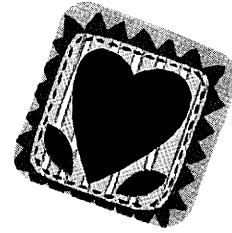


*Our hearts are full of JOY
Because we have a baby BOY!!*



*Steven Raymond Colbeth
Born on Friday morning
December 18, 1964
Weighing 9 pounds 2 ounces
And was 22 inches long*

*Was the message Seth Arthur Everett Colbeth
and Leona Marie (Emme) Colbeth
Proclaimed to the world (our family and friends)
On that very cold and snowy day from
Holy Family Hospital in
New Richmond, Wisconsin.*

*You had a full head of dark hair and the nurses loved combing
through it and styling it too. We finally cut the side burns before you
left the hospital.*

*They had not given me anything to drink or eat for three days as my
doctor (Dr. Craig) was out of town and the doctor on duty did not
realize what was happening until Thursday. He told the staff to get
fluids into me.*

The cream of asparagus soup they brought me was so yummy!!

*The next morning things began to happen and my doctor had
arrived.*

*After the doctors consulted, they decided to do a c-section but found
when they returned that they could take you with forceps.*

It was not an easy birth but well worth all the effort!!

*As I reflect on those wonderful 54 years you have been in my heart
and on my mind there are nothing but good memories running
through my head!!*

You, Steven were named after our good friend Steve who was best man at our wedding.
Raymond came from my brother Raymond Richard Emme, Sr. who was born on December 20, 1936.
I wanted Steven Ray but your Dad did not want nick names so it was Raymond instead.

After a week in the hospital and a week at Grandpa and Grandma Anderson's we were ready to take you home.

Our home was a little double garage size house in Roberts, Wisconsin.

Lots of preparation went into getting that house ready for your home coming.

Your Dad and I put a floor in what was the entrance of the house, where your Dad once had his TV/Radio shop, in the heat of July 1964.

After the floor was in, your Dad made an air conditioner out of a radiator to keep me cool.

After the floor was in, Grandpa Anderson and Uncle Punk (Russell) Anderson, created a kitchen in that area.

Your Dad had already put in a bathroom so both of those were real blessings.!!

I rolled the Maytag square washing machine into the kitchen to wash your diapers and etc. My neighbor, Gladys Brown, said I had the whitest diapers in town hanging on the line!! We of course were using Amway at that time. I had been having Amway parties when I got pregnant with you so we had lots of access to product.

Your Dad was a charter member of the Roberts Lions Club and was president the year we were married.

George Lamson was the owner of the Shell Station in town and his wife Lois, became a friend to me and hosted a shower in our honor before you were born.

We bought the Spilke (can't spell) House around 1965 and moved over there, which was kitty corner from the "little" house.

We rented out the front apartment and lived in the back while we attempted to renovate that house.

My 10 year class reunion was going to happen in August of 1966 so I went back to work at West Publishing in St. Paul so that we could buy a new car.

Mrs. Ferg across the street took care of you.

Your dad was working at for Univac in Minneapolis

We bought the blue Chrysler, which was a 4 door sedan and your Dad built a stand in the back so that we could put your crib mattress on it and we could take turns sleeping there with you while we traveled.

While in Oregon, my aunt and uncle (Dorothy and Herman Kern) took us to see "The Sound of Music." Even though you were only 18 months old, you sat spell bound through the whole movie.

We took my family to see the movie in Minneapolis when we returned from the reunion.

Years later we took my grandmother, Theresa Marie (Riggs) Adcock's Aunt Anna Rupp to see the movie in California. "Great Big Aunt Annie" as we called her was from Germany so she truly enjoyed it also. Actually Aunt Annie was a tiny little spinster who worked hard and walked everywhere.

The Sound of Music has been a family favorite since that time and we enjoy watching it each Christmas!!

Shortly after we returned from our adventure to Oregon, our house burned and we moved to Grandpa and Grandma Anderson's for a week. Your Dad soon found a place for us in the little trailer next to the railroad track and across from our burned home.

Then we found the house across from the school (now the dentist office) which had an apartment upstairs. We only lived in that house a short time before your Dad got a job in California and we moved to Camarillo.

Reflections of happenings in your life were:

The birth of your sister, Karen Marie Colbeth Gervais, on January 6, 1968 when we lived in Camarillo California

The birth of your brother, David Wayne Colbeth, on June 9, 1971 in Woodville, Wisconsin. You named David while we were sitting at the bar in the Velkommen Inn. We had chosen another name but took your choice instead.

We lived in Roberts, Wisconsin, Camarillo, California, Chisago City, Minnesota, Woodville, Wisconsin, and then back to Roberts. Then you spread your wings and flew off to Washington the day you finished High School at St. Croix Central in Hammond Wisconsin.

It was too hard for me to say good bye so Dennis took you to the airport I believe.

Karen went to your graduation and picked up your diploma.

We lost your Dad on July 17, 1979 after a short bout with cancer.

You took over the role of "Head of the House" and took care of all of us and still do!!!

We purchased a 1979 Chevy Station wagon after your Dad's death and have some great memories attached to that vehicle.

You cleaned out the 3 car garage and work shop your Dad had filled and we hauled the stuff off to Grandpa and Grandma Colbeth's farm. Grandpa had all that stuff and his organized out back of their house.

While in California we visited Disneyland a couple times and you so enjoyed "It's a small world." Sang the songs all the time!!

I remember the day you returned from a trip to Oregon and were so much taller and thinner. I could hardly believe my eyes.

I remember the Thanksgiving you got stuck in the airport and Stan Sullwold brought you home.

I remember the trip we took to Washington and how you came to Spokane to meet us and showed us so many interesting parts of Seattle.

I remember the trip you took me on to Eastern Washington and then into Oregon across the Columbia River.

I remember how you stood up in the front seat of our car between your Dad and I and said "Mommy see the piece of moon."

I remember being snowed in at your house in Renton for a week. I remember how you took care of me when I had cataract surgery.

I remember that you came to Wisconsin when I had gall bladder surgery.

I remember that every time I say I need or want something it arrives on my door step.

I look around and see all you have shared and done for me and I am so appreciative of your loving kindness.

There is NO possible way I could list all your wonderful attributes but just trying to let you know how loved and appreciated you are!!

You have become a man of many, many talents and could reach for any goal and achieve it I believe!!

Guess, I need to end this letter and get it mailed. Since you are blessed to be able to meet your own needs I cannot think of a thing to send you for your special day, this letter will have to be your birthday gift this year!! 2016 Love, Mom