

Berry Beary Kind –Book 6

*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 King and Berry Beary Queen—Part 1

The children of the town had all been invited to watch the play. It was being shown in the large theatre room where special performances were held. And at a certain time each year, towards the end of summer, is when the biggest show was put on. It was a time when people had more time to practice and invest in this stage performance. Several folks of the town had practiced together for the show. It was a time to entertain the children.

The lights were dimmed, and the curtains were closed. The actors were behind the curtain getting ready for the opening scene. All was quiet. Then the lights shone on the stage, the curtains were opened, and the music began to play.

It was a scene of a king and a queen sitting on their thrones, being visited by a messenger. He was dressed in colourful clothes, and bowed low before addressing their majesties.

“Your royal highnesses,” the messenger began, “The people of Berry Busy Town are in need of patience, of love, of caring for others. I have here several examples written out, to bring to your

majesties' attention."

And the messenger read some of the ways people were reacting in town, being too busy to help others, or feeling their job getting done was more important than someone else's.

When the messenger was finished reading, and presenting the situation to the king and queen, he bowed and left the court. The king and queen took a moment quietly to ponder what had been expressed, before speaking.

"It seems something needs to be done," the king expressed. "And I think I have an idea," added the queen, with a twinkle in her eyes.

The curtains were closed again for a new scene to be prepared. The children sat wondering what was coming next.

When the stage curtains were opened, it was a scene of a busy road, with street vendors, people walking here and there, maids carrying loads of clothing and shopping, boys taking their dogs for a walk, and so forth.

Then there was a blind man, trying to make his way down the street, tapping his way with a cane.

"Can someone please help me to cross the street?" he'd call out. But most people were either too busy to notice, or were hoping someone else would help, so they could keep doing what they were doing.

Finally, a poor beggar, who had to use a crutch to walk, and was sitting there asking the busy town folks for some coins, struggled to his feet. He knew what it felt like to be unable to get around like the others, and how it felt to have most people be too busy to help. So as best as he could, the beggar hobbled over and called out to the blind man.

"I'll help you across, if I can. You see, I can't walk well, but at least I can see. And I thank God for that. I am very fortunate."

And so the two made their way safely to the other side.

"Thank you so very much!" said the blind man to the beggar. "You've been very kind, even though it took a greater effort than it might have taken someone else. What is your name?" he asked.

"Sir Gallant,* is my name. And I try to live up to it," answered the kind beggar.

"So you do, so you do—you are most gallant. I shall remember you," replied the blind man, and off he was to make his way down the next road.

(*Gallant: attentive and polite)

Meanwhile a maid was struggling with a heavy load—a basket full of laundry on her head. She was taking it to the washing place. But it was far too much to carry alone. Still it needed to be done, and once again it seemed most folks around were either too busy to notice, or didn't want to take the time. They all had "very important" things to do.

Then it happened. Her load fell and spilled on the side of the road, right in a muddy place. "Oh, dear! At least someone may help me now. It sure is obvious that I can't manage on my own," she must have been thinking, as she looked around. But people just rushed on by, some even stepping over the pile as they kept on their way. When she was nearly done placing everything back in the basket, a kind lady passed near—and stopped! Yes, stopped to see how she was getting on.

The lady was a mother, with a little child she was pulling in a wagon. There were three other children walking beside. "We can help, children, can't we?" she asked her team.

The mother picked up the littlest one and offered the wagon to the maid to put her load on and pull it the rest of the way. But the older children thought it fun, and they decided to do the pulling, while the younger girl held the maid's hand and offered a kind word, "You look pretty today," she said, to a very

surprised maid.

“That’s so kind of you to say! Thank you little girl,” the maid answered.

Then the team of helpers and the maid, and the mother who was carrying the toddler, arrived at the washers.

“Here you go, ma’am,” the older boys said, unloading the basket from the wagon.

“You’ve all been so very kind to me. Thank you very, very much!” the grateful maid said. “And what is your name, ma’am?” she asked the mother.

“Lady-Love is my name,” and bid the maid farewell, as she placed the child once again in the wagon, and carried on down the road.

“Someone who probably needed help herself, stopped to give me a helping hand,” smiled the maid.

(Continued in Part 2)

2--Berry Beary King and Berry Beary Queen—Part 2

The curtains were once again drawn, to prepare the final scene. When they were opened it was of the town square, and people all standing, gathered around, as a royal trumpet was announcing the coming of the king and queen.

A place had been prepared for them to sit, where all could see and hear them. And a fancy carpet was laid on the ground for them to walk on as they made their way to their seats. When all was quiet, the king began to address the citizens of Berry Busy Town.

“Today is a day to honour some amazing people!” the king announced.

Everyone wondered who it would be, each one thinking no doubt about what great jobs they had been doing—Were they not good at their jobs, and did them well, never letting anything hinder or distract them? “Surely it will be me,” many must have thought.

Just then the beggar had finally made his way through the crowd, and into a place where he could see the king and queen. It took him longer than most folks, as it was a struggle to take each step. And of course no one wanted to miss a second with the king and queen, so no one helped him. But he had made it in good timing.

A few frowns were shown his way as no one really wanted a poor and dirty beggar near them either. But their attention was back on the king again.

The king said he’d call out the names of those to be honoured and given a reward, and they were to step forward, and the queen would give it to them. There was a chest near the queen, filled with what, no one knew. But they were soon to find out.

“Could Sir Gallant draw near please!” the request was heard. No one knew who it was, because no one had taken the time to talk and ask that beggarly man what his name was.

A very surprised man hobbled with his crutches up to the throne. The queen put a ribbon and medal of honour around his neck. A chair was given so he could sit, while the king told everyone about how kind Sir Gallant was, helping others in need—such as a blind man to cross the street.

“I was that blind man!” said the king.

The crowd was shocked, and dismayed. Indeed they had been too busy to notice or to help—and had missed the reward.

“From now on,” the king announced, “He is to be no longer a beggar—but a man of high esteem.” And the queen pulled out from the chest several new sets of clothes, a special wagon was brought, made especially for him to get around easier in.

A bag of gold coins was entrusted to him.

And the king continued,

“Because you have been kind to others, you will have a place to work—and this money is for you to invest in helping others. All who wish to join you may do so. You will be known as the kindest man in town, and your job is to teach others to be the same, and to help in all the ways you can.”

Sir Gallant was in awe, and a large smile was on his face. It seemed too good to be true!

“Mummy! There’s the king and the queen!” A child’s voice seemed to ring out above all the chatter, of folks talking about what was just awarded to the former “beggar”.

“Let’s quietly listen and see what’s going on, and what they want to tell us all,” Mother instructed her children. They too had just arrived, as it took them longer to walk, with all that needed to be cared for, with their baby and family.

It was the queen’s turn to speak.

“I spent a day dressed as a maid, and needed help. Not one person came to help me—that is until Lady-Love and her lovely children saw my plight, and came to my aid,” the queen said.

Lady-Love could hardly believe her ears, and she blushed a little. “Please come forward!” the queen said.

The children and their mother took steps towards the thrones. But they didn’t have to walk too far, as the queen got off her throne and walked to greet them.

She gave them each a hug and said, “Thank you so much. You are such a good example for all to follow. And because of your kindness, and so all will know that we appreciate kindness and helping others, more than any other skill or trait, here are a set of keys. –Keys to a nice country cottage. It’s a house big enough for your family, and there is lots of country space for the children to run and explore and enjoy,” the queen said.

“I ... I don’t know what to say...” Lady-Love stammered. “Uh... thank you so much, your Majesty!” and the children gave the queen another hug and thanked her as well.

When the queen was seated once again, the king addressed the crowd. “And from this point on I declare that this town shall be no longer called ‘Berry Busy Town’, but instead: ‘Kind Heart Town!’”

All the townsfolk cheered! They liked that, and liked what their town was going to be like, once everyone learned that love was the most important thing!

The curtains were drawn, the play was over. All the children applauded!

Berry Beary Kind stood up to close in a short speech: “I’m glad our town is continuing to work together to make it the kindest town we can be. Thank you for all you do to make it so.”

Everyone left, with smiles and a renewed joy to help one another.

(The end)

3--Berry Good Doctor and Sally Smiles

Berry Good Doctor and Sally Smiles weren’t just the usual type of medical assistants; they were special. They often travelled around from place to place to help a mother give birth to new little one and help to cook good meals for her while she rested and gained her strength again.

They liked to teach classes on how to stay healthy. They prayed for the sick ones to be healed, and helped counsel them in what to do change things so they could stay healthy for much of the time.

If they saw children eating things that weren’t good for their teeth and health, they would quickly get something better for them to nibble on, and have them “trade in” their poor quality snack, for something natural and health promoting.

If someone had an accident, they were quick to spread the word to the town, so that everyone would get praying, and pitching in to help wherever the need was, while they recovered.

Beary Good Doctor and Sally Smiles weren't the type of people that waited for the sick and ill to come to them with their woes. If someone or some area of town was often suffering ill health, this was like an alarm bell to them. They would meet with the people involved or those that lived there, to find out what needed to be changed so that things would be as happily healthy for as long as possible.

Due to their vigilance in helping the townsfolk to live in the best and most health-promoting ways, there was hardly such a thing as "the flu". This is what they worked hard at, to keep everyone taking good care of themselves and looking out for others.

Sometimes they called in specialists in different areas, to be of assistance. When it seemed the water supply for the town wasn't as pure as it should be, they had it checked out. This would surely affect the health of those there. When a building's structure seemed weak, or something could cause an accident, those who knew about it were called in to check things out and fix whatever was needed.

As a result the townsfolk enjoyed life far much more. People from other areas of the country started noticing how much more fun was being had, and how much happier folks were in Berry Beary Town. They knew there was a lot more love and kindness going on, and that was helping to change it, but it seemed folks there were in better health too.

One day a visitor showed up at the home of Berry Good Doctor and his wife Sally Smiles, to see if he could learn anything that would be a help to his own town, half a day's journey away, by bike.

"Come in! Do come in," Sally Smiles said, in her warm and welcoming way. George the Garage Fix-it Bear was shown to a seat, and a refreshing glass of water was placed on the table near him.

Berry Good Doctor came to chat with him. "So where did you come from? It seems you have biked for hours."

Gee-Gee Bear, as he was called by those who knew him, began:

"I live in a small and remote village near the West coast, called 'Poppy-Ville'; at least that's one of its names. You might have heard of it by some other name. But you should see it in the late spring. It's like it is all in colour, with flowers of all sorts blooming and blossoming—in gardens, in the wild, on the trees, and in vases on tables too!" Gee-Gee Bear pointed to the lovely flower vase on the table there.

"Ah, yes," Berry Good Doctor nodded. "Indeed I have, though I must say I have never taken the trip to visit yet. Now I know just the right time of year to do so!"

He nodded to his wife, who knew to take a note and plan a visit to that village next spring.

Berry Good Doctor then asked, "So, besides inviting us to your village..." Berry Good Doctor joked and Gee-Gee Bear Chuckled, "what can we do for you; what is the purpose of your visit here? I see someone must have directed you to our house. Are you well? Is someone in need of medical care and assistance?"

Then began the long explanation—for that was something Gee-Gee Bear was good at doing. He went into great detail telling of all aspects of his town, and the folks living there; and more specifically how he wished to help the sick. He had heard that Berry Good Doctor and Sally Smiles were some of the best ones to counsel with on health matters, and so he had at last taken the time to journey here.

Sally Smiles brought a "Health training pack" over to him. She had several made for the last seminar they held, teaching folks about all aspects of healthy living.

"If you'd like to keep this information package," Sally Smiles said, "you might find many useful tips in it. Study this when you get home, and try out a few things. Then when we come, perhaps we can discuss how things are going, and see what further assistance we can offer."

Gee-Gee Bear was very pleased. He wasn't expecting this at all. He had brought a little notebook with him, hoping that a few tips could be recorded in it to bring back to his village; but this was much better. After repeatedly thanking his hosts he placed it in his back pack.

“We’ll, I think I best be going, as I have a long ride back, and don’t want it to be too dark when I get home. There aren’t any street lights where I live, you know,” Gee-Gee Bear explained.

Berry Good Doctor and Sally Smiles exchanged glances. They knew too much of anything wasn’t good for one’s health—even too much exercise and bike riding.

“Perhaps you best get going then, for your safety’s sake—unless you’d rather time to recoup your strength, have a swim, eat a good nourishing meal, and get an early night’s sleep. Then in the morning you can start off good and early, before the sun gets too hot,” Berry Good Doctor said.

A wistful look, thinking that would be so wonderful, crossed Gee-Gee Bear’s face, but then he said, “Well, I don’t know anyone here, and I wouldn’t know where to stay...”

Sally Smiles picked up the telephone with a smile, of course, and walked to the next room to make a call to a friend.

While the other two waited they chatted about George’s Garage work. He was quite a skilled mechanic, and found particular enjoyment teaching the eager boys of his village who wanted to learn anything of that sort.

“So you are a good teacher too, I see,” Berry Good Doctor commented. “And you like machines. Well, since our bodies are built much like machines, and need to be kept in good working order, I can see you will do well in helping to pass on the information in the package we gave you.”

“I hope so,” Gee-Gee Bear responded. “I really do want things to get better in every way.”

“I know it will—from this moment on—because you are doing what you can. That’s all it takes, each one deciding a change is needed, finding the right change to make, and then acting on it, each to their own ability.”

Sally Smiles walked in just then, to announce:

“Good news! There’s a house about a mile away, that has a spare room. It’s the home of the Honey Hearts, our good friends. They are more than happy to let you stay there for the night—and will feed you a good supper, and breakfast too. I’m sure you’ll enjoy it there—that is if you like honey! They’ve got the biggest bee farm around. I’m sure you’ll feel better starting your trip home tomorrow.”

Gee-Gee Bear thought it almost too good to be true, and gratefully accepted.

“Oh,” Sally Smiles added, “and they have a lovely natural swimming pool. There’s a small waterfall on their property that pours into a rock pool they have made. You are welcome to use all the facilities there. I often send patients to their place that are in need of recovery in some way. It is fully equipped for rest, recovery, and rejuvenation. Enjoy!”

Berry Good Doctor walked Gee-Gee Bear to the door, and grabbed his own bike helmet as he did.

“I’ll bike with you there!” he said.

Rinng! Went the phone, and Sally Smiles picked it up.

“How nice to get a call from you, Berry Beary Kind! How are you?” she was heard to say.

Word had gotten around that a new visitor was in town, and that he had been visiting with Berry Good Doctor and Sally Smiles. He called to make sure he felt welcomed and had a place to stay. Sally Smiles told him that indeed all was well, and thanked him for his thoughtfulness.

After Berry Beary Kind hung up, a thought came to him. He packed up the dinner he had just cooked, and loaded it into his bike basket—along with an empty jar. He’d go to visit the Honey Heart Home too, and eat his supper there, getting to know more about Poppy-Ville, and see if there was anything Berry Beary Town could do to make things better for them. The jar was for the honey the family would want to share, but might need a container to put it in. He could send it with Gee-Gee Bear, as a souvenir of Berry Beary Town, telling him that he and those of his village were always welcome to come visit any time.

4--Berry Beary Gentle

Berry Beary Gentle was helping out in the hospital today, a few new cubs had been born. She has helping to wash them, hold them, and comfort them. She would take them around to look here and there and get to see all the new things they could notice for the first time. This would give their mothers a bit of time to rest, or eat, or spend moments with their other little ones.

Berry Beary Gentle wouldn't keep them away for long, for little cubs always need to know that their mother is near. There is something special about their own dear mother. No matter how kind or gentle or interesting someone else is, they know their mother is the one that loves them the most, and knows the best how to care for them.

When Berry Beary Gentle would bring each little cub back to its mother and family, then she would go and spend a little time helping another family.

So this is the way she spent her whole day, first going to this family, then that, and the other, and finally back again to assist the first family again.

The more time she spent with these new little ones, the more she loved them—almost as if they had been her very own. She was thought of as the mother of Berry Beary Town. She treated each little child as if they were her own, or her grandchild. She spoke softly, and caringly, but she didn't allow little bears to do things that would make the town an unpleasant place to be.

She knew that little growing cubs mostly needed interesting things to do, lots of fun learning opportunities, and special time with their parents and being together as a family.

“To be able to build a nice friendly community, little ones need to know what a family is. They need to know there is someone in charge who has the right to tell them what is best or not best to do. Then they need brothers and sisters to play with who will be their friend. Then they need fun time all together, with parents and brothers and sisters, just doing nice things. They need time to talk with each other, time to eat together, time to learn and explore together, to be out in nature together, and have a quiet and cozy place to sleep.

“When they have first learned what a family is, then they can understand what a community is—we can be like one big happy family, all helping each other live happy and safe lives. We can learn from each other, and help keep each other doing the right thing, so that everyone feels included, and loved, and learning what is best.”

So the first step, to a happy town—the kind of town that her son Berry Beary Kind worked hard to help—was always to hold, and cuddle, and care well for the newest little members.

“There is not one of these new little cubs that are unneeded in this town,” Berry Beary Gentle would tell visitors, as she helped to wash, change, and hold these little ones. “Each one of these holds a key to victory in something our town will need, when they are just the right age to help provide it. We don't know what it is—because we don't know exactly what the future will be like. But if we care for and train these new ones right—and let them develop into whoever they are meant to be, and learn the skills they are interested in—we'll all be very glad one day. Without them—each one of them—something very important would be missing in the future of our town.”

The mothers of these cubs liked to hear this. It was great to think of their little ones as being the heroes in some situation, one day. The mothers felt the joy and courage to do their best to raise them carefully, and cherish them for the unique and irreplaceable treasures that they were.

Berry Beary Gentle still had her own little one at home. Berry Big Beary was having a “Daddy Day” with his young son, while Berry Beary Gentle had spent the day helping and encouraging other mothers.

Berry Beary Gentle greeted her young son, and older daughter—Berry Bella, with big bear hugs, and asked them all about their day. Her son was happy to tell of all the fun things he had done with his daddy—everything from carpet cleaning with his older brother's special carpet cleaning contraption, to flying paper airplanes off the highest building in the town, together with some other eager participants.

Berry Bella had prepared a special meal to welcome her mother back, and that night Berry Beary Kind would join them as well. It would be a fun family event to celebrate all the joy they saw and gave and experience that day.

They talked of things that they noticed that weren't as great as they should be, so that Berry Beary Kind could take note of it and see what could be done to continue to improve things, making living in Berry Beary Town the best experience possible. But they didn't just say something that needed improving, being the idea bears that they were, they always included a fun or interesting idea or possible solutions; something to get Berry Beary Kind thinking and started on, so he didn't have to think up and dream up everything.

He was glad for the suggestions of his family members. Some things could be done right away, others were best to wait until a more refined or adapted version of the idea could be thought up and implemented. But one way or the other, it was a lively and interesting time of discussion at their family meal. When a suggestion for a solution was made that the others didn't think would work out so well, they didn't say so, at least not right away. It was good to let others think and contribute, without putting them down.

Berry Beary Kind needed all the ideas and help, and if someone was discouraged from adding in their own ideas, then something would be missed. Maybe just exactly what someone said wouldn't be possible in just the way they said it and would need some fine tuning—or even would be unadvisable to use that idea at all, still it might help trigger a new idea that would be a good one. So Berry Beary Kind wrote down all the suggestions and insights, and all the good things that were noticed about that happy and thriving town.

“Cheers!” they all said, at the end of the meal, while holding up their glasses of freshly squeezed juice made by Beary Bella, from their own orange tree.

The loving support of family made it possible for Berry Beary Kind to do his best to make things best for others—and for his family too. As everyone helped everyone else, everyone was helped in return.

Just then a beep went off. Berry Beary Gentle looked at her text messaging device. It was a message from one of the mothers she had helped about a year before, and had been in contact with. “Cub is one year old today!” is what the message said.

Berry Beary Gentle smiled, and felt like celebrating along with the mother.

“Congratulations!” she typed back quickly, and then focused again on her family there.

She felt like she was a part of many families, and welcome wherever she went. Giving love is what made her welcomed, and a needed part of many families.

“We need each family member. We need each larger family group, of our relations. And we need the larger collection of all those in our town. We all need each other, and can contribute in our own, special ways,” said Berry Big Beary.

Everyone cheered, and ended with a special snack that Berry Bella had made together with her youngest brother.

Every clapped and thanked him for the important part he played in making their family meal and celebration a special one.

5--Stuck in the mud on North Pass

Berry Beary Fix-it received a sudden call on his “rescue-a-phone” a device that anyone in the town could ring and leave a message stating the need and the place, and the contact number of the person in need.

After he placed his lunch dish in the sink, gave it a quick rinse, swished his teeth with water, he was ready to dive in to the situation.

The message on the “rescue-a-phone” said:

“Stuck in the mud on North Pass, towards the forest. Need a tug out. Engine failure.”

Berry Beary Fix-it knew that place well. He, himself had been stuck in that very location some time back. Of course there was no “Berry Beary Fix-it” for him to call—because he was the one. So instead he hiked to get help.

Thankfully, on that day Berry Beary Fix-it was taking a group of young people on a stay-over-night hike and camping trip through the forest. So it wasn't long before Berry Beary Fix-it found someone who could help.

Berry Beary Fix-it phoned Berry Beary Kind, who came with this own vehicle—along with a snack, of course, to share with Berry Beary Fix-it.

When Berry Beary Kind had showed up to help tug Berry Beary Fix-it out of the mud on that day, it felt good to be helped. Berry Beary Fix-it was usually the one to help get people out of their mechanical troubles and get things moving and working again. It felt good to have someone there for him when it was his turn to see what it felt like. It made him glad to keep doing his job of being on call to help those in need.

So on this day, Berry Beary Fix-it chose to bring along a picnic for whoever was stuck in the mud. They could relax in the forest with their family, while he, Berry Beary Fix-it worked on getting their vehicle out and the engine working again—or finding out what the trouble was, at least.

“I've had a good lunch,” he thought. “But I know they haven't. If they have little ones with them, they must be hungry about now too.”

With a box of tools, a truck with a good strong winch and hook, and a basket of fresh fruit and seed-nut butter, he was off to the rescue.

When he arrived on the scene, Berry Beary Fix-it saw the father holding one of their youngest children, a little girl too young to walk.

“Look! Here he is! He came!” the father told his daughter. She smiled and clapped her hands. Mother with the other two children were playing a game in the back of their stuck truck. Happy, but they looked like a picnic would be right for them.

“I brought you some lunch!” Berry Beary Fix-it said bringing the basket over to the mother, who looked up in wonderful surprise.

“And I'll do what I can to get you on the move again!”

“Thank you so much!” the children and parents exclaimed, and off they went to spread out a blanket and enjoy some fresh fruit, topped with scoops of seed-nut butter, under the shade of the fragrant pine trees.

It took about an hour and a half—and by that time Berry Beary Fix-it had actually receive a couple more calls on his “rescue-a-phone” for others in need—but at last the job was done. The family, after a few running and hiding games, were back in their vehicle and on their way again.

They waved and thanked Berry Beary Fix-it for his timely and great help.

“Hmm,” thought Berry Beary Fix-it as he then surveyed the dirt road condition. “I know it's this time of year that causes this deep mud, but perhaps there is something that can be done about it, so that it doesn't cause anyone else to get stuck here.”

He put a note in his notebook to talk with some others about it. He was sure that together they could come up with a plan.

It was a week later when the plan was enacted to fix up the North Pass shortcut through the forest.

To celebrate, there was an announcement made, that everyone that had ever gotten stuck in the mud there, or had helped others who were—and their families—were to come drive out there on a certain afternoon to see what had been done. Each one was to bring both a musical instrument, as well as a bowl or pot or basket of food to share around with others.

A little worried that they'd get stuck again, they came anyway, and were pleasantly surprised to see the road work done. Huge amounts of crushed rock from the quarry had been brought and laid in place. That low-lying, water catching place was now the highest part of the road. It went up and over like a dirt-made bridge, made with plenty of gravel in it.

The children and their parents sat in their trucks, or on the hood of their cars, and had a short forest music festival. With so many musical instruments, and many good voices to sing out, they had a great time letting their songs be heard. Then food was passed around from vehicle to vehicle, each one taking a bit, and sharing a bit.

It didn't take long, maybe just an hour or two, but it was a fun way to enjoy the latest improvement in Berry Beary Town—plus build friendship. If everyone knew each other, and cared about one another, and found out that they enjoyed being together, then they'd also be ready to help each other when they got stuck—in whatever type of situation they might find themselves in.

One Berry Beary Fix-it and Berry Beary Kind couldn't help everyone, all the time. To get the needed help to each one, when they most needed it would take everyone being willing and ready to sometimes stop whatever they were doing and help someone in need.

6--Berry Beary Incredible's Ideas

Jellina sat crying. She was trying to remember how to tie her brother's shoe. She wanted to learn how to be a real mommy, a good one, like her mother was. There were so many things she wanted and needed to learn if she was going to be able to care for her own family one day.

Today she decided it was good to learn how to put shoes onto her younger brother. First she tried this way and then that way, trying to get the laces to tighten up and look right, but it was no use.

She was discouraged.

Just then, riding along on his bike, came Berry Beary Incredible. He knew all about inventions. This gave Jellina hope. "Maybe he knew something that could help," she thought.

Jellina's mother was sitting on the bench preparing their picnic, and waved to Berry Beary Incredible as he went past. It seemed he didn't have any reason to stop at the playground, but something made him think to do so.

After parking his bike he walked over to see what Jellina and the little boy were doing.

"I just can't seem to remember how to tie the shoe!" Jellina said, rather exasperated. "I've asked my mother to show me many times, but I just can't seem to remember.

"Aha!" said Berry Beary Incredible, "so you need an invention that helps you to remember what to do next."

Jellina smiled and nodded. The little boy was playing with some pinecones and leaves, and running his hands in the sandbox that they were sitting next to.

Berry Beary Incredible picked up a twig and began drawing shapes in the sand. It was a pictorial, step by step plan of how to tie the shoes.

"First you do this..." Berry Beary Incredible said, drew, and then demonstrated to Jellina what to do.

"Next you do this..." he continued to show and draw.

On it went, until the shoe was tied.

"Now, following these pictures in the sand, why don't you try to tie the next shoe? I'll be here to help guide you."

So Jellina gave it one more try, and thankfully this time, it worked! The picture, the example, and the guiding hands had made it possible.

A smiling Jellina and a cheery little brother came over, hand in hand, to mother. "Look Mother! I can do it now!"

"That's wonderful!" she said with a smile.

Berry Beary Incredible tipped his hat to say good bye, and "Thank you," mother said as he rode away on his bike.

"That was like Berry Beary Kind! I think soon there will be so many nice folks here. It's nice when there are lots of people who can help."

"And you helped too," Jellina's mother said. "You are learning too!"

A laughing little brother was toddling around, happy for his new shoes!

Berry Beary Incredible arrived at Berry Beary Kind's house just a few minutes later than planned. He had been biking there for a special meeting.

"Sorry I'm late. I had a bit of a stopover at the park..." he said to Berry Beary Kind, and explained about helping the girl to tie the shoe.

"Well, good for you. When people are late because they've put the needs of others first—above their own timely plans and schedule—that is a good thing. Good for you! Just think, if I had to go and help everyone, in each situation—I'd never be able to be sitting here with you today, working out new plans for an even brighter future!"

It was an interesting coincidence, however, that the meeting was about the summer program for children who wanted to get a taste at learning things they might want to do when they grew up.

For example, some children might want to be professional che's and learn to cook for the healthy and cozy restaurants around the town. During the Summer program they would get to spend an hour or two with a chef in one of the set up tents, and be his or her assistant. They could ask any questions they had about what it was actually like doing the work, as an adult.

Perhaps another child wanted to learn to make shoes, so they could watch some of the town's cobblers, who worked on making and fixings shoes part of their time. These skilled workers would show and tell everything they could to the visiting children who came to find out about it.

The children could visit as many tents as they wished and get a taste of helping in all sorts of ways. This would be an experience they would remember for a long time afterwards; and something that would be both fun and educational.

This Summer program would run for two weeks, giving children and young people the chance to make the rounds to all the different tents and trades that they wanted to, and only have a few children at a time in each tent. This way they could get all their questions answered, as well as have as much hands-on training and trying things out as they could.

"Perhaps your experience at the park today is a good reminder of what should be added to the list of tents—the tent of learning the very important job of being a mother and a father. Children could learn to help care for babies, and see what goes into giving them proper care. They can learn about all the jobs a father has to do to ensure that his family is well looked after. There could be a section of the tent for learning to make simple and safe toys for young ones."

Berry Beary Kind was getting new ideas, and Berry Beary Incredible pulled out his note book to keep track of all the kinds of things that should be included.

"What do you think about a tent for inventors and designers? I can think of a number of things that might really interest the young ones. With new challenges in a town, there is always a need for new things to be thought up and invented..."

"That sounds like a heap of fun," Berry Beary Kind agreed.

The list of tent stations that would be set up that Summer was getting longer. It seemed that just about every adult in the town would be able to participate in some way, and help to show the young people a bit about their trades and skills.

Everyone had something to offer and teach others, they just needed the right opportunity to be able to shine in their special way. Some talents that some of the town folk had was rather obscure and little was know about, but were needed skills that came just in time at the right time.

Berry Beary Kind wanted everyone to be able to realise that whatever they knew how to do that made things better for others in some way, was worth being recognised for and worth showing and telling the young folks about.

Some of these little-known skills were things like:

How to make a bed properly, in such a nice comfortable way.

How to clean a jammed drain.

How to write a letter of request in a way that the recipient would enjoy both reading and answering it.

How to colour really nicely, with the right kinds of colouring schemes that made a picture enjoyable to look at.

How to get someone warm after they had been too cold for a long time, in some rescue situation.

How to write a song, and make it meaningful, catchy, and easy to sing.

And so forth.

Berry Beary Kind smiled when looking over the long final list that he and Berry Beary Incredible, and many others before today, had helped to make—of all that the Summer program would offer. It was going to be one fun and very memorable event for sure.

Berry Beary Incredible thought of Jellina—she'd like it for sure, especially the tent all set up to teach children how to be loving and skilled and great mothers and fathers.

7--Tommy and the Tools

"It's impossible!" a strong lament called out. Some keen ears within hearing distance picked up the moanful cry of despair.

"Hello, might I be of some assistance?" Berry Beary Kind kindly offered. He had swiftly come to the side of Mrs. Elderberry and her small grandson who were looking despondently down a road drain.

A little ashamed for her cry of discouragement, Mrs. Elderberry tried to put on a brave smile and explain to Berry Beary Kind the delema that she and her grandson were in.

A little toy, just the size to fit through the grate on the drain had done just that.

They had tried everything they could do, as hard as it was, to try to get it up and out again. They didn't really have too many ideas or tools to use.

She certainly wasn't going to call on some rescue worker to help, as it was much too trifle of an issue to trouble busy hard workers, working for the safety of the towns folk to stop what they were doing to help a child retrieve a toy.

The hot sun, the thirst and tiredness they both felt, and the lack of success had worn away their joy it seemed.

One moment before it happened all seemed to be going alright. They had just come back from a stroll at the nearby park, and now everything that had been fun seem to be forgotten as the focus was on the little coloured piece of rubber—a small bouncy ball.

Thankfully, Berry Beary Kind had just what was needed. But caring for the people involved was his first concern. He knew that Mrs. Elderberry wasn't particularly strong and needed rest.

“I think I’ve got just the way to get that ball up and out again. So don’t worry about it. And if I can’t get it, I promise you I’ll find you a new one. But first, please, come and sit on the bench over here under the shade of this beautiful tree,” Berry Beary Kind invited, helping to lead them over.

When they were sitting, and the boy had dried his crying eyes, Berry Beary Kind offered them some fresh cold water. There was a drinking fountain nearby, and Berry Beary Kind had some cups in his back pack that he filled to bring the water to them.

“Look what I’ve got here in my tool pouch!” Berry Beary Kind said. Today he happened to have his tool pouch strapped on as he was on his way to do some fixing-up of the neighbour’s lawnmower—the one that lived right near the park, whose job it was to help mow the grass and keep the little park looking nice. Berry Beary Kind seemed to have a particular skill in lawn mower fixing. And it was good he was on his way to do just that, as he was well equipped for the moment’s needs just now.

“Some things might look completely impossible—but with the right tools and a bit of time, and a good bit of help from the Lord, you’ll be happy to know that rarely, if ever, is something actually impossible. So it’s wiser never to think that. If something should happen, and needs to happen, instead of feeling at a loss and at the point of despair when facing something that looks very difficult, you can actually be excited. It’s fun to see things work out!” Berry Beary Kind said, while offering the lady and the boy a second cup of water, and a cloth that he got wet for them to wipe their hot and sweaty foreheads with.

Then Berry Beary Kind spread out some of the tools on the grass for the boy, Tommy, to look at.

“Tommy,” Berry Beary Kind said, “Which of these tools would you think might help us to do this job?”

Tommy looked and saw that different ones could be used in different ways.

“Maybe the hammer could pry away the grate, so we could reach down inside to grab the ball... Or maybe some wire could be lowered down and wrapped around the ball, so that a magnet can be lowered in to pick it up... or maybe ... Oh, I don’t really know.” Tommy tried to think creatively.

“Those are all very good ideas. Some might work more easily than others. What about this tool, the screw driver? Did you notice any screws holding the grate in place?” Berry Beary Kind asked.

Tommy couldn’t remember, so he ran over to look, and came back with the report.

“Yes, I did see some! And I was glad! But then I noticed that there was a chain and lock on it too. I think the grate is like a door that can open. But a key is needed to open the lock first.” Tommy explained.

“Very good. You have checked out the situation. Well, we could use this screw driver to take it all off. It would get the job done, but would take more work and effort and time. If that is all that we had, this would help us. Maybe you should go and try to see if you can get one of those screws loose,” Berry Beary Kind said and offered Tommy the screwdriver.

Tommy was glad to try out a real man’s job—after all he did want to be like his uncle, Berry Beary Fix-it, one day.

While Berry Beary Kind watched on, he noticed that the screws were rusted and it was going to be a very tough job.

After trying for as long as he wished to, Tommy gave the screw driver back to Berry Beary Kind.

“I think I’m ready to try something else. It seems too hard. It’s been there for too long without being turned around and moved. Now it’s all corroding and hard to move it even a little bit,” Tommy expressed while they walked back to the bench.

“Yes,” Berry Beary Kind said. “It’s been sitting in inactivity for far too long to be moved easily now. But perhaps there is an even easier way!”

Berry Beary Kind picked up a set of keys that he had.

“See these? Do you think there is a chance these could help us?”

Tommy had seen them, but didn't think there was any chance that those keys would have fit that padlock that closed the metal grate door. It seemed too easy, so he didn't even mention it.

"Well, why don't we try?" Berry Beary Kind suggested.

With a look of hope in his eyes Tommy reached out and grabbed the keys and walked over to the lock.

He put them in and click! They worked!

A large smile on his face shone as he looked over to his grandmother, who was smiling now too.

With careful hands Tommy removed the padlock and handed it and the keys back to Berry Beary Kind—who was right there with him. It was one thing for a ball to fall down, but no one wished for a boy to fall down the four or five feet that it was to the floor of the drain pipe.

Berry Beary Kind opened up the metal grate door, and the ball was both in plain view and seemed easy to get.

Hardly a moment later Berry Beary Kind hopped down in it, picked up the ball, and climbed up out again, using the built in ladder on the side of the drain.

"Here you go!" Berry Beary Kind said and handed the ball to Tommy, and then closed up the grate again good and safely.

Mrs. Elderberry made sure that Tommy remembered to say thank you—even though Tommy felt he had done some of the rescue mission himself, it was only because he had the kind and timely help of Berry Beary Kind.

Grandma always said, when teaching others about appreciation, "It's easy to take the credit for doing something ourselves—but if we think about it, we couldn't have done it without help and the right tools offered us, at the right time."

This situation had proven that so true.

Berry Beary Kind got an idea, and jotted quickly in his notebook of ideas and to do's, that perhaps some screening could be put on this drain grate, ensuring that small toys and special things wouldn't fall down into it again.

Tommy and his grandmother got up to start walking home again, when Berry Beary Kind said: "You know I'm going to fix the lawn mower, right at that house there. If you both want to come, I don't mind showing you, Tommy, something about mechanics and fixing things. I think you might have a good knack for learning in that way—just need someone, or lots of some ones to give you some time and teach you a thing or two. If you'd like to come, you are more than welcome!"

Tommy's face lit up! Would he ever like that! Seeing men at work fixing machines is what he most enjoyed.

So it was agreed, that Tommy would sit on a stool right near Berry Beary Kind as he worked, and look and learn all that he could, while Mrs. Elderberry took a rest in her house, which was nearby. She would come back in about 45 minutes, and bring along a snack for all of them to share as well.

Thankfully the job was an easy one, and the mower was good to go soon enough. Berry Beary Kind then taught Tommy all he knew about each part of the mower and how it all worked. He showed him all the tools in his pouch and told him about some of the fix-it jobs he'd worked on that month.

"One of the most important things to know, if you want to be a fix-it mechanic, is to look—really look. To learn to be observant and notice things will help you in many situations. You can't just look thing briefly over things, lose interest, and go away. You have to go slow, and listen to the noise things make, and see how they operate.

"Sometimes you have to give yourself time to walk away a bit to think and think and try to come up with the answer. But if you give up, or are going too quickly, you'll end up with more broken things than things that are getting fixed."

As Berry Beary Kind just finished his demonstration class, in to the courtyard walked his grandmother, pulling a little rolling bag. Just what snack was in it, Tommy didn't know. But he was eager to implement his lesson of taking a good look, and finding out! Quickly he jumped up and peered in the bag, and to his delight it was a big, fresh watermelon! –A tray, a knife and some plates as well.

Fun! Delight was on Tommy's face. Everything had worked out well in the end—better than if the ball had never fallen down, in the first place.

8--The Bounce-less Ball

Eric sat sadly on his porch. His dad had just put up a new basket ball hoop, and he'd so looked forward to getting to play. But he just discovered that his ball was deflated and too old anyway. There wasn't much of a bounce to it.

Driving past on his electric scooter was "Old Mr. Necktie." He was an elderly gentleman who always dressed very nicely, so that children began calling him this. It seemed that just about every day he was wearing a different necktie than the day before. He always seemed to have a smile.

"Hello, Eric!" he called out, noticing that he needed some encouragement. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, it's just that my ball, that I was looking forward to playing with, isn't bouncing right, and I don't have a pump or way to fix it, till daddy comes back. He's taking our neighbour to the hospital to visit someone there."

"Throw it over to me. Let me see what I can do about it." So Eric threw it, but a little too far and Old Mr. Necktie missed catching it. Down the sidewalk it started to roll.

Scooting up was Berry Beary Kind, who stopped and looked at the name on it, "Eric Molsin". "Oh, I know who that is. Hmm, but this ball does look like it needs help." Just then Eric was walking towards him to retrieve the roll-away ball.

"I can fix that up for you, if you like. But I'm just on my way to the corner store. Miss Elderberry needs something. I can come back later and take a look."

"That's kind of you," said Eric. "Old Mr. Necktie was also offering to help."

"Oh, that's great. He used to be a great basketball player when he was younger. You might not guess that now, since it's hard for him to get around."

"Really? I never knew that before."

Berry Beary Kind said, "You might be surprised what the elderly people you see around the neighbourhood use to do, or even still know how to do, or at least can teach you how to do it now!"

"Maybe he can help tell me some tricks. That's actually why I wanted to practice today, because tomorrow my friends invited me for a game. But I feel I don't know it as well as they do."

And so Old Mr. Necktie, who looked like just a nice older man with white hair, who couldn't even walk, had a great time teaching Eric some basketball tricks. He had a pump at home and brought it.

The ball was pumped up and so was Eric's confidence. He felt better now, and felt like the game the next day was going to be fun!

After the game the next day, he was again sitting on his porch step, with his ball in hand when Old Mr. Necktie drove past again, this time with a basket ball suit on. "How'd the game go?" he asked Eric.

"Great. Thanks for your help."

"Want to practice again some other time?" he asked Eric.

"Sure. How about tomorrow?" And so it was that every Friday afternoon they teamed up for a practice game.

Eric was getting better and better, and soon was a champ in games with his friends.

He looked at his ball, and thought about Old Mr. Neckie. And thought, “Hmm, he looked like just an older man to me, who couldn’t do so much. Kind of like my ball when it deflates a bit and loses its bounce. But I learned he’s not that way. There’s lots I can learn from him, and other older folks. And maybe I helped to bring some bounce to him too, letting him teach me something he knew.”

9--The day Berry Beary Kind Found His Lost Wallet

“Can anyone help? I’ve misplaced something valuable,” Berry Beary Kind said, over the din of the lunch time get together at the Hall of Celebration.

He was carrying his little pouch. In it were some papers he was going to pass on to Mr. Berrywinkle. There were other things in there, but the most valuable to him were the papers that he was to pass on.

Mr. Berrywinkle had returned to the town some time ago, after being overseas for a good while. He mostly stayed tucked away in his lab doing this and that experiment. But at long last he had decided to become one of bears on the committee that dealt with lands and properties, ensuring that everyone had what they needed.

These papers were permission slips saying who was entitled to what part of Berry Beary Town. There was a map and a few other things.

When Berry Beary Kind said that it had gone missing, Mr. Berrywinkle’s ears perked up. Then he spotted it. It was under one of the tables, hard to be seen because of the cloth that covered it decoratively. Yet just then a young bear began to crawl under the table while playing a hide-and-seek game. The cloth was lifted up and the little one squealed with delight. He had been found by his older, playful sibling.

They crawled out together to have some more laughing fun. Yet that was all that was needed to give Mr. Berrywinkle the chance to see the very object that Berry Beary Kind was asking about.

Quietly, as Mr. Berrywinkle usually did things, he went over to the unoccupied table, reached under and pulled it up. He waved it for Berry Beary Kind to see.

A look of delight and relief came on Berry Beary Kind’s face, and he walked over to retrieve it from Mr. Berrywinkle. Then he opened it up and pulled out the papers that were indeed for Mr. Berrywinkle.

“Oh, thanks!” Mr. Berrywinkle said.

“And thank you,” said Berry Beary Kind, “for being quick to hear when someone needed help, and quick to see where the answer was; and then quick to move and act and do something about it. That’s just the kind of citizens that make our town such a pleasant place. And we are very grateful to have you as part of the team that’s meeting here today. I know it’s more comfortable, perhaps, to say in your home, rather than meeting and talking with others, who might have varying opinions or who might not always want to go with your great ideas. It’s brave. But we do need your thoughtful advice, so that everyone’s needs, of all types, are met.”

Mr. Berrywinkle’s eyes teared up a bit. He wasn’t expecting such a heart-touching compliment. He didn’t know if others knew how it was brave for him to be a part of the team, how it did take a certain kind of courage. It was easier to remain in his little realm of science and experiments, and talking to few people but himself and hearing what his books had to say.

It was taking some getting used to, though, perhaps it was good for him to learn how to get along with different types of bears that liked to see things done in different sorts of ways. He was starting to get some good thoughts now, like, maybe it would help to teach him new things. Maybe he would be able to work on learning better communication skills, and see the need for polite manners and such—as these were needed when working with others.

He replied to Berry Beary Kind with a simple, “Thank you. I’ll do my best to be a positive help for the team and for the town.”

Berry Beary Kind gave him a pat on his shoulder and added, “You’ve been so many places and learned lots. There’s lots we can learn from you also. And I hope everyone can learn from each other.”

It was time then for the last course to be served in this lunch meal and meeting, and everyone returned from chatting here and there, and children playing around. When all were seated once again, Berry Beary Baker and some willing helpers brought out the pie desert that the town was famous for—Tripple Berry Pie and ice-cream.

The team were starting off their next year on a very delicious note, and they promised to do the best they could to make the living accommodation for all who lived there as pleasant as the berry pie tasted good.

10--Berry Beary Kind and the new Ice-skates

A box had been placed on Berry Beary Kind’s front porch. Just what it held was a mystery. He’d have to wait to open it when he got back, for a call just came in.

“Please, can you help me. The pond is frozen over, and so is the pathway around it that it flooded onto. I just can’t keep myself upright. I keep slipping and falling. I do know how to ice-state, but I’ve outgrown my last pair. And of course I don’t have them with me here. I just want to get back home safely. I was traveling, and didn’t expect the path way to be in this condition.”

Berry Beary Kind sat in his truck, a truck he’d put chains on the tires so he could more safely drive in this frozen weather. He sat pondering the best way to perform this rescue mission. Suddenly a thought popped in his head, almost like a whisper: “Bring the box and a pair of socks with you—the box that is sitting on your porch.”

Carefully he stepped out of the truck and up the little path and the icy steps that led to his front door. He picked up the box, but then remembered the rest of the thought. He needed to get socks too. When he was back again in his truck he thought to open it up and see what was inside of it.

“What?!” he exclaimed. “Would you believe that! Just the thing I need.” In the box was a pair of new ice-skate with a note that said, “Dear Berry Beary Kind. I’m sure you know someone who could use these. I got them for my mom, but they are too small for her. I hope someone can enjoy them. –With care, Betty the Bustling Bearer.”

“Well, I do hope they help the one stranded in the ice patch. I guess I’ll just go and find out if they do,” Berry Beary Kind thought.

When he arrived at the spot, a very cold bear was sitting on the ground, tired of falling again and again. Berry Beary Kind got on his sled and pushed himself along, bringing the skates of course, and inside of them the socks.

“Would these help you any?” Berry Beary Kind said, handing her the new ice-skates.

“Oh, wow! How amazing is this?” she replied, when she took them and looked at the size. They were a perfect fit.

“Oh, and socks too! These are the type that work best with these skates.”

Soon enough she was up on her feet, or rather up on the skates, and looked like a professional skating right over the frozen lake. This was the fastest way home. She’d been gone long enough and did want to make it home to warm up rather quickly. But as she skated, she discovered the exercise warmed her up just fine, and she felt great as she entered her house. It almost seemed too warm then.

Berry Beary Kind waved to her as she turned to wave to him as she neared her house.

He sat there for a while thinking how wonderful and easily it had gone. –All because of someone who was thoughtful to pass on what they didn’t need, to be a help someone else.

When Berry Bella got home and saw that the box was no longer on the porch, and Berry Beary Kind had also just arrived home, she wanted to find out what was happening.

Over a cup of warm soup that their mother Berry Beary Gentle had prepared, Berry Beary Kind told the fun story of that morning's "rescue work". Just for fun he told it like a story he was reading in a book.

"This story is called 'Berry Beary Kind and the new Ice-skates'. One day as I was looking outside my window a call came in. A call from a very cold bear who needed to get home safely. Now, on my porch was a certain mysterious box, just waiting to be opened. A bear does like to make discoveries, and I was so very interested to find out just what it held inside. But work before pleasure, as every good hard-working bear knows to do, I went to go and be a help, in whatever way I could. But then this thought came to me.... "

And so Berry Beary Kind, in this moment of brother and sister friendship time, told her all the details that sisters like to hear. Mother looked on and served them a second bowl of soup. She was glad for a brother and sister that got on well together. It was heart warming for her indeed.

11--Berry Beary Kind and the New Kite

"Chilly this wind is," said Berry Beary Kind to his father Berry Big Bear as they stood on the front porch over looking the park.

"Good day for some kite flying, perhaps?" his dad replied.

Berry Beary Fun, who was within ear shot caught wind of a bit of fun being talked about.

"I've got a new kite I just made with mama bear last night," he said, coming out quickly to add to the conversation.

"Well, look at that!" Berry Big Beary said, looking at a very well-made kite.

"I say we do go and try it out. Let's buddle up well with coats and scarves and give it a try."

"Yea!" said a very excited bear, glad for the next bit of fun.

After some time of flying his new kite, Berry Beary Fun was ready to warm up again, and besides that, a bit of rain had started. So they pulled the kite down and made their way into their warm kitchen.

"A call came in while you were gone," said Berry Bear Gentle.

Berry Beary Kind listened up.

"It was from a certain bear on the furthest side of Berry Beary Town, who said they needed a lift, as their car broke down. I passed the information to Berry Beary Fix-it, and he said he was free to go and do it."

Wonderful, Berry Beary Kind replied to his mother.

He had been concerned that someone just might need him while he had a bit of fun and fresh air—very fresh it was. But he needn't have worried, thinking that he could never stop, as he'd miss a call.

"Thanks mother. Thanks for receiving the call, and for getting help from someone who could help. We did have a nice time. It was good that Berry Fun Bear was able to try out his kite. It worked well," Berry Beary Kind said.

Berry Beary Fun was so happy for the time with his dad and his big brother, and just the fact that the kite flew well and did not break. This made him go about helping his mother with some needed tasks around the house, whistling while he did so. Everyone could see that he was a happy bear indeed.

"Wow, you got those cleaning tasks done so quickly!" Berry Beary Gentle exclaimed.

“I had such a fun time today, that it made me want to help others. I know you were back here working, and so I wanted to do something that would cheer you up!” Berry Beary Fun exclaimed.

His mama gave him a bear hug and said, “It DID cheer me up! Thank you so much!”

And so by taking time to have fun with and encourage a young bear, it helped to save his time. Those were jobs that Berry Beary Kind might have needed to do, but because Berry Beary Fun helped out, it saved his time.

“Now I’ll get to responding to those letters that have been waiting for a bit too long,” Berry Beary Kind said and soon was busy doing that.

When the letters then arrived a day or two later at the various houses they were sent to, a whole new round of smiles was seen and passed on. It felt good to get the answers to their questions, and good to be thought of. For receiving a letter in the mail made them each feel like they mattered to someone, and that their questions or needs were important—especially when it was a usually busy Berry Beary Kind who managed to find the time to write them.

12--A Berry Beary Picnic

Jellina and her family were gathering supplies for the town’s united picnic in Green Meadow. This was a place with all sorts nooks and beautiful spots. There were small clusters of trees. There were green grassy areas. A small pond with large goldfish. There were some large trees to climb, as well as rock gardens that town’s folks had set up.

Play houses for children to play in, a stream with rocks along the edge, and many lovely areas.

Each family could just settle down with their picnic foods and blanket, wherever they most enjoyed being.

“Where would you like to go today,” Jellina’s mother asked her.

“I’d like to go beside the large swing set, the one that nearly goes to the top of the trees. And all around it is a bike path too,” Jellina responded.

And so it was that when they got there, it was only occupied by one other team of picnickers. Together the families enjoyed this lovely time out, as a town. Well, it was going on all day, and at any time families and individuals could come and relax, and have friends to talk with—maybe some who they didn’t usually have the opportunity to speak much with or visit. It was a good way to keep touch with each other and build friendships.

However, about an hour into their picnic, little drops of rain were starting to fall. It was unexpected for sure, as the sky wasn’t covered in clouds, only part-way.

“What shall we do mother?” Jellina asked.

Just then an idea came.

There was a very big tree with branches that spread way out. It was mostly dry under there.

“Looks like in stead of only having a picnic in one place today, we’ll get to enjoy two places! Let’s move over to the area under the largest tree. I think we’ll be fine under there,” mother said cheerily.

Of course a few others had also decided to do just the same, but there was room for them all. Some bears didn’t mind the light sprinkle, others chose to go home, and some others ate in places like the play houses, or even under a bridge that provided covering, as it wasn’t over water, but it was rather for decoration.

“Oh, Berry Beary Kind is here!” Jellina exclaimed as they arrived.

It wasn’t too long before the Berry Beary’s family and Jellina’s were sitting together telling all kinds of stories.

“What did Berry Beary Town use to be like before we came here?” was one of the many questions that Jellina asked Berry Beary Kind.

“Hmmm, that reminds me, of a new book I was just proof reading called, ‘The History of Berry Beary Town’. I think you’ll enjoy it for sure. But I’ll tell you some of what happened. I do remember some things it said, besides what was passed on to me by word of mouth from our ancestors who came to these parts,” Berry Beary Kind answered.

Then he went on to tell of how the land was settled, and by whom.

All the young bears, and many of the older bears as well listened to the stories, and were so occupied doing so they forgot completely about the rain and the less than perfect day. They were having fun anyway.

When Jellina got home she said, “Mommy, I’d like to have another picnic tomorrow, if it’s sunny. I could set it up in our yard, and have my friends come. Could we do that please? And could we bake some cookies also? I’d like to show them that I care. It can be an ‘appreciation picnic’ for being my friends.”

It was clear that the fun she had during the day was making new ideas of more fun pop into her head like fluffy white popcorn. Making time for friends was a good way to plant new smiles around town.