REMEMBERING THE LIVES THEY LIVED

FREE December 31, 2020-January 6, 2021 • Vol. 46 No. 24
The Animal Protective League’s Upcoming Events

February - Have a Heart
Throughout the month of February, local businesses will offer hearts to customers who donate $1 (small hearts) or $5 (large hearts) to APL. Special messages of love and care can be written on the hearts and then displayed inside the participating business. We encourage you to Have A Heart for the animals and the APL in the month of February. Please contact Andrew at events@apl-shelter.org if your business would be interested in becoming a part of this fundraising event!

February 13 - Virtual Trivia Night, 7 pm
APL is hosting a special Valentine’s Day Have a Heart for Pets Virtual Trivia Night on Feb 13th starting at 7pm. Prizes and a virtual silent auction will be available for this event. Tables are $150 for reservations of up to 10 people. Special VIP tables will be available that include delivery of two bottles of wine and two boxes of chocolates for $250! For reservations email trivia@apl-shelter.org or call Andrew at 618-420-8517.

January Adoption Events
Every Saturday, 11 am - 4 pm & Sunday, 12 - 4 pm at PetSmart

For more information, visit our website at www.apl-shelter.org or call 217-544-7387.

Adoption Corner

Michael is a 10-year-old male tabby with only one eye! Missing one of his eyes doesn’t slow him down or sour his mood. Michael is a happy and loving boy.

Luna is a playful and affectionate 4-year-old shepherd/husky mix. She gets along with other dogs and walks well on a leash.

Mr. Meow is almost one year old and loves to chat with everyone. When he does meow at people he is usually asking for head scratches and treats, two of his favorite things!

Koda is a beautiful 4-year-old pittie mix. She is sweet and attentive to people and gets along well with other dogs.

Our emphasis at Timber Creek Village is health and wellness while fostering every resident’s independence. We are here when needed by providing services, amenities, and around the clock support to meet the specific needs of our residents.

Independence & Assisted Living
217-651-8771
201 Stahlhut Dr. • Lincoln
www.timbercreekvillagecommunity.com

217-651-8364
203 Stahlhut Dr. • Lincoln
www.coppercreekcottages.com

We believe every stage of life should be embraced and enjoyed!

Helping Your Loved Ones
With Memory Loss
Build a More Secure Future

Copper Creek Cottages
Memory Care
NORMAN FREDERICK ROVEY II Dec. 29, 1953-Oct. 19, 2020

“There is nothing he would not tackle”

REMEMBERING | Bruce Rushton

Norman Frederick Rovey II – Fred to most everyone – had a knack.

At 10, he was driving bulldozers – his father ran N.F. Rovey and Son Excavating. Growing up on South Fourth Street, Rovey once declared that he hoped to become a garbage hauler. Instead, he became a Springfield firefighter, rising to the rank of captain.

After being diagnosed with cancer, Rovey had time to plan his final resting place. He dug the hole. He built, then moved, with the help of a crane, a concrete vault that consumes eight lots at Rovey Cemetery – his family donated land for the graveyard years ago – in Farmersville. Between planning and execution, it took years. And in October, Rovey was laid to rest in his 1976 MG sports car.

They played “My Way” at his funeral.

Rovey could build or fix most anything. Long after others might have given up, he’d keep wrenching until he got equipment running. “There was nothing he would not tackle,” says Paul Hafel, who grew up seven blocks away from Rovey, attended school with him and became a lifelong friend. At 20, Rovey remodeled his older sister’s kitchen. He had no depth of experience and she had no worries. His sister Bonnie Casey says that he did plenty of research before showing up with tools.

“He would find the right people to talk to – he would ask them all the right questions,” Casey recalls. “I always trusted.” The work quality, she says, was fine, the rates even better. “They were very reasonable – he was learning on our dime,” Casey says with a laugh.

There was no better Christmas tree salesman. Casey recalls her brother dazzling customers while working with his husband selling trees at roadside stands. He started at 12 or so and did it for five or six years. “Fred was really good,” Casey says, “He had such a great line for selling trees. I think he could twirl a tree so that people might not notice a bare spot.” When he was 40, Rovey turned hero.

The father had gotten his three-year-old son out by scrambling to the second story and breaking a window, but his two-year-old daughter was still inside the burning house on East Phillips Street. Firefighters rushed in. Under the bed, Rovey figured. He was right. Scooping the girl up, Rovey sprinted to an ambulance, his face tight with determination and dread in an unforgettable photograph that ran on the front page. The girl died the next day from smoke inhalation. Rovey and other firefighters attended the visitation.

“He went from being sky-high to being about as low as you can go,” Hafel says. Casey says that her brother had no fear. He would climb trees, chainsaw in hand, to remove limbs before sectioning out trunks. “He water-skied, but didn’t know how to swim, actually,” Casey says. Eventually, he learned to swim, but not well. That did not stop him from piloting fishing boats in Florida and Alaska, where he became a Ketchikan guide within two years of showing up and dropping his first line in local waters. Hunting was a passion that took him as far away as Africa, where he pursued zebras and wildebeests, but he never lost his love for deer and sundry Illinois varmints. He could sit outside all night long, waiting for coyotes, and was much in demand by farmers seeking to eliminate pests. He ate squirrels.

Rovey did not waste time off during his years in the fire department. With his work schedule giving him 48 hours off after every 24 hours on duty, he acquired a string of rental properties on North Amos Avenue. “He built three duplexes and bought several houses and remodeled them,” Hafel says. Rovey worked for the fire department for 26 years and traveled to Europe, Australia and New Zealand but lived humbly in Springfield. His home a few houses away from the duplexes he built is worth less than $74,000, according to the Sangamon County supervisor of assessments.

Rovey started his final project after receiving grim news: He had leukemia. His doctor gave him 10, maybe 12 years. “After he was diagnosed, he started talking about getting buried in his car,” Hafel says. “He planned it all.” He moved the concrete vault from his home to the cemetery last year; after that, he lowered his 43-year-old MG into the ground. It was, Hafel says, the only car Rovey ever bought that was brand new, and it still looked it. He didn’t finish a marker – that’ll come later, Hafel says, and will be simple, pretty much just Rovey’s name.

And beneath, the top is forever down.

Contact Bruce Rushton at brushton@illinoistimes.com.
Dr. Clarice Ford lived a storied life before coming to Springfield where her impact will be felt for generations to come. Ford earned degrees from Antioch University and Fielding Graduate University. She held positions at Berry College, Youngstown State University and Ohio State University. Her first positions at University of Illinois Springfield, in 2008, were executive director of the diversity center and associate vice chancellor of student services. In 2014, she became the vice chancellor for student affairs. She died earlier this year after a brief illness.

A first-generation college graduate, Ford was called to work in student affairs “by accident” – while earning a master’s degree and working with “juvenile delinquents” as she described in a recorded UIS event. She would go on to foster the growth of countless students from marginalized backgrounds, helping them find their own callings and providing them with support to make it to the finish line. Ford said she loved her job because of the ability to meet and talk with students and address their concerns, “but most of all to watch them grow and graduate, it gets no better than that.” Ford was stylish, stern and generous with her love and compassion. She was a sports fan – especially enthusiastic about the Pittsburgh Steelers – who was dedicated to her sorority, philanthropy and investment in youth. She was also a proud veteran, having served in the U.S. Army. In 2017, she received a Seven Seals Award from the Illinois Employer Support of the Guard and Reserve for her support of veterans and active military.

Ford’s best known phrase was “whatever it takes” – a missive to students to graduate and succeed no matter the obstacles. In 2009, she started the ongoing Necessary Steps Mentoring program at UIS. The program, including a class, is oriented toward first-generation college students and features a book she authored. In addition to fostering student success, she was also a proponent for education about Black history and culture.

One testament to the power of her mentorship is evident in her protégé, Justin Rose, a former student who is now in the position she first held at UIS as director of the diversity center. “I’m from the west side of Chicago, and when we both met each other, I thought she was from Chicago. Our energy, our approach to life, the way we talk – everything made me feel like we knew each other already,” said Rose. They immediately hit it off, though in reality Ford was born in Pennsylvania. Rose credits Ford with having the foresight to merge the college’s women’s center and diversity center, a step that has meant more cohesion and better support for students, he said.

Rose said Ford’s role in the lives of students often transcended that of adviser. Many came to call her “Mama Ford.” She was also an ordained minister – faith and family were foundational pillars of her life. Surviving her is husband Atlas Ford Sr., as well as nine children and 14 grandchildren. Ford welcomed others to be their authentic selves because she was authentic, said Rose. While diversity and inclusion have become corporate and academic buzzwords, Ford put them into practice. As a UIS student, Brittany Hilderbrand was counseled by Ford before enrolling in the Public Affairs Reporting program, which she graduated from in 2016 after interning with Illinois Times. She’s now a public information officer in Missouri. Hilderbrand also recently started her own writing service, and said Ford’s influence is partially to credit for her successes. “She was truly a person who motivates the students. I know I was one of those people, and she was also a nurturing soul,” said Hilderbrand. “No matter what the circumstances were, she had an open ear and an open mind and she continued to provide guidance and push you forward.”

In 2019, The Outlet, a Springfield mentoring program for fatherless youth, gave Ford its Community Leadership Award. Outlet Founder and CEO Michael Phelon was joined by Lt. Gov. Juliana Stratton in presenting the award to Ford last year. Ford was one of The Outlet’s founding board members.

Ford’s legacy will live on, not only in the countless students whose lives she touched, but also in a UIS fund in her name and a planned section of the UIS library in her honor. The Outlet has also set up a scholarship fund in her name. “Dr. Ford’s legacy will forever live on through the many lives that we work with at The Outlet. I am a better person, father and husband because of her friendship and mentorship. She has always pushed those around her to dream big and to never take no for an answer,” wrote Phelon.
Big Jim

REMEMBERING | Robert E. Hartley

From his graduation in 1959 at Northwestern University School of Law until he died Aug. 14, 2020, at age 84, James Robert Thompson made an indelible imprint on Illinois history.

Over those six decades, he lived life large, most of it in public view from one end of the state to the other. Thus, his personal label: Big Jim Thompson.

The media that seemingly followed his every footstep summarized the obvious highlights: Prosecution and conviction of former governor Otto Kerner; 14 years as governor, more than any other in Illinois history. Those, enhanced by his dominating six-foot, six-inch frame and a personal relentless publicity machine, are notable. But there is more.

Thompson’s story is best condensed in three epochs:

1. Intellectual growth and high-profile prosecutorial career, 1959-1976
2. Four terms as governor, 1977-1991
3. Law firm powerhouse, 1991 to retirement

Thompson joined the Northwestern law school faculty after graduation. Working with his mentor, Professor Fred Inbau, he coauthored law books and fought public legal battles. On April 29, 1964, Thompson argued the case of Escobedo v. Illinois before the U. S. Supreme Court. He lost a 5-4 decision, but fired the first shot in a revolution that altered all practices in questioning suspects and obtaining confessions. Inbau called it “the finest oral argument.” Thompson was 28 years old.

Seven years later, after legal victories and losses and one year as an administrator in the state attorney general’s office, Thompson was named U. S. attorney, with offices in Chicago. He held that position from 1971 to 1975, during which he was in media spotlight continually.

Most noteworthy during this period – and controversial for the rest of his life – was the prosecution and conviction of federal appeals court judge, and former governor, Otto Kerner. To this day, many who remember Kerner fondly question the evidence, tactics and politics of the case.

Overshadowed by the Kerner trial is Thompson’s “crusade to clean up Chicago.” Over the course of numerous trials, the U. S. attorney’s office tried and convicted several close associates of Chicago Mayor Richard J. Daley for corrupt practices.

Those accomplishments prepared Thompson for the second epoch.

As a Republican he was elected governor in 1976 by a large margin. A flamboyant campaign style served to energize his followers. Initially, he was a babe in the political wilderness, but he matured rapidly.

For most of his 14 years in office, Democrats controlled the legislature. That rarely crippled Thompson as he introduced an avalanche of policy ideas, many requiring lavish expenditures. One political observer described his governing style: “He ran as a Republican but often governed as a Democrat.”

After winning a second term by a large margin of votes in 1978, it appeared Thompson would never have a close contest. That picture changed in 1982 when former U. S. senator Adlai E. Stevenson III battled him to the wire. Thompson winning by 5,074 votes out of 3.6 million cast. Stevenson tried again in 1986 and lost.

Thompson had his failures, just like most governors, but few blunders stained his record. One victory that still resonates with citizens, especially those in Chicago, occurred in 1988. Owners of the White Sox baseball team threatened to leave for Florida if the legislature failed to approve financing for a new ball park. With the bill to save the White Sox hanging by a thread in the final hours of the legislative session, Thompson and associates traveled to Springfield and lobbied the measure to passage. He saved the White Sox for Chicago.

Thompson did not seek a fifth term. In January 1991 he started the third epoch.

During Thompson’s first campaign for governor he had no job, and the Chicago law firm of Winston and Strawn paid him a salary of $50,000. In 1991, Thompson entertained offers for his services. Winston and Strawn had the inside track, and he joined the firm. Two years later he was named chairman, a position he held for 13 years. He built the firm into a national and international legal giant, and earned a personal fortune.

Rather than hide behind a desk, he continued to lobby the legislature for high-profile clients while maintaining visibility in Chicago legal and social circles. His most prestigious performance at a national level occurred when he was named to the 9-11 Commission, which revealed the failings of many government agencies at the time of crisis. He considered that responsibility one of the most important in his life. Although rumored as a possibility for U. S. president or vice president, those opportunities never materialized.

Was he loved? Certainly, by his wife, Jayne, and daughter, Samantha.

Was he respected? Yes, by all who benefited from his power and patronage.

Was he benevolent? Ask convicted former governor George Ryan, who Thompson defended pro bono.

Could he govern? He did what was necessary to win.

His life in a word: Memorable.

JACK KRIEL  Feb. 12, 1943-Oct. 24, 2020

“Went to seminary, became a carpenter”

REMEMBERING | Rachel Otwell

Once, when challenged to describe himself in six words, Jack Kriel wrote, “Went to seminary, became a carpenter.” Raised a Catholic, he had tried his hand at becoming a professional man of faith before forging his own non-religious, yet spiritual, path. As a contractor with his own construction company, he hired ex-convicts and once worked on a congressman’s deck. Those familiar with his work knew him as a craftsman. He volunteered his skills and time for efforts such as the Enos Park Neighborhood Improvement Association and Habitat for Humanity. He could be as silly as he was contemplative. He was a beloved uncle to his 22 nieces and nephews. Many knew him as “Papa Jack.” He was philosophical and thoughtful. He loved to tell tall tales.

His wife lovingly referred to him as “Mr. Mom.” He was accustomed to flipping pancakes for the two children who were the center of his life. After a Parkinson’s Disease diagnosis on his 64th birthday, he stayed positive and active. Related dementia had set in during his later years. After a bad fall at home in August, he would tell people it was from a topple from his bike. Perhaps he’d been remembering a fall during one of his cross-country bicycle adventures decades prior.

Jack was born in San Francisco in 1943 and also spent some of his early years in New Orleans. He was living in the Bay Area when he met his wife, Penny Wollan-Kriel. They were at a mutual friend’s house for dinner. She asked if he wanted to go see the movie Amadeus with her. “It was kind of a Sadie Hawkins thing,” he accepted with the condition she attend his 40th birthday party, and from there their fate was sealed. Penny said Jack was a romantic who loved to dance. She had been a dancer since childhood and was delighted to have a dance partner. He’d write her poetry. Like his favorite poet, e.e. cummings, he wrote in lowercase. He was “full of life, and he loved life and loved family,” said Penny.

Penny was a Springfield native with family in the city. After she and Jack married and had son Langston and daughter Lauren, they came to Springfield in 1993 to raise them. Penny had a 17-year career at the Springfield Area Arts Council, where she became executive director. Jack supported her ambition and served as the head of the household. “He did the cooking, he did much of the child-rearing,” said Penny. Lauren Kriel, 33, remembers her father cooking in the kitchen while she’d sit at the table doing homework. A skilled storyteller, Jack loved to tell mythological tales that came with a moral lesson.

When he wasn’t making Lauren and her brother breakfast or dinner, he’d hand the kids a hammer or a screwdriver. “My brother and I used to go to job sites a lot, which was really fun.” Lauren, an actor, was working as a stage manager in Asheville, North Carolina, earlier this year when the production halted due to the pandemic. She came home in April to look over her parents.

Jack’s love for dance stayed with him until his final months. Because of the pandemic, he could no longer go to movement classes in-person, but they transitioned to Zoom. “I got to meet some of the people that he met through those groups, and people were endeared to him. It was really sweet,” said Lauren. “Even people who didn’t meet Papa in his prime caught some of his essence. It was really nice to witness that.”

In August, Jack broke his hip from a fall, which required surgery and resulted in ongoing hospitalization at various places. Because of the pandemic, visits were restricted due to restrictions meant to mitigate the spread of infection. It was unknown at first whether any family members would be able to sit with him during his final moments. Penny was able to suit up in PPE and be with him in his last hours. Lauren got as close as she could, sitting outside a hospital window, sharing her final words with her father over the phone her mother held up to him. Lauren said while she understood why the precautions were being taken, it was painful to be that close yet distant in her father’s final moments. “I’m still grappling with the weight of the grief.”

John Malan met Jack through the Abraham Lincoln Unitarian Universalist Congregation (ALUUC). Malan said Kriel was a role model. The pair would talk about their “alternative worldviews.” They went on a men’s retreat together where they walked on fire and shared stories. Malan looked up to Kriel’s parenting and who he was as a person. “He had integrity. He would think about what he was saying and make an effort to say what he actually meant,” said Malan. “He was extremely reliable. If he committed to do a thing he would do it.”

Mary Ryan also met Kriel through the ALUUC and he took her under his wing on many projects. They first met about two decades ago. They worked on updates for the building, which was built in the mid-90s on Woodside Road. Jack was a co-supervisor of the interior build and served on the facilities committee. Ryan had an interest in tile work, a skill Kriel helped her develop. He was a “patient and amazing teacher,” she said. Even after the Parkinson’s diagnosis, Jack was there to lend a helping hand. After she moved to a fixer-upper in Springfield, he came to oversee her work. “I turned over a five-gallon bucket, he sat there, and with his supervision I tiled the bathroom.”

“I think the biggest thing I remember about Jack is our philosophical discussions,” she said. “That man loved to talk about philosophy and the meaning of life.” One of his common refrains that most resonated was, “You have to be present to win.”

Penny said there’s an easy way for those who knew and loved Jack through the ALUUC to keep him in their memory, once in-person Sunday service returns. The beautiful wood-slatted ceilings were varnished and finished by him. “So when you look up at the ceiling, Jack was involved.”
A generous power couple

Bill and Mary Schnirring met at Hay-Edwards Elementary School in third grade. They married in 1950 and died two weeks apart in January 2020. They were devoted to each other and their family and loved Springfield. Together they had an enormous impact. Bill received the Copley First Citizen award in 1989 and was named Laureate of the Lincoln Academy of Illinois in 2012. Bill was quick to acknowledge others. In accepting the Order of Lincoln, Bill said, “Success and achievement are the result of people working together—teamwork.” He referenced his good fortune of serving on a lot of winning teams. His best teammate was his wife, Mary. Grandson Scott Germeraad says Bill and Mary were a power couple before that was a “thing.”

Bill and Mary both graduated from the University of Illinois. Products of Springfield public schools, they believed in public education. They graduated from Springfield High School (SHS) in 1946 and were dedicated supporters of SHS. Bill was inducted into the SHS Hall of Fame in 2013, and the auditorium is named for Bill and Mary.

Daughters Kathy Germeraad and Carolyn Dungan describe their parents as two of the most generous people they have ever met. “They were always looking for ways to help others,” says Germeraad. Dungan fondly recalls holiday meals, where they never knew who would be at their table. It was a tradition to invite an international student at Sangamon State University to join them, and these relationships extended beyond a holiday gathering.

Bill’s and Mary’s generosity showed no bounds, and it came from the heart. They participated in a myriad of business, civic and charitable organizations. They also were quick to help someone they did not know personally but who needed a helping hand. They volunteered their time and talents and were community philanthropists, instilling this spirit of philanthropy in their children and grandchildren.

Bill and Mary Schnirring, Kathy and Randy Germeraad and Carolyn and Dan Dungan are all committed to giving back. Each family has established a donor-advised fund at the Community Foundation for the Land of Lincoln (CFL) to direct their giving to causes that matter most to them. In 2013 Bill and Mary surprised their four grandchildren by establishing a donor-advised fund for each of them so they can continue this tradition of giving. This next generation has also learned from their grandparents and parents the value of giving time. “Giving one’s time can only enhance that donation and truly affect organizations and people in need,” said granddaughter Caitlin Dungan Simhauser.

Bill’s long career with Springfield Electric Supply Company began in 1952 when he worked alongside his father, who started this family-owned business. Headquartered in Springfield, Bill grew the company to over 370 employees with branch locations throughout the Midwest, and a third generation is contributing to the company’s success. Kathy and Carolyn are active members of the board, and Randy and Dan are directly involved in key corporate positions.

Mike Barker was a college student when he first met Bill at a career fair. Barker was immediately impressed with Bill’s caring, personal interest. That encounter landed Barker his first job with Springfield Electric. Barker is now chairman of the board and former president/CEO. Bill was both friend and mentor to Barker. For 40 years Barker had a front-row seat to what made Bill so special.

“Bill was the most selfless person I ever met,” says Barker. “I think he was so respected because he was so respectful and considerate of others.” Bill’s philosophy continues to guide the company…do the right thing; be more interested in how things affect people rather than how they affect the company.

Springfield Electric employees were treated like family. Personable and approachable, Bill was everyone’s role model and mentor to many. Barker also admired Mary, the matriarch of the company, who was an informed participant on the board of directors and gracious host at many company picnics.

Ed Curtis, president and CEO of Memorial Health System, also considers Bill a mentor. He believes he’s a better person and CEO having seen how Bill and Mary lived their lives. Bill served on Memorial’s board of directors for 32 years; Mary volunteered and was an active member of Friends of Memorial Medical Center. “Bill modeled a life of service,” says Curtis. “Some people who have the means to help others believe they ‘have to,’ others ‘want to,’ but for Bill and Mary it was they ‘get to,’ remarked Curtis. “Being mentored by Bill made me want to be a mentor to others.”

Bill was involved in professional and civic organizations, nationally and locally. He encouraged his employees to get involved also. He was often asked to lead capital campaigns, and he served on the boards of organizations too numerous to count. Bill received the Outstanding Philanthropist award by the National Society of Fundraising Executives, Sertoma Service to Mankind award and the electrical distribution industry’s highest national individual award.

Mary’s community service included the Junior League, P.E.O., King’s Daughters, DAR, Illinois State Museum, Family Service Center and other organizations. Mary was devoted to her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren and always put others’ needs above her own.

Although Bill and Mary had a big impact on some of Springfield’s most visible community organizations, it was their small acts of kindness to friends as well as strangers, delivered quietly but compassionately, that may best define their spirit of caring and generosity. Barker says Bill’s experience in the Army from 1950-1951 during the Korean Conflict gave him an appreciation for diversity that lasted a lifetime and was manifested in his professional and personal life.

There’s much to be learned from the way Bill and Mary Schnirring led their lives—in their work, community service and with their family. Live a life of service. Acknowledge and appreciate others. Share the credit. Be kind, generous and grateful. Bill and Mary’s legacy of a culture of caring lives on in their family, business and many people they inspired.

Karen Ackerman Witter has long admired the entire Schnirring family. She first met Kathy when they were students at Springfield High School.
Field general for civil rights

REMEMBERING | Doug Kamholz

Five years before his death last July at age 95, civil rights icon Rev. C. T. Vivian was strolling the halls of Macomb High School in the Illinois town where he spent most of his younger years.

“I would never have been who I was if not for Macomb, Illinois,” he told an audience during an earlier visit in 2010. In 2013 he was honored with a Presidential Medal of Freedom. At his death The New York Times called him “field general” for Martin Luther King, Jr.

Six-year-old Vivian was brought across the Mississippi River to Macomb by his mother and grandmother in 1930 because they knew the city’s schools were integrated. He told his story with proud affection. “We lost everything in the Great Depression, and they wanted to protect the one thing they still had,” he recalled, speaking of himself in 2010. “They wanted to leave Missouri because of segregation, so we came to Macomb because I could start first grade here and go all the way through college.”

Cordy Tindell was shortened to C. T. for most of his life. He did enroll in Lincoln Grade School and went on to Macomb High. He is recalled as an active student leader, including membership in the Spider Club, students who wrote for the yearbook. That success followed him when he enrolled in what is now Western Illinois University where he quickly gained the title of sports editor for The Western Courier. His bylined column was called “POPPIN’ OFF.”

Vivian left Western long before earning a degree. Most accounts say racism played a part, specifically that a professor denied him membership in the English Club for reasons of race. Decades later the school awarded him a bachelor of arts degree.

Peoria became Vivian’s next home. He was recreation director for Carver Community Center (which turned 100 in 2020). In 1947 he led his first sit-in demonstrations, attempting to integrate Barton’s Cafeteria. It worked. Of course the method became famous a dozen years later at Woolworth’s lunch counter in Greensboro, North Carolina.

By 1955 Vivian was studying divinity at American Baptist College in Nashville, Tennessee. There he encountered others who trailblazed much of the modern U.S. civil rights movement. By 1963 he was with the Southern Christian Leadership Conference where King made him National Director of Affiliates. His most public moment came in 1965 when he confronted County Sheriff Jim Clark on the courthouse steps in Selma, Alabama. Vivian spoke forcefully on behalf of people being denied voting rights. Then the burly sheriff broke a finger landing a left roundhouse to Vivian’s face, sending the slender protester to the ground. “It was a clear engagement,” Vivian recounted later. “This is what movement meant.”

Vivian’s work continued, including several years back in Illinois organizing in Chicago. He settled in Atlanta for the last decades of his life with his second wife, activist and author Octavia, until her death in 2011.

Macomb High School invited Vivian to return in 2015 for the dedication of the school library in his honor. On Oct. 1, students were gathered in Fellheimer Auditorium listening to a 90-year-old civil rights soldier reflect. The event was well-covered by reporter Lainie Steelman from The McDonough County Voice. “It started here,” Steelman quoted Vivian. “I also learned that no matter what happens, you’re better off having stood up to whatever the problem, than you are ducking, lying, grinning.”

Patrick Twomey is Macomb’s school superintendent. In an interview for this piece, he recalled being on the phone with Vivian while making arrangements for the library dedication and being asked if he were related to John Twomey. In fact John, now 97, is Patrick’s uncle. Vivian remembered interviewing Twomey, a miler on the 1940s track team at Western back when he was sports editor. “They told me this cross-country stuff was pretty rough,” begins Vivian’s “POPPIN’ OFF” column from Nov. 11, 1942. He goes on to marvel at Twomey and others who run distance races bare-legged in whatever weather. He calls them “the thinclads” and praises their endurance. So in 2015 in that school auditorium there was a reunion after 72 years. As the superintendent described it recently, “They hugged and hugged and hugged.”

Early this fall the city of Macomb partnered with area civil rights advocates to celebrate the little boy who came to town in 1930 and went on to help shape a nation. Mayor Mike Inman hosted two of Vivian’s daughters, Jo Ann Walker and Denise Steelman, for the dedication of the Vivian HomeSite as an Illinois State Historical Site and Macomb’s proclamation of every Sept. 26 as Rev. Dr. C. T. Vivian Day.

Vivian’s official private funeral was in Atlanta on July 22. One day before, a horse-drawn carriage carried his remains past King’s tomb and to the Georgia Capitol where he lay in state. Shortly after, Barack Obama’s eulogy appeared in Springfield on the front page of the monthly Pure News. “Today we’ve lost a founder of modern America,” the former president wrote, adding that 2020’s massive rights protests likely gave “the Reverend a final dose of hope before his long and well-deserved rest.”

Another moving tribute rolled out on a muggy, late-July Sunday on one of three vacant lots along East Adams Street, said to be the only part of Macomb African Americans could live in a century ago. It’s where the Vivian family’s modest home stood, not far from some railroad tracks. The NAACP of McDonough County along with Alpha Phi Alpha, the nation’s oldest Black college fraternity, staked a large open tent under ancient catalpa trees. More than 100 distanced and masked mourners heard Western’s interim president, Martin Abraham, Mayor Inman and others speak of Vivian’s importance locally and far beyond.

Then a dozen dark-suited Alpha Phi Alpha men, young and old, moved to the microphone. Vivian, like King and many well-known Black leaders, belonged. These current members gathered in the tent-shade for the fraternity’s Omega Service Rite. They prayed and spoke and finally sang Vivian into a chapter reserved for all deceased brothers, the Omega chapter.

They ended singing these words: Farewell, dear brother, transcendent are thou Thy spirit shall dwell with us now We cherish thy mem'ry, thy good name we'll revere To thy glory, thy honor, BROTHER, dear.

Doug Kamholz of Springfield graduated from Sangamon State University’s Public Affairs Reporting program, after which he sold work to the New York Times, Washington Post, CNN, NPR and many other media outlets. He had the privilege of interviewing the Dalai Lama, Gerald Ford and several civil rights icons, though not Rev. Vivian.
A passionate and compassionate educator

REMEMBERING | Cinda Ackerman Klickna

A few years ago, Linda “Lin” Rakers of Springfield told her friend Barb Lestikow that she planned to go sky diving. “That was Lin,” explains Lestikow. “She always had a zest for life, and when she was determined to do something, she did it.”

Another friend, Harriet Arkley, tells of the time years ago when she and Rakers played racquetball. “We were pretty competitive, but when Lin was pregnant, she didn’t play as hard. When the pregnancy went longer than was in her plan, she called me up and asked me to play a game. We did, and that night she delivered. Lin was always very strong, physically and emotionally, and always very determined to get something accomplished.”

Rakers accomplished much in her years in education. Growing up in Taylorville, she always knew she wanted to be a teacher. After earning her bachelor’s degree at Illinois State University (ISU), she accepted her first teaching assignment in Peoria where she taught third grade. After five years there, she came to Springfield, taught elementary grades, became a reading specialist, and then went on to be a well-respected principal. She served as principal at three schools: Withrow, Fairview and Blackhawk. While teaching, she earned her master’s degree at ISU, and even though it wasn’t required to get a Ph.D. to become a principal, Rakers – again with her determination – completed the program at Southern Illinois University.

Several women who started teaching in Springfield around the same time and then became principals formed a strong bond that has lasted for decades. They called themselves the Yah Yahs and spent many good times together, maybe going to a spa for a weekend, having dinner at someone’s house, shopping, golfing etc. Former Springfield District 186 superintendent, Diane Rutledge, says, “Lin was always the light in the room – effervescent and fun-loving.”

The group not only spent many hours together socially but also professionally, attending conferences, helping each other work on issues facing them in their roles as principals, and developing their leadership skills.

Lestikow says, “It didn’t matter what we might be discussing, Lin would always turn to the topic of her family. She was an amazing educator, but what first comes to my mind is her love for life all centered around people. I think of her as a wife, mother, grandmother and friend.”

For over 20 years, Rakers fought leukemia. Many had no idea. Even her friends rarely heard her mention it. And they didn’t ask. Arkley says, “No one would have known of her illness; she was always beautiful and vibrant.” The friends all knew she wanted to live a normal life and didn’t want to dwell on the illness. To them, it was her choice if she wanted to bring it up.

Nancy Waters grew up in Taylorville and lived only a block away from Lin. Their paths crossed once again when Waters was teaching at Fairview and Rakers became the principal. Waters says, “Lin was passionate about her job and compassionate about students. She expected a lot from us and gave us a lot, was always upbeat, making faculty meetings and school assemblies fun. She was respected for her leadership and always stayed up on teaching practices. It was common to find a note on your desk from her with just a simple message of encouragement.”

Rakers was active physically, playing racquetball and golf and running marathons. She participated in community work, through the Junior League of Springfield and as a deacon of First Presbyterian Church.

Rakers retired in 2002, along with many others in the Yah Yah group, and found a new interest. She became a painter, mainly in watercolors. She loved animals and often painted dogs and cats. Her work was often exhibited in galleries in Florida, where she and her husband, Dick, had moved. Turtles and lizards interested her; in fact, one of the groups listed for donations in her memory is the Sea Turtle Conservancy.

People recently posted comments about Rakers on Facebook: “respected,” “outstanding in many wonderful ways,” “compassionate to anyone and everyone she touched.” She always had a smile on her face and a warm welcome to all she met. She cared deeply about children and creating strong educational opportunities for both students and teachers.

Rutledge says, “Lin’s light is a pretty hard one to dim!”

Cinda Ackerman Klickna was a teacher and union activist during the time Rakers was a principal and had the greatest respect for her, as well as the other women quoted in the story. In 2020 over 60 educators from the Springfield area died. Several of them had been Klickna’s teachers or colleagues. Lin Rakers represents the incredible talents of so many educators who have served our area.
Don't do it, administrators warned.

Anyone caught painting the chimney atop Springfield High School, long a senior class tradition, would be expelled, the adults said as graduation neared for the Class of 1988.

Shortly afterward, “88” showed up in white paint on the chimney. Administrators hadn’t bargained on Jerry Jacobson, whose daughter was a senior. And Jacobson knew a wrong when he saw one.

It was years before Jacobson yessed up, telling his family how he had sauntered into the school and made his way to the rooftop. He was pushing 60 at the time and so could not be expelled. For Jacobson, it was about school spirit and sticking up for people and principles – he did that sort of thing a lot, and regardless of odds.

“The more hopeless the case, the more interested my dad got,” recalls Josh Jacobson, Jerry Jacobson’s son.

Jerry Jacobson loved Springfield High School and the school loved him back, with students creating an emoji to honor a man who became a constant at athletic events, leading cheers and making sure, always, to wear red and black. Uber was a godsend after bum knees forced him into a wheelchair – no longer did he have to pester his wife for rides to games.

“There would be stuff to do, I didn't have time,” Doranne Jacobson, his widow, explains. She found out what her husband had become when high schoolers in prom dresses descended on him after spotting the couple on a downtown street. “Here’s these gorgeous girls, all saying ‘Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!’” Doranne Jacobson says. “I asked him, ‘Jerry, who are these girls?’ It was his own thing. He loved it.”

Jacobson celebrated his 90th birthday in June via Zoom and serenaded by bagpipes. His obituary described his death in August as unexpected and the cause as heart failure. He liked puns and singing and dressing up in costumes and writing limericks and listening to NPR and sending letters to the editor. He fought to preserve things all over town – even the Stratton building was lovely in his eyes.

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Charles Hoogland was a video store pioneer, but wasn’t known for having a favorite movie.

It probably would have been something old – he liked John Wayne and Maureen O’Hara, says Keith Hoogland, Charles’ son. “The Quiet Man,” maybe, and not surprising, given Hoogland’s penchant for doing business the old-fashioned way.

Charles Hoogland, a Springfield High School graduate, was a Yale man who served in the Navy and got married on the Fourth of July. Inspiration struck in 1978, when Hoogland was nearly 50 and running Midstates Appliance and Supply Co., a wholesaler started by his father that he had taken over after graduating from college in 1952. He’d gotten stuck with videotapes – no one wanted to buy a movie for $79.95 or thereabouts – and so he started The Video Movie Club of Springfield at 1022 E. Adams St., charging $25 for an annual membership and $5 to rent a tape for three days.

To the chagrin of movie studios that fought the rise of video rentals all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court, Hoogland and his ilk opened video stores throughout the land. The Video Movie Club of Springfield morphed into Family Video, which became one of the biggest players in a dog-eat-dog world of video rentals that blossomed during the 1980s and 1990s. Family Video, Blockbuster Video and Hollywood Video were the big three. Hollywood Video went out of business in 2010; Blockbuster closed its last store in 2014. Family Video hangs on still, with a handful of stores left open and the family business diversifying into such areas as pizza and fitness centers.

Real estate always was core. Uncertain how long the video rental business would be viable, Hoogland from the start avoided tenancy, buying property instead of renting store space. “The smartest thing he did was, we started buying our own real estate, and we paid it off very quickly. Dad really wasn’t an arts guy. He loved the idea. But he didn’t like to go to plays or opera or anything. But he believed in it. He wanted Springfield to have something like that.”

Grace Luttrell Nanavati, a former trustee of the arts center, which had a $27,000 monthly mortgage payment and faced closure in 2011, could survive. He was 75, his son recalls, and never before had picked up a phone to ask for money. Four years later, the mortgage was retired.

To the end, Hoogland believed in his video empire, which has been hard hit by pandemic. “Our company now is real estate,” Keith Hoogland says. “The video business is a minor part of our business at this point – I don’t know how much longer it will last. There’s no movies coming out.”

But Hoogland in his latter days clung. “He’d say, ‘Keith, you’re wrong – I think the video business is going to come back,’” the son says. “He knew it was going down, but he never believed that it really would. Our last video store might be gone the same year that he left us. And that’s OK, when you think about it.”
Their first encounter was on a dance floor during the 1970s; Michael was a Ph.D. student and Martha was a teacher. There was evidently magic in the moment (he was, among other things, an accomplished magician), for in time they wed and built a marriage that lasted for 42 years … no small accomplishment.

When I first met Michael, I was impressed by the grin on his face and the strength of his grip. He had, as his family wrote, an infectious smile and he radiated good humor. He promptly steered me towards the Rotary Club of Springfield and began to introduce me to everyone. Michael obviously relished that role as much as he enjoyed being around people. I joined Rotary and made the occasional prayer or presentation. Ever the encourager, he would compliment me after each talk. In due time, he also introduced me to several other groups, including the American Civil Liberties Union and Planned Parenthood.

Each year, Michael would assume the role of an auctioneer during the congregation’s live auction, quick with words and quite animated. Occasionally, he preached from the pulpit, sharing aspects of his faith with humor and humility. I came to appreciate Michael’s wisdom and his innate desire to promote harmony, especially when he became president of Abraham Lincoln Unitarian Universalist Congregation. I also came to appreciate his impressive collection of ties – business attire, gaudy Christmas spectacles and some that subtly promoted his faith or causes he supported. After he died, Martha invited me to choose a few for my own wardrobe. I have already worn several, accompanied by feelings of gratitude and loss.

In April, both of us serendipitously prepared papers articulating our respective end-of-life considerations; since it was mutually convenient, we signed one another’s forms. Consistent with his values, Michael had originally intended to donate his organs and tissue to benefit any person who was in need. Not long after he died at home of a heart attack, we learned that new health restrictions created due to the pandemic would derail that wish.

When the time arrived to scatter some of his cremated remains on church grounds, his daughter read an excerpt from a church newsletter article he had written a few years ago: “My body is made up of atoms created inside long-ago exploded stars. Those heavy atoms, as opposed to hydrogen and helium, traveled through space and got ‘caught’ in the birth of our solar system and the Earth. My body has temporary use of these atoms; that stellar material that made me and made you. After I am dead, that stellar material will continue; will become the building blocks of other people. I see symbolic meaning in this cycle of life experience. I understand how some people may see spiritual meaning; I do not. For me, there is no ethereal, otherworldly involvement. There is no supernatural consciousness of the material involved. But, the symbolism, for me, is a concrete expression of our seventh principle. By mixing my ashes with soil of the planet, we are showing respect and importance of the web of nature, and demonstrating we are a part of that web. All the other six principles are abstractions. We can point to examples of how we affirm democracy, support equity, or encourage others (and ourselves) to grow. But the physical process of mixing my ‘star-stuff’ material with other stellar material on the planet is a tangible expression of my unity with the universe.”

When Michael died, a unique and wonderful man ceased to be – but some of the magic that he created lingers yet, borne in the hearts of those who cherished him.

Rev. Martin Woulfe has served the Abraham Lincoln UU Congregation in Springfield since 2003. He is married to Angela Aznarte and they have one daughter, Celeste, who is now a senior at Saint Louis University. Martin is one of 43 White Sox fans currently living in Springfield.
JAMES HENRY KROHE Nov. 22, 1924-Oct. 8, 2020

A drummer who never missed a beat

REMEMBERING | James Krohe Jr.

My father liked to tell this story. He was a professional musician, and a country band out of Ashland had hired him to play at that year’s Chandlerville Burgoo. “Just go down 78 to the end,” the leader told him. “You can’t miss it. If you do, you’re in the river.” When he met his new bandmates, he found that one of them was named Doc Holiday, another Jack Daniels and the third Bob White. “Maybe I should get a stage name too,” he joked later. “How about ‘Jimmy Crack Corn?’”

Happily, he remained just Jim Krohe. He worked as a professional drummer in Springfield and mid-Illinois for some 75 years as a pro, playing in dozens of venues with bands working in nearly that many styles. For a freelancing musician with lots of energy and a family to feed, Springfield in those days was heaven. The town had a symphony, marching bands, dozens of night spots where people loved to dance and more than 80,000 people who liked to get married and dine to the sound of live music. Early in the 1950s and 60s, the local musicians’ union passed a rule that all the house bands playing in the clubs and taverns had to take one night off each week, to give its members a little break.

The sun set on those days in the 1960s. Over the years he made up what he couldn’t earn playing as a bookkeeper, salesman, teacher and, briefly, as a trucker for a circus. For a while he commanded the Illinois National Guard band based in Springfield. (He was a by-the-book soldier, but it was not the Army’s book, and he eventually went AWOL from his military career.) Most evenings and weekends and holidays, however, found him somewhere behind a drum.

Jim continued to find work because he was not only one of the best drummers in town but one of the most adaptable. I assumed that a guy born to back big swing bands must have hated playing square dances but he later described working with the aforementioned country band as “another opportunity for me to branch out into different types of music . . . the first time I ever played with a steel guitar or a ‘hoedown’ fiddle.”

While a fine drummer, arranger, leader and teacher, his soul was that of an entertainer. It was no accident that the young Krohe was nicknamed by an indulgent and prescient sister “Krup-y Krohe,” after Gene Krupa, the most flamboyant of that generation’s big band drummers. All of us children have a little of that part of him in them. In most families, the siblings give each other gifts at Christmas get-togethers; we give each other straight lines.

He lived in Springfield for more than 70 years, but Beardstown was always his home. He returned to it often in stories. (Spending time with Dad sometimes was like living Groundhog Day.) We learned about how he used to deliver lunch to his big brother by riding up to him at the top of the local feed mill in a bucket on the lift belt, how he and his buddies surfed the waves of the river tows and how his grandpa stopped by the front porch to take him for a ride – in a rowboat during one of the floods Beardstown regularly suffered until they built the river wall.

Jim indulged in three loves. One was music. Another was sports. Among his kids and grandkids were varsity high school and college athletes in five sports. (Luck? Gene?) Their careers in Little League and youth soccer gave him chances to be the coach he always wanted to be. Because his two younger sons in particular were good at what they did, his teams won often; he proudly displayed all the kids’ trophies at home, in a room that came to look like a pawn shop.

And then there was Dot – Dorothy Anderson, his Beardstown belle. Asked about her, he once told me, with characteristic understatement, “There was just something about her.” Apparently. They made six children (He loved to tell jokes, and I’d long suspected that he and Mom had a lot of kids so he could always count on having an audience.) and he stayed with her through health problems, money problems and problem problems until they were finally laid in a grave together after 74 years.

He was the most indulgent of fathers in that he was proud of his kids just because they were his kids, which spared us any expectations that we be successes in the world’s terms too. No Father Knows Best homilies, thank goodness, but a dozen assorted from Gold N Glo on Sunday mornings. What we learned from him we learned from his example, which was to not worry about living a good life. Just live your own life. It might work out.

The author’s website, The Corn Latitudes, contains all his Illinois-related work, including articles and columns from IT. You will find it at www.jameskrohejr.com.
Springfield lost two community-minded entrepreneurial giants, Louis Myers and Arnold Stern, within the first week of September 2020. Though Stern and Myers were three years apart in age, they were lifelong friends who had much in common, beginning with primary education at Butler Grade School, followed by graduation from Springfield High School, according to Myers’ son, Steve.

Neighbors for more than 50 years in Springfield’s west-side Wildwood subdivision, both the Stern and Myers families traced their immigrant roots back to Europe, with Myers’ ancestors arriving in Springfield in 1865 and the Sterns in 1902. Both men served in the military after college, and later became firmly established in their families’ multi-generational companies, which have been a part of Springfield’s economy for decades.

In 1951, Stern graduated from the University of Missouri where he met his future wife, Doris Pressman. Shortly after graduation, the newlyweds headed to the Panama Canal Zone, where they made many lifelong friends, before building their home in Leland Grove. Long Beach State University in California is where Lou Myers first met fellow central Illinoisan Dorothy “June” Dunseth, who would become his wife in 1958. Back in Springfield during college break, the two had become reacquainted with a first date at Moonlight Gardens, a popular spot at the soon-to-be developed corner of Wabash and Chatham Roads. Myers graduated cum laude from the University of Miami in 1953. After completing officer candidate school in Rhode Island, he was assigned to the U.S. Naval Station in Japan, where he served until 1956, achieving the title of Lieutenant, and remaining in the Naval Reserve until 1975.

After returning to Springfield, Stern joined his father and brothers in the family’s furniture business, which had operated since the 1930s in the thriving downtown. In 1971, Stern’s Carriage House opened at 2700 W. Monroe and Stern’s Furniture later moved to a west-side location as well.

Through it all, community service and civic philanthropy were priorities for Stern, who served as board president of Springfield’s First Federal Savings & Loan, Greater Springfield Chamber of Commerce, Goodwill Industries and other charities. Stern was known for being the first Jewish president of the Sangamo Club, while his wife, Doris, was the first Jewish member of Springfield Junior League.

Myers also joined his father and brothers in the family business located in downtown Springfield. Early in his career, Myers spent 18 months working for Macy’s Department Store in New York City, which was an invaluable experience that he brought to the Myers Brothers Department Store in downtown. According to son Steve Myers, “We always had the best display windows in Springfield, because our window dressers were also trained at Macy’s.”

As with the Sterns, real estate property management and development became part and parcel of the Myers family’s growing business as Springfield evolved into the next century.

Known as Pop Pop, Stern loved and treasured his son, two daughters and grandchildren. He kept a rigorous schedule of daily lunches and dinners with his friends. Those dates, which were considered by him to be “sacred appointments,” were so well-known to his family and friends that they would know with whom and at which restaurant Stern would be, based on the day of the week.

Myers, the father of two sons and one daughter, was affectionately called Par by his grandchildren. He and his wife, June, were members of First United Methodist Church for nearly 60 years. They enjoyed spending winters in Mexico and summers in a restored caboose on their farm outside of Springfield, sharing their love of hard work and sweet corn with family and friends.

According to son Steve, his father is credited with the founding of Springfield’s Boys and Girls Club and the Sangamon County Crime Stoppers organization. “He believed in service to the community and philanthropy, and now it’s my turn,” said Steve.

Catherine O’Connor draws on a background of more than three decades working in Illinois government and community organizations, sharing expertise in historic preservation and the environment to tell stories of those whose contributions enrich our social and cultural understanding in sometimes overlooked and unexpected ways.
ALEX MCCRAY Oct. 3, 1997-Jan. 4, 2020

A fighter for transgender inclusion

REMEMBERING | Rachel Otwell

At 19 years of age, Alex McCray stood before a sold-out crowd gathered at a Hilton hotel in Chicago on March 17, 2017. The audience was there to support the American Civil Liberties Union of Illinois. McCray was there to receive an award. He gave a speech about his activism in a rural downstate town. It was because of McCray that the Williamsville-Sherman public school district adopted a policy to better include transgender students. The battle for that policy had begun over the question of where McCray, who was transgender, should use the bathroom.

Officials had offered a separate, one-stall bathroom at Williamsville High School. The facility was a far walk from his classes and it was rundown. “I met with school officials a handful of times, asking to begin using the boys' restroom.” That request was not initially met with success. “There were days when I felt hopeless and alone. It felt like I would never be recognized as my authentic self,” McCray told the crowd.

ACLU of Illinois helped McCray launch an Illinois Department of Human Rights complaint that led to a settlement with the district. The resulting policy in 2016 became a model for other schools. Not only did it state students could use the bathroom that reflected their gender, regardless of the sex they were assigned at birth, but also that school support should be in place for transgender students.

McCray had been nervous before addressing the audience on that day in 2017 in Chicago. He had told Ed Yohnka up until the final moments before the speech that he was “not committed” to giving it. It was his way of joking away the unease.

Yohnka, director of communications and public policy for ACLU of Illinois, grew close with McCray during their battle for trans inclusion in rural Illinois and beyond. After a day of press interviews in Springfield, a beautiful rendering of McCray and Yohnka standing together showed up at his office. McCray had drawn it in pencil. An American flag was pictured behind them. In Yohnka’s hand, McCray had drawn a magic wand. The wand was from an inside joke Yohnka had shared with McCray during a break in their meetings with media. “He never forgot a joke,” said Yohnka.

McCray died by suicide at the beginning of 2020. He had been open about his mental health challenges and had sought a number of various treatments. He was pursuing a degree in social work at Fontbonne University in St. Louis at the time of his death. He was 22 years old. Those who knew him said McCray walked a path destined for helping others. In addition to his advocacy, he was a certified nursing assistant. “There's no doubt that he would have worked with people and helped people and been a resource, especially for kids in need,” said Yohnka.

Jordie Yanez was working for the Illinois Safe Schools Alliance when he met McCray. Yanez served as a support person for McCray when he was still in high school and the two formed a lasting friendship. Yanez remembers McCray as a talented artist who had a number of tattoos which he designed himself. He loved Robin Williams. He was stylish, with his own brand of swagger. “He just knew how to dress,” said Yanez. An introvert, McCray had a love for animals. Yanez described McCray as sarcastic and independent.

And he remembers McCray being outward and proud, even though he could pass as cisgender (a person whose gender identity is the same as the sex they were assigned at birth.) McCray was open to speaking publicly about his experience if he thought it could help others. When people asked inappropriate questions, he handled them with grace. “Even though he was always nervous and said he hated public speaking, he was a great public speaker,” said Yanez. Owen Daniel-McCarter was also working for the alliance when he met McCray when he was 17 years old. “He was such a good self-advocate,” said Daniel-McCarter. “He seemed like an old soul.” Daniel-McCarter had traveled from Chicago to meet McCray, who made sure they went to a restaurant in the Williamsville area where they could feel safe. Daniel-McCarter remembered thinking, “I can't imagine what this has been like for him” — especially given the limited amount of support McCray had before out-of-town advocates got involved. In 2016, McCray won an award from the Illinois Safe Schools Alliance as activist of the year.

Tonia Faloon-Sullivan is a social studies teacher at Williamsville High School who met McCray when he was a junior. She said he will have a lasting effect on the school. “Because Alex was one of the first students to openly transition, and then was the first student to fight for the right to use the boys' bathroom, he paved the way for other students,” she said. “We've had trans students since then who are able to benefit from the normalization that Alex helped to create.”

ACLU of Illinois created a scholarship in McCray’s honor after his death. The purpose is for high school and college students to undergo advocacy training. McCray wrapped up his speech at the organization’s banquet in 2017 with a story about one of his favorite residents at the nursing home where he worked while in high school. Once the newspaper had gotten ahold of the story about his fight over bathroom access, he was worried how locals might react. As it turned out, students and teachers high-fived him in the hallways.

And the elderly woman at the nursing home had told him that he looked like the young man whose photo was in the paper. McCray told her that was, in fact, him. “In a small and warm voice that I will never forget, she looked up and said, ‘You are so brave,'” McCray told the crowd. “The world is getting better. People’s minds are changing. And people are becoming more accepting of those of us who are transgender.”

“To all of my transgender brothers and sisters, be brave and be fierce,” McCray said. Those who honor the legacy he created during his short life know that he was.

The Trans Lifeline is a 24/7 hotline staffed by transgender people to serve transgender people in crisis, whether they are struggling with their identity or considering self-harm. The number is 877-565-8860. More resources for those in the LGBTQ community and otherwise who are looking for a support can be found at: tinyurl.com/3q46b42
“People would stop him on the street”

REMEMBERING | Bruce Rushton

Once one of Springfield's most popular artists, Michael Manning created an untold number of paintings.

His work is displayed in banks, law offices, living rooms and restaurants throughout the city. He also created less-popular portraits of former Gov. Jim Edgar and former U.S. Sen. John Kerry.

“People would stop him on the street constantly and ask him to do a piece,” recalls John Paul, owner of Prairie Archives, who once rented studio space to Manning. “Five hundred dollars was the usual price, I think. I doubt he got much more than that.”

Artistically, Manning peaked during the 1990s and early 2000s. He was Stan Lee, Grant Wood and Colin Campbell Cooper rolled into one, and on acid – he called it “cartoonorealism.”

“I started drawing pictures the way I saw the world and not copying anyone else’s stuff,” Manning told Illinois Times in 2003. He would talk to anyone, anywhere – kids in grocery stores, strangers in restaurants, passersby when he set up his easel outside.

“How do you like being on the jury?” Manning asked a juror during a lunch break when he spotted her near the Old State Capitol during a federal corruption trial that touched on Edgar, according to a 1997 State Journal-Register story. At the time, Manning was painting a picture of Edgar dressed in a tutu while piloting a unicycle on a tightrope above alligators – he told the juror, who reported the encounter to the judge, to avert her eyes, according to the newspaper report. Nothing but small talk, Manning said, and the trial proceeded.

Raided in Dupno, near East St. Louis, Manning’s father was an abusive alcoholic who had spent time as a prisoner of war after the Japanese captured Wake Island, says Caitlin Darling, Manning’s daughter. Manning was 17 and so needed parental permission when he decided to enlist in the Marines. “They were kind of like, ‘Good luck’ – his dad was pissed about it, as I understand,” Darling says.

After one tour in Vietnam, Manning went back and never was the same. Duties included loading bombs and dropping flares from planes in combat zones. Paul, who became Manning’s friend after becoming his landlord, says that he once talked about crawling into an empty 55-gallon drum at the edge of an airfield to escape artillery. “He was in the middle of plenty of combat,” Paul says. “Lots of bullets going over his head.”

Manning returned from war with psychological issues that included post-traumatic stress disorder and bipolar disorder. He drank and drugged to excess. He was hospitalized. He pushed on. “He was very functional – even when he was dysfunctional, he was functional,” Darling says.

Manning was elected student body president while at Southern Illinois University-Edwardsville, and he ran for state senate in 1981. With a degree in journalism, Manning came to Springfield in 1985 and became a spokesman for the Illinois State Museum, Department of Professional Regulation and other state agencies. He went through two divorces.

Manning was laid off shortly after Edgar took office in 1991, and the governor became a target. A painting of Edgar in dominatrix garb prompted a 1994 visit to Manning’s studio by the governor’s security detail.

He had a fondness for pastels. “The beauty of the pastels is the best reliever of stress,” Manning told the SJ-R in 2002.

Manning’s artistic career began, his daughter recalls, after he and a girlfriend established a resume-writing service in downtown Springfield. Manning had taken a few art lessons at Benedictine University, Darling says, and had gotten tips from the late George Colm, a Salisbury folk artist. The resume-writing business proved slow, and Manning started drawing at work. “At some point, someone came in and wanted to buy one,” Darling says.

Manning had varied tastes and wide interests. He knew the words to Jim Croce songs. “He loved to read – he truly is one of the smartest people I’ve ever known,” his daughter says. “He read book upon book upon book. He could tell you about science and art and music – any movie. … He would listen to Vivaldi and then turn on hard rock. When he was older, he would listen to rap.”

Manning asked to rent studio space not long after Paul bought the Prairie Archives building in 1992. “I didn’t know anything about him whatsoever,” Paul says. Manning wasn’t much at business and didn’t prosper despite a market for his work. Paul says that he stopped being a landlord about a decade ago, after discovering that Manning was paying for studio space elsewhere: Why pay for two places, he asked the tenant who had become his friend. There were occasional short-term loans. “For most of his creative career, he was barely ahead of the curve, in a sense, barely able to survive,” Paul says.

As a painter, Manning would take some direction, but only some. “You can’t control him, you can’t tell him what to do,” says Tony Leone, owner of Pasfield House, who commissioned a painting of the bed-and-breakfast in 2003. Abiding by instructions, Manning depicted woodwork beneath the home’s porch. “It’s really cool,” Leone says. “I think I paid $1,000. I didn’t argue.” Manning refused a plea to erase a wheelbarrow depicted in the yard. Leone recalls, and became upset when his painting was displayed on the second floor of Pasfield House instead of the first.

Until last year, Manning lived on State Street and had a studio on English Avenue. He spent days at Caribou Coffee on MacArthur Boulevard, reading and chatting with people. “He always said, ‘I’m a good friend with this guy and a good friend with that person,’” Paul recalls. “Mike considered anyone he got to see or talk to for 15 minutes, he was their very best friend.”

Recent years saw Manning’s studio fall into disrepair. He had car accidents. He wasn’t painting, but thought he was: See, he told his daughter last year as she showed off a half-finished artwork he said he was working on. He’d already painted in a completion date: 2016.

Doctors diagnosed dementia in the fall of 2019. Manning lasted 10 days at a Springfield retirement center. After falling four times in 10 days, he went to a Veterans Administration facility in Danville nearly a year ago. They kept COVID out of his ward until October. When Manning fell ill, rules were bent so Darling could see her dad. “When I went in there, his oxygen level rebounded and he said, ‘How are you?’” Darling recalls. “It was so Mike Manning.”

He died shortly afterward from complications of COVID-19. Nurses, Darling said, cried when she retrieved her father’s belongings.

“There was someone holding him at the end so he wasn’t by himself.”
Always be kind

REMEMBERING | Michelle Ownbey

Danyel Pitts never had biological children, but plenty of people called her Mom. From her stepchildren to nieces and nephews to the high school girls she coached in track, many young people relied on Momma Dee for guidance, advice and unconditional love.

Danyel grew up in Springfield with her twin sister, Joyel. Danyel was older by only five minutes, but throughout their lives she fulfilled the role of older sister and looked after Joy.

In college, she cooked for friends in the dorm and was known for taking care of others. "She had a more nurturing relationship even with friends her own age," said Tiffany Williams, who met Danyel their freshman year when they both attended Eastern Illinois University on a track scholarship. "She was always somebody you could trust."

Danyel and Williams quickly became close, and Williams admired Danyel’s positive spirit, which stayed consistent whether they won or lost a meet. The two friends joined Sigma Gamma Rho their sophomore year. "The 10 of us who joined at the same time have been close for almost 25 years now," said Williams. "Danyel was always there for milestone moments—we were in each other’s weddings, vacationed together, celebrated birthdays."

After college, Danyel moved to North Carolina, returning to Springfield in 2010 when her first marriage ended. She and Joy were invited to a cookout on their birthday and it was there she met Calvin Pitts, who was also recently divorced. "They hit it off, and the following week, Calvin called and invited her out to dinner. Their second date was Danyel’s idea," said Calvin.

As Calvin recalls, "She called me up and said, ‘Are you watching the game? I’ll come over and watch it with you,’ I said, ‘Sure,’ but I was actually with some other people; I had to hang up and find out what game she was talking about.” Danyel came over and they watched the game together in the garage. "I don’t remember what game it was. I don’t think I watched it very much," said Calvin.

A short time later, Danyel told Calvin that she was not interested in getting involved in another relationship unless it was with a man who put God first in his life. "Tears filled my eyes when she said that," said Calvin. "I had just gotten out of a bad relationship too, and I felt the same way about finding someone who put God first."

By 2013, the couple had plans to be married. Calvin’s mother died in April of that year and Danyel’s mother was diagnosed with cancer the same month. Realizing how quickly life could change, the couple decided to move up their wedding date. Following a marriage ceremony in their pastor’s office on May 15, they later had a formal wedding at Abundant Faith Christian Center on Oct. 5.

Around that time, the couple began to look into a new program in the Enos Park neighborhood that allowed urban pioneers to purchase distressed houses at nominal cost, on the condition that the houses were renovated and owner-occupied. Given Calvin’s professional background and experience running a construction training program, it seemed like a natural fit, and he decided to renovate a house as a wedding present for Danyel. Renovations on the house on North Fifth Street were completed shortly before the couple’s second wedding ceremony and both Calvin and Danyel became active in the Enos Park Neighborhood Improvement Association.

Then in February 2017, Danyel noticed a lump in her left breast. She had gotten a good report at her annual mammogram just two months earlier, but decided to get it checked out. Genetic testing showed she was carrying the BRCA2 gene, resulting in a type of breast cancer known as triple-negative, a rare but aggressive form of cancer.

Danyel was 41 years old at the time of her diagnosis, a lifelong athlete with no known problems. Instead of asking “Why me?” Danyel sent this message to her friends to share the news of her diagnosis:

“My results came back cancer. I meet with my surgeon Friday for consultation. I thank God in advance and give Him all the glory as He heals my body! Besides, he’s bigger than the universe or any problem we face.”

She had a double mastectomy, then began chemotherapy. Her mother died, with Danyel serving as the primary caretaker during the final months of her life. Her beloved dog, Diamond, had to be put down. She had reconstructive breast surgery, then a hysterectomy.

Through it all, Danyel kept smiling. Jerry Doss, pastor of Abundant Faith Christian Center, said Danyel “impacted and influenced me in a powerful way. If I was having a challenging day, I would think about her. If she could give God praise and have an amazing attitude with her situation, certainly my little problems were small in comparison.”

At the end of 2017, Danyel got the news she had been hoping to hear. The doctors said she was cancer-free. The relief was short-lived. In January 2018, she was told the cancer had returned and more surgeries, chemotherapy and radiation followed over the next two years as the cancer spread throughout her body.

Despite the disappointing news, Danyel remained as vibrant as ever. Watching her die taught a lot of people what it means to really be alive.

Indeed, Danyel told her family and friends she was not afraid to die. On Jan. 22, she transitioned to her eternal home. Her twin sister, Joy, followed on April 3—some say she died of a broken heart.

Danyel is most remembered for her kindness to others, and Calvin said one of her favorite sayings was, “Be kind.”

Michelle Ownbey lives in the Enos Park neighborhood and was one of many people whose life was changed by getting to know Danyel.
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LEROY JORDAN Dec. 21, 1941-Sept. 5, 2020

Community leader and “relentless” social justice activist

REMEMBERING | Rachel Otwell

Leroy Jordan’s mother worked in school cafeterias and his father worked for the railroad. While he didn’t follow either of their paths directly, both schools and railroads would become themes in his life.

Jordan was born in Murphysboro. A talented athlete, he was inducted into his high school’s football hall of fame. Jordan attended Southern Illinois University in Carbondale, where Black men were being recruited for a program to train them to be teachers.

Jordan was the first Black male elementary classroom teacher in District 186. (A Black male physical education teacher was hired a short time before him.) He taught at Iles Elementary in Springfield from 1965 until 1969. Jordan served as a District 186 school board member from 1976 until 1982. He was the second Black person to do so. He served multiple terms as school board president. As a member of District 186 staff, he was promoted to assistant superintendent for research, assessment and development in the ’90s.

After the district faced a lawsuit alleging segregation, a judge ruled in 1976 that steps be taken to fix discriminatory practices. A consent decree called for the hiring of more Black teachers and a new bus system was created to diversify the racial makeup of schools. “He was instrumental in working with the bus company to make sure that happened equitably,” said Jordan’s wife, Johnetta. Johnetta said before arriving in Springfield the couple lived in Hopkins Park, an impoverished community near Kankakee. “That increased his interest in kids, because the kids there needed a lot.”

In between his positions with District 186, Jordan served two decades at Sangamon State University, now University of Illinois Springfield, beginning in 1972. He was the only SSU African American academic dean. He later became Assistant Vice President for Academic Affairs. UIS has created the Leroy Jordan Social Justice Scholarship in his honor.

Jan Droegkamp was interviewing for a position at SSU when she first met Jordan. She had an infant at the time, whom she had taken with her. Jordan didn’t bat an eye. He scooped the baby up. “I thought, oh! My boss – the dean of my college – is walking my little baby around, this looks like the best place to work.” Jordan was a strong, inclusive leader who made a point of listening to his staff, said Droegkamp. “I think everyone thought that they were his favorite.”

“He was a big proponent of giving back to the community. It was an expectation of all of us who worked with him that we too would be on a board, or be in a project, or do something with the community in terms of social justice,” she said. “Everything was about family and giving back to the community.”

Jordan was surrounded by female energy at home, where he had four daughters. “He loved it, he was spoiled,” said daughter Laura Jordan, who teaches at Graham Elementary. She said children tend to gravitate toward her, as they did toward her father.

Jordan had two grandsons he in turn spoiled with fishing trips and sweets. He was heavily involved in his family’s sports endeavors. His grandson, Christian Jordan, played soccer and his grandfather was the team’s biggest cheerleader. “He definitely tried to make every game, every practice if he could,” said Christian. “It wasn’t just that he was there for me … he cheered for everybody.”

Jordan could handle balance multiple projects at a time. It would be nearly impossible to list every job title and affiliation he held. He was an instrumental part of the Springfield Dominican Anti-Racism Team. And he was a proud resident of the east side where he advocated for his community, a majority Black area. If he saw a problem that needed a solution, even down to the streets needing cleaned, Jordan would be on top of it, said his family.

Much of that energy was channeled into the Faith Coalition for the Common Good, an interfaith social justice advocacy organization based on the east side. After officials announced the Springfield Rail Improvements Project, Jordan helped craft a community benefits agreement meant to ensure the project would not further the harmful effects of segregation and blight.

Jordan also advocated for education about the 1908 Race Riot. He attended numerous meetings with the Federal Rail Administration after remains of Black-owned homes that white mobs had burned down were found during a project to consolidate rail traffic.

Shelly Heideman is executive director of the Faith Coalition for the Common Good. Jordan led its rail task force. “Leroy was the train pushing us through. He was the mover and shaker and he was always conscious of the race issue,” she said. “He had such a passion for justice.”

In 2015 – when promises made by local leaders who had signed the community benefits agreement were not kept – Jordan worked with state Sen. Andy Manar on legislation that created the Springfield High-Speed Rail Oversight Commission. That was the same year Jordan suffered a stroke, after which he worked hard on his recovery. Daughter Jennifer Jordan said one day she picked her father up from the hospital and took him directly to the Capitol for a hearing.

Daughter Loralean Jordan said his “re- lentlessness to fight for things that are right and just” guides her. When the pandemic began, he spearheaded Zoom family calls and had a standing virtual breakfast date with Jennifer’s son, Levi, his youngest grandchild. Jennifer said her father was sure of his own worth, and the worthiness of others.

“I think that’s how he showed up in the world, always assuming that he had the right to be there, the right to agitate for the things that he thought his community needed,” she said. “And I feel like we should probably all do more of that – assume that we’re on the right track and be aggressive about trying to make a change.”
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BARRY JOSEPH LOCHER Jan. 30, 1955-Nov. 10, 2020

“A players’ manager”

REMEMBERING | Bruce Rushton

Barry Locher was plenty smart, but not the smartest. He was funny, but not the funniest. He was one of the best photojournalists in the state. Others, also, took great pictures.

Barry was genuine, and on that point, he had no rival. He rose from photography intern to editor of the State Journal-Register, running the newsroom from 1999 until 2007. After his death from cancer, his wife Debra says that she received cards from people Barry photographed years after he stopped taking pictures to become a boss.

“He was just a down-to-earth person who could relate to people with no effort at all, and that always showed up in the pictures he ended up with,” says Rich Saal, former SJ-R photo editor. “People respond to the person who's taking their picture – you can tell a person's manner by the pictures they take.”

Photographers aren't supposed to run newsrooms – editors should be wordsmiths, not picture takers. But Barry was special.

I was the last person Locher hired. He wasn't supposed to do it – the State Journal-Register in 2006 had money budgeted for a graphic artist, not a writer, but a few days after lunch at Lime Street Café, he made me an offer I couldn't refuse: You'll have no beat or quota, and I promise I'll never publish a story until you tell me it's ready. The money wasn't bad, either.

Less than two years later, he took a parachute, one year after the paper was sold to present owners who have suffered through financial crisis along with the rest of the American newspaper industry. He once oversaw at least 50 employees plus their egos, building and nurturing a news operation that became a Pulitzer Prize finalist in 2003 for stories about racism and immigration in Beardstown. Barry envisioned and guided the project, bringing in Lynne Walker, a Spanish-speaking writer who'd worked in Mexico and California, to get to the core of a small Midwest town, whether good or ugly. He did not want to preside as economic realities made that kind of work nearly impossible at papers the size of the SJ-R, which have been hit hard by buyouts and layoffs. Pink slips weren't Barry's thing.

Barry grew up in Roodhouse, where his father managed the local IGA store. He was an SJ-R lifer, landing summer internships in the 1970s while studying journalism at the University of Missouri. Former sports editor Jim Ruppert, who started at the newspaper about the same time as Locher, recalls him drinking beer and playing poker after deadline with co-workers in a South State Street house where a copy editor with poor housekeeping skills lived. “It was a dump,” Ruppert recalls. “Barry was very single, and he had a really fast car. He'd use it to get to assignments. He'd get speeding tickets – oh my god, he'd get speeding tickets.”

He paid one in coins. “He had this envelope that must have weighed 10 pounds,” Ruppert says. He could be impish. A light in the SJ-R darkroom was string activated – you knew just where to reach to tug the dangling line that switched the bulb on. It was Barry's idea to cut the string, an inch or so at a time, until a fellow photographer, alone in the dark, finally figured out that he'd been pranked. “It was harmless, but it was fun,” Saal says. “He didn't take himself so seriously. He was just a lovable character.”

Locher gave photographers the space they needed. “It was done when we decided it was done – it was done when we knew that we couldn't get any more out of it,” Saal remembers. Barry wasn't a pushover. “He'd chew ass if he had to,” Ruppert says. But that didn't happen often.

“He knew how to get his way without saying 'Here's who I am and you're going to do it my way,'” Ruppert says. “He just had a way of knowing how to get along with people, and that was really important in how he made his way up the ladder. Sometimes, it's hard to work with a guy you came up with who jumped over you. With him, it was easy. In sports, we'd call him a players' manager.”

Barry chewed me out once, but just barely. The late John Schmidt, then Sangamon County state's attorney, had called. I apparently had come off as rude when asking why I couldn't get copies of search warrants. “We can't have this,” Barry explained. I'll do better, I promised – did he say why we can't get warrants? Barry paused, then said, “No.” Months later, the story ran as part of a series on hurdles in obtaining public records. Schmidt, who eventually allowed me in his house for a Christmas party, reversed course and made the records public.

After leaving the newspaper, Barry got a job in public relations at Memorial Medical Center, then became director of the Illinois Press Foundation, a nonprofit arm of the Illinois Press Association, a trade group. Both were good gigs but no comparison to running a newsroom.

Barry, who retired in 2016, missed what was gone and thought about what might have been. Opportunities he'd hoped for after departing the SJ-R didn't materialize. The world had not as much use as it should for someone who listened and thought and told the truth and laughed at himself and kept venison sausage in the darkroom freezer and ate chicken at the VFW and believed in journalism and Springfield's daily as much as he believed that the sun would rise tomorrow.

There was insufficient market for genuine – Barry, perhaps, had cornered it long ago. I never had a better friend.

Contact Bruce Rushton at brushton@illinoistimes.com.
ROBERT VON COLLINS  
Aug. 1, 1965 – Sept. 5, 2020  

Robert von Collin’s stature was tall and stately. “A walking encyclopedia,” is what Springfield High School colleague Irena Sorrels called Rob. “He knew the answer to every question,” she said. He also knew at least 6 languages.

Rob was born in Carbondale, but moved to Sparta, Illinois, when he was adopted at the age of five.

In addition to smarts, Rob had physical prowess. He was an all-state high school basketball player, played college basketball for Olivet Nazarene University in Bourbonnais, Illinois and professional basketball. He officiated high school sports.

About 12 years ago Rob decided to go to China to teach English. Rob did not speak Chinese, but that didn’t deter him. He learned it after he got there. In China, Rob met his wife and they had a beautiful baby daughter, Arlinda.

After seven years in China, Rob settled in Springfield, where his mother and sister then lived. Rob worked as a language interpreter for the Springfield School District and the courts. He also served as mentor to many students. ESL Springfield High teacher Sorrels posted online that just before his death, they had messaged a zillion times per day about the start of remote learning.

Later in life Rob learned his biological father was Jewish. He became very close to the Jewish faith. Rob and his daughter regularly attended services and holiday celebrations at Temple Israel, where he and Arlinda were beloved by all.

After his divorce, Rob and his daughter were inseparable. “They had such a strong loving bond,” retired Rabbi Barry Marks wrote.

Robert von Collins was a great athlete, scholar, humorist, linguist, musician and a great friend. He was a great father and a helping son. He died at age 55 of a heart attack.

Submitted by his pastor, Ron Waltrip, and Ald. Sam Cahnman

THEODORE (TED) F. ZELINSKI  
Aug. 21, 1949 – Aug. 9, 2020  

Have you ever met someone who embodies the best and loves life to its fullest? Who’s not afraid to take chances because it opens up opportunities for growth and learning? Well, that person is Ted Zelinski.

Ted was extremely talented and always pursued excellence in everything he did, such as playing music, singing, cooking, writing, photography, teaching and participating in civil war reenactments.

He was a positive person who worked tirelessly trying to help others pursue and achieve their own dreams. He showed perseverance and strength even when things became difficult. He would wake up daily and say, “The sun is shining, I’m alive and it’s a good day.” Then he’d smile and tell a corny joke.

Ted knew no strangers because, in his many experiences, he was able to relate to others on their level. As a child he was taught that excellence should always be your goal regardless of how big or small the task.

He loved people and they loved him. We will always remember his beautiful smile, the twinkle in his eyes and the corny jokes forever. Ted was my best friend and nothing was too much for him.

Submitted by his friend, Barbara Williams
LINDA SUE ANDERS
April 4, 1959 – Nov. 28, 2020

In loving memory. She neverook no for an answer and she pushed ahead when others paused. But a kinder, gentler woman you will never meet.

Submitted by her granddaughter, Danielle Draper

RAYMOND S. CACHARES
Jan. 1, 1954 — May 14, 2020

Let me introduce you to a man who made Springfield exceptional, your neighbor Ray Cachares.

Ray came to Springfield early in his career to take a job in the City of Springfield budget office. While here he was instrumental in starting the United Cerebral Palsy service office. He came up with the ideas for the Blue Chip Gala, Casino Night and the Pepsi-Cola Christmas Tree. He won on one day to the UCP National Board of Directors and in 1998 was given the President’s Award for his distinguished service. He was the Greek who started the St. Patrick’s Day Parade and one of the original organizers of LincolnFest.

He moved to Chicago and was appointed commissioner of the Bureau of Streets and Sanitation and then oversaw programming, staffing and operations for Navy Pier. Ray moved back to Springfield and his last job was director of Business Services for the Secretary of State.

Ray was the epitome of a raconteur and even when you heard his stories repeatedly, you always found yourself wanting to hear them again. I was privileged to have spent the last 23 years with him traveling, entertaining and listening to all those stories. We were a great team and I will miss him — forever miss him.

Ray was a big man with a big heart and a big personality, and he made a big impact on so many people. We were all the better for knowing him. Rest in Peace.

Submitted by his husband, Richard Martineau

FRANK “BUZZ” U. BAPTIST
Feb. 24, 1944 — Nov. 24, 2020

Frank Baptist left this earth on his own terms and was well aware that the coronavirus virus was not his friend. It is ironic that he died of the virus since he was an advocate for wearing masks in public and often told riders on the train in Jacksonville-area businesses to put on their masks.

Frank could often be found outdoors helping with area sports fields, rooting engines to show at the Franklin Park Steam Show and mowing yards. He was known to just hop in the car for a quick road trip. When he had to stay in, he played cards with his friends or watched one of his favorite John Wayne westerns on TV. His other favorite activity was bowling in bowling leagues and he was inducted into the Jacksonville/Northwestern United States Bowling Congress Bowling Association Hall of Fame.

Frank was known by his portrait of Santa Claus during Christmas, and his first time portraying Santa was in his kindergarten play. He ended up playing Santa for more than 50 years.

He was also a huge fan of watching any sports his grandchildren played and was also known to just start following area teams even if he didn’t know anyone on the team.

Frank never met a stranger, had the biggest smile, loved to tell stories, lived to entertain and made others laugh and would give someone in need anything he had.

His life was full of friends and family, including his wife of 56 years, Barbara, his children, Brian Baptist, Jimmy and Brenda Baptist Protz, and his grandchildren, Brady Protz, Makenna Baptist, Dallon Baptist and the late Jemma Protz.

Could this have ended his life, but his spirit and memory will live on. His family and friends can’t wait to finally celebrate his life in 2021.

Submitted by his daughter, Brenda Protz

THOMAS CANAVAN JR.
March 29, 1926 — Jan. 11, 2020

My uncle, Thomas Canavan Jr., passed away at the age of 93. He was the last surviving member of his Scottish family that came to America. His father arrived in Springfield in 1922 and his mother and brothers, Bill and John, arrived in 1923. Tom was their first child to be born in America.

He was the most selfless man I know. He gave his best to his wife, Helen, and his three children. He was a quiet and kind gentleman who liked good beer and, as I understand, he was a happy and funny beer drinker.

He joined the U.S. Navy during WWII at age 18 and served in the Pacific Theater on a supply ship, the San Saba, PA 232. He served about two years and then went to work for the U.S. Postal Service for 36 years as a clerk.

When I was young, he would stop by our house after work on occasion to visit and give me and my siblings a big hug. We were always happy to see him as we liked his big beer hugs of love. His parents died young at ages 52 and 65, so we were his family reminder of the Canavan clan’s continuation of his family’s Scottish heritage.

I miss my Uncle Tom and I am so very thankful that I was blessed to receive another wonderful uncle in my life. He was truly a gift to us all.

Another good man from the Greatest Generation now gone, but never forgotten. May he rest in peace with our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Submitted by his niece, Diane Canavan

NANCY LANPHIER CHAPIN
April 19, 1938 - Aug. 7, 2020

Our friend, colleague and former Abraham Lincoln Association board member, Nancy Lanphier Chapin, died at her rural home near Springfield.

Nancy was a tireless advocate and leader for telling the story of Abraham Lincoln and her beloved Sangamon County. For many years, Nancy and her husband, Chick, could be seen at every historical event held in Springfield. Her final contribution to history was a gift to the University of Illinois Springfield that provided for the creation of the Sangamon Experience.

She loved her family, swimming every morning, riding her horses and tending to her vegetable garden. She did not hold back in telling what she thought, but her frankness was welcome in preventing many a bad decision.

Her was a life well lived.

Submitted by Richard E. Hart, on behalf of the People, a newsletter of the Abraham Lincoln Association

BRYCE BROOKS

Bryce Brooks passed away on the first day of COVID restrictions.

He was born in Champaign, but was raised in St. Louis and honored by it. He eventually became established in Springfield because he valued the simplicity of this city.

He lived and breathed for his wife of 18 years and his children. He enjoyed family vacations the greatest. He hardly got on any rides, but the joy on his children’s faces was adequate for him. His whole motivation in life was family, faith and fitness. When he wasn’t taking his children on snack runs he was in the gym. He also loved his job as a personal driver where he met many amazing people along the way.

His connection with God was his main focus. He read the Bible, listened to pastors, studied every day and always gave God the glory. He also made sure to provide for the homeless, whether it was giving money or taking food to the shelter.

We love you Bryce. There is not a day that goes by when we don’t miss you considerably.

Submitted by this wife, Tahira Brooke

BRYCE BROOKS
Mar. 30, 1944 — Aug. 18, 2020

Bob died at 76 years of age. He was from Springfield and loved life and people, and most importantly, children. One of Bob’s favorite times of the year was Christmas because he played Santa Claus. He loved this time of year, but he most especially loved what this time of year represented. He gave kids joy and hope and longed to see smiles on their faces, as he felt privileged to be a piece of the Christmas season magic in a Santa suit.

Bob was a small man with a big heart, and he showed that to his community through his hard work and dedication. He organized community events through the Rochester Lions Club and Springfield Elks Club. Bob wrote yearly grants to host events for foster kids and the less privileged – always trying to give joy and smiles to children in any way he could.

Bob was a real gem! If you were fortunate to know him, you also know he loved to laugh and tell stories, and he had an infectious smile. I remember the laughs and his smile and jolly spirit most of all.

Bob loved being around people and we are certain he is telling stories and making them laugh and smile up in heaven. Bob will be greatly missed by family and friends, but he is truly remembered most especially at this time of year as our favorite Santa.

Submitted by his adopted and loving daughter and neighbor, Suzanne Moss
Dr. ELVIN GLENN ZOOK
March 21, 1937 – Nov. 24, 2020
Elvin Glenn Zook was born on a farm in rural Indiana. He was an amazing guy that lived an amazing life. He accepted an invitation from Sharon Neller to a Sadie Hawkins dance at Manchester College. They were later married and would have celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary this month.

Elvin was interested in becoming a physician, although his college chemistry professor tried to discourage him, telling him the goal was out of his reach. This is a fire under him that burned for the next 50 years. He graduated from medical school in 1963, and by 1972 he was teaching in general surgery, thoracic and cardiac surgery, and plastic surgery.

In 1973, he established the division of plastic surgery at SIU School of Medicine in Springfield serving as professor and division chief for 33 years. In his tenure, his team trained 60-plastic surgery residents (Zookies), many fellows in hand and microsurgery, and hundreds of grateful medical students. He served as a member of 33 medical associations on local, state, and national levels and taught as a visiting professor at 61 different institutions. The college chemistry professor would have been proud.

Elvin would all agree that he never stopped learning and he never stopped teaching. He demanded excellence from his students, but provided them with all the motivation and encouragement they needed to achieve it. He was one of the greatest influences on his three daughters Tara (Kellner), Leigh (Konrath) and Nicole (Sommer). They each pursued careers in the medical field with the same passion that he did.

He was a world traveler, hunter, conservationist, books, travel, Bobby Knight-era IU hoops and his grandchildren. Elvin Zook was an amazing guy.

Submitted by his family

JERRY (KRAJECK) FARLER
Aug. 8, 1966 – Jan. 5, 2020
While he hadn’t lived in Springfield or Illinois for many years, Jerry Farler left quite an impression here.

He graduated from New Berlin High School in 1984, and went on to graduate from college with a communications degree. Anyone who knew Jerry would say he probably didn’t need a degree to communicate effectively, but his love of radio and music led him down that path. He worked at local stations, namely WYMG and WMBR, and was on an with several different names – Tony P, The Captain, Jerry Farler and Jerry Krajec.

He worked most of his time as the announcer for LINC and was the WFMB bear in local parades.

Jerry was an avid Grateful Dead fan, and of all music in general, and the main conclusion of music showed every time he was on the air. He was also a collector and enthusiast of VW busses, airplanes, and trains, a dog lover, member of the 12th man Seattle Seahawks club, a Dordtian and a travel enthusiast.

After his time in radio, he worked at the Springfield airport for TWA and Ozark Airlines, later transferring to St. Louis.

Jerry survived his wife Margaret and all three of his children. He was a great influence and inspiration to others who have the disease and eventually became an irreplaceable representative for hemophilia in his later years on his homestate of Nevada and throughout the southwestern U.S.

He is survived by his mother and father, a sister and a brother, two nieces, and numerous aunts, uncles, cousins, and dear friends.

Our beloved Jaime Francis in Indiana and went to the Art Institute of Chicago for one year. However, she chose love over career and married Ossie on June 14, 1952.

Marsha DeHewe were married in 1961.

Our beloved Jaime Francis received a call on June 2 that her work here was done. She was a beautiful person whose beauty led us to believe in the goodness and grace of God and that this life was but a small piece of her forever home.

Jaime had a great love for children and had a great love for making others laugh. She was social and engaging.

Jaime was the second of six children born to Ralph and Carol Kornfeld. Our parents taught us that family was the most important thing, that we have always been very close.

Our parents passed, Jaime alongside with her husband Byron, took up the role of matriarch/patriarch for our family gatherings. Although they had family of their own, they still managed to host holidays and summer fun at their home.

After losing Byron, the love of her life since high school, she decided to be joyful, living life to its fullest and loving with her whole being. During her time here, she traveled to wonderful places, enjoyed reading, socializing, dancing, gardening, and seeing people. She was beautiful and kind, and she was a true inspiration to all.

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ANNA BELL MURPHY
April 5, 1923 – Sept. 20, 2020
Anna Bell Murphy was simply the best—grandma to me and my sister, and for that, I am thankful. She took her role very seriously. I can’t remember a soccer game, band and choir concert or piano recital that she didn’t attend. She and our grandpa were major influences on our lives. She was our favorite babysitter, and she helped make sure we all developed into productive adults.

Grandma was a child of the Depression and married at the age of 20 to her life partner, Emie Murphy, whom she had dated for five years. The marriage lasted over 70 years until Emie’s passing. They had two children, a son and a daughter, my mother. Her son passed away in 1976, which was devastating to my grandma. However, she would often tell us about him to the point that we feel we knew him personally, even though he passed before we were born. Even though she suffered this loss, she was able to be the sweetest and kindest person to everyone.

She was a fantastic cook! She baffled GDP for many years, but rarely complained, and she always walked through her pain.

Our mother was a rare find of selflessness, unconditional love and kindness. She left a lasting impression on many families in the Springfield area as an in-home daycare provider for many years, loving the children like her own. She was a devoted wife and effortlessly supported our father in every aspect of his career. When it came to her five kids, there was nothing she wouldn’t do for us. Ma was always there to love and encourage us, she was our best friend, she held us up when we were down or worried and always took to the time to listen. Ma made everything better, whatever it was, good or bad. Ma was also the most loving Nan. She cherished and spoiled each of her grandchildren and they adored spending time with their sweet, silly, loving Nan.

Our mother passed at 8:00 p.m. on May 26, 2020. At 8:00 p.m., throughout Illinois, a beautiful double rainbow were spotted all over. That’s how amazing our Mom is – she wanted to let us know she was OK and no longer in pain.

Our hearts are broken, but Mom continues to send us some unbelievable signs! Her beautiful legacy inspires us to keep living and make her proud. We were so blessed that God chose her to be our mom.

Lovingly submitted by her children Rosalé, Mary, Gina, Giacomo and Joseph, and husband Giacomo Sr.

Submitted by her grandson, Mike Anderson

LINDA MARIE PECORARO
Aug. 20, 1950 – May 28, 2020
Linda Marie Pecoraro was a Cubs fan and proud Democrat who was educated at St. Elmo High School and Southern Illinois University in Carbondale.

In 1990, Linda married Joseph Pecoraro. They had three children: Joseph, Riley, and Adam. Together, they owned PECORARO’s Carpet, Furniture, and Mattress store in Carbondale, IL. Mrs. Pecoraro is survived by her husband, Joseph; her children, Joseph, Riley, and Adam; her parents, Mike and Mary Rush; her brothers, Jim and Tom Rush; her sister, Jodi Rush; and her mother-in-law, Geraldine Pecoraro.

Submitted by her daughter, Coni Staff

BARBARA ELIZABETH RAWE
Aug. 19, 1918 – June 29, 2020
Barbara Rawe was born on the corner of Sixth Street and Rutledge, just a short distance from the family farm. She graduated from Illinois High School in 1936 and attended Southern Illinois University in Carbondale. After the end of her freshman year, she received a draft notice and joined the U.S. Army. Rawe served from May 1943–April 1945 during WWII. She learned several decorations and citizenship and her service afforded her the opportunity to see many parts of the world.

After her military service, she joined the United States Army Records Center as an E-7 quality control technician in 1946 and remained there until her retirement in 1981.

Romie married Bessee W. Welsh and they had two daughters. Romie loved his family and looked forward to their Christmas Eve gathering each year. He enjoyed yard work, including planting trees and flowers, mowing or setting up for a barbecue. He enjoyed traveling and accompanied Bessie’s Lincoln High School class of ‘46. He was always excited to attend the Barnes family reunions and was honored to have attended 25 of the 36 reunions. Romie was enrolled when he received his 60th birthday salute from President Barack Obama. Romie moved to Springfield in 2006 to be closer to his family, and began to experience health issues in 2014. Later his health declined and he required skilled memory care.

Romie leaves to laugh, love and carry on his legacy his beloved daughter Patricia R. Dickens, lifelong Lona M. Cason, grandchildren Michele (Vincent) Wright, Monica (Wayton) Walker and Dana (Nathanal) Gurnsey, great grandchildren Alex M. Walker, Ivan D. Gurnsey, Bray L. Gurnsey and Payton V. Gurnsey; her beloved husband of 65 years, Bessie W. Welsh; her two daughters, Bessee W. Welsh and JoAnn W. Sanders; her five grandchildren,Hannah P. Sanders, Joseph D. Sanders, Riley J. Sanders, Emily A. Sanders and Dominick J. Sanders; her seven great grandchildren, Carly, Halle, Emily, Leo, Grady and Demi; her brother, Joseph C. Rawe; her sister, Martha C. Rawe; and her two nieces, Betty Sanders and Cheryl Rawe.

Submitted by her daughters, Carol Rawe-Kinley-Bishop and Alice Rawe Luckhes

PAT STAFF
July 29, 1932 – June 10, 2020
Pat Staff loved children. She considered being a mother the most important thing she could ever do, having two children with the love of her life, Thom. She also wanted to teach children, so she waited until her daughter and son were in elementary school, then, and one class at a time, completed her degree at Greeneville College.

When the family moved to Springfield in 1963, she applied for a teaching position. For the next 25 years, she primarily taught fourth grade at Harvard Park Elementary School. Students have offered that she magically made each one of them feel special and valued. She was one of those teachers who never had to raise her voice to keep control in the classroom. They ended up not wanting to disappoint her, for they witnessed her standing for what was fair, right, loving and helpful for their learning and the development of their character. At the end of the day every Friday, her students would vie for a place in line to get their special hug from Mrs. Staff.

She loved coffee so much that she would start drinking it every morning. She never stopped drinking coffee, and her message was always a smile. She was always ready to help and never refused a request. She was always there for her family and friends.

Submitted by her daughter, Coni Staff

ROMIE D. TURNER
Sept. 13, 1924 – Oct. 29, 2020
Romie D. Turner was born to the family of Adron Sanders and Margaret Chambers of Commerce. He was elected to the Lincoln Land Community College Board in 2012, rising to chairman during his six-year term. He was also a Rochester Township Board trustee.

Throughout his career, Turner received numerous awards and developed countless friendships with coworkers and customers. He was a mentor to many and admired for staying true to his beliefs and principles.

Romie’s positive impact on this community and remarkable legacy is a true example of the saying, “It is not the years in your life, but the life in your years that count.”

Submitted by his daughter, Jenifer Sanders

ADRON SANDERS
May 24, 1941 – June 19, 2020
A very special person who was always there for others.

Romie always had a kind word, chuckle or wisdom to offer others. He is deeply loved and will be missed by his family and friends.

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Romie leaves to laugh, love and carry on his legacy his beloved daughter Bessee W. Welsh and Joy W. Cason; his sons, David E. Turner and Adron D. Turner; his grandchildren, Benjamin E. Turner and Joseph D. Sanders; his great grandchildren, Hannah P. Sanders, Joseph D. Sanders, Riley J. Sanders, Emily A. Sanders and Dominick J. Sanders; his brother, Joseph C. Rawe; his sister, Martha C. Rawe; and his nieces, Betty Sanders and Cheryl Rawe.

Submitted by his daughter, Jennifer Sanders

Dennis was born in Lafayette, Indiana, the son of George and Betty Jo Shackleford. He attended Rochester High School, Springfield College in Illinois and received his undergraduate and graduate degrees from Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville.

He opened his first Hallmark store in Charleston, Illinois, and was the youngest ever Hallmark franchisee at the time. However, Dennis’s most important lifeline in life were his wife to vote for a woman and an African-American president, something he didn’t think would happen in her lifetime.

I think that both classy and sassy are the best ways to describe and remember her.

Submitted by her grandson, Mike Anderson

CONNIE VAN HOUTEN
July 19, 1943 – Sept. 24, 2020
Our sweet Constance “Connie” Van Houten left us suddenly this year. While it is natural to feel sad, to notice the loss of her love, her energy and the empty chair at the head of the table, it is also a reminder to celebrate her life. And oh, what a life she lived!

The second of seven children born in Springfield to Maureen and Vincent Keegan, she grew up in a loving home and took after her mom. They both fed for precious time with family, enjoying homemade meals or telling stories, laughing and making memories.

As for family, Connie’s would not have been possible without Ned. Connie married Norman “Red” Van Houten in 1963. They dedicated 57 wonderful years to each other and their family. The biggest testament to their long marriage is the eight kids – Kim, Leigh, Anne, Karri, Ken, Lynde, Sammie, Laurie and Kacy. If the kids could be involved in activities, she made it happen. She worked 40 hours a week and was called “the hub in the wheel” by one of her bosses because things just did not work without her. But if her kids had practices, games or recitals, she was there. Sundays were for faith and family, vacations and shopping trips were always an agreement. Later an empty nest was full for the family.

Submitted by her daughter, Lyndée Fin

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Hello 2021, goodbye 2020

**NOW PLAYING | Tom Irwin**

Welcome to our annual Remembering issue as we wrap up one year and move on to the next. Perhaps the old adage that proclaims if you can’t say anything nice about someone—or in this case, some year—don’t say anything at all, should apply to 2020. But there are some good things if we look hard enough, I just don’t particularly want to right now. That will be a good subject for reflection in an upcoming Now Playing when we are playing out again.

First, let’s remember the musicians we lost this past year, from the locally known to the internationally famous and all those in between. May they know peace in the valley and their harps be always in tune or whatever the case may be for what goes on beyond this realm. The way this year has gone, who knows who else we will have lost just in the time this goes to print and gets into your hands.

To do a little reconnaissance mission for this week’s piece, I did the unthinkable, or at least something not recommended by the almost-octogenarian artist Bob Dylan, and looked back. And while reading 2019’s end-of-the-year Now Playing, I discovered many mentions of bands, musicians and artists performing in a plethora of local venues just as they had done before, time-and-time again in the years, decades, eons and ages preceding the last, lost year of 2020. So I firmly believe and have the utmost faith that very soon we will be seeing live music, in-person and on a regular basis, as a thing returning along with many other formerly normal occurrences that blessed our existence before the occurrence of the global pandemic wrought by COVID-19.

Now let’s take a look-see at what kind of entertainment is available on New Year’s Eve 2020 in celebration of the upcoming new year. For live, in-person music, the covered and heated tent area in front of Buzz Bomb Brewing Company and Elf Shelf Books & Music, popularly known as the Adams Family Patio, has Frank Parker and Friends scheduled to play on New Year’s Eve. I can’t help but believe this version of Frank’s long-running Jambalaya Jam will be dependent on weather conditions, so please check ahead to see what’s happening.

Your safest and best bet for locally sponsored, online, live music experienced from the comfort of your couch would have to be First Night Springfield. The Springfield Area Arts Council, now entering its 45th year of existence in 2021, is responsible for organizing and coordinating this special event that brings together top-notch local performers for our entertainment pleasure. In 2020, the year that is determined to be different, the presentation is brought to you with help from the good folks at Crowdson Creative on YouTube, Vimeo and Facebook, through links found at the SAAC website (www.springfieldartco.org). The online connection adds the bonus of performances presented from all over the country, including the kickoff fireworks show from St. Petersburg, Florida, at 8 p.m., plus concerts from some of your favorite Springfield-based artists. So dial it in, then sit back and enjoy.

And while we dream of all the good things to happen in the year to come, please remember First Night is also the main fundraising event for the SAAC, so any and all donations are much appreciated and will be put to good use in supporting the arts in our area.

Happy New Year. Really. See you next year.
MARKETPLACE

Real Estate Foreclosure

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR THE 7TH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT
SANGAMON COUNTY - SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

PLAINTIFF

V.

DEFENDANTS

NOTICE OF JUDICIAL SALE OF REAL ESTATE

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that pursuant to a Judgment for Foreclosure and Sale entered in the above cause on December 15, 2020, at the Sangamon County Courthouse, 200 South Ninth Street, Springfield, IL 62701, at the hour of 9:00 AM at the Second Floor Boardroom of the Sangamon County Courthouse, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, as set forth below, the following described real estate:

Property Index No. 14-32-27-032, 14-322-031-114, 14-321-007-007

The real estate is improved with a residential improvement, commonly known as:

2412 Lindbergh Boulevard
Springfield, IL 62704

The real estate is located in Sangamon County, Illinois, and is more fully described by reference to the records of Sangamon County, Illinois, as follows:

(B) The common address and other information regarding the real estate is:

The property is situated in the South 5 feet of Lot 53 and the North 35 feet of Lot 52 of the South First Street Subdivision, except all coal and other minerals underlying said lands, together with all right to mine and remove same. Situated in Sangamon County, Illinois. Commonly known as: 2224 South College Street, Springfield, IL 62704.

The property is subject to the following:

Case No. 2020CH000164

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The property is subject to the following:
PUBLIC NOTICES

COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY ILLINOIS ESTATE OF: David Roth, deceased. Case No. 2020 P 663 NOTICE FOR A PROBATE OF ESTATE AND CLAIMS INDEPENDENT REPRESENTATIVE Notice is given to all heirs of the estate of David Roth. Letters of office were issued on December 9, 2020 to Benjamin Roth as independent executor. Any claim filed within six months of the date of first publication or within six months of the date of mailing or delivery to the representative and to the attorney will be barred after it has been filed. Paul Palazolo Clerk of the Circuit Court 217-544-2900 SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS 62705.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: Ann Marie Smith, deceased. Case No.: 2020-P-681 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is given to all heirs of the estate of George L. Sweat of Sangamon County, Illinois. Letters of office were issued on December 17, 2020, to Lawrence A. Sweat, 4709 Bears Paw, Springfield, Illinois 62707, as executor, whose attorneys are Barber, Segaloo, Hoffke, Wilke & Catte, LLP. P.O. Box 73, Springfield, Illinois 62705. Claims against the estate may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court at the Sangamon County Complex, 200 S. Ninth Street, Springfield, Illinois, or with the representative, or both, within six months of the date of first publication or within six months of the date of mailing or delivery to the representative and to the attorney will be barred after it has been filed. Dated: December 17, 2020

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: EMMA RAE SMITH, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-981 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is given to all heirs of EMMA RAE SMITH of Sangamon County, Illinois. Letters of office were issued on December 15, 2020, to Joel G. Emery, 1020 S. 7th Street, Springfield, Illinois 62704, as executor, whose attorneys are Wein, Wein, Wein, Wein & Clower, of Springfield, Illinois. Claims against the estate may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court at the Sangamon County Complex, 200 S. Ninth Street, Springfield, Illinois, or with the representative, or both, within six months of the date of first publication or within six months of the date of mailing or delivery to the representative and to the attorney will be barred after it has been filed. Dated: December 17, 2020

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: PATRICK S. JACOBS, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-1124 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: MARIE SPURLOCK, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-1199 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to Earl Spurlock, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: JERRY R. EVANS, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-1114 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: DAVID A. ROSENFELD, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-983 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: KATHLEEN M. HENNESSY, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-984 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: DONALD J. HESS, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-985 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: GABRIEL H. LYNCH, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-986 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: MARILYN J. ROSS, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-987 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

PUBLIC NOTICE The public is hereby notified that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: JOHN E. WELLS, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-988 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: RICHARD M. SCHMIDT, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-989 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.

IN THE COURT CIRCUIT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS In the Matter of the estate of: ROBERT E. BURKE, deceased. Case No.: 2020-MR-990 CLAIM NOTICE Notice is hereby given that on Thursday, February 4, 2021 the will was proved in open court and was admitted to probate, and a permanent administration of the estate was allowed to JoAnn Bokamp, deceased.
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT COUNTY OF SANGAMON - SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS NEWREZ LLC OR A SHELLPOINT MORTGAGE SERVICING, PLAINTIFF, VS. TED HARTWIG, SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE DECEASED MORTGAGEE, MICHEL ECKHOFF, MARY ROSE, UNKNOWN HEIRS AND LEGATES OF MICHEL ECKHOFF, ANONYMOUS OWNERS AND NON-RECORD CLAIMANTS, DEFENDANTS. NO. 18CH117 1517 NORTH 5TH STREET SPRINGFIELD, IL 62702 JUDGE PRESIDING NOTICE BY PUBLICATION NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO YOU, UNKNOWN HEIRS AND LEGATES OF MICHEL ECKHOFF, who are holders of any real estate, personal property or any other property of the above-described estate, that a case has been commenced in this Court against you and other defendants, asking for the foreclosure of a certain Mortgage conveying the premises described as follows, to wit:

THE EAST 45 FEET OF THE SOUTH 85 FEET OF THE NORTH 130 FEET OF PARCEL 1 OF THE TOWN PLAT OF THE TOWN, NOW CITY OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, AS DESCRIBED IN RECORD BOOK 188, PAGE 101, in the Sangamon County Court House, 205 North Ninth Street, Springfield, IL, 62701, set off a public sale to the highest bidder, as set forth below, the following described real estate and personal property or any other property of the above-described estate, to-wit:

PARCEL 1:

THE EAST 130 FEET OF THE SOUTH 85 FEET OF THE NORTH 130 FEET OF PARCEL 1 OF THE TOWN PLAT OF THE TOWN, NOW CITY OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, AS DESCRIBED IN RECORD BOOK 188, PAGE 101, in the Sangamon County Court House, 205 North Ninth Street, Springfield, IL, 62701, set off a public sale to the highest bidder, as set forth below, the following described real estate and personal property or any other property of the above-described estate, to-wit:

PARCEL 2:

THE EAST 90 FEET OF THE SOUTH 85 FEET OF THE NORTH 130 FEET OF PARCEL 1 OF THE TOWN PLAT OF THE TOWN, NOW CITY OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, AS DESCRIBED IN RECORD BOOK 188, PAGE 101, in the Sangamon County Court House, 205 North Ninth Street, Springfield, IL, 62701, set off a public sale to the highest bidder, as set forth below, the following described real estate and personal property or any other property of the above-described estate, to-wit:

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE SEVENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT SANGAMON COUNTY, ILLINOIS ARENA LIMITED SPLX LLC, Plaintiff, -v- VCOP SPRINGFIELD LLC, Defendants.

This is a case in which a mortgage has been foreclosed. The plaintiff has requested that the court order the defendant to make payment on the mortgage or face the consequences of foreclosure. The plaintiff is seeking a judgment in the amount of $122,614.64.

NOTICE OF SALE

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that pursuant to the foreclosure of the above-described real estate, to-wit:

THE EAST 130 FEET OF THE SOUTH 85 FEET OF THE NORTH 130 FEET OF PARCEL 1 OF THE TOWN PLAT OF THE TOWN, NOW CITY OF SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, AS DESCRIBED IN RECORD BOOK 188, PAGE 101, in the Sangamon County Court House, 205 North Ninth Street, Springfield, IL, 62701, set off a public sale to the highest bidder, as set forth below, the following described real estate and personal property or any other property of the above-described estate, to-wit:

NOTICE OF SALE

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the public that a judgment in the amount of $122,614.64 has been issued by the court.
a condominium unit pursuant to a court order or a purchaser who acquires title to a mortgage shall have the duty to pay the proportionate share, if any, of the common expenses for the unit which would have become due in the absence of any assessment acceleration during the 6 months immediately preceding institution of an action to enforce the collection of assessments, and which remain unpaid by the owner during whose possession the assessments accrued, if the outstanding assessments are paid at any time during any action to enforce the collection of assessments, the purchaser shall have no obligation to pay any assessments which accrued before he or she acquired title. If this property is a condominium unit which is a part of a common interest community, the purchaser of the unit at the foreclosure sale other than a mortgagee shall pay the assessments required by the Condominium Act, 765 ILCS 605/18.5 (g-1). If the sale is not confirmed for any reason, the purchaser at the sale shall be entitled only to a return of the purchase price paid. The purchaser shall have no further recourse against the Mortgagor, the Mortgagee or the Mortgagee’s attorney. If you are the Mortgagor (Homeowner), you have the right to remain in possession for 30 days after entry of an order of possession, in accordance with section 15-1701 (c) of the Illinois Mortgage Foreclosure Law.

Note: Pursuant to the Fair Debt Collection Practices Act you are advised that the Law Firm of Heavner, Beyers & MIHLAR, LLC is deemed to be a debt collector attempting to collect a debt, and any information obtained will be used for that purpose. PNC Bank, National Association, Plaintiff,

Veronika J. Miles (#6313161), Its Attorney

Of Heavner, Beyers & MIHLAR, LLC, is its Attorney

Plaintiff, PN

BANK, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION,

States, to collect a debt, and any information obtained will be used for that purpose.

Note: Pursuant to the Fair Debt Collection Practices Act you are advised that the Law Firm of Heavner, Beyers & MIHLAR, LLC, is deemed to be a debt collector attempting to collect a debt, and any information obtained will be used for that purpose. PNC Bank, National Association, Plaintiff,

Veronika J. Miles (#6313161), Its Attorney

Of Heavner, Beyers & MIHLAR, LLC, is its Attorney

Plaintiff, PN

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Veronika J. Miles (#6313161), Its Attorney

Of Heavner, Beyers & MIHLAR, LLC, is its Attorney

Plaintiff, PN

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Veronika J. Miles (#6313161), Its Attorney

Of Heavner, Beyers & MIHLAR, LLC, is its Attorney

Plaintiff, PN

BANK, NATIONAL ASSOCIATION,

States, to collect a debt, and any information obtained will be used for that purpose.
Homeless in Springfield • Part VI

The Pyramid of Stability

Over the last twenty-seven years at Inner City Mission, we have lived with, laughed with, struggled with, and ministered to thousands of individuals and families, all of them wounded in some way and looking for relief from their pain. Through that process, we’ve learned a lot about the factors leading to a joyful life or a sorrowful one.

When we first started working with the homeless, we assumed they had the same advantages as we did in America and could make good choices when given the chance. They just needed a helping hand and a place to stay while they find a decent job, save money, and get back on their feet. Well, we found out the opposite. Our first clue came during a meeting we had in our shelter. We were sitting in the living room with our residents when I asked the question, “Do any of you have a good memory from your past that you would like to share?”

The room went eerily silent. I tried again.

“It can be a birthday gift, a family outing, or anything else you remember, like a special Christmas.”

A woman laughed, and said, “Scott, I never got a birthday gift. I don’t think anyone knew it was my birthday.”

Others joined in.

“The only good memory I have was going to the drive-in with my parents. They put me and my brother in the trunk and warned us not to make noise or let anyone know we were back there. If we kept real still, we could hear the loud parts of the movie.”

“I remember my dad sending me to the Seven Eleven to steal cigarettes for him. If I came back with a pack, he would smile and pat me on the head. But if I came home empty-handed...well, I won’t tell you what happened next.”

“Yeah, my best memory was the day my stepdad got arrested and put in jail.”

Story after story poured out, and everyone was laughing. My face smiled, but my heart was breaking. I had been transported to another world, yet never left my seat.

A few days later, driving home from the mission, I began crying for no particular reason. This happened every day after work for several weeks. I remember praying, asking God what was wrong with me. The next day, a distinct thought came to me:

“You’re not crying about the stories you are hearing. You’re crying out of shame, because you’ve taken your childhood blessings for granted.”

At that moment, I knew what our residents at the mission were missing.

With this realization, Connie and I began our quest to truly understand homelessness. We had already recognized that a job, a savings account, or even a house could not keep our residents out of homelessness. In only a matter of time, their physical things would be gone, and they would be back on our doorstep needing help.

Yet if we wanted to help people out of homelessness forever, we needed to know more. So we created a mission team that would meet weekly to discuss and identify the differences between their life stories and ours. In that, we discovered the four basic universal resources that every productive member of society has, but the homeless do not. The homeless either lack them or cannot hold onto them.

The first three resources are personal and specific to each person. The fourth is an outside resource that is available through third-party providers in the community.

1. Relational Resources: significant, caring people in a person’s life who become a support system in both good times and bad. They include parents, relatives, friends, teachers, ministers, and mentors whom the person relates in a healthy, positive manner.

2. Inner Resources: the unique blend of characteristics and traits that make up a person’s core being, like temperament, maturity, intelligence, reasoning, attitude, morals, values, ethics, common-sense, perseverance, loyalty, and creativity. Some may be genetic, but all are nurtured and developed by significant people in the person’s life.

3. Physical Resources: the assets a person owns or has control of: like cash, property, housing, vehicles, investments, bank accounts, or anything else of monetary value.

4. Outside Resources: non-related, third-party providers such as agencies, shelters, non-profits, churches, or individuals that offer aid to those in need. Neighborhood infrastructure also falls into this category when it provides necessary services like public transit, schools, and stores.

In our quest to understand further, we saw how these resources form a pyramid. We called it The Pyramid of Stability, which is explained here:

Relational Resources sit at the bottom of the pyramid as the foundation. They support the other resources, and enable them to exist in a person’s life. Directly above Relational Resources are Inner Resources, which are the positive traits a person carries and uses in life. These traits were developed by the nurturing, caring people who come out of the person’s Relational Resources. Sitting above Inner Resources are Physical Resources which are acquired and maintained through the good decisions that come out of the person’s Inner Resources.

Outside Resources come into play when a person or family is struggling to survive in society. Their physical needs exceed their resources. Whether it’s poverty or homelessness, they have a minimal amount of Relational Resources to fall back on, and they need outside help in our community.

The Pyramid of Stability has changed our approach. We no longer focus on providing Physical Resources. Yes, we take care of residents’ physical needs, but now we focus on providing Relational Resources. That shift has changed the average length of a resident’s stay from ninety-seven to one hundred seventy-seven nights. That’s because it takes longer to help a person develop Relational and Inner Resources than it does to help someone acquire something physical.

After implementing this, we began to see transformation in the lives of our residents. People started finding lifelong housing stability.

One thing we know: when the Lord gave us understanding into homelessness, Connie and I gained an overwhelming sense of gratitude for the blessing of resources in our lives. We now praise God for the opportunity to see firsthand the transformative power of his love in other people’s lives as they develop the necessary resources for stability.

Until next time,

Scott & Connie Payne
Inner City Mission
726 N 7th St
Springfield, IL 62702
www.innercitymission.net