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LIFE &

TRADITION

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Father's Day offers us the opportunity to remember and celebrate the dads and granddads in our lives.

Good Dads: A Father's Day Tribute

JEFF MINICK

For some, selecting a gift for Dad for Father's Day is easy. Dad's an oenophile, so you buy him a few bottles of cabernet sauvignon. He enjoys puttering around in the garden, which brings him some brand new tools and a pair of gloves. He frequently works at home and sometimes needs to escape the clamor of the little ones, so you give him a nice set of noise-canceling headphones.

In my case, my kids, all of them grown now, usually get me a gift certificate to Happy Creek Coffee or the Royal Oak Bookshop, both of which bring me pleasure. The coffee shop is a second home to me, and shopping for books is always a joy.

But for Father's Day in 2020, the gang of four outdid themselves. My daughter wanted to get me a La-Z-Boy, persuaded her brothers to chip in, and whisked me off to a local furniture store for testing purposes. We managed to get that chair into her van, put it together in the living room, and practically every early afternoon since then has found me with my feet kicked out

In America, it wasn't until 1909 that Father's Day as we know it came into being.

DEAN DROBOT/SHUTTERSTOCK



and my head back taking a nap. The best part is that almost every time I flop down into this monument to relaxation I think of my kids.

I may not be the greatest father or grandfather in the country, but I count myself among the best rested.

So where did this celebration of fatherhood originate and what does the holiday mean?

Let's take a look.

A Brief History

While scouting out the history of Father's Day online, I was surprised to learn that the Catholic Church has for several centuries celebrated fathers on March 19, the Feast Day of Saint Joseph, Mary's husband and legal father of Jesus. The church regarded Joseph as the greatest of all fathers, and so chose that date to honor fatherhood in general.

Here in America, it wasn't until 1909 that Father's Day as we know it came into being.

In that year, a Spokane, Washington woman, Sonora Smart Dodd, heard a sermon in her church promoting Mother's Day.

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96-Year-Old WWII Veteran Travels 900 Miles to Visit Grave of Serviceman Who Saved His Life

LOUISE BEVAN

A 96-year-old World War II veteran from Massachusetts traveled nearly 900 miles to South Carolina to pay tribute to the man who saved his life 76 years ago.

At the beginning of the year, Private Anthony Grasso, from Norwood, discovered where Lt. Frank DuBose had been laid to rest.

DuBose gave his life for his comrade,

shielding him from a shell blast during the Battle of Hurtgenforest along the Belgian-German border in 1944.

Grasso was thrown 30 feet into the air during the hit, causing injuries to his head and neck, but he survived, Fox News reported. He earned two Purple Hearts during his service.

DuBose, however, took the brunt of the blast and was killed, earning him a post-

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On May 27, Grasso set out to pay his respects by visiting DuBose's grave at Quaker Cemetery in Camden, South Carolina. He was accompanied by several family members.

Norwood residents, bearing American flags, sent him off in grand fashion; he received a bagpipe tribute, and police escorted him to Boston's Logan Airport.

"I never thought I'd get this, and I thank everybody," he told NBC, adding just how much DuBose's sacrifice meant: "If you wasn't there, you can't realize it."

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Good Dads: A Father's Day Tribute

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Dodd was 16 years old when her mother died in childbirth, leaving her to help raise her brothers, including the surviving infant. Awed by the efforts of her father to care for his many children—"He was both mother and father to me and my brothers and sisters," she said years later—Dodd began promoting a Father's Day, and by 1910, the state of Washington declared it a state-wide holiday.

The idea spread, gained traction during the Second World War when so many fathers were fighting overseas, and was declared a federal holiday in 1972 by President Richard Nixon. Today we celebrate Father's Day on the third Sunday of June.

Vive La Difference!

The emotions associated with Father's Day differ from those we attach to Mom's special celebration in May. One reason for this disparity is this: All good moms are nurturing caregivers blessed with maternal instincts. They're the ones who kiss the boo-boo on little Sally's knee or deliver the assignment Joey forgot to take to school. They've carried these children in the womb, changed thousands of diapers, and them to hundreds of ballet lessons. Pan a camera along the sidelines during a football game, and the players on the bench often wave and yell, "Hi Mom!"

Dads play a different role in the lives of their children.

Here's just one example. Long ago, some television show like "60 Minutes" used hidden cameras to film various mothers and fathers teaching their toddlers to go down a slide. When some of the little ones clung to the top of the slide, refusing to let go, nearly all the moms approached them and offer to hold their hands while they made their descent. When the same situation occurred with fathers in charge, these dads stood at the bottom of the slide, commanding and encouraging their sons and daughters to let go of the slide and make the plunge.

Moms tend to be the cheerleaders. Dads are often the coaches.

All Shapes and Sizes

Like the differences between mothers and fathers, the parenting styles and practices of dads can also vary widely.

I've known dads who could feed the baby Gerber's oatmeal for breakfast while simultaneously dressing the 4-year old for Montessori school and helping the 6-year-old put together her peanut butter sandwich. On the other hand, I've known dads who called their wives at their book club meeting and begged them to come home because the 3-year-old refused to go to bed. I've known fathers who thought nothing of taking four children to the public library, and I've known others who never left the house with their toddlers, finding a car trip to the park too bothersome an ordeal to entertain.

The church I attend offers numerous examples of fatherhood in action. This place has enough young children at every service to fill up a couple of good-sized daycare centers, so that on any given Sunday morning I am surrounded by squirming toddlers and sleeping babies. Sometimes I take note of the different parenting styles practiced by dads—yes, yes, I know, I'm supposed to be paying attention to the altar and not to the commotion around me—and am fascinated by these interactions.

Although on occasion I've seen a dad sit slightly apart from his spouse, leaving her to wrestle with three little ones, most of these dads are involved with the children. Some clutch their wriggling child as if securing a possibly violent criminal. Others quietly



ALL PHOTOS BY SHUTTERSTOCK

play with the 2-year-old, finger games, kisses on the nose, and blowing on the hair. Still others are leaning over and whispering threats into a rambunctious child's ear that instantly squash that rebellion.

I personally know some of these dads. They're the sort who arrive home after a long day's work, grab a beer or an iced tea, and take the older kids into the backyard for a game of catch or "ooh and ah" over their first grader's crayon art. Later, grilling burgers on the deck, these are the sorts of dads who ask their teenage daughters about their school day and then really listen to them.

Ordinary guys. And great dads.

Bad Dads

Father's Day is based on the premise that our fathers deserve our affection and appreciation.

But what if they don't?

What about those fathers who have abandoned their children, who have in some cases never laid eyes on them, much less remembered their birthdays or sent them a holiday gift? What about those dads who abused their children, whether physically or mentally?

We've all known fathers who failed in even the basic paternal duties, who left their children bereft, mourning the absence of such men in their lives or worse, cursing them for the sorrow and pain they inflicted.

Some of you in these situations might ask: So how is it possible to celebrate Father's Day when you either have no father or you were raised by a brute who mistreated you and your siblings?

Here's one thought: Look around and find a father you admire. They're all over the place. This Father's Day, look one of those men in the eye and tell him sincerely how much you admire him as a dad and how lucky his children are.

Your salute to him may just turn out to be the best gift that man gets on Father's Day.

Parents' Day

Some 80 years ago, there was a movement in America to replace Father's Day and Mother's Day with Parents' Day. The argument then was that both mothers and fathers were necessary to raise good kids and that they should be recognized as a single unit rather than separately.

The emotions associated with Father's Day differ from those we attach to Mom's special celebration in May.



Dads teach their kids how to throw a baseball, ride a bike, or cast a fishing line.

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.

Much has changed in our country since that time. Divorce is more prevalent, families headed by single parents, most often mothers, are now common, and the traditional family has suffered many attacks from culture and government policies. We seem at times to have forgotten that children need good moms and good dads.

If nothing else, Father's Day affords us the opportunity to remember this fact, a time to recollect the importance of the men who defend their families, provide for their children, tell corny jokes and read bedtime stories, and teach their daughters and sons how to throw a baseball, ride a bike, or cast a fishing line into the water.

The Best Thank You in the World

And that act of appreciation doesn't require gifts of wine, books, or even a special chair for napping. Here is all it needs:

Years ago, when I would walk the three blocks from the bookstore we owned on Waynesville's Main Street home to the bed-and-breakfast we operated, a couple of my children might be waiting for me, sitting in the rockers on the front porch. When they saw me coming down the street, they would dash to the sidewalk, calling to me, and I would cross Pigeon Street to be swept up by waist-high hugs and delightful laughter.

You want to appreciate your good Dad on June 20?

Give him a huge hug and tell him you love him.

throughout his life."

"It is very cathartic for him. It is a lifetime of grief and sorrow just lifting off his shoulders."

While in South Carolina, Grasso placed a white rose on DuBose's gravestone, then raised his hand in salute to him. He addressed his comrade with a few words, CBS reported, "One final salute. Thank you, God bless you, Frank. I'll meet you soon."

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Earliest memories with the author's father included trips to the Oregon coast. The author is shown here as a toddler with her father, Danny Marquez, and mother, Aurora Marquez.



The author and her father, Danny Marquez, on a visit to Portland, Ore., about a year before his death.



Always happy when in uniform, Danny Marquez came to the United States, became an American citizen, and joined the U.S. Navy. He eventually retired as a commander.



"I always wanted to caddy for my Dad," the author said of her father, Danny Marquez, an avid golfer.



Marquez was very proud of his service in the U.S. Navy. He attained the rank of commander. During World War II he was stationed in Washington, D.C., working on the Lend-Lease Program but he had wanted to command a submarine.

A Daughter's First Love

ANITA L. SHERMAN

Sunday is Father's Day.

In Catholic Europe, fathers had been celebrated since the Middle Ages albeit in March coinciding with the feast of St. Joseph.

As early as 1908, a young grieving woman, Grace Clayton, in West Virginia wanted to honor her father who had been killed in a tragic mining accident. With 361 men dead, 250 of them were fathers, leaving Grace and countless others fatherless. She lobbied with her local pastor to set aside a day to honor these men. That didn't happen but her efforts were repeated by others in various ways and in various towns and states.

On a trip to the state of Washington in the early 1900s, President Woodrow Wilson wanted to proclaim it a national holiday but Congress thought it ill-advised, fearing it would be commercialized.

It took several decades of lobbying for the celebration of Father's Day to be officially recognized as a national holiday in the United States by President Richard Nixon in 1972. Mother's Day had been in full swing—we can thank Anna Jarvis for that.

For me, my father passed away more than 25 years ago. I can still recall that day in early June when my sister phoned from Portland, Oregon to tell me, "Dad has died." It was the day after June 6—D-Day, a day close to my father's heart as he had gotten a commission in the U.S. Navy close to that time. He was so proud of his service in the military.

I felt a hard punch to my stomach from across the miles, I lost my breath, told her I'd call her back and slumped to the floor in tears.

We had moved to Virginia years before and in between visits, my father would regularly phone on Friday evenings or Saturday mornings to find out how things were going, how were his grandchildren, or what the weather was like. I counted on those conversations to keep me connected with this

I asked my father: 'Dad, what am I?' He looked at me and said, 'You're an American, that's all you need to know.'

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man, far away, but ever close to my heart.

A stern disciplinarian, he could cut me to the quick with a look. An engineer, he couldn't understand or, perhaps never accepted, that math was not my forte. But at the beginning of each school year, he would meticulously cover my books, take me to the store to buy school supplies and he did help me with homework—particularly anything to do with numbers.

I am half Filipina (on his side) and half Spanish (on my mother's). When I was in grade school, around age 7, I knew that I didn't look like most of the other children. It didn't bother me, but I was curious so I asked my father. "Dad, what am I?" He looked at me and said, "You're an American, that's all you need to know."

That was fine with me. My father came to this country from the Philippines in the late 1920s, became an American citizen, graduated with several engineering degrees, married my mother, was a commander in the U.S. Navy, loved to play golf, drive Cadillacs, and, bottom line, spoil me. I remember with great fondness when Valentine's Day came around that he would come home with a large box of chocolates for my mother and a smaller one for me. Both boxes were heart-shaped, usually red, always tied with a fancy bow and so, so special to a young girl years away from having a boyfriend.

And then there was Helen Bernhard Bakery. It's still there with its old-world charm and scrumptious selection of cakes, breads, pastries, and pies. When I was feeling particularly brave (and needing a sweet thing), I'd phone him at his office and ask that he stop on the way home. He always would.

At times, he would get exasperated with my exuberance or stubbornness or persistence and would blurt out, "What's the matter with you ... are you crazy or something?" Well, I knew I wasn't crazy so I had to be the "or something."

I attended a Catholic grade school taught by Holy Child nuns. They could be a harsh lot. One in particular, a tall, thin, willowy apparition, scared me to death. Normally, my father left the school conference meetings to my mother but on this occasion, I was in the fifth grade, he went with her. I feared the worst.

It was my father that came to me later that evening.

"Something is wrong with that woman ... Don't worry about her, you're fine."

I glowed. Everything was now right with the world. I had my father's unconditional love and support and that was all that mattered. He was my champion.

When I headed off to college, I wanted to major in art. He would have none of that, telling me that art was a hobby thus I majored in communications with an emphasis in editorial journalism. My first Christmas home from campus his gift was an artist's box filled with paintbrushes, tubes of paint in many colors, and linseed oil.

My father liked bits of information about history. He loved to tinker and build things. He actually had several patents for his inventions and creative endeavors. He could sew. He could cook. He was patriotic. He loved this country. He provided well for his family.

I'm so grateful that Father's Day—with a nearly 50-year legacy in the United States—is celebrated. I, for one, owe much to my father.

I believe, that for a daughter, your father is your first love. He gives you his hand, his heart and, when he is gone, no matter your age, for a time, you feel abandoned, lost, an orphan.

A few days after my father passed, it was morning and I was about to get up. The window next to my bed was open just a crack. There was no wind outside but I felt a distinct rush of air hit my face. Was that you Dad, or am I crazy or something? Sunday is Father's Day. I miss you.

TIMELESS WISDOM

'But Above All Things': Fatherly Advice From John Adams

JOSHUA CHARLES

One of my favorite Founders is John Adams. In my opinion, he wasn't only the most intellectually brilliant of the Founders, but the most insightful. He had both great knowledge, and great wisdom. He didn't look at the world through rose-colored glasses. And yet, he wasn't a cynic—despite the fact that he had understandable reasons to be one.

Adams was extremely well-read, particularly in history. He was fluent in several languages, most notably Latin, and could read the Greek and Roman classics in their original languages. When confronting the challenges necessarily associated with establishing the independence of a country, and establishing its founding institutions, he invariably looked to history as a guide, and could cite numerous examples from multiple nations as examples for emulation or avoidance.

But one of the things that most attracted me to him was how he wrote to his children, in particular his oldest son, John Quincy Adams, who would go on to become a congressman, secretary of state, and president of the United States (among other things). Adams took John Quincy with him when he went to Europe as America's minister to France in 1778. The reasons were perhaps best expressed by his mother, Abigail Ad-



John Adams, in a portrait by Gilbert Stuart, circa 1800–1815.

John Quincy Adams, age 28, painted by John Singleton Copley, 1796.

ams, in one of her first letters to the 10-year-old boy upon his arrival in Paris: "Improve your understanding for acquiring useful knowledge and virtue, such as will render you an ornament to society, an Honor to your Country, and a Blessing to your parents." Being part of the Adams family meant public service was all but a given.

One of my favorite letters from Adams to his son was written in 1782. The father was in Amsterdam, and the son was in St. Petersburg, working as the secretary to the American ambassador in Russia. Adams first commended his son on more practical matters:

"I am well pleased with your learning German for many Reasons, and principally because I am told that Science and Literature flourish more at present in Germany

than anywhere. A Variety of Languages will do no harm unless you should get a habit of attending more to Words than 'Things.'"

Ensuring his son was a polyglot was important to Adams, for it would not only enable him to be a better diplomat, but a better reader of classic texts—the preeminent source of his and many of the Founders' own education. But, as he emphasized to John Quincy, the purpose of language is to describe things, and thus better understand reality, and that was to be his focus.

But the second (and final) paragraph is where the real gold is:

"But, my dear Boy, above all 'Things, preserve your Innocence, and a pure Conscience. Your morals are of more importance, both to yourself and the World than all Languages and all Sciences. The least Stain upon your Character will do more harm to your Happiness than all Accomplishments will do it good."

Here we have the essence of John Adams in his understanding of the primacy of the moral over the practical and the expedient. As he knew a free republic required a moral foundation to survive, so he knew the same truth applied to individuals. Indeed, in numerous places, both he and Abigail taught John Quincy that not only were morals essential to happiness, but that he would be accountable to God for his behavior in this life.

Indeed, anyone who engages in self-reflection knows this to be true. As Benjamin Franklin said in the 1741 edition of Poor Richard's Almanac, "a good conscience is a continual Christmas." Doing what we know to be right is essential to a healthy sense of self-worth and confidence. A divided conscience is a pathway to insecurity, angst, and deep unhappiness. Despite our struggle to attain it, we are wired to seek the good.

And what a lesson for all of us to consider, particularly in an age when our education system has been overtaken by a technocratic and economic view, as if the primary and essential purpose of training was to make children merely economically productive, rather than training them in virtue! It's no wonder depression and anxiety are at record levels among the young.

But as John Adams knew—and as he taught his son in this, one of his best pieces of fatherly advice—morals are far more important to happiness than productivity, both in this life, and the next.

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96-Year-Old WWII Veteran Travels 900 Miles to Visit Grave of Serviceman Who Saved His Life

COURTESY OF MARGARET BUCKELEW/LONG GONE LLC

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Grasso's story was retold in the book "All Souls Day," which inspired several New Englanders to help him pay tribute to the fallen serviceman. They stated that veterans of that time are increasingly becoming fewer in number.

The book's author, Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist Joseph Pereira, was the man who helped Grasso locate the grave.

"His story is a 76-year-old story of two things," Pereira told Fox News. "One is fighting PTSD. He had it in the worst way. And the other thing is survivor's guilt ... those two things have shadowed him

World War II veteran Anthony Grasso places a white rose on Frank DuBose's gravestone. DuBose saved his life in 1944.



EDUCATION

Mother Goose Matters

SEAN FITZPATRICK

Education is a journey, and, as with any journey, there must be some initial idea or inkling of the destination before there can be any reasonable means to arrive there. The end of education is, of course, the truth, and there exist few truthful awakenings like Mother Goose's nursery rhymes. As a wondrous introduction to the paths of wisdom, grown-ups in playroom and classroom know well why Mother Goose matters.

Mother Goose nursery rhymes introduce children to the world through the medium of images and words. They are musical and imitative vignettes of reality, constantly shifting their gaze, page by page, from one subject to another. What focus there is, is on the household, the countryside, and everyday life—the sorts of things that happen when people wake up, eat meals, do chores, play games, and go to bed. Mother Goose is not so concerned with the deeper mysteries since the surface of things is wonderful enough to any child who is seeing it for the first time. Mother Goose rhymes portray plain, honest, and playful quips in plain, honest, and playful fashion, with a profundity and simplicity that most have forgotten through custom.

While Mother Goose rhymes play with the parts of reality, diving one at a time into the many worlds that make up the world, she always keeps an eye on the end of action, as her jingles jangle along with something that smacks of completion or perfection.

Take "Little Boy Blue," for instance. "Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn, The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn, What, is this the way you mind your sheep, Under the haycock fast asleep?"

Now there may be those who object, saying, "The world is a serious place and if you bring up a child on all this kind of nonsense, the child is going to be lazy and prone to sleeping at the wrong time." This way of thinking is what spurred the Puritans to put out a censored edition of Mother Goose that had, "Little Boy Blue come blow your horn, there's a lot of work to be done and it's early morn." They rewrote the whole thing and made Little Boy Blue into a good, hardworking fellow who brushed his teeth and put the garbage out and was nice to his mother and did all the chores and so forth. But no child ever cared for the Puritan version of Little Boy Blue because he isn't true.

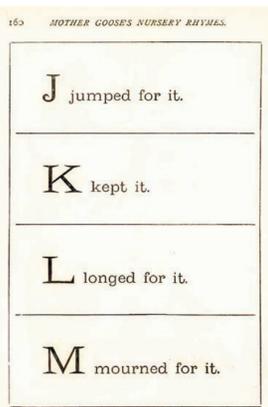
Somehow, there is something about "Little Boy Blue" that is about the whole end of human life. It may even be about heavenly life. We can't prove that, and neither should we try. Nobody should make an analysis of that poem or translate it and explain that since it says "blow your horn" it's about the trumpet on the last day of the world. Mother Goose would throw up her apron in horror if anyone started on that kind of stuff. Do not analyze these poems or interpret these poems. The mere experience of them, on the other hand, is something like perfection. As you move into another place with Mother Goose, which is made up of all the familiar things of this place, it's seen from the point of view of rest—it's seen not from the point of view of achieving something, but from the point of view of already having achieved it. And that's the motive of Mother Goose and why her nursery rhymes matter.

Is it so strange to say, then, that "Little Boy Blue" is one of the greatest poems ever written in the whole history of the world? You don't have to look down on this literature. You don't have to patronize it. And Mother Goose knows it. There's a famous preface that she wrote to her rhymes where she asserts herself and justifies her existence once and for all:

"My dear little Blossoms, there are now in this world, and always will be, a great many grannies besides myself, both in petticoats and pantaloons, some a deal younger to be sure; but all monstrous wise, and of my own family name. These old women, who never had chick nor child of their own, but who always know how to bring up other people's children, will tell you with very long faces, that my enchanting, quieting, soothing volume, my all-sufficient anodyne for cross, peevish, won't-be-comforted little bairns, ought to be laid aside for more learned



Some illustrations by Walter Crane for "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes."



books, such as they could select and publish. Fudge! I tell you that all their batterings can't deface my beauties, nor their wise prattings equal my wiser prattlings; and all imitators of my refreshing songs might as well write a new Billy Shakespeare as another Mother Goose—we two great poets were born together, and we shall go out of the world together.

No, no, my Melodies will never die, While nurses sing, or babies cry."

Besides the large truths about life peering and beaming from these little poems, they are first and foremost delightful. These delights are an introduction—nothing more; but introductions are often the most important part of any endeavor, especially education. The genius of these rhymes as introductions to the way things are is that they are rhymes. They settle themselves comfortably into the hearts and minds and mouths of children, becoming part of their language and a ready measure for experience.

For children, these rhymes are not simply satisfying. They are soul-stirring. To them, dogs are as exciting as dragons and puddles as infinite as oceans. Mother Goose parades a whole host of such ordinary wonders before her little blossoms, and in this they are given a taste of reality—and a taste for it, as well, which is precisely why she is

Mother Goose is not so concerned with the deeper mysteries since the surface of things is wonderful enough to any child who is seeing it for the first time.

educational. These little introductions celebrate the wide world. Mother Goose well knows that the good things grown dull for so many are more than sufficient to please the innocent.

The benefit of Mother Goose, however, is not that she provides children with patterns or preparations on how to be moral, or well-behaved, or good readers, or any other practical thing. Her wise prattlings are good for their own sake, giving children the all-important experience of resting in an end, even if it is a simple or a silly end. Any utilitarian good that proceeds as a result of their having these rhymes written in their heart is purely accidental.

The most significant obstacle to providing today's children with the education of Mother Goose is that Mother Goose has not educated many of today's teachers and parents. No teacher or parent can give a child what they themselves do not have. The solution to this difficulty is simply that teachers and parents who have no experience of Mother Goose should read Mother Goose. Poetic knowledge is good for grown-ups too.

Mother Goose serves as a principal awakener to the everyday wonders of the world for young children. Without Mother Goose, children run the risk of being forever babes in the woods, deprived of the touchstones that help to form the habit of knowledge.

Without these indispensable nursery rhymes, a child may never acquire the appropriate appetite or aptitude for works that plumb the depths of reality. Without the poetry of the nursery, every other poetic mode and philosophic instinct can be left undeveloped, and education a crippled thing. Mother Goose prepares the way for other educational journeys. In the end, Mother Goose matters because she is a beginning.

Sean Fitzpatrick serves on the faculty of Gregory the Great Academy, a boarding school in Elmhurst, Pa., where he teaches humanities. His writings on education, literature, and culture have appeared in a number of journals including Crisis Magazine, Catholic Exchange, and the Imaginative Conservative.



Lighting Fires: A Salute to Teachers

JEFF MINICK

Miss Fleming. Mrs. Jessup. Mrs. Spear. Mr. Darden. Dr. Hood. Ed Burrows. Dr. Barefield.

These are names in my pantheon of personal heroes, men and women who placed their stamp on me and helped me become who I am.

My mom and dad, my siblings and friends, my wife, and my children and grandchildren have all helped shape me, giving me even in my older age insights into life and bits of wisdom. A conversation with my daughter several years ago, for example, taught me about humility and the importance of allowing others to show me charity. My mom's bravery on her death bed took away my fear of the Grim Reaper, and a friend's guidance over our long fellowship has comforted me in hard times and at one point gave me the courage to get to my feet when my life fell apart.

And those seven names above? Where do they fit into this picture? They weren't my aunts or uncles or cousins. With one exception, they weren't my friends. Again with one exception, I had few intimate conversations with them and knew little of their personal lives.

So who were they? They were my teachers. My best teachers.

The Either-Or Fallacy

Often we paint our educators with too broad a brush. We either sentimentalize them, deeming them noble, hard-working professionals seeking to inspire our young people to fulfill their potential, or else we blast them as being indifferent to their young charges, concerned more about salary hikes, benefits, and summer vacations than whether Johnny can read or Sally can solve equilateral equations.

When we lump all teachers into one of these categories, we are making a grave mistake. The truth is there are good teachers and bad teachers, entertaining teachers and teachers dull as dishwater, teachers who connect with their students and teachers who are as cold as fish in the classroom.

And then there are the best teachers.

Hand on the Helm

Fundamental to all good teaching is this basic precept: Command the classroom.

At Boonville Elementary School, Miss Fleming, Mrs. Jessup, and Mrs. Spear were my teachers in the third, fifth, and sixth grades, respectively, and they controlled their classrooms like captains at the helm of a battleship. Breaches of discipline were rare, and when they occurred, the offender could expect to have his hand spanked with a ruler or suffer a disgraced exile in the hallway outside the classroom.

All three women had one advantage missing in many schools today. They were natives of Boonville, population around 600, or of the surrounding countryside, and therefore knew the families of their students. If some student had a certain quirk, for example, like an indifference to bookwork or the ability to turn an ordinary event into a tall tale, the teachers probably said, as did the townspeople, "Well, he's a Shore" or "That's the Moxley blood coming out in her."

Each of these women taught us reading, basic math, handwriting—always my worst subject—and all other subjects. That education was grounded in basics with lots of rote memorization, and yet I hold the academic gifts given me by these women in great esteem. In the seventh grade, I entered a military school 200 miles away, where at the end of the year I received a medal for standing at the top of my class academically. For the rest of my life, I have credited that honor to my Boonville teachers.

A teacher's first duty is to maintain discipline and instill knowledge.



The best teachers light a spark of curiosity and set the bar high in terms of expectations.

Creativity

Mr. Paul Darden taught my ninth-grade block class, geography and honors English, at Southwest Junior High School near Winston-Salem, North Carolina. He was a lanky man who often wore loafers and a sweater vest, remaining in my mind's eye a precursor to Mr. Rogers of television fame, and was as easygoing as a Sunday afternoon.

His classes were fun and filled with worthwhile projects. The one I remember best was his European travel itinerary, where we had to plan out a day-by-day schedule of a trip to places like England and France. This was long before the internet, and so my classmates and I visited libraries and travel agencies to gather information for our plans.

Our educators need to know we cherish their efforts and talents, and the effect they had on us.

It was such a wonderful way to learn about European history and geography, that more than 30 years later I copied this idea and used it in a couple of my own classes. To express my appreciation, I mailed Mr. Darden a letter thanking him for being my teacher and for this project in particular.

Poet W.B. Yeats once said, "Education is not the filling of a pot but the lighting of a fire." Mr. Darden gave his students matches and kindling.

The Many Benefits of Journaling

BARBARA DANZA

A simple notebook and pen are all you need to begin exploring the many benefits of journaling. A journal is not just a tool for recording episodes of teenage angst. It is an excellent place to jot down ideas, think something through, make a list, make a plan, remember a special (or ordinary) moment, or simply doodle for fun. The more you use a journal, the more apparent its benefits will become.

Clarity

How many thoughts run through your head each day? When you're feeling overwhelmed, confused, muddle-headed, or just aimless—putting pen to paper and jotting down those thoughts that run through your head can provide you with the clarity you yearn for.

As you write, do it your way. This is not going to be published in the newspaper or read by anyone else. This is your personal journal and you can be silly, be real, or be what you need to be in your own words and your style of writing. There's something about getting ideas out of your head

and onto the page that makes whatever you're working through immensely less overwhelming and confusing.

The type of clarity that comes from a regular habit of doing this can allow you to take your life to the next level.

Calm

Journaling can also allow you to experience a sense of calm and peace. Much like therapy, you're discussing your thoughts and feelings with yourself. You can learn more about yourself, look at the things you love and the things you want to change, and kindly guide yourself through whatever you're writing about. It's a quiet, slow practice done in leisure that can help you to work through your thoughts and ideas.

Productivity

What's more, you can use your journal to strategize and plan your life ... or your afternoon. Your life goals can live on the same page as your grocery list and it all makes sense.

You'll start to see connections between the big picture and the everyday, the short-term and the long-term. You'll think of actions and systems that allow you to increase your productivity and do more of what you know you should do.

Inspiration

As you develop a habit of journaling regularly, you'll find you're enticed to think



Good teachers can have an enormous impact on their students' lives.

Classrooms Off Campus

Professor Henry Hood of Guilford College in Greensboro, North Carolina, looked a little bit like the comedian Don Rickles. He wore wrinkled jackets and a tie loose at the throat, and frequently carried a crazed gleam in his eyes. He would march into the classroom, sit at the chair behind his desk, lean back, put his hands behind his head, and without using notes of any kind, would kick off into a lecture on the Huns, Queen Elizabeth, or the wars of the Reformation.

Dr. Hood also invited students into his home, where he served supper—Kentucky Fried Chicken was a favorite—played for us on his harpsichord or the bagpipes, and entertained us with stories from history and from his youth. Our Byzantine history class regularly met in his living room, and to this day, whenever I read of that long-lost empire, I can still taste the peanuts and apple cider he served up on those occasions.

Years later, as a teacher in Asheville, I adopted Dr. Hood's practice of holding classes in the home and expanded it. Throughout the academic year, various seminars I taught met not only in my apartment, but also at places like Barnes and Noble, the Battery Park Book Exchange, the Basilica of Saint Lawrence, and several cafes. The discussions conducted in these places brought the students closer together, gave them insights into my own philosophy, and provided a break from the plastic chairs and folding tables of the church classroom where we normally met.

Good teachers can make learning as pleasurable as ... well, as peanuts and apple cider.

A Kind Heart

In January 1971, I resigned honorably from the U.S. Military Academy and shortly afterward entered Guilford College. In what he undoubtedly regarded as a great practical joke, the registrar assigned me as my faculty adviser Dr. Ed Burrows, who had served time in prison as a pacifist during World War II.

If the registrar intended comedy, his joke backfired. Until his death in 1998, Ed and I remained good friends. Given the canyon separating us politically, he once asked me why the two of us had remained friends. I

thought a moment, shrugged, and said, "I guess I like laughing together with you."

That friendship began with my admiration for his teaching abilities. Ed was a good man, kind to his students, with a keen sense of humor. I took several classes with him, and never once did I see him become angry or raise his voice to a student. He was beloved by many of us for his gentle criticisms and suggestions.

Good teachers can be both demanding and kind.

Demanding Excellence

In college, I normally received high grades on my papers and essays, but there I sat as a graduate student in the office of history professor James Barefield at Wake Forest University, and the first chapter of my master's thesis looked as if someone had just squirted several packets of ketchup on it. Twenty-two years old, and I was choking back tears of frustration.

Dr. Barefield quietly led me through my many mistakes, such as the overuse of adverbs, the occasional lack of connections between paragraphs, and poor word choices. Over the next months, the splashes of red ink became less frequent, and slowly my prose style improved.

Dr. Barefield and I never became particularly close, but he was always in my corner, helping me enter the doctorate program I never finished, pushing me to study for my required exam in basic French, and encouraging me when my studies overwhelmed me.

Always, I sensed, he wanted the best for me and from me.

Good teachers set the bar high in terms of expectations.

Gratitude

Good teachers can make an enormous difference in the lives of their students. They give us valuable tools for making our way in the world, inspire us to aim high and become better people, and refuse to listen to our excuses or condone shoddy work.

If you've had teachers like that, I encourage you to drop them a note expressing your appreciation, no matter how many years have passed since you last sat in a classroom or lecture hall. Our educators need to know we cherish their efforts and talents, and the effect they had on us. Speaking from my own experience, I can assure you a letter or an email of gratitude from a former student leaves me walking on air for the rest of the day.

Give a thank you to your teachers. I wish I could thank mine.

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.



and dream. What do you want to do? Who could you be?

You'll inspire yourself to do more and be more.

Organization

You'll find yourself jotting down the details of life and staying more on top of things. Lists, calendars, reminders—they may all find their way into your journal. Reviewing details on a regular basis is how details get taken care of.

Contentment

One of the best practices to incorporate into your journaling, and a great way to start, is to list each day a few things you're grateful for. Alternatively, at the end of the day, you might record your favorite parts of that day. Both will provide a sense of contentment in life and gratitude for all of the blessings you enjoy.

ANEMSTYLE/SHUTTERSTOCK

Journaling can help you see the connections between the big picture and the everyday.

DEAR NEXT GENERATION

Life Advice From My Father

→ Advice from our readers to our young people

Dear next generation,

The event written in the following words happened in 1959–1960. I was a junior at Seminole High School in Sanford, Florida. I was the fourth generation being raised on the old family property that was homesteaded by my great-grandfather and my great-grandmother not long after the Civil War. His son, my grandfather, was a part-time Methodist preacher. My mother was a registered nurse who served in New Caledonia during World War II.

I was working on the gate at the cow pen on the pond side of the road.

My father was somewhat a taciturn man. He didn't say much, which was typical for a man who had been in both Europe and Panama in World War II and survived the Great Depression. His mother had perfected the art of taking cornmeal, a little grease, some water, lots of hope, and made a meal fit for a king. This is all over a wood-burning stove.

He had a strange sense of humor, but occasionally lit up when a joke was told. He was short in his instructions and long on expecting his children to do "as you are told, when you are told" and the word "discussion" wasn't in his vocabulary.

One day, my dad came up to me in the pasture and had his "work" Thermos with coffee in it and two cups. I knew that I wasn't in any particular trouble because of the Thermos. "Let's sit over there in the shade and have a visit," He spoke.

The first thought that ran through my head was somebody must have died or was gravely ill. My dad never came to just visit when I was doing chores.

"You are about to turn 17," he said, "you will be going off to college. You will be a man, (but) long after you think you are. Probably you will have to go to the skirmish in Indochina [later called Vietnam] because General Eisenhower seems to be heading that way."

"There are a lot of things that I could tell you that could be called advice, and I could tell you about the birds and the bees," he said. "You don't need that. But you do need to know a few things that are just ordinary things that will show respect for your mama."

"The reason that I say them is because I will not last as long as her. I figure she will make a good 20 more years than me, and that is a long time to be a widow woman. She might want to remarry some gentleman who could keep her company and be someone who will last the rest of her life. It will be up to you to be sure that the person would be a gentleman of quality."

That's when he pulled out his matchbox, this where he always wrote his temporary notes.



Remember, your mama and sisters will love you unconditionally. Your daddy and your friends will respect you only when you earn it.

His points included: "Get an education and never accept anything in your life but total self-sufficiency. If you don't have one, he might think that your livelihood is so fragile that he could be forced to choose between helping you or lose his wife. A good education is important, whether it is college or a trade school. Always remember, a journeyman plumber will make more money in his lifetime than a college professor if he is any good at it. The education is not the driving force behind success. The educated genius who is lazy will be a bane to an embarrassed family while an ambitious person with an eighth-grade education will have far more money and happiness.

Get a job with a lifetime pension for you and your wife. If you can't find one, stay in the military. When you are my age, you will appreciate the fact that at 49 years old, I can retire and my wife and I will have a pension for life if something happens.

Never have more children than you can readily support without the help of commodities or assistance. If you don't have a place where you can grow all of your own food and have a good income, you can't support very many without a good job. If you get yourself in this position, what man is going to marry your mama for fear of having to eventually have to assist in supporting your children if something happens to you? Remember, it is you who should help your mom in case of her having problems, never you being the recipient of her help.

Don't count on your wife's income, you should always put it in savings for a rainy day or to help when you send your kids to college.

Never, ever, date a woman for any reason unless you would be proud to take her home to see your mama or take her to the covered dish suppers at the church. If you do, you may have to do just that.

Never curse in front of your mama or any lady. If you do, that only shows you have no respect for her and even less for yourself. If you do it in front of your children, they will get in trouble in school.

When I die, your mama will get all that we have. You will get my firearms and pocket knives. You should remember, she is smarter than you and I. We have what we have because of her money savvy. If you hope to inherit anything from her, you will have to live your life in a responsible manner. If you don't, you will inherit a dollar from her so everyone will know that you weren't left out.

Remember, your mama and sisters will love you unconditionally. Your daddy and your friends will respect you only when you earn it."

Note: She outlived him by 17 years, I did as he suggested, I am a retired Jackson, Miss., firefighter, sell insurance on the side. Wife and I always raise a garden. We are debt-free. We had two children, we have one granddaughter.

—J. Allen Sandifer, Mississippi

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

Deputy Connie Patterson was traveling south on I-310 when Jarrow drew level and rolled down his window. He asked the deputy if they could talk.

Patterson responded by telling him to pull over onto the hard shoulder, according to the report.

Safe by the side of the road in his stationary vehicle, Jarrow was free to share his woes. The kind deputy simply sat and listened while Jarrow spoke, before hugging him and offering a prayer in solidarity.

"He confided in me of the struggles he was going through in life," Patterson told the St. Charles Herald Guide.

"We prayed together and agreed that God was in control."

The pair parted ways, with Jarrow feeling heard, comforted, and reassured.

Patterson doesn't believe in coincidences. Instead, she believes it was God's plan for their paths to cross.

"I needed that moment just as much as he did, because God has big plans for him," she said, imploring all believers to say a prayer for Jarrow, regardless of their faith.

Jarrow, with his hope renewed, said that "it's important to remember that everybody is going through something," whether big or small.

Share your stories with us at emg-inspired@epochtimes.com, and get your daily dose of inspiration by signing up for the Epoch Inspired newsletter at TheEpochTimes.com/newsletter.



ence, he can contribute to a more positive portrayal of law enforcement in the media.

"The only thing the media is posting about is when a white cop kills someone who is black," he said. "The media is pushing that out there and it is causing so much hate. Too many cops are getting killed and too many civilians are getting killed ... everybody just needs to respect everybody."

In early May, St. Charles Parish Sheriff's

Brandon Jarrow (L) with St. Charles Parish Sheriff's Deputy Connie Patterson.

Patience, Prayer, and a Hug: Distraught Man Thankful for Deputy Who Saved the Day

LOUISE BEVAN

A Louisiana man was already having a tough day when a dispute with a family member became the straw that broke the camel's back.

Feeling desperate, Brandon Jarrow from Luling turned to God for an answer, and that's when he passed a sheriff's deputy on the highway.

The kind deputy simply sat and listened while Jarrow spoke, before hugging him and offering a prayer in solidarity.

The deputy, he claimed, saved his day. "I was really distraught. I was really emotional. Everything hit me at one time, and that's when I saw her," Jarrow told the St. Charles Herald Guide. "I trusted God enough to know he would lead me in the right direction."

Jarrow hopes that by sharing his experi-



To secure and ensure the longevity of El Escorial, it was built like a fortress from gray granite quarried from the surrounding mountains. It is located some 30 miles west of Madrid, in the heart of Spain.

LARGER THAN LIFE: ART THAT INSPIRES US THROUGH THE AGES

A Wellspring for the Spanish Empire

JAMES HOWARD SMITH

King Philip II inherited the Spanish Empire in 1556, including territories on every continent then known to Europeans. During his reign, the Spanish kingdoms reached the height of their influence and power.

The king was named "Philip the Prudent" due to his care and thought for the future. He was devoted to God; he upheld and defended Catholicism in Europe to preserve the faith.

In 1559, Philip appointed Juan Bautista de Toledo to the position of royal architect. Bautista had worked on St. Peter's Basilica in the Vatican, Rome, for most of his career. Together, they conceived the design of El Escorial as the crucible for the Spanish Empire.

Philip envisioned El Escorial as a center for spiritual life and for studies. The environment was meant to foster breadth of wisdom, culture, and refinement. It was, at once, a monastery, convent, basilica, library, school, and hospital, as well as the Spanish royal palace.

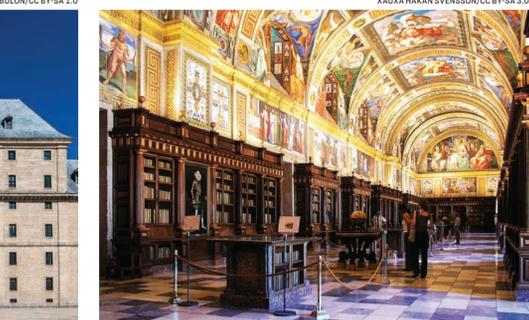
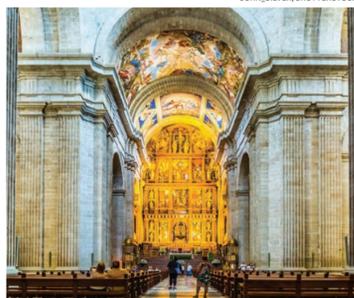
Philip was the greatest patron of Spanish art and culture during the early phase of the Spanish Golden Age, a period during which arts and literature flourished, hence El Escorial also held an enormous collection of art.

El Escorial's cornerstone was laid on April 23, 1563, and the building was completed in 1584, less than 21 years later. The building would serve as a wellspring for the Spanish Empire for 400 years and would be regarded as the sacred center of the Catholic world.

James Howard Smith, an architectural photographer, designer, and founder of Cartio, aims to inspire an appreciation of classical architecture.



(Left) The south-facing, fortress-like wall housed the monks and enclosed the building complex. (Right) The formal Frailes Garden in the foreground and the cooling pool (behind) that was used to cool the palace and store ice.



HOMESCHOOLING

Joyful Homeschooling

10 practices that add joy to your learning environment

BARBARA DANZA

One of the greatest advantages homeschooling families enjoy is the freedom to design a learning environment, strategy, and lifestyle that suits the needs of each child individually, as well as the family as a whole. While reading, writing, and arithmetic are important to think about as you conjure ideas for next year, I highly recommend prioritizing joy in your homeschool as well.

Here are 10 practices that are sure to add joy to your homeschool.

Read Aloud
Set aside a portion of each day for reading aloud. Regardless of the ages of your children, sharing in the classics, discovering the wonders of interesting topics, and giggling together over beloved picture books will become treasured memories you retain long after your season of homeschooling has finished. Audiobooks enjoyed together count, too. For fidgety kiddos, encourage doodling or crafting while listening. Make full use of your local library, use bookstores, and various online resources to procure a wide variety of quality literature to share with your family.

Take a Hike
Surprisingly, for many homeschoolers, little time is actually spent at home. The world is your classroom, as they say, so make sure you're getting out into it. Incorporate a habit of local nature walks. Encourage sketching and water-coloring, photography, identifying wildlife, and picnicking too. Benefiting the mind, soul, and body, a walk together makes every day better.

Bake the Bread
Let your home be one where the smell of freshly baked bread wafts through the air; a tray of freshly baked cookies accompanies math; or a platter of colorful, fresh fruit doubles as both an art project and delicious snack. Homeschooling and homemade just go hand in hand. The les-

sons of self-reliance, creativity, and compassion—along with the practical skills of baking and cooking—are all intertwined with the acts of providing food for your family. Allow time and space for homemade goodness into your schedule.

Play the Music
The streaming services available to us now are the perfect tools to joyfully incorporate music appreciation into your homeschooling routine. The mind-boggling availability of music is helpful for a homeschooling family. Introduce your children to the greatest composers in history simply by curating playlists and pressing play. This will become the soundtrack to your days.

Play All Day
As a homeschooler, you may feel pressure to get serious about your children's studies, but don't underestimate the power of play. Very young children should play most of the time. Everything should feel like play to them. That's how they learn. Even as children get older, you can continue to place an emphasis on fun and play with games, challenges, competitions, or artistic endeavors. Working with the topics that truly interest them and exploring them in their own way will feel like play. Aim for a sense of play in your homeschooling as much as possible.

Go on a Field Trip
School kids get a field trip once a year if they're lucky. Homeschool kids can go weekly or more if they so desire. Start a list of potential field trip destinations in your area. Get creative. Besides the obvious zoos, museums, and parks, local businesses that interest your children will often welcome homeschoolers for a "behind-the-scenes" demonstration or class.

Outsource Lessons
Just because you're a homeschooling parent doesn't mean you have to teach every single subject directly to your



Homeschool and homemade go hand in hand. Baking and cooking are good practical skills, provide fun, and feed the family.

children. If you hate math, it's probably best if that subject is taught to them by someone else. If science is boring to you, you can surely find someone else who loves it. Outsource those aspects of homeschooling that aren't bringing you joy, because your kids will sense it. There are a plethora of online classes available, and you can work within a co-op to share the load with other homeschooling parents, or you can purchase a curriculum that's mostly self-directed.

Mix It Up
Every so often, cancel the whole day and do something totally unexpected. Perhaps you take a day trip, visit the library in the morning and declare the rest of the day a reading day, or unveil some new art supplies and invite creating all day in lieu of lessons. Perhaps you just cancel school for the whole day for no reason whatsoever. You're homeschoolers. You can do that. So do it and rejoice in the fun and smiles that such surprises bring.

Celebrate
Keep your eye on the calendar and mark the holidays and celebrations you deem important. Throw a party, make themed snacks, take on craft projects inspired by the celebration, and request books from your library on that topic. This takes a little bit of forethought, but it's fun!

Connect
It can be tempting, with the pressure of providing your child with an education, to plan a lot of academic activities and strongly encourage your children to follow your plans to a T. As you aim to educate them, though, don't forget to connect with them. The gift of being home with your family together throughout their childhood is an immeasurable blessing. You're in a position to support, nurture, and know your children for who they are and who they could be. Remain flexible and maintain a loving and encouraging environment where your children can thrive.

The Gift of Seashells: A Father's Hope for His Children

WAYNE A. BARNES

On a recent trip to the Dominican Republic, I had the opportunity to purchase five seashells. I haggled for them in Spanish with a man at a roadside stop, perhaps the last hurdle to prove that one is finally fluent in a foreign language. But the goal was to bring home the goods at the best price possible, and I think I succeeded, although exactly how much a Dominican peso is worth each day in U.S. dollars is always a question. But I wanted to have the shells for a good reason—as you will see.

Seashells have always captivated me. Whether they are the large but very plain clamshells I played with on the Jersey Shore as a child, or the small but intricate ones found on Sanibel and Captiva Islands off the Gulf Coast of Florida, each one is different and has its own story.

When a man lives his life, it's the quality of that life and one's feeling about it that separates him, not just from the lower animals, but also from the rest of humanity. In his heart and mind, he knows what he does each day, and how it contributes to the fabric from which he weaves the full set of clothing that is the life he leads. At the end of each day, he must look at himself in the mirror and see if he is proud of the clothes he wears. Are they clean and well-fitting, and something he worked very hard to be able to wear, or are they shabby



and worn, tattered and threadbare? Each morning as we arise, we should set our sights on what we want to accomplish and how we plan to get there. But we must do so with a strict code of ethics, and a strong will to reach our goals. Stacking together an entire life of such days culminates in a life worth living. Others will admire such a life, although that should never be the goal. It doesn't matter that you didn't invent the newest time-saving contraption or cure the worst plague. What matters is how you lived each day. Have you done your best by mankind,



(Above) The seashells gifted by the author to his children.

(Left) The author (L), his son Sebastian, and grandson Noah, born on May 13 of this year.

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.

especially for those you care about and love, and not caused intentional harm, even to those you hold in less regard? Most of all, how do you feel about yourself, and can you look unwavering into the mirror and see someone you are proud of?

If a day has gone by and you believe you haven't done your best and lived up to your potential, while others may not know it, you alone will feel the burden of such a day pressing down upon your shoulders. It will prevent you from standing tall and proud. Man is fortunate always to have another chance, beginning with the very next tomorrow, to try again to do better, but it's within your thoughts, alone, that you must ponder the day's events as you rest your head on your pillow each night.

The small animal that lived within the seashell you receive today couldn't have had such weighty thoughts, but each of its thousands of days did contribute to its life, and the record and commemoration of what it was here for you to hold. It's hard and strong, beautifully shaped and colorful, and it's something to be admired.

In our lives, there will be no "human shell" once our days are gone. There will only be the pride we lived with and our own colorful legacy, added to, just as with the sea creature, one single day at a time, that has made us what we will have become, something worth looking back on. Now grasp the shell and try to picture your life, commemorated as something sturdy and glorious. Each day, add to its strength and beauty.

With much love to all of my children of whom I am so very proud, Ariel, Natalia, Gavin, Sebastian, and Thomas.

FOR KIDS ONLY

THE EPOCH TIMES

Fireflies
by Evaleen Stein

Look! Look down in the garden how
The firefly lights are flitting now!
A million tiny sparks I know
Flash through the pinks and golden-glow,
And I am very sure that all
Have come to light a fairy ball,
And if I could stay up I'd see
How gay the fairy folks can be!

WHAT'S THE BEST TREAT TO GIVE DAD ON FATHER'S DAY?

A POPSICLE

For unflagging interest and enjoyment, a household of children, if things go reasonably well, certainly makes all other forms of success and achievement lose their importance by comparison.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858-1919), 26TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

This Week in History

AMELIA EARHART MAKES HISTORY

On June 17, 1928, pilot Amelia Earhart became the first woman to cross the Atlantic in a plane. Flying as a passenger with co-pilots Wilmer Stulz and Louis Gordon onboard Friendship, a Fokker F.VII aircraft, Earhart landed in South Wales after a 20 hour and 40 minute flight from Newfoundland, Canada. For her historic feat, she was honored with a ticker tape parade and great media attention, which led to opportunities in her remarkable aviation career.



Amelia Earhart in Newfoundland, Canada, on June 14, 1928.

By Aidan Danza, age 15

THE PENGUIN

Penguins are rather abnormal birds.

They can't fly and favor living in harsh environments like deserts and Antarctica. They are a charismatic and lovable species, with a seemingly playful personality about some (especially the small ones) and a regal air about the others, with names like "emperor," "king," and "royal."

ADELIE PENGUIN

One of the smaller penguins, the Adelle, is a true Antarctic penguin. Unlike most other penguins, it breeds only here, in the Antarctic summer from October to February. The French explorer who discovered them named them after his wife, Adele. However, this penguin's claim to fame is its feisty personality. They build nests out of small stones, which they will fight over vigorously. They are also quite unafraid of larger animals, taking on a fight with larger seabirds and even seals, which are potential predators.



HUMBOLDT PENGUIN

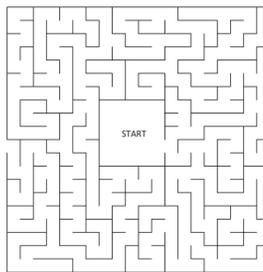
Humboldt penguins are named after the Humboldt current, a cold water current that flows from Antarctica to the West coast of South America, where the penguins live. This land is extremely arid, but the current holds all the spoils of the Antarctic waters. They nest in a desert habitat, usually in old seabird colonies, where the penguins dig large burrows out of generations' worth of seabird droppings. Interestingly, the Humboldt penguin has been given a unique characteristic, in which they turn pink in hot weather. This is thought to help them cool down by shedding body heat.

EMPEROR PENGUIN

Perhaps the most beloved and beautiful penguin, the Emperor, is the classic, large, Antarctic penguin. Its major claim to fame is its toughness, which is best illustrated by its parenting. The female will lay one egg on the male's feet at the beginning of the Antarctic winter. Then the female walks a long journey to sea, exhausted by the effort of producing an egg. The male must endure the harshest winter in the world by huddling with the rest of the colony to keep warm. When the chick hatches, the father must regurgitate all its food stores to keep it alive. Then, the female returns, and repeats the same process, albeit in warmer weather.



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

7	9		
58			
2	8		
+	-	x	÷

Solution For Easy 1
2 x 4 - 8 = 6

Medium puzzle 1

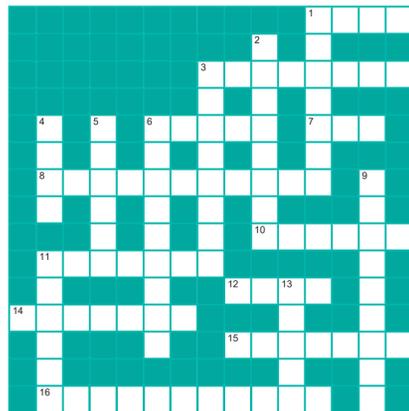
9	12		
32			
1	10		
+	-	x	÷

Solution for Medium 1
1 + 6 + 01 + 21

Hard puzzle 1

22	31		
25			
8	24		
+	-	x	÷

Solution for Hard 1
8 - 22 - 12 + 16



Across

- 1 Not nerdy (4)
- 3 Shares with everybody (8)
- 6 Never afraid (5)
- 7 Good times (3)
- 8 Mushy (11)
- 10 Full of love (6)

Down

- 1 "One ___ owner," used-car-ad term (7)
- 2 Works to pay bills (8)
- 3 Thankful (8)
- 4 Top-quality (4)
- 5 Not too rough (6)
- 6 Super smart (9)
- 9 Very sure of himself (9)
- 11 Doesn't flip-flop (6)
- 13 Enforces rules without exception (5)

- 11 Exceptional (7)
- 12 Knowing (4)
- 14 Able to wait (7)
- 15 Favored by God (7)
- 16 Supports (11)

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