

# **Berry Beary Kind**

## **Book 7**



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

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

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

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

***Where everybody is happy and helping  
each other;***

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

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

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

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



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## 1--Old Uncle Beary (part 1)

Old Uncle Beary used his cane to make his way to the new little train station. This would be his first time to ride the Berry Beary Town Train. He had on his best shirt and slacks, and put on a bow-tie just for fun. Maybe he'd get to see things he never knew about, as he hadn't been around the whole town in quite a while. It was hard for him to get around, since walking was slow and he didn't own his own vehicle. He had all that he needed right where he lived. Town's folks make sure that all elderly folks were well cared for. The old and the real young were given top care in this place, Berry Beary Kind ensured that.

A little girl skipped up over to Old Uncle Beary and handed him a flower.

"Old Uncle Beary, are you going for a ride on the train?" she asked.

Old Uncle Beary stopped and held the flower and smiled, "Yes, I'm going to see the town! Have you been for a ride on it yet?"

"Not yet," the girl said, as her father and older brother caught up with her. "But may be soon. Today is my big brother's birthday and we are going to a concert at the hall. Beary Merry Song is doing a special show there. After that we are going to Mama's Might Meal's restaurant—that's where my Mama works. She has something special to feed us all on this special day." The girl's friendly voice trailed off as she went off walking with her Daddy and brother.

"You have fun then!" Old Uncle Beary said to them all, then kept on walking towards the train.

"There's no sign of a train here. I did hear the chug-chug as I was coming. But the sound only seems to get quieter. I hope I didn't miss the train..." he said with a concerned look.

But sure enough it was so. The train had come and then left before Old Uncle Beary had arrived.

“My watch must have slowed down, I’ve got to get that corrected,” he said bravely, discovering the cause of the missed train. He sat himself down on the bench where people normally awaited boarding the train, wondering what to do.

Just then a taxi neared him on the road beside the station. He got a sudden thought, “Maybe he can take me around. I’m all set for a day out. Why not carry on with the plan. Perhaps the fun of the train can wait until another day. Maybe this is better. I can stop and get out and look around whenever I want to, and then get back in and keep on driving.”

Waving his cane and calling out loudly, “Taxi, taxi” Old Uncle Beary was able to attract the attention of the taxi driver, who indeed was himself wondering what to do and who might be needing him.

The distinguished, elderly taxi driver parked over beside the train station bench and got out. He came over and walked with Old Uncle Beary over to the taxi.

“So, where do you want to go? I’m ready and willing to drive you all over town, if that’s what you are wishing,” the driver said, half joking.

“As a matter of fact, all over town—around the edge of the whole town—is just what I was wanting. See I was to take the train, but missed it. I’m glad to have your help,” Old Uncle Beary said.

“Well, that’s fine, just fine. Have a seat and we’ll be off. But say, what is your name? Indeed you are vaguely familiar? Do I know you from somewhere? I’m actually new here in town. I used to live quite a ways away, but have settled here,” the grey haired taxi driver was curious.

“Really? I too didn’t always call this place my home. I grew up, until about twenty years ago, in a place that was at that time called, Falls and Fields. I’m sure you have never heard of the place. It’s now a construction village of sorts, I hear. Nothing at all what it used to be. I remember going fishing with a friend back then, off this little bridge we put together, made of logs

and rocks and bits of rope. We had a grand time. I miss those days and those places—and I certainly miss my good friend. Times haven't been easy here all the time. But thanks to Berry Beary Kind this town is now getting back to what it used to be, a town one can grow up or grow old in, and be well cared for." Old Uncle Beary finished his answer and thoughts.

The old taxi driver stood there, with hardly a comment in return. Then blurted out, "Alberson? Is it really you? I'm Stevenson! Your friend! Your old fishing pal!"

Old Uncle Beary could hardly believe it! What a wonderful surprise to at last meet up with his friend of times gone by. Now it seemed like hardly a day had gone by. They had much to talk about, like they always did, and they were fast friends again just as always.

That day was the best day that Old Uncle Beary had enjoyed in a long time. He had friends in this town, those here were indeed very nice to him. But to meet again a friend he knew when he was young made him feel young again, somehow.

Stevenson, who was called, Berry Best Driver, took his old friend all over town. They explored all kinds of areas, they stopped to get snacks here and there. They even took a few hours fishing at the end of the day, like the good old times, at a place they could borrow a rod for an hour.

When the sun was setting, Berry Best Driver brought Old Uncle Beary to his house and promised to see him next weekend for a bit more fishing and time to chat. It had been a surprise that Old Uncle Beary hadn't expected to greet him, when he realised he'd missed the train.

"You really never know just what great things will happen here in Berry Beary Town. It pays to stick around, do our best, and be as friendly as we can. Then good things seem to pop out at you when you least expect it," he mused happily as he made his way to his favourite armchair. He'd watch the sun setting from there and remember the good times.

## 2--Old Uncle Beary (part 2)

“Hello? Just checking to see how things are going for you. Anything I can get you?” Berry Beary Kind said as he entered the home of Old Uncle Beary.

Berry Beary Kind came by a couple times a week to check on things, or if he was busy he sent along someone else to do so. Old Uncle Beary was a nice one to visit, for he always had a good word to say about people around town, and always had a good story from his very long and interesting life. It seemed he had done just about every type of work there was and knew a bit about about most things.

Berry Beary Kind liked talking with him as he learned so much. Sometimes he’d ask the good advice of Old Uncle Beary, who always had something wise to say. Berry Beary Kind knew that to make this town run well he’d need good tips and insight from others who knew a bit more than he did. He was still so young.

His strength and energy enabled him to do the job, but he needed the good thoughts and counsel of those who had lived longer than he, who knew people well and who had an interest in making the town the best that they could.

When Old Uncle Beary told Berry Beary Kind about his surprise encounter that day with his old friend, Berry Beary Kind was very glad to hear. Old Uncle Beary could use a few more friends—ones that were his age and who he could talk about things that they remembered from the days gone by.

“I’ll tell you what,” Berry Beary Kind said, “Before next weekend I’ll have you both set up with all the fishing gear that you need! Berry Beary Brave has all kinds of bits of this and that for those wishing to go fishing. I’ll stop

by his boat tomorrow and see what I can pick up for you. I'm sure he'd be glad to have you use a few rods and tackle and such."

Old Uncle Beary was delighted, "Why, that's such a kind offer. I'd gladly take you up on that. Thanks Son. And you just keep on doing what you are doing so well. This town is in good hands with the likes of you around. I can't say I liked much before when B. Beary Rich had things going his way. But that's all past now, and I hope for good. Don't let money corrupt you, you hear? We are all hoping for a good and happy rest of our days here, and you are giving us that hope and that spark of joy," Old Uncle Beary said.

Berry Beary Kind nodded. "I'll remember that. Thanks for the encouragement. I have no interest in making things go back to the wretched way things used to be. I think we've all had enough of that. We're moving on and moving up, and we are very honoured to have a kind gentleman as yourself living here. I appreciate the good advice you give, and I do hope I and those I work with can continue to make the improvements needed so that everyone—including you—will have all you need, and will feel a very important part of the community. We do all need each other."

Berry Beary Kind was just leaving, when a new thought came to him,

"You know. Speaking of B. Beary Rich, I heard he was wishing for an occasional visitor to his mansion. He's now gained enough health to sit outside and chat for a short while. It's been a very long time of recovery. And we don't know if he will fully recover, but with what years he has left, it might be nice for him to have a chance to speak the words he has wished to, to those he hurt and saddened in the past. I think he wants to make things right.

"Maybe the time will come when you, Sir, will want to pay him a visit. I'm sure you could be an inspiration to him. He's nothing like what he used to be. He can't say much, or get around, and he truly does want the best for



this town, and wants those living here to have such a great time now that they forget all the hardships he put them all through. Would you be open to visiting him sometime?”

Old Uncle Beary didn't know quite what to say. It was yet the next surprise of the day. To be friendly to the old, bedridden mayor, he would need to forget the past and forgive the way B. Beary Rich used to be.—Otherwise a visit would make things worse for B. Beary Rich's health.

“If it makes you happy, I'd like to do it,” at last Old Uncle Beary said. “I'll have to forgive him for quite a bit—many of these grey hairs on me were due to him, no doubt,” he chuckled.

“Yes, there is quite a bit in the past we all have to leave behind. But it may even do you some good to see a new side of someone who hurt you. Seeing them now in pain and in need of a friend, just might help you wash out any old lingering bad feelings that will only age you faster. And we need you around town, Sir, you have lots to offer us younger folks. Well, if you're ready for it, I can arrange a visit in the coming week—after your fishing trip weekend!” Berry Beary Kind said.

Old Uncle Beary nodded. “Sounds like something good. Give a bit, get a bit. Have a friend, be a friend. Be helped, and help another. I'll do my part then to do what it takes to make things get better and better for this delightful town.”

“Wonderful!” Berry Beary Kind said. “I'll be back in a couple days then, with the fishing supplies!—And I'll let you know then about the timing for the visit with the old mayor. Thank you for being willing to give in this way. It's nice when people do more than just receive, but give out just as much in return. That's what makes things the best in town. See you later!”

A week later, Old Uncle Beary sat musing. He'd just come back from his short trip to visit with B. Beary Rich. The fishing trip he took two days before hand gave him something fresh and interesting to talk about with the old mayor. Old Uncle Beary was able to take the most uninteresting

moments in life and tell about them in the most animated way. He even was able to bring a smile or two to the face of B. Beary Rich, and laugh that turned mostly into a cough, but it was a laugh of sorts. That was good. He hadn't laughed in a very long time.

It really wasn't so hard after all, meeting with the one that he had felt so troubled by before. Old Uncle Beary felt instead compassion on this one. "We all do things wrong and make mistakes. Some mistakes hurt more people at once a time than other mistakes; but everyone needs a chance to learn and to make things right again.

Old Uncle Beary felt his heart a bit lighter than it had been in a long time, especially when he remembered the last thing that B. Beary Rich said to him as he left.

"Your friendly visit here today meant more to me than a million dollars, thank you."

For a man who used to think that money was the way to joy, that was a good thing to hear. It was his way of saying, "I love you more than riches."

This was starting to bring a feeling of healing in a tucked away part of Old Uncle Beary's heart. It felt good to feel important and appreciated.

### **3--Berry Beary Baker**

Berry Beary Baker was baking a batch of bread. This was no ordinary bread. "Add a bit of this, and oh, yes, those fresh herbs too, right from the garden. And ah, I can't miss sprinkling on those seeds. Now! It's ready."

Today was Berry Bella's "Concert of the Butterflies" as it was called. She and her friends would sing songs about nature, and how lovely it was to walk in the fields. Interspersed with the songs there would be little stories and points of interested told about experiences out in nature.

She had recently read in the Berry Beary Town News an article about Old Uncle Beary and his friend that people liked to call Berry Best Driver. It told of the place they both grew up in—Falls and Fields. In her concert today, that they were both attending, she would have them share a few stories of their times in nature, and fishing, hiking, and exploring when they were young.

Everyone had been looking forward to this inspirational concert for a full month, and now it was at last the day. Berry Bella had wanted freshly cooked bread served, along with fresh fruits and veggie salad. There would be bowls of natural oil to dip the bread into, or it could be topped with salad makings. Jugs of water would be on every table, and little plates of olives, nuts and dates would be around.

The concert hall was decorated by the Wonderbears. They put up large printed sheets showing lovely nature settings, sky scenes, and close ups of flowers and plants, scenes of beaches, forests, meadows, and such. It was to be a special and enjoyable time.

Berry Beary Baker had a special knack with baking, and was well known for his skill and his healthy bread and baked goods. It wasn't something that he could show up in his bakery an hour or two in advance and hope to have it all done right and well and on time.

To do the breads right he needed to start a day or two in advance. First he needed to be sure all the right ingredients were available. Or get them at the market when more were needed. He learned different styles and types of baked goods, so that each occasion had just what was needed to suit the setting.

The grinding of the grains, the rising of the dough, the kneading and mixing and forming, all had to be done at the right time. And of course the baking, the actual cooking needed to be done for precisely the right amount of time—not too long, not too short, not too hot, not too cold.

Then when it was done, depending on just what he was cooking, he'd need to have it sit and cook for a while.

It was all a clever science. It took working with nature—to get the yeast working right; it took hard work—standing on his feet sometimes in the night to get it done in time for the morning; it took focus—he couldn't forget that something was baking, or it would be burned; it took creativity—when the dough was shaped just right, it was enjoyable to look at and to eat.

Berry Beary Baker prepared in advance all that was needed and worked hard and creatively. It would be ready for the meal after the concert, just when it was needed.

Berry Beary Baker couldn't sit in the concert relaxing—not this time—it was his time to help out and make this occasion a special one for everyone.

“Some people work, while others play—then they take turns to swap around,” he would say. He didn't feel like he was missing out on the fun, while it was his turn to help make things fun and relaxing for others. He would get his turn at another time.

The concert was a total success, and while eating the baked delights and the fresh fruits, and veggies, there were many comments of enjoyment.

“How do you do this? Mr. Berry Beary Baker! You have such skill with the dough!” some were saying.

Berry Bella came up to Berry Beary Baker as he was bringing out the next batch of fresh bread, and gave him a kiss on the cheek, “Thank you so so much!” she said. “You are making this time so special!”

Berry Beary Baker was glad to help out. Everyone looked pretty happy and very relaxed. They looked ready to get off to explore nature. A good walk would be needed after all this good food!

“Guess what?” Berry Bella whispered to Berry Beary Baker, “After everyone leaves for some good time in nature, we are going to sing the songs again—and this time just for you, and for those others who couldn’t be here for the first show!”

Berry Beary Baker was surprised and glad. It was something fun to look forward to.

Berry Beary Kind would attend this second showing, to see his sister perform. He too couldn’t be there for the first show, as there were others who needed him. He was glad for the chance to see it after all. Berry Beary Kind would bring a few with him that weren’t able to come, and they could have just as much fun the second time around as those in the first show. Maybe they could all share just as interesting stories too, in between songs.

Berry Bella knew it would be great, especially when she heard that Discovery Bear would be there also, in this surprised second concert. The stories he would tell would make it a great time, she was sure.

When everyone left and Berry Beary Baker was cleaning things up he was glad to see that there was plenty of food left over. And if that wasn’t enough, Farmer Beary was just coming in with a few crates of fresh produce, and bread that his wife spent much time in the night baking.

Farmer Beary couldn’t get here until late, due to some animals needing care. He knew he missed the concert, but thought to come anyway and bring the food, “Folks will need it at some point anyway,” he thought.

Farmer Beary was very glad to find out that he had arrived just in time to watch the surprise second showing of the concert. He had just come to give, and instead found he got to receive also. Happily he went out to tell his wife and family who were waiting in the pickup truck. They’d be so glad to come on in and see the show that they thought they’d missed.

Berry Beary Baker smiled. There would be more than enough food to feed the second team of guests to the concert, without him having to do hardly anything. This time he could relax. He'd just clean things up a bit so that the tables were set with clean dishes and looked inviting.

He enjoyed his job of making things pleasant and keeping folks fed with nourishing bread made of all the right and health promoting ingredients—and ensuring that most of all, lots of fresh veggies and fruit were enjoyed.

#### **4--Enthusiastic Help**

“Whoa! I don't know how to stop it!” cried Farmer Beary. The sink in his shed was over flowing. The drain had gotten jammed, all the while the tap broke in the “on” positions and was pouring out water. Now the sink was running over with dirty water, all over the floor of his shed.

Suddenly, in walked Berry Beary Kind. It was perfect timing. “Could these be a help to you?” he called out, handing Farmer Beary a wrench and a pair of pliers.

Sometimes in the jolting moment of something-gone-wrong it was hard to think straight. Sometimes the solution was simple, but hard to notice because of the calamity of the moment.

Farmer Beary quickly grabbed the offered tools and first using one and then the other was able to get what was left of the tap to turn off.

Whew! The crises was stalled, for now at least.

Wading through the wet mess, Berry Beary Kind looked around to quickly spot what might be at risk of damage on the floor. He saw a wooden crate filled with hay. It was the freshly collected eggs from the many chickens that morning.

Berry Beary Kind picked it up and placed it gently on the table. A roll of wire was also on the floor. It could get rusty. Berry Beary Kind shook it off and wiped it the best he could with a rag that was hanging near the sink, and placed it on the window sill to dry off.

Besides a pair of socks soaking in the puddle, not too much else was really wet. Those he hung up to dry on a laundry line strung up in the shed.

Meanwhile, with the rushing water having been stopped, Farmer Beary could think more calmly.

“First I’ll go and turn off the water tap that leads to the shed, so the tap can be fixed soon. Then I’ll use the plunger to try to unblock the drain. When the water has drained, I’ll unscrew the part of the pipe that is under the sink that gotten filled with this and that. I’ll get it all cleared out.”

It was good to have a friend there for him in his moment of distress. Although he did have those very tools also, not too far from the sink, he just couldn’t think about it at the time. “Thanks for helping me out!” Farmer Beary said to Berry Beary Kind.

“Glad I came by right at this time. I was just dropping by to see how things were going, and to see if you needed any help to load up the fresh produce for the market that takes place early tomorrow morning. I know it’s always a big job, and you like to have things all ready the afternoon before,” Berry Beary Kind said.

Farmer Beary was thankful all over again for a friend that gave his time to help others.

“I guess you just never know who we’ll need you, and what you’ll encounter when you go out to help others,” Farmer Beary said. “It’s good to have you here. With this sink in need of fixing, all at the same time when the fresh produce needed to be packed up and loaded, it was a bit much for me to manage all at once.”

Berry Beary Kind thought for a moment, wondering how to be the best help. Then he made a quick call on his phone.

“Don’t worry about the sink. I’ll have it taken care of, and any other things that are in need of fixing. For now, let’s go and work on preparing the produce for the market,” said Berry Beary Kind.

Farmer Beary wondered what Berry Beary Kind had in mind for “fixing up things” around his farm, the sink included. But he got to work and would let himself be surprised later on. It was fun having someone else take care of things every now and then.

After two and a half hours, all the crates and boxes, baskets and needed accessories, such as fold out tables, shopping bags and a food weighing scale, were all loaded into Farmer Beary’s truck and trailer.

“All set to go! And ready in record timing!” Farmer Beary said. He thanked Berry Beary Kind, and was walking him to his vehicle, when he noticed a van just pulling up the long driveway.

Berry Beary Kind gave a smile with a twinkle in his eye said, “I think everything is going to work out just fine.”

Just as Berry Beary Kind was pulling out, a colourful and fun looking van pulled up to park. Out of piled a van load of jolly and laughing Wonderbears! They looked ready, from head to toe, for doing anything that needed doing; fixing anything that needed fixing, inside the house, or out around the farm. There were not only ready, but eager. Not only eager, but happily so.

Big bear hugs were exchanged, hearty back pats, and numerous handshakes all around.

So for the remainder of the afternoon, and into the evening—and first thing in the morning—this helpful team worked tirelessly to tend to every broken tap, each weakening fence, each squeaking door, washed every



dish and cleaned every floor they could find. Crops were watered, wood was chopped, garden beds weeded, animal pens cleaned and fixed up, and more.

By the time Farmer Beary had to leave for the market the next day, the Wonderbears, who slept in tents around their van, were ready to leave as well. They had just finished their last things around the farm, and would eat a piece of fruit or two for their breakfast as they drove away—ready to be of some help somewhere else.

Before they left, Farmer Beary thanked them heartily for all their cheerful, enthusiastic help, and gave them a bag of fresh veggies, a jar of honey, and a freshly baked pie. It was a marvellous surprise to have the Wonderbears helping out, and was just what he needed to perk him up and give him the encouragement for a long day at the market. It felt like a load was taken off his mind, with so many things being taken care of, so quickly.

Off Farmer Beary whistled, as he got into his truck, on his way to be a help to others now, with the good fresh supplies that the town folks depended on.

When Farmer Beary saw Berry Beary Kind at the market later on in the day, he asked, “How did you know that having the Wonderbears visit me was just the thing that I’d really appreciate?”

Berry Beary Kind was at Farmer Beary’s stall with his younger brother, picking out the foods they’d like to use that week. He looked up.

“Aha! Well, it was the Wonderbears actually that suggested it. They’ve been in town for the past few days, and wondered who they could help, who really needed the help the most. One of them asked if any help was needed at your farm. When I visited you that day, I was there to help, and also to see if there were things the Wonderbears could help with. And, so there was! I simply phoned to let them know that the light was green, and it would be great if they could come on over. I think many of them have

worked on farms, and so they knew pretty much what types of things often needed tending to and fixing up. I'm glad to hear that it was a great help to you! I'm very pleased indeed!" Berry Beary Kind explained.

Farmer Beary replied, "And thanks to you, for visiting me to check on the situation, I've had a great day so far, and don't feel half as tired as I might have been, if I had to do all that on my own. Now I can use my time this afternoon building the tree house I've wanted to for so long."

"A treehouse?" Berry Beary Kind asked, wondering what that plan was for.

"Yes, a treehouse for children to play in when they come for a visit. It's just part of the plan. But I'm creating a play area on the farm so that families that wish to learn more about farming can drop by and enjoy a pleasant time. The older ones might even like to help out a bit around the farm. I will appreciate the help, and they will enjoy the change of scenery. It's something I can do for the children and young people of Berry Beary Town," Farmer Beary expressed."

"But you already do so much for us all," Berry Beary Kind said.

"Yes, but there's always new ideas and ways to expand to make things yet a bit better. Just one new little step at a time is all we can do, and it's what we should do," said Farmer Beary, as he continued helping other customers, and waved good-bye to Berry Beary Kind.

He was glad that because he had been helped, it was helping him to make something new, something nice, for others. It was always fun to have a new project to work on—and not to be too tired to do it—thanks to others who gave of their time and strength to help out.

## 5--Discovery Afternoon

“One foot, then another, then another,” a child described what he was seeing while looking at a bug closely, using a magnifying glass.

“Oh, look at all those neat patterns!” said another, who was examining the wings of a butterfly.

It was “Discovery Afternoon” and Discovery Bear had a team of children in his science room to get a close look at bugs and creatures of the small sort.

“Discovery Bear, why does the ant like to live in the dirt? May times we don’t even know they are there—until some food is nearby.”

Discovery Bear liked answering the interesting questions he was asked—it was a great way to learn and to be able to teach.

“I used to wonder that myself, so I did a bit of studying to find out just what their task in nature was. See, each part of nature—the bugs, the air and sun and water, the larger animals, the soil and plants, everything, all adds and all needs each other. If it weren’t for the ants, doing their soil mixing job while digging about, it would be harder for plants to grow and spread their roots down. Also, one of their jobs is to clean things up—and so they can take food they clean up from on the surface of the ground, down inside the ground, and out of the way. Things are cleaner then, aren’t they?”

The next question came,

“Why don’t caterpillars just stay the way they are. Why do they have to change and get wings?”

Discovery Bear replied, “Well, not every wiggling creeping thing does grow wings—like worms in the soil, for example, they just stay wiggling, soft, creatures. But, I think pretty winged creatures were made for a purpose—

just like every thing you see outside—to teach us something. Can you think of one thing you have learned from the life cycle of a butterfly?”

The children started giving some thoughts:

--That just because you are one way, you don't have to think you'll always be that way. God can help to change you.

--That even if it seems someone has died and passed away, and is in a coffin, kind of like the butterfly is all wrapped up, that they can live and fly, in Heaven, all beautiful and free.

--That if you eat and eat lots, you'll get big and fat like a fat caterpillar.

--That even small things, tiny things, like the little tiny eggs of the butterfly, have a plan to them; something that we don't have to make happen. Something we can just relax and watch happen. Something the creator invented.

--It shows us how clever the Creator of nature is, because we can't fully understand how it all happens. There is lots more for us to discover.

“Those are all good and interesting things,” Discovery Bear answered, after hearing all that was said. “And I think butterflies are something that little girls must like—a flower that can fly, with wings as delicate as the petals of a rose. There are so many big and strong creatures, like boys maybe enjoy learning about; or creatures that help the men do their work on the farm. But maybe it's nice to have variety, something for the little delicate girls to admire and enjoy. Have you ever had a butterfly land on you? It's pretty rare. You'd have to be real still.

“They like to feel safe, and usually won't come too near if there is a big ruckus and commotions going on. So maybe they help little ones to learn to be calm and peaceful and quiet, then they get to see something really nice fluttering nearby. Of course they do other jobs in nature too, and

have their part to make things work—like eating weeds, and pollinating flowers and so forth. There is so much to say about them, we could go on for quite a while, couldn't we?"

The children nodded.

"Now it's time for us to let these little creatures back outside. Who remembers where they each like to be?"

Discovery Bear asked, and the children each took a jar or container with a creature in it, and brought it back to where these ones would like to be outside.

"Thank you for joining me for 'Discovery Afternoon'! It was a pleasure having you here. Next week we're going to learn about all kinds of rocks and minerals, jewels and diamonds. Would you like that?"

"Yes!" they all chorused.

"Good, then you, together with your parents, can meet me at the quarry. It'll be a little hike away, but we'll have a great time. And remember to bring lots of drinking water, a hat, and a container for some special rock samples. Have a good evening!" Discovery Bear said.

"Good-bye! Thank you so much," the children and parents said, while they left.

Discovery Bear then sat down with a big mug of blended fruits and veggies on the back porch to watch the sunset. This was one of his favourite times of day. No two days were quiet the same. Each day the sky was slightly different than the day before. Just like each day, itself was different. There was always something new to discover, and learn more about. What would tomorrow hold? He'd have to wait until then to find out.

## 6--The Unexpected Show

Microphones were tested, wires taped down to prevent tripping, and lights and lighting set up and checked.

The show by the ‘rescue team’ was ready to roll.

Didn’t everyone know there was a show on, tonight? Berry Beary Kind wondered. “Where is everyone? Usually there is always the early birds who like to show up early, and lend a hand with set up.” He looked around and was surprised to see that only one or two of the townfolks seemed to be walking towards the large tent-like outdoor theatre area.

When they reached Berry Beary Kind they weren’t smiling, but said in somber tones, “It seems there’s been some sort of an accident in the main town square. A water pipe has burst and there’s a miniature flood going on. The show might need to be postponed.”

“Or changed...” Berry Beary Kind thought, as he listened. “Sounds like everyone is getting a great view of the rescue team at work, in a real way.”

It wasn’t the show that was planned for the day, but it did demonstrate how skilled and hardworking those were who helped to keep things in the town working right.

The sound of a helicopter could be heard. It wasn’t really necessary to come and lift townfolks out of this watery accident; it wasn’t a huge flood. But they were just getting a good aerial view of the scene, just in case.

“I guess I better go there, and see where I can best help,” Berry Beary Kind responded to those who had come to tell him the news of the sudden and unexpected event.

So off they went, stopping only to let Berry Beary Kind change into his large boots—the kind used for fishing, that went very high up on his legs. He wanted to be prepared to jump right in to the deepest or most difficult

area, to help in anyway that was needed. That was what Berry Beary Kind was like. He didn't wait for others to wait on him, he knew that being a leader was really being a servant.

The words of his Bible often came to him, telling him, "He that is greatest among you, let him be the servant of all."

"I'm certainly not the greatest," he thought, "But I can do the serving part; it's what is most needed and appreciated."

He remembered his own dear mother—and all the mothers of the town. It was their care and training of the next generation that would make all the difference in their town. They give care all day, and "serve" meals and do so much. They were to be admired and truly appreciated. He knew mothers also needed reminders that their job as caretakers of the town's future adult citizens was very, very important. Sometimes it was easy for them to forget, as their day was filled with doing the humble things, daily, again and again. But if they smiled, if they talked gently, if they helped the children to learn what was truly important, then their influence would reach much farther than just their one family. So many more would benefit from what and how they taught their children. As he walked, thoughts were coming to him of a different kind of show that could be put on sometime later—appreciation and encouragement for the mothers of the town.

Berry Beary Kind had now reached the town square. Indeed it was a mess. Fire fighters were now water fighters, it seemed. They were finding the source of the town's new lake, or so it looked like. At last the main pipe was turned off, and quick work was being made to replace the pipe.

Mothers and children were watching the scene from nearby balconies. Fathers with boots on were seeing what they could do to pitch in and help. Some were setting up a large hose and pump to pump out the water, and fill tanker trucks. They would be driven to the water reserve, and emptied out there. It was a pond of sorts, that was monitored, and

filtered, so that it was kept nice. Should the dry weather come, and there not be much rain, this water was kept on hand.

Berry Beary Kind put on his boots and began picking up and rescuing anything that wasn't meant to be floating around in the water. A hat here, a bag there, even a pair of slippers seemed to be taking a dip.

The bark of a puppy dog that was stranded up on the top of a picnic table caught his attention. Next to him was a cat, and it was clear it did not wish to get wet.

"Come on , you two" Berry Beary Kind said, picking them up, one in each arm. His eyes scanned the scene to see two whom they belonged. Then he heard a, "There they are daddy!" a girl was motioning off a balcony to her father who was looking around for their lost-in-the-flood pets. Berry Beary Kind handed them to none other than Berry Beary Brave, the fisherman. He seemed at home in the water, but his children's pets did not seem so.

"Thanks," he said, then made his way through the now lowering water, to his fish shop. The ground level was wet, but not too deeply covered in water. He carried these pets kindly up the stairs to the top level where his waiting family was. That puppy and kitty cat were then lavished with care, pats, food, and towel-dried by the happy children.

"Thank you, daddy," they said, and Berry Beary Brave's wife handed him a warm mug of soup to drink, before he headed back out again, to see if he could be of further assistance.

It was three hours before things were cleared enough that the rescue team could take a break. The fathers of the town who had helped, returned to their families for warmth and rest, as it was now getting dark. Berry Beary Kind and the main rescue workers went back to the tent theatre, and enjoyed a few of the snacks laid out, and discussed when the show should be put on.



“I think the show today—the unexpected one—was enough for one day,” Berry Beary Kind said, and the team nodded in agreement. A good sleep is what they all needed now.

“Let’s try for tomorrow, shall we? I can keep these snacks in my fridge for the night, and everything is all set up and ready to go, so no time was lost,” Berry Beary Kind suggested.

“How about we have a mid-day show, rather than in the late afternoon,” Berry Beary Fervent Firefighter offered.

The others thought that would work out better.

“My youngest ones go to sleep early at night, and they might have missed the show anyway,” explained Berry Beary Fast.

“That’s true,” agreed the others.

“Okay, I’ll spread the word around first thing tomorrow morning—as I’m sure the children are all wondering what is to happen. Perhaps some are disappointed, but that’s always a good thing to learn. Not everything happens just as you wish, and sometimes you just have to learn to wait and be patient for a desired event. Then when it happens, it can be even more of a treat; you really appreciate that it happened at last.”

“Great then. We’ll be here and ready at noon. Thanks for passing the word,” Berry Beary High said, for all of them.

Berry Beary Kind packed up and collected the rest of the food, to save for the next day, bid the rescue team good night, and off they all went.

## 7--The show

An extra eager and excited crowd gathered at noontime, under the large tent-like covering, to watch the awaited show put on by the Rescue Team. Helpful and smiling mothers passed out snacks to each one seated in the audience. All eyes were towards the front, where the stage was set.

A projector overhead showed pictures and video clips, displayed large on the back wall of the stage. Music was being played, and no one knew just what was going to happen next.

It turned out to be a rather comical show, using large cardboard cut-outs, painted to look like the various rescue vehicles. Each one of the Rescue Team members “drove” across the stage, while the music played. They smiled and waved at the children in the audience. Then the prop vehicles and their “drivers” lined up to say together a rap song they had written.

With a member of Berry Merry Song’s band playing live drums, the Rescue Team, rhythmically said and sang out these words:

We’re here to help you

We know what to do

We’re the Rescue Team

We’re the crew

To call when there’s an emergency

Though we all depend on His Majesty!

Beary Fervent Firefighter then put aside his cardboard fire engine prop, picked up his helmet and gear and leapt off the stage, to do some sort of funky dance walked around the aisles, so the children could get a closer look at his outfit and gear. He even let a few children try on his helmet. The children were laughing at the funny ways he moved in time to music, and some got out of their seats to follow him and copy him as he walked between the rows of seats.

All the while, a voice was heard, speaking on the microphone, with some catchy music playing in the background. Each one of the Rescue Team members took a turn to tell those watching the show, all about one of the members.

Beary Berry High was speaking now, telling everyone about fire fighters; and the great job, and some heroic rescue missions that Beary Ferwent fire fighter had done.

He told of his helping Farmer Beary to put out the fire on the farm; and of the time when there was a bush fire and many of them had to work together.

“Never once has he complained about the tough jobs. Berry Ferwent Firefighter, is determined to do all he can to help you all have a safe and happy place to grow up in, and enjoy life while you learn all you can...”  
Beary Berry High said, ending his speech of information and appreciation.

Then it was Beary Berry Fast’s turn to be talked about, while he walked around passing out various things to be examined, things he used in his ambulance. He began to go down the line and say hello and shake hands with each child there. Everyone was eagerly awaiting their turn to shake his hand. Many “thank yous” were said by people in the crowd, who had been helped in a time of need, and this kind hearted Beary Berry Fast, who was there for them as fast as he could be.

He felt touched inside and encouraged. These people of the town loved and appreciated him. He had to stop everything he was doing to be a help, and often couldn’t finish what he was in the middle of doing. But that was what his job was. Now, hearing so many words of thanks and gratitude, it warmed his heart, and made it seem all the more worth it.

Rescue Bear was up next, while Beary Good Doctor and Sally Smiles the nurse, spoke of all the times he had helped others, and rescued them. The stories were presented by the three of them as skits. Different situations were acted out briefly, that had actually occurred, and how Rescue Bear

had helped out in any way he could, using whatever vehicle that was best—whether it was to go to the rescue in his helicopter, or to climb with a rope to where they were stranded, or to use a cherry picker truck to reach where they were, or to zoom out with a motor boat, or to simply bring a load of supplies in his pick up truck that had large tires with thick treads, to an area where roads were too muddy for folks to travel and get the food they needed from the market.

The ways and the vehicles that Rescue Bear had used to help those here and in the nearby area, were too many to list just here—or rather to act out. But the few they chose to demonstrate, gave the kids a good show. It was very amusing and interesting, and gave each one a greater appreciation for him.

Berry Beary Kind took the stage for a moment to let Beary Good Doctor and Sally Smiles take a bow.

“Is everyone thankful for them?” he said, and everyone yelled, “Yes!”

Berry Beary Kind asked, “Who wants to come up and give them a hug and say thank you personally?”

At that cue things went wild a bit, but no one minded, as everyone was still being considerate as it seemed the whole crowd moved from a sitting position to now walking to the front. Hugs and many words of thanks were given, sometimes one-on-one hugs, but most of the time some group bear hugs, to these ones that had been there, day and night, when a family or individual needed some extra help when they were sick, or just needed someone to pray for them.

When people had again settled down, it was time for the finale. Outside, some distance away, as most people had noticed, there was Beary Berry High’s helicopter. He was going to take children and families for short rides. He announced that to end the show, everyone who wanted to, could wait here and each get a turn. They would start with the families

with the youngest children, and work their way up to the eldest member of the audience that wanted a turn.

Everyone cheered! This was a wonderful idea and very enjoyed by all.

Those who waited helped to finish up the snacks, get drinks of water, and pitch in to clean up the place. Then they took time to just to chat in a friendly way with those around. It was nice having time to catch up with friends, or get to know others in the town better. They were a town that wanted to help and care for each other, and be like one big friendly family—a berry big one!

## **8--Berry Mountain**

It was a fresh and invigorating spring morning. The Wonderbears were off on a new love-filled adventure.

“We get to help the people of ‘Berry Mountain’ today. We’re so excited!” they were saying to those who asked them where they were going.

It was quite a sight! They had their wagons all loaded up and hooked up to their van. There were three wagons all attached, almost like a train. And they were driving slowly and carefully up the windy mountain trail.

At the entrance to the mountain village, stood Berry Beary Kind, in the now pouring rain. He was holding some newspaper to help shield him from the rain. He was helping to wave them in and park their long loaded vehicle.

“It’s so great you could all come!” he said, showing them into a building where they could be out of the rain for a bit and make their plans of how to distribute their gifts and supplies to the people there.

After a warm cup of soup, made by Berry Beary Kind’s sister, Berry Bella, they began discussing how to go about it in the best way. After prayer and presenting ideas, it was decided that they would have each family come in to the building, one family at a time, and give them all the things they

needed.

This way, each family could choose what they needed, and would be able to get some encouragement more personally, rather than just a group of people all trying to get what they needed, in a confusing way.

- Wonder Beary Helpful would bring in supplies from the wagons, into the building, along with Berry Beary Kind to help him.
- Wonder Beary Giving would pass out the supplies to the family members.
- Wonder Beary Healthy would see if they needed any medical attention.
- Wonder Beary Funny would do some clown acts to cheer them up.
- Wonder Beary Loving would give hugs and words of encouragement.
- Berry Bella would give a warm cup of soup to each one.

Everyone had their part to do, and it all was a success, and the village, Berry Mountain, was a happier place. As the Wonderbears drove down the mountain again, they heard the laughter of children playing together happily.

The love they'd shown had rubbed off, and made others happy and kind. Everyone that was around waved to the Wonderbears as they left. There was an atmosphere of giving and kindness now. That is what was most needed.

"We'll come back again another time," the Wonderbears called out to those around. Everyone smiled and looked forward to their next visit. And until then, they'd use the supplies for not only their families, but also those in need, helping to spread the love and kindness that the Wonderbears had shown to them.

## 9--The Entrodamobile

Berry Beary Kind had just finished oiling and fixing up the mechanics on his “Entrodamobile”.

“A little grease here, a little nut tightened there, and it’s good to go!”

He wiped his hands, put away his tools, and sat down to look at it.

Then he called his friend on the phone.

“Hi, how’z things going? ...Yes, I’ve finished it now. It’s ready to be tried out. Are you free this afternoon?”

The answer was positive, and before too long Berry Beary Friendly was in the garage helping to load up the latest contraption in to the back of Berry Beary Friendly’s pickup truck. What would it be next? His friend wondered. The two laughed. They knew they were out for an adventure.

It was about a two hour drive to the entrance of the cave system under the mountain. This was a mountain he had hiked on with Berry Beary Fit, and taken supplies to the mountain dwellers—such as Berry Beary Cold. This time they were going under it, inside it, rather than on top.

As the two drove they took time to plan out their expedition. If this “Entrodamobile” worked, it would be a great help to cave dwellers and explorers—or those in other small and dark places. It had on it just about everything needed. As usual, it was well-thought out so that it would be of great practical use.

There was a long rope coiled, and a winching mechanism, so it could tug a hurt person on a rolling stretcher, if need be, from a distant or hard-to-get-to place. Or could even, itself, be hoisted up using the winch system. There were various lights available—a bright spot light to shine on the path ahead, as the Entrodamobile led the way, as well as several flashlights that could be recharged in ports on the machine.

Its super-grip, super-tread wheels made it able to manoeuvre over rocky areas and all types of terrain. There was a “roll out pathway” in it, that could be rolled out and laid over the muddy or sandy pathway, making it easier to walk and not sink it, at a particular place. It was like several small sheets of rubber linked together by a chain that ran on either side.

If there was a particularly mucky area in a pathway, the Entrodamobile would be sent on ahead, and while it was driving it would unwind the roll-out pathway, laying it on the ground. Then the explorers or rescue workers could walk on it, until they got to the Entrodamobile. Then it could be rolled up again, and the journey could be continued. If the mucky or very sandy area was longer than the what the roll out pathway extended to, they could simply send the Entrodamobile on ahead again, laying out the path way for the next part.

The most amazing part of this machine, was that with it, it was nearly impossible to get lost. There were walkie talkies that went along with it, so travellers could talk with each other. The signals were sent to the Entrodamobile, and then sent out to the others receiving the messages. The Entrodamobile had a beaming system that sent out signals to the stations set up to receive them—such as in Berry Beary Kind’s garage, and the rescue worker’s station.

When the “tracking mechanism” was turned on, those asked to keep watch over them would be able to see on a digital map, where the team was—not just the main Entrodamobile, but also each of the individual handheld talking devices. A team didn’t have to be tracked, only if they wished for extra safety in this way, in a situation they might need to get help in.

There was a built-in map system, so that no matter where this Entrodamobile was, it showed those using it just where they were going—to the South, North, East, West.



If this Entrodamobile had been to a certain place before, and the visu-a-terra device had been used, it would record everything about the trip. It took videos of the place as it went, creating a rather 3D video of the trip. Plus while the wheels turned, they recorded the journey—when it turned right or left or went straight; when it had to go up and over things, or down and through things. This way, it was nearly like a program that could be both watched to see what the journey and area was like, as well as like a program that could be loaded, and followed by the Entrodamobile next time, on its own. It just had to do what it did last time, that the recorded program told it to do.

This was helpful for taking people through a cave system, and knowing the right way to turn. It could be like a guided tour, lighting the way and leading down and up the right pathways, along with a guide, of course, to ensure that the people were safe and fine and keeping up—or to ask for help when needed.

There was a built-in speaker so that sound could be sent out, either from an audio file loaded on to the Entrodamobile, or someone wishing to address a team of travellers could talk into their hand held device and the sound of their voice would be carried out loudly through the speaker.

There was a hose-and-pump system also, in case of deep puddles or flooded areas that just needed a bit of pumping out to make them easier to traverse through. Or perhaps to access and pump up good water from a hard to get to area, for the needs of the travellers. Of course it came with cups to be used, and a built in container to hold about four gallons of water—with a tap on it.

Attached was also a fold out shovel, and just the tools needed to conduct any minor repairs to the machine, while travelling; and a map book—just in case the digital one malfunctioned, or people were in a different area than where the Entrodamobile was located during their journey.

After arriving at the mouth of the deep and wide cave system, Berry Beary Kind and Berry Beary Friendly stopped to pray for the success of their mission. They especially wanted to find out if anything wasn't functioning properly with the Entrodamobile, so it could be fixed up just right.

Down the ramp, set up at the back of the pickup truck, rolled the Entrodamobile slowly, until it reached the sandy and rocky ground. Strapping on their walkie-talkies, and flashlights, and a small bottle of water. Berry Beary Kind held the remote control for the Entrodamobile, and off they went on their exploring and experimenting expedition.

Rather than going through each and every pathway that led to the left and right and all around, they decided, since it was later in the day, to just stick to the main pathway that led right through the mountain. A longer trip could be planned for later, with a few more friends that would enjoy helping to test things out. This pathway led right through to the opposite side of the mountain, where a smaller cave opening was letting in the afternoon sunlight.

It took them about 3 and half hours, of slowing going and testing out all the various mechanisms and systems built into this contraption—both going to the far side of the cave, and all the way back again to where their vehicle was parked.

"I think it worked great!" Berry Beary Friendly said, as they were loading up the machine once again. He patted it, and was pleased that all the time and labour and materials Berry Beary Kind and he and many others had contributed to its making over the past several months in their spare time, had been worth it.

"First mission successful!" Berry Beary Kind said. "I can hardly wait to tell the others. They are going to love testing it out a bit more—and fully exploring the cave system."

It was planned that on the annual EXADD celebration "Exploration and Discovery Day" a team of explorers and adventures would meet here at

the mouth of the cave and have a bit of fun. The video clips from that exploring trip could be shown to all in the village that night when the team came home. Their children would very much enjoy watching a virtual tour of inside the caves. And later they'd get their own tour inside the cave systems too—while those who knew their way around could lead the way, with the great practical aid of the Entrodamobile, of course.

EXADD was only 10 days away. There was always something fun and new, and interesting in Berry Beary Town. This year's "Exploration and Discovery Day" was going to be particularly amazing.

### **10--Beary Big Bulldozer**

Beary Big Bulldozer was cleaning and fixing this and that on his huge and strong 'dozer' as he called it for short.

"But you don't just doze!" he said, thinking about the large project that was coming up next week. A new gymnasium was to be built on the outskirts of Berry Beary Town.

"These village folks like to keep fit, and like to keep their young ones growing right," Beary Big Bulldozer thought as he worked most of the day getting his bulldozer in tip top shape.

When he took a break, he again looked over the work schedule.

"Hmm. Yep. They need this machine working well without any disruptions, if we are to make it in time before the yearly time when lots of rain falls. I better get back to business," Beary Big Bulldozer inspired himself onward.

That night when Beary Big Bulldozer was snuggled up to rest, next to his dear wife Beary Beddina, he felt good.

"I do sleep better and appreciate a good night's slumber after I've put in a good hard day's work," Beary Big Bulldozer said aloud to his wife.

She almost didn't hear what he said, as she too was quite ready to sleep, but she nodded in agreement. She too had put in her best efforts to make their den as cozy as possible.

They didn't always live in a den, but due to their old house at last falling apart—for it was made oh so many years ago—it was time to live somewhere new. Since Beary Big Bulldozer was well equipped for clearing away old buildings, as well as creating space for a new place, he could do whatever he was able to.

So he had pushed away the old dwelling place, bringing it down before it fell on them. Then he had cleared the rubble, and at last used his trusty bulldozer to dig and pile up dirt and rocks. He couldn't do it all on his own, of course, but with some other friends of the town who were ready to help a friend out, used their machines as well to get a simple, fast and cozy den for this couple to live in.

"We don't need anything fancy, do we dear?" he'd asked when planning their dwelling place.

"All I need is a strong place that won't get too wet when the rains come, or be too filled with stuff that there's little room to move and live in it," Beary Beddina replied.

So that was what Beary Big Bulldozer used as his guidelines in planning their dwelling place.

He did make it strong. And it certainly was empty of clutter and rubble. They let go of and gave away to others of the town all that they didn't need or want any more.

Beary Beddina was responsible for making those choices, as she was the one who would have to tend to and clean up whatever they chose to keep.

"As little as possible," was her motto.

There was one more thing to be done, and that is what Beary Beddina helped with. They used mud and rocks, and other natural gathered

items from the fields and forest, to make the interior walls of this dwelling place. Glass was set in place to provide light. Flat rocks were used as tiles for the floor in the kitchen and laundry areas. Their bed was a heap of soft cushions and woven mats on a surface of tightly bound bales of hay.

At last their place was cute and liveable, and most of all uncluttered.

When Beary Beddina woke the next morning, she noticed a few needed supplies for the day.

She asked Beary Big Bulldozer if he would mind going to the nearby shop to get these supplies, while she cleaned and fixed things up around the place, as well as took a nice morning swim in the little river nearby. She liked to start the day with a clean dwelling place, and clean fur as well.

“Sure darling,” Beary Big Bulldozer replied, and started on the walk up the pathway to where the shop was. He would be back in about an hour.

When Beary Big Bulldozer arrived in the shop, he was a little surprised to see that the most needed items on his list were nowhere to be found.

“Curious,” he thought.

“I’m sorry we’re out of those items, Beary Big Bulldozer,” said Berry Beary Enough-Stuff. Then the reason was explained.

“Two days ago a truck bringing goods from the port was meant to arrive, but something has held it up. The road from the port has been completely blocked in one area. Have you heard?”

Beary Big Bulldozer indeed had not heard the news. The road was some distance from town, so news hadn’t made it to the town, nor had it affected anyone much, just yet. It wasn’t every day that trucks carrying goods and supplies from a ship came to Berry Beary Town. But this was the time it really was needed.

Berry Beary Enough Stuff had gone to check it out the day before and had just gotten back at last late in the night.

“There’s been a landslide of sorts. Rocks, mud, small trees and bushes have all fallen into the road. It’s impassable. But the good news is...” Berry Beary Enough Stuff looked at Beary Big Bulldozer with a smile, and continued, “...that you, Beary Big Bulldozer, can do something about it!”

Beary Big Bulldozer replied, “Yes, there is indeed something I can do!” This was an exciting start to the day, and off he went, running as quickly home as he could.

Beary Beddina was still sitting in the river when Beary Big Bulldozer arrived home earlier than expected, and surprisingly almost without anything that was on the list. When Beary Big Bulldozer found Beary Beddina, he invited her on a mission to “Come, help me make way for the supplies and goods to freely be sent to our town; lots of folks are waiting for this, you know.”

As quickly as a bear could, Beary Beddina hopped up and shook herself dry and was soon dressed and shod for a muddy job. A quick piece of fruit is all they had for their breakfast that morning, and away they went. Beary Big Bulldozer’s vehicle could fit them both, and so off they went, as fast as a bulldozer could go.

When they arrived at the scene of the mess, work started right away. Beary Beddina didn’t feel like staying in the bulldozer being jostled this way and that way while the work of pushing and scooping was being done, so she sat under the shade of a tree and tended to some sewing that she brought along with her.

When midday came the road was clear, and together they sat for a snack, that Beary Big Bulldozer’s caring wife had put quickly into a bag to feed a hardworking Beary Big Bulldozer. It wasn’t long before a line of very happy truck drivers and their trucks were seen driving along the now cleared out road way. They honked their horns as they passed the

parked bulldozer beside the now relaxing team who had come to help out. It was their musical way to say thank you.

Beary Big Bulldozer waved and smiled. He had reason to. It wasn't too long before they'd be at the shop getting their own needs met as well. After all, tonight was to be a special night—Berry Beary Kind and his family were visiting. It was a new-house celebration, and a special dinner was to be served. As the bulldozer team drove away, they thought how good it was to help each other out; that was the only way to all have what each one needed.

“I'm sure Berry Beary Kind would like to have this story printed in the Berry Beary Town newspaper,” Beary Beddina thought and smiled. Besides doing the sewing project, she'd taking time to jot down what had happened. She liked to be an encouragement to her husband. The article she wrote wasn't to speak of the terrible difficulty and all that, but was to say how if and when some unexpected challenge comes, helping each other will save the day.

That night at dinner she gave the written story to Berry Beary Kind, who said, “This is going in the ‘Heroes around town’ section of the paper. Congratulations and a big thank you, to you, Beary Big Bulldozer and Beary Beddina, for your prompt and swift help, for the good of us all.”

They smiled. It had been a good day. And tomorrow was to be another good day of hard work on something that would help many others of the town—the gymnasium.

## 11--Berry Beary Strong

“Can you please help me, Dear,” Berry Lily-light called to her ever-so-strong “Mr. Big”, who came right away to help out. Well, it really wasn’t his name, but that’s what he was called by so many. Here’s how he got this nickname.

Berry Beary Strong moved into Berry Beary Town some years ago. When he was first met by a certain family with a very young Jellina, she said to her parents, “He’s big big!” And he was. He was the biggest bear around. Everyone noticed it.

Jellina was learning that it was polite to say “Mister” to grown up daddy type of bears. So when she at last got up the courage to speak to him one day, she said, “Mister Big!”

And that name was catchy.

But it wasn’t just because he’d eaten too many sweets and sat around doing little. That wasn’t the kind of “big” that he was. Besides being tall, he was wide with muscles and strong arms. And was strong in many other unseen ways.

He wouldn’t have kept up his strength if he had stopped using those big arms and legs, and his strong mind and heart to help out. But every day he did what he could to help others do things that make him keep being really strong—things that did seem too hard for others to do. It wasn’t that these heavy jobs that needed to be done quickly were easy for him, but he did have the strength to do them, as long as he kept helping out with tough stuff.

Mr. Big’s real name, that Berry Beary Kind usually called him by was “Berry Beary Strong”. Yet, even that was a new name that he took on when he moved into this new town called, “Berry Beary Town.”



One day when some children were gathered at the park to play games, their ball became flat—that is to say it was punctured and the air was released, and so the game had to wait.

Berry Beary Strong was there to play with the young bears, and while they waited for Berry Beary Kind to help fix the ball or find a new one, Berry Beary Strong decided to tell the children a story. It was prompted by one of the children asking him a question.

“How did you get so very big and strong? I want to be like you too when I am grown!” a young bear said.

That got Berry Beary Strong thinking about a different activity they could do as they waited.

“Well, it all started when...” and so the story began. And for the next several days the children wanted to hear more and more stories. They would come to sit with Berry Beary Strong at the rest time between games and hear what he had to say.

The children then started to tell their families about the stories Berry Beary Strong would tell them, and others wished they could hear them too.

Berry Lily-light, his wife and the mother of their cute twin cubs “Beary Nappy” and “Beary Happy”, decided that she’d write his stories down in a book. This book could then be read by others who wanted to hear “How Berry Beary Strong got so strong”, and that way their own little bears could read about their papa one day when they were old enough to understand.

It took a few months to complete it, but eventually Berry Lily-light was able to present it to Berry Beary Kind for printing for the town. When he looked over it, he thought it would make a great addition to their town’s library. Soon it was in the hands of Berry Beary Printer to take care of making several copies for their town to read.

The title of the book was: “Teddy—A Very Strong Bear.” And in it was a little note, added by Berry Beary Kind,  
“If any of you other parents have good stories from your growing up years, and wish to share these stories with all the children of the town, I’d like to hear them and read them. Good books telling our young ones how to grow up to be brave, kind, strong, patient and helpful are the right kind of books to have around. I hope you find the time to write them. If you do, we’ll take the time to print them for all to share!

—In humble service, your mayor, Berry Beary Kind.”

## **12--Entrodamobile Exploration**

The annual “Exploration and Discovery Day” or EXADD as it was called, had at last arrived. Berry Beary Kind and a clever and adventurous team were meeting the night before the big day.

Every part of the entrodamobile was checked and rechecked. This newly invented machine could do just about anything. Well, that’s what it was designed for—anything that was needed while exploring and discovering.

“Battery—good; tires firm—good; electronics working perfectly—excellent; all tools loaded and in place—great,” Berry Beary Kind was going through the checklist and making sure all was good to go. A few things had to be adjusted and tried out, but it was looking good.

“Knock, knock,” sounded at the door of the workshop were the entrodamobile was being prepared. It was the last member of the team coming to see how things were going.

“Good,” Berry Beary Kind said, “Now that we are all here, we can go over the plan.”

At the prep meeting was of course Berry Beary Kind, along with his dad Berry Big Beary. Berry Beary Friendly, Discovery Bear, Berry Beary Incredible, and Berry Beary Fit were also on the team.

Of course many would have liked to come along, but all would get to see what these ones got to see, through the video footage the entrodamobile would take of their exploring mission through the caves and natural tunnels under the mountain.

“How about we meet at 6:30 am tomorrow at Berry Beary Fit’s driveway,” Berry Beary Kind suggested. “I’ll bring the entrodamobile over there tonight and load it into his truck. We’ll secure it well and make it fit and safe for travel. That way we can leave promptly in the morning.”

Everyone agreed, and would meet there dressed and ready.

The others had other things to do, secretly in the evening while the children had gone to bed, just to make sure all the children would enjoy the day as much as possible. Berry Big Beary, Berry Beary Friendly, Discovery Bear and Berry Beary Incredible would finish preparing a special treasure hunt for any of the families with children living in Berry Beary Town to go on the next day.

What was the “treasure” was of course a very well-kept secret that only this team of explorers knew. It would be revealed later on.

The next morning a very happy town awoke. EXADD celebrations were always fun, that is because the adults of the town made sure it was. Some houses were hosting activities to teach in fun ways all about famous explorers and discoveries that had been made. Games were played in the large park. A huge, gigantic screen was put up in the evening to show film clips to do with exploring missions to far-away places.

There were displays and demonstrations of all the various contraptions and inventions that different ones of the town, and surrounding areas, had invented that year. This was one of the main attractions of the day. It

sure brought a lot of smiles, as many things were invented to tickle one's funny bone and bring a laugh. Not everything was particularly essential to daily life. But the point of making inventions was to learn about how things work, and try to make things work even better. But some of the things invented while learning these things were rather for the fun of it—just a fun way to learn skills.

The mothers and aunties loved the party that was hosted at Great-Grandma Wreath's place. This is where they could show and tell some of their kitchen discoveries, new recipes, and things they found out that year that were new and might be a help to the other mothers. Some of the young ladies and older sisters put up a display of photos of all the neat things their real younger siblings had learned that year, and some of the funny things they did.

And last, but not least, a song writing completion was held. Well, they weren't really competing, but all contributing to a concert of all new songs. But those participating had to try new things and see if they could develop new but pleasing styles, sounds, and even use newly or seldom used musical instruments.

The purpose of EXADD was not only to have fun, but to give folks some fun projects to work on throughout the year, and to try to learn something new they didn't know the year before, and share about it with others.

Sometimes visitors came from far away just to participate in this day, as they got so many clever ideas—some of which would benefit them and their own families and villages. It was always interested to see how some little idea that one bear from Berry Beary Town had, spread to far away places.

Well, all the town knew what Berry Beary Kind's contribution to this "Exploration and Discovery Day" was, and they were eagerly looking forward to viewing the footage as soon as it was ready.