

**Fifty Golden Years:
The Story of Jake and Martha Korell**

*Written By Jane (Korell) Maller
In Honor of their 50th Anniversary*

On April 22nd, it seems,
In Nineteen Hundren and Fourteen,
Jacob Korell was born in Lincoln,
With a grin and eyes a-twinkling.

In the merry month of May,
On the 12th, the very day,
Martha Gradwohl made the scene,
In Nineteen Hundred Seventeen.

Destined by God's will and grace,
They'd meet someday face to face.
Weekend nights were made for dancing.
Soon they met and were romancing.

Martha had a beauty rare,
A lovely smile and raven hair.
Jake was Mr. Right,
A handsome man, her shining knight.

All their brothers, and sisters too.
Watched and smiled as true love grew.
Even sexy Sloppy Socks,
Couldn't beat Mart, the lady fox.

In '36 on March the 9th,
Jake took Martha for his wife.
They eloped and Gradwohl's sighed.
True love won! The knot was tied!

To Riverton they did go,
In '37 to earn some dough.
They worked the Haun farm for a year.
Then bought a place out near Kinnear.

A place to finally call their own,
On which some seed crops could be grown.
In '38 their dreams came true –
Acres of SAGEBRUSH for those two!

From dawn 'til dusk the two did toil,
To break the sagebrush from the soil.
Many a seed these two did sow.
Alfalfa and grass soon did grow.

They built a house of straw and loam.
Adobe bricks made their first home.
Sheep and cattle and horses grazed,
And lambs, and calves, and foals were raised.

In September of '38,
The 21st the very date,
Came a bouncing baby boy
Whom proud parents named Lee Roy.

Four years later, time just flew –
September 4th of '42 –
The stork brought little Gerald Gene.
To cuter babe was ever seen.

Six year later in '48,
The 3rd of May, the precise date,
Martha Jane became a daughter
To a loving mom and father.

These were tough times, hard and lean.
Dollars were few and far between.
They laughed and loved and shed some tears,
And somehow made it through the years.

Their love together did not fade,
For Martha out of Jacob made,
A husband full of fun and cheer,
Who fished and trapped and hunted deer.

Then in 1951,
Polio struck Lee, their son.
Doctors, nurses, woe and strife,
Were his destiny in life.

Every autumn until '62,
The outfitting business they did do.
Clients got the best of care,
While hunting elk and deer and bear.

They moved to Riverton again,
Fate had changed what might have been.
Taxidermy and guiding dudes,
All were done to provide food.

Martha cleaned for those in town.
She did her share without a frown.
They did their best to make ends meet,
And there was always enough to eat.

The horse trade was another way,
To have some fun and earn some pay.
Always ready for a race,
They loved the thrill – win, show, or place.

They have some memories quite sad:
The loss of parents and kin they had.
For brothers and sisters they still grieve.
'Twas sad to see their loved ones leave.

They raised their children up with morals,
To worship God and not to quarrel.
They tried to teach them right from wrong,
And to be honest, tough, and strong.

Through the years, the family grew.
Scott Maller said to Jane, "I do."
Jerry took Iva for his wife,
To share the ups and downs of life.

Jake built Mart a brand new home,
Made with love from wood and stone.
They made a living off the land,
Then sold it for a price quite grand.

After forty-six years of marriage,
Came a grandchild's baby carriage.
Kathy Lee was found inside,
To fill grandparents' hearts with pride.

In '84 when Jake fell ill,
Martha's eyes with tears did fill.
She thought her heart would surely break,
To lose her spouse and best friend, Jake.

To God they turned in thoughtful prayer,
A gift He gave them, one quite rare.
Doctors with their special skills,
Fixed Jake's heart and cured his ills.

Broken hearts can still be mended,
If with special care they're tended.
Blessed were they, with God's great care,
To have each other's lives to share.

Hard work, giggles, joy, and tears,
All were shared throughout the years.
Their sense of humor and German pride,
Made a success of things they tried.

To Jake and Martha, here's a toast;
For fifty years you've made the most,
Of what life had for you in store,
Here's hoping you share fifty more.

Written with love and gratitude for Mom and Dad in celebration of your Golden Wedding Anniversary.
From your daughter, Jane