Obituaries

Robert Harris

December 29, 1938 – September 26, 2017

Robert "Bob" Harris, an 18-year Sisters-area resident, passed away on September 26, after fighting cancer for several years.

Bob is survived by his mother, Lucille Harris; his daughter, Vicky Terhune; two sons, Bret and Ron Harris; his brother, Dave Harris and sister-in-law Jan. Bob's Habitat for Humanity family is much larger, as this has been his work and hobby for the past 15-plus years.

Bob was an avid hunter and fisherman. He spent many hours and days fishing at Three Creek Lake.

Bob was born December 29, 1938 in Albany, Oregon. He farmed for many years in the Jefferson area before moving to Sisters.

He passed away at the age of 78 in 2017 from complications of cancer.

A celebration of life will be held at a later date.

Larry R. Ofstedahl

August 2, 1935 – September 28, 2017

Larry R. Ofstedahl of Wilsonville, Oregon, passed away on Thursday, September 28. Larry displayed incredible courage and grace through a very aggressive cancer. He was an inspiration to all of us. He had his amazing sense of humor and wit all the way to the end.

Larry was born on August 2, 1935, in Kelso, Washington. During his 36 year career with Fred Meyer, Larry's responsibilities ran the gamut. Starting as a grocery clerk, he moved up the ranks quickly. Promoted to food department manager in 1961, he moved into deli and produce buying and merchandising in the 70s. In 1978, Larry was named Food Division Assistant Vice President, and by 1989 was appointed the director of that division.

Outside of the office, you would find Larry on the golf course at Black Butte Ranch or on the beaches of Maui. At both locations, Larry easily developed a large network of life-long friends created from his quick wit and sense of humor. This was no surprise to his family, who adored him for the same.

We will miss the jokes, honesty and counsel that Larry provided us all. If you knew him, you loved him.

Larry is survived by his loving wife of 33 years, Diana; son Mike Ofstedahl; stepson Mike Scheel; stepdaughter Susan Reed; six grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

He was preceded in death by his son, Steven; son, Chris; and daughter, Vicki.

A celebration of life will be held at Southlake Foursquare Church in West Linn, Oregon, on Friday October 6, at 10 a.m. A luncheon reception will follow at Tualatin Country Club.

Information provided by the family of Larry R. Ofstedahl.

LETTERS

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comments in *The Nugget* of problems with visitors to our small community regarding vacation rentals.

I am surprised at the low percentage of units licensed in Sisters and can appreciate the City wanting to review its licensing for the future. But to redo our agreement with the City regarding the investment we made years ago to build for our retirement, to bring new visitors to our community and having a very capable manager these past 10 years to oversee our investment in Sisters would be to us a loss in our livelihood both now and the ability in the future to sell our cottage for the same purpose we bought it for.

David Mendenhall

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To the Editor:

In response to *"Unsportsmanlike conduct," The Bunkhouse Chronicle, The Nugget, September 27, page 14:*

I claim a little bit of high ground in stating that I've *always* thought of the NFL (and any other mega-sports-TV-thing) as a collection of disconnected, under-worked and over-paid weenies (while freely admitting that the least of them could kick my ass without breaking a sweat); and those who'd spend even a dollar to watch it live or on TV as — sorry — knuckle-draggers with too much time on their hands.

I don't in any way intend to demean the athletes themselves; I suspect most of them work their butts off to get where they are, get through school and excel. It's the system that commoditizes them that I have a problem with, and the consumers who mainline that commodity and keep the system flourishing.

I admit that I haven't watched commercial or cable TV in several decades, so I've been blissfully disengaged from the cacophony of the major-league-TV-sports phenomenon. The only time I see sports on TV is when some ignoramus doesn't turn it off when company (me) arrives, or when I'm trying to enjoy a meal in one of our fine local dining establishments (another story altogether).

The first and only time I purposefully sat down to watch a National-Whatever-League event was the 1985 (Maybe '86. Or was it '87? Might've been '84...) uber bowl, and I don't even remember who was playing. My then-wife had a respiratory emergency just before half-time (maybe she was overwhelmed with excitement; but it probably had more to do with the pneumonia she'd had for a week or so), and we had to interrupt our regularly scheduled programming to take her to the ER. She survived, and I can't recall even the slightest detail about that game.

I reckon I'm out of touch, but I'm continually amazed at how many otherwise intelligent, hard-working people spend untold hours and b'jillions of dollars watching that crap on TV. Day after day, week after week.

Really? Nothing better to do with your time or spend your money on? How about pouring that time and money into your local school teams? Or better yet the local food bank?

For better or worse, the reality is that these days the men and women of the big sports franchises are what amount to heroes to many — especially kids — and millions upon millions of people watch what they do. Day after day, week after week.

If even a fraction of those people – or their kids – pays attention to what their heroes are saying then maybe, just maybe, we can elevate the conversation about racial and social injustice from one that only happens when a white cop shoots an unarmed black guy to one that actually makes a difference.

Pete Rathbun

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To the Editor:

After returning from out of state, we recently found out from our good neighbors that representatives from the fire department came to our home (and others) in Tollgate. They checked our property, blew needles from an outbuilding's roof and took other proactive measures to better our fire protection.

My husband and I are so grateful to have landed in such a wonderful community of caring and forward-thinking people.

Thanks so much.

Linda and Rod Terry