

The Manorette December 2025

Dolezol Family-Flowers

Twylla Schilling-Christmas Decorations

Toof Family-Craft Items

Robin Ray-Puzzles

Mink Family- Flowers

Kids from Catholic Church-Goody Bags
for residents

We would like to give a great big Thank
you to everyone who donates items or
their time and talents to our residents. It
means so much to us and to them, we
appreciate everything!

Merry Christmas & Happy New Year!

Thank You



Pioneer Manor | PO Box 310, 318 N 3rd St Hay Springs, NE 69347 |Phone: 308-638-4483 |Fax:308-638-7385

Email: activities@pioneermanor.net |Website: pioneermanor.net

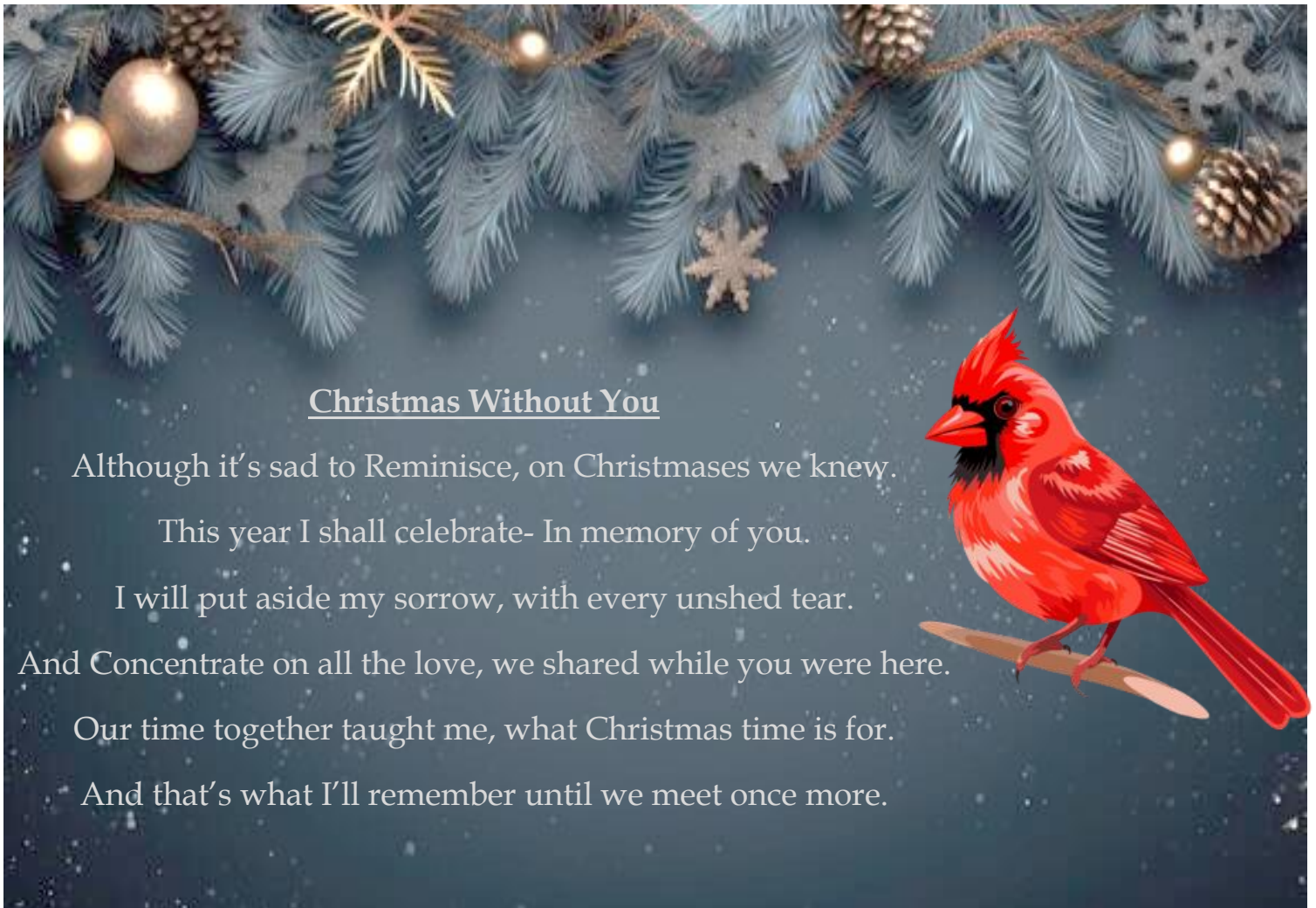
Bonnie Fahn
12/23/1939-10/31/2025

Deris Scott
12/04/1930-11/14/2025

Donald Mink
04/14/1935-11/16/2025

Richard Roth
01/18/1936-11/00/2025

In loving Memory



Christmas Without You

Although it's sad to Reminisce, on Christmases we knew.

This year I shall celebrate- In memory of you.

I will put aside my sorrow, with every unshed tear.

And Concentrate on all the love, we shared while you were here.

Our time together taught me, what Christmas time is for.

And that's what I'll remember until we meet once more.

Happy
Birthday
To You

Please Send a Card to:

4-Eleanor Strang

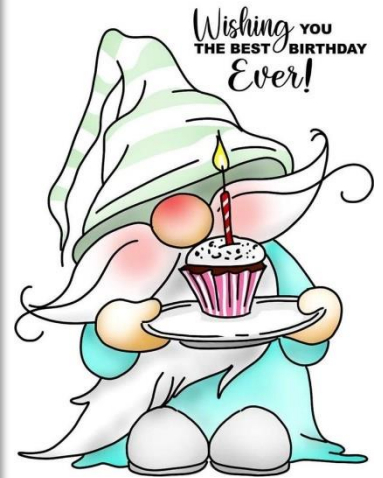
6-Kathy Wolkow

7-Donita Leeling

10-Betty Binger 105

21-Van Hawkins

28-Deb Dorenbach



★ “The Night Love Came Down”

Long ago, in the quiet town of Bethlehem, the night lay still under a blanket of stars. Most people were asleep, unaware that something miraculous was about to happen. But in a small stable behind an overcrowded inn, a young woman named **Mary** knelt beside a manger, her heart full of wonder. She and her husband **Joseph** had traveled far, and though they were tired, they felt peace — a peace that didn’t come from the world, but from God. As Mary wrapped her newborn baby in soft cloths, a gentle glow filled the room. The animals grew calm. Joseph felt the air shift, warm and holy. And then he saw Him:

Jesus. The promised child. God’s love in human form.

Mary whispered, “Welcome, my son,” knowing deep in her heart that this tiny baby was the Savior the world had waited for.

Far away on a hillside, shepherds were watching their flocks. The night was ordinary, until suddenly the sky burst with brilliant light. An angel appeared and said, “Do not be afraid! I bring you good news of great joy for everyone. Today in Bethlehem, the Savior has been born!” Before the shepherds could speak, the sky filled with angels praising God, singing,

“Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to all!”

The shepherds ran to Bethlehem, following the starlit path until they reached the stable. There, they found the baby lying in a manger, just as the angel had said. They knelt quietly, overwhelmed, for they knew they were standing in the presence of the King of Kings — not in a palace, but in a humble cradle of hay.

Word of the miracle spread quickly, carried by grateful hearts. And above the stable, the brilliant star continued to shine, guiding wise men from faraway lands who sensed that something holy had happened.

That night, love came down to earth. Not as a warrior. Not as a ruler.

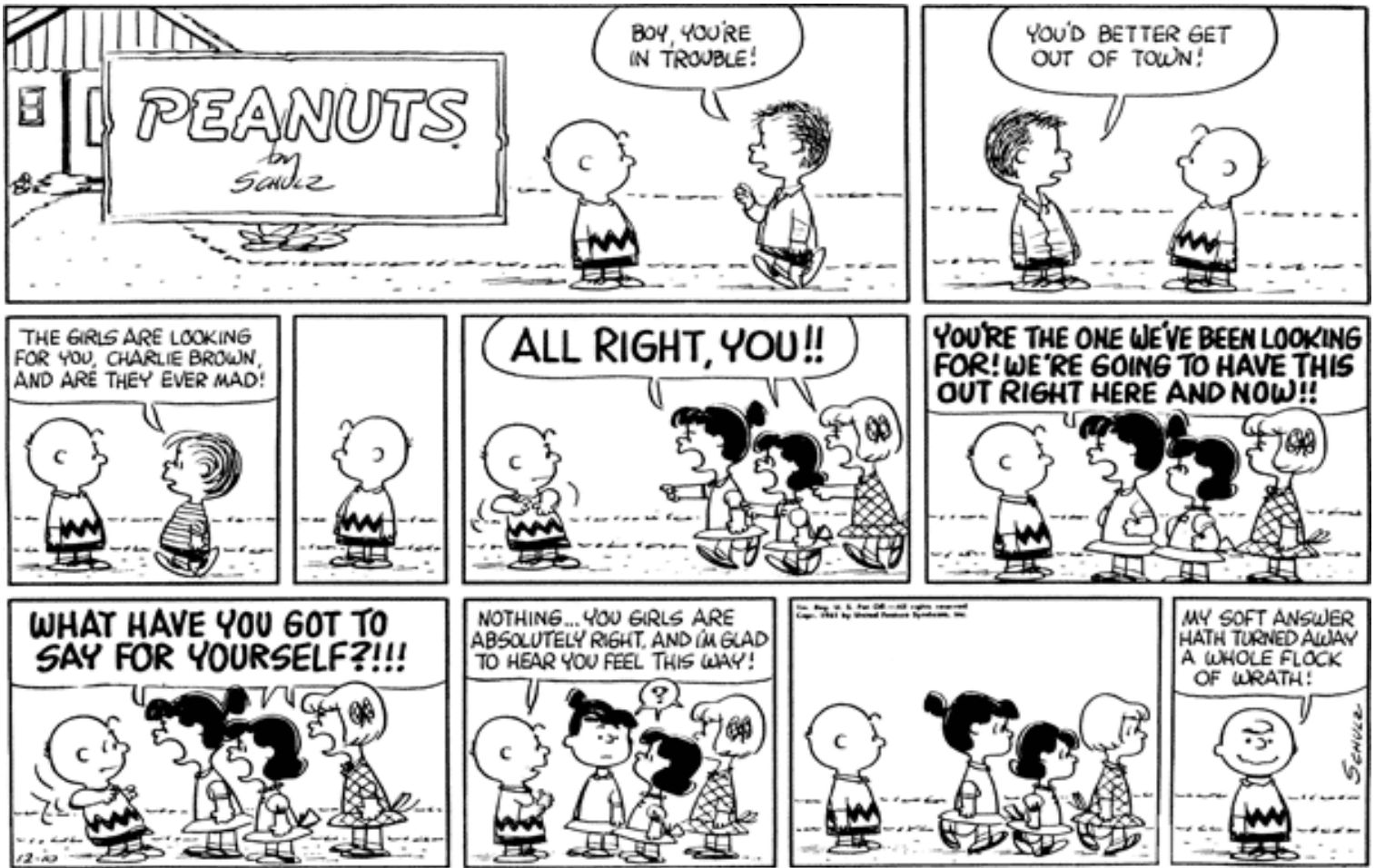
But as a baby named **Jesus**, who would grow to teach forgiveness, bring healing, show compassion, and offer salvation.

And every Christmas, the world remembers that quiet moment in Bethlehem —

the night God gave His greatest gift.

**Hark! The herald angels sing
Glory to the newborn King!**





Guess Who?



“The Gift of Christmas”

The little town of Pine Hollow was quiet under a blanket of snow. Christmas lights sparkled on every porch, and the air smelled of pine, cocoa, and woodsmoke. But inside the corner house on Maple Street, Emma Lewis sat alone by the window, watching the snow fall.

This was her first Christmas since her husband had passed. The house that once rang with laughter and music now felt painfully still. The tree was up, but the lights stayed dark. “It just doesn’t feel like Christmas,” she whispered.

That afternoon, a knock came at the door. It was Ben, the teenage boy from next door, holding a box wrapped in bright red paper. “Mom said you might like some cookies,” he said shyly.

Emma smiled faintly. “That’s very kind, Ben. Thank you.”

When she opened the box, she found more than cookies — there was a handmade ornament in the shape of a heart, with the words **“You’re never alone at Christmas”** written in careful paint.

Tears filled her eyes. She hung the ornament on the tree, plugged in the lights, and suddenly the room glowed with warmth again.

The next morning, Emma baked extra cookies and brought them to the elderly man down the street, who had no family nearby. His smile lit up brighter than any Christmas light.

That day, something in her heart shifted. She realized that Christmas wasn’t about presents or even perfect family gatherings — it was about connection, kindness, and remembering that love never really leaves.

As snowflakes drifted past her window that evening, Emma whispered, “Merry Christmas,” and for the first time in a long while, she truly meant it.

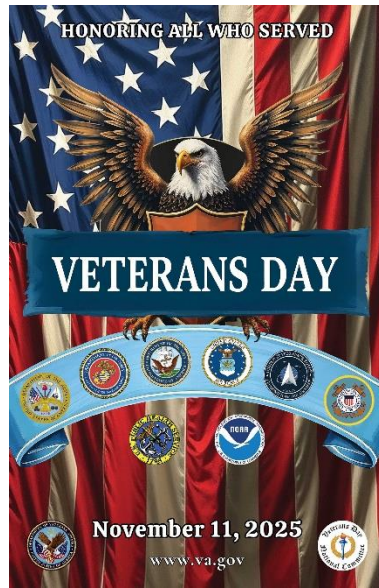
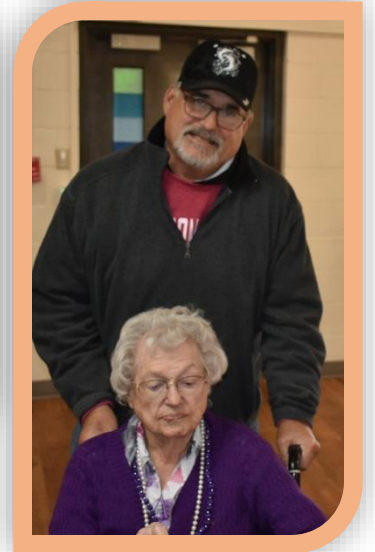


SNOWBALL

I MADE MYSELF A SNOWBALL,
AS PERFECT AS COULD BE,
I THOUGHT I'D KEEP IT AS A PET,
AND LET IT SLEEP WITH ME.
I MADE IT SOME PYJAMAS,
AND A PILLOW FOR ITS HEAD.
THEN LAST NIGHT IT RAN AWAY,
BUT FIRST, IT WET THE BED!

-SHEL SILVERSTEIN

Away in a manger,
No crib for a bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Lay down His sweet head.
The stars in the bright sky
Looked down where He lay,
The little Lord Jesus
Asleep on the hay.



In Loving Memory of

REVEREND DONALD MINK

JULY 14, 1935-NOVEMBER 16, 2025



Donald Ewing Mink entered his long-awaited rest at Pioneer Manor Home in Hay Springs, NE on November 16th, 2025.

Don, to many, Donnie to family in Missouri and Brother Mink to most, was born on July 14th, 1935, in the Missouri Methodist Hospital in St. Joseph, MO but spent his childhood and teenage years growing up in and around the Fillmore Community.

He graduated from Fillmore High School in 1952. He played the trombone (I don't think I ever heard him play) and loved to sing. He began attending the Fillmore Church of God when he was 6 months old. It was a story he loved to tell about Grandpa & Grandma becoming Christians, a neighbor who then invited them to church and picked them up in his Model T pickup saying, "Alma, you and the baby (Don) sit up front, the rest of you crawl in the back." Dad said he rarely missed church after that.

It was in the church youth that he met Pat and in 1952, they went on their first date. A couple of years later, Don asked Pat to marry him. She didn't say yes right away then early one morning, Don pulled up to the Lymer house on a very loud tractor as he was heading out to the field. I guess she was impressed and said "Yes"! She thought she was marrying farmer!

God had another calling in mind. Being called to ministry, the family moved to Houston, TX in 1959 so that Don could attend Gulf Coast Bible College and study for the ministry. He graduated in 1964. He sometimes joked that people couldn't believe how smart he was to finish a 4-year degree in 5 years.

Upon graduation, he took his first church in Thayer, MO. They served in this congregation until 1970 when God's call shifted a little and moved them to Alliance, NE to serve in ministry to the Lakota people in a variety of roles and places but primarily in Alliance at the Indian Mission Church of God. He once asked God to give him a supernatural love for the people he served, and that prayer was answered.

He retired in September of 2023 when his body betrayed his will to continue serving and he moved to Pioneer Manor in Hay Springs, NE.

But God continued to use him, HE PRAYED and probably prayed for many of us reading this obituary. Don is survived by children Butch & Linda Abold, Charles & Debra Underhill, John & Mel Strasburger, Nathan & Sarah Mink-Bluecoat, numerous grand kids and great grand kids. Siblings - Steve Mink and David Mink. Don also had countless nieces and nephews and many of you fondly called him "Grandpa Mink".

He was preceded in death by his wife, Pat, parents, Ewing & Alma Mink, parent in laws, Herbert & Bertha Lymer. Siblings and in-laws, Larry & Cathy Mink, Barb & Jack Hollis and Doug Mink.

Funeral services will be Thursday, November 20 at 2:00 p.m. at the Alliance Eagles Club. Visitation will begin at 12:30 p.m. Burial will be Tuesday, November 25 at 11:00 a.m. at the Fillmore Cemetery in Fillmore, Missouri.

Doris Scott

December 4, 1930 — November 14, 2025



Doris Ann DeHaven Scott was born December 4th, 1930, to Harley and Blanche Sandoz DeHaven. Her life on the Sandhills ranch started in a dresser drawer by the stove as a preemie. A strong will developed from there to a quiet, inquisitive person who never stopped learning.

School started at Cotton Ridge where her love of learning blossomed, completing the home set of encyclopedias by the time she was 8 years old. She never stopped expanding her mind and her sense of curiosity was now boundless. High school graduation came in 1947 and was a National Merit Scholar. She ultimately graduated from CSC in 1980 with majors in library science, earth science, history and French (which she read frequently but could never speak at all.)

She married Gene Scott in 1949 and lived on the family farm for over 70 years, 51 with her loved Gene.

Mother loved fiercely, but quietly with a will of steel. She lived her life unobtrusively embedded with a pioneer spirit. Her curiosity heralded that spirit and propelled her through the 20th century and into the 21st.

She was a farmer's wife, a mother, and a grandmother (to several generations). Interests were extensive, whether in gardening or reading. Her gardening extended from flowers to produce, all in abundance, and it was in the garden where she felt closest to God. She was an adventurer, often by herself - down the copper Canyon in Mexico on the open train, stargazing at Great Bend, leaf peeping in the Northeast, or touring the south during azules. She traveled the world, in her books with an Atlas to guide her. If a question was asked, she probably knew the answer, and if not, soon did. The love of reading and always questioning was instilled in her children, and beyond.

Doris died on November 14th, 2025, as she lived, quietly and unobtrusively. She leaves behind her daughters Marlene Scott and Leanna Scott- Timperley MD(Dale); grandchildren Heidi Lehr (Ken and sons Kris, Casey, and Cameron), Anthony Reitz (Remona and children Cheyanne, David and Patrick), and Corey Dousharm DC (sons Henry and Wyatt); several great great-grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

She was preceded in death by her parents Blanche and Harley, her in-laws, Katie and Leonard Scott, brother Stan and sister Dorine. Her husband Gene died in 2000.

The family requests no flowers but donations may be made to the Cravath Memorial Library, Hay Springs Nebraska, 69347 in Doris' honor. If you want plant, a flower and look at its beauty through Doris's eyes, with pure unadulterated pleasure

