerie Muspratt Gross, her husband Jeremy and daughters Sierra and newborn Soline (born June 24, 2017).

In lieu of flowers, please remember Tom with gifts to the Poudre River Library Trust, the Fort Collins Rotary Foundation or First United Methodist Church of Fort Collins.

Previous Events

Memorial Service

JUL **21**. 11:00 AM (MT)

First United Methodist Church
1005 Stover Street
Fort Collins, CO 80524
<http://www.fcfumc.net/>

Tribute Wall



“ *Thomas John Peterson*

October 25, 2022 at 06:14 PM

“ One last story about Tom:

Puppets and the Purple Lady

I can tell this story now because all of the other people involved, namely Tom, the Purple Lady and her then-husband, are dead.

The Purple Lady's name was Nancy Ayers. She was universally referred to as the Purple Lady -- even in her obituary -- because everything about her was purple: her clothing, her jewelry, her hair, her makeup, her vehicle, her home, her furniture, you name it. She was a Virginia belle who'd married an IBM executive and moved to Binghamton NY sometime in the '60s. In Binghamton, she became an environmental activist and a mover and shaker in Republican political circles (yes, once upon a time there were liberal Republican environmentalists). Tom and I met her at one of the first meetings of what became New York's first true environmental planning lobby. We were entranced. We were blunt Northeasterners in our early 20s and poor students; she was a theatrical charmer, at least 20 years older and dripping money, plus she was a major babe. A few weeks later, we met her again at an environmental conference; an overnigher. This time she had her husband in tow. The poor guy was clearly beyond uncomfortable dealing with politics of any kind, but he was there because his wife was there. Tom somehow set me up to spend the evening keeping the guy company and listening to him expound at length on the ONE interest he had outside of his work and his family: PUPPETRY! Meanwhile, Tom and Nancy were nowhere to be found, for many hours. Oh well.

The next morning, after breakfast, I lit into Tom, asking what I'd done to deserve getting the brunt of this particular set up. His deadpan response: Don't worry; I've already made it up to you. A few weeks later, I got a call from Washington: Nancy had gotten me nominated to serve on a Federal EPA panel that was dispensing major grant money. Two weeks in DC, all expenses paid, plus a stipend. Plus contacts that I would later parley into my first

professional job after graduate school. All of which, as Tom reminded me, came as a result of the evening I spent listening to Nancy's then-husband (yes, they divorced soon thereafter) go on about puppetry. For the record, he always claimed he spent the evening with Nancy convincing her to use her political clout to nominate an anti-war veteran and avowed McGovernite (me) to a patronage post in the Nixon Administration!

Epilogue:

Dear readers, I hope these little vignettes from years long past have brought at least an occasional smile at a difficult and painful time. The Tom Peterson I knew for almost 47 years was a prankster, a provocateur, and a contrarian as well as a great story-teller. He took work, family, and patriotism seriously; anything else, including his own mortality, was fair game. He loved nothing more than a good argument -- yes, Mark, he was playing Devil's Advocate. He was, as Kris Kristofferson would say, "A walking contradiction/partly truth, partly fiction." He will be missed, but he'll live on in the memories of those who knew him...or so the Norwegian proverb claims, at least according to Tom.

Bill Brina - July 20, 2017 at 01:39 AM

BB

“ A penultimate remembrance of Tom:

I always wanted to race sled dogs, or never date an actress.

As the 70s rolled into the 80s, Tom was divorced, working as a planner in New Jersey, and back in the dating pool, with results that ranged from "close but no cigar" to the positively surreal: a minor actress whose penchant for dramatic meltdowns was not limited to the stage...a "bunny boiler" years before the term was invented.

Just when things seemed to be getting to the "real scary" stage, a deus ex machina appeared -- a job offer in Juneau, Alaska. About as far as you can get from New Jersey and still have a planning job in the US. Tom accepted the offer, with alacrity and con brio.

Before he left, there remained one important detail: announcing the reason for his departure...given the politics of the planning profession, not a trivial matter. Tom being Tom, he gave an interview to a local newspaper, and claimed the main reason he was leaving NJ and taking a job in Alaska is that he'd always wanted to race sled dogs, and now he'd have a chance to!

Somehow, that story made its way to Alaska, and upon his arrival he was DELUGED with offers from sled dog breeders, who assumed he'd be a prime mark. Maybe those of you who knew him in Alaska can tell us how he managed to dodge their "well intentioned" offers.

Bill Brina - July 20, 2017 at 12:54 AM

BB

“ More remembrances of Tom:

Emo wasn't the only guy in our circle whose first marriage was ruined.. Tom was another. Diane, his first wife, was a lawyer; smart, accomplished, and very close to her mother. . It was also obvious that Diane was very close to her mother. Obvious enough that, at Tom and Diane's wedding, I bet a mutual friend \$100 (back in the early 1970's that was real money) the marriage probably wouldn't last.

Four years and ten months later, Tom calls me with news of the break-up, and asks if he can come up to Albany for the weekend to escape. I welcomed him, collected on the bet, and we spent the proceeds. One of the guys we crossed paths with while Tom was drowning his sorrows (he had loved the woman) popped up a few years later with a business called The Not Nice T-Shirt Company. When Tom heard about this, he offered a suggestion: a Ban First Marriages t-shirt. His suggestion was turned down.

Bill Brina - July 20, 2017 at 12:19 AM

“ More remembrances of Tom:

The quest for the atomic cannon:

If you're not familiar with the atomic cannon, check this site out before you read the rest of this tale. <http://www.theatomiccannon.com/history>

In the early 1970s, we had no Google. We did, however, have the redoubtable Jack J Bulloff, a professor of the history and systematics of science, an alumnus of the Manhattan Project, and a walking treasure trove of esoteric information of all sorts. Tom and I were involved in a valiant but fruitless environmental crusade to block two un-needed superhighways -- I 88 and I 787. Jack thought: if we're going to tackle the Interstate Highway System, we should learn its true history, part of which involves -- you guessed it -- the atomic cannon. It turns out that one of the many justifications for the IHS was military -- to transport the atomic cannon to wherever it might be needed to repel attackers and invaders. In the early 1950s, the technical specifications for the IHS -- the weights it could bear, allowable curves, the first routes -- were all drawn with the atomic cannon in mind. Tom was beyond fascinated, particularly when he learned the atomic cannon was designed and built (at first) at the nearby Watervliet Arsenal.

When he was a graduate student at Rutgers, he decided to become an expert on this admittedly esoteric subject. He went to Maryland to see one at a military museum and even trekked out West to check out the area where it had been test-fired. He also tracked down and interviewed some guys who'd served as crews to "Atomic Annies", as they were called.

From some of them, he learned one is allegedly buried under the waters of the Rhine. Supposedly, it had been shipped to West Germany in the early '50s, brought inland by barge, and was supposed to have been taken from the barge by a large crane and

deposited on land. Unfortunately, someone hadn't done his homework, and when the crane lifted the cannon, the land underneath buckled and the crane and the cannon fell into the river...along with assorted dignitaries and a brass band who were there to greet it!

Needless to add, "for security reasons" this alleged event was immediately hushed up.

Tom was quite taken with this story, and decided to find out if it actually happened. If it had, he planned to write it up. He spent a fair amount of effort "asking around", but after a while his interest seemed to peter out. A year or two later, I asked him what became of his efforts. His response: "I didn't realize that still being in the National Guard would affect my research. I got called in and told in no uncertain terms to stop asking questions about the Rhine incident, turn over my research notes and shut my mouth."

Either that, or he'd hit a "dry hole" and needed some excuse for not finishing a research paper on time. Take your pick.

Bill Brina - July 20, 2017 at 12:02 AM

BB

“ More remembrances of Tom:

An Irish wake for a dead car:

When I met Tom, he and Emo shared a junker VW beetle... He claimed to have acquired it for a few cases of beer and assorted unmentionables. That's about what it was worth. By the time he returned from his six month stint of active duty, Emo had graduated, gotten a real job, and bought a real car. Tom was headed to graduate school at Rutgers, and a first marriage to Diane, a woman whose family had cars galore (more on that later), so he sold the beetle just before Christmas 1971. He and Diane showed up at my doorstep, flush with cash and ready to party, only to learn that the new owner -- an acquaintance of Tom's -- had crashed the car and killed himself just hours after completing the purchase. What had been planned as a party turned into an impromptu Irish wake, with bourbon. Eventually, I staggered off to sleep, leaving Tom and Diane to occupy the couch in the living room. Late the next morning, I pulled myself together and made my way into the kitchen to make coffee. Tom was in a chair.

Bill Brina - July 19, 2017 at 11:58 PM

“ I apologize to those of you who've been waiting with bated breaths for the next installments of my recollections of Tom -- life got in the way. In the interim, Mark Plaat graciously undertook to tell the tale of the Whitewater rafting fiasco. Seems appropriate, since he was there and I only heard about it afterwards. Onwards, without embellishments...no embellishments necessary.

The Tale of Godz -- a "shaggy dog" story about a smooth-coated dog.

Godz (that's what Tom named him) showed up in Tom's life in the Spring of 1971, a few months before Tom was due to leave Albany for basic training. How Godz arrived was never entirely clear; allegedly, he was supposed to have been somebody else's dog, but the somebody else didn't want him, so Tom took the pup. He (the pup) was a charmer -- he would grow up to be a lean, mid-size dog with a sleek black, silver and white coat and one green and one blue eye. Probably a mix of a husky and a Coon Hound. He was a baby when Tom got him; maybe eight weeks old. In a matter of days, Tom had him housebroken and he'd learned some basic commands...and one very unusual one: CHEW. Godz was taught to chew his food at least EIGHT times before swallowing. HOW Tom did that I'll never know, but he did, and Godz continued to chew his food eight times before swallowing for the rest of his long life.

Even when he got a new name, which he did, shortly after Tom left for basic training. Gotz was left with Emo; Tom planned to pick him back up six months later. Those of you who've already read the tale of Emo's wedding can guess what happened next...Emo and Godz didn't exactly hit it off, so Godz split, probably in search of Tom. The pooch didn't find Tom -- Tom was out of state -- but he did find a new owner, Tim Smith, a BMW mechanic and all around good guy...and someone I knew casually. Tim gave the dog a better name -- Max -- and a very good life. Max got to hang out at the repair shop during the day, and accompany Tim is how I found out the dog had re-homed himself...I ran into them at the aptly named Last

Chance Saloon. When Tom returned from his six month stint of active duty, I let him know what had happened...Emo hadn't told him...truth be told, I hadn't told Emo about the re-homing. I knew Tim wouldn't give the dog up...and he didn't...but Tim turned out to be more than willing to host re-unions whenever Tom was back in Albany, and Max was always very glad to see Tom.

Tim was very curious as to how the dog had been taught to chew to the count of eight -- yes, the habit persisted throughout the dog's life, but Tom just gave his trademark half-smirk and shrugged.

Bill Brina

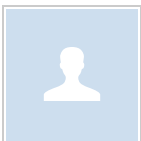
Bill Brina - July 19, 2017 at 11:24 PM



“ *Sentiments of Serenity Spray was purchased for the family of Thomas John Peterson.*



July 19, 2017 at 01:29 PM



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Thomas John Peterson.*



July 18, 2017 at 04:38 PM



“ *Tender Tribute was purchased for the family of Thomas John Peterson.*



July 18, 2017 at 04:34 PM



“ *Beautiful in Blue was purchased for the family of Thomas John Peterson.*



July 18, 2017 at 12:25 PM

MP

“ I am proud to say that I have known Tom since our undergraduate years at SUNY Albany. We first met in the Environmental Forum office of our mutual friend and teacher Lou Ismay. Tom was leading an interdisciplinary group of students studying the environmental impact of a highway corridor near Albany; and was looking for someone with a background in economics. I was a business major looking for an independent project to expand my interest in environmental issues. Needless to say our mutual interests collided and we became fast friends soon-after.

Tom always the outdoorsman, teamed up with another friend, Dan Odell, who also had some canoeing experience, and entered the Great Hudson River Whitewater Race, held every May in the historic Adirondack town of North Creek. With a borrowed aluminum canoe from the student association away they went. At the start I could see trouble ahead, as they immediately veered into the path of a neighboring team. They soon disappeared around the first bend in the river. We waited patiently at the finish as teams who started after Tom & Dan came across the finish line. Time passed. Still no Tom & Dan. As our concern grew Tom & Dan suddenly appeared - walking down the railroad tracks which paralleled the river, still soaking wet from their misadventure. They had bailed at the first rapids! Happily, rescue personnel were at hand, but the canoe floated downstream. It's recovery required a long hike across fields and woods to retrieve it. It's all true and there's film evidence I made with my Super 8 movie which has since been converted. This was 1971 after all. No iPhones yet.

We kept in touch as his commitment to the National Guard brought him back to Albany regularly for a few years beyond his graduation. As time passed and our families grew, Tom & Laura were amiable hosts whenever our travels brought us to Colorado which included a visit last summer.

Tom certainly loved to argue politics. Often I could not tell if he was playing devil's advocate or really believed what he was saying.

Perhaps this is one of the reasons he had a successful career in planning. I recall a long car ride to the Grand Canyon circa 2000. We planned to hike it together on the occasion of my 50th birthday. He had to listen to Russ Lumbergh's radio show whenever and where ever it aired. Ugh, that was a long ride - but interesting, I must admit. I survived, but it was a close call. After all it was his car and I was his prisoner. Politics aside, his knowledge of geological history, the western landscape and culture was eye opening. He also had a knack for stopping at the best barbecue joints.

I am sad, at Tom's passing, but yet I know in my heart of hearts that death is after all, a part of life. I am reminded of a day with my father. A special treat was accompanying him on a fishing charter going for blues off Brooklyn. That's a big tasty fish found in the Atlantic Ocean for you mid-westerners. I must have been very young, five or six. Anyway he introduces me to his friends and the other men on the boat as his "Kaddish". What's a Kaddish I asked? Oh, in the Jewish tradition a "Kaddish" is the prayer for the dead and since you're my son it will be your job to recite it at the time of my funeral". Oh! OK! I replied.

I guess in his own way he was preparing me for the inevitable: his death, my own, and everyone else I may know. I already miss Tom's warm and generous spirit.

With deepest sympathy and love to Laura, Erik, Scott and Abigail.

*Mark & Nancy Plaat
Albany, NY*

Mark Plaat - July 05, 2017 at 11:02 AM

LD

Thanks for the memories Mark, and your lifelong friendship. I'm glad you and Nancy came to Colorado. ❤️ Laura

Laura Davis - July 07, 2017 at 10:18 AM

GA

“ Tom hired me at the City and Borough of Juneau in 1984. At the time I was a "recovering Geologist", having escaped Fairbanks and knocking about in Juneau in a series of job-ettes. His faith in me lead to my 30 year career in planning (although things morphed a bit towards environmental planning and marine resources policy). It also lead to many lifelong friendships that were forged in the early 80's. I introduced Tom to Laura in those years. Tom also officiated at my wedding in 1989. We were not close in recent years but we kept in touch. Memories of his story-telling will always bring a smile to my face.

Gabrielle - July 04, 2017 at 02:52 PM

GS

“ I was fortunate to know Tom and work with him in the last ten years. He was powerfully devoted to Laura and their children. Tom had a profound connection to the farmland and community in southwestern Minnesota where his mother's family settled. In one of our several wanderings around the farms he pointed out decisively (Tom was always decisive in these matters) that an old stagecoach line ran across a small stream and up a wooded hill. The source of that discovery was a combination of Tom's research skills and his remarkable intuition about land and the people who lived in the early years of settlement.

Many here have remembered Tom's story-telling skills. He always reserved a lawyer joke for our meetings, always making sure that his tales were appropriately disrespectful, and delivered with a wink. You knew he was in on the joke.

I marveled at the "vacations" that took him to faraway destinations. No Bahamas or Cancun for Tom. When I curiously asked about the trip to Argentina and The Falkland Islands, he said that he preferred to travel "to places where you can see the ends of the earth".

Tom's departure was too early, but his intellectual curiosity and sense of adventure will be remembered by his family and many, many friends.

George Serdar

George Serdar - July 03, 2017 at 11:03 AM



“ I can just imagine Tom wishing he'd been born on an aircraft carrier! And although I knew about his planning career, from now on when I eat outside at a restaurant in downtown Fort Collins, I will remember Tom and his influence in livability issues. We will all miss him at book club, and miss his unique perspective and thoughtful way of speaking. Laura, you and Abby, Scott, and Erik have my thoughts and love. Gayle

Gayle Hemenway - July 02, 2017 at 07:18 PM



“ Laura and Family, There simply are no words to express how senseless Tom's death seems. The best I can offer is that he is in a better place now, enjoying a body free of disease and pain, experiencing amazing joy that surpasses our human understanding. Surely he sits in wonder and amazement at his new reality. I remember our years together at Harmony Presbyterian and I was always grateful for Tom's good humored support of our Logos kids. Blessings to the family as you grieve and remember. Kirk and Jean Hallahan

Jean Hallahan - July 01, 2017 at 09:18 AM

BM

“ *My first job with the city of Ft Collins was in the Planning Dept. Tom was our new boss and we all knew he had been the Planning Director of Juneau, Alaska.*

He was a dyamo of energy, flying through the front door and God help anyone who's hand was on the the other side. He didn't preen over his appearance and more than once I asked him to tuck his shirt in. He was his own man didn't bow to convention.

He moved at the speed of light. His office was always in disarray but he knew exactly where everything was. I remember one time when I was at my desk, I was a Secretary I, and Tom bellowed out "Barbara" from his office and I bellowed back "What?" I think we all had a good laugh with Tom.

It's hard to think that he was brought down before his time. I lost track of Tom when I moved to the Parks and Forestry Dept but I have never forgotten about him. I'm happy he went on to have children with his beautiful wife, Laura.

I hope the angels don't have a dress code and that Tom scatters the clouds with his passing.

Barb McMillen

Barbara McMillen - July 01, 2017 at 09:07 AM

BB

“ I knew Tom Peterson for almost 47 years...that's a long time, at least by my reckoning. Suffice it to say he was a character and a half, even then, but if you knew him well enough to be reading this, you already knew that.

We met in the fall of 1970. I was newly returned to "the States" after a year and a half in Vietnam; he was finishing up his undergraduate studies at U Albany and getting ready for a tour of duty in the National Guard.

Throughout the '70s, we both lived in the Northeast and kept in close touch. Those were times; strange, exhilarating, and fun...much of which, in the interests of decorum, will be somewhat (not entirely) cleaned up in the re-telling. Suffice it to say, in the circles in which we both traveled, "the sixties" didn't really end until 1980 and the election of Ronald Reagan.

It is said that a man doesn't truly die until the last tale about him is forgotten (ancient Norwegian proverb, at least according to Tom). In that spirit, over the next few weeks, I'll tell some of the stories from that era, so that their memory, and his, may live on at least a bit longer.

After all: Tom wasn't just a great story-teller; he was also a guy who had a preternatural gift for "being there" at any number of "you couldn't make this stuff up" moments.

To begin: Emo's wedding.

Emo was a college roommate of Tom's. When I got to know Tom, I got to know Emo. No, Emo wasn't his real name; it was his nickname...short for "Emotional". He was an Italian-American from Bay Ridge in Brooklyn, as was I. On the off chance that anyone who knows ANYBODY who was part of the story I'm about to tell might read this, no, I won't name names. Emo got married...in Bay Ridge...to a girl whose family HATED Emo. Tom was best man; I

was merely there. Emo's family had insisted his sister be a bridesmaid. Said sister was, to put it politely, beyond homely, but, at the family's insistence, she was there, and in all the pictures. Fast forward to hour 2 or 3 of the reception, by which point everybody was well and truly drunk. The mens' room: the bride's father and his son were side by side, relieving themselves, and bemoaning the fact that the presence of "that dog" would ruin all the expensive pictures (that, presumably, the bride's family had paid for). Standing behind them were -- you guessed it -- Emo's father and brother, who took great exception to hearing their beloved family member denigrated. Fists flew, and a brawl broke out, which spilled into the main reception area and quickly devolved into a free for all with members of the warring families attacking each other with chairs, bottles of booze, etc. Funny as hell, blood flowing everywhere...as Tom said, just like a Hollywood movie scene. The caterers called the cops, who showed up, beat the warring contestants into submission with billyclubs, and started the task of booking the rioters. Tom pointed out to the cops that it might not be a good idea to throw the warring families into the same holding tank, for fear another riot would break out. The cops readily agreed, and asked Tom to sort out the two warring factions for them. For the most part, he did...BUT he put Emo's brother in with the bride's family! You can guess what happened next. And yes, the wedding did get annulled, soon thereafter. Postscript: for a decade later, whenever Tom saw Emo, Tom would bitch about the fact that he'd paid good money on a wedding present for a marriage that was never even consummated!

Still to come:

The Tale of Gotz.

The North Creek whitewater raft race.

An Irish wake...for a dead car.

The quest for the atomic cannon.

Environmental activism and the Purple Lady.

Ban first wives.

"I've always wanted to go to Alaska -- to race sled dogs!" (subtitled "Never date an actress")

And possibly a few more...if I can figure out a way to clean some more stories up!

Bill Brina - June 30, 2017 at 11:43 PM

LD

You are a great story teller too. I'm sure I'll read things that I never heard from Tom, and quite possibly are exaggerated just as much as he liked to do. Thanks for sharing your memories, and for your long friendship. Much love, Laura

Laura Davis - July 02, 2017 at 05:21 PM

GA

Can't wait for the "still to come:"

Gabrielle - July 04, 2017 at 02:37 PM

BB

Laura, I assure nothing had to be exaggerated. Cleaned up, absolutely, but exaggerated, no.

Gabrielle, I apologize for the delay, but I posted the rest of the stories tonight.

Bill Brina - July 20, 2017 at 01:48 AM

ML

“ A proud Rotarian, prouder still when Abigail became a Rotary Youth Exchange student to Sweden.

Martin Limbird - June 30, 2017 at 12:09 PM



“ *Emerald Garden Basket was purchased for the family of Thomas John Peterson.* ”



June 29, 2017 at 12:18 PM