

AT THE HELM

Heaven gained a real ace

Some people are just so special, you could have known them your entire life and it still wouldn't have been enough time.

For me, Mike Adrian has been one of those people.

The evening of Dec. 11, a friend called to tell me Mike had lost his battle with cancer. Mike had been fighting it since earlier in the year, and although it was a real struggle, he seemingly beat the disease. But his 75-year-old body finally gave out.

I remember the first time I met the man called Ace.

The 1860-era baseball team I played on while in Arizona hosted a recruiting event for our upcoming season. This was back in 2016.

Mike was relatively new to the desert, having arrived earlier in the year from Illinois where he had founded and played on a team.

In his short time in Arizona, Mike founded another team and was looking for players. To find players, and to make friends, Mike visited us that day.

Lo and behold, Mike found a slew



Bill Helm

of prospective vintage baseball players for his team. Such a friendly, kind, funny and generous man, Mike and I quickly became friends.

The team he built was a pleasure to play against. They understood the game, they respected the game, they were sportsmanlike. Winning is great and all, but if you can't win or

lose without being uber-competitive, what's the use?

From time to time, I also had the pleasure of playing on Mike's team, on days my team didn't play for example.

So often, Mike and I would talk about the modern and the vintage game of baseball, and about life.

It didn't take long to figure out how much of a treasure Mike Adrian was.

You know, using that word, *was*, really hurts. Because I still cannot believe my friend is gone.

Since I moved to Washington in May, I'd call Mike pretty regularly. Rarely, however, he was able to take calls, those cancer treatments really took a lot out of him.

A 15-minute telephone conversation generally meant he'd need a good long nap afterward.

Although we'd text more often, Mike and I actually talked maybe three or four times after my wife and I left Arizona.

Last time we spoke, in November, he gave me some advice on how to stain and finish a bat a mutual acquaintance had made for me. Mike was so excited to see the bat finished, so excited to play ball again, was so excited to live life to its fullest.

I'd like to believe my friend Mike is up in the heavens right now, playing ball with all the people he read about, watched on television and at the ballpark, and even played vintage baseball with back in the day.

But here, for his wife, his sons, his extended family and all of his friends, Mike Adrian is no longer with us. And that makes me very sad.

I miss my friend.

LETTERS

Reader thankful for Lynden Hop

Editor,

Thanksgiving blessings continue through Lynden Hop bus services.

On Oct. 30, on my 102nd birthday, I woke up and considered how to plan my day. My birthday party, which my two daughters had planned was canceled two days prior due to circumstances that developed.

My thoughts went to my only surviving sister, Nettie, who is 105 years old and living at the Christian Health Care Center in Lynden and confined to a wheelchair.

I suddenly remembered the Lynden Hop bus service, which is such a blessing to myself and others who may need wheelchair assistance.

Nettie's daughter Arlene, and husband, were on their way from Olympia to visit Nettie in a private room scheduled for 4 p.m. in that afternoon at the care center.

Thanks to the Hop bus they were delighted to find out that they were finally able to take Nettie out after being confined to her room for almost two years because of COVID-19 restrictions (and lack of transportation).

We were thrilled to be able to gather at the Fairway Café, where we enjoyed a delightful dinner together and celebrated the long-awaited occasion.

Our celebration evidently extended to the table next to us as they came over and mentioned how blessed and joyful they felt because of our celebration happiness.

They, in turn, blessed us because as we went to pay for our meal, we were informed that our unknown neighbors picked up our entire tab. I am so thankful and encouraged by this service made available to our community by Lynden Hop bus service.

**Tina Navis
Lynden**

Better to display no flag than tattered flag?

Editor,

The flag of the United States is a tangible representation of our country. Representing the United States of America, it is entitled to respect. It is so entitled to respect, in fact, that it is accorded its own section within the U.S. Code.

Section 1, Title 4, of the U.S. Code concerns the flag, its treatment, and display. One of those elements of display concerns the condition of the flag. It says, "When a flag is so tattered that it can no longer serve as a symbol of the United States, it should be destroyed in a dignified manner, preferably by burning ..."

Looking around the county, even before the recent bad weather, I saw many flags, both on poles outside homes, businesses and in the backs of pickup trucks, which were tattered, torn, or stained.

Those flags should be taken down, and if desired, replaced by clean and well-kept flags. People wanting to turn flags in for disposal should contact a local veterans' organization, such as VFW, American Legion, DAV, or Vietnam Veterans of America.

Some of those organizations can also recommend a source for replacement.

Other contacts for disposal would include scouting groups.

It would be better to have no flag at all displayed than to have one that is tattered.

**J.G. Phillips
MSG, USA (Ret)
Custer**

Submitting letters or commentaries

Opinions expressed on the *Lynden Tribune* and *Ferndale Record's* opinion pages are just that, they are opinions.

This includes editorials, commentaries, columns, and letters to the editor. They are not to be treated or viewed as news, as articles, nor necessarily as fact.

They are one person's opinion, and they should be treated as such.

Short of libel, opinions from all points of view may be sent to us.

If you are sending a commentary, please email to editor@lyndentribune.com and include your name, complete address and phone number, and if applicable, the headline date of the article on which you are commenting.

You also may hand-deliver or mail letters to our office at 113 6th St. Please include your name, complete address and phone number to allow verification of authorship.

Any hand-written letters must be double spaced and printed.

Unsigned letters will not be published.

Submissions longer than 300 words will be edited for length. Submissions will be also edited for clarity, syntax and grammar.

Looking Back 40 Years Ago

News Snippets from the Lynden Tribune: Wednesday, Dec. 23, 1981, as compiled by Tribune Publisher Michael Lewis.

From the front page ...

City denies rezone request

The Lynden City Council, Monday, denied a rezone needed to build 50 apartment units on Bender Road.

The council voted 5-0 against changing two acres from R-100 to R-20. In making the decision, several councilmen said they felt an obligation to provide "zoning protection" for neighboring property owners.

The rezone was sought by Ron DeBoer and Martin Ruiter on property just east of Lynden Christian's athletic field.

They wanted to build five 10-unit apartment buildings there.

Midwest-based CENEX buys out Western Farmers

CENEX has agreed to purchase substantially all the assets of Western Farmers Association, according to CENEX presi-

dent Darrell Moseson and O. Roy Wiebe, Western Farmers president.

A Midwest-based regional supply cooperative, CENEX serves 1,500 local cooperatives in a 13-state area. They had sales of \$1.3 billion last year while reporting \$38 million in net earnings.

Last year WFA had revenue of \$207 million and reported net earnings of \$3.8 million. Headquartered in Seattle, WFA has been in reorganization under Chapter 11 of the Bankruptcy Code since 1979.

'At Deadline,' by William R. Lewis

Lynden's Clown Prince Dr. John Cook is hanging up his drills the end of this month after 46 years of dentistry.

John came with his parents to Lynden as a small child and attended school here and was early noted for his humor. He was a yell leader for the Lynden Lions before the electronic era and he used to advertise the games standing on the corner with a big megaphone. He opened his office in



Dr. John Cook came with his parents to Lynden as a small child and attended school here and was early noted for his humor.

(Tribune photo)

1946 in the Dyk building upstairs above McLain Drug Store after serving in the army. John and his neighbor Dr. Rowe joined forces to build the medical building at the northeast corner of 6th and Grover in 1955.

Doctors in business in new building

Three Lynden physicians — Dr. Dana Peterson, Dr. Bruce Pederson

and Dr. Greg Anderson — moved into their new offices in the Lynden Professional Plaza medical building last week Saturday.

Bellingham surgeon Orville VanderGriend was expecting to set up the equipment for a rotating specialists' clinic in another part of the building.

The clinic will be ready for use by Jan. 1.

GUEST OPINION

Sharing one's Christmas memories



Elisa Claassen

By Elisa Claassen
For the Tribune

WHATCOM — In a few days, it will again be Christmas. It is happening so fast. Once upon a time, I made my own cards and gifts, decorated inside and outside the house, baked up a storm — and didn't sleep. That's been a while ago. Now I enjoy looking at the lights on homes, looking at craft fairs, singing Christmas carols, and watching corny holiday shows.

I turned to friends in my sector of Whatcom County, aka Nooksack Neighbors, for their favorite Christmas memories. It was a mix of family, food, the innocence of childhood, and crossing the border. This is what

they shared.

Shannon Cramer Smith: "Going to Intalco to watch a Christmas show and getting a present afterward from Santa. We went for several years. My grandfather worked there. So my siblings and cousins went ... I was amazed by all the gifts they gave."

Adam Elzer: "It's hard to pick just one. I grew up in Sumas and Nooksack. All of my Christmases growing up were good, just seeing family that you don't see except for maybe Christmas. Christmas Eve was with my dad's family in Chilliwack, BC, going to a candlelight service and Christmas was with my mom's usually at the Christian

See **Sharing** on A5

Lynden Tribune

The Lynden Tribune is the official community newspaper for Lynden, Everson, Nooksack and Sumas. Published weekly every Wednesday by Lewis Publishing, Co., Inc. 113 Sixth Street, Lynden, Washington, 98264. USPS 323-160

Postmaster: Send address changes to: Lynden Tribune, P.O. Box 153 Lynden, Washington 98264.

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Subscriptions

No refunds, payments in advance
Standard • \$42 per year; \$72 for two years
Outside County/In-state • \$55
Out-of-state • \$60
Senior • \$38 per year; \$64 for two years
Student (nine months) • \$28
Snowbird • \$48

News/advertising deadline:

12 noon Monday
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