FREE



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by Brenda Dwyer

She lay in a hospital room; shaky and exhausted. Silent tears coursed down her cheeks; wetting the white sheets that felt like encoffined finery upon her. She was praying a prayer that had her heart completely intertwined with the spirit of the Lord; prayer was her only haven, her respite, her place of peace in a world that had suddenly been turned upside down. Just one and a half minutes ago the New Year had rang in loud and clear. She could hear faint cheers from the streets below. The nurses and her doctor had gathered around to herald in the birth of the first baby at their hospital to be born this New Year. She was joyous, expectant and riveted to the miracle of life that was about to take place ... yet mere seconds after she had pushed her son into the world – a complete silence had fallen upon the room followed by a rushed commotion that scattered those same nurses in several different directions. Her son was carried to a small canopied structure across the room where doctors (who hadn't been there just seconds before) and nurses now attended him. No sound did he make. It haunted her – this silence. It was as if something had sucked

gen out of the room and left every one of them with gapmouths and labored breaths. She knew ... before they ever told her she knew: something was horwrong ribly

and so she prayed. Her husband was in Afghanistan, it was his second tour and he was as excited as she was that they were finally going to have a little one. They had planned on using a visually linked connection via computer during the birth - they had rehearsed it for months. Turns out it wasn't to be ... earlier today he had been given a mission that would keep him from witnessing the birth of their son. She was thankful for that now. Funny how just a few hours could change everything – at the time he called to tell her of his mission she was in labor and was sad that he wouldn't "be there" with her to cheer her on. The smell of antiseptic pierced her nose and made the realization even sharper.

With sudden clarity she

forced herself to become completely unaware of what was going on in the room ... she tuned it all out and was now connecting with her baby in a completely different way ... with eyes closed and her heart feeling heavy with her mission she



mentally before the Lord and pleaded on her son's behalf. She would stay true to God's will whatever may come. The tigress a mother in her was bent on fight-

ing (with everything in her) to place her little one right there - right where she knew he belonged now; she mentally laid him at the Lord's feet, mentally told him that she and his daddy loved him with all their hearts and she "walked away". With eyes still closed she hugged herself and swayed (ever so slightly) side to side as she thought back on the past nine months. She had talked to him for the first time immediately after the pregnancy stick had shown two lines. She had talked to him ever since then by reading him stories, singing songs to him and playing music

for him to hear. Her husband had joined her in this via the computer with headphones she had placed on her stomach. They wanted him to know their voices

and they wanted him to know of God's love before he was ever born. Now, he would know of that love in a way that was profound and only imagined to her. This made her smile. He was in the Lord's hands. She was instantly flooded with a "peace that surpasses understanding". She slowly opened her eyes and took in the room. The team working on her son was still solemn, still concentrating all of their skill and efforts on him and yet the sound of life was

deafeningly absent. And then ... at 12:05AM a clear and piercing cry broke through the silence that had everyone rejoicing. At 12:08AM she held her son for the first time and at 12:12AM when her husband's call came through all was perfect in the world once again. When it was all said and done she knew no one would ever understand her thinking this way but the only thing she could think was that no matter which way this night had gone they would have been okay because God was always faithful to take care of them.

This is a new year; one more perfect time for new beginnings. I hope and pray this year finds us all hopeful, prayerful, thankful & rejoicing! HAPPY **NEW YEAR EVERYONE!**



Destri of Nocham© – an enchanting tale written by Brenda Dwyer has now come to the A Good Neighbor News. Look for it every month and follow Destri as she unravels the mysteries of both a world soon to be left behind and the new empire she is destined to create. This novella will have you woven

into its storyline and yearning for the next excerpt. Destri will take you to a place far removed from the here, now or ever. The story begins as a young girl is forced to find her way in a cold, unfriendly world that has been terminally damaged by old hatreds and unholy wars. Watch as the determined

beauty within exceeds her outer beauty and wittingly saves generations of unsuspecting citizens. Destri of Nocham is explicitly offered to both the young and the young at heart. This compelling story will challenge your imagination and transport you to a land you will long to visit.



























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A GOOD NEIGHBOR NEWS

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Deadline is the 18th of every month.



by Brenda Dwyer

My friends and most of my extended family are out to parties tonight. When did I stop going to New Year's Eve parties and why? Bringing in the New Year was the biggest event of the year when I lived in Chicago. My music studio would be closed but the bands I managed would all be playing – their biggest contractual night of the year. New Year's Eve was spent in the salon having my hair, nails and makeup done with my girlfriends and then before I could catch my breath it was time to don a little sequined dress and all of the goodies to go with, spritz on my best perfume and dash out. After I moved to

Middlebury I still spent my New Year's Eves dancing the night away and belting out Auld Lang Syne at The White House in Saugatuk, MI every year. I guess, looking back, it was after I married Bob that I traded dressing up to welcome in the New Year for dressing down and snuggling in with my hubby. After the first couple of years we haven't even always stayed up to watch "the ball drop" in Times Square. I can't say, now that I am in a reflective mood, that I miss going out for New Year's Eve – I don't. There is much to be said for staying home with the man of your dreams and letting the New Year come as it may.

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CHILD'S PLAY



SALISBURY'S STAKE

by Stephanie J. Salisbury

Stephanie Salisbury's December article will appear this month due to her January article being printed in December.

Cyber mix-up and editor oversight contributed to this conundrum. Please enjoy ... I promise you will be delighted!

The first year we lived in this house winter buried us under three feet of snow. As temperatures dropped, harsh winds scoured the frozen lake and whipped the snow into great sculpted drifts. A ranging herd of wild rabbits invaded our backyard. Okay, maybe they were always there, but after it snowed they were much easier to spot. Rabbits bounced over snowdrifts and played tag on the deck, but they were hungry rabbits and soon began eating the bark off our ornamental trees. So we bought a bag of rabbit pellets and started a feeding station there on the deck. Warning: Do not try this at home!

Chris was about eight and just before bedtime we would snuggle up under a blanket on the floor near the patio doors, watching the wild antics of the rabbits as they scampered and played in the moonlight. When they grew tired, the bunnies would hop up on the deck for a snack. They feasted on free food just feet from our faces. It was amazing until the night Chris said, "Look, Mommy, a baby rabbit!"

Sure enough, a small, furry creature darted up between two rabbits, grabbed a pellet, and quickly disappeared. "Awww..." I thought, and then, "Wait a minute! There shouldn't be baby rabbits this time of year!"

I grabbed the Maglite. The back porch lit up like a prison

yard during a jailbreak and there, transfixed in the flashlight's powerful beam, stood a very plump and well-fed rat!

JANUARY 2012

Well, that was the end of feeding the rabbits--until last winter. It started with a couple of soft apples. Not wanting to scale the mountainous drift to get to the compost heap, I stepped out on the deck, gave the wind-up and the pitch and—yes, I throw like a girl--missed the compost heap completely. The apples landed, appropriately enough, under the crabapple tree. That night, Brad called me to the window. A rabbit, a soft lump in the moonlight, sat holding one of the apples in his front paws, nibbling it like a little kid eating corn on the cob. "Awww..."

Soon, other food scraps were sailing in the general direction of the compost heap. I can tell you for certain that rabbits are not interested in turnip ends, potato peels, wilted lettuce, soft tomatoes, orange peels or, surprisingly, carrots. Bugs Bunny was wrong! Nor, do they care for pineapples.

How do I know this? Well, my husband cannot resist a fresh pineapple. The man is addicted. If there's a pineapple in the store, it goes into the cart. Who can blame him? Few things in life are

Continued to Page 13





NEED WORMS FOR YOUR COMPOST? OUR NIGHTCRAWLERS GET, THE JOB DONE!

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THE CORNER OFFICE

A word from Bob Dwyer, Jr.

COPD (Chronic Obstructive Pulmonary Disease)



A Good Neighbor carries an Approved Class Il Medical device to improve the quality of life for COPD patients allergy & asthma sufferers, compromised immune systems, cancer patients or anyone with breathing issues and more.

I know it sounds impossible

but the truth is I can help. If you want to do something special for yourself, friend or family member, take a few minutes to talk with me, stop at the store or give me a call; ask for Bob. Let me help you make a difference in someone's life.

Numerous scientific studies have proven that ultra-fine particles (defined as 0.1 microns or smaller) are the most harmful to our health. They can be absorbed through lung tissue right into our blood stream. These ultra-fine particles are small enough to penetrate a cell's mitochondria (the center and brain of the cell) and cause cell damage. It is estimated

that ultra-fine particles subtract 10 years from a person's life. Furthermore, a study by The American Heart Association shows that these ultra-fine particles can increase the risk of heart attacks and strokes.

I was going to go on with this article and include some tips on other subjects but it's just time to stop and leave this alone - the subject is too important. I just want to scream it out ... let me help with indoor air quality - stop suffering.

Call Bob 574 825-1677 Visit my office 524 S Main St. Middlebury

THE CAT'S MEOW



by Brenda Dwyer

There was a baby raccoon that was trying to adopt us! We didn't know at the time what had happened to her mother but she followed us everywhere we went! She was just a tiny little thing and she sure was pretty. We've never really gotten along with the raccoons out here; they keep mostly to themselves but the opossums aren't afraid

to make friends right away. I think this little cutie thought she was one of us. I'm sure she wondered why she couldn't leap up on things the way we could although she sure could climb like nobody's business. Well, she was around for a few days and believe it or not she even liked our food! When we would snuggle down for a nap ... she would cozy in as if she were a kitten. MaCody sent me out to search for her mother after the second day of this. I went back into the woods not knowing what I might possibly find. The woods are a dangerous place this time of year. The hunters occupy the woods when it's cold out. We all know to give the hunters a lot of room so we basically try to stay clear of the woods. I searched an entire day but

came back with nothing to report. The very next day a raccoon popped its head through the thicket and came looking for ... you guessed it, our little friend. It was her momma! She said she had searched and searched for Kippy and then the squirrels got news to her that we were searching for a momma that had lost her baby. Oh what joy! It was good to see Kippy so happy that her momma was here to keep her safe again! When MaCody asked her how they had got separated Kippy's momma said it had something to do with the Red Fox but because sensitive little ears were listening it'd be better if she didn't say more. Well, once again we are back to just the three of us. Life is good. Pritritritritritri

I MISS YOU

i hear a whisper of wings
just over yonder
yet i never pause to ponder
the faint smell of roses hangs in
the air
chasing away any ounce of
despair
sometimes i feel the presence
of heaven so close
that's when i miss you ... the most
very most
-bd



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KITCHEN CLEANING TIPS

Rinse Your Plate

Cleaning plates is a tuff thing if its kept for some time un cleaned. I rinse my plate after dinner and have all my family members do the same and it makes washing plates so easy. It is a small and simple habit but makes a lot of trouble easier. I don't like trying to wash dried food off of dishes, do you?

Cleaning the Oven

Does your oven get used every day? Someday if you're not using your oven, give it a quick spray of oven cleaner and keep it like that till the next day. Before you turn on your oven the next day, give it a quick wipe down. The baked on stuff comes off much easier than ever.

Cleaning the Microwave

Cleaning a microwave is easy. Fill up a cup of water and put it in there on high for a few minutes. The steam from the cup will loosen any stuck-on food, and then you can just wipe it away. It's that simple.

Cleaning the Fridge

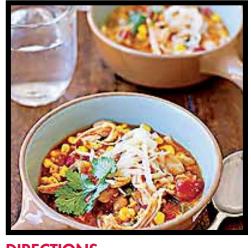
A fridge looks big and cleaning it looks even bigger. Follow my steps and the work will be a bit easier. First toss out any bad food. Then start with wiping down the top shelves and work down. Baking soda and water make a great cleaner and won't leave your fridge smelling like harsh cleanser. After you wipe out the crispers, line them with paper towels for easier cleaning next time. Cleaning the fridge was never this easy.

Inspire Your Kids



Take the time to check out A Good Neighbor News with your kids. Get them on the road to good communication and help them develop lifelong reading and writing skills.

A Good Neighbor News



From Our Kitchen

CHICKEN AND CORN CHILI

INGREDIENTS:

- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 pound boneless, skinless chicken breasts
- 2 cups low-sodium chicken broth
- 1 green pepper, seeded and chopped
- 1 jalapeno chile, seeded and chopped
- 1-3/4 teaspoons ground cumin
- 1/2 teaspoon cayenne pepper

- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 can (14.5 oz.) diced tomatoes with jalapenos, drained
- 1-1/2 cups frozen corn, thawed
- 2 cans (15 oz. each) cannellini beans, drained and rinsed
- 2 tablespoons stone-ground cornmeal
- Shredded Monterey Jack cheese

DIRECTIONS

1. In a 5- to 6-quart slow cooker, combine onion, chicken, low-sodium broth, green pepper, jalapeno, 1-1/2 teaspoons of the cumin, 1/4 teaspoon of the cayenne and 1/4 teaspoon of the salt. Cover and cook on HIGH for 4 hours or LOW for 6 hours.

2. Remove the chicken to a cutting board and allow to cool slightly. Shred the chicken and return it to the slow cooker with remaining 1/4 teaspoon each of the cumin and cayenne, and the tomatoes, corn and beans. Gently mash some of the beans against the side of the bowl to thicken the chili. Stir in the cornmeal and the remaining 1/2 teaspoon salt. Let sit a few minutes to soften the cornmeal. Serve sprinkled with a little of the Monterey Jack cheese.

\$5.00 MINIMUM **CONTACT US AT** brenda@agoodneighboronline.com or call 574-825-1677 Deadline is the 18th

of every month.



Start

Here |

by Brenda Dwyer "Grammi, mommy said we have to take down the Chismas twee. I am going to miss it. I don't want to take my ownamens off of it." Big brown eyes that are beginning to turn misty stare into mine waiting for me to agree that the tree can stay up "forever". I remember a time when I was the child with the same burden on my heart and although I didn't ask my grandmother about our tree I do remember asking my dad why the tree had to come down. His answer was con-

fire and burn our house down". Well, that was all I needed to hear – I couldn't wait to help take that tree down! However, now we have realistic trees (that aren't real) and LED bulbs that stay cool to the touch and therefore it would seem the likelihood of fire is significantly decreased so I don't think I could use my dad's answer to respond. So, I come

up with one of my own. "Sweetie, mommy has to take the tree down or else it won't seem special next year because you'll have seen it every single day!" Whew

... thank goodness for quick thinking. She just blinked twice (she does this when she's considering something you've said) and turned with a whirl and headed off to tell mommy that they needed to go home and take the tree down before it wasn't special

anymore. Once again,

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NOTHING BETTER

I suppose to a child I seemed too complicated and therefore not interesting. I had given it my best shot. What I failed to realize was that my expectations were much too high. They were barely 5 and 6 years old and I was asking them to think like

30 year olds. Not likely. Their little heads nod-ded back and forth from left to right as they took in my full height with their precious little (now glazed-over) eyes. Once they seemed to have me in focus they dismissed me as if I were the most boring thing on earth.

My heartstrings uttered a very loud "thwang" as one almost broke but quickly readjusted itself.

My little minions had finally (and rightfully) grown past their enchantment with mommy and were now turning their attentions elsewhere. Lulu had just that very day experienced her first day of kindergarten. I suppose I had experienced it as well with Ms. Abigale here at

home but on a different level. I wanted to take 2 excedrin and climb into bed. Lulu couldn't help, in her excited chatter, shar-

information packet!

ing every nuance of her day with her little sister. Abigale was all ears. She quickly left the arms of her mommy to give her sister the full-on attention she felt was deserved. I watched the two of them with their springy little curls bouncing all over their



heads as they laughed, giggled, ooohhed and aaahhhed over every detail. I wanted to join in but was ever so uncalculatingly being left out. This was a reverent time of sisterhood. Mothers not allowed. That's it ... I grab the next best consoling thing in the house ... the sock monkey laying deserted on the floor by the sofa and head back to my bedroom where I am sure I can

hear my pillow calling for me. Both girls have now turned the volume of their little voices into mere whispers and I am reminded that although my girls can unwittingly disclude me at times from their revelry, they are still, at other times, the most thoughtful and loving little girls in the land. No sooner had that thought left my mind than two bubbly little angels pounced onto my bed and filled my head with all sorts of 1st day of kindergarten tales ... Ms. Abigale faithfully filled in for her Lulu here and there just to make sure she gave me the full scope of details as they had been delivered to

her. Although it's true that sisters share an inpenetrable bond ... there is nothing better in the world than being a mommy. :)

VIRTUALLY EMPTY



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My daughter just called to tell me she received a very bright pink envelope in the mail today. It was from me. I knew what was in it - I just had no idea what it would mean to her. You see, the envelope was virtually empty. The only thing it contained was a small yellow post-it attached to the inside with a note that held this message: Sweetheart, any time you feel alone or lonely ... My darling, any time you feel lost and rejected ... My Beloved, any time you need to feel loved or treasured – please open this envelope and let the love within pour over you. May it be enough; may it be everything you need when you need it most. This envelope is a symbol of the love I hold for you in my heart and when I held the envelope in my hands (next to my heart) I wished into it all of the love you will ever, ever need from me ... I love you so. She called as soon as she read it to tell me that just as she had put her fingers into the mailbox she was feeling like a failure and expecting bad news via USPS. The darkness of depression was creeping in at the edges of her mind. She said the envelope changed everything in as much time as it took her to open it and read the note within. A virtually empty envelope ... yet not empty at all ... completely full to the brim with a mother's love.

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this morning, around 4AM you

TALK ACROSS THE FENCE

by Brenda Dwyer It's a year of new beginnings ... it always is. I'm not talking about resolutions, necessarily, but something bigger - think HUGE. Every day is a new beginning and in any given year we have 365 of those (unless of course our year is cut short due to a higher calling). Add to that number the amount of times in any given day that we find ourselves beginning a new project or planting a new seed or purchasing something new that we will relate to in some way. Beginnings (can they even be old?) consume our days and nights. If I were to refer to a specific day that I am rather fond of it would be New Year's Eve ... why (?) because it is a day of celebration of all things to come and presents some of

us with a definitive mark in

time that reminds us to "get our ducks in order" because we are about to begin something big; another increment of 365 days. Wow. Isn't it amazing the things we are conditioned to celebrate? I'll not take anything away from it though ... it is the idea of "more time" that causes our hearts to soar. What will we do with it? Well, personally, I like to hope that I will spend those days learning more about EVERYTHING and that I will find something along the way that is truly enriching and that while all of that is going on that I will bless those I meet along the way and that I will draw closer to God. I hope that when this new 365 day increment comes to a close that I will look back and smile with no regrets. Happy New Year!

JUST A THOUGHT

by Uncle Bill

I urge those of you with faith and conviction to make 2012 better for everyone. It's true that "you can't save everybody", but if people took the time to save just one, imagine how it could change the world. None of us wear a cape, but ANYONE can be a hero to someone else. Read to a child, or volunteer at a retirement home. I've done both, and in each case I was the one who ended up learning something. The eyes of a child and the wisdom of the older generation are something of great value. Their eyes remind you of your youth, and the joy of discovering things... Their wisdom teaches

you the past, and as it's been said "Those who forget history, are doomed to repeat it". If your schedule keeps you from doing either of those things, remember that holding a door open for someone is an act of kindness seldom seen these days. How about someone broke down on the side of the road? You don't have to be a mechanic to help someone. A phone call, a warm vehicle to sit in while help is on its way, is more than enough. Have faith in God, he will direct your heart... If you help someone and they thank you, accept that token, but give the glory to him that led you to that persons need.



JESUS....

never have you left my side
tho i was filled with judgement, filled with pride
never have you closed your ears
when i ranted & raved tho young in years
never did you refuse to touch
the heart of me you love so much
never have you turned away
tho many times i'd gone astray
your name is love; your name i know

name above names, i love you so -bd

AGAIN???!!!

by Brenda Dwyer

would have seen a very disgruntled, upset, unhappy person. Why? Because the "princess" decided to start yapping away (for no apparent reason) which had me leaving my snuggly, warm, comfortable bed to go investigate. This dog doesn't even weigh 5 pounds and yet she can cause more ruckus than our mastiff that weighs over 200. Bob isn't very fond of the "princess". To say he would be overjoyed to see her go live with someone else would be a gross understatement. So, on occasions such as this (and yes, that was plural) I have to hurry off to get to the source of her discontent so that Bob is disturbed as little as possible. Now, herein lies the reason for my discontent and why I have had to (more times than I care to try to count right now) get up in the middle of the night and forfeit any chance for more sleep; I love her. No, I don't love her more than I love my husband (ridiculous!), however, I have a love for her that recognizes my responsibility to her and it motivates me to "shake off" my upset for the interruption of much needed sleep and softly tiptoe thru the house to investigate the reason she is so obviously wide awake. Now, I know – after having just read what I just wrote that this might sound a bit "insane" but let me state my case. This dog took my breath away as soon as I saw her. She is absolutely

terrier who has unbelievably silky hair with gorgeous rich tones. She has a face that is so tiny, yet perfect and makes you feel that you are gazing into the eyes of a tiny puppy (even at



the ripe old age of 2)! She is as smart as she is tender and she is extremely tender and loving. Her itty bitty feet are adorable as are her perky little ears! This is what happened this morning and every other morning when I have found myself looking into her exquisite little face ... I melted. As soon as I see her I go all soft and I just know if Cesar Millan were to walk in my house and observe this he would tell me point blank that I am the problem here. You see, the "princess" has learned that if she decides to bark at 4AM she will soon have company. Oh goodie!! Oh ... wait ... no, that's bad. (No treats for me). A friend of mine suggested I try to find a tiny bark collar or shock collar and "zap" her when she does this but I am not that

let alone one of my beloved pets! Someone else suggested that I put her off in an area by herself as punishment but if my darling little girl is anything like me she will feel great reward in that which could result in even more "yapping" to demonstrate her joy! So as I was trying (with a very foggy, very sleepy mind) to figure out how to put an end to these early morning episodes a light came on! What was that I was hearing outside? You guessed it ... the roosters! They start crowing around 4AM every morning and I suppose the "princess" feels a need to try to reprimand them for this now and again. (???)! Remember for a moment that I said I was foggy and sleepy. Anywhoo ... in light of my new "revelation" I decided to whisk my little darling away and put her into her kennel and make it as den-like as possible so that she would feel cocooned from the distraction outside. It worked like a charm! She immediately settled into her frilly little bed and snuggled in for what will probably be a nice long nap. She's so lucky. I tiptoed back through the house and into my shower – ran cool water to "zap" myself (ironic) awake and am now in the office in the wee hours of the morning trying to finish this paper so we can go to print later today. You know what? I am embracing these quiet moments and enjoying every second. Perhaps there is much to be said for interrupted

girl! I couldn't "zap" anything

FARM COUNTRY MOOS

by Loretta Miller

Good day to everyone in Good Neighbor land. I just sat down to write a little bit with some snacks and a glass of water and lo, I find I have all kinds of little visitors wanting to enjoy my snacks with me. I guess I should've known, after having nine kids that food attracts children. My sister once confided in me that in order to eat a snack in peace she has to temporarily disappear because the slightest creak of a cupboard door will be sure to bring the kids a runnin'. I'm sure we were the same way when we were kids; we just have a tendency to forget those kinds of things. My mother-in-law's mom and dad had eighteen biological children together. Her mother lived to be about 87 years old. She had a long, full life and was a woman my own mother looked up to quite

beautiful! She is a Yorkshire

a lot as they attended the same church for quite a number of years. She told my mother that one time when things were especially nerve-wrecking she escaped into the pantry to get away from all the calamity, she had just closed the door and was savoring the moment when she heard her husband calling her name. He had just come in the house and wanted to speak with her (groan) her getaway was gone. Since this was her beloved husband she grudgingly revealed her hideout. Now from what I gather, she was a remarkable woman. Now it comes to mind, that upon her death, on the evening of the visitation, there was the most beautiful sunset I have ever seen. It was just majestic, the whole western sky was lit up with hues of pink and red. It sorta glowed into the shop win-

dows where she lay. I remember thinking this is just exactly what this dear lady deserves. It almost seemed like the heavens were singing her praises. Anybody that gives birth to eighteen children deserves something special. I'm sure she had her trying times but my mother-in-law said she can't remember her mother ever getting really upset at the kids. When they were misbehaving she just calmly told them she would discuss things with their father when he got in, and everybody straightened up their act pretty quick-like. My mother-in-law was the second oldest child in the family so she had to learn responsibility quite young. It has paid off because we certainly appreciate all she does and stands for. I will sign off now wishing everyone a memorable new year ahead.

sleep sometimes. :)

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22. BLACKGUARD 23. BE A SNITCH

25. PRE-CHRISTIAN PRIESTS AMONG THE

(ACRONYM) 28. LIKE A BRIGADIER GENERAL (2 WDS)

31. HENRY CLAY, FOR ONE

34. MEETING AT A CERTAIN TIME AND

PLACE, ESP. LOVERS 36. VERY, TO VERDI

37. GRASSLAND

38. CHRISTMAS WISH

39. NOT NOW (2 WDS)

41. WENT BAD **42. EGYPTIAN FERTILITY GODDESS**

43. TRY TO FORGET

45. ENGAGE IN PASSIVE ACTIVITIES, OFTEN WITH "OUT"

46. PUT THINGS IN ORDER (2 WDS) 47. DECLINES

51. EGG CELLS

52. DRIVER'S LIC. AND OTHERS

53. "ACID" (ACRONYM)

55. "FANTASY ISLAND" PROP

56. SECOND SHOT

58. BY NO MEANS (3 WD)

60. ONE WHO RUNS AWAY TO GET MARRIED

61. CLUB RESTRICTION? (2 WDS) 62. BEAT

63. MOUNTAIN RANGE BETWEEN FRANCE AND SPAIN

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1. STE. MARIE

2. ARM BONES 3. WOMAN PROPHET

4. THE "P" IN M.P.G.

5. CARBON COMPOUND

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21. BEAUTY PAGEANT WEAR

24. NUMBERS GAMES

26. ALTOGETHER 29. "HIGH" TIME

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31. PLANT AND ANIMAL EATERS

32. NEW DEAL PRESIDENT

33. CROCODILE RELATIVE

35. COWBOY BOOT ATTACHMENT 37. ADVANCES

40. THOSE WHO SHOW THE WAY 41. BARTENDER

44. LAUDATORY SPEECH FOR ONE WHO

HAS DIED

46. KIDDIES 48. HOLD RESPONSIBLE

49. CONTRADICT

50. SEDIMENTARY MATERIALS

54. "OVER" FOLLOWER IN THE FIRST LINE

OF "THE CAISSONS GO ROLLING ALONG"

57. "TARZAN" EXTRA

58. 40 WINKS

59. BOLIVIAN EXPORT

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COMMUNITY EVENTS

Pet Showcase Adoption Event

Theme: "The Classics are Back--Black and White" 25% off all black, white, and black & white animals. Sponsored by: The Humane Society of Elkhart County Date/Time: Saturday, January 28, 12:00 – 2:00 pm Location: Family Video, 1126 Johnson Street, Elkhart For more information call: The Humane Shelter at 848-4225 Shelter Website: www.elkharthumanesociety.org

Pet Toe Nail Trim Fundraiser

Sponsored by: The Humane Society of Elkhart County Date/Time: Monday, January 9, 3:30 - 5:30 pm Description: Pet toe nail trims provided for a \$7 donation. Proceeds to benefit The Humane Society of Elkhart County Location: Martins Pet & Garden, 116 W. Jackson Street, Elkhart For more information call: The Humane Shelter at 848-4225 Shelter Website: www.elkharthumanesociety.org



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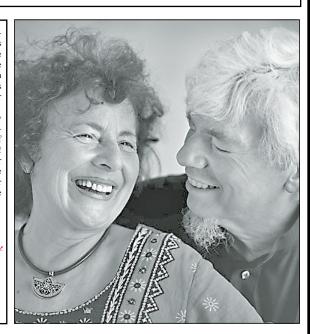
Let A Good Neighbor check/service your furnace this year! Your comfort is our top priority! No need to get goosebumps from the cold ... save your goosebumps for truly worthy moments! No need to have uncomfortable shivers! Let us get you feeling warm & comfortable again!

No one wants to turn up the thermostat only to find that the furnace won't kick on. Having your furnace serviced on a regular basis is key ... call today to sign up for our annual service plan! Why have one more thing on your plate to remember? We will make the maintenance of your furnace easy for you. Should you be caught unaware though . no worries! We are here for you! Our trained service technicians have fully stocked trucks that help to insure a shorter "down" time for

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Your home should be your sanctuary - the place where you know you are safe.

It's much too important to take for granted. Do it for yourself do it for your family!



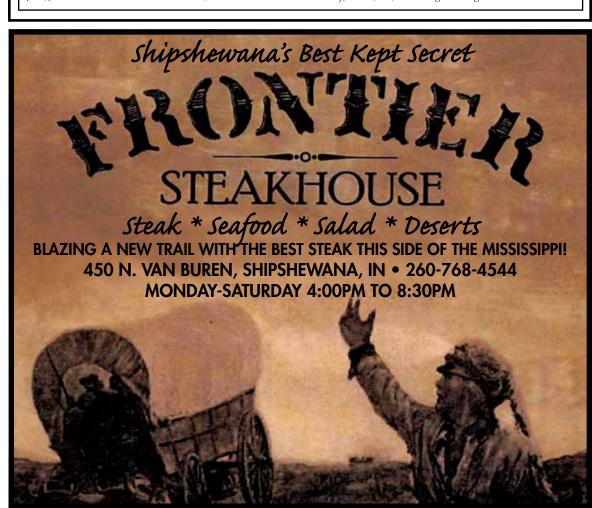
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AH, LIFE....



What more is there to life than to feel wonderfully and wholly alive and happy and yet how many of us do? I have had moments of pure joy and there have been times when I have smiled until my face hurt but even in thinking about this I realize that I am constantly amazed that I am an oddity when it comes to thinking about life and all it encompasses. My friends and family tell me I am much more introspective than they are ... not in a critical way but more in the way of fascination. I am fascinated by life and living. I want to know why I feel a certain way ... and I want to identify the motivators in my life. I am also very curious about what motivates others. I tend to be analytical and inquisitive. Perhaps all of these things come together and create the curiosity that compels me to "people watch". People watching is one of my favorite past times. Whether I am at home surrounded by friends or family or out to dinner or shopping in the mall; I love nothing more than to sit back in a nice comfy chair and simply observe. I like to observe interaction and reaction. Love never ceases to make my heart flutter. Whether I am observing the love shown by a small child for their parent or a friend caring for a friend ... love is beautiful. Love always brings out the best in people – have you noticed? Lately – much more in public than at

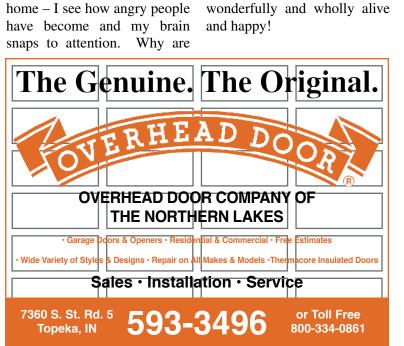
they angry - why all of the aggression? The media we absorb whether via local newspaper or newscast can leave us dangerously desensitized by the inundation of hatred in our society. Hatred is, after all, devoid of love. It is a thick and aggressive, non-prejudiced cancer that is attacking our morals, our beliefs; our very existence. Do you know what I think? I think the less people love themselves - the more they act out and hate everything and everyone around them. Give any of us the tools to investigate and create with our talents (we ALL have at least one) and we feel that we do have something positive to offer which puts us in a sharing frame of mind – which births goodwill - which births love - which births a beautiful place where there is no room for hate. Wow ... almost reminds you of the Walgreen's "perfect world" commercials, doesn't it? (ha ha) Which brings me back to me; every day I know I will effect, affect or infect those around me with my actions, my determinations, my words; my example. I hope and pray my example is effective, affective and infectious in a very good way - yet when I slip or stumble I would pray that there be someone nearby to offer their kindness and set me back on a right path. Less hate – more love ... that's what I hope everyone feels this year with a sprinkling of feeling

THE WAY

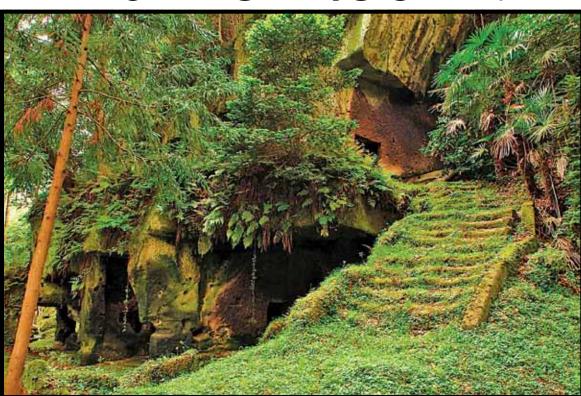


i always felt that no matter where i was or how dire the situation God had His heavenly hosts watching over me caring for me keeping me safe encouraging me to get up when i fell and directing my feet always to a safer path if it has taken longer than necessary for me to get to my destination it is only because of my own stubborness and strong will coming thru on my weakest days and if i ever made good time on my path it was from humbleness repentance, and diligently seeking God's

way-bd



DESTRI OF NOCHAM®



by Brenda Dwyer

Hangnar was coming! At least that's what people were saying. It seemed a dark and vile cloud hung over Nocham. Destri wasn't sure what to think of it all. She could hear the widget talking to her heideln (keeper) and she had never seen the widget so on edge before. It didn't matter about the Incanse now because there would be nothing left of Nocham once Hangnar and his Odei were finished. Nocham was developed back in the Nor after Hangnar's kingdom attacked Nostram. Once Nostram was no more Nocham became the vision of its survivors. That was many listrays (increments of time that liken to our decades) ago. The Nochis had inhabited Nocham for more than 96 listrays now. It had been a long and peaceful existence. Destri wanted to find out more. Who was Hang-

nar and why would he try to destroy Nocham? The Nochis were unassuming and gracious. Destri was fiercely determined to find out what she could and prevent Hangnar from his evil intent. Darkness fell and the hovel mist arose from the ground creating the illusion of a carefree land. Destri waited outside of the marnf (a willowed abode) and listened to the sounds of the night. The marvens were screeching in the distance; their cries filling the black void with pointed cadence. Destri often dreamed of the marvens. She had befriended some of their hens when she was very small. Her dreams would find her on their backs flying into battle. Those dreams gave her courage and she felt liberated and exhilarated whenever she would have one. They came to her more often these past veens (likens to

a week of our measured time) and she welcomed them and even wished for them. lancentz were restless tonight. It would be a long restless night for the heideln. Just as Destri was preparing to stand and walk towards the back of the marnf a small glistner came towards her rubbing its side on the marnf the entire time. Destri settled back down and welcomed the glistner into her lap. It was soft, warm and humming the most beautiful tunech Destri had ever heard. Destri petted the glistner then lifted it to her neck to nuzzle. Hangnar may be riding to bring discontent and destruction upon the only people she had ever known but for now Destri was caught up in the melodic song of the glistner and had no cares. To be continued ...

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THE MEMORY **BANK**

by Bill Raybuck

I remember sitting with my Mom and Dad on New Year's Eve, watching them count down... The looks on their faces told a story I couldn't see then, but is crystal clear to me now. They didn't know what the upcoming year would hold, but they knew they would face it together. After the ceremonial shouts and the piercing sounds of the horns, they hugged and stared into each other's eyes. I wonder what trials they faced that previous year that I didn't see... that I didn't know about. I remember their kiss, their tears, and them standing side by side singing Auld Lang Syne.

These stories I write, are meant to help you think back and remember the good times. We all have faced sorrow and pain, but in every tear, there's a smile waiting to be born. I hope that this year is filled with many wonderful events for each and every one of you, and I hope vou take these events and make a deposit into your own memory banks. Take time to share with one another the things you remember from days gone by, events that shaped the landscape of where you are right now. Remember that laughter is contagious, stories lead to memories, and memories lead to your heart.

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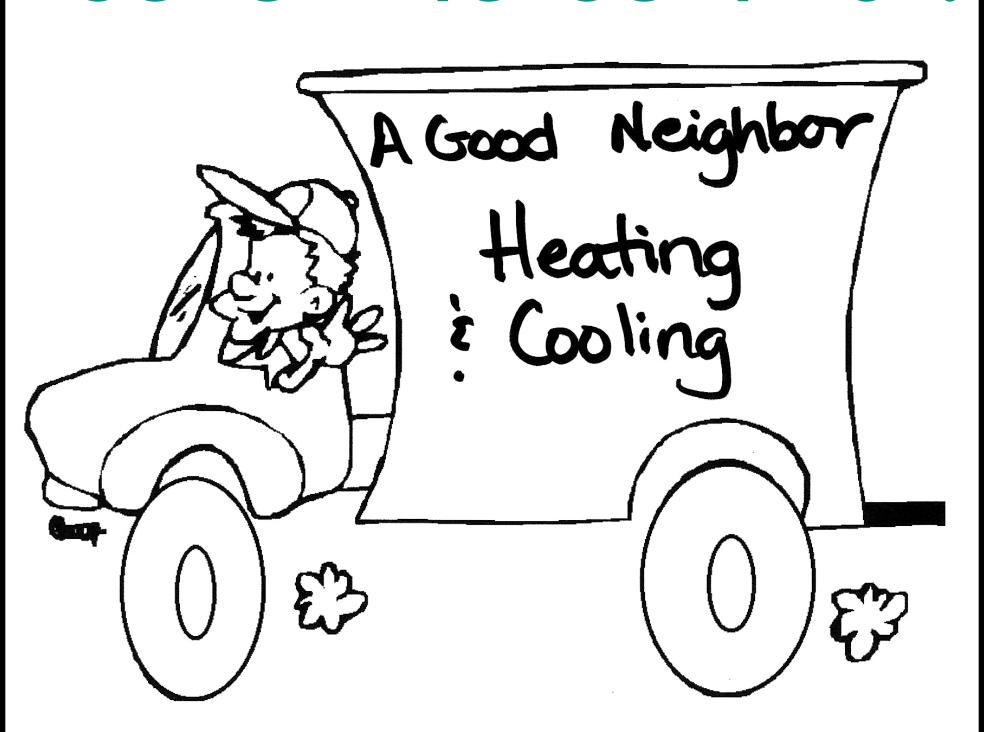
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Entrants will be judged in four categories: 2 – 3 years / 4-6 years / 7-9 years / 10-12 years. Winners of each category will win \$25.00 and a \$20.00 Gift Certificate towards merchandise in our store! Drawing will be held on January 29th and announced in February's edition of the A Good Neighbor News along with pictures of all the winners holding their submissions! Submissions will be judged by Bob Dwyer, Bill Raybuck and Ricardo Avelino.

Entrants may use paints, crayons, colored pencils or colored markers as they choose. All entries will be displayed in our front window on South Main Street.

GOOD LUCK EVERYONE!!!

Submissions may be mailed or dropped off to A Good Neighbor 524 S. Main St. Middlebury, IN 46540 must be received no later than January 27, 2012.

SALISBURY'S STAKE

Continued to Page 2

as wondrous, as sweet, succulent and irresistible as a pineapple. Renaissance Europeans and Colonial Americans loved them. Pineapples symbolize warmth, wealth and hospitality. Their likeness can be found decorating the facades of buildings and carved into early American furniture. People know a good thing when they see

Word of advice, however, never, ever buy a pineapple on sale. They always go to the dark side!

Well, Brad picked up the latest bad 'apple, aimed for the compost heap and gave it a great overhand toss but, alas, the fruit landed with a resounding, "Plop!" right on top of a three foot snowdrift in the middle of the yard.

The rabbits ignored it. For two weeks the pineapple stood straight and tall, its spiky, green leaves completely out of place in an Indiana snow bank. Then one morning we woke up and it was gone! The snow had receded quite a bit, but there was no sign, no track, not a single clue to the frozen fruit's fate!

We talked about it, ruling out squirrels, 'possums, skunks, and alien abduction. Our best guessa raccoon. Can you imagine how it went at his house?

"So, Ralph, what did ya find us for dinner?"

"I don't know, Mable, some kind of giant pinecone!"

Weren't they in for a surprise! There was one other possibility, I guess. That afternoon, Mom called. She'd gotten up in the middle of the night and happened to glance out the window. There, racing across the frozen lake, trotting toward her was some sort of dog-like creature. The mystery critter ran in a straight line, right up into her yard and disappeared around the corner of her house.

"I'm not sure what it was," she said, "But, it had a big, bushy tail. Might have been a fox..."

I had to ask, "Was he carrying a pineapple?"







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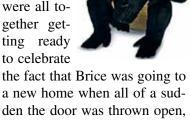
TRACK'S BIG A **VENTURES**

I know we don't normally think of what goes on in the toy room when no one is around to lend an ear; it's quite enchanting actually. The more you love on your cuddly toys during the day, the livelier they are when all is quiet in the house. They are quite careful not to be overheard or seen dancing about. Why one time, when I was a very small child I almost caught a glimpse. I was headed to the toy room and once outside I heard a very faint "scuffle" inside but as soon as I opened the door all was quiet. Another time when I was a bit older and standing outside of that same door ready to go in I heard a rather loud clang and squeak and then something drop. Once inside I found my brother's fire engine on the floor lying beside one of my dolls. It was very curious if you ask me. Well, the thing that got me remembering these events is a story I heard of an incident that took place here in our neighborhood. There is a little girl that lives just down the way. She has a very lively imagination and yet didn't we all when we were young. Her name is Ima Gine and I hear tell

that she has a huge playroom

with all sorts of cuddly toys. I would think that if we were to investigate further we may get lucky and happen upon some very unsuspecting, yet playful subjects. Let's take a peek into Ima Gine's house and see what we can see!

I don't really have a sense for what happened. We were all together getting ready to celebrate



a new home when all of a sudden the door was thrown open, someone came in and snatched Track and now here we all sit ... like lumps

of polyfil. It wasn't exlike actly that ... I wouldn't



"snatched" and the door was definitely not "thrown" open. The door barely made a sound when that little boy came in and Track looked pretty happy about the whole thing if you ask



Look guys, you're both out of your minds. Track has poof for a brain so he

always looks "happy" and anyway ... how in the world could you possibly tell if he was happy or not. As for the door, I wouldn't say it startled me when it opened but I am fairly curious about the boy. I wonder why he didn't take me instead of Track ... what's so special about Track? What's so spe-



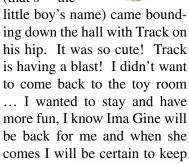
cial about Track you ask? He's one of us! That alone makes him special!

We are all just crushed he's that gone. Why, any little boy in his right mind



would want Track to play with. We've all had fun with Track. Snif Snif I'm bummed. I don't care about the door ... I don't care about whether Track was "snatched" or not ... all I know is he's gone and all I care about is that Track is my best friend and I miss him. I really miss him. Doesn't anyone know where he is?

I do! I do! I saw it all! Ima Gine had me out in the living room when David (that's the



an eye out for dear Track! Don't feel sorry for yourselves or Track



He is one lucky guy if you ask me! I suppose we really shouldn't worry then. I mean if Ms. Mandy thinks Track is having fun we should all just settle down and carry on as usual. Shouldn't we? All of a sud-



den the door re-opened and in came David in his pajamas with Track on his hip. As soon as David had deposited Track back on his shelf and left the room everyone started asking questions all at once. Track looked so woeful ... Hush everyone! I will explain it all later ... right now I need a nap. It's been a long night and I just need my rest. This was the best day of my life, Track exclaimed holding his head. Hm, well, perhaps we will never know what happened to dear old Track during his adventure ... I can only imagine ... can't you?

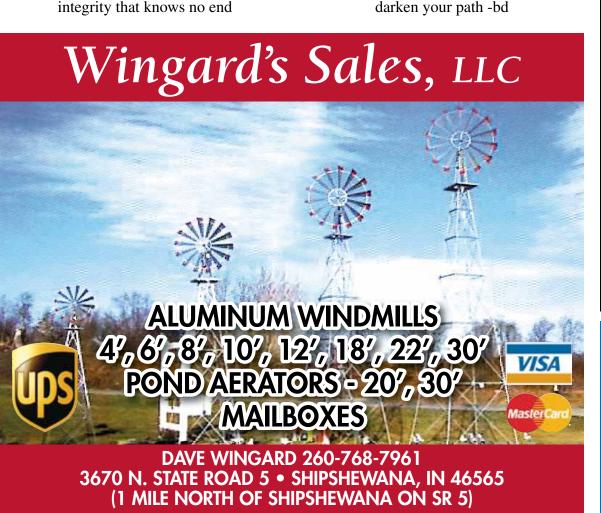
I WISH

i wish for you love laughter joy ever bubbling in your heart i wish for you patience wisdom and kindness enough to heal the pain around you i wish for you compassion honesty



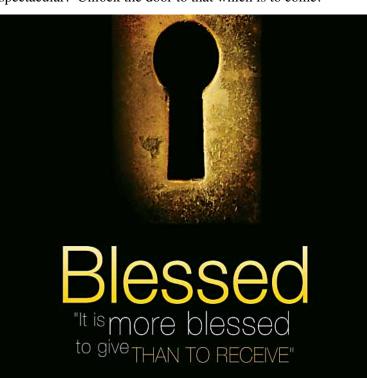
i wish for you song and dance and an eternal, internal light that guides others to the truth i wish for you a strong relationship with God that knows no bounds i wish for you all these things

and so much more with never an ounce of fear or doubt to



YOU **ARE BLESSED**

You are blessed. Yes you are. You are alive. You are breathing. You have much to be thankful for. Sure, it may be a lousy day; maybe you lost something or someone great in your life. There is ALWAYS an "up" side. There is! Lift your chin up off the floor, stop feeling sorry for yourself (for too long) and pull from this "wreckage" in your heart that which is salvageable and build upon it the cornerstone of your future. The outcome is sure to be spectacular! Unlock the door to that which is to come!





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of every month.

Sometimes I feel so weary with the weight of this life. People can be so judgmental, so quick to accuse. It just makes me think about how

my choices effect those around me, those I love the very most.

Lord, you know my heart. I never mean to cause anyone pain in this life, never mean to say hurtful never things, mean to be intentionally mean to anyone or totally disregard anyone and yet there are little moments here and there that I do exactly that ... the very thing I loathe. Lord, if I am about to speak without thinking ... please slow my tongue and allow me to see

the effect of my

words

they are spoken. I love all of the people on this earth Lord ... because YOU do. I love them all. I pray for them. Those who are broken, hurt, those who seem callous and unfeeling especially ... what happened to them Lord? How did they become "broken"? It is not easy to pray for those who intentionally harm oth-

before

ers and yet don't they need prayer the very most? I ask that you allow me to see them through YOUR eyes. Father, please help all of us

fills my soul and song fills my heart and I am drawn to a place of peace which surpasses understanding. I love you Lord God, I love you with every

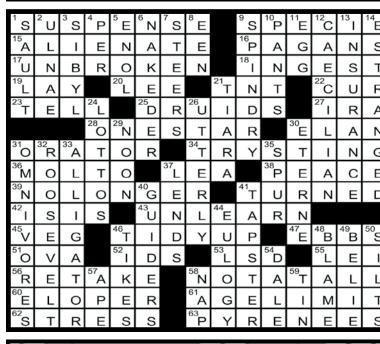
> breath of my being. I know there are many times in any given day that we all fall short of your glory. In and of ourselves NONE of us are worthy of your mercy, your love, your faithfulness and yet you sent JESUS to hang on that cross for all of us ... even one of us. You love us so much that it is hard for me to grasp. I must cling to the truths of your word

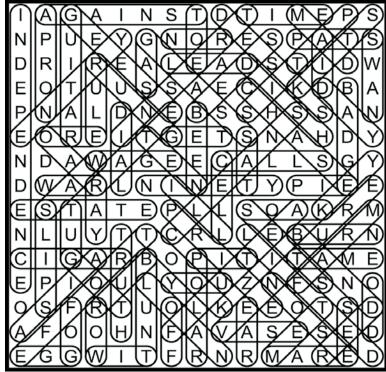
for if one day goes by without YOU being at the front of my mind

... my day is a waste and life feels especially cruel. I adore you Father, I thank you Jehovah God for being the great I AM. You cause me to sing and be filled with joy. You remind me continuously of your love, your mercy, your forgiveness.

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to be a little slower to anger, a little quicker to show compassion and more eager to be involved in our families, our churches, our communities and make a difference. Lord, please help each one of us to realize our place in your plan, the reason for our existence.

When I think of you light



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