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Authored by Maxine Simonson

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Family Treasures Children's Stories



From the pens of:
Maxine Simonson,
Scott Howell,
& Justin Collins

Family Treasures Children's Stories

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Maxine Simonson, Scott Howell, & Justin Collins

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Introduction

Among Jo Collins' treasures are three short children's stories.

One was written by her maternal grandmother,

"Grandma Maxine" Simonson.

One was written by her nephew,

Scott Howell, when he was in

the 2nd grade. The third was

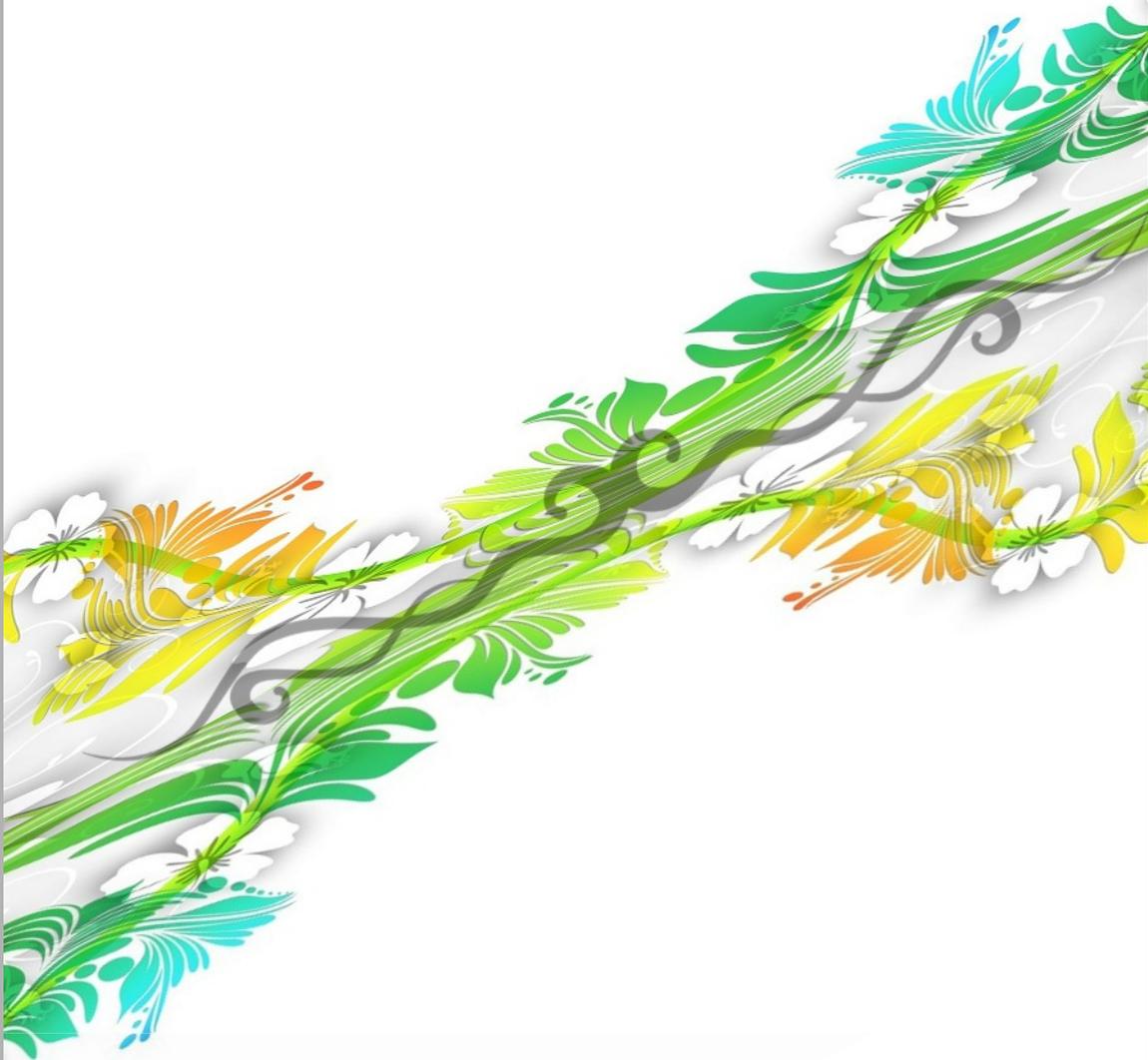
written by her son, Justin

Collins, when he was 13 years

old. It is Jo's desire to share

these delightful treasures

with you.



DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all the children, grandchildren, great grandchildren, great, great grandchildren and future children, not yet born, who are all part of the Merrihew, Justice, Collins, Woodrell, Howell, and Angotti family trees.



“Behold, children are a heritage from the Lord, The fruit of the womb is a reward. Like arrows in the hand of a warrior, So are the children of one’s youth. Happy is the man who has his quiver full of them; They shall not be ashamed, But shall speak with their enemies in the gate.” ~ Psalm 127:3-5(NKJV)

Then they also brought infants to Him that He might touch them; but when the disciples saw it, they rebuked them. But Jesus called them to Him and said, “Let the little children come to Me, and do not forbid them; for of such is the kingdom of God. Assuredly, I say to you, whoever does not receive the kingdom of God as a little child will by no means enter it.”

~Luke 18:15-17(NKJV)

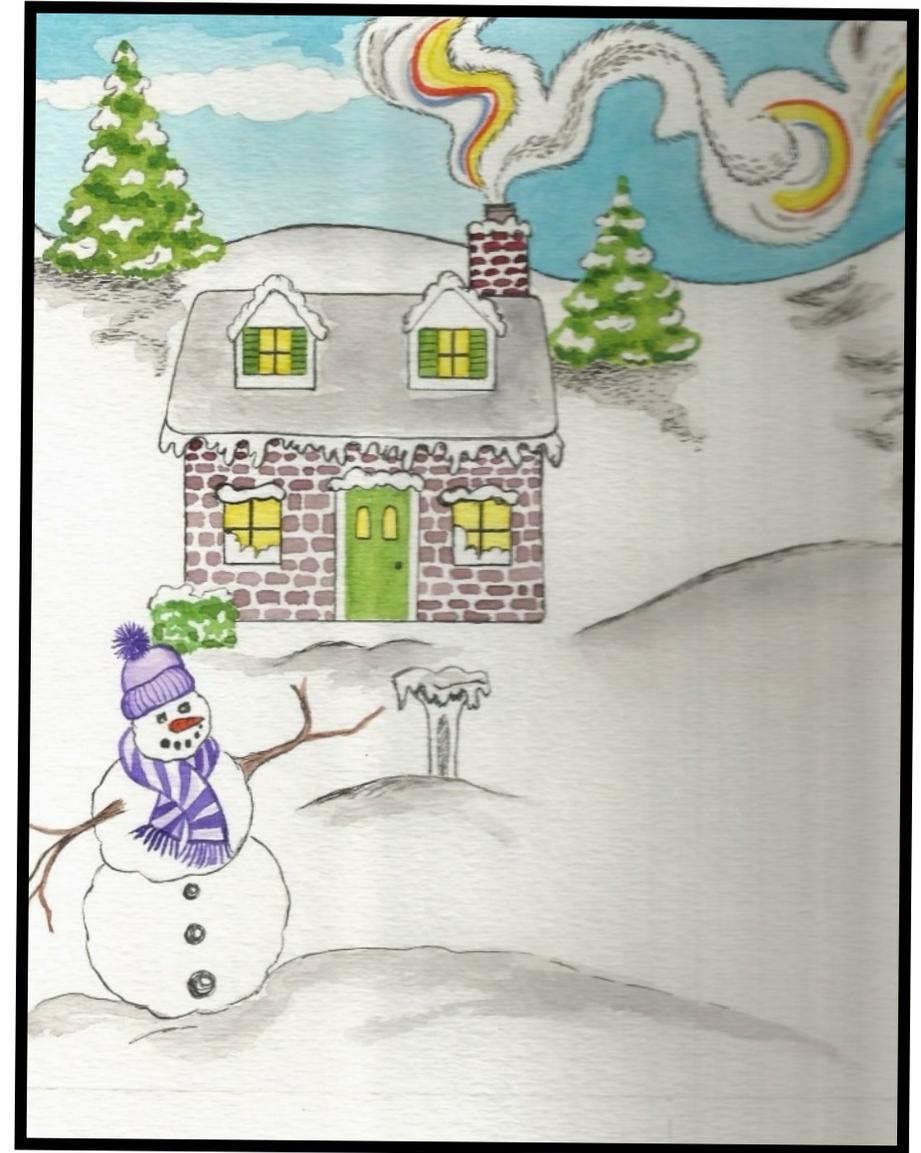
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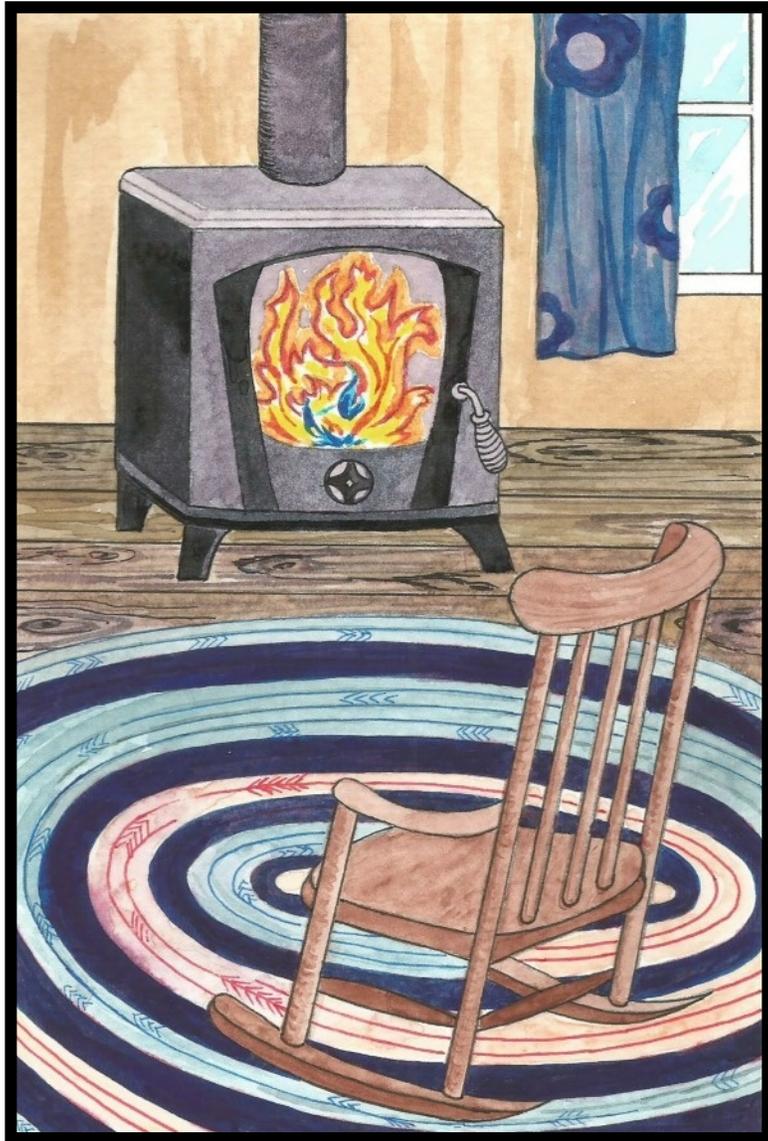
The Little Girl on The Farm

~Maxine Simonson

This story represents a day
in my life after my father
had died in 1931.



It was a cold, wintery day. The wind was whistling around the corner of the little farm house and snow was piling up to the window sills on the south side of the house.



The living room was pleasant and cozy with the coal-burning stove throwing out warmth as dancing flames shown through the *isinglass on the front door of the stove.

(* See page 16.)



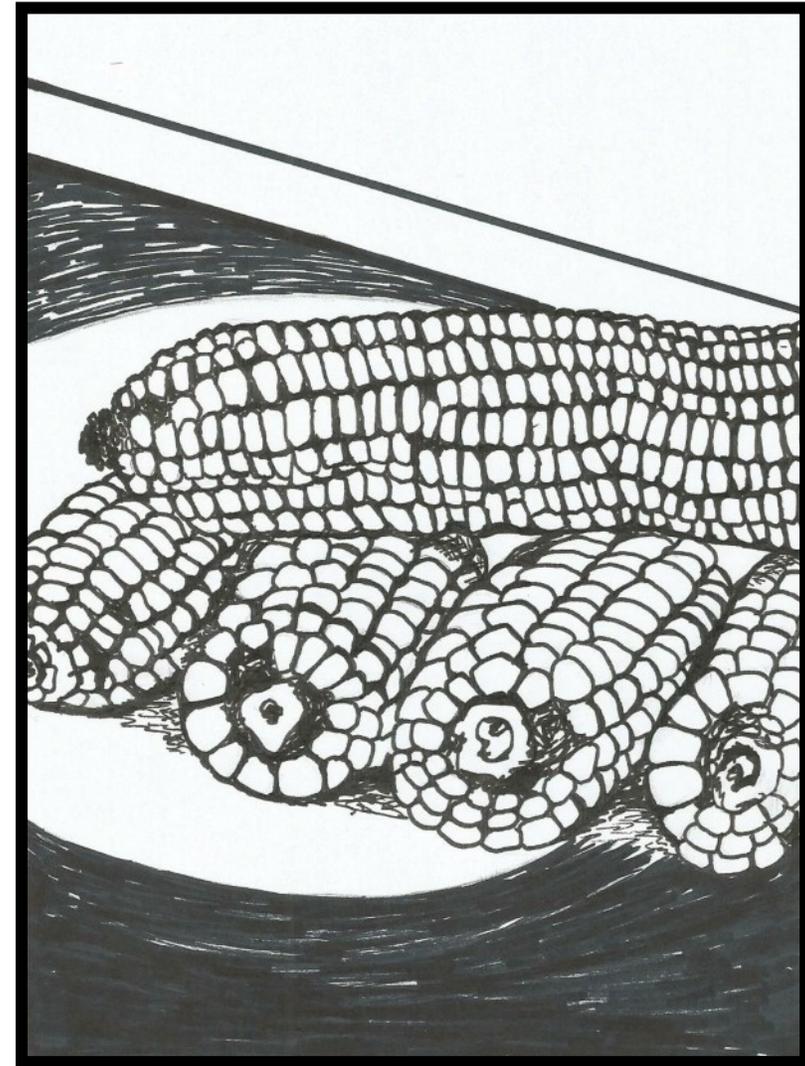
The little girl would climb out from under the feather-filled comforter. Old Jack Frost had made lacey etchings on the windows in her unheated bedroom.

The morning sun made the frost twinkle, as sparkling as ice on the trees.

Knowing that her mother would have her clothes warmed by the fire, she would run into the cozy, warm living room to dress.

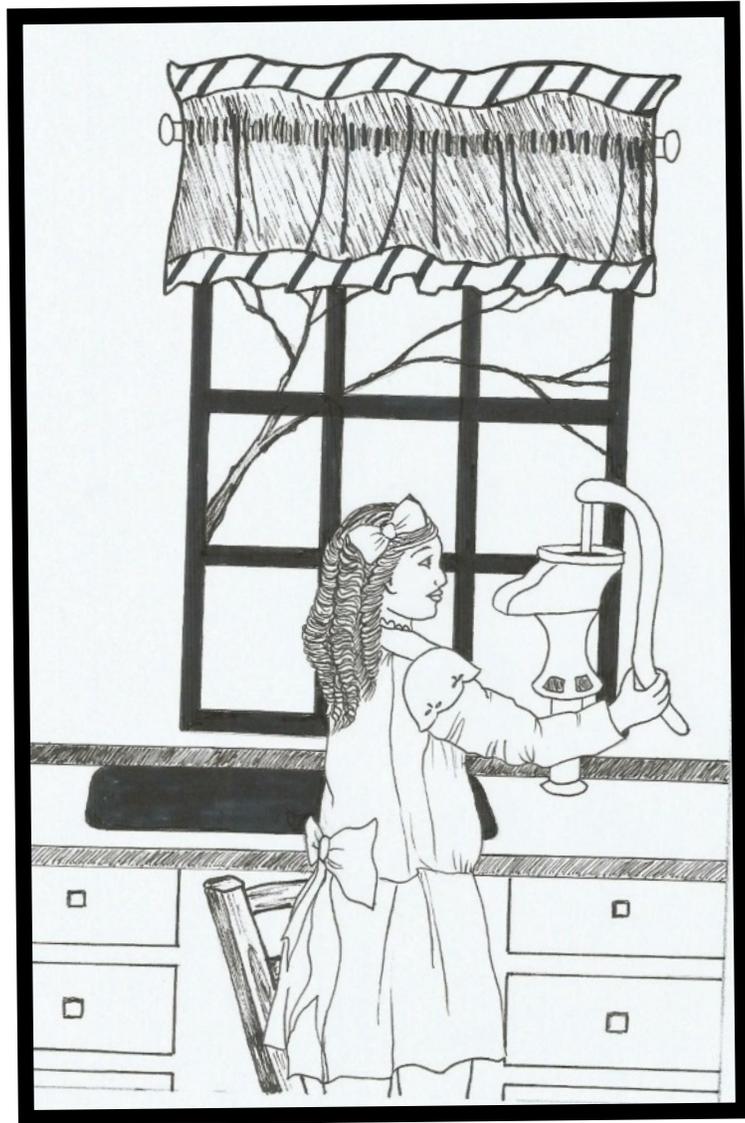


The school bus would not be coming as the roads were closed by the drifting snow. Her mother was in the kitchen starting a fire in the cook stove.

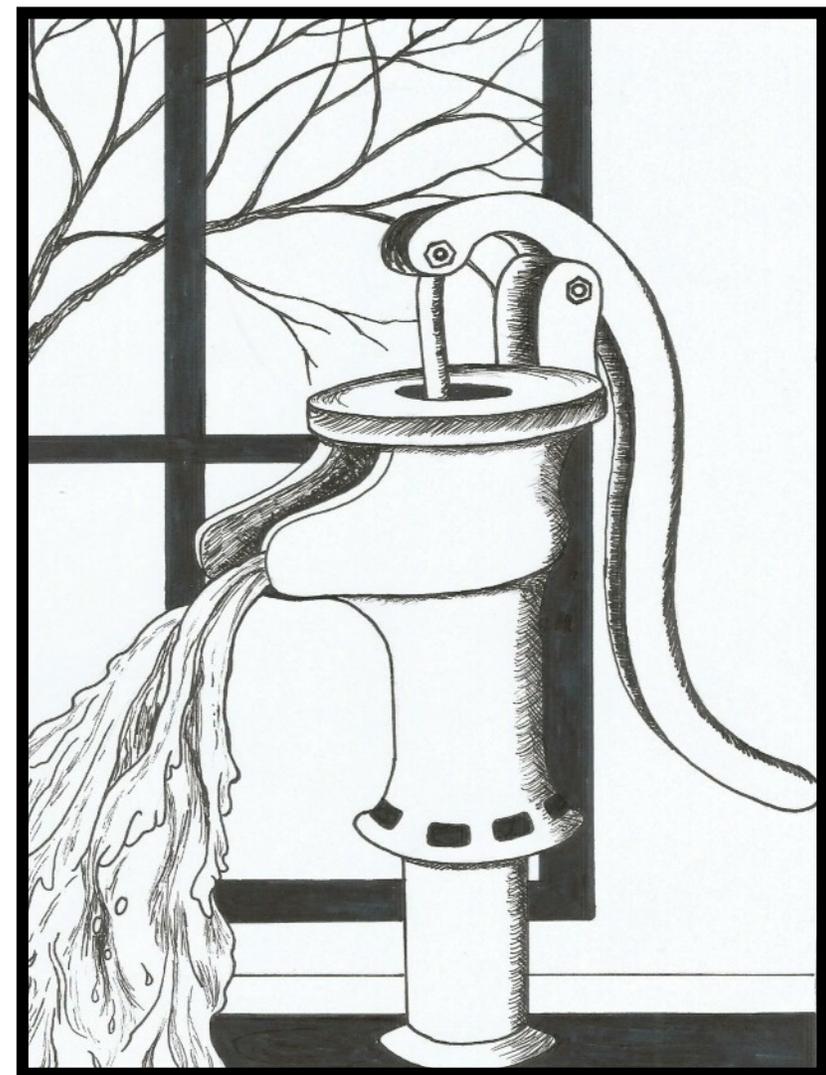


As this farm raised corn, which was shelled and fed to the animals, there were a lot of corn cobs which made a fire quickly.

Then coal would be placed over the cobs to make it last longer.

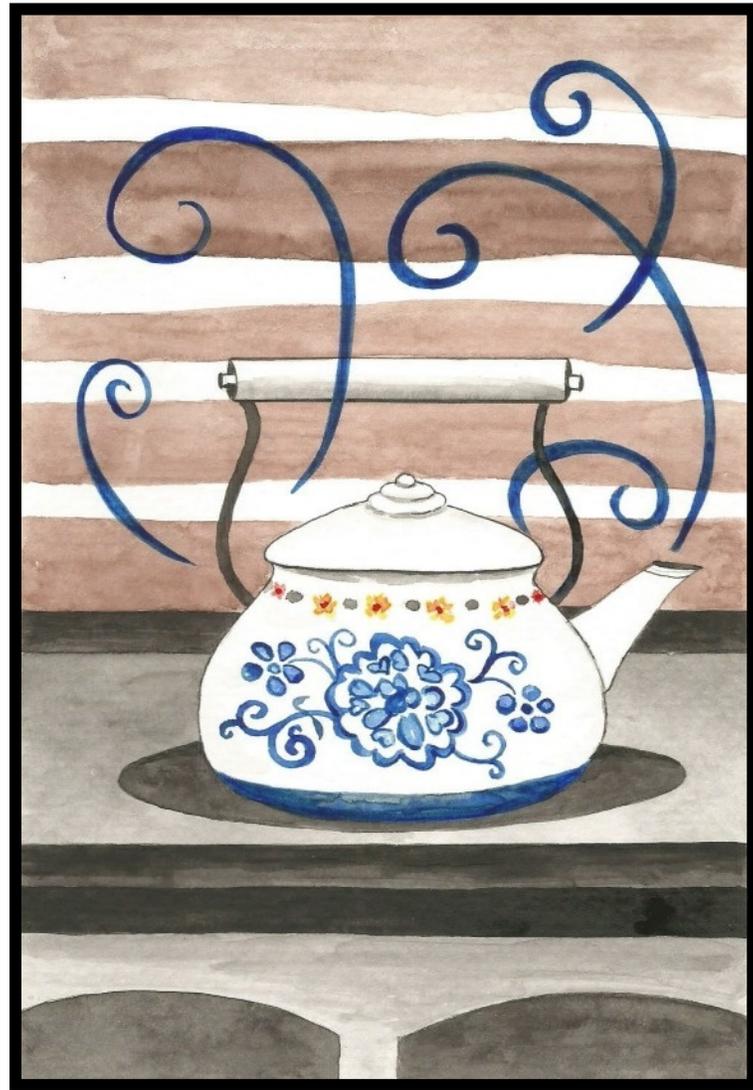


The water supply was in a cistern in the cellar. The sink in the kitchen had a handled pump which supplied water to the house.

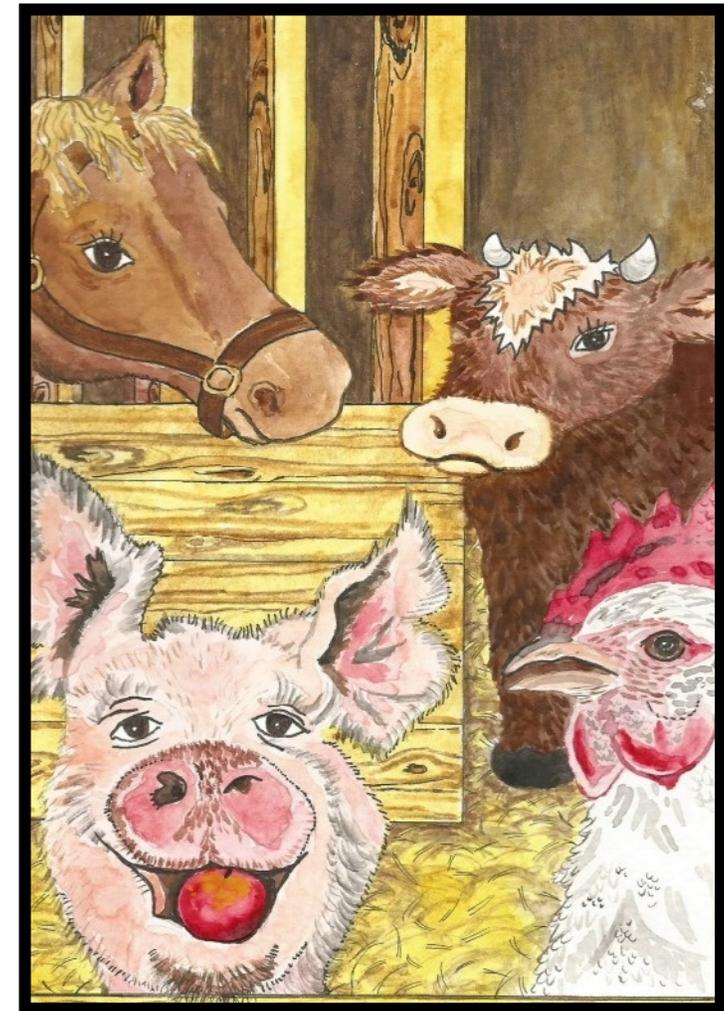


The pitcher pump had been drained the night before so the water would not freeze.

Simply by raising the handle of the pump in the morning the pump would be primed for use during the day.



With hot water from the teakettle on the stove, it was wash-up time, while her mother prepared a good breakfast for the little girl and her brother.



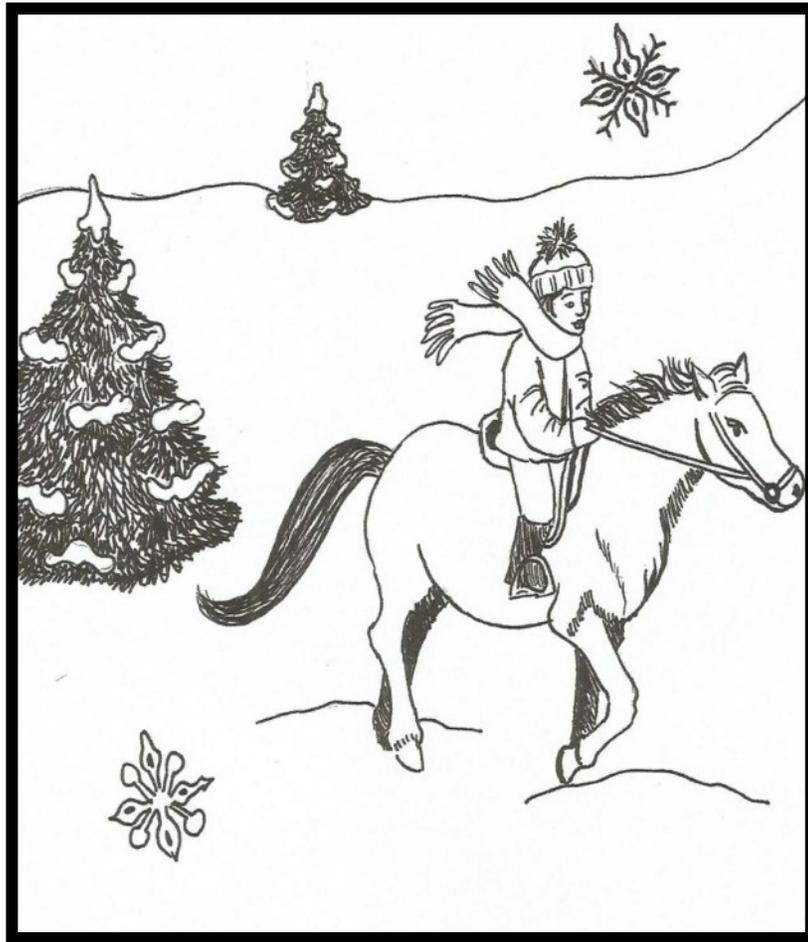
Big brother would come in from milking a cow, which provided the family with plenty of milk to drink. And there were chickens to feed and a few pigs to care for. Also a horse.



After breakfast the mother would plan dinner and supper meals. The kitchen fire would eventually die down, as the fuel needed to be conserved.



The past-time of the day might be sewing for the little girl and her mother.



The little girl's brother might saddle-up the horse and ride a mile or so to a friend's home, or a friend of his might drop by.



The roads might be cleared of snow tomorrow, then it would be back to school.

The family called the little girl "Toots." I think sometimes the little girl was a nuisance to them.

*Isinglass - "More properly known as muscovite, isinglass is a form of mica that's often found in sheets. The sheets are often very thin, transparent, and somewhat elastic in nature. Today, isinglass is sometimes used to create fireproofing for a number of different products."

<http://www.wisegeek.org/what-is-isinglass.html>



Jo's Notes ~

I love this story because even though it was cold and snowy outside, inside it was cozy and warm. The love that "Toots" felt is obvious when she tells of the warm clothes, the good breakfast and sewing with her mother.

She loved her brother, who took care of the chores. They affectionately called her "Toots" and she was carefree enough to be "a little bit of a nuisance." She grew up and became a wonderful grandmother to me, Jo Collins.

About the Author ~ Maxine Simonson

My Grandmother Maxine wrote at the beginning of her story that it "represents a day in my life after my father had died in 1931." She was only 12 years old when that happened.

He died unexpectedly of a massive heart attack. He had come home from working and was resting in his rocking chair. The rocking chair sat in front of two big windows by the road where he would rock his children and grandchildren. He held his hand to his chest and was suddenly gone.

I know his sudden death was very hard on her.

Her older brother, Ralph, became extra special and dear to her. He was the one that called her "Toots."

My Grandmother Maxine was born August 4, 1919 and was the fourth of four children born to Charles Lincoln Hunt and Sarah Randolph Hunt. In addition to her older brother, Ralph, she had two older sisters, Vera and Cecile.

Her two older sisters were married when she was five years old and nine years old, so she spent a lot of time with her brother, Ralph.

I only knew my Grandmother from a few family visits, until sixth grade, when we moved into a home across the street from her in Hermosa Beach, California.

Even though the circumstances of that move were not the best, I am so blessed to have lived by her for those three years in California!

At that time, she was divorced from Grandpa Joe, lived on her own

and worked at Hughes Aircraft. She worked hard all her life, first growing up on a farm, and then later, during the war as a welder.

She was the best Grandmother! She helped look after my sisters and me. She made us a "special" coffee when we insisted on drinking it.

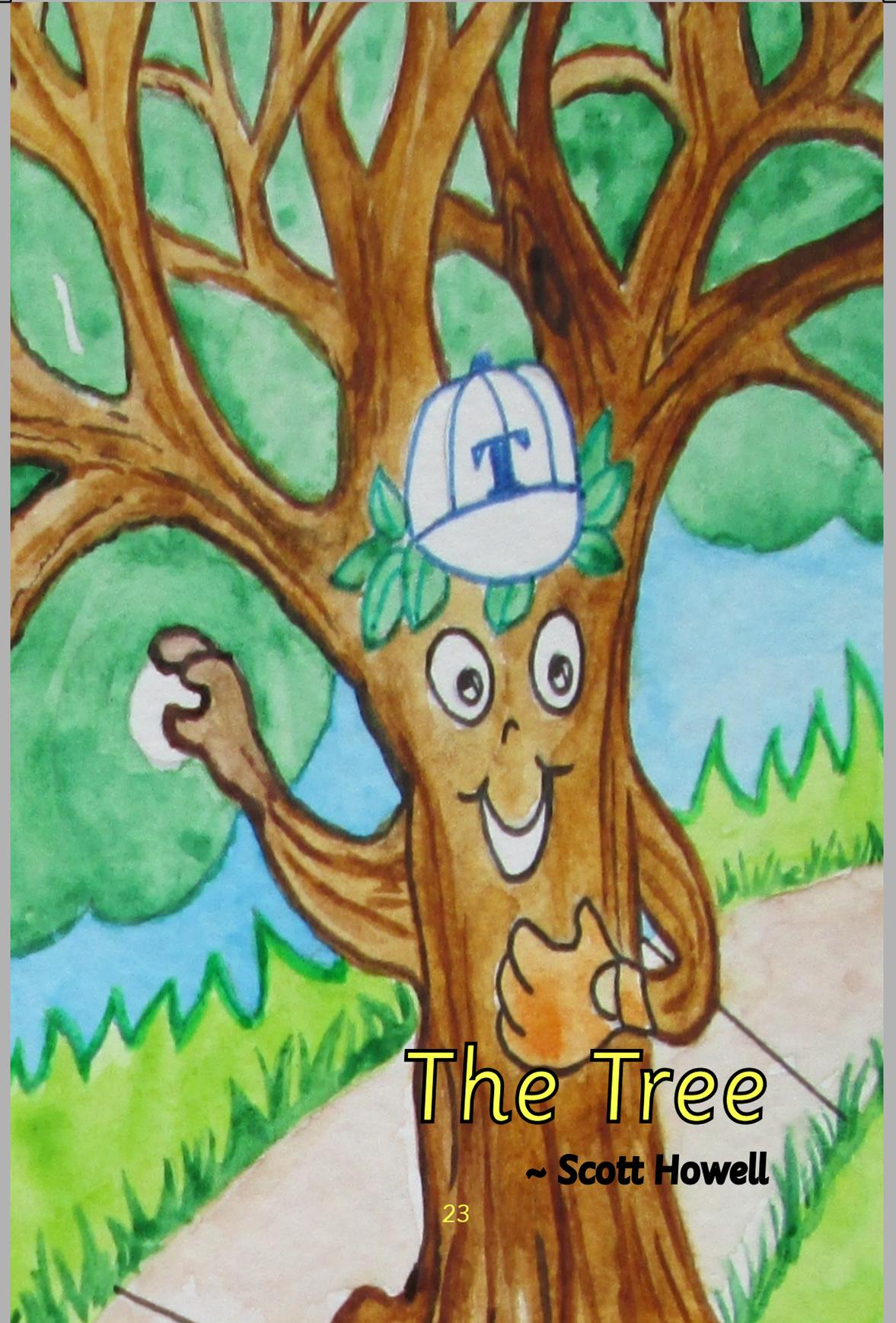
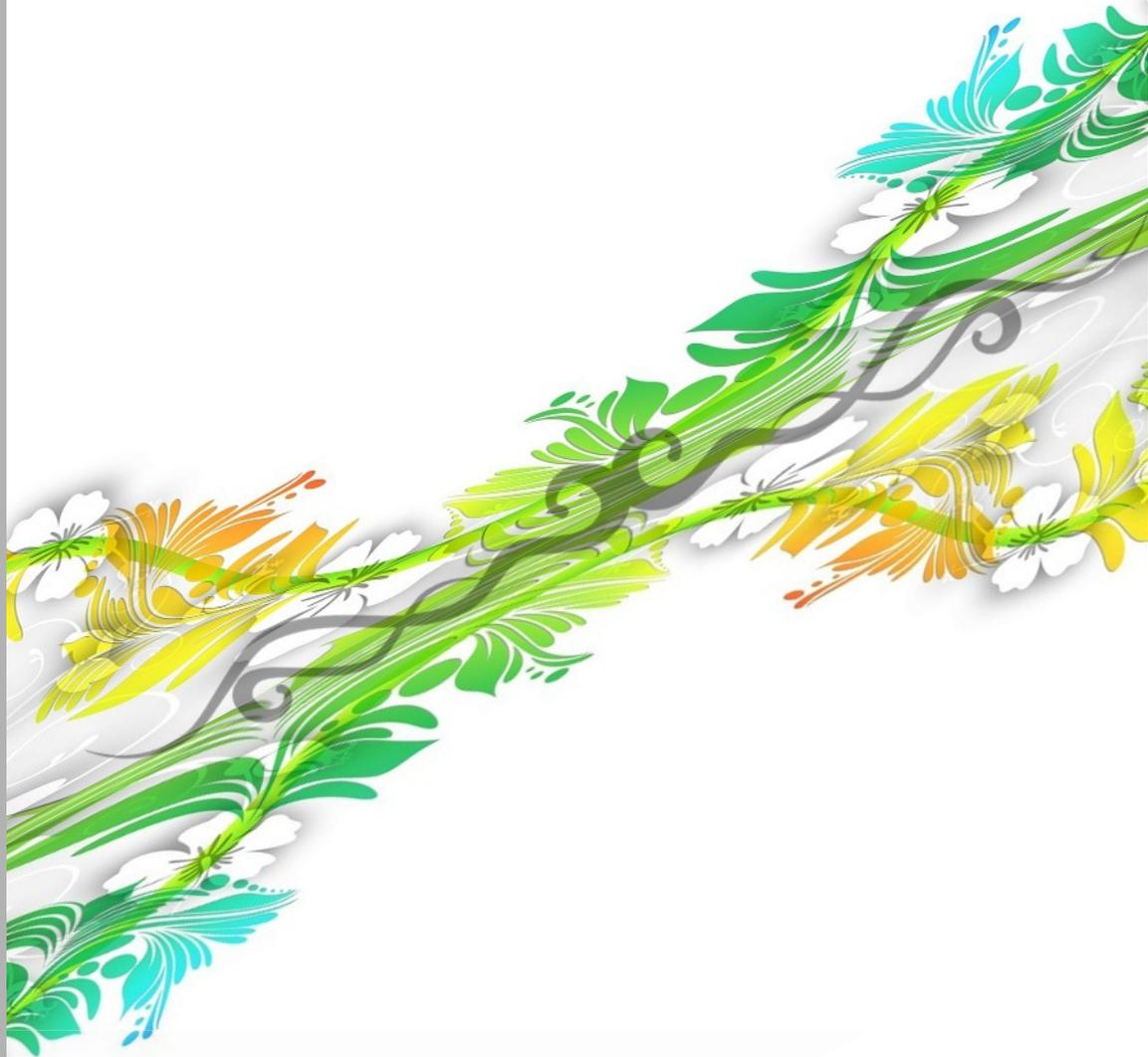
I helped her dye her hair at the roots. I was amazed at how she trusted me, at 12 years old, to do a good job when I had never done it before.

She always made time to talk and visit and listen whenever I needed someone to talk to. It was easy to love her because she made you feel good about yourself.

After I was married and had three children of my own, we moved to Las Vegas. We lived close enough to visit her and her new husband, George Simonson.

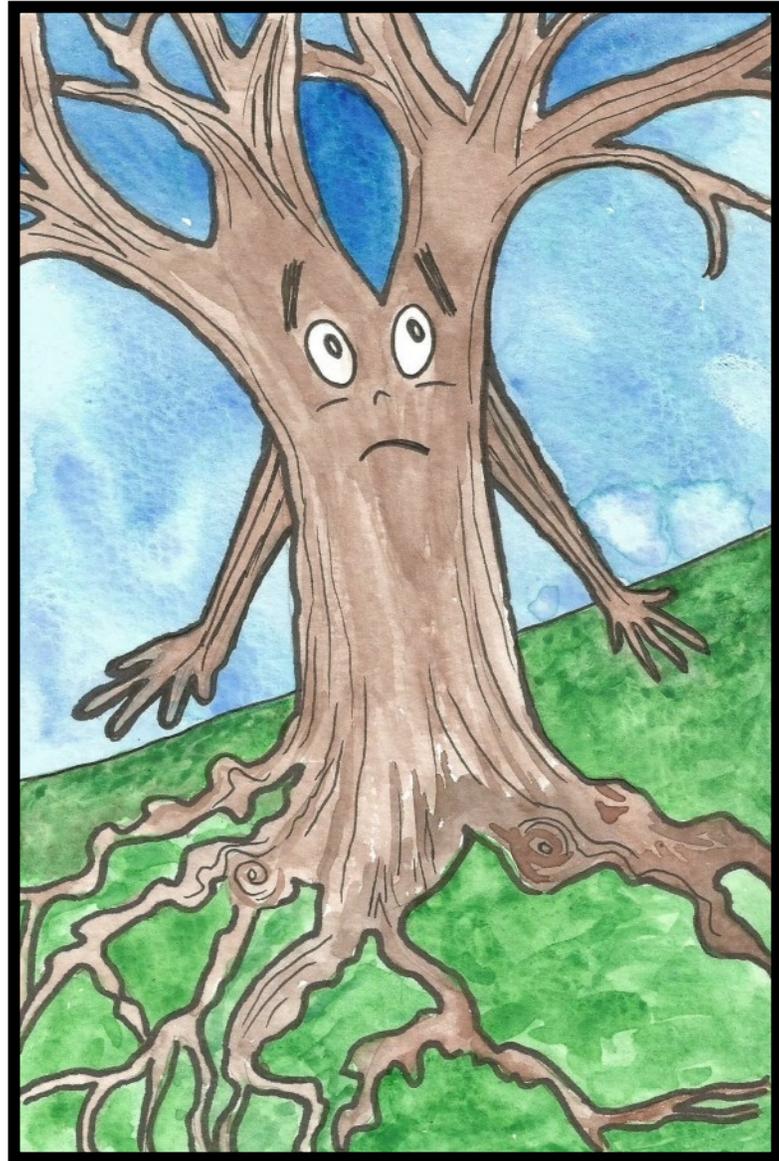
My husband, Frank, and our children got to know and love her as well. I hope you enjoyed reading her story.

~ Jo Collins

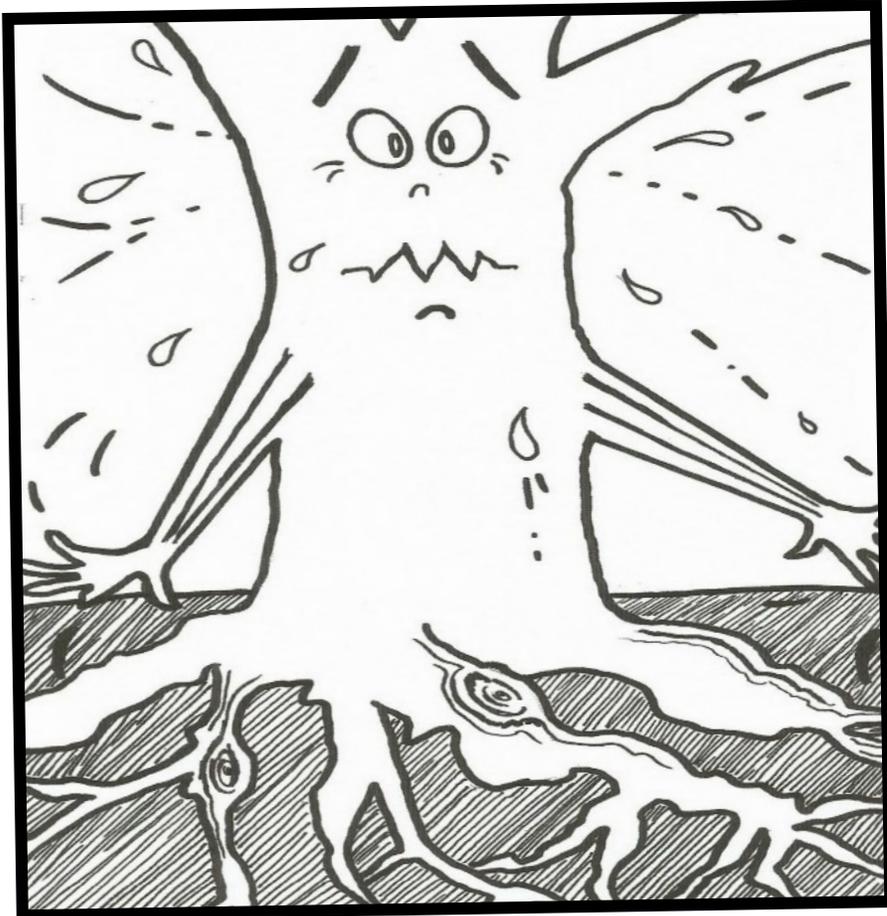


The Tree

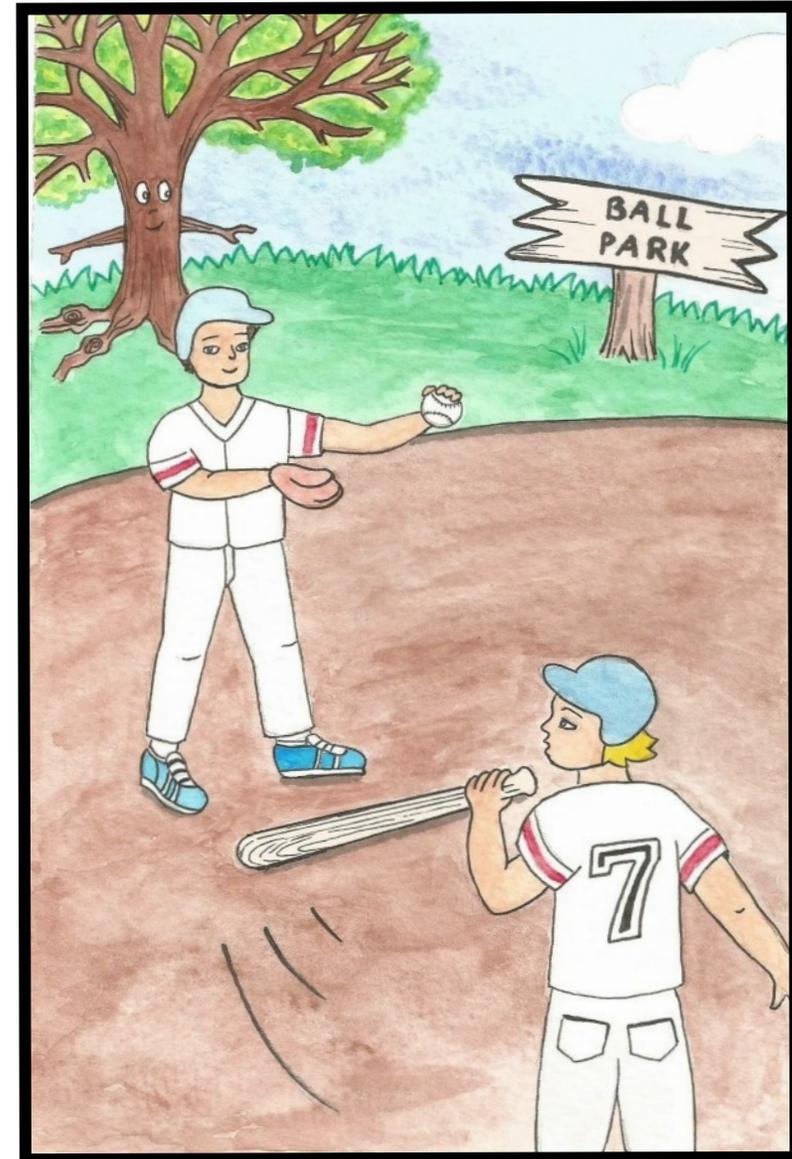
~ Scott Howell



One day a tree woke up. He wanted to play baseball, but he couldn't dig his roots out.



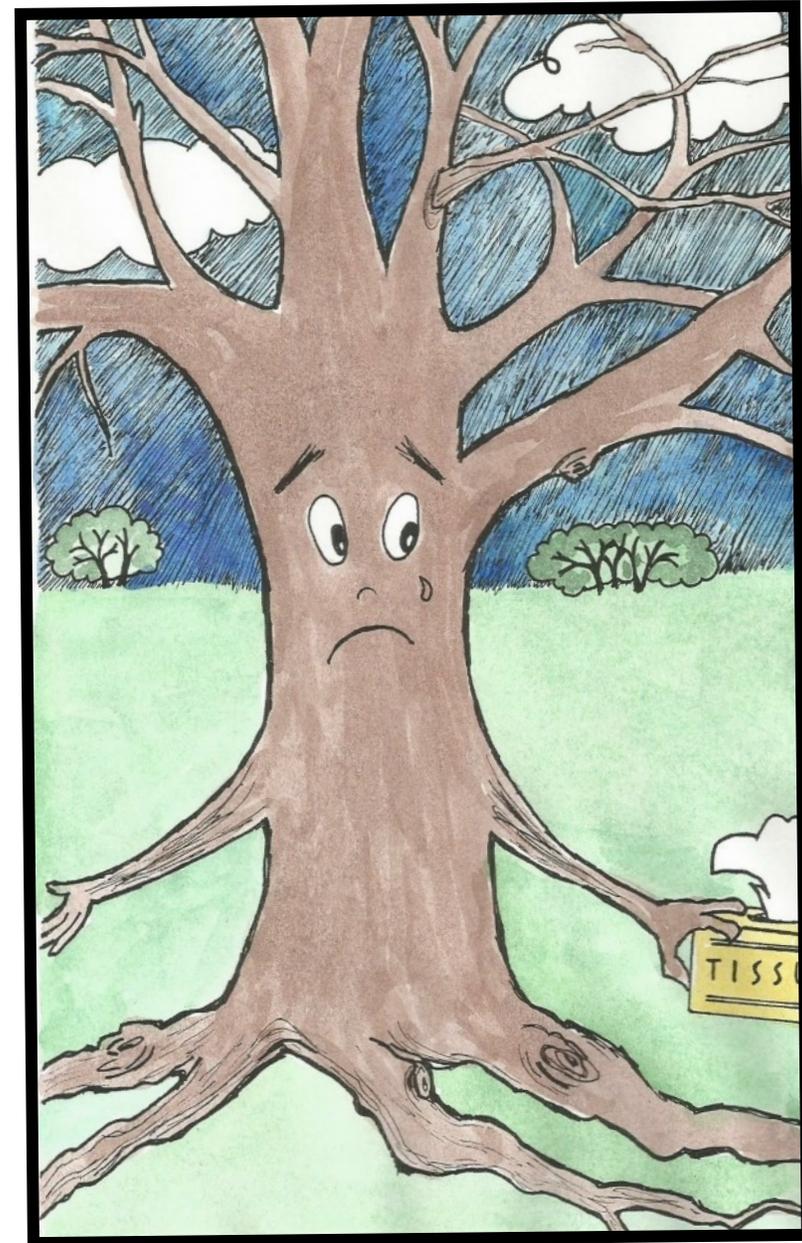
He pulled.
He shoved.
He pushed.
Nothing happened.
He just stood there all day.



The next day there were some kids playing baseball. But the tree didn't have the guts to ask the kids to play.



All week he stood there, wondering what it would be like to play baseball.

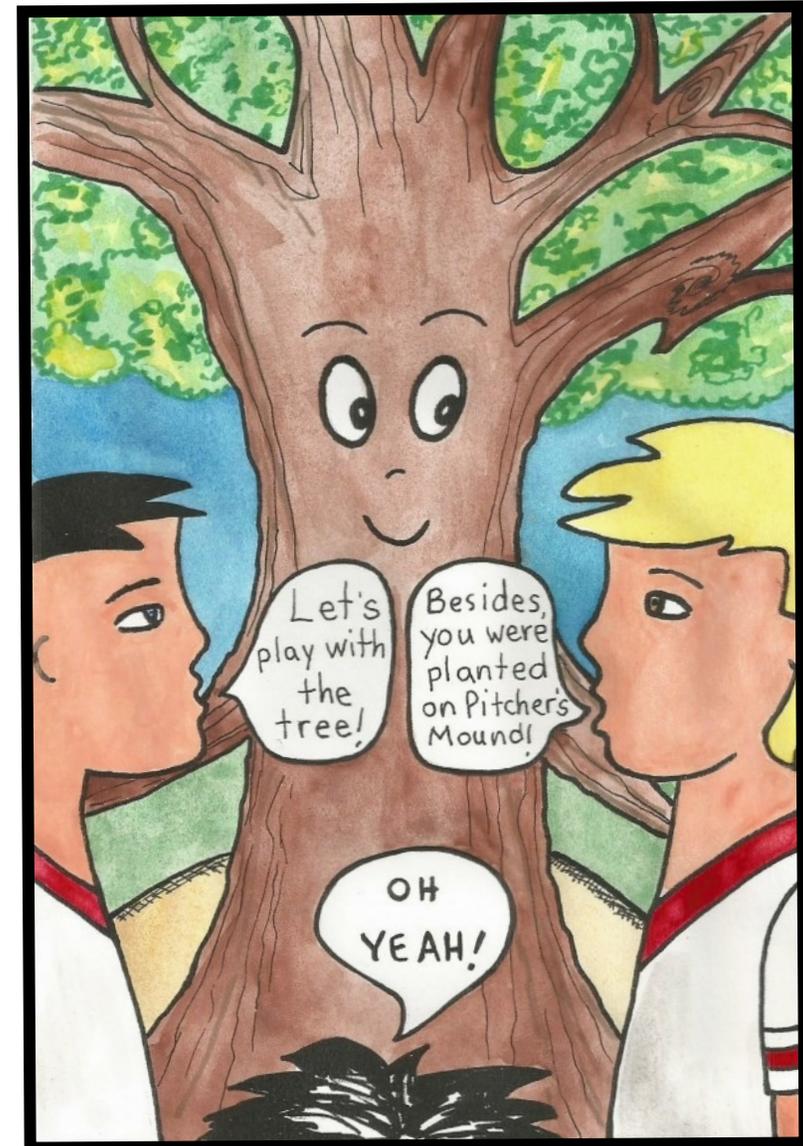


One day he woke up and saw nobody was playing baseball. He almost cried. Soon he got over it.



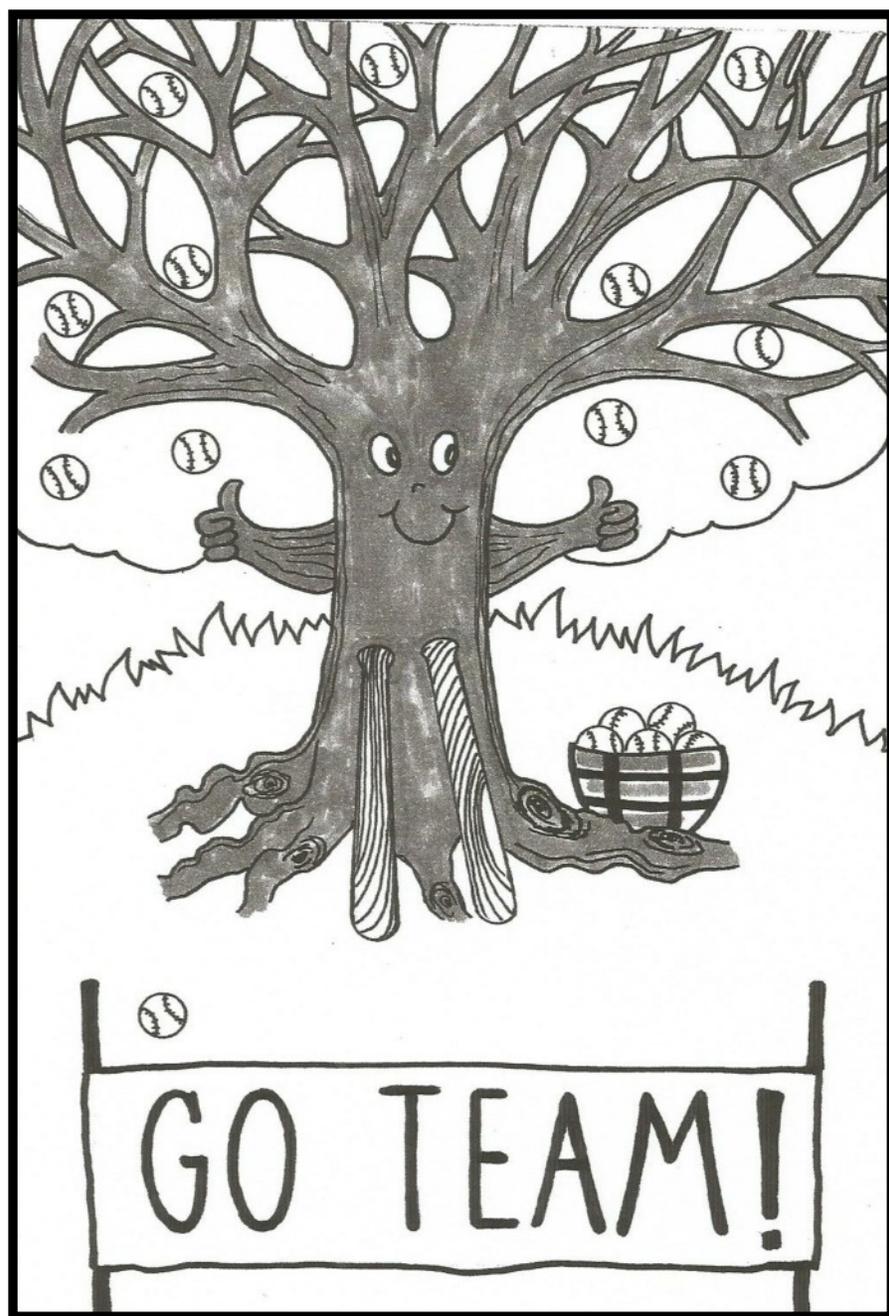
One day he saw the kids playing baseball. He yelled at them, "Can I play?"

"You can't dig your roots out."



"Let's play with the tree," said a kid.

"Besides, you were planted on the pitcher's mound," said a third kid.



From then on they played baseball.

Jo's Notes ~

I love this story because it is about a tree that couldn't seem to be able to do something it loved to do. It wanted to play baseball! But its roots were too stuck in the ground to move!

Even though the tree was disappointed, it got over it. But when opportunity came around again, it boldly stepped up and asked to play baseball. Even with its roots stuck in the ground!

The tree overcame a major obstacle and played baseball anyway. The tree found out that it didn't matter that its roots were stuck in the ground! What a great story! What insight for a little second grader!

~ Jo Collins

About "The Tree"

Author shares work with kids

By Jane Berkowitz
Sun Staff Writer

Gail Gibbons enchanted the audience with her stories of becoming an author and illustrator last Friday evening at a special program commemorating Children's Book Week at Leawood Pioneer Library.

"I was just four years old when I did my very first book," she said.

It was the story of a little girl and a mud puddle, and was told in pictures.

Gibbons, who hails from Corinth, Vt., and an island off the coast of Maine, sat on the floor of the library surrounded by children as she showed slides and told about her life.

For a while she did graphics for NBC News and Saturday Night Live.

Eventually she worked on a children's television program, but once she began writing and illustrating for children, she found her passion.

Gibbons has had 83 books published and is currently at work on several more.

Her books are all nonfiction and most are drawn from her own life and interests.

Her husband built their home on their 300 acres in Vermont.

This led Gibbons to write, "How A House Is Built." Her experiences living on a small island led her to write "The Puffins Are Back and Surrounded By Sea."

Researching books has taken Gibbons all over the world and allowed her to meet interesting people.

When she was working on "The Great St. Lawrence Seaway," she rode a tanker ship through the locks of the seaway.

Steven Spielberg and George Lucas talked with her when she researched "Lights, Camera, Action!," a book about filmmaking.

Her golden retriever, Wilton, shows up in many of her books, and she is currently working on a book called "Cats," which will feature her own cats, Max, Byron and Keats.

Gibbons was especially pleased to be at the Pioneer Library event because awards were given to the 10 winners of the Reading Reptile Book Store's 3rd Annual Young Writers Contest.

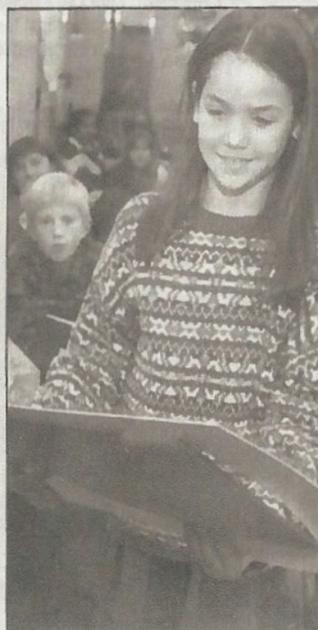
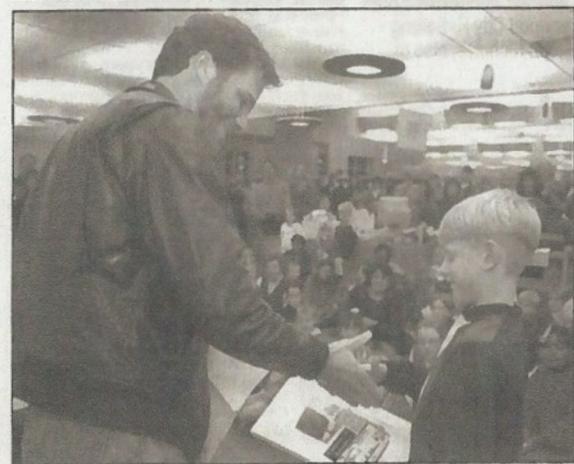
Four of the winning authors are Leawood residents: Scott Howell, Jordyn O'Bryan and Danny Anthony from Leawood Elementary School, and Vincent Mazzoni from Brookwood School.

Each winner received an illustration of his or her book done by a local professional illustrator.

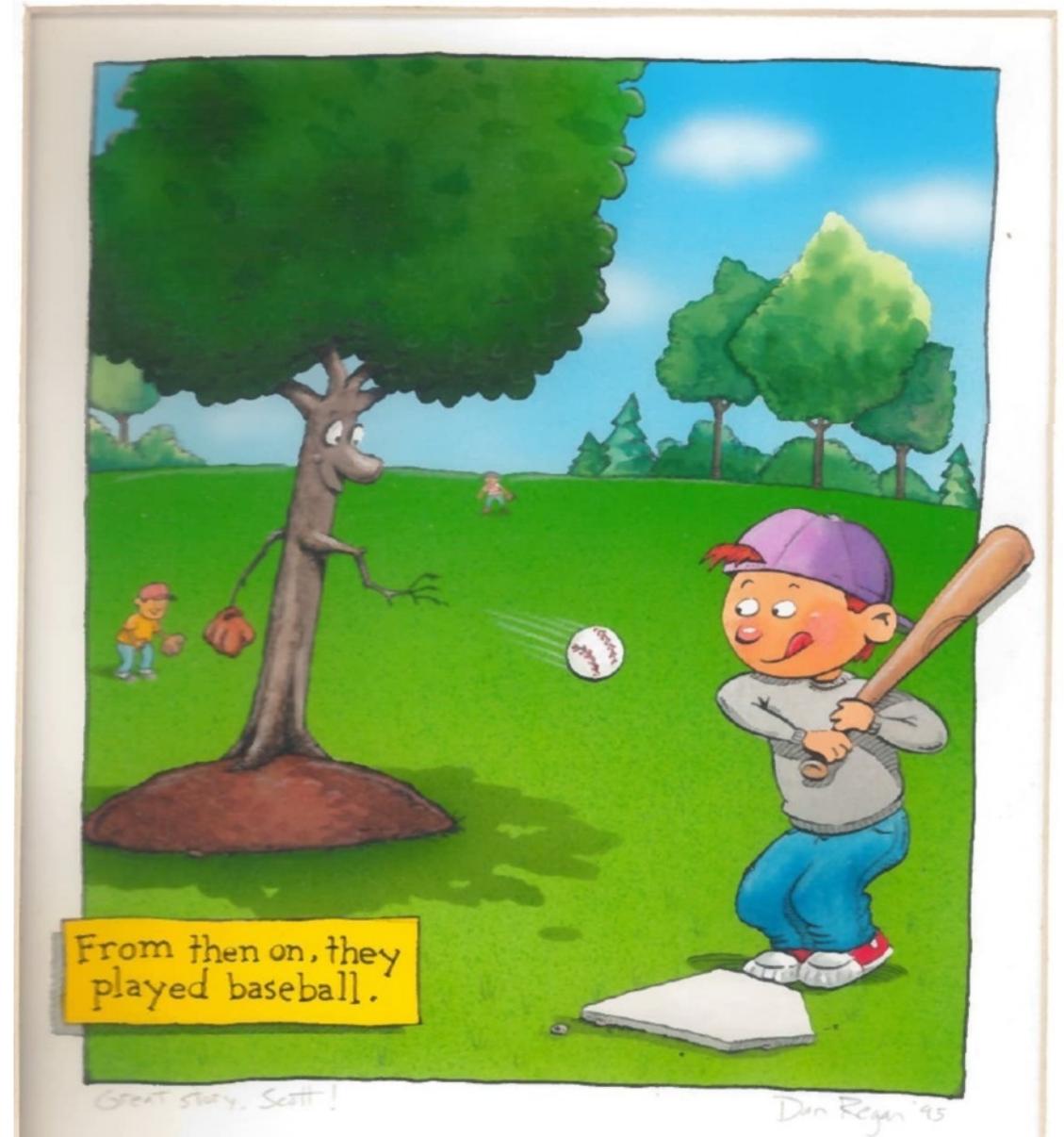
work with kids



Sun Photos by Jane Berkowitz
AUTHOR — Top photo, Gail Gibbons chats with her fans before sitting down with them to talk about her work as an author and illustrator. Lower photo, Leawood winners of Reading Reptile's Young Writer's Contest are: (back, from left) Jordyn O'Bryan, Scott Howell, (front, from left) Vincent Mazzoni, Danny Anthony.



Todd Feeback/Special to the Outlook
(TOP) Danny Anthony, Leawood, listens as artist Ken Raney, Hesston, reads his story 'Lost in the Mesozoic Era.' (ABOVE) Scott Howell had his story 'Treetops' illustrated by artist Dan Regan of Westport. (RIGHT) Jordyn O'Bryan, Leawood, checks out artist Becky Wilson-Kelly's interpretation of her story 'The Pencil.' All three Leawood Elementary students were winners in the third annual Young Writers Contest.

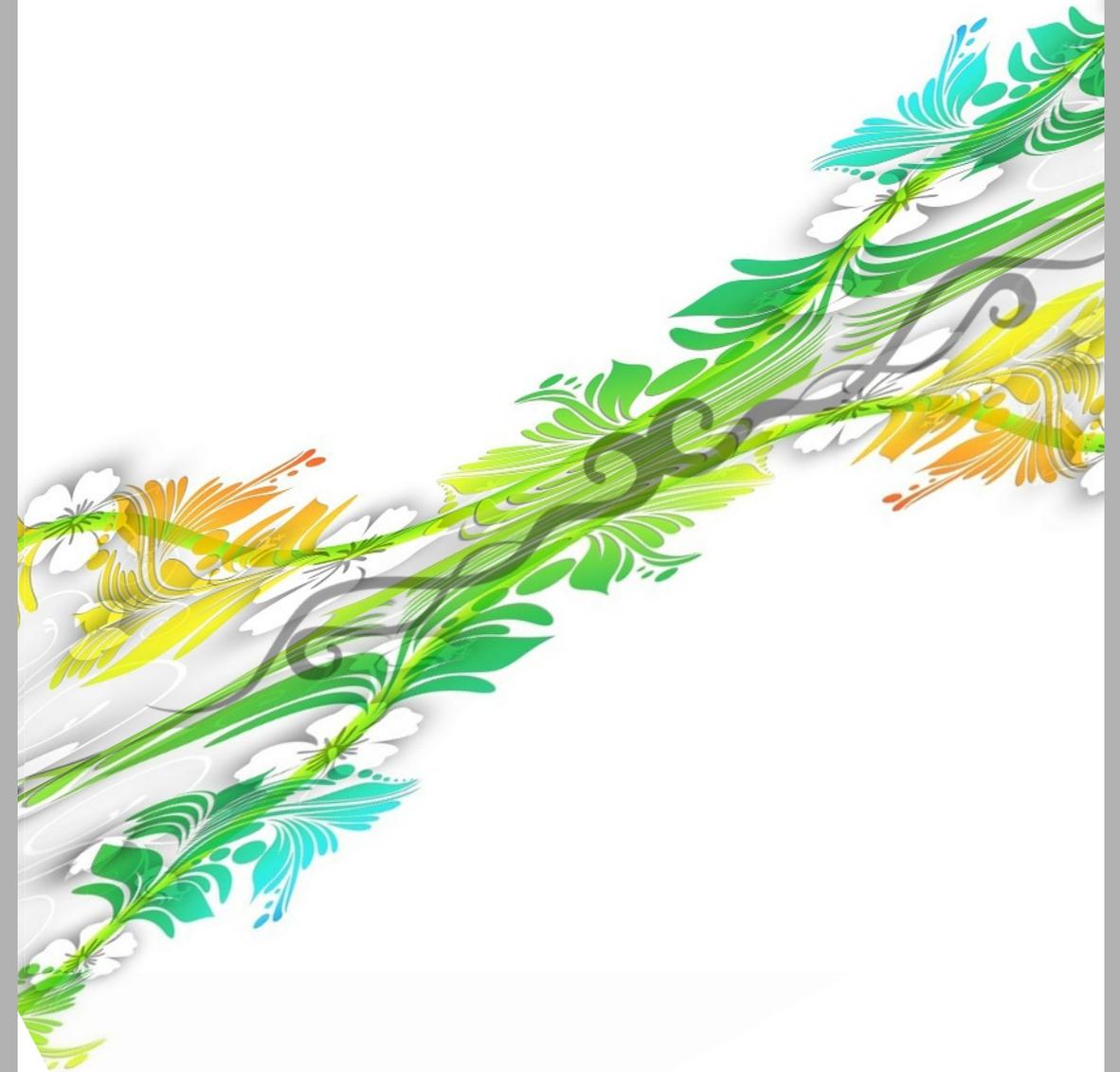


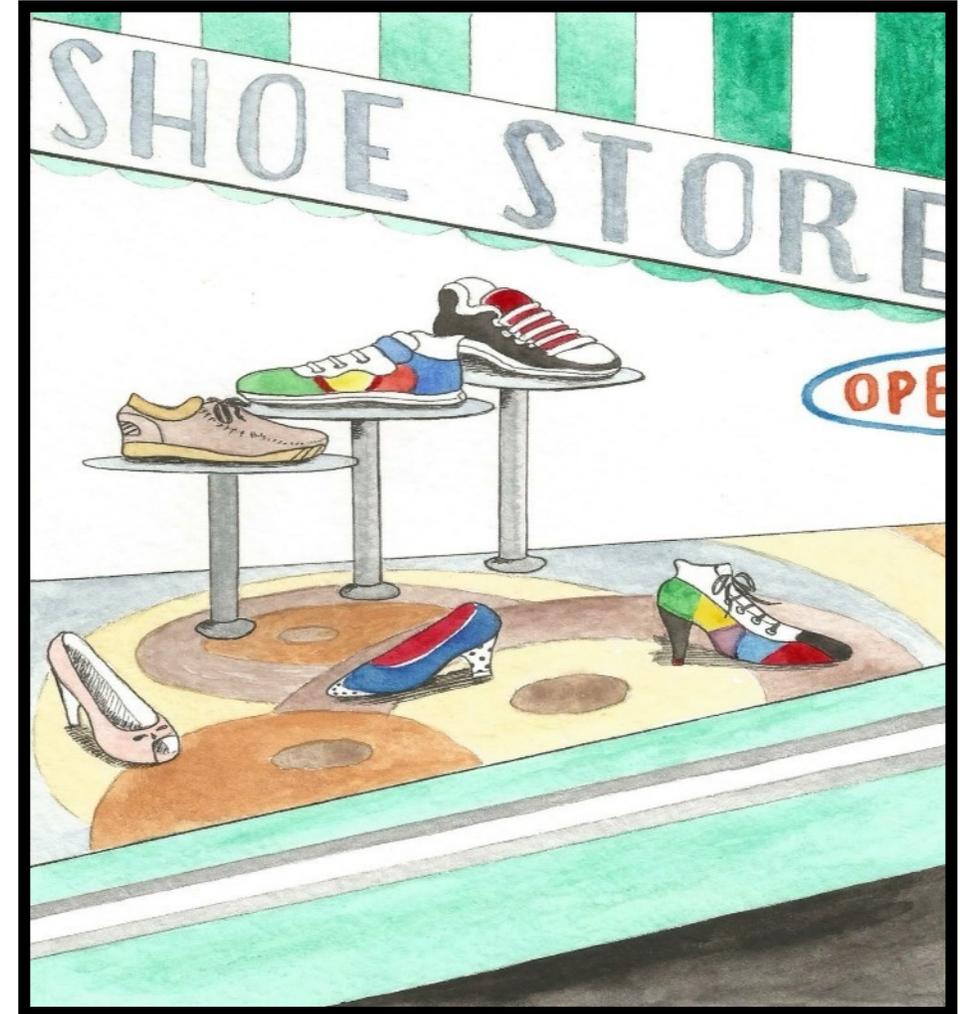
About the Author ~ Scott Howell

Scott Howell wrote this story when he was a second grade student at Leawood Elementary School in Leawood, Kansas. He was born on March 1, 1987, to George and Debra Howell.

He graduated from Pittsburg State College with a degree in Automotive Management. He currently works for a Chevrolet dealership as a Service Consultant. The Automotive Industry is a perfect career choice for Scott because he has always had a passion for cars. Besides playing a variety of sports, including baseball, Scott rebuilt a 1972 Nova and enjoys car racing. Scott enjoys having fun with life, whether it's playing a game of baseball or racing a car down the race track. I hope you enjoy reading his story.

~Jo Collins

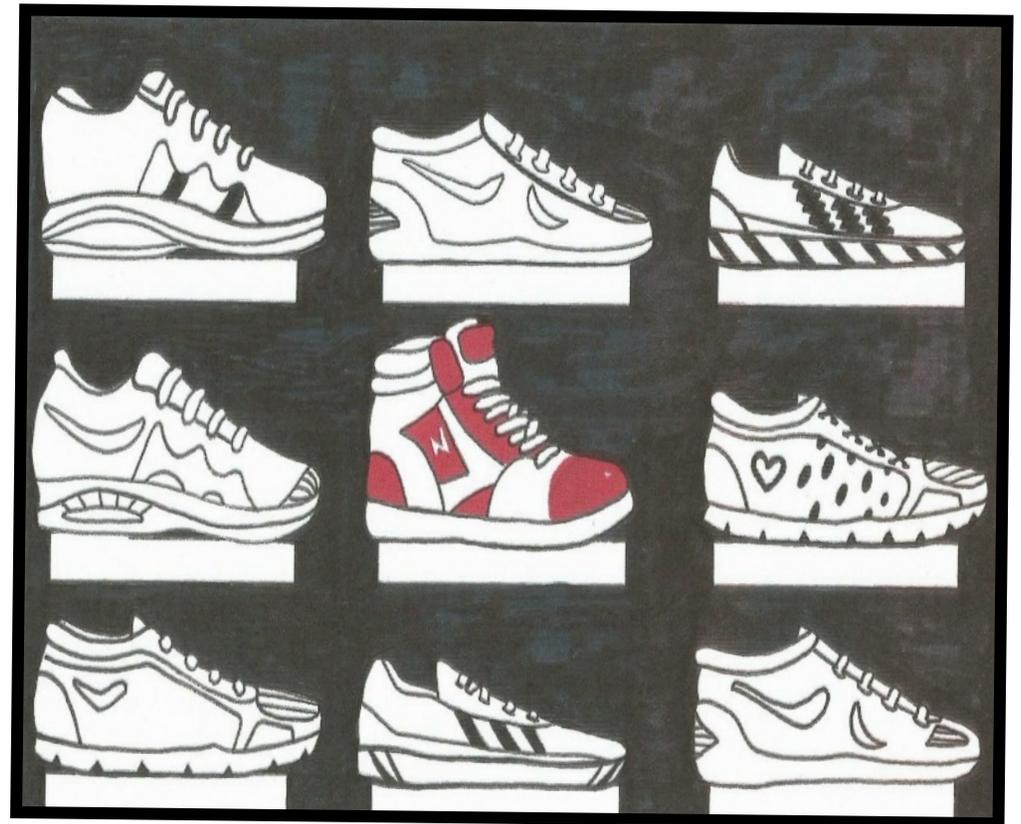




Jimbob and His New Shoe

~ Justin Collins

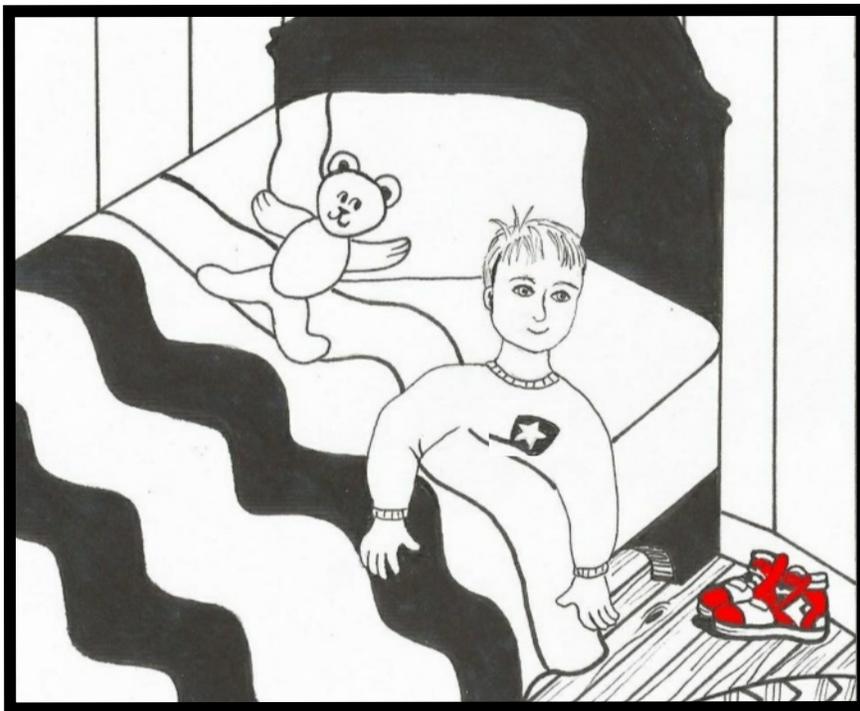
Jimbob went to the store with his mother to find some shoes.



He walked in and there he saw them. They were great bright shiny red.

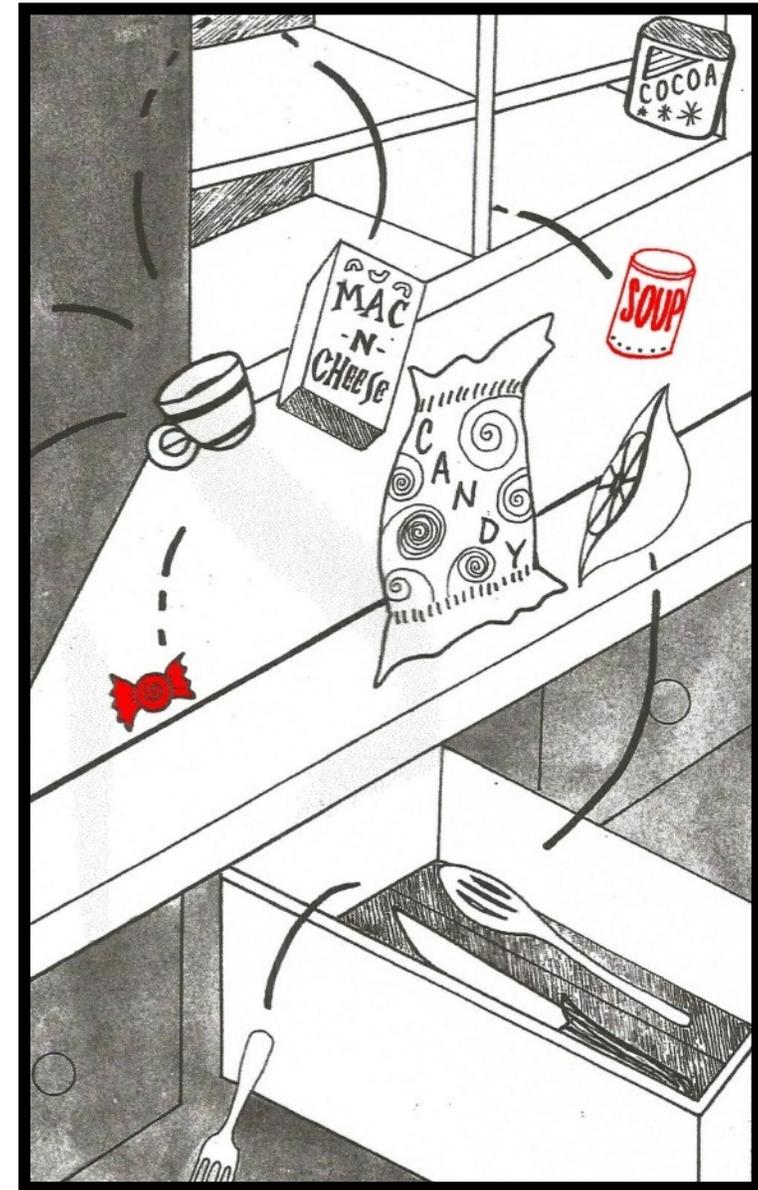
He begged and begged his mother to buy them. Finally, after shopping and shopping, she got them.

Jimbob thought he was real cool. He brought them home and it was late, so Jimbob's mother made him go to bed. He set his great, bright, shiny, new red shoes right by his bed.



But, in the morning, when he woke up, one was gone. Then Jimbob got scared that his mom was going to get real mad and that he might even have to sit on a chair.

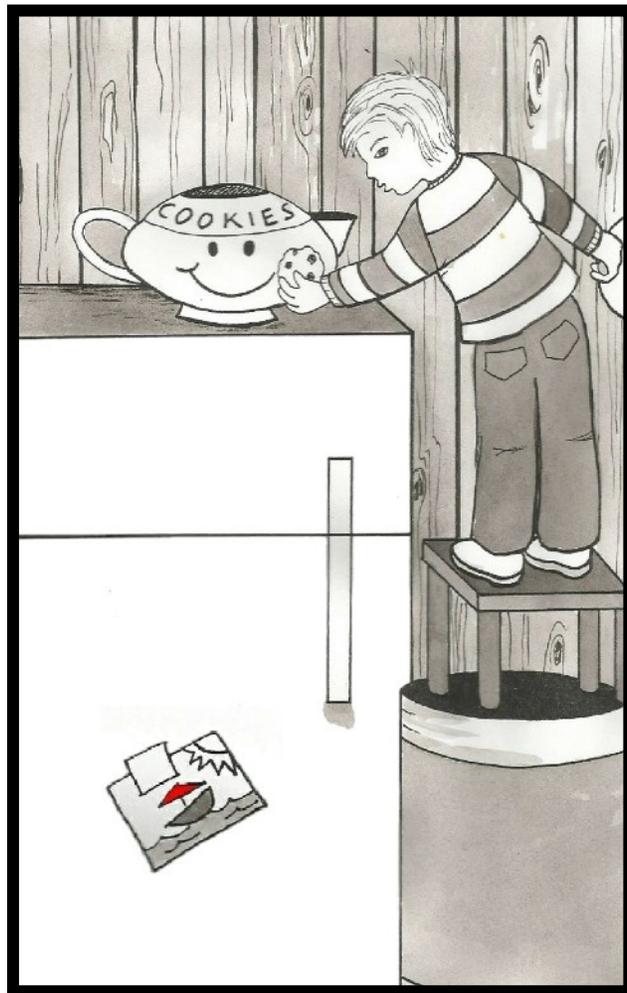
So, he set out in search of the lost shoe. He looked everywhere. He looked in the closet. No shoe there. He looked under his bed, but, it wasn't there either.



He thought maybe it was in the kitchen. He looked in all the cupboards and drawers. No shoe there.

Then he saw the cookie jar on top of the fridge. He pushed over the kitchen a trash can on stool top of that and then climbed up.

Jimbob grabbed the cookie jar and brought it down. No shoe in there, but there were some good cookies.



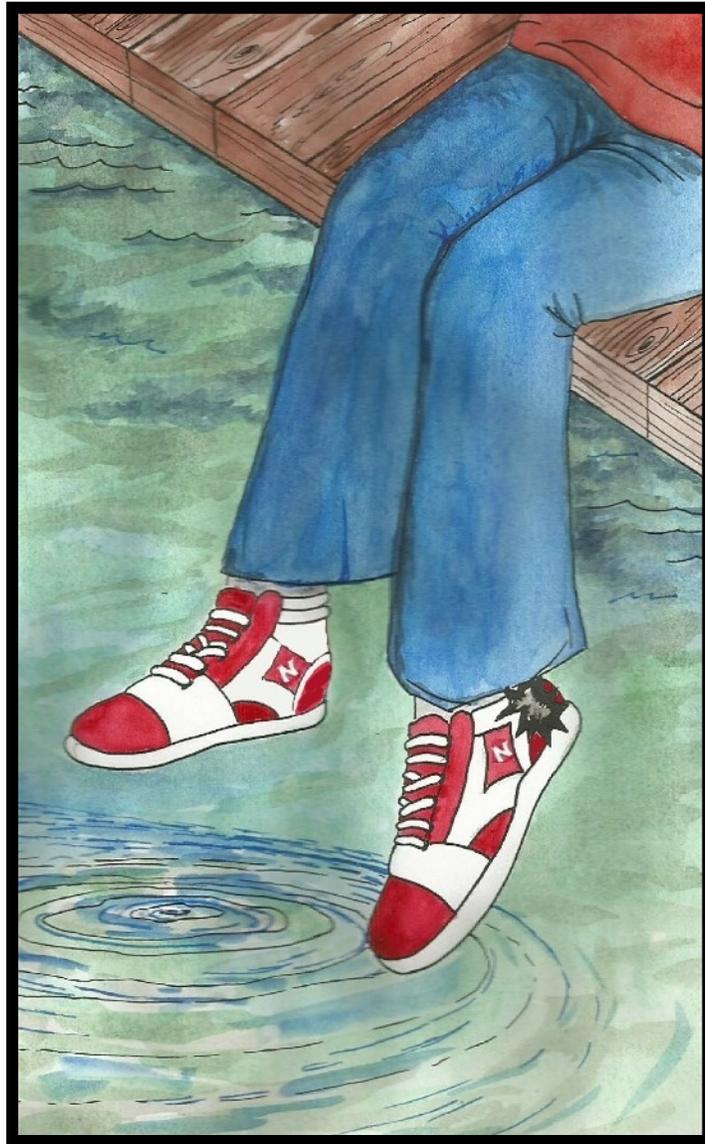
After his 10th cookie, Jimbob saw something red in the dog's dish. He ran over and there it was.



Slobber was all over it and it had a few holes in it, but Jimbob put it on anyway.

That day he showed his new shoes to everyone.

They all liked them because they were one of a kind.



Jo's Notes ~

I love this story because it is about a little boy that really wants something bad. It happens to be shoes. His mom finally gets them for him, but then he somehow loses one. Doesn't that seem to happen to all of us!

Even though, Jimbob gets scared of getting in trouble, he sets out to find the lost shoe. He doesn't despair and even enjoys the adventure of finding it. I love that in the middle of trying to find the shoe, he takes a break and enjoys himself eating cookies. Once he is relaxed and enjoying eating cookie, he finds the shoe! Isn't it amazing how you can look for something and not find it, but once you take a break and relax you find it? Jimbob, enjoys having a less than perfect shoe. What a wonderful attitude to have! I think Jimbob reflects his author's good nature.

~ Jo Collins

About the Author ~ Justin Collins

Justin Collins wrote this story when he was about thirteen years old. He was born May 21, 1980, to Frank and Jo Collins. This was the same year that the Volcano, Mount St. Helen, exploded.

He was the first of four boys. His brothers are Eric, Keith and Garrett. Justin graduated from Rockhurst University with a degree in Psychology. He later got his master's degree from UMKC in School Psychology. He currently works as a school counselor. He is married to Nicole and they have three adorable kids, Fankie, Abigail, Justin Jay, ages five, three, and one.

I hope they enjoy reading their daddy's story about Jimbob.

~ Jo Collins

About the Artist



Christine Pagano, an art teacher, writer and illustrator, resides in Jackson, MO. She was born and raised on Long Island, New York.

She earned her first degree at the Fashion Institute of Technology in NYC. Soon after graduation, she began a career in the fashion industry as a graphic designer. Before moving to Missouri she worked for Dover Publications in Mineola, NY, for a short time.

In Jackson, MO, she worked as an editor for the Jackson USA. Later she worked as a community news reporter for the Southeast Missourian Newspaper in Cape Girardeau.

She earned a degree in art education from Southeast Missouri State University in Cape Girardeau. Currently she is teaching art, writing and illustrating a children's book, and working as a community news reporter at The Cash-Book Journal, located in Jackson, MO.

You may contact Christine about writing or illustrating at christianopagan@gmail.com.

About the Editor/Designer

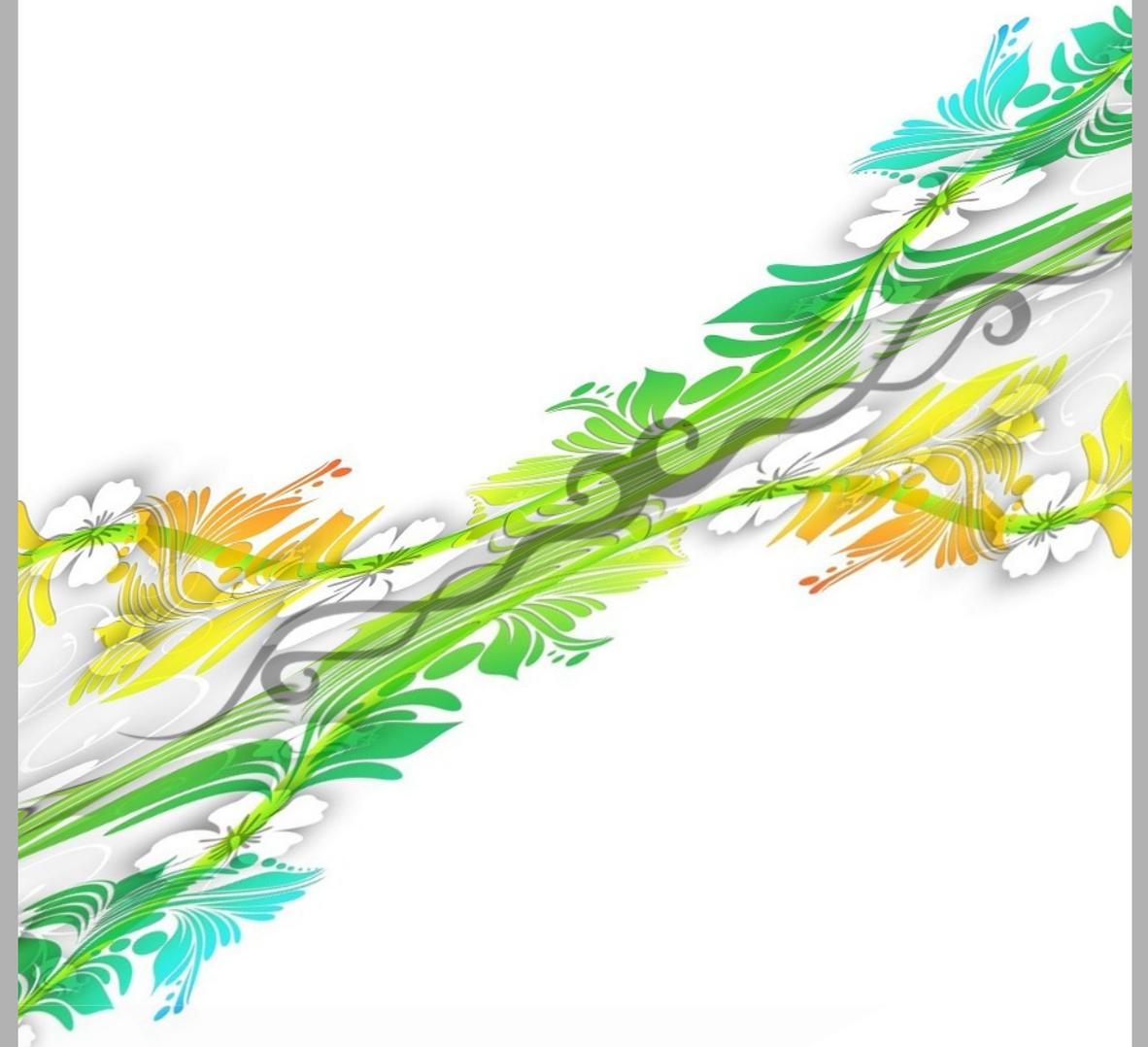


Linda Culbreth, a native Texan living in Southeast Missouri, is an author, writing coach, and book designer.

“It gives great joy to see a project come together and someone’s dream come alive,” Culbreth says. “Many have said, ‘I am a published author, thank you. I couldn’t have done it without your help.’”

“Thank you, Jo, for allowing me the privilege to work on these wonderful Family Treasures!”

If you need to reach her for any reason, please email her at Linda@LindaLCulbreth.com



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