



The Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
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With the approach of the Thanksgiving holiday, a person tends to ponder over the things they have to be thankful for. One of the items on my list is being thankful to live in a small town. What is so different about living in a small town? Here are just a few personal observations . . .

You know you live in a small town when it takes half an hour to buy a gallon of milk because you see so many friends to talk to.

You know you live in a small town when it is considered rush hour to wait at a stop sign for five cars to go by on Main Street.

You know you live in a small town when the bus driver calls your babysitter to make sure she is home before having your child get off the bus.

You know you live in a small town when you pass a motorized wheel chair on Main Street.

You know you live in a small town when you give directions to your house by saying, "It's just south of the old Robison place."

You know you live in a small town when you lived there for over 40 years and are still considered a "move in".

You know you live in a small town when you see a double cab pickup with a long enclosed trailer angle parked at the post office.

You know you live in a small town when you accidentally leave a favorite recipe at the grocery store and the clerk saves it for you because, "It looked like an important piece of purple paper."

You know you live in a small town when the post office clerk hands you a few hundred dollars in large bills and asks you to go the bank and get change for her.

You know you live in a small town when you walk past your hair dresser's shop and she comes out to see if you'd rather get your hair cut then instead of waiting until tomorrow.

You know you live in a small town when you have problems with a stray horse walking through your garden and are asked if it is male or female because it is not illegal for female horses to run loose.

You know you live in a small town when there are cars and trucks and chairs marking people's spots for the upcoming Fourth of July Parade on Main Street three days before the parade, even an old couch that you saw a few days before outside D.I.

You know you live in a small town when you don't worry about the kids yours are with because you know who the bad guys are.



You know you live in a small town when part of the entertainment on a windy day is watching shopping carts race across the parking lot at the grocery store.

You know you live in a small town when you live next door to a llama.

You know you live in a small town when you talk to the wrong number on the phone for five minutes because you know them too.

You know you live in a small town when the pests in your yard include not only grasshoppers and deer, but sometimes even pigs and cows.

You know you live in a small town when two of your neighbors don't get along because one of their fathers stole water from the other one's uncle sixty years ago.

You know you live in a small town when you get a bill in the mail for a gas skip.

You know you live in a small town when you can't drive down Main Street without getting a wave from someone along the way.

You know you live in a small town when people on the street compliment you on the Face of Fillmore.

This week we have said good-bye to a great lady who I came to respect and admire over the last seven plus years. I never met Sue Dutson face to face, but have talked with her on the telephone and e-mailed several times. As I began writing the Face of Fillmore, my spot was saved every other week right here at the top of page three. Never in all these years has Sue criticized my writing or edited even one word of it. She just trusted what I wrote and encouraged me to keep writing. On a handful of occasions during that time, life got in the way of a column. I would e-mail and say, "My grandkids are here this week and there is no time to write the Face of Fillmore." She would answer with, "Play with the grandchildren. That's what's important. I look forward to reading your article next week." And that is what I will miss. . .

Another great supporter of my column has also left us this week. Colonel Sam Starley and I, when he was feeling well enough, were on the same schedule and met often in the foyer of the post office where he had many kind words to say about my column. He also offered suggestions for stories with a wealth of details to go with them. On occasion, I went to his home for a longer talk with him and his wife. I will certainly miss him.