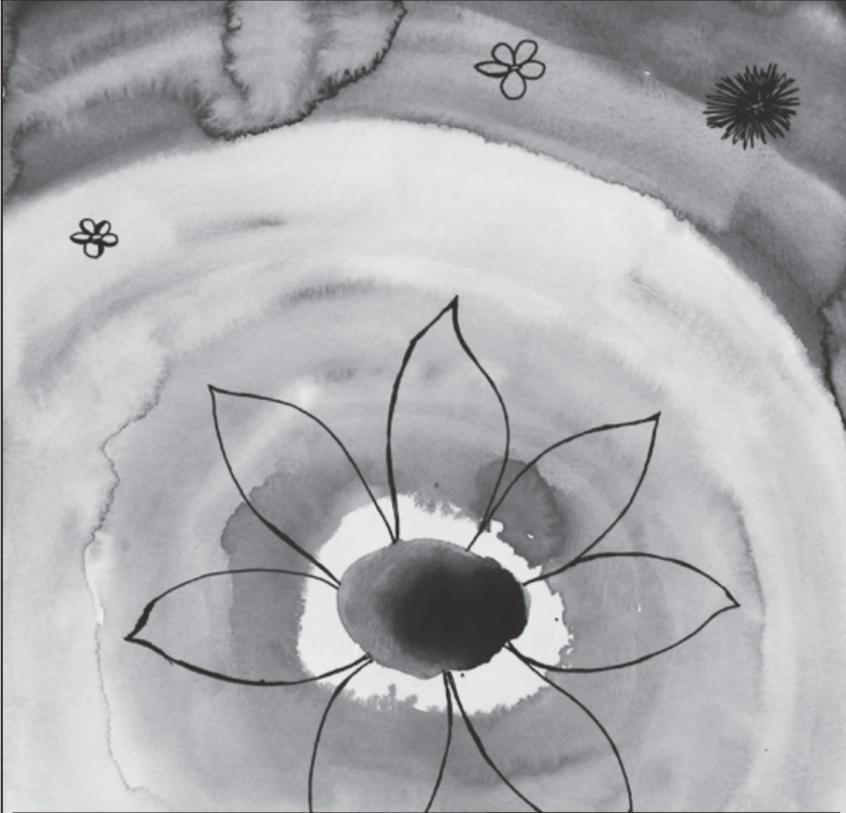


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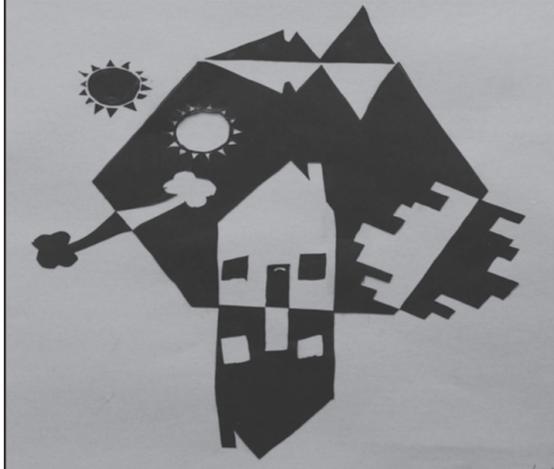
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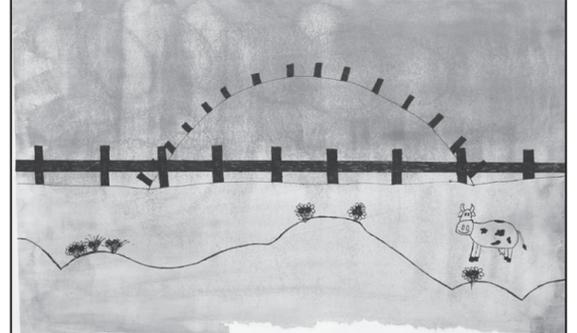


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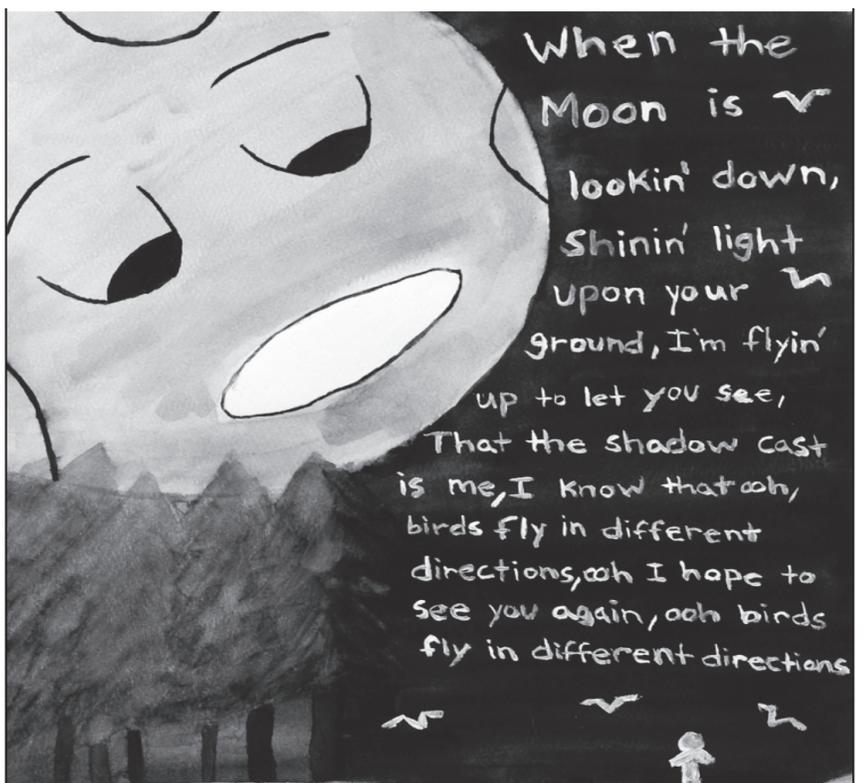
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ground, I'm flyin'
up to let you see,
That the shadow cast
is me, I know that oh,
birds fly in different
directions, oh I hope to
see you again, oh birds
fly in different directions

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Pacey J.



by Abby Miller

He's all I ever had, but sometimes I thought I needed someone more. Sometimes I wished he was more understanding or more emotional. Some days I wished he was a sister, other days I was thrilled he was who he was. Looking back I realized he is exactly who I needed. He taught me how to hunt deer and geese. He was the first person I called when I shot my first (and only) deer. He was so proud and excited on the phone, I wished he was there. He taught me how to shoot pucks and climb trees; to ride a dirt bike and how to drive a car. My biggest source of judgment and my best friend. I told him I hated him a hundred times and maybe meant it once. He keeps his feelings inside and I am never afraid to let mine show. He is always calm and effortlessly funny. He is my polar opposite and somehow my best friend.

After high school, rather than going to college, he moved to Nebraska to work on the pipeline. In the first week of June, he packed all of the things he owned into his new pickup. He drove over nine hours to a place he'd never been where he didn't know a soul. I can only hope to be that brave one day.

On the morning of Labor Day, I was awoken by the sound of cowboy boots on our newly refinished hardwood floor (something Dad would've frowned upon if he was home). Moments later my door was pushed open and then, Pacey was hugging me and telling me he was going back to work. I was shocked as I wasn't even aware he was home for the holiday weekend. After further investigation and a short conversation with Mom, I learned that Pacey had left that morning for Council Bluffs, Iowa. Apparently that was to be his home for the next short while. So, until the next goodbye, PJ.

Silver Dragon



by Alyssa Turgeon

It was two months after my fourteenth birthday and we had just returned to school after Christmas break when I got the voicemail. The little lady on the other side of the phone asked me when I could start and to call her back as soon as possible. That Wednesday I went to my first day wearing a baby pink t-shirt, blue jeans, and a cream cardigan. It seemed so difficult at first, but I soon got into a routine: sign in, wash my hands, fill the sink with hot water and bleach, fold the table cloths, fill the ice bucket, dry the glasses, refill the water pitchers, windex the glass doors, wipe down each chair, and fill the soy sauces. Of course I would serve people as they came in and answer the phone as needed, but Wednesday's are church nights in this small town so I hardly have anyone but my regulars come in.

The Espe's, always sitting toward the door because the heater goes over those tables, only drink water and always get two egg rolls, cutting them down the middle and filling them with sweet and sour sauce to help cool them for an appetizer. For an entree, chicken with vegetables and almonds. She always eats more of the vegetables and her husband favors the chicken and almonds.

The Hanson's, sometimes coming in groups of four, other times just a party of two, sit at the table closest to the back on the right side. Tanya always gets a lemonade and Madison gets water. Their other guests vary, whether it's Madison's husband, Tanya's mother-in-law Sue, or Hailey. Consomme soup is always a hit with their group for an appetizer. For supper they like to change it up, so it varies. I always make sure to tease Tanya before she leaves about something she's said in the past or about forgetting things.

I also have regular take out people. One man orders at the very start of my shift, always honey garlic beef with extra white rice and soy sauce, and shows up exactly fifteen minutes after he calls. Another man, whose name I don't know either, comes in, looks at a menu for ten minutes acting as if he's going to change things up for once, then orders the same thing he always does; General Tso chicken with fried rice, no onion. He usually shows up thirty minutes late to pick up his food.

Once they leave, I clean up their table and hurry to finish my night tasks. First I clean the bathrooms, take out the trash, then take out the monster we call a vacuum. The vacuum is one large hose that connects to the wall. It's my least favorite task of the night. Once I'm done with the beast, I rinse all the rags, dry another tray of glasses, then sign out. I always leave ready to take on my homework when I get home, saying bye to Kit and Wendy as I head out the door. My first job will always be one of my favorites.

Mission Statement



by Adria Peters

It is my mission to:
Graduate with my friends
Exercise the virtues of kindness
Commit myself to God
Follow my heart
Always maintain a positive attitude

Show respect for my family
Embrace my originality
Be held accountable for my mistakes and actions
Give back to my community

Rivalry



by Amy Wensloff

The first high school football nickel game I remember, was my freshman year of high school. I put on my new army green Patagonia which I got as a gift from Scheels, a new pair of grey Uggs, yes they were still in style back then, and a brand new pair of PINK brand black leggings. I was an excited little 14 year old ready to go to what I had heard was the biggest game of the year.

I went to my best friend's house and we waited for my cousin to pick us up since the game was in Warroad and of course we couldn't legally drive yet. She picked us up and we started the 20 minute drive. The radio was blaring and we were all jamming along to Hannah Montana songs, the High School Musical soundtrack and of course the latest hit country songs. When we got there it was raining so we chilled in the car and continued the jamming session like we had for 20 minutes already. This time we were joined by three other girls so the car was well packed, but we were just staying in the parking lot anyways. When the solid downpour stopped we went to "watch" the "very" important game. The rest of the school year I never missed a chance to go to a football game, and still to this day I view this trip as a positive school memory hanging out with friends and enjoying a rivalry football game.

A Rink Rat In Roseau



by Anika Stoskopf

My obsession with hockey all started from watching my older brother skate with the tiny mites. I was jealous of the way he could skate and the way my parents watched him with pride. I was so eager to lace the skates up that I began skating when I was only three years old. It was frustrating at first but once I started to get the hang of it I didn't want to stop.

Once I started to get older I spent a lot of time in the North Rink. It was a place for me to get away from the real world and a place for me to hang out with my friends. My friends and I would spend hours on end at the rink. Most of the time on the ice and some of the time just messing around in locker room F. A locker room filled with not only stinky gear but also many memories. Not only did I spend hours on end in the North Rink when I was a kid, but to this day I still continue to go there. Even though I have spent a huge chunk of my lifetime at the North Rink, I still have an ongoing obsession with the game of hockey.

Home



by Avery Halvorson

I feel most at home in my 2013 Ford Edge. It is black, comfy, and private. I have the most freedom in there. I love the black leather seats that get too hot in the summer and my blue car bars that hang from my rear view mirror- which is totally illegal by the way. I've actually gotten pulled over for that once. I can drive wherever I want- well, not actually, but I like to pretend I can. It has been with me through a lot of tough times and makes me feel better going for a drive. While in my car, I can listen to my music at whatever volume I prefer. Laugh, cry, or scream without the fear of anyone hearing me. One of my favorite things to do is drive around, either by myself or with my friends. We've had the deepest talks and shared our biggest secrets with each other in my car. We take trips to Grand Forks, making a few wrong turns along the way unfortunately. We like to shop or just mess around but honestly, the best part is the drive there. To say I'm thankful for my car would be an understatement. Most people like to say their "home" is their bedroom, but not mine. I know one day I will outgrow my home, and that is going to be a memorable but sad experience. I will never forget my first home away from home.

The Neighborhood Kids

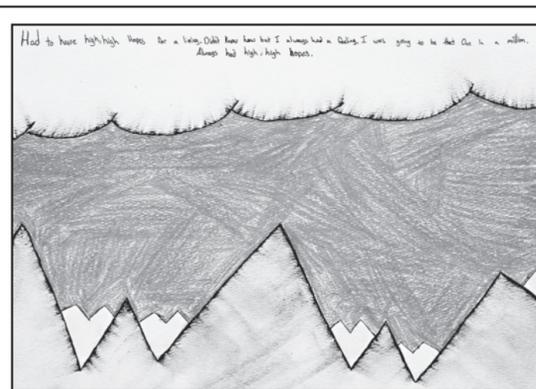
by Brendan Lund

Home is my neighborhood. I've lived in this neighborhood my entire life, and I hope one day it will be my kids' neighborhood as well. This is the greatest home I could have ever asked for.



I grew up in it surrounded by friends and family, with my Grandpa Bob and Grandma Judy living a hundred steps away. My aunt Shelly's family lives a hundred steps in our backyard, which consists of some of my childhood best friends in my cousins Kilah and Teagan. On another side of my house is the Lundgrens' house. Josee, Cooper, and Tucker were the three kids I'd hang out with everyday in the summer. The spread out setup of our neighborhood allowed for us to do all sorts of things growing up.

I have a big backyard, so we were always finding things to do. Driving the golf carts and jumping on the trampoline is what we spent most of our time doing during the day. My grandpa's furniture store was a favorite place of ours to run around in and play hide-and-seek. There is a big empty grass space on the side of his store, and it is the perfect size for a miniature baseball diamond. My driveway's road is about 150 feet from the side of his store, so it's the ideal place for a little game of baseball. As we got older, forts were a popular hobby of ours. There are two thick



strips of pine trees in between mine and the Lundgrens' house, which is where most of our forts were built. The first few forts were built out of my grandpa's furniture boxes, and plastic would insulate them from rain. We'd use his carpet samples for the floors, and we got them nice enough to have sleepovers in. We also built a really nice teepee out of many tall skinny trees, with wooden pallets at the base. Our best fort came when I was fourteen. The Lundgrens' dad built one out of wooden platforms, it had six bunk-beds in it. My dad installed its carpet. There was a perfect clearing in the strip of woods closer to the Lundgrens' house in my yard, so we put it there. We built a fire-pit in the main walkway of the clearing, and it's still there today. Now that we've grown up, we don't use it as much anymore. This neighborhood will always be my home, and I hope to keep making memories in it for the rest of my life.

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Home



by **Charlene Grahm**

For me, the idea of home is more than just my house. It isn't just a place. It's a feeling. Home is where I find comfort. It is where I feel completely accepted. It is where I feel loved. I have parents who love me with all their heart. No matter where I am, as long as I'm with them, I feel at home. They take care of me, reminding me every day that they love me. They have seen me fail, and they have seen me grow. They have loved me unconditionally. Even if I do something terribly wrong, they will continue to help me grow, and that is what makes me feel like I am at home.

Another meaning of home to me is my room. I take care of my room because it takes care of me. You may be wondering, "Charlene, how can your room possibly take care of you?" Well, to state the obvious, it helps me meet one of everyone's needs, which is sleep. However, my needs are more than just sleep. I have battled with OCD since I was very young. I would cry and get angry if my room was even a tiny bit messy. Since then, I have learned how to cope with it. Keeping my room clean keeps my mind clean. My clean room is where I am able to feel comfortable. To me, a messy room does not feel like home, but a clean one does. And I would like to keep my home as long as I can.

"The Middle of Nowhere"



by **Chloe Johnson**

Whenever someone asks me where I live, I always simply reply, "The middle of nowhere." It feels like I do when I have to travel a half-hour to and from school every day. My home is located a half-mile into Marshall county south of Roseau. My home is a wooded area of 40 acres that has two houses (one is my grandma's), a garage, a shop, six cars, and an old barn. Four generations of my mom's side of the family have lived on that land. A half-mile from my house is where my grandpa grew up and about 10 yards from my house is my grandma's house, the one my mom grew up in.

Home to me has never been just my house but all the nature that surrounds it too. There's a lot of yard where my house is, more than we need, but there are also many trees. The ones that seem organized in my yard were planted by my grandpa or my dad. I have a wooden playground in my backyard that is pretty big. My dad built it the summer following my grandpa's death. Next to my playground is my pitching mound my dad also made so I would have a proper place to pitch softballs. Behind my backyard is like another backyard. It's a small grass field where deer, skunks, bear, and many other animals come to graze or look for grub. In that small field of grass on the side is an old barn. It was used for horses when my mom was growing up. Now it's just used for storage. My nearest neighbor is about two miles from me and the highway is 3 miles away so it's pretty quiet where my home is. My dad loves living where we do but I don't think my mom feels the same way. I want to live in a city. I know that someday I will miss living in the woods and being able to see the stars on clear nights but right now, I don't like being a half-hour drive from my friends or my school. I love where I live though. It has given me so much to appreciate that I know many others in their lifetime can never have.

Comfort



by **Danielle Sibileau**

The true meaning of home to me is an enjoyable, happy place where one can live, laugh and learn. A place where someone can be themselves and feel sheltered with those around them. Somewhere to take a deep breath and feel relaxed with no worries, because this is your home. Homes may change throughout a person's life or some may live in one place that feels like home forever.

My home is where my family gets to be carefree, comfortable, loud, and most importantly make happy memories. I go to my home daily and relax because it reminds me to stress a little less and enjoy some of the beautiful life outside my world. Countless memories happen in my home with many more to come. Memories of my childhood when everything was so different yet the same.

My countryside backyard is where I call home. With the tall green trees sheltering me and keeping me in my safe zone. Laying in my backyard on the wooden deck looking up at the sky while hearing the birds chirping throughout the day. Seeing the sunshine bright through the clouds and feeling at peace with everything.

My Neighborhood



by **Daniel Wensloff**

My neighborhood has changed over the years, as all neighborhoods do over time. We moved from town to a house in the country when I was around three years old. The house in the country is the first place that I considered home. The big, two story, yellow house with brown trim is always a welcome sight after a long day. When I was younger, my bedroom was in the basement next to my older sister Kate's room. As my younger sister, Rebecca, got older my parents decided that the basement should be the girl zone, so I got moved upstairs next to their room. This home is where I grew up and made many of my childhood memories.

When I was younger, my neighborhood was filled with family. My Grandpa Dave and Grandma Joan lived a mile southeast of our house, my uncle Todd and aunt Leslie and their boys Isaac, Aaron, and Eli lived a mile southwest, and my uncle Troy and his boys, Patrick and Zachary, lived a half-mile north. We were always at each others houses playing Wii or messing around outside.

Like I said, neighborhoods change. Todd and his family moved into town and Troy's sons graduated and are only home in the summer. As I've gotten older my neighborhood has definitely changed, now my mom and I live in an apartment in a renovated church. It took me awhile, but I finally was able to warm up and call our apartment home too. I haven't made very many memories in my new home, but every day is another step closer.

When friends and family all get back together we like to talk about the memories that we made in our little "Wensloff" neighborhood.

Cheer Squad



by **Emma Boris**

School is made up of a lot of ups and downs. A positive experience for me is when all of us students gear up and go out looking crazy to cheer on our fellow classmates in volleyball. We are all there for the same reason and the energy when we do our chants makes you tingle. My favorite cheer squad moments are when it's a very close game and everyone is stressed and our cheer squad captains are coming up with great chants and good ways to get our team fired up. Playing Badger, Greenbush, & Middle River is always fun because the game is always close and that's when we are the loudest and it makes the whole gym vibrate. This year when we played BGMR. It was match four and things were getting intense and everyone was sweating and losing their voices.

We fell short and lost that game but the cheer squad was the loudest we had ever been. I always leave the gym feeling pumped up and happy. These types of memories are ones I'll never forget.

"People do not decide to become extraordinary. They decide to accomplish extraordinary things."

– Edmund Hillary



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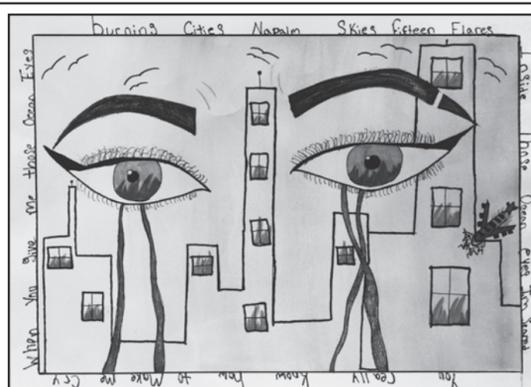
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Well-known Haugens of Roseau County



by Emma Haugen

My name is Emma Haugen. People outside of Roseau County, would not even bat an eye at my last name or think twice. My last name is the one that catches the attention of people. I will be asked right away, "are you Donn and Jodee's daughter?" Of course, I would reply with a smile and answer yes. While Haugen catches the ears, my mother's maiden name, Kvarnlov, gets attention also. My grandfather, Michael Kvarnlov, is well known around the surrounding areas for being a business owner and a very social person. My name has had an impact on my life since the day I was announced to the world.

The last name Haugen has been known for many decades in Roseau County. What it's like to be a Haugen is unique, I would say. My family is very outgoing, loud and stuck together.

One of my favorite things is our annual "Denny Ride". The Denny ride is where our family comes from the cities, suburbs and rural area and meet in Roseau to celebrate our grandpa's life. First, we start at our cousins' deer camp and all visit and catch up on our lives. We all bring our four-wheelers, rangers, three-wheelers, dirt bikes, and anything that you would be willing to drive in the muddy woods. We start by driving our vehicles down all the trails in the woods and by the end, we all join up for lunch and social moments. Once we all pack up our vehicles on the trailers and everyone is up and ready, we make our move to Grandpa Dennis' deer camp. And, we do it all over and end it with a bonfire and spending the night. To some people, that would not sound like fun or have a meaning, but to my family it is everything. I love my family and in my perspective, they are my home.

A second favorite thing is every year, for about half a century now, we meet up in the middle of Minnesota and we call it the North-South campout. We meet in the middle due to our family members who moved down south to the cities. My family is very open, meaning if you want the truth, you'll get the truth. To most people, I am a very loud person, but to my family, I am the quiet one because of how loud they tend to be. Home is a four-letter word that some use as a way to describe their house. As many know the basic saying, "home is where the heart is" actually has a deeper meaning. My home is not a house and not only one person but a group. My family is my home.

"Home is where the heart is." I see that sign in almost every house I have visited. At this point in my life, my home is where my family is. My home consists of two loving parents and one little, obnoxious brother who I know I will miss when I leave. My house is one-story with an attached garage. The exterior is soft grey with a dark ocean blue front door. The yard is always decorated, and always will be as long as my mother shall live. Next, to the left of the house, we have a grey shed that holds all our memories and our boat. The interior of the house is a soft grey with accent colors of teal blue and our dark amber cabinets and flooring. Everyone's house has a certain smell, ours just happens to be caramel and a hint of almond, which is a weird mixture but smells amazing. My home is always welcoming, besides the mess when mom is not home. My home is my safe place. The one place where I can go to if I ever feel stressed. I know I can go home and feel okay. The name Haugen has had an impact on my life for how well-known it is, and how my family is close. I love my family, and nothing comes before them, except God.

Home and Life in Northern Minnesota



by Faith Restad

The empty cornfields and infinite skies is a view that gets old, but has a reassuring comeback. Driving the stretch of pavement, just to see a sunset across the miles of wheatfields has a comforting touch. As traveling across the region, the trees and curvy roads lead to an adventurous feeling.

With unpredictable weather habits, you never know what lies ahead. Fall can bring a crisp winter wind leaving you bundled at 50 degrees. A nice winter day can bring a snowstorm. Having explored the tree rooted ground brings the sightings of many wildlife such as: deer, fox, grouse, and the occasional moose. While life in the north is full of unpredictable adventures, the cool weather and gorgeous sunsets will always have a place in my heart.

It's hard where I sit, but has a cozy warmth to it. Dad sits on the west side in front of me, Mom sits in the chair beside me, and my three sisters squeeze in the empty places in between. Sophie, my dog, has laid next to me since the first day we got her in April 2018.

Corresponding with the piano and hutch, the oak wood brings out a lot of memories such as paint smears, glue, marker stains, and Emily's corn cob heat stain. The dinner table is where family get-togethers are made special. Birthday parties are what every kid dreams of. The balloons tied to the birthday girl's chair, the presents stacked in the center, the diversities of relatives in every seat, the sticky splashes of pop from trying to open our cans, and whipped cream from our ice cream or marble cakes. Then, the horrible feeling of the damp dark oak after being washed by the rag.

Good thing tables are scissor proof! As kids crafting was a daily way of living. From sculpting our own snowflakes during Christmas time, to making homemade holiday cards for our parents, relatives, and siblings. Holiday baking with grandma has stained the surface of the table for years, from the made-from-scratch icing to the forgotten piece of gooey cookie and pierogi dough.

Conversing about anything and everything daily is allowing our family to grow with and beside each other. Nothing can stand in the sturdy way of the memories engraved. It's odd to think that just a dinner table can have an impact for generations.

Temporary Homes



First Essay - by Greta Lund

A big beautiful brick house in the suburb of Eagan, Minnesota was where I called home. The ceilings stretched to the sky and a vibrant chandelier greeted you as you enter the front door. Every which way you went there was bedroom upon bedroom. The big house with so much character was my home and all that I ever knew. The day my mom told me that we would be listing our house and moving to the middle of nowhere in Wisconsin I was furious and devastated. I didn't know how I'd be able to transition. The hardest part was hopping in the car and driving away from the place where so many memories had been made. Tears streamed down my face as I glanced at my house one last time.

My new dwelling was a gray concrete building. It didn't feel at all like home. It was ugly and plain, no siding or bricks. The house was tiny, an astronomical change from what I was used to. I was so embarrassed by my new house I would avoid having friends over. It took months for the ugly gray house to transform into a glowing humble abode. The house began to grow with character more and more each day.

Then the opportunity to move to Roseau, Minnesota and live with my sister presented itself. I'd have to leave my parents and brothers in Wisconsin. Now the new place I would be calling home was a small two-bedroom apartment. Once again I was downsizing and this time it was a drastic change. The light yellow colored apartment complex holds little charm. Although I haven't had time to grow fond of my new home, I know it is simply just a temporary home. I will soon be departing to a new destination. For now I will cherish the moments and accept that a home is so much more than just a building you live in. It's about the memories and smiles created with people you love. Whether in Eagan, Minnesota, Luck, Wisconsin, or Roseau, Minnesota I can make it home.

Second Home

Second Essay - by Greta Lund

I stared out at the beautiful Fjords towering around me. The lush blanketed mountains and shimmering waters was an overwhelmingly admirable site. Viewing the rolling hills of my family farms brought me back to simpler times. It seems as though the world had slowed down and I was free to embrace all the glorious views. A great sense of belonging filled me knowing I was standing in the country that my ancestors came from. Up on the mountains of Norway I spotted numerous goats grazing the hillside, it's like I could see the whole world on top of those mountains. The tiny cottages we stopped at were simple, made out of merely logs but they felt cozy and home-like. We were embraced with the best hospitality. Our relatives provided us with a roof over our head and the food we were given was never ending. Stepping out of my comfort zone I tried many new dishes. Each and every meal was made with so much love. We attended a birthday party of my grandpa's first cousin who was turning 100 years old. All around me at the celebration were the crisp words of an exotic language. The traditional "Bunads" worn on special occasions fascinated me. Visiting the small church my parents got married at years before left me with images dancing through my head. So many connections to Norway truly made it feel just like a second home.

"I long to accomplish a great and noble task, but it is my chief duty to accomplish small tasks as if they were great and noble." – Helen Keller

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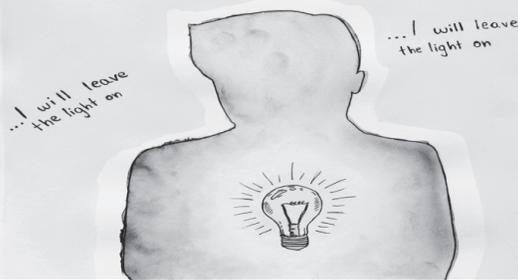
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Home



by **Hannah Diesen**

I think of my house, I also think of my aunts house, and the town of Roseau. My house is also my true home. The four bedroom, two bathroom tan house located in Skime, Minnesota. It really is "located at the end of the earth" as my mom says. It is the last house before one hits Beltrami Forest on the gravel road of County Road 18. It is a house located right next to a big bin site that you can see from the gravel. One can usually always see a tractor or combine from the road. It was built in the 1960's by my Great-Grandma Violet and Great-Grandpa Orville. He needed the perfect place to build the home so it was close to the farm, and now it is passed on to my dad so he can be right next to the farm. I will never forget the memories that were made there, including: family movie night in the living room, opening Christmas presents and stockings in our cozy living room, endless family suppers in our kitchen talking about the race season, because that's the only time everyone is always there for supper since my dad is usually in the field all summer and fall. My outdoor memories were created by riding my little, red, 70 Honda dirt bike, my red Polaris RZR, my green Arctic Cat 600 snowmobile, or all my sleepover birthday parties from grade school.

My other home to me is my Auntie Cara's house. I may not be there all the time, but all summer long you can count on me to be there. I am there sometimes in the winter too, but more so in the summer when I have to go to town every day for something. Whenever someone walks into that house one can expect a crazy, loud house that always has kids, whether they are my cousin Aubrey's, or Abe's friends. Cara works three days a week, so that means the twins are at daycare and she's at work. On those days, all of us kids are there with our friends, but on other days I walk in and my aunt is always cleaning or doing a DIY project for her house, Abe may be playing Fortnite or gone with his friends, Aubrey may be in her room on her phone or gone with her friends, and the twins are most likely in their playroom making some sort of mess.

Roseau is my home. I have lived here all my life, and couldn't imagine living anywhere else. I'm excited to leave for college to go and explore, but Roseau is the place I want to come back to, settle down, and have kids. I want my kids to grow up in Roseau and have the same great experience I had. All the memories that I have shared with these people that I have known my whole life is what I want to come back to. Some memories include: riding my bike around town freely, rollerblading around town, getting excited for Earl's Drive-in to open every summer, all the sporting events I have attended, movie nights at the theatre, all the late nights where me and my friends drive around because we have nothing better to do in our small town, and saying hi to everyone I know everywhere I go because we all know each other.

Roseau is home to me, and I would not have wanted it any other way than this small town community that I got to grow up in.

The House That Always Felt Like Home



by **Hayley Olson**

I've lived here all my life, the big brown house, 15 miles from town. The peaceful sound of no traffic occupied the breeze of silence. Growing up with five bedrooms full of love and personality, all taken by someone. The fight between who gets to get ready first in our one bathroom. The independence given to me with having my own room on a different level than my parents. The yard, that was always the highlight of having friends over. From the fields for driving rangers to the trails to ride our bikes, the ability to get away at anytime. The backyard with the Caragana bushes lining it, blooming full and bright. From the fire pit, to the pool, the swings, the sandbox, the playhouse. This backyard was always my favorite place to be as a kid. With the river right in front, ready for us to fish or swim.

When inside the house however, my bedroom has always been my sanctuary since I can remember. Growing up as the quiet kid in a family that loves to talk more than anything, often times got to be overwhelming. At those times, I'd find myself in my bedroom alone with my own thoughts. Acceptance of being just being me. This room, in this house, is my haven from all the outside noise that can feel scary at times. The house that always felt like home.

Home



by **Hennessy Spargo**

I did not always live in Roseau, Minnesota. Before that I lived in Scottsdale, Arizona. I have two younger siblings and one younger brother. I have lived in ten houses of all different shapes and sizes.

After their divorce when I was five, we moved into townhouses. The house my parents built together was no townhouse. It was the house with a giant backyard with a waterfall pool, a private swing set, a built in bar, and fake green grass to play in. The front yard had a front patio with a grey stone entryway that lead to a giant wooden door. However, the divorce changed my lifestyle rapidly and unexpectedly. But I did not care because that was not home. None of those nine houses with different neighborhoods were my home.

Home is the place where my mom would fly us four times a year to visit. Home is Roseau, Minnesota. Ever since I could speak I didn't care what house I lived in. I cared about the next time I was going "home". That is what I called Roseau, Minnesota. Roseau has always been my home even though I have not always lived here. My eyes dance in the fields of wheat and soybeans at our family farm. I would dream of the next time when I could cling on to my uncle with my tiny hand as we went snowmobiling through the ditches alongside the countryside. Or the homemade donuts my Great Grandma Etta would make for us every time we went to visit her at her house, with the perfect glow of the vibrant flowers from her garden. My home was never where I was, it was the people who I was with that made me feel safe and happy. That is why Roseau is my home.

Home



Essay one by **Jasmine Verbout**

Home smells like fresh linen and gives the best hugs. The type of hug that wraps me with warmth and a feeling of relief. This home is located at 808 6th St. SW. It is here where I've made a lifetime of memories, and have been shown nothing but love since the day I was born. This house has seen me cry and watched me laugh more than anyone can say they have.

The big backyard has had enough relay races to give the Olympics a run for its money. The driveway has seen about as many accidents as NASCAR. This house has grown with me just like the pencil marks on the wall, that count every inch my sister and I have grown. It has become a part of who I am. It never judges me and shows me, unconditional love. It feeds me. It feeds me with enough vegan food to make my stomach burst. I'm allowed to devour green beans without being the odd one out and be at ease while I enjoy my food.

At home, I'm always comforted with the luxury of fresh laundry, squeaky clean floors, and counters. When things are clean, I can't help but be in a better mood. This is the same way I feel about having a quiet place to relax. Although it's quiet and I'm given my space I will always receive a hug and a list of questions about how my day was. This openness and love within my home is the reason why I've developed into the strong woman I am today.

"Off to Earl's!"

Essay two **Jasmine Verbout**

When the sun has just risen, and my dog whistle of an alarm goes off, I know it's time for work. I start by applying my trusty mascara because I don't want to look like Shaun White did in the 2008 Olympics. This follows by dressing myself in my "uniform." This means a scratchy pair of jean shorts and a grease-stained Earl's shirt. From there I tie my hair back, eat a quick breakfast, and I'm out the door. No ride to work would be complete without testing my car's speakers to their max volume. If I'm going to be isolated for the next six hours I have to soak in the next seven minutes like they are my last. I enter the door and it feels like I just crawled into bed. I'm there so often it feels like home. I get my supplies and clean for an hour because I'm not going to be the reason that the establishment gets a bad Google review. Something about the fresh air and quiet time in the morning puts me to ease. It's my calm before the storm. I sit down on the sad excuse of a stool and begin my day hopping. The first customer pulls up and from there the lot becomes alive. If you talk to any Earl's worker they will tell you about their dreaded dreams. No sleep would be complete if they didn't dream about orders running rapidly through their head. All of these orders means a lot of people and a lot of miles. My feet speak for themselves, I'm pretty sure they are falling apart. They have a sharp tan line of my Chaco sandals and countless blisters and calluses. I don't mind the running, I consider it my workout. No workday would be complete without hearing about how my coworker's hair appointment was three years ago. There is rarely any spare time to talk, but when there is, everyone takes their turn to tell their deepest secrets. Eventually, it's time to go home. Everyone grabs their tips, tells everyone to have a great day, and sprints out of there just to do it all over again tomorrow.

Four



by **Jesicah Pringle**

When most people think of home they think of the color of the siding, the cars that sit in the driveway, the front door, their bedroom. However, when she thinks of home she thinks of her mother. She thinks of her nights in the living room, watching her favorite movies. She thinks of smiles, laughs, and little feet running around. Her version of home is her family.

She's spent her life moving, never having a concrete place to call her own.

Home always says "Goodnight, I love you," before bedtime. Home sits together at the table every night. Home smiles at her and gives her confidence. Home drives her absolutely crazy and leaves their Lego's in her room. Home gives her pep talks and listens to her problems. Home has little whiskers and meows at her voice.

She knows a home is usually one place or one building, but for her it's different. Home will always be there for her and support every decision she makes. Home has 4 different hearts and 4 different kinds of love.

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her secret is patience."
– Ralph Waldo Emerson**

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in life no matter what is going
on around them."
– Jack Canfield**



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How Many Houses Make A Home?



by Jessica Howard

I have lost track of how many houses I technically have. Mostly because some of them aren't even mine anymore. There was the cabin at the Northwest Angle where my dad used to live, but then he moved to Idaho and rented out my cabin to strangers. There was the house in Boise, Idaho with a purple room for Cassie and a blue room for me. I would have preferred the purple. This house had large windows and a comfortable back yard, which always smelled like cotton and beaches. It was always clean, tidy, and pretty. Then my dad sold that house as well. Now there is the house in Atlanta, Idaho, but that one doesn't feel like home yet. It's too new. I have too little memories there to call it anything other than a place where I sleep when I come to visit.

Then there is my home in Roseau, Minnesota. It's sometimes a little messy and my walls in my room are still baby pink from when I was nine years old, but it is home. It is where my sister and I spent most of our teenage life. It is where Cassie always comes on breaks before visits to Dad. It is where all the memories are. It's warm, safe, and comfortable, and I know it won't be sold before I leave for college. There's plenty of food in the fridge and pantry. My movie collection is here with over one hundred movies on disc. I don't know why but I like watching movies on disc better than streaming them on Netflix.

There's really not much more to say. I like my house, but my home is where my family is really. I guess that means that you don't really need a building to have a home then.

Chapter 1 Home



by Joe Roseen

Home? Where is it? What is it? Where I live is a town called Roseau, in a small rural cabin. This place itself I have always lived in, but I will only have nostalgia when I leave. I do not feel unappreciative for my place of birth, it is somewhere I would be content to retire in the future, but not where I would like to live my whole life. My idea of home is nowhere specific, at least not at the moment. I do appreciate the concept and Ideal nature of home, a place to relax, decorate as I see fit, and enjoy the presence of family and friends but in the words of one of my favorite fictional characters: Legion from the Mass Effect series. "Our home is where we are. Our place of origin is not relevant, only where we choose to go together"

Chapter 2 Roseau

by Joe Roseen

My hometown is a nice place, and while I enjoy it, it isn't a place necessarily fitting my personality, although many of the people I have met here are. Roseau is a town in northern Minnesota enjoying the full array of seasons, from hot summer, dry and hot, to winters making me wonder how people from the south survive up here. It is rather well known as a sporting town with everything from football to tennis to golf, but these don't really interest me. Although there is a tabletop gaming community here that I would love to join I live too far out, and have too busy a schedule to join it, so aside from school I have stayed rather isolated in physical activities, but have had plenty of time to enjoy reading and gaming. Aside from the sports and clubs, like Boy Scouts or Trap there isn't a lot of activities, or fun places within roseau in which to entertain oneself. Yes there is the library, the park, and even a bowling alley, but all of those are more a short-term waste of time. In spite of all of this, Roseau does feel rather homely, and I don't really know why. I can always feel comfortable strolling the streets, perhaps its some subtle aesthetic in the town, or perhaps it's the people, I don't know, but I know I will definitely come back to visit it.

The North Rink



by Kayla Santl

"Where the Tradition Begins," is stated on the front of the North Rink. That is where my tradition began. I have spent many hours working on improving my hockey skills and making memories that I will cherish forever. I spent all day every day, hanging out and skating with my teammates. Each day after school my friends and I would walk to the rink. We dropped off our backpacks in locker room E and then would walk next door to the well known, Memorial Arena. Doug and Linda would always have the best food for us to fuel our bodies. We sat in the booths every day and devoured our meal. The team had practice for about an hour to an hour and a half, however; we would stay and go to open hockey after practice. Open hockey is where I would focus on skills that I needed to work on and of course, we would scrimmage each other. I would go home each night and get excited to do the same thing the next day.

Home Is Where You Are



by Kelsey Senum

In my life, I have had a total of 10 homes. None of them being "houses" but all of them being home. I lived in a pretty run down home from the day I was born until I was about four years old. I remember flipping over a plastic Little Tikes picnic table and using it as a boat to "catch fish" in our yard because it flooded a lot during the Spring. I didn't remember this home as "run-down" though. I remembered it being big and adventurous and.. A home.

We then moved to a house that was much bigger, and I remember more vividly, as this was the home I grew up in from about four years old to fourteen years old. This home was huge and fun and a lot of memories were made. My brother, Talen, and I would jump on the trampoline in the backyard after eight and always tried to be quiet because if we woke the baby, who's bedroom window was right by the trampoline, mom wouldn't be happy. I remember playing hide and seek, and crashing our mini four wheelers into each other; I had never seen mom run so fast.

Home Is Where The Heart Is



by Kilah LaPlante

On the east side of a small town is a neighborhood that sits just outside of what is considered city limits. The five homes share two driveways and aside from separate yards, they share one large yard in the middle. My home is part of this neighborhood. The convenience of the city so close, but the warmth of the country feel makes home perfect. Grandma and Grandpa live in the house to the left, and Auntie Dawn and Uncle Greg reside in the house out front. The rest of the neighbors have become family too. A lot of time has been spent with them.

Besides the neighborhood, what I call home is the light gray house with one pillar on the porch and navy blue shutters. My mom is constantly changing the decorations, getting different furniture, and rearranging. An exception for change is a rusty antique looking arrangement in the windowsill above the staircase. It has never moved. One would think it is some sacred family heirloom. However, it has no meaning. It is just too high up for mom to care to change.

The island in the kitchen is more sacred than above the staircase. Eating is done on the island, socializing is done sitting there, and mom's little amount of cooking is done on the island. The kitchen is a great room in the house. But, my favorite is my bedroom. My room lies on top of the stairs, across the hallway from my brother's room. The newly painted blush pink walls, bring me back to my childhood, making it a space in which I feel most happy. My large white comforter and bright colored decorations create an inviting atmosphere to walk into every day.

As much as I love my bedroom, every part of my house is important to me. It is where I grew up, it is my backbone. This two-story gray house in a neighborhood that feels like one big family has become who I am. It is where my heart belongs. It is home.

The Perfect Imperfect Home



by Kyle Erickson

I've spent most of my life living in the same sand-colored house on Park Road in the small town of Roseau, Minnesota. If I were to think of the perfect home it would be a picturesque cabin on the lake with lots of trails through the woods, with the lawn in pristine condition, and the interior of the house spotless and organized. My real home is far from that. There is no lake with a perfect view, the house is always a huge mess thanks to eight unorganized children, and the grass is greener on the other side of the nonexistent fence to the neighbors yard. Not to mention you can't even see it at night because the front yard is full of trees and the driveway isn't lit. My home is far from perfect, but it's home.

That messy, noisy house is where I was taught that love is what makes a home truly a home. Home is where the family squeezes into the couches around the living room and listens to Dad read from the Bible. Home is where I learned to play baseball with my brothers. My home has a loving mother who can somehow manage to stay calm amidst the racket and responsibilities of eight children. My home has many sounds: siblings arguing over who's turn it is for dishes, Dad playing some of his childhood songs on the record player, someone playing "Pirates of the Caribbean" on the piano, or mom listening to her favorite Christian radio station. All of these things make the messy house hiding behind the trees in Roseau my home.

Home



by Lacey Restad

The guitars are in the corners, the lamps on the end tables, and the couches and chairs against the walls. It's the place where we set up the Christmas tree while listening to classic Christmas music, camp out for the night as a family on our air mattresses, peek out the big square window and watch dad turn his cop car lights on for us before a night shift, enjoy our favorite movies with our favorite snacks, stay up until 1:00 A.M. reminiscing, praying, crying, talking, and laughing about whatever comes to each of our minds, and where each of us kids took our first steps. Home is my living room.

I'm so fortunate to have grown up in the house I live in now. The stories seem to last longer when you can see the intangible memories walking into the room.

When I was younger, I'd anxiously wait to sit on my dad's lap in the brown chair, once he'd wake up from his night shift and he'd read me many different books from my book basket, "The Very Hungry Caterpillar" and "The Bunny Book," to name a couple. When I got tired and needed a rest, mom would rock me in the chair and sing me "The Gambler" by Kenny Rogers. Learning my ABC's, how to crochet, how to pray, and how to play my first guitar chords, as I grow up, I will always cherish the many different adventures we have experienced, and continue to experience, in my living room. My living room is my home.

The Blanket



by: Krista Field

I held you close
I kept you warm
Comforted you since childhood
You drug me around

But I didn't care
You sat on me
In the dirt or in a puddle
The nights you weren't home
I'd lay still and cold

Once in a while, your cat would come in
He'd knead and scratch
Till comfy and relaxed
At night when you cried, I'd wipe away
your tears

The scent I brought made you happy and
smile

Then one day the boxes came
And I never did see you again

Rylie



by Morgan Halvorson

It was the day before the big blizzard hit most of northern Minnesota in 2001. Two expecting parents are heading to the Roseau hospital to have their first child. Further south the mother's parents got ready to fight the wall of wind and ice for someone they never met.

The couple made it to the hospital and got settled into their room. Family on the father's side of the family has arrived. All of them buzzing like bees to the mother, the flower, waiting for her to bloom. The snowstorm swallowed the mother's parents in a sea of white. They traveled four hours before they made it to a town they recognized. It wasn't Roseau.

Life started to wilt in the hospital, an unborn heartbeat was fading. Flash of lights and command to leave and wait elsewhere except the father. The family buzz became a hum then silence as they waited for their flower. Emergency c-section was needed and the mother was alone. The father, who has cleaned fish and deer, was whiter than the storm raging a few feet away.

The white wall started to fade into a gray sheet, then a black void as they waited. Around eight at night, a strong heartbeat has entered the world. Down the hall a slight hum filled the air then a buzz shook the walls. The family and a still pale white father pushing past each other to see the mother and her new bud, but it was just her. The buzz turned back into a hum until a faint, "would you like to hold her," was heard. Hum turned to silence as they watched the nurse hand the child to her mother, though she never makes it. The great-aunt had swooped in and took the child before the mother got to hold her. After convincing that she can hold the baby later, she gave the baby to the mother. Holding her first child, a loud, rough voice in the hall asked if they had the right room, then a knock. Her parents have fought off the storm and made it to be by their side.

Everyone was together, out of the storm with their new family member waiting for her name. The mother loved the name Rylie and the father didn't like any names that were picked. In the end, I became Morgan Alise Halvorson.

Open Doors



by Olivia Urness

I never enjoyed English. I just never saw the point in it. I hated grammar and punctuation. Maybe it didn't come as easy to me or maybe I was just being stubborn. It just seemed like a waste of time. I could read and write. What else was there to learn?

All that changed in the 8th grade when I got Ms. Olson as my English teacher. She taught me the value of reading and how there is so much more to a book than just the words. But most importantly, she taught me how to write. She was the first teacher to make me believe that my writing meant something. I had finally unlocked a door that had been closed for so long. It led to a place where I could express myself and discover who I was as a writer. She instilled in me the confidence and courage to put my thoughts into words.

It wasn't until Ms. Olson taught me how to put everything together that I finally understood. I could see why I needed grammar skills and punctuation. I could see why all my teachers would make us read those "pointless" books. It just took someone special to finally show me that everyone has a voice and that it should be heard.

North Rink



by Rylie Bjerklie

I open the green doors of new addition to the North Rink. I remember all the kids that lived at the rink were unhappy, because we couldn't play wall ball anymore. As I open the doors entering the place I used to call home, I am hit by a distinct smell. Countless hours spent here, smelling that smell. Some of the best memories I will never forget with people that I'll never talk to again happened here. The smell that I can never put a name to, but when I smell it I know exactly where I am. I don't smell that smell anymore, but it will always have a special place in my heart.

by Rylie Bjerklie

Where I live there are always people coming in and out. During the week the odds of finding quiet time to do homework or relax is very slim. The weekends on the other hand are peaceful. That is when the family attends the regular rodeo or hockey game. My house is filled with the oddest collage of furniture and decor. Nothing goes together exactly, but somehow it fits my family perfectly. My house may look like an ordinary home, but it is way more than that to me. It is where I spent countless hours passing a volleyball to the roof of our garage because none of my brothers would play with me. It is where I can show my true self comfortably. And it is where my closest friends have become my family.

I share the house with my mom and my two younger brothers. If we're lucky my big brother comes home for a week or two from work. It is always a fun time with him no matter the situation. There is not too much to say about my two younger brothers except: trouble! Two young trouble-makers plus a fun big brother has helped form my chaotic home that I wouldn't trade for the world.

My Home

My Dysfunctional (Stage) Family



by Skylar Schoening

We all have a family of some sort. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, daughters, sons, cousins, aunts, uncles, nieces, and nephews just to name a few. The family that we are birthed to is a special group of people that will remain close to us, even in death. However, with my experience in theater, I have recognized that there is more than just your typical blood family that can leave a solid imprint on your life. Let me tell you about it.

I have never met a more inspiring woman than my stage aunt whom I call Aunt V (I would call her Momma V, but my actual mom was very displeased that I called someone else a term of endearment "made" for her). From our first introduction in Warroad Summer Theatre's production of "The Music Man" to our recent humorous adaptation of Agatha Christies' "The Mousetrap", I'm never sick of her flaming the ball of energy she possesses when she performs. Hell, I think some of her sparks rubbed off on me as I've started to perform with the same ball of energy.

My one-act director is also my Uncle B. He's your typical uncle: grumpy, tired, witty, looks like Rob Zombie mixed with your 1950s rockstar. Totally typical. He is my biggest pusher for going into theatre as a profession, and he couldn't give me more of a challenge. He sees many artistic ideas that I try to incorporate into my daily life. Sure, we have our debacles but what family doesn't have that? I remember having to work through monologues, and I was becoming so anxious on what to and what not to memorize. Luckily, Ben was there to sit down with me and run through every single monologue I had. He gives great advice, great humor, and great attitude when he wants things to go the way he wants, (after all, he is the director). He's pretty much a foundation I can count on for my success in the future.

What kind of person would I be if I didn't mention the woman who took me under her wing? Mother B (and my mom doesn't even know I call her this. Sorry mom) is the quirkiest lady I have ever encountered. Instead of giving notes, like your typical director, she will go onto the stage, ask you to step aside, become your character in under five seconds, and give a quick, hands-on example of what exactly to do in order to completely replicate her flawless, split-second act. She makes a bunch of pop culture references that can go over most people's heads, but I know better to pass up on a good joke. Her personality is so striking that it makes you want to just watch whatever she's doing, whether it be acting or packing up groceries.

I have been blessed with my Aunt V's energy, my Uncle B's imagination, and my Mother B's quirks. Have I completely copied and mastered them? No. However, they gave me their own skills for my future, and I couldn't be more grateful. Encouragement. They all gave the motivation that any kid needs in order to believe in themself. They never gave up on me, and I never will forget them for it. Pride. They allowed me to be myself. To show me how to spread my multicolored wings and carry others amongst them who need it. Love. They are forever remembered in my hearts as masters to their work. I cannot stress enough that I never have seen them simply as leaders. I've seen them just like family. Hey, family is all you need to succeed, right?

My Perfect Paradise



Essay 1 - by Tracy Meixner

There is a little town called Roseau. As you go down 300th Street, you will see a doublewide trailer. The trailer itself is plain. Brown panels striping the sides with a dark shingled roof. Yet within this house is a place which brings me much joy. That place is my bedroom, which lies on the farthest end from the front door. This room, my little indoor paradise, is one of those places I spend most my time. I love this room, from the years of decorating work to the lingering smell of Rain Lluvia incense. When it is totally silent, it can be a comforting somber which I do not mind. This silence tends to be broken by some sub-genre of Rock or some lovely meditation music.

I would definitely say that my room is near perfect for me. My artworks decorating the walls, along with old calendar pictures. My overcrowded bookshelf is in the south-west corner of my room along with this old wooden dresser. In this dresser I keep some of those things that I tend to use from a day to day basis including candles, incense, and a little book which I like to sketch in as well as record any information I wish. On top of the dresser, is where I will light my candles, and burn my incense. My bed lies right next to it, which tends to be graced with earthy tones of gold, black, green, and gray. On my bed, I take at the very least ten minutes out of my day to meditate and clear my mind.

The Smell of Death

Essay 2 - by Tracy Meixner

Everyone must experience death at some point in their lives. Whether it be the death of a loved one, a large tragedy, or even just watching the news. The point is everyone experiences it, everyone ends up passing on. I haven't been to too many funerals in my life, thankfully. But I do notice that there is a specific air that revolves around death, and that is no exception when speaking of funerals.

Everyone knows what that scent is. The image of pews lined up in a room with stained glass. Perfect setup for a church ceremony, however one thing holds different. A coffin. A dark, wooden, and scary coffin that sits in front of the room. There lies someone you care about, whose skin has gone an ash tone and eyes shut so heavily it is like they are being pulled down.

The smell. Funerals have a very specific smell to them. The smell of bread cooking in the church kitchen, along with a soup of some sort and some meat. Eating a meal with them for one last time. Funerals have a feel to them. Heavy and filled with dread, yet when we would tell stories of being with the passed, the feeling would not be as tight even though the body is still in the room.

For me, it was my grandfather. He was dressed in a dark blue suit, something very different from his usual wear. This man had typically always worn a casual sweater, but at that moment, he was in his dress attire. Even now, five years later, I can still remember every little detail.

I remember him receiving his military honors, and my uncle getting the American Flag. I can also recall the exact weather of that sad day. It was a clear sky day, bright and sunny with a high of seventy-five degrees. Not the typical funeral weather that you see in movies, but I feel this weather was perfect for him. It felt like my grandfather was smiling down on us from the afterlife, letting us know that even though there may be tragic rainy days, that the sun would always be back another day.

Rural Life in Minnesota



by Troy Monkman

I have lived out in the middle of nowhere for as long as I can remember and it has been both annoying and fun throughout my time there. It has been annoying in the fact that I don't live near any of my friends and I'm nowhere close to town. It has been fun, however, having all that land to do things like going hunting, joyriding in our ranger, and riding around in the woods in other vehicles with friends. You could probably do most of those things even if you live just outside of town but you might get in trouble with neighbors. Living where I live, you'd have to be making a lot of trouble to bug the neighbors.

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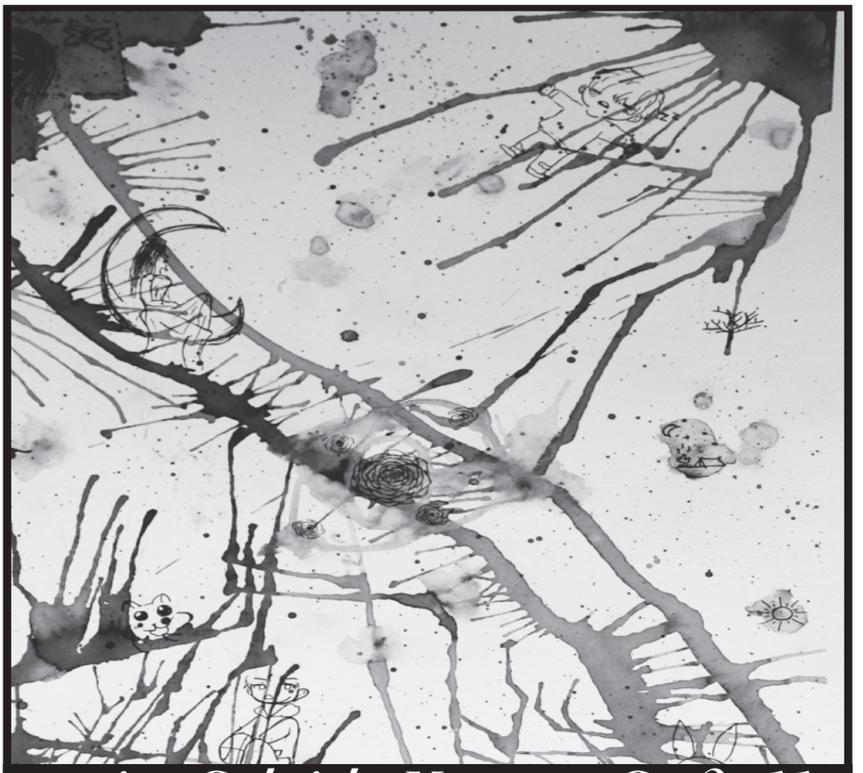
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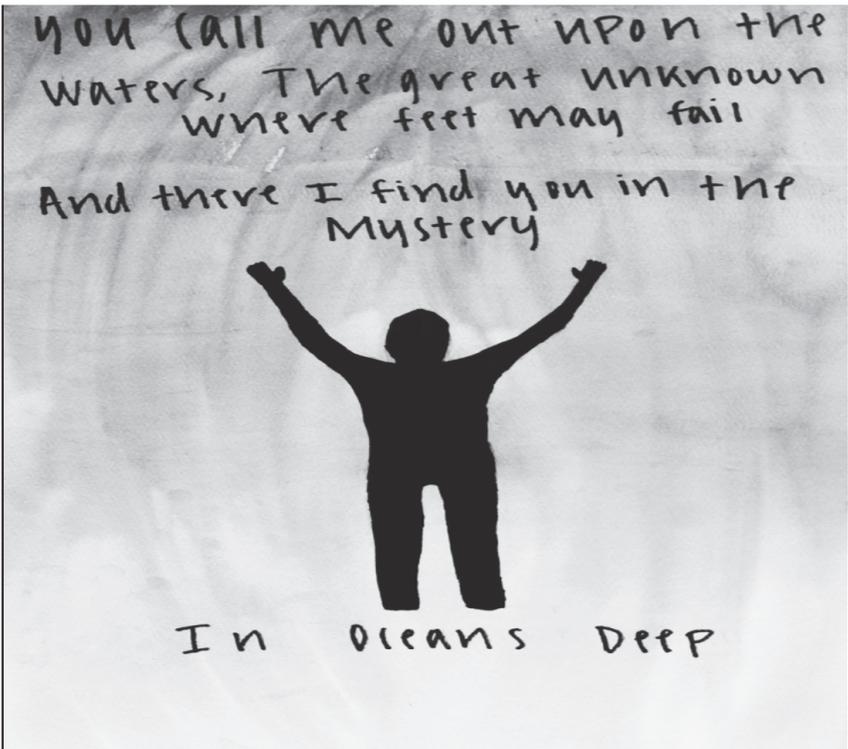
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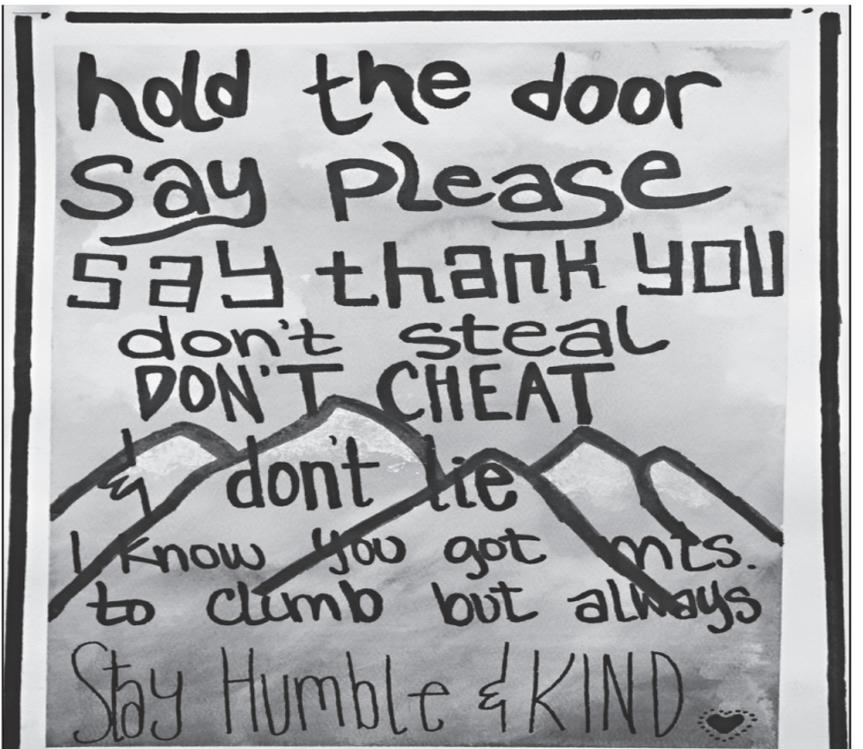
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