

Berry Beary Kind –Book 10

*In a very kind town called, “Berry Beary Town”
Lived a very kind Bear called, “Berry Beary Kind”*

*Imagine a place where fun things happen every
day;*

*Where everybody is happy and helping each
other;*

*A place that is safe, pleasant and welcoming to
all;*

*Where everyone is friendly and has what they
need;*

*A place where new and interesting ideas and
solutions can be tried.*

*...Perhaps, if we all do more than imagine, this
dream can become a reality.*

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1--Berry Beary Conductor and the Train

“Toot-toot!” a train whistle was heard, and the sound of “chug, chug” was getting closer and closer.

All the children noticed right away, and eagerly looked to where the sound was coming from.

“There it is mama!” Berry Beary Fun pointed excitedly, to Berry Beary Gentle.

They were on their way back from getting some fresh food from the corner store, for their picnic dinner at the park.

This was a very special day, indeed—the first day the Berry Beary Town’s own train was fully running.

The track that looped around the outer edge of the town would take the train all around to the different areas. It wasn’t a very long ride, as Berry Beary town was just big enough, but not too big. This train was a help to families and elderly folks who wanted an easy way to get from one place to another, without a lot of walking, or needing to ride a bicycle.

Of course there were other vehicles in the town, roads and all. But the less people had to drive, the safer it was for the whole town. The train didn’t go through the town; no one had to cross the tracks. It was safely on the outer edges, with a nice fence guarding it, so children and pets could stay safe.

This was the first day it was doing the loop around the town.

Berry Beary Conductor was pleased to be in charge of this train. He had it specially decorated for this first day. Those all around the town, when to the outer edge of the town to see it as it chugged past. They waved and cheered! Some of them had helped to sew together the floral garlands that decorated the engine and passenger cars.

Some of the town dwellers had helped with the interior decoration. Cushions had been sewn for the soft couches in the sitting room car. Wooden stools and tables had been made by carpenters for the dining car.

Solar panels had been placed on the roof of the train so that lights could be turned on when it was dark, and the train ran at night. Lovely pictures had been framed and put up around in the various cars to make it a very pleasant place to be.

It moved rather slowly, so as to give any wildlife time to move off the rails, if they happened to be there—even though there was fencing on either side to help prevent this from happening.

One car was set up like a library, so on hot or cold days, sometimes a family could get out of the sun, or curl up nice and warm, and read the great books that Berry Beary Printer had made for this “Library on wheels”.

There were some cars that were filled with seats for passengers to get off and on, and ride from place to place—one of the main reasons for this train. But

there were also some sleeping compartments created, with cute curtains on the windows, washbowls for washing, and fold-out beds for sleeping, covered in matching cheery bed covers.

If someone arrived to the town at night and didn't know anyone yet, and didn't know where they could sleep, they could always get some sleep in one of the compartments.

Even if the train wasn't running, they could still use it like a hotel room. But they shouldn't be surprised if early in the morning the scenery outside their room starts to change as the train gets going for the day, to pick up a variety of passengers, each with different needs and reasons for boarding.

Berry Fast Postie was often seen loading up boxes and packages that were to go to another part of the town. One of his helpers would ride the train and make sure that the right ones were taken off the train and left at the little train stations post offices along the way.

Different families living nearby would take turns going to the mini post office at the little train station, and take the packages and boxes to the houses they were marked for. It was fun for the young ones to get to play "Postie" in this way.

There were several stations along the way of the loop that the train went. If it stopped for a long time at each station, it could do the loop in a full 24 hour day.

But the train didn't usually do this, as there wasn't always a reason for it to stop for long, and it only took a few hours, from start to stop, to do the full loop, with short stops.

However, each day was different, depending on the weather, and what the people of the town needed. Sometimes it would stay for over an hour at a stop, because a team of people from that area were coming aboard to enjoy a special "Meal on Wheels" using the dining car as a restaurant for some activity, as a special event.

And of course, the final stop, for Berry Beary Conductor was where his house was, and his waiting family. But not always was his family waiting for him—many days they came right along with him.

His son, Berry Beary Conductor Junior, was old enough to start learning how to drive the train, and sometimes he would operate it, so his dad could get a nap, or play a game with his youngest child, or drink some water and chat with his wife while enjoying the scenery go by.

As the decorated train moved slowly past Berry Beary Kind's house, where his brother, sister, mother and father were gathered outside to watch, they all waved and whistled! The train was the talk of the town at every dinner table that evening. There wasn't one person who wasn't interested in getting to use it and enjoy this new addition to the town.

It was decided that night, by Berry Beary Kind's family, that next week end they would go for a ride, for a complete loop ride, and use the music room car. They would practice the show they were going to put on in a couple weeks—for the Festival of Arts!

This festival took place every two or three months, as in Berry Beary Town there were so many creative and talented folks making so many lovely works of art—from paintings and sculptures, to symphonies and choreographed performances and musical plays with colourful and tasteful costumes, and much more.

Usually a performance was just a part of the show—and the next part was put on a few months later, at the next Festival of Arts! Everyone attending wanted to come back to enjoy the next part!

To ensure that the town would thoroughly enjoy and benefit from the performances, Berry Bella—the sister of Berry Beary Kind—was in charge of seeing or hearing each performance, privately, before it was time for the show to be put on.

Usually this was done way in advance, so if something needed to be changed, there was time to do it. If all was approved, a photo was taken, and it was put into the program booklet, telling the town what to expect at the next Festival of Arts.

Berry Bella would make the program booklet, telling who was doing what, and give it to Berry Beary Printer to print. Berry Beary Postie and his team would see that it was given out all around the town a few

weeks before the Festival! A poster announcing the date of the Festival of Arts was posted up for all to see. When this poster went up, the town dwellers knew that it was the time to start getting in their requests to Berry Bella, if they too wanted to be a part of the Festival of Arts, the next time around.

It all started when Tiny Tony drew a picture one day, an especially nice one, and wrote a short poem to go along with it. Berry Beary Friendly noticed it on one of his visits, and Tony agreed to have a copy of it printed in the town's newspaper.

This got Berry Beary Kind thinking. He wanted those in his town to have the chance to show the others the great things they each were creating—things that when sung, or demonstrated, or shown, or acted out for the pleasant entertainment of others, would add an extra spark of joy to their town.

It had been two years now since this fun, regular event had taken place—and more and more participants, and of all ages—were adding their talent to the Festival of Arts.

What would Berry Beary Kind's family do for it this time? Maybe on the train some great ideas would come to them. Maybe they would write some songs about travel by train—and mix in how important it was for young ones to receive the right and best kind of training!

Sounded like a good start to a song and funny skit already.

“Let’s get some training next weekend!” Berry Big Bear said, as a pun!

“Yes!” the family said, all eager for the train ride they’d all go on.

2--Grump and Hearty

It was another cloudy and drizzly day—and a miserable one, Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little thought. “One troublesome spot after another!” he said, while picking his way slowly across the marshy field—that was usually used for outdoor games and town fun.

But it had been raining, nearly daily for almost a week. Not that the rain was a problem, for indeed the towns’ folks needed a good watering for their crops. The rain came at just the right season as was needed and expected. If it didn’t come, they would have been in for a small and sorry crop of food that year.

Every good hearted citizen took the time to catch up on all sorts of indoor—and some outdoor—related activities; things they didn’t have time to get around to when the weather was always sunny and compelled them to do so many other things.

However, for Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little, who didn’t appreciate the good that the light, daily rain was doing for the overall town and the good of those who lived there, it just seemed to mess things up.

“There’s mud on my carpet. The dog even got wet yesterday. And worst of all, I haven’t been able to sit

for too long on my balcony sunning myself as I watch the town's folk do their work. As I say, I love work—watching it that is.” Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little was listing his troubles.

Well, if it just happened when a particularly rainy week occurred—which wasn't that often—it might be understandable. However, the week before, when it had been one sunny day after the other—and people were starting to wonder how their crops were going to survive-- Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little had other troubles to speak about:

“I had to even get up from my balcony chair to water the plants in the front yard, as the clouds just aren't doing the job they were created to do. I can't remember the last time I even saw a rainbow—just blue, and gold in the sky, day after day. I thought this was meant to be Earth, not some ethereal paradise where the sun always shines and rain never falls.

“At least with rain, we at least get to see some colour's splashed in the sky. And to top it all off, I missed two of my seven weekly sleep-ins this week, due to the fact that the birds were so cheery they all started singing far too early in the morning.”

But it wasn't just the weather that brought out the grumps, it was, well, so much else. Was there anything Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little enjoyed, or liked to do to help others. If you'd asked his neighbours, they would have had a hard time coming up with something.

His daily priority list was real short. It simply said, “Me first, me second, and me last.”

What could be done?

Berry Beary Kind received a call one sunny Friday afternoon.

“Yes? Well, hello, how can I help you?” he kindly responded to the “emergency” call, or so it was said.

It didn’t take long before Berry Beary Kind knew who was on the other end of the line.

“Is there something you need help with; something you’d like me to do?” Berry Beary Kind tried asking.

Though the call was posed as if it was a need, it became apparent that it was just one more way Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little had come up with being able to express his utter unhappiness about yet another trouble. It wasn’t something Berry Beary Kind could do anything about—but it was something Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little could do something about.

Berry Beary Kind surprised Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little by saying, “I see it’s a desperate need. Something must be done about it right away. And there’s only one person I know of that is capable of tending to it. No, it’s nothing I can help with, but I’ll come over right now and introduce you to the one who can mend that problem in no time at all.”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little wasn’t expecting Berry Beary Kind to visit, in fact the attitude of doing

something, of taking action, rather ruffled him. He was accustomed to merely sitting around and voicing one complaint after another, to the point that no one hardly took notice of his grumbles anymore—and for that matter rarely ever paid him a visit. It would just be too depressing to be there.

Berry Beary Kind was determined to do something about this. Just what could be done, he wasn't too sure, but he was on his way to take action. The latest complaint, that had caused him to phone Berry Beary Kind was the trouble he was having when his dog would bark each time the ball was kicked into the goal and the children and parents cheered, while playing in the field right near Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little's house.

It was disturbing his thoughts. Maybe a wall or tall fence should be put up, so games and joyful exclamations wouldn't disturb his dog from one of its frequent naps—almost as often as Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little would doze off.

After the phone call, Berry Beary Kind stopped to pray,

“Lord, Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little obviously has a need—something that causes him to think that everything, no matter what it is, is a bad thing; something to feel sorry for himself about; something to spread discouragement to others about.

“He's not interested in being part of the solution and being a “problem solver”, but rather a “problem detective”.

However, most of the things he “detects” aren’t problems at all, when viewed from a different, and proper point of view. Please show me what to do.”

Some of the things Berry Beary Kind had to tend to each day were fun and easy, but others were tough and challenging. Such as this situation that had been going on for far too long.

“Knock-knock” Berry Beary Kind was at the door. “Hi, I’ve brought you a special gift—one that is sure to help you out with the trouble you are having today.”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little stuttered a little, and half invited Berry Beary Kind into his scruffy apartment. Well, the apartment was nice, but it was so rarely cleaned and fixed up—due to lack of time, and the strength to do so, Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little tried to explain.

“Well, never mind about that now,” Berry Beary Kind said. “Let’s focus on the matter at hand. On the way here I stopped by the Animal care shop set up by Farmer Beary’s oldest son. And this should be the perfect solution for your dog!”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little opened the bag and saw that it contained a cool contraption for tossing a ball, and a ball included, just the size and type for dogs to run and grab. The ball could be thrown while even sitting in a fold out chair—and the owner wouldn’t even need to touch the ball. The dog could run and retrieve the ball, bring it back, and the owner could

grab it from off the ground, give it a good fling, and watch his dog run to get it—again and again.

The only effort involved was to take the one minute walk to the park, and fold out one's chair, and yes, move one's arm a bit to get the ball to fling out. It was made in such a way that little effort had to be used by the arm and hand, but the ball would be carried far. –The farther it went, the better, as it meant the dog would take longer to run and get it, meaning all the less frequently would the next ball need to be sent out.

It was the perfect gift and solution to such a situation.

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little was a bit puzzled as to how this would make his dog settle down and go back to sleep when games were being played. But Berry Beary Kind explained.

“Your dog is excited about the game and the ball, because he so wishes to be there and part of the action. If you instead take him to the park, a few times each day, and let him run and run and get some good play time, you'll be pleased to see how well he'll sleep later on. When a dog is tired, he is dog tired. I think you'll find it a great solution. Come, let's put it to the test right now.”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little tried to mumble out an excuse, why he was too busy to do it just yet, however, the dog eagerly leapt up and was at the door wagging his tail and ready for a run.

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little seeing that he was out voted, followed out too, grabbing his hat as he went out.

As soon as he put on his hat and looked in the mirror beside the door, a new feeling came over him. Something that hadn't happened in a long while. He instinctively smiled, and seeing the reflection in the mirror of himself smiling, made him feel just a tinge of actual happiness. Maybe not a wave of it, but a spark, as if something fun was about to happen. He was reminded of his childhood when his father used to take him and their dog then to the park.

Maybe that is what his problem was. He was missing his father, and the childhood he had. Now that he was old and didn't have any children or grandchildren, he had too much time to think about himself, and a life only centred around itself gets pretty mundane and dull.

Within moments they were at the park, and boy did Hearty the dog, enjoy the exhilarating and exhausting game.

More than once he had to just stop for a while, and drink from a pan of water that Berry Beary Kind had brought along; but not for long. Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little had gotten the hang of how to send the ball far, and the clever dog would always find it.

After awhile another visitor showed up at the park: Mr. Logen, with Boger his dog. He had not only the newest Dog-Ball-Flinger, but a whole bag of fun.

He was training Boger to jump through loops, to grab frizz bees while they flew, to chase and grab a rubber bone attached to a rope that Mr. Logen would pull while running.

Mr. Logen was getting nearly as much exercise as Boger his dog. Maybe not as much, but plenty. He looked fit and happy, and so was his dog.

Before too long Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little and Mr. Logen started chatting, about the thing they had in common now: taking their dog to the park for some good running around time.

“I come here just about every day,” Mr. Logen said. “I hope I’ll see you around. You’ll see that you can teach an old dog new tricks! At least it’ll be fun to try.”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little pondered and said, “What time will you and Boger be here tomorrow? Maybe Hearty and I will come along for the fun.”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little could hardly believe he’d just said that word he hadn’t heard come out of his own mouth in so long: fun. But it seemed right. Maybe there was some fun around the corner.

3--Bear Gladly

“I’ll probably be here around 3:00 tomorrow afternoon. That way the dogs can get a good time of free running before the children show up for the games. Otherwise they tend to run in and make things a bit hard on the children, as they too want to join in.

After a good run, Boger is usually content to take a nice nap, while I get to work on fixing things up in my house, cleaning a bit, or what not. I like to have things looking nice when visitors come over for dinner in the early evening. So this plan works out well for me,” Mr. Logen explained his usual afternoon schedule.

Then he added, “I used to feel rather drowsy in the later afternoon. Then I was too tired to do cleaning or tidying. And when things were messy, the last thing I wanted was to have guests over—even relatives that would enjoy being with me, and I with them. That would leave me feeling lonely.

“I found myself sitting far too much, thinking about the fun of by-gone-days, lamenting about how lonesome and friendless I felt. But that was before I found the secret to changing things around.”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little found all that Mr. Logen was saying to be of great interest. It sounded so much like him, and he really wanted to know the secret.

Just at that moment Berry Beary Kind said, “I’ll be going now. I’ve got a meal to cook. My kid brother comes over to my place on this night each week for ‘Big Brother Time’. It’s not enough for me to make sure all the other children are happy in the town. I need to stop work to give the attention to the ones near me too. This is the night we eat together, talk, play games, and just focus on our friendship. See you later!”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little waved and said, “Thanks”. He really was starting to feel better by the minute.

“I’ll meet you tomorrow, here, at 3:00,” Mr. Logen said to Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little. “I’ll tell you the secret then. I see the children starting to come now for their ball games, and I’ve got some home fix-ups to do, and a meal to make. Tonight I’ll be having the Wonderbears over. They are in town again, and I hear they have a great show planned to be put on next week. This town is bursting with fun! I’ll see you later!”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little walked home with a bit of a spring in his step. He never did get around to using the fold-out chair Berry Beary Kind had brought along. The exercise was starting to have an effect on him.

“I think I’ll see what I can do to fix things up in my own house. Some ideas are already coming... Do you think I could have things ready for a visitor tonight? Maybe not... or maybe so, if I get to work right away.”

His step quicken, and Hearty the dog was pleased as could be at the gift his owner had given him—a good time of play, and meeting a new dog friend.

The next day Mr. Logen and Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little showed up at the time they agreed on.

“I think I might have discovered for myself that secret you were taking about...” Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little started off.

“Oh?” Mr. Logen raised his eyebrows, waiting to hear.

“Yes. Does it have something to do with exercise in the fresh air, which makes one feel more energetic and lively, then one can do the things they always wished they had the strength to do?”

“Aha!” replied Mr. Logen. “That’s it exactly! That is what I found out. When I put a good time of vigorous exercise on my daily priority list, so many other things seemed to fall into place. And there is one more thing...”

This one more thing Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little hadn’t yet discovered, but would now find out.

After a good time of letting their dogs run, and doing as much walking and running as their own bodies could, the men walked and talked, while the dogs romped and played on the grass.

Mr. Logen said briefly, “The second secret I found out is the 10-to-1 rule. For every one thing I don’t like, I have to think of 10 good things that are part of my life and day. This is another energy giver—and a great friend finder. Who wants to be with me if I’m only noticing the sad bits or tough parts of life? They will always be there, but the good far outweighs the negative. When I started doing this, my mind switched into a new gear. I could plough through difficult tasks without getting so tired mentally or physically. And it seemed those people I always did want to have as

friends, started coming around me more often. It worked wonders.”

This was a very new thought, but with the fresh air and exercise, Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little felt ready to handle new ideas. He’d need to think about this one—and maybe even try it out.

It wasn’t long before he got to put it into effect, as just before going home for the day, when saying good bye to Mr. Logen, he tripped and got mud on his pants. A scowl quickly found its way to his face—for it never was that far below the surface.

Quickly Mr. Logen seized the moment to teach his new friend this skill of 10-to-1.

“Now, do it now. Think of ten things—and say them aloud—before anything at all comes out of your mouth. What you say will either pick you up or knock you down, in feelings that is.”

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little tried to adjust his expression and smooth his tense lips.

If this was a secret to having happier days and more friends he was willing to give it a go. It seemed to work for Mr. Logen—who also had a dog, who also lived alone, who also no longer had his parents around, who also didn’t have children or grandchildren of his own, who also lived in Berry Beary Town, and on went the list of things they did have in common.

One... I’m glad that my apartment is tidier than it has been in a long time.

Two...I'm glad that I was able to invite my neighbour for a snack and chat on my balcony for the first time ever—and they said yes.

Three...mud can wash off; I'm not hurt.

Four...I have a new friend—you, Mr. Logen.

Five...I have plenty to eat, good water to drink, and all I need to survive.

Six...I can see, hear, feel, speak, taste, smell, and have use of all my senses to enjoy life with.

Seven... I can walk and move and have the freedom to get exercise and take my dog out whenever I wish.

Eight... I got a new idea of something I want to do to help make things better in the town, and feel like I could be of use to others—that I am a needed part of the town, and useful if I put my mind to it.

Nine... I got a letter this morning from a long-forgotten aunt in a far away city, inviting me to stay with her and her family next spring to celebrate her 90th birthday.

Ten... That Hearty my dog, is feeling calmer and happier since he's had the time to get enough exercise—and I'm glad the park is so near to my house. It's great for him.

Mr. Logen patted Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little on the shoulder and said, "Well done! You are an instant professional at this 10-to-1 skill. Things only get better from now on!"

Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little smiled, and announced, “I think I’d rather you called me, from now on, ‘Gladly—Bear Gladly’. That will remind me to gladly bear whatever comes my way.”

Mr. Logen thought that was a great idea.

“See you tomorrow, Mr. Gladly,” he said, while they both then whistled for their dogs, and returned happily to their homes.

4--Bear Gladly’s Good New Idea

Mr. Bear Gladly—who was no longer Mr. Grump-and-Do-Little—was reading through a course on dog exercise and training. “So many types of dogs—each with a variety of needs,” he was thinking.

Since taking his dog Hearty to the park now each day, not just for a stroll, but for good vigorous exercise—for the dog that is, and some for him too—so much good had happened. Things were getting cleaned up in his apartment due to his new found energy from fresh air and a good walk a few times each day.

Hearty, his dog, was so much calmer and in a better mood. Mr. Bear Gladly had time for friends. He was feeling in better health with all the joy and activity he now had in his day.

The idea had come to him that it would be a great help to start an Exercise-Your-Dog club. As the park was close to his dwelling place this would be an easy

thing for him to do. He could be available at the park a few times each day, with all the funnest gadgets for all sorts of games and playful exercise.

People could come and join in the fun with their pets, and both they and their dogs could romp and have some good run around time. It would be at times when the park wasn't being used by teams of children for larger game activities.

Mr. Bear Gladly was studying up on the various types of dogs and what they need and find fun. He wanted to learn all that he could so all the dogs attending would get what they most needed.

After studying a bit, Mr. Bear Gladly took time to write down all the many ideas he was getting: what toys and game aids would be on hand, what skills they could teach the dogs that would be helpful—like how to fetch and return something; how to sit and be quiet and wait; how to pull sleds for travel in snowy conditions, and so forth.

If all the owners of the dogs worked together to train their dogs and give them plenty of good running time, the owners themselves would benefit as well. The dogs in Berry Beary Town would be happy and well cared for. Maybe they could even put on dog shows for the entertainment of those in living in Berry Beary Town—it was always nice to have fun events to look forward to.

There were so many ideas and benefits for this plan. Mr. Bear Gladly was just getting started on it. He was feeling happier and more active by the day.

He called for a meeting of dog owners one spring day to share about his plan and activity. Others at the meeting made some additional suggestions and helped to fill out the plan to include all the various aspects that would make it work smoothly.

There would need to be drinking water and snacks for dogs available; there would need to be clean up crews so that the park grassy lawn would stay suitable for children running and playing. Dog grooming could be available too, for those who needed their nails cut and their fur brushed, or needed a good bath.

The plan would be set in motion throughout the spring and summer months, as a try out to see how it would go. In the autumn dog owners who wanted their dogs to participate, would train them for some skill that they could demonstrate at the proposed Autumn Dog Activity Demonstration—or ADAD as they called it.

Though he had more to do than he'd ever done in a long time, Mr. Bear Gladly felt more energy than before. He was nearly always on the move doing this, planning that, researching material—and trying out each new type of toy and gadget for fun play with pets. Hearty his dog got to be the happy pet that tried it all out first. Whatever Hearty found fun, that toy was included in the game accessories made available for all the dogs who were part of the club.

At the end of a long and vigorous day, Mr. Bear Gladly was hanging up some new pictures he had framed, photos he had taken of the different types of dogs that were part of his club. It was fun to see how clever and funny they all could be. He had new inspiration, and was glad he was helping to do something that no one else was doing—a new idea. It was brave to try something for the first time, but the results were making it worth his effort.

Children in the families that had pets would come up to him and thank him whenever they saw him, because their family's pet was much nicer to be around, was cleaner, and calmer at night. "Thank you for making sure the dogs aren't there when we need the field to run around in and play in, that's nice too," one child said.

It's good to do something great to help fill in a need in one area, and it's good to think about how it will affect others around, so that your one good idea does the most good it can, and doesn't have side effects that are undesired. All involved should have their needs met, as much as is possible, without interfering with each other's joy.

5--The first Autumn Dog Activity Demonstration

The day came for the first Autumn Dog Activity Demonstration. Children had eagerly taken their seats, with snacks and drinks, and families brought their cameras of course. They were ready for a good time of

laughter. Even if dogs didn't do just as they were trained to do, it would still be fun and entertaining. Animals just were very interesting as they were—especially pets.

The first demonstration was by Mr. Logen and his dog Boger. He was taught to run and crawl through tyres that were set on end, through one and then run over to the next and go through it, and carry on until the last tyre had been crawled through. The trick was to do it without the tyre knocking over.

It was tricky but he made it! Well, the second to the last tyre fell down, but that didn't matter. That helped the audience to realise how difficult it was, really, and how amazing it was that the other tyres didn't fall over. Boger was rewarded with a dog treat to nibble on, and the crowd clapped and cheered. He would do more tricks later, but one at a time kept the show going at a lively pace.

The next demonstration was from Tiny Toodles, a well-loved pet Poodle, well on in years, that seemed to be able to do no more than take a leisurely walk. But Tiny Toodles demonstrated how to walk with a biscuit on its nose along a long thin board of wood, without it following off. It had self control to not eat that biscuit until it reached the end of that board. Every one cheered!

Danny the Dane was everything the opposite of Tiny Toddles. He was tall and could run faster than you could get the ball over to where he wanted to catch it

from. He had smooth and short fur. Today he demonstrated that he could dance. Up on his back legs he went, walking a bit, twirling, hopping, batting his front legs, all with some comical music being played. The children laughed. They called him Danny the Dancing Dane. To make it all the more fun, his owner had put on a bowtie and pretend moustache on Danny. It was one of the more comical demonstrations.

Next up was the puppies. They were five black Labrador puppies—well they used to be, but now they were grown up. They were a funny team and always liked to do things together. Their names were simply Puppy One, Puppy Two, and so forth. Today they would demonstrate a race, who could get to the ball the fastest and bring it back to the owner.

The first one to do so, was rewarded, and then set aside in the kennel while he barked and cheered the others on. The four that remained then had another race to get the ball. The winner of that was rewarded, and joined the first one in the kennel, while the remaining three raced to get the ball, and so forth.

At last the remaining dog went to retrieve the ball and was rewarded. The first was fastest, the last was the most enduring and didn't give up though he didn't get the ball time after time. He kept going. All were winners in some way.

Then it was time for Hearty. When Hearty came out, looks of sorrow came across faces. They didn't yet

know that Hearty was putting on a drama and demonstrating great skill. He was dressed up with one of his front paws bandaged up, so he had to get along with only three paws, and a bandage on his eyes. Without full use of his paws, nor without the ability to see just yet, he was able to wend his way around some obstacles and make it to the plate of food.

When he did, the cheers came and his paw was released as well as his blind old removed from his eyes. But rather than run around like any dog would normally do, he demonstrated walking on his hind legs. When he tired of that, he simply took great strides and leapt up over each of the obstacles that he had walked around before. He showed that no matter what the obstacle or difficulty, he could overcome.

These dogs all did other demonstrations later in the day, as well as other dogs that joined in. It was a wonderful time that was enjoyed by all.

At the close of the ADAD day, Berry Beary Kind stood up to give a final word to all before they left for home.

“Let’s have another round of applause for each of... the dog’s owners! Yes the dogs did entertain us, but it was the owners that took their time and effort to care well for their dogs and teach, in some cases, an old dog some new tricks.”

After the applause ended, and each of the owners, with their dogs came and took a bow, Berry Beary Kind ended with saying,

“Each of the tricks were clever and we can learn something from them—something that will help us have happy days and happy families. We can be careful and attentive, like Boger had to be to get through the tyres.

“We can have self control and patience and just keep going on the narrow road of our life, not falling off to the side, indulging in something before we have done what we were meant to do. We can learn something new, something that seems very different for us but that helps to make others happy and smile, like Danny the Dane.

“We can learn to take turns to get the rewards, and keep on working hard again and again until eventual we too are rewarded, like the Puppies. We can bravely face any obstacle or difficulty and try to make our way through or around or over it, without complaint, like Hearty—who himself did just that. Let’s have a special applause and cheer for Mr. Bear Gladly, who has started a wonderful new initiative in Berry Beary Town, and we today are enjoying a bit of that idea he has persevered in.”

Mr. Bear Gladly took a bow and then said, “And it was all because a few friends helped me along. I couldn’t have done it without them—and certainly this day wouldn’t have happened if it wasn’t for all of you here today! Thank you all for coming. I hope we can bring you another bit of fun next year too. Thank you!”

Berry Beary Kind was glad to see the change that Mr. Bear Gladly had made. Yes, he might have helped to get him started, and Mr. Logan helped as well to be a friend to him, but Mr. Bear Gladly had to be the one to put forth the effort, day after day, to follow through on the good ideas that made a positive change in his own life, and in the lives of others, that then affected the whole town for the better.

Berry Beary Kind ended saying, “Each one of you here has good ideas that can make things better for so many others. Do what you can to make our town the best it can be—and you will all be as happy as you can. Have a good night now! I’ll see you around!”

“Bye!” everyone waved, and happily headed back home.

Berry Beary Kind walked with Mr. Bear Gladly and Hearty back to his apartment. They chatted and laughed as they remembered some of the dog’s antics of the day.

When Mr. Bear Gladly entered his apartment, before Berry Beary Kind left to go back to his own home, he caught a glimpse of the place, and exclaimed, “Wow! It’s looks so good in here! You have really fixed things up. And those pictures on the wall are just great!”

Mr. Bear Gladly smiled. Things were indeed so much better than before. And tonight he was having an evening meal with the neighbouring couple, who had become dear friends of his.

Berry Beary Kind walked away happy. It was always nice to see those in his town happy and friendly, helping each other to not be lonely, sad, or withering in healthy. He liked to have a happy and healthy and helping others town. He whistled as he walked away. The positive change was making his own heart sing.

6--Beary Merry Song

Beary Merry Song was hanging out his laundry to dry.

“Ooff!” it’s a windy one today. He was having a hard time getting the clothes on and pegging them before a gust of wind would blow it off. He noticed how the wind was creating various types of music around the yard—blowing this, rustling that, rattling something, whistling through something else.

Wind was like music that wanted to be played, it just needed the right shaped item, positioned in the right place, in order to do it. Beary Merry Song began to whistle his own bit of music while finishing hanging the last bit of the washing.

It was a good thing too, that he was done at that time, for just then a new melody began to come to him.

“I must write it down...” he said, and quickly entered the house to find his idea pad of paper—or his digital voice recorder; whichever one he located first.

As he started to write out the music on a piece of paper, words to accompany it came rushing into this mind also.

It was just about all Beary Merry Song could do to keep up, trying to write it all down.

It was catchy, it was fun, and most of all it was the final needed piece to his Musical that he was writing. He and his team were planning to put on a special performance at one of this year's "Festival of Arts"—whenever they could get it finished. Beary Merry Song had been struggling to think up what would be best for the closing scene.

"I guess the answer came ablowing in the wind. If I hadn't been doing those small and humble tasks today—like tending to the soiled clothing and such, I might not have gotten this great idea," Beary Merry Song pondered.

Sometimes the best thing to do, when it's hard to figure out something, is just to give it time; to get up and do something else, something that doesn't take a whole lot of brain power.

Sometimes doing the jobs of cleaning up, washing up, fixing things up, even preparing a meal, or going for a light stroll in the park at dusk, helps you to be open to receiving the good ideas that are just bursting to be shared with you—from the Creator of everything that is good.

If you are too tied up, boxed in, wrapped up in just what you want to get done, and don't take a break and

help out with something that seems less glorious, it might be a long time until the answer comes to you. Sleeping is a good time for that as well—or rather when you wake from sleeping, and your mind is fresh.

So with the new idea really rolling, Beary Merry Song occupied himself with finishing up the Musical—much to the delight of the rest of his band. They didn't disturb him, but gave him time and a chance to get it just right.

Four months later the show was ready—along with all the other great performers and creators of Art of all types—that could be seen, or heard, or expressed in gorgeous ways.

The opening scene was that of a hillbilly sitting on a stack of hay, chewing on a piece of straw fresh from the garden.

He pulls out his banjo and sings a song about his sweet little lady—the one he's due to marry next spring.

Just then an out of breath farm hand come rushing up, "Did ya hear? Did ya hear? All hands are needed to help. A truck full of hay has overturned, and the road is blocked!"

"My oh my! Well, I'll be! Let's go. No time to waste. A song and a sweetheart will have to wait, while I do what must be done to help a fellow," said the first actor.

This of course reminded him of a song, and while rushing to the scene of the accident—though no one was hurt, thankfully—he began to sing a chorus:

“The day is good, the day is bright,
I’ll do my best, until it’s night.
If ill comes my way, I’ll tackle it,
With heart and soul; with brain and wit.”

This main part was played by Beary Merry song—as this character in the play kept breaking out into song, all throughout the show. Once when Beary Merry song was interviewed for the Berry Beary Town Newspaper, about his love for singing, he replied:

“Singing takes the stress out of your heart, and puts the spring in your feet—gets things right back as they belong”. He said this was a motto his grand uncle use to say, and he found it true now himself.

The musical play went on and showed life on a farm—the challenges and struggles; the joys and losses. But over all, the audience was encouraged that when you give your best to do what you were meant to do, God did His part to help you out of the tight places.

The musical was based on the life of his great uncle, who had lived on a farm from the time he was young until he was old. He always had plenty of stories to tell about the challenges and hard work, and the benefits of working out in the great outdoors, and looking after crops and animals.

A few of his tales were worked into the musical play. Beary Merry Song's mother had written down as many of these true accounts as she could, during her life, as she often went to help on her uncle's farm. Now Beary Merry Song had these stories in his special collection of books and notes—to be pulled out and used at times such as this, to be worked into the script of a musical.

One story that was humorously dramatised, was the time the cow ran away, furiously over the hill—right in the middle of being milked. Why it did so, his great uncle didn't know. But in the rush, the milk was knocked over—to the great delight of the several cats waiting around in the barn.

From then on, when it was time for milking, the cow being serviced was secured in a gentle way, so it wouldn't happen again.

This showed that though life could be calm and quiet out on the farm, there were many new surprises each day—some wished for, others not so—that kept life very interesting. It was hard work, but had its rewarding moments too.

When the actors were putting on this part of the musical, it was hard for them to keep from laughing. It's easy to laugh about things afterwards, though not always as easy to do so when in a dilemma, at the time.

Berry Friendly Fiddler, one of the members of Beary Merry Song's band, then pulled out his fiddle at

that point in the musical to play a piece that he'd composed. Listening to it made you feel, through the music, the feelings of calm, then suddenly tense, then a feeling of loss and regret, then a feeling of peace, then hope, then ending in a laughing feeling and a merry, get-up-and-dance bit of music. And that is what summed up the feelings of that experience—and life on a farm in general. There were ups and downs, and then ups again.

After a few more tales of his great uncle's life, shown in drama and song, then it was time for the final musical number—the song that began to come to Beary Merry Song while hanging the laundry one especially windy day, in his backyard.

All players and actors in the show came to the stage to parttake in this one. Harmonies were used; a bit of dancing; several musical instruments, and a few animals for setting the stage, as well.

I see the moon rising tonight, just like I did
yesterday

But something seems missing from it

While I lie here on a stack of hay.

Why does it seem smaller, and smaller yet again

Is there something wrong with my view?

It's not just me, but all women and men

Who see this strange sight too.

But I don't get a full and accurate view
Unless I wait a week or two
Because I find out that lo and behold,
It's only a tale half told.

For by and by in the dark night sky
The moon again will grow bigger and then
I'll know that it was just a cycle we've been
through
And all is well once again.

If there's something you are going through
Don't draw conclusions from your view
Wait until a week, a month, a year or two
And things will again seem right for you.
You'll know things are right
When you see them in the light.
You'll make it through the night,
And your way will be good and bright!

Everyone clapped long and loud when the musical ended and Beary Merry Song and his team took their bows on the stage. It was probably one of the most elaborately done shows they'd had that year, and the meaning of the last song cheered many a heart.

Berry Beary Kind came on the stage and spoke into the microphone while the cheering tapered off, and the audience settled again,

“I think we can all related to what this musical has cheered us with. Just because things seem to be getting worse at times, or you seem to have less joy than the day before, or less of something you really want or need, don’t despair. It won’t be forever. Things will turn around in time, and you’ll be all the better for it in the end, wiser and stronger in some way. And that’s why we have each other—and need each other. Together, we in Berry Beary Town, can make it through whatever the rest of this year brings us. We’ve got the good Lord looking out for us. If we love Him and love one another, and just keep working hard for the good of our future, we’ll get by.”

Everyone clapped again after hearing those heartening words.

The Festival of Arts season had been a marvellous one, and many left that evening dreaming up what great act or display they could contribute to the next one. The varied skills and talents of those in Berry Beary Town made it a colourful and interesting, and inspiring place to be.

“Cheers to Berry Beary Town!” called out Beary Merry Song holding up a glass of water on the stage.

“Cheers to all!” came the hearty reply of all in the large audience—which seemed to be nearly all

members of the town that night. It was a night to be remembered—and would be for a very long time.

7--Enough Stuff

It was a sunny day, but extremely cold—as most winter days are, sunshine or not. Berry Beary Kind had put on his long underwear, his coat, hat, scarf and warm pants. He had to walk to the shop. He had loaned his quad and his pick-up truck to some neighbours whose cars had broken down and were getting fixed.

“I think they need them more than I do. They have children, you know,” he thought. Though it would be a cold walk, he didn’t mind it much. “Better to have exercise anyway.” And it was true—the more he walked and moved around, the stronger he got. He blew on his hands to warm them up, and put on his gloves.

To his surprise, the shop was not only closed up, but had a sign saying, “Sorry, sick. I don’t know when I’ll be back.”

“Oh, that’s not what I was expecting. And I don’t have a vehicle right now to drive farther away. What shall I do?”

Sometimes it seemed when he gave to others, that he didn't have the things he wanted and needed right then when He needed them. But then he started thinking about the poor shopkeeper, Berry Beary Enough-Stuff.

He was a kind old man, who wasn't trying to always get more things for himself, but kept just the few things that he really needed to have. The many other things advertised in the papers he wouldn't buy, and always was giving things away to those who didn't have money to buy them. "I just don't need it," he would be heard to say.

"I wonder how he's doing?" Thought Berry Beary Kind, forgetting about his own wishes at the time. "I think I'll go check on him. He doesn't live too far away. Perhaps I could use my scooter to go there faster."

He went back to his house and got his scooter, as well as a backpack with some extra supplies from his kitchen cupboard, and a warm thermos of tea to keep him warm on his trip.

Knock! Knock!

He tapped on the door.

There was a "come in" that sounded, and in Berry Beary Kind walked.

Berry Beary Enough-Stuff was sitting in a rocking chair with a blanket, trying to keep warm.

“It’s sure cold in here!” Exclaimed Berry Beary kind.

“The heater stopped working, for some reason,” explained Berry Beary Enough-Stuff.

“Hmmm, let me take a look at it,” Berry Beary kind said. It was a problem that was easy to fix.

“I’ll have to go and get some tools to do the job. But before I go, is there anything that you need?” He asked Berry Beary Enough-Stuff.

Some warm tea would be wonderful. I just don’t have the strength to make it right now.

“Oh, I have some right here! Let’s have a cup to warm up,” said Berry Beary Kind. After leaving the thermos beside Berry Beary Enough-Stuff, in case he needed more, Berry Beary Kind was off to get his tools. Before too long he was back.

“I found it! It was amazing,” exclaimed Berry Beary Kind. “At first I didn’t know if I had just the right wire to replace the cord to your heater, which would be the easiest way to fix it. But then I remembered an old piece of equipment that someone gave me, that no longer worked. It had just the right cord on it.”

Berry Beary Enough-Stuff was so glad to be warm again, once the newly fixed heater was on. He felt he would be better in no time at all.

“Thank you so much!” he said. “Is there anything that you need?” he asked Berry Beary Kind.

“Well, I had walked to the store to get some veggies for dinner today. I have guests over to celebrate the finishing of the new park they helped to make. I wanted to make a special dinner. I couldn’t drive anywhere else, because I’ve loaned my vehicles to others, who had a bigger need—just till their car gets fixed.”

“You are so kind,” commended Berry Beary Enough-Stuff. “I think I have just what you need. Yesterday someone brought me a whole box of veggies, fruit and special nuts, for my shop. But since I’m too sick to go there, I can just give them to you, in return for your kind help with the heater.”

“Really? That would be wonderful!” said, Berry Beary Kind.

Everything had all worked out wonderfully. If he had had his vehicle, he might not have taken the time right then to check on Berry Beary Enough-Stuff, who really needed help.

Instead he might have driven off to a shop further away. And if he hadn't checked on him, he wouldn't have gotten the gift of food, but instead would have had to buy it.

Love always wins in the end.

8--Berry Beary Right-Part 1

Mr. Right-On was often called to check out new plans or arrangements in the activity center. He knew if things were going to work or not—well, most of the time.

The fact was, if he wasn't called on to approve some new mechanism, invention, or even game idea, he'd get rather offended. See, he considered himself the final say. Somehow in the back of his mind he thought, actually, that he was smarter than the other bears. Why? Because he had been trained by Berry Beary Right. For years he'd taken lessons from this bear on how to make sure everything was right. This was before he moved to Berry Beary Town.

There were of course many things that couldn't be measured, and most things that weren't "right" according to both Mr. Right-On and Berry Beary Right,

couldn't actually be fixed. Take for example the lighting of the moon. Some nights it was bright, other nights it wasn't—even if it was full, due to the clouds covering it. So that was something one could never control—and make it always maintain the same light and brightness all and every night. But it affected evening activities, so if Mr. Right-On could have told the moon what to do, he would have.

He might have said:

“Always shine at this certain position in the sky, at this certain time every night, and stay there all night, and maintain always your full round shine, and never have any clouds cover you.”

But the moon's location, movement, light, timing, the size it was seen, and obstacles hindering its light shining was out of the control of anyone in Berry Beary Town. And this didn't bother most bears around. They liked the variety, for they knew it wasn't unplanned and random variety, but everything about the moon was actually on time and just the way it was meant to be. Its orbit and all was just as it was meant to be.

It would always be shining, whether or not they could see it for some reason.

Berry Beary Right was the kind of bear that liked to check everything out with his square tool that he usually kept in his left pocket. It was an “L” shaped ruler that was a right angle. He could measure this and measure that. And if that didn’t work, he had a whole set of tools to measure angles and size, weights, volume, length, temperature, colour density, and so on. But he liked his “right angle” most of all.

He of course liked things to be square—that is both square in shape, and squared and right. If something was round or odd shaped and couldn’t be measured and checked to be perfectly right, it did bother him a bit.

Well, Berry Beary Town wasn’t really the place for this bear to use his nifty gadgets, for everything here was either growing and changing, or in need of help, and there was tons of variety. Seldom was something perfectly right looking from every angle it was examined from—and always just that way exactly.

If someone had asked, “What is the height and size of the bears in Berry Beary Town?” there wasn’t one answer that could be given, for each one was different in size and height and shape. And most of them—all the young ones—were growing and changing all the time.

Berry Beary Right wouldn't be able to jot down in his right-it-now book of facts he'd learned about this place, the size of the bears in the small little box for putting the answer to it.

There were other things he couldn't answer in his fact finding question page, with only room for a single short answer, things like:

--What do the bears eat?

--Who is the best?

--Why do they like fun?

--How many bears are living there?

So many things changed, sometimes daily, that it really wasn't important to keep stats of such things. But Berry Beary Right thought it was important to always have one straight answer to each question he wondered, and have that answer remain the same and be true all his life without changing.

One day during his stay in Berry Beary Town he went for a walk and snack out with Berry Beary Kind. They would walk along the Meadow Lane Avenue and end up at the "Berry-Side Walnut Grove café" for some blackberry and pomegranate pie, topped with cherry ice-cream.

This was always a favourite, but Berry Beary Kind liked to only go there when he was entertaining a guest to his town, or for a relative's birthday. If he went there each day, he'd get little else done—and might put on some unneeded weight. He needed to stay lean and fit to do his active job.

As they walked along the Meadow Lane Avenue there was much beauty to be seen. The water birds enjoyed the gentle flowing stream, and the sun was shining in such a way to bring a sparkle to just about everything.

For awhile they just walked in quietness. It was hard for Berry Beary Kind to know just what to engage in conversation about, as just about everything would end up in some kind of an unpleasant “what is right and wrong” type of discussion. On one hand, Berry Beary Kind did want things to be the best for each of the bears in Berry Beary Town, but on the other hand he knew that time and opportunities is what it would take for just about anything to improve.

He needed to be patient and just keep giving the bears, old and young, different opportunities for making things fun or improving things. The less rules there were, and the more freedom each bear had to try things that were good and would work, did help.

But that did mean at times things were less than “perfect”. However, it was better to learn and try things, and be happy while doing it, than to make everything so so perfect, and give no one a chance to try anything new.

So, in a way, it was right to make something not “right” or perfect, to give the bears the chance to learn and experience things that would help them be wiser in the future.

(Continued in part 2)

9--Berry Beary Right-Part 2

At last, while they walked along Meadow Lane Avenue in quietness, Berry Beary Kind said to Berry Beary Right, “If you had an idea that would change a town for the better, would you want the freedom to try it out?”

Berry Beary Right nodded. Any chance to right things he’d be eager to do. But he seemed to think that “better” and “doing things perfect” were the same thing.

Berry Beary Kind knew this and began to tell of a situation and how it was resolved.

“Right and best aren’t always the same thing. For example, one might say that only the bears who grew the fruit trees along a certain road should be allowed the right to pick from them. However, some trees grow along a long and hot road going to the port, and little bears often would get hungry and thirsty and tired when walking on this road. How delightful it is for both the parents and their little bears to find fresh growing fruit on the trees along the road when it is most needed.

“The thirsty and weary children run with glee, climb a tree and eat a tasty piece of fruit. They are then able to carry on all the rest of the way to the port to board their ship.

“However, if some nasty bear came along and harvested all the fruit, took it on a ship, and then sold it in some other island, this would be unkind. And this might make the farmers who grew those trees put a sign up that said ‘don’t pick the fruit’; or make them wish to put up fences to guard them.

“But these farmers know how happy children are to be able to pick and eat some fruit along the way, so they might instead add to the sign, ‘Only for children.’ Would that make it right?

“Oh, dear, that would mean the mother carrying her little one, too tired to walk on, would also be unable to have a piece of fruit. So, do you keep making rules and stipulations to stop troublesome folks, or is there a different way?”

Berry Beary Kind pulled out a photo from his pocket that had just been sent to him. It showed the orchard on the road to the port and a big sign.

“Here is what they have put up by the trees to make things both good and right,” he said and handed it to Berry Beary Right to read what it said.

“Let all your things be done with love.”

Berry Beary Right pondered it and handed the photo back.

“I guess that covers it all,” he said.

No one would take fruit if it weren't for a good reason, and was to help others, yet not be hurtful for the farmers either.

“So you see, when love is the reason for doing or not doing things, it is what makes things truly best and right, not just perfect,” Berry Beary Kind said, as they arrived at the café.

The first thing Berry Beary Right noticed when entering it—for he was still thinking in his old way of “perfection equals right”: The tables were not square shaped, neither were they round. They were each of different odd shapes. These special table tops had been cut from the trunk of a very large old tree, so each slab of that tree had a bit of a different shape. To those who liked thing made of natural wood, they would think it was just amazing and perfect. But to Berry Beary Right, there was no way he could measure the tables, or check that the corners were perfectly straight and at right angles.

Berry Beary Kind saw the puzzled look on Berry Beary Right’s face and wanted to help him smile instead, so said,

“Do you have a measuring tool for testing how delicious a snack is?”

This pulled Berry Beary Right out of his train of thought and get into the real and happy world around him—the lovely café.

He broke into a grin and said, “Why, yes I do! I’ve got it right here... “ and pointed to his tongue! “And I’m ready to test out what this place has to offer. I’m sure it’ll be just perfect.”

Berry Beary Kind smiled. That was the first joke he remembered Berry Beary Right making. He usually was much too serious for joking and laughter. But this was a great place to start. And while they waited, Berry Beary Right noticed that all on the walls of this café were many written jokes and cartoon type art to entertain the visitors.

More laughter was heard at that place than Berry Beary Right had heard his whole life, and the fact that most of the laughs came from his own mouth was the most surprising of all.

(Continued in part 3)

10--Berry Beary Right-Part 3

After their snack, Berry Beary Kind decided to take the train back, to give Berry Beary Right a chance to see new areas of the town. It would take them around here and there, and more would be seen, though taking the same amount of time as it would take if they were to just walk straight back, no frills along the way.

“There’s a time for a straight path; and there’s a time for a bit of extra fun,” Berry Beary Kind said as they boarded the train.

“I’m ready for a bit of fun,” Berry Beary Right said.

“Sounds right to me,” Berry Beary Kind replied.

“Say, do you have a pen?” Berry Beary Right asked, once they were seated.

Of course Berry Beary Kind always had one on hand and pulled it out.

Berry Beary Right used it to write something very important on his “square” ruler tool, and on the cloth case that he kept all his other measuring aids in.

He wrote, “Let all your things be done with love,” then said aloud:

“This will help me to remember that unless there is love involved, nothing measures up to being truly right. And if there is love, then that is better than perfection.”

Berry Beary Kind smiled. He knew Berry Beary Right would have happier days from then on, and get things more “right” in the real sort of way.

As they rode along in the train, Berry Beary Kind had something on this mind to talk about.

There was one more thing that did need fixing. A certain bear who called himself “Mr. Right-On” , after his teacher of course, Berry Beary Right.

“Mr. Right-On, who resides with us and is very fond of all that you have taught him, tries to put ‘rightness’ into effect in his life and all around town. Do you think he would be able to walk you to the port when it’s time to leave?” Berry Beary Kind asked.

Berry Beary Right thought for a moment. He knew just what Berry Beary Kind was concerned about.

“I would be delighted to have Mr. Right-On walk me there. I think there will be lots to discuss. We’ll be able to see the sign posted by the trees, and ponder what changes we both could make in the way we perceive things, and what we impose on others,” Berry Beary Right responded.

He would use the walk and chat time, and sign viewing time to help set things straight, in a more love-filled way. He’d learned lots himself on this little outing with Berry Beary Kind.

Berry Beary Right wrote an invitation to Mr. Right-On, for an additional lesson on “rightness” during a personal walk to the port.

Mr. Right-On pulled out the letter from his letter box and was very delighted for this invitation. He packed up a bag with all that would be needed for the journey there and back.

“I’m going to get to walk Berry Beary Right to the port to get on his ship,” he said with a grin, to his family.

They smiled at him, and were happy for his joy, yet inside they were cringing a bit. “Oh dear, how will this affect him now—he’s already making things very difficult for others at the activity centre. More time with Berry Beary Right may only make things worse,” some thought. But they didn’t say it or show it on their face.

And happily Mr. Right-On went off to meet up with his old teacher, and begin their journey.

Well, no one knew exactly what they talked about, but they had plenty of time to do it.

All that Berry Beary Town knew was that one very “get things perfect” bear called Mr. Right-On left on a

long walk, however a new kind of bear returned, one that was truly kinder and wiser, and much more pleasant to be around.

A certain “Berry Nice Bear” was now in town—or “back in town” I should say, for this was always his name, given to him by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Snizzley. They were some of the most hospitable, warm and friendly folks around. They ran the activity center, and always wanted little bears to have lots of fun.

“Welcome home” they said to their son. They meant it in two different ways: that he had returned from his trip, and also that he was acting now in the kinder way he used to, in a way that a “Berry Nice Bear” would.

Instead of measuring, checking and mostly criticising everything done at the activity center, would go around with a large newly made type of thermometer. This was his fun way, all in jest of course, to check the levels of fun a child or family member was having. He called it a “Joy-o-meter”. It would always bring a laugh, especially as it was used like a thermometer placed under the arm to check a person’s temperature. It always tickled! So if you

weren't laughing before he checked your "joy levels", you would be laughing at the end.

One day as Berry Beary Kind was sitting very pensively on his front porch, Berry Nice Bear, dressed in his new colourful set of clothes and funny hat, came up to him.

Berry Nice Bear said in a mock serious way, "Excuse me but I'm here to check your joy levels, it's been reported that you have shown signs of ... "

That's all he had time to say before Berry Beary Kind burst into a laugh while getting checked by this Joy-o-meter. It wasn't too long before the two of them were wrestling on the grass, laughing and having a good joy break.

Yes, there were many things to tend to and take care of, and many things that weren't perfect, and Berry Beary Kind was concerned about them all, but it was good to have time for joy and laughter and a bit of fun too.

And with Mr. Right-On now a "Berry Nice Bear" that was reason for a smile in deed. That made everything so much better.

(The end.)

11--Berry Beary Rose

It was night time still when a bear of low esteem tried to make her way to the refrigerator, but stumbled. “The nights are seeming longer yet. It’s harder to make it through them without needing help or food or care in some way. Well, needing it, but it’s not something I can very easily get just yet,” she said.

She was falling prey to some sickness or another, one right after the next. It became painful to walk or even to think—for lying awake thinking about this or that only brought up new painful memories.

This in no way made her feel better nor mend of the maladies that restricted her freedom. Thinking just made things worse, and soon she was worse for the wear. Rest only brought new troubles, new thoughts, and new pains.

“Ding, dong!” her door bell rang one bright and early morning.

Did she have the strength to answer it? And the last time she tried, she didn’t get there to the door quickly enough, so the polite visitor left, not wishing to disturb, so no one was there when she opened it.

This time she decided to call out, so at least they'd have the knowledge that she was home, and would come to the door in her lumbering way, when she could make it down the hallway.

"I'm here. Just a few minutes please," the sick one called out.

When she opened the door it was none else but Berry Beary Kind, with a basket load of goodies, just for her.

"I've heard you haven't been all that well of late, and came to see if these might help," he said, setting the basket on the small table beside her front door.

Then the two of them sat there on the front porch to chat.

It had been a while since the sickly bear had seen much light at all. She kept the curtains of her house closed most of the time, ensuring she could rest anytime without light reminding her to get up and on with the day. Or reminding her of what she might be missing.

At first she had to squint, as she started to get used to the light. But her breathing became much easier in the fresher air. She'd kept all windows shut as

well, just in case a sound disturbed her when at last she was able to drift off into sleep at any hour of the day or night.

This was something fun and new to think about. What was in the basket? Berry Beary Kind began pulling things out, one at a time to show and tell just what the gifts were. Some things she knew, others were quite new altogether and would take quite some getting use to.

This bear wasn't used to new things, most of the time. The three things she like to eat where generally all she kept on hand to eat and so there was no reason to acquire anything more. Her closets were mostly empty of stocked up food supplies of various kinds. She decided she'd rather have clean looking kitchen cupboards, then to be filled with new and interesting things that might make her start to crave to do new and interesting things.

"I just can't rest well when I'm thinking about doing new and 'daring' things; it would be better for my peace of mind to know there is nothing exciting to be eaten, just the same few things I keep in the refrigerator.

“If I start seeing new foods, and if I start tasting new tastes, there is a chance I might start doing new things. But I don’t feel ready for anything new,” the weakening bear had told herself day after day.

But now a whole basket full of “new” was staring at her.

“This one was given by the delightful ‘Berry Beary Nice’,” Berry Beary Kind said as he showed her a jar of some type of jam. “It will go so nicely on this freshly baked roll given to me today for you, by the clever ‘Berry Beary Baker’.”

The weak bear just looked on, while one treat after the next was shown, and it was told who gave it to her out of the kindness of their heart.

By the end, after seeing and hearing about each thing, she began to cry. Not that it was a new thing for her to be crying, for that is what she did best it seemed. But what she was weep about, that was something new altogether.

“You..you mean... they care about me getting well... about me being around... they remember me...they like me?” she stammered through her tears. It was the fresh reminder that she was loved and cared about that was heart touching.

She had been alone and to herself for so long she'd stopped wishing for friends, and was sure none were wishing for her company either.

It was the love that each thing was given with that made her take new courage and place these gifts in her kitchen.

Yes, whenever she walked in now she might see them, and be reminded of doing new things, tasting new foods, and maybe even going out for some time. This would disturb her quiet and sad life pattern, but love, like wind on sails, moved her to carry the basket and to put the things away in the kitchen. She was so bold as to leave them on the counter to ensure she could see them and be reminded of new things—because the love she felt just looking at them made her feel mighty good.

It had been a long while since she felt really really good for a change.

But she did more than look at the loving reminders. For that wasn't what the givers had in mind. They wanted her to eat and to gain new strength from eating them.

So, with a brave new step, the sickly one would make herself taste something new each day, or several

times in a day. “I’m tasting love and care,” she would say as she bravely opened her mouth to let something new greet her tongue and tummy.

When a week had gone by, she found herself sleeping less and making more frequent trips to the kitchen, just to take in a bit of newness. She was sleeping less as she decided to open the window and the curtain that covered it—the window right beside the head of her bed.

Ah, the fresh air was healing and invigorating.

“I want the sun to wake me when it says it’s time to wake and rise, and not to just be on my own time table,” she said.

She was letting the light tell her when to wake. And the sounds too. For sounds of all types were heard and did wake her at new hours of the night. The various night birds and creatures were new sounds to her ears, at least she couldn’t remember what they’d sounded like. New sounds heard in the night does wake a bear up; perks them up to find out what is going on.

The getting stronger bear didn’t mind waking at odd new hours, for she had much to read. On would go her little light that she kept handy by her beside now,

along with a stack of books to work through. She hadn't done much reading in quite some time, as her sleep mask was usually on. That's why she often stumbled to the refrigerator in the night, or day, as she'd still have her eyes covered.

But these books from the Berry Beary Town library were now a great joy to her. She was resting less and reading more, and feeling better by the day.

After some weeks had passed, she at last got the courage to go outside and check on her garden. A garden she had long ago stopped tending to. But wasn't she happily surprised to see that the hedge had been clipped, new flowers were growing, the pond was clean, old leaves had been raked, and the rose bush was blooming after being pruned some time back.

"Oh, these roses are delightful indeed!" she said. Yet she momentarily forgot that rose bushes still came equipped with thorns, and promptly was pricked.

"Ouch!" she called out.

This was a new sound—a new sound for her neighbours. She found out that it was her neighbours who had been looking after her garden all these months while she had been tucked away.

With that new and alerting sound, one of her neighbours poked their head out the window to see what had happened.

“She rose!” said one neighbour to the next who had joined him at the widow.

And so it was from that time on that the getting ever stronger bear, was called, “Berry Beary Rose”, for she was now up and around, more than she was down. And a rose she always kept strapped on to her head, for a lovely decoration.

The rose reminded her of new growth after pruning; of friendly neighbours who helped beautify her garden when she didn’t even know it; and it gave her a nice scent to smell, and for others to smell when they came around her.

The foul smell she would have had from a stuffy house and sickness wasn’t there anymore. She began to wash in the pond daily, and her fur became so fully again. She was the softest bear to hug. Children would come up to “Berry Beary Rose” when she walked in the park, just to see what new story she could tell them, from all the new books she was reading. She’d tell a child’s version of something that she read in a mighty tome that used difficult words. But she made it sound

interesting and easy to understand, when the children wished to be with her.

Some months later when Berry Beary Kind rang her door bell, he was most pleasantly surprised to see how very very different she was. Her smile, her appearance, her health, her clean soft fur showed she was well enough for frequent washes.

This time, instead of receiving a basket of goodies, Berry Beary Kind was there to collect a basket of goodies to share with others. She began using her time to create and cook new kinds of treats—things others in the town might have never tasted either. They were so new, as she had just cooked them up. Her new hobby seemed to be “new things”.

“Here you go. I’m sure you know who most would appreciate it,” Berry Beary Rose said, handing the basket to Berry Beary Kind.

This was the first of many basket loads of fresh new goodies that she was able to pass on to others.

“I do know who I would like to give it to,” he replied.

“There is a large family not too far from here that seemed to be struggling in the same way you used to.

Perhaps a basket load of new nourishment will perk them up. I'll take it there right away. Thank you so much. It's good to see you looking and feeling better—after you rose!”

Berry Beary Rose smiled. She was glad for the new way she felt, and mostly that she was able to be a help to someone, or many others, in her new way—passing on new things to give others a bit of spark to their life.

Indeed it was what Berry Beary Town need—fresh new ideas, new tastes, new health springing. New things all the time would keep it happily going and growing, along with all the bears young and old, living there.

12--Berry Beary Kind Discovers a Mystery

--A Play Script

BBK-- Berry Beary Kind

DB—Discovery Bear

BBF—Berry Beary Friendly

BBC—Berry Beary Cuddly

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Scene 1: BBK is typing on an old type writer, with glasses on.

Narrator: Berry Beary Kind, the Mayor of Berry Beary Town types up a fascinating article.

BBK: There! It's done! I can hardly wait to get it into the town's newspaper.

(BBK walks out, grabs coat and hat and puts them on; gets on a scooter and leaves the stage.)

Scene 2: Berry Beary Discovery with microscope and other science type things on the table.

Narrator: This is what happened the day before, when Discovery Bear was looking in his microscope:

DB: Hmm. That's amazing! I do love making discoveries.

(He jots something on paper--his findings.)

DB: That reminds me, where is that book I was nearly done reading? Oh, there it is!

(He sits with a lamp and holds up the book with title "The Discovery of Berry Beary Town". He flips pages and closes the book.)

DB: A note said, “There were more records of the history of this town, but they’ve gone mysteriously missing, and no one seems to know where they are.” Fascinating. Intriguing. Mysterious.

(Discovery Bear folds hands and prays,)

DB: Dear Lord, You know where everything on Earth is—even these missing town records. Please help them to be discovered someday soon.

(He walks out with the book under his arm.)

DB: I think I’ll go to the library to see what I can discover.

Scene 3: Berry Beary Fit with walking stick hiking around old quarry with Berry Beary Cuddly.

BBF: Let’s explore the area.

(And holds BBC hand and walks, then leaves.)

Narrator: But they left that area just in time as every 50-100 years the area shook with minor earthquakes; this shook some rocks loose in the quarry.

(A string is pulled to knock some rocks down.)

Narrator: When all was calm again Berry Beary Kind went to check things out in the town to see if everyone was alright.

Scene 4: Berry Beary Kind with handyman tools walks around to check on things. He knocks on Discovery Bear's door.

BBK: Did your house get shaken? Is everything alright?

DB: It seemed fine here. I think the strongest part of quake was up near the old quarry—where Berry Beary Fit was hiking with Berry Beary Cuddly.

BBK: Perhaps I'll go talk to them; and after that go and check out the quarry.

DB: I'll join you for that.

(the two bears walk off)

Narrator: After seeing that Berry Beary Fit and Berry Beary Cuddly were fine and getting the report from him about his walk near the time of the earthquake, the two bears headed off to check out the old quarry.

Scene 5: Berry Beary Kind examines to see if the area is safe enough for hikers.

DB: Hey, I was here yesterday and I don't remember that pile of rocks there. Those must have come loose in the quake.

(DB gets a closer look and then says:)

DB: Come look over here. I seem to have discovered something!

BBK: A hidden cave! And look, what is this!

DB: Yes, this is what I was talking about. A very old chest!

BBK: Maybe with a trailer hooked up to my quad we can transport it to your house and we can explore what's in it.

Scene 6: At DB's house, DB and BBK pry open the chest, while BBC is playing with toys.

Narrator: Later at Berry Beary Discovery's house, he and Berry Beary Kind pry open the rusty chest and take a look inside and find there are old books and map scrolls in it.

(Pulling the books and map scrolls out Berry Beary
Discovery says:)

DB: My, my! This is just what I was hoping to find!

BBK: These are the oldest and mysteriously
missing records of Berry Beary town. Here is a journal
written by Mrs. Berry Bear.

DB: And the blueprints for the first house built in
our town. I'm going to enjoy looking through all this.

BBK: I'll call for a meeting of the bears. In a few
days you can show and tell all the missing parts of the
history of our town that has been a mystery for us.
Meanwhile, I'll type up a newspaper article telling of
the amazing discovery.

**Scene 7: Berry Beary Kind sits down to begin
typing.**

BBK: I'm sure everyone will love to hear this. Our
newspapers are the best. Only the good and true gets
published in them now. –Thank God our town has
changed for the better.

The End.