

Surviving the Ghettos of Warsaw

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What if Water Weren't Water

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I do not want a dog!

by Jean Brady

Dogs were made to live in the country, with lots of room to run and open spaces in which to bark. I did not want a dog!

Through the years, our four children (mainly my oldest son) filled our city home with all sorts of pets: a variety of tropical fish, a pair of parakeets, several hamsters and gerbils, an aquarium full of frogs caught on a camping trip to Minnesota (we spent the rest of the summer catching live flies to feed them), a slider snared at a local pond, two tortoises—one eastern, one western—and even a black mouse, became part of our family menagerie. The *pet* mouse had a bad habit of biting, and when he became dinner for a neighbor's pet rat during a science experiment, he was neither mourned nor replaced. But a dog? I did *not* want a dog!

Then came Kassie, about a year old. We were her third home: she'd been neglected and abused in her first one, but much loved in her second (but the children in that home were allergic to her). My first memory of her was of a skittish, skinny dog dashing about, jumping and yelping, while the two children stood sobbing. Meanwhile, our daughter was excitedly asking, "Daddy, can we keep her?" I did *not* want a dog.

Life with Kassie did not begin well. She resisted being put in the back of our station wagon, then

got sick on the way home. She resisted coming into the house—only our daughter's patience over a couple of hours enticed her to enter. A couple of days later, she swiped the pancakes off the plate of our youngest. To her credit, a sharp rap on the nose cured her of such theft. Though she gladly accepted food from the table, I don't remember her ever helping herself again. But the biggest problem was her hair.

Kassie, a toy collie, had the typical features and coloring of her breed, short legs, one flopped-over ear—and a beautiful tail, a fan that signaled her pleasure. But her thick, luxurious tan and white hair, with tinges of black, was like gossamer, shedding and floating throughout the house. I did not want a dog—I cried. My husband, sensing my distress, decided Kassie was a mistake, and talked of getting rid of her—then our children cried. For their sakes, I relented and learned to live with dog hair. Kassie had found her home for the next thirteen years, leaving behind a lifetime of memories.

I did not want a dog, yet Kassie attached herself to me in a special way. Though she was everybody's pet, she seemed to have a special affinity for me. During the day, when Kassie and I were alone, she was my self-appointed personal secretary, alerting me to the ringing of phone or doorbell. When either would ring, she would come barking, running in front of me until I answered.

I was slowed down and frequently tripped over her, but she was doing her job. When the mail was delivered through the slot in our front door, she barked and nipped at each piece—we had a lot of perforated mail. Certain household jobs brought out her bark. Slicing carrots still reminds me of her constant bark until I was done. Our piano tuner was a patient man: she barked the entire time he did his job.

She associated certain activities with specific people: when she wanted a walk, she went to my husband; when she needed "out," she came to me. In both cases, she was persistent. She would begin with a gentle nudge of her nose, then a paw on the knee, and finally a full swoop of her paw, to knock down newspaper, book, or whatever had our attention at the time; the message was clear—now! She also signaled to us that her water or food dish was empty by thumping the appropriate dish on the floor.

When my husband worked outdoors, mowing, trimming, or watering, she was right there keeping him company. When he finished working, he put his tools away and came in the back door. Soon there would be a yip at the front door; Kassie wanted in. She had an accusing look: "You forgot about me, didn't you?"

Kassie loved her family. When the children
Please see No Dog! on page A-16

LIFESTYLES

This Month's Mark & Friends

The Strategic Move—Finding Jesus in the Crowd

Have you ever felt the demands of life were closing in on you from every side? Whether the pressure of family needs, health concerns, or the general noise of a busy world, there are seasons where we feel completely surrounded.

On a recent segment of *Mark & Friends*, guest teacher Pastor Tyler Stewart took us into the heart of Mark chapter 3, offering a fascinating look at how Jesus handled the overwhelming pressures of his own ministry. It turns out that, when the world presses in, the most *spiritual* thing we can do just might be to make a strategic withdrawal.

Clarity Through the Storm

Jesus's journey toward a moment of rest began in a season of profound external pressure. After he healed a man with a withered hand on the Sabbath, the Pharisees and Herodians began plotting his death. Though the crowds were surging, the hostility of his enemies forced a change in pace.

Pastor Tyler noted that Jesus's "strategic withdrawal" to the sea wasn't a retreat of defeat, but a clarifying move to focus on his mission. By choosing to move toward the Sea of Galilee, he created space for deep, soul-level connections with those who were truly seeking him. This



Scan the QR Code to listen to the Mark & Friends with Tyler Stewart



shift allowed his ministry to become a source of life and healing, rather than just a reaction to conflict.

A Blueprint for Restoration

When the crowds heard of all Jesus was doing, they flocked to him from every direction—Galilee, Judea, Jerusalem, and even the desert regions of Idumea. As we observe how Jesus handled this massive influx of need, we see a blueprint for how we might handle our own seasons of desperation:

The Source of Desperation. Understand that people seek Jesus when they have a diagnosis they never expected or a loved one in need.

The Power of Presence. Jesus offered healing to the paralyzed, the sick, and those with skin diseases, ensuring they felt truly seen and restored.

The Best of the Call. Even when the press of the crowd was overwhelming, Jesus remained the primary source of security for those who reached out in faith.

The Anchor in the Crowd

Ultimately, Pastor Tyler points us

back to the only one who can truly carry our burdens: Jesus. By finding our primary security in his love, we are freed to handle life's crowded seasons without being overwhelmed by unrealistic expectations.

As we learn to follow the strategic way of Jesus, we find that our health, our joy, and our spirits are all made better through the gift of his presence.

To hear the full teaching and learn more about how to follow Jesus through every season of life, navigate to www.greatnewsradio.org for a full archive of Mark & Friends. ♦



Vocabulary

Here are some Spanish words you might need if you have to make decisions:

to discern = discernir di-ser-NIR —from Latin *discernere*.

1. to separate or divide; to distinguish between;
2. to detect (with the eyes).
3. to detect with senses other than sight or vision.
4. to recognize or identify as separate or distinct: (to discriminate good from evil, for example).
5. to know or recognize with the mind: to see or understand a difference.

discernment = discernimiento di-ser-ni-myen-toh

1. the quality of being able to understand and comprehend the obscure : the skill of discerning.
2. the ability to see that which is not evident to the average mind.
3. the power to distinguish and select that which is true or appropriate or excellent.

Synonyms = Sinónimos si-NO-nee-mohs

discrimination, perception, perspicacity, penetration.

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LIFESTYLES

Mother's Day

May 10, 2026

Ironically, the person most influential in founding Mother's Day in the United States would later become its greatest critic.



Mother's Day honors mothers, motherhood, and affectionate motherly bonds. Throughout history, special days have honored mothers (typically along with *fertility*). A Greek *spring festival* (dedicated to Rhea [Rheia], mother of the gods and goddess of fertility) and a Roman celebration of *Hilari* (dedicated to Cybelle, a Phrygian mother goddess, after whom Rhea was likely modeled) are examples. But these early festivities honored new life, the renewal of springtime, and the changing of seasons, *not* individual moms, as our present Mother's Day does. Those celebrations simply didn't lead to our Mother's Day.

In the Middle Ages, the British organized *Mothering Day* for people to return on the fourth Sunday of Lent to the church where, as infants, they had been christened. The idea was to visit the "mother church" where one had grown up—and one's family. Eventually this celebration did also honor mothers with special meals and gifts.

Ann Reeves Jarvis's mother passed away in 1905. Jarvis immediately started trying to found a national American holiday to honor sacrifices mothers had made for their children. Jarvis, a peace activist, had earlier (starting in 1858) organized *Mothers' Day Work Clubs* to improve public health and provide education for Appalachian mothers. Following the Civil War, Jarvis would also work for reconciliation between North and South.

Jarvis's first American Mother's Day celebration was held in 1908 at St. Andrew's Methodist Church in Grafton, West Virginia. She had worked ceaselessly for nation-

al recognition for her new holiday, speaking and writing to many national leaders, politicians, and other influential figures. Finally, in 1914, President Woodrow Wilson signed a proclamation that designated the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day. Many Canadians celebrate Mother's Day on that same day, though some other countries celebrate it on March 8, International Women's Day. All of these Mother's Day celebrations owe their existence to our Mother's Day founder.

An early feature of many Mother's Day celebrations was the distribution of carnations to ladies present at church services on that day. A red carnation went to a recipient who had a living mother; a white carnation honored the departed mother of a recipient. This tradition is still followed in Mother's Day observances at many American churches.

Later, Jarvis would strongly oppose what she believed Mother's Day had become and especially its commercialization. Printed greeting cards, bouquets of flowers, and boxes of candy, she felt, undermined the sincere, simple, and private expression of gratitude she had in mind. She spent much of the last part of her life protesting businesses that profited from the day. In 1925 she crashed the American War Mothers' Philadelphia convention because they were using Mother's Day for fundraising and selling carnations. She was fined for disturbing the peace. She verbally attacked First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt, who used Mother's Day as a charitable fund-raising opportunity.

By the 1940s, Jarvis petitioned to get Mother's Day removed as a national holiday. She was too late. Her holiday had taken on a life of its own, and it could not be removed from the international role it had taken on.

Mother's Day is now celebrated throughout the world, though dates and customs vary. In many places, it remains a day for a person to express love and appreciation to Mother through gifts, cards—and especially through time spent with Mom, something Jarvis would certainly approve. Her core concept of honoring the care, sacrifice, and influence of our mothers resonates across cultures today. ♦

SKYWATCHER

May's first full (Flower) Moon appears on May 1. The Asteroid *Vesta* appears at opposition on May 2. The Eta Aquariid Meteor Shower peaks May 5 through 7 but is likely best viewed in the early morning of May 6 and 7, though the illuminated moon will likely make it hard to view the upwards of 50 meteors per hour one could potentially see. Watch for new meteors appearing near Aquarius, which rises in the early morning hours.

May 16's new moon (dark of the moon) provides an opportunity to view the Milky Way, our own galaxy. On the night of May 18 to 19, there will be a dramatic conjunction of Venus and the moon. May's full moon (a blue moon because it's the second in the month) rises on May 31. ♦

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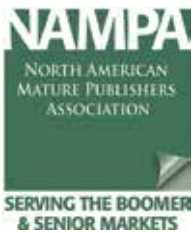


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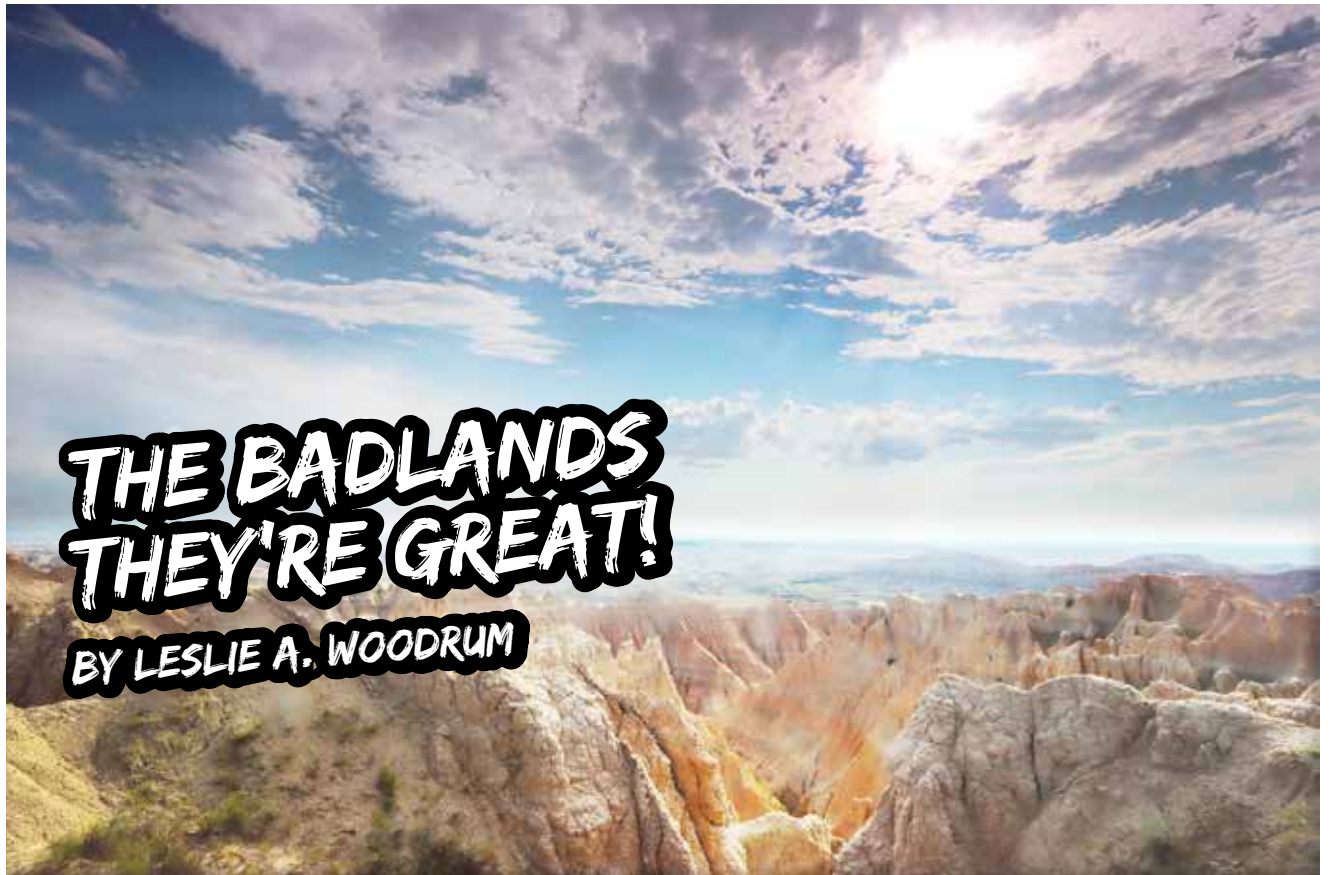
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The Badlands of northeast South Dakota are a photographer's dream. Surreal landscapes are everywhere you look when you visit this national park.

The main entrances to the Badlands are located just off Interstate 90. The Badlands Loop Road can be accessed from either of the interstate access points, providing the traveler with many glimpses of seemingly lunar terrain. If your plans can be flexible, there are many more areas of the Badlands to explore, lying between the main park and the neighboring Black Hills.

There are photo opportunities everywhere, featuring landscapes that look like scenes from other planets, the transition from the Badlands to the Great Plains, and prairie views. I have never seen much wildlife except for prairie dogs during any of my visits.

The main photo tip I can offer when visiting the Badlands is to invest in a linear polarizer filter to fit your lens. It will improve color saturation, especially in the sky. You can adjust the polarizer to vary the color saturation in your photos. This filter will require you to increase your exposure time and/or lens setting. You might also consider using a tripod or other camera support.

There are some must-see destinations close to the I-90 exits that you should consider visiting. The Minuteman Missile Historic Site is close. And of course, what trip out west is complete without a visit to the world-famous Wall Drug? Within a short distance, travelers will find the beautiful Badlands area, plus cities including Rapid City, Hill City, and Deadwood.

Make sure the Badlands are included on your itinerary when traveling to any of the iconic National Parks within the Dakotas, Wyoming, or Montana. ♦

Do you want to learn more about your digital camera or Photoshop? I offer classes at Danville Area Community College. There is a two-night class titled "Basic Digital Camera Functions" and a four-night "Introduction to Photoshop," plus other specialty classes each semester. For information, contact the DACC Community Education Office at (217) 554-1667.

Notices are seen throughout the park to warn adventurous visitors. photo by Leslie A. Woodrum



Below: The Wall Drug Store is a massive tourist destination outside the Badlands National Park photo by Leslie A. Woodrum



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PEOPLE & PLACES

High Society and Hidden Shores

by Victor Block

If there's a destination in the United States with a more convergent personality than Palm Beach, Riviera Beach, and Singer Island, Florida I can't imagine where it is.

One morning during my recent visit, I observed nattily dressed men and women playing the genteel game of croquet. That pastime traces its roots to 1860s England, where it became a popular, socially accepted form of leisure.

That afternoon I watched a polo match: (polo originated in ancient Persia more than 2,000 years ago and became known as "the sport of kings").

Come evening, I ate dinner at one of numerous *dive bars*, which are dotted throughout the community. They compete for customers with fine dining establishments that offer excellent food, at sometimes excessive prices.

This diversity is one of the Palm Beach area's inviting traits. The region introduces visitors to a smorgasbord of things to do and see, which range from upscale to underprivileged, from man-made attractions to Mother Nature's magnificent handiworks.



Riviera Beach © Zhukovsky/Dreamstime.com

For starters, Florida means inviting seashores, and this location has its share of them. For a serene setting and calm waters, head for Sandy Point Beach. Trails meander inland and cross dunes and coastal hammocks; and this stretch of sand offers excellent shelling. Ocean Reef Park is often pounded by powerful waves, which challenge all but the most accomplished swimmers.

This oceanfront location attracted Native Americans 3,000 years ago. Evidences of their habitation include a burial mound and cemeteries.

In the late 1800s, Standard Oil tycoon Henry Flagler constructed three resort hotels, which transformed the tropical landscape into a winter resort for the wealthy. In 1902, he built a spectacular mansion as a gift for his bride, a beaux arts-styled modern manor adorned with pink aluminum-leaf wallpaper. The 4,750-square-foot Grand Hall Library, with its painted cast plaster ceiling and silk- and wood-lined drawing room, gives visitors a feel for the opulent lifestyle of the wealthy of that era.

Palm Beach continues to live up to its reputation as a retreat for the super rich. *Forbes* magazine reported that the city is home to at least 30 billionaires. As I strolled along Worth Avenue, past high-end stores such as Valentina, Versace, and Ralph Lauren, I agreed with its description as one of the most beautiful shopping venues in the country.

I also enjoyed the balance provided by stores, restaurants, bars, and other establishments that cater to locals. Along with their touches of resident vibe, they offer opportunities to mingle with folks who live in the area. They can recommend below-the-radar places to see, and things to do, that visitors might otherwise miss.

In an area where Technicolor flowers and multihued foliage grow wild, gardens might seem redundant. However, formal plantings add an inviting painter's palette to the landscape.

The Ann Norton Sculpture Gardens add human touches to Mother Nature's handiwork. Ann was a renowned sculptor, whose works are displayed



The lobby of the Flagler Museum ©Aleksandr Dyskin/Dreamstime.com

among some 250 species of rare tropical palms and native plants, as well as in her home.

Wildlife also abounds. The John D. MacArthur Beach State Park offers sightings of sea turtles, osprey, and pelicans. Hikers in Phil Foster Park frequently encounter gophers, tortoise, and herons. Droll-looking mammals referred to as *sea cows* congregate in large numbers in Manatee Lagoon. While in the visitor center, I enjoyed close-up views of the animals as they enjoyed a meal of lettuce and vegetables.

Getting close and personal with those endearing creatures is one opportunity among many to meet and mingle with denizens of the Palm Beach area of Florida. Other experiences ranged from reliving the Gilded Age of high society, to enjoying magnificent natural settings to checking out fun and funky places at which to sup and sip.

For more information, log onto thepalmbeaches.com. ♦ Travel writer Victor Block shares what he sees, does, and learns on his travels throughout the United States and abroad.

Time Words

semana se-MAH-nah = week
 There are seven days in a week. =
 Hay siete días en una semana. Eye SYEH-tee
 DEE-ahs ehn OO-nah seh-MAH-nah

año AN-yoh = year
 I'll be back next year. =
 Estaré de vuelta el año que viene. eh-stah-RAY
 day VWEL-tah el AN-yo kay VYEN-ā

hoy oy = today
 Today is Tuesday. =
 Hoy es el martes. oy ehs el MAHR-tās
 Today at 8:00 a.m. = Hoy a las 8:00 de la mañana.
 oy ah lahs O-chā dā lah mahn-YAH-nah

ayer ah-YEHR = yesterday
 Yesterday was my birthday. = Ayer fue mi cumpleaños. Ah-YER FWĀ mee coom-plā-AN-yos



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MONEY MATTERS

Four Estate Planning Myths That Could Cost Your Family

by Darrold A. Kennedy



Consider this scenario: A teacher of 30 years and mother of three passes away at age 58. She leaves behind a modest home, a retirement account, and cherished family heirlooms—but no estate plan. Her children, still grieving, find themselves navigating a confusing probate process, disagreeing about when to sell the house, and considering who gets their grandmother's ring.

This mom wasn't wealthy by most measures, but her lack of planning created confusion, conflict, and uncertainty at a time when her family needed clarity. Her story reminds us of an important truth: estate planning is about easing conflict and making sure that what you leave behind goes where you want it to go.

As you think about your own legacy, consider these myths that can lead to costly mistakes and unintended outcomes.

Myth 1. Estate planning is only for wealthy people. The desire to make things easier for loved ones has nothing to do with net worth. Formally documenting your wishes reduces the burden on family members and gives you control. Without a plan, your state's laws will decide how your estate is handled, and you might not like what those laws say.

Myth 2. Having a will is all you need. Though a will is important, it takes effect only after death. That means it offers no protection if you become incapacitated and cannot make decisions for yourself. It does, however, allow you to name legal guardians for dependent children.

The foundation of most estate plans includes a will (which directs asset distribution), a financial power of attorney (for financial decisions), a healthcare power of attorney (for medical decisions), and a medical directive (to share your end-of-life wishes). Though not everyone needs a trust, there are several that allow you to make special provisions, such as for minor children, a special-needs family member, or even a cherished pet. Consulting with a financial advisor and an estate planning attorney can help determine the right combination based on your situation.

Myth 3. Equal distribution is always fair. It's likely that the individuals in your estate plan, especially if they are adult children, have different family and financial situations. You might have one child who's extremely successful financially, but another who's struggling. Or you might have assets, such as a house or ownership of a family business, that are more suitable for one beneficiary than another. It's important to consider any unique circumstances as you develop your estate plan.

Myth 4. I can set it and forget it. You'll want to review your estate plan every few years or whenever a major life event occurs. Life is full of changes, such as marriages, divorces, new children, and relocations—and they will likely impact your goals. Reviewing your plan helps keep everything aligned with your wishes and serves as a reminder to keep your beneficiaries on all your assets up to date.

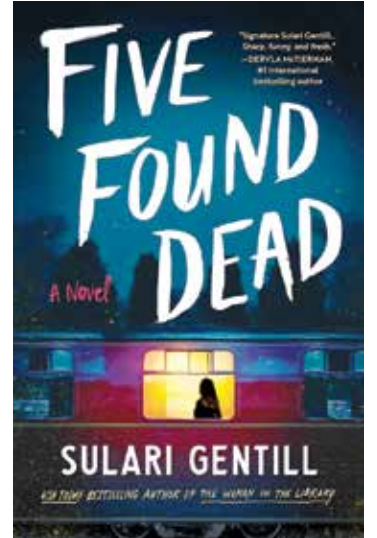
Ultimately, estate planning is about helping ensure your voice is heard, and your loved ones are cared for no matter what the future holds. ♦

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BOOK REVIEWS

Five Found Dead by Sulari Gentill

reviewed by Susan McKinney



Sulari Gentill's newest book, *Five Found Dead*, pays homage to *Murder on the Orient Express* by Agatha Christie. Joe Penvale and his twin sister Meredith are going to travel on the Orient Express to help Joe get his writing back on track. Accompanying them from Australia are Flex (Felix Shannon) and Herd (Benjamin Herder), two renowned mystery podcasters who are going to interview Joe on the train.

Joe had written a very successful book two years earlier, which propelled him from an unknown Australian writing about a murder mystery set at a remote sheep station to worldwide notoriety. At the same time, he was diagnosed with cancer. It's a year and a half later; he has survived all the cancer treatments, and his health is slowly rebounding. Meredith hopes this trip will spark his interest in writing his next book.

They board in Paris and get acquainted with their fellow passenger and next-door neighbor, a surly man, who is rude to them. They settle into their cabin, and the train leaves the station. They are excited to be on the actual Orient Express, made famous by Agatha Christie. The luxurious accommodations, the delicious meals, the deferential staff—all make Joe and Meredith feel as if they had gone back to the 1930s. During dinner, they meet some other passengers who are at their table: Monsieur Duplantier is a retired Parisian police detective injured in the line of duty. Detective Inspector Abigail Williams is using leave to travel on the famous train.

The mingling continues through the first night. The reader is introduced to several train passengers, each unique in some way. They discover that a pair of grandmotherly ladies, Clarice and Penelope Mayfield, are on the train because a swindler is supposed to be on the train. The swindler had stolen money to be used by Civic Society of their village, *Lower Slaughter*. Gregory Harrington had roomed with the Mayfield Sisters, then absconded with the funds that were to be used to better the village.

The following morning, Joe and Meredith discover that their rude neighbor has vanished: his room is covered in blood, but there is no body. Not only is there a mystery about the missing passenger; passengers in two cars have had a severe outbreak of a virus that must be quarantined. Thus begins the investigation into the missing passenger, who might or might not be Gregory Harrington. As the investigation continues, so do the murders. Joe and Meredith, as well as other passengers, are called to assist in solving the murders and disappearance before they arrive at their destination.

How the quarantine, the murders, and the missing money affect Joe and Meredith is worth the read. I really enjoy Ms. Gentill's novels. She puts lots of twists and turns into her story: Who's the good guy? Who's the villain? The book grabs you and doesn't let go until the end. ♦

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





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LIFESTYLES

Bill Gingold: Warsaw Ghetto Survivor

by Esther Aardsma

When asked whether the Holocaust could happen again, Warsaw Ghetto survivor Dr. Bill Gingold replied with a resounding “yes.”

“There are some things happening in America today that the Nazis were doing in 1933,” he said at a recent presentation of his family’s Holocaust survival story.

“But,” he continued, “I’m not here to debate politics. I’m here to educate people, and to share my story.”

And what a story he has.

Duvid Gingold, 26, his wife Leah, 21, and their son Srul, 7, Jewish citizens of Warsaw, Poland, were preparing to welcome their second child into the family when the Nazis invaded Poland on September 1, 1939. On September 20, Baruch (who later took the American name “William”) Gingold was born in a Warsaw hospital. His mother is quoted as saying, “This baby is coming faster than the Germans.”

The next day, Leah’s younger brother and sister, Froim and Chava Weintal, helped Duvid retrieve freshly postpartum Leah and her newborn son from the hospital. The following day, the hospital was heavily bombed by the Nazis, and the Gingold family, consisting of Duvid, Leah, Srul, Froim, Chava, and baby Baruch, fled from Warsaw, away from the advancing Nazi army. A week after Baruch was born, on September 27, 1939, Poland surrendered to Germany.

The family was unfortunately caught by the Soviet army on the Russia-Poland border, along with thousands of other refugees. The Soviets separated out the Jews and shipped them back to Warsaw in trucks, where the Nazis forced them to live in crowded housing and built a ten-foot-high wall around the Jewish living space—an area to become known as the “Warsaw Ghetto.” Seventy thousand Jews were crowded into that 1.3-square-mile area before the wall was built; after the wall was finished, four hundred thousand more Jews were added.

The Jews inside the ghetto faced disease, lack of medical care, unsanitary conditions, inadequate clothing, deprivation of heat and lighting—but the worst privation they faced was starvation. They

were rationed an average of 150–300 Calories per day. Forty percent of the 500–1000 deaths a day were attributed to starvation.

Leah kept baby Baruch tied to her chest almost nonstop for the duration of their time in the ghetto. She was approached at least twice by Gentile social workers (such as Irena Sendler), who risked their lives to offer to smuggle her infant son out of the ghetto and place him with an adoptive family. Leah, faced with this impossible decision, clung

placed; the Nazis noticed and began shooting into the sewer, killing a number of people.

The Gingolds were fortunate; no one in their family group was hurt. Shortly after, another escape attempt was made, and finally, the Gingold family successfully slipped out through one of many tunnels dug into the cemetery. Then they took refuge in the farmland outside Warsaw. Later, the family learned that six months after their escape, the Warsaw Ghetto had been completely and brutally eliminated by the Nazis, through systematic, block-by-block burning of buildings, the use of flame-throwers, and poison gas to force residents out of underground bunkers. All remaining residents were killed.

For a second time, the Gingold group headed east for the Russian border. This time they walked mostly at night, from farm to farm, cautiously sending Froim—the only one strong enough to fight off anyone who might want to grab him—ahead to ask farmers for shelter. The Nazis had posted handbills on every building, advertising reward money for turning in Jews—and the death penalty for sheltering them. Many times Froim was turned away by terrified farmers.

This time it took the Gingolds a month to arrive at the Russian border. There they ran into the Russian military—again—and Duvid, Leah, and their boys were separated from Chava and Froim. The Soviets loaded the family onto Russian trains. This time, because the Nazis had broken their treaty with the Soviets, the Russians shipped the Gingolds to Siberia instead of back to Warsaw. “These boxcars looked the same as the Nazis’ boxcars,” said Gingold. “But there was a key difference: Inside, the Russians had put mattresses, blankets, and food. The Russians were willing to keep the Jews alive. The Nazis weren’t.”

When the train arrived in Siberia, Bill (Baruch) said, “I experienced my first memory: A Russian soldier lifted me down from the train because it was too high for me to jump.” Bill was three and a half years old. “My second memory



Iron Gate Square & ghetto wall of the Warsaw Ghetto.

to the hope of protecting her own son—and said, “no”—twice.

Srul, Duvid and Leah’s older son, was about seven when the ghetto was formed. His role became important, as children who appeared age ten and older were forced onto labor crews along with adults. Srul had some *freedoms*, which turned out to be crucial to the family’s survival: he used goods stripped from bodies to trade outside for food, which he then smuggled into the ghetto.

Duvid, Froim, and Chava were all conscripted for labor crews to forward Nazi building schemes or dig mass graves for the thousands of deceased Jews. The one benefit of being conscripted was that each laborer was given an extra 150–300 Calories of ration, bringing the total for each individual up to a *luxurious* 600. Many of these extra rations sacrificially found their way to Leah, enabling her to continue breastfeeding her son.

In 1942, after months of painstakingly digging tunnels using fingers, sticks, and stones, the Gingold group, along with many other families, attempted an escape. Their route took them through the sewers beneath the Warsaw Ghetto walls. Unfortunately, the sewer cover was not correctly re-

Baruch & Sam (Srul) in Siberia, 1942



SUDOKU

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

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See Answers on A-15.

JUMBLE

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

K A W E A

C H I R B

P I N T A C

N S Y A W K

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6/24

THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME
By David L. Hoyt and Jeff Knurek

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

“ O O O O O - O O ” O O O O O

BLISS



LIFESTYLES

occurred right after that. It was of playing in the snow with other children. I had never seen snow before. I had never played with other children before.”

The Jews were crowded into barracks, 4 families per barracks. They hung sheets for visual barriers, though there was no sound privacy. There was one large wood-burning stove in the center of the large building, and it was kept burning constantly. “The guards had weapons,” Gingold said, “but the guns weren’t for the prisoners. They were for the bears. The guns were to protect us, not to kill us.”

And bears would come, especially in the one month of the year that temperatures would rise above freezing. Most of the time, it was bitterly cold, with feet upon feet of snow. Every morning the adults would rise, shovel out of their barracks to the lumber mills, and work for twelve hours. But the laborers and their families were fed well and provided with adequate clothing. The children were allowed to play, the older watching the younger, while the adults worked. “I remember just good times, having fun,” said Gingold. “The only real risk was the bears.”

The Gingold family was allowed to leave Siberia in 1942. After a year of travel, they found themselves in Kazakhstan, where the family settled until 1945, when they headed back to Poland. They discovered that they had no family left in Poland, and they did not know where Froim and Chava were, or whether Leah’s siblings were alive. When the Gingolds heard that the United States was as-



Gingold Family Milwaukee ca. 1951

sisting in Berlin in organizing placements for displaced people, the Gingolds headed there. “The GIs loved to hand out chocolate to kids,” Gingold reminisced. “I love chocolate to this day.”

The Gingolds stayed in the Fohrenwald Displaced Persons camp from 1947–1951. Then, because of the Displaced Persons Act of 1950, they were permitted to immigrate to the United States, despite not having an American sponsor. The family arrived at Ellis Island on the *USNS General R. M. Blatchford Troop Transport* on June 23, 1951. From there, they were

sent to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. After several years of living in Milwaukee, Duvid searched for Froim and Chava—and found them! Leah’s siblings had relocated to Israel after the war, and they lived the rest of their lives there.

About his experience learning English, Bill shared: “I had a tutor from social services who would meet with me 4–6 hours a week. But my favorite thing to do was to pack a sandwich, take the bus to downtown Milwaukee with my dime—it was probably a dime—and sit in the movie theater for 4–6 hours. I would watch all the Westerns. Gene Autry, Roy Rogers, Hopalong Cassidy: those movies were the beginning of learning English.”

How did his name change from Baruch to Bill? “I was 18, and I had applied for citizenship. I was with the judge, and he tried three times to say my name, *Baruch*—and he couldn’t! So he asks me, ‘Do you want an American name?’ Hopalong Cassidy is played by William Boyd, and I thought,

‘*William is a good American name.*’ So that’s how I became William.”

When asked about what balance of hope and despair he feels regarding the likelihood of another holocaust, Gingold responded, “I’m not sure how to answer that. There are genocides all over the world *right now*. Most people have never come into personal contact with a Jew, yet they hate Jews. But I am optimistic as a person, and I do everything I can to educate other people.”

Gingold presents his story to groups on a volunteer basis with the Champaign-Urbana Jewish Federation’s Holocaust Education Center. “I especially love to go to the smaller, rural libraries,” he said. “They don’t often get to have people like me come and talk.” You can request Gingold to speak to your group (at no charge!) or access other resources by visiting cujf.org/hec, emailing hec@cujf.org, or calling (217) 367-9872. ♦



Copyright © Esther Aardsma. Champaign County native Esther resides in Philo with her busy family. Passionate for creativity, especially with words—she shares that love through writing, editing, coaching writing one-on-one, and presenting to groups. Visit her at writewithesther.com.



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PEOPLE & PLACES

Hola

你好

Hello

Bonjour

The command to go is the infinitive of the verb **ir**, to go, or it can be the personal or not-so-personal form. The imperative (command form) is complicated because affirmative and negative use distinct forms. Here are the forms, followed by the appropriate personal pronoun.

go = *ve* (tú) [informal form] *vā*

go = *vaya* (usted) [formal form] *VA-yah*

let's go = *vayamos* (nosotros) *vah-YAH-mohs*

go = *id* (vosotros)

[plural informal form used in Spain] *eed*

go = *vayan* (ustedes) *VAH-yen*

[plural formal form used in Spain but also used for plural informal elsewhere].

Negative commands use the present subjunctive:

no vayas (tú), *no vaya* (usted), *no vayamos* (nosotros), *no vayáis* (vosotros, plural informal form used in Spain), *no vayan* (usted, singular formal form).

Maybe learn that later because there is a separate verb again for each person, plural or singular and informal or formal.

thoughts to ponder

by Tim Barber

Typos. We've all seen them, and we all make them. When they're in professionally published books, we're a little more surprised. For instance, in a hymnal, I came across this line in the song, "Master, the Tempest is Raging": "when each moment go madly is threatening a grave in the angry deep." (It should have been *so* madly.)

Even more unexpected is a typo in a version of the Bible. Here's one from Jeremiah 32:18: "You are the great and powerful God whose is name is the Lord . . ."

There will always be typos. But if we spend our time looking for them, we'll probably miss the full impact of what is written.

In Jesus's ministry, religious leaders were constantly looking for something—for anything—that he did wrong. There wasn't anything, so they made things up. And they missed what he wanted them to know and experience about "the great and powerful God."

You've heard the illustration of the black dot on a white page. What do you see? A black dot on a white page, or a completely white page except for one little black dot?

People don't have to look very far to see things that are wrong in us. What would we prefer them to do? Overlook them? Tell others about them? Ridicule us? Or, if it's important enough, correct us in private? Is there someone whose *typos* are so pronounced that you won't treat them with compassion, patience, and kindness? Would you take to heart the saying we all know as the Golden Rule?

"And as you wish that others would do to you, do so to them" (Luke 6:31, ESV). ♦

Copyright © Tim Barber. Tim is a retired pastor in the Champaign-Urbana area: tbarber@illinois.edu.



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LIFESTYLES

Musically Speaking

Luther Bridgers “He Keeps Me Singing”

The song “He Keeps Me Singing” exhorts us to keep Christ in our hearts and sing victoriously. Luther Burgess Bridgers, who wrote the lyrics and melody, was born in 1884 at Margaretsville, North Carolina. From his father James, a revivalist preacher, Luther grew to love the ministry, often assisting with his father’s meetings until James’s death in 1913.

Luther studied from 1902 to 1906 at Asbury College in Wilmore, Kentucky, though he had already begun to preach at seventeen. In Kentucky, he met his future wife, Sarah Jane “Sallie” Veatch, with whom he would have three sons. From 1908 to 1909, he pastored a congregation in Perry, Florida but eventually relinquished local work in favor of itinerant evangelism throughout the southeastern United States. For over twelve years, he served as a minister for Methodist Episcopal Churches in Georgia. He was widely known for his evangelistic zeal and filled-to-capacity revival meetings.

Bridgers wrote the hymn “He Keeps Me Singing” in 1909 or 1910, first completing the lyrics for all five stanzas, then picking out the melody on a piano while his wife’s sister wrote down the notes. The song was first published in 1910 as “Song 21” in *The Revival No. 6 Song Book* compiled by Char-

lie D. Tillman at Atlanta, Georgia. Later, Robert H. Coleman purchased rights to the hymn and included it in his widely used *Popular Hymns*, published in 1918.

Shortly after Bridgers wrote the hymn, he suffered the loss of his wife and their three young sons, Allen, 6, Luther H., 4, and James, 7 months. The four were tragically burned to death in a fire of unknown origin, which destroyed his father-in-law’s entire house near Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

Bridger’s family had been staying there while 27-year-old Luther conducted a two-week revival 125 miles away in Middlesboro, Kentucky. Flames quickly engulfed the home, though Sallie’s parents and brother survived. Newspaper reports from that period confirm that the disastrous fire occurred at 10:30 p.m. on Sunday, March 26, 1911. Bridger’s song took on a greater poignancy following this devastating incident.

In 1914, Bridgers married Miss Aline Winburn of Gainesville, Georgia, a music teacher at Shorter College in Rome, Georgia. Together they had a son, Luther B. Bridgers, Jr., who also went into the ministry.

Also in 1914, Luther Sr. became the general evangelist for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. After World War I, Luther conducted mission work for several years in Belgium, Czechoslovakia, and Russia.



Luther B. Bridgers

In 1921, Asbury College named Bridger an honorary doctor of divinity for his greatly successful evangelistic work. After 1932, he served for thirteen years as a minister in Atlanta, Georgia, and Morehead, North Carolina. Following his 1944 retirement, after having preached for 36 years, Bridger lived in his wife’s hometown of Gainesville until his death in Atlanta in 1948.

The song encourages us to sing with joy, even during the most difficult times of our lives and explains why we can do so:

There’s within my heart a melody
Jesus whispers sweet and low,
“Fear not, I am with thee, peace, be still,
In all of life’s ebb and flow.”

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus—
Sweetest name I know,
Fills my ev’ry longing,
Keeps me singing as I go!

These lyrics recall the words of Colossians 3:16, “Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly . . . singing with grace in your hearts. . . .”

When I remember what Jesus has done for me—offering me peace, saving me from sin, giving me his divine fellowship, leaving me his example, and promising me eternal life with him—then, even when things are rough, I consistently find that “*He Keeps Me Singing!*” ♦

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Undefeated Psalm 89

by Greg Williams

Thou hast a mighty arm: strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand. Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne: mercy and truth shall go before thy face. Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O LORD, in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted. For thou art the glory of their strength: and in thy favour our horn shall be exalted. For the LORD is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel is our king. (v.13–18)



We live in a cultural moment that feels increasingly fractured. From every direction we are bombarded by narratives that suggest that morality is subjective and that those who fear God are a shrinking, powerless minority. It’s easy to feel overwhelmed by the *devised schemes* from our news media. However, Psalm 89 presents a different reality—one where faith does not ignore facts but prevails.

We are not a powerless people. Throughout history, believers have faced targeted offenses from corrupted leadership and systemic injustice. Yet, history teaches that when the honorable are targeted, that event serves to further refine and promote an enduring faith. Those who lean on their own understanding eventually falter, but those who live by faith eventually discover how their faith is their most vital attribute. Our characters are forged at the intersection of our convictions and our circumstances. It is through these *collisions* that we become more established and grounded in unshakeable confidence.

To thrive in “enemy camps”—the various environments hostile to our moral values—requires a faith that exceeds our natural capacity. It is developed by a practiced faith, the routine of depending on God’s goodness through our challenges in life. Our hardest seasons are those when God proves his sovereignty, showing us that his reign far exceeds any earthly power or proclaimed authority.

If we trust in his intimate favor, we begin to realize that our “season of trouble” is not a sign of God’s absence, but of the evidence of his orchestration. Difficulties are permitted for a predetermined purpose: our training in righteousness. When we can view our troubles from this perspective, it will transform our daily trials into a reason for hope. We do not fight *for* victory where God is our companion. Our assured victory is our reason to endure.

Hold the line, dear friend. Look through the eyes of faith. The King is on his throne, and victory is already at the door. ♦

Copyright © Greg Williams, MD. Greg lives with his university professor wife, west of Chicago, Illinois.



Common Spanish Expressions

sí = yes

no = no

¿entiende(s)? = do you understand?

[*¿entiende?* Is formal. (*¿Entiende usted?*);

¿entiendes? Is informal. (*¿entiendes tú?*)]

No entiendo = I don’t understand

No (lo) sé = I don’t know. [No se is I don’t know. No lo se is I don’t know it, or that. They are used interchangeably.]

No tengo ni idea = I have no idea.

[or, *No tengo ninguna idea*. I have no idea. The double or even triple negative is just fine in Spanish: *Yo no se nada*. I do not know nothing. Translates to “I don’t know anything.”]

No hablo español = I don’t speak Spanish

estoy perdido(a) = I’m lost. [*Perdido* is the past participle (and adjective) for masculine singular. *Perdida* is the past participle (and adjective) for feminine singular. Thus a male would say, “Estoy perdido,” and a female would say, “Estoy perdida.”]

PEOPLE & PLACES

SEVENTIES FLASHBACK

The Eyes Have It

by Randal C. Hill

In Berlin in 1946, a young American named Walter Keane was reportedly heart-broken at what he saw—hungry kids wallowing in rubbish heaps and fighting over food scraps. He later wrote, “As if goaded by a kind of frantic despair, I sketched these dirty, ragged little victims of the war with their bruised, lacerated minds and bodies, their matted hair and runny noses. Here my life as a painter began in earnest.”

There was just one problem with Keane’s story: his recollection proved to be a lie.

He might have seen impoverished children, but Walter never did become a painter. It was his future wife, Margaret, who would eventually put to canvas numerous sad-eyed waifs, all created from her Nashville, Tennessee, childhood notebooks, rather than from European garbage dumps.

Walter, a hard-drinking and canny seller of real estate, met Margaret



in 1955 at an art exhibition in San Francisco. “He was just oozing with charm,” the future Mrs. Keane recalled. “He could charm anyone.”

The hippest hangout in the Bay Area was a beatnik joint called the *Hungry I*. It was there that Walter first peddled his wife’s artwork as his own, while she stayed home, creating images of children with eyes three times their normal size.

In time, those paintings became hot properties, and, during the late 1950s and early 1960s, all things Keane (which now included posters and plates) brought in oceans of cash, with originals selling for as much as \$100,000 each.

Walter and Margaret bought a gated

California mansion with a swimming pool, with Walter all the while taking credit for his spouse’s artwork, while Margaret was kept home in isolation, painting 16 hours a day.

In his 1983 memoir, “The World of Keane,” Walter quoted his wife as saying, “You are the greatest artist I have ever seen. . . . You are also the most handsome.”

Hmmn. Really?

Mrs. Keane eventually reached the end of her patience with her spouse. She filed for divorce after promising her husband—by now a raging alcoholic—that she would keep secretly painting for him. But after handing him several more originals, she finally proclaimed, “No more lies. From now on, I will tell only the truth.” And she did, explaining everything to an interviewer in 1970.

After the split-up, Margaret moved to Hawaii, where she painted her trademark big-eyed kids swimming

leisurely in azure seas amid schools of colorful tropical fish. Walter moved into a fisherman’s shack near San Diego and drank from morning until night.

He later told a newspaper reporter that his ex-wife wanted to defraud him publicly. When the interviewer’s article appeared in print, Margaret sued Walter. This led to a *paint-off* in court, where a judge ordered each to create *big eyes* paintings, while he watched.

Margaret finished hers in 53 minutes; Walter claimed he couldn’t paint because of a sore shoulder.

Margaret was awarded \$4 million. She never saw a penny of the settlement, though; Walter had drunk away all the money from the Keanes’ heyday. ♦

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May Your Story Live On

by Emily Harmon

Think about a fond memory you have.

Think about the excitement or happiness you felt. Think about how this memory smells or tastes. It could be the smell of your family home or the taste of a particular food. Think about what you heard during the event that provoked this memory. It could be a conversation you were having or music playing. Reflect on the physical touch of your surroundings. Were you sitting on a very comfy (or uncomfy) couch? Or were you walking barefoot in tall blades of grass? Think about the details. What do you remember most?

This is the power of putting your stories on paper. That process can bring back memories or moments you haven’t thought of in a long time. It can also motivate you to write the stories that matter most to you, to pass down to your family, friends, and more. So, your stories can live on.

Storytelling also has cognitive benefits. When we are listening to someone’s story, our brain is very engaged. We are trying to predict what will happen next. According to Uri Hasson, Princeton University Professor of Neuroscience and Psychology, our brain waves start to sync with those of the storyteller. When we are processing the story that is being told, it is believed that we engage the brain regions responsible for complex information processing (Renken, 2020).

How can I write my own stories? The beauty of this is that it’s very

simple to get started! All you need is a pen or pencil and some paper!

You can simply start by writing down your most cherished, or not-so-cherished, memory. Think about the five senses (sight, sound, taste, smell, and touch) as you write. Remember to be descriptive in these areas. Don’t worry about good grammar or getting every detail correct. You can always go back and edit. Getting the story on paper is always the hardest step!

If you are having that dreaded writer’s block, try to find some writing prompts that inspire you. This can help you think of stories you want to write about. Or find a writing class in your community. It can be as formal or informal as you would like.

You don’t need to be a published author or an expert storyteller to do this. Anyone at any level can write about her or his own experiences! I encourage anyone who has been thinking about starting his or her own life story to do so!

Now, to help motivate you, here is your first homework assignment: put pen to paper! ♦

Emily Harmon works in family life programming, especially Champaign, Ford, Iroquois, and Vermilion Counties, and in other parts of Illinois as invited. She is passionate about providing resources to empower individuals to make decisions for themselves to improve their overall well-being.



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LIFESTYLES

POETRY CORNER

HAIKU

by Esther Aardsma

Quick, write a poem with three lines; the first has five syllables, the second seven syllables, and the third five syllables again. And you have a *haiku*!

Easy, right?

Maybe not so simple. Contrary to the popular belief that the sole rule governing this well-loved poetic creation is to conform its three lines to a 5-7-5 syllable rule, haiku are fascinatingly more complex—and, interestingly, the syllable count is the *least* important facet of the poem, at least in English.

The haiku originated from the Japanese *renga* poetic form. The first recorded *renga* is found in the *Man'yōshū*, a treasury of poetry collected by poet Ōtomo no Yakamochi in the Japanese Nara period (710–784 AD). The *renga*'s first stanza, the *hokku* (“starting verse”), consisted of 17 morae (the Japanese unit of sound, similar to our syllable) and was written in vertical format according to the Japanese tradition. The *hokku* often used images from nature to establish a seasonal context for the longer *renga* poem.

According to poetryfoundation.org, “Over time, the *hokku* began to be appreciated for its own worth and became distinct as a poetic form. . . .” By the time of Japanese poet Matsuo Bashō (1644–1694), student poets were using the *hokku* as a template form to practice their poetic art. Bashō is credited as the great poet master who elevated the practice

form to an art in and of itself, writing at least 1000 *hokku* poems during his lifetime.

Paul-Louis Couchoud is credited with sparking European interest in haiku. In 1905 he published thirty copies of *Au fil de l'eau*, a collection of 72 “haikai” he had written in French on a canal barge journey. (*Haikai* is a light-hearted form of the *renga*. According to Britannica.com, the term *haiku* is a combination of the terms *haikai* and *hokku*.) The first English haiku, “In a Station of the Metro,” by Ezra Pound, was published in 1913. Famous American haiku poets since the introduction of English haiku include Amy Lowell, Jack Kerouac, and Richard Wright.

Although Japanese poets traditionally tend to adhere to the 17-morae limitation, English haiku run into a problem when trying to imitate the Japanese style: Our syllables are not equivalent to the Japanese morae—about 12 syllables is closer to the Japanese haiku’s length and sound. The English language is also written horizontally, whereas the Japanese write their poetry in a vertical string. As a result of this controversy, the English haiku has bifurcated into its own versions: the strict 5-7-5 form, and the free-form haiku, usually shorter than 17 syllables and often written in a single line. “In a Station of the Metro,” arguably the most famous English haiku, has only 2 lines—but 19 syllables:

In a Station of the Metro

The apparition of these faces in the crowd:
Petals on a wet, black bough.
—Ezra Pound

Syllable count aside, the abiding rules of haiku writing have more to do with the content and meaning of the poem.

First, the haiku uses concrete imagery, tradi-

tionally wielding at least one image from nature. Whether it’s autumn leaves, ripples on a lake, drops of water on skin, or a bird in the sky, imagery in a haiku causes the reader to stop and savor a physical moment. Even if the imagery is not strictly from *nature*—*Does a shopping cart count as “nature”?*—the haiku should be written with strong, concise description. The haiku does not generally employ similes or metaphors, nor does it *tell* the reader what emotion to feel. The haiku simply describes a moment and allows the reader to feel a natural response.

Contrast plays a major role in the well-written haiku. The first line (or two) contain(s) one image or thought set against a different image or thought in the last line(s). This thought-break does not occur in a sandwich, with the first and last lines set against the middle. Frequently, the haiku’s main contrast centers around the tension between the intimate, tiny, or subjective versus the global, gigantic, or objective. An ant might be carrying a seed home as a chill winter wind blows in, or the poet might be enjoying a moment of shade and fragrance under a flower vine as the sun beats down on the dry earth. I personally like to explain this idea of contrast as seeing the whole world reflected in an eagle’s eye.

Haiku can be described as a verbal photograph. One flash-moment of insight is frozen in time, and the poet keeps that snapshot as a reminder of the emotion of that moment.

Are you up to the challenge of writing a haiku? I will leave you with one of my personal favorites that I wrote:

The ant seeks food
for her colony—
the child lifts his shoe. ♦

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WOW!

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PEOPLE & PLACES

What if Water Weren't Water

by Donald Freeman

Water has 66 unique properties. Many of these make water impossible to live without! What would happen if water did not have its unique qualities? What if water . . . weren't water?

Most substances contract and become denser as they get colder. Loosen a canning jar band by sticking the jar in ice water for a minute. The glass contracts from the cold—and the warmer band loosens. Most liquids contract as they get colder, and contract even more when they freeze and become solid. But not water!

Water does something freaky. It contracts like other liquids until it gets to about 39 degrees F. Then those attractions among molecules start aligning themselves in a beautiful crystalline structure, as the water turns to ice. When completely frozen, ice holds the water molecules farther apart than they were before they turned to ice. Ice becomes less dense. Ice floats. It's unique.

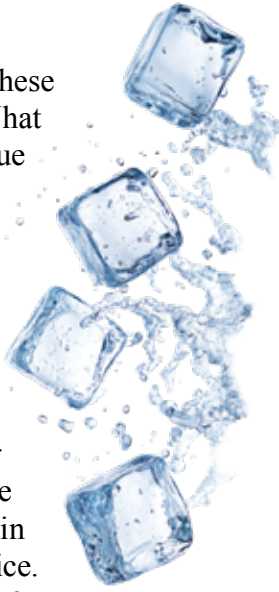
What would happen if ice didn't float? Ice cubes in summer beverages would sink to the bottom. Far more serious matters follow.

In Central Illinois, we get periods of cold weather. Occasionally we get enough ice to ice-skate on our lakes and ponds. The ice that forms on the top of the water insulates the water underneath from the freezing temperatures. But if ice didn't float, when we have cold periods ice would form continuously on the surface and then drop to the bottom of the lake, where it would pile up.

In colder years, enough ice would form to kill all the fish and other life in lakes, rivers, and ponds. This would cause our lakes and streams to warm more slowly, which would greatly delay swimming and other warm water activities.

In Minnesota, "Land of 10,000 Lakes," every single lake would freeze solid, bottom to top. Not only would all fish and aquatic wildlife die, but, come May, Minnesota would be the "land of 10,000 ice cubes."

This volume of giant ice cubes would slow the springtime warming of the land. Minnesotans already wonder whether spring is ever going to arrive; now spring would come even later. Some crops would be impossible to grow with the cooler and shorter growing season. The similar climate of Scandina-



vian countries, whence many Minnesotans trace their ancestry, would share this fate. The sport of ice-skating for which these countries are known, would never have existed. You cannot skate on ice that accumulates on the bottom of a lake. *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates* would never have been written!

Moving east a bit, consider Lake Superior. It's huge: By volume it's the world's fourth-largest freshwater lake. It's cold! Only in late summer does the lake get warm enough to even consider swimming in it. Duluth, Minnesota, which sits on the lake's western end, boasts of being the *air-conditioned city* because of Lake Superior's cooling effect. If ice didn't float, it would be a lot more than air conditioned, and no one would be boasting about it. Imagine living by a 2,900 cubic-mile (yes, mile!) ice cube.

On average, Lake Superior gets 8" of ice thickness. These 4 cubic miles of ice have to melt each spring. (Four cubic miles of ice, compared to 2,900 cubic miles of water.) But the melting would be much slower. Surface ice is subject to the sun. The average depth of Lake Superior is 483 feet, the deepest point being 1333 feet. If the lake froze from the bottom up, that ice would not melt in the summer. This massive ice accumulation would have significant cooling effects over large portions of the Upper Midwest. Almost all the Great Lakes would freeze solid. No fishing and no shipping industry could exist, if ice didn't float.

Next time we'll examine the global effects if ice didn't float. When you see ice floating in your glass, be glad that water *is* water! ♦

Copyright © Donald Freeman. Retired scientist Donald teaches Sunday school, among other things.



Laughing Matters



A little boy told his mom, "When I grow up, I'm going to marry you, Mommy."

"You can't marry your own mother," said his older sister.

"Then I'll marry you."

"You can't marry me either." The boy seemed confused, so his mom explained,

"You can't marry someone in your own family."

"You mean I have to marry a total stranger?" he asked.

The owner of the tuxedo store kept hovering over me when I was browsing, so I asked him to leave me alone. He said, "Fine. Suit yourself."

Blain: "Why do you think the milk from Farmer Brown's cows was rejected?"

Jane: "He pampers his cows, so they give spoiled milk."

Every time I go out to eat with my mom and dad, they get into an argument about mashed potatoes versus rice or French fries. That's when I tell them I'm not choosing sides.

Someone stole the toilet out of the police station bathroom. According to a police spokesperson, officers have nothing to go on.

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LIFESTYLES



How Did We Get Our English?

Fifth-century Germanic tribes (Angles from north of present-day Hamburg, Saxons from the northern part of what is now Germany, Jutes (from Danish Jutland), and Frisians (from the Frisian Islands, the modern-day Netherlands, and the coastal lowlands farther north) migrated to what we now call England. They were not always welcomed, but they managed to hang on and even intermarry with previous island-dwellers.

They brought their cultures and languages, which gradually merged into what we now call *Old English*. That English differed radically from ours. The grammatical structure looked something like that of German. The vocabulary was strongly influenced by the Germanic parent languages. Old English would die out by about 1150, by then already influenced by the Norman French, who arrived in 1066.

We Call That Invasion “The Norman Conquest” Because They Won Their First Battle.

The Normans, though Scandinavian in lineage, spoke a version of French, which became England’s de facto ruling class language. Native English said “swine.” The Normans said “porc.” Our meat became *pork*. Locals said “kine.” The Normans said “boeuf.” Our meat became *beef*. Anglo-Saxons said “sheep.” The Normans said “mouton.” Our meat became *mutton*. I suppose we might call that “cultural domination.”

Later Middle English continued as the language of Anglo-Saxons and the so-called lower classes. French entered English willy-nilly, but fortunately for our speaking and writing pleasure, so did a tremendous simplification of earlier English grammar.

Early Modern English

The Early Modern English period witnessed several dramatic cultural events (my opinion) that brought astonishing, rapid changes to English. The 1436 invention of the printing press by German goldsmith Johannes Gutenberg allowed book printing at a prodigious rate—cheaply. The effects of printing spread throughout Europe.

The seven-year process of translating the Authorized (King James Version)

Bible (published in 1611), the publication of Shakespeare’s plays (1594–1634), and the 1755 publication of Samuel Johnson’s *A Dictionary of the English Language* began to produce a united language, despite more than 40 distinct local dialects and variants that thrive in Britain to this day. (This proposed number will start arguments in England—in lots of different dialects).

The printing press played a key role in the standardization (especially of spelling) and rapid spread of English. An impoverished ploughboy could now own a Bible—and other books, too. The vast vocabularies of Shakespearean plays and the Bible passed into general usage. This amazing growth in vocabulary was enhanced by loanwords from Greek, Latin, French, and German, and from other European languages. Welsh and other Gaelic languages didn’t get much input, despite having been around the isles for much longer.

Modern English—A World Language

English is the language of air traffic control around the world. First the British Empire and now the American and combined English-language cultures (New Zealand, Australia, India, parts of South Africa, Canada, India, and much of Africa) exert global influence: English is widely used throughout the world. That use is increasing dramatically in China and in many other nations. There are more students of the English language in China than there are native speakers of English.

English has become the language of education, trade, diplomacy, and technology. The Internet, invented in Australia, has spread English throughout the globe, where it is now a lingua franca of digital technology. German, for instance, often imports English technical computer terms directly into the language.

Like all languages, English is living and ever-changing. It absorbs cultural and linguistic aspects from every culture and language it touches—and we don’t yet know where our language is headed. Well, we do know it’s headed into outer space, where it’s already the language spoken on the International Space Station. ♦

Rob teaches ESL and advanced academic English writing: rob@primelifetimes.com.

More Common Spanish Expressions

- me llamo* = my name is [me llamo literally means, I call myself]
- mi nombre es* = my name is
- soy* = I’m (or I am)
- ¿cómo te llamas?* = what’s your name? (literally, what do you call yourself?)
- (yo) soy de...* = I am from (The word I [yo] is optional. Use this to say where you’re from: a town, a country)
 - “Soy de Guatemala.” “Soy de México.”
 - “Soy de Los Estados Unidos” (from the United States, which can be abbreviated los EE. UU.)

Why you need dental insurance in retirement.

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.
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.
Unexpected bills like \$299 for a filling ... \$1,471 for a crown³ can be a real burden, especially if you’re on a fixed income.

¹“Medicare & You,” Centers for Medicare & Medicaid Services, 2025. ²“Aging changes in teeth and gums”, medlineplus.gov, 4/17/2022. ³FairHealth, Inc. National average dental fees. Data current as of July 2025; subject to change.

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Puzzle Answers

Crossword puzzle on A-6

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

Jumble on A-8

Jumbles: AWAKE BIRCH CATNIP SWANKY

Answers: After seeing the damage to the car, there would be a lot to “WRECK-IN” WITH

Sudoku on A-8

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

Scrabble Grams on A-6

[S]CRABBLE [G]R[A]M[S] SOLUTION											
C ₃	L ₁	A ₁	M ₃	O ₁	R ₁		RACK 1 =	<u>10</u>			
D ₂	R ₁	A ₁	M ₃	E ₁	D ₂	Y ₄	RACK 2 =	<u>78</u>			
V ₄	A ₁	G ₂	R ₁	A ₁	N ₁	T ₁	RACK 3 =	<u>69</u>			
T ₁	O ₁	E ₁	H ₄	O ₁	L ₁	D ₂	RACK 4 =	<u>61</u>			
PAR SCORE 150-160							TOTAL 218				

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LIFESTYLES



Rural Memories

The Reading Tree

by Rob Siedenburg

If I inherited an affliction from my ancestors, it would be my addiction to reading. My paternal grandparents' home was filled to the brim with books and other reading material, and the home I grew up in had books in every room. My maternal grandmother, who lived with us from about 1948 on, had two walls of her bedroom outfitted with bookshelves fastened to the walls. So did our living room.

We had something you probably don't have. Dad put an old ammo case out in the outhouse so books could be protected from the humidity of the outdoors—but still be available to anyone who had reason to sit in that little building for more than a minute or two. When I was visiting my middle sister in Colorado a few years ago, her Chrysler van broke down along the highway. She immediately reached under the driver's front seat and pulled

out a couple of books she had stashed there for just such a time as that. She thoughtfully offered me one. Rather than fret, we sat and read until help came along.

OK. We weren't there all day. We did get towed to a dealership and eventually got back to her place in time for the kids to arrive home from school. But I stand by my point: we have the reading bug. For years, that same sister had a super comfortable chair near an airtight woodstove for cozy winter evenings spent with a good book.

On the old home place, I liked reading, leaning against a tree. When I had my own farm, there was a special tree in the woods near our house. It had grown up at about a 15-degree angle from the ground. It kept pretty much to that plane until someone climbing it would be about 14 feet off the ground. At that point, it straightened out sharply toward the vertical. For some reason, it was wider at the bend than the general diameter of the tree. One of our daughters discovered the tree. When weather was nice, school was out, and her chores were done, this young lady read, seated in that tree. It was her reading tree.

As I look back over my 80 years, I think everyone should have a reading tree, or at least a special place to read. Yes, I know we have tablets, cell phones, and computers for reading now. At the touch of a word, my Kindle Reader reveals, not only the meaning, but the proper pronunciation of any doubtful word. But, oh, for the days of reading undisturbed outdoors, maybe in a tree, maybe in the haymow, maybe somewhere out in the pasture. No cell phones. No doorbell. No electronic gizmos. No spying drones. Just a book—and me. Those were the days, my friend. ♦

Copyright © Rob Siedenburg. Rob grew up (to the extent that he ever did) on a farm in the wilds of northwest Illinois, where he still retreats to regain his sanity.



No Dog!

continued from A-1

played, she played, entering into their fun. Tag around the dining room table had her running in circles. A wrestling match on the floor? She refereed, jumping back and forth, barking the whole time.

Company was a challenge: her inner child emerged—she needed to be the center of attention. She was quick to pester us when she felt she was being ignored.

For many years my husband worked the night shift; I was never afraid, but when all our children had grown and left, I did find it lonesome. Kassie's bed had always been on the enclosed back porch. During the summer, she might go down to the basement to sleep. Now, with an empty house, the warm, breathing body of a dog was comforting, and I began leaving the door open to the upstairs. Kassie graciously accepted the invitation and soon slept in the doorway to our bedroom. She was guarding me. Dog hair upstairs? Yes! Did I say, "I didn't want a dog?" ♦

Jean Brady is a church pianist and the widow of a pastor. She writes in Farmer City, Illinois. Email her at canadajean35@yahoo.com.

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