



THE HARDWARE HERALD

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HEY, HUSBANDS

Has the pandemic put a strain on your relationship at home? **Do I have great news for you!** Our red Scotch brand stainless "Husband's Scissors" are back!

They're in stock! Show her that you care: Invest \$1.99 for a pair and stay the heck away from hers.



NOTE TO YOUTH

The average new car loan's monthly payment is about \$500. Depending on the terms and rate of investment profits, if you start saving that money when you're about 25 years old, guess what can happen. At retirement time, you'll have well over **one million dollars!** Maybe over two. Is that Ford F-150 really worth it? My last car payment was on a **brand new** 1975 Buick Electra 225! Boy, it was cool. Was it worth a million... Hell No!



ARE DURACELL BATTERIES BETTER?

I don't know, but I just found one rolling around in the back of the junk drawer marked good through 2012. That's **nine years** past it's expiration date and it's operating strong.

Buy only what you need. Buy one or a whole pack —same low, low unit price. WLYB?

RODDA PREMIUM PAINTS

WOW! Now I understand why professional painters don't seem to be too concerned with the price of our Rodda premium paints. When there is no equal to a brand, small cost variances are not very important.

Now, I'm no painter but you wouldn't know it. One coat and my wood base looked like high polished plastic! No brush or roller marks! Close to perfection with just one coat with Rodda!



HUH?

On a visit to a well known mainland chain grocery store, I asked the meat department worker if many people complained about the almost double cost of beef lately? He replied that not many people complain or even seem to notice. "People are used to paying a certain amount for their two pieces of meat. We just slice it thinner and pack a little more than half of the beef that used to be in the old packages."

Nutritionists believe that we eat too much beef anyway. Now does anyone know how to make a \$4.00/gallon of gas look like the \$2.00/gallon of last season?

RAIN-X

Does wearing a mask fog up your glasses? Try this! It works for me & you know how much hot air I can produce.



MARCE'S DONE IT AGAIN!



Costco muffins are **here** at your hardware! They're individually wrapped for freshness. Crack the cellophane, 5 seconds in our microwave, and you're in Orcas Heaven!



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• Good judgement comes from
• experience. Experience tends to be
• the outcome of bad judgment.
• ~ Attributed to several authors
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These High School Graduates (soon to be adults) were just little tikes when Woody and I taught them and over 30 of their family's kids how to fly kites at their home, **Casa Hogar Esperanza para los Niños** (House of Hope for the Children is my very loose translation at best).

If you, for one reason or another, find yourself without parents in Mexico, there is not a foster program. If you have no family to raise you — well, there's always the street. Thank God for the private churches, organizations, and individuals to step in and rescue many of these children.

Over one year of basically no outside contact has been devastating to the children. I for one can't wait until I can bounce along the sandy desert road to their hogar (home). I wish I had pictures of all of the elementary and middle school graduates to show you. Seeing these success stories reminds me of what Woody's contribution meant to the success of these kids. Ask him about these kids and watch his eyes light up!

On second thought, Woody is too modest to relate his contributions to the home's success. Many years ago, he took it upon himself to create a wonderful web site telling the story of the lives of the children of his home. Why his home? Go there and you'll see — it will become your home, too. On your way back down the ridiculously sandy old road, you will find yourself busily planning your next trip back!

The town of Puerto Peñasco, Mexico, added Woody's website to theirs. Under charities, they recommended that Esperanza would be a wonderful venue for visitors to help children. When good folks started to read Woody's story of the children, help began pouring in from generous people from all over America!

Is this facility fancy? To our standard, it's not even close. Do they now have enough baby formula, milk, food, clothing, and school supplies and are they receiving a good Christian up bringing? You bet! That's right I used

the word Christian, for you see, when the children were "on the street," Christians took them in and raised them with much love.

Two Mexican families gave up their good jobs to go live in the 114° Senora desert to raise kids who had nowhere else to go. The father of one family gave up his job as general manager of a Walmart store in one of the posh seaside resort towns to help. We need more managers like him! His kids eat and sleep with the home children. The workers and their families eat what the home children eat. Why do I call them home children? It's because their Home, however humble it may be, is the greatest gift that they will ever receive.

As Woody's website became more and more popular, donations and visitors of most every nationality and religious background demonstrated their help in their own ways. Because of this generosity sparked by a simple little website created by my son, the home now has its own well water, internet, computer room, a new dorm, young adult housing, and, yes, electric power and funds required to run their new air conditioners in the middle of the Senora Desert!

Here I go again. Once I start, it's hard for me to get off the story of Esperanza. It ranks as one of the most gratifying experiences of my life. OK, let's get back to what is most important: **The Kids!** Their home is about 5 miles down a very sandy road from the main Highway to Puerto Penasco (stateside called Rocky Point). If you get stuck, the family has an ancient Jeep that someone donated. They'll be happy to pull you free and strangely enough there's no fee!

What the home kids really need at this time is what most of us need — human companionship. In the past, the kids would line up to greet you when they saw a cloud of sand approaching. The pandemic shows no favorites. We all, rich or poor, need fellowship. I hope the Home Kids will be able to see my dust coming soon.