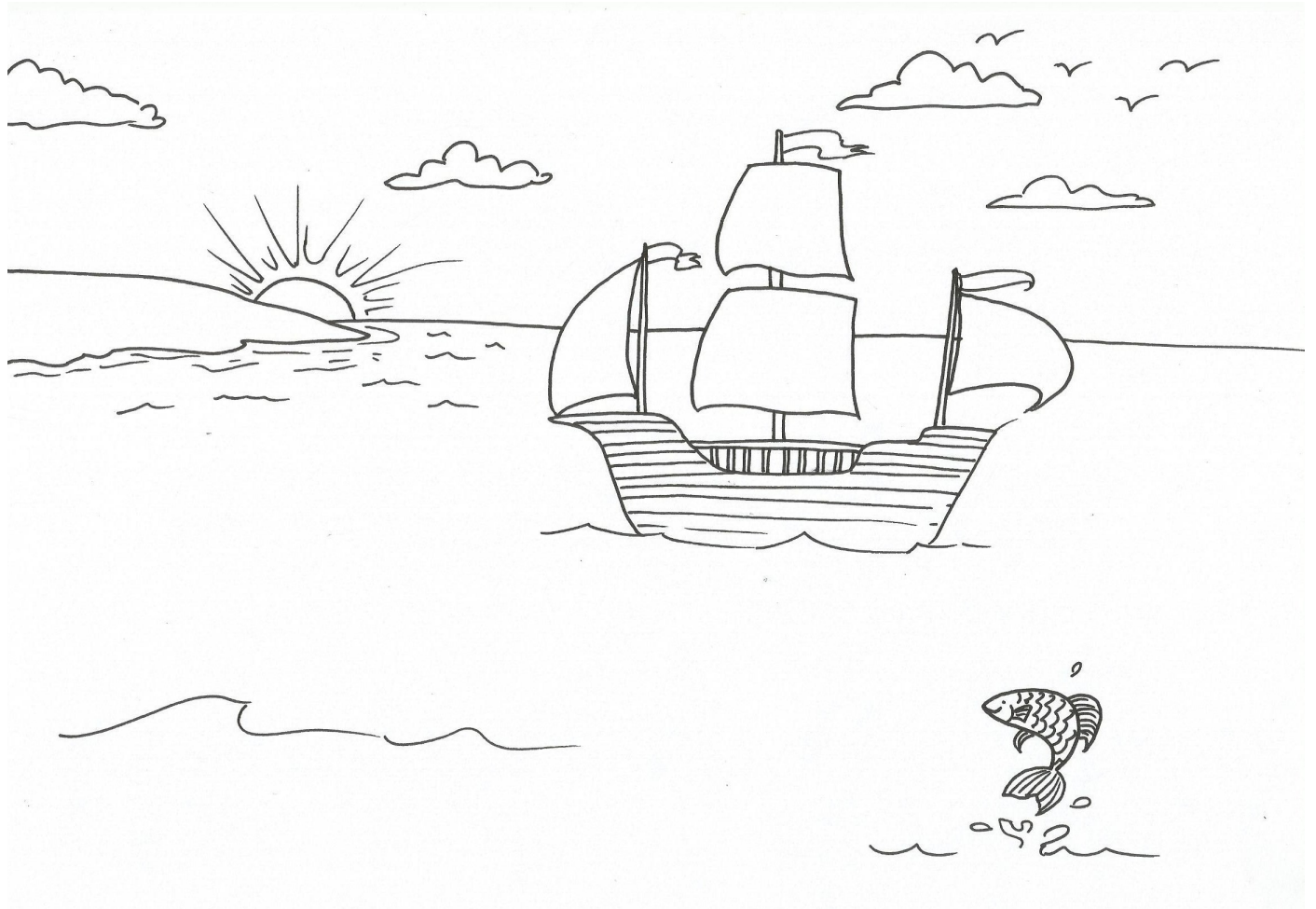


# **THE HISTORY OF BERRY BEARY TOWN**

—An imaginary story with pictures to colour  
A part of the “Berry Beary Kind” story series

Written by Chariane Quille

Art by Fleur Celeste



## The History of Berry Beary Town

The sailing ship swayed and bobbed as it crossed the deep waters. After several months at sea, the brave and hearty Berry Beary family were at last nearing what was to become their new homeland. They were ones that were eager for excitement and ready to discover new places.

Two years earlier, Mr. Berry Beary, who was both a carpenter and map maker due to his skills and knowledge of geography and directional sense, had heard about a new land that was being settled by folks the world over. Nationalities of all sorts were leaving their homelands to set out and pioneer someplace new for their families. And so after making many preparations and securing a place on this ship along with several others, they had at last set sail for the long journey at sea.

“Mrs. Berry Beary, look over there!” called Mr. Berry Beary to his wife, who was holding their young son, Berry Beary Junior—or Junior Bear, as he was often called.

“What do you see?” Mrs. Berry Beary said, as she strained her eyes to look far over the ocean waters, in the direction Mr. Berry Beary was pointing. Junior Bear tried to see what his papa was excited about.

“If you look hard enough you’ll see birds making their way here and there— seashore birds flying in the distance, enjoying their fishing expedition in the ocean. Land can’t be far now!”

And indeed it wasn’t far, for within four hours of Mr. Berry Beary’s interesting sighting, the wonderful words were bellowed out by the captain for all to hear, “Land ho!”

The Berry Beary family, knowing it would still be some time until they would be asked to disembark, retired to their cabin for a time of prayer. So many questions filled their minds. What would await them in this new land? Would they be able to acquire the food and goods needed to raise the family they were just beginning? Would they even like it there?

Kneeling down as the ship swayed this way and that, over mildly choppy waves, they committed their safe keeping, their future, and their prosperity to the One that had cared for them well thus far.

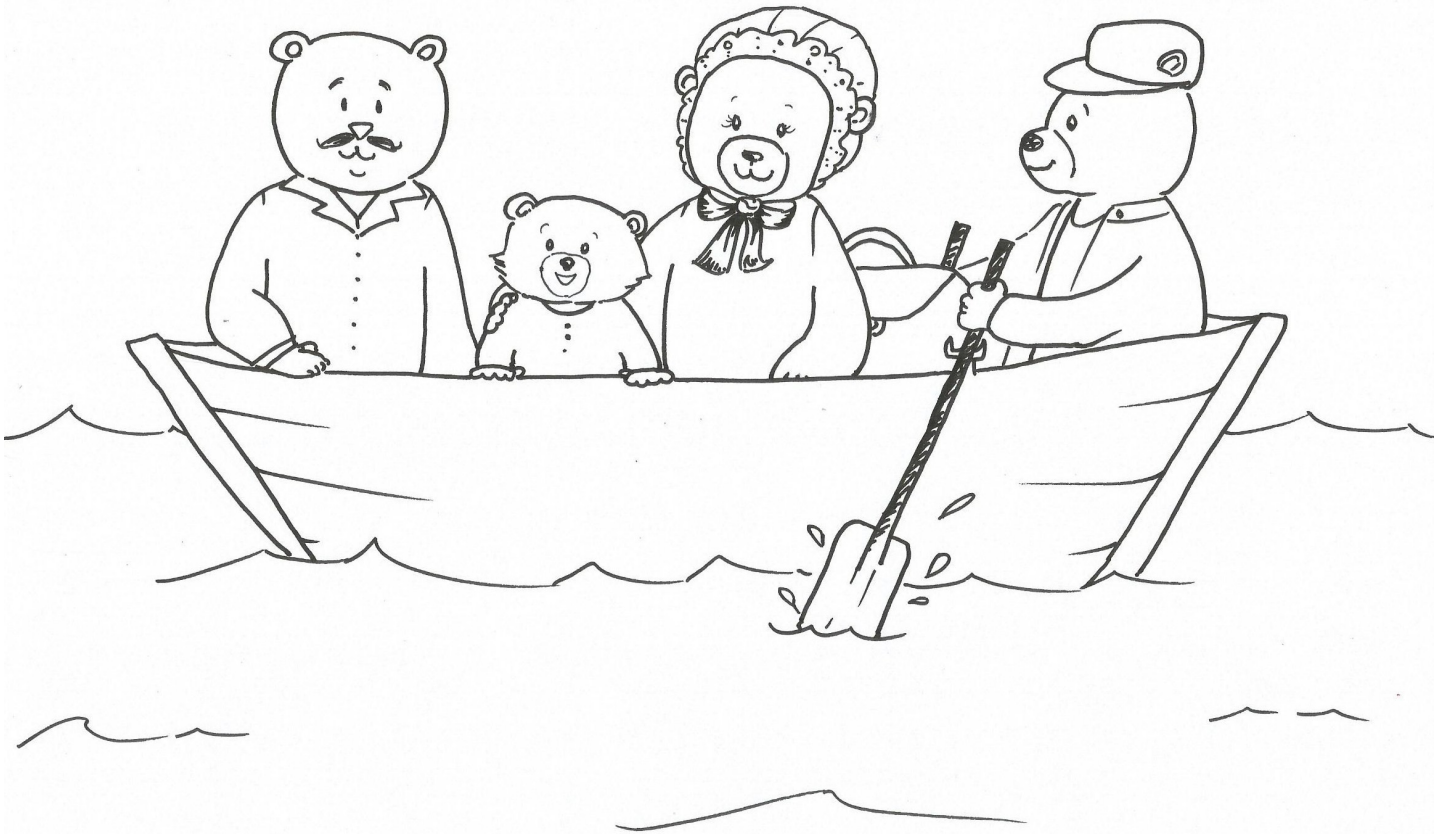
“Dear God,” prayed Mr. Berry Beary, “we certainly don’t know what the future holds for us and for our growing family, but we know that You hold us securely in Your ever caring, strong and able hands.”

Junior Bear followed his parents’ example and positioned his body as they did, bowing his head in prayer, though he kept looking up, first at his papa and then at his mama, to see what they would say or do next.

Mrs. Berry Beary spoke next, “Please God, help us to make a good difference in this new land. Help our family to grow and prosper; give us wellbeing and health. May we always pass on the kindness to others that You would have us show.”

The team then packed up their few belongings that were in their cabin; their trunks and other goods and supplies were elsewhere on the ship and would be unloaded for them when they reached the land.

“Now that we are ready, let’s go and view this land as we near it,” Mr. Berry Beary suggested, and all agreed, making their way to the open deck of the ship.



Mrs. Berry Beary wrapped her shawl more tightly around her shoulders as the chilly wind blew over the face of the water and powered the vessel near to the shore. Junior Bear didn't seem to mind the wind much as he and Papa eagerly watched the waves and viewed the land they were nearing.

It was nearly nightfall when they reached the port. The ship was anchored and the sails secured. Although most were eager to put their feet on solid ground once again and smell the scent of grass and trees, it wasn't thought practical to have the sailors and passengers disembark and ferry their way by small boats to the shore just yet.

Since there was accommodation for sleep and food on the ship, it was best that most stay the night on the ship. The morning would come soon enough, and it would be far more practical to find the needs for daily living when it was light.

A few of the sailors were commissioned to go to land and see the condition of the area, and bring back word with them the following morning.

When morning came, none too soon, there was a shipload of folks waiting ever so patiently for their turn to be ferried to the land.

“Mr. and Mrs. Berry Beary, and Junior Bear, please, you may now get into the row boat with your small personal belongings. You will be let down and rowed to shore. The rest of your goods will follow you in a second boat. We bid you farewell and a pleasant start to your new life here.”

“Farewell, and thank you so much,” they replied to the Captain who was seeing off the passengers, making sure all had what they needed.

“You’ll need to sit very still and be calm,” Mrs. Berry Beary whispered to her little one, when they took their seats in the small boat. “Sit here close to me while we take this little boat ride. Isn’t this exciting?”

\*\*\*

As the Berry Beary family arrived and stepped on to solid ground for the first time in several months, they lifted their arms in praise to the One who had seen them safely through their long journey.

The sounds and activity around the port area were busier and noisier than they had anticipated. There was the yelling of vendors, and the bustling of sailors and crew performing the jobs of the port and preparing ships for arrival and departure.

A dog or two came up to them barking briefly before being called away by their master. A team of mice were seen scurrying under some old logs followed by the stray cat that was in search of them.

The smell of old fish wasn’t pleasant, and there was trash left in heaps here and there, causing flies to buzz around. It wasn’t a place one would like to linger for longer than was necessary. This gave the Berry Beary family the motivation to get travelling as soon as possible to find a suitable place to rest and make plans.

Then they heard a man offering loudly to any around, “Buggy Rides! Travel with a horse and buggy! Anyone need a ride?” He had a horse and buggy to help families with their transportation. This was perfect and just what was needed.

Before too long the buggy was brought over to where the Berry Beary family were, with their belongings and supplies, and everything was loaded up.



As Mrs. Berry Beary helped Junior Bear up into the buggy, he smiled. “Mama! This is so fun!” Junior Bear was noticing all the good things about their new place, and not getting too bothered by the difficult parts and unpleasant things around.

“I’m glad you are enjoying this exciting adventure,” his mama said. “God always gives us what we need when we pray and ask for His help,” she said, while they remembered their time of prayer on the ship the night before.

“There’s lodging and meals offered at the ‘Port’s Place for Pioneers,’ located on the outskirts of this port area,” the driver informed Mr. Berry Beary who was beside him. “Shall I take you there, Sir?”

Mr. Berry Beary looked over at his wife, and they both agreed. It would be good to have a place to rest and make plans for where to go from there, and a place to get something to eat.

When they arrived and made sure there was a room to be secured, the driver and Mr. Berry Beary unloaded the heavy trunk and other supplies, while Mrs. Berry Beary and Junior Bear helped to carry the lighter possessions they had.

Mr. Berry Beary gave the driver some coins and thanked him for his help. The driver tipped his hat and wished them good day. He would be off to the port again to help anyone else in need.

Mr. Berry Beary went in to secure a place for him and his family to stay, as well as to enlist the help of others to carry their belongings and supplies inside.

“Mama, are we going to live here now? Is this our new house?” Junior Bear asked.

“Well, it’s kind of like a house, but we’ll only be here for a few days. Then we’ll travel just a bit more. Papa is a good carpenter, and he would love to build our new house in the new place we’ll make our home.”

“Can I help Papa build it? I can use the hammer,” Junior Bear offered.

“I’m sure you’ll be a great help to Papa!” Mrs. Berry Beary smiled.

\*\*\*

A few days later, after planning, praying, and collecting maps that were available, the Berry Beary family were once again loading on to a buggy. This one was to take them several hours away to a family living near a lake.

This family had offered to take in new arrivals who wanted to settle in this new land. Mr. and Mrs. Goodright had come to this place over a year ago and had already learned a great deal about the area.

They had spent most of their time travelling around and taking notes of everything they could find out. Mrs. Goodright was an excellent artist, and would draw pictures of the types of plants they discovered, and the animals that were native to this place.

The Berry Beary family first heard about them while staying at the “Port’s Place for Pioneers” and thought it wise to first learn all they could about the land before choosing where to live and make their home.





The Goodright family also had a young one about Junior Bear's age. They could have fun playing together, while Mr. and Mrs. Berry Beary talked with Mr. and Mrs. Goodright, and read and learned all they could.

\*\*\*

There was something on Junior Bear's mind. "Mama, did we bring any toys for me to play with, when I meet that other boy? I want to have something to give him."

"Yes, the toys from our ship trip are here in my bag. That's very nice of you to think of sharing your toys. After all, they are sharing their house with us. Good for you," Mrs. Berry Beary commended him.

"But will he want to keep them forever?" Junior Bear began to worry. He didn't have too many toys, and they all had been hand-made for him out of wood by his Papa.



“Well, most children probably would like to keep them, but I have an idea that could make both you and him happy, when it’s time for us to leave again and you must take your toys,” Mrs. Berry Beary explained.

“How about we ask your papa if while we are there, he might be able to carve something special for the boy, a toy that he would like. That way he’ll have something he can keep always when we leave. Would that be good?”

Junior Bear nodded and went to share his idea with his papa. Papa thought it was a great plan and would talk more about it later on.

\*\*\*

The ride to the lake was long and several stops were needed to stretch their legs, and let Junior Bear run around a bit. When the Berry Beary family had a picnic, they invited the driver to join them.

“Why, thank you,” he said, surprised. It was the first time that had happened. Usually those travelling with him didn’t give him much attention and were fully absorbed in their own needs and duties. This family seemed different. He was glad to have a caring and nice family moving into the country. “We need folks like you around,” he said, while eating the simple lunch Mrs. Berry Beary had brought.

They chatted with the driver a bit, for he knew a lot of the folks around and could tell them quite a bit of information about who lived where, and how people managed to support themselves and get along in this part of the land.

Before continuing on the journey, Mr. Berry Beary reached into his pocket and pulled out his little Bible. “I hope you don’t mind waiting just a few more minutes before we leave,” he said to the driver.

“We have a family custom to read a little something from this good old book whenever we stop to eat. It helps to feed our heart and refresh our mind at the same time our bodies are nourished. God knows we need all the help we can get at an exciting time like this.”

The driver nodded respectfully, and Junior Bear sat quietly on his mama’s lap while listening to his papa read, “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want...”



It was a short chapter from the book of Psalms that told of God's loving care in all situations, for those who are near to Him.

"...and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever." Mr. Berry Beary read the closing words and looked at Junior Bear. "So, whose house are we going to live in?"

Junior Bear thought for a moment, "Mr. and Mrs. Goodright's?"

"Yes, that's right. But who will let us live forever with them, and whose house will we never have to travel away from?" Mr. Berry Beary asked.

"God!" Junior Bear replied; his parents had taught him this from the time he was young. If they were always with God, and knew He was with them, then it didn't matter as much how often they had to travel around for now. They could be secure, knowing that was one thing that wouldn't change.

While Mrs. Berry Beary packed up the picnic supplies and Junior Bear watched the birds coming to eagerly eat the crumbs, Mr. Berry Beary then turned to continue chatting with the driver of the horse and buggy.

"I think I'm beginning to understand what makes your family so pleasant to be around," the driver was saying.

“At first it was a mystery, but after you read that passage from the Bible— something I don’t think I’ve heard before—then I saw that it must be your faith in God that is the reason you are a benefit to have around.”

“You say you have never heard passages from the Bible before?” Mr. Berry Beary inquired. He then began to speak to the driver about the Lord. They had plenty of time to chat on this long ride, but it didn’t take long until the driver pulled over to stop for a moment. He, too, wanted to pray to receive Jesus as his Saviour. “If He works for you,” he said motioning to this family, “it wouldn’t hurt to try Him out for myself as well.”

“Wow!” the driver exclaimed, after Mr. Berry Beary led him in a short prayer to accept the love and forgiveness of Jesus, and to be welcomed into God’s big family. “I just can’t explain it. I feel so happy I could sing!” the driver said enthusiastically.

And so, sing they did, as they got back into the horse and buggy and journeyed on. First this song and then that song; some songs were known by all the grownups, some just by one or two. Some even Junior Bear knew and joined in the best he could, while clapping along. This helped to pass the time, and before they knew it the lake was in sight and soon after that the house that was to be their destination.

Thankfully it wasn’t yet dark when they arrived, and they were happily greeted by the Goodright family. A note had been taken to them a few days before by the first and only travelling postman around. He would take letters here and there for folks, in return for a place to sleep for the night and a good meal. The postman had done his job well, and so the Goodright family were prepared and ready to welcome the Berry Beary family of pioneers.

After unloading their belongings, Mrs. Berry Beary gave the driver what food she had left in her picnic basket and bade him a good trip back.

“Won’t it get dark as you travel back?” Mrs. Berry Beary asked. “You won’t be able to make it all the way back before nightfall.”

But the driver explained that he would stop at a little cottage along the way that was set up for just such situations. It had a drinking water, a warm bed to sleep in, and stable with hay for the horse. All that was required was that the one staying there would leave some coins for the caretaker to get the supplies that the next traveller would need.

It was a bit of a mystery who kept that little cottage running. No one ever got a good view of the man or lady. They liked to do this deed of kindness in secret, it seemed. But there were rumours that it was actually Mrs. Goodright who was helping travelling folks in this way. However, when the driver asked her if she was the “mystery angel” who kept the emergency rest cottage running, all she said was, “Ah, that’s something many have asked me. Maybe one day you’ll spot the one doing it.”

Mr. Berry Beary bade the driver farewell with a hug, and gave him his pay.

“Oh, and I almost forgot,” Mr. Berry Beary said, reaching into his pocket. “Here, this is for you,” he said, handing the driver an envelope.

The driver opened it with curiosity, and pulled out a hand written note. The words said, “The Lord is my shepherd...” and so forth. Mr. Berry Beary had written out Psalm 23 for the driver, and added, “Thanks for your help on our trip. You are part of our family now—God’s big family.”

Tears started to fill the driver’s eyes. “Thanks, Sir,” he said. It felt good to be loved. He hadn’t had much of a family when growing up. His father was always far away at sea, his mother very busy with house and home, and when he was still young, his only and older sister had moved to live with their aunt, who was a good teacher and seamstress, to learn from her.

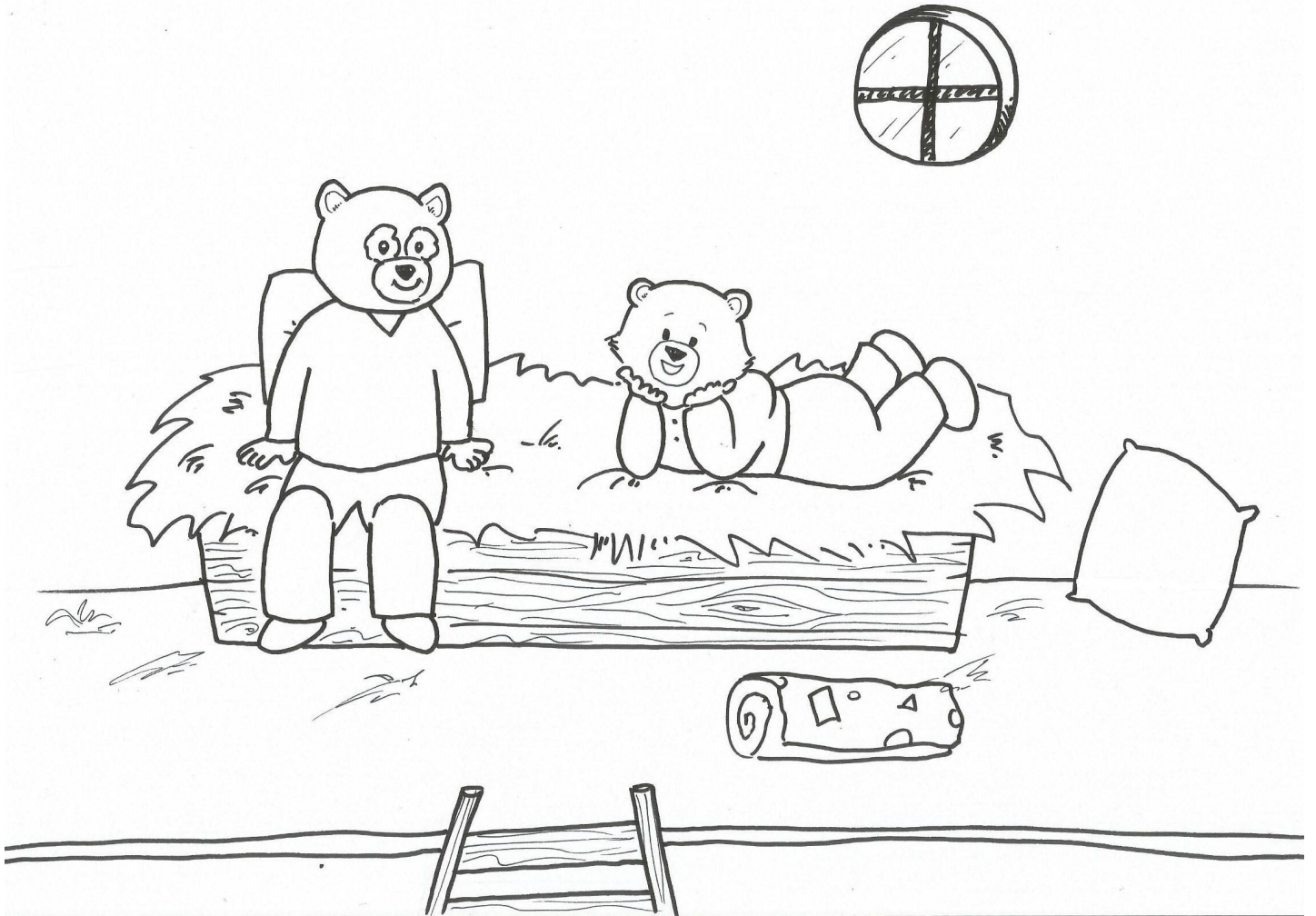
When the driver was old enough he had to begin working to survive. Eventually, he travelled and came here to this new land, hoping to find a happy new life. And today, he felt like he just had.

“Thanks again, Sir, Ma’am.” He shook little Junior’s hand too. “I’d best be off.”

\*\*\*

“We’re so glad to have you all here,” Mrs. Goodright said, while they all sat down to a nice warm meal. Junior Bear and Russel, the other boy, were already chatting away about Junior’s trip so far. In between sentences of grown up conversation things could be heard like,

“And then this big whale was right over there...I got to see it!” and “Then the wave splashed right over the whole deck of the ship. I’m glad that Papa and Mama and I were safely in our cabin.”

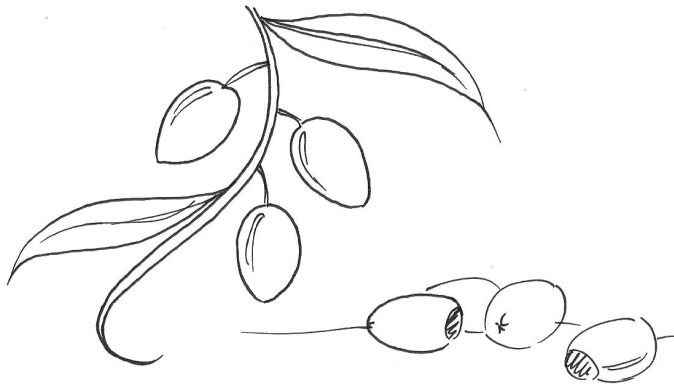
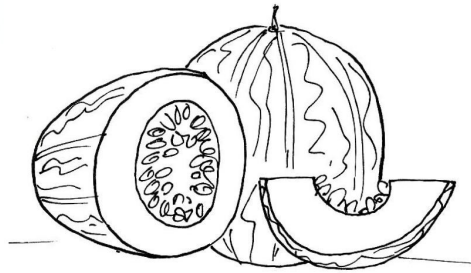
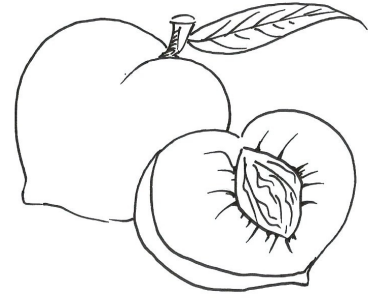
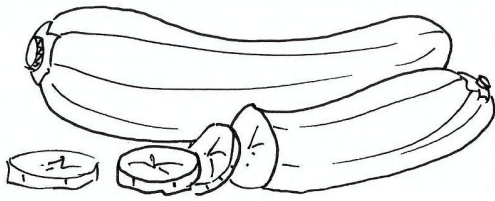


Junior Bear had someone else to tell of their trip's adventures to, besides recounting the stories to his mama who always wrote down in a notebook the interesting events of their lives.

"Would you like to sleep with me up there, in the loft?" Russel asked Junior Bear, who looked very interested. A strong wooden ladder led up to a hay covered, cosy wooden bed built up above the couch area. There were sheets and woollen blankets up there, as well as pillows made by putting Russel's other sets of clothes into pillowcases.

Usually Russel slept in the only bedroom of the house, with his parents, and the loft was his special place for play. But when Russel heard about Junior Bear coming to their house, he got the idea to set it up like he had.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry Beary would sleep on the main floor on the fold-out couch bed. They approved of Junior Bear sleeping up there with his new-found friend.



\*\*\*

The next day, the men set out early on horseback to take a good long ride around the area, and all around the lake. Mr. Goodright would tell Mr. Berry Beary all he knew about life in this land. Mrs. Goodright spent the day showing Mrs. Berry Beary her books with pictures about the plants and animals around this area, and an interested Junior Bear looked on from time to time.

Then she also showed her which plants were edible, and which ones were not, and they chatted about how to keep a family running well while living in this place—how to come up with clothes, and supplies and all that was needed.

“Every few months I take a trip to the port where there is a market place. Supplies that have come from overseas are available there as well. I always bring a few extra coins too, for at the port there are those without much who are eager for help. I don’t think a new land like this should really ever have beggars and people in such need. If we all could just help one another, I think this place could be a happy, thriving land,” Mrs. Goodright expressed.



“I know what you mean, and my family and I promise to do our very best to be a benefit to this country, and to help as many people as we can—just like you and your family have done for us. We are so very grateful,” Mrs. Berry Beary said.

It was time to draw water from the well for the evening meal preparation, and to warm some for washing.

“The men will be back soon and will appreciate a good warm wash, I’m sure,” Mrs. Goodright commented.

“Come help me with the water, please, Russel,” his mother called out, and instead of just Russel responding, two eager boys came running.

With wide eyes Junior Bear watched while water was drawn from the well. For the most part, lake water was used, but, but that required a horse and buggy to bring it in barrels. For smaller domestic jobs Mrs. Goodright just hauled it from the well.

“Can I carry some water too?” Junior Bear asked. And a small bucket was handed to him. The boys felt very grown-up as they carried their buckets of water to the kitchen. They scooped up some in cups and had a good drink before running off to play again in the garden patch outside the kitchen window.

Junior Bear was generously sharing his the little wooden carts and horses with Russel, and they drove them around the narrow paths between the veggie plots. The ladies could see the boys at play while they prepared the supper.

\*\*\*

The team of tired, hungry but jolly men arrived well before dark. They washed, changed and were seated with their families. Before eating the simple but wholesome supper, the families bowed their heads to thank God for His care of them that day.

The ladies and children were eager to hear about the men’s trip that day, where they went, and about any encounters of interest. Mr. Goodright and Mr. Berry Beary took turns telling where they went and what they saw, who they met, and what they discovered.



“We left early this morning as there was a rather distant place we wanted to check out—a place that just may be the area you will enjoy setting up in,” Mr. Goodright said.

“It was a three to four hours ride from here, at a brisk pace,” Mr. Berry Beary added. He looked over at his wife who was expectantly waiting to hear. “It was indeed a very pleasant place. A clear water lake is nearby, and there are many wild fruit trees in the area. We had a feast of fruit for our meal while travelling. It’s the time of year when fresh food is abundant.”

“No one has yet ventured to settle that far away, that we know of,” Mr. Goodright continued. “Should you choose to make that place your abode, I think it should will provide all your immediate needs. There are abundant trees —the good type that a home could be built out of. I know of some others who have helped new families build their houses, and in return for a good meal each night and a place to pitch their tent, I think they’d be willing to help you out, too. Now is the best time to build. The weather is warmer and rainfall is moderate or infrequent.”

Mrs. Goodright turned to Mr. Berry Beary and said, "I hear you are a good carpenter. Your wife tells me you have great skill with wood and building."

Mr. Berry Beary, honoured by such commendation, replied "Why, thank you. I do like to put my hand to work at creative tasks. I had time to think on the ship trip coming over, and drew out some plans and ideas, blueprints of some sort, outlining and detailing what our future house could be like. Both my wife and Junior Bear approved of the basic ideas, and have added a few of their own as well. I think with a bit of fine tuning, a not-too-difficult floor plan could be used for building a quick house—that is if we get some help."

"Let's write a notice requesting help right away. The postman passes by tomorrow morning, and he could bring the notice and post it for others to see, in the main fairway of the port town, as well as on the notice board at 'Port's Place for Pioneers.' You all can stay here for as long as it takes for your new house to be liveable, which, with some others to help, shouldn't be more than a month or two, at most," Mrs. Goodright suggested, always the one to help think through workable plans that can be followed through with practical action. If there was something good that could be done, then it should be done, without unnecessary delay--this seemed to be her motto. It was in part because of this side to her nature that both her family and many others had what they needed.

Scarcely had the evening meal been cleaned up when Mrs. Goodright and Mrs. Berry Beary met to write up the notices and requests, while Russel and Junior Bear chatted with their fathers about their own activities that day.

Junior Bear told of the fresh herbs and veggies he had been allowed to pick from the garden, as well as the play time with Russel while sharing his wooden toys. Telling his Papa this reminded him of what he wanted to ask him.

"Papa..." he began.

"Yes, my boy," Mr. Berry Beary responded.

"Do you think that you could make Russel a little wooden cart and horse, too, like you made for me? When we leave for our new house, I don't want him to be sad. I'd like him to have some nice toys like mine, too," Junior Bear explained as he made his request.

“Well, I think that is a fine idea. Perhaps there is some scrap wood around here that we can use to get started on it. I think I’ll have a bit of time tomorrow to do it, as your mama and I want to stay around here for the day. We have big decisions to make, and need time to pray and think things through.”

“Like where to build our house?” Junior Bear piped up.

“Yes. But I won’t need to do that all day. I want to have some good time with you too, and I can take time to make your new friend a toy, while you look on and learn all you can. Who knows? Maybe when you are grown, you’ll be providing toys for many boys and girls in this area. I’ll teach you how to make them, if you like,” Mr. Berry Beary offered.

An eager Junior Bear jumped up and down. He was glad to know that tomorrow would be a special day for his family.

“For now, I think it’s just about time for a bedtime story. I’m pretty tired, and I think you might be feeling sleepy soon as well.”

“Can Russel come and hear the bedtime story, too, Papa?” Junior Bear asked.

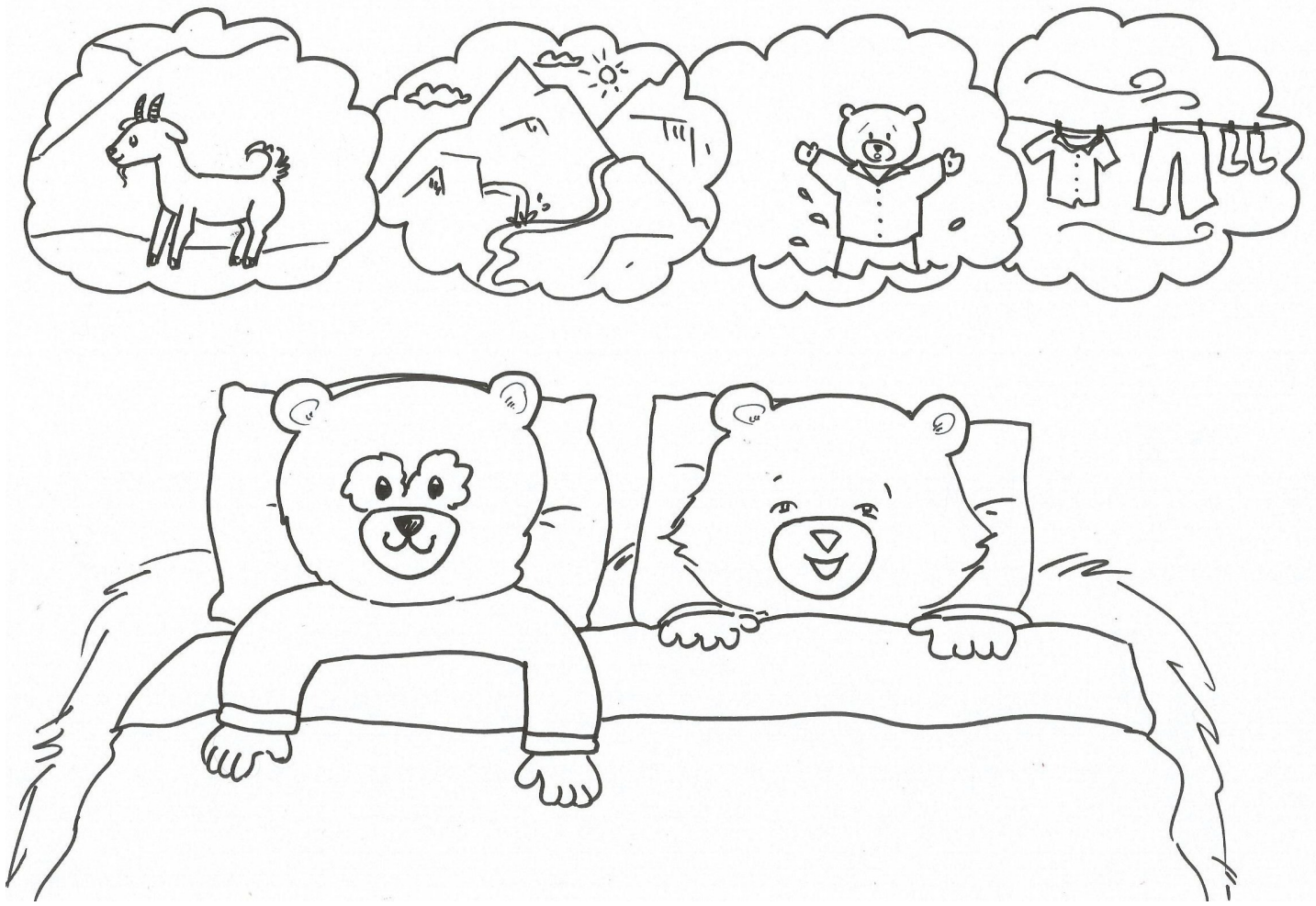
Mr. Berry Beary looked over at Russel and Mr. Goodright who were now playing a game of marbles on the floor. “Yes, if he wants to come, of course.”

Russel looked up and smiled. He always loved to hear stories, especially from travellers who had come from other places. He wanted to one day travel all around and explore as many countries as he could. At least that was what his young mind was set to do when he was grown up. But for now he was eager to travel in his imagination while hearing the stories from people who had lived abroad.

Soon the boys were tucked into their loft bed and Mr. Berry Beary was seated on the top of the ladder, ready to begin the stories for the night.

“Can you tell Russel about the time you...” Junior Bear began to prompt some stories for his papa to tell. He then recalled some childhood memories and told of what life was like where he grew up.

“Where I grew up, there were high mountains and fast flowing streams, especially in the spring time when the snow melts and makes streams full and fast.



One day, I was helping to round up the goats that my father kept. But this one rascal goat kept getting away from me. I think he just liked to climb. He was going up on mountain rocks and exploring around, but I needed to get him back to our mountain home.

I was so focused on the goat and keeping a good watch on him, struggling to reach where he had gone, that I didn't see where I was going. I then splashed right into a small brook of icy water. I didn't get all wet, but I was quite surprised.

"Thankfully, my papa saw what was happening and came to help. He rounded up the stray goat and brought the rest of them along as well. Mama helped me get a dry set of clothes on and hung my wet ones to dry.

"Both Mama and Papa said the same thing had happened to them before as well; they'd spent most of their lives living in that beautiful mountain area. We sat down to eat a warm supper of goat's milk soup and vegetables."

Before ending for the night, Mr. Berry Beary also told a few nice stories from the Bible, stories of others who had to take long trips, and how God cared for them through all their challenges.

He told of food from Heaven for Moses and the large team he was leading through the wilderness; he told of Ruth and Naomi and how food was given to them from the fields of Boaz when they arrived without anything to eat; and he told of Jacob trying to find the way to his uncle's house, and how God gave him a dream of angels while he slept on the ground.

Then with a goodnight prayer, the boys were soon sound asleep.

\*\*\*

The next day, everything went as planned:

--Notices were sent and posted requesting help to build the Berry Beary's new house.

--Mr. Berry Beary and Junior Bear spent time making a special wooden toy for Russel.

--Mr. and Mrs. Berry Beary took time together to pray and plan and decide on the area they were to settle for their home. Before the day was over they felt certain that the place the men had found and explored was the right area for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodright got to work over the next week helping to collect, gather and secure the needed items for the Berry Beary family to have what they would need in their new place—a stove, seeds for planting, wool for making clothing, a horse and buggy that could be rented for several weeks during the building time when items needed to be transported to the new home's building site, jars and pots for food cooking and preservation, and so forth.

Within a week of posting the notices for house building help, there began to be responses to their request. Several strong and willing men were eager to start work on the house right away. After the Berry Beary family had stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Goodright for only two weeks in all, the house building was already in full swing.





Finally, the wonderful day came—and much sooner than they thought it would. The Berry Beary family loaded up the last of their belongings onto the rented horse and buggy, and set off early in the morning to move into their new house.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodright, along with Russel, would accompany them for the first day or two, making sure they would settle in all right. Russel was just as eager to see the new house and area as Junior Bear was. Together they could see it.

When it was time for Mr. and Mrs. Goodright to return to their home, they promised to visit again as soon as they could. And before they left, Junior Bear had a gift to give Russel. It was wrapped up in a cloth.

Russel opened it with wide eyes as he saw just the thing he had wished he could have—the new wooden horse and cart that Mr. Berry Beary had made. It was a parting gift and made him very happy. They would be friends for a long time—and were the nearest friends around.

\*\*\*



As months turned into years, more and more little ones were added to the Berry Beary family. Mr. and Mrs. Berry Beary had a large family with many wonderful children. The Berry Beary family was the biggest one around.

Junior Bear eventually grew up and married Russel's sister, who was born to their family a year after they first met. The families stayed friends and always did their best to help one another. When he was older, Russel married a nice girl from a new family that had moved into Berry Beary Town. In time there were children, and eventually even grandchildren.

The children in Berry Beary Town were able to grow up and be raised in a happy and wholesome town, learning the trades and skills of those living there who were happy to teach the growing young ones. It was such a pleasant area to live.

There was just one rule to being allowed to live in what was known as, "Berry Beary Town": *Love God and love others—and act like it in your daily lives.*

Those who did that would enjoy their stay; those who didn't care to be kind, well, they were asked to move away. But even they would often see the error of their ways, and change and choose to live in the nice way that those in Berry Beary Town did.

*Note: The story above was added to the “History of Berry Beary Town,” which could finally be known by all—thanks to the recent great discovery of the missing written records.*

*The text below was formerly all the information that was available. This, added together with the story above, made the book in the museum complete.*

Any new families moving to this country were welcome to find lodging in someone’s house in this town, if there was a need, until they found their own place and location to live. Some moved on, but some chose to stay and build their house around the area and use their skills and trades to contribute to the community. Eventually there were people of all trades that were there and able to help those in the town, providing needed services. There was little need for money, as few had any anyway. They just loved to make their town the happiest and most fun place around, helping one another.

The place was a flourishing one. Word got out throughout the country about this pleasant place, and when they held their yearly festivals, people from all over the land would come and participate, enjoying the lovely area and its lovely people. It was known as the kindest and happiest town around.

Many years passed, and changes came about in the country—new inventions and machines. Cars and other vehicles and means of transportation; electrical lights; running water in the houses; telephones; roads and traffic lights; organised services like the postal service, rescue workers, shops, hospitals and such.

Over time things had changed from a rural town to one with modern conveniences. For a time also, sadly it suffered under the weight and troubles caused by individuals and leaders seeking to gain wealth only.

Yet there were those who still had in their heart the kindness that the town was founded with—such as Berry Beary Kind, the Mayor of the town at the time of this writing. He is a direct descendant of Mr. and Mrs. Berry Beary.

The descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Berry Beary had the stories passed down to them of how the town began, and a few had some written records and notes and drawings that were made by the founders of the town.



A project was made by some of the citizens of Berry Beary Town to write these notes down for the museum, so that all would know a bit of the history of the town. Those who knew these facts and had heard stories told to them by their grand- and great-grandparents since they were young, met together to tell each other all they knew about Berry Beary Town's early beginnings. However, when inquiry was made of where any old written records might be, no one seemed to know.

Perhaps the guardian of such important papers had put them where they would be safe. Perhaps someone very old had kept them well, and had passed on to be with the Lord before telling others where they had placed them. The people of Berry Beary Town would just have to do the best they could to piece together the history, and hope that one day, somehow, someone would discover the lost records—if indeed they did exist somewhere.

*(Note: Since these records have now been discovered, we have a better idea of the beginnings of Berry Beary Town; and these records are on display in the Berry Beary Museum.)*

For more stories from the series "Berry Beary Kind" see link:  
<http://www.nurture-inspire-teach.com/berry-beary-kind/>