

The Arnold Sentinel

“Serving the South Loup River Valley”

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Happy to Be Home

Mother and baby survive rare complication

By Janet Larreau

Back in November 2025, Arnold residents Josh and Molly Magill and their three kids were looking forward to January – the 26th to be exact – and the arrival of a new baby boy to join the family. The births of the first three little Magills – Barrett, Jayden, and Liberty – had all gone smoothly, so there were no worries other than what to name him. But within a matter of days, the pregnancy became a cautionary tale for expectant mothers, sending the family into a tailspin.

At around 30 weeks gestation, Molly was diagnosed with gestational hypertension. She then required medication and weekly monitoring and ultrasounds. At her 31 week appointment, the doctor noticed that her lab numbers were trending towards pre eclampsia, so she was told to come in earlier than her next scheduled appointment for more labs. Her blood pressure had been more elevated at home, and she was having major swelling in her face, hands, and feet, so she told the lab and was sent to a nurse to have her vitals taken. She was then quickly sent to labor and delivery for monitoring. With her blood pressure elevated to 160/110 and higher, IV blood pressure medication was being pushed. Her labs came back showing pre eclampsia and HELLP syndrome – a rare, life-threatening

pregnancy complication involving hemolysis (red blood cell breakdown), elevated liver enzymes, and low platelets. It is often considered a severe form of preeclampsia and can lead to complications like liver failure or placental abruption. At that moment, the Gothenburg hospital made the decision to transfer care to Kearney Regional by ambulance.

After arriving in Kearney, an emergency C-section was planned; the OB, pediatrician, anesthesiologist and surgical team were all there and ready to go by the time Molly arrived, and the surgery was performed within 45-60 minutes.

Molly remembers, “Josh got there about 20 minutes after me and asked, ‘What’s the plan? I don’t even know what’s going on.’ The OB replied, ‘Well, you are going to have a baby here in a few minutes.’”

On December 1, at only 32 weeks gestation, Bo Rufus Magill made his way quickly into the world, weighing 4 lbs., and measuring 17 ¾ inches long. He would spend the next 40 days in NICU.

“In order to be released, he needed to breathe on his own, eat 100 percent of his feedings by bottle and stop having bradycardia and apnea events for 48 hours. Then he had to pass a car seat test,” said Molly.

Molly was hospitalized for five days due to her blood pressure remaining high. She was on medi-

cation for four weeks following delivery. Once she was cleared, Molly was able to stay in an unoccupied recovery room in the maternity center as long as it was not needed for a patient.

“It was treated like a hotel room,” said Molly. “The NICU was next to the maternity center, so it was only a short walk from my room to Bo’s. I was able to hold him 18 hours after he was born, but did not really do any cares on him until a week later. After two to three weeks, I was doing most of the feeding and diaper changes during the day.”

Molly stayed in Kearney with occasional trips back home to see the three older kids. Josh, meanwhile, was keeping up with treating patients at their business, Oakbrook Physical Therapy. Both he and PT assistant Tony Hall dove into the office paperwork that was normally taken

care of by Molly.

“We were blessed to have Josh’s parents, who had the kids stay with them for six weeks and did most of the daily ‘parenting.’

We were also blessed to have teachers and a day-care provider who paid extra attention and really watched out for our kids during the time that mom

was away. Our girls also went and spent a week with my parents in Fullerton,” said Molly.

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The Magill family (Josh, Molly, Jayden, Barrett, and Liberty) celebrated Christmas 2025 in the Kearney Regional NICU with tiny baby Bo. Molly said Santa was able to find them there. - Courtesy photo



Library Receives Donation

Ron and Nancy Cool have generously donated a new computer and connected printer to Finch Memorial Library for patron use. “It was very much needed,” said Library Board member Rose Bierman, who mentioned that the old computer will now be used for kids games. - Debbie Connelly photo

“Just Another Day on the Corner”



Photo taken in 1983 shows Ralph Nansel with his brand new service truck.

Editor’s note: The following humorous and heart-felt account of life on the corner of the service station was read by Ralph Nansel’s oldest son, Brad, at his father’s funeral on February 2.

Ralph went to work for Dwight Best in the Mobil Gas Station on March 1, 1966. Dad was a self-made man. He took pride in what he was doing. Ralph thought these cars and pickups needed windows washed and vacuumed out when they were serviced. Something Dad started and is still done today. Not too long after he started working for Dwight, Mobil showed up with new Mobil Oil letters for the building. They were all blue. Ralph didn’t think they popped. He said, “That O needs to be red.” Dad went to the Gambles store and bought a can of red spray paint. He painted that O red and put it back on the building. Not too long after the Mobil Rep Ed Jorgenson showed up at the station, he said, “Who painted that O red?” Dad took credit. He said, “It looks good!” Ed said, “It does.” He took his camera out and took pictures. When he left, dad nev-

er heard any more until the Red O showed up on TV and all the Mobil Stations had to put up a Red O. What started right here in Arnold, Nebraska, went worldwide. Dad was proud of that story; he told it a million times.

So about the same time Dad was working at the station, he had his Uncle Bunk. He was Ralph’s dad’s brother. Uncle Bunk came in everyday and sat on a chair. He would talk to everybody that came in there and when they left he would say, “Who was that Ralph?” Ralph would either tell him who it was or tell him he didn’t know. This went on for some time. Pretty soon Dad took the chairs to the dump. Uncle Bunk came back in and said, “Where is my chair Ralph?” Dad said, “I took them to the dump.” Uncle Bunk asked, “Where am I going to sit Ralph?” Ralph said, “There is a bench at the end of the block, go sit on it.”

Let’s fast forward to Uncle Kenneth – Ralph’s brother. He retired and moved to town. Uncle Ken came to the station every day and sat on a chair. I was laughing to myself about Uncle Bunk, but Uncle Kenneth was

great, we even got him a pillow to sit on. There was a man sitting in the chair across from him – that was Ralph. They talked to everybody and everyone that came in. Dad would tell his story. When they left Uncle Kenneth would say “Who was that?” I would be smiling to myself as I was telling who they were or that I didn’t have a clue. It was okay I knew where they were and we were taking care of them. This went on for 5 or 6 years. Then we lost Uncle Ken. After that, there was still a man on the chair in the front room - that was Dad. This went on for another 5 or 6 years give or take a little. Pretty much sitting there by himself. People would come in and ask Dad how he was and he would always say “Just another Day on the Corner.” He would visit all the strangers and he would tell them about the Red O. Many times, he would tell that story.

So Dad quit coming down about a year and half ago. But he still would tell people when they visited him at home that he still gets up and goes to the station every day. Just a few weeks ago at the rest home, Shirila said to me in the hall, “When we go in and greet Ralph he says ‘Just another day on the Corner.’ What does that mean?” I said, “Just go with it, it means he’s still at work at the station.” She said, “I got it! I will tell the girls.”

There is still someone on that chair in the afternoons somewhere around 3:30. He’s worked hard and as long as he can go all day. He’s tired. That would be me. March 1, 2026, is going to roll around and there will have been a Nansel on that corner for 60 years.

PS: Dad – Mom has been gone 5½ years now; she’s been waiting for you. It will be nice to have you two together again. Maybe you two can dance again. But pretty soon Dad – Mom’s going to say, “Don’t you need to go to work?”

As we say at the station: Thanks for coming in today. Have a nice day. RIP Dad, I love you.



Ralph Alden Nansel
1937-2026