

THE EPOCH TIMES

LIFE &

TRADITION

CULTURE

Sole to Soul

Mending Our
Treasures, Repairing
Ourselves

JEFF MINICK

“Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without.”

Some of us still practice the frugality of that New England proverb. We wear a favorite sweatshirt until it's falling apart, we keep our fingers crossed and hope our 10-year-old pickup truck has another year or two of life, we patch up a favorite recliner with duct tape and sink into it for a nap.

Overall, however, we're a throwaway society. Some people purchase a new car every couple of years. Others shuck off their old phones every time a new one comes to market. A bank executive rummages through her closet, ridding herself of perfectly good dresses and skirts, and then goes shopping to replace them.

Often this same process of eradication prevails in our relationships. Friends hurt our feelings, and so we quit calling or seeing them. A wife determines her husband isn't earning enough money or showing her enough attention, and moves on. A boss fires an employee for a mistake rather than working with him to rectify it.

We can find valid reasons for some of these discards, but is it possible we are too inclined to toss out possessions and relationships?

Decluttering: Is It Always Wise?

That many of us have too many possessions is beyond argument. Our closets hold sweaters and trousers we haven't worn in years, our shelves are crammed with books we've never read or have long forgotten, and our attics and garages hold all sorts of furniture, kitchenware, and other “treasures” that will likely never again see the light of day.

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STURTI/GETTY IMAGES

What Is Poetic Education?

Exploring the mystery and beauty of the world through real, deep engagement

SEAN FITZPATRICK

I once attended a lecture on Plato's “Republic,” in which the lecturer pointed out how Socrates argues that poets should be banned from the ideal city as they employ arts that stir the passions too much and aren't as precise and perfect as the rational arts. A heavy condemnation. And what defense can Poetry make for herself, the professor asked. How can she justify her existence in the face of such logical dismissal?

Then he did something completely unexpected and wonderful. Standing at the podium with a twinkle in his eye, he began then and there to sing the old Scottish song “Loch Lomond.” As he sang, “Oh, ye'll tak the high road and I'll tak the low road,” other voices joined in the familiar tune until the whole audience was singing with him.

Poetry spoke—or sang, to be specific—and won the argument. This was a moment of poetic education: a strange and beautiful



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“Poetry,” 1879, by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. *Continued on Page 3*

realization or confirmation of something true, good, and beautiful, without precision or perfection perhaps, but at the same time, without requiring persuasion, defense, or apology.

When Logic and Rhetoric Fail

We all know the joy of that recognition. It's like the joy of returning home, or of returning home in its many forms. We all know the profundity of seeing something again for the first time. We all know these fulfillments of the heart when suddenly something old and familiar becomes new and unfamiliar. Whether in a story, a place, or a long-remembered conversation, returning to some memorable thing and finding new meaning, new significance, and new satisfaction is a vital aspect of the human journey. And such touchstones, such moments of wonder, form the backbone of a poetic education.

Great poets and artists have the gift of seeing things with fresh eyes, of experiencing them as they really are.

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For the past 30 years or so, books and articles have appeared urging us to pitch or give away the clutter in our lives. Clean up the mess, rid ourselves of useless objects, these writers tell us, and we’ll become more spiritually and mentally healthy. So the argument goes, and I would agree with some of their proposals.

But I’ve also found that when I junk certain items, I soon find myself regretting it. When I’ve given the old heave-ho to certain books, for example, a month goes by, and then I need that biography or novel. Two years ago, I threw away a coat I’d worn for 15 years. The lining was falling apart, all the buttons were missing, and the pockets were nothing but holes. Come the cold and snow of the next winter, however, and I missed that old friend of a coat.

Shoes to Slippers

Though that coat was probably beyond mending, we can sometimes find an alternative use for some worn-out object. That old dress shirt with its stains and frayed collar is perfect for wear when staining the deck. Those T-shirts with more holes than a sieve make ideal dusting rags. A friend who recently visited a museum in California learned that in the old days, when a dress or some other garment became tattered and worn, women and their daughters would make rugs of them.

As the New England proverb tells us, we can truly use it up.

A case in point: Last summer, my favorite pair of shoes became too battered to wear in public. The heels had almost disappeared, one

of the soles was coming off, and no amount of polish could hide the scuffs and cracked leather. So, off I went to purchase another pair of shoes. While selecting the shoes, I also looked for slippers, but found nothing I liked.

Returning home, I nearly deposited my old shoes in the trash when a light bulb popped on. I removed the laces from the shoes, and Voila! I had my slippers. I’m wearing them even now as I write these words sitting on the front porch of my house.

“Wear it out,” the adage tells us. I figure my shoe slippers have another few years of life in them.

Fixer-Uppers

Repairs can be hard work. Anyone who has stained a desk or a chair knows this effort requires hours of sanding before you can even think about applying a brush.

Even more difficult are the repairs sometimes required to keep a relationship intact. In a troubled marriage, for instance, one spouse or the other, or both, may believe walking away is easier than putting in the time and effort needed to mend their broken union. Sometimes, this assessment that repair is impossible may be correct, but the passage of time may bring regrets. In fact, as Audrey Jones shows us in her article “Restore Marriage After Divorce,” 6 percent of couples who divorce end up remarrying each other, and with a much higher chance than others that their remarriage will last.

Keeping family relationships and friendships in good repair can also be tough, particularly in this age when so many people buy into the slogan, “The personal is politi-

cal.” Many of us have either experienced, or know someone who has, the explosions that can occur when we defend one president or the other, or decline to take the vaccine, or question systemic racism. Because of such quarrels, Uncle Thomas is suddenly persona non grata, or we dump a longtime friend.

One woman I know lost her best friend in large part because of her friend’s lack of charity. The friend was hurt by what she regarded as deceit, and lacked the charity to try to restore the relationship.

“I forgive you,” she said, “but I don’t want you in my life anymore.”

Taking Care

Just as a needle and thread, glue, and carpentry tools are some of the equipment necessary for mending clothing and furniture, certain tools are required for mending relationships. These include such virtues as hope, love, tolerance, understanding, forgiveness, and patience.

That last item of this list is often overlooked. To mend a friendship or a marriage gone sour, we must be willing to work long and hard if we are to achieve success.

And we must have a vision of where we’re headed. When we begin refinishing that aforementioned desk or chair, we see that piece glowing and shining in our den or living room. When we try to mend a broken relationship, we should also have a goal as to our destination. Of course, shoring up broken or damaged relationships is a much tougher proposition than redoing furniture, and won’t work at all if the other is unwilling

to meet us halfway. But failure to make the attempt guarantees failure.

Kintsugi

For centuries, the Japanese have repaired broken pottery with gold, celebrating a defect while making the piece even more beautiful. In an online article “Kintsugi: Gold Repair of Ceramic Faults,” Curtis Benzele, a professor and sculptor, is quoted as saying, “Chances are, a vessel fixed by kintsugi will look more gorgeous, and more precious, than before it was fractured.”

The same may hold true for us when we practice the arts of repair and mending, particularly with our friends and family.

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 Jeff Minick.com to follow his blog.

A NOTE TO READERS

If you wish to share a story about an object of significance or a relationship that you mended, we encourage you to write to us at and tell your story. It may be published. Write to us at: tradition@epochtimes.com, or Life & Tradition, The Epoch Times, 5 Penn Plaza, New York, NY 10001

Comin’ Through

Finding calm amidst the chaos

BERNADETTE BONANNO

In 1980, my friend invited me to shop for her wedding dress at Running-of-the-Brides-One-Day-Sale at Filene’s Basement in Manhattan. Once a year, hundreds of brides-to-be would rummage through drastically reduced designer wedding gowns in search of the perfect dress.

It was pure pandemonium.

Continuously, a merchandise stockman wheeled in jam-packed garment racks through the crowds of anxious shoppers. He confidently called out, “Comin’ through!” Each time, the sea of women parted as he advanced at a steady pace to drop off additional gowns.

I should have been absorbed in the beauty of the fabrics and rock-bottom bargains. Instead, I marveled at the stockman’s ability to maintain composure amid complete chaos.

To this day, whenever I maintain calm amid a storm, I think of that stockman. I

want to find him and say, “Excuse me, Sir, you don’t remember me, but 41 years ago in Filene’s Basement...”

When I initially met my husband’s large extended Italian family, his mother, grandmother, and aunts promptly invaded the kitchen and tied starched, ironed aprons around their waists. Having gone to the beauty parlor that morning, not a hair on their heads moved. They chopped, chatted, and prepared platters of delicious homemade food for a house full of hungry relatives.

I was mesmerized, partly because my mom didn’t wear aprons, but mostly because these perfectly coiffed women were collectively operating in their element. Their poise amid the noise was golden.

Periodically, a man named Will configures our computers. Years ago, he entered our office looking terrible. It was none of my business, but I breached professional conduct codes and asked, “Are you OK, Will?” He said: “My daughter was recently diagnosed with leukemia. It feels like lightning struck.”

I privately committed to pray for Will’s daughter every night. Months went by and Will came to address a software issue. As he was leaving, he mentioned that his daughter was in remission and able to leave the hospital.

Seasons passed and every night I prayed for Will’s daughter, not knowing how she was faring. I had a peaceful, almost joyful sense that she was well. I looked forward to our next computer glitch to hear the good news.

Eventually the need to call Will arose. He answered with a cheerful voice and arranged our appointment. Just before hanging up, I asked, “How’s your daughter?”

He answered, “She passed away four months ago.”

Failing to maintain composure, I whis-



Julia Kay grabs a handful of wedding gowns during Filene’s Basement’s sale on Aug. 4, 2006, in Washington. At the sale dubbed the “Running of the Brides,” hundreds of brides-to-be and their shopping teams lined up early waiting to buy gowns at drastically low prices.

pered, “I am so very sorry” and quickly hung up the phone.

Will arrived the next day. From across the room, I watched as he sat at my desk, fixing the computer. I wondered how he was able to function in light of losing his child. Completely humbled, I asked, “How are you doing all this?”

Wearily, yet resolutely, he replied: “Bernadette, you have to ask yourself. Is God faithful? Yes. We know he is faithful. So, in some way, this is better.”

I was recently studying the Hebrew and Greek words for “saved.” They are “yasha” and “sozo.” To my surprise, I discovered it most closely translates to English words referring not to the future, but to the present—to free, defend, help, restore, and deliver.

Life is hard for everybody, but some inspiring folks hold on to their defender, helper, restorer, and deliverer while advancing through the chaos of life at a steady pace calling out, “Comin’ through!”

Bernadette Bonanno lives in Albany, N.Y.

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Poise amid the noise—one of the author’s memories of the women in her extended Italian-American family in the kitchen.



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The famous philosopher and theologian Thomas Aquinas recommended poetry when rhetoric and logic fail. In this, Aquinas, who wrote a good deal of poetry himself, alluded to “poetica scientia,” the persuasive power of mysteries to impart truths that are elusive, realities that are engaged by the heart more than the mind.

The late University of Kansas professor John Senior liked to call this pre-rational, or super-rational, experience of things “poetic knowledge,” which comprehends truth in a clear yet indistinct way: truths such as love, fear, joy, and all the rest of their kind. Everyone knows these things very well, but only as mysteries. They are the truths that science can’t demonstrate, and rhetoric can’t corroborate, and these truths belong to the poetic.

A Familiar Surprise

Great poets and artists have the gift of seeing things with fresh eyes, of experiencing them as they really are. Everyone has this ability, but it tends to become dulled or crusted over by custom, especially in our artificial, technological world. Take, for example, your experience of the ocean. You may have seen it many times. You read about it, see it on screens, refer to it casually in conversation, and you think you know what it is. Then one day you go to the ocean and see it as if you’ve never seen it before. It has become wonderfully strange to you, and your heart leaps up in praise for such an awesome creation. This can happen with many things: an apple, an old song, a beloved face. When it happens, we feel that we have been given a precious gift.

Such discoveries are the goal of a poetic education, and it’s given by planting perennials in the soul, by steeping the heart in beauties that can and will provide context for the things of life. These perennials include not only actual poems, but the poetry of literature and the liturgy. The regular rhythm of the prayers of ordinary people and the impact and impression of good stories work their way into the soil of the heart, appearing or returning as unexpected fruit in the lives of children grown to adults, often when their savor is most needed.

It’s in these moments of unexpected comprehension, after years of pondering even, that life’s meaningfulness may well lie. This is what is at stake, and it’s of eternal moment. Such are the homecomings of a poetic education.

A Poetic Moment Under an Ash Tree

And they come about when one least expects them. I remember rounding up my literature students and leading them out to a large ash tree on the front lawn of our school’s campus. I have taken hundreds of students out there to talk about Robin Hood, but little did I know, walking toward that tree, that this year it would be different. The boys strewed themselves on the grass around the trunk with their books, as they always have, and I looked up into the branches, fast growing bare, the air littered with fluttering yellow leaves. It was then that I heard it:

“Margaret, are you grieving Over Goldengrove unleaving?”

I suddenly recalled a poem that my literature teacher had taught me—a poem about fall and childhood—and it was then and there, standing under that golden unleaving tree with those children, that I understood the poem for the first time. I had memorized it when I was a child myself and had carried it in my heart all those years for, as it seemed, that precise moment. I had come home to that poem at last. I recited Gerard Manley Hopkins’ “Spring and Fall” as I never had before, with a new and real meaning.

“Leaves, like the things of man, you With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?”

My eyes may have glistened behind my glasses, but none of my young companions were the wiser as they pulled at their ties in the warm autumn air and swatted at leaves, waiting to talk about the bone-



(Top) “Allegory of Poetry and Music,” 1782, by Angelica Kauffman.



(Above) Poetry, from the “Stanza della Segnatura,” 1509–1511, by Raphael.

ALL PHOTOS IN PUBLIC DOMAIN

rattling battle between Little John and Eric o’ Lincoln at Nottingham Fair. They weren’t ready yet.

And neither was I ready for the surprise that awaited me when I went into the academic dean’s office after that class only to find him hearing recitations of Hopkins from his junior students. I sat in, listening to one boy struggle to recite. Then he stopped and said in frustration, “What is the point of learning this poem when I can’t understand what it means?” What glad words I had ready for him. Sometimes it takes years to learn what you already know. Often, we don’t see how the goods we gain will profit us. A poetic education awakens us to the beautiful in its own good time—and it’s worth the wait.

Keeping It Real

Part of the end of any education should be to give students the experience of what Hopkins called “the dearest freshness deep down things.” It’s a reason why the use of intermediary technologies, or media, should be limited in learning, but more importantly, why students should be put into contact with real and primary things as much as possible. It’s in these experiences that the basis of poetic knowledge resides and can begin a lifetime of hinting at the essences of things—the essential things.

Instead of listening to recorded music, students should learn to sing for themselves. Instead of dissecting dead frogs, they should go out and find them living in ponds. Instead of reading a textbook’s retelling of the greatest stories ever told, they should read them themselves. They should commit good poems to memory, learn the names of people, places, and things, and have a sense of the integration of reality.

It takes a special type of education, a poetic education, to learn to find those delicate moments when the finer aspects of existence we often, or even usually, take for granted assert themselves—an education that trains the mind and heart to pause and reflect and allow the subtler beauties of things to exert their indefinable influence.

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Nurse’s Acts of Kindness Touch Patients

Las Vegas nurse brushes, braids patients’ hair on her days off

DAKSHA DEVNANI

A Las Vegas nurse has been going above and beyond the call of duty to care for her sick patients like they were her own family by braiding and brushing their hair during her off days from the emergency room (ER).

“Life is hard,” Brooke Johns, a nurse with Southern Hills Hospital, told The Epoch Times. “This is a small luxury that they aren’t expecting. Couple that with human touch and connection, a feeling of safety and worth takes place.”

Johns—who originally hails from San Diego and has been working at the Las Vegas hospital for the past 21/2 years—began doing this for her patients back in March.

“I had a friend that was sick and hospitalized for three weeks,” Johns said. “Because of the visitor restrictions, she was sick, weak, and lonely.”

As Johns worked at the hospital, she had permission to go see her friend who was battling COVID-19. Noticing that she was too weak to care for her own hair, Johns asked her if she would like her to brush and braid her hair, and her friend replied with a “resounding yes.”

“It took me 90 minutes to fully brush out her hair, but we got to talk the whole time,” Johns said. “When I left her that evening, she was a completely different person. She was smiling and interacting.”

Seeing the power of human connection and the benefit it had on her friend, Johns was determined to help others in the hospital. She believes that if she ever has the power to make someone feel significant, valued, and loved, she will do it to the best of her ability.

“It’s a small price to pay for a huge return,”

Johns said. “That is what keeps me going back to do this. These people are worth it.”

“We all need saving sometimes. I know this because I’ve been there. I am these patients.”

Sierra Stein, 24, is someone who has experienced firsthand the power of human connection. Last summer after contracting COVID-19, she became paralyzed and had to spend a few months in the hospital to receive treatment.

“It was miserable because you couldn’t have anyone there,” Stein told Good Morning America. “You’re isolated, you’re lonely. It’s a really dark place.”

After a few months, she left the hospital and regained her ability to walk. But she again found herself in pain in July and needed to go to the ER again, but was reluctant, as she had gone through a hard time emotionally during her last admission.

Johns told The Epoch Times that the young woman communicated her reservations to her openly and was really scared after her past experience. But Johns heard her out and suggested that she visit the hospital, which Stein eventually did.

As she was receiving treatment, Johns was notified by staff of a nurse who was going around the hospital braiding patient’s hair and was asked if she wanted her hair to be done. Stein replied yes, but was unaware that it was Johns who was doing it.

“I walked into a patient room to ask if I could braid her hair,” Johns said. “It was Sierra! I had no idea it was her until I entered her room. That was a sweet reunion.”

According to Johns, there hasn’t been any patient who’s been upset about hav-

ing their hair braided. To the contrary, they are happy and “really different” when she leaves.

Recalling some of the most memorable moments she has had, Johns says that the cute, older ladies always try their best to tip her.

“I have to explain to them repeatedly that they are my reward and that I will never take their money,” Johns said. “It tickles them pink to be thought of.”

“I’ve also had someone completely break down in tears upon me asking if they wanted their hair brushed. It means that much to some people.”

However, Johns says that sometimes there are people who decline her, as they are sick and want to rest.

This little act of kindness definitely means

the world to the patients at Southern Hills Hospital. Recognizing Johns’s effort, hospital staff posted a heartwarming video on Facebook, writing: “Our ER nurse, Brooke, exemplifies our mission while she’s in the ER and even on her days off.”

“Thank you Brooke for all that you do! We’re so lucky to have you,” they added. As, for Brooke, she just aspires to make a difference for just one person in this world.

“Every one of us has a unique ability to help others,” she told The Epoch Times. “We were never meant to do this life alone.”

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.

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Brooke Johns braids a patient’s hair.



Johns with patient Sierra Stein.

DEAR JUNE *On Family and Relationships*

Husband Is Not Protecting Me From Our Resentful Son

→ Dear June,

My question concerns my 23-year-old son, Will, who lives with my husband and me. He is our third child of four. Two and a half years ago, Will quit college and enlisted in the Navy. He intends to become a SEAL. He has not gone to the Navy due to COVID-19.

Will, in my opinion, holds anger and bitterness toward me because he believes his father works six days per week because I work part-time. Will targets me with rudeness and insensitivity. He has told me he doesn't like me or love me, while having a good, but (in my opinion) codependent relationship with his dad. My husband tries to stay out of the strife between our son and me.

This disrespect toward me from Will has been going on since Will was 16 years old. My husband and I were separated for eight months (due to my husband's verbal abuse that was fueled by Will and his lies concerning my discipline of him while he was out of control sexually, etc. in high school) and I filed for divorce because my husband was beyond belligerent to me for four years. We were both receiving individual wonderful Christian counsel from our amazing Gospel-centered pastor. We reunited after I saw changes in my husband's words and actions toward me, and after my husband's father died and my husband's childhood wounds lessened and practically disappeared. He is still in counseling and it has helped him tremendously.

My husband will not confront our son's mistreatment of me. Will is unceasingly negative toward me and curses at me. He lives in his flesh. He targets me. Our oldest son and daughter confront Will, and I feel I'm betraying my husband for telling them and asking for help.

I believe Will is angry, bitter, and resentful toward his workaholic father, who made every one of his high school football and lacrosse games, but continues to work 57 hours a week for our whole married life of 40 years, while I raised four children. I adored being a mom and made mistakes.

How do I stop Will from projecting his hurt onto me, as his mother? I'm an easy target because I'm home. My husband realizes Will is a hurt person who's hurting me, but if I tell my husband Will is taking his anger out on me, but is really mad at his absence, I feel that it will stir up more anger toward me. Since our two oldest, a daughter and son, have been confronting Will recently, Will is silent, or critical of me—passive-aggressive. I agree a triangle of my husband, Will, and me is not good, but I cannot stop Will on my own, and Will knows my husband will not ask him to leave our home.

I feel confused about cleaning up dishes, etc. from Will while he abuses me. I feel I am enabling him to abuse

me and my heart hurts. Will is in a serious relationship with his girlfriend. I accept that while he's in sexual sin, he and I will not get along. My husband has not confronted Will's sexual sin and neither have I, since he answers to God and isn't listening to him.

I have a wonderful relationship with my mother, sisters, brother, and all our other adult children. I admire my husband in many ways and relay it to him, but he is not protecting me from abuse from our son, Will.

What can I do?

Thank you.

A Mother and Wife

→ Dear Mother and Wife,

Your husband should definitely be protecting you, and your son should as well.

But your son holds anger and bitterness toward you, and your husband has a painful past and is a workaholic. They need your love. What you can do is be more gentle, nurture them, forgive them, and work to understand them better.

It could perhaps be a lack of love and gentleness that caused your husband's belligerence and your son to seek out the comfort of another girl. This doesn't mean you're to blame, not in the least! It does mean that you have the power to bring harmony back to your family. Let me know.

Understanding Men

First I would like to point to a fundamental truth: In relationships, women lead and men are at our mercy. So as leaders in this realm, we have greater responsibility. This is not equal, but I think it is fair when you consider the divinely bestowed talents men and women possess.

Women are naturally more relationship-oriented, they understand the subtleties much better.

However, women have pursued advantages outside the home, and thus learned the skills needed to operate there, and a great deal of our feminine wisdom has collectively been lost. The result is strained family relations. My hope is that we as women can rediscover this wisdom, heal our families, and thus create again a world with more moral, thriving people.

In the same way that women naturally try to understand our children, it is also important that we understand and appreciate how men are different from us.

I've been watching some standup comedy recently, particularly sketches where men talk about marriage, and from their jokes I can tell that men are very aware of how different women are, and that they live in awe of their wives and a bit in fear of their feelings. "I'm my wife's best friend. I know because she told me so," one said.

Another said he didn't grocery shop anymore because he never got the

right things. In his last attempt, he bought paper towels; when he got home, his wife demanded to know why he bought the wrong brand. Doesn't he know what brand of paper towels they use? No. And not only that, he doesn't even know where the paper towels are kept in the house. If the roll on the counter runs out, he uses his T-shirt.

A third comedian vividly still recalled shoe-shopping with his new wife more than 20 years ago. She had so many choices: pumps, flats, sandals, booties, clogs, stilettos, kitten heels, and something called espadrilles. He was overwhelmed by the complexity. As a man, all he knew was, if you have a flat, you need a pump. Then he asked the men in the audience if they knew what color periwinkle was ... none seemed to know, but of course the women did.

Perhaps he was given to you, with all his shortcomings, to give you a chance to grow in love and help you come closer to the divine.

He joked that men only have two shoe options—black and brown, and even that's too much. They need to ask their wife which one they should wear with a given outfit.

This points to a truth: Men really rely on women, and of course not only for matters of dress but also for matters of utmost importance in life.

The book "Fascinating Womanhood for the Timeless Woman," by Dixie Andelin Forsyth, says this about the profound importance of femininity:

"Women are the gatekeepers of Civilization.

"Masculine, moral men are wonderful. We need them. They are physically stronger than we are. They are courageous and perform dangerous tasks, and they provide a model of true masculinity for our children.

"Without feminine women to temper and gentle them, men would be more war-like and aggressive than they naturally are. It is in their nature to be more aggressive. ... They have a greater sex drive, more competitive natures, and their masculine ambition sometimes leads them into trouble with other men. They are born this way and we should not judge them for this fact alone. Overcoming their basic nature is often challenging, and they need our womanly help to do this.

"When men are at their best, they are protectors, builders and organizers of civilization, while we are the gatekeepers. But they are vulnerable where we are strong. They need us.

"Men become more uncivilized when women become are either absent, corrupt or immoral. This is when we forget our feminine nature; we forget what fulfills our lives and gives it true enduring meaning. When women fall, men and families are doomed. Nations cannot stand for long without strong families. And in any civilization, where women are largely corrupt, God help the men."

Clearly you are committed to being a good, moral woman and have tried to keep your family close to God, but it's the case that many well-meaning women are critical of their husbands and try to change them. You say your husband has wounds from his past; if you have not actively focused on building him up, helping him heal these wounds, you may be unknowingly rubbing salt in them.

One example I heard recently from a marriage coach was a situation where a woman was raised in a family where accomplishments were praised, so she grew up to become a doctor. Her husband's esteem was dealt many blows as a child, and he needed her support. She was completely oblivious to this, and their relationship took a downward spiral. Once this wife was able to see the source of her husband's pain and understand how she contributed to it, she was able to help heal the relationship.

Here's another situation that came up in a woman's forum I'm on: A husband had difficulty keeping track of time while getting ready in the morning, he asked his wife to help him. Her reaction was, "I'm not his mother, he should be responsible for himself." No wonder she was having trouble. As women, we actually do need to mother our husbands a bit—but we needn't think of it as mothering. We can anticipate their needs and, where we see them struggling, quietly supplement where we can. These little things make a big difference to men.

Forgiveness

You should forgive your son for his transgressions. Why? Consider the immensity of divine love. All humans sin. Some sins are perhaps irredeemable, but I don't think this is the case here. As a mother, you know your children will make mistakes. When they are little, the mistakes are small and you lovingly correct them and teach them how to do better. Now your boy is grown and his mistake is bigger, but God has seen people make much worse mistakes and forgiven them.

Another thing to consider, your marriage was on the rocks at a tough time in his development. So could it be the case that your shortcomings left him vulnerable: Was it emerging physical urges combined with a lack of stability in the home that caused him to seek refuge elsewhere? Perhaps he felt betrayed because you told him to wait until marriage but marriage to his teenage self looked pretty ugly. I'm not saying this is the case, but I'm just trying to imagine what his experience might have been like. And then on top of this, you come down hard on him—at a time when he really needs your support.

For young men, negativity toward their bodies, particularly as regards intimacy can be very, very hurtful. On the whole, boys don't process emotional pain well, and they really do need a mother's help.

And another perspective, perhaps Will is your gift son—you have three other happy, well-adjusted children, so you are clearly a good mother. But perhaps he was given to you, with all his shortcomings, to give you a chance to grow in love and help you come closer to the divine.

Sometimes living in sin is the catalyst for a noble and purposeful life later on. Consider the story of Nicki Cruz, a vicious gang leader who turned to faith with the persistent help of a dedicated pastor. The pastor heard a calling, left his church in a small Pennsylvania town to come to New York City, where he risked his life to put love into Cruz's heart.

After Cruz discovered the love of Jesus, he devoted his life to helping others, eventually founding his own ministry.

When Cruz talked about what drove him to the streets, one of the main reasons was that his mother told him she didn't love him. I think this is significant.

As a final thought about forgiveness, remember the story of Jesus saving the adulteress from being stoned? Yes, she was guilty, but in my understanding, Jesus was showing us that mercy and forgiveness in the face of sin is important; this gives people a chance to know divine grace.

We are all in the process of strengthening and growing our character. And truly, with the state of society today, there's a great deal of temptation. So I would focus on loving and forgiving your son, and with your love, helping him to a more upright path.

Consider also that lust is generally more of a challenge for men than for women, while I think for women it's much more difficult to control our emotions and our tongues.

Mother's Love

Truly I think a mother's love is rather close to divine love. And certainly the world would not work without it. Its strength often takes new mothers by surprise. It's one thing children can always count on, and it protects them from all manner of cruelties in the world. Because of it, women willingly and repeatedly do selfless, amazing, and heroic acts. We also know from some unfortunate studies in orphanages that without love, children die despite having food and shelter. A mother's love also keeps alive in a child's heart a small flame that later comes to be fueled by love and reverence for the divine. So let us not underestimate its importance.

Again, lack of a mother's love is why Nicki Cruz ended up the way he did. I was recently reading the book "Strong Mothers, Strong Sons" by Dr. Meg Meeker, and in it she gave an example of a mother at her wits' end with her wild teenage son. It turns out he was reacting to her attitude toward him. When she changed herself, he calmed down. I can see a similar dynamic with my own 5-year old son (my gift son). If he and I don't have some calm time together during the first part of the day, he ends up off the rails, doing naughty things to get my attention.

Gentleness Is Womanly Strength

Gentleness is what I consider true feminine power. This is almost the inverse of empowerment in the social or political sense; it is the divinely bestowed quality that makes the feminine an indispensable complement to the masculine. In the realm of family, gentleness gives a woman tremendous power. A gentle woman is not buffeted by her emotions; she is not critical nor does she nag.

A woman's gentleness is a balm for the souls of husbands and children and earns us their love and respect.

Being gentle works miracles in the family. It makes you become calm, strong, and radiant; thus many conflicts simply disappear or are quickly resolved.

Being gentle does require great patience and forbearance and is certainly not easy. My children are young but I can say from the experience that they are so much happier, calmer, and cooperative when I approach them gently, with softness and kindness.

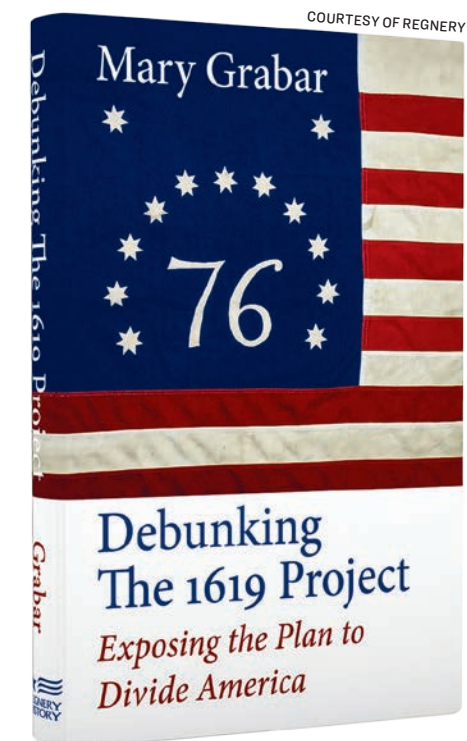
I know this because I've not always been the most patient, kind mother so I have seen both sides.

*Sincerely,
June*



Do you have a family or relationship question for our advice columnist, Dear June? Send it to DearJune@EpochTimes.com or Attn: Dear June, The Epoch Times, 5 Penn Plaza, 8th Fl. New York, NY, 10001

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



Book Review: 'Debunking the 1619 Project' by Mary Grabar

Grabar discredits New York Times initiative with masterful historical onslaught

DUSTIN BASS

The 1619 Project's massive success and wholesale acceptance by millions of readers, as well as its propagation into thousands of public schools, proves that many Americans are fond of ideologically driven historical narratives as long as they are well-written. It is incredible that a slew of essays by writers whose specializations are not tailored to the subject they are writing about can facilitate an about-face on a country's history, and conduct a "reframing" to fit a seemingly purposeful misinterpretation of historical scholarship.

Such is the time we live, and such is the ongoing preference for modern cultural trends at the expense of cultural foundations.

In her new book "Debunking the 1619 Project: Exposing the Plan to Divide America" author Mary Grabar does just that—and more. It is not merely a debunking of an ill-conceived and historically inaccurate publication; it is an onslaught that provides the reader with an incredible amount of information drawn from history—some of it little-known or misunderstood.

Hannah Jones brought the stage, but Grabar is undoubtedly bringing the debate with her 258 page debunking of the 1619 Project.

Grabar points out early on that the 34 contributors to the 1619 Project, whose objective was to "reframe the country's history, understanding 1619 as our true founding" were primarily "journalists (most associated with The New York Times) and creative types, poets, novelists, artists, and photographers." Only four were historians, though none of them are "recognized as a leading expert in the history of slavery." She points out that the creators, in particular Nikole Hannah-Jones, the New York Times journalist whose brainchild was the 1619 Project, are politically on the left.

Grabar wisely not only provides necessary information about the politics of the contributors but also pinpoint how illogical it is to rely on artists and journalists to "correct" the narrative of American history—a history that has been explored and dissected for centuries by some of the brightest historians. Those advocating for a "reframing" of American history "through the lens of slavery," as Hannah-Jones desires, will hardly be deterred from attempting to force their square peg into this round hole. Those who care about historical accuracy, however, will find that Grabar's book pulls diligently from historians, both liberal and conservative.

The author does not shy away from the highly controversial topics covered by the 1619 Project contributors—including attempts to cancel Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, the claim that the American Revolution was fought merely to protect slavery, and that slavery in America, and in particular at Jefferson's Monticello, was, as Hannah-Jones stated, "unlike anything that had existed in the world before."

Grabar pores over each claim with historical facts, assessments by other historians, and quotes

by contemporaries or the public figures themselves, like Jefferson and Lincoln. Her writing is matter-of-fact, unemotional, and without any malice toward Hannah-Jones or the other contributors. She comes from many angles to dissect the most egregious claims and lay them bare.

It is little wonder, as she points out, that Hannah-Jones has yet to accept an invitation to defend her stance on the debate stage. Even when historians—from the left and the right—expressed their criticisms, The New York Times Magazine refused to issue any corrections. (It also ignored Leslie M. Harris, the history professor from Northwestern University who helped fact-check the project and expressed strong reservations about it.)

The Debate

Hannah-Jones brought the stage, but Grabar is undoubtedly bringing the debate with her 258-page debunking of the 1619 Project (along with nearly 60 pages of bibliography notes in a font much smaller than the galley text).

We get very little of Grabar's personal thoughts on the subject, which is precisely the point. When covering history that dates back 400 years, less narrative and more historical context, especially from contemporaries and past historians, is key. It is, however, alarming that so many accept modern narratives lacking significantly in historical scholarship as gospel.

Grabar not only offers in-depth counterpoints to the 1619 Project's claims through the writings of great historians on the topic of slavery, such as John Hope Franklin, Eugene D. Genovese, and Dumas Malone, but she also provides in-depth insights into Hannah-Jones herself, primarily through the journalist's own writings.

There have been articles and letters written rebutting the 1619 Project, and those are often well-written and well-intended. But the issue with those articles from approximately two years ago is that they were reactionary, even if scholarly. These pieces do not cover enough, for there is only so much allowable space in a column or letter to the editor; they also often seem more opinionated than factual.

"Debunking the 1619 Project: Exposing the Plan to Divide America" provides what is needed—a thoughtful, in-depth, and scholarly work that addresses its most heavy-handed aspects.

This book is not a defense of slavery, which is an accusation that I fully anticipate will be foolishly launched. It's also not an attempt to tamp down the slavery discussion. If anything, it helps place that discussion in its proper and necessary context. Grabar's work is a defense of the nation's true founding in 1776 and its foundational principles, and does not stray into an attempt to "reframe" everything we know to be true.

Dustin Bass is the co-host of The Sons of History podcast and the creator of the Thinking It Through YouTube channel. He is also an author.



"Debunking the 1619 Project" is a defense of the nation's founding in 1776. "Declaration of Independence," 1818, by John Trumbull.

'Debunking the 1619 Project: Exposing the Plan to Divide America'
Regnery History
Sept. 7, 2021
320 pages, hardcover

Boy Auctions Off Pet Hog to Raise Funds for Friend With Brain Tumor

LOUISE BEVAN

With massive support from his community, an 8-year-old boy has raised \$19,500 by auctioning off the pet hog that he raised for a year to help his best friend, who is battling a brain tumor.

Jesse James Starr of Sullivan, Missouri, has been friends with 7-year-old Claire Calvin since preschool. Saddened by Claire's diagnosis, Jesse decided he wanted to help by selling the hog he raised at his family's farm. His parents, Shauna and Joshua Starr, backed him 100 percent. "Jesse came up with the idea on his own," Shauna told The Epoch Times. "They are truly the definition of best friends."

Since Claire got diagnosed, Jesse began meeting her in the Sullivan Primary School parking lot before class to make her smile, brought her breakfast, and even stayed inside to play with her during recess.

The cancer, Jesse explained, "made [Claire] have to be in a wheelchair and not be able to run around with me at recess. But," the 8-year-old added, "it also made me not want to let her fight alone."

After his mom and dad explained the auction process, Jesse told his parents he had everything he needed at home and wanted to give all proceeds to Claire for her medical bills, instead.

On the day of the auction, the Starrs made the crowd aware of Jesse's goal. The bidding at the fair went big; before the family knew what was happening, the bid had reached \$52 per pound.

The first buyer, Kathy Ruwwe of Sullivan, bought Jesse's hog for \$16,000 before promptly donating it back to be auctioned again. The next group—Cody and Courtney King, owners of CD King Construction, and Brad and Natalie Henson of Healing Stone Monuments of Sullivan—pledged \$3,000.

Jesse was also gifted a check for \$500 from David and Amy Danz, bringing his total to \$19,500.

Claiming there wasn't a dry eye in the



(Left) Jesse Starr (C) at the community fair. (Above) Jesse with his pet hog. (Below left) Jesse Starr (R) and his best friend Claire. (Below) Jesse with Claire in a wheelchair.



The bidding at the fair went big; before the family knew what was happening, the bid had reached \$52 per pound.

DEAR NEXT GENERATION

My Thoughts on Forgiveness

→ Advice from our readers to our young people

Hurtful Words

Using your imagination, imagine a 4-by-4 oak timber. Imagine a large nail. Now take the nail and drive it deeply into the log, not so deep that you cannot pull it out again, but very deep. Now pull it out with your claw hammer. As you look at it you realize the hole is ugly and not appropriate for that lovely piece of wood. So you get some wood putty and fill the hole as much as you can. Wait for it to dry and then start sanding, rough grit at first and eventually with a fine sandpaper. You can no longer feel the hole, but you can see it nonetheless.

'What shall I do?' she cried, great tears rolling down her cheeks, sobbing loudly. 'Will I ever be forgiven?'

So you get some sanding sealer, apply that, and sand it, then another coat, and sand it silky smooth. Then a coat of paint, let it dry, and another coat of paint and let it dry, and finally a last coat of paint. When it is dry you can no longer see or feel the hole.

Hooray ... but take a splitter and split the log in two from the top. When you do that you will see the nail hole. It is all the way through, never to be filled. Now I will tell you—perhaps you have guessed. The nail is a harsh hurtful word, the wood is someone's heart. It may be covered in forgiveness, sanded with love and care, but can never be erased or forgotten.

Forgiveness

The town gossip did just that, told truths and lies about just everybody in town; she did so for many years, causing heartbreak and anger and sorrow in her little town. One night, she had a dream about all the people she hurt with her evil tongue. When she woke, she was in a state. "Oh my," she thought, "all those people I hurt and wounded with my gossip. I am so sorry," and she started crying and sobbing and regretting every word. She sincerely wanted forgiveness, but no one would acknowledge her as she tried to apologize.

She hurried to her church and spoke to her pastor. "What shall I do?" she cried, great tears rolling down her cheeks, sobbing loudly. "Will I ever be forgiven?"

The pastor smiled at her and said, "Of course, dear woman, but you must do a penance first. Then all will be forgiven and forgotten."

"Tell me, tell me, and I will do it right away," she said.

"So," he said, "first you must buy a large down feather pillow. Then you must climb the church belfry. Then take the pillow and

cut the top open. Throw every last feather out the belfry windows. Every single one," he warned, "or you will not find the forgiveness you seek. Then you must go out into the village and pick up every last one of the feathers that the wind took from the belfry. Every single one, for if you do not, if you miss any, you cannot find forgiveness."

It is much easier to fling out gossip, lies, and rumors like the feathers than taking them back.

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—Joan Hughes Duszka, Michigan

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, 5 Penn Plaza, 8th Fl. New York, NY, 10001



(Left) In 1755, a devastating earthquake destroyed much of the monastery at the site where the Pena Palace now stands. The monastery site remained abandoned until Ferdinand II began the construction of his vision. Tradition has it that the chapel was built after an apparition of the Virgin Mary. (Right) A façade in the neo-manueline style.

LARGER THAN LIFE: ART THAT INSPIRES US THROUGH THE AGES

Portuguese Splendor: Pena Palace

PHIL BUTLER

Sitting high on a lush green hilltop overlooking Lisbon and the Portuguese Riviera, Pena Palace (Palácio da Pena) is a UNESCO World Heritage site, an exclamation point of Portuguese national pride, and a fascinating example of Romantic architecture. This colorful castle is often referred to as one of the Seven Wonders of Portugal.

Built between 1839 and 1854, on the orders of King Ferdinand II, the palace sits on the foundations of the sacred chapel Our Lady of Penha and later, a Hieronymite monastery. Baron Wilhelm Ludwig von Schwegle is the German architect who created this iconic blend of Neo-Romanesque, Neo-Gothic, Neo-Manueline, Indo-Gothic, and Neo-Moorish styles. With active involvement from King Ferdinand and Queen Maria II, the well-traveled architect

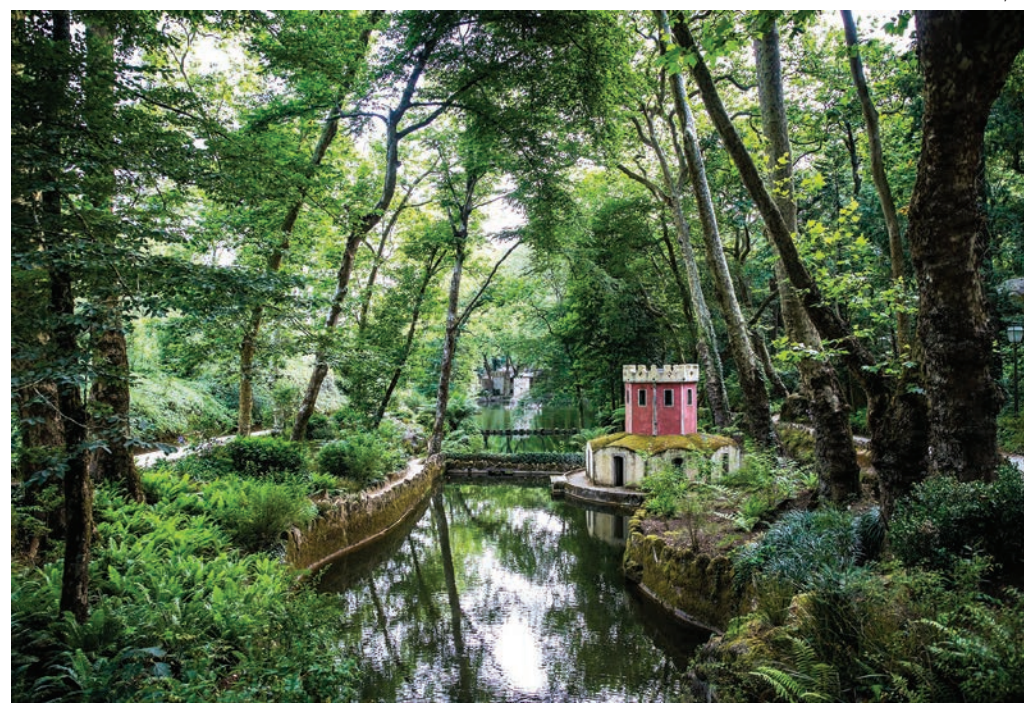
imbued Pena Palace with an exuberant and eclectic architectural style.

The palace's exterior retains many of the original elements of the Hieronymite convent that once stood here. The Queen's Terrace and the unmistakable red clock tower rise in stark contrast to the other sections' vivid yellow, purple, and pink colors. The palace's festive appearance seems strangely harmonious, festooned with allegorical carvings, religious icons, and varicolored Portuguese tiles.

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.



(Left) A stained glass window at the chapel. (Above) All around the palace, the eccentricity of King Ferdinand II is evident in the synergy that blends myth, artistic style, and a sense of fantasy. The king was an avid artist, and his highly eclectic taste can be seen all throughout.



The Great Hall and interior rooms of Pena Palace are as extravagant and unique as the exterior.



(Above) The chapel at Pena Palace was incorporated from the monastery into the later palace about 1840. The Renaissance alabaster retable by French sculptor and architect Nicolau Chanterene was placed there by Ferdinand II. (Bottom left) In the park surrounding the castle, the Valley of Lakes is illustrative of King Ferdinand's romantic ideas. Here the king planted species from every continent. (Bottom right) After the death of Queen Maria II, King Ferdinand II married Elise Hensler, Countess of Edla, and had this chalet built for her between 1864 and 1869. A romantic garden surrounds the chalet with exotic plants and winding paths.



“Return of the Prodigal Son” by Bartolome Estéban Murillo, 1667–1670.

HOMESCHOOL

Homeschooling Through Surfing, Skating

Florida couple takes a hands-on approach to teaching

MICHAEL WING

If parents thought homeschooling meant kids sitting in front of a computer screen at home (as the pandemic taught), one Florida couple begs to differ.

They take a more passionate approach—incorporating a love of surfing and skateboarding into the equation.

Mom Toni Frallicciardi once viewed homeschooling in a negative light. Then in 2018, after a school shooting near her home, worried local families started teaching their kids at home.

Toni, who studied ocean engineering, realized hands-on learning could be very effective. She and her husband, Uli, started Surf Skate Science, a program for parents homeschooling their own kids—but instead of learning in front of a computer at home, they meet at the skate park, where science, technology, engineering, arts, and math (STEAM) are taught.

“When we first met, I owned a skate shop,” Toni told The Epoch Times. “I always loved the ocean and surfing as well, and then a few years later, we started running a local skate park.”

“It was attached to schools, so we did a couple of afterschool classes and camps where we incorporated education and skateboarding.”

“We’re like, ‘Hey, we could teach science while we’re at the beach, or we could teach science at the skate park,’ so that’s how we started it.”

Toni finds the hands-on approach appeals to many students. A mentor of hers, whose son is autistic, taught her how important it is to include the five senses in learning. When Toni used to write curricula for her church ministry, she made sure to incorporate touch, feel, taste, and other senses in the lessons.

The Frallicciardis, who’ve traveled all over the world building skate parks for others, found that homeschooling was the best alternative for teaching their kids.

“I always had people tell us often that we should homeschool because we traveled a lot,” Toni said. “And I always said, ‘I will never homeschool, I will never homeschool.’”

“I just had a wrong idea about it. It was the best decision we ever made.”

The results speak for themselves. Their middle son, now studying architecture, dual-enrolled in high school and graduated with his architectural drafting license. Their daughter, the eldest child, also dual-enrolled and is now working for her doctorate in child psychology.



Kids attend Surf Skate Science in Miami.



Through skating, kids might learn about principles of physics.

“Both of them got full scholarships to college,” Toni added.

After launching Surf Skate Science in 2018, the couple started with just eight students. Participants build a portfolio based on “the standards that they will be learning in middle school or high school” over the course of the year, before being evaluated by a teacher.

“But because we’re working with multiple ages, if we’re doing elementary, we’re always doing like the fifth-level learning, even though they might be in first grade,” Toni said. “Because, you know, as a team, it works that way.” The older kids help the

younger ones in the class.

They teach using a hands-on approach, demonstrating concepts like centrifugal force, for example, in the skatepark—and other concepts while surfing at the beach. Also included in the mix are an underwater robotics lab, sharks on the beach, and sea turtles. Toni said she encourages students to “think outside the box.”

Now, Surf Skate Science boasts some 120 homeschool students attending.

Toni added, “We’re passionate about learning and because we’re passionate, they can get excited about it, too.”

Strewing: An Easy Way to Add Delight and Wonder to Your Homeschool

BARBARA DANZA

Homeschooling allows for natural curiosity and wonder to bring about learning in unexpected and joyful ways. One simple practice parents can employ to encourage the discovery of new talents and ideas is strewing.

The term strewing, as it relates to homeschooling, was first coined by unchooling expert Sandra Dodd. It refers to the practice of setting out objects for children to discover and interact with of their own volition.

How to Strew

This very simple idea has been a concept beloved not only by unchoolers but also homeschoolers of all sorts who appreciate the beauty of child-led learning.

To strew, choose an object or group of objects and set them out in a place your children are sure to discover them, arranging them in a way you believe they’ll find inviting.

What to Strew

There is no limit to what you can strew. Books, toys, art supplies, the makings of a science experiment, the ingredients for a cake, objects found in nature, a sewing needle and thread, recycled materials, hand

tools—literally anything that might spark your child’s curiosity is a good object to strew.

You can make the practice of strewing something elaborate or very simple. A simple idea would be a new book set out next to your child’s breakfast plate in the morning.

Here are some more elaborate ideas: Clear your dining room table. Open a brand new puzzle, displaying the finished picture prominently. Spread out the pieces of the puzzle, faces up. Then start the puzzle, perhaps with a corner, putting together just a few pieces to make continuing the project inviting.

Lay out some newspapers and then add a clay pot, a package of seeds, a gardening trowel, and a watering can.

Set up a game with all the pieces ready to play. Lay out arts and craft supplies featuring either a wide variety of options to work with, including scissors, glue, cardboard boxes, pom poms, etc. or focusing on a particular medium, like watercolors, for instance.

Set up a microscope with slides ready to examine.

Ready a documentary or movie with a bowl of popcorn and cozy blankets on the couch.

Create a nature scavenger hunt with the first note on the mirror for the kids to discover as they brush their teeth.

Lay out a map and some travel brochures featuring a destination you plan to go to, along with crayons or pencils and paper.

Scatter a supply of Legos and accompany them with some Lego ideas, books, or printed out instructions for fun projects to build. Lay out fun pens, some stamps, blank cards, and envelopes.

What Not to Do

The key to strewing is to let go of your expectations and to refrain from asking your child about it or directing your child how to interact with the objects you’ve strewed.

Sometimes your children will not be interested at all in what you’ve taken the time to strew. You’ll be tempted to mention it—“Hey kids, did you see what’s waiting for you on the kitchen island?”

The thing is at that point they’ll feel that you’re imposing something on them and gearing up for a lesson of some sort. The magic of self-motivation is nowhere to be found.

If your child isn’t interested, just put it away for another time and move on.

When your children do discover and begin



Strewing works with simple things (crafts, for example) as well as elaborate set-ups (think scavenger hunts).

to interact with what you’ve strewed, do your best to stay out of the way. You may find they take the ingredients you’ve laid out for a cake and make their own concoction, ignoring the recipe altogether. Or they may organize the Legos into color groups rather than make a project from the book you offered. They may utilize the items you’ve strewed in all sorts of unexpected ways, and that’s completely OK.

Strewing is an act of offering and letting go—allowing your child’s true nature and natural sense of wonder to take hold and explore in the way that they’re driven to in that moment. Sometimes it’ll be a miss, but sometimes it’ll be a hit, and those hits will occasionally lead down the sorts of rabbit holes of exploration that may stay with them for a lifetime.

Strewing is easy to do, it is fun, it adds delight to homeschooling, and it nurtures your child’s innate sense of curiosity and wonder.



FOR KIDS ONLY

THE EPOCH TIMES

Week 37, 2021

“Earth and sky, woods and fields, lakes and rivers, the mountain and the sea, are excellent schoolmasters, and teach of us more than we can ever learn from books.”



JOHN LUBBOCK (1834–1913), ENGLISH BANKER AND POLITICIAN

WHAT DID THE CAMPER SAY WHEN HE FOUND A SPIDER IN HIS TENT?

HYAAAAA

Autumn Fires

by Robert Louis Stevenson

In the other gardens
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers;
The red fire blazes,
The grey smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all!
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!



ALL PHOTOS BY SHUTTERSTOCK



WORACHATE JOE KHONGTHON/SHUTTERSTOCK

This Week in History

THE MAYFLOW SETS SAIL

On Sept. 16, 1620, the now-famous ship The Mayflower departed Plymouth, England, carrying 102 Pilgrims and around 30 crew members. The group sailed across the Atlantic Ocean to the New World seeking freedom to practice their religion, a form of Christianity known as Puritanism.

The journey lasted 66 days and was arduous, ending near what is now Cape Cod, Massachusetts. While on board, the Pilgrims drafted and signed an agreement called the Mayflower Compact in which they agreed to govern themselves in a “Civil Body Politic,” agreeing to abide by the laws they’d later establish for “the good of the colony.” The principles of self-governance are still fundamental to the American way today.

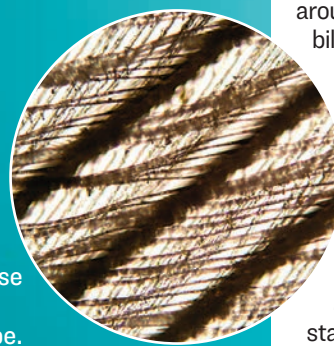


A replica of the Mayflower in Plymouth, Mass.

By Aidan Danza, age 15

THE BEAUTY OF CREATION

On Earth, there is an enormous variety of plants, animals, and landscapes, with hundreds of thousands of species, and millions upon millions of individual things, living or nonliving all the same.



White duck or goose feather as seen under a microscope. Photographed at 1000 times its actual size.

Let’s start with a duck. The duck has been intricately refined to meet its niche, that is, of living in water. First of all, like all birds, it has feathers. Feathers are a miracle in and of themselves, made up of a stalk with hairs that interlock together. Feathers work with other feathers to help the bird fly, keep it warm, or for other things that vary from species to species.

For a duck, feathers carry the additional purpose of keeping it afloat. For this purpose the duck has a gland which secretes oil, just above its tail. The oil is spread around the body with the duck’s bill. This oil will allow water to run off the back of the duck, preventing the duck from becoming waterlogged.

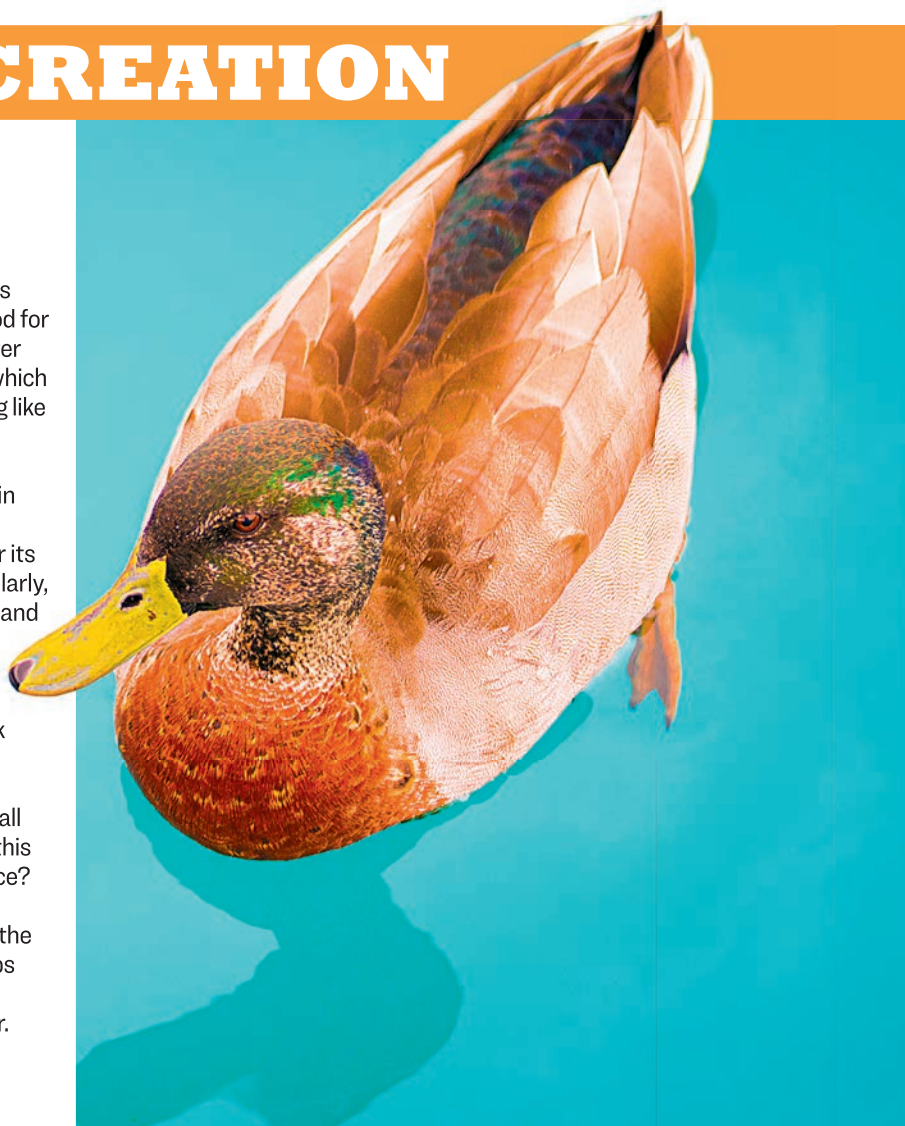
Herein lies another miracle in nature. Oil and water do not mix! They separate. Even when oil is poured into a cup, and water above it, the substances will stay completely separate.

These are just some of the miracles that allow the duck to conduct its daily life. Others include its specialized bill, good for scooping algae and underwater plants, and its webbed feet, which allow the duck to paddle along like an animal kayak.

Thus, the duck is perfectly specialized to live out its life in its way. Humanity, too, is perfect for its life. Humanity’s mind, particularly, can accomplish feats of logic and intelligence, which no animal can replicate.

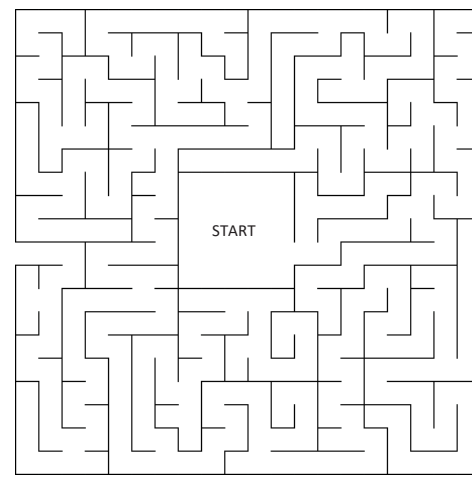
And here we get to the essential question: If the duck was given its traits for the purpose of life in the water, why were we humans, above all creatures in the world, given this feature of logic and intelligence?

I will leave you with this question, to ponder. Perhaps the answer is easy to find, perhaps it will never be found, but the question is yours to think over.



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AMAZING ESCAPES!



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

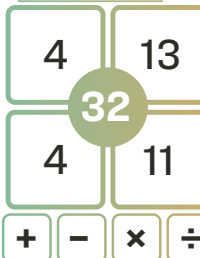
Easy puzzle 1



Solution For Easy 1

4 + 8 = (6 + 4)

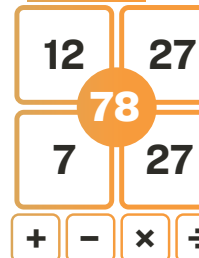
Medium puzzle 1



Solution for Medium 1

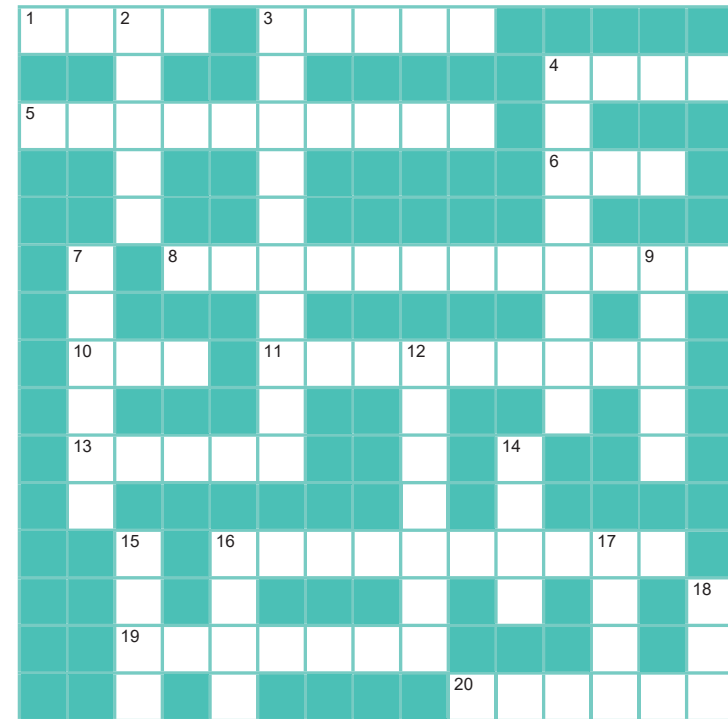
7 + 7 x (11 - 8) = 7 + 7 x 3 = 28

Hard puzzle 1



Solution for Hard 1

22 - 4 x (21 - 22)



Across

- 1 Little biters (4)
- 3 Trees (5)
- 4 Chow (4)
- 5 Nighttime aid (10)
- 6 “How do I get there from here?” tool (3)
- 8 Roast these over the fire (12)
- 10 BBQs, Beach outings, ballgames, etc. (3)
- 11 Gear (9)
- 13 Where the sleeping bags go (5)
- 16 To see far away (10)
- 19 Creatures, great and small (7)
- 20 One will always go on camping trips with you (6)

Down

- 2 Ground cover (5)
- 3 Most national parks (10)
- 4 They like to camp as a group (8)
- 7 Most important thing to remember camping (6)
- 9 It goes in your canteen (5)
- 12 “Off” keeps them away (7)
- 14 A great camping month (4)
- 15 Tackle (4)
- 16 Worms or salmon roe (4)
- 17 Lashings are made of this (4)
- 18 Sunshield (3)



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