



## 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 90<sup>th</sup> 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.