



Our favorite memories from our years at St. Luke



“Having Mr. Flesch as a teacher, 6-8th grades, who was also the principal and taught us every class except music. Playing prisoner’s base outside and 4-square inside (Up where the overflow is now). Kindergarten with Mrs. Montag. Taking a ‘leaf walk’ in the woods with Miss Greta in first grade. Class trips to the museums in Pittsburgh and Forbes Field for a Pirates game. Confirmation class with Pastor Schmooch. Hard, but very important memory work. Making-lifelong friends.”



- Dale Ambrose, 1970
Retired Contour Grinder at Penn United Technologies
Now Full Time Grain and Cattle Farmer

1150 Herman Rd. Butler, PA 16002 ♦ 724-285-8661

“Playing football at recess during warm fall and spring days. Going to New York and D.C. with my 7th and 8th grade classes.”



- Hank Ambrose, 2011
Tool and Die Maker at Penn United Technologies

1150 Herman Rd. Butler, PA 16002

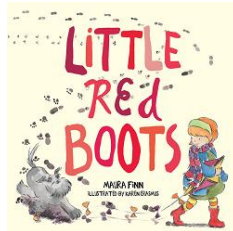
“Sharing a birthday with Mr. Wilt; ‘The Ransom of Red Chief’ play for Dinner Theater; Winning tug-of-war at Track and Field Days; getting in trouble for ‘dumpster diving’; 7th and 8th grade trips to N. Y. and D. C. .”



- Jed Ambrose, 2007
Heavy Equipment operator and Mechanic; Farmer

Hopefully, heading out West somewhere to farm

“All the brain-tingling conversations with Pastor Barry in Confirmation. Playing football with Mr. Wilt and helping with odd jobs around the school. Moving into the new school addition from the 7th grade trailer out back. Drama class with Mrs. Smith. Hearing ‘The Little Red Boots’ story from Mrs. Gillespie. There being two 5th grade teachers pregnant at the same time! (Mrs. Willert and Mrs. Gizienski). Having fun in Math (hard to imagine!) class with Mrs. Gaston.”



- Lee Ambrose, 2003
Farmer

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“Class of 2002 were the last ones to have 8th grade class in the ‘Old School House.’ We had class in there for about half of the year (if I remember correctly), and we moved into the newer part of the school where classes are held today. Since we were the biggest kids as 8th graders, we moved most of the desks in the old part of the school to the new part. At the time, those desks were pretty heavy, but they look extremely tiny today. That was a memorable time.

Some of my favorite memories from St. Luke’s was Christmas time where we would sing and perform little plays. To this day, I still have some of those songs memorized along with some of the chapel songs we would sing. Those were some of the best memories of my life so far.”



- Mark E. Ambrose, 2002,
United States Marine Corps.
2006-2010
Current Penn State Student

129 Marwood Road Cabot, PA 16023

“Mrs. Montag-- Kindergarten was up in the church overflow, and all I remember is 12 weeks of finger-painting, rhythm instruments, naptime on little rugs (since I wouldn’t be quiet, I never got to be the Wake-up Fairy), my mom’s M&M cookies & milk for snack, passing around a real microphone during a “how to bake a cake” skit on the old stage, and graduating, wearing little mortarboards—I don’t even know if we learned the whole alphabet or how to write our name... MJM was also our music teacher throughout the years, introducing us to Peter & The Wolf and Rimsky-Korsakov’s Scheherazade, teaching us notes and symbols on flashcards so we could squeak out songs on our black & white flutophones, then graduate to recorders (student teacher Karen Shearer (Russo) tried to convince us that playing recorders was cool, because they are featured in Led Zeppelin’s “Stairway to Heaven”). MJM was a driving force in the operettas, Music Nights, recorder ensemble, the autoharp and orff instruments, Christmas programs, and chapel musicians; she also taught us to sing in parts. Sadly, despite all of her best efforts, I still cannot read music, but I’ve been an alto in the Choir with her for 37 years!

Miss Boyer—We were her first 1st & 2nd grade class here. She was soft, sweet, smiley, and gave hugs; she smashed my pinkie flat in her car door on the way to my house to make puppets (I had reached over to lock it); she was sitting backwards on the merry-go-round while the big 2nd graders were pushing and flew off, skittering across the grass; she was so impressed with my Blue Popsicle poem/art that after she showed it to my mom, she kept it in her desk-- thus began my writing career! We traveled to the Pittsburgh Zoo in 1st grade, then the Carnegie Museum in 2nd, after which I was dropped off at the top of Great Belt Hill, alone, with nobody to pick me up. Unfazed, I started walking home, picking up tar bubbles that ruined my clothes and my giant souvenir pencil; when I finally met my distraught mother 2 miles down the road, she had already pushed my baby sister on a bicycle for a mile on the dirt road because the old Saab wouldn’t start. Can you imagine the trouble that van driver would be in today—I’d have made the 6 o’clock news!

Mr. Hinz—During 3rd, 4th, and 5th, grades, he regaled us with stories of his youth in rural Illinois (no electricity or indoor plumbing until high school, rheumatic fever that damaged his heart); we tormented him for pronouncing trash as “thrash”; he had a high singing voice and comical laugh; during trick-or-treat, he could identify every student by their hands, so we wore gloves when stopping at his tiny garage apartment. His class trips were to exciting places in Butler County (jail, library, bakery, Butler Eagle, etc.), with lunch at Ritts Park; at the Old Stone House, I excitedly pointed out that the door latches looked like mine, and when our guide asked if my mother collected antiques, Mr. Hinz said “No, they just live in an OLD house! Mr. Flesch was principal then, and one day, he took the whole school up to the balcony to sing for the funeral of Mrs. Neitzel, a Concordia administrator, who was in a powder blue aluminum casket; I have loved “Behold A Host, Arrayed in White” ever since! Much of our memory work were favorite hymns straight from the red hymnal (if you were lucky, you owned one with your name engraved in gold on the cover), which is why I refuse to sing the “updated” words in the new hymnal—way too many hours invested in memorizing them. I was shocked and a little horrified when it was announced that Miss Boyer was going to marry Mr. Hinz, but I got over it when the entire class was invited to the wedding and reception, with all the POP you could drink!

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Mr. Walkmaster— our 6th, 7th, and 8th grade teacher/principal was a funny, creative, talented, and innovative teacher; apparently, some of the adults didn't appreciate all of his "show-off" shenanigans, but we kids had a blast! He was forever dropping metal pitchers or movie reels while we were concentrating on a test, bursting into song or raucous laughter, telling corny or playing practical jokes, and giving us goofy nicknames (that's how I became "Bertha Blabb"). We took DAYS to prepare for Field Days, Presidential Physical Fitness Tests, Art & Science Fairs, and Christmas programs, schoolwork be darned. In 7th grade, our moms helped us prepare international food lunches; for Music Night, we turned our room into a Medieval Village, complete with jousting knights dressed in tin can armor, all types of shops with keepers, plus a less than saintly priest (me!) He played the banjo, "pickin' & grinnin'" with Alvin Rummel on guitar at the PTA talent show. He taught us to play chess, card games, tennis, badminton, and a new foreign game called "soccer"; since he enjoyed competition, he pitted us against each other until there was a class champion in everything—even in jump roping! Besides Field Day at Etna Field (or at St. Luke, in 8th grade), class trips were the highlight of the upper grades, when we ran wildly unchaperoned at Kennywood all day, then headed to 3 Rivers for a \$1 Pirate game; the long, loud bus ride was a treat in itself! "Walky" wasn't without faults—charging 10 cents for a toll call if I had to phone home; his taste in wild, loud polyester pants and ties (otherwise known as the '70's); his embarrassingly frank talks about the 6th commandment (this was long before "that word" was said aloud; don't recall us asking any questions, either); informing my father that I was "boy-crazy"; and especially his "no blue jeans for girls" rule, which made my feminist blood boil! He was emotional, passionate, very insightful about our strengths and weaknesses, and encouraged us to pursue our dreams. We were sad to see him move on after our graduation; at his farewell party, he choked up when I read my tribute poem to him, which he framed afterward. Before his untimely death, after we were married and having babies, he came back to visit with us at Mrs. Montag's house; I think he was proud of how we had turned out!

Pastor Schmooock—He came into our room 4 mornings a week to teach 7th and 8th grade confirmation class (6th graders went somewhere?), then he conducted chapel each Friday. This affable, interesting German preacher who reminded me of Sgt. Schultz on Hogan's Heroes, used to tease me about our Swedish "chain saw" car, refused to reveal his middle name, and put the fear and love of God into us. Although he could be a little "scary" (especially if you didn't know your memory work), we weren't afraid to ask him tough doctrinal questions. He was also responsible for printing—freehand-- our confirmation theme banners in huge calligraphy-style letters, so he always wanted the class to choose a short one!

Over the years, recess progressed through duck/duck/goose, the nursery rhyme game, playing "house" in the long white pine needles, swinging, see-sawing, merry-go-rounding, playing "Bonanza", jacks, jump rope, string and hand-clapping games, hopscotch, freeze tag, kickball, fox & geese, angels, and forts in the snow, stuck in the mud, prisoner's base, 4-square, dodgeball, softball, basketball, football, and eventually, arguments about boys vs. girls and who made better music—Elvis or Elton!

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Most embarrassing moments: Falling flat on my back while skipping backward as “The North Wind” during 1st grade operetta; shredding my winter tights on the jaggers during recess, then hiding my “naked” legs from our cute, young bus driver; having to show my bare, bleeding, impaled foot to Principal Walkmaster after jumping on a nail on broken bleachers (this accident caused us to lose our Green Pennant Safety Rating for the year); having our stern school nurse chastise us girls for not disrobing quickly enough for our 6th grade physical; getting called into Principal Flesch’s office for smashing my pink plastic lunchbox on Barry Neupert’s head for repeatedly calling me “Hai Karate” in the bus line (he probably had a concussion—a corner of the box broke off!); getting called into Principal Walkmaster’s office for allegedly cheating on a test-- this time, I was actually innocent. Still, I cherish all of my memories of those simple, innocent, fun, formative years at St. Luke!”



- Sharon (Klein) Ambrose, 1975
Retired from Secretary for Asst. Superintendent
Butler Area School District,
Now Full-Time wife, mother, grandmother, St. Luke Volunteer

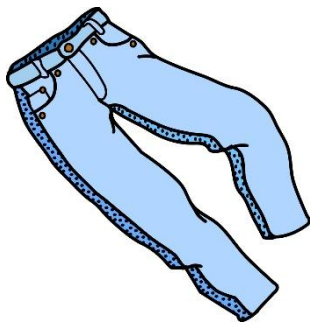
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"I remember.....Going to kindergarten in the Parish Hall for 6 weeks in the spring with Mrs. Montag. By that time, it was my third round of kindergarten—I started out at First Lutheran in Sharpsburg in the fall of 1963, moved to Butler County in November 1963 and attended St. Luke's, Saxonburg, then transferred to our kindergarten in the spring of 1964 (why am I not smarter??)...naptime on little rag rugs.....1st and 2nd graders in the church basement, 3rd, 4th, and 5th in one room (current Art Room), 6th, 7th, and 8th in another room (current Discipleship Room).....The first day of first grade and getting on the bus at the train tracks in Great Belt—as far as they'd come to the edge of the district for a Butler kid—and being taken under the wing of a kindhearted upper grader, Linda Neupert, who persuaded me to sit with her and managed to distract and comfort a scared little first grader. Every room had a piano; we did a lot of singing and memorized all the verses to a different hymn every week (unfortunately for we who invested so much blood, sweat and tears into *that* task, most of the words have since been changed). And yes, just like your mother said, all those years of Memory Work have indeed returned comfort, direction, and encouragement a hundredfold. Singing in church meant white blouses and dark skirts for the girls; white shirts and dress pants for the boys. Going to Concordia Home to visit and sing was great fun. The whole school would pile onto a school bus, make the trip over and then toss all the coats in a heap in the basement. Everyone would single-file up the dark back stairway, and march over to the chapel. All the people were happy to see us.

I remember recess—playing jacks on the patio, four-square and the smell of the pines on the playground. I loved the merry-go-round and seesaws. Finding a candy bar on your desk from custodian, Frank Lauter was a delightful surprise. The best part of any field trip was the bus ride and singing all the way home. I recollect "99 bottles of Beer on the Wall" was one of the greatest hits. (This was the '60s, remember.) I was called to the Principal's office ONE TIME IN MY LIFE—for allegedly pushing my sister off the merry-go- round. I'm still convinced it was somehow her fault.

I remember the day the "powers that be" (Parish Board, I suppose) decreed that henceforth girls would be permitted to wear "slacks" to school. (1969ish)

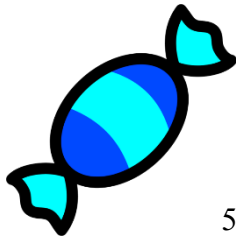
I remember that my teachers genuinely cared and really seemed to enjoy us kids; at one point or another, all the little girls wanted to be teachers when they grew up. It was also plain to me that my parents thought well of and respected my teachers. We were part of a great big church/school family, with intermingled relatives, lives, and experiences. I am truly thankful to have had my early values and faith shaped and molded by so many wonderful God-fearing Christian mentors."



- Susan (Klein) Ambrose, 1972
Currently Administrative Assistant at
St. Luke Lutheran School since 1991
Previously Capuchin Franciscan Friars, office
St. Fidelis High School and College, kitchen
Herman, PA, 1976-1983

“Two things I remember about my school days:

- 1.) A boy gave me a piece of candy to eat during school which wasn't allowed. When he got a 'lickin' for that, I was so afraid I was going to get a 'lickin' too. But I didn't.
- 2.) A big 8th grade boy would buy me a ring of Saxonburg bologna from a man who came around selling meat, and he would eat it in school. Mr. Nicol never reprimanded him for it. He just let him eat it.”



- Margaret (Montag) Anderson, 1937
Secretary to Plant Manager at
Allegheny Ludlum Steel where I met my husband, Roy.

524 Fisher Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-4951

“Going to Spelling Bee, Flag Drills, the May Pole, Plays, my cousin swallowing a fly in class, Mr. Nicol taking the 7th and 8th grade boys to fight a fire while I had charge of the class (that's when I decided NOT to be a teacher) and being a bus patrol.”



- Linda Lou (Doerr) Bogan, 1959
Retired Hair Dresser

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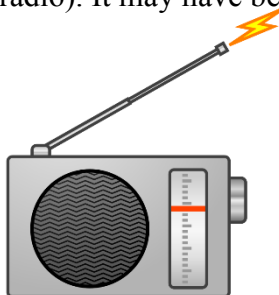
“Had Mary Jean (Boring) Montag her first year of teaching at St. Luke. She was single then later married Donald Montag. Several grades were in the same classroom – lower grades with Mrs. Montag, higher grade classroom with Mr. Nicol.”



- Bruce Brewer, Grades 1-7
Barber Stylist

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“Field Day! Going to Kennywood. April Fool’s day – one prank in particular when a few of us 8th graders hid in a cubbyhole in the back of the church for several hours (with snacks and a radio). It may have been the first detentions Mr. Wilt ever assigned!”



- Beth A. (Klein) Byers, 1981
Residential Cleaning

149 Schiebel Rd. Butler, PA 16002 ♦ 724-282-6850

“Picnics, plays, Maypole, Christmas Program, and having snow ball battles in the winter. Always getting a box of candy at the Christmas Eve Service, what a treat back then.”



- Pearl I. (Doerr) Clowes, 1964
Retired

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“Playing in the field across from church (where Doerrs built) and there being baby skunks one spring, Miss Boyer had a girls singing group with some of us and we sang places – ‘Ladybugs’, the entire classroom doing calisthenics at recess and running laps of the ballfield, always winning field day, singing as a school for funerals, classroom field trips to local businesses, doing musicals and having the lead female role in 2nd grade, wonderful parochial trained teachers – Miss Gretta, Miss Lobeck, Miss Boyer, Mr. Flesch, singing patriotic hymns every day during devotions after lunch with Mr. Flesch, Mr. Flesch wearing his orange sweatshirt for St. Patrick’s Day.”



- Judith Annette (Neubert) Coulter, 1970
L. P. N. and K classroom aide at Lutheran School

8091 Plank Rd. Thompson, OH 44086 ♦ judy@dgcoulter.com ♦ 440-298-3312

“April Fool’s jokes.”



- Lisa Ann (Lutz) Dingel, 1981
Billing Specialist

211 College St. Butler, PA 16001 ♦ bldingel@aol.com ♦ 724-283-2582

“I remember getting ready for Christmas programs; girls playing volleyball and boys playing baseball; staining our clothes while playing jacks on the newly oiled floor of the schoolhouse; the whole school sitting quiet as a mouse in the balcony while Mr. Nicol played organ for church funerals. I attended Gallagher Public Schools on the other side of our farm until fourth grade, because it was too dangerous for me to walk on Rt. 356 two miles to St. Luke all by myself; then other students in the neighborhood started school, so I went to St. Luke through 8th grade. We smaller kids would play around the horse shed from 3 o’clock until 4, when the upper grades were dismissed; then we would walk home together. If the weather was bad, sometimes we would catch a ride to school; my father would hitch up the horses to the buggy, or if the snow was deep, to the work sled (the good sled was for church) and pick up kids along the way. Mr. Nicol started teaching me how to play the organ, and when I was in 8th grade, he asked me to play for the Choir; I was scared to play for a bunch of adults, but I stuck with it for at least 75 years. Back then, 8th graders had to pass a test to graduate, and (not meaning to brag) I was shocked when they told me I had scored the highest in Butler County! I wish I had been able to go on to high school, but at the time, we couldn’t afford \$3 each month to pay for the bus ride to Butler High School. Thankfully, for several years, I did have a wonderful music teacher, Miss Horan, who gave me all of her college materials to study.”



- Anna (Montag) Doerr, 1935?
Piano teacher, Baker at Concordia, Choir Accompanist

134 Marwood Rd. Lund, Room #1942 Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-2430

Daniel E. Doerr, 1966
Financial Advisor



34 Nicole Dr. Milford, CT 06460 ♦ danshoeman@aol.com ♦ 203-783-9569

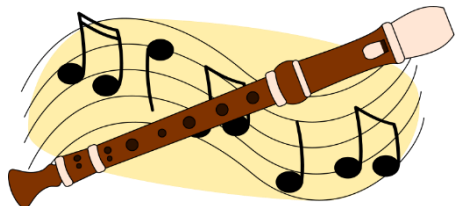
“I always enjoyed Track and Field Days. (Loved the high jump and 50-yard dash) Science Fair Projects. Singing ‘Beautiful Savior’ in the four corners of church at Christmas time. Challenging my brain with lots and lots of memory work.”



- Linda (Ambrose) Drewencki, 1981
Administrative Assistant District Court of Saxonburg

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“Having Miss Lobeck as a 1st/2nd grade teacher. Field days and class trips to Pittsburgh. Getting nauseated on the merry-go-round. Creating the Haunted Houses in the Old School House at Halloween. Playing music with M. J. Montag and the recorder ensemble. Making hiking trails in the woods behind the school. Oh – my mentor then and now – M. J. Montag.



- LuAnn (Kroneberg) Duster, 1973
LPN – Floor Nurse Supervisor – St. Barnabas Nursing Home

147 Jack Rd Saxonburg, PA 16056 ♦ wiechcheu1@aol.com ♦ 724-352-1154

“One of my favorite memories from St. Luke would be the year that Mr. Wilt had to kiss a pig at the annual school picnic at the end of the school year. He challenged the school to raise a certain amount of money for one of the mission projects and if we exceeded that amount then he would kiss a pig. Another year he made a similar challenge, but our prize was getting a chance to dunk him in a Dunk Tank.

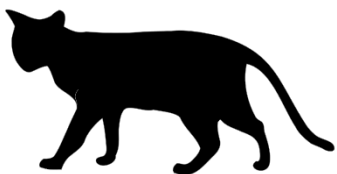
My absolute favorite memory however was when we went to New York. Pastor Barry came on the bus before we left and told us to keep an eye out for where we saw Jesus in New York. Well we saw him in person in Times Square. So we were all excited to tell PB that we did, however when we got back, Mr. Wilt beat us to it. Pastor Barry asked us if we saw Jesus’s work in New York and Mr. Wilt responded, ‘Reverend, they saw him in person!’ “



- Jaime Emmel, 2007
Chemistry Teacher

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“My favorite memories from St. Luke all came from participating in the dinner theater with Mrs. Smith. I got to be in Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court as well as the Black Cat.”



- Will Emmel, 2009
IT Intern at Butler Armco Credit Union
Computer Science Student at PSU Berhend

208 Headland Rd. Butler, PA 16002

“I still think of Mr. Nicol and remember a lot of his teachings. I remember the pitcher pump, standing in line to get a drink of water, and also the outhouse, not very comfortable in the winter time. We made close relationships and I still have a lot of the friends today that I made there. I also remember the birthday cake we always sang ‘Happy Birthday’ on your birthday.”

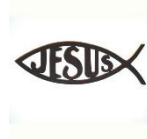


- Karen (Giesler) Eurich, 4th and 5th grade
Homemaker

357 Marwood Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-1834

Blaine E. Frederick, 1953
Retired

113 Waters Edge Dr. East Brady, PA 16028 ♦ 724-526-3030



“Bicentennial celebration at St. Luke – Baking and decorating cakes. Mr. David Dembeck – playing guitar for us in classroom. Getting in trouble for accident of putting flag upside down. Making the best friends anyone could ask for. Racing AFX cars for Gym class and learning to take them apart and rebuild them. Never being scared to be called to Principal’s office – but knew we were in deep trouble being called to Pastor’s office. Christmas programs – reciting Luke – still have it memorized. Mrs. MJ Montag telling us that some of us would ‘wander’ off when going to high school – thought ‘no way’ – well I did. By Grace of God, my seed being planted at St. Luke won out.”



- Amy Freehling, 1980
Licensed Practical Nurse

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“Creating and acting out the Medieval Village in 7th grade for the Art & Science fair, the confirmation retreat at Camp Pioneer, which really confirmed my faith, my Confirmation – which is when I honestly gave my heart to God, and the group of friends I made at St. Luke’s in my class that I have been and will be, my best friends for life. We still all meet several times a year and fondly refer to it as our ‘cackle fest’.”



- Arlene Ruth (Thiele) Freehling, 1975
Certified Nurse’s Assistant

235 Thelma Dr. Saxonburg, PA 16056 ♦ abcfreeh@zoominternet.net ♦ 724-352-5995

“Track and field days. Special church services: singing from four corners and Christmas Story from Luke. Guitar Lessons from Mr. Dembeck. Mrs. Montag spending extra time with me.”



- John G. Freehling, 1980
Medical Sales, Nurse

132 Dreher Rd. Butler, PA 16002 ♦ jfreehling@alpihsurgical.com ♦ 724-352-9328

“Maypole, spelling bees, weekly reader, field day in Etna, hot lunches on Fridays, playing outside especially in the winter in the snow, and going across the road to Mrs. Nicol who fixed the zipper on my jacket.”



-Karen Grelling, 1962
Used to work for Center for Community Resources

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“Dinner Theaters, New York and DC trips, and Track and Field Day.

My favorite thing about St. Lukes is the friendships you make while there. They are lifelong and real. Finding brothers and sisters that share your faith and support you and your faith is an amazing thing that I will always be thankful for.”



- Amanda Hassler, 2008
Hair Stylist

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“Playing softball with Mr. Wilt during recess. Volleyball tournament between teachers and students. Lutheran Schools Week. The blow up obstacle course on the last day.”



- Zac Hassler, 2013
Ambrose Farm

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“Picnic at the end of the school term.”



- Martha (Montag) Hellstrom, 1947
Former Social Security Claims Representative

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“I have a vivid memory of my first day of kindergarten. I was the first to arrive and the principal, Mr. Nicol (who had been my dad’s teacher), walked me around the classroom tables and helped me to find my name. The historical events that happened during first and second grade with Miss Lobeck, left a lasting impression. I remember practice drills when we got under our desks during the Cuban missile crisis, and I remember being on the playground when the church secretary came out to tell us that President Kennedy had been shot. My favorite memory from that time was seeing Miss Lobeck drive in and out of the church parking lot in her blue VW Bug. She would wave to me with her long arm out of her sun roof as I played in my yard across the street. Good Friday was always my favorite day of the school year. It was a half day of school, then we went to the twelve-noon Good Friday service at church. There we heard Pastor Schmooch repeat the last words of Christ and sang those wonderful minor hymns – so powerful. After church we went home to fly kites and color Easter eggs.



- Gail (Montag) Healy, 1971
Program Specialist at TBI Program

117 North St. Manlius, NY 13104 ♦ ghealy117@gmail.com

“Taught Kindergarten 1980 → 1987. Also Nursery and 2 afternoons for 5/6 and 7/8.”



- Karrie (Doerr) Hickey
Certified Christian Counselor

“When I fell out of the car and Mr. Nicol fixed it up. The next was teaching me that Jesus loves us and cares for us. That was helpful to me every day in good or bad things, he does take care of us.”



- Ethel (Cypher) Hint, Grades 1-8
Former Housewife

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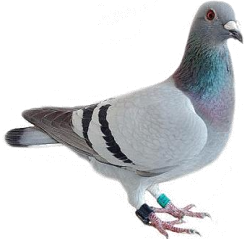
“Being taught in a one room schoolhouse; participation in school plays and track meets.



- Ralph E. Hildebrand, 1958
Driver/Sales – Marburger Dairy

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“Playing ‘Andy Over.’ Sledding, skating on the pond, and playing Foxes and Geese. May Pole and all of the practice. Last day of school – all day and evening program. Mr. Nicol was always sunburned by evening. Mr. Nicol clapping and saying ‘I had a good wife, but she left.’ Decoration Day when I won a dictionary for spelling against parents. The word was pigeon. Walking to school with Mr. Nicol (to save money), Doris, George, Jeannie Nicol, Bernice and Ruth Wagner, and Alvin, Edna Marie, and Doris Lauer.”



-Bernice L. (Wagner) Hook, Grades 1-8
Former Store Clerk at JCPenney's

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“The Old School House my first 4 or 5 years (can't remember), the outhouse, Christmas pageants, the play at the end of the year. I remember doing the Maypole and the flag drill (one year was one and the next year was the other). We played softball or dodgeball at recess with Mr. Nicol. Once we moved over to the first addition classroom, we had hot dogs on Friday. This was a treat for sure. I have so many good memories – these are only a few.



- Joan C. (Gallagher) Hostetler, 1960
Retired from Clerical work

200 Cooper Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ jchoss4@zoominternet.net

“Class trips to Kennywood Park and Pirates games. All of the friendships that were made.”



-Duane L. Keck, 1976
Bus Mechanic

139 Archie Lane Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-272-5033

“Glory, praise, and honor to God for the five generations of our family taught by Christian teachers at St. Luke School and taught about Jesus and his love for us.

George’s favorite memory from school is when Ralph Fisher would bring in a load of coal and the older boys got to shovel it into the coal bin. George, Joey Neubert, and Blaine Frederick were known as the three musketeers.

Darlene’s favorite memory was practicing for our closing program at the end of the school year. Learning all our parts in the plays and the words for all of the songs. George and I both attended all eight years in the one room school. When we look back on the years, we wonder how our teacher, Mr. O. J. Nicol, took care of us all. I know that it took a lot of hard work and prayer.”



- George L. Keck, 1953

Family Dairy Farmer

- Darlene (Cypher) Keck, 1955

Baker and Prep Cook

290 Park Rd. Valencia, PA 16059 ♦ 724-898-9643

“First and foremost, an excellent foundation all built upon God’s story of salvation. This is a foundation that prepares one for life (eternally). I remember having Mrs. Montag as our next door neighbor growing up. I remember the Christmas programs and playing the recorder ensemble. In the winter, we also played ‘king of the mountain’ and built some pretty cool snow forts.”

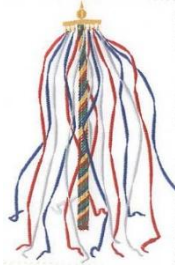


- Nadine Keck, 1978

Current – Teacher (LCMS commissioned)

2323 Clinton Ave. #104 Minneapolis, MN 55404 ♦ nkeck82@gmail.com ♦ 612-770-2950

“The Christmas Program on Christmas Eve. End of school year picnic with Flag drill or Maypole in the afternoon and school play in the evening with O. J. Nicol directing.”



- Glenn Koegler, 1958
Retired

126 Autumn Dr. Butler, PA 16001 ♦ 724-287-5888

“I fondly remember our annual Christmas Eve Pageants in the church. Every year I looked forward to singing the beautiful Christmas hymns and dressing like an angel in a white robe with glitter on the tips of my wings and a sparkly halo above my head. My favorite scene was the one of the Three Wisemen who slowly walked up the aisle to the song ‘We Three Kings.’”



- Cathryn (Ambrose) Kravitz, 1962
School Counselor

529 Saltworks Court Annapolis, MD 21401 ♦ kravitzf@msn.com ♦ 410-849-2175

“Attending school in the old building for grades 1-2 with drinking water obtained from pump outside. Moved to church basement for 3rd grade with new teacher Mary Jean.”



- Barbara (Doerr) Laskey, 1962
Meeting/Event Planner in Marketing Communications

1218 Martin Tavern Rd. Morrisville, NC 27560 ♦ barblssouth94@gmail.com ♦ 919-215-2389

“The field trips we did, especially in 7th and 8th grade. Our principal, Bruce Walkmaster, took us to camp overnight at Smith’s Grove in Herman. During the night he pretended he was a bear outside the girls’ tent and scared us all! We also led camp worship service on Sunday. We built a trail with log bridges in the woods behind the school.”



-Diane (Clowes) Lynn, 1972
Registered Nurse

118 Blakely Rd. Butler, PA 16002 ♦ 724-352-2671

“We used to play ‘Andy-Over’ during recess: kids on one side of the schoolhouse would throw a ball over the roof to the kids on the other side, who would try to catch it; then the ball thrower would run to the other side and try to catch the kid who caught the ball. During winter or rainy days, we would play in the horse shed, which were built for people to house their horse & carriages when they came to church. My saddest memory was being held inside for recess because I didn’t know all the Bible verse memorization exercises. The new church was still being built in 1927, so we had church in the basement until it was completed. There was an English service and a German service up until about 1942/43. My mother went to both services but liked the German service best. My mother also liked knickers, so I wore them up until about 7th grade.

All 8 classes were held in one room – the old schoolhouse – with one teacher for all grades. There was a wood/coal burner in the center of the room that heated the classroom for many years. There were 2 outhouses, one for boys on the east side, and one for girls on the west side. Every year there was a big Christmas celebration, and the tree would be adorned with lit candles; one year, the tree caught fire but was quickly doused with nearby buckets of water. The kids would receive little boxes of candy after the Christmas Eve service, and for some of them, this was the only candy they received.

My uncle, Mr. Mueller, was my first grade teacher, and at first snow, he allowed all the kids to pelt him with snowballs for 1-2 minutes, then that was it for the year; we couldn’t throw snowballs at him except for that time – but oh, what fun!



- Alfred Maurhoff, 1933
Former Electrical Contractor
and Dairy Farmer

297 Hannahstown Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-2629

“Some favorite memories were kindergarten fun with finger-painting and naptime; talking too much in 2nd grade and being caught 3 times Miss Boyer (‘3 times, you’re out’ rule), so I had to stay after school for about 10 minutes for the first and only time in my life – terrifying! I remember running home for lunch every day but enjoying super cold days when we would be allowed to take lunch to school. I remember the first time girls were allowed to wear pants to school – I think I was in 7th grade when the policy was changed due to extreme cold weather. I had Mr. Walkmaster for 6-8th grades, and he was a personable, Godly & visionary teacher; we created a nature trail, had an entire classroom transformed into a medieval village, participated in the President’s new exercise program under his tutelage. Two unfortunate memories were when someone broke into the school and killed the praying mantis by pouring hot wax over it; then the entire class was horrified when our newborn gerbils were promptly devoured by their mother – apparently, a nutrition deficiency, but the end of gerbils! I also recall vigorous ‘4 square’ playoffs in the old schoolhouse during winter months. Also, when Jeff & Christine Lang’s dad died, I remember our class going out on the baseball field and watching the service in the cemetery. But my most lasting memory that I have recalled countless times is the firm warning from Pastor Schmooch in confirmation class to always stay true to what the Bible teaches. We were not to be swayed by friends, family, government, or even the church, if it deviated from the Bible. He said we were Christians practicing Lutheran tenets; however, we were to leave the Lutheran church if it left God’s word! How relevant in today’s world.”



- Jeanne Maurhoff, 1974
Jeweler/Gemologist

P. O. 1758 Germantown, MD 20875 ♦ maurhoffjeanne@yahoo.com ♦ 240-401-3248

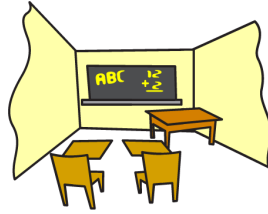
“Any type of mission work we did – Christmas boxes, gleanings at Ambrose’s. Writing class with Mrs. Smith.”



- Carleigh May, 2012
Senior in High School
Attending Chatham in the fall

131 Roads End Lane Butler, PA 16001 ♦ carleighmay@gmail.com

“Yes! Mr. Wilt letting boys be boys. He always knew when we needed a break from the classroom.”



- Paul May II, 2009
US Navy - Corpsman

131 Roads End Lane Butler, PA 16001 (Stationed in New Orleans)

“Singing in operettas. Doing Christmas Cantata with Mr. Camann.”



- Linda (Clowes) McCall, 1966
Preschool Teacher at St. Luke

108 Holl Rd. Cabot, PA 16023

Steven McCall, 1997
Computer Engineer

829 Sunset Circle Cranberry Twp., PA



“Mr. Nicol’s cardboard birthday cake that was brought out of the closet to celebrate everyone’s birthdays. The Maypole dance and the flag drills at the School Picnic (as opposed to the Sunday School Picnic)! Confirmation instruction with Pastor Hofius in the old kitchen. (He always sat on the counter top!) The somber atmosphere when my cousin Faye Kroneberg died. And who could forget the ‘school kid’ singing (from the balcony) for funerals?!? That was not a favorite activity of mine!!!”

- Rachel (Lang) Meissner, 1954
Teacher and Military Wife



105 Whitaker Dr. Saxonburg, PA

“Flag drills at the School Picnic. Maypole at the School Picnic. The outhouses we had to use. All eight grades being educated in one room.”



- Blaine Montag, 1952
Inventory Control Clerk

148 Marwood Rd. Apt. 1116 Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ hrrmontag1@yahoo.com ♦ 724-352-3317

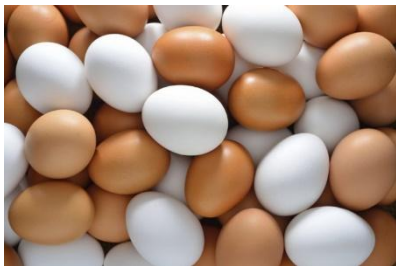
“Last day of school – picnic, afternoon programs and plays in the evening. Starting the old coal fire furnace during the winter, started by chopping strips of kindling wood from boards stored under the school. Also had to make sure there wasn’t any skunks hanging around under the school when we went to get the wood. Sled riding down the hill toward the cemetery. Mr. Nicol would stand guard at the top of the hill and if a car was coming from 356 he would yell ‘Car!’ so that we knew to get off the side of the road.”



- Donald Montag, 1944
Retired Supervisor Coat Control Allegheny Ludlum

139 Keck Rd. Sarver, PA 16055 ♦ 724-352-9235

“The old one room school house was where I attended grades 1-8. Mr. Nichol was the teacher for all eight grades. As a student, I was responsible for getting to school early to stoke the fire in the pot-belly stove located in the middle of the classroom. I walked 1 ½ miles to school, often with newspaper wrapped around my legs to keep them warm and dry. The bathroom facilities were wooden outhouses located on one side of the school for the boys and on the other side for the girls. There was a pump outside for water. A hole on top of the pump provided a fountain for drinking, if you blocked the water from flowing out the spout. Every year, on the last day of school, there was a Declaration Day (Memorial Day) program which included wrapping the May Pole. My funniest recollection was when Arnold Neubert and I were responsible for rolling up the stage curtain during the program. Both of our ties we were wearing got caught in the curtain as it raised and we were there ‘hanging’ from the curtain. My Dad, Norman Montag, delivered goods to the market for individuals in the community. One snowy day after school I picked up six dozen eggs from Mrs. Hofius (pastor’s wife) to take home to my dad. To avoid the snow drifts on the road I walked through the neighbor’s field, however I tripped on a telephone pole. Two dozen eggs survived, two dozen eggs were cracked, and two dozen eggs were smashed!



- Roland Montag, 1935
Retired Supervisor of Scheduling Crane Operators
Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corporation

112 Marwood Rd. #4345 Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-1646

“Looking up from my desk in 1st grade just in time to see an eraser passing overhead, launched by Mrs. Montag, headed for Dave Doerr in the back row. A sad day in November, 1963. Mr. Hinz was called from our classroom, returning to tell our class that President Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas. A pre-Halloween evening getting caught by Mr. Flesch toilet papering his house and then having to face him the following morning in our 7th grade class.



- Wayne Montag, 1968
Piano Technician

2030 DiPinto Ave. Henderson, NV 89052 ♦ waynes88keys@yahoo.com ♦ 702-228-9009

“Many! Including walking 3 miles each way from home or riding bicycles with Steve Ambrose and others from Marwood.”



- James Moore, 6th and 7th grade
Retired Lt. Colonel USAF 1985

969 S. 200 E. Farmington, UT 84025 ♦ grandpajim62@gmail.com ♦ 801-451-9839

“I remember how 3 times a week we had time out in the morning to go to learn Catechism from Pastor Hofius. By the time I was ready for confirmation Pastor had instructed us in the meaning of all parts of the Catechism and I had the complete Catechism memorized. We surely were rooted and grounded and instructed according to God’s pure word. To have the privilege of having our Christian school, my parents wanted their children to have a foundation in God’s word and this was taken seriously. Even though we lived 3 miles away, they sent us to make sure we were to learn daily in school and by Pastor to be taught from the Bible and Christian teachings. With no transportation, we walked or rode bicycle. I remember a bunch of us 7th and 8th grade girls walked off at noon and walked to Winfield school to be there for the May Queen crowning (of course we didn’t ask Mr. Nicol for permission, we knew he wouldn’t approve. Come to think of it, I can imagine he was quite shocked when the seats were empty). Anyway we did our thing, but believe me we were punished!”



- Phyllis Charlotte (Bachman) Neubert, Grades 5-7
Past Registered Nurses Aide

112 Neupert Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ gmaneubert@juno.com ♦ 724-352-1977

“I think learning about Jesus! Reading the bible, religion class, confirmation class, devotions, etc. We were taught right from wrong. Not from a worldly view, but from God’s view – from his book. I know what I believe and why. I often think of how I would have turned out to be without St. Luke School. I do have a wild side! My Christian home and school have had a huge impact on me. I thank God for my many blessings and St. Lukes congregation for St. Luke School.”



- Tim Neubert, 1977
Mechanic

108 Neubert Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ timneubert@consolidated.net ♦ 724-352-3768

“When we would braid the May Pole, picnic, Mr. Nicol, Pastor Hofius, Christmas Programs. One room school, the old pump and furnace and wash line in school to dry our snow pants. We had 64 pupils in one room school house and one teacher. All the games we all would play. The outhouse. Big ice cream cones, mission orange pops, candy at our picnics.



- Joan (Goepfert) Newman, 1950
Housewife, Cake Baker, and
Driver for Special Needs Children at Roenigks

429 Marwood Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-2547

“When I was in 7th grade, Frank Skrip and myself had the lead parts in the School Play, ‘Down the River and up the Creek with Lewis and Clark’. I loved acting ever since. I also remember all the sports I learned to play at St. Luke. I broke my arm pretty badly playing roller hockey there, but still love playing hockey today. So many friendships were born here. Lifelong ones I will always remember.



- Philip Neyman, 1997
Licensed Banker at Citizens Bank

214 E. Leasure Ave. New Castle, PA 16101 ♦ pneyman83@hotmail.com ♦ 724-496-1699

“I remember track and field days, playing softball and music with Mary Jean Montag.”



- Lois (Ambrose) Noullet, 1969

222 Ambrose Lane Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-4289

“Playing kickball at school.”



- Gilbert Osche, 2007
General Labor at Ibis-Tek

111 Peters Lane Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-3987

Joshua Osche, 2001
Farmer



111 Peters Lane Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-3987

“Track and Field Events.”



- Nicholas Osche, 2002
Chemical Operator at II VI

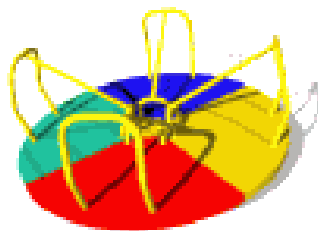
817 Winfield Rd. Cabot, PA 16023

Susan Osche, 1978
Mail handler for USPS



111 Peters Lane Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ osche111@hotmail.com ♦ 724-352-3987

“Mrs. Montag teaching our small class to sing in 3 part harmony. Mr. Walkmaster letting us turn out classroom into a village and dressing up as the people of the village for Social Studies. Miss Boyer falling off the merry-go-round. Playing kickball, track and field day. Mr. Walkmaster giving my brother ‘swats’ in the office.”



- Cheryl Polena, 1975
Retired PA State Trooper
Current South Butler School Police Officer

120 Knoch Rd. Saxonburg, PA 16056 ♦ cpolena@zoominternet.net ♦ 724-352-3439

Dawn Rahn, 1988
Speech – Language Pathologist

2216 Vincente Dr. Auburn, AL 36830 ♦ 334-821-6857

“Our trip to New York City and seeing the Twin Towers and Statue of Liberty.”



- Nicole (Keck) Scanlon, 1998
Licensed Practical Nurse

106 East Main Street Saxonburg, PA 16056 ♦ nmk29424@aol.com ♦ 724-996-0277

“Playing the organ for chapel services and piano for other events. Children’s Christmas service and little box of chocolate drops given out after the service.”



- Sharon (Doerr) Schmetzer, 1970
Organist/Contemporary Band member at
Messiah Lutheran Church in Cincinnati;
Researcher at Procter and Gamble

2217 Springside Court Cincinnati, OH 45240 ♦ smschmetzer@fuse.net ♦ 513-207-2695

“Some of the memories we recalled are the school’s roller skating nights in Butler, the Halloween house in the old school house, the chicken dinners, the special services, the bicentennial quilt project with the seventh and eighth graders and grandmothers. These are only a few memories from days gone by.”



Kenneth W. Schroeder
Former St. Luke
- Teacher & Principal
- 1973-1980
Current Public School Substitute

“As a teacher I am amazed to remember how efficiently Mr. Nicol managed to teach eight grades in one small classroom. His devotion and skills were truly awesome, and he seldom lost his patience even though we must have presented a major challenge at times. Those end of year activities at the annual picnic (flag drill, maypole, class play) will forever be part of my memory book, along with the ‘exciting’ games we played during our eagerly awaited recess. I was blessed to be a student at St. Lukes.”



- Marilyn (Follstaedt) Shubert, 1958
Special Education Teacher

6 Mariposa Irvine, CA 92604 ♦ m_schubert@sbcglobal.net ♦ 949-857-0672

“The blessings of having awesome classmates to grow up with all the way from Kindergarten through eighth grade!”



- Christine (Lang) Skelley, 1972
Attorney

6600 Passage Creek Lane Manassas, VA 20112 ♦ yinzers6@verizon.net ♦ 702-590-2157

“I had constant migraines in school, and Mr. Nicol would always know when I was sick and took care of me and cleaned up after me.”



- Sandy Stoner, 1957
Retired

925 Bear Creek Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-3378

“I was at Knoch when I was diagnosed with cancer and lost most of my eyesight. The teachers there were not able to provide much help for me, so I went back to St. Luke. Miss Monroe was wonderful and gave me the individual attention I needed to make me feel successful and loved. The school also knew how we struggled financially and allowed me to attend tuition free. I will never forget what a blessing the school was to me.”



- Julie Stoner, 1985
Homecare Provider

925 Bear Creek Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-3378

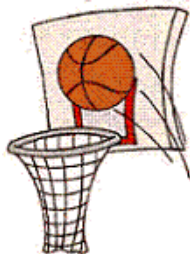
“A beautiful spring day → announce that we are going to have an afternoon ball game! Track and field day. Mr. Hinz reading the ‘Frontiersman’ thru a long winter. The Medieval Village = music events! Singing, splashing springs, ecology club, camping out at school. Prisoner’s base – snowball fights, Mr. Walkmaster! → Making learning fun! Contractual assignments to obtain specific grades in science class. Mona Bornhoff → Art class! – Mr. Dembeck → Creative writing – Science fair! Most of all – weekly chapel with participation, daily decorations – Putting Christian Light on everything – Laying foundation for faith walk through life – learning by example, study of the Word life application!”



- Barb (Neubert) Tasker, 1975 (I think?)
Registered Nurse

209 Keasey Rd. PO Box 103 Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 412-848-5169

“Friday morning chapel, science fair projects, Washington DC and NYC field trips with my classmates, track and field, being disciplined/mentored by my grandfather, Mr. Wilt schooling us in basketball, science experiments with Mrs. Willert, and Mrs. Smith teaching me how to write.”



- Travis Tasker, 2005
Ph.D. Student at Penn State University

243 Gerald St. State College, PA 16801 ♦ tlt216@psu.edu ♦ 724-822-8873

James Thiele, 2008
Dairy Farmer

753 N. Pike Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-1872



“Being in the spelling bee. Taking field trips to Pittsburgh.”



- Edward Thiele, 1978
Self-Employed 5th Generation Dairy Farmer

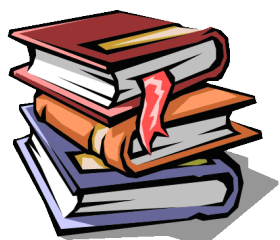
753 N. Pike Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ dairyfarmer1@consolidated.net ♦ 724-352-1872

William Thiele, 2008
Dairy Farmer

753 N. Pike Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ 724-352-1872



“There are so many memories from my time at St. Luke Lutheran School! Some of the most vivid times are those that the teachers showed the most love. Reading was not easy for me in 1st grade, and I remember spending time with Mrs. Montag after school and during the summer as she worked with me and several other students on reading. She always made us feel like we were helping her with little jobs when in reality she was helping us learn to read. In 2nd grade two of us in our class lost very special people in our lives due to car accidents, and Mrs. Maier displayed strength, faith, and love through those difficult times. She was instrumental in my healing and desire to become a teacher. Miss Fett always had a way of making us smile and letting us know we were her ‘kids’. I loved listening to her read Charlotte’s Web and The Best Christmas Pageant Ever to us. She always encouraged us to be all that God created us to be. I remember to great days after school for Nature Club, and having the opportunity to camp out in the woods behind the baseball fields. The class trips to New York and Washington D. C. were wonderful. It was such a neat experience to have the opportunity to have dinner with Mr. Wilt’s parents. St. Luke was a wonderful school to grow up in and is an even greater blessing to work at and to follow in the footsteps of amazing 1st grade teachers like Mrs. Montag and Mrs. Wilt.



- Angela (Hawley) Turner, 1992
1st Grade Teacher at St. Luke

605 State St. Butler, PA 16001

“Maypole, program at the end of the school year, school picnics, confirmation.”



- Patricia (Doerr) Treich, 1942
Housewife

275 Bonniebrook Rd. Butler, PA 16001 ♦ 724-287-3087

Stacey (McCall) Vernier, 1994
Human Resource Manager



700 Little Creek Ln. Cranberry Twp.

“Getting confirmed, participating in the many Christmas programs, attending church wide track and field day especially the obstacle course, throwing popcorn bags out of a kitchen window after a movie night, science experiment with Mr. Henkes that had him holding full glasses in each hand and not being able to move and then the class left and some even walked through the woods and went home, placing pepper in Mr. Schroders’s coffee (as you can tell our class was a handful). It is amazing what you remember. Great times.”



- Tamera (Koegler) Vaughan, 1977 (I think)
Information Technology manager

11279 Sheffield Ln. Walton, KY 41094 ♦ tjkeg@fuse.net ♦ 859-485-6124

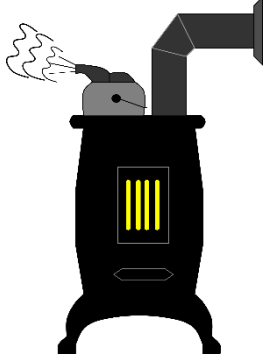
“Plays, flag day, May Pole, Field Day, Christmas programs, and when we were in 7 and 8 graders we got to help with serving the Friday sandwiches for the school that PTA put on for us. I think we had a drink, jello, and sandwich. What a treat from our lunch bag! The outhouses are a memory, but maybe not a good one!”



- Linda Marie (Doerr) Wassum, 1960
Former Chief Cook, Maid and Bottle
Washer Mom, Sales, Fitness, Now Housewife

112 Marwood Rd. Apt. 4212 Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ lindawassum@hotmail.com ♦ 724-352-3812

“May Pole Day. Dodgeball. Outhouse. Water pump outside. Big Furnace in the school. Christmas Program and candy chocolate drops.”



- Hazel (Geist) Warheit, 1947-1949
Pay Work Sexton

571 Mercer Rd. Butler, PA 16001 ♦ 724-282-7224

“Playing in the recorder ensemble, playing piano for chapel, developing a lasting love of music and learning.”



- Diane L. (Neubert) Woodford, Grades K – 8
Library Assistant

14003 Main St. Kensington, OH 44427 ♦ dorje82@gmail.com

“All 8 grades being in one room with Mr. Nicol. The picnics and Christmas Programs, may pole, pump, furnace, and outhouse. Walking to school from home.”



- Doris (Doerr) Zannotti, 1953
Retired from Zannotti Motor Co.

127 Marwood Rd. Cabot, PA 16023 ♦ dorisan@zoominternet.net ♦ 724-352-1289