

Get clutter under control with an expert's advice

Seniors are no exception to the increasing frustration of not having enough time or space.

The Farmington Hills senior adult division invites seniors 55 and older to "Clutter Command, Get Organized for 1998."

Ann Savell, organizational consultant, is coming to the Farmington Hills Senior Center on Tuesday, Feb. 17 at 10:30 a.m. Cost for her talk and tips is \$2. Pre-registration is required by calling 473-1830. The event is sponsored by Tom Holzer Ford, Farmington Hills.

Botsford Inn from page B1

The Botsford Inn was not as restored as completely as the Wayside Inn.

Edward Cutler, who was in charge of building design and reconstruction at Greenfield Village, thought that the "Wayside Inn had much more atmosphere than wasn't possible to gain at the Botsford Inn."

In 1925, shortly after the restoration was complete, the funeral for Frank Botsford was held at the inn. Frank was the son of Milton and the inn's custodian and historian after Ford purchased it.

The Ford's gave few parties at the inn. What he enjoyed most were the dances in the unheated ballroom. Ford brought in Benjamin Lovett from Massachusetts to teach early American

ourselves." Ann Savell is author of the book "How to Organize Your Home or Die Trying." An experienced speaker, trainer and consultant, she is committed to giving her clients and audiences the practical solutions and insights so that they can live more proactively, increasing their level of achievement.

Her background in business and education also gives her a unique perspective on the organizational skills needed to do more with less.

Ann's mission in her own words: "I want to make a difference in lives I touch. I want to help those who feel overwhelmed make sense out of their frustration, resolve it and feel free to own life and pursue their goals."

Pre-registration will also be accepted in person at the senior center, 26600 11 Mile Road, gate 4, door C.



Ann Savell

Help available

Women in Crisis offers workshops and support groups in Oakland County that carry a message of hope and empowers women with life changing knowledge and skills.

The workshops and support groups are free and help eliminate negative situations such as destructive relationships, stress, parenting struggles and addiction.

In particular, this program helps women who find that drugs including alcohol have played a major role in their lives, either directly or through a person close to them.

Women in Crisis meets at Catholic Social Services in Pontiac at 53 Franklin Blvd. every Thursday from 2-4 p.m. and the Zion Lutheran Church in Ferndale at 143 Albany every Wednesday from 10 a.m. to noon. For information, call Pamela McCrary at 548-4044.

Valentine's dinner dance to help community band

The annual Valentine Dinner Dance sponsored by the Farmington Community Band will be held on Friday, Feb. 13 at the newly renovated Glen Oaks Country Club in Farmington Hills.

You can celebrate Valentine's Day at this annual event featuring the FCB dance band playing for dancing and listening. Begin with a cocktail hour at 6:30 p.m., then experience the elaborate Glen Oaks buffet dinner at 7:30 p.m.

Ticket prices are \$32 per person for dinner and dancing. Tables of 8 may also be reserved. To purchase tickets or obtain additional information, call 313-261-2202 or 248-489-3412. Early reservations are encouraged.

Glen Oaks Country Club is located on 13 Mile Road between Middlebelt and Orchard Lake roads in Farmington Hills.

Chat room from page B1

needed immediately either filthy and stuffed into the bottom of someone's drawer or filthy and lying in the hamper unwashed?

Why have call waiting? If the second caller has something that important to talk about, will he not call back? In the meanwhile, the first caller is now waiting, and the second caller's purpose is now being weighed by the callee as more or less important than the first. Personally, I think it's rude. I can understand the use of call waiting for business purposes - even then with some reservations - or for personal use in the event of an emergency. But most of the time I feel as though I am the object being juggled in a warped game of phone tag: my worthiness being calculated against that of someone else. I then receive lyrical lilted hints that the callee really wishes me to get off the phone so she can talk to the interrupter. Fine. I will now re-defining for this friend the concept of call waiting: you will be waiting quite a while till I call you!

Why is it some things cannot happen as they do in dreams? My fantasy meeting with a boyfriend from the distant past who ditched me ended up happening not in a situation I had envisioned but rather in the public library when I was nine months pregnant with an 11 pound baby. I had dreamed for years we would meet somewhere by chance. I would be decked out, looking my personal best, glowing. He would, of course, be stunned. We would talk, then he would casually suggest we catch up on each other's lives over a few drinks. Eventually he would confess to me how much of a mistake he made dumping me. I would then grin wildly and tell him to stuff it! Why? Why my fourth son, Matt.

looks more like my younger brother than Bill himself. Not that he is bad looking, quite the contrary. Yet Bill and I have always had a rather aching, bitersweet relationship. Between us there has always seemed to remain unfinished business, things left undone, words unspoken. A hardening of hearts. For a long time in my family of origin, Bill was a true soulmate, then life intruded, and things were lost along the way. Now in Matt's beautiful, mischievous face, I forever see my brother Bill. Those who know my family openly laugh at the striking resemblance which goes well past looks; they have very similar personalities. I sometimes think of this as God's little joke.

There are more serious ways, some of which are truly puzzling. For example, the concept of friend narrows more as time passes. One learns the stark difference between friends and acquaintances and the relative distribution of each especially during difficult life passages.

Why does it take reaching middle age sometimes before we even start to clue in as to what we are meant to do or be "when we grow up?" How is it others never seem to grow to maturity? Why does it take some of us years or a lifetime or for a few perhaps never to be able to say I love you to those who often benefit most from hearing three simple words?

Why do we wait till someone is gone before letting them know how much we love them? Why do goodbyes happen so often before we are ready? Why can it not be that foresight is 20/20 as opposed to hindsight? Why are there no answers for questions I ask the wind, tears burning my cheeks...

Kathie O'Donohue is a freelance writer in Farmington Hills

dancing to both young and old. The staff of the inn was well trained and a team of gardeners would spruce up the lawns each week. Despite its atmosphere and fine food, the inn was not as popular as the Dearborn Inn or dining establishments closer to Detroit.

When Greenfield Village opened, Henry Ford purchased and moved the Eagle Tavern from Clinton, Michigan to its present site on the Village Green.

Naturally, Ford concentrated his time and efforts with the village and museum and his association with the Botsford Inn faded.

After the Depression started in 1929, public interest in the inn waned. For months at a time,

the inn was closed and management changed hands. Recommendations were made that the inn become a museum and host card parties and dances.

Ford subsidized the inn all during the Depression and War years and in all he probably lost close to \$2 million on its restoration and operation.

He ran the inn as a hobby. With four inns, Ford restored the ambience of a past age without regard to cost.

In 1947 Henry Ford died and the Botsford Inn was placed for sale. The Anhut family bought it in 1951 and began to run the inn again as a business.

John N. Anhut and his son, John W., enlarged the inn five times, added heat to the ballroom, modernized the kitchen

and advertised for customers. Within two years the inn was profitable. John W. Anhut sold the inn in 1993 to Creon Smith, its present owner.

Throughout the inn, the Ford legacy continues. The smoked panelling, the antique, the dancing, and fine food remind us of a time when the auto baron owned a piece of Farmington. Henry Ford's unselfish investment kept the inn alive.

His loss in millions was our gain.

David Litogot is a teacher at Wooddale Elementary School in Farmington Hills and a member of the local historical commission.

Because kids don't always wait for regular office hours...

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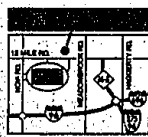
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