St. Pauli News in Detail



$2,500 in net profits that would be given to local, national and global charities. So please give generously.



Greeting and Ushering

Sept. 6	Myles and Kathy Alberg
Sept. 13	Ron and Virginia Anderson
Sept. 20	Wade and Marisa Benson
Sept. 27	Faye Auchenpaugh

Altar Preparation: Katy Haugen

* * * * *

MARK YOUR CALENDARS

September 13
Holy Communion and Baptism

Pastor Darrel Cory will be at St. Pauli on September 13th to conduct Holy Communion and to baptize Hazel Mae Money, daughter of Jerrid and Rebecca Money.

* * * * *

FALL EVENT

Sunday, October 4th
3:00 pm

featuring
Peter Samuelson, Musician

Peter Samuelson is a local musician performing solo with guitar and voice.

Please remember that this is the annual occasion that replaces our fall supper, when we would have around

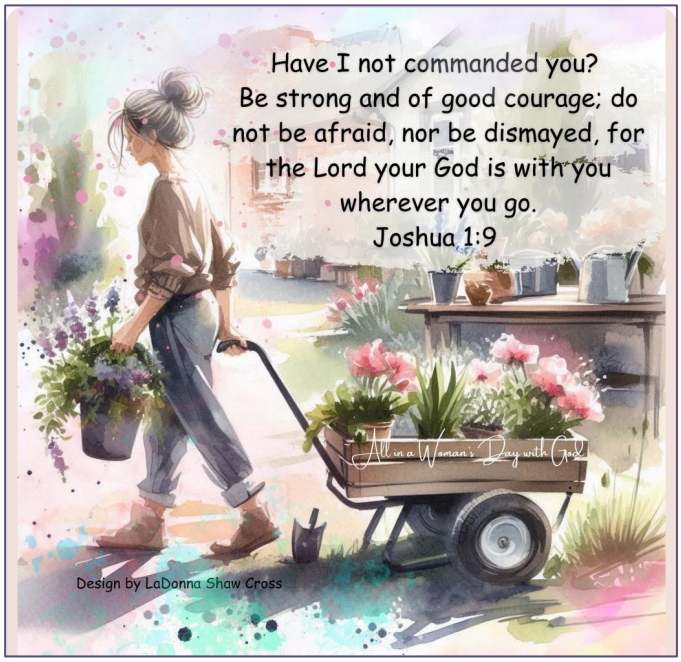
September Milestones

Birthdays

Sept. 1	Deb Ernst
Sept. 5	Elsa Haugen
Sept. 8	David Vatthauer
Sept. 13	Rachael Rondorf
Sept. 15	Cindy Cedergren
Sept. 16	Sally Torkelson
Sept. 17	Bruce Mathson
Sept. 19	Wally Torkelson
Sept. 26	Marisa Benson

Anniversaries

Sept. 10	Jim and Roxane Rondorf





In Memoriam

Connie Faye Prickett

May 3, 1947 – July 27, 2026

Connie was the mother of Todd Prickett, who married Jana Johnson in 2025.

Connie Faye Prickett, of Thief River Falls, Minnesota, passed away peacefully on Monday, July 27, 2026, at the age of 79, after a courageous battle with cancer. Connie was born on May 3, 1947, in Thief River Falls, to Carl and Doris Hallquist. She was baptized and confirmed in the Lutheran faith at First Lutheran Church in Middle River, MN. Her life was one defined by kindness, resilience, and devotion to family and community.

Connie was united in marriage to Jerry Prickett on August 24, 1965. Together, they recently celebrated 60 years of marriage and built a life centered around family. They were blessed with two sons, Chris and Todd Prickett.

Connie graduated from Middle River High School in 1965, a milestone she remembered fondly and carried with pride throughout her life. After graduation, Connie built a meaningful career working at Pine to Prairie Home Health Care and the Credit Bureau. She further contributed to her community through several part-time secretarial roles, including serving in the offices of a podiatrist and an ophthalmologist. No matter the job or setting, Connie's great sense of humor, personable nature, and gentle kindness left a lasting impression on those around her.

In all aspects of her life, Connie radiated warmth and enthusiasm. She brought joy to her home by playing the piano—sometimes just for herself, allowing melodies to fill her space. She delighted in finding the best bargains by looking through catalogs and was a strategic and cheerful card player. Her green thumb was evident in her beautiful gardens, and her collection of music boxes reflected her appreciation for simple, enduring joys. She loved taking walks with her dog, found excitement in occasional casino visits, and was renowned for her baking, which became a source of comfort and happiness for her loved ones.

Family was at the very heart of Connie's world. She attended countless sporting events to support her grandchildren, always their most enthusiastic cheerleader. Special times spent with family during the holidays—especially Christmastime—were filled with decorating, laughter, and cherished traditions that will long live on in her family's memory.

Connie is survived by her beloved husband, Jerry. She leaves behind two sons, Chris Prickett (and his wife Veronica) and Todd Prickett (and his wife Jana). Her legacy continues through her grandchildren: Steven Scott, Ryan Scott, Brea Prickett, Carli Prickett, Brooklyn Prickett, Journey Prickett, Dakota McGrath, David Miller, and Shawn Miller, as well as 6 great-grandchildren. In addition to her immediate family, Connie is lovingly remembered by many nieces and nephews, as well as a wide circle of relatives and friends whose lives she touched through her genuine kindness and sense of humor.

She was preceded in death by her father, Carl Hallquist; her mother, Doris Hallquist; and her sister, Marlo Rae Strong.

Connie's absence will be deeply felt, but her warmth, wisdom, and love will continue to inspire all who knew her.

A series of services was held in loving memory of Connie at Johnson Funeral Service in Thief River Falls. Visitation took place on Thursday, July 30, 2026, from 5:00 p.m. to 6:30 p.m., followed by a prayer service at 6:30 p.m. The following day, Friday, July 31, there was visitation from 9:30 a.m. to 10:30 a.m., with a Celebration of Life beginning at 10:30 a.m. Burial followed at Greenwood Cemetery, Thief River Falls.

Connie Faye Prickett's kindness, laughter, and loving spirit will be truly missed and always remembered.

In Memoriam

Mark Allen Halvorson

September 6, 1959 – July 6, 2026



Mark was the son of Lloyd and Carol (Lokken) Halvorson.

Mark was born on September 6, 1959, in Thief River Falls, Minnesota, to Lloyd and Carol (Lokken) Halvorson. He graduated from Irondale Hill High School in 1978 and went on to earn his degree from the University of Minnesota.

Mark dedicated more than four decades to the grocery industry. He began his career while still in high school as a bagger at National T Foods and, through hard work and dedication, advanced into management before retiring as a Store Manager with Cub Foods. He took great pride in his work and the many friendships he built throughout his career.

Mark enjoyed spending time outdoors and was happiest when he had a project to work on. He loved fishing, ice fishing, deer hunting, golfing, traveling, and taking care of his yard. A true jack-of-all-trades, Mark could fix, build, or improve just about anything and was always willing to lend a helping hand. He especially enjoyed working on projects at the family farm in Thief River Falls and treasured the time spent there with family. Whether gathering with lifelong friends, enjoying the outdoors, or simply spending time with those he loved, Mark valued the relationships he built throughout his life.

Mark married Kari Peterson. Although they later divorced, he remained close with Kari and her family, who continued to hold a special place in his life.

Mark is survived by his loving parents, Lloyd and Carol Halvorson; his siblings, Larry (Jayne) Halvorson, Linda Halvorson, and Nancy Halvorson; along with many nieces, nephews, extended family members, dear friends, and caring neighbors.

He was preceded in death by his grandparents, Lester and Thelma Halvorson, and Louie and Cora Lokken; aunts and uncles, Sylvia, Marge, Emily, Sharon, Leo, Reuben and many first and second cousins.

A Memorial Service was held at 12:30 PM on Friday, July 31, 2026, at Abiding Savior Lutheran Church (8211 Red Oak Drive, Mounds View), with visitation beginning one hour prior to the service.

* * * * * * *

In Memoriam

Forrest “Chip” Ammerman

March 1, 1961 – August 6, 2026



Chip was the nephew of Jan Strandlie.

Forrest “Chip” Ammerman, 65, of Moorhead, Minnesota, died Thursday, August 6, 2026, at his lake home on Lake Lida.

Chip was born March 1, 1961, in Roseau, Minnesota, to Forrest and Lavonne (Erickson) Ammerman. Chip grew up in Roseau with his high school sweetheart Kristi, graduating in 1979.

After high school, Chip moved to Moorhead to attend Concordia College, where he played hockey and earned a degree in social work and psychology graduating in December 1983. He moved to Rolla, North Dakota to work in child protection, marking the beginning of a career in social work that would last more than four decades.

On June 16, 1984, he married Kristi Haugen in Roseau. In 1987, Chip and Kristi returned to Moorhead, where they built their life and raised their family. They welcomed two sons, Jon, in 1987, and Ben, in 1990. Chip took great pride in being their father.

Chip worked full time while continuing his education, earning his Master of Science in Child Development and Family Science from NDSU in May 2000. Chip spent the majority of professional life at Cass County Social Service, eventually

becoming the director, where he held that position until he retired in 2020. After his retirement from Cass County, he continued working with Red River Children's Advocacy (RRCA), an agency he helped bring to North Dakota until 2022. After his time at RRCA he returned to work with youth at Rural Minnesota CEP where his passion for helping and mentoring young people continued until his retirement in May 2026.

He had a servant's heart, and it showed well beyond his professional career. He spent countless hours coaching and mentoring young athletes, helping kids build confidence and learn life lessons. His work with youth hockey was a lasting legacy. Chip served as a coach, hockey director, and mentor to all in the hockey community.

Chip had a genuine interest in others. Whatever was important to you, was important to Chip. He had a witty sense of humor, was always willing to tackle a project, and give advice when asked. Time with Chip meant you were included.

It was never about the game or the destination; he just wanted to be wherever his family was. In the stands watching Jon coach, on a trip with Ben and Stephanie, supporting Denetre with her latest project, and early morning walks with Bessie. He loved spending time with his grandchildren; taking Crue to the movies, sharing how proud he was of Halen and all her accomplishments, laughing at Henley's jokes, and watching Palmer do just about anything. Above all, he was happiest with Kristi by his side.

He is survived by his wife of 42 years, Kristi (Haugen) Ammerman; his sons, Jonathan (Denetre) Ammerman and Benjamin (Stephanie) Ammerman; his grandchildren, Halen, Crue, Henley, and Palmer; his siblings, Rocky (Barb) Ammerman, Bev (Dave) Thompson, Doug (Holly) Ammerman, and Rhonda (George) Biermaier; in-laws, Keith (Deb) Haugen, Danyce (Lee) Ropee, Daidre (Gaylan) Erickson, Kim (Steve) Czeh, Donn (Jodee) Haugen; and several nephews, nieces, and many friends.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Forrest and LaVonne (Erickson) Ammerman; nieces, Dionne Ammerman, and Leslie (Ammerman) Rogalla; in-laws, Dennis Haugen and Joan (Taie) Haugen.

Visitation was held Thursday, August 13, 2026, from 5:00 to 6:00 p.m. at Trinity Lutheran Church, 210 7th St. S, Moorhead, with a prayer service beginning at 6:00 p.m. His funeral service was held Friday, August 14, 2026, at 11:00 a.m., also at Trinity Lutheran Church. In lieu of flowers, memorials were preferred to the Chip Ammerman Memorial Scholarship through the Moorhead Legacy Education Foundation.

***-Fargo Forum,* August 8, 2026**

MOORHEAD — Somewhere in St. Paul's Xcel Energy Center in March 2025, Chip Ammerman watched with pride as the Moorhead Spuds hoisted the program's first boys' hockey state championship trophy. The only thing better for Chip than watching the program he spent so many nights laying the foundation for celebrating victory, was knowing the team was led by his son, Jon.

"It was poetic justice," said former Moorhead head coach Dave Morinville, who recalled chatting with the elated Chip not long after the historic moment.

Sometime after the game, a hug was exchanged between the proud father and the victorious son. "He said he was proud of me," Jon Ammerman recalled. "I also knew that it was (rewarding) for him and those that put in countless hours. It was a group effort, and he was right at the center of it."

In the rich history of Moorhead hockey, Chip Ammerman often played an understated role in the program's future success. He served as the Moorhead Youth Hockey director for 12 years from 1992 to 2003. "There's all kinds of spokes in the wheel of Moorhead hockey to have success, and he was a big spoke in that wheel," Morinville said. "For what he did, he didn't get a lot of credit. He didn't care for the credit. He just was happy being on the ice (and) working with the guys."

Chip Ammerman died unexpectedly last Thursday at his lake home on Lake Lida, Minnesota. He was 65.

The outcry of support the Ammerman family has received from those in both the hockey world and the community has been amazing. "It's been really comforting to know how much of an impact he made," Jon Ammerman said.

Those who knew Chip Ammerman remembered him as a kind, even-keeled friend, who never raised his voice. "He was so helpful to everybody," said former Spuds assistant coach Terry Shercliffe, who coached at Moorhead High for over 40 years. "There are countless memories."

Jon and his younger brother, Ben, both tagged along with Chip to the rink more often than not. He remembered seeing his father chat with nearly everyone with whom he crossed paths. "He spent a lot of time talking about youth hockey and what's best for it," said Jon, who has been the head boys coach of the Spuds since 2013. Shercliffe, who served as MHYA director for five years before Ammerman

replaced him in 1992, recalled his successor sporting a mullet hairstyle in the early days. “He wore that forever,” Shercliffe joked. “He kind of modernized a little bit if that’s possible,” Jon Ammerman added.

Chip Ammerman graduated from Roseau High School in 1979, where he was a defenseman for the hockey team and met his future wife, Kristi. After high school, Chip played college hockey at Concordia in Moorhead and graduated in 1983.

Chip served as the executive director of Cass County Social Services for 12 years starting in 2008 until he retired in 2020. He started working at CCSS in 1987.

After his first retirement, Chip continued to stay involved in social work with Red River Children’s Advocacy and Rural Minnesota CEP before retiring a second time in May. In addition to his executive director position, he assisted in coaching players throughout the youth ranks, where he could often be found laughing at the antics of the more novice players. “He loved the youthfulness and goofiness of coaching kids that were that young,” said Morinville, who added Chip Ammerman had a particularly strong acumen for developing defensemen. Both sons, Jon and Ben, were both standout defensemen for the Spuds.

After hearing the news of Chip’s passing, Morinville found himself reflecting on the friend who was great to have a beer with. “The pictures that I’ve seen of him smiling are exactly the way I’ll always remember him,” Morinville said. “Just being a good-hearted, happy person. I’ll miss that.”

Despite his hard work often happening behind the scenes and away from the limelight, the legacy left behind by Chip Ammerman will be felt by future Spuds for years to come.

“It’s hard to put into words how much he has meant to Moorhead Youth Hockey,” Shercliffe said.

* * * * * * *

Meet the bird that can fly 8,000 miles without stopping

B6, a bar-tailed godwit, offers puffed-up humans a lesson in humility.

February 1, 2026, by Bruce M. Beehler
Bruce M. Beehler is a naturalist and author. His most recent book is *“Flight of the Godwit: Tracking Epic Shorebird Migrations.”*

Could anything be more humbling to the puffed-up human race than the abilities of a young sandpiper named B6?

Many of us find animal achievements fascinating, especially stunning feats of migration and navigation. We are awed by southbound autumn travels of monarch butterflies flying from New England to their winter retreat in Mexico. Or the young male mountain lion that trekked from the Black Hills of South Dakota to Connecticut in search of a territory. Or the travels of Chinook salmon, born in a mountain stream in Idaho and growing to adulthood in the depths of the Pacific Ocean off the Aleutian Islands.

It turns out that some animal migration is more fantastic than we knew, thanks to recent studies of super-migrators, peripatetic members of the sandpiper family. The most familiar of these super-migrators is the sanderling, the little white sandpiper we see chasing waves along our Mid-Atlantic beaches in late summer. This bird nests above the Arctic Circle and winters in the far Southern Hemisphere, stopping to rest and feed on coastlines along the way.

But the superstar is a large and rarely seen sandpiper — the bar-tailed godwit.

In 2022, a young godwit code-named “B6” that hatched in western Alaska set the record for longest known sustained avian flight. After being fitted with a two-ounce satellite transmitter, the young bird was tracked flying south across the Pacific, finally veering sharply westward to land safely on Tasmania. This bird traveled 8,321 miles over 264 hours of flight — that’s 11 days, without touching down on water or land, without anything to eat or drink.



The flight path of bar-tailed godwit “B6”

The bird took off from Alaska at 5:10 a.m. on Oct. 13, 2022. It landed on the Tasmania island in Australia after 11 days of nonstop flying at 4:55 a.m. on Oct. 24. (Source: Tracking data provided by Jesse Conklin and the Max Planck Institute for Biological Intelligence.)

How can an animal weighing less than two pounds sustain such effort? And how does it “know” where to travel?

The physiology of this feat is only imperfectly understood. Before departing Alaska, the godwit doubles its weight by adding fat stores, and it greatly reduces the mass of those

internal organs not needed for the journey. It is able to generate water to keep its system functioning by burning its protein and fat. Somehow it finds favorable winds by adjusting its flight altitude, at times ascending to nearly 20,000 feet. Does this godwit sleep during this long flight? Some scientists believe the birds can alternate shutting down half of their brains while the other half remains awake. But here is the big mystery: A four-month-old godwit born and raised in Alaska must somehow "know" where to go for the winter. And it does not follow its parents, who migrate before the nestlings are physically ready for the trip. Instead, young godwits gather and repeat the adults' flight south. To do this, the birds have to possess a hardwired program to guide them on this maiden flight. It is evident that these young super-migrators possess a capacity akin to the GPS of a smartphone. How is that possible?



The bar-tailed godwit's summer plumage.

Scientists have some ideas. Incoming photons striking the migrating bird's retina create a phenomenon called "quantum entanglement," in which molecules of a pigment known as cryptochrome 1a come to share electrons (they are known as "radical pairs"). Because these radical pairs of cryptochrome 1a have a magnetic polarity, they seem to allow a migrating bird to "see" Earth's magnetic field lines linking the two poles. Moreover, the bird appears to also be able to gauge magnetic inclination (the dip of the magnetic field lines when approaching the pole) and intensity, which allows it to determine its latitude.

But what about the more difficult matter of determining longitude, which plagued human navigators for centuries until they had access to accurate shipborne timepieces? Here is one possibility. The migrating bird uses its own accurate internal clock and its ability to determine true north and south by stellar orientation in combination with its mysterious quantum powers to determine its longitude. More research is needed on this front.

Yes, it's hard to fathom, but consider the evidence of that sharp right turn carried out by godwit B6 on its maiden flight. After traveling some 8,000 miles southward, it was off course, about 500 miles east of her Tasmanian wintering ground. But instead of continuing southward, which would mean exhaustion and certain death, the tracking device captured B6 making a sharp turn westward at just the right spot, supporting the notion that these birds can accurately determine longitude as well as latitude.

Why does a super-migrator carry out this death-defying migration twice a year? That one's easier. It's to spend its life in perpetual spring and summer, when days are long, weather benign, food abundant and threats reduced. Yes, many yearling migrants must perish on their first long flight south, selecting out the nonperformers. But those that make their first trip back north can live as many as 28 years and migrate more than 300,000 miles in a lifetime, about 60,000 miles farther than the moon. Apparently, natural selection took a long-shot evolutionary bet that has produced a winner.

Given the state of the world, we humans shouldn't need another reason to be more humble about ourselves, but even a quantum physicist who is also an Iron Man aficionado could only marvel at the bar-tailed godwit. We live in a time of tech wonders, but science still can't fully explain how a young bird leaps across the Pacific on its very first migratory flight. There is much left to learn about the world.



* * * * * * *

MINNESOTA ROOTS

Minnesota is one of the only states in America that somehow feels like four completely different worlds stitched together by lakes, weather trauma, and an unhealthy relationship with hoodies.

From above, it looks simple enough: a giant state sitting quietly between Canada, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, and Lake Superior like everything is calm and organized.

It is not.

Because the second you actually drive across Minnesota, the entire state starts changing personalities every few hours like Mother Nature accidentally kept hitting shuffle.

Northern Minnesota feels like somebody combined Canada, a postcard, and survival training into one giant wilderness experiment.

You've got:

- endless pine forests
- lakes everywhere
- cabins hidden deep in the woods
- mosquitoes the size of small aircraft
- and enough "Up North" energy to make leaving civilization feel optional.

One minute it's peaceful silence by the lake. Next minute a loon screams across the water like the forest itself is haunted.

Meanwhile the North Shore shows up looking unreal.

- massive cliffs
- fog rolling off Lake Superior
- waterfalls everywhere
- tiny towns selling smoked fish and fudge like it's a full-time economic strategy
- and Lake Superior itself behaves less like a lake and more like an ancient freshwater ocean with unresolved anger issues

Then central Minnesota suddenly switches into:

- farmland stretching forever
- tiny towns with grain silos visible from space
- bait shops every few miles
- Kwik Trip parking lots functioning as community centers
- and highways where everybody somehow knows each other's cousin.

You'll pass through small towns where:

- everybody waves
- the local café closes at 2 PM
- and somebody has definitely been ice fishing since sunrise.

Then the Twin Cities area enters the chat like: "Welcome to traffic, construction barrels, and weather mood swings." Suddenly it's:

- packed freeways
- endless road construction
- people merging across four lanes at once on I-94
- bike lanes appearing out of nowhere
- and Minnesotans politely refusing to honk while internally experiencing emotional collapse.

And somewhere in the middle of all this, Minnesota weather is operating completely unsupervised.

Because Minnesota doesn't experience seasons normally. Minnesota experiences atmospheric betrayal.

A random spring day starts with:

- ☀️sunshine
- 🌧️rain by lunch
- 🌨️snow two hours later
- 💨wind powerful enough to rearrange your soul

…and somebody still says: "Honestly this isn't too bad for Minnesota."

Winter turns the entire state into a frozen side quest.

Every Minnesotan develops the same instincts:

- Snow forecast? Grocery store apocalypse.
- Black ice? Pray.
- Lake effect wind? Immediate regret.
- Negative wind chill? Still wearing shorts somehow.

The roads are their own adventure too. Minnesota highways operate like cooperative survival missions.

There's always:

- one Subaru covered in salt
- one pickup doing 85 during a blizzard
- one person driving cautiously with hazards on
- one semi-truck creating a snow tornado
- and one Minnesota State Trooper silently observing everything from behind a snowbank.

And the lakes change the entire personality of the state. Summer in Minnesota becomes:

- cabin weekends
- pontoon traffic jams
- fishing at sunrise
- bonfires by the water
- mosquitoes conducting military operations
- and every single person asking: "Which lake you headed to this weekend?"

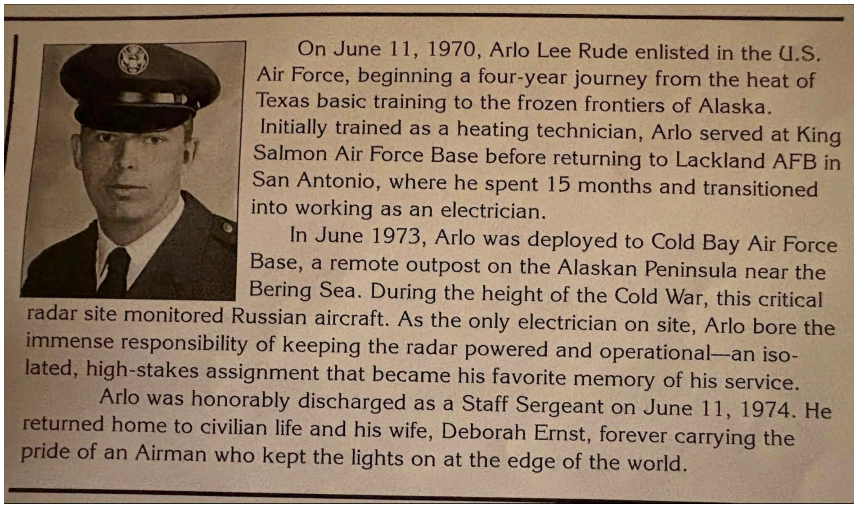
But the weirdest part about Minnesota is the people. Minnesotans will complain nonstop about:

- winter
- potholes
- road construction
- mosquitoes
- snow emergencies
- and how cold it is…

Then immediately become defensive if somebody else criticizes Minnesota. Because underneath all the chaos, Minnesota has:

- lake sunsets that look fake
- forests that feel endless
- small towns full of character
- summer nights at the cabin
- hockey rinks packed in winter
- quiet backroads through farmland
- North Shore views that don't feel real
- and enough Midwest chaos mixed with outdoor beauty to make the whole state feel oddly addictive.

Minnesota doesn't try to make sense.



On June 11, 1970, Arlo Lee Rude enlisted in the U.S. Air Force, beginning a four-year journey from the heat of Texas basic training to the frozen frontiers of Alaska.

Initially trained as a heating technician, Arlo served at King Salmon Air Force Base before returning to Lackland AFB in San Antonio, where he spent 15 months and transitioned into working as an electrician.

In June 1973, Arlo was deployed to Cold Bay Air Force Base, a remote outpost on the Alaskan Peninsula near the Bering Sea. During the height of the Cold War, this critical radar site monitored Russian aircraft. As the only electrician on site, Arlo bore the immense responsibility of keeping the radar powered and operational—an isolated, high-stakes assignment that became his favorite memory of his service.

Arlo was honorably discharged as a Staff Sergeant on June 11, 1974. He returned home to civilian life and his wife, Deborah Ernst, forever carrying the pride of an Airman who kept the lights on at the edge of the world.

* * * * * * *

Arlo Rude was honored for his military service at the Pennington County Fair.

Around the Neighborhood



Three 1954 graduates attended Ronnie Anderson's 90th birthday party. L to R: Ronnie Anderson, Hank Halstrom, Harlow Johnson.



Jerod Haugen received a grand champion ribbon for mead featuring rhubarb, dark cherry and blueberry.
Photo courtesy of *The Times*.



Elsa Haugen, an independent member of 4-H, received a grand champion ribbon for performing arts. She sang and played the piano. Photo courtesy of *The Times*.



Aksel Haugen, an independent member of 4-H, won a grand champion ribbon for fine arts.
Photo courtesy of *The Times*.

The Back Page

The doctor said my sugar was too high.

So I went home and moved it to a lower shelf.

In a moment of creative inspiration, the entrepreneur who owned the coin-operated laundry beside the church commissioned this sign for his window:

“Where cleanliness really is next to Godliness!”





Little Philip was walking home in the rain with his mother following Sunday worship. It finally stopped raining as they rounded the corner, where to their surprise and delight appeared a vivid double rainbow in the sky.

“Doesn’t it look like an artist painted this rainbow?” his mother exclaimed. “I bet God painted this just for you!”

“Yes,” replied Philip, “God did it, and he did it left-handed.”

Confused, his mother asked him, “What makes you say God did this with his left hand?”

“Well,” said Philip, “we learned in Sunday School that Jesus sits on God’s right hand.”

The stranger approached the pastor after service and said, “I’d like you to pray for my hearing.”

The pastor placed his hands on the man’s ears and said a passionate, earnest prayer.

“How’s your hearing now?” the pastor asked.

Looking surprised, the man said, “Well, it’s not until tomorrow.”

Shel Silverstein

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE OLD MAN

Said the little boy, "Sometimes I drop my spoon."
Said the little old man, "I do that too."
The little boy whispered, "I wet my pants."
"I do that too," laughed the little old man.
Said the little boy, "I often cry."
The old man nodded, "So do I."
"But worst of all," said the boy, "it seems
Grown-ups don't pay attention to me."
And he felt the warmth of a wrinkled old hand.
"I know what you mean," said the little old man.