

# THE EPOCH TIMES

# LIFE &

# TRADITION

MARCOS PAULO PRADO/UNSPLASH; ZHAOWHAT/SHUTTERSTOCK (ILLUSTRATION)

Changing diapers, feeding, teaching, consoling, encouraging—the list of what moms do goes on and on.



## Joy and Sorrow

*Some Thoughts for Mother's Day*

JEFF MINICK

Let's get right away to the nitty-gritty of motherhood.

We'll start with diapers.

After being born, the average baby needs about 2,500 diaper changes in the first year of life. Over the next two years, he or she may go through another 3,600 diapers or so.

Suppose you have three siblings. Unless you had a nanny, a boatload of babysitters, or a stay-at-home dad, that woman you call mom has changed well over 20,000 diapers in her lifetime.

She also fed some 4,000 meals to babies and toddlers. She probably told each of you to say "please" or "thank you" 1,000 times. She dressed you every morning for several years and put you into jammies

**Everywhere I look, I see women giving their all to raise their children to be strong and virtuous human beings.**

every night before you went to bed. She's the woman who kissed your "boo-boos" when you fell and who later drove you day after day to dance class, football practice, and Scouts. Her wrinkled face and worn hands are testimony to her love for you.

She's the woman who, whatever her circumstances, gave you the gift of life.

It's Mother's Day, and it's the official time to celebrate moms.

### A Painful Day

First, however, we must acknowledge that for some women, Mother's Day is bittersweet. They may celebrate their own mothers, but for whatever reason, they have no children who might do the same in turn for them.

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DOUPIX ART/SHUTTERSTOCK



Who doesn't like to win at carnival games? Especially when the prize is a huge teddy bear.

## As Young as You Feel

A trip to the local fair takes an unexpected turn

WAYNE A. BARNES

I have always appeared younger than my chronological age. At 17, and high school graduation, I still looked 15. It did nothing for my dating life, but my mother consoled me saying I would someday reap the benefits of a youthful appearance. When I worked undercover in the FBI as a college-age student, and I was already a couple years out of law school, no one was the wiser and we had a very successful operation. Point taken, Mom, thank you. You cannot pick them, but you have to have parents with "good" DNA.

In 1990, we moved to San Diego so my daughter, Natalia, would have surgeries related to her spina bifida by what, we were told, were the best orthopedic surgeons in the world at Children's Hospital [now Rady Children's Hospital-San Diego]. A few years later, when my daughters were 3 and 5, we went to the Del Mar Fair on the Fourth of July. This is actually a big deal. They have horseracing, motorcar racing, a rodeo, 4-H Club competitions with all sorts of farm animals, rock concerts, beer festivals, and just about anything you could want in a state fair, which meant they also had a carnival.

You know the types in this last group, where the ping-pong ball never seems to fall into the little round goldfish bowls, the hoops at the basketball free-throws aren't the same height or diameter as the regulation ones you are used to, and in throwing darts at balloons to win a prize, you are only a "winner" if you break the itty-bitsy balloon up high in the corner.

That is, it's the job of the carney guys to cheat you. Think of unscrupulous used-car salesmen and Bernie Madoff. Male teenagers, 20-somethings, and even a little older, play these games to impress the girl on their arm, so you know why these larceny booths are so successful.

As I pushed Natalia in her purple wheelchair with one hand, and held Ariel's little hand with the other, looming around a bend we saw the biggest stuffed bears in the carnival. They were mostly pink, purple, or yellow, with white.

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# Joy and Sorrow



## Some Thoughts for Mother's Day

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Perhaps they were pursuing a career and didn't want marriage and a family. Perhaps they were unable to bear children. Perhaps they never found a compatible mate, a man worthy of marriage and fatherhood. Perhaps they lost a child to death.

Over the years, I've known several women for whom Mother's Day brings not joy but sorrow and regret.

I've also known men and women who've told me their mothers didn't deserve honors and accolades. So in case some readers may have horror stories of their own mothers and regard Mother's Day as a travesty, I understand. Bad mothers exist, and some of the wicked ones make the daily news.

But they are the exceptions, not the rule.

### Good Moms

Everywhere I look, I see women giving their all to raise their children to be strong and virtuous human beings.

My daughter and the wives of my three sons strive daily to provide their children not only with the necessities of life, but also with education, comforts, and encouragement. My grandchildren, even the 16-year-old, may not yet recognize the sacrifices made by their mothers, but eventually, their eyes will open and they will see they owe Mom a lifelong debt.

The young wife and mother who lives across the street from me guides and guards her children through every day. In my church on Sundays are many large families, and there's Mom, her hair still damp because she had to race from the shower to ready her kids for Mass and looking as if she hasn't slept in months. She'll spend most of the service correcting her children, shushing them, and holding and hugging them.

And though they may not think of themselves in this way, these good mothers are also teachers.

### Lessons

My mom taught me many things.

She taught all of her six children some simple things such as table manners, but

Anna Jarvis, the founder of Mother's Day in the United States, bemoaned the commercialization of the holiday.

**We may still buy the cards and flowers, and take Mom out to eat at a restaurant, but we can also add depth to the day and renew its meaning.**

*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 non-fiction, "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.*



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she also steered us to the virtues. She despised lying—nothing hurt her quite so much as when one of us tried to deceive her—and even as a child, I learned to tell her the truth and let the chips fall where they might. She emphasized constantly the importance of politeness and showing kindness to others, and the obligation to help the less fortunate whenever we could.

After my dad left my mother and ended the marriage, Mom also taught us, largely by way of example, the importance of standing on our own two feet, taking responsibility for our actions, and moving forward in the face of catastrophe. With three children still at home, she moved to a different city, got a job, and steered my younger siblings through school. I lived in the same city, and during that time, she became one of my best friends.

Mom imparted her final, and perhaps greatest, lesson in her last days. She died of liver cancer at home in her townhouse, surrounded by her husband, her children, and a few grandchildren. She'd already said goodbye to some of her friends sitting in her garden patio a few days earlier and spent her last bit of life confined to bed. Though she fell into a coma during the last few hours, just minutes before she died, she twice said, "What I wish for ..." as if she was speaking to someone.

Her serenity and her acceptance removed forever my own fear of death.

### Giving Meaning to Mother's Day

Mother's Day is often criticized for becoming over-commercialized. Even Anna Jarvis, the founder of this holiday, long ago rued this commercialization, which she regarded as extravagant.

We may still buy the cards and flowers, and take Mom out to eat at a restaurant, but we can also add depth to the day and renew its meaning. Whether in person or by phone, we can tell our moms how much we love them. If our mothers have died, we can honor them by setting aside some part of the day, however small, to remember them and the gifts they gave us. If we know women who aren't our mothers but who were and are instrumental in our lives—aunts, guardians, mentors—we can use this holiday to acknowledge them as well.

And if our relationships with our mothers or our children are broken, perhaps this day might serve as an opportunity for forgiveness and reunion, either by attempting to remove those barriers separating us or if that is impossible, through a reconciliation of the heart.

Whatever our situation, let's make the most of Mother's Day.



LEAH HETTERBERG/UNSPASH

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"Mother With Her Young Daughter," 1865, by Gustave Léonard de Jonghe.

### FROM READERS

## A Tribute to All Mothers Who Grace the Face of Our Green Planet

Among God's wondrous gifts is the gift of motherhood. So happy with this gift, he bestowed it upon all of his creations even to the deliverer of Jesus Christ, Mother Mary.

The title "mother"—no other word in the English language conjures up such a sense of well-being and warmth. In its speaking, the word "mother" defines absolute love with no qualification and is unyielding. We address all that is beautiful in nature and life-giving as Mother Nature, the force of creation. So it is with our mother whose life's love we, her children.

From our first breath, she was there holding us, protecting us and through our childhood, she was there to calm our fears. She taught us right from wrong. When we slipped and fell, Mom was there to make us well. As we grew from girl to woman, boy to man, Mom was there with her guiding hand.

Mother was there from kindergarten's first day, our high school graduation day, and with tears of joy on our wedding day.

The following is a poem tribute to our mothers here and our mothers who are in heaven.

### Mother

The dew that glistens off a morning rose  
The vibrant colors of a rainbow  
The golden warmth of a sunny day  
The sweet air after a summer's rain  
The beauty of a cloudless night  
When the moon glows a pearl white and  
The stars are diamond like  
All this beauty I spoke cannot compare  
with a Mother's love.

To all who are blessed to be with their mothers on this special day, hug her tight; tell her, her love and care showed you the way that made you the person you are today. For us whose Mother is in a heavenly way, give her a spiritual hug and say Happy Mother's Day. As tears are falling from my eyes, I must stop writing now.

God bless all, mother and child,

—Walter Sosnosky

## A Mother's Day Letter

I was thinking today that we are the products of hundreds and generations of mothers who have nagged, begged, cajoled, scolded, inspired, encouraged, motivated, and strengthened their little girls in an endless line of mothering.

Over the ages, the old adages have mellowed, the melodies of the lullabies may have changed, the admonitions rephrased but the heart of "mothering" is always intact. Always there is that moment in the life of a new mother when she realizes that she has become "her mother!"

My daughter called to tell me she was instructing her son and all of a sudden she heard my voice popping out of her mouth. "It just came from nowhere and filled the moment!"

It had to start somewhere, the family stories, the laughter, the traditions, the values, the strength to survive passed on from one generation to the next and always with a mother's unconditional love.

Where would we be without the wonderful mothers who bind the ills of the world with compassion; who tirelessly nurture mankind; who bring about social reforms with their awareness; who raise the level of spirituality and create unity in a continuous line of ever expanding families?

The voice of "mother" is programmed in the ears of female children. I hear your voice and think often of your refrain "that each new generation should be an improvement over the last."

It is hard to improve on the loving qualities and gracious actions with which you have formed my being. With thanks and love for what I have received, I pass the standard to the outreaching hands and hearts of my daughters. I watch with joy and listen to the sound of you and the sound of me joining in the chorus. It is the marching anthem for generations of little girls in the ages to come.

Dearest love to my most cherished Mom.

—Kate V. Zerner, Florida

## US Soldier Advocates for the Deaf

ANDREW THOMAS

Christopher Jackson, an active-duty soldier who grew up in a deaf household, learned critical values such as discipline and work ethic from living and interacting with deaf relatives. Now, he's on a mission to encourage service and advocate for the deaf.

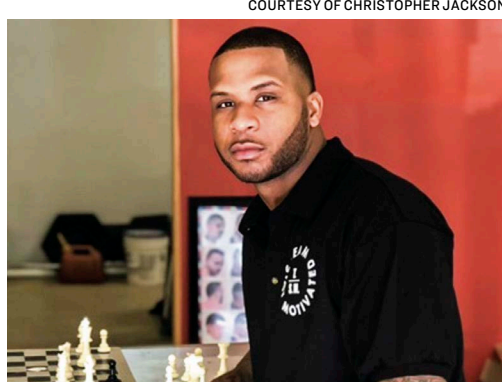
Jackson, 34, grew up in Houston. His father is completely deaf and his mother has significant hearing impairment. Deafness runs on his father's side of the family, and while his mother was born able to hear, she lost half of her hearing after a childhood illness. As the oldest of three children, he became their translator. Jackson also has extended family members, such as cousins, who are deaf, and he learned American Sign Language to communicate with them.

By the time Jackson was 8 years old, he found himself taking on a great deal of responsibility. When bills and other mail arrived at the home, he read and translated them into ASL. The same went for doctor's appointments and court hearings. When the family went to church, he signed for his parents during the service.

"I had to grow up real fast. I had to mature at a very young age," Jackson said.

### Role Models

Even as a young kid, Jackson realized the world was a rough place. People tried to take advantage of his parents' deafness



COURTESY OF CHRISTOPHER JACKSON

Christopher Jackson is a drill instructor in the U.S. Army and advocate for the deaf community.

and scam them on transactions such as purchasing a car or renting an apartment. As a child, he would realize this, and fight and advocate for his parents.

There were also those who would ridicule his parents in public. He would sign with his parents, let them know they were being insulted, and confront those who were mocking them. When he did stand up to them, they would demur and pretend that they didn't mean what they had said about his mother and father. Even at school, students would mock his parents and he would get in fights standing up for them.

Despite his father's deafness, Jackson learned from his example what it meant to be a man. His father worked for a printing press that was a 45-minute drive from Houston, but the family didn't have a car,

so he would bike to and from work. At home, he maintained the yard and cooked for the family. Jackson quickly learned the value of hard work and discipline from his dad.

"There was nothing that stopped him. It's like his disability didn't matter," Jackson said.

In September 2004, Jackson enlisted in the Army. A member of his church had been stationed in Houston, and Jackson looked up to him as a role model to emulate. Seeing other men, African American men in particular, in leadership positions inspired him. The discipline instilled in Jackson during his upbringing made him a good fit for the military, and having had to translate in public for his parents gave him the confidence to be an effective leader.

### ASL and Advocacy

Jackson's expertise in ASL would ultimately come into play in the Army. In 2016, while he was on duty as a drill sergeant at Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, he made a video supporting a young ROTC graduate who was unable to be commissioned as an officer because of his deafness. In the video, he advocated for the deaf and urged them to join the military in areas such as logistics and human resources.

He posted the video on Instagram, and by the next evening, it had accumulated 4.3 million views. The post caught the attention of the general, and at first, Jackson

thought he was in trouble. But when he spoke with his commanding officers, they were receptive.

A few months later, the Army featured Jackson in a Thanksgiving commercial in which he signed. Not long afterward, the Army allowed the deaf ROTC graduate to create the first deaf JROTC cadet program. The cadets were from a school for the deaf, and were able to attend a week of basic training at Ft. Jackson.

"I can tell you that they were able to fit right in. They did PT [physical training] just like the rest of the soldiers, and believe it or not, they outperformed the majority of the soldiers when it came to physical fitness," Jackson said.

Jackson is still on active duty and isn't permitted to advocate for the deaf community while in uniform. But he is free to do his work off-duty. He posts live on social media with his father and his brother, and they recount their experiences of what it's like to be deaf and what it was like to grow up in a deaf household.

He also has his own platform called Team Stay Motivated to improve people's lives mentally, physically, and spiritually "to create a better generation for tomorrow." His goal is to urge the deaf to serve their country in civilian roles, and he tries to dispel misconceptions about those who live with the condition.

"I do not think being deaf is a crutch. I don't think it's a handicap," Jackson said.

## A Decade-Long Journey From Custodian to Nurse Practitioner

EMG INSPIRED STAFF

A woman is overjoyed to work as a nurse practitioner at the same hospital that she was in as a custodian 10 years ago.

"It's been a lot of highs and lows," said Jaimes Andrades. "Highs in the sense of being able to progress from custodian to nurse to nurse practitioner, but lows in that it wasn't as easy as it seems."

Andrades, 30, began working as a custodian at Baystate Health in Springfield, Massachusetts, when she was 19 years old. The then-student had applied to every department at the Baystate when she got a call for a custodian job.

Her initial thought was to get a job that would provide a reliable income.

"I knew I was also going to start nursing school so I thought, kill two birds with one stone: get some good exposure, as well as have something reliable," she said.

Her routine chores at that time included cleaning the day stay unit, but she always hoped to one day work in the



SWNS

Jaimes Andrades graduating as a nurse practitioner in 2020.

same building as a nurse.

The hardworking woman worked as a custodian for four long years while she was in nursing school, eventually earning her bachelor's degree in 2014.

After her graduation, she wasn't immediately hired as a nurse at Baystate. She instead went to work as a nurse at a local jail and then at an outpatient substance abuse clinic.

Two years later, in 2016, when she went to school to get her nurse practitioner degree, Andrades decided to apply to Baystate again. Fortunately, she was hired by the hospital the following year and this time worked as a nurse, caring for heart failure patients.

In September 2020, after finishing her training, she was hired for a third time by Baystate, as a nurse practitioner working with trauma patients.

Nurse practitioners are advanced practice registered nurses and are trained to order and interpret lab tests, diagnose

diseases, and prescribe treatment plans.

In a Facebook post, Jaimes shared her ID cards from the three different jobs at the hospital. "10 years of work but it was worth it!" she wrote, noting her progression from custodian to nurse practitioner.

Needless to say, the journey there wasn't an easy one. "I think the IDs make it seem like it was an easy progression like one thing fell into place and then the next thing, but it wasn't."

Andrades is grateful for the people she has met through these years as they have been her support system, helping to push her forward.

"I've gotten to meet different people along the way. Some have become mentors, some have become lifelong friends," Andrades said. "The people closer to me that have been there to see my progression have been a great source of support, and I think that's what really helped through the 10 years."

"I just really love the intimacy with people," Andrades told CBS Local.

Furthermore, she appreciates that her decade-long journey can inspire other people.

"I'm so glad. If I can inspire anyone, that in itself made the journey worth it," she told the media outlet.

SWNS contributed to this story.

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# As Young as You Feel

A trip to the local fair takes an unexpected turn

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The girls immediately cried out in unison that they wanted a bear. Of course, you can't buy one. You must win it. This particular booth was labeled, "Guess Your Weight and Age." Within two pounds, or two years of the correct number, the carney guy would take your money, and they were usually pretty skilled at it.

Three years off of your age, you are awarded a junky little bear keychain. Five years off and you win a small teddy bear. OK, but no one who pays their money and takes their chances is looking forward to that. It is really all-or-nothing, and the carney guy is tough to beat.

For the weight part, you had to stand on a low cement block. I had my suspicions about that. Why couldn't you just stand on the pavement and have him guess your weight?

When we went to these fairs, sometimes I came straight from work and wore a blue suit, a 9 mm SIG Sauer on my hip, two magazines with a total of 40 rounds of ammo, and handcuffs on my belt. Other times I would be in shorts and a T-shirt, yet the carney guy would still guess within two pounds of my weight! But guessing one's age is a different story.

I was glad my much larger teenage sons had gone their separate ways on the fairgrounds, which gave me a little advantage in the age category, at least it was less for the carney man to go on. Even though the girls weren't aware of what was about to happen, I whispered to them not to say anything, and, especially, not to laugh so the man might think there was something afoot.

I paid the five bucks and stood there for the man. A small crowd had gathered—a dad trying to win a bear for his cute little daughters—and the game was on.

He was around 30. I have learned over the years that the younger the guesser, the harder it is to guess the age of an older person. Remember, the usual carney "mark" is a young macho male, not middle-age-to-old-fart with daughters.

So, he looked me up and down, eyed me carefully—which I am sure was part of his performance for the crowd—rested his chin



COURTESY OF WAYNE A. BARNES

The author Wayne A. Barnes doing a handstand at an LA Fitness gym in December 2019, at age 72.



on his raised hand, and pronounced, "40!"

With no change in expression, I brought out my wallet and handed him my California driver's license.

He looked at it carefully, found my birth year, 1947—not 1954, as he had hoped—and realized he was seven years off. The crowd was waiting for the result, none too patiently, and then watched the man grab a long pole, reach up, and bring down a gigantic purple and white bear. As he lowered it, there was a round of applause from the crowd. I had won! Anything to beat these guys would have been appreciated by the onlookers.

The girls were thrilled. Natalia even did her own dancing-bear, little-kid-with-leg-braces walk behind the wheelchair as she smartly pushed it with the big bear filling it up. Of course, the only real benefit in losing for the carney man is they want you to walk around the fair all day with the bear, advertising, so others can see—it can be done! Then other men will waste their money when they look every bit their chronological age. The heck with that, I thought, so we dropped off the bear in our family van in the parking lot and returned to the fair.

The next year, we went through the entrance gates at about 11 in the morning. The girls saw the walkway to the carnival booths and Natalia called out, "Let's go get our bear!"

**The girls immediately cried out in unison that they wanted a bear. Of course, you can't buy one. You must win it. This particular booth was labeled, "Guess Your Weight and Age."**

I was hoping she hadn't gained a sense of entitlement about winning a bear, but this was countered by my deep-felt sense of justice, and a lifelong mission to fight back on the side of those being cheated.

"OK," I told the girls, "but no smiling or giving away our little game."

They were good as gold and, in a few minutes, we had skunked another carney man. We walked away, this time with a pink-and-white bear, and took it straight to the van.

Around 7 p.m., we were on our way to the grandstand to watch the Navy Band play its version of Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture," complete with fireworks exploding as cannons with just the right timing. As we wheeled our way there, we passed the "Guess Your Weight and Age" booth and Natalia called to me: "Daddy, there's a dif-

ferent man. Let's get another bear."

I looked up. Sure enough, there had been a change of the guard, and this carney man didn't know us. I also noticed there were no fewer big bears than had been there in the morning, which meant to me that no one else had won all day. So I agreed with Natalia that we should take one more, "for the road."

I paid my money and the man saw our three straight faces. He looked me up and down and—I heard, again, that I was 40. This year I was actually 48, so he was eight years off and another bear was ours. We had to take it with us, and not to the van, or we would miss the fireworks, but it was worth the inconvenience.

On the way home, while the girls nodded off, I realized what we should do. The next morning, I told them they had enough big bears. We should take this year's to Children's Hospital. Surprisingly, there was no argument, so we piled into the van with the pink and yellow bears.

At the hospital, we went to the physical therapy unit, a large expanse of a room that had every possible piece of equipment, lengthy double-hand-railings, padded platforms, assisting toys, and long glass plates in the floor with video and analyzing equipment beneath them to measure everything you could imagine to enable children to improve their walking. Along the far wall,

they had more than a dozen chairs for the children, empty at that time on a Sunday morning.

We spoke with the therapist in charge and asked if she wouldn't mind if we donated the two enormous bears we had brought with us. Not at all, in fact, they would be most welcome, but she did wonder where they had come from. So I told her. She had known Natalia from her therapy sessions and saw this as something like giving back.

The next year, it was the same. The following morning we took two more bears to Children's Hospital. Sometime later, we had a long weekend in Las Vegas where the Circus Circus Hotel has a humongous lobby with a five-acre amusement park—and carnival booths. The day after we returned to San Diego was another bear to the good for the kids at physical therapy. At Busch Gardens, my girls had their sights on large versions of Dr. Seuss's Thing One and Thing Two, which we took home and kept, to their delight. But any bears we won, intermittently, and always the "annual pair" from the Del Mar Fair, went straight to Children's Hospital.

In the summer of 2000, just before moving away from San Diego, we went to our last fair. We saw the prize bulls, the horses and cars



SANDY HUFFAKER/GETTY IMAGES

Fair-goers pet a calf at the San Diego County Fair in Del Mar, Calif., on June 29, 2005. The fair features games, rides, live entertainment, livestock shows, and food.

The Wave Swinger at dusk during the San Diego County Fair in Del Mar, Calif., on June 29, 2005.

racing, and the fireworks. And, oh yes, we also picked up two more giant stuffed bears.

The next morning, now like annual clockwork, we delivered them to physical therapy. Before we left the room, I turned around to view the children's chairs against the far wall. There was now a row of 15 large, stuffed bears—pink, purple, and yellow—the older ones a little soiled and worse for the wear than the newer, but all of them bigger than the children who would be playing with them that day, and in the weeks and months to come.

**I paid the five bucks and stood there for the man. A small crowd had gathered—a dad trying to win a bear for his cute little daughters—and the game was on.**

As the girls and I turned to go, a woman was coming into the physical therapy room with her small child for the first time. Her surprise at all the carnival stuffed bears was obvious. She asked the therapist who greeted her where they came from. She didn't see me a few feet away at the door but, in a whispering voice, she told the newcomer, "Oh, they're Mr. Barnes's bears. He brings them every year because he looks younger than he is."

And that is the end of the story. But the moral is—if you have something like this, yes, enjoy it but, also, do something good with it, something that helps straighten out karma in the world, something worthy, something moral, something which teaches your children the best of lessons, and something which is just plain helpful, especially for kids who need all the help they can get.

And no matter how young or old you may look, in doing things like this, you will feel youthful, and for that, there is no age limit.

*Wayne A. Barnes was an FBI agent for 29 years working counterintelligence. He had many undercover assignments, including as a member of the Black Panthers. His first spy stories were from debriefing Soviet KGB defectors. He now investigates privately in South Florida.*

'OK,' I told the girls, 'but no smiling or giving away our little game.'

# An Equality Worth Defending

A review of James R. Otteson's new book 'Seven Deadly Economic Sins'

GARY M. GALLES

In our Declaration of Independence, Thomas Jefferson wrote of self-evident truths "that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness," and condemned government that was destructive of those ends.

Given how important that document was, with its signers putting all of those ends at risk, there had to be a high level of agreement about what "created equal" meant (sadly, with the exception of slaves). Since then, however, discussion of equality has become a source of confusion and contradiction.

Fortunately, a new book by James Otteson—"Seven Deadly Economic Sins" (2021), published by Cambridge University Press—offers a means of returning the discussion back toward clarity and a form of equality that is consistent with both moral philosophy and our Declaration.

He calls it "the foundational principle of equal moral agency." And when he combines it with what could be called first-



"Declaration of Independence," 1819, by John Trumbull.

month principles of economics (because they are all introduced at the beginning of every introductory economics class), he finds, over and over again, government violating that foundational principle.

Identifying equal moral agency as the central defensible meaning of equality from both moral philosophy and our Declaration is important. One reason for this is because those who have had great faith in liberty have long sought "finding words for common sense," as Leonard Read put it in his article by that name, because "the language of liberty is strange to ears long attuned to the notions, clichés, and plausibilities of statism, interventionism, socialism."

And a large part of that search has been to offset misrepresentations that still dominate much of America's political discussion and huge swaths of government actions.

Take the word "capitalism." The term misrepresents voluntary exchange systems by implying that capitalists are the only real beneficiaries when consumers for whose business the capitalists must compete are the greatest gainers. People from politicians to the Pope tend to see crony capitalism as a form of capitalism, when it is in fact a denial of one of capitalism's central aspects.

Similarly, "free markets," "free trade," and "economic freedom" as descriptors have been undermined by the fact that markets have rules, which must sometimes be enforced on members, promisers are constrained to live up to their commitments, and exchanges come at a cost, which provides ample room for distortion. See, for example, Nicole Gelinas's "Fake Capitalism" or Ayn Rand's "Capitalism: The Unknown Ideal," or search "other terms for capitalism" online.

Efforts to clarify why "the ways of freedom make sense" have included Deirdre McCloskey's suggestions of "technological and institutional betterment at a frenetic pace, tested by unforced exchange among all the parties involved," "market-tested betterment" or "innovism."

But I have particularly liked Leonard Read's "anything that's peaceful," from his most famous book of the same name,

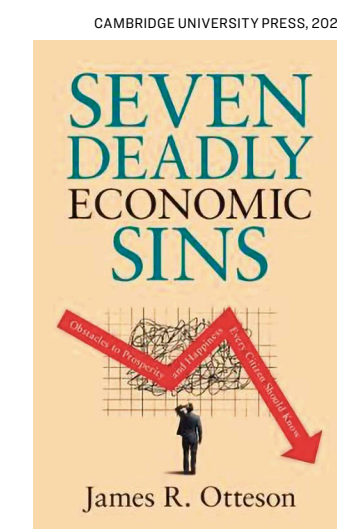
and his distinction between willing and unwilling exchange, in chapter 5 of his 1967 "Deeper Than You Think." But whatever term is offered to improve clarity, it's hard to argue against the fact that distortions are still far more common in today's world.

Further, think of how distorted "equal" has become. Otteson addresses this issue in his chapter "Equality of What?" with reference to Nobel laureate Amartya Sen. As Otteson puts it: "Sen argues that various definitions of equality entail one conception of equality only at the expense of others ... Hence there is no such thing as advocacy for equality full stop: we have to specify which kind of equality we want, and then we have to explain why that specific kind of equality should be advanced above the others."

In particular, he singles out one "particularly popular and influential conception of equality—namely equality of resources," as one that is "undesirable and even potentially harmful."

In the following pages, Otteson expands on the tradeoffs among differing meanings attached to equality, leading him to his discussion of equal moral agency as "An Equality Worth Defending." And while he develops the idea and implications throughout his book, the core argument appears on pages 204–206. Consider part of it:

"There is one kind of equality that is consistent with treating all human beings as unique and precious beings of dignity deserving respect and that, by a stroke of amazingly good luck, is also consistent with the institutions required to enable growing



"Seven Deadly Economic Sins" by James Otteson

prosperity. That kind of equality is equality of moral agency ... that means that we must respect [others'] ends, their values, and their preferences, as well as the actions they take on the basis and in the service of them ... none of us should infringe on others' agency and no one should infringe on ours ... we must all have an equally expansive scope of agency ... That is an equality able to be defended not only logically but morally."

Such a form of equality requires particular public social institutions, which must protect what Otteson calls justice, or the "Three Ps" of "person (no one may assault, kill, or enslave us), property (no one may confiscate, steal, trespass upon, or destroy our property) and promise (protect our voluntary associations, contracts, obligations, and promises, so that no one may defraud us of our time, talent, or treasure)."

The major implication is that "morality requires respecting others' opt-out option. That means that the only exchanges we may make ... are cooperative," and that "moral equality is a two-way street."

Otteson also offers excellent discussions on how the concept of equal moral agency can help us evaluate claims that we should value "people over profit," that voluntary market arrangements are about selfishness rather than cooperation, and that markets produce dependence rather than interdependence, as well as other issues.

Otteson's discussion also draws out that "economics is crucial to enabling a flourishing life of meaning and purpose and proper relations among people—in other words, is in its essence moral." In fact, he calls eco-

nomics "essential to achieving not just a rational economic order, but to achieving a rational moral order."

In a world where "what often seems to matter to people is ... what moral values policies represent," and criticisms of individual rights and economic freedom are often made on the basis of its supposed moral failings, his book is welcome as a thoughtful and respectful, yet powerful, response. And the idea of equal moral agency as a universal standard moves us a long way toward a better understanding of both markets and morality than what surrounds us today. And his conclusion says it well:

"If we value other people as much as we value ourselves, we should give others as wide a scope of individual liberty and responsibility as is consistent with the same scope we and everyone else enjoy. Only in that way can people find innovative, productive, and creative ways to improve their own lives in willing cooperation with others, and only in that way can we all get better—together."

*Gary M. Galles is a professor of economics at Pepperdine University and a member of the Foundation for Economic Education faculty network. In addition to his new book, "Pathways to Policy Failures" (2020), his books include "Lines of Liberty" (2016), "Faulty Premises, Faulty Policies" (2014), and "Apostle of Peace" (2013).*

*This article was originally published on FEE.org*



D. MACLISE, R.A. PICTY

AS YOU LIKE IT - IN SHAKESPEARE'S

ORLANDO AND THE WRESTLER.

G.W. SHARPE, SCULPT

## DEAR NEXT GENERATION

## ‘All of Life Is a Ceremony’

## → Advice from our readers to our young people

Dear next generation,

Join the Social Game! Many believe we should be frank and outspoken, to get right to the point without phyness or too much “bull.” In the real world, however, this can be a problem when we need to win over another’s respect, whether a customer, girlfriend or boyfriend, and so on. That is when no matter how we really feel at the moment, we should put on that happy, friendly face.

One word for this response is “ceremony.” Ceremony is very important in our dealings with people. We can’t isolate ourselves from the world—although we’d often like to. Ceremony is shaping an “atmosphere,” as when dating a girl bringing flowers, or being especially charming and protective.

Ceremony isn’t being false! We wear clothes although we don’t always feel like it. We bathe to smell better. We shave, although we don’t especially want to. Ceremony is what makes a “civilized” society; it’s a social responsibility. Our feelings, moods, and emotions fluctuate, so it’s important to guard our manners and tongues to avoid offending others. Everyone uses a “mask” to some degree in order to hold back from saying or doing what may be regretted later.

“Frankness” is often the word used to cover for hostility. Some people want an honest opinion but would be insulted or hurt if you gave it. A sincere opinion can be frank, but with careful choice of words.

Ceremony doesn’t require that one be a liar. If there is nothing positive to say, we should be “diplomatic” in our reply.

A relative bursts into the room throwing out his chest bellowing, “How do you like my tie?”

It’s ugly! To avoid a conflict and to satisfy his fishing for admiration of the particular item a cloudy response can be, “Wow!

It certainly is unusual.” The guest hears what he wants to hear, interpreting it as admiration.

All of life is a ceremony! Living is far more pleasant when we don the “mask”: suitable wardrobe, behavior, language, and courtesy for our everyday living performance. As William Shakespeare wrote, “All the world’s a stage, And all the men and women merely players.”

—Charles Callaci

## Living is far more pleasant when we don the ‘mask’: suitable wardrobe, behavior, language, and courtesy for our everyday living performance.

To the Next Generation,

In my personal life, I have found that it is important to try to hear and understand what others are saying and feeling. This helps you to be kind to others and to yourself.

In my work life, whatever job I had, I did to the best of my ability. I felt that I owed that to my employers, co-workers, customers, and to myself. Whatever job you have, if you do your best at it, in addition to helping others, you gain confidence and self-respect.

From the beginning, I saved a part of my earnings; it was always important to me to be able to be independent. But saving has to be balanced by treating yourself to things that are important, like travel. It’s a cliché, but it’s important to keep all parts of your life balanced.

—Linda Olds, Mississippi

An engraving of a scene from “As You Like It,” 1623. The Shakespeare play contains the famous monologue “The Seven Ages of Man,” in which life is compared to a play.



COURTESY OF JANICE CLOUGH  
Janice Clough's daughter, Erica, around 4 or 5 years when she received Bear as a gift.

Dear next generation,

In 1997, Ed and I moved to Boca Raton, Florida, for my husband’s job. Our daughters Lauren, 11, and Erica, 9, came with us.

We had been teaching them both the value of money for doing age-related chores for a handful of years. My daughters earned 50 cents a week for making their bed, cleaning up toys, putting their dirty clothes in the hamper, etc.

Each had a piggy bank in which to put their allowance. Every month, we would count the money saved. We would divide the money, and some would be for spending on desired treats and the rest would eventually get deposited into their bank account. The great advantage is that my girls could see the money growing as well as experiencing the autonomy of spending some of it on items they wanted.

In Florida, at Mizner Park, we would eat dinner and stroll along looking in all the wonderful boutiques and stores. Erica always carried her favorite stuffed animal she named “Bear.” Bear was well-loved through the years and well-dressed.

Erica always saved money to spend on outfits for Bear. Erica had already bought many items for Bear. But that day, she saw an outfit that was so remarkable, she could not take her eyes off of it. Erica had a long talk with her sister Lauren, and it was decided that Lauren would lend her money so that she could buy this expensive outfit for Bear. The intention was that Erica would pay the money back weekly with her earned allowance. When I heard about this, I mentioned to Erica that we should have a talk about it that evening.

Unbeknownst to Erica, she was about to go into heavy debt. Erica had no idea what that was. So it was my job to explain it to her. The cost of the outfit was \$5. Erica did not have that kind of money to spend at that moment. I explained to her, in order to pay Lauren back, she would have to forgo many weeks of allowance.

It would take perhaps close to three months until she was able to pay Lauren the borrowed amount. And therefore, she would have to be willing to forgo savings, buying treats, buying nail polish, buying candy, and anything else her heart desired. Was she willing to do that just to purchase another outfit for Bear?

I asked her to spend some time thinking about it and to come to me with her answer. Two days later, Erica approached me and said: “Mom, I do not want to buy the outfit for Bear anymore. I would rather continue saving my money so that I can afford the outfit another time and have my allowance to spend on other cheaper items.”

And that’s when the lightbulb went on for my daughter! She did not want to go into debt and have to owe money to her sister for something that was not worth it. From that day on, I knew my daughter would make wise decisions about money. She would understand how much you needed to save and spend. And as a rule, we do not spend money we do not have. My daughter Erica is a fiscally responsible woman today who budgets her money, saves, and remains debt-free!

—Janice Clough, New York

## 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

## It’s OK to Be Birdbrained

ALLEN STARK

One of the things I’ve noticed in the past several years after moving back to my roots in the Midwest, and recently moving to a more rural area with a lake and farmland nearby, that I didn’t notice before, is that by watching birds I realized they were created to be mentors for parents.

“What?” you say. That’s right. Ever notice, even during incubation, how committed the mother and father bird are to making sure their offspring will be taken care of? And then after the eggs hatch how industrious they are to nourish and nurture their young? One of the parents is always making sure the hatchlings are warm, fed, and observing them as they gather food, feed them, and fly about the nest.

These young birds are being taught from their earliest days what is important in order to make it through life. You never see

the young ones questioning their parents or disagreeing with them. Why? Could it be they understand that in order to make it past the nest they will have to learn from those much wiser than they? These young birds seem to be focused, not spending their time needing to be entertained or distracted by the unrealities of life (such as “reality TV” so many humans watch these days).

And then, when it’s time for their young to exercise their wings, the parents don’t give that responsibility over to other birds. They take that responsibility very seriously. They know that soon their young ones will be leaving the nest for good and want them to take that which will make their lives successful.

I’ve never had a mother or father bird tell me as much verbally, but I’m sure that their main motivation for spending so much quality time wanting to develop

a strong bond with their young is so that they will return to the nest now and then for a visit. And why do I know this to be true? It’s because I have witnessed firsthand, over several spring seasons, nests that have been built under our house’s back deck, and the young returning to the family nest now and then for a visit after learning to fly.

Another reason is because the parents want to make sure that their young will someday be able to pass on the teachings that they hold dear, teachings that a loving and all-knowing Creator gave them.

Are any of your young ones leaving the nest soon? What have they observed you doing or saying? Will it be what they need in order to make it in an ever-changing and changing world? You may want to follow up your training by using the strongest power available in the universe—prayer.



The historic walled monastery of Hosios Loukas in Greece is a masterpiece of Middle Byzantine art and architecture.

LARGER THAN LIFE: ART THAT INSPIRES US THROUGH THE AGES

## A Golden Byzantine Treasure: Greece’s Hosios Loukas Monastery

Since the 10th century, monks have lived at the Hosios Loukas Monastery in Distomo in central Greece, where they make a living by farming the land and selling souvenirs to pilgrims, who eagerly visit the crypt of St. Luke the Younger, the monastery’s founder.

A hermit, Luke of Steiris founded the monastery in the mid-10th century. He

was celebrated for performing many miracles and, in particular, correctly prophesying the conquest of Crete by Emperor Romanos.

## A Greek Wonder

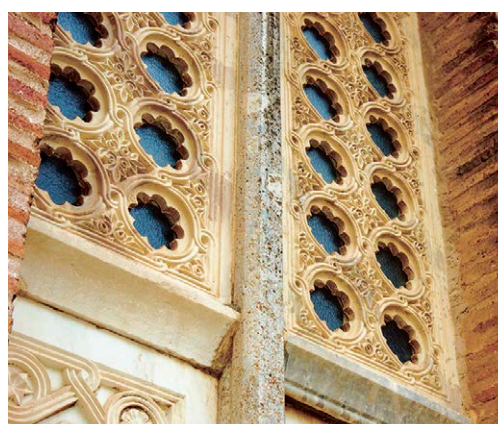
The walled monastery of Hosios Loukas is one of the most important examples of Middle Byzantine art and architecture.

The complex, as it stands today, is from the 11th century.

The main church was damaged during the Greek War of Independence (1821), but in a strange way, this was fortuitous. A subsequent 20th-century restoration not only repaired the damage but also ensured that the church was sympathetic to Byzantine design by removing newer additions.

The square layout of Hosios Loukas consists of an octagonal central space surrounded by chapels and galleries.

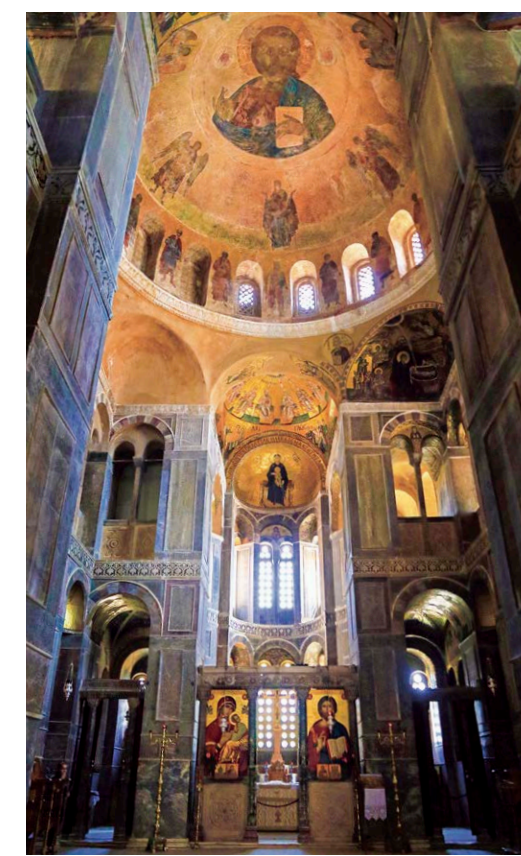
The church walls are made of a mixture of brick, stone, and marble called “opus mixtum.” At first glance, Arabic script adorns the walls, but the script is actually Pseudo-Kufic, a false Arabic script used for decorative purposes.



(Above left) Distinctive, ornate window grilles are a feature of Byzantine architecture. (Above) On a lunette, a semicircular recess, in the nave is a mosaic of St. Luke the Younger, who founded the Hosios Loukas monastery in the early 10th century. (Left) One of the many highlights of the church are the golden Byzantine mosaics.



A myriad of golden mosaics feature icons.



The dome and arches in the interior.



Hosios Loukas in Greece.



The majestic columns and arches evoke a feeling of peace for contemplation and prayer.

FAMILY

# Judging the Success of a Mother

ANNIE HOLMQUIST



Flirty, and (Not) Thriving” by Helen Roy. She recounted the 2004 movie “Thirteen Going on Thirty,” in which the main character gets her wish of the glamorous life of a New York career girl, only to realize later that she would rather be marrying her middle school sweetheart.

While the movie character gets a chance to go back and have a redo, Roy writes, the girls who grew up watching the film do not, and as a result are growing older, becoming successful in the eyes of the world, but having to wrestle with the ache of missing out on marriage, and especially biological children.

Instead of acknowledging and addressing this problem, we turn around and direct “a great deal of shame and judgment commingled with performative pity” at women who turn their back on the life of a career woman, choosing instead to raise little ones, Roy explains.

Why do we pass such judgment on them? They are the ones in the trenches. The ones who have chosen to sacrifice worldly laurels of fame and prestige for ones made out of dandelions and given to “Mommy” by sticky-

faced children. They are the ones raising the next generation who will make a difference in this messed-up world of ours.

**Launching Destinies**

This last point is one made in one of my favorite books, “Mother.” Written in 1911 by Kathleen Norris, “Mother” follows a young, successful career girl named Margaret who secretly scorns her mother and all the effort she put into raising her family of eight until her friend professor Tennyson takes her in hand, gently offering a simple lesson:

“There’s something magnificent in a woman like your mother, who begins eight destinies instead of one!” the professor explains to Margaret. “She doesn’t strain and chafe to express herself through the medium of poetry or music or the stage, but she puts her whole splendid philosophy into her nursery—launches sound little bodies and minds that have their first growth cleanly and purely about her knees.”

He continues by saying that many women

say they are afraid of the responsibility children bring, but in reality, they are taking greater responsibility upon themselves by “decreeing that young lives simply shall not be.” “Why, what good is learning, or elegance of manner, or painfully acquired fineness of speech, and taste and point of view,” professor Tennyson asks, “if you are not going to distill it into the growing plants, the only real hope we have in the world!”

We should each remember those words the next time we are in line next to a woman “with her hands full.” The women who choose to pursue children and raise them to be respectable, upright adults are not selfish, nor are they lacking in ambition, culture, taste, or standing. Instead, they are the wise ones, taking their education, understanding, and character and investing it for years so as to one day multiply their impact on the world as their children go out into it.

Annie Holmquist is the editor of Intellectual Takeout and the online editor of Chronicles Magazine, both projects of the Charlemagne Institute.

While in line at IKEA a while back, I glanced at a customer a few lanes over. It was a young mother with one or two children in her cart and several others spread out around her, making a total of five. In other words, she had her hands full.

But contrary to the harried picture one might expect, this mother was calm and kind, traits that were evident in her children also. Tears sprang to my eyes as I smiled upon this picture and thought how lucky that woman was to be surrounded by so many sweet little heads and hands whom she was obviously training well.

**The women who choose to pursue children and raise them to be respectable, upright adults are not selfish, nor are they lacking in ambition, culture, taste, or standing.**

I mentioned this scene and my thoughts to a friend later, who responded with, “You should have told her that!” As a mom of several herself, my friend said that she would be thrilled if someone came up and gave a kind, encouraging comment to her, rather than remarking in a demeaning way about “how full her hands were.” Clearly, my friend had been on the receiving end of the latter far too often.

I wonder how many other mothers get that negative comment or others like it? My guess is that many do, especially when they have more children than the culturally acceptable one or two. Meanwhile, the confident career girl in the next checkout lane and the married woman in a business suit picking up takeout for two adults simply get a smile and nod rather than stares and rude remarks, perhaps unconsciously acknowledging the aura of success that supposedly surrounds them.

**A Successful Woman**

Success? Why is it that we seem to have framed female success as a life without children, or at least with very few?

This common definition of female success was recently explored in the article “Thirty,

# The Power of Positive Thinking

A conversation with Michael Taylor

BARBARA DANZA



**I believe there are a lot more things that are right with the world than are wrong with it. Therefore, I focus my attention on what’s right.**

Michael Taylor

Life coach, entrepreneur, and motivational speaker Micheal Taylor used to think that having “the house, the wife, the 2.5 kids, and the 401K” would make him happy.

“Once I attained all of those things, I realized I was actually miserable. It wasn’t until I went through a divorce, bankruptcy, foreclosure, depression, and being homeless for two years that I decided to ask myself what it meant to be human,” he said.

The self-introspection and transformation that followed taught him many life lessons that he’s felt compelled to share ever since. His new book, “The Good News Is, The Future Is Brighter Than You Think!” aims to inspire others to live a meaningful and fulfilling life.

**The Epoch Times:** You’ve overcome significant hardship in your life. How did you manage to pull yourself through those toughest moments?

**Michael Taylor:** First of all, I have to acknowledge my mom for my optimism and resilience. She is the primary reason I was able to overcome a lot of the adversities in my life. If there is such a thing as a resiliency gene, she definitely passed it on to me.

Although she was a single mom with six kids back in the ‘60s who relied on government assistance to get by, she never complained about her situation. She always told me if I wanted something badly enough no one or nothing could

keep me from attaining it except myself, and she led by example. No matter what challenge or obstacle she faced, she always figured out a way to deal with it.

**The Epoch Times:** You describe yourself as an “irrepressible optimist.” How do you maintain your optimistic outlook?

**Mr. Taylor:** First and foremost, I do not believe the hype of the negative media. I recognize that 80 percent of mainstream news is negative and yet, I believe there are a lot more things that are right with the world than are wrong with it. Therefore, I focus my attention on what’s right.

If you look at the trajectory that humanity has been on for the past few hundred years, there are a lot of reasons for optimism. One of my favorite quotes states: “All of the water in the ocean cannot sink a ship unless it gets inside of the ship.” So too, all of the negativity of our media cannot “sink” us unless we allow the negativity inside of our thinking. I spend most of my time reading, learning, and thinking about positive things and therefore my outlook is always pretty positive.

As I reflect over my life and think about all of the adversities I’ve had to overcome, and then look at my life today, there is no way I can think negatively about anything.

**The Epoch Times:** Many people are finding a sense of optimism hard to come by these days. How, in your view, is the future brighter than they think, as your new book proclaims?

**Mr. Taylor:** First of all, it’s important for people to recognize that mainstream media shows us a very small portion of what is actually going on in the world. Since the primary focus of the media is on negativity and sensationalism, the media rarely focuses on good news.

My belief is, if a person becomes willing to focus on their own inner

transformation and growth and pays attention to what they are thinking, they can begin to see life through a different perspective. It’s been said that what you think about you bring about. If you are constantly thinking about how bad the world is, guess what is going to show up in your experience?

There is a guy named Mike Dooley who is famous for saying “thoughts become things.” If you want your future to be bright, it begins with your willingness to think positive thoughts. This doesn’t mean you are denying the challenges facing the world, it means you are the creator of your reality and by changing your thoughts you can change your life.

**The Epoch Times:** As a father, what are the most important life lessons you’ve passed onto your children?

**Mr. Taylor:** My children are 40, 37, and 34, and I must admit they are well-adjusted adults who are doing extremely well in their personal lives. The lessons I passed on to my kids were pretty simple: I taught them they were lovable and loved.

I taught them that it was important for them to think for themselves and it was OK if they didn’t believe some of the things that I believed. In other words, I raised them to be independent thinkers and never forced my beliefs on them.

I taught them the importance of enjoying life and having fun, and to take life sincerely but not seriously.

I passed on a love for reading and learning new things no matter how old you are.

I taught them to respect all people regardless of ethnicity, religion, or socio-economic background. I’m a firm believer in treating others the way you want to be treated.

*This interview has been edited for clarity and brevity.*



# FOR KIDS ONLY

THE EPOCH TIMES

Week 18, 2021



## My Mother

by Ann Taylor (1782-1866)

Who sat and watched my infant head  
When sleeping on my cradle bed,  
And tears of sweet affection shed?  
My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,  
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,  
And wept for fear that I should die?  
My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray  
And love God’s holy book and day,  
And walk in wisdom’s pleasant way?  
My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be  
Affectionate and kind to thee,  
Who wast so very kind to me,  
My Mother?

Ah, no! the thought I cannot bear,  
And if God please my life to spare  
I hope I shall reward they care,  
My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old and grey,  
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,  
And I will soothe thy pains away,  
My Mother.

## WHAT DO YOU CALL A MOTHER WHO IS SHORT?



YUGANOV KONSTANTIN/SHUTTERSTOCK

**“I remember my mother’s prayers and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life.**

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809–1865), U.S. PRESIDENT

(BACKGROUND) DARKBIRD; (PORTRAIT) VKILKIND/SHUTTERSTOCK

By Aidan Danza, age 14

## 4 EASY-TO-GROW FLOWERS

ALL PHOTOS BY SHUTTERSTOCK

**H**ave you ever grown your own flowers? Many flowers are very easy to grow. Annuals are flowers that grow for only one year. Perennials are those that come back year after year. Some flowers are easier to grow than others. These are among the easiest:

**SUNFLOWERS**

Sunflowers are some of the biggest flowers out there. They can grow between 6 and 16 feet tall. They are very easy to grow: Simply plant the seeds 1 to 2 inches deep. Water them until the seeds sprout in about a week to 10 days. Depending on the variety, sunflowers will mature in 11 to 17 weeks. They attract bees, and birds eat their seeds.

**PANSIES**

Pansies are some of the easiest plants to grow. They like cooler weather, and so are usually planted in spring or fall. Pansies are challenging to grow from seed because they take so long to mature, so you may prefer to buy the ones that have already flowered. These seedlings should be planted 6 to 8 inches apart and watered frequently until they are established.

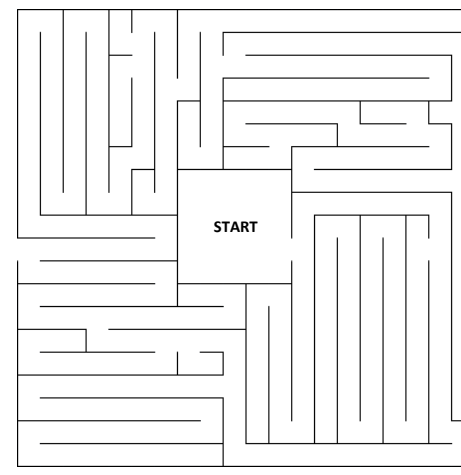
**ZINNIAS**

Zinnias get the award of “flower with the most petals” on this list! They almost seem like they were the inspiration for the pom-pom! Zinnias don’t like to be transplanted, so you really should plant them from seed. Locate zinnias in full sun and sow the seeds 1/4-inch deep, keeping them watered. They will sprout in 4 to 7 days and will flower in 8 to 10 weeks.

**COSMOS**

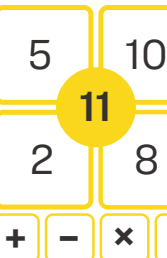
Cosmos are the classic flower that is easy to draw and has 5 or 6 petals. Sow them 1/4-inch deep, and 12 to 18 inches apart after the last frost has passed. After planting, they will take 5 to 7 days to sprout, and they will take seven weeks to bloom.

## 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



Solution For Easy 1  
01 - 9 + 2 x 8  
2 - 9 - 8 + 01

Medium puzzle 1

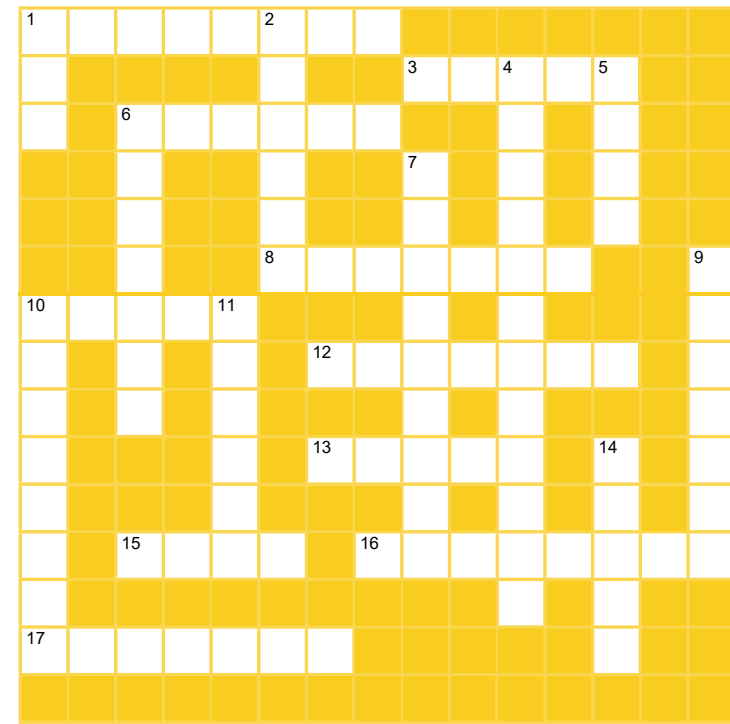


Solution for Medium 1  
6 + 91 + (9 - 0)

Hard puzzle 1



Solution for Hard 1  
9 - 1 + 91 + 06



**Across**

- 1 Driving kids to soccer practice (8)
- 3 Teaching kids soccer (5)
- 6 Making cookies for soccer practice (6)
- 8 Really dedicated to her kids (7)
- 10 Mom’s response to a joke (5)
- 12 Making breakfast, lunch and dinner (7)

**Down**

- 1 Mothers say “Don’t \_\_\_\_!” (3)
- 2 Mothers can be our \_\_\_\_ (6)
- 4 A day to show our \_\_\_\_ for our moms (12)
- 5 They go with kisses! (4)
- 6 A Mother’s Day gift (7)
- 7 A better Mother’s Day gift! (9)
- 9 What mom plants in the garden (7)
- 10 When we have a problem, mom is a good \_\_\_\_ (8)
- 11 We like to be mother’s \_\_\_\_! (6)
- 14 Thinking of Mother’s Day makes us \_\_\_\_! (5)

- 13 Mom has a BIG one! (5)
- 15 How Mom’s hugs feel? (4)
- 16 Thinking back on Mother’s Days gone by (8)
- 17 What children have for moms (and dads) (7)

# NTD NEWS

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