

# THE EPOCH TIMES

# LIFE &

# TRADITION

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY OF TOMENY AERO INC.



Terry and Winette Tomeny of Tomeny Aero offer tours and flight lessons. In 2017 the Tomenys and retired airline captain Sam Spayd opened the Florence Aviation Academy, working with The Boys and Girls Club to inspire the next generation of pilots and engineers.

## Top Flight

With his storied, lifelong aviation career, Terry Tomeny is now inspiring a new generation

LINDA KC REYNOLDS

As a preteen, Terry Tomeny and his father, Edward “Ted” Tomeny, had no clue that one flight in a Cessna 172 would send the youngster up a path that would lead him to approximately 10,000 hours of flying time in more than 80 types of aircraft.

“Flying was the coolest thing I have ever done, and to this day it is still my biggest passion and interest,” said Tomeny, 72.

His father worked as an accountant and his mother was a homemaker. “We had no aviation in our family, but my dad would do some work for a bachelor who owned a Cessna 172, a V-Tail Bonanza, and several other planes. One day, my dad asked him if he would take me up for a ride.” After one flight, Tomeny was hooked and flew whenever a flight was offered.

In high school, he excelled at math and science but hated languages, English, social studies, and history.

“Physics, calculus, chemistry—I loved that stuff,” he said. A high school counselor encouraged him to become an engineer. Upon high school graduation, he accepted a full scholarship to an engineering college, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in Troy, New York, about a three-hour drive from his hometown of Syracuse. Tuition was about \$16,000 a year so Tomeny felt extremely fortunate. “No way would we ever been able to afford that.”

Walking down the hallway with his parents during orientation, they happened upon three ROTC tables. The first was an Air Force recruiter who asked him if he had 20/20 vision. “Yes, I do!” answered Tomeny. Then the recruiter then asked if he would like to be a pilot.

“Cool!” He signed on the dotted line, and that began the next 31 years of his life.

College was not as easy as high school. He liked to party a bit, and every once in a while, he skipped a few classes.



Terry Tomeny.

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MONKEY BUSINESS IMAGES  
SHUTTERSTOCK

## Diversions, Amusements, and Leisure: The Importance of Play for Adults

◀ Play matters—  
even for adults!

JEFF MINICK

Recently, my daughter’s family came for a visit.

One evening, the three younger grandkids, a girl and two boys, ages 8, 6, and 4, took turns running around the house while I sat on the porch and timed each race. In between these sprints, they climbed trees, the granddaughter danced and sang a song from the old flick “High Society” on the porch, the boys dashed around the yard shoot-

ing off cap pistols, which were impressively loud, and I sat in my chair, feeling exhausted just from watching this spectacle. Minutes later found me with the two boys in the backyard, popping off a BB gun with a white paper cup atop a cardboard box as the target.

Meanwhile, the older kids are inside, playing solitaire, watching “I Love Lucy,” and in the case of the oldest grandson, reading Oscar Wilde’s “The Picture of Dorian Gray.”

This hubbub is always a welcome change from my normal routine and solitude—to say I sleep well at night when they are here is putting it mildly—and I relish every moment.

That evening, when the grandkids were darting across the grass clamoring for my attention, I began thinking about the importance and meaning of play, not so much for children but for adults.

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Flying over the vast Oregon dunes recreation area.



Retired U.S. Air Force Col. Terry Tomeny has had a passion for aviation since he was a young boy. He has nearly 10,000 hours of flight time in over 80 aircraft.



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# Top Flight

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"I was an average college student but because of ROTC, I had to toe the line while everyone else was going through the Vietnam-long-hair-hippy freak-smoking marijuana phase of their lives," he said.

## A Natural Ability

In his fourth year of college, he had to take a 35-hour flight instruction course in a Piper Cherokee to see if he had any ability to fly.

"You can like to fly, but that does not make you a good pilot," Tomeny explained. His instructor was a WASP (Women Air Force Service Pilots) during World War II.

"Ms. Virginia Sweet was in her 50s and wore these big skirts with petticoats under them. She was an excellent pilot and instructor," Tomeny said. After only a few hours of instruction, Ms. Sweet asked him if he wanted to fly solo.

"Today? Do you think I'm ready?" he replied nervously. The air was quite turbulent; the plane was unsteady and bobbing.

"If you can fly today, you can fly any day," she said. "We landed, she got out and I soloed."

Impressed after only 35 hours of instruction, the instructor called an examiner for Tomeny's 1 1/2-hour check ride who happened to be in the area. After fulfilling the requirements of laying out a cross-country flight plan, Tomeny and his examiner took to the sky. Tomeny performed a few maneuvers and short, planned engine stalls, when the examiner pulled back the throttle and said, "You just lost your engine—now land."

Spiraling down to reduce speed, then gliding toward the airport without power, Tomeny started to get nervous, calculating whether to go over or under the approaching power lines.

"At the last moment the examiner said I could use a little power, so I went over the power lines and landed. We probably only flew 30 minutes but he said I was good to go." It was confirmed: Tomeny had a natural ability to fly.

Unfortunately, the owner of the little airport where Tomeny trained was killed

## He has flown everything from hot air balloons to supersonic fighters.



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(3, 4) Terry and Winette Tomeny fly past the Heceta Head Lighthouse and the majestic Siuslaw River Bridge in Florence, Ore., in their legendary Stearman "Kaydet." The aircraft was the primary trainer for the U.S. Army Air Corps in World War II and is arguably the most famous biplane ever made.

a few days later in a crash, in an aircraft that he had recently flown. While driving toward the woods to check out the wreckage, Don McClean's "American Pie," which was recently released, played on the radio.

"I stood there and looked at the yoke [control wheel] of the airplane that I was behind just a few days ago, all ripped apart." He paused and cleared his throat. "Anyways, whenever I hear that song, it brings me back to that time."

With a 2.9 GPA, Tomeny believes it is the social skills he learned from being in a fraternity that were most important. Ready to go into the Air Force pilot training program, he ran into the dean of engineering, Carl Westerdahl, at a fraternity party a few weeks before graduation.

Westerdahl asked him if he was interested in grad school, which would only take one more year. Tomeny discovered that when he went to class regularly and actually studied, it was actually pretty easy—and he did quite well.

"I think everybody should have a time, sometime in their life, that they feel they are the No. 1 guy," he said. With his parents and two sisters present at his graduation, he had that moment.

"I was the No. 1 graduate and the top academic guy. Boy, my parents were so proud. I thought that was pretty cool." He has had "that moment" several times throughout his life, graduating with top honors from every flying school he has attended.

## Hot Air Balloons and Supersonic Jets

He is a past president and fellow of the Society of Experimental Test Pilots and is the recipient of the Doolittle and Kincheloe awards. He also received the Liethen-Tittle Award, awarded to the top pilot in a given class at the U.S. Air Force Test Pilot School, among numerous other accolades.

Tomeny's successful aviation career includes becoming a commander and director for several programs at Edwards Flight Test Center in California. He has flown everything from hot air balloons to supersonic fighters, and he has worked for the Pentagon and companies including Lockheed Martin, Boeing, Calspan, and Eclipse.

"The difference between a manager and a leader is that a manager tells you what to do, a leader asks you what you think needs to be done. You listen and work together as a team. Sometimes you have to be both. I think one of the

biggest compliments you can have is when someone says, 'I will work for you anywhere, doing anything,' and that has happened quite a bit."

He and his wife, Winette, now live in Florence, Oregon, on Lake Mercer only a few miles from the ocean and their hanger. Winette volunteered for Seacoast Entertainment and is now the president, booking bands and entertainment from around the country for the community.

They launched Tomeny Aero Inc. and Aero Legends Biplane Rides, offering tours in their vintage Stearman biplane, exploring the beautiful Oregon coast. Tomeny is now a world history buff and very knowledgeable about the history of Florence, which he shares with his passengers while flying over sand dunes and landmarks.

## Inspiring the Next Generation

In 2017, the Tomenys and retired airline captain Sam Spayd opened the Florence Aviation Academy, an annual, two-week charitable event accomplished in partnership with the Boys & Girls Club of Western Lane County. Students are introduced to the basics of aviation and its history. They learn math skills that are required to determine fuel usage and flight times, basic airplane maintenance, and flight instructions. Upon graduation, students fly with their instructor and actually pilot the aircraft.

"We find that so many kids do not have goals or visions, and all it takes is a little spark to set them off of a successful career and happy life. So in addition to exposing the kids to my passion, flying, we also encourage them to follow their own passions. We use the following saying—and it has already inspired four years of graduates: 'Find something you love to do, that you're good at, that somebody will pay you to do, and you'll never have to work a day in your life.'"

"We find that most of the kids have never thought about it—or think they don't have a chance. My belief is that if you really want it, go for it, and never, ever quit. Make them drag you out by your heels!"

Linda KC Reynolds began her photography career in the U.S. Air Force. After serving six years, she worked full-time for Northrop Grumman on the B-2 stealth bomber and now freelances for various aerospace companies and other venues. She is passionate about free speech, musical production, and sharing peoples' stories.

# A Lasting Legacy

Retiring police captain goes on final patrol with rookie officer son

MICHAEL WING

In the driver's seat of his police cruiser, Capt. Paul Pecena completed his final patrol on July 9, after 33 years with the Mesquite Police Department in Texas.

Riding alongside was his son, Officer William Pecena, 24, who's following in his dad's footsteps and has been serving on the force for a year.

Serving his community has taught Capt. Pecena many things—especially in these troubling times; he's learned that for every one person who curses you, there are 20 more in the community who offer blessings to law enforcement.

"It is a difficult time to be a police officer in this country, but I have been able to patrol the streets with my son for several months and see with my own eyes that he is well-trained, brave, and committed to doing what is right," he told The Epoch Times. His brothers and sisters in blue are the

same, he adds, noting the rigorous yearlong training program his son has completed.

Capt. Pecena said it was the greatest honor of his life to serve his community; making a difference, whether it be resolving a conflict on a call, solving a crime, or taking action to make people's lives a little bit better, has been the greatest satisfaction, he says.

On his final day, with his son as a patrol partner, was one of "sadness and pride, all at the same time," he added—his goals for the day being: "Don't burst into tears in public, and don't have a traffic accident."

"When police officers serve together for a long time and endure difficult times together, it creates a bond like brothers and sisters," he said. "I am sad to leave them behind to carry on the mission without me, but I also feel a great deal of pride that my son will pick up the burden that I lay down and carry it forward."

As for his son, William knew from his first ride in a cruiser, encouraged by his dad at age 16, that the occupation was for him.

"I was riding in the passenger seat of a squad car as the officer drove down a local road with lights and sirens going," the young officer said. "We were on the way to an interesting call and I knew that there was



(L-R) William Pecena and his father Paul Pecena.

# Diversions, Amusements, and Leisure: The Importance of Play for Adults

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## A Rare Commodity

My online dictionary defines the verb play as to "engage in activity for recreation and enjoyment rather than a serious or practical purpose." Throughout the week, as my grandchildren colored pictures at the dining room table, zoomed down the sliding board behind the house, or kicked a rugby ball in the front yard, that definition fit them like a glove. Play came as naturally to them as breathing.

But what about the rest of us?

Like many of my readers, when I was struggling in my middle years to earn a living while at the same time helping my wife raise children, play was not a conscious part of my day's agenda. The kids and I sometimes shot a basketball in the driveway, my wife and I enjoyed Saturday mornings at the soccer field where we watched the games and visited with other parents, and for a few years, we joined in a weekly volleyball game in the backyard of a local physician. Otherwise, play took a backseat, and rightly so, to the exigencies of the workaday world.

And now? At first glance, play as defined above has gone missing from my vocabulary. As I considered the idea, however, I realized that most adults, including me, do play, but in ways different from children.

## Games and Hobbies

Many of us play various games—golf, tennis, softball, and so on—all of which fit the definition. Unlike kids, we may have ulterior motives for such activities such as physical fitness, but they remain forms of play. The same holds true with card games and board games among family members and friends.

Some of us, particularly older people, enjoy hobbies, which are also a form of play. One good friend who is semi-retired reads four to five hours a day, preferring in particular histories and biographies. Several people of my acquaintance enjoy gardening. One woman I know loves studying weather patterns and sounds like a television re-

porter when she offers a report on the heat index, wind speeds, and possible storms. Another began going to the gym and workout classes several times a week for health reasons, but now enjoys this exercise so much that it might qualify as a hobby.

These recreations can bring enormous relief from stress. (The very word "recreation" means to re-create.) Winston Churchill, for example, might serve as a quintessential hobbyist. He became fascinated with masonry and, after receiving instruction, often found pleasure in building brick walls around his home, Chartwell. Later, he took up painting watercolors and became an excellent amateur artist. Both activities afforded him the opportunity to "play," to escape his responsibilities as a writer and statesman for a brief time and have some fun.

## Conversational Play

When children gather with their friends, most often they spend the time in active recreation. They play with their Lego sets, dress up like pirates or princesses, throw a football, and climb on the playground equipment at the local park.

Adults visit in a different way. They meet a friend in a coffee shop, converse on the park benches while the children are on the swing sets, or enjoy suppers in one another's homes. Some adults belong to book clubs, gathering at a specific time, usually with refreshments, to discuss a pre-selected book. One group of grown siblings I know hit the phones every Thursday evening to talk over a passage they've all read in scripture.

Are these get-togethers with friends and family a form of grownup play? According to our definition, they seem to qualify as occasions bringing pleasure and even joy.

## Leisure and Contemplation

A good number of years ago, I read Joseph Pieper's "Leisure: The Basis of Culture." Published in 1948, and probably even more

Within each of us, however, hidden away, is an inner child always at the ready to participate in this encounter with the miraculous.



According to Joseph Pieper, the author of "Leisure: The Basis of Culture," leisure and contemplation are vital to sustain a civilization.

pertinent to today's social media culture than when it first appeared, Pieper contends that leisure and its companion, contemplation, are vital for sustaining any civilization. He points out that modernity is obsessed with work, whereas in earlier times, men and women recognized that true leisure was an ingredient vital to our health and humanity.

Ignatius Press, the current publisher of "Leisure: The Basis of Culture," sums up Pieper's ideas this way:

"Pieper maintains that our bourgeois world of total labor has vanquished leisure, and issues a startling warning: Unless we regain the art of silence and insight, the ability for non-activity, unless we substitute true leisure for our hectic amusements, we will destroy our culture—and ourselves."

Are leisure and contemplation, silence and insight, part of adult play? On the face of it, the answer must be no. Such contemplation seems intended for a serious purpose.

## A Deeper Look

And yet ...

Think back on childhood. Can you remember any magical moments when the stars in the sky overwhelmed you with their beauty, when a path through a forest seemed a marvelous tunnel of sunshine and shadows, when the doors and windows of a city street portended mysteries about the people who lived in those buildings?

In such moments of childhood contemplation, when we are alone and silent, we feel something big and powerful and wonderful behind our daily lives of school, meals, parents, siblings, and friends. An example: I can remember myself as a 5-year-old standing, in all places, in an abandoned, tumbledown garage next to the house we were renting. Sunlight was pouring through the dust-encrusted windows, discarded nails and bits of broken tools were scattered on a workbench, and the gray walls gave off a pleasant aroma of age, heat, and wood. In that dusty room were mystery and beauty, and though I then lacked the language to say so, for a few moments the magic of existence overwhelmed me.

We adults can experience this same wonder by sitting with a cup of coffee early in the morning and contemplating the day, taking a few moments to savor the dawn. We can find it in the face of a child or in a sunset. Within each of us, however, hidden away, is an inner child always at the ready to participate in this encounter with the miraculous. We will perform that act of appreciation more consciously than children, but with its gift of spontaneous joy, we can still consider it a form of play.

In his online article about the innocence and virtues of childhood, Itxu Diaz observes of the English writer G.K. Chesterton: "He never ceased to look at the world with the eyes of a newborn: 'What was wonderful about childhood is that anything in it was a wonder.'"

Play, real play, brings not just recreation and enjoyment. It gives us the chance to experience joy, mystery, and the miraculous.



For adults, play often takes a backseat to the demands of busy, work-filled lives.

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.



# The Hounds of Antigua



WAYNE A. BARNES

In 2004, I spent seven glorious months on “de island of Antigua, Mon!” (And that is an-TEE-gah, for those who have not visited the place, as its history is British and not Spanish.) It’s about 300 miles east of Puerto Rico in the West Indies, the “Windies,” they call them.

I was investigating a massive construction fraud in which a billionaire had 15 active job sites: hotel, resort, five-star restaurant, athletic club, a reef-ball project (for creating an artificial reef), and many fine houses.

Following each weekend, managers and workers returned to construction sites to find that large amounts of building materials had disappeared. When the investigation was completed, we had located 28 houses and an eight-unit apartment building, all built with stolen material, and by workers paid on company time. It was a great case!

But no matter how hard you work, and how many long hours you put in so far away—and you do miss the creature comforts of home—you should still find time to entertain yourself.

Those involved in the investigation stayed at a most splendiferous place called the Blue Waters Resort and Spa. It is everything a Caribbean resort should be—on the water, acres of lush vegetation, and amenities galore—pools, ponds, a long horizontal palm tree out over the beach, (which everyone took a photo of), sailing, scuba, and such a magnificent presentation of cuisine it made you feel guilty if you hadn’t jogged before breakfast.

## Monster Dogs Make Their Presence Known

A winding backroad—almost all roads in Antigua are backroads—out of the Blue Waters takes you up a hill, bends left, and overlooks an incline to the sea. On the right, houses far up a slope, perhaps 50 yards (OK, meters, in Antigua), are not quite Frank Lloyd Wright designs, but close. The most magnificent had a broad, covered patio, dotted with almost too many chaise lounges.

My plan was to jog each day in a circuit on this road, then return for a scrumptious, made-to-order omelet, to replenish my energy. A quarter-of-a-mile down the narrow blacktop, while gazing left through the morning mist at the surf, a horrendous sound of snarling and growling, such as I had never heard, struck me from my right.

Just beyond the shoulder of the road, an

eight-foot-high chain-link fence, topped with barbed wire, held two, large, angry, vicious, barking, how-dare-you-jog-on-this-road, mongrels. I couldn’t help but veer left, knowing they were staking their claim off to the right, even if behind a sturdy fence. Slow-moving cars would swerve away, the noise was so frightful!

Worse still, they had made their charge from two large doghouses up near the patio, gathered momentum, and their volume amplified as they approached.

This was not completely unexpected, as Antigua is similar to most places in the world where dogs are not house pets and they have no names, unlike our beloved pets in America. Still, their ferocity was frightful.

It may sound harsh to call them “mongrels,” but that’s what they were. The male had German shepherd markings, but longer hair and its ears flopped over, not in a cute way. The strength in his shoulders was impressive.

The female had some black lab ancestry, but was not the right body shape, and her ears pointed out to the sides. She kept her feet braced and shoulders low, following me with her watchful eyes so I knew I was her quarry. Whatever the backgrounds of these two creatures, nature had taken the mean and ornery genes from their family trees and they were rooted right into these four-footed monsters. They were Antigua’s Hounds of the Baskervilles.

The fence was not keeping passersby out as much as keeping the dogs in. I could see several spots in the diamond shapes of the chain-link distorted into circles. Through these larger openings they pressed their snouts, adding snorting sounds to their raucous threats. Bending the heavy steel wire took its toll on their flesh. Up closer, trying to ignore their continuous cacophony, I saw the sides of their snouts were rubbed raw from this frustrating exercise every time someone passed by.

After several days of my jogging regimen, there was no letting up by these would-be pursuers, no matter that their efforts were stifled every day. They seemed to have no learning curve at all.

One day, a group of cute island school-children, in their little plaid uniforms, were walking on the side of the road ahead of me when the snarling began and increased as the monsters descended the hill. The children were nearly frozen with fear and

The author, Wayne A. Barnes, in an old photo with his children, their puppies, and (the American) Cirrus and Haley.

## They were Antigua’s Hounds of the Baskervilles. The fence was not keeping passersby out as much as keeping the dogs in.

Antigua is similar to most places in the world where dogs are not house pets.

fled to the other side of the road, ignoring the danger of oncoming cars. That was enough for me, so I devised a plan.

### My Plan Is Put Into Action

The next day, I jogged right up to the fence and waited as the momentum of the growls reached its crescendo. Their snouts smashed into the rounded openings. I stood, seemingly unaffected which, by then, I was.

Back in San Diego, my family had raised AKC golden retrievers, the most gentle, kind, caring, and kid-loving dogs on the planet. The parents of our few litters were Cirrus, a giant blond Golden, and Haley, a smaller, reddish foxy lady. Together they made perfect puppies.

The breeders had called the male puppy, “Star.” It didn’t sound right in a long callout, so he became the Dog Star, which is Sirius. But strict naming conventions don’t apply to dogs, so he lost a syllable, and gained an “r, due to kid-spelling, to become Cirrus. Oldest son, Thomas, was his keeper.

Third son, Gavin, took a shine to our female canine. On his own, he came up with another astronomy-related name, Haley, after the comet, again, with kid-spelling.

These two Goldenes were loved by all and made our family of seven whole. They were front-and-center on Christmas photos, with a puppy in each child’s lap! With this endearing recollection of those great times, and those wonderful dogs, I took my next step.

After a few minutes of unabated snarling, I said, in my most pleasant voice, “Cirrus, Haley—Cirrus, Haley,” and then gave out a three-tweet whistle, not unlike something a cardinal might sing, but louder and shriller. It wasn’t a fingers-in-your-mouth, knock-your-eardrums-out whistle, but a pucker-your-lips and call-your-dogs, pleasant sound. It is how I used to call our Goldenes from far away when they were bouncing in the surf in Solana Beach. As for my audience here in Antigua—“Nutin’, Mon!” Didn’t faze them a bit.

The next morning, I jogged with a packed napkin in one hand. When confronted with the brazen bullies of the backroad, I stopped and knelt down. This was something I hadn’t done before and it elevated their frenzy, jabbing their snouts even harder through the fence.

I pulled out several slices of ham from the napkin and held them aloft. No change. I stood and stuffed a few folded-over pieces of meat through one of the diamond openings, higher than they could jump.

At first, they ignored it on the ground nearby, but the aroma wafting through the air got their attention.

They stopped snarling and consumed the treats. I delivered the rest of my bounty in the same fashion. Each dog finished off its own small pile of ham in an instant and then—back to growling and barking. “OK, nice try.”

The next day it was the same, but with a bit more ham. As I approached the chain-link fence, I slowed and began the three-tweet whistle. No need, really, as they were already growling and kicking up the dust on the attack. But, whistle I did, ignoring their efforts to inspire fear.

As they snarled, I called out the names, “Cirrus! Haley!—Ciiir-rus! Haaaa-ley!” again, so pleasantly, you’d think they were our old Goldenes down the beach. Then the three-tweet whistle, again, and still snarls. I waved the meat slowly, right in front of their angry snouts, my hand inches from their gnashing teeth. I stood and pushed it through the fence, up high, some for each one, and waited.

They instantly found the meat, again. When they seemed ready to return to their guard-dog assignment, I sent more meat through the fence. Again, they followed the smell and devoured a few more slices.

## Will ham diplomacy and encouraging words tame the snarling, barking menaces that lurk in the island hills?

This time when their heads popped up, there was hesitation. They were looking around for more meat before they went back to their snarls. That’s when I knew I had them.

The next successive days I whistled as I approached, called out the names I had given them, and put the meat through the fence just as they arrived.

It became comical. Their angry charge had morphed into a charge-for-ham. If you didn’t know the difference, you wouldn’t see it, but a psychological transformation was taking place.

Each day as I knelt, I put meat through the fence at snout-level, said their names, and continued my intermittent whistling.

“There’s a good dog, Cirrus. Good girl, Haley, yes you are, such a good girl,” as they took the meat and came back for more. Now they rubbed up against the fence and I scratched behind their ears, always calling their names and giving them a whistle or two.

One day I forgot the meat. When I reached the fence, I was somewhat fearful, but realized it would be a good test to see how far the pooches had come.

I did the normal tweet, and down the slope they dashed. Now, it would have been obvious to anyone this was not a guard-dog mission, but something quite different. I continued to call their names and do my tweets. When they reached me, I was kneeling. I put my hand flat against the fence and Haley rubbed up against it, then so did Cirrus on my other hand.

This was the crucial moment, like when Pavlov’s dog no longer needed food to salivate when hearing the bell. Here, my dogs were glad at my mere presence, showing them attention, and any treat would have been secondary.

I rubbed their ears and necks, one hand for each through the fence, and kept speaking softly of how wonderful they were. And, intermittently, the whistling.

The next day I was back to the normal jogging route with meat in hand to reinforce their friendly responses.

As I began to jog away, a couple approached, walking from the other direction. We nodded and said our island, “Good morning!” as we passed.

Seconds later, I heard the raucous barking and growling I hadn’t heard for weeks. I turned to see the couple swerve out onto the road to give the guard-beasts some distance.

Another week of normal friendliness passed with what I now saw as my pets, and it was clear that all three of us enjoyed our morning ritual.

### A Colleague Gets A Surprise!

One day while investigating, I had lunch with my colleague, Rich, and found I had half a ham-and-cheese sandwich left over. I cut it in half, wrapped it in a paper napkin, and put it in my bag. I got a curious glance from my friend, who knew all our meals were paid for, and there was no need to save any for later.

We drove back to the Blue Waters with Rich at the wheel. As we came down the familiar backroad, I asked him to pull over. He did, but had no idea why.

Our car windows were down, and we were off on the sea-side shoulder. A torrent of barking and snarling came from up the slope on the other side of the road.

Rich knew, as did anyone who had ever walked or jogged down that road, what the noise was. I leaned out my window and did a few three-tweet whistles.

Now, even a not-very-observant person could see a dynamic change in the dogs’ behavior. They went from full-on charge to playful-romp, almost as though there were ocean waves crashing ahead for fun-loving dogs to jump into.

I got out of the car and unwrapped the sandwich as I crossed the road.



(The Antiguan) Haley and Cirrus.

“Good girl, Haley. Good boy, Cirrus. Here’s a treat. Do you want a treat?” Three-tweet whistle, three-tweet whistle ...

The two sandwich pieces went through the fence and right into their mouths. What had been monster dogs were as playful as pups and lovingly took their neck-and-ear rubbing.

In a few moments, I was back in the car. My colleague had jogged on that road and done his own swerving-off-the-path to put distance between himself and the dogs. Rich sat there in jaw-dropped silence.

## I waved the meat slowly, right in front of their angry snouts, my hand inches from their gnashing teeth.

When he regained his composure, he asked what that was all about.

As nonchalantly as I could I said, “I was just giving my dogs a treat. Why?”

There were a few more moments of still-stunned silence, and finally he said, “Only you!”

He put the car in gear and we drove away.

### A Doctor Is Befuddled

I will have to admit my island Cirrus and Haley did as much to keep me in shape for the months I was there as anything else. Sure, I could have stopped by and fed them as I drove on my route to the office in the morning, but what would have been the fun in that? The daily regimen of the jog, the feeding, the ear-rubbing, and the overall pleasantness of their morning greeting had become fulfilling, especially with such a long hiatus from my home in Florida, and only intermittent visits for a few days at a time.

Our investigation continued to reveal more and more corruption in the higher ranks of site managers and their assistants, and especially, the main construction manager. Most had been building houses from their own job site materials, which they should have been using to build what they were paid to do. One even remodeled his mother’s home with company labor.

The island is only about 13 by 15 miles. In each village where a site manager lived, we could stand back and look for the newest and biggest house. That would be the one built with stolen stuff, by workers paid time-and-a-half on Sundays.

Our leads took us as far and wide as the island had acreage to cover. One trip in my SUV up little more than a dirt path, through what looked like Jurassic Park, rewarded me with a brand new, very big house. It was a half-size version of the athletic club, which was under construction right across from the airport terminal. True to form, it had been built by the athletic club site manager, with stolen plans, cut down by half, copper roof and all.

A forensic accounting showed that three times the amount of material needed to complete the massive construction projects had already been sent to the island—and they were only half finished!

One lead took me to the Chinese-built hospital, the largest on the island, and the need to speak with one of the doctors. He wasn’t in that day, but I was given his address. It was on a street I was not familiar with, but I got directions.

I pulled up to the front of the house and it was impressive.

The doctor was gracious and welcomed me in. We went through to a room with a vista of a hill sloping down toward the sea. Beyond the sliding doors was a broad, covered patio, dotted with chaise lounges. While I had never seen it from this perspective, I knew exactly where I was.

We sat and had a 15-minute conversation about real estate on the island and certain plots of land he was familiar with. He was very helpful and we got along well.

As I rose to leave, looking around at his wonderfully designed home, I asked if I might step out onto the patio for a moment. The view of the sea was spectacular.

“Oh, no,” he said, “it might be dangerous out there.” He went on that he had two vicious guard dogs that earned their keep. He wouldn’t want me to take any chances, even if he was a doctor.

I told him I got along pretty well with animals and thought it would be OK.

As he began to protest, I slid the door open and stepped onto the patio. Halfway across, I heard snarls and two heads popped out of the doghouses on either side of the steps. Before the growling grew in volume I did a three-tweet whistle, once, and then again, as I reached the steps.

The happy-go-lucky romping of two loveable, playful dogs could not have been better demonstrated if they had been drugged with love potion. They were like cats overdosed on catnip.

They came to my legs and took my rubbing of their ears, pushed up against me on both sides, one hand on each of them. In low tones, I extolled the wonderfulness of Cirrus and Haley to these marvelous creatures.

I looked back up to the patio and saw the expression on the doctor’s face. First, it was astonishment, but then it mixed with other emotions. He had feared I would be torn apart, but when that didn’t happen, he began to get angry that his dogs were not performing as trained—guarding his house from all strangers! Then his look fell back, simply, to utter confusion.

He was mouthing words like, “What? But how?” and “I don’t under—” Then he was silent.

I had not planned any of this, hadn’t known what the front of the house looked like, way up the hill with its address on a different street. I never thought about who owned it. For me, this was just a great coincidence.

### Pets Tell Us More Than Their Owners

In my many investigations in the United States, there were times I had to profile households, entire families, sometimes for child abuse and who was doing it, and other times, just for how they interacted. What you can learn from the actions of a house pet is often more telling than any words someone might say to you.

Do their dogs or cats approach you cautiously when you enter, even let you pet them and rub up against you, or do they run away in fear the moment a stranger, or even a household member, enters? And where do they seek refuge? There is consistency in pet behavior that is simply impossible to fake.

So the behavior of Cirrus and Haley of Antigua made me wonder about the doctor’s personality when he wasn’t congenially answering questions about construction fraud. His watchdogs were not part of my investigation, but they raised my suspicions. Then again, this was Antigua, and not America, and the relationship they had with their dogs was completely different.

Did I tell the doctor why they reacted to

me as they had, and how I was able to do that? Not a chance!

I hoped he didn’t punish them for this glitch in their guard-dog duties. They certainly continued their raucous attention to everyone else who ever came to his house, or passed by his fence.

Life went on with both the case and my morning regimen, and I loved every day of it—blue sky, clean air, surf in the distance, and two grown-up puppies to meet me for a treat each day.

When the case was fully solved, the investigation was handed over to the Antiguan Police on a silver platter. They had all the memos and affidavits they would ever need to do whatever served as “justice” in this far-away place. It was time to leave “de island.”

I had made many friends in all levels of their society, from Milton, a little Guyanan, whose family I would bring a large pizza to share for dinners, to Ruth in Hodges Bay, who might have seemed like an island girl, but I learned she had a Masters from Yale in International Development Economics. She finally got a job that, maybe she alone, on Antigua, was qualified to do.

My last conversations were with the wonderful folks at the Blue Waters. They celebrated me as their “Longest Guest of All Time,” and I reveled in it. I spoke with the manager about a reservation a few months hence, and he penciled me in.

### A Return to de Island

For the Easter break from school in 2005, three of my five children, Thomas, Natalia, and Ariel, were off and available, as well as my new girlfriend, Cynthia, finally to come and visit the place I had talked about so much.

Of course, the Blue Waters would be our home for five days. My brood would meet friends I had made and see places I had been, in a getaway matched by few others they would ever have.

The first morning after our arrival, I loaded them all into the SUV and told them there was something special down the road. I said, “Cirrus and Haley are here!”

They didn’t understand, and I had to laugh out loud.

When I pulled off to the side of the road, I told everyone to stay put until I called them, and to give me a minute—but to watch.

I got out and crossed the road, letting out bursts of three-tweets. I knew my children were very familiar with this dog-calling whistle. I only hoped the last three months of no whistling, no slices of ham, and no ear-rubbing had not let Cirrus and Haley forget me.

On the third sequence of the whistle, out of their doghouses came two overly happy dogs bounding down the hill. More whistles and, “Ciiir-rus! Haaaa-ley!” again and again. It was as though I had never left.

I crossed to the SUV and had my family get out and walk back to the fence with me. There was initial reluctance by the dogs, but it didn’t last long. I handed each child some ham to put through the fence, and it was as though they were extensions of me, as far as Cirrus and Haley were concerned. The ear-rubbing commenced.

“Good boy, Cirrus!” I shouted. “Good girl, Haley, that’s a good girl!” over and over.

There was laughter in my children’s voices through it all and, I have to admit, there were tears in my eyes.

If you are living in a faraway land for several months and want to make it feel like a real home, the piece you want to have in place is a dog to welcome you—maybe two!

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.

## Girls Set Up Lemonade Stand to Support Fallen Officer’s Family

LOUISE BEVAN

After losing a local hero, two young friends from Colorado channeled their grief into a fundraising drive. The girls, devastated by the fatal shooting of a police officer, opened a lemonade stand to raise money for the fallen officer’s family and raised almost \$2,000.

Ashley Conn says her daughter Scarlett Reust, 9, struggled to make sense of the loss

of police officer Gordon Beesley, who was fatally shot on June 21 by a suspect who “expressed a hatred for police,” according to a statement from the Arvada police department.

“They know police as their heroes and their protectors, and for one of them to pass like that is really just kind of confusing,” Conn told Fox News.

Scarlett immediately expressed to her mom, “What if that was my dad? He had

kids ... like, what if that was my dad?” However, she quickly turned her grief into a plan of action.

Teaming up with her best friend, 10-year-old Addyson Elliot, Scarlett decided to set up a lemonade stand in Commerce City, Colorado. The girls also printed t-shirts that read, “Lemonade for Officer Beesley,” charging 50 cents a glass from their stand adorned with a large American flag.

Beesley, who is survived by a wife and two children, was a 19-year veteran of the Arvada Police Department. A school resource officer who once earned the Arvada Employee of the Year award, Beesley was



The girls sold about six jugs of lemonade. REECE WITH A/C SHUTTERSTOCK

also known for accompanying kids to school on their bicycles in the absence of guardians, to make sure they arrived safely.

After the success of their first day, Scarlett and Addyson returned for two more days to sell lemonade under the Colorado sun. They met dozens of mourners and well-wishers along the way. Some knew Beesley and shared memories; others who were moved by the girls’ initiative simply gave generously.

Conn claimed that one teenage customer, whose own father was an officer, “emptied her wallet.”

“We sold about six jugs,” Scarlett told

KDVR. “People came and didn’t even want any lemonade, but just gave us money. It just grew and grew and grew.”

The girls’ motive remained simple.

“We wanted [the Beesleys] to feel happy even though they lost a very good family member,” said Addyson.

Colorado’s 17th Judicial District Attorney’s Office helped publicize the fundraiser on Facebook.

“Our staff chipped in to help the girls reach their goal,” they posted. “We are so glad that Addyson and Scarlett live in our area. They are shining examples for our Adams County community and beyond.”

At the end of June, Scarlett and Addyson presented their earnings—more than



COURTESY OF COLORADO’S 17TH JUDICIAL DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Scarlett Reust and Addyson Elliot, two best friends from Colorado, set up a lemonade stand to raise money for a fallen police officer.

\$1,800—to Arvada police Chief Link Strate. The officers were “teary-eyed,” according to Conn. Although they were “broken” on losing one of their brothers, they were moved by the girls’ initiative. The money will reach Beesley’s family via The Colorado Fallen Hero Foundation.

The industrious girls’ generosity has sent waves of positivity through their grieving community, and to Beesley’s nearest and dearest.

“For those two little girls to think of him and to work on that lemonade stand, and to give their proceeds to Officer Beesley’s family, will make a statement to this department that I don’t believe I can express,” Strate said.



DEAR NEXT GENERATION

# ‘Why Should You Do What’s Right?’

➔ Advice from our readers to our young people

Learn to know yourself. For myself, I learned that if I worked and took some college classes, one of them would suffer. I took a couple of night classes while working, but didn’t do well because I wanted to work. So I realized that to do justice to them, I had to do one or the other. I arranged to attend college full-time to avoid the conflict. The lost income made it very expensive, but it motivated me to do better in my studies and to take advantage of the opportunity to learn.

While taking an accounting class, I realized that what was taught on Monday, for example, I didn’t really understand for about a week. After realizing this, I didn’t worry about it. I would continue studying the old and the new, knowing I was just slow or had a different learning curve. You may have a completely different experience, but learn how you learn.

In the business world and our personal lives, whoever takes the best notes wins. So when talking with a customer or client, take good notes over the phone, and if in person, record the details when you have left the person. Record the date and time, person(s), location, results, and so on.

In your personal life, consider recording the date something was purchased and the cost, either keeping the receipt or writing it on the item. I have done this with books, clothes, canned food, furniture, computers, and other items. It doesn’t take long, and can be helpful months or years later, and is also interesting to see how long you have owned something and how much the prices have increased. (When you get old, you can regale people while reminiscing what things used to cost.)

Take an inventory of all your belongings, either with photos, videos, or a list that includes the date purchased, where, and cost. Should you have a fire or burglary, this will help with insurance claims. You should be able to file a copy with your local insurance agent.

Keep a journal of your life. This can be as detailed as you want, but it is helpful to review. Even if you only record highlights: when you started a new job, births or deaths of family and friends, health problems or treatments, when and where you lived, how much you earned, etc. It’s fascinating to review them a few years later. I had a medical appointment recently and provided an extensive history of health-related visits for [my doctor]. She expressed her appreciation for it and said she wished every patient would do the same. It made the meeting go faster, things weren’t overlooked, and there was more confidence in the treatment proposed.

Make it a good day!

— Paul Johnson, North Dakota

My Dad was always my hero. He started his career as a professional baseball player in the late 1930s right out of Willamette College. His first love was baseball, and he had



TYLER NIX/UNSPLASH

a wonderful career from 1936 to 1942 with the Spokane Indians in Spokane, Washington, my home. In 1942, he left his MVP role to join the Navy and spent the war as a naval pilot instructor in Ottumwa, Iowa. After the war, he returned to Spokane and was one of the best-known citizens due to his former career in baseball. The largest insurance agency in Spokane recognized this and brought him into the business. Needless to say, he was very successful, since he could walk into any company in town and be welcomed.

I was born in 1942, so I missed the thrill of watching my Dad play ball. But I was always proud that everyone in town knew and respected him. He was very successful financially, and I grew up in a normal neighborhood with normal neighbors and amenities. We never lacked for anything, but we never owned a Cadillac. I don’t ever remember missing that. We did have a small old lake cabin north of Spokane that Dad said he purchased for \$2,500. I always knew we weren’t poor, but I never knew we were rich. One day when I was older, about 16 I think, and had started thinking about the future, my Dad said, “Son, the best way to live your life is to always live below your means. I’ve lived my life that way, and it has served our family well.” I have never forgotten that advice, and I try to live by it and to pass it on as often as I can.

Work at something you enjoy, something worth your time and talents. You never know ... you might be doing that job 10 or 20 years down the road.

Keeping a journal of your life gives you a fascinating record to review some years down the line.

“I missed the thrill of watching my Dad play ball. But I was always proud that everyone in town knew and respected him.”

Dwight B. Aden Jr.

Have a grateful heart. Practice self-discipline. Save money, no matter how modest your salary. Discipline yourself not to overeat or overspend. Exercise a little every day. Take care of the people and pets you love. Be honest and a person of integrity, be loyal.

Vote. Many have died to ensure you have this privilege. Take responsibility for yourself, your life, your actions.

Be bold, be brave, and have courage. At the end of your life, you will regret the things you didn’t do much more than the things you did.

Remember to be happy, optimistic. You won’t find these in power or possessions. They are in a person’s character and view of life. Never forget to count your blessings.

— Nadine Leyton, California

One day while speaking to my granddaughter, I asked her a simple question. “Why should you do what’s right?” She gave several reasons: so she wouldn’t get in trouble, so she would get a reward, so that she would please the grownups, and so on.

I told her that those were all good reasons but that the only reason a person really needs to do the right thing is because it’s the right thing to do. It was no more complicated than that. I then explained that as she was growing up, she had been taught about God, what was right, what was wrong, and that gave her a conscience, which, like God, was always present, so whenever she found herself doing the wrong thing, she would instinctively feel badly inside without anyone having to tell her it was wrong, and because of her conscience, she wouldn’t be able to fool herself into thinking otherwise.

Conversely, when she would do the right thing, she would instinctively feel it was right and feel good about her decision, which meant that she would have no need for someone following her around, constantly praising her to build up her self-esteem. In fact, her greatest self-esteem builder would be doing the right thing when no one (except God) was watching! So now when I ask her why she does the right thing, she smiles and replies because it’s the right thing to do. And from the way she has grown and matured, I believe she means what she says.

— George A. Rivera, Colorado

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

## Unexpected Ride From Stranger Turns Man’s Life Around

LOUISE BEVAN

An Oklahoma man walking 17 miles for work each day to make his family proud has had his life turned around when a kind stranger stopped to offer him a ride.

Despite his almost three-hour commute each way to the Buffalo Wild Wings eatery where he works as a cook, he has never missed a shift or even been late.

Donte Franklin, 20, lost his mother to hepatitis C when he was just 16 years old and life just got hard for him after that as he was raised by his siblings. However, instead of losing hope, he garnered all the strength to push through, and he credits

his mom for it. “I had to be positive,” he told WKRC. “I had to grind to make a better me, to make my momma happy.”

Despite his almost-three-hour commute each way to the Buffalo Wild Wings eatery on the other side of Moore, where he works as a cook, he has never missed a shift or even been late.

However, Franklin’s life took a dramatic turn on June 15; as he was heading to work under the heat of the sun, a good Samaritan, Michael Lynn, pulled over and offered him a ride upon seeing his determination. “I ran an errand down on 134th & Western and as I came back around to go to my facility ... I see him again and he’s nearly to 27th and Janeway,” Lynn later posted on Facebook.

The pair chatted in the car and Franklin shared more about himself before Lynn dropped him off at work.

“Before I left, I asked him do you have any money to eat, he said no sir ... So I give him 20 bucks and went on my way,” Lynn continued. “I’m thinking this young man



Michael Lynn (L) with Donte Franklin.

is truly on a mission to survive!”

Lynn’s post tugged at the heartstrings of many kindhearted neitzens. Within the next few days, the Facebook post had been shared upward of 1,300 times, and a GoFundMe campaign to buy Franklin a car had raised thousands of dollars.

The fund closed on a grand total of \$53,510

for the hardworking Oklahoma cook.

“I can really help my family with this,” Franklin told KOKH. “It’s just a really good blessing.”

Additionally, Kerri Collins, the administrator for biker charity groups My Riding Buddies Oklahoma and Bikers for Elves, founded by her husband, told KOCO 5 that she jumped in after reading Lynn’s post. Franklin’s dedication touched her heart, because “kids his age don’t do that.”

Since Franklin still needs to earn his driver’s license, the local bicycle club has since gifted him a brand-new bike to tide him over.

For Lynn, it was all about paying it forward.

“If it can make just one person go help someone else, that’s all that matters,” he said.

Lynn and Franklin intend to stay in touch. Lynn told The Epoch Times that they were planning to attend church together. Franklin—who is studying to become a welder—is working and “has a lot on his plate, which is a good thing,” said Lynn.

BINH NGUYEN/PIXABAY



(Above) Favorite Palace is where the court of Margravine Sibylla Augusta of Baden-Baden met for banquets, concerts, and hunting. (Below) The Florentine cabinet is the most famous room of the palace and features pietra dura (Italian for “hard stone”) panels, precious lapidary artwork from Florence. They are from the Cosimo III de’ Medici factory in Tuscany, Italy. Paper-thin plates made of marble, granite, and semiprecious stone were formed into 758 panels of bright illustrations.

LARGER THAN LIFE: ART THAT INSPIRES US THROUGH THE AGES

## Germany’s Oldest Porcelain Palace: Rastatt Favorite Palace

PHIL BUTLER

Rastatt Favorite Palace, located near Baden-Baden, Germany—where Romans discovered healing hot springs—served as a pleasure palace for the Margravine Sibylla Augusta (1675–1733). It is a short carriage ride from Schloss Rastatt, the oldest Baroque residence in the German Upper-Rhine.

The oldest of Germany’s so-called porcelain palaces—home of one of the world’s largest collections of Chinese porcelains—it is also the only one that remains intact.

It was built as a hunting lodge by Johann Michael Ludwig Rohrer between 1710 and

1727. An example of Baroque-era architecture and style, the palace’s exquisite interiors are ostentatious. The public rooms are filled with fine tiles, embroideries, Bohemian glass art, and other facets designed to complement the more than 1,500 porcelains housed within these walls.

Phil Butler is a publisher, editor, author, and analyst who is a widely cited expert on subjects from digital and social media to travel technology. He’s covered the spectrum of writing assignments for The Epoch Times, Huffington Post, Travel Daily News, HospitalityNet, and many others worldwide.

STAATLICHE SCHLÖSSER UND GÄRTEN BADEN-WÜRTTEMBERG



GERD EICHMANN/CC 4.0



(Left) An unusual accent of Favorite Palace is the pebble plaster used to seal and decorate the exterior walls. According to the story, Margravine Sibylla Augusta von Baden-Baden asked poor children to collect pebbles from streams and the Murg riverbed during the palace’s construction. It is believed that she paid for each basket of pebbles with her own money and a chunk of bread. (Below) Baroque royalty often owned pleasure palaces separate from their official residences.

STAATLICHE SCHLÖSSER UND GÄRTEN BADEN-WÜRTTEMBERG



MARTINE BECK-COPPOLA/STAATLICHE SCHLÖSSER UND GÄRTEN BADEN-WÜRTTEMBERG







"Reading Devotions to Grandfather," 1893, by Albert Anker. Oil on canvas; 24 3/4 inches by 36 inches. The Museum of Fine Arts Bern.

ART EXPLORATION FOR THE YOUNG AND YOUNG AT HEART

# Faith of Our Fathers: ‘Reading Devotions to Grandfather’

ANDREA NUTT FALCE

I have you ever tried to recall the sound of another person's voice? It's difficult to do when you can't hear it. My grandfather died at 98. I still remember his voice. It reminded me of a whippoorwill. His Southern accent sounded like wind in the woods before a summer rain.

He was born in Mississippi in 1908, and if I said he was raised on a farm, it wouldn't be quite accurate. George B. Nutt helped raise a farm. He plowed behind a mule by 11 years old, tended animals, and grew crops. He and his dad cut shingles from bark when they rested on the front porch. Lacking indoor plumbing and rolls of paper, the family stacked dried corncobs near an outdoor commode. There was no waste. My granddad discussed his childhood on the farm with a dignity I can hardly reproduce. He was a gentleman.

Sometimes today, if a young person in the family is being lazy, it will be remarked, "His great-grandfather was plowing fields with animals younger than that!" Or, the classic, "Her grandfather had to walk miles to school in thin shoes, on dirt roads, over rocky streams."

It's a new generation now, as ever they are. We wear fancier sneakers with less polished manners. Far from corn cobs, we have grown so accustomed to cushy conveniences, it's nearly a national crisis when toilet tissue runs low. We preach environmentalism like faith, but fill rooms with plastic purchases tossed away as they break. Today, we tend to take for granted what our grandfathers preserved and to criticize their faith and wisdom. We parse the imperfections of our predecessors from positions of comfort they labored to provide.

The images of our forefathers are under attack, literally and figuratively. Men like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are being torn down. Those influential men weren't just our predecessors; they were farmers, writers, fathers, and grandfathers who strived to leave a strong inheritance.

## Between Generations

"Reading Devotions to Grandfather" is an oil painting created by Albert (Albrecht) "Samuel" Anker in 1893. Anker was a 19th-century Swiss realist who focused on the simple scenes of everyday life. His painting speaks to viewers of service and respect between generations. The face of the grandfather in this work is wise and

soulful. His long-trained vision is focused somewhere beyond, while his withered, workingman's hands are settled in reverent repose. The fading strength of a mortal man is lovingly bolstered by the gentle determination of his pure-faced grandson. A quiet sense of peace emanates from the two figures. The grandfather, though frail, continues to lead and guide the youth in the example of prayer, as the boy humbly accepts a role of service.

Through art, Anker valued the wholesome lives and traditions of ordinary men and women. During his own lifetime, the artist enjoyed modest career success but often had to decorate dishes, rather than complete masterpieces, to support his large family. It was only after death that a solo show was first arranged for his work. Today, Albert Anker is well-celebrated in Switzerland, where his pastoral works are understood for the subtle but powerful statement they make about life. Anker's art resonates with viewers because he understood something: A well-lived, simple life is beautiful and meaningful for all time.

The last time I saw my own grandfather was at his bedside. He didn't recognize me but remained as mannerly as ever. My sister read aloud to him, like the boy in Anker's painting. It was only when she grew quiet that he began to speak.

"Donna and the boys are at the beach. I don't know why they have been gone so long, but I expect they'll be back anytime now," he said. Then, his resonant voice trailed off, his gaze lost someplace beyond our reach. Donna-Mae, my grandmother, had been the love of his life. She passed nearly a quarter-century earlier.

My grandparents raised four sons together. He became a professor at Clemson University, heading the Department of Agricultural Engineering. An American farm boy at the outset, he ended up working to improve agricultural infrastructure and food supplies in the United States, Syria, Iraq, Paraguay, and countries in Africa after the Great Depression and World War II. My grandparents lived in a hard century, and they worked hard. Granddad's

The fading strength of a mortal man is lovingly bolstered by the gentle determination of his pure-faced grandson.

Today, we tend to take for granted what our grandfathers preserved and to criticize their faith and wisdom.



A self-portrait of painter Albert Anker (1831–1910).

final memories were not of epic events nor worldly successes and failures, though. His reveries centered on the wife he loved and sunny days with their boys—being a father and a husband.

## Simplicity and Service

I love the simple subjects and pastoral lives featured in Anker's paintings. Anker shines light on the beauty of a loving family, children, and respect for our elders. Celebrated or unknown, simple or great, our elders carved out the firm foundations we casually occupy. They were not perfect people, just humans trying. Kids today are not their grandparents. Their lives are their own, and imperfect, too. Yet the challenge is the same: to live them well. Long school hours, loads of homework, and demanding sports schedules fill a young person's day now, and, while those tasks are important, more so are service, gratitude, and devotion.

Recently, Pope Francis declared July 25 a World Day for Grandparents and the Elderly. Many of us have been separated from the elderly by COVID-19 and busy lives. Whatever your nation or faith, it's a good day to honor the lives, traditions, gifts, and grit of those who lived and loved before us.

The sage voice of my grandfather stays with me. He didn't draft the Declaration of Independence, but he had a heck of an independent spirit. He tilled and planted and took fine care of the land. Many of our grandparents conditioned their backs to bear burdens, their hands to calluses, and their hearts to service. This land bore good fruit in their care. Older generations worked with a strong constitution. How's yours?

Andrea Nutt Falce is a happy wife and mother of four. She is also a Florentine-trained classical realist artist and author of the children's book, "It's a Jungle Out There." Her work can be found at AndreaNutt.com



THE TOUCH LIFE/STEVE/SHUTTERSTOCK



Week 29, 2021

# 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 HAPPENED WHEN THE BLUE SHIP AND THE RED SHIP COLLIDED AT SEA?

THEIR CREWS WERE MAROONED.

“All that we are is the result of what we have thought.”

BUDDHA

## This Week in History

### A GIANT LEAP FOR MANKIND

On July 21, 1969, at 2:56 Greenwich Mean Time (GMT) or 10:56 at night in New York, Apollo 11 astronaut Neil Armstrong became the first man to step foot on the surface of the moon.

The historic moment was broadcast across America as people were glued to their television sets. Armstrong famously said as he stepped, "That's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."



Astronaut Neil A. Armstrong, the commander of the Apollo 11 lunar landing mission. PUBLIC DOMAIN



An artist's impression of astronaut Neil Armstrong on the moon. SPACE FRONTIERS/STRINGER

By Aidan Danza, age 15

ALL PHOTOS BY SHUTTERSTOCK

## ANIMALS OF THE AMERICAN DESERT

There are a great many interesting animals that inhabit the deserts of Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, and California.

They've all been given special adaptations, enabling them to survive in the harsh, inhospitable environment.

### THE JACKRABBIT

Jackrabbits, both the black-tailed and white-tailed variety, live in the desert, but also throughout the American West and into Canada and the Far North, all the way to the Mississippi. They live in grasslands and dry scrublands, with the white-tailed jackrabbits preferring grasslands and black-tailed jackrabbits preferring scrublands.

They will eat grasses and leaves, but also sagebrush, cacti, twigs, and bark. Of course, they are in constant danger of being eaten, and so have been given muscular rear legs, which enable them to run 30 to 35 miles per hour, and can leap a distance of 15 to 20 feet. Before running, the jackrabbit will hide for as long as possible, freezing in place to camouflage against the brown earth.

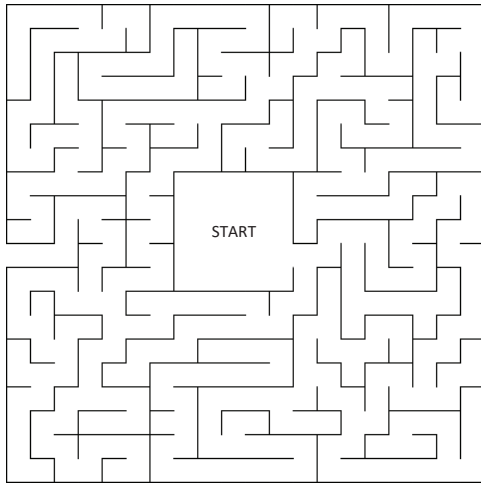
### GILA MONSTER

Unlike the jackrabbits, the Gila monster is a strictly desert animal. It's a short, fat lizard and is one of two venomous lizards on the entire planet. Its diet is small mammals, birds, lizards, and eggs. However, the prey is rarely killed with venom. This supposedly indicates that the venom is used for defense only. The venom is as toxic as a rattlesnake's and extremely painful, but there have been no recorded deaths due to Gila monster bites. They usually try to stay away from humans in the first place, and their bodies are slow-moving. Adults are around 18-inches long.

### GREATER ROADRUNNER

No, not the cartoon! The real roadrunner looks surprisingly unlike the cartoon version, with its brown coloration, and short, stocky features, as opposed to the long, lanky resident of television fame. They also have expanded their range out of the Southwest, eastward to Louisiana and southern Missouri. They eat mostly small animals, which includes anything they can catch, which is a lot given their speed. They can outrun a human easily, with a top speed of around 20 miles per hour. Though they can run quickly, the roadrunner can't fly well, only flying in short bursts when threatened by a predator.

## 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

5	6		
4	6		
+	-	x	÷

Solution for Easy 1

5 - 6 x (6 + 9)

Medium puzzle 1

5	17		
3	7		
+	-	x	÷

Solution for Medium 1

6 - 2 + 5 x 11

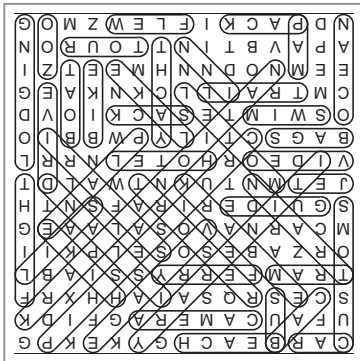
Hard puzzle 1

3	23		
1	11		
+	-	x	÷

Solution for Hard 1

11 - 1 + 6 x 22

C	A	R	B	E	A	C	H	G	Y	K	E	K	P	G
U	F	A	U	C	A	M	E	R	A	G	F	I	D	K
S	C	E	S	R	Q	S	A	I	A	H	H	X	R	F
T	R	A	M	F	E	R	R	Y	S	S	I	A	B	L
O	R	Z	A	B	E	S	O	S	E	L	P	K	I	I
M	C	A	R	N	A	V	O	S	A	L	A	A	E	G
S	G	U	I	D	E	R	I	R	A	F	S	N	T	H
J	E	T	M	N	T	U	K	N	T	W	A	L	D	T
V	I	D	E	O	R	H	O	T	E	L	N	R	R	L
B	A	G	S	C	T	I	L	Y	P	W	B	B	I	O
O	S	W	I	M	T	E	S	A	C	K	I	O	V	D
C	M	T	R	A	I	L	L	C	K	N	K	A	E	G
E	E	M	N	O	D	N	N	H	M	E	E	T	Z	I
A	P	A	V	B	T	I	N	T	T	O	U	R	O	N
N	D	P	A	C	K	I	F	L	E	W	Z	M	O	G



## WORDSEARCH

- |             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| Bags        | Lake          |
| Beach       | Lodging       |
| Bike        | Map           |
| Boat        | Motel         |
| Bus         | National park |
| Cab         | Ocean         |
| Camera      | Pack          |
| Car         | Plane         |
| Cruise ship | Resort        |
| Customs     | Sack          |
| Drive       | Safari        |
| Embark      | Sail          |
| Ferry       | Swim          |
| Flew        | Tour          |
| Flight      | Trail         |
| Guide       | Train         |
| Hike        | Tram          |
| Hotel       | Video         |
| Inn         | Voyage        |
| Island      | Yacht         |
| Itinerary   | Zoo           |
| Jet         |               |



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