



Face of Fillmore

By Sherry Shepard
August 19, 2020

The Face of Fillmore this week points out the inevitable. None of us is getting any younger.

When I stop to think we moved here almost 50 years ago and already had two daughters, one of which was old enough to go to school, I begin to feel that is putting us in the “not so young anymore” age group. I am always astonished as I pass my bathroom mirror and this “older lady” looks back.

Advancing years brings on a whole new set of experiences in life. Ever try calling one of your grandkids or even just talking about them. All seven names come out before I hit the right one. I feel lucky if they come out in chronological order. Add to those the greats and the plot thickens.

This list goes on but the problem I seem to be having lately is putting things in a “safe place”.

Recently, I had a Face of Fillmore mystery happen because of it.

In writing the story about Irene Scott’s home, built by Hans Rasmussen some 130 years ago, I realized I had seen a very clear older picture of it. I called several people who I knew were part of this family to ask if they had it. I had nice conversations with many including Carol Peterson and Doris Rasmussen, who loaned me the older picture that was in the Chronicle, but I knew I had seen a very clear picture of the brick home.

The Chronicle was published and the two pictures I sent were there, but the missing picture was still bothering me.

This week I sat down at my computer to work on another project. In looking through My Scans, guess what I found. There was the picture I had searched so hard for and it was even labeled! Now I can share it with you.



Irene Scott home