

08/11/2008 Day 2,224

Dear Clint,

## Down to Phantom Ranch

One of the best vacations we ever had as a family was in August of 1969. There was a camper and 8 children aged from 14 to 7 years of age (*Rick was 13 years old and Bill was 11*). We were laid out in the station wagon like sardines, one facing north and the next facing south (*or up, actually*) and a camper trailed behind. We covered as many states as we could cover in 2 weeks. We were on a mission as this picture describes.

We did spend a little bit of time in Colorado Springs and Lake Meade. Rick and I were exactly the right age to explore the Garden of the Gods. We were big enough to clamor over the rocks and young enough to find that grand. Too bad we weren't younger so we could have some excuse for not being able to read the "Do not climb" signs.

We almost did not get to go down the Grand Canyon because Dad was very concerned we could not make it. It wasn't the hardship, you understand. He checked things out and if we floundered down there then someone would have to go down with mules to get us. The mules were \$20. Oh was there a lot of hand wringing on this.



That lady is NOT Dottie. TG&Y, DJ, Bill (wearing the same clothes he had on when he went to the bottom of the Grand Canyon), Rick, Teri, Becky Dierkes. The spot on Bill's face is on the picture. Sorry. Quit rubbing it, it will only be worse. August 5, 1969

This is part of the two week cover the entire USA marathon vacation. Four corners allowed us to cover a couple of states. In Nevada, we drove across the desert and into California for a couple miles, announced we seen California, and turned around. Still desert.



Most people who have to be rescued (\$20, remember) did so because they ran out of water. So we were given a little bit of food which Rick started out with, a gallon canteen, which was almost too much for young Bill (11 years) and the 2½ gallons in a backpack which I began with. In the picture you see me with my hands outstretched. This was for balance. That backpack was HEAVY! We were drilled on the necessity of conserving our water. Oh the mules were so expensive. Oh my...

We took the difficult trail down which could have been a lark if we were not carrying around 4 gallons of water. We had hardly left before young Bill was complaining. The water was just so heavy. In fact, the entire trip to the bottom was all about WHO was going to carry the canteen and WHO was going to carry the backpack of water. In any case, Bill was excused and constantly ran ahead, unencumbered. Sometimes he carried the food sack but, gosh, it was so heavy...

It was hot and scenic, but, frankly, Rick and I weren't too much into scenery. The adventure became a challenge to get through. We picked out landmarks and made deals. When we get to such and such a landmark I get the canteen. No, that isn't as far as I had to carry it last time. Zoom. Off runs Bill to the landmark where he'll wait for us. Were we supposed to keep him out of trouble? By the time we reached the bottom Rick still cared where Bill was. I just wanted to reach the bottom where we could lighten our load and relax.

There was a metal foot bridge across the Colorado River at the bottom. The bridge was high above the Colorado River, which was surprising. Crossing it we came to Phantom Ranch. Had we known better, we might have stayed on the trail and slept there this night but we didn't know what was waiting for us.

At the Phantom Ranch there were a few buildings up the draw for paying customers. Alas, we were not paying. There was one short picnic table and the ground was made of big rocks - nice enough to have a little dinner and to sip just a little of our water. We must not waste the water.

What a miserable night. For being such a hot canyon, it turned cold. Bitter cold. The big rocks were not just big but rough. It was almost impossible to create a nest in the rocks where we could sleep, no, shiver. Did I mention the picnic table was short? Only one person could use the picnic table at a time. It was a flat surface but it was in the wind and even colder! At least in the rock nests we made could get out of the wind. We took turns changing our misery from one type to another.

I'm not sure, but I do believe there was a little bit of complaining going on. 😊

Going back up that night was entertained. That would have been truly stupid, eh?

Morning brought relief. It warmed up and we no longer had to pretend we were trying to sleep. Had we been on the warm trail we might have been cold but it would have been flat. Surely we would not have rolled off the trail. 😊



TP gave these pants to the boys in hopes of making a connection with them. However, he had to shame them to get them to wear them. The loud pants were worn down to the bottom of the Grand Canyon and back. Dottie said anyone could see us from the rim.

August 1969

The 2nd time TG&Y wore the pants it was at Montgomery Wards. Store was down below and offices on upper floors. One man on the elevator asked TG&Y if he wanted to be shot. TP, thoroughly embarrassed, told TG&Y never to wear them to Montgomery Wards again.

You would have thought we were at the bottom, bottom but we never got any closer to the Colorado River than the footbridge. It seems to me if we could have, we should have gotten down there and at least touched it. It wasn't a gentle river in any sense at this point in the gorge.

If our water supply was too heavy going down the trail for Bill, it was out of the question on the way up. Our return trail was not nearly as steep as the trail down on the day before. It was still going up, however, and we did have our water supply. Rick didn't complain very much. I struggled between boyish pride, being the eldest, and wanting to get out of the water carrying business entirely.

Two thirds of the way up the Canyon we came across a water fountain. Yes, a water fountain blooming in the middle of the rugged wilderness! At this point we still had about half of the canteen of water and we had not even touched the back pack of water. After all, if we ran out of water then within minutes we would be dying and the \$20 mules would be on the way!

We poured that water out right then and there while we scoured the rim for perhaps a particular parent. Well, perhaps we glared rather than scoured. I know I glared. Oh gads. A ways further up the trail and there was a covered rest area and people coming and going.

It seems most people go from the rim to the rest area and back again and call that their trip to the bottom of the Grand Canyon. I suppose that may be true after a fashion, but no one having crossed the bridge to the Phantom Ranch is going do less than roll their eyes when the claim is made.

I have always tried to create memories for my children. Misdirected revenge, I suppose. I just learned my lesson well. 😊

## Undressed

It was perhaps 1970 when Rick was visiting Uncle Alfred Parsons during the summer, hay season.

As often happened, Alfred would be doing farm work with a tractor while the great nephew would be sitting on the fender. It was considered such a treat to ride with Alfred on the tractor.



Sometimes we would stand on the floorboard. You were a little top heavy when you did this with little to hold onto (*the lights in the picture look like a hand old but on Alfred's tractor, they were mostly broken*). After a while we would normally sit on the toolbox attached to one fender. When we were small enough we could sit facing forward but when we got older, the distance between the tractor seat and the fender made other options

more palatable. We were all encouraged to keep our legs forward but the best positions were uncomfortable and all positions get unbearable in time.

You know, we were all very fortunate not to have had a leg crushed by the 3 point hitch which, when raised, would bring up 2 arms up by use of its powerful hydraulics system. Although this did not happen, something else did on this occasion.

On this particular occasion Alfred was bailing hay on the Wimsatt place. (*Some may know it better as Joe Lourn's place because he later bought the land from Alfred. There was a house on the property at this time and Alfred had inserted the idea into Rick and my head that someone might buy the property and restore the house. Joe Lourn did eventually buy the land but he built his own house, a new house, mostly on one super duper crop of soy beans when the market was really good.*)

Normally, most of the hay is clover but this particular part of the field, and only on the Wimsatt place, there were concentrations of lespedeza. Lespedeza is a superior hay but it dries slower than clover and damp or uncured hay tends to clog up the

baler. Consequently, there was a lot of stopping the tractor and climbing up and down and fussing with the baler.

With so much going on Rick forgot to dismount from the tractor from the front instead of taking the shortcut out the back way. Did I mention the baler is powered by a shaft spinning hundreds of RPM, called a PTO, out of the tractor and turns all the gears in the baler. As quick as a wink when Rick's jeans touched the PTO, they caught, and were ripped off of him.

Rick was so very fortunate. He didn't break a leg or anything serious like that. Instead, those tough old jeans which are suppose to hold up to anything ripped off of him (*with some of his extra skin*) like a banana peel. It probably wasn't the power of the PTO so much as the Rick's momentum in one direction and the blinding speed the PTO was turning. Poor Alfred was so shook up.

From the cousins' point of view, this incident also made things more difficult for us for a while. Nothing quite deflates youthful fun and adventure like adults becoming safety conscious.

## Peers Destroy Teen Minds

AUG • 60



When my children grew up I made it plainly known they could not drive a car to school. We would take them to school and drop them off. It did not matter if they were a senior and if they had their own car. There were 2 incidents which influenced this dastardly stance which permanently twisted the children's minds.

When I was in High School I saw perfectly sane, mild mannered teens peeling out in a crowded parking lot full of backing out cars and pedestrians every afternoon. It seemed when their peers were watching their judgment was put into the glove compartment for a while. The kids hanging out the windows weren't any brighter and tended to make the driver even more insane.

The 2<sup>nd</sup> incident was perhaps in 1968 and Grandpa's farm.

Grandpa has this cool ford tractor. It seemed to be as fast lightning. I suppose tractors are meant to do work and, so it was used for work, but gee, you certainly could get into the field and back again quickly enough!

One day Wheel was messing around on the tractor and Rick was on one fender and I was on the other. We eventually found ourselves on the eastern edge of the farm

near the gravel road. John Fields was driving by and stopped to talk to Wheel for a little bit. Rick and I continued to sit on the fenders getting bored.

Eventually those older teenagers got all talked out and so it was time to go back home. With John leaning on the fence, Wheel pointed the tractor home and gave it all he had. The tractor wheels spun and popped a wheelie. After about 50' or so Wheel stopped the tractor and turned to see if John was properly impressed. But John wasn't being impressed. John had jumped the gate and was digging frantically in the mud.

What is John doing? And where is Rick? Wheel looked to me and then to the other fender then around the tractor. "Where is Rick?" Wheel asks again. John yells out "Help. The boy is buried in here."

We ran back there and dragged Rick out of the mud and cleaned up his air ways. He wasn't moving very much. Wheel held him close and hurried him back to the house as fast as the tractor would go - minus doing any more wheelies. Luckily for Wheel, there were no adults around and he was able to revive Rick and get him somewhat cleaned up before Wheel's parents got home - Grandma mostly.

If I recollect correctly I do believe Wheel was very kind and caring for Rick for the rest of the day and for a while after that. More so before Grandma got home because I think Wheel hoped some consequences could somehow be avoided. This was a very scary time.

It seemed when Wheel did the wheelie thing Rick fell forward into the mud. The tractor then spun on top of him, burying him into the mud, until the tractor found enough traction to move on. Had the ground been hard and not a mud puddle Rick would have been crushed that day but as it was, he came closer to drowning.

It was so apparent from where I sat on the fender this entire scenario was all set up because one of Wheel's peers showed up. This actually occurred before the High School parking lot impression but it sort of set the table for me to make my observations and resolution to my children's chagrin.



## Ways we made Money



When we were younger (*that is, we lived @ 117 Peck Drive which means I could be no more than 11 but was probably younger*) there were a couple ways to make money which came and went over the years. One was to pick bag worms. Another was to dig up dandelions. Yet, a third way was

to just do something worthy of a star. Gold stars paid maybe a penny. Silver stars were maybe a nickel, and blue stars were maybe a dime.

Think these were good ideas? The plug was pulled on each of these systems in turn because we broke the bank. These "systems" were meant to motivate us to vacuum, to do dishes, and other chores without complaining but it really wasn't meant to pay out anything else the bank would have been better funded. 😊 As soon as we kids really got into the program, we, or Rick, would bust the budget. It wasn't so much Rick liked to get money. Rick just like to please people. He actually volunteered to vacuum for free! He tirelessly dug dandelions and filled the grocery bag with bag worms. He always made it difficult for the rest of us who were not quite so industrious. 😊

We didn't always work for money. Not money for us, anyway. There were a number of times we did things to collect money for one cause or another. Even the neighborhood kids came over and dug up dandelions for money we donated to C.A.R.E.

Somewhere along the way we put on a carnival in our back yard for some cause. We made our own events and the neighborhood kids came over and paid a penny to do this or that.

## First Camp

After having camped out in the backyard a few times, Rick and I went on the ultimate camp out. If we walked one mile down Salisbury road we came to our woods which we had occasionally hiked during the day. Finally, we were old enough to camp out on our own.

It must have been late fall or early spring as you will understand in a little bit. For some reason I remember we got out there about 5:30 and we made our dinner. It wasn't a very good dinner, of course, because ashes were stirred up by the wind and kept settling in the food. Eventually, the gusts of wind brought some drizzle. Not a down pour but just a constant, bone chilling drizzle.



Rick Dierkes, wearing his Grandpa's gloves, pretending to be driving the Joe Mahars Alis Chalmers DW-45 tractor with the round baler behind. At 7 years (*approx*) Rick would not be able to depress both the breaks and clutch on the tractor at the same time.

The large 1 ton balers, popular in late 20th Century, did not exist. Square bales were most popular and the small round bales, about the size of a square bale were not common. For one thing, the round baler was prone to trouble.

In the background (*by steering wheel*) you can see Joe Mahar's place. Joe and GW McClintic worked together. Approx 1962

This is in front of GW's corn bin. It is the half mile drive way leading away towards hiway 24.

It was early to bed in those bargain basement sleeping bags. You have to know most of what had fit one criterion. Was it cheap? They were not warm nor were they soft. We tried sleeping with our head close to the fire. Then we tried our feet to the fire. We got upwind so we were out of the smoke and then we moved upwind so we would be out of the smoke - again! Someone started talking about rattlesnakes and how the fire attracts them. What did cowboys do to keep them out? Did anyone bring a course, bristly rope?

Well, to make a long story short, it was a short night. We were home by 8:30 PM. Now you know how I knew this was late fall or early spring? It was cold and darkness came early. 😊

## Late Nights

At Rick's wake I made a statement to the effect I would not talk about our being sent to bed at 7:30 every evening. Notice I said "evening" and not night. My parents were very wise. Mother told me this was Dad's way of giving Mom a break from having kids hanging on her all day. I didn't want to hang on to Mother. I wanted to go outside and play!

No, I didn't like it very much. Rick was on the bottom bunk and he didn't complain nearly as much and I did from the top bunk. I used to lay there whipping my leg against the bed while I watched our playmates running up and down the street having fun.

One thing we used to do though, upon occasion, was slip down the hall and watch TV. Dad's big easy chair or the couch was in the living room by the hall, essentially extending the hall by a few more feet. The TV was at the opposite side of the room. We 3 boys (*Rick and Bill and myself*) just peered around the bottom of the easy chair or couch and held our breath. We were almost underneath Dad and if he should suddenly get the urge for some ice cream!

Actually, late night (*after 7:30*) TV also happened on those evenings when Mother was out for some reason or other. We all knew the drill. When Mother gets home we were to immediately scurry back to bed and pretend we were asleep.



TG&Y and Rick having a pillow fight instead of going to sleep. Bill has already settled down in the bottom bunk.

Bedtime was 7:30, and in the summer, you could see the other kids in the neighborhood running up and down the street, playing.

Normally, we didn't get away with this, but Wheel, who took the picture, was visiting. Approximately 1961

## Chip off the old Block



One time Rick and I were shadow boxing. Pow! Boom! Sometimes shadow boxing ends up just like when you are playing Cowboys and Indians. "I shot you!" "No you didn't, I ducked!" "I shot you!" "No, you missed. I saw the bullet go by and hit the fence over there."

On this occasion there can be no mistake. I pretended to give Rick a sharp uppercut and he flew back, lost his footing, and spun into the window seal. We had to take him to the hospital for stitches over his eye.

Yes sir, you need to watch out not only for the power of my left hook but the wind shear is over powering.

## Smacks

In the 60s people did not eat out as often as they do in the 90s and 21<sup>st</sup> century.



Glad Rick is happy with his toy rifle (*later*). TG&Y got a REAL one! Christmas 1965

Besides, when you are dragging around 7 - 8 children it can be a considerable feat to do so.

One restaurant we liked going to (*because it was an option*) was Smacks. It was a drive in restaurant like Sonic. Dad would drive up in the station wagon and calmly place his order. Yes, I would like 90 hamburgers, 10 orders of fries, etc.

Well, they were not the biggest hamburgers in the world. It also wasn't quite as neat and clean as that either. What with some kids not liking mustard. Some wanting it plain. Some with everything....

## Watches for Children

One Christmas my Dad did something very special for Rick and I. He bought us our first watches. These were not ordinary watches but very expensive watches. He had been on a business trip to Mexico and there was the opportunity and Christmas was approaching.

Would you spend \$50 on a watch today? How about in the early 60s? This was a truly wonderful gift from the heart. - Did I mention there was a bargain involved?

Aside from all the neat things about these watches was this inscription on the back. "Water Repellant". Cool!

So, the day after Christmas Rick and I were in the bathtub doing experiments. 5 minutes under water and it works fine. 10 minutes under water and no problem. And there were no problems that day. By morning however the inside of the lens was steamed and in a few more days the watches were dead.



Hello? Can I have a new watch?  
These expensive watches are not as water proof as we thought they were. Can you fix it?

TG&Y and Rick Dierkes. Two months after we moved into our first real home in Independence, MO. 117 Peck Drive. August 1956

## Robbery

When I tell these stories you have to remember a couple things. For one, with the exception of a few, these stories are from over 40 years ago. Some hale from more than 45 years ago. I, on the other hand, have been leaking brain cells for a while now so it is a good thing I take the time to write this now before I forget or twist anything else. This next story is not only from a long time ago but I received it second hand.

So, I hope you have been making allowances for my errors.

When I was 15 I was the first to get a job at Big Boy Drive in Restaurant. The first of many Dierkes kids to go there to work. I was paid 75 cents an hour to peel, wring out, and bread onion rings. After a year or so, when there was a need, I could move from the back room to grill area and help out with the cooking. For the most part, at least at the first, I was in the back making onion rings. Can you imagine peeling 250 to 350 pounds of onions every evening?

Rick was the next Dierkes to go to work at Big Boys. Unlike myself, Rick seemed to find himself doing the

cooking and going back to help with the onion rings in slow times. Some people had all the breaks! 😊



At the end of the night the restaurant would close. The doors were locked and things were cleaned up. One or more would also go out and pick up any trash like ketchup packs from the parking lot. On this particular night in question, this task fell to Rick.

While Rick was picking up trash a stranger walked up to him and pulled a gun on him. He was told to open the door and let him in. Rick explained he didn't have any keys and the doors were locked. Rick was instructed to knock on the door like normal so it would be opened while the robber stood just out of sight with his gun on Rick.

David Lucas was another cook who was working that night and for some unknown reason, David picked this particular night to look at Rick through the door and call out. "Sorry. We are closed. I can't let you in." Rick became frantic. On the other hand David was somewhat disappointed because Rick obviously just did not appreciate good humor. It was reluctantly David unlocked the door.

Immediately the door was filled with the frame of the robber who was holding a canon. Well, when you are staring down a gun barrel, how big does it seem to you? To David, it was the whole world. Obviously, the robber doesn't understand humor either.

All the employees were taken to the back room and were laid out in the walk in cooler and there they remained for some time as the robbers took care of the day's deposits.



## On the Edge of the Wilderness

When we lived on Peck Drive we were not often permitted to walk the mile down Salisbury Hill to the woods. We could, however, go up the street about 4 houses and cut through the yard.

All these houses on the edge of the neighborhood had fences except for one. This is the yard we cut through. To where did we go? To the edge.

Highway 291 passed by the neighborhood and between the neighborhood and this highway was a large flat field of clay. Someone had dug all the dirt out as if they were going to put in a grocery store or the like. There was about 2 feet of flat ground beyond everyone's fence and then it dropped almost straight down for 20 to 30 feet to the red soggy clay field. If you walked along the ledge north for maybe 800 feet you could climb down to some solid ground by the bakery.

In all the time we lived there in the neighborhood the flat no man's land was never developed. It retained too many pools of water and mud to have ever been usable for anything like a ball game either. The bakery and civilization was about 10 feet above this no man's land.

We liked the bakery. Oh, not for any of their backed goods. Hostess cup cakes were sold there. 😊

Now, here is the thing.

Sometimes Rick and I took Dad's Marine cook gear and we would cook out here on the 2 foot ledge between no man's land and neighborhood. We worked out a number of cub scout badges here. We even camped overnight here at least once. All on a 2 foot ledge? Well, not exactly since this particular yard had no fence. We stayed on the edge but if we overlapped a little, so be it. We were still on the edge of the wilderness.

## Engine Number 9

Rick wasn't much of a mechanic, being interested in other things as it was. None the less the time came when the old Maverick was in need of an overhaul. Now I am not sure why this was necessarily a concern for Rick because we paid \$.05 a mile to drive the Maverick and this was suppose to cover everything. The station wagon, if you wanted to be caught dead in it, cost \$.25 per mile. The point is, the maintenance is prepaid so why bother?

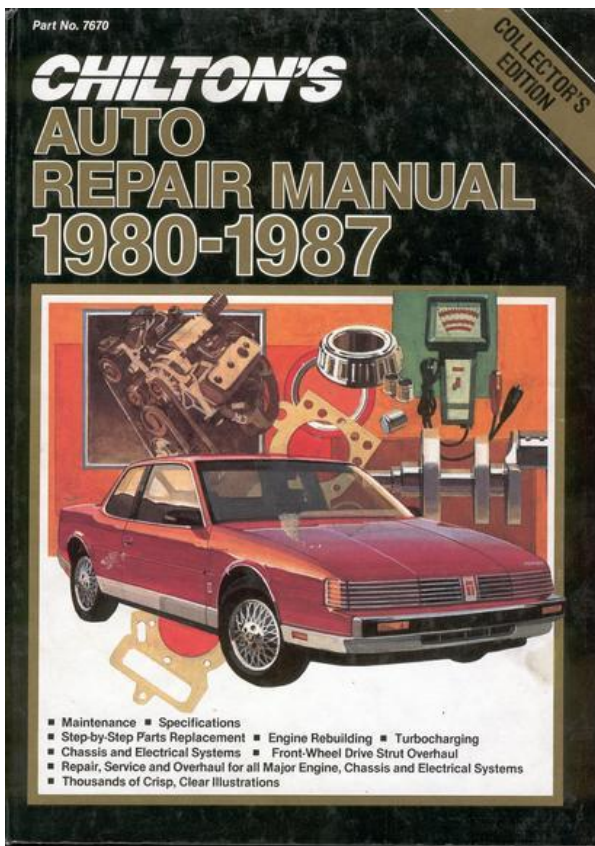
Never heard of charging by the mile? It is a good practice to help teach children the true costs of auto ownership without having to buy the car. It works for children who are willing to learn. Dad boasted of this to our Uncle Bill who thought

it was a great idea. However, when he tried to implement it the boys would drive 14 miles to St. Joseph, use a tank of gas, and come home and only put 5 miles on the car. As I said, you have to be willing to learn.

Or perhaps it was Uncle Bill who was learning something here. 😊

Still digressing, one day I was visiting Shelly who was complaining because her co-workers at Hardees were charging her \$5 for taking her to work. She thought this was just lousy of them. I explained it was just business and took a pencil to a napkin on the spot. See! You are getting a bargain.

Very soon after this Kassie found it cost her \$5 to be chamfered to work and back again as well. 😊



Back on subject, Rick decided to use a car repair manual and some tools and do the overhaul himself. How hard can it be?

Once he was done, well, the car would not start and he knew he needed some help. A co-worker at Big Boys offered to help him out after work. So Rudy gave him a ride home and they looked around.

"Say, what is in that box?"

"I don't know. Something left over?"

It was the carburetor. A carburetor sits on top of the engine and may be about 10" square, roughly. A missing carburetor also leaves a hole in the top of the engine if it is left off. An obvious hole, one should think!

On one hand, they did get the car fixed. On the other hand, Rudy was yucking this up with just about anyone he could find. This was the funniest thing Rudy had seen or heard of in all his life.

Now, all yucking aside, this is really worthy a badge of courage and a life lesson (*once you get control of yourself*).

In the first place, Rick wasn't afraid of failure. He trusted everything would work out just fine. He was the eternal optimist. Fear of failure freezes us way too often into doing nothing.

In the 2<sup>nd</sup> place, Rick wasn't afraid to share his failure and ask for help. He asked the Gattenby twins and several others. His choice in which friend would be most helpful may have been flawed in this case, but Rick didn't try to hide his failure. He told the biggest mouth at Big Boys.

Would you think it odd if I mentioned I was living in the same house and yet I was only vaguely aware of something going on in the garage?

I got my news about this from - Rudy.

More Things the Kids Said as recorded by Nanny

Monsignor Ricky Dierkes was born 2/26/1955 and Died 7/27/2008:

<http://www.stjoenews.net/news/2008/jul/28/father-rick-dies-53/>

<http://photos.walmart.com/share/p=800281217292750772/l=12618736/g=12778204/cobrandOid=1011/otsc=SYE/otsi=SALB>

1 9 5 9

November 1959

Age 2

Ricky, after being caught closing and rubbing his eyes said, "I am not sleepy, Mommie. I was just closing my eyes so no one could see who I was".

March 7, 1960

Age 5

Ricky was holding his nose closed trying to exhale and became all excited and said, "Mommie, I'm blowing air out and it's not coming out of my nose, but it's coming out both of my ears!"

Ricky said, "Mom, when I get grown, Daddy will be a grandpa, won't he?" and TJ overhearing replied in disgust, "OH, Ricky, Daddy can't be a grandpa, he's not a farmer." (*Like TJ's grandpa.*)

May 3, 1960

Age 5

Ricky said he was playing daddy and TJ told him he didn't look like a daddy but like a grandma because he has red hair (*like Grandma McClintic's.*)

May 25, 1960

Age 5

TJ and Ricky had been playing cowboys all morning and suddenly Ricky said, "Tommy, let's just play Tommy and Ricky now." (*Received \$2.00 from The Capper's Weekly for this one saying.*)

November 22. 1963

Age 8

Ricky was complaining because he thought his daddy didn't like him because he has red hair and I assured him that was ridiculous and asked why he thought that and he said because Tuesday Daddy had spanked him two times with the belt easy and he spanked TJ real hard two times and said that was to teach him a lesson. Ricky said, "Daddy doesn't love me because he doesn't want to teach me a lesson, too, so I will be good when I grow up".

November 30, 1963

Age 8

Rick and TJ were looking at a book and wondering aloud which cow was Grandpa's, the Jersey or the Guernsey. Rick decided it was the Jersey since it was standing beside a chicken and Grandpa's cow isn't afraid of chickens.

March 6, 1977

Age 22

I was telling Rick about throwing one's break upon the water and so on and asked him if he knew what happens then. He looked puzzled and finally asked hesitantly, "It gets soggy?" Wasn't exactly what I had in mind, but okay that part was right, I am sure.



\| \| \| \| /  
(o o) I love you son 🍷👉  
--ooO-Ooo-----  
Dad [tom@dfamily.com](mailto:tom@dfamily.com)  
<http://www.dfamily.com>

Don't copy the behavior and customs of this world, but let God transform you into a new person by changing the way you think. Romans 12:2