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FOLLOWING THE LEWIS AND CLARK TRAIL BY RIVER CRUISE

BY VICTOR BLOCK

In the early nineteenth century, right after the *Louisiana Purchase* from France, two men led an expedition through part of the western region of the United States. During that two-year journey, they covered over 4,000 miles, discovered and cataloged hundreds of unknown plant and animal species, and interacted with members of Native American tribes.

My wife Fyllis and I recently retraced part of that route, traveling aboard the American Cruise Lines' *Harmony*, part of their luxury ship fleet, which follows 50+ itineraries along rivers, bays, and oceans, or just offshore from, the United States.

We navigated Washington and Oregon's Columbia and Snake Rivers, stopping to explore towns and historic sites. President Thomas Jefferson commissioned the expedition to check out the newly acquired territory and to find a route to the Pacific Ocean through the continent's western half.

We started with a guided tour of the National Lewis & Clark Historic Park, in Astoria, Oregon. Exhibits include a replica of Fort Clatsop, where the explorers spent the winter of 1805–1806, and of the Dismal Nitch (located just west of modern day Megler, Washington), a cove where a fierce storm pinned down the expedition for six days with high winds and large waves.

Displays at the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center focus on the travelers' winter stay on the Pacific Coast. The story is told through timeline panels, paintings, and photographs—and in the words of expedition members' journals.

The Columbia Gorge Discovery Center houses equally absorbing displays. The life-sized replica of a Columbian mammoth provides evidence that these huge mammals once lived in the area. Exhibits trace 10,000 years of indigenous native history (the Columbia Gorge is among the oldest sites of human habitation in the Western Hemisphere).

The Columbia and Snake Rivers are tamed by dams that generate hydroelectric power, assist with navigation, and provide flood control and irrigation. Our passage through eight dams comprised special events that prompted many passengers, including me, to observe the action closely. The captain guided the ship into the narrow lock, a massive door closed behind us, the vessel rose slowly as water flowed into the chamber, and we resumed our upstream journey at a much higher elevation than when we had approached the dam.

Explanations of lock operations were among on-board presentations that kept passengers involved. Other presentations included detailed descriptions of each day's upcoming shore excursions—and a tour of the ship's pilot house.

Please see *Lewis & Clark* on A-16

Benefits of Tai Chi for Older Adults

by Emily Harmon

What is tai chi?

Tai chi is the practice of slow, gentle movements, while maintaining a meditative state of mind and mindful breathing. This form of exercise has been found to be safe exercise because of the slow, gentle movements. Tai chi was originally founded in China, but you can see it being done worldwide today.

I'm sure I am like many of you who have seen tai chi being done by others. Maybe you have even done it yourself. It was something I was never honestly interested in for one reason or another. Last summer a group of Illinois Extension Educators were trained in Dr. Paul Lam's Tai Chi for Arthritis and Fall Prevention. This was completely out of my comfort zone but something I wanted to push myself to do. Going through the training, I learned this isn't high-intensity exercise, like doing a set of high jumps. Just as the definition of tai chi says, it is a very mindful exercise that incorporates your whole mind, body, and soul.

What are the benefits?

Mindfulness. This is simply being in the moment and focusing on your own feelings, thoughts, and body. Tai chi incorporates the focus on self and mindful breathing.

Fall Prevention. Research shows that practicing tai chi can help older adults prevent falls. Doing tai chi can increase flexibility, posture, and strength.

Please see *Tai Chi* on A-16

I wonder what it would be like to live in a world where it was always June. — Anne of Green Gables, by L. M. Montgomery

LIFESTYLES

Common Myths About Mental Illness

by Jim Russell

Myth: Mental illness affects only a few people.

Fact: Mental illness is common. One in five Americans will experience a mental illness at some point in life. It affects people of all ages, educational and income levels, and cultures.

Myth: Mental illness is caused by a personal weakness.

Fact: Mental illness is *not* a character flaw. It is caused by genetic, biological, social, and environmental factors. Seeking and accepting help is a sign of strength.

Myth: People with a mental illness never get better.

Fact: With the right kind of help, most people do recover and lead healthy, productive, and satisfying lives.

Myth: People with a mental illness can “pull themselves out of it.”

Fact: A mental illness is not caused by personal weakness and is not “cured” by personal strength.

Myth: People with a mental illness are violent.

Fact: People with a mental illness are no more violent or dangerous than the rest of the population. People with a mental illness are more likely to harm themselves—or to be harmed—than they are to hurt others.

Myth: People with a mental illness should be kept in the hospital.

Fact: With appropriate treatment and support, people with mental illness can live successfully in the community. In fact, most people with a mental illness do live independently in the community. These myths and others affect the way we treat people with mental illnesses. They also affect funding decisions for providing services to people with mental illnesses. To a large extent, low-income people with mental illnesses are not politically active. They usually do not constitute a voting bloc that gets the attention of political campaigns. We saw the impact of that issue in the effect of the budget stalemate in Illinois several years ago. Social service organizations were feeling the brunt of the absence of state funding. The myths also contribute to the stigma attached to mental illness. People are reluctant to accept a diagnosis of mental illness, and they either put off or completely ignore treatment, due to fear of that



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stigma. We do not ostracize or blame a person who is diagnosed with diabetes. We recognize it as a physical illness; we identify treatment options. If the diabetic is a family member, we offer encouragement and help as the newly diagnosed diabetic makes adjustments in life. Diabetes is caused by a malfunction of the pancreas (yes, I realize that is an over-simplification), and we supplement the function of the pancreas with insulin. Many mental illnesses are caused by a malfunction or of the brain (yes, another over-simplification) that can be treated by supplementing the function of the brain. Reading these articles cannot make you an expert. Such articles are not a substitute for care from your physician or mental health professional. They are intended to provide basic information about the issues addressed. This information comes from a variety of sources and is not all original with this writer. ♦
Jim Russell, MS, LCPC, is executive director of the Vermilion County Mental Health 708 Board.

June is a love song written by nature. —Patience Strong

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LIFESTYLES

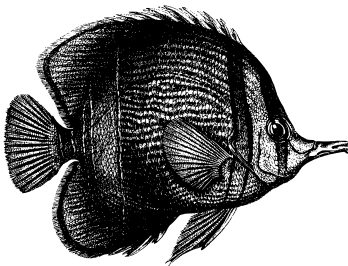
June Trivia

June’s birthstones are the pearl, the moonstone, and the alexandrite. June’s birth flowers are **roses** and honeysuckle.



In June, we celebrate Father’s Day (on the third Sunday), **Flag Day**, commemorating the adoption of the U.S. Flag (on June 14), and the start of summer (the summer solstice, on June 20, at 10:41 p.m. CDT and 11:41 p.m. EDT).

June is National Zoo and **Aquarium Month**, National Safety Month, Men’s Health Month, and African American Music Appreciation Month. It is also the third month of commemoration of the Holocaust that claimed the lives of over six million Jews and countless others during WWII. ♦



SKYWATCHER

June 11. The full (Strawberry) moon will be fully illuminated, typically marking the ripening of wild strawberries.

June 17. After sunset, look for Mars close to Regulus, the brightest star in the constellation Leo. First, find the Big Dipper (Ursa Major) in the extreme northern sky. Using the pointers (the two stars at the end of the bowl away from the handle, Dubhe and Merak), follow an imaginary line to the south until you find the constellation Leo, with its backward question mark (the sickle—the lion’s head) in the western sky. The brightest star, Regulus, forms the period of the reversed question mark. Trace the star triangle to the left to find the lion’s tail.

June 20. The summer solstice signals the start of summer in the Northern Hemisphere (as the winter solstice on the same date south of the equator signals the start of winter there). Ironically, the night of June 21 (the most frequent solstice date is called *Midsummer Night*. It is the longest night of the year.

June 25. The new moon, or the dark of the moon, is caused by the moon’s being on the same side of Earth as the sun, making it invisible in our night sky. If the night is clear, you should be able to see many faint celestial objects, even with a good pair of binoculars.

June 26. Mercury will be easy to spot near the moon.

During all of June, watch for *noctilucent clouds* (NLCs, or night-shining clouds). These cloud-like phenomena in Earth’s upper atmosphere are known as *polar mesospheric clouds* (PMCs) when viewed from space. They are detectable as a diffuse scattering layer of ice crystals near the summer polar mesopause. They consist of ice crystals, visible from the ground only during astronomical twilight.

During our summer, the *polar mesopause*, typically 85–95 km (53–59 mi) above Earth’s surface, varies with season and latitude. This atmospheric layer is at the very top of the mesosphere, the third layer of Earth’s atmosphere, which serves as the boundary between the mesosphere and the thermosphere. It can reach as high as 110 km (68 mi) in altitude in winter. *Polar mesospheric summer echoes* (PMSE) are strong, anomalous radar echoes in the mesosphere. These occur during our summer months at high latitudes, typically between 80 and 90 km of altitude. PMSE are linked to the presence of turbulence and ice crystals in the polar mesopause. ♦

June is the time for dreams to take flight and soar into reality. —Emma Racine de Fleur

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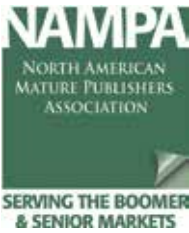
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Publisher Mark Burns mark@primelifetimes.com	Account Representative Holly Burns holly@primelifetimes.com
Editor in Chief Nick Brzozowski nick@primelifetimes.com	Proofreader Jim Miller jpmiller61874@yahoo.com
Copyeditor Rob Siedenbug rob@primelifetimes.com	Office Manager Karen Harrison staff@primelifetimes.com
Graphic Design Kelli Roos kelli.roos@gmail.com	Webmaster Noah Nielsen noah@primelifetimes.com
Account Representative Richard Birkey richard@primelifetimes.com	Editorial Intern Samuel Carroll scarroll@isionline.org
	Editorial Intern Esther Aardsma eaardsma@proton.me

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Horse and buggy transported my brother Jim and me to the home of our church pianist for our early piano lessons. (I was eight or nine years old.) Winter meant no buggy, so that meant no lessons; but when we moved to town, lessons were available year-round. I loved to play the piano, but I didn’t practice my lessons very much. Within two years, my mother declared, “No practice, no lessons,” and my lessons stopped—it was non-negotiable.

When I did sit down to play, my dad, who had a beautiful tenor voice, was there with his hymnal. He turned to page one and said, “Play that,” then turned to page two and repeated, “play that.” He literally played me through that hymnal. I am very thankful for the practice he gave me, but also for the great number of hymns I learned in the process.

When I entered Bible College, everyone (except music majors) was required to take Music 101—introduction to music, but for some reason I was placed in a theory class with the music majors (perhaps because I remembered a little from my piano lessons). I was not a music major, but I have always been thankful for the lessons learned there. I had no piano lessons in college, but the theory was helpful when I was able to play again.

It was about twenty years before I was able to purchase a piano of my own and start playing again. I started by playing through the hymnal of the church we were then attending. Usually there were pianists there who were much more qualified to play than I, but occasionally I would have to fill in.

One of the times when I was filling in, a couple came to our church for special meetings. He was the evangelist and she the soloist: Helen Barth was a well- known Gospel singer in Chicago at that

time. Her husband accompanied her on simple hymns during the week, but for Sunday’s service she wanted to sing *I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked*, a very difficult piece to play. Helen gave the sheet music to our organist, who promptly passed it to me, saying, “Jean, it’s all yours.” Two days to learn something well beyond me—this was no ordinary hymn! I struggled with it; I cried; I kept plugging away at it. I cried some more, until I finally prayed, “Lord, if you’ll help me with this, I’ll never refuse to play for you” —a vow I have kept for over forty years. On Sunday I played that piece, not perfectly, but passably. God was gracious.

Some years later, we went to South Africa to teach at Durban Bible College. Jan Snavelly, the music teacher, had been faithfully serving the Lord for many years, but she was ready for retirement. Jan had a Masters’ in music, taught piano, and directed choirs; in my mind, she was a *ten-talent* musician. How was I, a *one-talent* musician, supposed to follow her? Those were big shoes for me to fill! Then I realized, just as Jan had been faithful in using her ten talents, so I needed to be faithful in using my one. After she retired, I taught Music 101 to the next four freshman classes.

When we returned to the United States, we found ourselves mostly in small churches, sometimes with more qualified pianists, and sometimes not. I find it amazing that I’ve been playing for services for the past thirty years. I feel very much appreciated by my present church, but I also feel I owe them thanks for letting me play. I’m still keeping that vow made so many years ago. ♦

Jean Brady, a church pianist and the widow of a pastor, writes in Farmer City, Illinois. Email her at canadajeans35@yahoo.com.

Recommendation

by Stephen Mey

A local big-box store had an opening for a greeter. With the price of eggs and all, I figured I could use some extra cash.

I filled out the application—I could do what they wanted, and I had an excellent interview. At the end, I gave them a letter of recommendation. For some inexplicable reason I did not get the job. I’m still trying to figure it out.

My Letter of Recommendation

To: Whom it May Concern

I am pleased to write a letter of recommendation for the applicant, and I most enthusiastically recommend this candidate with no qualifications whatsoever.

I cannot say enough good things about this candidate or recommend him too highly.

I can assure you that no person would be better for the job.

It would be a coup to get this person to work for you.

I would urge you to waste no time in making this candidate an offer of employment.

If you have questions, please let me know.

(Name withheld.) ♦

LIFESTYLES

Yom HaShoah

by Maureen Hughes

Holocaust Remembrance is celebrated around the world by all faiths and creeds from April through July. These few months are set aside to commemorate the six million Jews, and others, murdered by Nazis during WWII. The horrible atrocities inflicted on them are recorded in photos, videos, survivor testimonies, government records, and court hearings. As the decades pass, public knowledge about the Holocaust, about why it happened, and about why it could happen again are mentioned with less and less frequency.

Many parents don't explain to their children the purpose of celebrating the liberation of death camps such as those at Dachau, Buchenwald, and Mauthausen, to name just three. But it is impossible to grasp the meaning of the Holocaust without learning of victims' experiences.

From 38 to 47% of Illinois public schools incorporate Holocaust studies in their history curriculum. The percentage of private and charter schools teaching Holocaust history is much higher. Secondary school students, in particular, need to learn how the Holocaust came about.

Germany was suffering from the devastation of ruined crops, the loss of jobs, and incredible inflation, leaving entire families homeless and starving. Paper money was practically worthless. Adolf Hitler's popularity grew with his promise of jobs and a better economy. His intention was to seize vast

amounts of land from other countries to be farmed by people working as slaves, so he could rebuild the economy. Those who disagreed with his plans were simply killed. The Nazi ideology and propaganda that embraced the antisemitic crimes of exterminating Jewish people, was not one of Hitler's original stated goals. He had first planned to deport European Jews to the Ural Mountains or to the remote island of Madagascar. Britain and the Soviet Union rejected this proposed policy, both refusing to accept Jews into the territories they controlled. This situation eventually led to the tragic extermination of central Europe's Jews. One by one, the Nazis built concentration camps to house Jews in Germany and in German-occupied territory. Plaszow, Mauthausen, Auschwitz, Bergen-Bergen, and Dachau were just a few of these camps which used Jews as slave labor or which served as extermination sites, killing their prisoners by horrible means. The extermination of Jews started in 1933 and



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only ended from 1944 through 1945 when Allied and Soviet troops arrived at the camps. The number of murdered Jews eventually rose to 6 million. Victims' remains were discovered in camps, train cars, and gas chambers. Besides Jewish people, Gypsies and disabled people were also put to death.

Some years ago, I spoke with a Holocaust survivor in Reston, Virginia. At the age of nine she had witnessed the death of her father at the Auschwitz death camp. Up until her death, she bore the tattooed number that served to identify her and her location. We *must* compare the past to similar present-day occurrences similar to those of 80 years ago. Look at what is happening today on our college campuses, at ivy league universities, and outside government buildings.

It is crucial that our educational system and citizens distinguish between legitimate protest and hate speech. It is also essential to condemn antisemitism and the use of hate speech directed against Jewish students and professionals. Remember what America stands for and believes in. As a nation of freedoms, freedoms which are unheard of in many countries, we must never forget what history has taught us. We must continue to fight both indifference about hateful crimes and also hatred toward others.

I ask you—are we repeating history? ♦
Maureen Hughes, a criminal investigator, is the author of five true-crime books. Her latest, The Skin Game is based on a Holocaust survivor's story. It is available on Amazon and at local bookstores. Maureen lives with her family in Illinois.

It was June, and the world smelled of roses. The sunshine was like powdered gold over the grassy hillside. —Maud Hart Lovelace

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LIFESTYLES

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- Across
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8 Seeks an answer

12 People who are not prone to infatuations, informally

14 In the past

15 Mown path

17 Improper etiquette at a social gathering

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20 Customary routine

21 Pot cover

23 Fat in tamale dough

24 Confident way to solve newspaper puzzles

25 Aristocrat

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28 Biol. or geol.

30 ___ de mer

31 Korean automaker

32 Jason’s ship, in Greek mythology

34 Sport-___: versatile vehicle

36 Zipped

38 Romantic outing

41 Image problem, for short

43 General on a Chinese menu

44 Ocean predator that sleeps with one eye open

48 Chum

49 Faux ___

51 Sports drink suffix

53 Shade tree

54 Biography

57 Take, as advice

59 Actor Alda

60 Meadow mama

61 Pique, as interest

62 Accent on “se√±or”

64 Newspaper’s attention-getters, and what both words in 17-, 25-, 38- and 54-Across can do

66 Job seeker’s success

67 Home to billions of people

68 Celebratory suffix

69 Fleeting trends

70 Time period

71 Farm enclosure
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- 1 Dusting on deviled eggs

2 No-___: easy decision

3 Doing some laundry prep

4 “ur hilarious!”

5 Mattel game with 108 cards

6 Light boat in a regatta

7 Balloon gas

8 Fire pit residue

9 Gloppy fare

10 Singalong activity at a bar

11 Drug type banned by most pro sports

13 Leave speechless

16 Ibsen’s “___ Gabler”

18 Himalayan bovines

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25 Small taste

26 Yawn-inducing

29 Bargain-basement

33 Like 2025, but not 2024

35 Doc who treats sinusitis

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40 “If you ask me ...”

41 Courtroom figure who says “All rise!”

42 Cloverlike crop

45 Optimizes, as an engine

46 Most near

47 Political pardon

48 Student of Socrates

50 “You think I care?”

52 Noble title

55 Phased out

56 Elle portrayer in “Legally Blonde”

58 Pageboy, for one

61 Genesis man

63 Busy hosp. areas

65 Yoga ball filler
- See Answers on A-15.

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“Welcome to Heaven. The scan is to make sure you can’t take it with you.”

THE MIDDLELETONS

BY RALPH DUNAGIN & DANA SUMMERS

How’s the rogaïne working?

Oh, my hair is too far gone for that.

This is me.

I have thinning hair.

I’m comfortable with it.

Where are you going?

To get a hat.

SCRABBLE

G₂ R₁ A₁ M₃ S₁

A ₁	I ₁	O ₁	R ₁	R ₁	T ₁	T ₁			
A ₁	E ₁	E ₁	I ₁	U ₁	N ₁	Q ₁₀			
E ₁	O ₁	O ₁	U ₁	T ₁	D ₂	M ₃			
A ₁	I ₁	U ₁	T ₁	H ₄	S ₁	Z ₁₀			

PAR SCORE 145-155
BEST SCORE 222

FOUR RACK TOTAL
TIME LIMIT: 20 MIN

DIRECTIONS: Make a 2- to 7-letter word from the letters in each row. Add points of each word, using scoring directions at right. Finally, 7-letter words get 50-point bonus. “Blanks” used as any letter have no point value. All the words are in the Official SCRABBLE® Players Dictionary, 5th Edition. SOLUTION TOMORROW

For more information on tournaments and clubs, email NASPA - North American SCRABBLE Players Association info@scrabbleplayers.org. Visit our website - www.scrabbleplayers.org. For puzzle inquiries contact scrgrams@gmail.com

10-16

EDITORS: Here is the solution to today’s SCRABBLEGRAM. You can print the solution on the same day elsewhere in your paper, or beneath the following day’s puzzle. If you choose to run the solution elsewhere in the same day’s newspaper, See Answers on A-15.

Gasoline Alley

JIM SCANCARELLI

What yo’ doin’, Rufus? Fixin’ on mailin’ Miss Melba a love pome! Aint’ that a waste o’ time? yo’ can’t rhyme!

My buddy, John Bird, done wrote this here pome! I tol’ him how good it was an’ he said I could send it to Miss Melba! Let me read it to yo’!

All ears here! y’hear?

you’re my PEACH and I’m PLUM crazy over you! We CANTELOPE my HONEYDEW!

Hmm!

W e’ll be together KUMQUAT may! THYME will never LETTUCE stray!

RANGE JUICE pleased I CARROT all for you?

Aint’ this a great romantical pome?

Rufus! Miss Melba’s gonna think yo’ done sent her yo’ grocery list!

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LIFESTYLES



The Old Windmill

When Dad and Mother bought what we sometimes call the *old home place*, the long-abandoned homestead needed serious attention. The grass in the yard was waist high. Brush and small trees had grown unbidden near the house. But the old house was sound, and there was a wonderful post-and-beam barn, framed with native white oak.

There was also a good well that provided an abundance of delicious, fresh water. (Still does.) And there was a working windmill (still there, too).

The Kellers, the previous owners, had pumped water with the windmill from the well into a large, nearby underground reservoir. My parents emptied that reservoir, meticulously cleaned and sterilized it, relined it with an impermeable material, sealed the top with a new concrete cap, and continued to use it for years. Water ran through the farm’s pipes by gravity from that cistern.

Beside the windmill stood an old milkhouse, with a deep concrete tank, once used for cooling milk in cans. Set a can of milk in that flowing, fresh well water. Use a stirrer in the can for about 10 minutes—and the milk was 45°F. Water once flowed through that tank on down to the big, covered horse tank (which also watered the milk cows).

Of course there were drawbacks to the pumping system. One was that we lived in a valley, surrounded on three sides by high hills. That topography tended to dampen the wind, which we often heard screaming in the treetops up on the hills, while we enjoyed the relative peace of our little

valley. (At first, we had no electricity, no phone service, and no running water.)

Another disadvantage was that, when there were several days of no wind, the reservoir level fell. Yes, there was a hand pump, but if you’ve ever used one, you realize the intensive human energy and extended time required to pump a couple thousand gallons of water. Dad, never at a disadvantage in adversity, came up with an ingenious way to pump water, without electricity, wind, or elbow grease.

Having moved to an inaccessible hill farm (think unpaved roads, heavy snowfall, and lots of mud when the ground wasn’t frozen), Dad had bought a 1940s-era Willys Jeep with four-wheel drive. (Of course, even that amazing vehicle could and did get bogged down in bottomless red clay and drifted snow!)

Dad backed the jeep up near the well, aligning the right rear tire with the large belt pulley on the pumpjack, a device that used a Pitman rod to transfer rotary motion into an up and down motion, moving the long oak well rod up and down to bring up the water.

Dad separated the Jeep’s back brake cables so he could chock the wheels and set the hand brake on the left rear wheel only. He used a long, flat tractor belt (the right rear tire acting as a large belt pulley) to transfer rotary motion to the pump jack. He disconnected the windmill rod and pump handle and fired up the little Jeep. The Jeep could sit there idling for a few hours, pumping an astonishing volume of water into the reservoir. (Gas cost less than 30 cents a gallon at that time.)

My mom cultivated beautiful woodland flowers around the windmill, creating a delightful, shady environment (before she decided that transplanting woodland flowers was unethical). Dad regularly climbed the windmill tower to ensure that the



gearbox was topped up with oil and to do minor maintenance on other moving parts.

One summer day, Dad climbed up to the small wooden platform right under the windmill mechanism and painstakingly cleansed the surface of the metal with white vinegar to prepare it for painting. He paid special attention to the rotor (fan) and vane (which kept the rotor pointed into the wind).

Over several days, he applied two coats of a special aluminized paint, designed to be applied over galvanized steel. The result was beautiful! Then he took up a stencil set, taped it to the vane, and printed in large black letters on both sides of the vane: “God causeth his winds to blow (Psalm 147:18b)”. For years, you could read those words from the ground.

To me, that old windmill is a symbol of the most delicious well water on earth, and of Dad’s perseverance, faith, and inventiveness. When I see it, I always think of him. ♦

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In early June the world of leaf and blade and flowers explodes, and every sunset is different. —John Steinbeck, in *The Winter of Our Discontent*

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MONEY MATTERS

Questions to Ask Your Financial Advisor

by Darrold Kennedy

You should always be able to ask as many questions as you'd like when working with your financial advisor. So, before you have your annual review, think carefully about what you'd like to ask.

Here are a few suggestions:

Are my goals still realistic?

When you first began working with your financial advisor, you might well have articulated several financial goals. For example, you might have said you wanted to pay for most of your children's college education, or that you'd like to retire at age 55, or that you hoped to travel internationally every year during retirement. In fact, you could have many different goals for which you're saving and investing.

When you meet with your financial advisor, you'll certainly want to ask whether you're still on track toward meeting your goals. If you are, you can continue with the financial strategies you've been following; but if you aren't, you might need to adjust them. The same is true if your goals have changed. You and your financial advisor will want to build a strategy to address any new or different goals, such as emergency cash needs, having adequate insurance protection, or estate planning.

Am I taking on too much—or too little—risk? Put market declines in perspective. The financial markets always fluctuate, and these movements will affect the value of your investment portfolio. Suppose you watch the markets closely every day and track their impact on your investments. You might find yourself fretting over their value and wondering whether you're taking on too much investment risk for your comfort level.

Conversely, if during an extended period of market gains your own portfolio appears to be lagging, you might feel you should be investing more aggressively, which entails greater risk. In any case, it's important to consult with your financial advisor to determine your risk tolerance and use it as a guideline for making investment choices.

How will life changes affect my investment strategy? Your life is not static. Through the years you might experience any number of major events, such as marriage, remarriage, loss of a spouse, birth of children or grandchildren, changing jobs, or illness leading to early retirement. When you



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meet with your financial advisor, you'll want to discuss these types of changes because they can affect your long-term goals and your investment decisions.

How are external forces affecting my investment portfolio? Generally speaking, you will want to create an investment strategy based on your goals, risk tolerance, and time horizon. As mentioned, you

might need to adjust your strategy based on life changes. But, should you also make changes based on outside forces, such as interest rate movements, political events, inflation, new tax legislation, or news-affecting industries in which you have invested substantially? Try not to make long-term

investment decisions based on short-term news. But, talk with your financial advisor to ensure your investment portfolio and spending strategy are not out of alignment with relevant external factors.

By making these and other inquiries, you can keep yourself informed about your overall investment picture and what moves, if any, you should make to keep advancing toward your goals. A financial advisor is there to provide you with valuable guidance—so take full advantage of it. ♦

This Edward Jones article was provided to your local Edward Jones Branch financial advisor, Darrold A. Kennedy, AAMS: Edward Jones, 1912 Round Barn Road, Suite E, Champaign, IL 61821; phone (217) 398-6562; toll-free number (800) 203-5679; fax (888) 819-2146.

thoughts to ponder

by Tim Barber

“I’m at the end of my rope!” Interesting expression. Has some of the same connotations as “Give ’em enough rope. . . .” When was the last time you were at the end of your rope? Computers will do that to a person. Driving around town will do it. I was a lunchroom monitor in a junior high school for a semester, and those challenges had the rope slipping through my fingers on some days. Maybe your “end of my rope” is a lot more serious than these.

This expression could have nautical implications, or it might have referred to the gallows. Whatever its origin, we all get the point. We need help! We’ve exhausted our own abilities, either physically or mentally, socially or spiritually. Now we need a friend, a source of wisdom and strength. We need peace to bring confidence and hope. A firm grip is needed to not let go.

This is the picture I have of Job. His predicament is described in the Bible in the book that bears his name. Job was very wealthy, but he lost everything in a very short time through his en-

emies. His ten children were celebrating in one of their homes when a storm took their lives. To top it all off, he became diseased from his head to his feet. At this point, his wife counseled him to curse God and die. Was he still going to “hold fast (his) integrity?” (Job 2:9) Was he going to hold on to the rope?

He had three friends who came to help him, but they basically said that these catastrophes must have somehow been Job’s fault. “Miserable comforters are you all,” was Job’s comment to them (Job 16:2). At last, God spoke to Job and helped him hold on by asking him a series of questions that provided Job with clear insight into the truth about God.

The truth about God. That’s the key to holding on when all around gives way. Pick up your Bible again and listen to His words of hope, strength, forgiveness, and great joy. And hold on! ♦

Copyright © Tim Barber. Tim, a retired pastor, lives in the Champaign–Urbana area: tbarber@illinois.edu.

SUDOKU

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See Answers on A-15.

JUMBLE

Unscramble these Jumbles, one letter to each square, to form four ordinary words.

LIHEW

OWSNO

CLEALO

LDHUED

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THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME

By David L. Hoyt and Jeff Knurek

The sacred moonbeam is coming through.

It's much bigger in here than I thought

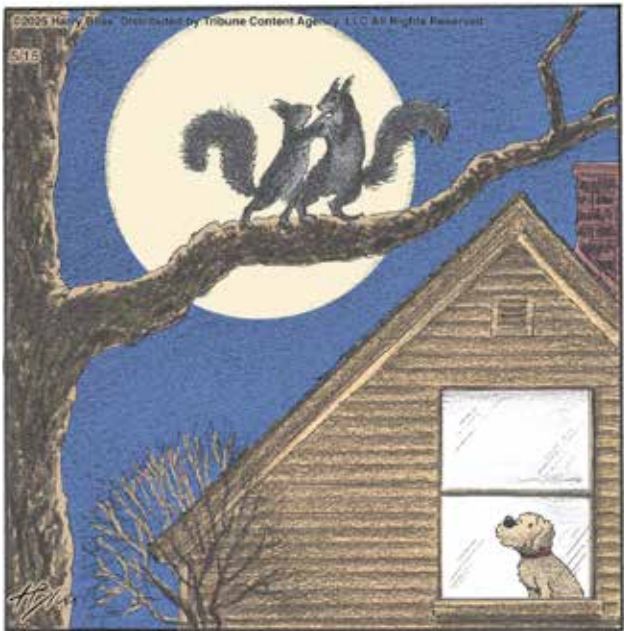
It is time to think about those who flew before us.

4/29

WHEN BATS TURNED THE SMALL CAVE'S CHAMBER INTO A SHRINE, IT WAS A ---

Now arrange the circled letters to form the surprise answer, as suggested by the above cartoon.

BLISS



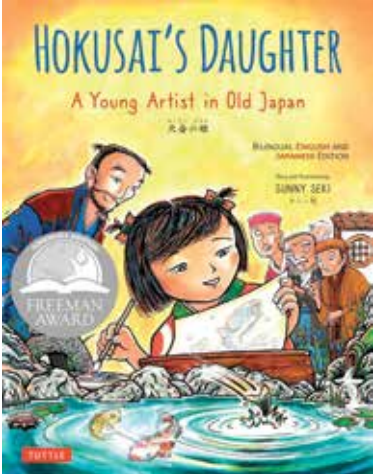
LIFESTYLES



Hokusai’s Daughter: A Young Artist in Old Japan, by Sunny Seki

reviewed by Esther Aardsma

Eiyo wants to be a skilled and famous painter like her father, Hokusai. But the boys her age make fun of her, and the printshop man just laughs and tells her to try something else. When Eiyo’s work for the Boys’ Day festival catches the notice of the Shogun, the Shogun’s messenger refuses to believe that a girl could craft anything so wonderful. He instead calls for Eiyo’s father, Hokusai, to appear before him the following day, ready to paint for him. Hokusai arrives with a plan to wow the Shogun, but his plan goes awry—will Hokusai be able to stay in favor with the Shogun? Can his daughter Eiyo help, and maybe even gain personal credit for her own growing skills?



Sunny Seki crafts a charming picture book (albeit a tad strong on feminism) based on some historical facts. Seki shares notes at the end of *Hokusai’s Daughter*, providing a historical context for the book: Hokusai was a famous painter, probably best known for his *The Great Wave off Kanagawa* image; Katsushika Ōi (Eiyo), his youngest daughter, grew up to be respected for her individual artistic contributions in a time and society that looked down on women being artists.

There is no foul language or romantic content present in *Hokusai’s Daughter*. One image of a man laboring in only a loincloth repeats several times. The closest things to violent content are paintings of grim-looking soldiers with swords, boys poking fun at Eiyo, and the implied threat of the Shogun’s power. One subject Hokusai paints is Daruma, but it isn’t until the notes after the story that the reader learns that Daruma was a Buddhist monk.

When everyone around Eiyo teases her, Hokusai teaches her how to improve her artistic skill. While she is being laughed at, Hokusai supports her (although not without moments of doubt). Father and daughter enjoy each other’s company and are affectionate with each other. Paired with pleasant art echoing the traditional Japanese styles, *Hokusai’s Daughter* is an enjoyable read, painting a picture of a close and supportive father-daughter relationship. ♦

Esther, an excellent young writer, lives with her husband and five children in Thomasboro, Illinois.

The Mystery Writer, by Sulari Gentill

reviewed by Susan McKinney

I must be on an Australian mystery author binge right now. Sulari Gentill, author of *The Woman in the Library*, just released her newest novel, *The Mystery Writer*.

Theodosia Benton, an Australian citizen, has abandoned her law school education and moved to Kansas, in the United States, to live with her brother, Gus. Gus, a naturalized U.S. citizen, practices law in Lawrence, Kansas. He’s a young partner in a very busy law firm. Theo left Australia without telling her parents. She wants to fulfill her dream of becoming a novelist. She and Gus agree to not tell their parents until her move is irreversible.

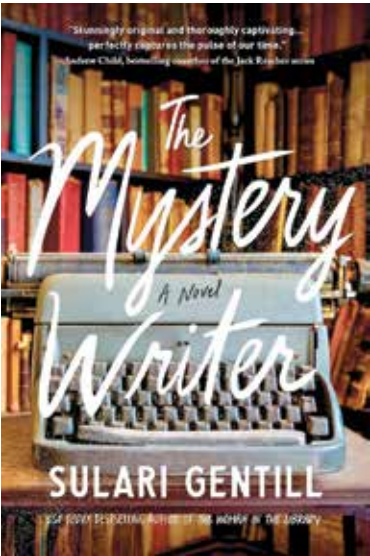
Gus insists that she move in and live with him in his small house. He also insists she work on her novel outside the house, so she has somewhere to go every day. He suggests she check out several local bars. She discovers Benders, where a lot of authors hang out to write and chat with other authors. Benders serves as a haven for authors until late afternoon, when the after-work crowd comes in for drinks and socialization.

Theo has her routine down within a few days. Be at Benders by nine, set up her “office” at one of the booths, and work on her novel. Part of her office décor is her good-luck charm, a Jack Chase novel, that Gus had purchased and had signed by the author for her fourteenth birthday. Theo carries it with her everywhere. Jack Chase was her favorite author, and she hopes to be inspired to write as well as he did.

It is while working on her novel that she meets and becomes friends with Dan Murdoch, a very successful author. They get to know each other and start meeting every day to work on their respective books. This goes on for months, becoming a routine that Theo enjoys. Then comes the day that Theo arrives at Benders, and Dan doesn’t show up.

This is where the novel shifts into overdrive. I’ll admit, Theo was a little too naïve at the beginning of the novel, and I didn’t really care for her. As the story continues, however, the reader learns why Theo is so mouselike and brittle. The story takes some wild twists and turns to its resolution. Be forewarned: you won’t be able to figure out where Ms. Gentill is taking this story until you get there! ♦

Susan McKinney is librarian at the St. Joseph Township-Swearingen Memorial Library. She is an avid reader who enjoys mystery, suspense, fantasy, and action novels.



Savoy Author Gail Cohen to Discuss Her Book, Once Upon a Winter Quilt

ST. JOSEPH, ILLINOIS, APRIL 2025.

Violence and tragedy make big news these days, which is why readers welcome a great, old-fashioned story of hope, redemption, and love. It’s for readers seeking to be transported to places far removed from the stress and demands of everyday life.

To further the St. Joseph Township–Swearingen Memorial Library’s mission of bringing together residents and published authors, Librarian Susan McKinney has just announced the addition of Gail Cohen to the library’s list of 2025 guest speakers. Her work of fiction, *Once Upon a Winter Quilt*, has just been published.

Gail’s appearance, scheduled for 6 p.m., June 9, 2025, offers area adults and teens an overview

of the book, which describes an inspiring journey that takes place when an ordinary quilt moves through the lives of a dozen families over the course of a year, inspiring and changing lives on its circuitous journey.

“I’ve always been a fan of the author O. Henry—especially his compelling short story, *The Gift of the Magi*, Cohen says. “It tells the tale of a couple who are deeply in love but so poor that he pawns his watch to buy his wife a beautiful hair clip, not knowing that she has sold her hair to purchase a fob for his watch. That tale was so magical, I thought about it for years before I started to write *Once Upon a Winter Quilt*.”

Gail Cohen taught junior high school social studies in Miami and produced public affairs programming for WICD-TV (an NBC-TV affiliate) in Champaign, Illinois, before discovering Chicago’s giftware industry as a marketer, writer, and designer in 1980. Her feature articles have appeared in consumer and trade publications, including *The Chicago Tribune*, *Northshore* magazine, and *R. R.*



Bowker’s *Library Journal*.

Cohen authored two weekly columns for the *Daily Herald* newspaper in the Chicago suburbs and retired from teaching after 13 years as a graduate and undergraduate instructor of advertising, copywriting, feature writing, and journalism. She has published fiction and nonfiction books, including *Once Upon an Ark* and a tongue-in-cheek George Bush reference book, *George’s Wictionary!*

Cohen coauthored nine Publications International gift books, contributed to *Save the Last Stall for Me*, and *Heavy Petting* (quirky pet stories).

The first library in St. Joseph, founded in 1929 by volunteers, relocated several times before moving in 1956 to its current location at 201 North Third Street. In 1973, St. Joseph Township established the library’s tax base.

For more information about the St. Joseph Township-Swearingen Memorial Library’s events, collection, hours, newsletter, and programs, contact Librarian Susan McKinney at (217) 469-2159. ♦

PEOPLE & PLACES

PrimeLife Poets

Happy Birthday, Mary!

You get a birthday every year,
And I am here to dry a tear
If you are feeling a little older,
'Cause I am just a little bolder.

I'm here for you (if you don't know it);
And every day I try to show it.
I try to lessen your every load
And strive to stay in *please-you* mode.

It isn't that I don't want to help.
And I'm not angry when I yelp.
I'm trying to communicate
And tell you something before it's too late.

When I mess up (times six or seven),
It agitates our path to heaven.
It messes with our coordination,
Leaves us confused (on medication).

So happy birthday, sweetest spouse!
I'm sorry for acting like a louse.
And I will do my very best
To love you, for that's the test.

I wish you the very best of days
And happiness—a thousand ways.
And may you live both long and wisely
And not eat fast food super-sizely.

Just trust the Lord, and follow closely,
And you won't live sadly (morosely).
Trust God when skies are clear and blue
But also when bad weather's due.

Do exercises, say your prayers;
Both surely will reduce your cares:
And I will be there by your side
To care for you, my loving bride. ♦

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Night Poems

by Esther Aardsma

My poems come in the midst of the night.
I wish I were asleep.
Some stomp heavy; some glide light;
I'd much rather be asleep.
Some swirl around, full of words and meat.
Why can't I fall asleep?
Others march lockstep—soldier-straight, neat.
Just let me go to sleep!
They come from nowhere: alien, strange—
Especially if I'm half asleep—
Lines showing lovely contrast and change:
All I want is some sleep.
Perfectly rhymed, gorgeous, profound...
Tossing instead of sleep.
I guess I should get up and write them down—
Before...I...fall... ♦

Copyright © Esther Aardsma. Esther resides in Thomasboro, IL, where she fills her days with homeschooling her five kids and her love of all things creative, especially story. You can reach her at eaardsma@protonmail.com.

Soda Pop

by Ralph Butzow

On the east coast they call it soda; others maintain it is pop;
It seems the debate over the name is not soon going to stop.
They all consume jillions of gallons of it, whatever the name,
Enjoying soft drinks with flavor, color, and fizz that's the same.
This ubiquitous elixir is sold primarily now in aluminum cans;
Soda or pop, it shouldn't matter, but many are provincial fans.

The eastern soda drinkers had ancestors too timid to push on west,
So they double down in quaint ways, whether or not for the best.
They criticize, saying pop is what the weasel does in an old ditty,
Or the sound of a bursting balloon, if punctured by claws of a kitty.
Pop is also an affectionate name for father, or pater, as they might say,
If the ignorant call it *pop*, so be it; maybe they'll smarten up some day.

One from the hinterland drinks pop, considers, scratching his head;
Soda is made with ice cream, more than a drink, a tasty treat instead.
Did those coastal citizens ever hear of fountain drinks or soda jerks?
Maybe they missed out on soda counters, their camaraderie and perks.
The pop drinkers are a gentle lot: sympathy, not rancor, is in their eyes,
While they hope drinking soda won't inhibit an ability to modernize.

Now you might have heard Cicero's "tempest in a teapot" phrase.
Perhaps choosing soda or pop is our *thunderstorm in a can* these days.
Of all the controversies in the world, soft drink names are no big deal.
They should not threaten the peace—no matter how strongly we might feel.
So put aside all your differences and play nice, trying others to please.
Whether you say "y'all" or are one of those who speaks Brooklynese. ♦

Copyright © Ralph Butzow, used by permission. Until his death in 2025, Ralph lived on the old family farm, delighted to entertain friends, grandchildren, and neighbors at his home.

What Is So Rare as a Day in June?

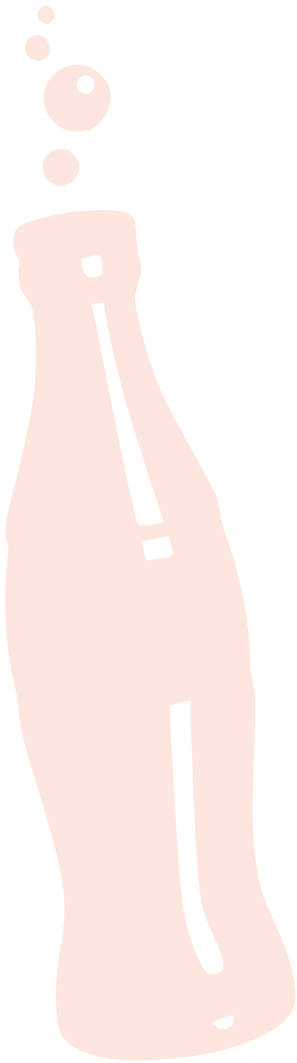
by James Russell Lowell (1819–1891)

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

Now is the high-tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For our couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,
And hark! How clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue,
'Tis for the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heaven they leave not wake,
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow. ♦



PEOPLE & PLACES

Musically Speaking
by Roger Wisegarver

“Tie a Yellow Ribbon
Round the Ole Oak Tree”

On April 21, 1973, Tony Orlando and Dawn’s “Tie a Yellow Ribbon Round the Ole Oak Tree,” topped the U.S. pop charts. The yellow ribbon has long been a symbol of support for absent or missing loved ones, but this song turned the tradition into a cultural phenomenon.

Some believe the tradition of the yellow ribbon dates to the Civil War era, when a yellow ribbon in a woman’s hair indicated that she was *taken* by a man who was away serving in the U.S. Army Cavalry. Research by professional folklorists has found no evidence of this association. The Library of Congress traces the cultural element of remembrance of this powerful symbol to the 1973 song, but the 1917 song “Round Her Neck She Wears a Yeller Ribbon (For Her Lover Who Is Far, Far Away)” might be the actual source.

“Tie a Yellow Ribbon” was a massive international hit, holding the top spot on both the U.S. and U.K. charts for four consecutive weeks and earning upwards of 3 million radio plays in 1973. If played consecutively, this would amount to 17 years’ worth of airtime! The song was from the perspective of a man returning home after three years in prison and looking anxiously for an agreed-upon sign that the

woman he loved would embrace his return.

Songwriters Irwin Levine (died 1997) and L. Russell Brown (now 84) got the idea for the song from a story they’d heard while in the Army. A New York newspaper columnist, Pete Hamill, sued Levine and Brown for copyright infringement because he believed they took the idea from his similar 1971 column. Hamill dropped his lawsuit, however, when researchers uncovered multiple versions of such tales dating back as far as the 1950s.

Levine and Brown first offered the song to Ringo Starr, but Apple Records told them that they should be ashamed of the song and described it as “ridiculous.” It was given to an up-and-coming New York pop/rock recording group called Tony Orlando and Dawn. This trio comprised singer Tony Orlando and the backing vocal group Dawn (Telma Hopkins and Joyce Vincent Wilson). This was a superb choice of artists to record the song!

Fast-forward to January 1981, when there was a resurgence of interest in the song. The Library of Congress was inundated by press inquiries over the historical roots of the yellow ribbon. What prompted the sudden interest in the origins of the tradition was the spontaneous appearance around the country of yellow ribbons welcoming the U.S. embassy hostages home after 444 days in captivity in Iran. The Library’s experts heard of possible



connections to the 1949 John Wayne film “She Wore a Yellow Ribbon,” but again, they found no evidence of anyone ever actually wearing yellow ribbons or tying them to trees.

Instead, the Library of Congress ruled that the origin of the yellow-ribbon tradition was to be found in a television interview with Penelope Laingen, wife of the U.S. Chargé d’Affaires in Tehran, whose Maryland home started the trend in 1981 with numerous yellow ribbons. “It just came to me,” she said. “Why don’t they tie a yellow ribbon around an old oak tree?” Her reported inspiration: the Tony Orlando song. It kept hopefulness, rather than hatefulness, in front of them during the embassy hostage ordeal of 1980–1981.

In 2024, Orlando retired at age 80 after 64 years of travel. He is now focused on movies, Broadway, streaming new product, and writing his next book.

The classic feel-good song, “Tie a Yellow Ribbon,” lives on and has now reputedly been recorded over 100,000 times by hundreds of singers and musicians. It remains today in the top 50 songs ever released! ♦

Roger, a resident of Monticello, Illinois, combines his interest in music and history: roger_wisegarver@msn.com.



Deep summer is when laziness finds respectability. —Sam Keen

WOW!

Look at the Coverage!

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104.7 FM	Bloomington
90.1 FM	Carlinville
1370 AM	Central Illinois
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100.1 FM	Decatur
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LIFESTYLES

Looking Forward, Backward

by Greg Williams

How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? Forever? How long wilt thou hide thy face from me? How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily . . . ? But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation. I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

Psalm 13:1-2, 5-6
David paints a picture of abandonment in a desperate hour, as he wrestles through an internal dialogue between two striving entities, using faith-based reasoning.

His beginning emotional state is one of insignificance (being forgotten). He debates with himself, knowing his intimate God could not forget him. He moves up a step in this argument and suggests that God must be hiding from him. But that invites a new challenge where he questions why God would hide and silently allow him to be alone in his sorrow. David then reflects upon himself as if in second person, as his *reasoning-self* debates his *emotional-self* to give counsel to his soul.

David’s reasoning-self is invited to assure his



emotional-self of the historic journey his reason and emotion have shared. He encourages himself through reflection, recalling times in his life where he had trusted God in similar situations of doubt. He assures himself that God has always proven merciful to him. As David reflected on God’s past faithfulness, his feelings of abandonment were replaced with renewed hope.
David portrays how we can deal with feeling alone and abandoned. He encourages us to embrace the truth of God’s mercy, revealed through

overcoming past hardships. With this assurance, we can more confidently look toward the future. David’s insight helps him move beyond the present, knowing God has used such times in his life to build his faith. David’s current troubles compel him to embrace his future in renewed hope, by leaning on the lessons of God’s reliable deliverance.
God is fully aware of the anxiety and burdens each of us is facing. The answer to overcoming the struggles of such oppressive seasons is to remind ourselves of God’s faithful past deliverance. Because our faith has been tried—and has matured—through past struggles, we can be confident we will come through this

dilemma stronger than we were.
It is because of our hope, based on faith, that we know we will be restored. Let’s celebrate where we will be, confidently embracing the blessings in store for us by relying on the historical proof of God’s faithfulness toward us. We have every reason to celebrate amid our trials. Just keep looking forward, backward, my friend. ♦
Psychologist and counselor Greg Williams, MD, lives west of Chicago with his lovely wife, a foreign-language professor at a leading university.

June is the gateway to summer. —Jean Hersey



Why you need dental insurance in retirement.

Many Americans are fortunate to have dental coverage for their entire working life, through employer-provided benefits. When those benefits end with retirement, paying dental bills out-of-pocket can come as a shock, leading people to put off or even go without care.

Simply put – without dental insurance, there may be an **important gap** in your healthcare coverage.

When you're comparing plans ...

- ▶ Look for coverage that helps pay for major services. Some plans may limit the number of procedures – or pay for preventive care only.
- ▶ Look for coverage with no deductibles. Some plans may require you to pay hundreds out of pocket before benefits are paid.
- ▶ Shop for coverage with no annual maximum on cash benefits. Some plans have annual maximums of \$1,000.

Medicare doesn't pay for dental care.¹

That's right. As good as Medicare is, it was never meant to cover everything. That means if you want protection, you need to purchase individual insurance.

Early detection can prevent small problems from becoming expensive ones.

The best way to prevent large dental bills is preventive care. The American Dental Association recommends checkups twice a year.

Previous dental work can wear out.

Even if you've had quality dental work in the past, you shouldn't take your dental health for granted. In fact, your odds of having a dental problem only go up as you age.²

Treatment is expensive — especially the services people over 50 often need.

Consider these national average costs of treatment ... \$222 for a checkup ... \$190 for a filling ... \$1,213 for a crown.³ Unexpected bills like this can be a real burden, especially if you're on a fixed income.

1 "Medicare & You," Centers for Medicare & Medicaid Services, 2024. 2 "Aging changes in teeth and gums", medlineplus.gov, 4/17/2022. 3 American Dental Association, Health Policy Institute, 2020 Survey of Dental Fees, Copyright 2020, American Dental Association.

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LIFESTYLES

Discovering My Great-Grandfather's Legacy

by Esther Aardsma

How had I missed this? Reading through my grandfather's short memoir (which he had written for his family) with tears and yet a soaring sense of pride, I realized that this man he wrote of, his father, my great-grandfather, was a war hero. How had I not heard of this, my legacy, until now?

My great-grandfather Simon Tuinstra, his wife Geesje, and their six children lived in Heerenveen in the Friesland province of the Netherlands. Simon was a bookkeeper at a lard-rendering factory.

On May 10, 1940, Germany invaded the Netherlands. They occupied schools and the best homes. Bicycles, vehicles, and radios were confiscated. Citizens' freedom to travel was severely restricted.

Simon quietly joined the Dutch Underground Resistance. His wife knew, but even his own children didn't know until near the war's end. His children knew their dad kept a radio hidden in the baby buggy or the coal bin, and that he would tune into the BBC radio station to write down nonsense sentences he heard—only later realizing those were coded instructions to the Resistance.

The radio would not work without carefully removing a German seal from the house's main fuse box and temporarily installing a backup fuse to provide electricity to the house. The Germans had removed their main fuse and sealed the fuse box to prevent the home from receiving electrical power. Owning the radio carried grave risks; every day, Simon and Geesje reminded their children not to tell anyone anything about the radio, what they discussed, where they went, or who their friends were.

Because he was bound by silence to protect the Underground fighters, as well as his own family, and probably later because of painful memories, little is known about Simon's Underground Resistance activities. He had to carry on as apparently normal a life as he could, while engaging in the undercover fight against the German invaders. Perhaps he and his direct comrades helped downed Allied pilots or Jews escape the country. Maybe they falsified documents or obtained food for people in hiding. He was probably involved with damaging railroad tracks, effectively sabotaging German supply routes into and out of the farming province of Friesland.



© hitdelight / Adobe Stock

My grandfather wrote that, in what would become the war's final two weeks, his father Simon "slipped out of the house after dark, warning us again not to talk to anyone, and . . . actively [engaged] the Germans in open warfare. The Canadian troops . . . [trapped] the Germans in Friesland. [They were] attacked in front by the Canadians, and from behind by the Underground."

My great-grandmother Geesje and her children knew nothing of Simon for those next two weeks. On April 15, 1945, a day after Liberation Day, word filtered back to Heerenveen that several local men had lost their lives in the fighting. Some of his Underground group made it home, but Simon still hadn't returned. Though the family maintained a brave face, they were very worried.

Then, "What an explosive, exuberant, joyful feeling it was when Dad finally entered the street where we lived, late in the afternoon, on his bike, with a rifle slung over his shoulder. How proud we all were to know that he was one of the local heroes of the Resistance. . . . The rifle my Dad carried was the one with which he killed a young German soldier boy in defense of the farm his platoon occupied. . . . Dad said he would tell [the story of killing the boy] only once."

Simon's platoon had headquartered on a farm. The night before the battle, they sang together around a pump organ. One of the hymns (translated) was, "Come, let us go on, children, because the evening is near. To stand still can mean only trouble in this wilderness. Come, strengthen anew your courage! Lift high the walking staff to strive toward heaven; in this way, the end will be good."

The next day saw their first open battle with a German platoon. One of the Germans raised a white flag, and one of Simon's friends, a schoolteacher named Sieger van der Laan, jumped up and told them in German to drop their weapons and come out with their hands up. Sieger had barely finished speaking before he was shot and killed instantly from another direction.

Another Underground platoon, several farms away, was unfortunately surprised by the Germans, who captured another of Simon's friends, "tortured him beyond recognition, and hung him from a tree branch on the farm."

In a later skirmish, a German platoon sprayed the farm with machine gun fire. Simon was posi-

tioned by a small window in the attic, providing covering fire to keep the Germans pinned down. He ducked down below the sill to avoid the gunfire, and the shots went over his head. The Germans had aimed too high. Had they aimed below the windowsill, he would not have survived.

The Germans suddenly rushed the farm; one soldier, a boy Simon estimated to be 15 or 16, ran straight down the path into the line of Simon's rifle fire and died instantly. The Resistance platoon, using their superior knowledge of the terrain, were able to surround the German soldiers and force their surrender.

"I am sure," my grandfather wrote, "the German soldiers thought that these 'rebels' would line them up and execute them. They did not realize, however, that this group of Underground freedom fighters were God-fearing men, husbands and fathers, to whom killing an unarmed fellow human being was unthinkable." Regarding the boy he had killed, "he compared the German soldier with me [my grandfather Willem] and [told] how a flood of grief had overwhelmed him when he had killed a human being, a boy my age."

When Simon returned, there was celebrating—and mourning, for the friends he'd lost. "Not in the history of my hometown has there been or will there be a greater outpouring of sympathy and participation in a funeral procession than the one for Sieger van der Laan," my grandfather wrote. Simon spoke at the funeral and asked the congregation to sing the same hymn their Resistance platoon had sung the night before van der Laan's death. There is still a street in Heerenveen named after the schoolteacher-turned-militia-hero, *Sieger van der Laanstraat*.

How had I not known these stories? I wish I could rewind twenty years and tell my young ears to listen better, to care more about the stories I heard, but I'm not even sure they were being told. I'm infinitely glad I have my grandfather's journal because the legacy he hands down from his father is powerful—one of courage and strength, even through terror. One of humanity and respect, even in the face of beastliness. He could have turned a blind eye and said *someone else can do it*—but he didn't. Simon Tuinstra's is a legacy I am fiercely proud of. ♦

Copyright © Esther Aardsma. Esther resides in Thomasboro, Illinois, where she fills her days with homeschooling her five kids and with her love of all things creative, especially story. Email her at eaardsma@protonmail.com.

It Was Eight

by Jean Brady

It was eight a.m.; the sun had risen, and so had I. My husband was sleeping peacefully in his La-z-Boy, and, not wanting to disturb him, I went out the back door, through the garage, and down the lane to get our newspaper. As I reached into the box, I glanced up the road and saw a stick figure three or four hundred yards to the north. Thinking it was a cyclist out for an early morning ride, I waited, hoping to share a cheery greeting.

But the person didn't come. It was then that I saw two ears appear on a head, resting on a long skinny neck—I was looking at a deer. She began moving my way, cautiously and perhaps curiously. Then she turned, looked west, and with a flick of her white tail, bounded through the soybeans to the edge of the corn. There she turned south and walked

beside the corn toward the pond which, recent heavy rains had formed in the corner of the field.

When she was out of sight behind the church building across the road, I went to the corner, hoping to get another glimpse of her. She reached the edge of the pond, stooped for a drink, picked her way across, and then paused for another drink. Finally she lifted her head, crossed the road, and disappeared into the field of beans.

As the deer pants for the water brooks, so pants my soul for You, O God. ♦

Jean Brady is the widow of a pastor and a church pianist. She writes from Farmer City, Illinois. Email her at canadajeane35@yahoo.com.

And since all this loveliness cannot be Heaven, I know in my heart it is June. —Abba Woolson

PEOPLE & PLACES

SEVENTIES FLASHBACK

In Big Red’s Shadow

by Randal C. Hill

Not all rewards involve money. Edward “Shorty” Sweat was born in Holly Hill, South Carolina, in 1939. As one of nine children of a sharecropper, he grew up in a cinder-block house with no running water and only a small woodstove to ward off winter’s chill. Limited by a sixth-grade education, he seemed destined to be picking cotton and tobacco during the years ahead. Fortunately, Holly Hill was also where U.S. Racing Hall of Fame trainer Lucien Laurin maintained a Thoroughbred horse farm. In 1957, Laurin offered Sweat a job, after seeing the 18-year-old studying the animals through a fence surrounding the property. Sweat went to work as a full-time groom at Laurin’s racehorse stable, in return for a small salary and a promise of 1% of the horses’ future winnings. Sweat eventually became the farm’s most trusted and valued groom. He grew especially close to the giant stallion Secretariat, whom Sweat and the others called “Big Red.” Sweat once told a reporter, “I guess a groom

gets closer to a horse than anyone. The owner, the trainer, they maybe see him once a day. But I *lived* with Secretariat.” To monitor the great horse’s moods and cycles, Sweat often slept on a cot outside the beautiful stallion’s stall. In 1973, Big Red became the first racehorse since 1948 to win the Triple Crown. His record-shattering victory at Belmont—he won by 31 lengths—is often considered the greatest race ever run by any Thoroughbred racehorse. *Ebony* and *Jet* magazines featured Eddie Sweat stories and photos, and Secretariat graced the covers of *Time*, *Newsweek*, and *Sports Illustrated*. An instant legend, Secretariat was retired and lined up for what would amount to 16 years of stud service worth \$6 million (about \$45 million in today’s money). No stallion on the plan- et was worth more. The magnificent beast would eventually sire 663 foals, including 59 racing winners who earned \$29 million on North American racetracks. In 1999, Secretariat became the first Thoroughbred featured on a U.S. postage stamp.



Eddie “Shorty” Sweat and Secretariat © Raymond Woolfe Jr.

No one in the horseracing world understands these sublime creatures better than a focused, caring groom—and no one gets less credit. Though Sweat could be considered a sort of human security blanket for the champion animal, Secretariat’s owners treated him as a racetrack gypsy, continuing to dole out low wages and consigning him to a migrant worker’s life. Sweat, though, never grumbled about the hours worked, the money earned, or the sacrifices of his time away from his wife and children. Secretariat’s groom died in 1998 at age 58. Some track folks showed up at his funeral—mainly exercise riders and training-center staff—but no owners or trainers came. Sweat left his family two acres of land. The 1% of the promised race winnings—about \$13,000—never materialized. Eddie Sweat always took great pride in his association with perhaps the greatest racehorse of all time: “I guess you could say I was his main man.” ♦ Copyright © Randal C. Hill. Used by permission. Randal writes at his Bandon, Oregon, home. He welcomes emailed questions and comments at wryterhill@msn.com.

Do not the bright June roses blow to meet thy kiss at morning hours? —William C. Bryant

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LIFESTYLES

“Love Will Keep Us Together” — Captain and Tennille

by Randal C. Hill

In early 1975, Toni Tennille and Darryl Dragon sat in the Los Angeles office of A & M Records. Company executive Kip Cohen played them a track from the latest Neil Sedaka album, *Sedaka’s Back*, which was a “best-of” selection of cuts lifted from three albums he had released in the early 1970s in London. (He had moved to England after the Beatles demolished his once-successful American career.)

The tune Cohen spun on a turntable that day was a bouncy ditty called “Love Will Keep Us Together.” “The minute I heard it,” Toni remembered later, “I knew we would do a number on it.”



From 1958 to 1963, Neil Sedaka and his lyric-writing partner Howard Greenfield placed 13 RCA singles in the Top 40 charts. But in January 1964, the Fab Four exploded onto the American music scene and, overnight, swept away the careers of most American rockers.

As their final collaboration, Sedaka and Greenfield wrote “Love Will Keep Us Together.” Rock writer Tom Breihan

later declared, “The song is about a couple fighting to keep their flame alive, but Sedaka says that he and Greenfield were really writing about each other. Sedaka also says that they were crying when they finished writing it.”

In San Francisco a few years earlier, Toni had cowritten songs for an ecology-based rock musical called *Mother Earth* (1970 was the first year for Earth Day.) The show was about to move south to Los Angeles, and the troupe’s pianist couldn’t make the move. Tennille ran an ad seeking a replacement musician.

Enter Darryl Dragon, the son of orchestra leader Carmen Dragon. Darryl was known in the industry as “The Captain.” (Beach Boy Mike Love had often teased keyboardist Dragon about wearing a yachting cap onstage during tours.) Darryl was in between gigs, so he flew to the Bay Area, met with Tony, and was hired.

Needless to say, neither musician realized they would spend the rest of their careers together. Toni and Darryl formed a duo—the Dragons—and spent two years performing at a Los Angeles area restaurant. During that period, they changed their stage name to Captain and Tennille.

“Love Will Keep Us Together” hit the top of the Hot 100 chart, where it stayed for four weeks. It became Captain and Tennille’s signature song and was named Record of the Year at the 1976 Grammy Awards ceremony. The remaining days of the 70s brought the hitmaking pair half a dozen more hits.

In 2009, Neil recorded a children’s CD called “Waking Up Is Hard to Do.” Included among the tracks was “Lunch Will Keep Us Together.”

Don’t laugh! That disc earned a whopping 86% approval rating on Amazon! ♦

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WORDSMITH’S WORKSHOP
by Rob Siedenburg

The Right Word

The difference between the right word and the almost right word is like the difference between lightning and a lightning bug. — Mark Twain

English is an unusual language, engendered by numerous parent languages (Anglo-Saxon, English, Danish, Old Norse, Friesian, Norman French, and so forth). Latin influence is surprisingly strong, and directly or through Latin, there’s been lots of Greek influence, too.

Thus, English often has several words with the same (or nearly the same) meaning. Precise and nuanced word meanings enrich expression. American English has an astonishingly rich and varied vocabulary.

English users have two powerful word-selection tools available. The first is the *dictionary*. Negotiating American English without a good dictionary is like traveling across the country with neither road map nor GPS. Use the dictionary when you need to.

A second helpful tool is a *thesaurus*, which provides synonyms and antonyms for many words. If you’re seeking a specific, nuanced meaning, and you have a word close to (but not precisely) what you want to express, use a thesaurus to fine-tune your meaning.

For those more technologically savvy (and for whom thick books might be overwhelming), a quick online search will reveal dictionary and thesaurus resources at your fingertips—two examples are merriam-webster.com and thesaurus.com.

M.S. Word also has an outstanding thesaurus feature, available in the Review ribbon. Use it. ♦

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Jumpin’ with June joy. —Andrea Wadell

Puzzle Answers

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

Crossword puzzle on A-6

Jumble on A-8

Jumbles: WHILE SWOON LOCALE HUDDLE

Answers: When bats turned the small cave’s chamber into a shrine, it was a — HALLOWED HOLLOW.

Sudoku on A-8

9	2	3	1	5	8	7	6	4
1	4	6	3	2	7	5	9	8
8	7	5	9	4	6	3	1	2
7	5	1	6	3	4	2	8	9
2	8	9	7	1	5	4	3	6
6	3	4	8	9	2	1	5	7
5	1	7	2	8	9	6	4	3
4	6	8	5	7	3	9	2	1
3	9	2	4	6	1	8	7	5

Scrabble Grams on A-6

SCRABBLE GRAMS SOLUTION											
T ₁	R ₁	A ₁	I ₁	T ₁	O ₁	R ₁	RACK 1 =		57		
E ₁	Q ₁₀	U ₁	I ₁	N ₁	E ₁		RACK 2 =		15		
O ₁	U ₁	T ₁	M ₃	O ₁	D ₂	E ₁	RACK 3 =		62		
S ₁	H ₄	I ₁	A ₁	T ₁	Z ₁₀	U ₁	RACK 4 =		88		
PAR SCORE 145-155							TOTAL 222				
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PEOPLE & PLACES

Tai Chi

continued from A-1

Quality of Life. Tai chi can help reduce depressive symptoms in older adults with chronic conditions, who live in community settings. Other research has found that this exercise can reduce anxiety, improve sleep quality, and improve fatigue.

Pain Reduction. It has been found that people who have lower back pain, fibromyalgia, and knee osteoarthritis can find pain relief by practicing tai chi.

These are just a few of the benefits that practicing tai chi can offer. The research repeatedly mentions that you can reap the benefits of tai chi through repetition—incorporating tai chi as a habit into your life rather than doing it only once.

How can I incorporate tai chi into my own life?

Contact your local Extension office directly to see whether a class is offered in your area. You can also use the Tai Chi class finder at taichiforhealthinstitute.org/classes-near-me/ to find Dr. Paul Lam Tai Chi classes near you.

Your local fitness center, hospital, community center, or other locations might offer tai chi. Call and ask to find out whether they are doing so, or might do so in the future.

You can also practice tai chi in your own home! AARP has a listing of instructor lead videos here: <https://www.aarp.org/health/healthy-living/tai-chi-benefits/>. When doing the exercises, be mindful of your surroundings and maybe have another person in the room with you for safety concerns.

If you have questions or concerns about incorporating tai chi into your own life, ask your doctor.

Editor’s note: Many Christians find Tai Chi compatible with their faith when practiced as a form of exercise and meditation, without incorporating the religious aspects associated with its Taoist origins or its emphasis on chi. ♦

Emily Harmon is responsible for university extension family life programming in the counties of Champaign, Ford, Iroquois, Vermilion—and in other parts of Illinois. Emily’s areas of interest include working with older adults to provide healthy living and healthy aging programming.

Lewis & Clark

continued from A-1

One highlight was a series of presentations by naturalist, artist, and wood-carver David Stephens. An expert in natural history, native culture, and art, Stephens combines information with entertainment. Dancing and sashaying across the floor, he elucidated topics as diverse as the Columbia River dams, the life of salmon, and Native American traditions.

My favorite program was a demonstration by Nez Perce tribal members, descendants of Native Americans who dominated the region for thousands of years. The male presenter recounted historical tribal tidbits; his female counterpart described adornments on her clothing, some 200 years old.

This introduction to intriguing aspects of the lives of indigenous people was among the many activities that added interesting information and enjoyment to our cruise—another pleasant surprise among the many that made our trip memorable.

Outreach from American Cruise Lines began well before our voyage. We received a flow of information. As we checked into our hotel the night before boarding the ship, we received a folder with our name tags, the itinerary, and a wealth of other helpful material.

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On-board presentation by member of Nez Perce tribe

for outside seating. Free laundry facilities are available.

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For more information log onto americancruiselines.com, or call (800) 460-4518. ♦

Travel writer Victor Block shares what he sees, learns, and does on his travels throughout the United States and abroad.



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Jeremiah 29:11 ESV

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