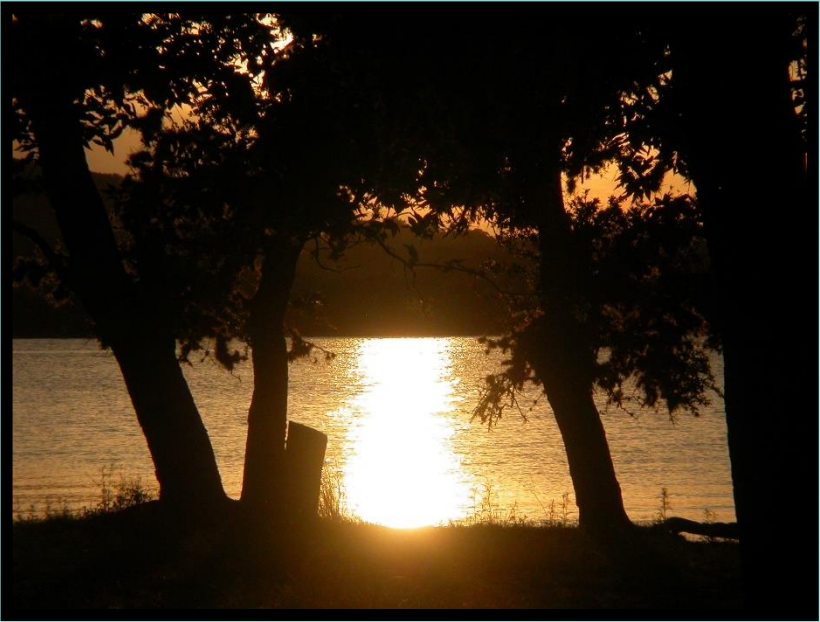


Berry Beary Kind

Book 2



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

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

Berry Beary Kind –Book 2

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.

1--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 1

2--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 2

3--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 3

4--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 4

5--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 5

6--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 6

7--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 7

8--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 8

9--The Runaway Ball

10--The Key Chest

11--The Bear that lived on Frosty Mountain

12--The Wonderbears

1--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 1

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 some place 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, come 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 couldn’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 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 in health and wellbeing. May we always pass on the kindness to others that You would have us.”

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 around her shoulders more tightly 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 real 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 here while we take this little boat ride. Isn’t this exciting?”

(Continued in Part 2)

2--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 2

As the Berry Beary family arrived and stepped on to the 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 yelling of vendors, 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 its 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. Flies were buzzing around because of it. It wasn't a place one would like to linger for more 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 someone offering loudly to any around, "Buggy Rides! Ride on 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 had 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.

(Continued in Part 3)

3--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 3

A few days later, after planning, praying, and collecting maps that were available, the Berry Beary family were once again loading on to a horse and buggy. This one was to take them for several hours to a family living near a lake. This family 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 the parents talked and read and learned all they could.

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 also 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 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 costume 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 body is 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 we never will have to travel away from?” Mr. Berry Beary asked.

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

(Continued in Part 4)

4--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 4

As the horse and buggy travelled on once again, there was something on Junior Bear’s mind. “Mama, did we bring any toys to 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. Is that good?"

Junior Bear nodded and was just about to ask his Papa about it, right then, when his mama helped him notice that it would be more polite to wait a moment, as just then his Papa was chatting with the driver of the horse and buggy. It would be kinder not to interrupt.

"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 wanted to read that passage from the Bible—something I don't think I've heard before—then I saw that it is your faith in God that must be the reason you are a benefit to have around."

"You say you have never heard passages from the Bible before," Mr. Berry Beary inquired, and 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 had wanted to pray to receive Jesus as his saviour. "If it works for you," he said motioning to this family, "it wouldn't hurt to try it out for myself as well."

"Wow!" the driver exclaimed, after Mr. Berry Beary led him in a sort 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 just feel so happy I could sing!" the driver said enthusiastically.

And so, sing they did, as they journeyed on. First this song and then that song; some songs were known by all the grown ups, some just by one or two. Some even Junior Bear knew and joined in the best he knew how, 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 sent 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 bid him a good trip back.

“Won’t it get dark as you travel back? You won’t be able to make it all the way back before night fall,” Mrs. Berry Beary asked. 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 stable with hay for the horse, drinking water, and a warm bed to sleep in. 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 bid 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. He hadn't had much of a family when growing up. It felt good to be loved. His father was always far away at sea, his mother very busy with house and home, and his only older sister had moved to live with her aunt when he was still young, for her aunt was a good teacher and seamstress, and she moved there 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" and he shook little Junior's hand too. "I best be off." (Continued in Part 5)

5--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 5

"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. Inbetween sentences of grown up conversation thing 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, 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 his other sets of clothes into pillow cases. Usually Russel slept in a bed in the only bedroom of the house, with his parents, and that 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 had done.

Mr. and Mrs. Berry Beary would sleep below 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 and telling 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 what plants were edible, and which ones were not, and chatted about how to keep a family running well while living in these places—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, and supplies that have come from overseas are available there as well. I always bring a few extra coins too, for 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 those 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 me and my family 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 two eager boys came running.

With wide eyes Junior Bear watched while water was drawn from the well. Water was also for the most part used from the lake, 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. With the little wooden carts and horses that Junior Bear was generously sharing with Russel, they drove them around the narrow paths between the veggie plots. The boys at play could be seen while the ladies prepared the supper.

(Continued in Part 6)

6--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 6

A team of tired, hungry and jolly men arrived well before dark. The men 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 talking and 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 land area you might 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 many wild fruit trees can be seen. 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 have all that is needed for 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 for the night, I think they’d be willing to help you out, too. Now is the best time to do it. The weather is warmer and rain fall 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 replied, honoured by such commendation, “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 Beary approved of the basic ideas, and have added a bit of their own as well. I think with a bit of fine tuning, a not-too-difficult floor plan could be built—that is if we get some help.”

“Let’s write a notice, requesting help right away. The postman passes 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 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 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 asked.

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

"Do you think that you could help to 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, 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 pipped 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 watch 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."

(Continued in Part 7)

7--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 7

"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 mind 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 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 was melting and makes streams full and fast. 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 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 had seen 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 made 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.

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 a long time making a special wooden toy for Russel.

--Mrs. Berry Beary took time with Mr. Berry Beary 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 perseveration, and so forth.

-After only 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 as well 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 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.

(Continued in Part 8)

8--The History of Berry Beary Town—Part 8

As months turned into years, soon more and more little ones were added to their growing 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 the sister of Russel. The families stayed friends and always did their best to help one another. Russel married a nice girl from new family that had moved into Berry Beary Town when he was older. In time there were children, and yet, 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 then called, “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 had taught them to live.

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 written. These added together 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 funnest 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, and 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 set up, hospitals and such.

Over time things had changed from a rural town to one with modern conveniences, and for a time under the weight and troubles of those 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 descendent of Mr. and Mrs. Berry Beary.

The descendents 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 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 since they were young, told to them by their grand and great-grandparents gathered to tell all that they knew. 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, and had forgotten to tell 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, as best as they knew it, 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 museum.)

9--The Runaway Ball

Berry Beary Kind was in his workshop taking a look at one of his new inventions. “Beep beep” and “click-chuck-click” and “mmrrr” was heard coming from the something-or-other that he held in his hands.

“Hmmm, I think I need to adjust the hydration detector a bit here, and tighten a few of these knobs....”

What it could do, he wasn't entirely sure, but what he wanted his new gadget to do was what he was aiming for.

Berry Beary Kind looked at his notebook that listed what he was trying to create:

A weather and air pressure detector, with an inbuilt clock and alarm, that also displayed the temperature and moisture level in the air.

"Just a little handy device to have with you when you're out hiking, for example..." he was thinking.

"Frump!"

Berry Beary Kind looked up to see that a stray ball had managed to roll in through the partly open door and hit against the low cabinet.

"I guess I should have shut that door if I didn't want any stray or flying objects to make their way in!"

But as he went to pick the ball up to return it to whoever owned it, he noticed something curious right there on the floor.

"Hmm, sometimes things seem so random or like they have no reason for happening, but then we find out that it actually helped us in some way—or could help us if we look around."

Berry Beary Kind, instead of picking up the ball, picked up the missing screw that he'd looked long for just that morning. He found it on the floor right beside the ball.

"Aha! So there it is!" he said, then happily placed it and screwed it into the machine he was working on.

"I'm glad now for that stray ball coming at just the right time when I really did want to find that missing item, for my what-you-might-call-it, machine" he thought.

However, he was also glad that it hadn't hit and disrupted anything on the shelves. If the door had been open all the way, there's no telling what might have gotten rattled or messed up or broken.

Berry Beary Kind then picked up the ball and rolled it out of the door, for whoever owned it to easily retrieve, and shut the door.

He mused, "It seems like praying for our day to go right, and all the aspects of it to fall into the right place is like adjusting a door. The right things then come into our day and life at the right times—even if they seem out of place, they bring good our way in the end. But prayer also puts a protection from trouble and disruption that would ruin our efforts.

He liked to take note of the little good thoughts and lessons he learned, to remember them and tell them to others. Berry Beary Kind quickly wrote out a note and pasted it on the inside of his workshop door. It read:

Prayer is the door to let the right things into your day;

Prayer is the door to keep unneeded troubles out of the way.

Just as he finished reading it over—and then saying a short prayer for the rest of his day to go well, he was attracted to the sunlight beaming its way into the window.

"I've got to get out there for a bit, I say," he said to himself. After seeing that what was meant to be put away, was away, and nothing dangerous for little people's hands was left within reach of children, he stepped out.

A surprised boy greeted him the second the door opened. The boy's hand was suspended and poised, just ready to produce a knock on the workshop's door when it had flung open. A smiling Berry Beary Kind greeted him, and a smile he returned.

“Well, Sonny, what brings you here? I see you have found the ball that paid me a timely visit.” Berry Beary Kind said in a friendly voice.

“Yes, I came to get it. See my brother was practicing his kicks, but this one got away too far. I hope it didn’t trouble you,” the boy said.

“No trouble at all. In fact I was just coming out now for a spot of sun—the best refreshment ever. How about we take that ball of yours and play on the field near your house over there? I’d like a little time to get the heart beating. Good for my health, you know.”

The boy grinned. He was glad now that he’d shared his ball with his brother—even if it meant it went astray and he had to stop playing for a while to retrieve it. He had been tempted to wish he hadn’t, but now things were working out well.

So, the three of them—the brothers and Berry Beary Kind had some kick-ball time, as well as some running races, and other games.

When a few other children saw the fun that was being had, they asked their mothers if they could join in and play with the team on the field. Before too long several more balls and children showed up, along with some fathers and mothers, snacks, laughter and smiles.

It had been raining for a few days before, but now the clearing sky and warm sunrays were being all the more appreciated. Perhaps if had always been sunny, this neighbor moment wouldn’t be happening.

Soon, everyone that could stop their work, had done so, to come for an hour or so, to enjoy a good dose of togetherness, laughter-filled games, and cheery sunshine.

Mellissa and her grandmother set up a table with fruit and water under the shade of a tree, for the players to enjoy.

Berry Beary Fit dropped by to teach everyone some good warm-ups and stretches, to keep their bodies in good shape for the games.

Berry Beary Gentle and Berry Big Beary, Berry Beary Kind's parents were seen taking a walk and looking on with a contented smile.

They were glad that their son not only knew how to work hard and focus to make things better for this town he was now the mayor of, but that he knew how to drop what he was doing, and give some fun to the young ones. For when you make life good and pleasant and fun for the youngest, it seems just right for everyone else too.

"When you make sure the young ones of a town are happy and growing well," commented Berry Beary Gentle to her husband, "it seems everything else works out well, too."

Berry Big Beary nodded and waved to his son, who waved back and beckoned for them to join some of them under the tree for a good drink of water.

Berry Beary Kind was telling a few of the children who had likewise gathered there, "If you could choose only one thing to put in your body that would give it the best health, what would you choose? Do you know what is the most essential of all?" then he held up a glass of fresh pure water and drank it down: "What used to be in this cup!"

The children followed and each had a good drink.

"But how can it be so good for you, when it doesn't have anything in it—it's just water." A child asked.

"Aha! Well, it might not taste like much, and it's clear and doesn't have food and other things in it, but it's not nothing. It has just what your body needs to keep it in good working order. Did you know that many of the parts inside of your body are made of just this?" Berry Beary Kind asked.

Some children knew, but some of the younger ones looked questioningly.

“Yes, and when you drink water, it’s like sending the parts of your body just what is needed to repair and keep everything working right, without getting worn out. Running and playing is very essential to good health, good food and sleep, clean air and sunshine are all needed too. But you can’t function right without lots of water.”

The children had all finished drinking and ran to find their parents who were milling around the field, or caring for their baby siblings. Berry Beary Kind’s parents had arrived just then, and sat under the tree to enjoy the spontaneous picnic and chat together.

Berry Beary Kind looked around and was glad for this all-of-a-sudden activity that brought the town together. The air of friendliness seemed to dance around, like rays of sunlight shining through the leaves of a tree in the gentle breeze. He lay back on the grass and looked up at the varied shades of green in the tree overhead.

He might have even shut his eyes for a bit, if yet another stray ball—the second one that day—had not suddenly landed on him. This time it was just a light air-filled beach ball, thrown by Jellina’s younger brother. Berry Beary Kind looked up and smiled, and threw it back for him to tiddle over and catch.

“Well, I guess I better get back to some sort of work,” he said to his parents, who themselves were also getting ready to head back to the house.

Berry Beary Kind waved to everyone, “I’ll see you later on!” he said, and they knew what he meant. That night there was to be a show put on by the “Rescue Team” as they were called. All the emergency rescue workers had made a stage play, complete with real equipment and vehicles, costumes and all.

Berry Beary Kind had some preparations yet to do, and people to talk with—and snacks to collect from those who offered to make them. It was

promising to be a great night for all—especially the young ones. And he was glad for that.

10--The Key Chest

Berry Beary Kind opened the fancy little box that he kept in his drawer of special things. He called it his “key chest”. In it held a set of keys. These were no ordinary keys, but had supernatural power. On them there was the words, “The keys of Heaven”.

He would use these whenever he had a difficult situation or was feeling sad, or needed to find a solution to a problem. Whenever he held them and said a prayer things always seemed to get better.

Today he was opening the box because a friend of his, Berry Beary Rich, was sick and needed healing. He was a sad bear, who had found out that money and riches still couldn’t make him happy or buy him healing.

Today Berry Beary kind was going to pray for him to receive the gift of healing, and to receive Jesus as his best friend. He needed to know that there was someone who cared about him.

“I hold on to the keys of Health and Salvation for this sick Beary, who needs help right now” Berry Beary kind prayed. He felt that the keys power of Heaven was already getting to work, and now it was time for him to do the same.

He packed up a bag of supplies for his trip, as well as a tape of verse songs to cheer up Berry Beary Rich. He put on some nice clothes and off he went in his pick up truck.

“Knock knock” he knocked at the door, and heard a “come in, Berry Beary Kind”. So he went in. There was a video camera that had been at the door and showed the sick, rich bear who was at the door, even though he was still in bed.

“I thought you might want to listen to some medicine.” Berry Beary Kind began.

“Listen? How do I hear medicine?” wondered Berry Beary Rich.

“I’ll put on this special tape that I brought, and then see if you start to feel better, okay?” So Berry Beary Kind put on the healing verse song tape, while was praying about what to say next.

After a song or two, Berry Beary Rich started asking to know more about Jesus, and asked for prayer to be healed. Berry Beary Kind then prayed with him to be healed, and to receive Jesus in his heart.

Both bears were so happy, they felt they could fly. And so were the angels all around were happy too. They too had wanted to cheer up this sad Bear, but knew they could only do it all the way when he chose to have Jesus as part of his life, and to love Him. And now he made that choice. It was a great and happy day for them!

On his way home Berry Beary kind noticed that there was some boxes in his pick up truck that weren’t there before. He stopped to check it out.

There was a sign on them, saying they were a gift from Berry Beary Rich. He could hardly wait to see what was inside of them. Hmmm? Toys, clothes, food, tools! So many things! Just what he would need for his trip to the island to visit the poor village.

The keys of heaven sure work wonders!

11--The Bear that lived on Frosty Mountain

Berry Beary Cold lived on Frosty Mountain. He wasn’t afraid of the cold; he rather enjoyed it. It gave him plenty of undisturbed time to sleep and read by his cosy fireplace.

The only time he minded the cold much was when he had to chop the wood. But he knew that doing that tough task out in the cold would be the reason he was able to stay warm later on. So with a whistle and smoky looking breath he'd heave and ho and chop a good batch of fire logs.

He liked to treat himself with a nice cup of warm veggie soup when he was done. Then when he felt warmed up again he'd pick up his guitar and sing some of his favourite songs.

It seemed even the animals in the forest that surrounded his wooden log cabin enjoyed it when Berry Beary Cold would begin to sing. They could tell that his heart was warm and filled with love and joy. The cold day or night would be made more cheery whenever he started to sing.

One especially frosty night, when it seemed there wasn't a blade of grass, twig, or leaf on a tree that wasn't covered in icy white crystals, Berry Beary Cold settled down for a time of rejoicing.

What was there to rejoice about? He didn't have much company, food was sparse, his old holey socks could no longer be mended they were so worn. But he did know of something that neither cold nor hunger, poverty nor loneliness could ever take away from him.

There, like a ray of bright heart-warming sunshine, placed on the wall was the reason his heart could sing. The painting was passed down to him from his great-great-great grandfather. It had been a part of his family as far back as he'd known.

The picture was of the One who left His throne up high and all the wealth to come down to Earth to heal, help, and understand Earthly folks. He knew cold and hunger too, and yes even sorrow and loss. But Berry Beary Cold told himself, "If he could make it through the long cold nights, and pray while out on the mountain, so can I."

Berry Beary Cold thought of all those who had things much more difficult than he did, and decided to take this time to rejoice for all that he did get to enjoy.

As he plucked his old guitar a melody came to him along with the words his heart wished to express.

I may not be the wisest bear

I may not have the softest hair

I may not have the finest lair

But there's one thing I have, you know

A place where I will one day go

A land where all will be at peace

A place where I can find release

From anything that troubles me

From burdens I will be set free

One day there will be wiped away

Each and every tear

Because, just because I have

The Love of Jesus here.

After this Berry Beary Cold followed it with several more of his favourite songs, then read from the book of Job and the book of Psalms. Those were sure to pick him up from anything that tried to get him down.

One day while he was looking out the window he saw a light that seemed to dance around the garden. What was that? He wasn't quite sure, but it made him laugh. Soon after that a bird landed on a nearby branch, carrying a little bit of straw in his mouth.

"You go and make yourself the finest nest you can!" Berry Beary Cold told that bird with a smile. Then said heartily, "Yes! Spring is here! Spring has sprung and I will rejoice at this glorious time of year. No matter what the season I can be glad."

Then he thought, "But that light, was that an angel? Who knows! But I have this feeling that crops just might grow a wee bit better this year, and things will all work out."

And indeed it was so. A warmth spread over the mountain that year and his garden—and the berries and plants for all the animals that lived around him too—enjoyed plenty to eat, and pleasant days.

One day he heard the sound of rustling in the bushes. "Hello, who is there?" he called out.

A dog came wagging his tail and barking cheerily up to him. His master soon caught up.

"Why! Berry Beary Fit and Berry Beary Kind! What brings you this far on this fine day?" Berry Beary Cold asked. "And what is that you are carrying in that sack?"

With big smiles followed by big bear hugs Berry Beary Kind and Berry Beary Fit greeted this lonesome and cold but happy bear who watched over this part of the mountain.

“We have brought you some fresh supplies, clothing, and a few other gifts that some of the townsfolk wanted us to bring to you,” the visiting bears said joyfully.

Berry Beary Cold was nearly speechless, but since he rarely had the chance to speak with others of his kind he made sure to find the words to show proper gratitude.

“I hardly know what to say! Surely it is what I least expected! But I am most grateful! Please come in and make yourselves comfortable, and there we can exchange news from each of our areas of living,” Berry Beary Cold said as he let the two special visitors into his small cabin.

Berry Bear Fit sat on the small foot stool while Berry Beary Kind politely took the armchair that Berry Beary Cold insisted that he sit on. Berry Beary Cold poured each of them some fresh rain water that he had stored in a big clay jar.

The bears then took turns exchanging stories of what was happening in each one’s area of living. Berry Beary Kind and Berry Beary Fit shared news about the town life, and Berry Beary Cold gave them the update of the happenings on the mountain there and what he’d helped to do while there.

He told of the lost hikers he directed to the right paths, the start of brush fires he put out, the bird life he helped to feed through the tough winter with saved seeds and dry crumbs. He let them know what new animals had moved in to this part of the forest, and travellers he’d put up for the night in his own bed while he slept on his chair, who otherwise would have had to sleep in the cold forest; and many more happenings he shared.

Then at last the bag was opened and each thing in it was very appreciated and would be well used—socks, a scarf, a new sharp axe for chopping wood, boots, jars of preserved fruits and veggies, potatoes and onions, veggie garden seeds, a new quilt cover, some spare guitar strings,

and a few brand new books just published at the printshop by Berry Beary Printer.

Berry Beary Cold was delighted. It felt like his birthday and Christmas all at the same time! Tears then filled his eyes. It felt good know he was loved, and to be reminded that he had not been forgotten by those living in more comfortable places.

He liked his place here on Frosty mountain, though sometimes it was a bit of a rouged life. And with friends like those who lived down in Berry Beary Town, he would be able to carry on and make the best of the year ahead.

12--The Wonderbears

Berry Beary Kind woke up feeling unwell. His nose was stuffy, his head hurt, and it felt hard to swallow. He was sick. He didn't think there was anything that he could do for anyone. This was a time that he felt he needed someone to do him a favour.

There were lots of jobs that needed to get done. He needed to go pick up Berry Beary Friendly from the airport, who was coming back from a trip. Then there was cooking, as well as taking the trash out to the front so the truck could take it away. All he had strength for was to get a warm drink and lie back down in his bed.

Then he heard a vehicle pull up to his house. It was full of Wonderbears. These were a team of helpful bears who travelled around helping those who helped others. They knew how to encourage the encouragers.

One had cleaning supplies, another had on gardening gloves, another had on an apron and cook book ready to make food for Berry Beary Kind,

another was dressed like a chauffeur, ready to drive others to where they needed to go.

Their vehicle was kind of shaped like an ambulance, but in the back it had all sorts of tools and gadgets and equipment needed for all types of jobs to help people. There was also a ladder on the roof that could help perform rescue missions. It truly was “an amazing vehicle”.

Berry Beary Kind was thrilled as can be. He was going to have a great day. “When you are kind to others, they’ll be kind to you,” he thought. And a lot of love was about to be poured out to him. He just rested and read all day. And any calls that came in for help were handled by the Wonderbears, who also went to the airport to get his friend.

They also made good food for him, cleaned up the house and garden, and played with the children who came in the afternoon for a game of soccer. At the end of the day he felt so much better. All that rest and love and care just topped up his “love cup” and he was on his way to fully getting better.