

## Linda Scherbenske

### Just the facts:\*

Birthday: February 26, 1948

Parents: Art Scherbenske and Lynora Sauter Scherbenske

Siblings: Alan Scherbenske and Barb Johnson Scherbenske  
Steve Scherbenske and Anne Subart

Nephews: Kevin and Angie Kempel Scherbenske  
Erik and Amanda Sheehan Scherbenske  
Sawyer Scherbenske

“The Greats”:  
Ashley, Kyle, Adyson Scherbenske  
Logan Scherbenske

Education: Tuttle High School (1966)  
Westmar College (1970) - BA: math and German  
University of Southern Connecticut (1974) - MS: Guidance and Counselling

Homes: Tuttle, ND; LeMars, IA; New Haven, CT; Chicago, IL; Austin, TX;  
Aurora, CO; Crofton, MD; Aurora, CO

Career: High School Math and German Teacher; Computer Programmer;  
Computer Project Manager

### The Story:

Tuttle was my “growing up” world. Alan and I had our first home on the Scherbenske homestead eight miles from Tuttle. Our family moved to town in 1952. Steve joined us in 1956. We took two family vacations. I went to Bible camp a week every summer from 4<sup>th</sup> grade on. We went to Jamestown, Bismarck, and Wing now and then to be with family there, to shop, to see doctors.

Tuttle, however, was my world. It was a world of family at home and all over Tuttle. It was school, sports, church, Santa Claus Day, swimming in Clear Lake, kick-the-can in the neighborhood until the siren blew at 9:00pm, mud pies with Laura and the Olson girls, bike riding in the middle of the streets. Those years were as safe and secure as any child has ever had.

That I would go to college was as much a part of me as breathing. My decision to go to Westmar College was strongly influenced by going to summer camp with many ND kids who went to Westmar. I met my college roommate, Judi Bahr, at camp in 4<sup>th</sup> grade. She remains an oft-seen friend. College years were fun, interesting, filled with hard study and a whole lot of new friends from around the country, as well as new views of life and our world. Summers at home in Tuttle were always good. Mom, Dad, Alan, and Steve all worked in the cheese plant. Cooking, cleaning, mowing, sewing, reading, being at home made for good summers. They also included sunbathing for which a doctor now does the repair!

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\*One has to have been into tv in the 1950s to know the phrase “just the facts”. On tv’s “Dragnet” detective Joe Friday would get bored with people rambling on when asked a question. His “just the facts...” would get the conversation back on track.

Majoring in math and German grew out of my liking studying both of those fields as well as having good teachers. Les Kurtz entered my life during those college years. We married in 1971. Being a teacher was a “portable” degree to have. Les was in school for years. We spent summers traveling in Europe. Our first “non-school” home was in Austin, TX. It was during those years that I transitioned from teaching to the wonderful world of computers. We divorced in 1987 with all the pain, upheaval, and support from many that divorce entails. I stayed in Austin until 1996, until I had created life I again loved, now as a single person.

That I loved my work for 40 years is a blessing of which I’m well aware. My employers, from school administrators to the State of Texas, to Accenture were good people, encouraging, and full of great work. The last 3 years doing computer projects required that I travel. Leaving home on Sunday, , living in hotels, flying home Thursday took the fun out of my days, so I retired in 2010.

Retired days for me include travel abroad, time with family and friends in our great country, biking, gardening, sewing, reading, hiking, tv and movies, loving company. Laura was here last week, and we had a great time playing duets. Along with many blunders and laughs, we talked about the goodness of our parents to give us so many opportunities for all of our years.

I love retirement. I’m what I call “sibling dependent”. My home in Aurora is close to Steve and Anne’s family. I thankfully see them and their kids often. My weeks in ND with Alan and Barb’s family are important, fun, precious days for me. When Mom and Dad died, we sold the house in Tuttle. Like so many of us, their passing leaves a hole in my soul that’s filled with memories and gratitude for all they were and still are to us. The longing that I have for those days of “going home to Tuttle” lives on along with the abundance of goodness in my life and home in Colorado.

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