

Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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Deputies hold community forum

The recent rash of robberies of local businesses generated enough concern in town to gather more than two dozen people at the first monthly deputy's forum on Jan. 17. The Emmitsburg community deputies started the forum as a discussion between themselves and residents.

Having that sense of comfort between residents and the deputies is important because residents are a prime source for tips of criminal activity in town.

"Never hesitate to call if it looks like something doesn't belong in the neighborhood," Dep. John McQuain told the audience at the Vigilant Hose Company.

Emmitsburg's contract with the Frederick County Sheriff's Office has three deputies working within the town. Otherwise, the town's police coverage would rely on the single sheriff's deputy that patrols the northern end of Frederick County. However, even with three deputies working full-time in Emmitsburg, the town does not have 24/7 coverage.

"I think right now with three deputies, we're just covering the basics," said resident Larry Little.

When asked how the number of

deputies is determined, Dep. Jim Moxley said, "The bottom line is cost. Obviously, we're a high-dollar item because of the training we have and the equipment we need."

Police coverage accounts for more than 20 percent of the Emmitsburg town budget.

With the rash of robberies in town at the end of last year and the beginning of 2011, many residents wanted to know if they would stop now with the arrest of two teenagers earlier this month. The deputies said they had other leads and names based on information from interrogations and other sources that they were investigating for possible involvement in the robberies.

The town has also seen an increase in residential robberies that the deputies described as "crimes of opportunity." Thieves see an easy target and take the opportunity. The best prevention against these crimes is to lock doors and windows and remove high-ticket items from view, particularly when they are in cars.

Something else that aids crimes of opportunity in Emmitsburg is its location near the border of Pennsylvania.



2007 Vigilant Hose Company's Hall of Fame winner Dot Davis reaches out to congratulate 2011 recipient Larry Little (See page 18 & 19 for additional details and photos on this year's Vigilant Hose, Harney & Rocky Ridge Fire Company award banquets)

"You can shoot right up into Pennsylvania and they're gone," Moxley said, because of the lighter police coverage in that area of the state.

At one point, a community watch program had been suggested for Emmitsburg. It never happened because of a lack of interest, even when it was proposed that all of the town could be considered as a single community watch program, which would require fewer volunteers.

Emmitsburg Commissioner Chris Staiger, who attended, said, "Even at that reduced level, there wasn't enough community involvement to put a program together."

When one resident asked whether

doing traffic stops was an effective use of the deputies' time, Moxley noted that it "used to be every car came through town doing 40 to 45 miles per hour on Main Street." That doesn't happen now because drivers know that the speed limits are enforced in town.

Also, even while doing this, the deputies make sure to check most every street and neighborhood three times during each 10-hour shift.

If you need to contact the police, the best number for emergencies is always 911. If you have a non-emergency call you can dial 301-600-1046.

The next deputy's forum will be at the Vigilant Hose Company on Feb. 21 at 6 p.m.

Commissioners' race heats up

The recent reassessment of properties in Adams County (the first in 20 years) has created such anger at significantly higher assessments in many cases and confusion among residents over the appeals process that it has created an environment for the county commissioners' race this year that already has six declared candidates. Three Republicans and three Democratic candidates are running for three seats on the board of commissioners.

While the reassessment has led to the candidate-rich race, they cannot impact the decisions that resulted from that issue. The new board of commissioners will be dealing with other issues that face the county.

"I think the reason people are coming out is because of the recent reassessment and how it was handled, but we need to look at things like taxation, the budget and land conservation," said candidate Chuck Strevig (D-Union Township). She is retired from the Pennsylvania Department of Public Welfare after working there for 29 years.

"We need to find how to improve commerce without upsetting the balance we have with our rural

communities," said candidate Jim Martin (R-Biglerville).

Martin is currently a Realtor with Prudential Real Estate.

Two candidates running for election are current commissioners George Weikert (R-Cumberland Township) and Lisa Woodward-Moreno (D-Mount Joy Township). They stand the biggest risk of experiencing a voter backlash because of the reassessment process. Commissioner Glen Snyder chose not to run for re-election.

"I believe the county wide reassessment will be the major issue in this year's election and I am prepared to address the process," Weikert said. Before being elected a county commissioner, Weikert was a township supervisor for 13 years and a member of the Gettysburg Area School District board for four years.

He explained that the outcome from the mass appraisal process was consistent with the effects other counties experienced when they underwent the same sort of reassessment.

"Everyone was afforded their due process and hopefully followed through the appeal process in order to get a value which they thought was fair and equitable," Weikert said.

One candidate who might



Current County Commissioner George Weikert

argue with that is Paul Kellett (D-Freedom), who filed suit against the county over the reassessments as a Freedom Township supervisor. He is a Freedom Township supervisor and a Realtor with Community Benefits Real Estate in Gettysburg.

"I'm very distressed on how they [the commissioners dealt] with the reassessment," Kellett said. "I don't feel they negotiated in good faith and they didn't follow the court order. It's gone beyond incompetence and is a little dishonest."

continued on page 7

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NEWS

News Briefs

Spring Fling offers \$30K in prizes with a chance at an extra \$500

Enjoy Vigilant Hose Company's annual spring fling at the Knott ARCC Complex and support your local fire company. The event will feature cash or prize giveaways every 5 minutes from noon until 6 p.m. on May 21. A total of \$30,000 in prizes will be given away with a grand prize of \$4,000.

Besides the prizes, you can enjoy food, drink and music all day long. Each ticket for the spring fling is \$60 and covers admission for two people. If you need to leave early, don't worry, you don't need to be present to win.

If you purchase your ticket before March 1, you'll be eligible for the special early bird drawing for \$500 in cash.

For tickets or more information, call the Vigilant Hose Company at 301-447-2728.

Mount students hone wilderness aid skills

Students from Mount St. Mary's recently spent time in the wilderness of Emmitsburg learning how to provide first aid when no hospital is nearby. The wilderness first response class had a live outdoor simulation in Emmitsburg.

The class, taught by Wilderness

Medical Associates, teaches skills like CPR, first aid and injury diagnosis under conditions one might experience outdoors in extreme sports or wilderness areas. It is an annual course at the Mount usually taught in the winter.

Mount graduate appointed to Archbishop

Bishop Paul Coakley, a member of the class of 1983 from Mount St. Mary's University will be installed as the Archbishop of Oklahoma City on Feb. 11. The Archdiocese of Oklahoma City is made up of 31 counties and has a Catholic population of over 46,000.

Coakley has served as Bishop in the Diocese of Salina in Kansas for the past six years before Pope Benedict XVI appointed him as Archbishop. He was ordained a priest in 1983 in Wichita, Kansas.

He attended the University of Kansas for his undergraduate studies, St. Pius X Seminary in Kentucky and Mount St. Mary's University Seminary where he received his master's and doctorate in Theology.

Mount St. Mary's University Seminary is the largest and the second-oldest seminary in the United States. It has been called

the "Cradle of Bishops" because in its more than two centuries of existence, it has graduated episcopal alumni.

Thurmont man fatally injured in accident

A Thurmont man was killed in an early morning accident on Dec. 30 in Carroll Valley.

27-year-old Patrick Michael Kolb, Jr., of Thurmont, was traveling westbound on Route 116 around 1:35 a.m. when his car left the road on the right side and went up an embankment. It returned to the road only to cross over and go off the road on the left side. The vehicle then struck a tree broadside near the 6300 block of Fairfield Road.

Carroll Valley Police responded to the scene as well as the Adams County coroner who declared Kolb dead at the scene.

Maple sugaring at Strawberry Hill

This month, Strawberry Hill will present a number of programs that show attendees how maple syrup is made. The programs are on Feb. 12, 13, 19, 20 and 27 as well as March 5 and 6. There is a minimum cost for this hands-on demonstration of the tapping and the boiling process. Participants will have the opportunity to experience all facets of maple sugaring: selecting a tree, drilling



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Fairfield Notes

Board moves to eliminate Phippenfest yard sale fee

The Fairfield Phippenfest Committee chairwoman Sally Thomas asked the Fairfield Borough Council to eliminate the \$15 fee that the borough charges for yard sale permits on Phippenfest Saturday at the end of September each year.

"We've figured out other ways, we think, to raise revenues," Thomas told the council during its Jan. 25 meeting.

The council accepted the

request and will be advertising the ordinance change that is required to drop the fee.

Patricia Smith and Dave Metz were also appointed to the Phippenfest Committee by the council.

Sesquicentennial committee formed

The Fairfield Borough Council voted during its Jan. 25 meeting to formally establish the Fairfield Sesquicentennial Committee.

During the same meeting, a number of members were also appointed. The committee is in charge of developing a plan to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Civil War. In particular, the committee is looking to create a large event in April that will feature the re-enactment of the Battle of Fairfield, which was part of the Battle of Gettysburg.

The next meeting of the committee will be Feb. 17.

Council exploring ways to save the stone school house

One of the oldest buildings in

Fairfield, a stone school house dating back to the 1700's, has fallen into a state of disrepair. The windows are gone, there are holes in the roof and the interior is in poor state. The school house was recently a magnet for feral cats.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Michaels own the school house, located on Water Street. The Michaels were invited to attend meetings of the Historical Architectural Review Board (HARB) Committee where the school house was the topic of discussion, but they declined to attend.

At this point, the option seems to be for the borough to acquire the building and restore it, which would be a very costly process. By the same token, they council would like to preserve the historic building if at all possible.

Council gets update on 2010 fire calls

Fairfield Fire and EMS Chief Adam Brown told the Fairfield Borough Council that the fire company responded to 203 calls in 2010, of which 32 were within Fairfield.

Around the Town

The Emmitsburg Mayor and Town Council have been reviewing a proposed adequate public facilities ordinance for the town. An APFO ties development approval to public facility capacity in such things as roads, schools, water systems and sewer treatment. If the capacity isn't sufficient to accommodate a proposed new development, the development won't be approved.

"Basically, you don't want to overbook your systems," said Emmitsburg Planner Sue Cipperly.

The town used the Frederick County APFO as a template to create the draft version of the municipal APFO. A final version, when approved, will serve as a guide for

the Emmitsburg Planning Commission when they consider development proposals.

Town creating more electronic options for residents

The Emmitsburg Town Council is considering creating a section on the town web site that will act as an electronic police blotter. It could possibly list arrests or areas of criminal activity. A key purpose would be to notify residents of any public safety issues in town.

The council is also looking into ways to increase the access to and number of listings on the public events calendar on the town web site. The most likely way will be to solicit events through an e-mail address and a listing sheet at the town

office. The events will be listed within a few days after they are submitted.

However, recurring events will still have to be listed as individual events. This means if an organization has a monthly meeting, a listing will have to be submitted for each event, though they can be submitted as a batch to cover meetings months in advance.

Water situation continues to improve

The wells in Emmitsburg are once again on the rise, according to Emmitsburg Town Manager Dave Haller. Though water restrictions were enacted last fall, rainfall at the end of last year has helped the water level in the wells rise 3.5 feet and the water level at Rainbow Lake is at the spillway. Haller told the mayor and town council that water levels would hopefully be back at normal in May.



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Fairfield Fire Department in serious financial trouble

The Fairfield Fire Department and EMS Department may be forced to bring on paid firefighters within three years. This would mean higher taxes to pay the firefighters unless something is done soon.

This was the prediction that Fairfield Fire and EMS Chief Adam Brown told the Fairfield Borough Council during its monthly meeting on Jan. 25.

While the EMS side of the operation generates revenue by charging for ambulance transports, the amount it brings in is around

\$40,000 a year. This amount barely covers the EMS expenses. However, Brown said that if the long-term cost of the ambulances and the fire company's share of building expenses are taken into account, it would be operating in the black. This situation could easily grow worse because the EMS company is experiencing reimbursement problems. The insurance companies are starting to reimburse to the patients rather than to the ambulance company and the patients are sending those reimbursements along to the

ambulance company.

The situation for the fire company is bleaker. Brown said members are working at various fundraisers to generate income, but it is a struggle. Bingo and games of chance generate some income, but the fire company's annual expenses rub between \$650,000 and \$700,000 a year. Also, Brown said if the casino near Gettysburg is approved, it is likely that it will siphon off many of the gamblers that help make the fire company's fundraisers successful.

"We're getting to the point where the fire company is hurting," Brown said.

The EMS company has

already been forced to hire paid emergency technicians for daily coverage from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. The fire company is still staffed by volunteers.

Brown said it is getting harder to find firefighters during the day to provide coverage. Many of the volunteer firefighters are also finding work in Maryland as paid firefighters. He said it is getting to the point that, "I can't guarantee during the day that we'll make it to your house."

The company has been trying to be efficient by cross-training firefighters and emergency technicians, but that can only go so far.

Brown told the council that he wanted to let them know what was happening and what could happen. He is also visiting the other municipalities that the fire company services to let them know about the situation, that the fire company will probably need paid firefighters to staff the company during the day within three years.

Fairfield Council President Patricia Smith told Brown that the council was willing to work with the fire company and the council needed to see financial statements from the company in order to grasp the company's financial situation.

Fairfield schools get preliminary budget

The Fairfield Area School District needs to find \$300,000 in revenues, cut that amount or find some combination of both before the next school year. The school board received the 2011 preliminary budget on Jan. 24, which projected a deficit of \$300,000.

At this point in the process, the deficit is not a major concern. District Business Manager Mark Sewell said the numbers will change

as state and county funding numbers firm up.

"We have not in earnest begun to ask ourselves where we can make cuts and not reduce services," Superintendent William Chain said during the board meeting.

The preliminary budget estimated revenues for the next school year at \$15,959,224 and estimated expenses of \$16,249,759. The expenses are based on known expenditures and

some new expected expenses, such as teacher contract negotiations and health care increases of 14.4 percent. The expected expenses are estimated at 2.6 percent higher than the current approved budget, but they are slightly less than they were projected to be when the district's 5-year projections were made in February 2010.

The board is also struggling with how to deal with the pressure to

eliminate or combine positions. Employee pay and benefits make up 64.4 percent of the board's current budget (70.7 percent if professional services are included). Because of this, it is also the most likely area to reduce when cuts are needed. Parents of Fairfield School District are concerned that the school only has a part-time athletic director in particular.

"The numbers don't really mean

anything to the school district," Sewell was reported saying in the Gettysburg Times. "You hear everything from we're going back to level funding in 2008," he said of some state funding projections, adding "I would doubt that's going to happen; there'd be too much public outcry."

The board is scheduled to vote on the preliminary budget for adoption at the school board's Feb. 14 meeting.

Mother Seton School announces recipients of Seton Values Award

Mother Seton School will honor Pastor Jon Greenstone, Jerry Schwartz, Lorne Peters and Steve Trout on Feb. 1 as recipients of the Seton Values Award. The award is given to individuals and businesses that have long-standing dedication and have made contributions to

the Catholic educational mission of MSS.

Greenstone and Schwartz will receive the award as professional partners with the school. Greenstone is pastor of Elias Lutheran Church and Jerry Schwartz is an environmental engineer. Both men have worked

with MSS for several years as Green School Committee members.

"Your involvement during the past four years with the Green School Committee, your involvement in helping MSS to be recognized as a Maryland Green School and your involvement and

expertise in understanding and obtaining a solar demonstration project to support the instruction goals at MSS and serve as a demonstration to the community are noteworthy accomplishments and most deserving of the Seton Values Award," Sister JoAnne Goecke, D.C., MSS principal, said in the announcement of the award recipients.

Lorne Peters and Steve Trout,

owners of Jubilee Foods in Emmitsburg, are the recipients of the Professional Business Award. They have had a long relationship with MSS.

"Jubilee's involvement and support of Mother Seton School over the years is a most noteworthy accomplishment and deserving of the Seton Values Award. The grocery card rebates to parents for tuition reduction and discounts for all purchases are a huge support for families and Catholic education especially during these economic times," Goecke said. "Jubilee's support of our many school activities... demonstrates your genuine interest in the children and their education."

The award recipients will be honored during a recognition breakfast at the school as part of Catholic Schools Week celebrations.

Previous recipients of the Seton Values Award include Dan and Greg Reaver, owners of Emmitsburg Glass Company, and Raymond Page of The Page Foundation.

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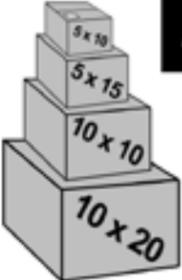
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NEWS

Carroll Valley resident writes investment guide for servicemen

The U.S. military has a reputation of underpaying its servicemen and women, particularly since the Defense Commissary Agency reported that \$31 million in food stamps were spend in military commissaries in 2008.

However, Kenneth Heaney of Carroll Valley believes that servicemembers do make enough to be well off, if not wealthy, when they retire from the military.

Heaney spent 20 years in the U.S. Army and retired as a lieutenant colonel.

"I started as a 2nd lieutenant in 1983, making \$13,000 a year," Heaney said. "I realized I wasn't going to rich on a military career so I had to learn to invest."

He became so successful at investing that other military personnel began following his advice. Then in 1998, he was featured in the USA Today money section. This lead to

another article about him in Kiplinger's and an appearance on The Early Show.

When he retired from the military after 20 years, he took his list of followers and turned them into clients when he opened up his own investment company in North Carolina. He bought a second home in Fairfield a few years ago so that his wife could be close to her mother and he splits his time between Fairfield and North Carolina.

Now Heaney has written a guide to help military families create a financial future for themselves. The Military Millionaire came out last November and is available at online bookstores like Amazon and Barnes and Noble. Heaney is donating his royalties from the book to various military charities.

One of the things Heaney wants to show military families is that if their serviceman or

woman can stick it out and retire with a career of 20 years, it will be worth it. "Becoming a military millionaire doesn't require a big salary, corporate bonus checks or tremendous prowess in the stock market. When they retire after 20 years, they can have \$2.5 million in tangible benefits for the rest of their lives with things like pension, other retirement savings, health care and educations benefits," Heaney said.

It all begins with knowing what you are spending your money on and replacing bad spending habits with good saving habits.

"I'd like them to spend the first money watching what they spend money on and then spend less," Heaney said.

That creates disposable income that can be saved and invested. "The money is there," said Heaney. "The book just helps them to find it." With investing, Heaney teaches

diversification and holding investments so they appreciate. Many investment are available through the Department of Defense, such as the Thrift Savings Plan. He doesn't try get-rich-quick schemes. The USA Today article noted, "When it comes to finances, Ken Heaney is far from reckless."

Besides teaching sensible investing and a frugal lifestyle, Heaney wants servicemen and woman to know they can have a "wonderful career full of challenges and excitement in the military."

Since the book's release, Heaney says he has been getting great feedback about it.

"Just about everyday someone calls me or e-mails me to say the book has helped," Heaney said.

He believes that is the start. Once someone starts getting good results from his strategies, it's that much easier for them to continue to build themselves a



sound financial future.

Military Millionaire can be purchased in hardback for \$24.95, paperback for \$14.95 and as a Kindle for \$9.99. If you would like an autographed copy, Heaney can be reached at Kenneth.heaney@natplan.com. Heaney will be signing books at the Book Warehouse at the Gettysburg Outlets on both Saturdays on the 19th and 26th of February from 12:00 PM to 4:00 PM.

Sanders restaurant under new management

Everything looks the same at Sanders Restaurant in Fairfield. But with restaurants, it's the taste that matters, and Sanders food has a new taste that people are noticing and loving!

Chad Fouchie and his sister Faith Bucholz took over the business at the beginning of January, bringing their recipes with them. The restaurant still features good home-cooking, but it is prepared differently.

"We've got more home-cooked foods, fresh foods and home-made desserts all prepared with our own recipes," Fouchie said.

Fouchie's recipes have been

honed over a working lifetime in the restaurant business. He began work as a dishwasher at a restaurant, working his way up to be the manager of Mamma Ventura's in Gettysburg. He even worked weekends for the previous owner of the restaurant until he decided to buy it for himself.

"This is my passion," Fouchie said. "I like to cook. I like the atmosphere in a restaurant and I like meeting new people who come in."

Sanders serves breakfast, lunch and dinner for eat-in or takeout. You can find daily specials like pot roast, barbeque chicken, fish and shepherd's pie. Lunch specials

include an entrée and two vegetables for under \$5 and dinner specials have larger portions for under \$7.

"Lunch is probably the most popular meal, but it's hard to tell since we haven't been doing this for very long yet," Fouchie said. "People really love our burgers and chicken wraps."

The burgers are all hand-patted, made are nice and thick. They also cook their hand-cut french fries in peanut oil to get that flavor that everyone likes but can no longer get at many restaurants.

Fouchie tries to purchase local ingredients, such as Weikert's eggs. When asked about why he would open a restaurant in a depressed economy, Fouchie said, "No matter what, people go out to eat and we think we offer really

good food for a great value."

One of the future plans he has for the restaurant is to add an outdoor deck for dining when the weather is suitable.

Sanders is open Tuesdays through Saturdays 7 a.m. until 8 p.m. and Sundays 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. The phone number is 717-642-9131.

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February 3

New Emerald Building

The new Emerald building on the west side of Frederick Street is rapidly nearing completion. The structure is 25 feet by 50 feet and is two stories high with room with 12 foot ceilings. The upper floor, which is all in one, will be used as a hall and the meeting room of the Emerald Beneficial Association of this place. The lower floor is designed for a store or similar purpose, having a full glass front. The large plate glass panes arrived this week and will shortly be placed in position.

The Emerald Beneficial Association is a benevolent, beneficial and religious organization based upon the fundamental principles of faith, hope and charity which aims to inculcate and practice towards all mankind. The society was formed in 1876 and is made up of Roman Catholic Irishmen. The objective of the Association is to care for its members, provide for the sick, bury the dead and practice the virtues of life.

Improvements on Frederick Street

Mr. Edwin Chrimer, who recently purchased the coach-making establishment known as the Baker shops on Frederick Street, has torn down part of the establishment and built a new frame dwelling. Mr. Chrimer also had his manufactory re-weather boarded. This is one of the greatest improvements in property for some time and has greatly added to the appearance of that section of town.

Another great improvement on Frederick Street is the erection of an addition to Mr. Bernard Welty's blacksmith shop. Mr. Welty had a gasoline engine placed in position and geared up with drill, circular saw and all other machines for the prompt execution of heavy work of all kinds.

Stewart Annan Announces Candidacy

Mr. Stewart Annan announced he will seek reelection as County Commissioner. Mr. Annan is the first citizen of Emmitsburg to hold office as County Commissioner. He is a farmer and has been a valuable member of the board of County Commissioners.

February 10

High School Spelling Bee

The spelling bee was the first held in Emmitsburg for a long time and proved very entertaining. It was the more successful because the best speller was awarded with a prize of \$2.50 in gold. There was a long but friendly battle before it was decided and everyone was perfectly satisfied with the results. For 45 minutes the students spelled until all but two, Miss Harbaugh and William Morrison, retired. Then by some sudden unforeseen disaster William carelessly took aim at a word and missed. Miss Harbaugh was more successful and won the contest.

There is very much truth in Prof. White's words, "Spelling is almost a lost art." The only way to reclaim it once more is to go back to the old-time spelling bee and battle for a whole evening. Let us have more.

February 17

Cross Country Run

On Monday afternoon the high school students were surprised by the announcement of a cross-country run that afternoon. Although they were informed several weeks earlier that they would have won, none of the boys were in running condition. Some had practiced rather strenuously Monday morning and as

a consequence were somewhat stiff and sore.

Dilbert Hospelhorn and Donald Agnew started out together, but on the way Donald was smitten by the deadly pangs of love and walked the rest of the way to town with a pretty young schoolteacher.

Charles Eichelberger and William Morrison, the cigarette fiends, were the real heroes. Tobacco showed its true colors; before passing the first milestone, both had their tongues hanging out like our canine friends, and their breath came thick and fast. At length, one timidly said, "I'm awfully tired," and the other said, "So am I." So they struck into the woods to recover the good health, which they have so foolishly blown up in smoke.

Another Runaway

A horse belonging to Ms. Mary Weigant was frightened and ran away from Boyle Brothers warehouse. It ran against a telephone pole, where it left the buggy. It was later caught by Dr. Stone. No one was hurt as Ms. Weigant was of the buggy at the time.

Improvements on Gettysburg Street

Many congratulations are due to the people on Gettysburg Street for their prompt attention to the importance of keeping their property in good condition, such as building and paving. If the people on Main Street, do not keep wide awake, those on Frederick and Gettysburg Street will surpass them.

Ms. Sarah Fox

The many friends of Mrs. J. C. Fox were shocked to hear of her rather sudden death on Monday. She suffered a stroke of apoplexy and died about 1 a.m. Sometime ago Mrs. Fox, the mother of Mrs. Thomas J. Hayes of Emmitsburg, purchased the Tiers property on Frederick Pike near Mount St. Mary's College. It was here that Mrs. Fox raised her family until her death.



In the 1940's the old Emerald Building was bought by John Hollinger, who converted the two-story structure into its present three-story layout by removing the original 12 foot high ceiling and replacing it with two 8 foot floors.

February 24

Death of Mr. Charles Rowe

At an early hour on Wednesday, Mr. Charles Rowe passed into eternal rest. Through the four score years of his life Emmitsburg was his home. For over a quarter of a century he was the faithful and efficient superintendent of our Lutheran Sunday school. He was deeply interested in the promotion and progress of the school's moral and virtuous welfare.

His inquiring and ambitious mind encompassed quite a wide circle of knowledge both from books and from men. He thought on deep and timely subjects. He had convictions and could command the attention of others in their expression.

Champion Walker Visits Town

Last Friday Mr. F. J. Cooper of Allston, Mass., passed through town on his pedestrian tour of 1,050 miles on a wager of \$1,500. While in town he stopped at the Emmet House where he was interviewed. By the terms of the wager Mr. Cooper is not allowed to beg or asked for anything, but he started his trip with 300 photographs of himself which he could sell. The entire distance, 1,050 miles, must be covered

in 45 days, 12 of which were taken in reaching Emmitsburg.

High School Play at Fairfield

On Friday afternoon students of Emmitsburg high school went to Fairfield to render their five act comedy entitled "Al Martin's Country Store." They were most hospitably received by the students of Fairfield high school when they reached town. The Fairfield students, led by their teacher, sang a welcome ode, "Maryland, My Maryland." This seemed to do the young folks much good as everyone was in the best of spirits when the curtain was raised on the first act. After the performance the Fairfield teacher escorted all the young actors to Snyder's restaurant for lunch.

The Fairfield school netted enough from the proceeds to start a school library. Although the Emmitsburg school was not benefited financially, they were benefited in many other more important ways, including the students meeting other high school boys and girls, the rendering of their community away from home and the moral lessons from such an affair.

To read more about the history of the Greater Emmitsburg area, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net.



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GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the Desk of County Commissioner David Gray

On January 18th, Frederick County launched the Green Homes Challenge, a major community initiative that will help residents reduce energy use and utility bills, adopt environmentally friendly practices and use renewable energy.

The first of three challenges, Be a Power Saver, appeals to residents to "Save Our Energy, and Bank Your Money!" The challenge educates households about the benefits of saving energy, promotes home energy audits and encourages action in the form of home energy improvement projects. Households are supported on their journey from energy awareness to action with resources, interactive tools, financial incentives, social support and recognition.

In order to certify as a Power Saver household, one of the first steps you need to take is to sign up for a home energy audit. Our Sustainability Director, Hilari Varnadore did just that, and I've asked her to tell you how it went in hopes of engaging our county's North end in our Green Homes Challenge.

A few months ago, my husband and I decided to (finally) call Allegheny Power (1-877-928-8928) to sign up for a free, home energy

audit through their Watt Watchers Program. If you've missed the commercials, utility bill inserts, and radio ads, Watt Watchers is Allegheny Power's contribution towards the EmPower Maryland initiatives; the goal of EmPower Maryland (see SB 205 Maryland Energy Efficiency Act of 2008) is to reduce per capita electricity consumption and peak energy demand by 15% by 2015.

Utilities in Maryland, like Allegheny Power, are required to initiate programs for consumers and businesses across the state that will help to meet the EmPower Maryland goals. Frederick County residents have access to services such as free and low cost energy audits, energy saving devices like CFLs and low flow showerheads, and rebates for appliances, insulation, and other energy efficient products. If you aren't already utilizing these programs, go to the Watt Watchers web page, <http://www.alleghenypower.com/ForYourHome/ForYourHomeMd.asp> and get started.

My husband and I, like most of you, are always looking for ways to save money at home. We chop and burn wood, line dry clothes, and always use cold water in the wash. About a year ago, we upgraded old appliances and asked

our daughter to take on the "energy dog" role at home. She reminds us when we leave a light on and turns off the TV, and other appliances when they are not in use. But, with all of this "good behavior" we still felt our electric bills were high for a small, 1200 sq. ft. home. We had a feeling it had something to do with its age; our house was built in 1942. We made the call and set up our home's first energy audit.

The call to AP was quick; we selected a local audit company, who then called the next day to schedule the appointment. The day of the audit we met the auditor, answered his questions about the house, then got out of the way so he could survey our house from top to bottom, inside and out. We met about two hours later at the kitchen table where he provided us with a 5 page form with handwritten notes: the official audit report. On the report were prioritized projects; for our house the big ones were attic insulation and air sealing, no surprise given our home's age. Then what followed were all the myriad projects from caulking to patching in drywall to insulating hot water pipes in the basement. The result was a strategic, prioritized energy action plan for our

house. We signed off to acknowledge his work and then he left, free of charge!

I admit that we had mixed feelings about our audit at first. While initially excited to finally know what the priority energy projects were, it was daunting to see 5 pages of "to-do's". And then, the questions from my colleagues -- "How did your audit go?" Oh, I was dreading that. Everyone knew we had scheduled the audit and it was hard to admit that there were so many things we still needed to do.

The fact of the matter is that my family is probably a lot like yours. We have kids, our budget is tight, and we're always really busy. When we know what we need to do, we get it done. But in this case, we really didn't know everything that we needed to do until after the audit. The 5-pages of energy actions gave us a to-do list that we could work with. And by tackling them one (or three) at a time, we'll be improving our home, saving money and contributing towards a more sustainable future for our children.

So, if I haven't sold you on a home energy audit yet, here's my final pitch. This month, Frederick County launches the Green Homes Challenge -- Be a Power Saver initiative. With grant

funding and support from the private sector, including Allegheny Power, we're challenging households in Frederick County to take action to save our energy, and bank your money!

The Green Homes Challenge has three components focused on saving energy, adopting green lifestyle practices and using renewable energy. In January, we launch the first challenge -- Be a Power Saver! If you'd like to: reduce utility bills and save money; improve the comfort, value, and durability of your home; do the right thing for your kids', country's, and planet's future; be recognized and inspire others; and/or earn special incentives and prizes, check out the Green Homes Challenge today at www.SustainableFrederickCounty.org/GreenHomes. You can call our GHC Coordinator at 301-600-6864.

Saving energy is something you can do in your home right now. Make the call today and schedule your home energy audit -- it's your first step towards long-term savings!

Hilari Varnadore is Frederick County's Sustainability Director. She can be reached by phone at 301-600-7414 or email hvarnadore@frederickcountymd.gov.

From the Desk of Town Council President Chris Staiger

Ah, the middle of winter... I guess the one good thing is the absence of snow -- at least compared to this time last year. I will admit to being disappointed that we haven't had even one sixty degree day since Thanksgiving, though! Regardless, I hope you and yours are weathering the season. (Apologies to those who ski, snowboard, or enjoying tubing up the road!)

Any commissioner who pondered reducing coverage by the Resident Deputies in November (and, yes, that would include me...) probably feels better for not having done so. In the end, I made up my mind against the reduction because even though our budget

will probably decline for the fourth straight year, we have been able to continue to fund such core expenditures that benefit the community without raiding the "rainy day" fund. I have trouble cutting public services when we choose to increase overhead costs by \$60,000 per year and use \$123,000 from the "rainy day" fund to create new employee benefits over the same period.

We were fortunate that increased patrols by the Frederick County Sheriff's Office resulted in the apprehension of two juvenile suspects who may have been largely responsible for the dozen break-ins at local businesses from around

Thanksgiving to just after New Year's. We can legitimately hope that this will end the current crime spree against businesses and serve as a deterrent to other opportunists who would take advantage of dark corners and unprotected premises.

The Community Deputies have organized a monthly forum from 6-7pm on the third Monday of every month at the Vigilant Hose Company in an effort to increase communication with the community. The first meeting on January 17 was a big success with over twenty people present. Most of the concerns expressed by the public dealt with questions over the level of coverage and prevention of crime.

The deputies described their efforts to reduce overlap in schedules as much as possible while refocusing resources on areas identified as trouble spots. I estimate it would take a thirty percent increase in property taxes to generate the income necessary to contract two additional officers that might (just?) allow for something close to 24/7 coverage through a resident deputy program. Certainly, we already have "basic" coverage through the Sheriff's Office when the resident deputies are not in town -- but we don't necessarily have anyone patrolling the streets and response times are longer.

The deputies also focused on prevention measures that business owners and homeowners could take to reduce their exposure. Motion activated lights were recommended as one way to alert patrolling deputies that something might be up at a business location that is normally dark. Homeowners were encouraged to lock their car doors and close garage doors at night to reduce the chance of crimes of opportunity by juveniles snatching objects that can be quickly exchanged for cash. The possibility of making a second effort to establish a Community Watch Program was also identified.

Regardless, the deputies wanted everyone to know that you should report suspicious activity. They want you to know that the small details or observations may not seem critical, but they could be the missing piece of a larger puzzle or pattern. These gentlemen have been working in our community for some time now. They know a lot about our community but maybe not as much as "us" in some instances... They don't want you to be embarrassed to contact them! If you do have questions, comments, or concerns -- please attend one of their meetings. These 'forums' are informal events and the floor is open for discussion of any item related to their service. Please make an effort to attend.

Thanks for your time and have a great month -- Chris Staiger.

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GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the Desk of County Auditor Marty Qually

Last month at an Adams County Commissioners' meeting a citizen wanted to know the qualifications to be an Auditor. He had a lot of questions about how Adams County government was run, so the answer to his question went unanswered under the tidal wave of other issues he presented. To me though this question opened up more than the specifics of being qualified as an Auditor, it made me think about the qualifications we expect for any elected official. In my life I have been appointed to six boards and won election to one, but at no time was I presented with a list of "Qualifications" for any of these Boards. Now let me be the first to make the obvious joke, "Yes, I am "Quallyfied" to be an Auditor".

Being an elected official is intrinsically political, so where better to start my search for the qualification of a County Auditor than by reading the Pennsylvania Code Book. (A bit of a warning, reading the Pa County Code may cause drowsiness and you should not operate heavy equipment for at least two hours after reading.) If you go by Pa County Code, there is no mention of qualification only that, "The Auditors shall assemble at the county seat on the first Monday of January in each year, and begin their audit of the fiscal affairs of the county for the fiscal year immediately preceding, and thereafter, at such times as they may find necessary for the completion of their audit before the first day of the following July." It didn't take long to read the entire section on Auditors, so I read it again.

No mention of being a Certified Public Accountant, no mention of any accounting experience at all.

Merriam-Websters Dictionary had the expected definition, "1: a person authorized to examine and verify accounts", and also an unexpected definition "2: one who hears or listens". In the case of an elected (or in my case appointed) County Auditor the authorization comes directly from the voters. In a business an auditor would be contracted or hired to go over and verify the previous year's revenues and expenditures. In the case of Pennsylvania County Government, as enabled by State Code, the Auditors are elected officials. For good reason too, imagine how difficult it would be to get an independent audit if the officials in charge of creating and administering the budget also got to pick the officials that audited their financial records.

In working with the other two County Auditors, Glenn Hartzel and Barbara Weikert, I have learned that the day-to-day work is routine. We double check every dollar collected by County Government, and trust me when I tell you that our work is made much easier by very competent County staff beginning the process. We double check that hotels and motels are collecting the "pillow tax", a small tax added to all overnight stays in Adams County, and that they are submitting the correct amount to the County. We double check that the municipal Tax Collectors (all 34 of them) are collecting the correct amount of Per Capita and Real Estate

tax on behalf of Adams County. And within the County Government we double check that each Department is accurately accounting for all funds collected for the County, from the 25 cents you may spend to photocopy a document in the Assessment office to the cost of a marriage license at the Clerk of Courts.

A basic understanding of accounting is important in a good auditor, but if that was it, then why have it an elected position, and not just hire the auditors. Why do we need to have a minority party Auditor, as one of the three Auditors? That to me is where you really get to the qualifications of an Auditor. This position is an elected position, not a hired position and when it comes to political elections there is no handbook, no job description, there is just who wins and who doesn't. This may not always guarantee that the most qualified person wins, but it does generally mean that the most trusted does. And what is wrong with trust being the quality that you most want in an Auditor.

Auditors, or for that matter all elected officials, are elected because citizens trust them. Voters trust that officials will listen. They trust them to work towards what is best for the citizens. Maybe qualifying our elected officials by their ability to listen and to be trusted is too simple an answer, but to me it is a great place to start. And every four years County officials have to re-earn the people's trust and if they don't well there is always the next challenger.

Commissioners' race heats up

Continued from page 1

Martin said one of the things he wants to change if elected commissioner is the voter accessibility to the government. For instance, he wants to change the daytime commissioner meetings to an evening hour when more people would be available to attend.

Strevig said she will bring a sense of mediation and compromise to the board of commissioners and be someone who works to achieve a consensus among all parties involved in various issues.

Weikert said he decided to run for a second term because, "I believe I have been successful in leading Adams County through the difficult economic and political challenges which we have all been struggling through in the last few years."

Randy Phiel (R-Cumberland Township) said, "One of the biggest general issues for Adams County is to find a blend of its rural quality of life with economic development." He sees the growing agri-tourism in the county as one way to do this. He would also encourage the development of agri-technology businesses and high-tech business parks to help accomplish this.

Phiel is a Cumberland Township supervisor and the operations manager for the annual Civil War re-enactment in Gettysburg. He has a background in law enforcement and has been a small business owner.

Kellett said that the county needs to become leaner and more efficient in its operations because it is facing reduced funding from federal and state source.

"I'm a small business owner. I know how to stretch a dollar," he said.

Martin said he would make better use of underutilized buildings for businesses in the county and use the sheriff for courthouse security. He said doing both things would save the county money.

Candidates interested in running have until March 8 to turn in their paperwork at the Adams County Courthouse. The primary is May 17.

Woodward-Moreno was contacted about the article but did not respond by press time.

From the Desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron Harris

Well, we are one month into the new year and I haven't broken any of my new year's resolutions. Come to think of it, I forgot to make any. Our community has an organization to help us seniors, the Fairfield Area Senior Center located at 106 Steelman Street in Fairfield. Their daily activities involve: socialization, games, puzzles, cards, information and referrals, lunch, and exercise. Their Wellness Program includes: Blood Pressure Screening, Health Presentations, Speakers, and again, most important exercise. The hours of the center are 9:30 am to 1:30 pm Monday through Friday. The site manager is Cheryl Kulkusky. If you are interested, contact Cheryl by either email at ckulkusk@acofa.org or by phone at 642-6170. Keep healthy by getting involved and exercising.

Did you know that the Senior Lawyers Committee of the Pennsylvania Bar Association created a statewide Guide to Legal Issues for PA Senior Citizens? It is a 94 page pdf document published by the Pennsylvania Bar Association that provides legal information to seniors on such topics as Financial Planning, Estate Planning, Power of Attorney, Out of Hospital Do Not Resuscitate Orders, Guardianships, Social Security and other topics. If you are interested, go to www.pabar.org/pdf/

guidelegalservicessc.pdf" to take a look. By the way, you don't have to be a senior to be interested in some of the subject areas covered by the guide.

New on the scene in Carroll Valley and Fairfield is Boy Scout Venturing Crew 76, a challenging cutting edge program for male and female youth ages 14 through 21. Sponsored by Fairfield Lion's Club, the youth-led unit meets on 2nd and 4th Tuesdays at 7:30 p.m. in the Scout Shack (the Old Rescue Squad Garage, 106 Steelman St, Fairfield). Crew events for 2011 include high adventure activities, backpacking, kayaking, rock climbing, white water, bicycling, hiking, field trips, winter sports, & more. Members can earn award recognitions and rank advancements based on leadership, skills development, and service. The Crew features Boy Scout Association (BSA) full liability assurance. The BSA Venture Program aims to foster lasting friendships via team building, bolster self-esteem through healthy competition, and serve the community. For more information about Crew 76, call Crew Advisor, Mark Greathouse at 642-5083.

As you know, Pennsylvania played a key role during the Civil War. Well, place a circle around April 22nd and April 23rd on your family calendars to find out what happen during the Battle of

Fairfield. As part of the "Invasion of Pennsylvania" – a series of four Sesquicentennial kick-off events, Fairfield has been selected to focus on the Battle of Fairfield and the Stuart's Raid to show the significance of each to the eventual outcome of the Civil War. The two day event is a great opportunity for the entire family to learn more about the area we live in.

I have received a number of calls about running for elected office. In Carroll Valley, there will be four councilors (4 year terms) who will be up for reelection as well as our tax collector (2 year term). In addition, based on the information I have received, there will be five school board members up for reelection. If interested you need to go to the Elections and Voter Registration Office in County Courthouse on 111 Baltimore Street, Gettysburg to pick up a Nomination Petition Pack. These packets will be available on February 1st. You have from February 15th to March 8th, to collect signatures on your petition(s) to run for the elected office of your choice. All petitions must be in by March 8th. Once the petitions have been reviewed and approved, your name will appear on the Primary ballot on May 17th. After the primary, those selected appear on the ballot for the

general election held on November 8th. My advice, if you are interested in running for an elected position is to be aware of the responsibilities you will take on when you hold the office. I do believe it is one of the most important responsibilities a Pennsylvania citizen can undertake and that is to serve your fellowman. If you desire more information, call the Director of Elections & Voter Registration, Monica Dutko, at 337-9832 or visit the Adams County website at www.adamscounty.us

Our Police Chief, Richard L. Hileman II, asks residents to help out with snow removal. "Vehicles parked on or partially on the road way slow snow removal and are dangerous to

plow operators. Additionally, during a snow emergency, which includes most snow events, it is illegal to park on the road or in the right of way just off the road and can result in being ticketed and towed. Please do your part to keep our roads clear.

The Borough will be holding the following meetings in February: Planning Commission (Monday – Feb 7th), Borough Council (Tuesday – Feb 15th), and the Parks/Recreation Committee (Wednesday – Feb 23rd). If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to contact me by email at mayor@carrollvalley.org or by cell at (301) 606-2021. Be careful driving on the road. We need to slow down.

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COMMENTARY

Words from Winterbilt

Wisdom, lessons and learning

Shannon Bohrer

I was having a telephone conversation with a friend when she commented that she forgot where she had put something and it took her several days to find it. She also mentioned that she was concerned because as she gets older this seems to happen more often. I told her that it happens to everyone. When you are young, you don't have anything to misplace and if you did how many places could you leave it? As we grow older we acquire lots of stuff and more places to store our stuff – house, barn, garage, basement – that's why we can't find things. This is wisdom that I have acquired because of stuff that I have and places where I have misplaced it.

They say that wisdom comes with age, as if you cannot be wise when you are young. I believe I can say with a degree of certainty that a very large number of high school seniors would disagree with that. It is that time and age when many individuals seem to know everything. However, it is also amazing how much you can learn once you know everything. In just

a few short years, as we experience life, we seem to learn more.

When I was a young man my father gave me a lesson that stays with me to this day, but it took a long time for me to understand the extent of the lesson. He said, "You won't understand some people because they may seem different and strange to you. You don't have to understand them; you just need to accept them for who they are." At the time, I took it as sometimes people are just different. His words came to mind many times, especially with a career in law enforcement as I sometimes had difficulty accepting a few individuals. As John Quincy Adams said, "If you are pained by external things, it is not they that disturb you, but your own judgment of them. And it is in your power to wipe out that judgment now." From my perspective, Adam's words helped me understand my father's advice, but I still have trouble accepting some people....

"If you are pained by external things, it is not they that disturb you, but your own judgment of them. And it is in your power

to wipe out that judgment now."
John Quincy Adams

When I was a very young State Trooper and living at the barracks, I had a day off and went home for a good meal. My mother was cooking in the kitchen and I was sitting at the table having a conversation with her. My father was at work and I had two very young sisters who were there too. My mother inquired about my work and I must have complained about something, although I really don't remember. She stopped what she was doing at the stove, turned toward me and said, "Stop your complaining! It's not becoming, and besides, you know that life's not fair." My parents' explanation for many things was that life is unfair and you deal with what you have, and don't wine and/or complain about what you don't have. I think individuals who grew up in the depression understood this at an early age. Just as my mother was turning back to the stove she faced me again and added, "Besides, if life was fair, you would not have a job." She was right; in many ways I became a trooper to make things fair. It was

one of those early lessons that I never forgot.

Early in my career I was given an assignment to give a lecture to a U.S. Navy reserve unit in Baltimore, Md. The reserve unit was a World War II submarine crew. That same submarine is still docked in Baltimore. I gave the lecture and it seemed to be well-received. Afterwards the commander offered me a tour on the submarine. The entire reserve unit and I walked to the dock where the submarine was tied up. We boarded and the commander proceeded to take me on a first class tour, from bow to stern and back (Mike – that's the whole boat). During this time the crew was busy doing crew things – starting and running engines, radar, sonar – and the commander was giving commander directions (like level off at 75 feet, hold steady at 1/3 speed, turn starboard six degrees, etc.) I was very impressed with the tour, the professional members of the unit and just how well everything seemed to be running.

About an hour into the tour we were in a tower (the piece on top) and the commander raised the periscope. After the commander took a long view, he offered me a

turn. I accepted and expected to see the Bay Bridge because I was sure we had traveled that far, after all we were traveling for some time. When I looked through the periscope I was surprised to see the dock that we were still tied to. No one said that we would be taking the submarine for a ride, but without windows it was my impression, or misimpression that we were under way. The lesson – it does make one question if we really had people on the moon? Sometimes the experiences are the lessons.

"One learns from the experience of experiencing," Carl Rogers

Wisdom does come from lessons and learning – and experience. I will be 64 years old this month and the learning never stops. Of course we only have one mind to store all the information we accumulate over a life time, so it is only natural that the information is sometimes misplaced. We don't forget things when we are young because we don't know anything. So if you have trouble finding things, if you sometimes can't remember things and you are older, you may be very wise, or not. I guess it depends on what we learn from our lessons and experiences...

To read past Words from Winterbilt, visit the authors section of Emmitsburg.net.

The Village Idiot

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

I was recently meandering through a "used-book" store, hoping some title would grab me, when I overheard a woman (one of them foreigners) asking a clerk for books on public speaking, and dictionaries. She was told she was in the correct aisle, but the clerk evidently misunderstood her requests. I stopped my skimming to watch her pull book after book from the stacks, flip the pages and replace the books. Finally, I asked what she was looking for. (I'm curious as to why people choose a particular book among the thousands that might surround them.)

When I first encounter something as big and ugly as myself, I'm at least startled by it. She just smiled and offered me the book on public speaking she had been frowning over. In her accented, slow and careful English, she began to explain her need for books that provide her the meanings of words and used them in sentences. She also wanted to learn to speak more clearly in public and to learn to write in English.

Certain we were in the wrong section, I went to the clerk and told him what the woman was actually searching for. He understood then and took us to the home-schooling collection. As he pulled books from the stacks and handed them to me I flipped through them trying to explain to the immigrant how they

worked. The ones that obviously puzzled her I dropped immediately. When she quickly grasped a workbook, we set it aside for later consideration and moved on to the next.

Once the clerk was sure we had enough books to keep us busy he went back to his scheduled tasks and we set to examining and discussing the various grammar and spelling workbooks piled around us. She also had several children's dictionaries to peruse.

I spent 45 minutes with her as she asked about the formats of various books and I explained the pronunciation keys of the dictionaries. The more we talked the more I realized the woman had a better education than I do. I don't know why that surprised me; most everyone is better educated than I am. I finally asked where she was from and caught something that sounded like Myanmar? I told her I'd never heard of it. She told me it bordered China, that she actually spoke some Chinese and had been exposed to English by meeting people from India. She asked if Indian English was different from American English. I told her I had trouble understanding my relatives who live in the southern states of my own country so I was sure Indian English was different on some level. I also told her that I do not speak English very well and I understand the mechanics of it not at all. She had a polite laugh. I heard it a lot.

When she began asking questions like, what does "a being" mean; I knew I was in over my head. I had already suggested, several times, that she go to the public library and ask for help finding an English as a Second Language (ESL) class. When I told her I didn't understand English well enough to answer many of her questions she seemed a bit puzzled. So I explained in spite of being born, raised and educated (sort of) in this country, I still don't speak or understand English well. She thought for a bit then said she understood that. Her questions turned to more basic things I could answer.

She really stumped me though when she turned to a section of one book dealing with poetry. I suspect I had that "deer in the headlights" stare affixed my mug because she laughed at me again. I knew she was going to ask me what poetry is. She did. I didn't know what to tell her. I don't know what poetry is!

I desperately rooted through 12 years of not paying attention in school trying to come up with some sort of explanation of poetry. I finally asked if she had poetry in her culture. She studied the poem between us then slowly shook her head "no". Ugh. Did she know about Japanese haiku? "No." Again. With a sigh I started explaining that poetry often uses words twisted slightly out of their usual meanings to create new ways of thinking about whatever the poems were

about. She wasn't the only one frowning over that, but what the hell do I know about poetry? I told her once more that she really should seek out an ESL class so someone with an education could help her.

I got the distinct impression she has no plans to set foot in a public library until she's ready to consume the thing on her own. She isn't the first immigrant I've met who is learning English without help from public institutions. At any rate, I'd done as much for the woman as I could. I urged her yet again to consider an ESL class. She smiled politely. I told her I hoped I'd been of some help and had to get along with my own business. As I turned away she held up a hand, asking me to wait.

Pointing to the book she had recently puzzled the words "generous" and "generosity" out of she very seriously said, "Thank you for your generous, or is it generosity?"

At that moment, I recalled Mary Hoke standing before my 10th grade geometry class as she explained that teaching wasn't about the pay, teachers certainly weren't paid well in those days. "No, part of my reward is seeing the look of understanding suddenly spring to life on a struggling student's face. That is a reward most of you will never know."

Ah Mrs. Hoke, I know, and I agree with you. I wouldn't sit down with a student for money, but I'd spend hours working with one eager to learn and appreciative of the help offered them.

Sadly, I'm not interested in

teaching through any formal system. I was once certified to tutor adult literacy through Laubach Literacy Action, now the Literacy Council of Frederick County, but I let that expire more than a decade ago. Since then I've encountered several immigrants seeking help in their efforts to master English. Even though I refer them to the public library, figuring the librarians know who best can help them, I'm aware that some of them do not want any formal help. They have insisted they would rather I help them outside of public institutions. Considering my aversions to formal organizations, I don't question the immigrant's reluctance.

For those not adverse to formal help, www.frederickliteracy.org is the Literacy Council's website. The organization can also be reached by phone - 301-600-2066, or snail mail:

Literacy Council of Frederick County

110 E. Patrick St.

Frederick, MD 21701

One of the cool things about meeting people such as the Burmese (I went home and Google "mapped" Asia to find that Myanmar was called Burma when I was in school) is learning something new myself. The woman gave me hope for all of humanity. If she is willing to land here and learn the language, perhaps we're not as lost as I often think we are.

To read past editions of the Village Idiot visit the authors section of Emmitsburg.net.

Pure Onsense

On rhetoric

Scott Zuke

Early in the afternoon of Saturday, January 8, information about the tragic shooting in Tucson, Arizona, unfolded at an agonizingly slow pace, and what information was presented was difficult to verify. I recall CNN began by reporting rumors, and then announced that they had confirmed Representative Gabrielle Giffords had died. The claim was quickly retracted, and we know how that part of the story developed from there. Undeterred by this obvious signal for the need to slow down and wait for more official information to come in, the networks diverted their attention to speculating on the motive of the shooting—something they remarkably had even less ability to confirm.

What followed was one of the more aggravating and, frankly, embarrassing displays of the worst kind of liberal media bias. Within hours the prevailing opinion—or rather the uncritical assumption—was that the shooting was politically motivated. By that evening the blogs and liberal personalities like Keith Olbermann had dug up all the evidence they needed for a compelling storyline: the tragically

prophetic protagonist, Rep. Giffords, who had voiced concerns about heated political rhetoric leading to violent consequences, and the recklessly careless villain, Sarah Palin, and her now infamous “crosshairs” map graphic.

For days the discussion bounced between updates on Giffords’ condition and discussions on the perils of vitriolic political rhetoric and the need for certain restrictions on speech and revitalized gun laws. The New York Times editorial board and columnists, particularly Paul Krugman, were fully on the bandwagon, decrying “right-wing extremism” as being the obvious culprit.

Personally, I found myself in the unexpected and uncomfortable position of coming to the defense of Sarah Palin and even Fox News, which was actually the only station asking critical questions about the shooter’s motives based on evidence being revealed through the investigation.

It took a week or two, but finally it was generally accepted by the media that the shooter had no apparent political motive, and was actually just an isolated and severely mentally disturbed individual with no coherent views. Nevertheless, according

to a CBS poll, 32% of those surveyed believed that a “harsh political tone” was related to the attack. The media’s conversation on “civility in public discourse” continued unabated, even resulting in a ploy for Republicans and Democrats to intermix seating arrangements at the State of the Union.

Regular readers of this column know that I am a strong supporter of civil discourse, and may wonder why I’m complaining. First, it shouldn’t take a national tragedy to convince us that talking to one another respectfully is a good idea. Second, I want to promote slower, less knee-jerk communication in the public sphere.

The whole civility discussion, however valid the points made in it were, was founded upon an assumption hastily drawn from unknown and—as it turned out—false premises. The danger of this is that the real issue is overlooked. In this case, it might have been beneficial to talk about the breakdown of communications that allowed the shooter’s disturbed and threatening behavior to continue without meaningful intervention by the family, friends, schools, law enforcement—i.e. the community at large. Draw whatever other conclusions you wish, raise the discussions that need to be raised, but let’s give this incident its due respect by reading our lessons out of the known evidence rather than reading our

own prejudices into it.

President Obama’s speech in Tucson struck the perfect note and elevated the stature of his leadership because he did two things that the blogosphere and mainstream media (and far too often he himself) do not do: He waited four days before speaking at length about the incident, and he chose to be thoughtful and reflective rather than shallow and reactionary. Rather than reciting the discussions dominating the airwaves, he stepped back, reevaluated things and spoke candidly, and as a result his few words rang out more true than anything in the days of media jabber that preceded it.

We should move away from obsessing over the idea that heated political rhetoric in some way caused the shooting in Tucson, no matter how indirectly, and instead consider why it was such an attractive explanation in the first place. Was this an expression of some sort of collective societal guilt, acknowledging that we all know our political rhetoric has led us to lose perspective? That we have forgotten that we are all working toward a common goal, and that disagreement is a healthy and necessary part of that process?

As President Obama put it in his State of the Union: “... There’s a reason the tragedy in Tucson gave us pause. Amid all the noise and passions and rancor of our public debate, Tucson reminded us that no matter who

we are or where we come from, each of us is a part of something greater – something more consequential than party or political preference. We are part of the American family.”

Our problem is one of listening. Immediate and confident opinion may seem like a virtue of leadership, but there is much to be said for taking the time to understand opposing viewpoints, even if they are fundamentally unpersuasive. As Thomas Jefferson put it, “I see the necessity of sacrificing our opinions sometimes to the opinions of others for the sake of harmony.”

Part of the democratic challenge is for us to internalize others’ views and to temper our own proposals so as to try not to be fundamentally unacceptable to them. There is no practical point to calling for political action that one knows is entirely unfeasible. Skipping to impossible fantasies is not laudable “thinking outside of the box,” but rather an affront to other citizens of differing worldviews. It’s saying, “We’re done talking about practical ways to cooperate with you. We’re done compromising.” Man is a political animal, and politics is an art of skillful compromise. This is what we should be thinking about when we talk of “civil discourse” and cooling our rhetoric.

To read past editions of Pure Onsense, visit the authors section of Emmitsburg.net

Down Under

Catastrophe

Lindsay Coker

“Human history becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe.”

—H. G. Wells, *The outline of history*, 1920

Today is the future nightmare. No, the country isn’t broke (not quite), martial law has not been declared (yet), and good will is still around (just).

As I write this, in mid-January, our wonderful country, Australia, is experiencing the worst floods in history. Seventy five percent of Queensland, (which is approximately one third of the whole country), has been under water. Brisbane, its capitol, a city of over two million people, has been severely damaged, a major food growing area 100 kilometres to the west has been under ten to fifteen feet of water and will take years to recover, while the Darling downs, a high and fertile plateau a little further west has also been inundated. Small towns have been swept away, transportation severely disrupted, and communities totally isolated.

Further north huge tracts of agricultural and grazing land have been ruined, while the the many coal mines in the region have been totally flooded and will not be able to resume production for many, many months. This is, perhaps, the most serious problem of all, as these mines supply 85% of the world’s coking coal. Without this steel cannot be made; it will not only lose some five billion dollars in exports, but dramatically increase the price of this coal, and hence steel.

The damage bill has not yet been ascertained, but best guesses are that it will be in the order of 30-50 million. So far there are thirty confirmed deaths, fifty missing, and hundreds of families and communities devastated.

In the west of Victoria, the state in which I lived, the floods have done similar things, with about one quarter of the state inundated. Western New south Wales is similarly affected. All together more than a quarter of the whole country has been severely damaged and will take from weeks to years to put right.

And that is just Australia. Brazil is flooded, fires and drought have struck the middle east, blizzards rip across Europe, some of the warmer parts of your country have snow,

there are an unprecedented number of tornadoes and cyclones, and the world’s weather has gone crazy.

The United States is about 10% bigger than Australia - equal if you remove Alaska - but has about fifteen times the number of people - 312.5 million compared to 21.7 million. Our new climate may not spring floods upon you, but whatever transpires, you will be at the mercy of the havoc it brings. It’s a new world of extremes.

What do you expect, when we keep feeding the atmosphere more stuff than it is able to handle? Carbon dioxide, that simple gas made by burning carbon-containing materials, is wonderful in the right amount, and is the thing that allowed us to go from a totally frozen planet to one that had water and could bring forth abundant life, but too much has allowed the heat to build, the ice sheets to melt, the oceans to rise, and help to tangle the weather. Methane, another carbon based greenhouse gas, is emitted by all animals, being a product of digestion.

Here’s the picture: There are close to seven billion people in the world today. Every one emits heat, carbon dioxide and methane. Nearly everyone burns fuel and uses products that burn fuel to make them. Forests, the largest users of carbon dioxide, have been reduced by about 50%.

What we are experiencing is the result.

The whole world is in crisis, and although good intentions are everywhere, no government or agency can cope with the unheard of and unmanageable events. They have happened so fast that no one can grasp their extent. Politicians will say, “There was no way to predict this. We knew there was a looming problem, but this? Impossible!” Yes? Scoff if you will, but major climate change is no longer a point of debate. It is here, and in not going away.

There are many who say this is scaremongering, and can do no good. True, it may well do no good, because the entrenched power brokers and foolish politicians really do have their heads in the sand, but please consider these facts:

These things have happened many times in the past. With flooding as an example. La Nina, the name for the periodic ocean/atmosphere weather phenomenon that cools the eastern and central Pacific, brings wetter than usual weather to many places in the southern hemisphere. It has happened rarely in the past, (last time was 1973-5), but this time it has been accompanied by a new phenomenon, record-high sea surface temperatures.

“The warming we have seen over the past 30-40 years,” says Professor Neville Nicholls, meteorologist at Monash University in Australia, “of about half a degree (Celsius) in surface temperatures, has to have an effect on the changing background climate on

which such natural variabilities as La Ninas and El Ninos operate.” Or Professor Ed Blakely, who ran the recovery of New Orleans after Katrina, speaking about our present floods: “We shouldn’t regard this as freakish. We should assume they are going to occur because of climate change.” He also urges people to move away from the coastal fringe. Hello, Florida, Mississippi, and all you other coastal states. Plan to move? I hear New Mexico is under populated.

We cannot send the climate to the nuthouse, but we ought to be sending the politicians who have cringed away from taking hard but life-saving decisions, the power brokers and rich-at-all-costs fools who said it would never happen - these are the ones to send to there.

From waterlogged down under,
Lindsay

Addendum: as of January 28, one third of victoria is still suffering from flooding or its aftermath. Fruit and vegetable prices have risen about 15%, and are set to go a lot higher. A one off annual tax on all who earn more than \$50,000 per annum has just been announced, major construction projects shelved, various green initiatives stopped or delayed and so on, all to help raise the necessary \$5-6 billion needed to rebuild. The estimated surplus this year is under threat. The biggest ever natural disaster remains ongoing.

FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

Peace and hope in troubled times

Pastor John Bartlett
Emmitsburg's Calvary Berean
Fellowship

We are now a month into the new year with uncertain times ahead of us. The last several years have been very difficult for many people in our country and around the world. Retirement plans, financial investments, home prices, jobs, local and state budgets, and many other things have been devastated. Governments in Greece, Ireland, Portugal and Spain have come near collapse and other larger areas, such as the European Union, are still shaking from the financial earthquake that is still rattling. Many of these governments, to include ours, are unsure of what to do and are trying to keep an optimistic posture. What is going on and can we find any peace and hope in these times?

We all know something big is happening and whatever it is, it is causing a lot of uncertainty and stress. I have had more conversations with people in the last year or so about these troubled times than any other topic. Most of the folks I have spoken with realize something is going on and that no real answers seem to be at hand. These same people, when I suggest there are Biblical answers for this, are now more receptive to hearing what the Bible might have to say. I believe, when you look at what is going on through the lens of Scripture, the condition we are in becomes clearer. Using God's Word, the Bible, we can have assurance that He has everything in control. The Bible teaches us that His Word has been given to us for instruction and to give us hope. "For whatever things were written before were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Romans 15:4.

So what does the Bible have to say?

Simply put – things are not going to get better. The Bible outlines for us what the world will go through as we approach the return of Jesus Christ. Many of the signs the Bible predicts regarding the second coming of Christ are in place or are rapidly coming about. Jesus outlined the events that will happen on earth just prior to His return (Matthew 24:1-31). The Book of Revelation, chapters 6-19, provides probably the best description and details of this future time period. Other places in the Bible also have much to say about the things happening just prior to Jesus' return. When you put all these Scriptures together and understand what is going on, it should at least encourage people to contemplate these things and check out what the Bible says and if indeed it outlines our future.

The period that we are approaching is referred to in the Bible as the Tribulation (Matthew 24:21, 29, Revelation 7:14). This time period also has other Biblical names such as the time of Jacob's (Israel) trouble (Jeremiah 30:7), the time of trouble (Zephaniah 1:15), the day of the Lord (1 Thessalonians 5:2), the wrath of God (Revelation 14:10, 19, 15:1, 16:1), and the wrath of the Lamb (Revelation 6:16-17). Jesus said in Matthew 24:21-22, "For then there will be great tribulation, such as has not been since the beginning of the world until this time, no, nor ever shall be. And unless those days were shortened, no flesh would be saved; but for the elect's sake those days will be shortened." Jesus said in these verses that this period of time will be far worse than any other time this world has ever experienced. He also said that if it was not for God's mercy in shortening it, no one would live through it. Jesus told us that as we approach the Tribulation period things will get worse. 2010 was, as one article I read said, "the year the Earth struck back". Hurricanes,

earthquakes, fires, floods, landslides, and other natural disasters killed approximately a quarter million people and devastated parts of the world. This is just one of the many things Jesus said would be happening just prior to His return (Matthew 24:7b).

However, other than the formation and existence of Israel, the one event that produces the best evidence for the soon-approaching Tribulation period and the return of Jesus Christ is the world economic crisis we are in. The Bible tells us that the world will be unified economically through a one world currency and governmental system (Revelation 13:8, 16-17). In order for us to get there, all other currencies have to be eliminated. When the world was initially shaken by the current economic crisis, many world leaders were calling for reform in the form of a one-world government and monetary system. The U.S. dollar is now under attack and being devalued rapidly. I can remember when I was serving in the military in Germany during the late-1980's and used the German Deutsche Mark when in town. No German would have ever believed that the Mark would be replaced by a common currency used throughout Europe. It happened and the Euro is now used. In the same way many countries in Europe replaced their currency with the Euro, so too will the world move to a one-world currency as the Bible states. The world will have no other choice but to accept this future currency when all the other options fail to correct the economic problems.

So what is going on? We are rapidly moving toward a one-world government and monetary system. What we are experiencing are simply the birth pains (contractions) of this coming system. Times will get harder for nearly all people on Earth as this system is formed. This world system combined with other things (wars, disease, famine, weather problems, etc...) that Jesus said, will make it nearly impossible to survive on earth. God's patience with a rebellious and unrepentant world will one day run out and His judgment must come. How bad will it be? Simply put – hell on earth. Even though this may seem extremely hard to fathom or understand, preparation is the key to making it through these tough times.

Can we find any peace and hope

in these times? The answer to this question is – Yes! Jesus says in John 16:33, "These things I have spoken to you, that in Me you may have peace. In the world you will have tribulation; but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." People have always had "tribulation" or problems from the beginning of time. The promise Jesus gives us here is that we can actually have peace during our everyday problems when we are in Him. If we place our hope and trust in the One who has overcome the problems of the world, we too can go through life with great peace and assurance that Jesus cares for us and will guide us through.

We, believers in Jesus Christ, need to stay focused on telling people about the good news of the Gospel of Christ. If we are approaching these things I have briefly outlined, and I believe we are, then our focus as Christians is to simply warn folks and stay busy about the Lord's work. I believe many people will come to faith in Jesus Christ as these Biblical prophecies come about. However, I also believe that many "scoffers" will come and deny the clear evidence found in Scripture. They will argue against this evidence and continue to rebel against God, leading others astray. The Bible says of such people in 2 Peter 3:3, "knowing this first: that scoffers will come in the last days, walking according to their own lusts, and saying "Where is the promise of His coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of creation."

I encourage each person to check out these things and evaluate the evidence that is found in the Bible for themselves. Jesus, when warning His disciples and us in Matthew 24:4, started His detailing of the last days by giving a warning about spiritual deception. He said that we all must be on guard against false teachers and teachings. I believe spiritual deception is alive and doing very well today. The reason – many people are Biblically illiterate and do not check and test teachers and their messages by the Scriptures. Throughout that discourse Jesus referred to spiritual deception and false teachers in the last days (Matthew 24:4-5, 11, 23-24, 26) as a major thing to watch out for. Only God's Word, the Bible, can give clear understanding about what is going on and bring the peace and hope we all need as we face the troubles of this world.

The peace the world offers fails, as we are seeing, so we need to look to Jesus who never fails. He told us in John 14:27, "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give to you; not as the world gives do I give to you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid".

The Apostle Paul tells us in Romans 15:13-14, "Now may the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit. Now I myself am confident concerning you, my brethren, that you also are full of goodness, filled with all knowledge, able also to admonish one another". Paul tells us that God has the hope we need and will give us the peace we so desperately need today. He says this comes by way of "believing", that is trusting in Jesus Christ as our Lord and Savior. He continues by telling us that when we believe in Christ, we then can be filled "with all knowledge". Do you want to be prepared and know what may be around the corner? Then come to God through Jesus Christ and be led by Him. Jesus is the only One who can give the peace and hope we all need in troubled times.

An excellent book that has been recently written detailing what is going on and what is rapidly approaching is "The Coming Economic Armageddon" by Dr. David Jeremiah. In this book he talks about the fall of the U.S. economy, the New World Order, the collapse of the Global Financial Market, and other topics. Even though this is a good book detailing the things mentioned, I recommend the best book out there – the Bible!

Calvary Berean Fellowship (CBF) is a new church plant in Emmitsburg, Maryland. CBF started as a Sunday evening Bible study in July, 2008, meeting at a local church building. Sensing the Lord's call to start a Bible teaching fellowship and ministry in Emmitsburg, CBF began Easter Sunday, 2010, at the Emmitsburg Elementary School. We meet at the school Sunday mornings at 10:00 a.m. and are currently studying through the Gospel of Luke.

Children's ministry is provided through 6th grade. Come check us out – and learn more about Jesus Christ through the study of His Word and Christian fellowship!

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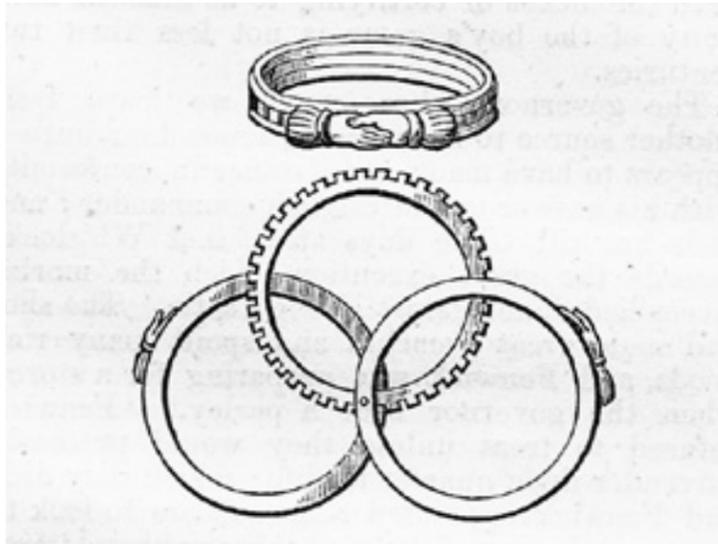
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THE BOOK OF DAYS

The history of the wedding ring



Mystic significance has, from the earliest period, been associated with the ring. In its circular continuity it was accepted as a type of eternity, and hence of the stability of affection. The Greek and Roman rings are often inscribed with sentences typical of this feeling. May you live long is engraved on one published by Caylus; I bring good fortune to the wearer, was another usual inscription; sometimes a stone was inserted in the ring, upon which was engraved an intaglio, representing a hand pulling the lobe of an ear, with the one word Remember above it. Others have the wish Live happy, or I give this love pledge.

They were lavishly displayed by the early nations; but, except as an indication of gentility or wealth, they appear to have been little valued until Greek sentimentalism gave them a deeper significance. As a gift of love, or a sign of betrothal, they came into ancient use. The Jews make the ring a most important feature of the betrothal in the marriage ceremony. They were sometimes of large size, and much elaboration of workmanship, as in the specimen here engraved, selected from the curious collection of rings formed by the late Lord Londesborough. It is beautifully wrought of gold filigree, and richly enamelled. Upon it are the words joy be with you, in Hebrew characters.

According to the Jewish law, it is necessary that this ring be of a certain value; it is therefore examined and certified by the officiating Rabbi and chief officers of the synagogue, when it is received from the bridegroom; whose absolute property it must be, and not obtained on credit or by gift. When this is properly certified, the ring is returned to him, and he places it on the bride's finger, calling attention to the fact that she is, by means of this ring, consecrated to him; and so completely binding is this action that, should the marriage not be further consecrated, no other could be contracted by either party without a legal divorce.

In the middle ages, solemn betrothal by means of the ring often preceded matrimony, and as sometimes adopted between lovers who were about to separate for long periods. Chaucer, in his Troilus and Cresseide, describes the heroine as giving her lover a ring, upon which a love-motto was engraved, and receiving one from him in return. Shakespeare has more than one allusion to the custom, which is absolutely enacted in his Two Gentlemen of Verona, when Julia gives Protons a ring, saying, 'Keep you this remembrance for thy Julia's sake;' and he replies, 'Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.'

The invention of the gimmel or linked ring gave still greater force

and significance to the custom. Made with a double and sometimes a triple link, which turned upon a pivot, it could shut up into one solid ring. This will be better understood by the attached image. It is hewn first as it appears when closed; to the sides of each outer hoop a small hand is attached, each fitting into the other, as the hoops are brought together, and enclosing a heart affixed to the central notched ring. It was customary to break these rings asunder at the betrothal, which was ratified in a solemn manner over the Holy Bible, and sometimes in the presence of a witness, when the man and the woman broke away the upper and lower rings from the central one, which the witness retained; when the marriage contract was fulfilled at the altar, the three portions of the ring were again united, and the ring used in the ceremony.

The fourth finger of the left hand has from long usage been consecrated to the wedding ring, from an ancient belief that from this finger a nerve went direct to the heart. So completely was this fanciful piece of physiology confided in by the Greeks and Romans, that their physicians term this the medical or healing finger, and used it to stir their mixtures, from a notion that nothing noxious could communicate with it, without its giving immediate warning by a palpitation of the heart.

This superstition is retained in full force in some country places in England where all the fingers of the hand are thought to be injurious except the ring-finger, which is thought to have the power of curing any sore or wound which is stroked by it. That a sanatory power is imparted to the wedding ring, is believed by the peasantry, both in England and Ireland, who fancy any growth like a wart, on the skin, may be removed by rubbing a wedding ring upon them.

Within the hoop of the ring, it was customary, from the middle of the sixteenth to the close of the

seventeenth century, to inscribe a motto or 'posy,' consisting frequently of a very simple sentiment in commonplace rhyme. The following are specimens:

'My heart and I, Until I dye.'
'Not two, but one Till life be gone.'
'Desire, Like fire, Doth still aspire.'
"When this you see, remember me."

One of the most whimsical of these inscriptions was used by Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln in 1753, who had been married three times; on his fourth marriage he placed as a motto on the wedding ring:

If I survive, I'll make them five!
In the local community of fishermen inhabiting the Claddagh at Galway, on the Irish western coast, they number with their families between five and six thousand, and are

particularly exclusive in their tastes and habits, rarely intermarrying with other than their own people. The wedding ring is an heir-loom in the family; it is regularly transferred from the mother to the daughter who is first married, and so passes to her descendants.

The most modern form of sentimental or significant ring was ingeniously constructed by French jewellers in the early part of the present century, and afterwards adopted by English ones, in which a motto was formed by the arrangement of stones around the hoop; the initial letter of the name of each stone forming amatory words, when combined; as in the following examples:

| | |
|---------|---------------|
| Ruby | Lapis Lazuli |
| Emerald | Opal |
| Garnet | Verde antique |
| Amethys | Emerald |
| Ruby | Malachite |
| Diamond | Emerald |

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THE (retired) ECOLOGIST

Of squirrels and rabbits and how they got that way

Bill Meredith

"The cure for boredom is curiosity. There is no cure for curiosity."
Dorothy Parker.

We got up one morning last week to be greeted by about three inches of new snow. It was warm and smelled like coffee in the kitchen, but outside it was crisp and cold; the sun was shining and everything looked clean and pure, the way it did when all the world and love were young. I like snow, at least for a while when it's new. I don't like having to drive in it, but I don't mind shoveling it; clearing it off the sidewalk and driveway gives me a sense of satisfaction, as if I'm making a contribution to the universe. My friends in the field of physics call disorder entropy, and they say it is increasing in the universe. I'm aware that a lot of this excess entropy is in my wife's shoe collection in our closets and under the bed; I can't do anything about that, but when I produce a clean, orderly sidewalk I feel like I've made a small contribution

toward solving the problem.

Looking at snow is like talking to a log; it tells you about its past. When I went out to get the paper and fill the bird feeders I saw that we'd had visitors during the night. Someone's dog had run through the flowerbed, and a feral cat had searched the front porch and shrubbery for sleeping birds; but most of the tracks were from rabbits and squirrels. Rabbit tracks were the first marks I learned to recognize in the snow when I was 3 or 4; they look like a pair of exclamation points lying side by side where the large hind legs hit the snow in front of the small front paws. Winter days are short and rabbits are out mostly at night, so I seldom see them, but the tracks told me there were several of them around. Squirrels are another matter; not only had they left their tracks, but they were still around in person.

Rabbits look cute and cuddly, but they aren't very smart and, except when it's mating season, they don't do much except eat and run from one hiding place to another. Squirrels are a different

matter; they have personality, curiosity and a sense of devilment. The other day I saw one run up a telephone pole and sit on top of it, higher than any of the surrounding housetops, for no possible reason except to twitch his tail back and forth to show all the other squirrels that he was king of the hill. And they enjoy a challenge. Last fall when I put out the bird feeder I made a squirrel shield from a piece of sheet metal which tips over and dumps them off if they try to climb up the pole to get sunflower seeds. They played on it for a while, like kids on a new seesaw in the park, but when they really got hungry they simply climbed a nearby tree and jumped onto the feeder instead of climbing up the pole. I moved the pole away from the tree and went back inside to enjoy my sense of superior brainpower; the alpha squirrel swaggered over to the feeder, sat up on his haunches to survey the situation, and simply jumped vertically from the ground to the feeder. I had neglected to look up the record for standing high-jumps by squirrels; I still don't know what it is, but I know it's over four feet.

My first course in science was in third grade. I liked it because there were a lot of big words to learn and show off with; I remember coming home one day and proudly announcing that animals with two big front teeth, like rabbits and squirrels, were called Rodents. That turned out to be one of the many things I learned from books that were wrong. Rabbits are lagomorphs, not rodents, because they have two small teeth behind the big ones. I don't know why the author of the book didn't know this... maybe he was influenced by the Bugs Bunny cartoons, which started about that time, or perhaps he decided lagomorph is too big a word for third graders... but I carried that misinformation all the way to college before I was disabused of it. Actually, it involves an ancient



misconception. Folklore of many cultures from the Cherokee Indians to Uncle Remus, includes stories of how rabbits developed from squirrels.

According to one of my storybooks when I was little, once upon a time rabbits and squirrels both had short ears and long tails; the only difference was that squirrels lived in trees and ate nuts, and rabbits lived on the ground and ate grass. One summer it was hot and dry, and the rabbit ate all of the grass on his side of the river. Nuts were getting scarce too, so the rabbit and the squirrel went down to the river and looked across. They saw lots of grass and nuts on the other side, but the river was deep and neither of them could swim. They persuaded a passing crocodile to carry them across on its back, and when they got to the other side, the squirrel jumped to safety on the bank; but when the rabbit tried to follow, the crocodile grabbed his tail and started to swallow him. Trying to help, the squirrel grabbed the rabbit by the ears and a tug of war ensued. Eventually the rabbit's tail was bitten off by the crocodile and he got away, but his ears had been stretched far beyond their original length, and rabbits have had short tails and long ears ever since.

Ecologists agree that similarities between rabbits and squirrels may be the result of a common ancestor some 50 million years ago, but their differences are the result of adapting to different ecological niches during the eons

of time since then. The ancestral rabbits probably lived in hot, dry climates; their big ears were an adaptation for removing excess body heat (a mechanism also used by elephants and desert foxes). In that habitat, they needed to be alert to detect predators and fast to avoid them, but problem-solving was not a high priority for their survival. Squirrels, on the other hand, long ago adapted to living in trees; thus their survival depends not only on alertness and speed, but also on coordination, balance (for which the tail is used) and acrobatic ability. Also, in order to find food they have to investigate every nook and cranny where nuts, seeds and bird eggs might be found. This requires curiosity and problem-solving. Thus when they become a nuisance around my bird feeder they are simply doing what enabled their ancestors to survive all these years.

As I write, the clock is moving toward midnight, and it is starting to snow again. When I get up tomorrow, it will be beautiful; the yard will be full of tracks, the flowering plum tree by the driveway will be full of cardinals, chickadees, titmice and finches, and there will be a squirrel sitting on the feeder, consuming the last of the sunflower seeds. The BB-gun I got for my 7th birthday is behind the door; I will take it out on the porch and blast away at him. The BB will fly wearily through the air and hit the ground three feet this side of the feeder, and the squirrel will hop to the ground and saunter off, laughing maniacally for the benefit of his friends. My wife will yell at me for letting cold air into the foyer; I will reply that I put the Fear of God into the squirrel this time, and return to coffee and the morning paper. It will be a day like every other day; the squirrel will come back and we will watch each other, sharing our mutual curiosity. Thank goodness, there is no cure for it.

To read past editions of the Retired Ecologist, visit the authors section of Emmitsburg.net.



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IN THE COUNTRY

Where the wild things are

Ranger Jen Miller
Cunningham Falls State Park

Most people have never looked directly into the large yellow eyes of a Great Horned Owl or heard its tell-tale warning hiss and beak clack! If we are observant and lucky, birds of prey may be seen from afar or in a flash of feathers that may leave one wondering, "What was that?". It is a fleeting gift to see a hawk perched alongside the road on a telephone pole; to know that wildness still exists among housing developments and speeding traffic. There are also signs of literal and figurative collisions between the wild world and human beings. While most of these "collisions" end in tragedy, sometimes an opportunity is created. One such opportunity is a program created by the Maryland Park Service called Scales & Tales.

Scales & Tales was started in the 1980's as an interpretative program that uses birds and reptiles to teach park visitors about important natural resource management topics of Maryland state lands and environmental issues. The Scales & Tales program has grown from a few creatures kept at a park ranger house to seven aviaries across the state of Maryland that house roughly 90 birds of prey and 150 reptiles. Aviary means house of birds and is typically composed of mews or enclosures and a general workspace. Aviaries are located at the following Maryland State Parks: Deep Creek Lake, Rocky Gap, Cunningham Falls, Soldier's Delight Natural Enforcement Area, Tuckahoe, Pocomoke River, and Assateague Island. The Aviaries at Deep Creek Lake, Rocky Gap, and Cunningham Falls are open to the public to view the birds in their mews year round.

All the Scales & Tales animals are unable to be released back into the wild due to injury or imprinting. Most of the birds have been hit by cars and are not able to fly well enough to hunt effectively. Injuries can be obvious like an amputated wing or hidden like head trauma.



Photo by John Zuke, father of Pure Onsense author Scott Zuke (page 9)

Imprinting usually occurs when a young bird comes into contact with a human being who provides them food. The mechanism behind imprinting is not fully understood but the effects are evident. Imprinted birds are typically aggressive and not able to secure natural food sources on their own. This makes being in the wild dangerous for them and for people. Whatever the reason for captivity, once the animal comes into the Scales & Tales program, it has a home for life. Park staff work diligently to provide all the necessary food, medication, housing, enrichment, and training to ensure that all the birds and reptiles have a healthy and stress-free existence. Financial support for the program comes from donations and funds generated through programming.

So while it is a rare thing to look into the eyes of Great Horned Owl such an opportunity does exist for visitors to Cunningham Falls State Park in Thurmont, Maryland. The Scales & Tales Aviary is located in the Manor Area of the park directly off of Rt. 15 South, across from the Catoclin Zoo. The outside of

the Aviary is open to the public to view eight species of birds of prey free of charge. From the first of April to the end of October the daily hours for the aviary are 10am - 4pm. The animals are cared for every day year round and the gates are typically open throughout the day but call (301) 271-7574 to confirm that the aviary is open in the off season, November - April.

Turtles, such as a 50 pound common snapping turtle, are on display outside during the warm months. Scales & Tales programming, which is educational and fun for all ages, is offered year round.

The Scales & Tales animals all have stories to tell about how they came into live at the aviary. Over the next year, tales about individual creatures living at the Cunningham Falls State Park aviary will be shared in this publication each month. I hope that it will encourage readers and their families to visit Cunningham Falls and become familiar with their wild brethren.

When visiting the Aviary, the first birds you will notice are the Great Horned Owls. A male owl and female owl reside together in a mew at the front on the build. The male flew into a power line, which caused extensive damage to his right wing. The wing is now "frozen" in place. The female also has a wing damaged from an unknown cause and is unable to fly. All the animals living at the Aviary receive routine health checks by staff and veterinarians. Both owls have been assessed for arthritis and pain responses at their injury sites and have been found to be pain-free with a good quality of life. Ramps and shelves have been constructed in the mew so that the owls can move freely around their enclosure. Great Horned Owls are very territorial

and protective of their nests. This behavior carries over into captivity. The owls hiss and click their beaks to let their displeasure be known! A white patch located just beneath their beak is flashed as a warning to visitors. Great Horned Owls teach us that wildlife must to be respected. A flash of white often is a warning in nature that we are getting too close. Think of the white strips on a skunk's tail or the white tail of a deer before it runs to a more secluded space. Seeing a wild animal is exciting and special but it is important to keep a safe distance as to not frighten or upset the animal being observed.

Great Horned Owls begin mating and laying eggs in January. A great activity to get kids outside to experience the natural world is to go owling. The lack of foliage during the winter makes it much easier to spot an owl in the trees, especially an owl as large as a Great Horned Owl! Great Horned Owls are crepuscular, meaning they are most active during twilight hours. You can purchase a CD of owl sounds at www.sapsuckerwoods.com to use to call in an owl or practice your own vocalizations with recorded Great Horned sounds at <http://www.owlpages.com/sounds.php>. Great Horned Owls often nest in old crow nests or in the cavities of trees. Look for owl pellets and droppings as clues to where owls may be nesting. What is an owl pellet? Look for the Scales & Tales article next month on Barred Owls for the answer! If you do not find owls on your first owling adventure, keep trying. Or visit the Aviary at Cunningham Falls, where the owls always are.



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THE MASTER GARDENER

A gardener's tips for curing the winter blues

Sue Bucher
Penn State Master Gardener of
Adams County

Phyllis Heuerman
Frederick County Master Gardener
Program

Shirley Lindsey
Penn State Master Gardener of
Adams County

Traditionally winter, especially the months of January and February, is the time when folks suffer from the "Winter Blues." The holidays are over, the beautiful tree and ornaments are packed away. When we look outside for beauty, Mother Nature has blanketed the earth with drifts of snow.

However, as an avid gardener, I enjoy these months. It is a time of planning, regrouping and studying for the coming growing season. It's a time to be creative and bring color inside. A contractor cannot build without plans and a gardener should have a plan or idea of what they want to accomplish. Gardening is ever changing.

When the snow begins to melt, go outside on a mild day and look around your garden and flower beds or the location where you would like to put one. I like to take a tablet and pen along to make notes: is there a perennial that needs to be moved, or possibly just divided? If you decide to start a new bed, now is a good time to start planning.

Keep in mind when planning how much sun or shade this bed will receive before you choose the

plants. Catalogs will advise which plants do well in the shade and sun. For your vegetable garden, draw a diagram of the crops you want to plant and don't forget to rotate your crops. If you live in an apartment, containers are great for patios.

This is the best time for making plans and viewing your landscape and making decisions about what wonderful effects you want to create in your garden next year. When the leaves fall and the flowers are gone, you can see the "bare bones" of your garden and imagine just where a nice arbor or water feature might go.

A garden structure is anything in the garden that does not grow there. This leaves room for lots of lovely additions to your garden. One might question how anything could add to the beauty of flowers, trees and shrubs. The idea is not to surpass, but to enhance, those beautiful natural plants.

There are several reasons for using structures in the garden. One that many of us can identify with is maximizing space. Many avid gardeners would really like to have (at least) one of every plant in existence. That not being practical, we want to make the most of the gardening area that we have. Since most of us have fairly limited areas in which to garden, we can use the space effectively by placing garden structures at strategic points.

In addition to making our gardening space seem bigger, structures lend variety to the gar-

den. Probably no two people see eye-to-eye on what is beautiful. Rocks placed around the flower garden, an old bench or wooden planter or tree stump may be just enough to provide the structure to your garden. A garden path that leads to some attractive statuary can create surprise.

Another advantage of garden structures is that they often enhance the beauty of the plants themselves. Where would the delightful clematis or climbing rose be without a trellis or arbor to climb on? Plants creeping over a stone wall make a charming combination. These types of structures help us to appreciate the natural beauty of the flowers.

Remember the attraction of the structure itself. An English trough garden or an old Adirondack chair lends a rustic appeal and emphasis to a garden. Similarly, a formal fountain or tall metal arbor can give a more formal garden a nice exclamation point. You could locate an arbor, pergola or a gate at the "entrance" of a garden room to surprise and delight viewers as they come through.

Some typical structures used in gardens include arbors, pergolas, vine poles, trellises, special lighting, sun dials, weather vanes, bird baths and feeders, plant hangers, water gardens, fountains, rocks, mill wheels and wagon wheels. You can use bricks or wood to outline beds, fences, walls, statuary, decorative wooden items, unusual planters (wheel barrows, whiskey barrels, old crocks, wash tubs), and paths covered with grass, stone, brick, wood chips and stepping stones.

If planning your garden isn't enough, here are activities for the winter months:

- Clean and repair your garden tools. Check the rototiller, lawn mower and sharpen tools.
- Transplant and maintain your houseplants. Now that the days are getting longer, your houseplants can benefit from



A garden bench is a great addition to any garden

division. Divide some of your plants to start as gifts for upcoming holidays such as Easter and Mother's Day.

- Build a bird feeder or purchase one. Watching birds in the winter is a great activity for the whole family. Buy an inexpensive bird identification book, which will make this activity even more fun. Try putting out different birdseed mixes to see whether different birds come to feed.
- Sprout seeds for eating. They do not require light for germination and are very nutritious. You can buy alfalfa seeds at a health food store and they will sprout in a short period of time.

Now is the time to get a bargain on Amaryllis and Paperwhites. Buy a

couple and start them at different times to have a continual bloom during the winter. Amaryllis grow from huge bulbs, nearly as big as a grapefruit. The pot should be only one to two inches wider than the bulb and should have a drainage hole in the bottom. Fill the pot about half full; put the bulb in and fill with additional soil. Pack the soil firmly as Amaryllis can be top heavy. The top one-third of the bulb should be exposed. Water the bulb well after planting, but do not allow the soil to remain soggy. Place the pot in a bright window and water only when the soil feels dry. Amaryllis typically bloom 6 to 8 weeks after you plant them.

Paperwhite Narcissus can be forced in soil. They take only about 4 weeks from planting time to full bloom. To plant Paperwhites in

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THE MASTER GARDENER

The Backyard Gardener While my Gynura gently weeps

Marianne Willburn

As I sit here, a space heater warming my legs, word processor at the ready, and the sound of a clock ticking softly in the background, all is right in my cozy little world. Children are occupied, husband is picking out a melody on the guitar, and a full precious peaceful hour is within touching distance.

Yet something isn't quite right. There is a faint undercurrent of hopelessness pervading otherwise cheerful surroundings. It emanates from my houseplants in the middle of winter; under-fed, under-watered, and under-loved. It is the sound of martyred silence. I have tried to ignore it, ignore them, for far too long. They are breathing a collective sigh of despair aimed squarely at an owner who seems to have forgotten that they exist.

It's not that I haven't had the best of intentions. Am I not a gardener? Do I not instinctively yearn to cherish and keep each and every growing thing close to my heart? A quick glance around the house tells a different story entirely. The Boston fern behind my desk has dropped numerous hints in the form of blackened fronds onto my wood floors. The philodendron, potted up and paired so nicely with a lovely gynura in August has started to curl its leaves in protest against a distinct lack of the wet stuff. Even my prize shefflera, so full and beautiful at the end of summer, and usually a star in the winter, has given me undeniable signs of being root bound and in need of a better home. She has let herself go completely, and doesn't even bother to put on a little mascara in the morning.

Without the constant outside demands upon my time in the winter, one would think that I would quite instinctively turn my attentions upon my indoor garden – and at first, this is certainly true. After a suitable breathing period of a couple of weeks in the fall, I take stock of the houseplant population. It has almost always been added to by tropical refugees from the outside world. The omnipresent pothos must make room for the aloe vera, the papyrus, and this year, believe it or not, the ornamental banana. Philodendrons make way for ferns, aspidistras share space with rare coleus varieties. Geraniums hog the tops of cabinets and cuttings swamp the window sill above the sink. At first, the air is filled with the scent of promise and extra oxygen. I set up a watering and fertilization schedule on the kitchen calendar and stick to it.

For about three weeks.

I'm not quite sure what happens first. A missed watering or two perhaps, a change in humidity levels, a lack of life-sustaining sunshine; whatever the cause, my strong healthy plants begin to show signs of weakness. A few leaves begin to fall, some show symptoms of jaundice, a general malaise takes hold. And then, a complex and

somewhat primitive tendency begins to rear its ugly head somewhere deep in my psyche - the tendency to despise that which appears weak.

Once upon a time, I entered into a relationship with a Meyer Lemon that was, in hindsight, ill-advised. I housed it over three winters - and endured the inevitable loss of all foliage and flowers each and every season. It wanted more from me than I could give, say, a sunnier window or a regular watering schedule, and our friendship became strained when I realized that it would continue to withhold its fruit in protest against my neglect. On a cold day in early March, when I was at my wits' end for space, and tired of all the cluttered refugee camps on top of the appliances, I happened to glance at the wretched tree, three years old but no more than a foot high. It was merely a skeleton of twigs, one or two leaves half-heartedly clinging to withered stems. I suddenly snapped – perhaps I hadn't eaten lunch yet.

"That's it!" I yelled, grasping the bottom of the pot and making a beeline for winter beyond the French doors. I no longer cared about what I was doing wrong, what it was lacking, what I had done or not done to bring me to this point of crazed horticulture. I opened the door.

"Mom - No!" yelled my son in anguish. "Don't execute it!"

Unfortunately, we are, all of us, living examples for our children. It is hard to teach kindness and understanding, human compassion and nobility of spirit when you are willing to watch an anthropomorphized fruit tree slowly freeze to death on your snow covered deck. I relented. My son relaxed and gave the browned and withered twig a fresh drink of water. I stared at the contemptible tree with eyes of steel and it steadfastly avoided my gaze — we both knew what would happen after the children were safely in bed. By the next morning the tree had passed beyond the reach of any child's plea, or fertilizer for that matter.

Am I a monster? Perhaps. There are those far more compassionate than I when it comes to our leafy brothers fallen on hard times. But the reader will be happy to note that between the time I started writing this article and the present moment, guilt has overwhelmed me and I have given each and every one of the little green martyrs a drink. They're not happy with me. I understand that. But unless they want to fork out some ready cash for a heated greenhouse with an automatic sprinkler system, I don't see things changing much until the spring.

soil, simply fill a shallow pot with soil, place the bulbs in it close together, and partially cover the bulbs with soil. About one-fourth of the bulb should be exposed. Water the bulbs and place the pot in a sunny window. Keep the soil moist but not soggy. Once in bloom, the flowers will last longer if you keep the plants in indirect or filtered light. A cool room at night will also prolong bloom.

Force the branches of flowering trees and shrubs. All you need to do to force branches into bloom is cut and gather the branches. Put them in a bucket of warm water.

To keep the branches fresh, change the water when it discolors. Also keep the branches away from bright, direct sunlight and away from any direct heat. Good candidates for forcing are ornamental cherry trees, Forsythias, Fothergilla, Redbud trees, Lilacs, Quinces, Magnolias and of course, pussy willows.

Visit a local nursery and drink in the beauty of what

is growing and blooming. Consider purchasing or even building an "Indoor Grow Lab" that will allow you to start plants from seeds, propagate root cuttings, raise flowering foliage and vegetable plants, force plants to flower and experiment with how plants respond to light.

Attend Flower and Garden Shows.

Attend the Gardening In Your Environment program presented by the Adams County Master Gardeners. This seven week program begins in March at three locations: Gettysburg YWCA, Eichelberger Performing Arts Center, Hanover, East Berlin Community Center, East Berlin. For further information and a brochure call the extension office.

Enjoy the winter months for planning, preparing and resting. Spring will come soon enough!

To learn more about gardening in our area visit the gardening section of Emmitsburg.net.

Frederick County Master Gardener seminar series "Spring Gardening"

Frederick County Master Gardeners are again offering their popular Spring Gardening Seminar Series. Frederick County Master Gardeners or other highly qualified guest speakers lead each Seminar. Because Class size is limited, Pre-registration is required and Early registration is encouraged.

This year the Spring 2011 Seminars will be held at the new Public Safety Training Facility – not the Extension Office! Directions: South St. Exit off 70 E; Turn left onto Reichs Ford Rd; Go 1.7 miles, turn right after the PSTF sign and proceed to parking lot on far side of the building. Classroom is on the first floor.

The cost is \$10 per session, or \$50 for all six sessions. Payment must accompany registration.

SEMINAR TOPICS

February 10: "Alternates to the Lawn," Nancy Walz
Explore the vast array of alternatives to "a lawn" by incorporating shrubs, perennials, small trees, vines and vegetables into more of your outdoor space. Design ideas and best plants will be covered. Bring pictures and dimensions of your space.

February 24: "Garden Cents," Ted Lambert
Money spent on the right tree, planted in the right place will grow in value as the tree grows. The same

goes for the rest of your yard. But how? Be better informed on how decisions affect your landscape. And if time is money, we will give some time saving ideas for your yard.

March 10: "Herbs,"

Janet Madsen
For the novice gardener interested in growing herbs. Information covered will include but is not limited to: Locating your garden, soil and soil preparation, selecting and buying plants, planting and tending your herbs, using your herbs, and pests and diseases.

March 24: "Integrated Pest

Management vs Organic Gardening," Ted Lambert, other Master Gardeners, and local farmers.

Have you done everything you can to have an organic yard but failed? Is there more you can do? Are there good and bad OG methods? Or can we adopt a wider IPM mind set which uses age-old farming practice and modern pest control measures. Let's have a discussion.

April 14: "Creative Containers:

Pots to Bathtubs," Lisha Utt
Learn how to use creative containers for your annuals, perennials, succulents, herbs, and vegetables. We will cover design ideas, best plant combinations, container choices, and plant care.

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Squeak

Michael Hillman

“Squeak’s death has been harder than any in the past,” said my wife as she stood in the bedroom doorway. “The house upstairs seems empty ... the feeling in the house is just wrong.”

She was right. Less than five days had passed since we put Squeak down, but it felt like both a million years ago and only 10 seconds ago at the same time.

As I advance in age I’m becoming more aware of my own mortality. Losing Squeak left me feeling one step closer to my own grave.

For the better part of the last three years I made an effort to spend more quality time with Squeak by climbing into bed early, paper in hand. She would watch patiently as I settled in, and once the paper was opened she would crawl onto my lap and wait for the caressing she knew would follow. Occasionally I would look down at her. Her eyes were always fixated on my face. She had beautiful eyes and the sweetest of faces. I frequently reminded myself that I needed to memorize her face, for someday she would no longer be with us. When that day arrived, I wanted to be able to close my eyes and remember her just as she was. I did, and I still do today.

Squeak was given to us along with her brother Miles in an old grain bag by a local farmer over 15 years ago. Less than four weeks old at the time, she and her brother were much too young to be given the run of the house, so their first month was spent in a ‘cardboard box condominium.’ My wife doted on her new charges, and they quickly associated her voice with food, water and love. She would purr to them and they would look up, bright-eyed, and meow back to her.

At eight weeks, they were given free run of the house, and run they did. Jordie, our nine-month old male Manx, was overjoyed at

the two new ‘toys’ we had brought him. Unlike other toys that needed to be wound up or held by a human, these were self-propelled and could evade him like no other toy could. For hours the three would scurry around the house in a never-ending game of tag. When tired, they would find a warm place to retire and sleep and, once revived, resume the chase. I’m not sure who had more fun - them or us - as they provided endless entertainment. Squeak, Miles and Jordie managed to turn this lifelong dog person into a confirmed cat-lover.

How Squeak got her name is beyond me. Like all our pets, Squeak and Miles were originally named after Star Trek characters. Collectively we called them the ‘Binars’ after characters in one Star Trek episode that were inseparable, as Squeak and her brother were. Individually they were Miles and Keiko. While Miles retained his given name, Squeak was rarely called by her real name, not even on her vet records.

The first nine years of Squeak’s life were about as good as it can get for a cat. Summer days were spent lying on a windowsill either basking in the sun or catching a cool breeze. In the winter, Squeak would retreat to my study where she would perch herself on top of the couch in front of the wood-burning stove. As long as the fire was going, we did not need to look far for her. She loved attention, but hated to have her head touched. If I was busy and she was hounding me for attention, all I had to do was attempt to pat her on the head.

Squeak had the run of the house, until fate stepped in. With her parents’ health failing, my wife inherited their two cats. Nearly three times the size of Squeak and her brother, the two newcomers quickly sought to impose their domination over the pair, much to the chagrin of all. Peace was only restored when the Binars retreated to life on the second floor.

It was hard not to feel like Squeak and her brother had gotten the short end of the deal. As



Squeak, 1995-2011

most of the action in the house took place on the first floor, they were out of the picture during the day. But in the evening, the pair had us all to themselves; Miles would curl up on my wife’s pillow, while Squeak nestled in between us.

The addition of a new summer porch off our bedroom offered Squeak and Miles the opportunity to ‘play’ outside cat. One day, while the porch was still under construction, Squeak managed to sneak out on the porch’s ledge. My wife went to grab her, but Squeak wasn’t having any part of it and jumped onto the metal roof adjoining the porch. Squeak quickly discovered that cat claws don’t offer much resistance on a metal roof, and to her horror, found herself sliding down and eventually off the roof. According to my wife, the look on Squeak’s face was priceless! The fall didn’t hurt her, but it did teach her a lesson.

The Binars may have lost their reign of the downstairs, but as long as they had each other, they seemed okay. Then Miles passed away. Squeak grieved for what

seemed like ages at the loss of her lifelong companion, and became very withdrawn. Her world shrunk to our bedroom, where she would lie on or under our bed. It was sad to watch. She seemed to transform from a kitten into an old cat in the blink of an eye.

But as months became years, Squeak slowly returned to her old self, becoming more demanding as she aged. Knowing all too well our evening routine, she would sit at the top of the stairs, looking through the rails of the banister waiting for us. When dinner was served, she would yowl incessantly until she received her own meal. In the rare case when we might be late for bed, she would descend the stairs just far enough to peer into the living room and meow loudly, as if to say, “When are you coming up? This is supposed to be my time!”

On those occasions when she felt exceptionally brave, she would descend halfway down the stairs and survey her surroundings. Confident that the coast was clear, she would then dash quickly to the couch and settle in between us where she would be rewarded with a “You’re safe” and lots of attention.

When I’m old and gray, I will most fondly remember my evening routine with Squeak nestled up to me in bed as I read the paper. She would no sooner settle in with me than my wife would appear to give Squeak her pills. Wrapped in a towel, Squeak would begrudgingly open her mouth for the pills, only to promptly spit them out once released. The act would be

repeated until the pills were finally swallowed, at which time she would be released, rushing once again to my side for the admiration she knew awaited her.

Squeak always slept between us. When I found myself lying awake at night, she was always there to help me occupy my thoughts with things other than worries. The morning would find her on the radiator, eyes glued to the bed for the first sign of movement. Once signed, she would give a mighty leap and resume her rightful place between my wife and I. And God forbid we were slow in responding to her. No matter how many blankets I pulled over my face, she always managed to get at least one paw under them and onto my face, where she would ‘pat’ me until I returned the favor.

Squeak’s end came too quickly, yet was thankfully brief. She put up a brave fight, but the cancer that consumed her body was too much for her. The most we could do was choose the time and place for her to join her brother. Having seen too many pets die away from home, we chose to make it as easy as we could on her. She was put to sleep on our bed, the same bed she had fallen asleep on every day of her life for the past 15 years.

Every morning I can still feel her jump on the bed and walk up my side. I hope I never lose that feeling, for as long as I have it, I still have a part of her with me.

Her death was sad, but knowing that Squeak had lived a great life, we opened a bottle of Champagne and toasted a life well lived.

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Animal communication – my enlightening experience

Erica Green

Ok so who doesn't want to talk to their pet? Who wouldn't want to know what is going on in the minds of our beloved furry friends? To find out why in the world they act like they do or why they are scared of certain things. If we knew these things we could certainly focus our energy on trying to remedy the issue first hand as opposed to guessing at what the issues are right? Well that is exactly what I thought.

I talk to my dogs every day all the time, and boy do I wish they would talk back sometimes. And sometimes I'm really glad they don't. But I had heard about animal communicating from a couple of my friends and I was intrigued, and yes kind of skeptical as well. So I made the phone call to schedule my consult, and starting counting down the days. I was like a kid at Christmas. I didn't really know what to expect and in the back of my mind I was worried it would be a sham. That the communicator would tell me such general information that it would apply to any dog.

Finally the day arrives for my consult, I call the communicator and things start rolling. Telepathic communication comes in the form of seeing, hearing, knowing, and feeling. She explains to me that it is through the relationship I have with my dogs that she is able to tune into the animal. They communicate in pictures. So if they are asked what their favorite thing to do is, the communicator is "sent" a picture. Deciphering the pictures when you get into more complicated questions is where you really have to open your mind.

She asks who I'd like to start with and I tell her Envy. Keep in mind that I have told her NOTHING about my dogs, she doesn't know me in any way shape or form nor has she met my dogs. After a slight moment of si-



Citta

lence the communicator says "Whoa is she ever curious, and kind of pushy about it, her mind is going a thousand different directions and she is go go go." Well that is definitely my little Envy girl. She continues to tell me how smart she is and how willing to work and please me she is. I had a few specific questions I wanted to ask and one of them was if she was happy here. The communicator asks Envy this question and I'm told Envy's answer was, "I'm very happy here but I don't know why I'm here?" I was confused by this and the communicator asks her to explain and funny enough apparently Citta told her she wasn't supposed to still be here, that once they get a certain age they are supposed to go to another home. I found this extremely funny and it made perfect sense since Citta is Envy's mother and yes the puppies usually leave their mothers at a certain age. I had never once mentioned they are mother and daughter.

By this point I am starting to become a believer. During our conver-

sation about Envy she really nailed Envy's personality. She picked up on her quirks, insecurities, loves, and personality in general. And it wasn't wishy washy or it "could" mean this or that she was specific.

We moved to Citta and the communicator made me cry. Well in a good way. She was extremely moved and impressed by our relationship and said she doesn't see a relationship this powerful very often and when she does it always has an impact on her. Citta told her she is my rock, that I think I'm taking care of her but really she takes care of me. Where I go Citta goes whether in the flesh or in spirit. My biggest question about Citta was since Envy came to live with us did she feel left out. I was so worried about the answer to this question, but Citta came back saying, that she didn't feel left out, and that she will make sure I don't leave her behind. And the most mind blowing thing was that out of the blue the communicator said "and she LOVES her back scratched" and at that very moment I was scratching Citta's back.

So all in all the experience was great. I learned that the girls were happy with me and each other, though Citta finds Envy annoying at times. They felt good mind, body and soul. And they don't really care what it is they are doing as long as it is with me.

Can people communicate with animals on a telepathic level? Or is it the kind of thing that makes up fantasy books and movies? I guess that is for each of us to decide on our own. But I am a true believer now. I was told things about my dogs that only I know. Only I truly know their personality and the communicator hit them so specifically that even the most skeptical mind would have to believe in it somewhat.

They say that most people can learn to communicate with animals and there are books and videos to learn how to open yourself up to it. So the next time you are sitting watching t.v. and the image of a tennis ball just randomly pops into your head, it's probably your beloved dog telling you its time to get off the sofa and play some ball!!

Episode of "COPS"?

Kimberly Brokaw DVM
Walkersville Vet Clinic

It was New Year's Eve and I was called out to treat a horse. Arkansas is a retired police horse. He now belongs to a loving family and his sole job, in addition to hanging out in a pasture and eating, is to take a young girl on trail rides. I have seen him on a variety of occasions although usually for fairly routine matters or to track the progression of his melanomas. While an older horse, who suffers from some of the typical maladies of an aging horse, he has for the most part been fairly healthy. That day I was called out to fix a laceration on his leg. Arkansas's owner is a paramedic and she said that she had cleaned the wound and while it was small, it was going to need stitches.

I drove to the farm and as I pulled into the driveway, I saw multiple unmarked police and Department of Natural Resources vehicles. The driveway is narrow so in order to park, I blocked them all in. The owner reassured me that I could park there as the police would be there for a while. However, no explanation for why was given at that time. I have learned not to ask questions. If clients want to share information with me, they will, and sometimes I would just rather not know.

I proceeded to the barn, and for once decided not to leave my car keys in the ignition and instead locked the work truck and took the keys with me. While someone might assume it was because I didn't want whatever criminal they were tracking to steal my vehicle, the real reason was I didn't want to get in trouble with the police for not locking up a vehicle with medications in it (although most of my medications are antibiotics, NSAIDs which are the horse equivalent of Motrin, and other items that are not particularly useful to anyone except a horse person).

I examined Arkansas and found a superficial laceration on the front of his cannon bone that would need around

a half dozen sutures. While he is a stoic horse, especially with all the extra excitement, I gave him some sedatives in addition to pain killers before thoroughly examining the wound. Luckily the laceration was not deep enough that it damaged the extensor tendon.

I cleaned and applied local anesthetic to the wound and started to get ready to suture it together. I looked up and saw an armed officer near me. They had found the subject's car and were having it towed away. The police and DNR were searching the woods looking for the suspect. They also needed to move my car. Officer or not, anyone with a weapon would have no problem getting me to surrender my keys to them. Suddenly I heard shouts coming from the woods about fifty feet away. "Stop."

This is the police. Drop your weapon. I said drop your weapon! Get down on the ground! Good thing Arkansas is a retired police horse who is used to gunfire. He stood there patiently throughout the entire ordeal. At this point I was finished with the laceration repair, had given Arkansas a tetanus shot, and made sure the owner had anti-inflammatories and antibiotics. My thoughts moved to "I want to leave here before I get shot." Suddenly the police and DNR agent surrounded the man and pinned him to the ground. He was dragged off to a police car, and presumably to jail. Later I found out that he was arrested and charged with ten different offenses including resisting arrest.

While I appreciate that my job is not boring, at times I wish for a little less excitement. The real hero in this situation was Arkansas. Horses are well known for being flighty animals with a tendency to run off with almost no provocation. Arkansas stood stock still and let me work on him while a major crime scene loudly unfolded around him. I wish every horse could have that ability to realize that he is in the middle of a crisis, and to listen to the people in charge.



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FIRE COMPANY AWARD BANQUETS

Vigilant Hose Fire Company



Vigilant Hose Company Administrative Officers for 2011: (front) John Damskey, Art Damuth, Steve Valentine, Steve Hollinger, Bill Boyd, (back) Tim Clarke, John Glass, John Hollinger, Randy Myers, Doug Orner

The 127th annual banquet of the Vigilant Hose Company was held on Saturday, January 8, at Mother Seton School. The company installed its 2011 officers, presented awards, and in-stated a new member of the hall of fame.

Bill Sanders received the President's Award for 2010 for his years of dedicated assistance to the

VHC with all manner of financial advise and helping with the department's short- and long-term investment strategies.

Jim Click received the Chief's Award for 2010 for his steady and steadfast loyalty to the community at large. According to Wayne Powell, "Jim is friend to everyone he is always at the ready to help anyone - no matter the time of day or day of

week. His skills at leadership, problem-solving and technical skills as well as his easy going relaxed style make him a model firefighter and public servant.

Matt Volchansky received the Member of the Year Award for 2010. Matt is the first ever "live-in" member (a college student). Matt he's taken every available training course this past year plus kept up with academic studies and still found time to help with station fund-rasiers, work details and emergency responses, too.

The highest award presented at the annual banquet was the Hall of Fame Award. Larry joined the compnay in 1965, it didn't take long for this member to become a key player in the success of our company. He completing his first Basic Fire training class in 1970 and because an active responder and a great interior firefighter.

In 1971, he was elected to his first term on the Board of Directors and held many offices for the next 20 years that included not only included the Board of Directors but also Treasurer and 3 terms as President. During those years, fundraising was tough but this individual never backed away from a challenge. He was, and continues to be, instrumental in the success of many major fundraising



Jim Click receives the Chief's Award from Chris Stahley



Bill Sanders receives the President's Award from Frank Davis

During the banquet, Auxiliary President Tina Ryder presented the Vigilant Hose Company President with a check for \$40,000. Length of service awards were presented to: Jeff Fitzgerald and Tom White, 50 years; Larry Little, 45 years; Charles Champlain and Monroe Hewitt, 40 years; Jim Glass and Wayne Powell, 30 years; Carl White, 25 years; Bill Boyd and Tony Kelly, 20 years; and John Damskey, Tom Vaughn, Mike Damskey and Mike Working, 15 years.

Top Ten Responder for 2010 were: Cliff Shriner, Frank Davis, Paul Eyler, Jason Powell, Randy Myers, Alex McKenna, John Glass, Carl White, Chris Ryder, and John Javor.

For 2101, The Vigilant Hose House Company's administrative officers for 2001 are: John Damskey, president; Art Damuth, vice president; Steve Hollinger, treasurer; Bill Boyd, assistant treasurer; Steve Valentine, secretary; Tom Vaughn, assistant secretary; and Tim Clarke, John Glass, John Hollinger, Randy Myers, Doug Orner, and Dave Stonesifer,

make up the Board of Directors.

This year's new line officers are: Frank Davis, chief; James Click, deputy chief; Chris Stahley, assistant chief; Chris Ryder, captain; and Chad Umbel, lieutenant.

Incoming fire-police officers are: Paul Krietz, captain; Sam Cool, first lieutenant; and Steve Orndorff, second lieutenant.

New auxiliary officers are: Shirley Little, president; Diana Hoover, vice president; Jo Ann Boyd, treasurer; Joyce Glass, secretary; Mandy Ryder, financial secretary; and Shannon Cool, historian.

New explorer officers (youth program) are: Angela Javor, president; Tyler Arrowood, vice president; Matthew Boyd, treasurer; and Chris McKenna, secretary.

To learn more about the Vigilant Hose Company and their activities in support of the greater Emmitsburg community, visit their website - www.vigilanthose.org. To make a contribution to the Vigilant Hose Company or to join it, call 301-447-2728.



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A future Rocky Ridge Miss Fire Protection

FIRE COMPANY AWARD BANQUETS

Harney Fire Company

The annual banquet of the Harney Volunteer Fire Co. was held on Saturday, Jan. 22, at Harney Fire Hall. The company installed its 2011 officers and presented awards to its top ten responders and community members who have supported it over the years.

The Harney Fire Company has 27 active members. Of those 27, 15 are EMT's, 3 are Paramedics, 19 are firefighters, and 8 administrative officers. Harney also has over 20 social members. These members dedicate a lot of their time during the carnival, the tractor show, and the fall firemen's benefit.

For 2011, the Harney Volunteer Fire Co.'s Line Officers are Donald Yingling, Sr., Chief; Donald Yingling, Jr., Assistant Chief; David

Yingling, Captain; Matt Nye, First Lieutenant; Chris Waybright, EMS Captain; Craig Bare, EMS Lieutenant.

Company Administrative Officers are James Waybright, President; Charles Blocher, Vice President; Richard Yingling, Secretary; Robert Baughman, Recording; Leonard Bowers, Treasure of Company Activities; Eugene Curfman, Treasure of County Funds; and Martin Jennings, Chaplain. Trustees are Larry Bowers, Lee Bowers, Donald Yingling, Jr. and Amanda Bowers as Historian.

Top Ten Responder for 2010 were in order as follows Donald Yingling, Sr. (Chief), Lee Bowers (Truck Foreman), Donald

Yingling, Jr. (Asst. Chief), Robert Baughman (Secretary), Matt Vosburgh (Firefighter), Richard Strickhouser (Firefighter), Brian Martin (EMT/Firefighter), Brad Waybright (Truck Foreman), Amanda Bowers (EMT) and Matt Nye (EMT/Firefighter) tied for ninth and Jeff Yingling (EMT/Firefighter).

Length of service awards were presented to Lee Bowers, Donald Yingling, Sr., Donald Yingling, Jr., Brad Waybright, Chris Waybright, Jim Waybright, Bobby Baughman, Brian Martin, Larry Bowers and Amanda Bowers.

The Harney Volunteer Fire Co. may be a small fire company, but its dedicated members, the auxiliary



Mary Jane Waybright, Louise Strickhouser, Loretta Bowers and Barb Miller enjoy a laugh at the Harney Fire Company award banquet

and those in the community who support its fundraisers have all helped the Harney meet its challenge to provide professional emergency service to Harney and surrounding communities.

To learn more about the Harney Volunteer Fire Co. visit www.harneyfire11.org. To make a contribution to the Harney Volunteer Fire Co. or to join, call 410-756-2892 or 410-756-1238.



From left to right - Lee Bowers Trustee, Leonard Bowers Treasurer, Donald Yingling Jr. Asst. Chief, Eugene Curfman Asst. Treasurer, Jim Waybright President, Donald Yingling Sr. Chief, Richard Yingling Secretary, Jennings Martin, Chaplin, Jeff Sowers County Delegate, Larry Bowers Trustee, Charlie Blocher Vice President.

Rocky Ridge

The annual Rocky Ridge Volunteer Fire Co. award banquet was held on Thursday, Jan. 27, at Rocky Ridge Fire Hall. The company installed its 2011 officers and presented awards to its top ten responders and community members who have supported it over the years.

The 2011 Officers of the Fire Company are: President-Dale Kline Sr., VP-Dennis Mathias, Secretary-Melissa Mathias, Asst. Secretary-Christina Hurley, Treasurer-Bernard R Wivell, Asst. Treasurer-Bonny Hurley, Chaplain-Rev. James Russell.

This year's Board of Directors are: Linda Northrup, Charles Riggs, and Steve Whetzel, Donald Kaas Jr, Andy Mathias, Jamison Mathias, Steve Wolfe, Chief-Alan Hurley, 1st Asst. Chief- Jim Rice, 2nd Asst. Chief-Larry Humerick

Jr., Sergeants- Kevin Albaugh, Craig Hovermale, and Steve Whetzel,

The Auxiliary leadership is: President-Betty Ann Mumma, Auxiliary VP- Nancy Summers, Secretary-Bonnie Sanders, Asst. Secretary-Wilma Stover, Treasurer-Betty L Mumma, Asst. Treasurer-Helen Burrier, Historian-Linda Northrup, Chaplain-Emily Sixx, Asst. Chaplain-Lib Myers. At the award banquet the Ladies Auxiliary presented a check for \$15,000 to the Fire Company. The money was raised last year by the Auxiliary through various fundraisers.

Junior Fire Company Officers for 2011 are: President-Kelsey Mathias, VP- Tyler Cuffe, Secretary-Kelly Kaas, Treasurer-Sadie Finneyfrock

Top Ten Responders were: Larry



Administrative Officers-Seated (L to R) President Dale Kline Sr, Secretary Melissa Mathias, Asst. Treasure Bonny Hurley, Chaplan Pastor James Russell. Standing (L to R) Directors: Andy Mathias, Jamison Mathias, Donnie Kaas Jr, Charles Riggs, Steve Wolfe. Not pictured: Vice President Dennis Mathias, Asst. Secretary Christina Hurley, Treasurer Bernard Wivell, Directors Linda Northrup and Steve Whetzel

Eyler-154, Bonny Hurley-147, Buddy Stover-116, John Reese-111, Matthew Moser-64, Donnie Kaas Jr-62, Dennis Mathias-53, Andy Mathias-48, Amber Humerick-46, Joseph Youngerman, and Paulette Mathias-36.

The Charles Mumma Firefighter of the Year Award was presented to Donald Kaas Jr. Don has been with the company for over 20 years—he helps with breakfast and weekly bingo, the annual butchering, and as a member of the maintenance committee, he is always there when something needs repair.

The Honor Member was presented to Joseph Clabaugh. Joe is a quiet man but always willing to lend a helping hand where he can and can be found at just about every company fund raising event. He has served on the Board of Directors as well as other numerous committees.

The Outstanding Junior Award was presented to Kelsey Mathias for her extensive volunteer work with the company. The President's Award was presented to Betty Ann Mumma and Bernard R Wivell.

The Robert Albaugh Award was

presented to Bonny Hurley who has held multiple positions and chaired several committees since joining the company in 1978. Her dedication as a firefighter and EMT has allowed her to be among the top ten responders for numerous years.

To learn more about the Rocky Ridge Volunteer Fire Co. and its activities in support of the greater Rocky Ridge community, visit www.rockyridgevfc.com. To make a contribution to the Rocky Ridge Volunteer Fire Co. or to join, call 301-271-2666.



Line Officers: Seated (L to R) Chief Alan Hurley, 1st Asst. Chief Jim Rice, 2nd Asst Chief Larry Humerick Jr. Standing (L to R) Sergants Steve Whetzel, Craig Hovermale. Not pictured is Sergeant Kevin Albaugh

HISTORY

Some early remembrances

Margaret Hays Warner

Editor Note: Margaret Hays Warner is the sister of William Hays, the author of 'At the End of the Emmitsburg Road', which we've been featuring on these two pages for the past few months. At the end of his work we found his sister's version of what life was like growing up in pre World War II Emmitsburg. We hope you enjoy it.

(Written for my children and grandchildren or for any others who might be interested in knowing about life in a small town in the early 1900's)

Games and Play

I'm writing now about our younger days. It was not a case of "All work and no play," but play was of our own making. The boys played marbles in the little alley between our house and Shuff's. My brother Sam had a string of stick horses tied up in the woodshed, each one of which had a name. For fun and exercise, he rode them around the yard, believing they were real. Sam's great love was horses, and many times he would slip off to go with a neighbor, who would let him ride or help drive cattle somewhere.

In those days, cattle were sometimes driven quite a distance, and boys and men were used to help keep the cattle in line. There was a great thrill to this for Sam and he would go, even at the risk of punishment when he came home.

My brother Jim, being the oldest, soon took an interest in the shop, an interest that continued through most of his life. This may have been partly because his father no doubt looked forward to having his oldest son succeed him in the business, and hence gave Jim more and more responsibility. It soon became his regular job to take the workmen to Mt. St. Mary's College, to do extensive work in the various buildings.

We had our share of accidents, though none too serious. We had a barn where the horse was kept and a loft full of hay, where we loved to climb and play. One day, Bill was sliding on a big pile of hay near an open window and fell out into the alley below, breaking his arm. That was the end of barn playing for us all.

There was another accident



Margaret Warner, 1924, Hood College Graduation

that might have proved tragic. My brother John and a friend about his age had the bright idea (or so they thought) of cutting quinces, lying plentifully on the ground. They had seen the corn chopper being used, so thought it would be just the thing to do the job. John fed the quinces into the chopper, while the other boy operated the knife. Down the knife came and almost cut off his hand. By luck, someone nearby was able to render first aid until the doctor could be called and stitches could be taken in his wrist. This happened while Mother was very ill, so John was taken to our grandparents across the street, who looked after him.

It was not always my brothers who got into trouble or had accidents. I must admit to causing an almost tragic accident to my youngest brother, Harry. I was about nine years old, when Mother allowed me to take him in his stroller for a little outing.

Another girl met me and together we walked almost to the Town Square. In front of the Lutheran Church there was a

long sloping cement walk, which seemed to invite us to go up and then sort of coast down to the street. Esther, my friend, was supposed to stop the stroller as it came down but we did not count on the increase in speed and she was too frightened to do anything.

The stroller overturned and Harry was thrown out. By chance, the doctor lived next door (Dr. Stone) and he had seen what happened. He took my brother into his office, treated the slight cut on his forehead and then took him home, explaining what had happened. I was terrified, as I should have been, and ran home to hide under, or rather in, a closet, feeling sure I would be punished severely. As I recall, I was not punished, although I surely deserved to be.

We all loved to go up to the third floor of the shop, especially on rainy days, when there wasn't much to do. We called it the "carpenter shop," because of the lumber stored there. This lumber was there, to be sawed up by a circular saw that was mounted

on a table. I'm surprised we were not injured by that saw, but we were probably told to stay away from it, and were warned of what might happen. Anyway, for our amusement there were piles of sawdust to play in, and curls of shavings to be put behind our ears. Somehow we felt away from everything while we were there. There was always a smell of wood, a nice clean smell, as we made our way up the stairs.

Earning & Spending Money

All through the summer, if we could think of nothing better to do, we conceived the idea of selling something to earn a few cents for buying candy. Each of us would take a paper bag and search the yard and grounds for stray bones, sometimes easily seen, but sometimes hidden under porches and out of the way places. Bones could be sold at that time for use in making fertilizer. All were put together in one bag and off we went to the grocery store. The friendly, long-suffering grocer would weigh them up and pay us two or three cents. Today that would be nothing, but then it was enough for us to buy a good-sized bag of candy.

In order to increase our purchase, we liked to go to another store, a small one up town, where there was a kind of slot machine on the counter. I remember a little stool or box we had to stand on to reach the top. We put a penny in the slot and down it went through a maze of pegs. If it landed at a certain place, our one penny became two.

Wonderful! We could now buy more candy. How patient that shopkeeper was, as we stood and looked in the case, trying to decide what kind we wanted. The storekeeper and her husband lived in rooms behind the store, so her work was interrupted many

times as customers came in. Her husband was a big man with a big black mustache. He was rather gruff in manner, so we always hoped it would be his wife, "Miss Nonie" who would wait on us.

Most of our family buying was done at the grocery store across the street, where most shopping was done in our end of town. There one could buy most anything that was needed. There was a whole counter devoted to sewing supplies, with bolts of cloth on shelves behind the counters, to be rolled out and measured according to order. In those days, most of the clothing was sewed by hand, so there was a complete line of thread, laces and trimmings for everything needed. Miss Bessie Hoke, sister of the owner, was in charge of this section. She was always there, as she lived right across the street from the store, and had only to run across for meals and back again. I do not remember that anyone else was ever behind that counter.

Christmas Time

When Christmas time drew near, all the holiday goods would be carried up to the second floor and made ready for display. No one could go up until it was announced that the door would be opened. Of course we were all getting excited by that time and could hardly wait to go up those stairs. From the end window at home we could see what was going on, so we watched and waited.

At last the word came, and going up those stairs was almost equal to Christmas itself. The dolls were arranged on one wall, and I mentally picked out one that I liked. The boys spied the sleds and skates and toys that seemed like something magical. Compared to the variety and abundance of today, these simple things were small indeed, but big to us. Most of our gifts for giving, or for under the tree, came from this store. Our parents seldom went to a larger town or city, so what could be bought here, or made at home, would have to do.



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Our tree was never put up before Christmas Eve, when we were all asleep. It came mysteriously and was quietly trimmed with simple ornaments, some of which we remembered from year to year. There was no large array of gifts underneath. One or perhaps two for each, and, of course, a long black stocking filled with candy, nuts and an orange in the toe. The orange was a real treat, because we did not see any at any other time of the year.

On Christmas Day the tree held special enchantment, because it had appeared as if by magic, not purchased days before and trimmed ahead of time, as we do today. Of course, things are different, and there are reasons why this must be done. Perhaps it is good to let the children have a part in making ornaments, helping to trim the tree and in general being allowed to have a part in the preparations. Customs have changed over the years.

I might mention another change. Christmas was not over at the end of Christmas Day. We could look forward to a week or two, set apart for various kinds of celebrations. There were still some celebrations in the churches, radio music featured many beautiful carols or special choir selections, such as The Messiah. There was no school, so there were many parties here and there, and if the weather happened to be cold, skating and sledding were enjoyed. A holiday spirit continued to prevail.

One custom not commonplace everywhere was that of Kris Kingling, or, as it was sometimes called, Bell Snickling. Some time after Christmas, groups of young people liked to dress up in old clothes or costumes, wear false faces and go from house to house. They knocked at the door and were invited in. At once there was guessing as to who these visitors were. Masks were then removed and most proved to be well-known friends or neighbors. Much fun followed and treats were passed around.

Bell Snicklers were different, they were mostly older boys or men who rode horses through the town, shouting or singing and jingling their bells as they rode along. I was always afraid when I heard them coming, and would run into the house. They rode mainly to nearby farmers and were warmly received by the ones they visited. Country people were very glad for a little excitement, and this was all part of the holiday season. Very often it turned out that some of the callers were from a nearby farm, out for a little fun and a chance to visit their neighbors. There was much friendly talk and laughter and, of course a chance to hand out all kinds of good treats, prepared weeks before visits such as these. Then they were off to another farm for more fun.

The Emmitsburg Historical Society would like to thank the members of the Hays family who have been so helpful in our series on their uncle and aunt's memories of growing up in Emmitsburg in the 1920s and 30s.

Next month:
The history of Harney.

Remembering Mom

Emily Warner Bender

My mother, Margaret Hays Warner, was a homemaker for sure. She took care of the needs of her children and supported her husband by learning to prepare such foods as mushrooms and dandelion greens. He came from a family of hunters so she also had to learn to prepare foods such as squirrel and rabbit. My brothers and I remember eating squirrel pot pie. That took courage!

Dad would take us with him in the summer to pick berries and blackberries. Mother would make pies.

My grandparents lived next door and grandmother, who was a born gardener, would bring currants and grapes for jelly-making and asparagus and every other kind of vegetable for eating and canning.

Mother's father made her a corn dryer in the Emmitsburg Tin Shop. I still have it in my home today.

On the other hand, Mother was a very outgoing person. She loved being with people and doing things with friends and family. In church, Hawley Memorial Presbyterian, she was very active. She played the piano for Sunday School every Sunday. People would ask how she mashed her fingers and she would tell the story of how it happened. It never interfered with her playing.

She taught the adult Bible class of men and women for 25 years. I remember the picture she was given from the class. It hung in the hall of her home the remainder of her life. Because of her dedication to her church, she was voted to be the first woman elder and was later appointed to represent her church at the Presbytery level!

We children practically grew up in the church. Dad would attend too, but not like Mother. He often had to work on Sunday.

Mother served as PTA president more than once. She knew how to conduct a business meeting and how to work with people. She was known and liked by everyone.

Mother had taught school after her graduation from college. She was assigned to a high school on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. This school was a small High School where she and the principal were the faculty. He taught Math and Science and she taught everything else. Some of the students came by boat. French was one of the subjects she taught. She used to teach us French phrases such as: Good Morning! How are you? We thought that was great. I still have some of her books.

Whatever our challenge was she was there to help. She listened to our problems and soothed our bumps and bruises. She saw to it that we joined scouting, being my leader at one point when no



Margaret Hays at her 90th birthday party

one else was available. She gave me music lessons.

She had some money of her own in a special place. When money was 'hard to come by' and she knew it was important for one of us to have something, the money was taken from that special place. We had everything we needed but not everything we wanted. Life was good!

Mother was there for all our special activities, plays, programs recitations and graduations. She was there – and we knew she would be.

Just as mother knew most everyone in the town of Emmitsburg, where she grew up, she knew just about everyone in Blue Ridge Summit, PA. My Father's place of business was there where his family had lived since the early 1900's.

My grandfather, with his three sons had built a garage and car dealership, Keystone Garage.

When my Father was courting my Mother, she was a student at Hood College in Frederick, Maryland. She used to tell me the girls would say how lucky she was to be able to ride in such style.

They would all be looking to see what model of car Dad would be driving each week. This was early 1920.

My Mother and Dad made a nice couple. People who still remember my Mother say, "What a lovely person she was!" My sentiments exactly!

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COLD WAR WARRIORS

Cold War Moles—the enemy within

Commander John Murphy,
USN Ret.

“Merriam Webster – MOLE “
Function: noun

- 1 : any of numerous burrowing insectivores with tiny eyes, concealed ears, and soft fur.
- 2 : one who works in the dark .
- 3 : a spy (as a double agent) who establishes a cover before beginning espionage; broadly : one within an organization who passes on information. “

The history of the Cold War is filled with tales of spies who lived and worked in the shadows. I believe that some of the greatest damage to America was not done by foreign spies, but rather – “moles” who were every day Americans who worked at the desk next to you. In government agencies or in U.S. military commands and communications centers - worldwide. They handled sensitive operational and intelligence information and, for one reason or another, became traitors.

In my small part of the Cold War - there were three American moles that had the greatest impact. They were Sergeant Jack Dunlap (U.S. Army and NSA), Aldrich Ames (CIA), and Warrant Officer John Anthony Walker (U.S. Navy).

Other Americans became infamous as “turncoats” or defectors. Traitors such as Bernon Mitchell and William Martin who defected from their desks in NSA's Advanced Soviet Codes Office in 1960. They worked right next door to me in 1958. They later sailed past my Black Sea warning site in Istanbul on a Soviet cargo ship in 1960. A big story at the time, but the Soviets found them of marginal value once in the Soviet Union - other than for propaganda. But moles such as Dunlap, Ames and Walker were a different story. They had a huge impact, and usually we

did not know what they were up to until well after the fact. When the real damage to the nation was a “done deal”.

Here is a brief recap of three American moles from the Cold War who had a direct or indirect on my own career. Shown in parentheses are the time period in which they operated and the operational area concerned.

Sergeant Jack Dunlap (1958 to 1963) – A non-intelligence, Army enlisted man who performed mundane, maintenance and logistical work for the Army warning site at Sinop, Turkey in 1958. He then became a general's driver at NSA Fort Meade (1960-63) where he eventually worked his way into low level processing of sensitive NSA message traffic. He first began to work for the KGB in Turkey and then turned his NSA assignment into a lucrative source of income for his extravagant lifestyle. In 1963 the Army was about to transfer him away from Fort Meade and he applied for a low level NSA civilian job. Probably at the urging of his KGB handlers in Moscow and Washington. He failed an NSA polygraph test in early 1963 which triggered an immediate investigation ending in his suicide on 27 July 1963. He would later be linked to the compromise and execution of two high level, Soviet moles - Peter Popov and Oleg Penkovsky. Also the defection of three NSA employees - Bernon Mitchell and William Martin in 1960 and Victor Hamilton in 1963. Hamilton defected the day after Dunlap's suicide.

Penkovsky's death was a particular blow to U.S. intelligence because he was the mole who first alerted the U.S. to the fact that the Soviets were putting strategic, nuclear missiles into Cuba. Ironically, the CIA became aware that Penkovsky had been compromised on the very day that Presi-



dent Kennedy was telling the nation that we had detected Soviet missiles in Cuba. Penkovsky is reported to have suffered a horrible death at the hands of the KGB. He was first tortured and then burned alive while strapped to a board with piano wire. All this because Sergeant Jack Dunlap had an insatiable desire for high living.

Aldrich Ames (1983-1994) - Aldrich Ames was a major mole for the KGB from the early 1980s, through Perestroika in the late 80s to the collapse of the Soviet Union in the early 90s. He was arrested for espionage in 1994. I was a contract Russian linguist at CIA Headquarters in the early 90s and can recall when the Director announced Ames's arrest over the CIA, secure TV network. Ames was a child of the CIA.

Ames had field assignments in Ankara, Mexico City, Rome and New York where he worked with Soviet cases. He later was assigned to the Soviet East European Division of CIA Headquarters in the early 1980s. He developed a record of being a problem drinker in the early 70s. By 1983 he was divorced and considering espionage. By 1985 he was working important Soviet Embassy cases in Washington. He is also was receiving large sums of money from the KGB and had identified at least ten top Soviet moles that were working for CIA.

By 1990 he was working in the agency's extremely sensitive Counterintelligence Center Analysis Group. The Soviet Union was dissolved in 1991, but the Cold War went on in the world of covert intelligence. By 1993 CIA was becoming alarmed with the number of agents being lost to the KGB. Compromised then executions. They were convinced they were dealing with an in-house mole. Ames passed two polygraph exams in the early 90s, but extravagant living (e.g. cash payment for home, an expensive automobile, clothing and high credit card bills on a modest government salary) served as flags leading to his arrest in 1994. At trial in Federal Court he admitted compromising all Soviet moles he was aware of leading to the compromise of one hundred U.S. operations and the execution of at least ten top notch U.S. sources. He is now, serving a life sentence.

John Anthony Walker – (1964-1968) Compromised major U.S. Navy cryptographic systems which led to seizure of USS Pueblo and sinking of USS Scorpion). The KGB considered the John Walker case their greatest success in the Cold War. Walker was a Navy Warrant Officer and communications specialist in the sensitive and prestigious U.S. Navy nuclear submarine service. His treachery began in 1965 when he tried to help his naval officer, brother Arthur obtain

some much needed cash by selling secrets to the KGB. By 1966 John Walker had decided this was so easy that he could use some cash himself for a boat and fancy cars and a bar & restaurant of his very own. He began selling the high priority key codes for submarine crypto machines and the KGB knew they had a hot one.

In 1967 he received orders to the strategically important Submarine Force Atlantic Headquarters in Norfolk, VA. He boldly walked in the front door of the Soviet Embassy in Washington and introduced himself. The rest is history. He entered the spy world of dead drops and top dollar payment for classified messages and codes delivered. The KGB set up a special unit in Moscow to process the volumes of information they were receiving. A plan was developed for North Korea to seize a U.S. spy ship – the USS Pueblo for a violation of their territorial waters. The real reason for the operation was to grab a KW 47 crypto machine so they could process the traffic being received from Walker. By April 1968 the KGB was processing the U.S. Navy's most sensitive communications – in near real time.

By May 1968 this information was reportedly used to trap and sink a U.S. nuclear submarine – the USS Scorpion during an Atlantic transit with 99 men aboard. This, a was considered a “pay back” for what the Soviets believed was the intentional sinking of one of their ballistic missile submarines near Hawaii in March 1968. It would be another twenty years before Walker's wife Barbara alerted the Navy that he had been spying for the Soviets. Walker had refused to pay alimony in a divorce settlement. Walker was arrested in May 1985 and is now serving a life sentence.

To read past editions of Cold War Warriors visit the authors section of Emmitsburg.net.

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CIVIL WAR DIARY

Diary of Joseph E. Wible, 1861-1862

Part four

John Miller
Emmitsburg Civil War Historian

Monday, Nov. 4 – We have been living in expectation all day but this expectation ended in appearance, for about five o'clock we were drawn up in line to receive our money which rejoiced the heart of us all. There was four of Van Allen's cavalry companies come in here this evening, about two hundred all told.

Tuesday, Nov. 5 – Have been marching through town all forenoon after soldiers who left camp without a pass. Rested from dinner till supper, then marched out with our company on some mysterious mission. Cartridges were given [to] us, and I thought that we were to have a skirmish, but after all it was only to arrest the wagoners of a supply train, and, after arresting them and standing guard around the wagon for about three hours, we were dismissed.

Wednesday, Nov. 6 – This has been a very disagreeable and rainy day and, up to the present time everything has passed off very quiet for election day. I cast two votes for the Union ticket, whilst some of our men cast as many more. Have been running over town tonight hunting up loose soldiers. We rode to nearly all the fancy houses in town.

Thursday Nov. 7 – The Van Allen cavalry returned today. They had been all over the western part of Maryland at the different polls. One company went to Emmitsburg. They were well pleased with their reception there. They were presented with a flag by the ladies of Emmitsburg. The State (Md.) had given a large majority for the Union.

Friday, Nov. 8 – This morning about nine o'clock we saddled up and escorted the New York boys about a mile from town. Today has been very pleasant. Received a letter from friend J.H.C.W. today. Had some more fun with the "Legs" tonight; somebody carried off his bed and he raised the camp to find it.

Saturday, Nov. 9 – Rained all day and the (ground) is very slippery and disagreeable. We kept closely housed up all day and were glad when night came on in hoping to find better weather in the morning. Nearly all of our men returned home at a very late hour tonight very weary with their journey.

Sunday, Nov. 10 – The morning broke upon us very clear and beautiful yet the earth beneath us was quite disagreeable, but it has dried off very much to the present time. Did not go to church this morning. Started for church this evening but did not get there being induced by my chum to call on some very agreeable young ladies. Took a walk around town with them ad spent a very agreeable evening with them, then returned to church in time to join our squad for home.

Monday, Nov. 11 – nothing unusual occurred today until evening when we went to church.



Union soldiers on picket duty

Tuesday, Nov. 12 – Today has been very pleasant. We have had quite a skirmish tonight with "Legs" in which the whole mess joined; it lasted about three hours. Joe Wills returned tonight bringing tidings from home.

Wednesday Nov. 13 – Today opened up very beautiful, all was mirth and gladness this morning; but this evening how changed the same our First Lieutenant is even now breathing his last, all the effect of carelessly handling a loaded carbine and that too by one of his intimate friends, who himself is almost deranged at the terrible result of his own carelessness. May this ever be a warning to those who are reckless in handling deadly weapons, and may it ever remind us that "in the midst of life we are in death". It seems to me like a dream, but today at noon I was making myself more than usually familiar with him in social conversation and he is packing up to leave us for the spirit land.

Thursday Nov. 14 – Left Frederick this morning for this place

(Emmitsburg) with the funeral train of Lieutenant [John Motter] Annan. Arrived here about five o'clock. The weather an[d] roads have been disagreeable today. Captain [John] Horner brought us over here with(out) making any provisions for our confront and when we did get here left us without anything to eat or place to sleep. The weather at the same time being very inclement. We were thrown upon the charity of citizens without their knowledge at the time, but overhearing our men complaining about their ill treatment, many of the citizens came nobly forward to our relief, and fortunately for us all got under the cover of night. I took supper with Joe Wills and together with Buckingham, Fest and Hughes, stayed all night with Mr. Wattlely where we had a very comfortable bed on the floor of a very nice front room.

Friday, Nov. 15 – Woke up this morning and found it raining and very gloomy, took breakfast with Mr. Wattlely. The funeral services

took place in the Presbyterian Church at nine o'clock, after which we took up our line of march for the burying ground about one mile north of Emmitsburg and after we returned we got our dinner and started for this place (Frederick) again where we arrived about eight o'clock, muddy and tired. I took dinner today with Mr. Meals. There was five of us dined with him: Buckingham, Huber, Kean, Hughes and myself. We had a very good dinner. Fred Meals is a clever, warm hearted gentleman.

Saturday, Nov. 16 – Today has set in very cold. We did not drill today.

Sunday, Nov. 17 – Today has been very cold. Went to the Methodist Church this morning. This afternoon started out for Sunday School but happened to get into a private house where was a very nice young lady where I, in company of two others spent a very agreeable afternoon. Was on guard duty this evening.

Monday, Nov. 18 – Today has been clear but very cold. This evening after dress parade, balloted

for 1st Lieutenant but were not successful in choosing one. Went to Methodist Church this evening. Came home beneath a clear sky and laid me down on my soft board to rest for the night.

Tuesday, Nov. 19 – The weather has moderated somewhat today yet it is very cold this evening. We balloted for First Lieutenant today and elected Second Lieutenant [Washington] Morrison for our First Lieutenant after which we balloted for a Second Lieutenant. But after several unsuccessful attempts gave it up for another day. [Albert] Hunter ran six ahead of [A.M.] Walker, having thirty-eight to Walker's thirty-two, it requiring 43 to elect.

Wednesday, Nov. 20 – Went through the usual routine of duty today and this evening went to church, Methodist, where there is a protracted meeting in progress. There was one mourner of a soldier.

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STAGES OF LIFE

A Parent's Point of View

I'm sorry

Brian Barth

The two words in the English language that are the hardest to say, let alone admit are, "I'm sorry." Saying these two simple words often times makes any situation a little less stressful. That is, if your apology is heartfelt. This expression becomes a reflex response for many when we find ourselves in trouble. Some people struggle admitting they have done wrong and can't bring themselves to say "I'm sorry."

Those of us who can quickly admit wrongdoing often times feel better with ourselves and can move on with our lives much quicker not having that burden of guilt hanging over our heads.

Luckily, I've taught my kids like my parents taught me to be the latter.

My kids seem to be regretful when they are caught doing or saying something they know was against what their mother or I have taught them.

As most kids, they hope saying

"I'm sorry" will be a free pass out of whatever trouble they have found themselves in.

A perfect example is with this past Christmas Eve. The kids were very excited for the arrival of Santa Clause. Keeping them occupied was critical for my wife's and my sanity. We had a movie marathon of nothing but holiday classics playing on the TV all day. While wife baked cookies with our daughter. We tried my best to keep the excitement under control.

The day seemed to go by very slowly. Every few minutes the kids asked me to check the computer to see where Santa was. Mind you, this constant questioning started about 10 a.m.

We have a tradition of attending Christmas Eve mass. My daughter and niece were angels in this year's pageant. Between my brother's family and mine there are 7 kids. For those of you who are brave enough to take young ones to church, you know the importance of getting a seat. If you have to stand, you might as well come back to a later mass.

To guarantee seating, my brother

and I went 45 minutes early to reserve an entire pew. A lot of good that did. My 1 year old decided he didn't want to sit and was causing the biggest commotion. So I got to stand the entire mass either holding him or letting him run up and down the aisle. Other families found this amusing, but I didn't see the humor. I think they were all relieved it wasn't their child making the commotion.

Church ended and it was now evening time. We ordered a pizza, settled into our customary spots on the couches and continued watching one of the Christmas shows we started before mass.

The questioning began again on the location of Santa. We visited norad.com/santa where we were able to see that he was in Europe and on the move to the States. Around 9 p.m. my wife and I took them to bed and read the Christmas Story book. We could tell by their excitement it was going to take a while until they fell asleep.

As predicted they began in intervals. First my daughter came down to the kitchen claiming she

needed a drink of water. Then she had to kiss her mother and me once more. As she hugged me, she whispered, "Can you show me where Santa is on the computer again?"

"Sure" I said. Next my oldest son came down. He just remembered that he didn't put his shoes in the laundry room. I think he pulled an old pair from his closet as an excuse to come downstairs. This routine happened for about the next hour. Different excuses of course but clearly they weren't going to fall asleep any time soon.

It was now 11 p.m. and my wife said, "What do you think, are they asleep yet?" I went and checked on them. As I opened my daughter's door, she quickly snapped her head to the door.

"Dad?"

"Yes Gabs, it's me."

She asked if Santa had come yet. I said "not yet," go to sleep or he will pass us by.

I came back down and my wife asked, "Are they asleep?" Nope, not yet. Now the time was midnight and we were finally able to get ready for Christmas morning.

Shortly after I fell asleep, I hear a noise. It was my son and daughter. They woke me up and said has Santa

come yet? I thought I was dreaming until my daughter was nose to nose with me grabbing my cheeks. I looked at the clock, it was only 4 a.m. I said, "Go back to bed!" It is too early. We will get up in a few hours.

Well no more than 30 minutes later, I hear the door open again. They both walked over to me again and said, "Come on dad, get up."

It was now 4:30 a.m. I said again, "Go to bed."

We can't sleep. Then my son said, "Dad I think I heard the garage door going up." Not happy at the time but now that I think about it, he made a brilliant move. He knew I would get out of bed to check. I did, and as I thought, the door was down.

He looked at me and said, "I'm sorry. I really wanted you to get out of bed."

I said, "You know that wasn't the right way to get what you wanted, right?"

"Yes dad and I'm really sorry."

"Okay, don't do that again."

This conversation quickly came to an abrupt end, for when they turned the corner and saw all the presents they both went crazy and quickly began searching for the all the presents that had their names on the tags.

Mom's Time Out

Mary Angle

February, the month of love, at least according to Hallmark. All kidding aside, February 14th is Valentine's Day. This of course makes me think of the love of my life, my husband. Without whom I would not have my four wonderful children. So this month I am dedicating this article to not only my husband, but to all the husbands I know who gave my girlfriends all of their wonderful children. I am very blessed to have such a wonderful man in my life who I will be celebrating 15 years of marriage with in February as well. As you know from past articles I don't like to give the good without giving a healthy heaping of reality on the side and this month is no different. I am going to tell you about some of our rough spots in marriage and why that is alright.

As I said I have been married for almost 15 years and those years have had their ups and downs just like any marriage. From, the proverbial 7 year itch (which I will explain), the trials and tribulations of child rearing, 5 houses, 4 births, 2 operations, menopause, and the kitchen sink. And through it all one thing remains constant, we still love each other. At times we may not have liked one another, but we have always loved one another. We haven't always agreed in marriage, but we always support one another and we always agree to disagree with love. When we got married we didn't realize that we weren't going to want the same amount of children but are very satisfied with the compromise of 4. He had no idea he was marrying a gypsy (we have owned 5 houses) who loves to pack and move. But through it all we have grown closer.

The seven year itch that I referred to earlier, for us anyway, happened right before our 7th anniversary. We just weren't clicking, actually we were fighting over every little thing and didn't much care for one another at all. One night we went on a "date night" and out it came. "You irritate me", or "Well when you _____ I can't stand it" which lead to "what do we do about it?" Love isn't always the issue many times it is like, and like turns into dislike and irritation and then suddenly you are questioning why you are married to this person. My husband and I were lucky, we had our "date night" and it came out before it got too bad, we started talking, sharing, and dating again. We started putting effort into the other persons happiness, basic everyday tasks that might not matter to us but do matter to our spouse. I would make sure the island was cleaned off when he got home, or he would help the kids get breakfast if he had a later start to work. Sometimes it is the little things that are noticed and appreciated much more than the grand expensive gestures. Just be sure what you are doing for the other person is actually for the other person. My husband for example straightened up the kitchen and did not understand

why I wasn't overjoyed. The reason was because that doesn't matter to me, play with the kids or allow me the 15 minutes to get a shower uninterrupted and you will see my joy then. My husband will tell you it has taken him 15 years to figure that out and he still struggles with it sometimes.

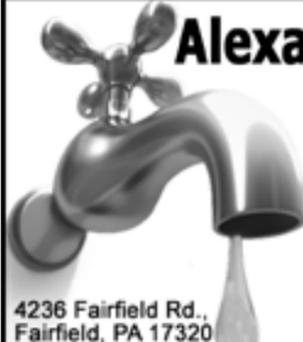
We have talked regularly when we hit some ruts and made time for "date night". Our pastor once preached on the importance of dating your spouse. He told the husbands that a date had some rules. Number one the husband had to plan it, and number two it had to be out of the house and without children (or anyone else for that matter) and number three it had to be some place you could have a conversation and reconnect (no movies). For the wives they had to show up and be appreciative. Boy am I guilty here. I am famous for not showing enough appreciation because (as I stated earlier) it wasn't something that mattered to me, or simply what do I say? Ladies (and gentlemen) SO WHAT, no matter what your spouse does for you it was still done with good intention. What is that old saying, it is the thought that counts, well it really is. The more appreciation and love you show the more you will see in return. Love really is like laughter... it's contagious!

The funny thing about love and marriage is that even when you think you have finally figured something

out it changes, or you forget, or you weren't right to begin with. That is when you have to keep on trudging through and remember the person in front of you is someone you loved enough to marry. Love is, after all, a roller coaster just like life. With all of the ups and downs and upside downs. Sometimes it will make you smile, sometimes laugh, sometimes cry, and yes even vomit. But how boring to treat life like a merry-go-round, the same circle and the same scenery over and over. What ever you do don't get off of the roller coaster, instead enjoy the ride and hold on

through the rough spots.

I am writing today to tell everyone how much I love my husband and how special he is. He used to be a chef so needless to say I eat very well. He is a neat freak, which I don't always embrace, but how much better than being a slob I have to clean up after. He has a great job and is a wonderful provider. He is a super Dad who has spent the last 12 years trying to be an even better Dad. He is not perfect (but neither am I). He is the man I married, he is the father of my children, he is the man I love, he is my husband!



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STAGES OF LIFE

Lizzy Bizzy



Liz Ryan

Chickens: In the past, I had written about our tragedy with our chickens. It goes like this: This fall, when my sister and I had gotten home from school, all of our chickens were either gone or dead. Twenty three chickens, now just one. Some of the chickens that were still laying dead in the yard were missing their heads. It was an awful site. We thought it might be a fox or weasel.

Now we've decided to get more this spring, but keep them in an enclosed yard. So we ordered twenty five chicks to come in late April from Murray McMurray Hatchery. Just like our last batch they are all fancy: Cochins, the feather footed ones, Aracaunas, the ones that lay green and blue eggs, Polishes, ones that have the feathers on top of their head that look like top hats. We even ordered some that are called dorkings; they have really short legs compared to other chickens. Our plan is to build a better chicken run so that it is closed on the top and more structured on the sides. This will happen as soon as the weather warms up a bit.

Snow: Even though I'm anxious for warmer weather, I really like snow. We have barely gotten any this winter season. The weather channel keeps saying that we are supposed to get snow so then I get all excited just to find out when I wake up the next morning there is just a dusting. I hope that we get a

huge snowstorm just like the ones we had last year. We were able to sled and make snowmen, actually a snow family.

Of course the adults that drive will say that they don't want a snowstorm because the roads would be bad and dangerous. But the snow would be good for sledding, and it might possibly get us out of school. Anyway, if we would have a snowstorm like last year, no one will be driving!

New Cat: Just recently we got a new cat. In my past articles I have said how much I have wanted a ragdoll cat, the one that is really laid back, hence the name ragdoll. We finally got one. His name is Jasper and he is a flame point ragdoll, which means that he has an orange color on his ears, tail, paws and some on his face. He is really cute and is about six months old now.

It's funny, our family spent three days trying to figure out a name for him. We had a lot of names picked out like Nelson, Charlie, and Oliver. My Dad wanted to name him cutsie names like Cotton Ball and Q-tip (which explains why, when he was little, he had a cat that he named Creampuff.) When we first brought him home, he was just as we expected: very lazy. That lasted for about five days; then the kitty came out.

He chases our other cat, knocks everything that is loose off the tables and bats them around. Before we go to bed at night, we have to "cat proof" the house. We make sure everything is put away so he doesn't hurt himself or lose something of ours. He also has this way of waking me up every morning, very early. He seems to think that my nose is a play toy and bats at it. He's very fun to watch and he's been a great addition to our animal population.

So there's my update! Snow, cats and chickens!

To read other articles by Lizzy Ryan visit the authors section of emmitsburg.net.

Simply Maya



Maya Hand

It all started when we were on Thanksgiving break. We were staying at our Aunt Laurel's house. A family we know found a stray kitten outside in the freezing air, hungry and with a cold. He was a tabby – a mixture of black, gray and brown. When we were driving home, since we have a history of taking care of cats, being their foster home, and even keeping a few, they called us and we picked him up to foster him and try to get him healthy again. We called him Djinn-Djinn, and he has done some of the funniest things a little kitten can do.

When mom picked up Djinn-Djinn, we saw that he was skinny, dehydrated and had a runny nose. We had to give him lots of water and wet food with kitten supplement to get his strength back. He also wanted lots of love and would purr anytime we touched him. Mom made a plastic shield and connected it to the door of the large crate that Djinn-Djinn stayed in, so that if Sarek, our cat, were to come along and Djinn-Djinn were to sneeze, Sarek would not get his cold. In the beginning Mom had to hold Djinn-Djinn in her arms

and give him milk supplement and tuna water with a plastic syringe. She also took him to the vet to get him antibiotics. After he'd had one round of antibiotics, he became sick again and started sneezing blood. Mom had to take him to the vet several times to get him medicine until he was finally better.

Once he was better, he was able to run around, and we got to see what he acted like with kids, dogs and other cats. It turned out he loved everyone! The funniest though was how he and Sarek got along. First, there's something you should know. Sarek is very, very cautious with new people and animals. He doesn't bite, he doesn't scratch, he doesn't growl. He's just cautious. In the beginning, Djinn-Djinn would purr and try to rub up against Sarek and Sarek would nervously back away. That would happen every day. Now, there's something else you should know. Remember Djinn-Djinn was just a kitten when he was found and he was sick. He did not know how to play chase and didn't show much interest in games of cat-wrestling either. So, once Sarek got used to Djinn-Djinn, he decided to teach the kitten how to play.

First, he would get Djinn-Djinn's attention by hopping, excitedly in front of the kitten. Then, he would dash hurriedly across the floor, looking back to see if Djinn-Djinn was watching. Djinn-Djinn would look at the older cat, looking confused, then turn and walk in the other direction. That continued to happen for a while until, one day, Sarek tried it again and Djinn-Djinn, in spite of himself, rushed

after him!

Many days following that one, I watched as Djinn-Djinn chased Sarek or Sarek chased Djinn-Djinn. I thought it was hilarious. Djinn-Djinn darting behind the door to catch his breath as Sarek would slowly and carelessly near the corner and Djinn-Djinn would pounce from behind. Other times, I would find Sarek following Djinn-Djinn around, watching his every move, Sarek giving Djinn-Djinn a bath or them cuddling on one of the beds or a comfy chair. One night I came into Ana's room with a camera. Sarek and Djinn-Djinn were both laying down on Ana's bed. Sarek put his arm around Djinn-Djinn and started licking him and nibbling at his fur. I thought it was the sweetest little thing. I took a few pictures, then closed up the phone (no, at age ten I do not have a phone. It's our "family cell phone," so don't worry). Then, I walked downstairs to share the pictures with Mom and Dad.

Mom said that if we hadn't taken in Djinn-Djinn when we did, he probably would have died. I'm glad to know that Djinn-Djinn is now in a safe home with a family that must love him very much. It wouldn't be my first choice, giving him to the animal shelter, but Mom said that now that Djinn-Djinn was healthy, he was good with kids, dogs and other cats, it wouldn't be long before a loving family would scoop him up! She was right, he wasn't on the "adoptable" list for even a week when someone brought him home. I feel good that we did our part to give one more animal a chance at life in a loving home! If you're ever thinking of buying a pet, please remember that there are so many wonderful rescued animals and animals in shelters to be adopted!



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A TEEN'S VIEW

Reading to live



Olivia Sielaff

By now we've all accomplished our new year's resolutions, are still working on them, or have completely forgotten what they were. It happens almost every year for me so that I haven't made resolutions for the past few years. But this new year, I've made one resolution that I think will be easy to keep and beneficial for me. I have made the decision to read more. That's it. To read more. Well, that's not really all there is to it. What I mean is to read more substantial books and articles.

If you know me and the books I read for school, you'd probably think that's a pretty silly or easy resolution. I've already read many of the essential classics ranging from the works of Plato, Homer, and Virgil to Aquinas, Shakespeare, and Locke. But there's still so much more to read and learn!

Unfortunately, many of us today don't read good books as much as we should. Right now texting, social networking, gossip magazines, and videos divert our attention. Don't get me wrong, all these new technologies are awesome and have their place, but it seems like they are replacing the way we learn and communicate and convey messages. Today it's all about seeing how many little bits and pieces of information we can swallow and digest. A simple 'hmu' text or a short 140-word tweet is all we need to get a message across. However, I think this "short and sweet" way of communicating has made us impatient when it comes to reading books or articles. Honestly. How long can we go reading a book without checking Facebook or texting? It happens to

me a lot. I try to read a book, even a very interesting one, and sometimes all I can think about is updating my status or seeing who commented on my pictures. Also I've noticed myself skimming the pages of a book for just the facts or important words instead of going deeper and paying attention.

I recently stumbled on this quote in the autobiography of Malcolm X. He said, "The ability to read awoke inside me some long dormant craving to be mentally alive." This is why I made my resolution. I want to be 'mentally alive', too. But what exactly does that mean and how can reading help?

The newest ways of conveying information seem to make me "mentally dead." If everything is about the here and now and what is going on in the immediate future, we don't have a chance to think further than our next tweet or status update. Because texting or social networking doesn't go very deep, it makes us think less and ask fewer questions. In short, we use as little mental effort as possible.

On the other hand, we should be 'mentally alive' as Malcolm X puts it. We should be able to think for ourselves and express ourselves clearly. Reading can do this. Think about it. What do you as the reader have to do when reading? You have to first be awake. It's very hard to read when you're half asleep and then try to remember what you just read. You should also pay attention to what you're reading. Ask questions to the author and to yourself. What is the author trying to tell me? What am I learning from this? You should also bring your own perspective and insight to what you're reading.

Ultimately, reading helps us to be 'mentally alive' because it makes us think deeply, analyze situations, expand our vocabulary, and ask important questions about others and ourselves. When reading articles in reputable magazines or newspapers (like the Emmitsburg News Journal), we are able to expand our knowledge of current events and local or world issues. In this way we can relate to others and ask questions and reflect on how certain

events impact our community and world. This is why I love contributing to and reading the Emmitsburg New Journal. This paper is unique by the fact that it doesn't just give us the bare minimum of events going on; the ENJ really gets into what the people of our community are thinking. It's a venue not just for local events, but also for the writers to pose thought-provoking topics to us residents about our life here in Emmitsburg. The ENJ offers a deeper look into the 'how' and 'why' of certain things that are occurring here. By reading the interviews, stories, opinions, and histories in the ENJ, and other papers like it, we can better understand and relate to the people in our community. And that's just one important reason for reading these kinds of newspapers.

When reading good books, either fiction or non-fiction, we can enter into a conversation thousands of years old. It's a conversation among the great authors of the world and their audiences. It's a conversation that people have always been contributing to. It's a conversation that focuses on life and death, love and loss, society and government, redemption and damnation, and order and chaos. Reading good books like Western and American classics, poetry, historical fiction, fantasy, and biographies help us to ask radical questions and find radical answers every human has looked for since we've existed.

When we read we are pursuing genuine and true knowledge, whether we realize it or not. And when we find what we're looking for through careful, active reading, that knowledge we gain becomes all the more ours because we put effort into finding it. So instead of reading bite-sized tweets and text messages all day long, read a whole feast of something that you have to chew a few times and digest to fill you up. Make the resolution to read the newspaper everyday or a chapter in a book before going to bed. Make the resolution to read something with substance, that makes you ask questions, interests you, and in the end leaves you feeling 'mentally alive.'

To read other articles by Olivia, visit the authors section of Emmitsburg.net

Before England



Kat Dart

After a few months of planning with the Girl Scout Troop, this month we will all be leaving for England.

We've had to do an astonishing amount of work for this trip to work out. We held multiple fundraisers in all types of weather. All of us girls have been saving for money for spending, for meals, and for tickets to museums and events around London. Of course, we also had to pay for airfare and hotels.

We're all excited to visit England for our own reasons. One of my troop mates, Lauren Reiser, told me, "I am excited to go to England to see the history first hand! I also want to drink tea."

Betsy Burnett told me over Facebook, "I'm excited to go to England because it's my favorite country in the world! All the great stuff comes from there - soccer, The Beatles, Harry Potter, McFly, Misfits, Doctor Who, Torchwood, Skins, The Inbetweeners - and that's not even half of it. Plus, it's beautiful and has a lot of historical landmarks like Big Ben and the Tower of London.

Did I mention the accents?" Naturally, we've also had to do a ton of research. Luckily for us, our troop leader (Joyce Ulrich) booked our flight and hotel. She informed us it took a few hours for the travel agency to get it right. None of us had to worry about making the same flight!

What we did have to do, however, was make lists of places to visit, and then agree on where to go. In order to do so, we've looked up lists of London's best tourist attractions, historical sites and places that just look really cool. I believe Big Ben, the Tower of London and the London Eye have all made the list.

But those are places to see only in London. There's a lot more countries with gorgeous sites, and we have a way to record all the countries we travel to - through our passports.

I received my passport a while ago. It's a small booklet full of papers, and every time I go to a new country, I can get a new stamp. Isn't it amazing to think that this tiny book can show a lifetime of adventures in a few pages? And heck, if someone had managed to fill the whole book they have the option of adding more pages. Isn't it insane to think some people have traveled so much they've filled their passport and then some? Maybe one day, I'll be one of them.

I really hope this is only the first of many travels out of country for me. There are a million different things to see out there, and I want to be able to see most of them in person. The seven wonders of the worlds, the Cathedrals, Versailles, Normandy Beach, The Northern Lights, Bermuda Triangle, The Great Barrier Reef, Sahara... need I go on? There's a wide variety of things people will never believe until they see. Hopefully, this trip is only the start.

Another main reason I am so excited for this trip is actually because of my Spanish teacher, Miss Bennett. She has traveled to many different Spanish-speaking countries and tells us about her travels. Then she encourages us to try and get there.

Sure I've had that talk from most of my Spanish teachers, but Miss Bennett is a bit different. She wants us to go somewhere, even if it's not Spain, Mexico or Madrid. She honestly wants us to go out and see what else is available. My interest in traveling was always high before taking Spanish at Catoctin, but Miss Bennett managed to peak it.

Miss Bennett has also given my class tips on the best times and ways to fly. She has talked about the different places to stay in most counties and explained different taxes. She has given out a lot of useful information that I'm definitely going to take advantage of.

This trip is a huge opportunity for all of us to try and expand our horizons and see what else is available in the world. I love Emmitsburg, but I want to see more of the world. This gives me and the other girls the chance to go out and start looking for somewhere to go. It's a chance for all of us to see, at a younger age than most people, that there is more to the world than Maryland. We're only in one of a million places to be.

Kat Dart is a junior at Catoctin High School

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FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

Freshman Year

My writing history

Carolyn Shields

I was bored in the car and waiting for my piano lesson (ew) when I wrote my first novel at thirteen. There was no outline. No research. Just pure imagination. Soon, I wanted to write something that was deeper. So the last months of my freshmen year at Catocin, I was on Wikipedia when I found out Marie Antoinette had a daughter. I was shocked because I loved European history, but I had no clue a daughter existed. So I read...

Marie-Therese and her royal family were placed under house arrest by General Lafayette of the American Revolution. She was locked in a tower when she was fifteen. She became the only Bourbon to survive the French Revolution. The fact that convinced me to write about this girl's life for my next novel was that though her mother is the most renowned queen of European history, Marie is known as the shortest reigning monarch in

world history. I decided to write how her corrupted mother, blinded by power, and their stressed relationship spurred on Marie's terrors of the monarchy.

So to be perfectly honest with you, my first research was all done on Wikipedia. Basic research at its most pathetic. I took that skimpy research with me on my family's trip out west and began writing about Imperial France in the deserts of our country.

I handwrote the first draft. I guess it's old fashioned but I find something romantic about it, sitting at my desk in the winter and watching the snow fall or, in one case, sitting in a hospital bed, penning away... Then come the revisions. I've done this up to ten times on my book, but I lost count after that because I was hitting my head on the desk so often. Major research followed which beefed up my works cited page a good bit. To the disdain of English teachers everywhere, I added a little thank you to Wikipedia at the bottom of it.

"Lavender's Blue" is an account of the revolution from the eyes of Marie. She had internal struggles with her faith, as well as her heart. She was

deprived of familial love growing up, and in my novel a man offers his love but she understands the dangers of associating oneself with her family and makes the sacrificial decision to deny it. I thought about love quite a lot while writing this.

One day I found the golden ticket to getting my book published: "Jeff Herman's Guide to Book Publishers, Editors, and Literary Agents." It's the mama load. The big daddy. It's the largest book I own, but tons of agencies are listed right there.

Being lazy, I developed the master plan of applying to them alphabetically. From numero dos, I received a speedy response to my email query. God was already working miracles for me. I was then presented with a tough decision: should I admit my age? Would that work for or against me? I fibbed and said I was a year older than I was. Through God's amazing and beautiful grace, this agency called me that week.

Cue Most Embarrassing Moment of Carolyn Shields's Life.

My little sister was the one to pick up the phone when it rang, and my older sister seductively sang into the receiver like an idiot. Like everything in our house, the phone was broken and an ear ripping squeal would sometimes go off. Our phone also

recorded things on the answering machine, working like a speaker phone so everyone could hear what was said. I took the phone and the woman asked if I was Carolyn Shields.

"Hi, this is Janice Bender calling from Artists of Literature Literary Agency in New York City."

And then came the stuttering on my part (which everyone heard), followed by tears of joy when I hung up and found out that they were mailing a contract. I think each tear was followed by a thousand thanksgiving prayers.

The following year I worked on revisions. I received line edits, talked to my agent over the phone, and had one teleconference with another agent who gave some positive input. I realized then that since I had an actual shot at publishing my book, I better do some homage to God. Without him, I would never had made it that far. There is a huge emphasis in my novel on love and life, two treasures of the Catholic Church.

To be as honest as I can be, I had no idea how to handle the relationship with my agent. I was so extremely paranoid about sounding my age and, with that, sounding ignorant. I lived in this tiny town, and I distinctly remember walking up

to the Grotto and sitting on the hill in the cemetery. At my vantage point, I looked at Emmitsburg and reflected on how this woman in New York was reading my manuscript.

After a year, my agent told me through an email she could no longer represent young adult novels and would have to let me go. Naturally, I was upset. My dad was furious she did this through email, but after the two months of silence I knew it was coming. Still, it hurt. I suppose I took too long with my revisions, or maybe she had second thoughts about working with someone so young. I'm still not sure.

What I am sure of is that I will never take advantage of God's gifts again. It took Meg Cabot three years to hook an agent; I was happy when mine took less than three weeks, but I did not fully appreciate it. So for the past several months, I've sent out around eighteen query letters. Every now and then I get a nibble, I begin to reel one in, and I lose it. I never was good at fishing, anyway.

You must trust God that if He wants your novel (or your voice or your gifts) to be beheld by the world, He will make it happen. So please, keep me in your prayers.

**Agency and agent's name was changed.*

Sophomore Year
Surprise Christmas gift from Iraq

Samantha Strub

This Christmas brought an unexpected surprise coming all the way from Iraq! My family got the best gift that we could have asked for, my Dad, Major Matthew Strub, home for the holidays! Most military families are not that lucky, so I wouldn't call it anything else than a miracle! We weren't expecting him for at least another two weeks, but the army sent him home early for his two-week leave. It was a

pleasant blessing that we were able to spend the holidays together as a family.

I have been an army brat my whole life and have grown up with great patriotism for my country, seeing my father devote himself to its service. My Dad made the military his career right after college. The army paid for his schooling, and he worked just part time before deciding that he wanted to devote his life to the military.

Major Strub is the Facility Commander in West Bend, Wisconsin. In this position he oversees the facility's daily functions. He oversees aircraft

maintenance, flight instruction, and aircrew members. He has 35 full-time people working for him and 150 part-time people. Where handles the budget, checks the progress of goals for the facility, manages flight instruction, reviews work performance, counsels employees, and interacts with public leaders and the community. He is also part time with the National Guard for which he flies helicopters to take care of emergencies—state and local, man-made and natural—like Hurricane Katrina.

In Iraq, Major Strub is the F-3 and a Blackhawk pilot for the 1-147th Aviation Battalion in Madison, Wisconsin, which makes him in charge of the training for the 400 member battalion for missions. Making sure they are trained up and mission ready. The 1-147th Aviation Battalion are serving their country in their year-long deployment to Iraq. All of the members of my Dad's unit are doing this because they believe in protecting the freedom of our country. They are doing their jobs with incredible passion and dedication, knowing they are making a difference in the lives of others by transporting troops supplies and VIP's around Iraq.

Every deployment the soldiers get a two-week leave during the year. My Dad's was supposed to be toward the end of January; however by some miracle it got moved up. When the news came, everyone was overjoyed because this meant that we were able to spend Christmas as a family! The two weeks that we spent together made the six months of deployment seem irrelevant compared to being together again, and they helped us realize that this deployment will be over soon.

Though we spent two weeks together I think the high point was picking him up at the airport after not seeing him for six months. It normally takes about 40 minutes to get to the Milwau-

kee airport from my house, but we left to pick up Dad almost an hour and a half early. I think Mom was just a little bit excited to get him home. After almost missing a turn and taking two parking spots because Mom didn't have the care or patience to fix her hurried parking job, we power walked through the airport doors, looking for the boards to see if he had landed yet. Of course, it was about 30 minutes before his flight was supposed to land. That didn't matter for my Mother though. She still found it necessary to power walk through the airport, stopping at Starbucks to try and settle her nerves, and then standing toward the back as she waited for him to walk out. We still had about a 15-minute wait, but it seemed like much longer as my Mom and siblings moved closer and closer, not being able to stand still or look away for fear of missing him. I sat back and took pictures, knowing this was something that we would remember for years to come. The moment we saw Dad walk around the corner, my Mom ran toward him, right past security! This would normally be a problem, but everyone around us figured out what was going on, as Dad was dressed in his uniform. They looked on smiling, watching the simple moment of a husband and wife kissing for the first time in six months, followed by hugs and kisses for everyone else. It was a moment that we will remember to help us make it through the rest of the deployment.

Once everyone got over the excitement, we settled back to enjoy the two weeks we had before he had to go back. Some of the family had big plans about what to do, while others were just content to relax. It ended up being a lovely mixture of the two. We went out to dinner, had wonderful home-cooked meals, went ice skating and skiing, and held family game and movie nights and Wii competitions.

My favorite memories were the Wii

competitions and skiing. My brother Nick got a Wii game for Christmas, and it became an instant hit with the family, especially when we got the Mario Kart racing game. We tried so hard to unlock all of the tracks so we could spend even more time with this emotional game. That sounds kind of strange to think that a video game can be emotional but it really can be. Whether you are winning or losing, you scream at the TV screen as you play, somehow thinking that will help you get into a better position. Or if you are in 1st place, everyone gangs up on you trying to make you run off the track or die. Needless to say, many times the house became incredibly loud from all of us yelling at a video game.

Skiing is a favorite pastime in my house. We have all been pretty big skiers. My two brothers and younger sister are on ski teams and participate in downhill races. My parents and I just enjoy the sport. However, we all went out to the ski hill by my house about four times the two weeks that Dad was home. We all had a blast, but I would have to say that one of the best times was when just my Dad, my brother Nick, and I went skiing. Somehow we all had the same size for our boot binds, give or take an inch, and so we were able to switch skis throughout the night. The part that wasn't fun was that my brother and my Dad decided that it would be amusing to see me try skis that were too tall for me. That ended up being a disaster—so much for going the whole time without falling. They enjoyed watching and teasing me a little bit too much as I tried to control those skis. However, the laughs and memories made it all worthwhile.

A very memorable two weeks away from the stress in our lives to spend time together as a family over the Christmas season. Who could have asked for a better gift!

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FOUR YEARS AT THE MOUNT

Junior Year

Sergeant David Conroy

Julia Mulqueen

When I entered Mount Saint Mary's ROTC program as a wee freshman, I was fully unprepared to encounter Sergeant First Class David Conroy. Never before in my young life had I met someone who possessed such a wide array of knowledge and who had experienced so many things. The wonderful thing about SFC Conroy is that he is readily willing to share his knowledge and answer any questions one might have. He works hard to prepare young cadets for their future roles as leaders, and he is indeed a great asset to the Mount's ROTC program.

SFC Conroy arrived at the Mount in the summer of 2008. Before that he was stationed at Aberdeen Proving grounds in Maryland where he served as a

Platoon Sergeant, instructor/writer, Drill Sergeant, and division chief. He initially joined the Army 22 years ago as a young man looking for adventure and a little cash for his pocket. He chose to branch as an engineer, because he was always tinkering with cars and building things at home. It was a natural fit for him, and he quickly excelled, leaving behind his home state of Maine for the unknown.

Coming to a university setting just a few years ago to help train future officers was certainly a shift for him, but he says that so far it has been, "truly a great experience to watch the cadets grow and see them learn and prepare them for their future employment while they go through school." SFC Conroy does admit that the experience was a little bumpy at first. He explains that he had to take a

step back and look at things. He had to realize that he "was not dealing with soldiers who had been to basic training, which teaches the basics to soldiers—things like how to walk, talk, eat, dress, think, and even how to shoot weapons." This meant that he had to recognize that he was working with young men and women who were going to college first. The Army seems years down the road to the cadets he trains. He quickly adjusted though, and is happy to have a hand in training America's future soldiers.

Part of Conroy's duties as the Mount's Non-Commissioned Officer-in-Charge include flying out to Fort Lewis, Washington to assist with what is called Leadership Development and Assessment Course during the summer months. The course is what he calls the "Super Bowl for cadets." It is a time for all the third year cadets to come together over a period of about 30 days to undergo assessment and find out where they are ranked nationally. For

Conroy, the experience was initially nerve-racking as he did not know what to expect, but he says, "I was quickly put at ease when I hit the ground and found the system in place was easy to adhere to." His time there was spent as a platoon tack, which meant that he was like the parent to about 50 cadets for 30 days, making sure they were in the right place at the right time. He describes the experience as "almost like being back at Aberdeen and receiving a fresh new class of privates from basic training."

SFC Conroy has certainly had his fair share of proud moments and fond memories even from just two and a half years of working at Mount Saint Mary's. Last May, he had the privilege of watching five seniors graduate from the Mount's ROTC program. He was ecstatic to see them stand on stage and hear the cheers and claps for them from the entire university. Conroy was blissful just knowing that they were in the program he teaches and that he had a hand

in helping them get to that moment. More recently, SFC Conroy watched junior Cadet Daniel Davis play pass with Billy Ray Cyrus on FedEx field before a football game this fall. He drove Cadet Davis and three other cadets down to the field to present our nation's colors before the game started. He describes the entire event as a very fond memory.

In fact, SFC Conroy may not wear the uniform for much longer, however. He is preparing to retire next year, and he admits that it is scary to think about life after the Army. He is "so used to a structured, military work environment in a uniform that it is difficult imagining adapting to a different job." No matter what the future holds though, he is excited to embrace further challenges and experience new opportunities, but he admits he will miss training ROTC cadets at the Mount. For now, he remains a vital resource for cadets and an exceptionally knowledgeable member of the Mount community.

Senior Year

"What should we have for dinner?"

Katelyn Phelan

When I was growing up my mom made a warm meal every night for me and my three brothers. She would grill steak, make casserole, toss salads, and serve us delicious meals every evening. As I got older she would sigh and ask, "Kate, what should we have for dinner tonight?" I could never understand what was so difficult. She would invariably pull something together and everyone would leave the table satisfied.

I vowed that I would never have problems coming up with dinner ideas. I envisioned that I would have a comprehensive list of everything that I could expertly, of course, make for dinner. When I couldn't think of something I would look at the list and viola!

Though I still think that a list of possible foods has great potential, I haven't really had much of a use for it so far. The first time I had to cook for myself consistently was two summers ago when I lived at the Mount and took classes. I lived in an apartment and since the cafeteria was not always open for dinner, I had to cook for myself. This was my first time food shopping and cooking on a regular basis. Well, I shopped anyway. I'm not sure you could call what I did "cooking." My main meals consisted of tomato soup, pasta, or eggs. Sometimes I put cheese on the eggs, but that was about

the extent of my cooking.

One of my problems that summer was that I was busy. I didn't have time to figure out what I could competently make, let alone actually make it. Plus I was only on my own for about five weeks. I just decided to tough it out and go out to eat once or twice a week when I needed variety.

Another one of my cooking problems is that I don't love to eat. Of course I have my favorite foods that I crave and eat happily when I get them, but, day-to-day, eating is not a highlight for me. Many times I can get wrapped up in schoolwork or a project and forget about eating totally. Since food is not one of my loves, I'm not very compelled to learn how to cook.

But my next cooking experience I had to do better than tomato soup, pasta, and eggs. This time I was in an apartment in Florence, Italy, for three months. Here I had the added pressure of a much smaller grocery store, a different language, and the presence of already-cooked fabulous food all around me. These elements added to my utter culinary ignorance and made cooking even more challenging. But in Italy I had the chance to take some cooking classes and thought this would solve my problem. Though the cooking class was a lot of fun, it didn't really cater to my ineptitude. For example we made our own spaghetti sauce by boiling tomatoes, sliding them out of their skin, dicing them,

and adding a multitude of spices. Here I was learning how to make spaghetti sauce from scratch while I could cook only a few different meals. This kind of cooking class was not exactly what I needed.

So the cooking class wasn't a huge help, except to show me how far I had to go. I did slightly better in Italy than during my Mount summer cooking experiment. I made pasta and eggs often, but I also made chicken parmesan and branched out to getting bread and sliced meat for sandwiches. Ok, my cooking efforts were pretty weak in Italy too, but with hundreds of fabulous restaurants all around me, why should I bother making my own meals?

But soon I had to face my cooking incompetence. This year, my senior year, I live in an apartment with one other girl. Neither of us bought a meal plan, and by doing so we committed to an entire year of feeding ourselves. We came to the Mount armed with a ton of cooking supplies. We have more cooking utensils than any normal kitchen should have—two can openers, several mixing spoons, spatulas, and pots. We have several tools that neither of us have any idea how to use. We also each brought a single recipe. We had all the kitchen supplies we could ever need, but we were only capable of making two dishes. Sarah knew how to make a tuna-noodle casserole and I could make chili.

We started off making one dish a week. Sarah began. She made tuna-noodle casserole one night for dinner, and then we lived off the leftovers for the rest of the week. The next week I made chili, and we would eat that for lunch and dinner. Though both meals are delicious, they can get tiresome after a few weeks. I made chicken

parmesan and spaghetti one night, but other than that we stuck to eggs, soup, and microwavable pizza.

We were both excited to go home for Christmas break to eat some home-cooked meals, but after the first week or so we both oddly wished for our little Mount kitchen with absolutely no counter space. When Sarah went to shopping she planned to buy a dress with her gift certificate, but she ended up buying an egg poacher instead. Meanwhile I was having a hard time not grocery shopping for myself. I've grown to like choosing exactly what I want to eat and knowing what I have in my refrigerator. Plus at home my three brothers eat everything worthwhile that my mom buys within a day or two. I decided to

use my time at home to expand my dinner options.

I watched as my mom made all my favorite meals. I took some notes and greatly expanded my dinner choices. I can make reubens, stir fry, and burritos. My first week of cooking has been a great success. I've had Greek salad and wings, chili, and pot roast. I've also grown to empathize with my mom. I now wake up wondering, "what should I have for dinner tonight?" Maybe it won't be as easy as my younger self anticipated to plan dinners. It still seems as if choosing what to make for dinner is a secondary concern for me, though I am improving. Hopefully one day I'll be able to sigh at my wide range of dinner options and ask my daughter, "what should we have for dinner?"



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THE GRADUATE

Time is precious

Jacqueline Quillen
MSM class of 2010

My college roommate used to say, "If only there were 28 hours in a day... I would actually get everything done." I thought to myself, if there were 28 hours in a day, I would probably just sleep more. That was definitely true then. Now I would probably use those extra four hours doing something more productive than sleeping.

This routine part of life is all about timing. By timing ourselves through a routine, we know how much time to allot for each task. I time my actions every day, from when I wake up in the morning until I return home from work – getting ready, toasting a bagel, driving to the train station, walking from my car to the train, walking from the train station to work, and so on. The only part of my day when I don't time myself is my train ride to and from work, which is ironically very liberating.

I have an allotted 45 minutes in the morning and 45 minutes in the evening, during which I am confined to one seat and can only access the limited belongings I have with me – phone, iPod, laptop, book and notepad. No matter what I do during my commute, I feel completely free and detached from reality, like when I doze off into a deep dream. I find it ironic that the most freeing part of my day is when I'm trapped on a train. It's the only part of my day when time is on my side (thank you, Rolling Stones).

We are supposed to use lunch time to take a break from our work to refresh our minds for the second half of the day. To avoid the sluggish afternoon fever, we need this hour long break to treat our eyes to something other than the dreaded computer...anything but the computer! When I watch the clock during my hour-long lunch break, I am always amazed at how fast this time goes by - and I'm sad when it's over.

What I don't understand is why so many people work through lunch and end up working a nine hour day. It's good in the sense that people are dedicated to their jobs, but we also need to take care of ourselves. Not to mention these people are breaking the law that requires employees to work only 40 hours a week!

Almost all of my co-workers eat lunch at their desks or keep to themselves. There's not much of a sense of community between us during lunchtime, unless someone new joins the office and we order pizza. I've found that other work environments are different. For example, my mom is a nurse and found my lunch scene odd because she always eats lunch with other nurses. I go along with everyone else in my office by packing my lunch or buying it

and bringing it back to my desk, though I try to spend time doing things not related to work during my lunch break. It's only healthy.

I was also unaware of the typical lunchroom rule that any nameless items in the refrigerator are thrown out every Friday at 5 p.m. When noon finally arrived on Monday, I wanted nothing more than to enjoy the couscous (a favorite college meal with my roommates) that I had left in the refrigerator the previous Friday because I had to unexpectedly work in a different office that day. To my chagrin, I walked into the lunchroom to see my empty Tupperware sitting on the countertop next to the refrigerator.

On days like this, I feel like my life is a repeating episode of The Office or Friends, only not as funny because it's reality. In one episode of Friends, Ross is required to take mental leave from work because he freaks out on his boss for eating his leftover turkey sandwich. When I saw my empty container, I wanted to yell, "My couscous? MY COUSCOUS!!!" Instead of freaking out like Ross, I kept my cool and returned to my desk to order pizza. I find a way to laugh about it, or at least force myself to laugh about it, so that I can keep my sanity.

It's all about timing.

I always refill my water bottle in the lunchroom before I leave, which is usually a few minutes before five o'clock. If I had stayed in the lunchroom for just a few minutes longer I could have saved my couscous. However, had I stayed, I wouldn't have gotten my seat on the train next to my train buddy.

If I leave work at exactly 4:53 p.m., I can surpass the holdup on the elevators and make it to the train station in enough time to get a good spot in line so my train buddy doesn't have to hold my seat for too long. We've already had the incident of people telling us that seat-saving is not allowed, so I'm putting my train buddy in a tough situation. She has become a pro at looking busy and keeping her head down while the people in front of me pass her without asking to sit next to her.

Recently, however, someone boldly attempted to sit in my seat next to my train buddy. I was further back in the line, as I had gotten held up on the elevators at work that day. Before my train buddy could respond to this bold individual, a fellow commuter said to Ms. Bold-rider, "She has a train buddy," and shooed her along. Ms. Bold-rider will never try to sit in my seat again. As for this fellow commuter who stood up for my



train buddy – I have a lot of respect for her. I would stand up for her train buddy any day.

This fellow commuter who stood up against Ms. Bold-rider is an interesting character. I always notice her in my daily routine – she is tall, and sports a long brown coat during these winter months. She boards the train at the same station as me and gets off the train at the stop before mine in the city, even though her work is closer to the next stop. Interestingly enough, I pass her every day on my walk to work. She walks more than 10 blocks to her work in the morning, when she could walk less by getting off at my station. If her motive is purely for exercise, I applaud her, especially in the frigid morning air. She has even got me thinking that I might start getting off at the same stop as her to get in my morning ex-

ercise as well. In the evening, however, she boards the train at my station, the one closer to her work.

People-watching on the train is an art and a great way to pass the time. All of us train riders watch each other in our daily routines and secretly notice how the others spend those 45 minutes of timeless freedom. What would you do if you had an allotted 45 minutes twice a day of confined freedom? Would you spend it wrapped up in your career by getting a jump start on your day? Or would you take that confined freedom and spend it wrapped up in your own thoughts and dreams, far away from the rest of the world?

Our routine lives may be all about timing, but we cannot forget the importance of stopping to take a few seconds, maybe 45 minutes, to forget the time.

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MOUNT CREATIVE WRITERS

My Peruvian Valentine

Chelsea Baranoski
MSM Class of 2010

Whoooooshhhhh. The airplane hit the tarmac at BWI-Thurgood Marshall Airport. Lenny hurriedly unbuckled his seatbelt and got out of his car as fast as his bad knees and achy back would let him. He had just returned home from a week in Peru, the birthplace of his wife, Carmen. It took three attempts, but Lenny managed to hoist his forest green duffel bag over his right shoulder while clinging tightly to the bright pink Peruvian lilies in his left hand. Lenny hoped that the lilies would answer his prayers. Carmen was bedridden in a nursing home and suffered from Alzheimer's disease. Lenny had tried showing his wife old black-and-white photographs from their wedding in June 1954, a slideshow of pictures from their family vacation to Disney Land in 1964, and a video from their son, Julian's wedding in 1984, but nothing could jog her memory. Lenny sat with Carmen in the nursing home day after day, but she could never remember who he was. "Mr. Lenny, why do you always sit with me?" she would ask. "Don't you have your own family to take care of?" Lenny always responded in the same manner: he raised a bushy gray eyebrow, blinked away the tears, and shrugged his shoulders. The Peruvian lilies represented his final chance to jog Carmen's memory and get his loving wife back.

The Peruvian lilies were the flowers he had given her on their first date when she was eighteen years old and he was twenty. He remembered that day like it was yesterday. He was in Cusco, Peru, studying the ancient ruins with the high hopes of becoming a historian or a famous archaeologist, when a tan young woman with long black hair and sparkling brown eyes caught his eye. "¿Hablas inglés?"

"Sí," the young woman told Lenny, tucking her dark hair behind her ear.

"Excellent!" Lenny exclaimed, wiping sweat from his blonde brow. "My name is Lenny, what is yours?"

"Carmen," the tan girl said softly.

"This might sound geeky, but do you know anything about Machupicchu? I guess you could say I'm a South American history buff. Someday, I want to write a book about all of the ancient ruins here. Crazy, I know," Lenny chuckled.

"That's not crazy at all," Carmen assured him. "And you are definitely not geeky; you don't have any tape wrapped around those black glasses," she winked.

"Well thanks," Lenny said. He could feel his face getting hot and it wasn't from the bright Peruvian sun shining down on him. There was something amazing about this girl that he could not put his finger on.

"I can tell you plenty of stories about Machupicchu. After all, I have lived here my entire life," Carmen explained.



"Well, then it must be my lucky day," Lenny beamed. "Wanna discuss Machupicchu over ceviche at Sal's tonight?"

"Sounds great! How about I meet you at Sal's at 7:00 p.m.? I need to run some errands for my mother beforehand."

"7:00 sounds great! See you then!"

* * * * *

Lenny sat at a small wooden table at Sal's Restaurant. He clung tightly to the bright pink Peruvian lilies in his left hand. His palms were sweaty and he was afraid that all of his sweat would somehow wilt the flowers. He tapped his chewed-up fingernails against the table. Tappity-tap-tap. Tappity-tap-tap. Tappity-tap-tap.

At last Carmen appeared in the doorway. Her eyes darted from left to right, searching for him in the crowded restaurant. He waved his left hand in the air, forgetting that he was still clinging tightly to the Peruvian lilies. Bright pink petals fell to the hardwood floor, leaving a pattern that slightly resembled a smiling face. Carmen waltzed over to Lenny's table, her long black hair swishing back and forth with each graceful movement.

"I bought these for you, Carmen," Lenny squeaked. "I'm sorry that some of the petals fell off. I'm just kinda n-n-nervous. I mean you're so nice and so pretty and you like Machupicchu and--"

"It's ok, Lenny. Just relax! I promise I won't interview you," Carmen smiled. "And thank you so much for the beautiful flowers! I can't wait to put them in a vase and set them on my nightstand so they can be the first things I see when I wake up in the morning," Carmen gushed.

Lenny and Carmen conversed for two hours in Sal's Restaurant. They discussed their families, their pets, their hobbies, and their career goals. By the end of the conversation, a soft pink blush spread across Lenny's

face. "Well anyway, I'm glad you like the flowers. They're Peruvian lilies. I know that Carmen means garden or orchard in Hebrew, so I figured you might like flowers. And I chose Peruvian lilies because they represent friendship. I can tell that you will be a friend for life, Carmen," Lenny rambled.

"Wow, you really thought this through! And guess what?" Carmen craned her face so that she could look directly into Lenny's ocean blue eyes.

"What?" Lenny grinned.

"I think we will be friends for life too," Carmen whispered, rising to kiss his pale cheek.

* * * * *

Years later, Lenny could still feel that soft kiss on his cheek as he drove from the airport to Carmen's nursing home. He felt like he was meeting Carmen at Sal's. His palms were so sweaty he could wring them out.

While he was waiting at a red light, he said a hurried prayer asking God's assistance in the quest to salvage Carmen's memory.

Lenny pulled into a parking space and jogged into the nursing home as fast as his arthritic knees would carry him. He ignored the nurses with their pastel scrubs and puzzled expressions. He ignored the children playing cards with an elderly man in the lobby. He was on a mission. He darted into Carmen's room and knelt by her bedside.

"Carmen, I love you so much. You mean the world to me," Lenny breathed heavily.

"Mr. Lenny, why do you say such things? You barely know me," Carmen insisted.

"Oh, Carmen, I know you better than you know yourself," Lenny persisted. His gray brow furrowed and created a tight line across his wrinkled forehead.

Carmen looked out the window. The sun lit up her tan face and Lenny saw the beautiful young woman he fell in love with in Peru. Lenny took her soft hand in his. "Look what I bought you!" he exclaimed, showing her the bright pink Peruvian lilies.

Carmen turned toward Lenny. Her face bloomed like a flower that just received some much needed water and sunlight. "Peruvian lilies," she gushed. "Where did you find them?"

"Well I always told you I'd travel the world for you..." he began.

"Do you know the meaning of Peruvian lilies?" Carmen asked her husband.

"I believe I do. But what do they mean again? I might have forgotten." Lenny's eyes widened. This was it. This was the test.

"Well a young kind of geeky blonde-haired, blue-eyed man once told me that Peruvian lilies represent friendship," Carmen said. Then she studied Lenny's face. For the first time, she saw beyond Lenny's gray hair and lined skin. Lenny's ocean blue eyes calmed her like a cup of chicken noodle soup once calmed her when she was a sick little girl.

"And his name was Lenny," Carmen smiled. She fluttered her eyelashes at her husband.

Tears cascaded down Lenny's cheeks, soaking his checkered shirt. "You remember!" he cried out. He brushed the gray hair out of his wife's face and smiled.

"Of course I remember. You're my husband. You're my Lenny. You love Machupicchu. And I love you." Carmen leaned forward and kissed Lenny's cheek.

Lenny looked up, the tears still streaming from his eyes. "Thank you God for bringing my wife back to me, if only for a moment."

"Was I ever gone?" Carmen asked Lenny.

"No. You were never gone. You were always right here," Lenny said, pointing to his heart.

"Aww, Lenny. That's why I've been married to you for so many years," Carmen winked.

"You know Carmen, there is one thing I never told you about those Peruvian lilies," Lenny grinned.

"Really? What?" Carmen's dark brown eyes widened.

"Those Peruvian lilies do not only represent friendship. They represent devotion. And Carmen, I will always be devoted to you. No matter how sick you are. No matter how sick I am. If our minds falter, always know that I am as devoted to you now as I was when we first met in Peru," Lenny said, drying his watery eyes with a tissue.

"Lenny, I will always be devoted to you, too, mi amor," Carmen said, stifling a yawn. Carmen lay in bed, her weak hand tightly grasping Lenny's. Lenny could tell that Carmen's revelation had tired her out. She started rubbing her eyes and yawning over and over again. At last, Carmen's eyes fluttered shut. Lenny did not know if Carmen would remember him when she woke up a few hours later, but for the first time, he felt at ease. His wife remembered him for an instant. That was enough to strengthen his heart and his faith.

Chelsea was the 2010 recipient of the Mount's William Heath Creative Writing Award.



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PERSONAL FINANCE

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Submitted by Former

Emmitsburg Mayor Ed Houck!

was the down-payment on a car; now it's the sales tax.

The rich and the poor are alike. They both complain about taxes.

Ambition in America is still rewarded . . . with high taxes.

If my business gets much worse, I won't have to lie on my next tax return.

The wealth of experience is one possession that hasn't been taxed . . . yet.

America is the land of opportunity. Everybody can become a taxpayer.

If Congress can pay farmers not to raise crops, why can't we pay Congress not to raise taxes?

A fool and his money are soon parted. The rest of us wait until income tax time.

It's hard to believe America was founded to avoid high taxation.

One of the great blessings about living in a democracy is that we have com-

plete control over how we pay our taxes . . . cash, check or money order.

There was a time when \$200.00

happen to be a taxpayer.

Golf is a lot like taxes. You drive hard to get to the green and then wind up in the hole.

Some people think the government owes them a living. The rest of us would gladly settle for a small tax refund.

Our government really takes care of us. They even give us free income tax forms.

The income tax forms have been

simplified beyond all understanding.

It's too bad for the middle income person. They earn too much to avoid paying taxes and make too little to afford paying them.

It's strange how a person with no sense of humor can come up with such funny answers on his/her tax return.

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SIMPLE SERVINGS

Resourceful cooking: using what you already have

Sharon Racine

There seems to be some sort of insurmountable magnetic pull between my hand and the snooze button on my alarm clock. No matter how vigorously I rub the sleep out of my eyes, or how many deep breaths I take, I often find myself succumbing to those irresistible fifteen minutes that I know are only an arm's length away.

Needless to say, the rest of my day tends to follow suit. Fifteen extra minutes of sleep gives traffic an extra fifteen minutes to build on the expressway. E-mails pile up at work, eliminating any chance of an enjoyable lunch break. On more than one occasion I've glanced at the clock in what I thought was the late afternoon, only to realize that I could have left the office, oh, fifteen minutes ago.

If you've let yourself fall into the snooze slump, I feel your pain. Keeping up is tough, and getting ahead is even tougher - especially in today's economic climate. So how does one stay motivated, you might ask? For me, the answer lies in a forgotten trade: the art of resourceful thinking.

Resourcefulness is not necessarily a skill, but it takes time and a little extra effort. I do find that the satisfaction of "beating the system" by finding coupons and bargains far outweighs the labors of my search. Cost cutting is one thing that makes me feel truly productive, which is why I try to cut costs wherever I can - including the kitchen.

Not only do I map out my grocery list and search for coupons for the more expensive items, I also plan ahead. I go to a cheaper grocery store, and check the weekly circular to see that store's specials for the week. English muffins on sale for .99 a package? I'll put those in my freez-

er, thank you very much. Half-price canned goods? There's always room in my pantry for those.

The key to sale shopping is knowing what you already have, and finding ways to combine your current stash with sale specials to create interesting and delicious meals. For example, I'm sure most of you have the basics - rice, pasta and canned vegetables, to name a few. The ground beef and chicken breasts in your freezer aren't going to eat themselves, so take them out to defrost in the morning before work; why buy more when the protein you need is right in front of you? All of these basics can be combined in a number of ways to create healthy, delicious meals for less.

Here's a personal example: when I was about ten years old, my mom introduced me to tomato tortellini soup (recipe below). I fell in love; needless to say, it was the first recipe I asked her for when I moved out of the house. Now, I've gotten into the habit of always keeping at least one can of diced tomatoes in my pantry and a package of spinach in my freezer. When I see the other soup ingredients on sale, such as tortellini and cans of white beans, I snatch them up at rock-bottom prices and enjoy my favorite feast for less.

So, what will you do the next time your hand subconsciously moves toward that snooze button? Rise and shine, because fifteen minutes is all it takes to inventory your pantry, or create a grocery list, or search for grocery coupons online. Use your resources to your advantage because more often than not, they're in your very own kitchen.

* * *

Here are some basic examples of ways that you can save money on every meal of the day by simply planning ahead and using what you al-

ready have. Bon appétit!

Breakfast

I'm a huge fan of breakfast and definitely cannot function without it (when my stomach growling became too much of a distraction at work, I finally gave in). What surprises me is how underrated this fabulous day-starter really is.

Typically, I grab a yogurt and banana to eat when I get to work, but there are mornings when I long for a warm and slow meal to break the fast, and I know you do too.

Rather than spend extra bucks on a breakfast sandwich and coffee, why not make them at home? More likely than not you have eggs in the fridge, oatmeal or cream of wheat in the pantry, and some sort of bread in the bread drawer - don't let them go to waste! Resist the snooze button and take the time to enjoy a leisurely morning meal before rushing off to work. I try to do this once or twice a week, and it really is very relaxing!

To save time and money, brew your coffee while you dress. The average pound of coffee costs between \$4 and \$6, and I've gotten up to two weeks' worth of coffee from just one pound. That's less (way less!) than a dollar a pop for your daily dose of caffeine.

Don't have a travel mug? Get one! You won't regret it.

Lunch

Go healthy - use up the salad in your fridge before it goes bad and defrost that chicken that's forming a frosty film in your freezer. Combine the two and toss with other veggies in the crisper to concoct your own version of a grilled chicken salad.

I know you have rice in your pantry, so go ahead and get your grains, too!

Oatmeal Rolls

Everyone has oatmeal hanging around their pantries, and baking supplies never seem to run out of stock because let's face it, we just don't have time to bake anymore these days. So set aside 45 minutes and whip up a big ol' batch of these oatmeal rolls. You'll feel good about using ingredients already in your cupboard instead of buying rolls at the bakery, and I guarantee that you'll feel great about the taste. Perfect for lunch or dinner!

Ingredients

- 2 cups water
- 1 cup quick-cooking oats
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 package (1/4 ounce) active dry yeast
- 1/3 cup warm water (110° to 115°)
- 1/3 cup packed brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 1-1/2 teaspoons salt
- 4-3/4 to 5-1/4 cups all-purpose flour

Instructions

1. In a saucepan, bring water to a boil; add oats and butter. Cook and stir for 1 minute. Remove from the heat; cool to lukewarm.
2. In a bowl, dissolve yeast in warm water. Add the oat mixture, sugars, salt and 4 cups of flour; beat until smooth. Add enough remaining flour to form a soft dough.
3. Turn dough onto a floured surface; knead until smooth and elastic, about 6-8 minutes. Place in a greased bowl, turning once to grease top. Cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled, about 1 hour.
4. Punch dough down; allow to rest for 10 minutes. Shape into 18 balls. Place in two greased 9-in. round baking pans. Cover and let rise until doubled, about 45 minutes.
5. Bake at 350° for 20-25 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from pan to wire racks. Yield: 1-1/2 dozen.

Dinner

Dinner is definitely the most challenging meal of the day, and probably the most draining. Who wants to plan a meal after a long day of work? Luckily with these meals, you don't have to do much of anything.

Simple Sausage Cassoulet

Ingredients

- 2 pork sausages, thickly sliced
- 1/3 small onion, diced
- 1 large tomato, finely chopped
- 1-15 oz. can of white beans, drained
- 1 small garlic clove, finely chopped
- 1 tsp olive oil
- 1 tsp dried mixed herbs
- 1 tsp plain white flour
- 2/3 cup chicken stock, prepared according to the packet instructions
- 1/2 tsp brown sugar
- 2 tsp tomato puree

Instructions

1. Heat the olive oil in a saucepan and cook the sausages for 3-4 minutes, or until the sausages have started to brown. Remove from the pan and set aside.
2. Add the onion and garlic to the same pan and cook for 2-3 minutes, or until the onion is soft.
3. Add the flour, tomato, tomato puree, butter beans, brown sugar and mixed herbs to the pan. Pour in the stock and simmer for 10 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add a little water if the cassoulet becomes dry. Add the sausages and continue to cook until piping hot. Season to taste with salt and pepper and serve immediately.

Tomato Tortellini Soup

I like to add white beans or kidney beans (or both!) to the broth. They add protein and interest to the soup, making it more filling. My friends adore this recipe, and I hope you will too!

Ingredients

- 1 tablespoon olive oil
- 1/2 cup minced onion (about 1/2 small onion)
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 4 to 6 cups broth, chicken or vegetable
- 1 (14-ounce) can whole tomatoes, crushed through your fingers or coarsely chopped
- 1 (9-ounce) package fresh tortellini or 4 servings dried tortellini
- Coarse grained salt and cracked black pepper
- 10 ounces fresh or frozen spinach, defrosted and chopped
- 1/4 cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese, very loosely packed

Directions

In a 3-quart soup pot, heat olive oil over medium high heat. Sauté the onion and garlic, stirring often until onions are translucent, about 5 to 7 minutes. Add broth and tomatoes, turn heat up to high, and bring to a boil.

Add the tortellini and cook according to tortellini package instructions. When tortellini is almost done, add spinach and taste, adjusting seasonings with salt and pepper.

Serve immediately. Garnish each serving with a sprinkling of Parmesan.

Tuna and Tomato Rice

I don't know about you, but I always seem to have cans of tuna hanging around my pantry that I can't get rid of. Curious about it's usefulness outside the realm of sandwiches and tuna melts, I stumbled upon this recipe, which I found to be extremely simple, delicious, and budget-friendly!

Ingredients

- 8 oz long grain rice
- 1 tbsp olive oil
- 2 garlic cloves
- 1 onion, finely chopped
- 2 slices of smoked bacon, chopped
- 6 oz chestnut mushrooms, sliced
- 2-15 oz cans of chopped tomatoes
- 1 can of tuna
- Handful of fresh parsley, chopped

Instructions

1. Cook the rice in salted boiling water for 10-12 minutes, or as directed on the packet.
2. Meanwhile, heat the oil in a pan and sauté the onion, garlic and bacon for 5 minutes. Add the mushrooms and cook for another 2-3 minutes. Stir in the tomatoes and tuna and season well. Heat through for 5 minutes.
3. Drain the rice and stir it into the tomato sauce with the parsley, mixing well. Serve with garlic bread.

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The Powells' East Timor Christmas

Katelyn Phelan, Class of 2011
Carolyn Shields, Class of 2014

Most people take advantage of the holidays—especially Christmas—to spend time with family and friends. The Mount's President, Thomas Powell, and his wife Irene are no different, though the friends they enjoyed this past holiday are much newer and quite a bit younger than you might expect.

The Powells used their 2010 Christmas break to travel with their daughter, son-in-law, and granddaughter to the Democratic Republic of Timor Leste, known as East Timor. This is the world's youngest country and is located in Southeast Asia near Australia and Indonesia. It is also considered one of the poorest countries in all of Asia, with 50% of the children suffering from malnutrition. The country was recently tangled in bitter civil war with Indonesia, but things have settled down due to the U.N. presence. In just two years, though, the U.N. will leave and it is not clear what will happen to the fledgling country after that.

Tom and Irene first heard of East Timor from their West Virginia parish priest, Father Ed Daschbach. Father Ed and his biological brother Father Richard Daschbach both became priests of the Society of the Divine Word, but served in very different areas. While Fr. Ed served in West Virginia Appalachia, Fr. Richard went to Indonesia in 1967. He originally served as a parish priest for the huge Catholic presence there; 98% of the people in the country are Catholic. But in the '80s the Vatican decided that indigenous priests should lead their own parishes. Fr. Richard needed a different mission. He chose to focus on the isolated children and people of East Timor and founded Topu Honis, a shelter that today cares for approximately 120 children aged 3 to 18. Topu Honis has little in the way of modern amenities, and, as President Powell explained, "many things that are familiar and even necessary to us aren't even on their radar, like microwaves or cell phones."

The organization was originally founded as an orphanage, but over the years it has become a safe-house. Many of the children under Fr. Richard's care still have parents. Some come from abusive homes, while others have single parents unable to care for them. If Topu Honis did not exist, the luckier of the unwanted children would be passed on to extended family and treated as second-class citizens. Topu Honis provides safety and opportunity for children who would otherwise have very little.

The Powells became directly involved with Topu Honis when their daughter Cate and her husband Mark went on a self-directed mission trip to the country. They met up with Fr. Richard and spent months working with him and the



(L-R) Deta's father Julio, Tom Powell, granddaughter Deta and her mother Maria with youngest son, Seven, neighbor Theresa with her daughter Emelda who is Deta's best friend, Cate Powell and Mark Johnson (Deta's American parents)

children. During their time there Cate and Mark fell in love with two good friends, eleven year-old girls Bernadeta and Emelda. Cate and Mark wanted to adopt them, but no American had ever adopted a child from East Timor. So they began to pursue ways to achieve this hope.

Since both girls had living relatives, the parents had to grant their permission. In Bernadeta's case, her parents sought an uncle's opinion. This uncle, familiar with the West, responded with a rousing, "yes!" Another aspect involved in her family's decision was the traditional ritual "reading" of pig livers. Two pigs were sacrificed, one for the mother's ancestors and one for the father's. The livers would reveal the wisdom of the adoption—one liver contained good omens while the other was neutral. Bernadeta's family ultimately agreed. Emelda's mother, on the other hand, waffled back and forth, and finally refused the adoption.

Bernadeta became the first adopted child from East Timor. She has lived happily in Morgantown, West Virginia, with her new parents, Cate and Mark, for the past three years. Her move here entailed a series of drastic changes. Deta, as she is known, has become accustomed to indoor plumbing, modern appliances, and technology. She has also picked up English very quickly, excelling in her schoolwork. "She's smart as a whip!" Irene proudly boasts, "and is as proficient with the language and modern technology as any 14 year old."

Though Deta has adjusted extremely well to life in the United States, contact with her biological family has been limited. Over 10,000 miles separate her from her family, and with no mail system in the country, communication has been limited to rare email messages relayed through Fr. Richard. Deta

has sent photographs, but Fr. Richard can only pick up mail 4 times a year!

This occasion, Deta's first return to her country and her biological family, spurred the Powells to accompany their daughter's family to East Timor. They wanted to see Deta's country for themselves and also wanted to reach out to the people there. Deta's reunion with her family was bittersweet. On one hand she was overjoyed to see her parents and sisters again, but she quickly found that all was not as she left it. She was frustrated to find that her knowledge of their native language of Meto had gradually fallen away. She could not communicate easily with her family or friends! However, as she spent more time hearing and speaking the language, she found her skills returning.

The children the Powells came to know during their week-long stay made a deep imprint on their hearts. Tom and Irene spoke tenderly of children who craved adult attention and loved to play. The Powells snapped countless photos of the children playing games, whether it was their own complicated form of hopscotch, or newly learned American pastimes like the hokey pokey or itsy bitsy spider. The Powells were stuck most by the atmosphere of love in the shelter. Irene said of the children that "they didn't know how to whine. I saw only one child cry during our entire stay, and he cried quietly, hiding his tears in his arms."

Part of the Powells' outreach was in two huge suitcases they brought—full of clothes and toys for the children. They gave inflatable balls, games, and even Mount t-shirts to the children. They also gave each older child three dollars.

The children were delighted with the gifts they received, but this was not the focus of their Christmas.

Each year the people hold a beautiful service in their church, nestled deep in the jungle. The Powells attended the service, despite its difficult location. In order to reach the church they ventured in the pitch dark night without flashlights down a steep hill on a little goat path through the jungle. When they finally reached the church, what they found was breathtaking. Irene described the scene: "You go down, down, down through the jungle and you hear voices, and then you see lights. There are 300 people dressed in native clothing and church clothes and it's all held outdoors. It's just beautiful."

This jungle location is where Fr. Richard led Christmas Eve Mass, but the whole event was highly interactive, with people singing songs and dancing. Some of the carols were familiar to Tom and Irene because Fr. Richard has translated many Western songs into Meto for the people. The Powells could recognize some of their favorite songs by their melody; "picture listening to 'Silent Night' in the jungle in Meto," Irene described. They both agreed it was the most beautiful service they had ever attended.

Though the service itself was beautiful, what has remained most with the Powells is the amazing children they met during their week-long visit. Irene described the children as entirely self-sufficient, even those as young as three years old. For meals the children get a bowl of rice and lentils. After they eat, they take their empty bowls and spoons, rinse them out, and return them to the kitchen area. Irene marveled that she did not witness a single fight during her stay. The only slight argument Irene witnessed was over who would hold Tom's hand, or take turns wearing his hat or holding his hiking stick.

Topu Honis does not take an

extraordinary amount of money to run. The entire organization costs about \$70,000 per year. This includes food, shelter, clothing, and education for the 150 children in the shelter. The other adults that help run the shelter are women who have nowhere to go. Fr. Richard cannot pay them a salary, but is able to offer them shelter and a \$25 stipend per month.

For many years Fr. Richard's brother, Fr. Ed, largely supported the mission with money from his parishioners and his part time teaching salary. But two years ago Fr. Ed died which has caused some financial problems for the mission. Despite these financial concerns and his advancing age of 74, Fr. Richard is largely unconcerned. He believes the money will come from somewhere. Recently some funding did arrive. The Powells presented Topu Honis with over \$6,000 raised by the Mount Marketing Club.

This money was certainly a help, but not enough for the plans Fr. Richard has for the future. His goal is to build two additional dormitories, costing \$20,000 each. These dorms will increase the shelter's capacity. He often has to turn sets of siblings away, or only accept one child from the family because he doesn't have the room to care for all of them.

Another financial need is college funding for the older children. Sponsoring a teen for college only costs \$1,300 a year for everything—tuition, housing, books, and food. The students spend three years in college either in East Timor or in Indonesia.

The Powells have two immediate concerns in dealing with East Timor. Their first goal is to raise awareness of the country. Many people do not know where East Timor is, let alone that it even exists. The second goal is the raise money for Topu Honis. The Powells also hope to work with the ambassador to Timor Leste to raise awareness of the needs of this still young country.

So how can you help East Timor and specifically the children of Topu Honis? Well, knowing about the country is the first step. Give a donation, no matter how big or small, to Topu Honis. Every little bit helps, especially when it only costs \$2 to feed, clothe, educate and house a child for a day. "A little bit of money can make a big difference," said President Powell. Why should you give your hard-earned money to Topu Honis when there are so many worthy charities? In Fr. Richard's words, "No special reason; it is just one of many good causes... because the kids need it. That's all." If you'd like to donate something, send a check to Brother Dennis Newton, SVD Director, Society of Divine Word Missionaries, 1835 Waukegan Rd., PO Box 6099, Techny, Illinois 60082-6099. Indicate that the check is for TOPU HONIS. He will make sure it gets to the 150 delightful children of Topu Honis who are in need of your help!

COMPLEMENTARY CORNER

USA stamp celebrating the Year of the Rabbit

Renee Lehman

2011 – The Meaning of the Year of the Rabbit

What do the following words have in common? Civility, Graciousness, Courtesy, and Respect. They have been used frequently in personal and public conversation about the “state of harshness” (rudeness, unkindness, impoliteness, and disrespect) in our society. What is happening?

When speaking of the balance of energy in the world, there has and always will be an ebb and flow between hardness and softness, roughness and smoothness, war and peace, and turbulence and calm. This is like the constant movement between Yin and Yang. For instance, dropping a stone in a calm pool of water will simultaneously raise waves and lower troughs between them, and this alternation of high and low points in the water will radiate outward until the movement dissipates and the pool is calm once more. Yin and Yang are thus always opposite and equal qualities. Further, whenever one quality reaches its peak, it will naturally begin to transform into the opposite quality: for example, grain that reaches its full height in summer (maximum Yang) will produce seeds and die back in winter (maximum Yin) in an endless cycle. Thus, we are moving from a height of “harshness” (more Yang) and are being called and reminded to return to a state of “gentleness” (more Yin).

What a perfect time for the Chinese New Year to begin on February 3, 2011 to be the Year of the Rabbit! How did the universe know? So what does the Year of the Rabbit mean? First, a little history on the Chinese Calendar.

Chinese Calendar History

The Chinese calendar was originated by the Yellow Emperor Huang Ti, and has been in use for centuries. The Chinese calendar is called a lunar calendar, but is really a calendar based on the moon and the sun. The Gregorian calendar, which the world uses today (originated 430 years ago) is a solar calendar.

The Twelve Animals of the Chinese Calendar

The Chinese calendar is made of five, twelve-year cycles. Each of the twelve years of the Chinese calendar is appointed one of the following 12 animal's names (in this order): rat, ox, tiger, rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, sheep, monkey, fowl, dog, and pig. The animal that rules the year of your birth is said to exercise a major influence over your life, and that year in general. Much of the information used for this article is taken from The Handbook of Chinese Horoscopes by Theodora and Laura Lau, 2007.

The Rabbit

I am in tune with the pulse of the universe.
In my quiet and solitude I hear the melodies of the soul.
I float above commonplace dissent and decay.
I subdue by my ability to conform.
I color my world in delicate pastel hues.
I epitomize harmony and inner peace.

I AM THE RABBIT.

(Lau & Lau, 2007)

Rabbit Personality

A person born in the year of the Rabbit is considered sympathetic. They know how to comfort others, and will patiently listen to them. They are realists. They cannot bear people who like

to criticize others and people with bad tempers. They will not venture forth with you into strange places even if you are their best friend. They will help any friend who is in trouble if it is within their power. But if you hurt them they will leave you quickly and in a friendly way.

The Rabbit is someone who is the soul of graciousness, good manners, sound counsel, kindness, and is sensitivity to beauty. The Rabbit embodies soft-spokenness and elegance, and will rarely use harsh words or foul language to make a point. The Rabbit will lead a tranquil life since s/he will opt for a peaceful and congenial environment. The Rabbit earnestly believes it costs people nothing to be nice to each other, and will make every effort to be civil, even to his/her own worst enemy. The Rabbit hates fighting and any form of blatant animosity or belligerence.

Even with the docile appearance of the Rabbit, s/he often possesses a strong will and self-assurance. Also, despite all of the above positive characteristics, the Rabbit hates over-involvement, and can be overly sensitive.

General Predictions for The Year of the Rabbit

Most Rabbit years are quiet, tranquil, peaceful (or at least a respite from conflict or war), positive, and inspiring. In 2011 the emphasis is on family, diplomacy, keeping the peace, and personal development. A renewed appreciation of loved ones and friends is expected to occur this year.

Overall, it should be a fun and relatively peaceful year. Even though aggression, violence and war zones will occur, the Chinese Year of the Rabbit favors peaceful solutions and diplomacy, so there will be a feeling that all is not lost and that hope is still very much alive. Therefore, 2011 is likely to be a relatively



calmer one than 2010 both on the personal and world level.

Words to Live By in the Year of the Rabbit

An eye for an eye only ends up making the whole world blind.
—(Mahatma Gandhi)

Do not let any unwholesome talk come out of your mouths, but only what is helpful for building others up according to their needs, that it may benefit those who listen. Get rid of all bitterness, rage and anger, brawling and slander, along with every form of malice. Be kind and compassionate to one another, forgiving each other, just as in
—Christ, God forgave you.
(Ephesians 4:29-32)

You must be the change you want to see in the world.
—(Mahatma Gandhi)

But the wisdom that comes from heaven is first of all pure; then peace-loving, considerate, submissive, full of mercy and good fruit, impartial and sincere. Peacemakers who sow in peace reap a harvest of righteousness.
—(James 3:17-18)

We don't see things as they are, we see them as we are.
—(Anais Nin)

Let us therefore make every effort to do what leads to peace and to mutual edification.

—(Romans 14:19)

So in everything, do to others what you would have them do to you.
—(Mathew 7:12)

Do any of these resonate with you? If so, write it down and place it somewhere you see it every day. Use it to help you be more compassionate, gentle, and courteous this year.

Finally, as we move into the Year of the Rabbit, I ask you to think about one of my favorite quotations:

*Be careful of your words, for your words become your actions.
Be careful of your actions, for your actions become your habits.
Be careful of your habits, for your habits become your character.
Be careful of your character, for your character becomes your destiny.*

Renee Lehman is a licensed acupuncturist, physical therapist, and Reiki Master with over 20 years of health care experience. Her office is located at 249B York Street in Gettysburg, PA.

She can be reached at 717-752-5728.

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TIPS TO HELP YOUR CAR WEATHER THE WINTER!

As winter approaches, there are certain steps that can be taken to ensure a safer & more comfortable driving experience.

Tires: Make sure there is plenty of tread for wet & icy conditions.

Brakes: Have your brakes checked to ensure there is plenty of brake lining.

Battery: Have the battery strength tested to ensure it is putting out the correct cold cranking amps.

Coolant: Make sure your coolant is at fill strength to avoid freezing.

Windshield Fluid: Replace fluid with one that doesn't freeze in winter.

Wiper Blades: Replace the wiper blades with standard winter blades.

Always carry a basic emergency kit in your vehicle!



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FITNESS AND HEALTH

Beat the winter blues with exercise

Linda Stultz

Spring will be here before we know it. I know that is just a saying but it is really true. Be ready for the spring outside clean up by starting to walk now if you are not already doing so. There are many ways to walk or get aerobic exercise. Some include a treadmill or exercise bike. If you don't have access to either of these some other ideas are walking at a local mall or checking with a school that is close by. Sometimes they open the track to the public at certain times of the week or day.

If these are not for you, make your own exercise routine right in your house.

Many people like to exercise along with a tape so they are guided in the correct form and speed. By following an exercise tape you keep your steps going for a prolonged time at a speed that will burn calories as well as keep your heart rate and breathing up for a beneficial outcome. The important

thing in any exercise is that you keep moving. Even if you feel tired and really don't want to do anything that day, make yourself do 10 to 15 min. of exercise. If, after that you still feel that your body is not up to exercise that day, stop for a while and try later.

You will notice I said your body is telling you it doesn't want to exercise, not your mind. Sometimes you just feel lazy and it is easy to talk yourself out of exercising. Most of the time, if you get started and do something for at least 10 min. you will feel like continuing.

Marching in place or walking through the house is a great way to get started if you are not doing anything right now. You don't want to start too aggressively, as this could cause injury or make you not want to exercise. Always check with your doctor before starting any exercise program or changing anything in your daily activities to be sure your body is able to handle the new activity. Once you have mastered walking, get creative

and add a little dance step with the walking. Who knows, maybe you will be ready for Dancing with the Stars before long.

Adding music to exercise always seems to make it more fun. The next step may be adding some dumbbells, a can or soup or a soda bottle. You don't have to go out and buy exercise items, you can always find something around to house to use for weight. If you do decide to invest in some type of equipment for home use, exercise bands are a great way to add resistance to your workout. The bands give you a challenge while making the workout fun. You will be surprised how this little bit of movement will give you energy and make you feel better not only physically but emotionally.

Knowing you are doing something for yourself makes you feel better about yourself. We will often do something to improve things for others but when it comes to doing something for ourselves, we hesitate. Just do it, no matter what and your

will be so glad you did. Some of you may have received a Wii for Christmas. This is the big sensation today. The games are geared toward balance, movement and exercise while having fun at the same time. This also lets you involve other people. Set aside a time each day or as many days of the week that you can to exercise. Make an appointment with yourself or a friend to exercise, then enjoy your new found energy and satisfaction. Exercising with someone else usually makes the time pass faster and makes exercise fun instead of a chore.

Most of the time when people get together the main attraction is food. You can still have light refreshment but make an activity top of the list. Go bowling, skating, skiing, or walking what the party is all about. Play charades, pool, ping-pong or something that involves moving around. Be creative and come up with your own ideas for a party that do not always center around food.

I'm sure you don't want to think about vacuuming or cleaning as a form of exercise but that is a great way to get moving, burn calories and get the housework done all at the same time. Usually, thinking about doing something that you don't especially like to do is worse than doing it. After you finish you will have more energy and feel better that the job is finished.

Start out slow and add more exercises as you feel ready. Soon, you will look forward to your workout or even cleaning the house to get your exercise. Think of the benefits you will receive and how much energy you will have for your family, yourself and yes, even your job.

If you have any questions, check with your doctor and if you are able to, start a program that is right for you. Explore the video section of your local store to guide you to a healthy, active lifestyle. If you have any questions for me, please call 717-334-6009. I will be glad to help. Remember, Keep Moving!! You'll be glad you did.

Ask the trainer

Inga Olsen

Question: I have a simple question for you—how many calories does one need to eat to lose weight?

Answer: It would be easy to say that the average female should take in about 1200-1500 calories to lose weight, and maybe 1800-2100 for males, but that doesn't mean that these numbers will necessarily work for you! The ability to lose weight depends on a number of variables, including your resting metabolic rate, your activity level (both general daily activities and exercise), and even the calories you burn while digesting food. These all factor into the expenditure side of the energy balance equation, which then helps to determine the intake side as well. If you want the best and most accurate calorie estimate, you need to take a personal inventory. Talk to a trainer about getting your resting metabolic rate tested, and then have him/her determine how many calories you expend each day.

Question: I'm smack-dab in the middle of menopause and, as expected, I seem to be gaining weight. However, the weight seems to be finding its way to my mid-section, which is odd for me personally. Any logical explanation?

Answer: As you're probably aware, many women seem prone to gaining weight in their hip and glute (butt) areas. Part of the reason that weight accumulates in these areas is because of the effect that estrogen has on the body. However, as you reach your menopausal years, your estrogen levels drop. As a re-

sult, the ratio of estrogen to testosterone drops as well, and, low and behold, you end up storing that extra weight where men tend to gain their weight—specifically the mid-section. I'm sure you're not all that thrilled to hear this, but it's just a fact of life. Naturally, most women want to know what they can do about it, but aside from preventing weight gain in the first place (which can be difficult), there isn't much you can do. Just be diligent with your diet and exercise.

Question: Can I get your thoughts on all of the nutrition and fitness information that you find in the popular magazines? What do you think of Fitness, Runner's World, Men's Health, and the like?

Answer: In my experience, I can say that the content is probably better than it's ever been. Years ago, most of the articles were full of myths, inaccuracies, and marketing hype. And don't get me wrong, you can still find this in certain articles in some of the most popular magazines. That said, many publications now hire editors that have solid credentials in nutrition, fitness, or disease prevention and management, and they have researchers on staff as well. Plus, many editors want to see the sources that their writers use before they approve an article. Historically, the focus was always on selling magazines, and that hasn't really changed, but the magazines themselves have come to realize that well-researched, accurate content does just that. If you're ever confused by something you read in

a magazine, just ask a local expert (trainer, dietitian, or health professional) to give you their honest feedback. You can also post it in the community section of Anytimehealth.com!

Inga Olsen is the Certified Conditioning Specialist and Weight Management Specialist at Anytime Fitness in Thurmont. To submit a question for future articles, please contact the author at thurmontmd@anytimefitness.com.

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ASTRONOMY

The night sky of February

For February 2011, the Moon will be new on February 3rd. The first two weeks find the moon waxing in the evening sky. The slender crescent moon lies six degrees north of Jupiter in the evening twilight on February 7th. First quarter moon sits high in the sky and half-lit at sunset on February 11th. The full moon is on February 18th and in folklore, is the Wolf or Hunger Moon. The waning gibbous moon passes seven degrees south of Saturn on February 21st, with both rising about 10 PM. The Moon is last quarter on February 24, so the last two weeks of this month will find the moon in the morning sky, making evenings dark for deep sky observations.

Venus dominates the dawn sky. She rises about 4 AM all month, but is heading behind the Sun in the next few months. She is 61% sunlit with a disk 20" across on February 1st, but 71% sunlit and now farther away from us, appears only 16" across by the end of the month. Through the telescope, Venus now appears as a small, round disk, on the far side of the Sun. She will appear larger as she approaches Earth and overtakes us, but her phase will become less sunlit as well when she moves into the evening sky later this year. It was Galileo in 1611 who noted that Venus goes through this entire phase cycle, and correctly deduced this proved she orbited the Sun, not us. Covered with sulfuric acid clouds, her bright disk reveals only her phase, with no visible cloud details in the scopes.

Mars is currently behind the Sun and lost in his glare, as is true of Mercury as well. Even Jupiter is soon disappearing in the south western sky by month's end. Saturn is now in Virgo near the bright star Spica. The ringed planet will be coming to



opposition on April 3rd. The rings are gradually starting to open up again, but still rather thin, only tilted about 10 degrees now, compared to 27 degree when fully opened at Saturn's solstice in 2016; when this open, the huge reflecting surface of the ring's ice boulders will double the planet's brightness.

The constellation Cassiopeia makes a striking W in the NW. She contains many nice star clusters for binocular users in her outer arm of our Milky Way, extending to the NE now. Her daughter, Andromeda, starts with the NE corner star of Pegasus" Square, and goes NE with two more bright stars in a row. It is from the middle star, beta Andromeda, that we proceed about a quarter the way to the top star in the W of Cassiopeia, and look for a faint blur with the naked eye. M-31, the Andromeda Galaxy, is the most distant object visible with the naked eye, lying about 2.5 million light years distant.

Overhead is Andromeda's hero, Perseus, rises. Between him and Cassiopeia is the fine Double Cluster, faintly visible with the

naked eye and two fine binocular objects in the same field. Perseus contains the famed eclipsing binary star Algol, where the Arabs imagined the eye of the gorgon Medusa would lie. It fades to a third its normal brightness for six out of every 70 hours, as a larger but cooler orange giant covers about 80% of the smaller but hotter and thus brighter companion as seen from Earth.

At Perseus' feet for the famed Pleiades cluster; they lie about 400 light years distant, and over 250 stars are members of this fine group. East of the seven sisters is the V of stars marking the face of Taurus the Bull, with bright orange Aldebaran as his eye. The V of stars is the Hyades cluster, older than the blue Pleiades, but about half their distance. Yellow Capella, a giant star the same temperature and color as our much smaller Sun, dominates the overhead sky. It is part of the pentagon on stars making up Auriga, the Charioteer (think Ben Hur). Several nice binocular Messier open clusters are found in the winter milky way here.

2nd. It is also Groundhog Day and in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, everyone eagerly awaits the prediction "Punxsutawney Phil" on the coming of spring. If he sees his shadow, we are in for another 6 weeks of winter!

Holidays: Do something special for your sweetheart on Valentine's Day, which will be celebrated in 2011 on Monday, February 14th. Lincoln's birthday is February 12th and Washington's birthday is Tuesday, the 22nd. Both are honored on President's Day, which falls on Monday, February 21st.

The Garden: Perform a germination test on last year's stored seed.

Place ten seeds between sheets of paper towels and keep them moist and warm for a few days. If less than eight of the ten seeds sprout, consider starting with fresh seed. If the weather will allow, start to prune roses, Oriental grasses, and other deciduous shrubs. Carefully prune fruit trees prior to any new growth that will start soon (the cold weather can't last forever!). Begin to sow seeds for cool-weather vegetables and frost-tolerant perennials indoors. Consider sowing seeds of warm-season vegetables indoors and for hardy spring-blooming annuals. Keep tabs on your houseplants and make sure they are getting enough humidity. Check for pests. Remember to feed the birds!

East of Auriga, the twins, Castor and Pollux highlight the Gemini. UWF alumni can associate the pair with Jason and the Golden Fleece legend, for they were the first two Argonauts to sign up on his crew of adventurers.

South of Gemini, Orion is the most familiar winter constellation, dominating the eastern sky at dusk. The reddish supergiant Betelgeuse marks his eastern shoulder, while blue-white supergiant Rigel stands opposite on his west knee. Just south of the belt, hanging like a sword downward, is M-42, the Great Nebula of Orion, an outstanding binocular and telescopic stellar nursery. The bright diamond of four stars that light it up are the trapezium cluster, one of the finest sights in a telescope.

To the east of Betelgeuse is the cluster NGC 2244, visible in binoculars. But appropriately for Valentine's day at midmonth, surrounding this cluster is the beautiful Rosette Nebula, featured in our photo this month. Older than the Orion's M-42 cluster, here the hot central stars have driven away the gas and dust, which has accumulated on the edges in this fine bloom in the February skies for deep sky observers and astrophotographers.

In the east rise the hunter's two

faithful companions, Canis major and minor. Procyon is the bright star in the little dog, and rises minutes before Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. Sirius dominates the SE sky by 7 PM, and as it rises, the turbulent winter air causes it to sparkle with shafts of spectral fire. Beautiful as the twinkling appears to the naked eye, for astronomers this means the image is blurry; only in space can we truly see "clearly now". At 8 light years distance, Sirius is the closest star we can easily see with the naked eye from West Florida.

When Sirius is highest, along our southern horizon look for the second brightest star, Canopus, getting just above the horizon and sparkling like an exquisite diamond as the turbulent winter air twists and turns this shaft of starlight, after a trip of about 200 years!

To the northeast, a reminder of Spring coming; look for the bowl of the Big Dipper to rise, with the top two stars, the pointers, giving you a line to find Polaris, the Pole Star. But if you take the pointers south, you are guided instead to the head of Leo the Lion rising in the east, looking much like the profile of the famed Sphinx. The bright star at the Lion's heart is Regulus, the "regal star". Fitting for our cosmic king of beasts, whose rising at the end of this month means March indeed will be coming in like a Lion.

Almanac

Weather Watch: Windy with some snow showers in the north (1,2,3). Fair and rather cold (4,5,6,7,8) with the chance of a Nor'easter and heavy snow (9,10,11). Windy again, cold, and flurries (12,13) turning fair and remaining cold (14,15,16,17,18,19). More winds cold temperatures and more flurries (20,21) turning fair and not so cold (22,23,24,25). Light snow in the north (26,27,28).

FULL MOON: The FULL MOON for February occurs on February 18th at 3:36 AM EST. Native Americans often referred to February's FULL MOON as SNOW MOON because of the increased amount of snowfall in many regions during this month. It has also been referred to as CRUST MOON for the icy crust that forms atop deep snow piles.

Special Notes: Candlemas, the Christian Festival of Lights is celebrated on Wednesday, February

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COMPUTER Q&A

Email is where its @!

Ayse Jester

Almost everyone uses email as opposed to snail mail today. There are many functions of email that go beyond sending a message to someone with just text. Also, there are a variety of email services available so it can be difficult to choose which one to use. Read along to find out more about email functions and email services that are offered today.

Email addresses: What's in the name?

Email addresses have 3 parts to them. Here is an example of an email address: johnsmith@email.com. The first part, Johnsmith is called the Username.

You should choose your username wisely if you plan on using the email for business consider a professional username. The @ symbol will always be constant when you email someone. The last part, email.com is the name of your e-mail host. The email host depends on who the user has signed up with for email service. Not all email hosts end with .com some are .net, .org, .gov etc.

If you ever send an email out and the user did not get it or you get an email back saying recipient does not exist, consider that you have misspelled the email address. If the email address is not spelled exactly right it will not go to that user. If you believe you have spelled it right then check with the person who you're emailing to see if you took the email down correctly.

Email functions: What else can email do?

The 'To' function is used to Select users from address book. To use it click on To and a box will appear with your contacts choose who you want to send an email to.

The 'Reply' function is used to respond to an e-mail. To use it click on Reply and a new window will open or your page will expand to allow you reply to the message.

The 'CC' function is used to send a message you have already wrote or received to someone else. To use it Click on Forward, the message will appear in a new compose window and you can select who you wish to send the message to.

The 'Bcc' function is used to send a blind carbon copy to other recipients (does not show others email addresses). To use it, enter the email address you wish to send a copy to in the BCC: field for click on BCC: and select recipients.

The 'Attach a file' function allows you to send pictures or documents to through email. To use it click attach file (sometimes shown as a paperclip) and browse your computer for the file you wish to attach.

The 'Save' function saves your email in the drafts folder. To use it click save. Saved emails can be found in your drafts folder and can be finished and sent at a later time.

The "Delete" function deletes the e-mail. To use it simply click on delete.

Attachments: limits and file types
Depending on your email provider, you have a limit to the size of the files that you can send. Most limit attachments to between 10-20MB. (If your not sure how large your file is right click on the file and choose properties. It will tell you the file size there. KB's (Kilobytes) are smaller than MB's (Megabytes) and GB's (Gigabytes) are larger than MB'S).

In addition to restricting attachments sizes, your email provider may prevent you from sending certain file types. They may restrict sending files such as exe.'s or zipped files. The reason that your email restricts sending

these file types are because they could cause harm to other computers easily if the files contained a virus.

Spamorama: Can I make it stop?

Spam comes from a variety of ways. The first way that you receive spam is by signing up for ANYTHING with your email address. Another way that you can get spam is if someone you know has a problem with their email which sends spam out to the contacts in their address book. Spam can also come from bots that make up random email addresses and send out spam to the addresses which eventually will match up with real email addresses.

There is no real way to completely stop spam. You could stop giving your email address out but then you



won't be able to use online services. You might inconveniently keep email addresses out of your address book. The best way to really curb spam is to check your spam filter settings within your email program. Also, you

can create a secondary email account which you use to sign up for things that you wont want to look at regularly. Just remember to keep your pertinent email going to your main account

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LIBRARY NOTES

Winners among the stacks

Caroline Rock

Last month the American Library Association held its annual mid-winter meeting. In my opinion, however, it can hardly be considered a mid-winter meeting since it was held in San Diego. The temps most of the week were in the high 60's, compared to our 30's. I can imagine (and, yes, imagining is as close as I got to San Diego this winter) that it was hard for many of those librarians to focus on the business at hand while staying so close to the beautiful bay. Personally, I would have found myself, open book in hand, gazing westward over the water, a tear of longing on my cheek as I considered the months of winter ahead of me back home on the east coast.

But one moment would have drawn me back into the artificial light of the convention center, and I am not talking about the donuts on the continental breakfast cart. I am talking about the announcement of the annual Youth Media Awards.

There are about twenty prizes awarded by the ALA each year, ranging from Latino interest, picture books, the African American experience, and nonfiction, as well

as young adult books, audio books, and books translated to English from other languages. But by far the most coveted award for a writer of books for children is the John Newbery Medal.

Since 1922, children's librarians across the country have chosen the most distinguished children's book published in America the previous year. This impressive and eclectic list of winners includes fiction, poetry, biography, and history. Authors chosen for the honor include Lois Lowry, Jerry Spinelli, Phyllis Naylor, and Beverly Cleary.

In all honesty, the gold medal selections of the last five Newbery committees have disappointed me, to say the least. In fact, prior to 2007, it was my practice to read as much juvenile fiction as possible, following mock Newbery blogs, and reading every book review I could get my hands on. I made my predictions and felt confident that I had truly read the most distinguished books offered to children that year. When the announcements were made, my disappointment was deep enough to cause me to change my routine. The medal choice felt political, like a spinster aunt choosing a book for a child, spinach instead of ice cream, a fam-

ily vacation in Cleveland instead of Disneyland. Now, I wait for the announcement before putting any stock in one title or author.

Last month, on January 10, if you had walked into the Emmitsburg Library, you would have seen Miss Stephanie and me leaning over a live-feed from the ALA Mid-Winter Conference as the awards were announced. I hastily jotted down the titles while Miss Stephanie checked our library catalogue to see if we owned them. I must say, the list I ended up with was agreeable and intriguing.

I was pleased to see that one of the books I had read the previous year picked up an honor, a silver medal, as a runner-up to the winner. That was Rita Williams-Garcia's *One Crazy Summer*, a hilarious and poignant story of three sisters spending the summer with the poet mother who abandoned them. Into the heavy climate of 1968 California, Black Panthers, and Civil Rights rallies, Williams-Garcia places genuine characters and a satisfying resolution. Williams-Garcia will need a bigger neck on which to hang all the medals this book has won for her. At the ALA alone, in addition to its Newbery Honor, *One Crazy Summer* won the Coretta Scott-King Award, and the Scott O'Dell Award for Historical Fiction, as well as being a finalist for the National Book Award.

The rest of the books on the list were strange to me, with the exception of *Turtle in Paradise*, and that I only recognized by the author Jennifer Holm. Jennifer Holm joins a congress of authors who have won multiple Newbery Honors or Medals, having taken an Honor for *Our Only May Amelia* in 2000, and again for *Penny from Heaven* in 2007. Plus, I met her in person once, and that always makes me

appreciate an author on a whole new level!

Within a day, I had the winning book in my hands: *Moon Over Manifest* by Clare Vanderpool. This is a triumph, not only because it is the author's debut novel, but because it is a Newbery winner chosen for its story, not for some political ideology or sense of social responsibility.

Cynthia K. Richey, the committee chair for this year's Newbery Selection Committee, said, "Vanderpool illustrates the importance of stories as a way for children to understand the past, inform the present, and provide hope for the future."

And so she does.

All her life, twelve-year-old Abilene Tucker has wandered from town to town with her father, riding the rails, using con and cleverness to obtain food and shelter. Then one summer her father sends her to stay in Manifest, Kansas, a place she does not know, with people she has never met. As she comes to know the strange people who live in this dying town, a place where immigrants came to find work in the mines, Abilene listens to their stories, searching for any clue to how her father fit into the town's history. In the process, she and her new friends uncover a mystery from another era, a mystery the townspeople would prefer to keep hidden.

Moon Over Manifest was worth the wait for me. Part mystery, part historical fiction, part coming of age, and not an ounce of spinach!

Heart of a Samurai by Margi Preus is a book about which I know nothing except for what is on the blurb. It is set in the mid-19th century and spans ten years as Manjiro, the main character, is shipwrecked far from his Jap-

anese homeland. Manjiro adopts a life of adventure and travel, encounters friendship and treachery, and seeks to discover if a lowly fisherman can indeed become a samurai. This book is also a debut novel!

Finally, there is *Dark Emperor and other Poems of the Night* by Joyce Sidman, with stunning woodcut illustrations by Rick Allen.

A charming book. A Newbery, not a Caldecott, but in good company with books like *A Visit to William Blake's Inn*, *Joyful Noise*, and *Show Way* as books of poetry getting a Newbery nod. So, see, parents! If your child drops out of medical school to become a poet, there is hope!

Finally, I want to mention the winner of the Caldecott Medal, given to the artist of the most distinguished picture book published in the United States each year. This year's winner is *A Sick Day for Amos McGee*, written by Philip Stead, and illustrated by his wife Erin Stead.

One might be tempted to pass this book up. Its colors are subtle, understated, its text spare. But once in your hands, you will read it again and again at each sitting, pausing to study the delicate pencil and woodblock drawings, looking for the blush of color here or there. And you will fall in love with the gentle Amos McGee, whose generosity toward his animal friends at the zoo is lovingly repaid when the good man is sick in bed. *A Sick Day for Amos McGee* is a book I will be adding to my wish-list, even though I am a collector exclusively of Newbery winners.

My plate is full for the next few weeks: *Turtle in Paradise* and *Heart of a Samurai* on the nightstand by my bed. Then, with the weather forecast promising nothing above 35 degrees, I just might start browsing the blogs and book reviews for the next big winner!

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UPCOMING EVENTS

Fridays

YWCA to host Family Folkloric Fridays – Adults and children of all ages are invited to participate in Family Folkloric Fridays, held at the YWCA Gettysburg & Adams County, 909 Fairfield Road, Gettysburg.

Saturday

Bingo at the Rocky Ridge Volunteer Fire Company's Activity building. Doors open at 4:30pm and games start at 7pm.

February 5

St. Joseph's Parish Retreat: "The New Roman Missal" - St. Joseph's Parish will host a retreat in the parish hall. The day will begin at 9:00 am with refreshments and will close at 12 noon with lunch.

Creagerstown's St Johns Lutheran Church turkey and oyster dinner from 12-5:00 p.m.

February 10

The Majestic Theater presents - Tango Fire - Heat up your Valentin's Day celebration with Tango Fire, the sexiest Tango show in Argentina, featuring brilliant young musicians, 10 passionate dancers, and one of Argentina's finest tango orchestras. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit www.gettysburgmajestic.org

February 12 -13

Maple Sugaring at Strawberry Hill - A hands-on demonstrations of the tapping and boiling process. Select a tree, drilling into it, tap it, collect the sap and finally taste freshly cooked syrup right from the fire! The program also includes a sing-along and a fun-filled taste test to sample a variety of syrups. For more information call 717-642-5840 or visit www.strawberryhill.org. Strawberry Hill Nature Center and Preserve - 1537 Mount Hope Road, Fairfield

February 12

Bingo Vera Bradley at Mother Seton School, Emmitsburg. For more information or tickets, please contact MSS at 301-447-3161, or Lena at 301-717-8860.

February 13

Knights of Columbus, St. Joseph Taneytown Council 11631 Country Style Breakfast Buffet

(All you can eat): St. Joseph's Catholic Church Social Hall, Taneytown

Music Gettysburg! presents - The Soldiers' Chorus - Lutheran Theological Seminary Chapel, 147 Seminary Ridge, Gettysburg. For more information call 717-338-3000 x2197 or visit www.musicgettysburg.org.

February 14

The Majestic Theater Presents Pianist Jeremy Denk - Denk's repertoire shows unusual versatility, ranging from the standard works of the 18th and 19th centuries to 20th-century masters. For more information call 717-337-8200 or visit www.gettysburgmajestic.org.

February 19

Our Lady of Mount Carmel Parish Center Cash Bash at Our Lady of Mount Carmel Parish Center, Church Street, Thurmont. Doors

open at 2:00 p.m. Only 500 tickets will be sold and you don't have to be present to win. Call the parish office at 301-447-2367 or John Dowling at 301-271-4439 to purchase your ticket or for more information.

The Emmitsburg Lions Club is sponsoring a Rock N Roll Dance featuring the Rock & Roll Relics band on 19 March 2011 at the Emmitsburg Ambulance building. For more information and/or tickets please call Zurgable Hardware at 301-447-2020 or Sharon Hane at 301-447-2401.

February 20

St. Mary's Church all you can eat Spaghetti Dinner, 3 pm to 6 pm,

256 Tract Road, Fairfield. For more information call 717-642-8815

Music Gettysburg Presents the Sunderman Wind Quintet - Lutheran Theological Seminary Chapel, 147 Seminary Ridge, Gettysburg. For more information call 717-338-3000 or visit www.musicgettysburg.org

February 26

The Adams County School of Musical Theater presents Give My Regards to Broadway - The best of Broadway musicals from yesterday and today. Adams County School of Musical Theater, 49 York St., Gettysburg. For more information visit www.acsmt.org.

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Mount St. Mary's University is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community. Students, alumni, our faculty, administrators and staff, all turn these words into action every day. We would like to acknowledge some of the Mount's own, who help make the university, and the Emmitsburg community, a place we're proud to call home.



Mount St. Mary's University would like to thank all the hard-working dedicated "essential" Mount employees for making our campus one of the safest in Maryland.



Looking back to January and February of 2010 we remember the four feet of snow dropped on the Mount campus and we have to once again acknowledge the brave and tireless efforts

of those that made our entrances, stairways, sidewalks and roads clear and safe to travel.

You guys are not called ESSENTIAL for nothing! Thanks to Bruce Norman and all of our Aramark and Mount employees for making the Mount a safe home.

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 WED., FEB. 9, WAGNER, 7P.M.
 THU., FEB. 17, ST. FRANCIS (N.Y.), 7 P.M.
 SAT., FEB. 19, LONG ISLAND, 7 P.M.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

SAT., FEB. 5, FAIRLEIGH DICKINSON, 3 P.M.
 MON., FEB. 7, MONMOUTH, 7 P.M.
 MON., FEB. 14, WAGNER, 7 P.M.
 SAT., FEB. 19, ST. FRANCIS (N.Y.), 3 P.M.
 MON., FEB. 21, LONG ISLAND, 7 P.M.



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