

THE EPOCH TIMES

LIFE &

TRADITION

COURTESY OF THE MARTY LYONS FOUNDATION



Marty Lyons has been working with seriously ill children through his foundation since 1982.

A New York Jets Legend's Legacy

The Marty Lyons Foundation grants wishes to seriously ill children

ANDREW THOMAS

Marty Lyons is best known as the legendary New York Jets defensive tackle who was part of the team's New York Sack Exchange, the front four defensive linemen for the team famed for their ability to take down quarterbacks in the early 1980s. He played with the Jets for 11 seasons and was named the NFL's Man of the Year in 1984. What's less known is the work he's done off the field for more than 35 years.

Lyons, now 63, lives in Smithtown, New York. Early in his career, he became a big brother figure to a young boy named Keith, whom he met at a fundraiser for leukemia in 1980. Keith was only 3 years old and was

His biggest hope is to encourage seriously and terminally ill children to keep fighting.

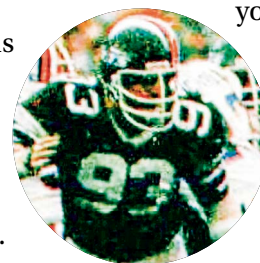
terminally ill. Lyons approached him and spent the day trying to coax him into opening up. At the end of the event, Keith came up to Lyons and hugged him, telling him, "I love you."

From that moment on, Lyons formed a close relationship with Keith, whose parents were in the middle of a divorce. Lyons would take him to his leukemia treatments, and would bring him presents from away games.

"I just came in there and acted like a big brother, and acted with a great deal of love and compassion for him," Lyons said.

Lyons's relationship with Keith, as well as his work with other severely ill children, made him reflect on his own life.

"It gave me a new appreciation for the opportunity to play the game of football," Lyons said. "You left feeling better about who you were, about the opportunities that you had, and you left with another friend."



Marty Lyons was named the NFL's Man of the Year in 1984.

Bigger Than Football

In March 1982, Lyons had the rollercoaster month of his life. Within the span of just a week, Lyons experienced the birth of his first son on March 4 and the sudden death of his father from a heart attack on March 8. Keith tragically succumbed to leukemia on March 10.

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A Case for True Leisure

Finding rest and contemplation in trying times

JEFF MINICK

Two days before New Year's, I took my daughter, my son-in-law, and their seven children to supper in a restaurant here in Front Royal, Virginia. Regulations require wearing a mask into this place, but once seated, off come those bits of paper and

cloth, and diners may eat without covering their faces between bites.

Seated at the tables around us were another 14 people enjoying their meals and the company of family and friends. Our masked waitress brought the menus, three boxes of crayons, and some paper, and the younger members of the crew were soon coloring away. Everyone, including the 3-year-old, put on a wonderful display of manners during the meal.

Neither the children nor their parents had eaten in a restaurant for six months,

and my daughter several times remarked how wonderful it felt to be "normal." For all of us, the hour spent at that table brought a sweet magic to the evening, a respite from the grim months of pandemic and the gloomy news of our national elections.

Finding relief from the stresses of our private lives and from those brought by national events is vital to our mental and spiritual health. The guy who spends his working hours selling insurance, the intensive care nurse under constant pressure during her 10-hour shift, the mom

surrounded all day by children and their many demands: all need some way to shift gears and cultivate leisure.

Escape Versus Leisure

Some remove themselves from the demands of the day by seeking oblivion. They spend their evenings drinking too much wine, or they plop down for 3 or 4 hours in front of a television. Some students shuck off the demands of the classroom and play

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COURTESY OF THE MARTY LYONS FOUNDATION



Marty Lyons and a young friend at the Marty Lyons Foundation's 2015 30th Annual Celebrity Golf Classic in Old Westbury, N.Y.

A New York Jets Legend's Legacy

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At 25, the professional football player struggled to comprehend their deaths.

"So in a matter of six days, you go from the ultimate high to the ultimate low," Lyons recalled.

Lyons reflected on the loss of Keith and his own father and decided to start a foundation to honor their memory. He was used to feeling important as he ran out onto the field every Sunday, and he wanted to give seriously ill children the opportunity to feel important, too.

Since 1982, the Marty Lyons Foundation has been granting wishes for seriously ill children. To date, the organization has granted more than 7,000 wishes. The foundation has raised more than \$38 million and has locations in 13 different states. The foundation also offers second wishes for seriously ill children who may have gone into remission, but who have experienced relapses.

For Lyons, philanthropy was a critical

“None of them fear dying. None of them have ever said to me, ‘Why me? Why am I sick?’ They don’t approach life like that. They all know that they’re here for a reason.”

Marty Lyons, founder, Marty Lyons Foundation

component of his professional football career and continues to be his passion. Giving back to his community was never about getting good press. It has always been about doing the right thing. His biggest hope is to encourage seriously and terminally ill children to keep fighting. Tragically, approximately 6 out of every 10 kids that the foundation works with won't live to be 18. Nevertheless, he hopes the children realize how important their lives are.

"None of them fear dying. None of them have ever said to me, 'Why me? Why am I sick?' They don't approach life like that. They all know that they're here for a reason. They're here to make us a little stronger if we take time to listen to them, to understand them, and to get to know them," Lyons said.

All of the kids Lyons has worked with have made an indelible impact on him. Their families, too, have left an impression. In one case, Lyons worked with a family that was caring for two terminally ill children. Instead of having them spend their



The Marty Lyons Foundation has granted over 7,000 wishes.

last days in a hospital, they knocked down a wall in their house and turned it into an intensive care unit for their kids.

When Lyons visited the family, the two boys were on respirator machines. The parents had asked for a generator because their home often lost power. They told Lyons that they were faced with the unfathomable scenario of having to decide which son to resuscitate by hand first if the power were to fail. Two months later, Lyons and his foundation were able to deliver the generator.

"We knew that that day, one day those boys will die, but it wouldn't be because the power went out," Lyons recalled. "It's that type of experience that really stays with you."

Granting More Wishes

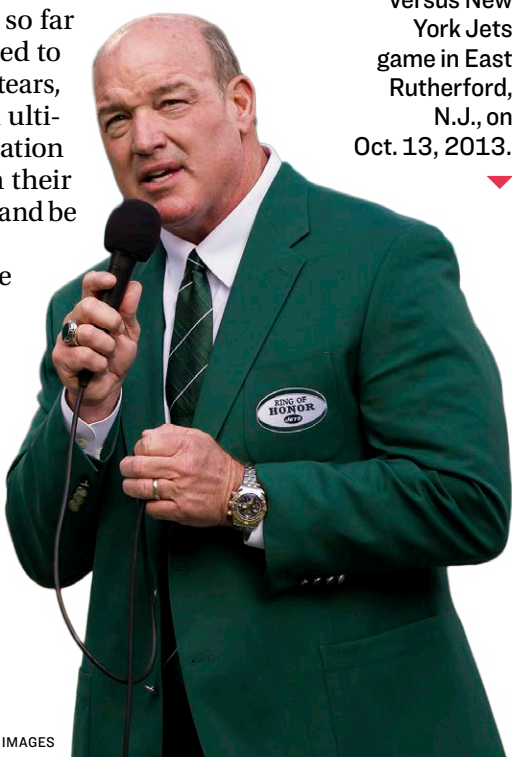
Lyons and his foundation continue their mission to help seriously and terminally ill children but have encountered obstacles during the pandemic. Unfortunately, the organization has had to cancel all its fundraisers as a result of lockdown measures. Many of the travel wishes that were to be granted have been postponed because of travel restrictions. Lyons hopes that these children can hold on long enough for the foundation to grant their wishes.

The organization has tried to adapt and held a virtual auction earlier last December. Lyons has also recently completed his new book "If These Walls Could Talk: Stories From the New York Jets Sideline, Locker Room, and Press Box," which details his 40-year journey with the team.

Not only did he want to give readers an inside look at his experience as a player and commentator, but he also wanted to provide a glimpse of the work he does with children. He has signed away all his rights to the book, and all of the proceeds will go to the foundation. Readers so far have responded to the book with tears, laughter, and ultimately inspiration to do more in their communities and be better people.

"All you have to do is remind people that there's people out there that are less fortunate than you, and you can make a difference," Lyons said.

Marty Lyons speaks during his Ring of Honor Induction at halftime of the Pittsburgh Steelers versus New York Jets game in East Rutherford, N.J., on Oct. 13, 2013.



MITCHELL LEFF/GETTY IMAGES

Man Grows Food on Traffic Island to Feed the Needy

20,000 pounds of vegetables have been donated since 2016

LOUISE BEVAN

A Beverly, Massachusetts, man is growing vegetables on a traffic island and donating them to people in need. Since 2016, the philanthropist has donated more than 20,000 pounds of vegetables to the homeless community, local food pantries, and charities serving low-income families.

John Fallon, 61, grew up in the neighborhood of Beverly Farms and learned how to garden from his Irish immigrant father. Since retiring from a career as a test engineer, Fallon has become busy helping his community.

"People get laid off and can't find jobs for reasons they have no control of," Fallon told Boston Globe, having once been laid off himself in 2007. "Everyone should help those less fortunate than them."

Fallon started out donating tomato plants



John Fallon of Beverly, Mass., with a crop of summer squash.

Fallon calculated 8,300 pounds of produce harvested for the year in total.

from his home garden to a farming program for inner-city kids. He then started working at Beverly's community garden, in conjunction with church-run meals programs in the following year, before launching his own project in 2016.

After securing authorization from the state Department of Transportation, Fallon claimed a patch of unused land on a traffic island on Beverly's Hale Street to grow organic crops for charity. In its first year, and for three successive years, the 8,000-square-foot Beverly Farms Gardens produced an average of 3,000 pounds of produce.

Fallon grows around 1,000 plants, including tomatoes; peppers; cucumbers; summer, acorn, and butternut squash; green and golden zucchini; eggplant; and broccoli, with occasional help from volunteers. In response to the 2020 pandemic, Fallon upped the ante.

DEAR JUNE

On Family and Relationships



For the Sake of Our Nation, Where Do We Go From Here?

Dear Readers,

The events of Jan. 6 have shaken this country up once again and left some questioning when and how we will be able to shake off the dark cloud that is covering America.

In answer to this, I would say that the course of history is full of twists and turns, and events don't always go as we would wish, but simply because we don't see justice doesn't mean that evil has overcome goodness. Rather, I think that though we must strive for justice, injustice can also serve a greater good; it can allow us to awaken.

What I see as the real goal is to save our country from the bad ideas that have been slowly destroying it for decades.

And so as tensions rise, we can respond with renewed faith and passion to protect and preserve the precious principles on which our government is based.

In his farewell address, President George Washington reminded us that morality is key to our freedom and we must take this seriously.

"It's substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free Government. Who that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?"

President Abraham Lincoln, in his second inaugural address given

about a month before the official end of the Civil War, offered a message of forgiveness to southern slaveholders:

"It may seem strange that many men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not that we may not be judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither is answered fully. The Almighty has his own purpose."

These two passages illustrate that while we must take a stand for what is right and just, justice must also be tempered with mercy.

One of my favorite pieces from Shakespeare is from "The Merchant of Venice," when Portia explains to the merchant Shylock the importance of this balance:

"The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest; It blesseth him that gives and him that takes: 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes The throned monarch better than his crown: His scepter shows the force of temporal power, The attribute to awe and majesty, Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; But mercy is above this scepter'd sway; It is enthroned in the hearts of kings, It is an attribute to God himself; And earthly power doth then show likest God's When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew, Though justice be thy plea, consider this, That, in the course of justice, none of us Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy; And that same prayer doth teach us all to render The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much To mitigate the justice of thy plea; Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there."

For those of us who feel great injustice is being done right now, this is the time to show mercy and kindness. Both Joe Biden and Melania Trump have called for the healing of this country, and I think the message is correct—because the vast majority of Americans are good, decent people, yet we feel at odds because of political ideology.

The Chinese Confucian scholar Mencius said:

"The tendency of man's nature to good is like the tendency of water to flow downward. There are none but have this tendency to good, just as all water flows downward."

To help encourage mercy, I offer this analogy: We would not become angry at a North Korean because of his political beliefs because we understand that he has lived his whole life under the oppression of some very bad ideas. We would also be patient with him if he was struggling to understand the importance of American values and virtues.

Propaganda is a very hard thing to overcome in oneself. I recently watched some videos made by a North Korean woman who is speaking out against the atrocities there, yet she still referred to Kim Jong-un as "our dear leader" even while criticizing him.

We may have yet further down to go before things turn around, but this may actually be part of the work necessary to heal our country.

I make this analogy because, as I said above, America has been oppressed by certain bad ideas for decades now, long enough to influence the core values of many. To understand more of this context, I would invite you to read our series, "How the Specter of Communism is Destroying our World," (ReadEpoch.com/Specter), particularly chapters 12 and 13 about how education and media have been influenced.

And bear in mind that while Washington said morality and virtue are key to a free society, Karl Marx repeatedly called morality "bourgeois" or oppressive. History has clearly shown whose system is really more desirable, although I realize that to many in this country, these lessons may not be clear.

Thus we can begin the work of healing by strengthening our virtue, by extending grace, help, knowledge, and empathy to those around us, especially if they are of a different political persuasion.

I don't have any predictions as to when our country will be right again. We may have yet further down to go before things turn around, but this may actually be part of the work necessary to heal our country. And once the extreme is reached, circumstances will most certainly turn around.

Let me explain: Difficult times strengthen us and renew our faith and moral strength.

I imagine it this way: To an angel looking down from on high, each of our hearts is a point of light. Hearts with love, truth, humility, faith, mercy, and justice shine very brightly. When the angels see the points of light grow stronger, they rejoice. Devils despise this light and run away from it.

Each of us has a role to play in turning our country around—this isn't just a platitude, I mean this literally and seriously. If we are clear about what is within our power and commit to it, we can transform our country.

In his farewell address, President Ronald Reagan gave us a starting point: "All great change in America begins at the dinner table. So, tomorrow night in the kitchen I hope the talking begins. And children, if your parents haven't been teaching you what it means to be an American, let 'em know and nail 'em on it. That would be a very American thing to do."

In conclusion, if your heart is troubled now, start by forgiving. Forgive the injustice, forgive the intolerance, forgive the deception, forgive the weaknesses and ignorance of others.

When your heart is calm and your mind clear, then ask yourself, what role can you play? What good is within your power?

Some ideas to consider are: Read, watch, and listen to things that inform you or give you moral strength, including beautiful music.

Learn more about history, and read the original documents. There are many homeschool history curricula available to help you and your children better understand what difficult texts mean and the significance of their ideas.

Reach out to those around you, especially those with different political views. See them as people, listen and try to understand what they care about.

Pay attention to local politics and hold officials accountable. Also pay attention to the decisions of your local school board, especially if your children are attending public school. Be vocal about your concerns.

And keep the goal in mind: We lost lives on Jan. 6, and we need to heal our wounds so we don't needlessly lose any more.

Sincerely,
June

Do you have a family or relationship question for our advice columnist, Dear June? Send it to DearJune@EpochTimes.com or Attn: Dear June, The Epoch Times, 229 W. 28th St., Floor 7, New York, NY 10001.

June Kellum is a married mother of two and longtime Epoch Times journalist covering family, relationships, and health topics.



ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF BEVERLY FARMS GARDENS



(Above) A harvest of tomatoes and eggplants from this past fall.

(Above left) Beverly Farms Gardens is located on a traffic island.

families," Rick Lord, Farms-Prides Community Association's president, told Boston Globe. "John is an amazingly selfless and hard-working farmer."

As for what the future holds, Fallon hopes to raise enough money in donations to optimize the land by setting up an irrigation system and buying a dump truck, a landscape cargo trailer, a hoop-house greenhouse, a generator, and a welder for maintenance and repairs.

The selfless gardener's vision is for others

to be inspired by his model.

"It's not good for the environment to try and grow everybody's food in one place like we're doing right now in the Midwest," Fallon told WCVB. "If we had a lot of decentralized local gardens where we tried to take care of our own, use our own resources, it's better."

We would love to hear your stories! You can share them with us at emg.inspired@epochtimes.com

SERHI YURKIV/SHUTTERSTOCK



Finding relief from the stresses of our private lives and from those brought by national events is vital to our mental and spiritual health.

A Case for True Leisure

Finding rest and contemplation in trying times

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video games until midnight while others turn from their distance-learning Zoom classes to chat with friends via electronic devices.

All of these activities may erase the pressures of work or study, but do they qualify as true leisure?

In "Leisure: The Basis of Culture," which I read many years ago and which I recently referenced in another article in The Epoch Times aimed more at recreation than at a deeper sort of leisure, Josef Pieper examines the meaning of leisure. He makes the case that true leisure involves contemplation, the ability to be alone with ourselves, and "immersion in the real." His book warns of the totalitarian hold of work on human beings in modern times, the dangers to our humanity when we define who and what we are by the jobs we do, and the consequent loss of our ability to experience the wonder and mystery of the world around us.

"Leisure: The Basis of Culture" was published in 1948, yet Pieper's warnings about the dangers of linking our lives too strongly to work and his advocacy for the classic ideals of leisure remains as pertinent today, if not more so, than when he wrote his book.

A Look at Sir Winston

Through much of his adult life, Winston Churchill lived fast and hard. He saw combat as a soldier in wartime, he fought many political battles, and of course, he led Great Britain through the dark days of World War II.

Like us, Churchill sought relief from these burdens, ways of escape from his responsibilities. Sometimes he drank heavily. He gambled. As a young man, he played polo. These activities undoubtedly provided him a break from his many onerous duties, but by Pieper's definition, they don't qualify as real leisure.

But two of Churchill's hobbies do meet Pieper's criteria of solitude and contemplation: painting and masonry. In 1915, the middle-aged Churchill took

up a brush and palette, and found solace in painting for the rest of his days. A few years later, he took up bricklaying as a form of relaxation. In both activities Churchill immersed himself in the real world, practiced these arts in solitude, and surely at times entered into that state of contemplation recommended by Pieper.

A Look in the Mirror

Writing these words and thinking of Churchill caused me to look at myself and wonder: Do I practice leisure? Do I engage in any activity that takes me away from my work, in this case writing such articles as these, and that qualifies both as a change of pace and an opportunity to put on a different pair of glasses and perceive the wonders of life on Earth?

Reading first came to mind. Though I have opened fewer books than usual this year—I have resolved for New Year's to spend more time with the printed word—all my life I have loved books and reading.

Yet it seems to me that reading books doesn't meet Pieper's standards for leisure. Like the man pouring too much gin down his throat every evening, I become drunk on words; like the woman who puts aside the tensions of the day by watching reruns of "Frasier" at night, I look for entertainment and escape in my reading.

Reading means solitude, and on occasion I may find secondhand wonder in some author's insights, but it doesn't really "immerse" me in the real world, and the wonder I experience comes secondhand from authors I've never met.

Wonders and Mysteries

So when, if ever, do I remove myself from the work-a-day world, however briefly, and engage in leisure?

After some consideration of these questions, my morning coffee came to mind. Every day I take my first sip of coffee on the front porch of the house where I live, and it is then I often marvel at the miracles of the ordinary. For that little patch of time, before the duties of the day march up to make their demands, I watch the coming of dawn and the disappearance of the stars, listen to the singing birds, a chorus diminished now with the arrival of winter, breathe in the morning air, and offer a prayer of gratitude that I am alive and able to witness and be a part of these marvels.

Taking walks alone can also bring on contemplation, though in this case my doctor's recommendation that I take these daily walks mars the purity of the

act. Nevertheless, my solitary strolls do take me away from my laptop and books, and frequently give rise to thoughts free from the distractions of work.

Other Routes

Of course, there are other roads to contemplation a la Pieper. Praying or just sitting on a boulder on a hill and taking in a sunset: all can inspire deep thoughts and appreciation of the world.

"Stop and smell the roses" may be a hackneyed phrase some find amusing, but that old adage fits Pieper's definition of leisure. When we slow down or turn away entirely from our work lives, when we look—really look—at a grandchild playing with Lincoln Logs, at a sleeping baby, or at a full moon gliding through gray clouds, for that moment, however brief, we receive a glimpse of the mysteries surrounding us.

Moving Forward

Though some of my siblings and friends believe the new year will bring brighter days than those we experienced for the last 10 months, I'm afraid I disagree. We'll be on a hard path for a good while yet. We'll need to fight to preserve our liberties in the ongoing pandemic, and a change in the calendar won't ease the burdens of those facing financial hardship from business closures and lockdowns.

The good news: we've learned some lessons from these tough times—liberty is fragile, state and local governments can be oppressive or heavy handed, and no one, including our experts, really has a handle on how to fight the virus that wrecked our economy. That knowledge may help in the battles facing us.

More good news: some politicians and commentators insist we are in for a dark winter, with some of them seemingly intent on making it so, but we don't have to go along with them. As we enter 2021, let's remember to pause frequently and absorb the abundant mysteries surrounding us. Let's remember to look at one another. Let's make the effort to keep love, goodness, beauty, and truth alive in our hearts.

When we engage in this sort of leisure, we can discern the light beyond this veil of shadows and sorrows.

Jeff Minick has four children and a growing platoon of grandchildren. For 20 years, he taught history, literature, and Latin to seminars of homeschooling students in Asheville, N.C. He is the author of two novels, "Amanda Bell" and "Dust On Their Wings," and two works of nonfiction, "Learning As I Go" and "Movies Make The Man." Today, he lives and writes in Front Royal, Va. See JeffMinick.com to follow his blog.



Portrait of Winston Churchill, "The Roaring Lion," by Yousuf Karsh, 1941. PUBLIC DOMAIN

In 1915, the middle-aged Churchill took up a brush and palette, and found solace in painting for the rest of his days.

EVGENI ATAMANENKO/SHUTTERSTOCK



Simple, predictable routines offer comfort to children.

Appreciate the blessings of the here and now. Remember that each and every day is a gift.

read the classics, learn true history, and learn to discern good from bad, right from wrong, and truth from fiction.

Reach Out

There are plenty of people right now who could use a helping hand, a pick-me-up, or even a friendly, passing smile. Look upon others with a heart of compassion and embrace the opportunities to be of service to others at this time.

Take Care of Yourself

Give yourself extra care during this time. Buffer in extra time to do things. Allow yourself extra grace and kick the habit of perfection. Watch how you speak to yourself in your mind. Move your body each day. Get into nature. Nurture the spirit inside.

Seek Higher Wisdom

If you are so inclined, seek out spiritual wisdom. If you're a religious person, dive deeper into the teachings of your faith. When the world's gone mad, a higher perspective will see you through.

FAMILY

In an Uncertain World, What's a Mom to Do?

BARBARA DANZA

We are living through troubling times. When the future is unclear and the weight of the world seems ever increasing, what's a mom to do? In the face of such uncertainty, the work of a mother is as important as ever.

Increase Hugs

Whatever your current hugging regimen in your household, up the ante. It's good for your family members and it's good for you, too. It's been said that hugging reduces stress. So, live life open-armed.

Prepare for the Unexpected

It's good to be prepared. In an atmosphere of uncertainty, knowing that you're ready for anything can offer you a comforting sense of peace. Stock up on nonperishables and check the batteries in your portable devices.

Hone Your Routines

Simple, predictable, daily routines are extraordinarily comforting to children. Even if your "normal" has been jettisoned for the time being, ensure that you've got your family running with routines that work for everyone. No need to become a drill sergeant; just reinforce a lovely rhythm that keeps sleep patterns in check, nutrition on the up-and-up, and a sense of progress each day.

Look for the Lessons

So, life's throwing curveballs like it's the World Series. What are we to learn from this? There's always a lesson to be learned. Embrace introspection and journal your

way through the struggle. You may look back on this time as a remarkable period of personal growth.

What's more, teach your children to look for the lessons as well. You may learn that you don't need as much as you think you did, or that freedom is a value to hold dear.

Let Go of Control

Moms are often the driving force behind the family plans for the day, the week, and the year. From vacations to extracurricular activities, day trips to volunteer opportunities, and more—our family calendars can be something to behold (normally).

Now, with the future looking hazy, planning has become quite tricky. The present, however, remains clear. Embrace living in the moment and appreciate the blessings of the here and now. Remember that each and every day is a gift.

Mind What You Consume

While it's important to ensure that you're fueling your body with healthy, whole foods rather than processed, sugary junk, it's also important you're feeding your mind with truth and goodness rather than much of what's being presented as news and entertainment these days. Be discerning in your choices. If you find that the media you consume agitates your emotions, consider whether that's benefiting you or manipulating you.

Teach Your Children Well

Never has it been more imperative that parents take the reins of their children's education. Make sure that your children

DEAR NEXT GENERATION:

'A Gift Far Better Than Any Riches'

→ Advice from our readers to our young people

I'm the oldest of 11 children. After child number nine was born, my father was struck by severe rheumatoid arthritis. It wasn't long before many of his joints were frozen and his fingers were twisted and immobile. He lived in excruciating pain, from his jaw down to his toes. His inability to work for over a year cost him the home in the country he'd spent four years building on weekends and evenings, all by hand with no power tools. My family struggled financially from that point on, but what we gained was priceless.

When doctors told my father he would be bedridden, he proved them wrong. He limped along and put his gnarled hands to work—mostly in painting and construction. He bought and sold cars and did stints as a salesman.

My mother mended our clothes, stretched food in some pretty creative ways, and made endless runs to the private schools my father worked, bartered and, bargained to pay for.

One Christmas, my father, short of money for gifts, made toys in our basement with leftover scraps of wood from a job—a beautiful dollhouse, a play auto shop, and many other things personalized for each child.

Things weren't ideal, for sure. The family moved to Florida for a few months, hoping the weather would help with my father's pain. He couldn't find work in the Sunshine State and ended up picking oranges along with my pre-teen brothers. One day, a potato chip truck turned over close to the house and offered my father the contents. My father took the load and traded at a local grocery for nutritious fare.

My seven brothers went to work at early ages, apprenticing under my father. It was hard on them at times, but they became

masters of construction and self-employment. The girls all took jobs early, too. My parents would have liked it to be different, but I don't feel that way.

My father was upbeat in spite of it all, inspired by his faith in God. He used to say, "If I was any happier, I'd be twins." We never knew who would be sleeping on our sofa when we woke up, because my father was prone to taking in homeless people. He was a can-do person and a doer. He expected the same of his children yet had empathy for those who struggled to pick themselves up by their bootstraps.

My father believed his children could do anything, face any challenge, rise to any occasion, and taught them by example to help others. He passed away in 2013, leaving behind 11 offspring full of confidence, determination, and compassion. That was a gift far better than any riches.

—Tamara Drennan

Please remember that no one on this earth is "Just a." Just a waitress. Just a clerk. God created all of us equal at birth but some have more opportunities. We all started out equal but our paths went in various directions. God created us with different skills, different passions, different looks, and different talents. All people make up our wonderful world and diversity is what makes it uniquely beautiful.

Think of the best movie you ever saw. The main characters were there, but what about all the support staff? Without the support staff, the movie would not be complete or even possible.

Think about your city. Think about your city without trash service for a month or two. Soon your city would look like a rubbish heap. The "Just a trashman" didn't show up.

Treat everyone with respect and dignity. No one is "Just a ..."

—Marty Wingate

Long ago I had a dream to retire on a nice piece of land. Maybe have a view of the mountains and a full flowing stream through our property. I longed for a large garden and maybe even horses or farm animals.

We grew up not having a lot but having what we needed. I enjoyed being barefoot all summer, picking berries, and playing in the woods. We were only entitled to what we worked for and earned. Mom taught us the importance of moral values

and family right away. Dad taught us the value of work, honor, and reputation. We pursued our dreams while being realistic about our goals.

Aim higher at your target but don't be disappointed if you fall short. It's always better to aim higher and fall short than it is to aim low and hit your target.

As children, our parents tried to nourish us both physically and mentally. In school, we were taught in health to eat right and in church, we were taught spiritual values. Eat a balanced diet and stay active always.

My mom once said, "You don't grow old until you sit in a rocking chair all day." Health is what you put into it. You are what you eat, both food and exercise. And don't forget the spiritual side, which keeps you balanced mentally and manages stress.

When I was 20, my girlfriend and I took a vacation by car some 200 miles away. At the end of our stay we ran out of cash, but no problem "cause I brought along my checkbook. With no credit card or any credit record, at that time, the banks wouldn't cash my check. At one bank, a manager spoke to me with compassion and gave me some credit advice. She also cashed my mere check for 20 bucks to buy gas to get home. Even with my good credit (in my mind) I had no credit on record. I realized then this fact: "Credit is not taken, it is to be given." At a job or in life when I performed virtuous deeds and took credit I looked like a jerk. Don't take credit, others will see what you've done, and give you credit. Credit is to be given, not taken. Also don't be stingy giving credit, it costs you nothing but makes the recipient glow!

Later in life, I was successful and did a great job, but those working under me didn't particularly like my "Get the job done" style. Always apply yourself but strive to be a worker among workers. Relationships in a work environment are just as important as getting the job done. They don't teach that in school. Show others that you are a gracious team member that always provides a quality product. Always give credit to others when due; even if part of the credit belongs to you. Others will always appreciate your gratitude.

I feel that I've accomplished much in life and learned to avoid obstacles along the way. Even in my late 40s, I was faced with adversity and had to start over again. We can do anything or be anyone we choose in life as long as we're not throttled by an addiction. There are many self-imposed addictions that will take you over if you let them. Don't substitute your life for selfish addictions. Rise above being a victim in life. Become a victor and rise above any cloud that blurs your vision. When you feel you are a victim, get up and keep

moving forward to become the victor. You're only defeated when you are down and you choose not to get up.

And as far as success goes? Just be the best at whatever you do. It's not about money or prestige, it's about happiness, which comes from within. Embrace life and all it has to offer. Avoid nasty and negative people who will bring you down. Find a supportive church group. Stay close to relatives and friends who have positive attitudes.

Most importantly: Don't be afraid to step out of your comfort zone but don't compromise your moral values in doing so. Be spontaneous, create once in a lifetime moments and memories. Many of my most precious memories are the result of spontaneity. Don't lose sight of your dreams, they are what keep you going. In both good times and bad they shine a light on your desires and ambitions. Close your eyes and bring life to your dreams, and they will give hope and meaning to your life. Remember, life is short, hold close to the ones you love.

I am now retired, living on a nice parcel of land in the mountains of North Carolina. We have a beautiful mountain view and a full flowing stream through our property. Our large garden is big enough to grow for ourselves with plenty to share. I spend my mornings watching the fog burn out the valley.

And I don't wear shoes anymore, just like when I was a child ... I'm living a dream.

—Ron Blechner

(Ron E B Barefoot in the Mts of NC)

Dear Next Generation,

This will be short. I'm in my 80s, and after going through two wars, many protests, and many letters in defense of this country, I'm asking you to take up the gauntlet. If you are reading The Epoch Times, I am pretty sure of where your values lie, so please do what you can to save the country.

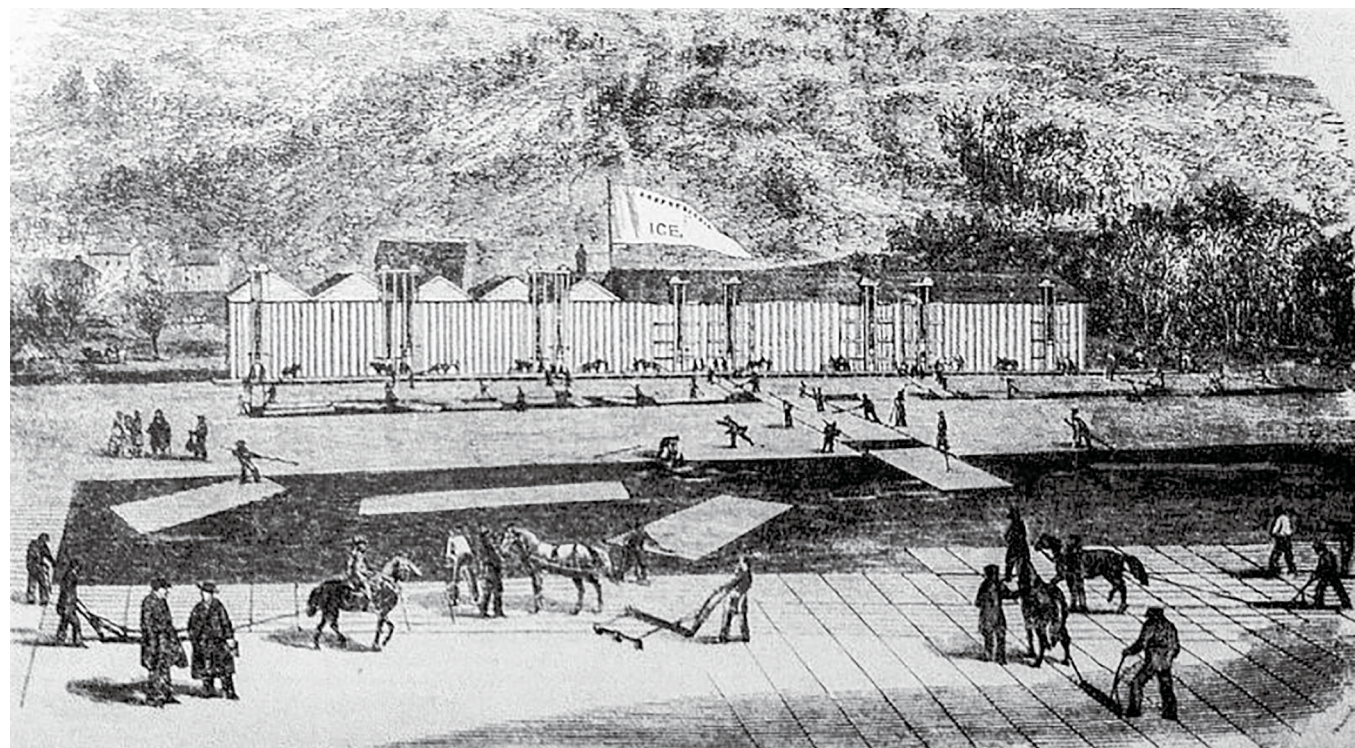
—Thomas Bryan

What advice would you like to give to the younger generations?

We call on all of our readers to share the timeless values that define right and wrong, and pass the torch, if you will, through your wisdom and hard-earned experience. We feel that the passing down of this wisdom has diminished over time, and that only with a strong moral foundation can future generations thrive.

Send your advice, along with your full name, state, and contact information to NextGeneration@epochtimes.com or mail it to: Next Generation, The Epoch Times, 229 W. 28th St., Floor 7, New York, NY 10001.

ALL PHOTOS IN PUBLIC DOMAIN



(Left) American businessman Frederic Tudor (1783–1864). (Right) Harvesting ice near New York City in 1852.

HISTORY

Frederic Tudor: The Entrepreneur Who Brought Ice to Calcutta

Frederic Tudor's daring dream made him one of the richest Americans of his day. But his path to success was hardly guaranteed.

LAWRENCE W. REED

The year is 1806. You are 23 years old, living in New England, and searching for a way to make a fortune. You have already declined an opportunity to attend Harvard at your father's expense because for the past 10 years, business was your fascination. Now out on your own, you need to settle on an established trade or start an altogether new one.

Here's an idea: Cut giant ice blocks out of ponds in wintry Massachusetts and put them on a ship bound for some steamy-hot Caribbean islands, a journey of two weeks or more. There you will sell the ice to people who have probably never seen frozen water in their lives. After the natives get a taste of your ice, there will be no end to their demand for it. Go into debt to finance this because in the long run, it's a sure thing!

Are you nuts? All this is exactly what Frederic Tudor actually did in 1806. Many people questioned his sanity for it—until it eventually transformed him into one of the richest Americans of his day. He began a trade that didn't previously exist, overcame long odds and the consensus that his idea couldn't work, and earned the famous moniker, "The Ice King."

Entrepreneurs like Tudor are peculiar and fascinating. They see something nobody else sees and they possess the courage to act on it. They think big. They endure setbacks and failures, but they press on. The rest of us, I am convinced, don't fully appreciate the indispensable contributions they make to human progress. Without men and women willing to dream and take risks, life for the masses would surely still be—in the words of Thomas Hobbes—"nasty, brutish, and short," just as it was for centuries until capitalism gave the entrepreneur a chance to succeed.

Tudor really hit the jackpot in the 1830s when he decided to sell ice in Calcutta, India.

Tudor's path to success was by no means easy or guaranteed. On the one hand, the ice itself was free since he carved it from his family's pond. The sawdust he used to insulate the ice was also free, as lumber mills regarded it as waste; they were happy to have Tudor haul it away. He didn't have to worry about competition at first because he was alone in the business. But he found, as entrepreneurs always do, that the task was easier said than done.

He sent his first shipload of ice to Martinique in 1806. What didn't melt on the way, he was able to sell but at a loss of \$4,500. His next three shipments went to Cuba, producing an even bigger loss. By 1812, he found himself in bankruptcy and in debtor's prison, a laughingstock among the smug know-it-alls of Boston's elite.

What happened next is best understood in light of Tudor's own words, written on the cover of his first diary: "He who gives

By 1812, he found himself in bankruptcy and in debtor's prison, a laughingstock among the smug know-it-alls of Boston's elite.

back at the first repulse and without striking the second blow, [and who] despairs of success, has never been, is not, and never will be a hero in war, love or business."

He took his own advice and didn't give up on his dream. Instead, he tackled it with renewed vigor, armed with the lessons he learned from early failures.

Ten years after his first, ill-fated ice venture, Tudor was earning a profit on regular shipments of ice to Cuba. His improvements in insulation and speedier voyages began to pay off. He developed profitable outlets for his ice in various cities in the southern United States as well. He still suffered occasional calamities, however. When he tried to bring fruit from the Caribbean back to New England, packed in unsold ice, it all rotted on the ship before it could ever get to consumers.

Tudor really hit the jackpot in the 1830s when he decided to sell ice in Calcutta, India. Think of it—the 16,000-mile voyage to Calcutta required four months in those days. Tudor packed 180 tons of ice onto his first ship to India. Eighty tons melted on the way, but he still managed a profit when he sold the remainder. And for two decades thereafter, Tudor made a bundle shipping frozen water halfway around the world to thirsty Indians. He constantly experimented to discover better and cheaper ways to get the job done, and it made him a millionaire.

In his fascinating 2002 history titled "The Frozen Water Trade," author Gavin Weightman paid tribute to the Ice King's achievements:

"From the time he first shipped lake ice to the West Indies in 1806 to the beginnings of the Calcutta trade in the 1830s, he clung to one conviction: people living in tropical climates would pay a good price for ice if they could get it. The inhabitants of Havana in Cuba, and the British sweltering in Calcutta, could make ice cream, cool their drinks, and relieve their suffering from fevers with ice harvested from the clear waters of New England's many spring-fed ponds. They could even enjoy crisp Baldwin apples from the orchards of Massachusetts, and fresh churned butter, which Tudor packed in barrels and stowed alongside the ice."

The story of Frederic Tudor the Ice King is slightly marred by one flaw: In some tropical destinations, he tried to get local governments to ensure him a monopoly on ice sales and sometimes he got it. It

takes two to tango in that dirty business, however, so if you fault Tudor for seeking such advantages, be sure to equally fault governments for assuming the power to sell them. By and large, however, Tudor stands as a remarkable genius of market entrepreneurship. His success ultimately depended far more on making the lives of ordinary people better than it did on securing a temporary favor from politicians.

Tudor died in 1864 at the age of 80. The ice trade he had founded was, by then, a thriving worldwide business full of rival firms competing to sell ice to places as far-flung as Hong Kong and Sao Paulo. With the advent of ice-making machines in the early 20th century, no more fortunes were to be made by shipping the stuff across oceans. The ice trade on the high seas was history.

Carl Seaburg and Stanley Paterson concluded their 2003 biography of Tudor by noting "the enormous contribution that Frederic made to the everyday society of his time":

"By showing that it was possible to transport ice great distances, by educating people to its value in the preservation of food, by introducing them to foods from other climate zones, he spawned a whole new source of revenue for himself and others. He wanted to monopolize the whole system, but that was proved impossible. After all, he did not invent ice. He only took it out of ponds and transported it to where it did not occur naturally."

I enjoy reading and writing about risk-taking wealth creators such as Frederic Tudor, but I shudder at the thought of putting my own money where his dream was in 1806. I'm just grateful that he didn't have to wait for approval from me or from anybody else to give it a whirl.

For Additional Information, See:

"The Frozen Water Trade" by Gavin Weightman
 "Refrigeration Nation: A History of Ice, Appliances and Enterprise in America" by Jonathan Rees
 "The Ice King: Frederic Tudor and His Circle" by Carl Seaburg and Stanley Paterson
 "Cool Customer: Frederic Tudor and the Frozen-Water Trade" by Jason Zasky
 "The Ice Trade Between America and India" (in *Mechanics Magazine*, 1836)
 "Graduates: So You Want to Be an Entrepreneur?" by Lawrence W. Reed
 "Competition and Monopoly: A Refresher" by Lawrence W. Reed

Lawrence W. Reed is FEE's president emeritus, Humphreys family senior fellow, and Ron Manners global ambassador for liberty, having served for nearly 11 years as FEE's president (2008–2019). He is the author of the 2020 book "Was Jesus a Socialist?" as well as "Real Heroes: Incredible True Stories of Courage, Character, and Conviction" and "Excuse Me, Professor: Challenging the Myths of Progressivism." His website is LawrenceWReed.com

This article was originally published on FEE.org

Ice harvesting on Spy Pond in Arlington, Mass., in the mid-19th century.



MARIE HE/THE EPOCH TIMES



(Above) The 15th-century rose window in the Flamboyant Gothic style depicts St. John's vision of the apocalypse. (Below) Examples of the stained glass in the royal chapel.

LARGER THAN LIFE: ART THAT INSPIRES US THROUGH THE AGES

The Breathtaking Architecture of Sainte-Chapelle, Paris

If "breathtaking" were a building, it could very well be the Sainte-Chapelle ("Holy Chapel") in Paris, the spectacular royal chapel adjoined to King Louis IX's palace. The chapel was commissioned between 1242 and 1248 to house the Passion relics, including Christ's Crown of Thorns, which King Louis IX purchased in 1239.

The chapel is a perfect example of Rayonnant Gothic (circa 1240–1350) architecture. It was a style that aimed for structural light-

ness, where windows almost replaced the walls and flooded the buildings with light, and which favored a repetition of decorative motifs in varying sizes.

Sainte-Chapelle is dominated by huge lancet windows that wrap around the upper chapel and reach up to heaven—well, up to 51 feet, so part of the way. Over the west door of the chapel is an exquisite 15th-century rose window in the Flamboyant style, a florid design of the late Gothic

period in France. The window is framed by tracery, the intricate stonework that supports the window, which in this case scarcely seems present.

Colors cloak the walls inside the upper chapel as if it were bejeweled, and the columns between the windows, called bundled colonettes, appear to be part of the stained glass. The walls are just as rich but with paintings and carvings of Christian symbology: There are sculptures of the 12 apostles and sculptural reliefs of angels holding royal crowns and crowns of thorns. Some angels hold censers that were actually used for incense.

Elegant high arches, which typify the Gothic style, define and strengthen the bones of the building and reach up to the vaulted ceiling.

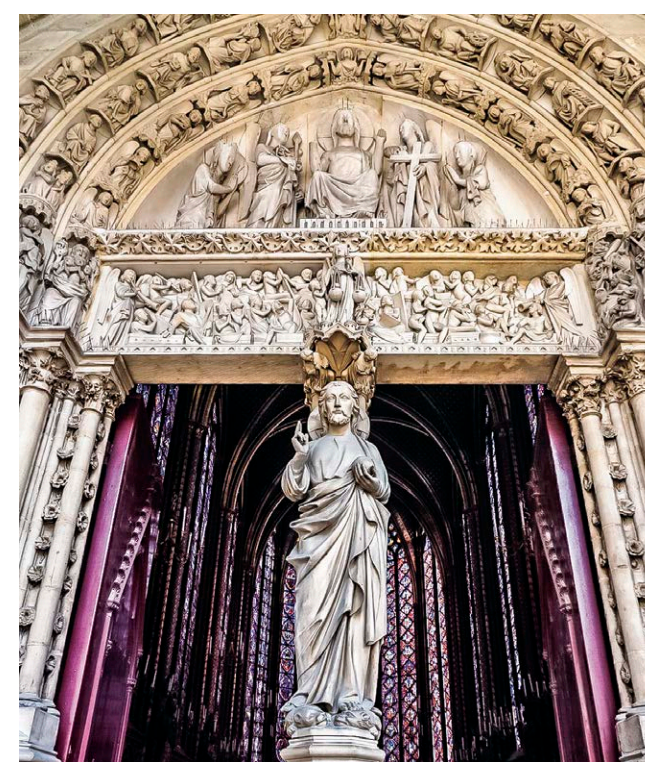
But the secret to the structure is on the outside. Not only do the narrow buttresses take on the bulk of the weight-bearing so that all that glass can stay upright, but these slender structures also avoid blocking the sunlight entering the chapel.



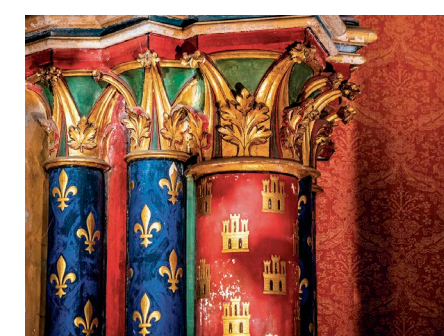
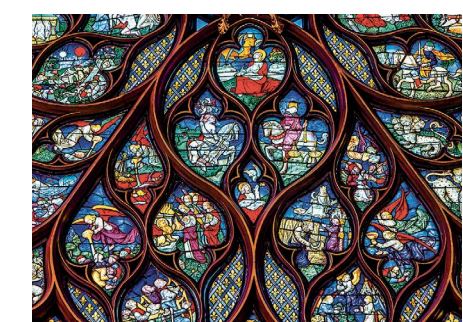
ALL PHOTOS BY SHUTTERSTOCK UNLESS NOTED OTHERWISE



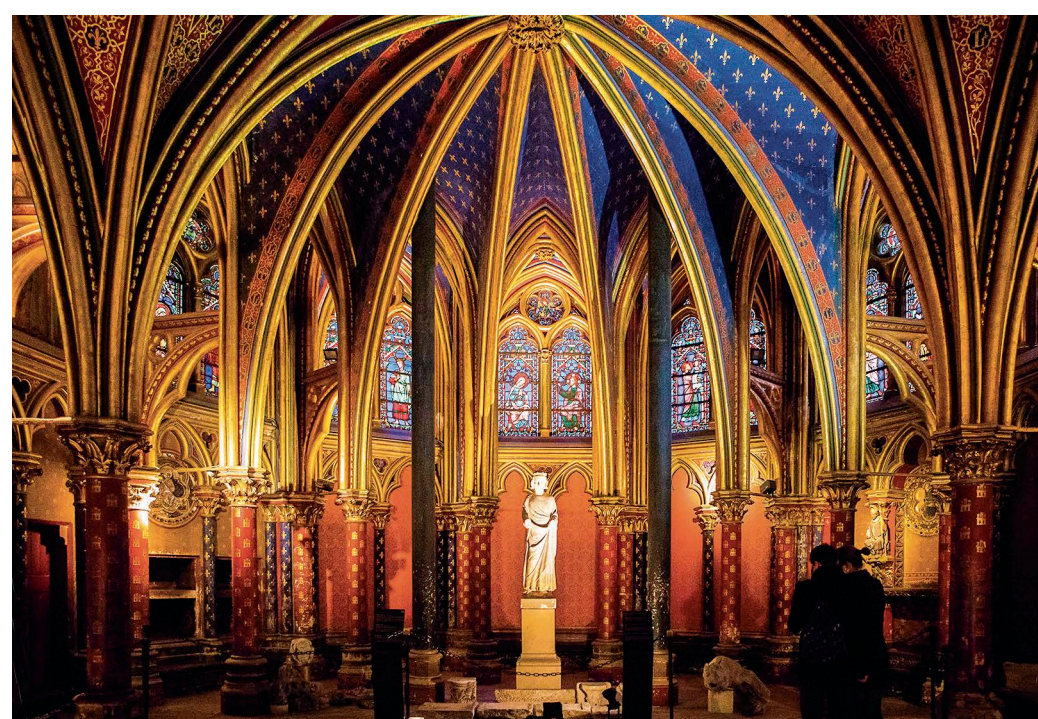
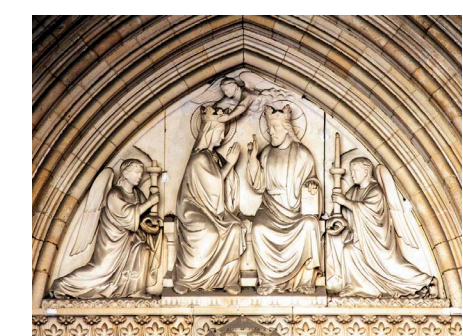
(Left) The distinctive narrow buttresses of Sainte-Chapelle take on the bulk of the weight-bearing so that the stained glass can stay upright. (Right) The entrance to Sainte-Chapelle.



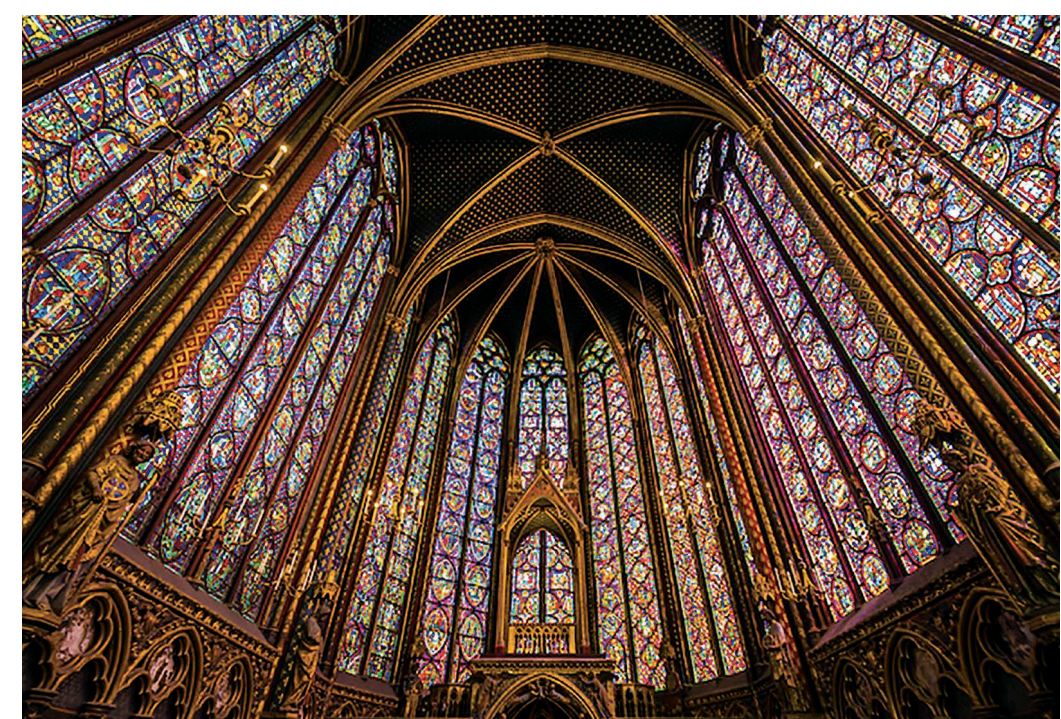
(Left) Rich paintings and carvings full of Christian symbology cover the walls of Sainte-Chapelle. (Right) A detail of the rose window in Sainte-Chapelle.



(Left) Colorful bundled colonettes in the royal chapel. (Right) Mary's coronation in heaven is depicted on a tympanum (a decorative arch above an entrance, door, or window).



(Left) A statue of King Louis IX inside the vaulted royal chapel of Sainte-Chapelle, Paris. (Right) The upper chapel of Sainte-Chapelle in Paris where King Louis IX and his court came to worship. In the center is a 19th-century reliquary, which once housed the "Passion relics" that are now kept at Notre-Dame Cathedral in Paris.



EDUCATION

Why a Childhood of Play Is the Best Education

My education was helpful, but only to the extent that I'd been given the freedom to play with it

HANNAH FRANKMAN

When I was a kid, my parents let me play. I grew up homeschooled, so I had more time than other kids—the bulk of which was spent running wild.

I did do schoolwork—I wasn't unschooled. But the bulk of my memories from childhood are of playing: constructing forts in the woods, building Playmobil towns in the living room, making up stories I could dress up and act out.

I wasn't stuck in a classroom all day, and I wasn't tied up with after-school programs either. Instead of shuttling me from soccer to band to clarinet lessons, my mom let me loose to do whatever I wanted (within reason).

So I built things. I read stories. I drew pictures and ripped holes in my jeans and got muddy and made a mess of the house and had the most amazing time.

And because there was nothing I had to do, I wanted to try everything. When I read novels, it inspired me to write my own. When I read about Laura Ingalls Wilder making her own clothes, I tried to teach myself how to sew, too. When I looked at doll catalogs and couldn't pay for the doll clothes I wanted, I used my new sewing skills to make my own versions.

I thought I was just having fun, but really I was learning an important lesson: how to be self-directed. I didn't need instructions from anybody else. And that's a foundational life skill.

When I was in early elementary school, I discovered that my grandparents' friends thought my exuberance was cute and were willing to encourage my creations by "buying" them for a few quarters. At age 12, I started a full-on business.

Not because I wanted to work—it was all play, but it was play bleeding into real life. When you're free to pursue your interests, the lines between the two can blur fast.

Classes can be helpful, but the time and freedom to apply the knowledge they learn allow kids to delve deeper into their interests.



Building a fort in the living room becomes rearranging your own room, which quickly leads to real organizational and interior design skills. And that's a life skill. People make careers as interior designers—and even if someone only ever uses that skill in their own home, it still improves their quality of life.

Most of my important life skills came from the root of play and unguided exploration. The classes I took were helpful, and the guidance I had was invaluable. But the things that really equipped me for life were the times when I was given something new—be it a new tool or raw information—and let loose to go play with it.

Case in point: When I was in first grade, my mom signed me up for a class that involved learning how to knit. I learned from that class, of course. But the real learning came after, when I was knitting just for fun. I learned new stitches, because I was fascinated to discover what I could make with my hands. I learned new patterns, and then I made my own.

That was the root of my business when I was 12—selling hand-knitted dolls to friends and the moms in our homeschool community, made with patterns I'd designed myself. This new exploration led to building new skills—like bookkeeping, because I wanted to keep track of the money I'd suddenly discovered how to make.

And thus my childhood of play became a teenagehood of real-world exploration, which in turn became an adulthood I was well-equipped to embrace.

As I got older, I started to notice the same trend in other homeschooled kids. They were just more interesting. They'd had the

freedom to go explore things, and their explorations had led them to interesting places. I see the same trend now working with young adults—the ones who had the freedom to explore as children seem to find it easier to succeed as adults.

In his book "How Will You Measure Your Life," Clayton Christensen talks about the resources we provide our children (summer camp, sports, dance lessons, other organized activities), our culture's obsession with them, and the potential cost.

"When we so heavily focus on providing our children with resources, we need to ask ourselves a new set of questions: Has my child developed the skill to develop better skills? The knowledge to develop deeper knowledge? The experience to learn from his experiences?" writes Christensen, who served as the Kim B. Clark professor of business administration at the Harvard Business School until his recent death.

He goes on to make the argument that

focusing too much on activities puts children in the position of absorbing, but not knowing what to do with all these resources—like a child who can memorize in school but can't use that information to create anything new.

We're so worried about giving children the best raw resources that we don't give them any time to learn what to do with them.

Christensen again: "The end result of these good intentions for our children is that too few reach adulthood having been given the opportunity to shoulder onerous responsibility and solve complicated problems for themselves and others. Self-esteem—the sense that 'I'm not afraid to confront this problem and I think I can solve it'—doesn't come from abundant resources. Rather, self-esteem comes from achieving something important when it's hard to do."

When society measures the success of parents by the amount of camps they've signed their children up for, it's scary to pull away from that. What if you're doing something wrong?

But what if it's not your pulling away that's wrong, but rather the premise that children learn from activities, rather than from the spaces in between?

When I grew up and struck out into the world for the first time, the lessons that guided me weren't the ones that came from the classes I'd taken or the activities I'd shown up for. The lessons that guided me were the ones I gained from play—learning to the task, entrepreneurship, self-direction, even self-knowledge.

The rest of my education was helpful. But only to the extent that I'd been given the freedom to play with it.

Hannah Frankman is a writer, filmmaker, photographer, and storyteller. This article was originally published on FEE.org

VETERANS

98-Year-Old World War II Veteran Receives Medal, 76 Years Later

JENNI JULANDER

A 98-year-old World War II veteran was recently honored with the Combat Infantryman Badge nearly 80 years later.

Gregory J. Slavonic, acting undersecretary of the Navy, said the veteran should have received this honor decades ago.

"The event that is happening here today is nearly 76 years late in coming," he said during the award ceremony on Jan. 4 at Bradley Air National Guard Base in East Granby, Connecticut.

Daniel Crowley defended the Bataan Peninsula from invading Japanese forces, after which he was captured and kept as a prisoner of war. However, a technicality kept him from receiving the award that should've been his.

According to AARP, Crowley was assigned to the U.S. Army Air Corps at Nicholas Field in 1941. But when Japan launched attacks on Pearl Harbor and other military facilities throughout the Pacific, Crowley was moved to the infantry.

"He was a combat infantryman, but he didn't sign up with combat infantry—he signed up with the Army Air Corps," his wife, Kelley, told Uplifting Today.

It was a technicality that kept Crowley from receiving the Combat Infantry Badge until now, an award bestowed upon infan-



World War II veteran Dan Crowley receives the rank of sergeant and the Combat Infantry Badge from Gregory J. Slavonic, acting undersecretary of the Navy, on Jan. 4, 2021.

trymen and Special Forces members who served in active ground combat and who have the rank of colonel or below.

It was only recently that the Army decided to start giving the award to provisioned soldiers, like Crowley, who fought on Bataan. Until now, Crowley didn't think

he'd ever receive the honor; but when he heard about this change a few months ago, he decided to apply for the award one more time.

"I wasn't the only one, remember—there were thousands like me who were designated something else," he said. "When the

war started, they suddenly had to become infantryman, without any training."

Not only did he receive the Combat Infantryman Badge, but Crowley was also given other awards for his time in the war camps in Japan.

After his capture in 1942, he was shipped from the Philippines to Japan on a ship with 300 other men. He describes this vessel as a "hell ship," with horrible conditions.

When they arrived in Japan, he was subjected to forced labor in some of the most dangerous copper mines in the country.

It was this experience that made officials decide to honor Crowley with the POW medal, as well.

Before giving Crowley the POW medal, Slavonic said, "It takes a very special person to continue to persevere through the most haunting of circumstances; it takes certain depth of character to put yourself in harm's way for your fellow warriors and for your country."

"When the Army began digging into Dan's history and service, they uncovered that Dan was promoted to the rank of sergeant," Slavonic added during the ceremony.

Even though Crowley had been promoted to sergeant, the order never reached him because he was honorably discharged and sent home.

"I have to say that to be able to do this today is a rare and humbling opportunity for me as the undersecretary of the Navy," Slavonic said. "To be able to recognize Dan for his many sacrifices and accomplishments. He truly represents the members of the Greatest Generation who did so much and asked so little from their country."



FOR KIDS ONLY

THE EPOCH TIMES

My Country

by Sarah Josepha Buell Hale

America! my own dear land—
O, 'tis a lovely land to me;
I thank my God that I was born
Where man is free!

Our land—it is a glorious land—
And wide it spreads from sea to sea—
And sister States in Union join
And all are free.

And equal laws we all obey—
To kings we never bend the knee—
We may not own no Lord but God
Where all are free.

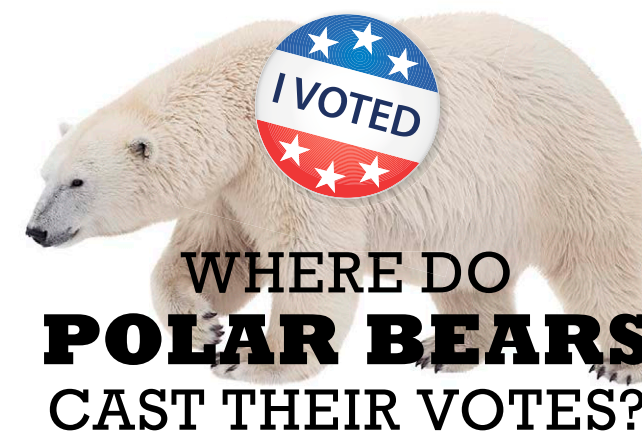
We've lofty hills and sunny vales
And streams that roll to either sea—
And through this large and varied land
Alike we're free.

You hear the sounds of healthful toil,
And youth's gay shout and childhood's glee,
And every one in safety dwells,
And all are free.

We're brothers all from South to North,
One bond will draw us to agree—
We love this country of our birth—
We love the free—

We love the name of Washington,
I lisp'd it on my father's knee—
And we shall ne'er forget the name
While we are free.

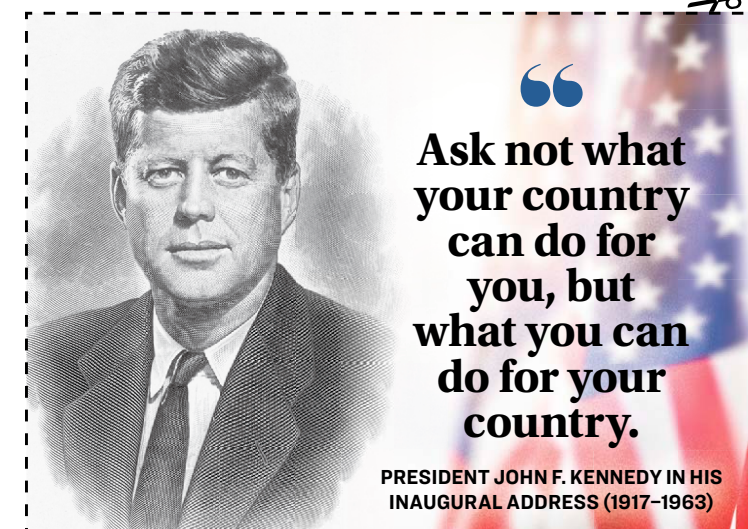
My Land, my own dear native Land,
'Thou art a lovely land to me;
I bless my God that I was born
Where man is free!



WHERE DO
POLAR BEARS
CAST THEIR VOTES?

©TOD HILSON/SHL

ALL IMAGES BY SHUTTERSTOCK



“
Ask not what
your country
can do for
you, but
what you can
do for your
country.”

PRESIDENT JOHN F. KENNEDY IN HIS
INAUGURAL ADDRESS (1917-1963)

REDPIXEL.PL/SHUTTERSTOCK (FLAG); HULTON ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES (JFK)

By Aidan Danza, age 14

ALL PHOTOS BY SHUTTERSTOCK

THE SONGBIRDS OF WINTER

There are many small songbirds that are only seen in the United States in the winter.

This is because they breed in the far north, and, since it gets so cold there, they will fly south to the northern United States.

DARK-EYED JUNCO

These birds don't breed nearly as far north as the snow bunting, but they still are predominantly in Canada as well as all the American mountain ranges. By August, their migration has begun. By the end of September, they are

present in most of the West, and in northern New England and New York. By the end of October, they are present in most of the lower 48 excluding the Deep South, especially abundant in California, the Southwest, the Midwest, New Jersey, and southern New England.

They disappear from Montana during the coldest months of winter, and they start their spring migration by mid-March. They are true generalists, living almost anywhere. They eat mostly seeds, and you can feed them at your bird feeders with millet. They have many color variations depending on the region.

SNOW BUNTING

These intrepid birds breed in the high Arctic, in the tundra. However, it's just too cold for them in the winter, so they scatter across Canada and the northern United States, first showing up around the Great Lakes and in North Dakota and Minnesota in October, percolating south as winter goes on.

They are more common near the shores of the Atlantic, the Hudson Bay, the St. Lawrence River, and the Great Lakes, though as winter goes on, they become common in the far northern Midwest and Rockies. They are almost

completely absent inland on the Northeast, and are mostly absent anywhere south of New Jersey. By March, they start trickling back north again. Look for them in grassy marshes, fields, and shorelines. They eat mostly grass seeds, and are usually quite difficult to find.



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war started, they suddenly had to become infantryman, without any training."

Not only did he receive the Combat Infantryman Badge, but Crowley was also given other awards for his time in the war camps in Japan.

After his capture in 1942, he was shipped from the Philippines to Japan on a ship with 300 other men. He describes this vessel as a "hell ship," with horrible conditions.

When they arrived in Japan, he was subjected to forced labor in some of the most dangerous copper mines in the country.

It was this experience that made officials decide to honor Crowley with the POW medal, as well.

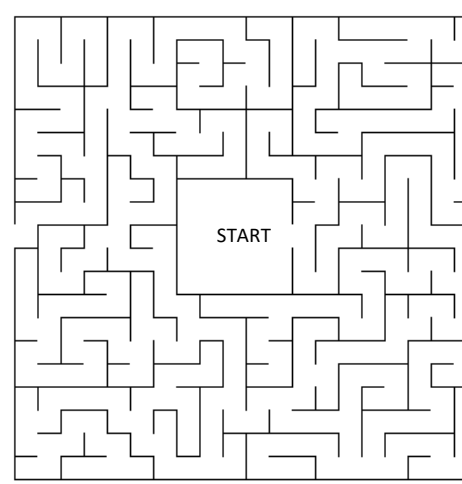
Before giving Crowley the POW medal, Slavonic said, "It takes a very special person to continue to persevere through the most haunting of circumstances; it takes certain depth of character to put yourself in harm's way for your fellow warriors and for your country."

"When the Army began digging into Dan's history and service, they uncovered that Dan was promoted to the rank of sergeant," Slavonic added during the ceremony.

Even though Crowley had been promoted to sergeant, the order never reached him because he was honorably discharged and sent home.

"I have to say that to be able to do this today is a rare and humbling opportunity for me as the undersecretary of the Navy," Slavonic said. "To be able to recognize Dan for his many sacrifices and accomplishments. He truly represents the members of the Greatest Generation who did so much and asked so little from their country."

AMAZING ESCAPES!



USE THE FOUR NUMBERS IN THE CORNERS, AND THE OPERANDS (+, - AND X) to build an equation to get the solution in the middle. There may be more than one "unique" solution but, there may also be "equivalent" solutions. For example: 6 + (7 X 3) + 1 = 28 and 1+ (7 X 3) + 6 = 28

Easy puzzle 1

1	10		
1	8		
+	-	x	÷

Solution For Easy 1

1 + 8 = (1 - 0)

Medium puzzle 1

16	20		
1	20		
+	-	x	÷

Solution For Medium 1

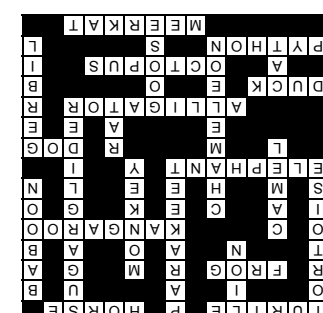
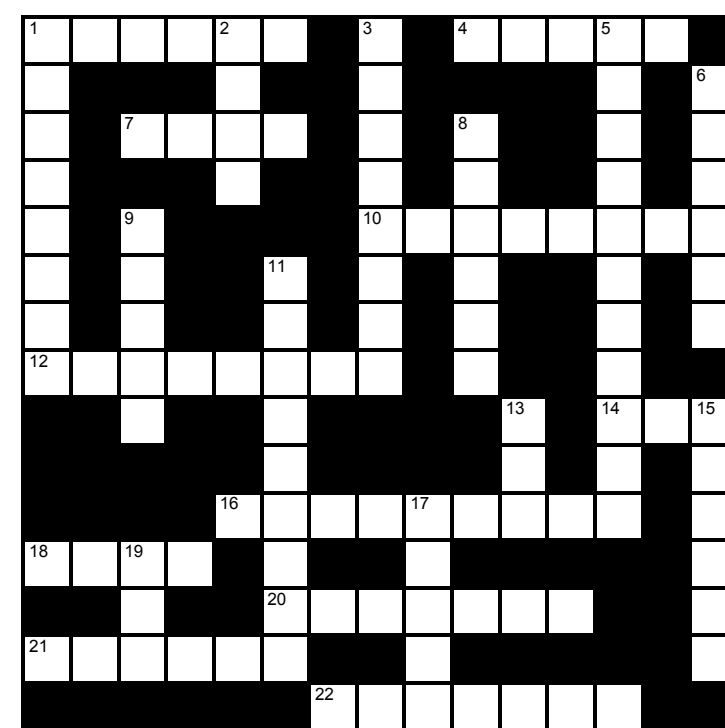
1 - 02 = 91 + 02

Hard puzzle 1

17	26		
11	20		
+	-	x	÷

Solution For Hard 1

92 + 11 = (21 - 02)



Across

- 1 The red-eared slider is one (6)
- 4 You can ride this pet (5)
- 7 Pet jumper (4)
- 10 Australian pet? (8)
- 12 Too big to be a pet (8)
- 14 Man's best friend (3)

Down

- 1 Fabled come-from-behind race-winner (8)
- 2 This kitty might be too big to be a pet (4)
- 3 Budgie (3)
- 5 Small Australian pet with a pocket (5,6)
- 6 A monkey's uncle? (6)
- 8 Organ Grinder's pet (6)
- 9 Great desert pet (5)
- 11 Color-changing lizard (9)
- 13 "Rizzo" in "The Muppets" is one (3)
- 15 Animal in an exercise wheel (6)
- 17 Feathered pet (5)
- 19 Dog's nemesis (3)

Pet

- 16 Pet kept in a bathtub? (9)
- 18 You might name this pet "Daffy" (4)
- 20 "The most intelligent of all invertebrates" (7)
- 21 Kind of pet snake (6)
- 22 Timon in the "Lion King", e.g. (7)



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