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| City of Iona Newsletter | |
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| Volume twelve | december, 2015 |
| Planning and Zoning Meeting: December 9, 2015 at 6:30 p.m. City Council Meeting: December 15, 2015 at 5:30 p.m. Mayor’s message **Is there a Santa Claus?**  I was just a kid.  I remember tearing across town on my bike to visit Grandma the day my big sister dropped the bomb: “There is no Santa Claus,” she jeered. “Even dummies know that!”  My Grandma was not the gushy kind, never had been. I fled to her that day because I knew she would be straight with me. I knew Grandma always told the truth, and I knew that the truth always went down a whole lot easier when swallowed with one of her “world-famous” cinnamon buns. I knew they were world-famous, because Grandma said so.  Grandma was home, and the buns were still warm. Between bites, I told her everything. She was ready for me: “No Santa Claus?” She snorted…”Ridiculous! Don’t believe it. That rumor has been going around for years, and it makes me mad, plain mad! Now, put on your coat, and let’s go.” Go? “Go Where, Grandma?” I asked. I hadn’t even finished my second cinnamon bun.  “Where” turned out to be Kerby’s General Store, the one store in town that had a little bit of just about everything. As we walked through its doors, Grandma handed me ten dollars. That was a bundle in those days.  “Take this money,” she said, “and buy something for someone who needs it. I’ll wait for you in the car.” Then she turned and walked out of Kerby’s.  I was only eight years old. I’d often gone shopping with my mother, but never had I shopped for anything all by myself. The store seemed big and crowded, full of people scrambling to finish their Christmas shopping. It didn’t take me long to think of someone who needed something. Bobby Decker. He was a kid with bad teeth and bad breath, and he sat right behind me in Mrs. Pollock’s second grade class. Bobby Decker didn’t have a coat.  I knew that because he never went out to recess during the winter. His mother always wrote a note, telling the teacher that he had a cough, but all the kids knew that Bobby Decker didn’t have a cough; I fingered the ten-dollar bill with growing excitement. I would buy Bobby Decker a coat!  I settled on a red corduroy one that had a hood to it. It looked really warm, and he would like that. “Is this a Christmas present for someone?” The lady behind the counter asked kindly, as I laid down my ten dollars. “Yes, ma’am,” I replied shyly. It’s for Bobby Decker.” I didn’t get any change, but she put the coat in a bag, smiled, and wished me a Merry Christmas.  That evening, Grandma helped me wrap the coat in Christmas paper and ribbons. (A little tag fell out of the coat, and Grandma tucked it in her Bible). She wrote on a real Christmas tag. “To Bobby, From Santa Claus”.  Grandma said that Santa always insisted on secrecy. Then she drove me over to Bobby Decker’s house, explaining as we went that I was now and forever, officially, one of Santa’s helpers.  Grandma parked down the street from Bobby’s house, and she and I crept noiselessly and hid in the bushes by his front walk. Then Grandma gave me a nudge. “All right, Santa Claus” she whispered, “get going.” I took a deep breath, dashed for his front door, threw the present down on his step, pounded his doorbell and flew back to the safety of the bushes and Grandma.  Together we waited breathlessly in the darkness for the front door to open. Finally it did, and there stood Bobby. When he saw his name on the package he raced back inside.  Fifty years haven’t dimmed the thrill of those moments spent shivering, beside my Grandma, in Bobby Decker’s bushes. That night, I realized that those awful rumors about Santa Claus were just what Grandma said they were: ridiculous. Santa was alive and well, and we were on his team.  I still have the Bible, with the coat tag tucked inside: $19.95  My wish for Christmas is that we think of other’s. When we are wrapped up in ourselves we make a very small package. Also, I wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!  Sincerely,  Mayor Brad Andersen community **“Merry Christmas and Happy New Year”** – from the Mayor, City Council, and City Employees.  **“Disposal of Christmas Trees”** - Monday, December 28th on the corner of Hansen & Main a Dumpster will be placed for Christmas Tree disposal. The last day the dumpster will be available is Jan. 4th. public works **“Snow Removal”** – Iona City Code 6-4-8 requires removal of hail, snow, sleet and/or ice promptly (within a 24 hour period after a precipitation event) from the entire length and breadth of the sidewalk, except for snow placed onto sidewalks by snow removal equipment of the City or its designee. Exemptions include: a person who is physically/mentally impaired and unable to remove the snow; a pregnant person; a person who is 80 or more years of age; and a lessee of a multi-family dwelling not having a legal or contractual duty to remove hail, snow, sleet, and/or ice from the sidewalk. job announcement **Hiring-** Matt Lurker has made a decision to change career paths and has resigned from his position. Karl Bowcutt has accepted the position as the new Chief of Police.  The City is now hiring for a full time post certified police officer starting at $16.83 per hour with benefits. Applications are available at 3548 N. Main in Iona. Applications will be accepted until Friday December 11th, 2015. Please call (208)-523-5600 for further questions. | |