

Emmitsburg NEWS-JOURNAL

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Daughters of Charity to celebrate 200 years

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

The celebration of the 200th anniversary of Sister Elizabeth Ann Seton's arrival in Emmitsburg on July 31 through Aug. 2 is not just about the saint who started it all. It is, for many, a celebration of the woman who started it all.

Sister Elizabeth Ann Seton started the first religious community of women in the United States in Emmitsburg in 1809. The bicentennial event to be held at the Daughters of Charity complex on South Seton Avenue will include a re-enactment of her community's arrival in Emmitsburg and many opportunities to both learn more about Seton and to celebrate her life.

Mary Staub, Daughters of Charity Media Relations Producer, said the event celebrates a woman who was inspiring in her time and lived a life that is inspirational for women even today.

A wife, mother, teacher, and a convert to Catholicism, Seton ultimately took her vows as a sister and was later made a saint. She was recognized also as a poet, a musician, a linguist, and a mystic.

As a mother she had and raised five children. As a wife she helped her husband's once thriving business as it began to fail. She also nursed him as his health failed and the family moved to Italy for a milder climate

they thought might improve his health. After he passed away, the family returned to New York. Her life in Italy had taught her much about the Roman Catholic church and it was that experience that ultimately led her to conversion.

Going literally from riches to near rags, Seton is recognized for her faithfulness to her beliefs and her legacy of serving others.

Seton's legacy also includes a devotion to Catholic education, which she demonstrated by starting the first free Catholic School in the United States on February 22, 1810. It is a legacy the Daughters of Charity have continued around the world.

In 1882, a movement to canonize Seton began, but it was not until September 1975 that Pope Paul VI proclaimed her a saint during the International Year of the Woman.

Provincial Archivist Sister Betty Ann McNeil said, "Walking on holy ground where a Saint lived, prayed, and died is a privilege. How much more so on the 200th anniversary of her arrival in this 'valley of blessings,' the founding site and cradle of

the Sisters and Daughters of Charity in North America."

Celebration events

On Friday, July 31, the opening ceremony will be held at 7 pm at the Basilica and include a prayer service and a celebration of important moments in the 200-year history of the Sisters and Daughters of Charity.

On Saturday, Aug. 1, events during the day will include a Eucharist liturgy by His Eminence Francis Cardinal George, president of the U.S. Council of Catholic Bishops, a pilgrimage from Baltimore to Seton Shrine in Emmitsburg that will include a show-

ing of a video, DVD showings of the story of Elizabeth Ann Seton, and a concert in the Basilica.

On Sunday, Aug. 2, events will include a reenactment of Seton's arrival in Emmitsburg, the dedication of the Seton Legacy Garden behind the Stone House and an invitation-only Bicentennial Eucharist Liturgy at the Basilica due to space limitations. To get tickets for this event, go to www.setonlegacy.com.

For more information on the history of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton, look inside this edition and visit the Web site www.setonlegacy.com.



E-mail dispatches kept families, churches in touch with Kenya mission

Susan Allen
Contributing Writer

During a recent mission to Africa by local churches, many parishioners, friends and family

learned about the trip through e-mails.

On July 12, the congregation of Elias Lutheran Church sent their pastor, Rev. Jon Greenstone, church member Sam Valen-

tine, and Phyllis Kelly from Toms Creek United Methodist Church on their way to Kimini/Kitale, Kenya, with prayers for the safety of the team and blessings for the people of Kenya.

At 9:15 am, the group left in Greenstone's heavily laden truck to meet the medical team members--Audrey Hallinan (St. Joseph's Catholic Church) and Drs. Holly Hoffman and Bill Currie and their daughters at the airport in Newark, New Jersey.

From their arrival in Nairobi-23 hours after their departure from

Newark- Greenstone kept others informed of Team Kenya's activities via e-mail whenever he had access to the Internet.

The only mishap during the first leg of their journey were three missing bags. On July 14, the remaining 21 bags were loaded into a van and driven about 200 miles over "sometimes rough roads" to Kimini/Kitale, site of the Path-



E-mail, Page 3

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NEWS

From the editor

Many people have nightmares. Mine almost always involve delivering papers.

Like most kids of my generation, being a paperboy was a rite of passage. Delivering papers helped put me through college. To this day, every time I visit my hometown, I bore my wife to tears with tales of my old paper route.

I like to think I was a good paperboy. At its peak, my route was over 100 papers. I could toss a paper 40 feet, clearing two hedges, or three stories up, nailing them on the door mat. Oh sure, there was the occasional misfire resulting in a broken window, or a landing on the roof, but that only happened to people who didn't tip, honest.

Like all paperboys, my nemesis was rain. One Thanksgiving -

the source of my recurring nightmare - my wagon was loaded with 10 bundles of papers. As it was Thanksgiving, the paper was ten times its normal thickness. As I could fit only two bundles into the wagon, they were stacked, rather precariously, five bundles high. And the rain was coming down.

As I struggled to pull the wagon up the hill to the start of my route, I slipped on the wet pavement and lost my grip on the wagon's handle. This is the point in my nightmare when I always wake up.

To make a long story short, the wagon careened down the hill and the papers went flying. Few on my route got a dry paper that day.

So one might imagine my reaction as I recently drove home from Waynesboro with the July

edition of the paper in the bed of my truck and discovered storm clouds forming all around me. It was going to pour! Talk about a nightmare coming true. It had been 37 years since I last delivered papers, and I was going to get rained on!!!

But luck was on my side. An hour under a bridge here and there allowed me to dodge most of the rain. It took me three times longer than expected to deliver all the papers, but in the end only a few of the 7,500 papers in the bed got wet.

When I finally arrived home, I took a copy and headed over to my neighbor, Mrs. Orndorff, and knocked on her door. If I were going to be a paperboy again, I might as well enjoy what I enjoyed most about being a paperboy many years back ... being greeted by a smile when I handed over a dry paper on a rainy day as I uttered the words - "Paperboy."

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About town

Chris Patterson

Coming town meeting offers chance for community input

Town residents may wish to drop into the first town meeting in August to hear about a proposed curfew for minors and a potential change in the town's responsibility for sewer pumps in homes on Mountainview Road.

Mayor Jim Hoover told the Emmitsburg News-Journal that the Aug. 3 town meeting will include a presentation by the community deputies who will discuss problems with minors and local

property damage during late night and early morning hours.

Hoover said there have been issues with petty theft, graffiti and vandalism by young teens wandering the streets in town in the middle of the night. The deputies have asked for discussion regarding a curfew for minors. The town's attorney will also be present to answer questions about the proposal.

Hoover said no action will be taken at the meeting and that the item is purely for discussion at this time, citing public welfare as the chief concern.

"Our priority is curbing prob-

lems affecting quality of life for us," Hoover said.

Also during the meeting, a proposal to discontinue town maintenance of grinder pumps in over two-dozen homes on Mountainview Road will be considered for a vote.

Grinder pumps are the pumps in homes that push sewage out of the home and into the public sewer lines. The homes on Mountainview Road are not within the town's limits and yet the town is providing maintenance for those pumps, though it does not provide maintenance to pumps within the town.

Harrington and Sons warehouse burns up with equipment inside

James Rada, Jr.
News Reporter

A two-alarm fire on July 22 destroyed Harrington and Sons warehouse in Liberty Township, Penn. Firefighters from four counties in Maryland and Pennsylvania responded to the blaze before it was finally brought under control.

The fire began around 10:34 a.m. in a piece of machinery in a detached building near the warehouse at 85 Waynesboro Pike. It spread to a second warehouse filled with tractors and equipment sold in the Harrington and Sons retail store on East Main Street.

"The men there tried to put it out with a fire extinguisher, but it spread too fast," said Wayne Powell, public information officer with Vigilant Hose Company. "They had a lot of equipment they were repairing in the (second) building and some new tractors that had just arrived."

Vigilant Hose and Fairfield Fire

Companies arrived first on the scene, but the second building was already engulfed in flames.

"You could see it in the sky," Powell said. "There were thick, black clouds of smoke."

Water was brought by tanker and poured into a portable pond near the scene. It took 120 firefighters 45 minutes to bring the fire under control and much longer to put it out.

One Adams County firefighter suffered a heat-related injury and was taken to Gettysburg Hospital.

Waynesboro Pike was closed during the fire and later as bulldozers tore down the ruins of the warehouse for more than six hours.

No one was reportedly present at the warehouse when the fire started and an investigation is ongoing.



Harrington and Sons' warehouse the morning after the fire.

Hoover said the issue goes years back with the county condemning the septic systems for those homes and required a hook up to the town. Leaders at that time did not impose any restrictions or fees for maintenance as the county considered the problem an immediate concern.

The town leaders will consider, and likely vote on, a proposal to turn responsibility of the grind-

er pumps on Mountainview Road over to the homeowners.

Other items on the agenda for meeting include discussion of the town ordinance on youth bike helmets and public comment on the Comprehensive Plan public comments draft.

The town meeting will be at 7:30 pm at the Town Hall on Monday, Aug. 3.

E-mail Story from page 1.

finder Academy.

Their work at the Academy was both academic and spiritual. Greenstone wrote that they held morning and evening Bible lessons for the 328 students. His e-mail messages were filled with references to the group's experiences with the children and their love for them.

Some of their baggage contained solar flashlights for the schoolchildren, which they could use to study by and to find their way after dark. "The children are thrilled with their solar flashlights," Greenstone wrote. "This was one of the best things we have done...[though] a few of the boys can't help but take them apart."

The mission's most technically demanding and costly project was the purchase and installation of a solar-powered well pump for a new well system. Formerly, there was no well large enough to serve the whole school and the people nearby. Common Ground Project had the well dug and several large storage tanks installed in anticipation of the power project.

The medical team worked with Kenyan doctors and nurses. They treated the schoolchildren, including a little girl who developed malaria. They also conducted clinics in the slums of Kitale, and worked at a hospital run by a Catholic nun, Sister Freda. In the last message Greenstone sent to Emmitsburg, he estimated that the doctors had seen almost 1,000 patients.

Wherever Team Kenya traveled, they were "utterly amazed at the numbers of people everywhere," wrote Greenstone.

"I just can't get over how many children there are here and so many in such great need of love, education, and caring," he wrote in another e-mail.

Writing on the eve of their departure from Common Ground Project and assessing their accomplishments, Greenstone wrote, "we think we've done good work," helping literally thousands during their stay.

The team returns to the U.S. on July 28 and should be back by the time this edition is published. For more detailed extracts from Pastor Jon Greenstone's e-mail from Kenya, visit the Emmitsburg Council of Churches page at www.emmitsburg.net.

Mount prepares to welcome largest class ever

James Rada, Jr.
News Reporter

Mount St. Mary's University will welcome its largest freshman class in history when the Class of 2013 arrives this month to begin their studies, according to Dean of Admissions and Enrollment Mike Post.

As of July 10, 476 students have paid their initial fees and been accepted to the university, representing a 15 percent increase in enrollment over the previous year. In 2008, at the same time, the number of expected students was 417 students.

Most of the incoming class will be from Maryland (55 percent), with Pennsylvania and New Jersey the next most-popular states. Men will be a minority (42 percent) in this freshman class for what had once been a male-only university. Not surprisingly, 68 percent of the students at the Catholic university identify themselves as Catholics.

Post said recruitment for this class (and any class) is a three-year process of talking to students at school college fairs, bringing students to the campus to show them around, and talking to them

about the benefits of Catholic education.

"We put forth an extraordinary effort in recruiting this year to show the great value of a Mount St. Mary's education," said Mount President Thomas Powell. "The excellent academic challenge and the generous benefit packages we offer make us a very attractive competitor among universities in the mid-Atlantic area. Our efforts have paid off."

Though university officials expect the final class size to be smaller, it probably won't be much smaller. Director of Communications Linda Sherman said that Bicentennial Hall (the dormitory that opened last year) and the renovated Terrace Hall will be able to accommodate the influx of new students.

Overall, Mount St. Mary's has around 2,100 graduate and undergraduate students enrolled. The incoming class will have a choice of more than 60 majors, minors and other programs to pursue during their four years at the Mount. According to the school's records, 98 percent of students graduating from the Mount have found employment within one year.

New Emmitsburg principal described as exceptional

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

Kathy Golightly, Emmitsburg Elementary School's new principal, may be new to the school, but with 15 years in Frederick County Public Schools, she believes she is ready to assume the school's top job.

Golightly, 40, has held several different positions previously including, most recently, three years as Assistant Principal at Ballenger Creek Elementary School.

Her former boss, Principal Paul Smith of Ballenger Creek, said he thinks the Emmitsburg community would want to know that Golightly is an exceptional person and educator, exceptionally competent, has strong technology skills, knows the county's curriculum well and has exceptional people skills. She is "on the cutting edge of leadership," as well, he added.

"She loves people. She is a person who will give kids a hug and has a fine way of working with parents because she is so genuine in the way she works with people," Smith said. "...Kathy never loses sight of the goal of putting children first."

Her "sense of humor is terrific" and "so sincere," and she is very professional in everything she does, he said.

Smith's respect for Golightly is shared by Caroline Hendy, Administrative Secretary at Ballenger Creek, who said she wished very much that Golightly had not left.

"She's awesome. I didn't want her to go," Hendy said. "...She's a great people person - adults, children, staff - she's just a great people person."

In addition to Golightly's years with Ballenger Creek, she

worked three years with Hillcrest Elementary and one year at North Frederick Elementary as Assistant Principal, and believes that experience will benefit Emmitsburg Elementary.

Golightly also worked six years at North Frederick Elementary and at Waverly Elementary as a Reading Specialist. She believes that experience will also be a benefit to her new position.

"Literacy development is a something that all students can work on, no matter whether they are above grade level students or students at risk," Golightly said. "Focusing on literacy is a lifelong learning skill and ...I can assist the teachers, the staff, the community, and families with helping to build literacy."

Though her drive seems a little long now from her home in Urbana to her new school in Emmitsburg, Golightly said she is very excited to return to a small town community.

Golightly grew up in a small town in western Maryland, she said, and later attended Frostburg State for her bachelor of science in elementary education and ultimately received her masters degree from Western Maryland College in reading, as well as her certification in school administration.

Calling herself a "very hands on person," Golightly believes relationships are the key to success and hopes to build lots of strong relationships within the school and the community. One of her most immediate plans is to attend a town meeting and introduce herself to the community through that venue. And, she said she also plans to attend a community barbecue coming up soon in Emmitsburg.



Emmitsburg Elementary School's new principal Kathy Golightly

On a personal level, Golightly is an avid softball player in two county leagues - Frederick and Howard County and has many fellow players in both Thurmont and Emmitsburg, she said. Her daughter, Allyson, is attending Elon University in North Carolina, following in her mother's footsteps by majoring in elementary education.

Not surprisingly, she loves to read, but her favorite reading material actually includes books for young adults. In fact, a couple of her favorites include the Twilight series and the Harry Potter series. She also loves to spend time with family and friends, and thoroughly enjoys her young nieces who live next door to her, she said.

Golightly feels one of the strongest assets she brings to her new responsibilities as principal of Emmitsburg Elementary is that she tries to be an advocate for children and loves spending time with them, which is perhaps the biggest reason she truly loves her work.

"(My job) brings out a whole different side of me. It motivates me," Go lightly said. "I love my job. It's my passion. I love kids; I really do."

Sister Palermo turns 100

Chris Patterson
Staff Writer

More than 75 well-wishers joined Sister Helen Palermo at her surprise 100th birthday party held at Villa St. Michael in the Daughter's of Charity complex on Tuesday, July 21.

Palermo celebrated with many hugs from friends, a clown, banners and butterflies decorating the meeting room, a cake, punch and a large basket of fruit cut like flowers. She

seemed every bit the celebrity with cameras flashing continually.

Palermo received dozens of birthday cards along with hugs from friends who in many cases have known her for years. One woman approached her with a tender touch the minute Palermo entered the room and reminded the sister

Sister Carol Keehan lived with Palermo in Cumberland and describes her enthusiastically as "a great lady."

Sister Cora Anne Signaigo has

known Palermo for around 35 years and also lived with her several times. "We've gotten into trouble together," Signaigo said.

One of those occasions was when the two ladies decided to decorate for St. Patrick's Day after the other

residents went to bed. Apparently, they hung the Irish flag upside down and they were severely chastised for it, Signaigo said with a somewhat naughty smile.

"She has a tremendous wit," Signaigo said of her old friend.

Guests at the event agreed she is very funny and added that Palermo was partially blind and deaf but played the organ for masses.

Despite her challenges, she would practice all week until should could play the pieces perfectly without being able to see the music, said Sister Marian Hagner.

Father Simon Raj has known

Palermo for nine years and recalls her devotion to her organ playing, albeit with slightly less perfection than others sometimes recalled. He described her as a caring person whose touch would instantly calm patients.

He said Palermo wore white all the time and patients missed her so much when she left. They always ask for her when she was there and after she left, he said.

Patients would call her an angel because of wearing all white, her demeanor and radiant face, he said.

"They would always ask 'Where is the little angel,'" he said.



Sister Helen Palermo celebrated her 100th birthday on July 21 with 75 of her friends and associates during a surprise party.

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NEWS

Ash trees in danger

James Rada, Jr.
News Reporter

Rectangular purple boxes attached to trees are showing up all over and some folks are wondering why.

Not too long ago, many Frederick County landowners were worried about the damage that gypsy moths would do to trees. Now the concern is the emerald ash borer.

As the name suggests, the emerald ash borer bores into ash trees, which eventually kills the tree. The purple boxes are traps.

The Maryland Department of Agriculture has placed the ash borer traps throughout Western Maryland, including Frederick County to try and stop the spread of the borer throughout the state.

"The purple rectangular boxes you see on trees throughout the county are not wrecked box kites;

they are traps to monitor whether or not emerald ash borer is in the vicinity. These traps have the odor of weakened ash to attract the bugs," reported the Frederick County Forestry Board in its July meeting minutes.

Maryland's problem with the emerald ash borer began in 2003 when a nursery inspector found infected trees in a Prince George's County nursery. The trees had been illegally shipped from a quarantined area in Michigan. While the Maryland Department of Agriculture was able to seize and destroy most of the trees, 25 had been sold. As a precaution the MDA acted as if all trees within a half mile of the known-infected trees had also been infected.

The action was too late; the emerald ash borer had spread to trees that hadn't come from the Michigan nursery. As of April this

year, around 42,000 ash trees had been removed and destroyed from 17,000 acres in Maryland.

In Frederick County, the Planning Division of the Division of Permitting and Development Review issued an indefinite ban on the use of ash trees in September 2006. A memo by Stephen O'Phillips, Principle Planner, prohibited ash trees for use in forest plans or street-tree planting plans and landscape plans as part of site plans, improvement plans or preliminary plans.

The memo also prohibited the planting of ash trees on "approved, signed forest plans, street-tree planting plans or landscape plans if a list of substitution species is also listed on the approved, signed plans. In those cases, applicants will be directed to use the substitution species in-lieu of Ash Trees."

The emerald ash borer has killed tens of millions of trees in southeastern Michigan where the insect was first discovered in 2002. The states of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Minnesota, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Ontario, Pennsylvania, Quebec, Virginia, West Virginia and Wisconsin are all experiencing similar losses.

The insect is native to Asia and is believed to have come to the United States in solid wood packing material from Asia in 2002. It was first found in the Detroit area in July 2002. According to Maryland Department of Agriculture officials, the borer problem is more serious than the gypsy moth problem and as bad as the chestnut blight that decimated the American chestnut tree population.

For more information on how you can protect your Ash trees, contact the Maryland Department of Agriculture at 410-841-5920 or visit emeraldashborer.info.



Emerald Ash Borer trap

Battle of Monterey Pass exhibit dedicated

On June 26th, the Pennsylvania Civil War Trails Wayside Exhibit was unveiled at the Monterey Pass Battlefield located at Rolando Woods Lions Club Park, in Blue Ridge Summit, Pennsylvania. The Monterey Pass Battlefield Association and the One Mountain Foundation sponsored the dedication that attracted more than 100 people from Pennsylvania and Maryland.

John Miller, the Founder and Battlefield Historian for the Monterey Pass Battlefield Association (MPBA) said "Lee's 1863 invasion into Pennsylvania was dubbed the Gettysburg Campaign, which leaves out everything that led up to the battle at Gettysburg as well as what followed the battle of Gettysburg. With this wayside Exhibit as well as other exhibits in Pennsylvania and Maryland, Lee's invasion can be called the Pennsylvania Campaign as Gettysburg was not the main target for the invading Confederate Army."

Alicia Miller greeted guests and provided the introductions for the speakers wearing a day dress that was typical for the average middle-class woman of the era.

The dedication featured Gary Muller, Chairman of the One Mountain Foundation, John A. Miller, Founder and Battlefield Historian of the MPBA, Lenwood Sloan Director of the Pennsylvania History and Culture Museum, Elaine Galdhill, Washington Township Supervisor and Franklin County Commissioner Robert Thomas.

Following the dedication, Mr. Miller led a tour of the battlefield as well as the old Maria Furnace Road where hundreds of cannon and wagons sloshed through the muddy rain soaked mountain road, complete with dressed interpreters who are part of the Monterey Pass Battlefield Association.

"If the Union Army coming from the direction of Emmitsburg would

have taken possession of this road from Fairfield Gap to Monterey Pass, it would have caused Lee to use a different route, a risk that Lee could not afford" said Miller during the tour.

Many local residents were surprised to find that a Civil War battle was waged in their back yards and were shocked to hear many of the first hand accounts that were shared during the tour. Many of the residents absorbed this new-found information and eager to learn more, attended the various lectures that were given that weekend during Mountain Top Heritage Days at Fort Ritchie which included lectures about the area's Civil War history.

The MPBA staff placed markers into the ground for the new driving tour that was unveiled during the dedication that offers 12 stops with six locations that have interpretive markers or state sponsored Civil War Trails Waysides. Stops include Fairfield, Fountain Dale, Monterey Pass, High Rock, Pen Mar, Ringgold, Leitersburg and Smithsburg tying in all elements of the battle.

For more information on the Battle of Monterey Pass, please visit the [Monterey Pass Battlefield Association section of emmitsburg.net](http://MontereyPassBattlefieldAssociation.org)



Alicia Miller introducing the guest speakers at the dedication of the Battle of Monterey Pass exhibit.

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One hundred years ago this month

August 6

W.C.T.H. Meeting

The local Women's Christina Temperance Union met at the home of Miss Ida Zimmerman, near town, on Tuesday evening. Many of the members of this organization attended the meeting, having been conveyed to the place of the meeting in one of the cars of the Auto Car Company.

Chocolate Nut Sundae—10 cents

A dipper 'Ice Cream,' with ladle of 'Swiss Chocolate' over the cream, spoonful of 'Chopped Nuts' over the chocolate, and topped off with "Whipped cream" and 'Maraschino Cherry' and a 'Delecta' Wafer on the side all for 10 cents at McCardell's.

No Saloon for Motter Station

The application of Robert Martin of Motter's Station for a saloon license, which was opposed by the Anti-Saloon League, was refused by the court on the grounds that he had not complied with the law.

speech to which Mr. Galt freely responded. As was fitting on such an occasion the cup was filled with champagne and each one present dry to the health of the others and of Mr. Galt.

The gift came as a complete surprise to Mr. Galt and was all the more appreciated on that account. Rev. Gluck when he presented the cup in a few words told of the fitness of such an expression of appreciation from a community to an individual and of the pleasure it gave him to present this token of the esteem which Emmitsburg felt for one who did her single service. He alluded to the share the recipient and his paper had taken in the recent Old Home Week celebration. His remarks were graceful and entirely in keeping with the occasion.

Mr. Galt was very much overcome by the honor to him; in fact so complete was a surprise that it was sometime before he realized what was taking place. When he responded it was to tell of his deep and sincere appreciation and to disclaim his worthiness for such high honor as the citizens saw fit to give him.



A lazy summer day in Emmitsburg of old

the convenience of passengers. The hay shed of Boyle Brothers is undergoing extensive repairs. Concrete foundations are being put under the structure and the roof will be re-shingled. The old corn crib will be replaced with a new one.

embankment and received many cuts and bruises.

Runaway Accident

Last Saturday morning a horse and team belonging to Mr. John Bell dashed down Gettysburg Street to the square and stopped only when it ran into another vehicle hitched in front of Mr. Isaac Annan's Store. Mr. Bell was transacting business with Mr.

Ashbaugh in his establishment on Gettysburg Street when the animal, which he did not hitch, took fright. The impact with the team on the square was so great that the horse was thrown to the ground and before it could get to its feet the wagon had to be removed. The shafts of the runaway team were demolished, but all the horses were unhurt.

August 13

Musical at the home of Miss Frailey

On Thursday evening, an informal musical was given at the home of Miss Madeline Frailey in honor of her guest, Miss Rebecca Houck, herself a musician of no mean ability. Several solos were rendered by Miss Schnure, Miss Wrein, Mr. Went and Dr. Carson Frailey. Besides the solos several quartettes and duets were sung. Dr. Frailey's voice is familiar to Emmitsburg music lovers. Misses Houck and Wren sang soprano, Mr. Went is a baritone.

Fire at Stouter's Shingle Mill

On Tuesday evening the saw-dust pile at Stouter's single mill, a mile or so southwest of town, caught fire from the engine. The quick work of those who helped to fight the flames saved any loss except sawdust. To the ladies who gave such splendid service to the bucket brigade, belong a great deal of credit for saving the saw, shingles and other things that would have been destroyed.

Emmitsburg honors citizen

On Saturday evening Mr. Stirling Galt, editor and proprietor of the weekly Chronicle, was made the recipient of a beautiful silver loving cup, a gift to him from the citizens of Emmitsburg in recognition of the good he and the Chronicle have done the community since he has been a resident. A committee of gentlemen surprised him at his home and Rev. Gluck, on behalf of the others, made the presentation

August 20

Barn Burned and Live Stock Killed

The much needed rain came on Monday night and with it a storm which unfortunately did some damage. The electric display was remarkable, the lightning flashes being almost incessant. The barn belonging to Mr. David Stouter, near Bridgeport was destroyed with all its contents including a horse. Mr. Albert Valentine, of near Four Points, lost three valuable horses killed by lightning. They were standing near a wire fence at the time and one of them was thrown over the fence by the force of the bolt. The telephone system was put out of service and a number of phones burned out.

Acrobatic Horse

A horse belonging to Mr. Claude Conover, while hitched in front of Mr. Harner's store on Monday afternoon, suddenly made a plunge which landed his forefeet on one side of the rail while his rear feet remained somewhere in the air on the other side. Mr. Charles Kugler, with the assistance of Mr. Edger Schriver removed the iron rail, thus freeing the animal. The horse sustained no injury, nor was the harness of the vehicle damaged.

Improvements at Train Depot

The narrow walks along either side of the ticket office and baggage room at the Emmitsburg Railroad station have been widened, which adds much to

August 27

Seventy-First Anniversary

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Conrad Saffer celebrated at his home on Green Street the seventy-first anniversary of his birth. The Emmitt Cornet Band was present, and delighted all by its rendition of several musical selections. Refreshments were served in abundance, and the evening was greatly enjoyed by those present. Mr. Saffer received congratulations and best wishes of his many friends.

Constricting Large Bridge

Charles Gilleian and Clarence Rider are superintending the concrete works on the new bridge being built by the County Commissioner over Toms Creek near Wallace Moser's about six miles from town. All the abutments are to be of concrete construction, and the iron span 100 feet long. [Editor's Note: The bridge referred to is today called 'Sixes Bridge' on Sixes Bridge Road.]

Railroad Man Hurt

Mr. Charles Bowers, fireman on the Emmitsburg Railroad, met with an accident on the eleven o'clock run Friday morning last, which might have proven serious. It happened that as the train was nearing Motter's Station, Mr. Bowers lost his hold and began to fall from the engine. He had the presence of mind to throw himself forward thus avoiding falling under the train, but he fell against the



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GOVERNMENT—NORTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the desk of Adams County Commissioner George Weikert

I'm quite sure an article from a neighboring County Commissioner is not often found in your local newspaper. I'm an avid reader of the Emmitsburg News-Journal. The local charm and local headlines help keep me in tune with what is happening just south of the border. As a life-long resident of Adams County, Pa., and a member of its Board of Commissioners, I have found the Mason Dixon Line over the years may have become more than simply a surveyor's mark in the sand.

As a youngster, I found a trip to the Harney Grocery Store was quite a treat. Some of the products which were on those shelves were quite different from those found at the Greenmount Store or Minters Grocery Store at Baltimore St. and Middle St. in Gettysburg, Pa. The prices seemed better also. My dad always said that his money seemed to buy more at the Harney Store." As a matter of fact, my home address still includes Emmitsburg Rd., Gettysburg, Pa., 17325.

I've spent many years reading about the Civil War, how the residents of Emmitsburg welcomed the soldiers from both sides and provided what goods and services they could muster up as the troops passed through your town. I understand the houses of Emmitsburg shook as the cannon fire erupted from the fields of Gettysburg. I got an eerie feeling last week as I could see and hear the fireworks from your celebration; I think I now know what it must have been like back then.

I have learned over time that the parameters of County Government in our two states are very much different. The Counties in Maryland are responsible for law enforcement, road construction and snow removal, solid waste collection, education, judicial services, transportation and probably many other services which we all take for granted. County government in Adams County Pa., for instance, is much different.

The County is divided into 34 municipalities, 21 townships, and 13 boroughs that are responsible for their roads and streets, police protection and land use. By the way, the state is also responsible for some county roads. Sometimes we have to check the official map to determine whose road it really is. The County Government is responsible for tax assessment, mapping, courts, adult and juvenile probation, children and youth, weights and measures, prison facilities, a nursing home, assistance with land use and transportation planning, voter registration and elections, land conservation and others.

County services are provided for by real estate taxes, municipal services are provided for by their own real estate tax, earned income tax, real estate transfer tax and an admission tax on certain amusements. I hope you're not confused yet because public education in Adams County is provided by 7 school districts, all sepa-

rately funded by state subsidies, their own real estate taxes, earned income and admission tax levies. What a difference that line on the pavement on Rt. 15 has made!

I read recently the article written by Commissioner Kai Hagen. I met him last year when we traveled to Frederick on a meet and greet trip to share our thoughts and discuss our issues. We are very similar in the opportunities we have before us. Land use and the preservation of our beautiful forests, viewscapes, farm land, water resources and wildlife are the number one priority for our short time here on the earth. We are the stewards of everything around us and we need to hand it to the next generation intact and better than it was when it was entrusted

to us for its care. We really don't own this land; we cannot destroy it, pollute it or mar it beyond repair. We are simply the caretakers who will soon hand this land to our children and grandchildren in hopes that we have set a good example for them to watch over it for us. We are working hard over here in Adams County to preserve, protect, and promote what we cherish the most. I know for a fact that your County Commissioners are doing likewise.

Although I have not met you all personally, I'm sure some of us pass each other by everyday on our way to work or traveling to the Gettysburg Giant Food Store and the Emmitsburg Jubilee. I promise to raise my hand and greet you if you would do the same.

From the desk of Carroll Valley Mayor Ron

Recently, Carroll Valley celebrated the 4th of July. Over 1200 residents and visitors attended during the day and another 1000 in the evening to watch the fireworks displayed from the top of Ski Liberty mountain. Thank you Gayle Marthers who managed the day's activities. Thank you to the J4 Planning Group, namely: Andrew Aldrich, Charles Dalton, Ayse Jester, Bob Jester, Melvin Losoysky, Gayle Marthers, Jason Shay, and Marie Schwartz. Thank you Dave Hazlett for your invaluable support. I would also like to thank all the volunteers involved, as well as the Carroll Valley's borough staff and municipal service crew. Thank you to the McCleaf's family. Bill McCleaf Sr. allowed us to use his farmland to park cars. And, Bill McCleaf Jr. who provided one of the most popular attractions at the picnic, the hayride. A special thanks to our major fireworks sponsors; Ski Liberty Resort and Conference Center, Adams Electric Cooperative, Inc. and Comcast.

National Night Out (NNO) on August 4th 5-8 pm is our next event. This event promotes safety and wellness and will feature over

30 organizations, food, games & demonstrations. Kids should bring their bike for the Bike Rodeo. Parents bring your home fire extinguishers to be checked. Child's fingerprinting & videotaping will be performed. Come and see the new mobile animal hospital, PA one Call, MEDIC 28, and the Red Cross Disaster Van. Representatives from your local emergency management agency, FEMA will be there distributing information on disaster planning. If available, the STAT MedEVAC and Maryland State Police Trooper 3 will land and greet attendees. So as you can see, there is a lot to do. Come and meet those who protect you and your children. Hope to see you at the Carroll Valley Commons (park) on August 4th. The Borough is in the process of updating their Comprehensive Plan. The Comprehensive Plan is a document that is used by public officials to make informed decisions about future growth in the community. You can participate by going to the Carroll Valley website (www.carrollvalley.org) and completing the Carroll Valley Survey. The survey is divided into four sections, name-

ly: Borough Services, General Questions, Activities/Recreation, and Demographics. You are asked to indicate your level of satisfaction with various Borough services. You are questioned about what you like least about the Borough. What do you feel the Borough is in need of? What direction would you like to see the Borough of Carroll Valley grow in the future? You are asked to indicate your overall impression of Carroll Valley Borough Parks. What recreation activities does your household participate in or would like to participate in?

The information gather through the survey will be one of the data sources used by Planning Commission to update the existing Comprehensive Plan. If you do not use a computer, paper copies of the survey will be available at the Borough office. The Planning Commission and the Borough do value your opinion. Please take the time out of your busy day and complete the survey. If you have any questions or comments, you can contact the Borough Manager at manager@carrollvalley.org or me at mayor@carrollvalley.org [cell at (301) 606-2021].



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GOVERNMENT—SOUTH OF THE MASON-DIXON LINE

From the desk of County Commissioner Jan Gardner

It isn't easy to be green! This lament made by a popular cartoon character, no longer rings true. It is actually easier than ever to be green!

So, exactly what does it mean to go green? Going green means reducing the consumption of energy from non-renewable energy sources, reducing water consumption, protecting the environment, and saving money. Even for people who do not believe in climate change and the need to address global warming, there is common ground in saving money by reducing energy and fuel consumption.

There are a number of easy and low cost ways to reduce energy consumption in buildings either at home or at work. These ideas include changing light bulbs, installing lighting occupancy sensors, installing programmable thermostats, and replacing hot water tank units with insta-heat and tankless water systems. Water consumption can be reduced through low flow toilets, replacing showerheads, and re-

membering to not leave water running when brushing teeth or during similar activities. Frederick County Government has made it easier than ever to actively participate in recycling through the new single-stream recycling program. Backyard composting bins are also available at a nominal price at the County Reichs Ford Road Landfill. Reducing fuel consumption can be easily accomplished by combining trips and by carpooling. When gas prices approached \$4.00 per gallon, vehicle miles traveled fell for the first time in decades as people made a concerted effort to reduce driving.

Long-term choices for energy and fuel savings are more expansive including switching to geo-thermal heating systems, which work well in many areas of Frederick County, purchasing hybrid vehicles, replacing old appliances with Energy Star appliances, and implementing green building standards.

The Frederick County Commissioners have decided to take a

leadership role in promoting energy conservation, environmental sustainability, and stewardship. In 2007, the County adopted a strategic plan objective to:

Adopt a comprehensive energy plan for Frederick County Government, which establishes annual definitive goals to reduce the county's use of non-renewable energy over a 15-year period in its office buildings, facilities, and vehicle fleet by 50% or more.

To accomplish this objective, a Comprehensive Energy Plan and action items have been drafted. A number of projects and steps have already been implemented to advance this goal including:

Green Buildings—The Brunswick Branch Library is being designed to LEED building standards and a "green roof" has been designed for the Catocin Nature Center.

Landfill Gas to Energy Project—A project has been initiated

to capture the methane gas from the landfill for conversion to electricity to utilize for on site operations and to sell to the grid. The collection and conversion of methane gas to electricity reduces green house gas emissions.

Recycling—The recently introduced single-stream recycling program is the largest program in the State of Maryland. The program will be fully implemented in Frederick County Public Schools in the upcoming academic year. Single-stream recycling will be expanded to commercial and multi-family housing.

Building Renovations and Upgrades—Numerous energy-efficiency retrofits and upgrades have been completed and saved \$150,000 annually. These include changes to lighting, thermostats, HVAC upgrades and roofs.

Greening the Fleet—The County has purchased hybrid and flex fuel replacement vehicles including two hybrid busses for transit.

Fuel Conservation—The County has set a goal of reducing county agency fuel consumption by 10%. At the fifth reporting period fuel consumption has been reduced by 9%.

Legislation—Adopted a stream buffer protection ordinance, establishing variable set backs for development from streams and water bodies. Adopted a wind and solar zoning text amendment to permit and facilitate private use of wind and solar systems.

In 2008, the County Commissioners created the Office of Environmental Sustainability to provide leadership and coordination to address issues related to climate change, energy independence, and environmental sustainability. A citizen-based Sustainability Commission was appointed in April of this year to engage public participation and public energy to support these goals. These meetings are open to the public.

It is easier than ever to be green!

From the desk of Town Commissioner Chris Staiger

Hello! I hope everyone's summer is going as planned and you've had an opportunity to enjoy the fantastic weather from June into July - cooler and drier than average has been nice. After our wet spring, I know I'm not complaining about the grass growing slower - although it hasn't been great for the tomatoes and peppers in the backyard... As the summer begins to wind down, though, I would like to solicit some input on how to move forward with changes or upgrades to the Emmitsburg pool.

The pool complex dates back to 1974 and has been showing its age for the last decade or so - requiring thousands, if not tens of thousands, of dollars in repair or maintenance almost every year. This is on top of the usual, seasonal, operating expenses for management, lifeguards, and supplies. Although fees are charged for annual memberships and day passes, they come nowhere near covering the costs of operation. This Town Council and those before have recognized the value of a municipal pool with a cost structure that allows everyone in the community to enjoy this resource. Season pass

family rates are half to a third of those found at a private pool with no "bonds" or any other up front money - while day passes are only \$4 for in-town, adult residents. In addition to keeping the pool up and running (mostly - but more on that later...), the Town has attempted to provide more amenities such as tables, grills, and a pavilion to make a day at the pool more enjoyable. For the first time in a few years, swim lessons were available through the current pool management company. The Town will also host discount family nights with food and entertainment on July 24 and August 7 from 7-9pm and on August 21 from 6:30 to 8:30pm. Admission is only \$1 for ages 3 and up!

In spite of all these efforts, the baby pool continues to be an issue - and now seems to have finally reached a point where operation isn't possible without a complete overhaul to all the in-ground plumbing due to leaks between the filters and the pool. While the Town is investigating the cost of repairs to the existing system, we expect it to be quite high. The question then becomes: would some alternate activity for toddlers be a bet-

ter choice if a large investment is to be made? Suggestions have included a separate tot lot designed for toddlers or a splash garden with mushrooms, fountains, etc. Perhaps there are more ideas out there about what could be done. Certainly, a replacement baby pool would be the most traditional course of action while each of the others has its own benefits and detractions... Regardless, we would like to come up with a worthwhile and cost effective

solution! Please contact me at cstaiger@emmitsburgmd.gov if you have any recommendations as we move toward the evaluation process.

Beyond the actual infrastructure, we are also trying to do a better job communicating rules and expectations as well as fielding complaints and concerns. My hope is that we can continue to maintain the Emmitsburg Pool as a safe and enjoyable activity for our com-

munity. I think the town government has found a good spot to invest its time and energy since we are able to provide this service at a subsidized cost that makes it accessible to all residents. Attendance has continued to climb over the last few years. I hope this indicates we're doing something right!

Have a great summer,

Chris Staiger

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COMMENTARY

Pondering the puzzlement

Jack Deatherage, Jr.

“As the meltdown progresses, one of the first things to be affected will be our nation’s food supply. Expect soaring prices along with moderate to severe shortages by spring. If you don’t have the ability to grow your own food next year, your life may be in danger.” - Survival Seed Bank (Internet commercial site)

Being an “end timer” (one who sees the collapse of our civilization as already in progress) I’m intrigued by people’s responses to what is happening around us. When a suburban relative asked me about a “survival seed bank” she’d found for sale on the Net, I asked a home-steading friend for her opinion of the “offer”. She blew a gasket.

From the web site: *“Could you and your family get off the grid and survive in a panic?”*

Homesteader: “The answer to that question is NO. If you aren’t already growing your own food, you’re not suddenly and miraculously going to be able to do it because you have some seeds stashed away. And let’s also remember that if the grocery shelves suddenly went bare, you’d still be WEEKS, if not MONTHS, away from being able to harvest a garden from those seeds. And if you aren’t already doing it, how are you going to miraculously procure the tools and equipment needed to start a garden on short notice? Do you really think you’re going to be able to prepare and work an acre of land if you’re too damned lazy to already be feeding yourself from a small backyard plot? You will not have the knowledge, the skills, the discipline, the backbone or the muscle mass to crank out a garden that will feed your family for any amount of time unless you’re already doing it.”

A promise from the site: *“Total Seeds—Enough to Plant One Acre”*

Homesteader: “Unless you think you can live on lettuce and cabbage, there aren’t enough seeds in this package to plant 1/4 acre of anything truly substantial, much less have successive rotations of anything while you’re learning to save seeds, which is another skill you won’t have unless you’re already doing it! (And no, the instructions that come with the package will NOT be enough.) And I guarantee you that if you find your-

self suddenly “off-grid” and hungry from turning that acre with a shovel and your bare hands, you’re going to need more calories than the rabbit food this package provides. When you truly become hungry, you’re going to want REAL food.

Where are the summer squash, the long-term storage pumpkins and winter squash? The wheat seeds? The dark leafy greens like kale and mustards? The broccoli and turnips and storage cabbages? The truly substantial soup beans and peas? Yeah, I know I’m going to want an heirloom variety of eggplant when I’m starving—10-12 days from seeding until transplant, then another 80 days or so until you get to pick one!

Do you know how long your growing season is and whether or not you can even mature some of these varieties? Bloody Butcher corn takes about 120 days to mature, longer in cooler climes. Do you already have a grinder to make it into cornmeal? Bet those are going to be easy to find in a crisis!”

Homesteader’s summation: “Throwing some seed on the ground is the easy part, but it won’t feed your family right away and if you don’t know how to store and process the results, it won’t feed your family for longer than the immediate future. Don’t waste your money on this company -it’s one of the biggest scams I’ve seen in a long time.”

I’m not so sure the Survival Seed Bank is a total waste of money. I can see the product being worth the peace of mind it provides to people only slightly more ignorant than myself. Like- people refusing to leave cities as a hurricane bears down on them? People with no food or drinking water put back against the chance they might need either for the few days it takes a government relief effort to reach them?

I’d sooner spend my money on seeds than give it to the government against the day either one of them might “save” me. I’ll continue collecting and growing out seeds, talking to knowledgeable gardeners and farmers. Even at that, I know I can’t feed my family from any garden I’ve planted. Nope. As a civilization we’ve forgotten way too much. I wonder what the price of collective ignorance will be?

To read other articles by Jack Deatherage, visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net

Words from Winterbilt

Common sense, curmudgeons & politics

Shannon Bohrer

In our daily news and communications we seem to have developed habits and rules, although unwritten they exist. If your political perspectives are from the right, there are particular news forums that you listen to, watch or read. If you are on the left you have your favorite communication venues. It’s as if we are in boxes that are labeled left and right. Are we in these boxes because of perspectives? Do we really believe everything that is in our boxes, or do the boxes define us?

One box that seems to be missing is the curmudgeons’ perspective. A curmudgeon is anyone over 60 years of age that feels like they are over 60 years of age. Some people that are under 60 belong to curmudgeon clubs because they feel and act as if they are over 60. I personally believe that there are curmudgeon groupies that hang around curmudgeons just for the conversations and knowledge. Another trait is that curmudgeons tend to gather around watering holes, particularly ones that have good coffee. Good coffee often comes with a senior discount. When curmudgeons gather they have conversation, often about politics and they can always tell you why problems exist and how to solve them. You don’t see this on television and you don’t hear this on the radio.

I am very fortunate in that I belong to two curmudgeon clubs so I have the benefit of twice the knowledge. I should explain that to belong to a curmudgeon club, you don’t pay any dues (except your life experiences) your name is not on any roster, there are no officers, patches or insignias and you are not expected to attend all of the meetings. Of course they are not really meetings; the herd just naturally gathers around the watering holes, the problems of the world are discussed and solutions are offered. I belong to one club at work and at lunch we discuss the world problems. We have several members of this club that are only in their early to mid 50’s. It is interesting to watch and observe them. They often have very little to add to the conversation, probably just waiting for us to pass on real nuggets of knowledge. One game we often play at the end of lunch is to try and figure out how we got on the topic of conversation with which we ended. On most days we can do this. My other membership is with some former co-workers and we try to meet monthly. I am not bragging but belonging to two clubs probably gives me a mental advantage over the average person.

Topics at almost every meeting are politics and the economy. In the current economic environment; private industry has not behaved well and

that’s being polite about it. Of course our government has told us that the private industry spent all of the money. I thought the government did the same thing? It is rather amusing sometimes when politicians blame the other party and private enterprise for the countries troubles. Both parties are pointing at each other and private industry as being responsible for our problems and no one wants to be responsible? You would think that the mainstream media (why do they call it main stream?) would report this. Headline on the nightly news: *The country is broke—the congress, the banks and big business spent all of the money.*

“Ancient Rome declined because it had a Senate; now what’s going to happen to us with both a Senate and a House?” Will Rogers?

The mainstream media tend to only report the right and left and they ignore the rest of us. According to the media the Republicans want you to be self sufficient with smaller government and pay no taxes. The Democrats believe you should pay taxes and you should have entitlements. As was recently stated the Democrats are the party of tax and spend and the Republican are the party of no taxes but spend more. I see no reason why I can’t believe in parts of both systems. I would like all of the entitlements and I don’t think I should pay any taxes! Sometimes I believe strongly both ways.

For over 40 years our government leaders have promised to reduce our dependence on foreign oil. I am glad that worked. At the same time every party in power was going to balance the budget and reduced the national debt. I am sure the debt has been reduced; the irresponsible press has

probably neglected reporting it? I am sure that our leaders will address and fix these issues, or at least they will promise to fix them, just before the next election. The word “leaders” when used in the context of elected officials can be confusing.

“It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly American criminal class except Congress.” Mark Twain

If you listen or watch the news they can explain the complicated and involved issues regarding the economy, economic theories, stimulus packages, trade protections, financial regulations and what the federal system is doing to correct it. According to a recent poll of curmudgeons over 90 percent believe that our economic crises are because we spend too much money and we should stop.

I don’t think that I am alone in my views, although my Republican friends call me a liberal and my Democratic friends think I am right wing – and I really don’t understand what that means, it makes me think I am unbalanced. I do think the middle is a good place to be. While many of my friends are on one side or the other I feel more comfortable in the middle. Given that past performance is indicative of future performance, I am very optimistic that neither party will succeed. However, from my perspective the primary purpose of both parties is not to be in office and govern, but to keep the other party out so less damage can be done!

Recommended reading for people following governmental affairs, “On the Decay of the Art of Lying” by Mark Twain.



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FROM THE PASTOR'S DESK

Do pets go to heaven?

Pastor Wade Martin

This question is one that I think many a pet owner has asked, if not aloud, quietly to themselves. I know some of you have asked this question of me in recent months.

Sooner or later, for pet owners, any discussion of pet loss comes around to this question.

Christians tend to find this question particularly difficult, because we want to base “answers” to any spiritual question on the authority of the Bible. Consequently, most discussions of this question turn into scripture-slinging contests, addressing the issue of whether animals have “souls,” can they be “redeemed,” so on and so forth.

But the problem that is scripture doesn't offer a definitive answer to this question. And there's a reason for this: it's not simply God's perverse decision to leave thousands of pet owners in the dark. Perhaps the reason the Bible is silent on this issue is because the Bible is about human redemption; it's a book about the choices humans must make.

And if pets do go to heaven it isn't due to anything you or I do to “get” them there—so perhaps it's no surprise that the Bible contains no specific answers for us on the matter.

Also, silence on the subject doesn't mean a negative answer either. The Bible is silent on many things, leaving us with a number of questions that we must explore and resolve using the hearts and minds that God gave us—seeking an answer that's rooted, not in theology and doctrine, but in reason, love, and our personal experiences with God.

So what I hope to offer you is not a “hard answer” to the question because quite frankly I can't, but I do hope to provide a framework within which you can choose your own answer, based on your ability to reason and your understanding of God's love.

The Christian concept of heaven is linked with the concepts of salvation, redemption, and resurrection. Christians don't believe that “going to heaven” happens automatically; it's the result of conscious faith decisions made during one's life.

And while the Bible is very specific about the requirements for human salvation, it says nothing about salvation for animals. So this has led some folks to assume that, since animals can't be “saved,” they can't possibly go to heaven.

However, another way to look at this question is to recall why the Bible states that redemption is “necessary” for humans. In scriptural terms, humans are “fallen” beings. Humans have free will, and therefore the ability to choose between good and evil. Humans can choose salvation and heaven, or choose to reject both.

Animals, however, have never “fallen”—and if one has not fallen, it's not at all clear that the step of “redemption” is necessary. Animals can't “choose” between good and evil; when animals behave badly in our homes, it is generally because of a conflict between their God-given natures and our human requirements. Animals have no need to be saved because they aren't considered “sinners.”

This doesn't mean that we can necessarily assume that because animals have no “sin,” they're automatically received into heaven. What it does mean is that the whole issue of “redemption” simply doesn't apply.

Whether animals go to heaven or not, the question of “redemption” is not the basis for letting them in—or keeping them out.

Another common argument against the notion that pets go to heaven is that “animals don't have souls.” Again, the Bible isn't exactly clear on this, so the question is not answerable on a strictly scriptural basis.

Lets consider heaven for a moment. What do you believe heaven is like? If you ask this question of most people, you're likely to get a description of a glorious garden, filled with beautiful trees and radiant flowers, with sparkling waters and soft breezes. Very few people imagine heaven as some sort of giant, sterile concrete parking lot, devoid of life.

We base our image of heaven on the beauties of the creation we live in now. And just as I can't imagine a heaven without plants, neither can I imagine one without animals. Whether or not animals have souls, I'm convinced there are animals in heaven. After all, God created all the creatures of the earth on the fifth and sixth days of creation, right before the creation of humanity.

You know God has a purpose for every part of his creation and I believe God uses pets to help humans learn about God's love and faithfulness. When I enter my house after being gone all day, the one thing I can count on is being greeted by my dog Molly with her sloppy tongue of love.

From our pets, we also learn mercy, compassion, patience, and understanding—and we also learn what it means to receive unconditional love. If pets are a means by which we are taught about love, must we assume that once we have learned the lesson, we're then forced to lose that love forever?

Are we to assume that God, the author of love, has so lit-

tle compassion for us that He first gives us pets to love and pets to love us only later to say, “Oh well, I know that you really loved that little dog or precious cat I sent your way, but rules are rules so you won't see them again”? I don't believe that. God is a God of love and he wouldn't give us love one day, only to take it away permanently on another.

Now while I may wonder about whether I'll be reunited with my pets in heaven, I am certain of one thing: My pets aren't wondering the same thing. Theology is only of interest to those who wonder about choices.

pecially everything spiritual—that there's no room for spiritual “error” if you will.

These are the folks, I suspect, who argue most loudly and angrily against the concept of pets in heaven. And there are certainly many issues on which, for a Christian, there is no “wiggle room” for debate.

But I believe where the answer absolutely matters, where the answer has eternal significance for us, the answer is given. If the answer is not given, then it's quite possible the answer doesn't really matter at this point in our lives - there's no penalty for being “wrong.”

If we believe that pets go to heaven, and this turns out to be incorrect, there's no penalty. Such a belief will not doom anyone to hell; it's not a salvation issue. Nor are we at risk of leading someone else “astray” if we allow him or her to hold onto such a belief.

If, for example, you're concerned about allowing a child to believe something you think is an “error,” ask yourself whether having such a belief is more damaging to that child's faith than believing that God doesn't share or respect that child's genuine love for his or her pet, or care about his or her grief.

So what if we choose to believe that our pets are in heaven and then, when we get there, we find out we're wrong? While this may be painful to imagine, it's equally hard to imagine being disappointed in any way shape or form when we do get to heaven—whether we find our pets there or not.

As Paul writes in 1 Corinthians



13:12: “Now we see but a poor reflection as in a mirror; then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part; then I shall know full, even as I am fully known.” This text means what we don't know now, we will know in the future; and what we don't understand now, we will understand in the future. And in the end we will not be disappointed.

So what's the bottom line? Do pets go to heaven or not?

Every argument I've offered in favor of pets going to heaven could easily be used to argue the opposite view. So the key is not to seek a “definitive answer,” because there is none. The key is this: On this particular issue, where the Bible is silent, we have the right to choose the answer that seems true to us—that comforts and consoles us—that's based on our best efforts to reason and understand God and God's love for all creation. In the future when we enter heavens gates, God will reveal all truth.

As for me, I believe pets do go to heaven.

Thanks be to God for our pets, and for the joy and love they bring to our lives!

Editor's Note: Wade Martin was the former Pastor at Trinity United Methodist Church. To learn more information about Trinity and the Methodist faith visit trinityumcemmitsburg.com or call 301-447-3740.

“Farewell, Master,
Yet not farewell.

Where I go, ye too shall dwell

I am gone, before your face.

A moment's time, a little space.

When ye come where

I have stepped

Ye will wonder why ye wept.”

Our pets live in the now, not in the next week; they deal with what is, not what might be, or could be, or should be. Pets don't ask, “What comes next?” This is a human question, based on human grief.

I firmly believe that God takes care of all his creation including the animals of this world.

So when I ask whether I'm going to meet my dog again, I'm asking for my sake, out of my grief—not because I feel I have to worry that God will forget to look after my dog if I don't remind Him. I ask, because I want to know if my loss is eternal or temporary.

Would heaven be a wonderful place—would it truly be “paradise”—if our pets weren't there? For many, the answer is “no”—and obviously, God knows this! Placing restrictions on what can or can't be in heaven is a fruitless exercise, no one has brought back a report of what's in heaven, and sooner or later we're all going to find out anyway. In the meantime, on the issue of whether pets go to heaven or not, we are free to believe what we choose, based on our understanding of God and God's love.

Now, there are some who feel that it's important to be “right” about everything all the time, es-

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THE MASTER GARDENERS

Xeriscaping—water wise gardening

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Wonder why you should be concerned about water-wise gardening in a year in which we have received so much rain this spring? If you are trying to keep your yard fresh looking in the heat of the summer, watering can become a necessary gardening task. There are several important reasons why you should be careful about how you water. Most important is a substantial reduction of water costs, if using water wisely. Seventy percent of municipal water goes to residential use, and of that 50 percent goes to landscapes.

Proper watering is necessary for healthy plants. Excess watering can produce foliage at the expense of fruits, vegetables and flowers. Excess shallow watering encourages shallow root systems and weak plants. Proper watering also reduces the pollution in our watershed. Excess water drains off your property, carrying pollutants like fertilizer, herbicides, insecticides and pet waste into storm drains, streams and local rivers. All of this waste eventually ends up in Chesapeake Bay.

Water conservation is important whether we are in the midst of a drought or enjoying the results of the spring rains. We must remember that water is a limited resource. It makes sense to look for ways to save water as we garden. Xeriscaping, or water-wise gardening, is a series of techniques that not only save water, but time and money. Here are the basics.

Plan. Every good garden begins with a good design. So, as you consider view, exposure, function and all the other elements of design, think water, too. To save water, group plants with similar water needs. Place plants with the highest water needs closest to your water sources. When selecting plants, look for plants with low water needs, often marked as "drought resistant" on plant tags or catalog descriptions.

Limit the size of your lawn. How much lawn do you really need? Lawns require more time, effort and water than most other parts of your landscape. So, reduce the size of your lawn. Instead, plant drought resistant ground covers, native plants or low maintenance trees and shrubs. Also, allow the turf grass that you do have to go dormant in the summer months.

Plant in the spring and fall, when temperatures are lower and water loss from the soil is reduced. This is also an easier time for new plantings to become established. Make small earthen basins around newly planted trees and shrubs to catch water and hold it for roots to absorb.

Improve the soil. Add plenty of organic matter to help hold moisture in flower beds and areas where you plan to plant trees and

shrubs. Soil amendments such as compost can improve root development, water penetration and retention. Use mulches. Mulches minimize evaporation, reduce weeds, slow erosion and prevent soil temperature fluctuations.

Water efficiently. Water only when necessary, based on the condition of the plants rather than a fixed schedule. Be careful not to over-water. Believe it or not, over-watering is as detrimental to your plant's health as under-watering. It encourages stunted plants, root rot and fungal diseases. Over-watering also tends to leach nutrients and lime out of the soil causing poor growth. Finally, over-watering can wash chemicals, fertilizers, weed killers and plant nutrients off your property and into streams, rivers, ponds, and lakes. Such a situation can contaminate groundwater and eventually, drinking water. There is a balance to watering that is easily achieved; it just takes a little practice and knowing your garden conditions.

Use efficient watering techniques. The best time of the day to water is in the morning, when it is cool and evaporation is at a minimum. Furthermore, if you get the plants wet, they will dry quickly, minimizing the opportunity for diseases to develop. If you cannot water in the morning, evening is the next best time.

Water directly at the base of the plants and try to avoid getting foliage wet.

Water trees, shrubs and plants in order of priority. Because they are substantial investments, your first priority should go to newly planted trees and shrubs. Then water perennials, vegetables, fruit and nut trees and shallow-rooted established shrubs. Finally, water annuals.

Take advantages of new and old technologies. Try soaker hoses or drip irrigation to water deeply and encourage deep root growth. Other good options are to use soaker hoses or install a drip system. Both are efficient in their use of water. Use overhead sprinklers only as a last resort. They are extremely inefficient, allowing for a lot of evaporation and generally watering too shallowly. They also cause water to run off the landscape when they throw water on paved surfaces.

Water slowly and as deeply as your soil drainage conditions will allow. This will encourage deep roots and healthier plants, and you will not have to water every day. Frequent light watering actually does more harm than good

because it encourages shallow root growth.

Collect rainwater. Hook up a rain barrel or two to your downspouts to capture free water. A mere 1/8 inch of rain on an average roof will fill a 60 gallon rain barrel. Collecting rainwater is a great way to take advantage of the late day thunderstorms that occur. Often water from these storm events runs off before doing much good for the plants. By collecting it in a rain barrel and applying it to an area slower it will seep into the root zone and benefit the plants. This practice is allowed under the drought restrictions as well.

Practice appropriate maintenance. Keep your irrigation systems running properly. A leaky hose can waste gallons of water. Practice proper pruning, weeding and fertilization to keep plants healthy and not overly thirsty.

Reduce paved surfaces and lawn areas. They are the greatest source of runoff. Consider using gravel, wood chips, stepping-stones and bricks on sand, and other water permeable materials for driveways and walkways. For existing paved areas that are not going to be replaced devise features that will direct runoff into garden areas, like rain gardens. Replace sections of your lawns with drought tolerant groundcovers.

Identifying drought conditions is not always easy. Outward signs on deep rooted plants typically are not obvious. Many variables play a part in reaching drought conditions, these include lack of natural rainfall; soil type; air temperature & humidity; wind conditions; sun exposure; and also plant type (root depth). Deep rooted trees can obtain water longer during drought conditions than shallower rooted shrubs and flowers. To simplify things remember that lawns require the most water in a landscape. Annual and perennial flowers planted in full sun are next, shrubs follow, and trees are the least needy. There are plants in each category that are known to be very drought tolerant.

These are just a few things that you can do to save dollars and water, improve the health of your plants, and improve the health of our waterways and the Chesapeake Bay. A well designed xeriscape can decrease maintenance by as much as 50 percent



Rain Barrels: Saving rain water is a great way to save money while ensuring water for thirsty gardens in the summer. This simple four barrel collection system cost less than \$100 to build. (Jack Russell is extra.)



Native Plants: Native plants are better suited to summer dry spells in the Catoctin region. Surrendering part, or all of your yard to native plants reduces water demands after establishment and provides food and habitat for native birds, bees, and butterflies. Something sterile cut lawns do not offer.

through reduced mowing, once a year mulching, the elimination of weak, unadapted plants and more efficient watering.

To learn more about water-wise gardening visit the Gardening Section of Emmitsburg.net.

To learn more about how to become a Master Gardener call Mary Ann Ryan at 717-334-6271 (Adams County Master Gardener Coordinator) or Susan Trice at 301-600-1596 (Frederick County Master Gardener Coordinator).



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ROBERT CHAMBERS' The Book of Days



August comes, the harvest-fields are nearly ripe and ready for the sickle and there are signs on every hand that summer is on the wane, and that the time is fast approaching when she will take her departure.

We catch faint glances of autumn peeping stealthily through openings where the leaves have already fallen, and among berries where summer hung out her blossoms; and sometimes hear her rustling footstep among the dry seed-vessels, which have usurped the place of her flowers. Nearly all the field-flowers are gone and many of the birds that sang in the green chambers which she hung for them with her richest arras, have left her and gone over the sea. What few singers remain are silent, and preparing for their departure.

Musing at times over her approaching end, one is touched by her beauty, and crimson up with the flowers of the heather. The blue harebell peeps out in wonder to see such a land of beauty, and seems to shake its fragile bells with delight. In waste-places, the tall golden-rod, the scarlet poppy, and the large ox-eyed daisy muster, as if for a procession, and there wave their mingled banners of gold, crimson, and silver, as summer passes by, while the little eyebright, nestling among the grass, looks up and shews its white petals, streaked with green and gold.

But, far as summer has advanced, several of her beautiful flowers and curious plants may still be found in perfection in the water-courses. Many a rare plant flourishes beside bright meadow streams, where the overhanging trees throw cooling shadows over their grassy margins, and the burning noon of summer never penetrates. Such pleasant places are always cool, for there the grass never withers, nor are the paths ever wholly dry; and when we come upon them unaware, after having quitted the heat and glare of the brown dusty high-

way, it seems like travelling into another country, whose season is spring.

Further on, the purple loosestrife shews its gorgeous spikes while the water-violets appear as if growing to the roofs of their caves, the foliage clinging to the vaulted-silver, and only the dark-blue flowers shewing their heads above the water. There, too, is the bog-pimpernel, almost as pretty as its scarlet sister, which may still be found in bloom by the wayside, though its flowers are not so large. Beautiful it looks, a very flower in arms, nursed by the yielding moss, on which it leans, as if its slender stem and prettily-formed leaves were too delicate to rest on common earth so had a soft pillow provided for its exquisite flowers to repose upon.

Then we have the beautiful white water-lily, which seems to bring an old world before us, for it belongs to the same species which the Egyptians held sacred, and the Indians worshipped. To them it must have seemed strange, in the dim twilight of early years, when nature was so little understood, to see a flower disappear at night, leaving on the surface no trace of where it bloomed—to re-appear again in all its beauty, as it still does, on the following morning. And lovely it looks, floating double lily and shadow, with its rounded leaves, looking like green resting places for this Queen of the Waters to sit upon, while dipping at pleasure her ivory sandals in the yielding silver; or, when rocked by a gentle breeze we have fancied they looked like a moving fairy-fleet on the water, with low green hulls, and white sails, slowly making for the shore.

The curious little bladderwort is another plant that im-

merses itself until the time for flowering arrives, when it empties all its water-cells, fills them with air, and rises to the surface. It may now be seen almost everywhere among water-plants. In a few more weeks it will disappear, eject the air, fill its little bladders once more with water, and, sinking down, ripen its seed in its watery bed, where it will lie until another summer warns and wakens it to life, when it will once more empty its water-barrels, fill them with air, and rising to the light and sunshine, again beautify the surface with its flowers.

August is a month richly flushed with the last touches of summer, toned down here and there with the faint grays of autumn, before the latter has taken up his palette of kindled colours. Still, we cannot look around, and miss so many favourite flowers, which met our eye on every side a few weeks ago, without noticing many other changes.

The sun sinks earlier in the evening; mists rise here and there

age—have none of the bloom and beauty about them like those born in the lusty sunshine of early summer. For even she is getting gray, and the white down of thistles, dandelion, groundsel, and many other hoary seeds streak her sun-browned hair. In the sunset the fields of lavender seem all on fire, as if the purple heads of the flowers had been kindled by the golden blaze which fires the western sky.

Never does the country look more beautiful than now, if the eye can at once take in a wide range of scenery from some steep hillside. Patches of green, where the cattle are feeding on the second crop of grass, are all one emerald — looking in the distance as if April had come again, and tinted them with the softest flush of spring.

In some places, if it has been what the country-people call a forward summer, harvest has already commenced, though it is more general about the beginning of next month, which heralds in autumn. And now the fruit is ripe on the great orchard-trees, the plums are ready to drop through very mellowness, and there is a rich redness on the sunny-side of the pears, and on many of the apples!

Apple-trees so old that their arms have to be supported on crutches, as the decayed trunk would not bear the branches when they are weighed down with fruit, for some of these codlins are as big as a baby's head.

And when does a pear ever taste so sweet or plum so rich and mellow, as those which have fallen through very ripeness, and are picked up from the clean green after-math under the orchard-trees, as soon as they have fallen?—few that are gathered can ever be compared with these. A hot day in August, a parching thirst, and a dozen golden-drop plums, picked up fresh from the cool grass, is a thing to be remembered, and talked about. They must not be shaken down by the wind, but slip off the boughs through sheer ripeness, and leave the stalks behind, so rich are they then that they would even melt in the crevice of an iceberg.

But we have now reached the borders of a fruitful land, where the corn is ready for the sickle, and the wild fruits hang free for all; for though the time of summer's departure has arrived, she has left plenty behind for all, neither forgetting beast nor bird in her bounty. And now the voices of the labourers who are coming up to the great gathering, may be heard through the length and breadth of the land, for the harvest-cry has sounded.

Historical

In the old Roman calendar, August bore the name of Sextilis, as the sixth month of the series, and consisted but of twenty-nine days. Julius Caesar, in reforming the calendar of his nation, extended it to thirty days. When, not long after, Augustus conferred on it his own name, he took a day from February, and added it to August, which has consequently ever since consisted of thirty-one days. This great ruler was born in September, and it might have been expected that he would take that month under his patronage; but a number of lucky things had happened to him in August, which, moreover, stood next to the month of his illustrious predecessor, Julius; so he preferred Sextilis as the month which should be honoured by bearing his name, and August it has ever since been among all nations deriving their civilization from the Romans.

Published in England in 1869

To read other stories associated with a particular day of the year in Robert Chambers' The Book of Days visit Emmitsburg.net

Nearly all the field-flowers are gone and many of the birds that sang in the green chambers which she hung for them with her richest arras, have left her and gone over the sea. What few singers remain are silent, and preparing for their departure.

and dim the clear blue of twilight; we see wider rents through the foliage of the trees and hedges, and, above all, we miss the voices of those sweet singers, whose pretty throats seemed never at rest, but from morning to night shook their speckled feathers with swellings of music. Yet how almost imperceptibly the days draw in, like the hands of a large clock, that appear motionless, yet move on with true measured footsteps to the march beaten by Time.

Even now unseen hands are tearing down the tapestry of flowers which summer had hung up to shelter her orchestra of birds in the hedges. What few flowers the woodbine again throws out—children of its old

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THE RETIRED ECOLOGIST

The war of the rodents, part II: Of mice and women

Bill Meredith

“Build a better mousetrap and the world will beat a path to your door.”... Ralph Waldo Emerson

“Build a better mousetrap and you’ll catch better mice.” ... George Gobel

The War of the Rodents goes on. The groundhogs described in last month’s article appear to have gone on vacation to the beach or the mountains (they didn’t say which), but still my wife and I have had no respite. We feel like the proverbial bear surrounded by a pack of baiting dogs of various descriptions; when one tormentor is disposed of, another is there to take its place. This time, it’s mice.

In *The Devil’s Dictionary*, written in the 1890s before the days of Women’s Lib and Political Correctness, Ambrose Bierce defined a mouse as “a small animal that strews its path with fainting women.” My wife is made of sterner stuff; as far as I know, she has never fainted at the sight of a mouse. However, she does jump remarkably high when she encounters one unexpectedly; Guinness apparently does not keep records for the standing high jump by women of her age and general dimensions, with hip replacements, but if they did she would be competitive. And while she does not utter the classic “EEK!” of comic strips, her leaps are accompanied by uninhibited vocalizations; those that are printable do not conform easily to phonetic spelling, but they have been detected by untrained listeners over a block away. She does not like mice.

It was no surprise that the old house we used to live in had mice. It was built before 1890, back when they made foundations of field stone and there was no insulation in the walls. There were plenty of cracks through which mice could enter, and they did so every fall when it turned cold. Most of them had the good sense to stay in the basement where it was warm, or to follow pipes and electric wires into the spaces between the inner and outer walls, where we often heard them running about. They usually had the courtesy to leave when spring came; however, there were always a few that wandered into our living space, so we accumulated a collection of mousetraps and kept the population within tolerable limits.

When we moved into our new house, my wife assumed she would live happily ever after in a mouse-free zone, and the traps were packed away in a shoe box. However, her hopes proved to be based on idealism instead of reality. The foundation of the house was satisfactorily mouse-proof, but when cold weather came the mice sim-

ply moved into the garage, which was open on fall days when I was working in the yard. Some of them set up housekeeping there, feasting happily on bird seed and gnawing into boxes of cereal for dessert. Others, showing greater initiative, waited until someone forgot to close the door that leads into the washroom, and brazenly waltzed into the house. So the old pattern was re-established; each fall there comes an evening when a small gray shadow flashes along the baseboard in the TV room. In one or two instances the mouse has been frightened to death by the ensuing shriek from the corner where my wife’s chair is located, but usually I am dispatched to the basement to fetch the box of traps.

Originally the traps in our shoe box were made by the Victor company; they were of sturdy construction, with strong springs and a release mechanism that could be adjusted to hair-trigger sensitivity. But even well-made machinery eventually wears out. Victor still makes mousetraps, but in recent times the market has been flooded with cheaper models imported from some country where the mice are a lot clumsier and stupider. My wife was not familiar with the Better Mousetrap Principle of economics; she tended to shop on the theory that if you’ve seen one mousetrap, you’ve seen them all, so when an old trap wore out it was usually replaced by the cheapest one available. This resulted in problems.

The mice arrived on schedule last fall, but when spring came they didn’t leave as usual... perhaps it was too wet outside, or maybe they saw a program about climate change while exploring the TV room... so I hauled out the shoe box again. Only

a couple of the old Victor traps were left, and they were getting stiff and rusty, so I decided to give the mice a special treat and set out the new ones. Following the traditional method that has been handed down for generations, I baited them with cheese and placed them along the baseboards, dark corners and narrow passageways where the darting shadows had been seen. The next morning the traps were still un-sprung, but the cheese was gone from several of them. I didn’t have time to re-set them just then, and over the next few days, the rest of the cheese disappeared. I re-set the traps, but found the catch mechanism was not adjustable; if I set the release wire too close to the edge, the trap went off when I set it down on the floor. After catching my fingers a few times, I set the traps as before. The results were the same; the cheese disappeared. Only one mouse was caught; it got careless and stepped on an empty trap.

The only solution was to clean up the old Victors, and the result was gratifying. The mouse population quickly went into decline. Most of the victims were the common house mouse, whose ancestors hitch-hiked to America with the first European settlers; it has gray fur and a smallish head that gives it a sneaky, untrustworthy appearance. But some were the native white-footed mouse, a somewhat larger species, colored brown above and white below, with a large head and an alert, quizzical expression on its face. As George Gobel predicted, it is a better mouse; it is cute enough to make a nice pet, although it will be some time before my wife is persuaded to adopt one.

At the moment, the mouse population has been reduced to an ac-



ceptable level, but the war goes on; they will never be exterminated completely. Well-meaning friends have suggested that we try biological warfare and get a cat, but I have been down that road and it doesn’t work. Our daughter had one when we lived in the old house; it caught mice and played with them, but usually left their carcasses under the furniture where we didn’t find them until they began to smell. Eventually the cat got old and lazy, and finally went senile; it sat on the windowsill

above the kitchen sink and regularly dozed off and fell into the dishwasher. In addition to the odor and bother of tending a litter-box, the veterinary bills were exceeding what a professional exterminator would have cost. So my wife found a better solution: she recently presented me with a package of new Victor traps. Technology may yet win the war.

To read past *Retired Ecologists* articles by Bill Meredith, visit the *Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net*.

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MY LIFE IS MY CAREER

Where have all the butterflies gone?

Christine Maccabee

As I wrote in last month's essay, my love of butterflies began when I was just a toddler gazing at what must have been hundreds of tiny butterflies of every color fluttering around the flowers of my grandfather's butterfly bush. This is one of my earliest memories, and such a good memory it is! Funny how we never really change much from the child we were long ago. I have been accused of being too childlike in my adulthood, and perhaps I am, but is that really so terrible? I think not. If the things that gave me joy then and instilled in me a sense of awe are the very things that inspire me now, how could that be so bad?

I am so very blessed to be living on a piece of paradise here in the Catoctin Mountains, and I do not take that responsibility lightly. There is a saying that goes "With great gifts come great burdens, but with great burdens come great rewards." Such is the case with me. My great dream was to be landed somewhere. Like a butterfly I flitted from place to place for far too many years, but my migratory path always led me right back to the beautiful state of my birth, Maryland. I think of people as butterflies in a way, going from place to place and sucking the nectar of the flowers wherever they land. Sadly, unlike butterflies, we humans always feel like we have to dominate or possess the things we land on!

If you were to come to my gardens you would see many more wild plants than most gardens will permit. I guess I permit them to grow at their convenience because I see their value but I have very little energy to control them all. As I tell my music students or any visitors who come here, this IS our rainforest. If we only were to begin recognizing the wild plants and their value to the insects and birds that depend on them, then we would not be so quick to weed-whack them down or worse yet, spray them with herbicide. The problem is, most Americans are raised

with a "neatsy- cleansy- nothing-wild" ethic which is not necessarily ecologically sound.

So, where HAVE all the butterflies gone? This year I have seen only one black Swallowtail on my mimosa trees whereas in years past I had counted at least 20 at one time. Also, even though the milkweed plants are increasing in number on my property, the monarchs are not.

Without that connection we are doomed along with the butterfly and all its flowers.

I believe butterflies are like the canary in the coal mine. I am no expert, but in all my reading and talking with others, butterflies of the world are in deep trouble. If they are, then we are too. From what I am hearing, cell phones are a problem in that there are so many of

As I talk with gardeners, many of them do not know that "preying mantises" (I do not call them PRAYING mantises for personal reasons) are major consumers of butterflies. The first time I ever saw a butterfly in the clutches of a mantis I was horrified. It ate the entire body leaving only the wings which fluttered to the ground. Sometimes I would try to put the mantis on

the butterfly bush to lie in wait for their favorite meal of butterfly bodies. I renamed them PREYing mantis since the position of their legs, though prayerful looking, are actually legs preparing to lunge quickly at their prey. Sorry to disillusion anyone with this information. I actually lost a date with a fellow I was interested in because I told him I disliked preying mantis. He loved them, and that was the end of that!

I tend to be a very optimistic person, so I try not to judge too harshly. Perhaps it was all the rain and coolness this spring that kept the black swallowtail from developing normally. Perhaps my neighbors in the lowlands saw more of them this year in their gardens. Did you? How about the monarch? Perhaps this is just an off year, and next year will be better. Or maybe all our attempts to control the environment by spraying and unnecessary mowing of wild areas really is taking a toll. The child in me is questioning. Perhaps we all should question more.

Where have all the butterflies gone? We hope never "long time passing." Gone to habitat loss? Gone to poaching in South America? (Yes, that is happening, too.) All of the above... "When will we ever learn, when will we ever learn?" There is so much to learn...we just have to be willing.



A original water color by Marie Maccabee: Wild Evening Primrose, Butterfly Bush, Chicory Flowers. (Note the Butterfly Bush is not a native plant.) Contact the author or one of our local Master Gardener programs for native plants for feeding pollinators

However, the other day I did see two of them doing their mating ritual in the air around the butterfly bush and I was thrilled. The little girl in me was happy. As time goes on I keep meeting wonderful people who have similar intimate connections with nature. If anything, this growing connection with the natural world will be the reason for the salvation of our precious planet.

them functioning at all times of the day and night that the airwaves are laced with transmissions which may be interfering with the butterflies' migratory paths. Yikes! I do not own a cell phone and never will. I understand their convenience, but now I am hearing that they are bad for the human brain. Bad for the butterflies, bad for the humans...so what's new?!

my pole beans to eat the bean beetles thinking they must be of some use in the garden, but in no time at all they had flown back to

To read other articles by Christine Maccabee, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

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PETS LARGE AND SMALL

Amber “Thumper” Quillen

Jackie Quillen

It is fair to say that we all think that our pet is the best or cutest in the world. No matter what people say all pets are the best in the world because they are our pets. They offer the best kind of friendship and have great personalities. I am one of those pet lovers who say my dog was like a real person, because she really was!

I was blessed with Amber's friendship for 12 years and I miss her every day. She never wanted to leave us but she grew too weak to run and jump around with excitement every time we walked into the room, so she had to move on to doggie heaven. Amber was the perfect dog for my family. She knew all of us so well and fit in like the missing puzzle piece. My sister and I are very allergic to dogs and our allergist recommended that we don't have one in our house, but that was never an option for us. After being around her for so long we grew used to it. Every time we see the allergist he asks – already knowing the answer, “And we still have the dog, eh?”

Amber came from a lovely breeder at Amber Lynn Farms. Her mom was a show dog and her dad was an excellent hunting dog.

Luckily for us, Amber wasn't into the show or hunting lifestyles... she also wasn't exactly competitive or skilled enough. Instead, Amber preferred chasing rabbits and squirrels in the backyard but never actually catching any.

My mom's friend Julie, who is a dog lover, came with us to meet Amber to tell us if it was going to be a good match. Within two seconds of getting out of the car my mom was sold on Amber. On the car ride home with our new puppy we decided to name her Amber. As soon as we got home she was so excited and couldn't stop wagging her tail. She sat in the family room with a huge grin on her face while her tail was thumping on the floor the whole time. We couldn't believe how loud her tail was and wanted to name her Thumper instead. She was exactly like the Thumper from Bambi who can't stop tapping his foot when he's excited. Her loud tail is definitely one of many signature features but it also got her in trouble.

Amber wanted to be in the same room as us all the time. She was very protective and loving! My parents didn't always let Amber go upstairs or in our bedrooms because of our allergies. However,



she snuck her way up there quite a bit and even had a little spot right outside my parents' door where she could rest. We could always tell if she was in the hallway because her tail gave her away. When I heard her outside my door I'd open it really slowly and there she was waiting right outside with a look that said, “How did you know I was out here? But let's play anyways!”

I loved letting Amber sleep in my bed but I had to sneak her past my parents' bedroom without them knowing. She was terrible at sneaking upstairs when everyone was asleep because she could never stop wagging her tail. I had to keep saying “Shhhh!!!!” but she just got more excited and wagged her tail even faster. Amber was never the most generous cuddle buddy because she took up all the space. She would jump in bed and plop right in the middle, no matter what size the bed was. So when we slept in my small single bed, I had to curl my body around hers. Whenever we had sleepovers I woke up at 5 a.m. to her wet snout in my face. She was hungry and determined to get me out of bed for food. I would roll over and try to ignore her but she wouldn't allow that with her constant nose-flinching/sneezing sounds. She would just make noises until I finally got up.

Amber's favorite time of day was when we'd say “go for a walk?” with our heads tilted, and she would respond with a head tilt and scrunched forehead. Those little words excited her so much that she couldn't sit still. I used to tease her by making her sit and stay while I put the leash on. She could never stay and every time she moved I would make her sit again – she got so frustrated with me. Amber was very well-trained, which is one of the reasons why she fit in with my fam-

ily so well. She almost always obeyed commands like ‘stay’ and ‘heel,’ but sometimes when we let her off the leash she couldn't hold back her excitement. She loves to run free.

When I was walking Amber through the park one time I decided to unhook her leash so she wouldn't feel restrained but it was hard for her to control her anxious desire to run around. She heeled by my side for a good 45 seconds then started speeding up. She looked up at me, gave me a big smile, and then darted for the creek. I was nervous how far Amber would run and was yelling after her, but she came out of the creek quickly because she accidentally swallowed rocks. Lesson learned! I put her leash back on to walk home but didn't even need it because she was so exhausted from her creek adventure.

When Amber needed a bath, which was often, we took her to a grooming place called Fluff. She never came out fluffy like the other dogs because she was too scared of the hair dryer. The groomers thought this was so bizarre and they had to put a fan on her while she waited for us to get there. Amber didn't like the fan either. For such a big dog she was a big baby. It was useless to spray her for fleas because she rubbed it all over the lawn. She was also paranoid about walking by an open door and would scamper past it scared out of her mind. It was always funny hearing her paws slip all over the kitchen floor when she was trying to be discreet. We could always tell if she was in the kitchen because her footsteps sounded like prancing paws on the hard floor.

Whenever we left home we knew those pitiful puppy eyes were coming because she never liked being alone. She would

try to squeeze her snout into the door as we closed it and then stare at it, waiting for us to come back inside. But we also knew she would be anxiously waiting for us to return home. As soon as she heard the car in the driveway, Amber went to the front door to greet us, tail wagging. She loved it when people came over and wanted to say ‘hi’ to everyone, all the time. Her favorite person was my Mom-Mom. As soon as she walked through the door Amber ran to the cabinet that her treats were in and waited for Mom-Mom to give her one.

Another thing Amber did that I'll never forget was when my Aunt brought her newborn twins to my house and put them to sleep on a blanket on the floor. After a while my Aunt went to check on the twins and found Amber lying in the middle of them, watching over them. She freaked out like any mom who didn't know Amber would because there was a huge dog on the floor with her newborn babies. But she was okay with it once she realized Amber would never hurt a thing. When my little sister was born Amber watched out for her, too, but sometimes she would steal her baby toys.

I could always count on Amber for a good laugh or a shoulder to lean on. Everything about her was cute, funny, and unique. She was the most loving dog I could have asked for. Whenever someone who was scared of dogs came to my house they left with a love for dogs. Amber changed people's lives! She changed our lives without a doubt!!

Jackie Quillen is a senior at the Mount studying English and Communications and will be a regular contributor to the Emmitsburg News-Journal.

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REMEMBERING WHEN...

Summer in Emmitsburg

Cheryl Ashbaugh-White

In the 60's there was not a lot for teenagers to do in Emmitsburg, or so I thought. On a typical Friday evening my cousin Carole Weidner and I would hang out around the Bowling Alley and watch her Dad bowl with his league. Teenagers could forget about renting a lane on Friday or Saturday evening for bowling. The lanes were all reserved by leagues. If there was a good movie we would go to GEM theatre. Of course, by the time the movies came to the GEM they were several months old.

That was okay; it was our first time seeing the movie. Carole and I weren't allowed yet to go to the drive-in movies, but we always found a way around the rule and a bunch of us would pile into a car and go. Occasionally, I would sneak into the pool hall, which was on the corner square. My Grandma didn't like my going into the pool hall. When she found out, I would get into BIG TROUBLE. I got my first lesson in shooting pool from Dick Hartman.

In the summer there was a carnival every weekend in a surrounding town. My grandma, cousin Carole, and I would pile into Grandma's station wagon and Aunt Tiny would drive us to Rocky Ridge or Taneytown. I would spend the evening hanging around the carnival, riding on the rides, watching the grownups play bingo, or just shooting the breeze with the carnival employees. The swings were my favorite and I would ride them for hours letting my long hair blow in the wind and daydream. When the carnival came to Emmitsburg, Carole and I would go down in the morning and watch them set up the rides and game booths.

The carnival was always set up on the field next to the shoe factory. We would spend hours talking (or maybe it was more flirting) with the rough-looking young guys that were setting up. We usually got free rides when the carnival would open that evening. I thought how adventure-some it would be to go from town to town all summer on a job. I even thought it would be fun to run away and join the carnival.

Then there were the regular St Joseph's bingo games on the front



Inside the Emmitsburg Bowling Alley ~ 1955

lawn of the church. They were attended by the older generation in town, but Carole and I would usually go over and listen to the grownups gossip. I even played one time and won a cake tin holder.

Carole and I spent a lot of our summer days sitting in the rockers or on the railing of Grandma's front porch watching the cars go by. Back then, they didn't have the bypass around Emmitsburg and all the trucks and cars going across the Pennsylvania line towards Gettysburg would pass Grandma's house on North Seton Avenue. Carole and I would sit in Grandma's old rockers on Saturdays and Sundays and count the out-of-state license plates. We especially liked watching the military convoys go by. The soldiers would yell and wave, and of course we would yell and wave back. We would also watch the local boys cruise around in their cars. I still remember Jimmie Wastler's two-toned turquoise Chevy BelAir and Johnny Knott's black Ford Fairlane. Sometimes they would stop and pick us up to go cruising with them.

There wasn't a lot of work in town in the sixties for teenagers; however, when summer came around a lot of the boys would go fruit picking. The cherry orchard paid fifty cents a bucket. Well, I had this bright idea that Carole and I could do it too. See, I was and still am, one of those girls who think they can do just as much as the guys can. My grandma was totally against it, but as usual, I could talk her into about anything. One day during the summer of 1965, Carole and I went cherry picking up at Catoctin Orchards. We got up around the break of dawn to catch the old jalopy-looking truck that would take us up to the orchard. There were about ten guys piled into the back of the truck and we were the only girls that day. We knew most of them, so it was okay.

So, off we went to climb ladders and pick. In the morning it wasn't too bad, but by midday it was so hot with the sun beating down on us. The sweat was rolling off my forehead and I could hardly keep it out of my eyes. I had cherry juice all over my clothes, arms, and legs. Not only that, but the bees were swarming around. It seemed as if it took hours to fill a bucket. I think we ate as many cherries as we put in the bucket. By the time the truck came to pick us up and count the buckets we had picked that day, we had a total of two! This was a lot of work for only a dollar. I look back on that time and we probably did more talking, goofing off, and flirting than picking. That evening on the way home we decided we really didn't need the money. The next morning we slept in.

Like so many young teenagers in the 60's, I had to try cigarette smoking. You were cool if you smoked, and everyone wanted to be cool. I had been warned by my dad and grandma not to smoke. But of course, I didn't listen. One summer afternoon, Carole had gotten some cigarettes and we were going to try smoking. We didn't have any matches so we went to her house to use the stove. I bent my head down over the gas-stove burners to light the cigarette. The next thing I knew my bangs had caught on fire. I quickly jerked my head up from the burner and starting patting the fire off of my bangs. You could smell the burned hair; my bangs were badly singed. I was terrified that my grandma would notice.

I tried to go unnoticed that day, but my grandma discovered my burned hair. She told me she was going to tell my father and I knew he would put me on restriction. I pleaded for her not to tell Dad and even promised that I would never try smoking again. As I said earlier, I could talk Grandma into almost anything and I won out. She didn't tell Dad and it wasn't until I joined the Air Force in 1970 that I tried smoking again. I never acquired the taste for cigarettes and smoking is definitely not the cool thing to do.

I had a crush on Bobby Myers ever since I could remember. But to him I was a kid, a friend of the family. His parents lived behind my Grandma's house and he used to go hunting and hang out with my cousin, Billy. One Saturday afternoon Bobby had come into the Ashbaugh's store and I was in there

helping out. My Uncle Tick started teasing Bobby and me about each other. Boy, did his face get red. The next thing I knew, my Uncle joking said, "Why don't you take her to a movie?" To my shock, he said, "Oh, sure." I couldn't believe it; Bobby was going to take me to the movies. I couldn't wait to run down to Carole's house and tell her I was going out with Bobby. I thought I had died and gone to heaven. I wanted to make sure I really looked extra grown up, so I teased my hair as all the girls did during the 60's, or as my Grandma would say, "Why are your ratting your hair?" and put enough make-up on to look twice my age.

My heart was pounding as I waited for Bobby to pick me up at Grandma's store. I was beginning to think he wasn't coming because he was late. He did show up and as we walked down the street towards the movie theater, I thought this night would be special. He didn't hold my hand, but that was all right, I was going on my FIRST date with Bobby. I can't begin to tell you how excited I was about this date. Not knowing that after the date, I would want to curl up and hide from everyone. My wish had finally come true; I was going out with Bobby. I was sure then, he must like me, or why would he agree to take

me out. When we got up to the big glass ticket window at the theater and the lady sitting behind the window asked "How many tickets?" Bobby said, "One child's and one adult." I wanted to die. I couldn't believe my ears. Did he say, 1 CHILD'S ticket? No, I must have heard someone else say that behind us.

There was no one behind us, it was Bobby. My uncle always said he was tight with his money: well this proved it. Why else would he embarrass me and buy a child's ticket? Of course I was under the age limit for an adult ticket, but still, I looked older and if he really liked me he wouldn't embarrass me. He bought the tickets and we went in. There, sitting in the theater, was my cousin Billy and several of the other guys Bobby hung around with. They had heard that he was taking me out and wanted to come and see. We went over and sat next to them and the rest of the evening he talked and goofed around with the guys, never paying any more attention to me. So even today, over 35 years later, when I see the Elvis Presley movie, *Girls, Girls, Girls* I still think about my first date and Bobby.

To read other memories of Emmitsburg of old, visit the Historical Society Section of Emmitsburg.net



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HISTORY

The inspiring legacy of life: Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton

Sister Betty Ann McNeil, DC,
Archivist, Emmitsburg Province

Until June 22, 1809, Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton's life was combined with happiness, uncertainty, and challenge. She was offered a teaching position in Baltimore, Maryland, which she accepted. It was here that her life changed once more. Her inspirational story is a legacy that lives on today in the many people who are devoted to her.

Elizabeth Ann Bayley's life began on August 28, 1774, in New York. Born to parents Dr. Richard Bayley and Catherine Charlton, her life was influenced by her family's allegiance to Great Britain. They provided her the foundation for her faith devotion in the American Episcopal Church.

Her early life was changed by the death of her mother. Elizabeth Ann was one of three daughters. Born in 1774, Elizabeth joined siblings Mary Magdalene (1768-1856) and Catherine (1777-1778). It is believed that Elizabeth's mother probably died in childbirth; her infant died the next year. Dr. Bayley remarried and his new wife, Charlotte Barclay Bayley, increased this blended family by seven more children. Charlotte's favoritism of her own children over her older stepdaughters influenced the formative years of Mary and Elizabeth.

As family problems persisted, Elizabeth Ann found comfort in writing. Her father's marriage dissolved, and he seemed to have been more involved in his profession than parenting. Young Elizabeth Ann was lonely and melancholy, and

faceted periods of depression with thoughts of suicide during adolescence. Journaling, music and enjoying God's gifts of the seashore, shells, and nature helped her to cope.

Love and happiness entered Elizabeth's life when she met and soon married William Magee Seton (1768-1803), on January 25, 1794, in lower Manhattan. She wrote of her new home: "My own home at 20—the world—that and heaven too, quite impossible!" She and William were blessed with five children: Anna Maria (1795), William (1796), Richard (1798), Catherine (1800), and Rebecca (1802). Together they enjoyed the politics, and social life and events of the day, and were devotees to the fashionable Trinity Episcopal Church.

Elizabeth read the Bible faithfully. She and her closest friend were

drawn to pious devotion and were frequent communicants. Their piety led them to be active in parish activities, most notably social ministry outreach, nursing family, friends, and needy neighbors. Elizabeth was a founding member of The Society to Assist Poor Widows with Young Children (1797). Little did Elizabeth dream that in a few years, she also would be on the brink of abject poverty.

The Seton family experienced still another crisis when a serious financial crisis befell the family's business in 1798. Elizabeth's husband, being the eldest son, was responsible to provide for the care and education of his minor half-siblings. Elizabeth and her family temporarily moved into the Seton household and discovered her talent for teaching. She wrote: "it has been only a pleasure." Six weeks later the elder Mr. Seton died.

A new challenge fell on the family as the family's mercantile firm began suffering financial difficulties as a result of piracy on the seas. Elizabeth assisted by taking care of the company's account books at night on her 19th century laptop, the writing desk. The Seton-Maitland Company went into bankruptcy, and the Setons lost their home.

Soon after, William Magee Seton's health began failing. With her husband and eldest daughter, Anna Maria, they sailed to Livorno (Leghorn), Italy, in 1803. Here they hoped that the mild Tuscan climate on the Tyrrhenian Sea would help restore his health. The Italian authorities placed the Seton's in quarantine, fearing that his illness may be the

dreaded yellow fever, then raging in New York. The living arrangements in the lazaretto were quite unsuitable to William's failing health. Despite their friends' efforts to improve his situation, William Magee died at Pisa two weeks after his release. Elizabeth Ann was widowed at age 29 with five young children and in a memoir (*The Italian Journal*) for her sister-in-law, Rebecca, Elizabeth wrote of her husband's illness and death: "Tuesday morning 27th December (1803) his soul was released—and mine from a struggle next to death."

Friends of William Magee, the Filicchi family of Livorno, welcomed Elizabeth and Anna Maria (now called Annina) into their home, providing hospitality until they could return home. During this visit Elizabeth learned about Roman Catholicism through the religious heritage and culture of Italy.

Elizabeth returned to New York and struggled with her grief, religious beliefs, her strained financial situation, as sole parent to her five children, ages one to eight years. Out of necessity they moved frequently to lower income housing. During her time of religious discernment, she struggled in heart-rending indecision, as she had to deal with the pain of opposition from family and friends.

Elizabeth's enduring trust in God helped her to make a decision. She to professed her faith and made her first communion at Saint Peter's Catholic Church on Barclay Street in March of 1805. The next year John Carroll, first bishop of the United States, confirmed Elizabeth on Pentecost Sunday, May 25. Elizabeth "added the Name of Mary to the Ann Elizabeth, which present the three most endearing ideas in the World—and contain the moments of the Mysteries of Salvation." Thereafter, she frequently signed letters as "MEAS."

Struggles, disappointments, and failures continued. She taught school for a brief time until the school failed and next operated a boarding house for boys, which also ended in failure. Life for Elizabeth would soon change.

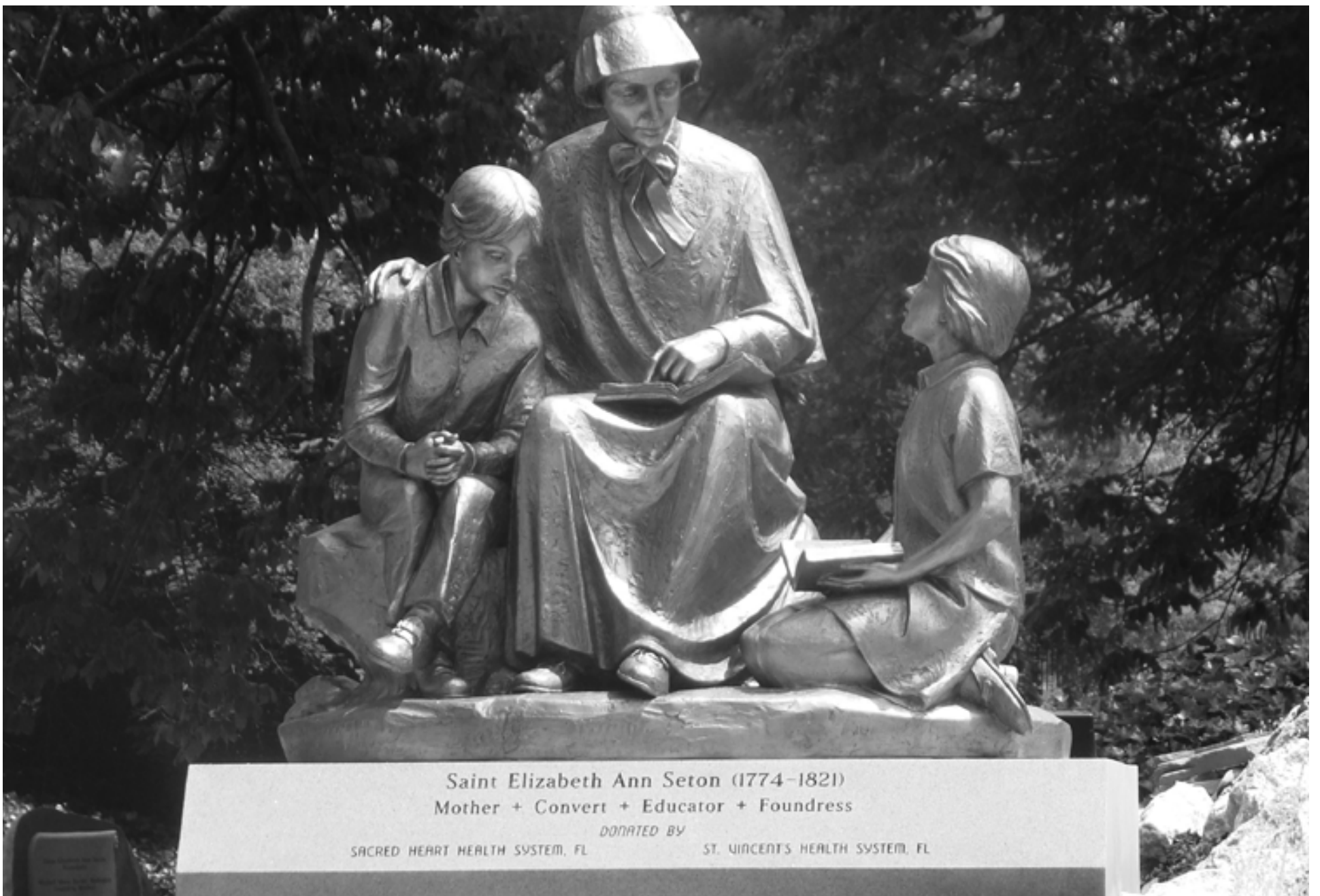
French Sulpician priests, who had fled to the United States during the French Revolution, wanted to expand educational programs for girls in Baltimore, Maryland. Reverend Louis Dubourg and Elizabeth met in New York, and he invited her to Maryland. The Sulpicians offered to assist her in "forming a plan of life, and establish a small school for the promotion of religious instruction."



The Stone House was the first permanent home of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton and nearly 16 people. Between October 16 and the 31st of 1799, the house, which weighs 328 tons, was moved from its original site overlooking Toms Creek to its present location and was later restored.



Saint Joseph's Cemetery, the original graveyard of the Sisters of Charity, is where Mother Seton was buried by a large oak tree 5 January 1821. The Mortuary Chapel was constructed in 1845 to honor the memory of Mother Seton. Her remains were transferred there until exhumed in 1962. This remains the final resting place of members of the Seton family, Sisters and Daughters of Charity, Vincentian priests, and a few pupils of Saint Joseph's Academy. Harriet Seton was the first to be buried on these holy grounds Christmas Eve of 1809.



This plan of life would evolve for Saint Elizabeth. Elizabeth trusted all to Divine Providence as her understanding of mission evolved. By mid-June 1808, Elizabeth became school mistress for a small girls' boarding school, located beside Saint Mary's College and operated by the Sulpicians on Paca Street.

The Sulpicians recruited prospects for the new sisterhood. Cecilia Maria O'Conway, from Philadelphia, was the first candidate who presented herself for the new community.

A wealthy convert and seminarian, Samuel Sutherland Cooper, financed the purchase of land where the Daughters of Charity reside today. Cooper's plan included: "establishing an institution for the advancement of Catholic female children in habits of religion and giving them an education suited to that purpose . . . [and] extending the plan to the reception of the aged."

By March 25, 1809, Elizabeth pronounced religious vows for one year. With the title, Mother Seton, bestowed on her, she wrote once more of her life: "But to speak the joy of my soul at the prospect of being able to assist the poor, visit the sick, comfort the sorrowful, clothe little innocents and teach them to love God!"

By June 1809, Mother Seton left Baltimore for a valley, which she affectionately named Saint Joseph's Valley, in the Catoctin Mountains. The old Fleming farmhouse (known today as the Stone House) near Emmitsburg, became the site for the foundation of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Joseph's, July 31, 1809. With the community growing,

Mother Seton's community moved in mid-February 1810, into the new "house in the field," Saint Joseph's House, known today as The White House. The Sisters launched their educational initiatives. Candidates for the new sisterhood began arriving: Sally and Ellen Thompson of Emmitsburg, and since then many familiar local names, including: Brawner, Chrismer, Cool, Crumlish, Goulden, Hobbs, Keepers, Peters, Rider, Roddy, Sanders, Stouter, Timmerman, Topper, Welty, Wivell, and Zurgable. Over seven thousand women since have come to Emmitsburg to join the Sisters and Daughters of Charity.

Elizabeth was elected the first Mother of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Joseph's, until her death in 1821. The Sulpicians remained involved in its government through 1850, when the community at Emmitsburg formally united with the Daughters of Charity of Paris, France. It was Mother Seton who assured that all candidates were formed according to the spirit of Louise de Marillac and Vincent de Paul, who's Common Rules of the Daughters of Charity she adopted for her community, after their modification for the American culture. The most significant change in the Rule made education of female children a primary thrust of the mission of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Joseph's.

Elizabeth Seton was a mother and teacher. In her words:

I am as a Mother encompassed by many children of different dispositions - not all equally amiable or congenial, but bound to love, instruct, and provide for the happiness of all,

to give the example of cheerfulness, Peace, resignation, and consider individuals more as proceeding from the same Origin and tending to the same end than in the different shades of merit or demerit.

Reverend John Dubois, superior of the Sisters of Charity, and Reverend Simon Bruté became icons of "The Mountain" and "The Valley," making great contributions to the formation of the Sisters of Charity and their ministries. The people of Emmitsburg rallied around Father Dubois when there was danger of the Mount closing, and raised \$8,000 to \$10,000 cash for him to purchase the Mount Seminary, if he would not leave them in 1818.

Recent research on the Seton legacy, offers a fresh approach to the founding story of the Sisters of Charity of Saint Joseph's, popularly called the American Sisters of Charity. The story of the Vincentian Family in North America is a journey of faith beginning with Mother Seton. It is a story full of human frailty, feelings, and dreams similar to what Vincent de Paul told the first Daughters of Charity, "I did not think of it; nor did your Sister Servant (local superior), you're your director. God thought of it for you. . . and is. . . is the author of your Company."

Mother Seton referred to her community, as a "mustard seed,"—small and insignificant but with growth potential, which was "planted by God's hand in America." The Company of Charity in the North America developed as it did because of the historical context, which influenced its decisions at

each stage of its growth. Our bicentennial logo was created from the 'mustard seed, and embraces the Seton Legacy of today.

As her spiritual daughters continued her legacy of education and service, Mother Seton's reputation for sanctity spread. The summer of 1882, Archbishop of Baltimore, James Gibbons (later Cardinal), visited Emmitsburg and suggested that her Cause for Canonization be begun. The Archdiocese of Baltimore launched the investigation. All documents were sent to the Vatican in 1940 and her cause made steady progress.

Two miracles required for beatification were approved in 1961. Through Mother Seton's intercession, Sister Gertrude Korzendorfer, a Daughter of Charity in New Orleans, was cured of pancreatic cancer. A four year old child, Ann Theresa O'Neill of Baltimore, was cured of acute, lymphatic leukemia. A third cure of Carl Kalin, New York, from a rare form of encephalitis was also declared miraculous. On September 14, 1975, during the International Year of the Woman, Pope Paul VI proclaimed the sanctity of Mother Seton, who became not only a devout convert but who was also a poet, musician, linguist, mystic, and woman for all seasons. Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton offers a model of Christian living for all ages:

Let your chief study be to acquaint yourself with God because there is nothing greater than God, and because it is the only knowledge which can fill the Heart with a Peace and joy, which nothing can disturb.

Today's Continuing Legacy

The Daughters of Charity continue Mother Seton's mission through their ministries locally and globally: Saint Euphemia's School, Saint Joseph's High School, Saint Joseph College, Saint Joseph College High School, at Emmitsburg among others. The Daughters of Charity continue to offer services to our own community: The Seton Center Outreach Program, The Thrift Shop, Saint Catherine's Nursing Center, Mother Seton School, and the National Shrine of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton.

The Seton Legacy Garden adorns the hallowed grounds as a reminder Elizabeth Ann's love for nature. Located near the Stone House, a beautiful statue of Elizabeth with Children, is adjacent to a small water feature and adjacent to a berm containing an 1827 cistern used during the Civil War. The bricked pathways with inspiring texts are a lasting memorial and a beautiful testament to our loved ones.

We look to the future with hope and inspiration. On July 31 through August 2, a joyful noise will be raised in celebration of Saint Elizabeth Ann. The celebration will continue with the 235th birthday of Saint Elizabeth Ann on Sunday, August 30, and the Pilgrimage of the Sea Services on Sunday, October 4, 2009. Visit our web sites, www.setonshirne.org and www.setonlegacy.org, to learn more of these events.

To learn more about the rich history of the Greater Emmitsburg Area, visit the Historical Society section of Emmitsburg.net

A MOUNTAIN PERSPECTIVE

A last hoorah!

Chelsea Baranoski

This is my last “real” summer vacation. The last time I can lie around like a bump on a log for three long, sticky, sweltering months. The last time I can sleep in until the neighbor’s lawn mower wakes me up at 11am. The last time I can truly say that I am bored. I do not mind that this is my last summer vacation. I cannot stand sitting around doing nothing and wishing I was back at the Mount with my friends. I cannot wait to enter the work force following my graduation from Mount St. Mary’s University in May. I am hoping to find a job in publishing, editing, or newspaper writing before I “make it big” as a writer of fiction books and poetry. Don’t get me wrong, I realize that I must not take my last “real” summer vacation for granted. I know that next year I will be working a 9-5 job everyday (fingers crossed) and that more than likely I will be wishing I had more free time on my hands. So, that is why I am trying to make the most of this summer. How does this rising senior savor her final summer vacation? Let’s see...

I began my summer with three trips to the United States Naval Academy in Annapolis. Yep, one trip just wasn’t enough for this Navy fan. I made my first trip to the Naval Academy because I wanted to see the Herndon Climb, when

all of the plebes (or freshmen) must climb to the top of the heavily larded Herndon monument and replace the underclassmen “dixie cap” with the more decorative, upperclassmen cap or “cover.” Once the upperclassmen cap is placed on the top of the monument, all of the freshmen are “plebes no more.” Tradition has it that whoever makes it to the top of the Herndon monument and changes out the caps will become the first admiral of the graduating class. One of my friends was a freshman at the academy, so I wanted to see him and the rest of the Class of 2012 rejoice at the end of a grueling year.

My next trip to the academy occurred the day after Herndon. This time, I made the trek to the academy with my brother and grandfather. We saw the Blue Angels rehearse hair-raising airplane stunts. These planes go so fast that I had a hard time taking pictures. In fact, one of my pictures only captures the trail of smoke that the plane left in the aqua blue sky.

My final trip to the Naval Academy was spent with the same friend who participated in the Herndon Climb. My friend and I went to a Thai restaurant in Annapolis so that I could have my first taste of Thai cuisine. And let me tell you, it is delicious! I’m not totally sure what I ate be-

cause my friend ordered dinner for me. I do know that I had some sort of steak that you can dip in a marinade-style sauce. Following dinner, we grabbed some frozen yogurt at a nearby shop and wrapped up our evening with a walk across the Naval Academy grounds. Soon,

This is my last “real” summer vacation. The last time I can lie around like a bump on a log for three long, sticky, sweltering months.

I should be able to give tours of the Naval Academy!

Believe it or not, I did not spend most of my summer in Annapolis. I actually spent a few days at Mount St. Mary’s as well. I helped out with all three of the Mount’s freshmen orientations. Why help out with all three orientations, you ask? Well, I enjoy getting to know the incom-

ing freshmen and answering their whirlwind of questions. I know I felt a lot of anxiety when I started college, so I find it fulfilling to alleviate some of the concerns of both freshmen and their overwhelmed parents. The first two orientations were overnight stays for the freshmen. The freshmen got to break up into their freshman seminar classes and bond with their classmates.

The third orientation was both a make-up orientation as well as an orientation for transfer students. I was excited to meet one transfer student who happened to be a fellow English major.

In the midst of helping with all these orientations, I managed to get in touch with my inner “country gal.” I went to a Taylor Swift concert with my friend, Melissa. This concert reminded me of Woodstock. Humongous crowds of teenage girls (and even some boys and parents) swarmed Merriweather Post Pavilion. Melissa and I had lawn seats, but they should have been called “mud seats.” The ground was so muddy that people were falling in ooey, gooey, stinky, dirty mud left and right. However, seeing Taylor Swift was definitely worth it! She even sung one of my favorite songs, “Love Story!”

To wrap up my summer, I went go-karting and mini-golfing with my family. We also attempted to attend a Frederick Keys game, but that got rained out (insert tear sliding down my face here). One bene-

fit of going to Mount St. Mary’s is that I now know about some adventurous activities in and around Emmitsburg. If I did not attend the Mount, I would have never discovered the All Star Sports Complex in Gettysburg, where I have learned that go-karting is not my forte. I always manage to crash into something! Usually, this something is the back of whoever’s go-kart is unfortunate enough to be in front of me when I park my go-kart in the finish lane. I always try to ease into a stop position, but somehow I manage to press the gas too hard and give the person in the go-kart ahead of me whiplash. Thankfully, I’m a little better at mini golf than I am go-karting - nothing to crash into here!

I have tried to make the most of my last “real” summer vacation. Even though I feel more than ready to enter the world of work, I realize that this summer may be my last time for adventure. My last time for fun and games. I hope I can end this summer with a huge smile on my face and a million stories to share.

Chelsea Baranoski is a senior at Mount St. Mary’s majoring in English.

Summer school

Ananda Rochita

This year was suppose to be a summer with warm beaches, a natural tan, and an everyday drive on the coast of California. Unfortunately that is not happening this year. 10 hours of dental work and acupuncture are better than this. Where am I you must wonder? The two words that every child dreads to hear before they end school ... Summer School.

However I am not the typical “summer school” attendee who fails a class and has to retake it over their three month break from torture (school), I did it voluntarily. One day I woke up and just realized “I wanna graduate a year early!” And ever since then I have been slaving away for extra credits here and there on top of my AP credits (advance placement credits from high school) to graduate in the class of 2010. Some people applaud me and some people find me insane to want to leave a year early before I enter the real world, but whatever the reason may be I am in Emmitsburg spending 12 hours a week in a classroom learning about history, God, and the innerworkings of myself.

There is a huge difference between summer school when you are 11 and when you are in college. When you are younger, you go home at 3pm then come back in the morning just like normal school. But in college, you stay in the dorms and live with your best friends (if you’re lucky) while going through the dreaded three hour classes every night. The Mount is known for having the best professors around, however myself having the attention span of a door knob makes my mind wander for two hours straight while also playing mind games in my head to help the time go by quicker. Either way, it’s still three hours of my precious dinner time that I am using. Don’t get me wrong, however, it might seem like I am complaining constantly over summer school but I do enjoy it here.

I really do love Emmitsburg, Maryland, the people, and everything about it here. During the summer since there are so little people on campus, we all seem to bond quite well, even to people we wouldn’t normally talk to we are forming strong friendships. I have two roommates whom I have never hung out with prior to this summer and I am glad I

got to finally know them. Despite things that may happen between girls such as cat fights about liking the same boy or someone stealing someone else’s cereal, I do enjoy being around them. These girls and the students whom I have met this summer are some of the best people that I have met since I arrived on campus.

Since I am 2,200 miles away from home, the Mount serves as a getaway for myself to completely change my own identity and gain independence at the same time. Last year I counted down the days before my flights back home, but this year I decided to stay an extra month to spend time with my friends on the East Coast before I intend to graduate next year.

Every night seems to serve as “bonding” time for my roommates and I where right before we go to bed we talk about boys, drama, girls we hate ... basically gossip, which may sound bad but we know we’ve all done it at some point in our lives. Me and my roommates also have events we plan or rituals we go through every week. Some to name are French romance movie nights or the usual Sunday night family dinners when we all cook some-

thing of our specialty and serve to our good guy friends that are living in the dorms as well.

Ananda is a Rhetoric and Communications Major at the Mount.

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CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN

Mount women's tennis—aiming for gold

Brad Gerick

Mount St. Mary's women's tennis has not overcome the challenges of being an individual sport molded into a collegiate team — it has embraced them.

The competitive nature that often fractures sports such as tennis and golf has given this group of women reason to believe they could capture the program's first Northeast Conference championship since 1995.

If their inclination is proven true, the timing could not be better. With renovated facilities, new bleachers, and a core of underclassmen, senior Emily Grugan believes her final year with the team could be her most memorable.

It could be argued, however, that Grugan nearly was not a part of the team on two different occasions. The three-sport athlete in high school chose the Mount over an opportunity to play field hockey — what she says was her best sport — at Fairfield, and again stuck with tennis after simultaneously spending part of her sophomore season with the Mount women's basketball team.

"I didn't want to be a sell-out," Grugan says of why she gave up the rare NCAA Division I two-sport opportunity out of loyalty to her teammates. But if the chemistry was not so strong on the tennis team, she says she may have chosen the hardwood over the hard court.

Without Grugan, or any one other player, the dynamism of this squad would suffer.

"We're a pretty close team. We're all very different," junior Emily Bolchoz says.

Bolchoz, for example, says Grugan has a unique ability to motivate teammates, while Emma Haley is known for a higher level of compassion than the rest of the group. Haley, in turn, says senior Chelsea Johnson is the team's workhorse, always hitting before and after team practice.

And then there is sophomore Lauren Clark. Bolchoz says last year the team joked with the then-freshman for her "dark side" that included a dreary, colorless closet of clothes. It is all these qualities that knit the closeness of a team whose players realize they do not have to be tight companions in order to be good teammates.

"We realize that we don't have to be best friends ... You still have that relationship, that closeness," says Grugan, who points this out as the difference between this group's potential versus the low ceiling for success in her earlier years.

"Ever since we've gotten closer we've gotten more comfortable with telling each other to work hard and we'll point [things] out like 'don't forget to bend your knees on your backhand' and things like that that many immature players take personally," Grugan says.

Bolchoz battled co-captain Johnson for the team's No. 1 spot last season while Grugan and Haley, a junior, switched between No. 4 and 5.

Haley says that regardless of which spot someone plays on the team, everyone is equally supported.

"It doesn't matter who's playing what number each role is just as important," Haley says.

The team concept goes all the way to head coach Phil Hammond, who coaches both the men's and women's teams. In his five seasons with the women, Hammond has not had a losing record.

"Coach is a really nice guy," Bolchoz says. "If anybody would need anything he would be there for us."

Hammond shows this by gestures such as hosting both tennis teams at his house at the end of each season for a barbecue.

"We want to win for him," Grugan says. She, after all, can understand more than anyone else the way he cares for his players.

On scholarship for tennis, Grugan had to seek permission from Hammond to even join the basketball team last season. He allowed her to do so under one condition — don't get hurt.

She did not, and neither has the team.

Now the women must figure out how to get over the hump that has prevented them from being a serious postseason threat.

Graduate Kaitlin Hallahan, last season's No. 3, was the only mainstay in top six singles the team lost from last season. With four incoming freshmen the team seems likely to improve on its disappointing quarterfinals exit in the 2009 NEC Tournament.

Seeded fifth and facing No. 4 Sacred Heart, the Mountaineers fell fast dropping the doubles point and the first three singles matches en route to a 4-0 defeat.

In an identical seeding matchup in 2008, the Mount swept the Pioneers before No. 1 seed and eventual champion Quinnipiac delivered a 4-0 drubbing.

"I think it comes down to our focus. We want it so bad that ... [in the quarterfinals] Friday we're thinking we want to get to [the championship] Sunday," co-captain Grugan says of the three-day tournament.

Because tennis is played in the fall and spring, Grugan says that the team has no excuses as far as physical preparation for the spring's season-ending conference championships. That is why she wants to do her best to make the most of not only her own abilities, but her teammates' as well.

"I want to set a standard my senior year as a leader and as a captain," Grugan says.

That will be her non-physical contribution to the ultimate goal — an NEC championship and an NCAA tournament berth.



Junior Emily Bolchoz

"The goal would be to win conferences. Coach has been building the program," Bolchoz says. "With the addition of the new freshmen I think we have a legitimate shot at winning."

The freshmen, however talented, will have to work hard if they even hope to see the court this year. Besides Hallahan dropping out of the No. 3 spot, fellow class of 2009 member Alissa Thayer leaves the only other potential vacancy as both played doubles in most matches.

But Bolchoz embraces that increased potential for in-house competition, saying it will only make everyone better individual players.

"The way the program's been going we keep getting good players coming in," says Bolchoz of the increased intensity.

Whether that will be enough to bring out the team's first trophy to Emmitsburg in more than a decade remains to be seen.

New recruits, a caring coach or



Chelsea Johnson - the team's workhorse

team chemistry alone would not be enough to get the job done. But those qualities, and the rest of the program's intangibles give

the women reason to believe that if this is not the year, the wait may not be too much longer.



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STAGES OF LIFE

Mom's Time Out Kickin' it kid style

Abigail Shiyer

You hear this all the time: The best things in life are free, enjoy life's simple pleasures, keep it simple, stupid (K.I.S.S.), less is more, etc.... But, when was the last time you took the time to "smell the roses"? I can tell you when mine was.... It was today and yesterday and the day before (or as my three-year-old would say: "the day before this day"). The funny thing is—I didn't make a conscious decision to slow down and enjoy the simpler things in life – I was forced to because I live with a one-year-old and a three-year-old, and we do everything "kid style." You can either go crazy or have a blast—it really is your choice.

We walked out the door the other day—it had been raining, it was hot, humid and overcast and my daughter said, "Isn't this a beautiful day? I wanted to say, "Are you crazy?—it is hot, I'm sweating and I can't wait to get back inside." But I didn't because I am the Mom and I didn't want to ruin my daughter's beautiful day. But I was curious about

what she thought was so beautiful about this day. So I asked her, "Why do you say it is a beautiful day, Honey?" and she said, "Because it IS a beautiful day—see the flowers over there?" And of course, she was right. It was beautiful. Kids are beautiful—so innocent, so SIMPLE and I love it! So we decided to water the pretty flowers with the hose and ended up watering each other as well. Now, that was fun.

My kids show me how great life is every day. And if I'm not in too much of a hurry or too concerned with getting all of my "stuff" done, I can just sit back and enjoy the show. They are pure and good-hearted. They show me how to have good clean (or not so clean) fun. In fact, kids can have fun doing anything. We could all learn something from a child.

My wish for anyone out there who is reading this column, whether you have kids or not, is that you will let yourself spend a day "Kickin' it Kid Style." For example:

- Run (or skip) every where
- Lick your fingers if they have food on them

- Flap your arms when you get excited (but first you have to let yourself get excited)
- Point at everything that catches your eye
- Squeal with delight if you are enjoying yourself
- Grunt when you want something and smile really big when you get it (even if it is just a grape)
- Run through the sprinkler—really—do it—it is fun—you won't be able to do it without screaming or laughing... I promise
- Dance whenever you hear music
- Smell (and pick if you like) every flower you pass
- Jump in all the puddles
- Run barefoot in the grass
- Try on someone else's shoes
- Go for a walk in the woods
- Let yourself get dirty—really dirty
- See how many funny noises you can make with your mouth
- Carry a stick around with you everywhere you go
- Hold someone you love (mother, child, spouse, pet, doll or, if you are really desperate, your sibling)

- Lie down on the floor – or better yet – in the grass
- Put a pretzel on your nose
- Gather stones and pretend they are crystals
- Play in a sand box
- And the list goes on...

es when you play and don't hold back.

I know I am very lucky. My kids have shown me how to have fun again—not just an everyday, ordinary kind of fun, but a good belly laugh that comes from your gut kind of fun. The kind of fun that we all used to have when we were kids.—So—go ahead—try kickin' it kid style for a day—you'll be glad you did.

It really is true that you don't need lots of expensive toys—you just need to experience what you have to the fullest. Use all of your sens-



Very Vicki Summer Folly

Vicki Moser

On June 7 of this year, I had my last day of school and summer vacations started. As a 13 year old, you don't get to choose much of what you do during the long break away from school.

Most of the time summer doesn't get boring until the end, and by that time there is only a week or two until school starts anyway. But when it is boring in the very beginning, like this year has been for me, summer seems to go on for eternity. I haven't done much this summer other than our family vacation, but I hope to.

Last week I went on vacation to O.C., Maryland. That was superb. I really like hanging out on the beach, and I love hanging out with the Hoods (Friends of my family). We did tons of fun things from taking a bike ride through Assateague to inventing a new word; funness, funes, funnes,

funnes. Even though we don't know how to spell it yet, it is a cool word.

We visited a place called Frontier Town. I would recommend it to anyone and everyone. It was incredibly fun. It is kind of like a big play. My favorite part was the Indian ceremonial dances. A boy whose Indian name is Running Horses did a dance with hoops that was the most magnificent thing in the world! It was funness, funes, funnes, well, whatever. And of course, there's the boardwalk. They allow street performers now and I am glad they do. I enjoy listening to the music the people make. There was one boy who used pots and pans as a percussion instruments. He was amazing. There were also people making 3 foot hats out of balloons!! People will do anything to make a dollar.

When we got off the boardwalk, we took a walk through the

whoosh, like the um, like when the waves crash and the water goes up on the sand. Now, I don't know what it's called, but I'm 13 and you know what I mean, right? I love being at the beach but nothing can be perfect, not even vacations. The bad part of our vacation for me was that my mp3 player fell into the salt water and burned to death. We are having the funeral tomorrow. No, I'm just kidding, but I did love that thing.

When we left the beach we didn't go home. We went to the Promised Land. The Promised Land is a place where people from my church go to camp. It is right off the highway past Mickey D's. If you have the chance to come

out when we are camping, please do, because I am the only girl amongst tons of younger boys and I need at least one stimulating conversation over the weekend, ya' know?

Also, on July 4th, in Fairfield, we had a big party with fireworks at night. I went for about an hour, came back to the Promised Land, and then went back for the fireworks. Everyone I knew was there but after awhile I got tired of everyone being fake. What I mean is that their smile says "Hello, I miss you so much" but they are really thinking "Man, I wish summer would last longer, I'm not ready to be around them all day for a long time again." The fireworks were pretty though and people seemed

more sincere at night. Or maybe it was just the excitement.

What have you done this summer? Have you had a lot of fun? Are you ready for school to start? Or are you ready for summer to actually last an eternity? How do you think funnes, funess, funes, funes (whatever) should be spelled? Have a great summer everybody!

PS—I would like to thank Mr. Andy Hood for making up our new word: Funness, funes, funnes, funess. Okay I think I'm done with that.

Vicki is an Eight grader at Fairfield Elementary and member of Toms Creek United Methodist Church.

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A Teen's View

Everyone has his or her own set of standards



April Hildebrand

Everyone has his or her own set of standards, values, and ethics. In most situations, people expect the human beings and objects around them to meet their own standards and all of their ethical qualifiers. It becomes our lifestyle. We live our day-to-day lives by judging people, picking out whom we want to talk to based on his or her appearance and what object we would rather use because it looks better. For example, one person may feel that a simple off-brand t-shirt from Walmart is perfectly acceptable attire, while another may think the bare minimum would be a dress shirt from Cache.

Many people stereotype based on what he or she generally expects from a person or object. Stereotypically speaking, a person walking down the street in a dress suit wouldn't stop to talk to a homeless person begging for money. From personal experience, I know that I typically will not lower my standards in any situation even if it may benefit me. Some people are so set on their ethical values and ideas that they miss out on all of the opportunities presented to them on a daily basis. There are certain times when it may be beneficial to lower one's expectations, and learn to enjoy the world and its inhabitants, living or non-living.

Recently I have been looking for another horse to buy, and I had a perfect idea of what I wanted... and that idea contained many specific details. Between 2-6 yrs old, over 15 hands, must be a Thoroughbred, must have good feet, must do this, this,

this, and that. Well maybe if I had a lifetime I would find the perfect match. I even drove an hour to look at a horse that I thought was the perfect match to find it was far from it. When I pulled into the driveway of the farm she reared straight up on her hind legs and I immediately turned right around and left. It certainly was far from perfect! So I decided to broaden my search range, hoping that I might end up finding not exactly what I was looking for, but something close.

About a year ago, I bought my first puppy. I knew EXACTLY what I wanted... or so I thought. I wanted a black and white Dalmatian that was house-trained, wouldn't run away, and wouldn't bark at my horse. I found a breeder in Ohio and I sent her a down payment on Checkers, an eight week old black and white male who had already been around horses and was "learning" house training. She told me he was a dog who always stuck by your side, didn't run away. After I made the down payment she told me his mother was deaf in one ear. "WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME BEFORE?" I wanted a PERFECT puppy.

It turns out Checkers has bilateral hearing, but today I realize what difference would it have made if he was deaf in one ear or not? I wouldn't trade him for the world, yet it took me eight months to fully house-train him, he runs away in spite of me, and he barks at my horse when she misbehaves. So all of my expectations from the beginning were useless, but Checkers and I eventually understood

each other and I learned a valuable lesson from him since he showed me life through a dog's eyes.

The more lessons I learn from beings other than humans, the more I strive to see life from multiple different angles. Just the other day I was about to write up a list and I looked into our pen basket to see my selection of pens. There was a shiny silver gel pen, a black ball-point pen, and a plain Papermate pen. Of course, I chose the shiny silver gel pen because it was the most attractive to the eye. I wrote the first few words and then suddenly the ink blurred all over my paper. Not wanting another mess, I set it aside and picked up the ballpoint. I wrote a few words, and what do you know--the ink ran out! I scribbled and scribbled but it just wouldn't give one last blurb of ink so I just had to resort to the plain old Papermate. It was so boring looking, but I was able to complete my list with the plain pen.

If humans could learn a life lesson from pens, what a difference it would make in our lives. Don't always go for the pretty one; they're not always the nicest. And sometimes the underdog turns out to be the top dog even though everyone underestimated him!

Each and every day I learn a new lesson. Recently the same lesson has been presented over and over. Don't hold such high expectations, make exceptions; it makes you a better-rounded and more understanding person.

To read other articles by April Hildebrand, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

Parenting by Zenas

Vacation Time!

Zenas Sykes

August—Respect and Learning regard and appreciation of worth & Reading, listening, observing, studying analyzing, those tools essential to getting ready for SCHOOL in September!

"Daddy, I really have to go . . . NOW DADDY. . ."

"Yes baby, Daddy will pull the car of this busy highway so that you can go potty again", all the while glancing over at my wife, who just smiles because it was yours truly that gave her the diet coke before we left the house. "But does she have a bladder so small that it won't even hold to more than half an hour?" I ask. "Honey, she is only six years old and at this age, perhaps you should have only given her a sip of the soft drink!" She's right, you know. For some reason soft drinks and car rides don't go together all that well. The kid was thirsty and since we were doing something fun, like packing more stuff into the "adult baby carriage" (car) than would fit, I thought that giving her a bit of my soft drink would be ok. Alright, so she drank most of the drink before I could get it out of her hands. My bad!!

This trip was up to the lovely state of Maine. Back in the days of "pk", (pre-kids) we were able to hustle up the highway, usually staying close to the posted speed limits, in about ten hours. With three of the young ones aboard, this ten hour trip took well over thirteen hours, door to door! Sure, we could have flown, but taking out a second mortgage for the purpose of purchasing a row of seats in an airplane just doesn't sit well with me. With a good birding book and set of binoculars, the constant stops became a way for me to increase my life list of birds seen in different states! You think I jest! The last thing young children need is a set of parents who only stop the car when they have already let a portion of their bladder out. That stuff lands on the seats, you know, and it doesn't come out very easily!

Fact of the matter is that once the "nest became full" our typical vacation became anything within driving distance. The distance we would venture changed as their ability to stay glued to a car seat grew less and less. There was a point in time when the lo-

cal park seemed like "just the right vacation place"!

Fast forward . . .

"Honey, our daughter wants to have her own site when we go camping this summer. How do you feel about that?" my wife asks of me. Fast forward from that six year old who couldn't hold it for more than fifteen minutes and now you have this wonderfully strong willed young woman wanting to spend her summer vacation with us, yet apart from us! "Oh, and dear, she wants to bring her friend along too, and her friend is a boy!" A major bomb shell statement to any father!

"Sure, dear", I reply back, without even raising my glasses up from the book I was reading. "Sure dear what?" comes back the short shrill answer. You would think that by the time our children reach their late teens, we would have no more adrenaline left to jar our hearts out of our chests when topics are raised

that we just don't feel all that comfortable with! "Sure dear that sounds like a really great topic to discuss when she turns thirty-two", I reply back.

WOW, ok, so we have spent the last eighteen years of our life teaching all of our kids to use our faith as a ba-

sis to answer the questions of life! This particular event, and this vacation, allows us as parents to reach out and learn a few faith based lessons of our own! Our first lesson is to trust that all those hard lessons we taught, actually landed! It is far easier to speak (preach) about proper behavior than it is to act out those same behaviors. How have her mother and I behaved over the past eighteen years? Have we shown one another respect? Have we treated one other with dignity and honesty? If the answer is yes to these questions, then our daughter is pretty likely to exhibit the same characters. She is also pretty likely to make sure that any friend of hers . . . does as well.

So the bottom line to this dad, is to just chill, have more trust in my faith, and embrace the opportunities that will avail themselves on a 4 day camping trip with our daughter and her friend! Which is precisely what we did!

To read past Parenting articles by Zenas, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

"So the bottom line to this dad, is to just chill, have more trust in my faith, and embrace the opportunities that will avail themselves on a 4 day camping trip with our daughter and her friend! Which is precisely what we did!"

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IT IS WHAT IT IS

Daddy called her Freda . . . I call her wonderful!

Part 1

Sandi Leonard Polvinal

It was a hot day as I sat with drips of perspiration slowly trickling down my cheeks, reading quietly in a chair not too far from my dear friend Freda. She was looking outside each large window in her old stone farmhouse, shuffling her feet a bit and not knowing whether she wanted to watch TV or read the Gettysburg Times. "I feel as restless as a willow in a windstorm!" she sighed.

Putting my book down, I knew something was stirring. . . . But maybe not in a bad way. "What's going on, Freda? Talk to me." "I just don't know what to do with myself today. Maybe I'll take a walk around the room." Freda is a very strong woman though at times appears a little frail to others. She makes good use of a walker to keep safe on her travels around the large farm estate and just around town on errands. We don't want her to break her hip again! Mercy! At one point this winter, Freda and I were in the same hospital at the same time!

Freda knows the protocol for safety very well, for she was a Superintendent of all the head nurses in hospital operating rooms and nursing homes. Caring for others has been a lifetime vocation that has never ended, for she cares for her "girls" any way she can. Yes, Freda now, is BEING the one cared for, instead of doing the nursing for others she so lovingly has done all her life. I might add that even though Freda is the one with a full nursing staff on call at her own home, she is also the one caring for us in so many different

ways. Even when my own mother calls, Freda is giving straightforward advice in the comforting way only old school nurses can do.

On Memorial Day Freda's niece Bonnie came over and the three of us drove all around the Taneytown, Emmitsburg and Gettysburg areas placing flowers so carefully arranged on all her family's grave sites. As I stepped out of the vehicle with Bonnie, Freda said from the car, "Can I help you gather stones to hold them up?" I paused and looked at her with those big compassionate eyes and said, "Would you like to, dear?" Well, yes, but. . . . We agreed it was too hot for her to do that. It was no problem at all for me to do it, but as Bonnie said, it is Aunt Freda's nature to always help. It is just her wonderful nature. I smiled because I know. I see what goes on behind those eyes. Warmth, love and a longing to please. Truly, a nurse for life.

Freda even recalls as a young child, Mom (Maude Rosella) putting a band around her head like the nursing caps of years ago and taking food on a tray to family members at home when they were sick. "I always knew I would be a nurse," she said, smiling reminiscently. "I was the one who diagnosed my niece Sonja when she had diabetes." I am not at all surprised at this statement, for Freda really should have gone on to be one of the greatest doctors. She has a gift of good diagnosis. "Sonja's breath smelled like juicy fruit gum." Freda said. "I was still in nursing school." Some people are given special gifts from God, like the gift of diagnos-

ing a disease. Freda had no experience in active duty as a nurse, but was already using her gift to save her niece's life! It was rough back then when you had a child with such a disease. I can't imagine the heartbreak and anxiety a Mother would endure for her little one.

When I assisted her with her evening care, she asked if I would say her evening prayers with her. How intimate I thought. What an honor also! I knelt down on the floor to be at eye level, for she was lying in bed at this point. This brilliant woman, mover and shaker in her day, started out the prayers with the innocence of a child praying the first prayer her mother taught her. I held back tears, because it was also the first prayer my own mother taught me. "Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray the Lord my soul to keep. And if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take." She said an ending I had not heard so I just listened to the ending thanking Jesus. We said our intentions and at one point she asked Jesus to take her to join her son and husband and parents when the time comes. I whispered, but not too soon, Lord! Not too soon. I know that is selfish of me because I know the longing Freda has to be with her beloved family and her God she loves so much. But we love her too. I am enjoying the autumn of Freda's life. We share a lot of laughs and secrets and our sorrows. Being widowed myself and my mother having one foot in heaven and one foot on Earth forms a tight bond with friends who have been to that emotional place.

"Yes, I feel as restless as a willow in

a windstorm," she said again! "That's a saying I have never heard before, Freda." I love the saying she used one night that is so Pennsylvania Dutch. She was all tucked in bed and she sighed a long breath and said "I'm all in!" I love that saying. It comes from farm living when the farmer has put all his animals in the nighttime care mode and all is finished and the day is done. I'm all in. I love it! We both smiled about that dear saying!

"It is close to Father's Day, Freda. What was your father like?" "Aw, he was a cutie pie! His name was Jacob Moses Stanbaugh. He had sparkling blue eyes and wasn't a big man. I can see him now with his Stetson hat on tilted just a little to the side with his hand on his hip. What a sweetie pie! Back in the old days you used first and middle names. My dad called me Freda Grace. I never really liked that. My mother called me Babe, 'cause I was the youngest of the bunch. It was funny, because the kids couldn't say Freda, so they called me Petta or Pettie.

"So," I asked, "who did you look like, Freda?" "I resembled my dad rather than my mother," she replied. She motioned for me to get a photo in a frame from the other room. Her father was a handsome man at the very least. I loved the custom back then of wearing a nice Stetson type of hat. The men had to take off their hats whenever they entered a building or tipped it when passing a church. Times have surely changed now when men wear baseball caps and never take them off. It reminds me of times gone by when we had rotary dial phones and watches we wound up to work! Yes, a wind up

watch! I was in the drug store yesterday and was winding my watch and the young girl looked with astonishment and asked me to show her how these old time watches work! Ha! "It is a Timex," I said. The jingle years ago was "Timex takes a lickin' but keeps on tickin'!" Ha! Not made in China!

Back to men in Stetson hats. . . . I asked Freda what the funniest things were that happened to her growing up on her daddy's farm. She had several stories.

"Daddy was a dear man. He surprised us one day by buying a house without telling any of us, including my mother! It was down Old Westminster Rd. There was nothing wrong with the house, but it was just too far from the area where we lived. He ended up selling it and buying a house on Harney Road with our approval. He bought it from a retired postman named Charlie Baumgardner, who sold the horse and wagon with the home, so every time we went riding down the street, the horse named Nellie stopped at EVERY mail box! So, it took a very long time to get anywhere. A 'destination hold up' so to speak."

We bought that house from a retired Postman named Charlie Baumgartner in the early 1930's. Freda talks lovingly about Nellie. "Old Nellie was a dark beautiful soul." "You talk about her like she was human." Freda laughed! "Well, she was!"

Part 2 next month.

To read more article by Sandra Polvinal, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

Chillin' in the country

Lynne Holt

Here we are with the heat of the summer still ahead of us. My old house, under the trees, up in the mountains, keeps cool even on the hottest days. Something to be said for the old cellar and lack of being totally wrapped in insulation, I guess. There are a number of ways to cool off in the out-of-doors. Just being in the woods can feel degrees cooler. The earth does not sit open to the sun's rays and there is continual shade. But to make it even more comfortable, I head for the creek that runs between the mountains. If you are hosting a picnic and have a nearby spring or creek, it is great place to keep a watermelon cool.

I introduced a teenage girl to this activity. First, almost every girl has this thing about horses. I think it must be the combination of romance associated with the

horse, the beauty and grace of the animal's movement, and a feeling of balance with one of nature's larger creatures. She was visiting her grandmother and I got a call asking if I would give her a riding lesson. Well, convention has never been one of my big things, so I said it is going to be hot, let's take the horses down to the creek. No need for boots and breeches, let's wear old jeans and sneakers.

So, with halters and lead ropes we rode the horses down to the base of the mountain where the creek runs. The horses knew what we are about and willingly stood in the cold flowing water. This is not only cooling, but therapeutic.

When I do this without the company of another person, I will read a book or work a crossword as I sit on one of the horses. The teen was charmed by this. Imagine, getting outside and not depending upon any other source of entertainment.

Well, my thoroughbred mare Virginia provided us with some amusement. She likes to paw at the water and get a good splash going. This, in turn, horrifies the very dignified Duchess as she tolerates water for survival purposes only. Then Virginia will stick her nose under the water, simultaneously drinking and blowing bubbles. This is some goofy activity for a regal old horse.

During all the shenanigans, the horses are cooling off by soaking their feet in the water. Horses' hooves are very important to their well-being. And just as we apply lotion to maintain soft and supple skin, water and mud can create a pliable hoof. The dry, hot weather can make their feet as hard as steel. A half hour goes by quickly. We let them drink their fill and amble out of the creek. I think the horses prefer a drink from the ever-flowing creek. The water is always cool, not warm and stagnant. During the time I have been sit-

ting on my very broad-backed carriage horse, I can feel her cool off. Sometimes Virginia will lie down in the water. This is why I wear the old sneakers.

The teen took it all in and wanted more. Because of the heat this was to be a short bareback ride down to the creek and back. Two days later she returned for a more conventional morning ride. The earth has had time to cool down overnight and the constant shade made for a most comfortable ride.

When I was the teen's age, my Irish Setter would accompany me on all rides. And every ride had to detour past a pond. He would swim across and onward we would go. I guess there is something to be said for getting a good soak and then continuing on. This past week, I had the pleasure of speaking to the friend with whom I swam the horse. She reminded me how we led the horse out into the pond

and then we would climb up on his back, stand up, and dive off. Isn't it grand to be able to recreate memories such as this? But I think we can enjoy these activities no matter what age we are. I have traded a pond for the creek and do not put my horses through the stunts we did as kids. There are great memories with every season. Mine quite often involve horses and always the great outdoors.

Hey, do you think that watermelon is chilled enough to eat yet?

Lynne King Holt

Editor's note: Lynne King Holt has lived all of her life in rural areas of the northeast. She is an Interpretive Naturalist and actively seeks out nature on horseback, cross-country skiing, and building trails through the woods. She balances out her life with music, writing, training Rhodesian Ridgebacks, and farm chores.

IN MY OWN WORDS

Learning Curves

Katherine Au

I think one consistency of life is learning. We learn new information daily. The radio, television, internet, and print media is filled with information that seems to change instantly and just to keep up with it all rivals with impossible. Even if I'm not trying to learn something new I find that some information always seems to seep in during the day. Reading words is certainly one way of learning a little about life, but lessons learned by performing a job is another way.

For example, while once working as a waitress in a Japanese Restaurant I learned not to be surprised by the questions people may ask. Although I wore a kimono, the restaurant had a sushi bar, and we served Japanese-inspired cuisine, I was still a bit taken aback with the few people who asked if I was Japanese. I think it might have been the kimono that threw them. And, while working there I also learned that it doesn't necessarily matter where one comes from when the measurements of success are taken, but what matters more is one's own determination and drive. I still smile when I think of the booming business that little restaurant had

and the only person of Japanese heritage who worked there was the other waitress. The rest of us were from Taiwan, Honduras, or Virginia.

I've also learned some folks are more interesting to work for than others. I once worked for a lady, while doing freelance barn jobs, who told me her horses had shared a spaceship together from their planet to ours so they could teach her the lessons they were sent to teach. She also told me that each horse liked a specific color one royal blue and the other bright red. This meant that for each of the two stalls I cleaned I had to use separate utensils for the job, like a blue and a red scrub brush to clean the blue and red buckets, and a blue and red pitchfork and muck bucket for each stall. I also was instructed to use separate hoof picks, body brushes, mane combs and towels for each horse which were of course all color coded.

Now, I can imagine an instance where separate utensils and tools need to be used with separate horses for medical reasons, but I didn't understand the need for these two horses to have such specific requests. I just couldn't grasp how these two horses apparently demanded such a complicated

lifestyle when they allegedly chose to beam themselves together from another planet. I mean they shared a space ship together but couldn't share the same pitch fork?

I have learned that sometimes it's not reckless, cowardly, or irresponsible to quit, but rather the best choice towards becoming a better person.

I once worked for a lady who swore one morning when I arrived at work that I had tried to drown her horses by leaving their fly masks on while they were turned out. When my employer mentioned my negligent care of her horses and told me how I had almost contributed to their death I have to admit I had to suppress a smile. I know it's not the appropriate reaction to such an accusation but the thought of horses drowning while wearing fly masks I found humorous.

Now, for those of you who don't know what a fly mask is, it is a plastic mesh contraption that covers horses' eyes and sometimes ears that is bordered by fleece of some color and is secured around a horse's face by Velcro to protect their eyes from flies. No fly mask that I have ever seen has covered a horse's nostrils, so the thought of the possibility of a horse drowning by wearing a fly mask seems outlandish by my estimation.

My employer wasn't amused by my initial reaction. I won't deny that smiling when she was genuinely upset was not the best of reactions to present, but it was at the moment that I realized she was serious and did truly believe that her horses could have drowned by wearing their fly masks in the rain that I knew that giving my resignation was the right thing to do so as to not tell the woman I thought she was crazy.

I've also learned that sticking a difficult situation out at work



Commander Scott sporting the very latest in high-tech flymasks from ihateflies-inmyeys.com. The flymask doesn't interfere with the horse sight - his view is equivalent to what a human would see looking through a screen in a window.

sometimes is the best choice. But, as that experience was bound by a confidentiality agreement I shouldn't tell you all about that lesson and I can't without breaking my agreement, so I won't. But, I will say I wouldn't trade learning the practice of fortitude and patience for anything, not even for happiness.

Speaking of happiness, I've also learned that it can't be traded for money. I've met a variety of people and I have seen some happy with money and some happy without it. I have also seen some unhappy without money and some unhappy with loads. Happiness with one's work, in my opinion, comes from doing what we love doing

for pay rather than selecting a career that classically provides lots of money simply for the pay. Money certainly can be added to the mix to make happiness but to me it's not a main ingredient. Money may not be a main ingredient to happiness to me, but doesn't mean I haven't learned the value of money. Being jobless a time or two taught me that lesson well.

I have learned many lessons working the various jobs I have worked over the years, but still the main lesson learned is that there is always more to learn.

To read other article by Katherine, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.

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THE OLD TENANT HOUSE

Framing the addition

Michael Hillman

While one of my earliest memories of my father was of him making a white picket fence for our home in Connecticut, I never associated him with carpentry. As a career naval officer during the cold war, my father was frequently at sea, so I saw little of him. When he was home, he spent his time playing with us, not his woodworking tools.

By the time my father retired, I was setting out on my own naval career, so I never had the opportunity to learn woodworking from him. My little brother Bill, on the other hand, grew up in my father's carpentry shop. While he has no recollection of my father's navy days, he has mastered all my father's carpentry skills. So when Bill offered to frame the addition in exchange for all the times I covered for him when he was growing up, I jumped at the chance.

Friday

At nine o'clock, Bill and his crew, accompanied by my father, arrived. As his crew unloaded and set up their equipment, Bill quizzed Eric Jarvian, our architect, on some of the details of his plan. It took less than twenty minutes to work out all the details.

"OK, Dad," Bill said, "remember your job is to keep Mike out of my way."

Soon the air was filled with the sound of saws. While one part of Bill's crew were busy building the frames of the walls, Bill and the other half of his crew began to lay the supports for the floor. Nail guns were going off so fast that at times it sounded like the area was a combat zone. My father and I pitched in where directed, and of course everything was inspected thoroughly by our dogs Nelix and Kira.

By four the floor joists were all

installed and the flooring plywood laid. At five, the frames for the walls were lifted and secured into place. By seven, with the sun setting, it was time to call it a day.

Bill and his crew were treated to a classic Emmitsburg crab feast at the Ott House that night. Exhausted by their hard day, Nelix and Kira didn't even bother to greet us when we returned home.

Saturday

Saturday morning came earlier than anticipated; the closing of truck doors woke even the birds. Kira and Nelix looked at me in disbelief. My brother wasted little time in giving each member of his crew the assignment for the day, and then picked up his own hammer.

As two out of three of the corners of the addition incorporated a 45 degree angle wall, some of the cuts for the walls and roof were rather intricate, but you would never have known, watching my brother as he cut. By noon most of the rafters for the roof for the western part of the addition were up. By two, the sheathing of the roof and walls had commenced.

By four, framing of the much-anticipated second story summer porch off the master bedroom had begun. At six, the last of the plywood for the addition's floor was nailed down. It was now possible to walk from the old kitchen into the addition.

That evening Bill and his crew were treated to a feast at the Carriage House. I seem to recall the crew sampling just about everything on the menu and loving it!

Sunday

Before any more work on the addition could be undertaken, a steel I-beam, which would support the weight of the corner of the second floor of the house, had to be in-



Less than ten days after the permits were issued, the addition was framed and enclosed.

serted. As it wasn't due to arrive till Monday, the day was spent leisurely cutting out and tearing down the existing first floor walls that would be open space in the new addition.

I have to admit, it was an odd feeling walking through the existing kitchen that night, through what was left of the walls and into the new addition. After eighteen years I could make my way around the old kitchen blindfolded. All the extra space was going to take some getting used to. What really impressed us, however, was the view.

For years my wife and I had bemoaned the fact we only had a small single window to look out and admire the view of the mountains. Now we had a whole wall of windows, and the view was better than we had expected. And with all those windows came a breeze through the house that would banish the need for air conditioners for all but the hottest of days.

Monday

Following the delivery of the I-beam, Joe Wivell took charge of

the delicate operation of cutting out the beams that supported the back end of the second floor of the house. Once installed, the I-beam would support the full weight of the northwest corner of the house. Watching Joe's team work was like watching a transplant operation in a hospital. Every cut had to be thoughtfully planned. Unlike modern houses which are square, the back end of the house had settled unevenly over its ninety years, so everything was uneven. To say there was lot of griping and moaning going on would be an understatement.

At four, the last cuts were made. It took the combined effort of seven guys to lift the I-beam into place. We all sighed with relief when it slid into place like a hot knife through butter.

Tuesday

Tuesday morning was spent installing the support for the west side of the house, and like the I-beam, it too slid perfectly into space.

With the weight of the second floor of the house now carried by the I-beam, it was time to cut out the last of the studs of the old wall. As I was sure the house would fall down, I closed my eyes as Joe cut, waiting to hear the sound of crashing timbers all around me.

"You can open your eyes now, Mike," Joe said, grinning. "It's done."

I let out a big sigh. There was no going back now.

As Joe's crew worked on framing the summer porch, Joe and I worked to level out the kitchen floor. Free of

having to support the weight of the walls, we were easily able to jack up the northwest corner of the floor the six inches it needed to be level, and with it, gone were the days of looking at tilting glasses of water on the kitchen table.

Wednesday

Wednesday was spent finishing the framing of the summer porch's roof, cutting the opening for the French doors that would connect our bedroom to the porch, and installing the metal roof for the addition and porch.

Less than ten days had passed since the permits had been issued and all the major construction had been completed. Insulation, dry-wall, and the installation of new windows would occupy me the remainder of the summer.

I would be remiss if I failed to mention that throughout the five days, Audrey managed to keep the old kitchen working, and clean, which made working conditions easier for all. Of course, with all the openings in the walls, the house was filled with flies, but that was a small price to pay for what was to come.

As Joe Reckley and his crew began to replace the house's 70-year-old heating and water systems, Brian Reaver took his first measurements for the custom-made cabinetry that would be the addition's crowning jewel. But we'll save those stories for next month.

To read other articles by Michael Hillman, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net.



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THE ZOO KEEPER

Ricky Bobby—The legend lives on

Layla Watkins

It started one afternoon just before Labor Day. I looked out the door to our bedroom balcony and there, perched elegantly on the railing, was the biggest, whitest, most beautiful dove I had ever seen.

I moved closer to the door, slowly and quietly so as not to spook him, to get a better look. He turned and looked at me, but did not fly away. I inched closer, still he stayed. I moved closer still until I was right at the door, less than three feet away. He just watched me. I decided that this must be a sign from God.

We stayed there, both of us completely immobile, just watching each other. Then I decided to talk to him, somehow expecting him to answer and reveal the mysterious and holy message he had clearly been sent to bring. "Hi beautiful," I said. "What are you doing here?" He didn't answer. "Are you here for a reason?" Still no answer. "Well, I hope you stay around," I told him. With that, he cocked his head, turned and flew away.

I watched him fly, completely mesmerized by the gracefulness of his flight. Saddened by his premature departure, I was left to contemplate the significance of his visit. I hoped he would return and make clear the reason.

The next day I got my wish. He appeared again on the balcony. "Wow," I thought, "this is definitely a sign from heaven." As I made my way to the door, my mind was flooded with a myriad of divine possibilities. He watched my approach with a cautious but calm eye, never threatening to leave. I was almost to the door when he made his first move.

He didn't fly away this time, but instead began walking along the balcony rail. As I watched him walk, I was struck by the oddly familiar way in which he moved. There was a forward and back motion to his head that had none of the grace I had been so awed by the day before. Back and forth along the rail he walked, back and forth went his head. Then it hit me. "Oh man! This isn't a dove, it's a pigeon!" So much for the holy message!

When I finished laughing, I felt obliged to explain myself to him. "Well, you sure look like a dove. But even though you aren't, you are still really pretty and it's nice to have you here," I told him. I could tell by the look on his face he was thinking, "Thanks, I am pretty cool, aren't I?"

It was then that I noticed the bands on his legs. I realized that that he must belong to someone, which explained his being comfortable with my close proximity. But how in the world would I find his owner? They must be worried sick about him! The only

plan I could come up with was to call Animal Control but as it was a holiday weekend, I wouldn't be able to reach anyone until Tuesday. I just hoped he would be ok until then. So I said a little prayer, "Dear God. I get that he wasn't sent by You, but please keep him safe until his owners can come get him. Amen."

Tuesday morning, he was sitting on the balcony when I called Animal Control. To my surprise, the officer knew exactly where he had come from. "He's a racing pigeon on his way to Ohio," I was informed. "A race went off last week and he is probably just stopping for a rest. You can put out some water for him, but he'll be on his way in a day or so." Great! Mystery solved! I kind of liked having him around, but was glad to know he was not "lost."

A few days went by and he was still hanging around the balcony. But very quickly the days turned into weeks, so I called Animal Control back. "He's still here," I said. "What should I do? Is there any way to get in touch with his owner?"

"No, not really. He may have gotten off course and just decided to stay."

"Well, isn't someone waiting for him in Ohio? Won't they be worried when he doesn't finish the race?"

"No, if they don't finish, the handlers figure they weren't very good and don't want them anyway."

"That's awful!"

"No ma'am. That's just the nature of the sport."

Well, I certainly cared more about him than that, so I decided he could just live with us. I got him some fresh water and put out some bird seed for him. Then, of course, I needed to give him a good name.

At the time, there was a movie out, "The Legend of Ricky Bobby," about a washed-up, wanna-be superstar racecar driver who just couldn't cut it in the racing world. He was the perfect namesake for our new little friend.

Ricky Bobby took up residence on our balcony. While I loved seeing him sitting out there, my husband, Wayne, was not so thrilled about the accompanying pigeon poop. Needless to say, when Ricky Bobby found a girlfriend and invited her to live with him, the mess multiplied. Very soon after that, the girlfriend brought her mother to live with them too.

So we now had three pigeons living on our balcony, which prior to Ricky Bobby and family, had been my favorite spot for morning coffee. But alas, I relinquished my balcony privileges and bought more bird seed.

One day in late October, I noticed that the mother hadn't been around as much. Shortly thereafter, Ricky Bobby and his girlfriend



started disappearing for a few days at a time. They always came back, but each time they left it seemed they were gone longer.

It was that way until around Thanksgiving. One morning I

looked out to find them gone and somehow knew they weren't coming back. Instead of seeing two fat, happy, pigeons, I saw one pristine white feather left behind.

There is an old superstition that

says finding a feather is a "hello" from heaven. You never know, maybe Ricky Bobby was sent here after all...

To read other article by Layla, visit the Authors' section of Emmitsburg.net

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FITNESS AND WELL BEING

Safety tips for exercising in the summer heat

Linda Stultz
Certified Fitness Trainer

Don't stop exercising because it is hot: just be smart about it. People don't realize how much the heat can affect their internal system. When we sweat, we lose moisture, but we lose a lot more. Most of the time we don't really think about how much our body needs to be hydrated. The body is made up of 70% water. That's why we can live longer without food than we can without water. By the time we feel thirsty, we are already starting to dehydrate. When we get a glass of water, that replaces the liquid lost in daily activities. In the

summer, when we sweat more we need to drink more.

Before starting your walk, workout or even just a day at the park, have a glass of water. Hydrate your body before it asks for it. Try to drink a glass every half-hour or so. Prepare a water jug full of ice to last all day. Make it a fun game for the kids by putting their water in their favorite container or get them a water bottle like mom or dad's. Most of my clients don't like water. They would rather have a soda, tea, coffee or something else. Water is one of the most important parts of my nutrition plan and should be one of the most important items on your daily diet.

You should continue to exercise as usual during the summer months, but remember to drink lots of water and plan your exercise according to the temperature outside. Try to walk in the early morning, late afternoon or evening. If possible, exercise in an air-conditioned place. Be aware of what your body is telling you. You may be more fatigued in hot weather, so don't push yourself as hard. Your body knows just how much it can take and it will take no more. Hydrating your body and giving it proper nutrition will help you through those workouts. Just remember that doing a little each day is better than doing nothing at all.

If you're taking your vacation in August, this year try something new! Plan your vacation around

your workout. Anyone who exercises regularly knows how you feel when you miss a week or two of exercise. Your body gets sluggish and out of sorts. If you put your mind to it, you could come up with a fun vacation for the whole family and continue your exercise devotion at the same time.

Camping is a great getaway and a great way to get in some serious exercise, while having fun. Hiking, swimming, boating and bike riding are fun activities to share with family and friends. These are also great exercises for your heart, lungs, muscles, bones and weight loss.

Taking a spa vacation is another popular way of relaxing and keeping up with your health regimen. Most spas have structured and educational events, as well as relaxing

activities and free time. Another nice feature is that some packages offer healthy eating classes. Your meals there are also prepared to your special needs or goals.

A backyard vacation is also a great way to relax and gives you the time you've been looking for to start a healthy eating and exercise program. If you have been putting off getting started on a workout routine, now's your chance. Get started on vacation, while you have the time, so when you go back to work you will have your workout scheduled into your busy week. However you plan to vacation this year, keep your health in mind.

If you have any questions, please call me at 717-334-6009. Remember, Keep moving! You'll be glad you did.

Complementary corner

How Does the Yin and Yang Symbol Relate to Us?

Renee Lehman

You may have noticed the symbol in the upper corner of my column and have probably seen this symbol before. However, do you know what it is and what it stands for? This is the Yin – Yang symbol, also known as the Tai Chi (pronounced Tie Chee) symbol. It is an important symbol in ancient Chinese Taoist (pronounced Dowist) philosophy. The Yin – Yang symbol consists of a circle divided into two teardrop-shaped halves - one white and the other black. Within each half is contained a smaller circle of the opposite color.

What's great about the Yin – Yang symbol is that the smaller circles nested within each half of the symbol serve as a constant reminder of the interdependent nature of the black/white "opposites." One could not exist without the other, for each contains the essence of the other. If you sit back and look at everything in the natural and man-made world, you can see how everything is connected (sharing each other's essences).

For example, the proper amount of rain, sun, and warm weather is

important for oranges to grow. Someone picks them, transports them to the store where you pay a certain price to be able to eat them. If there is not enough rain, or too much cold weather, the orange crop will not be as plentiful. You will have to pay more to buy an orange to eat. Will you still buy the orange? Everything along this food supply chain is connect-

When opposites
 are equally
 present, all
 is calm

ed and can affect everything. We are in a state of "Oneness" with the universe.

As we observe the universe, we notice the patterns of change that exist, and that is where the Yin—Yang symbol comes in. The Yin—Yang symbol represents the patterns of change and the balance of the opposites in

the universe. Change between Yin and Yang can be seen as night becomes day and day becomes night; birth becomes death and death becomes birth (think of what happens with composting); friends become enemies and enemies become friends.

When opposites are equally present, all is calm (healthy). When one is outweighed by the other, there is confusion and disarray (illness/dis-ease). Remember that the Yin—Yang symbol is NOT black OR white, it is black AND white. Therefore, the opposites are in relative terms to each other [for example, Alaska's climate is more Yin (cooler) than Arizona's (hotter), and Houston's climate is more Yang (hotter) than Boston's (cooler)]. In other words, Alaska is not always cold, and Arizona is not always hot. Nor is Houston always hot and Boston always cold, the temperature is constantly changing!

So how does the Yin—Yang symbol relate to us?

Many of us lead lives which are out of balance. Some are far too Yang and overactive, while others have lifestyles which are too Yin and inactive/static.

Do you recognize yourself in any of the following scenarios?

1. Do you often work through your lunch hour or eat meals on the run?
2. Do you over-ride feelings of tiredness and continue to work?
3. Do you often feel obliged to work late?
4. If you are ill do you go back

to work before you have fully recovered?

5. Do you find yourself continually juggling so many things that you never stop to rest?
6. Do you exercise even when you have not been sleeping well because your body couldn't slow down?
7. Do you stay up late doing things, and then wake early for work?
- 8.

If you answered Yes to three or more of these questions then STOP! You are probably in the habit of too much activity and work (therefore, too Yang). If your lifestyle is overactive, think about the following things:

- Schedule some time to look at your daily routine.
- Check that you are getting enough breaks at work; you are resting during the day; and you are incorporating some stillness in your day to nourish yourself.
- Schedule a small amount of rest time into your day if you have not in the past.
- Do some restorative activity, such as, yoga, qigong, tai chi, meditation, or anything that reconnects you to the natural world around you.
- Scheduling some space for pleasurable activities (like getting a massage, taking a relaxing bath, or listening to music); even if it is only for a short time period, can rejuvenate you.

Do you recognize yourself in any of the following scenarios?



1. Do you spend a large proportion of the day sitting?
2. Do you feel tired even though you have been inactive?
3. Do you drive to work or activities when it would be easy to walk or bicycle?
4. Do you exercise less than once a week?
5. Do you feel sluggish and depressed much of the time?

If you answered Yes to three or more of these questions then you probably have too little daily activity (therefore, too Yin). If your lifestyle is static, think about the following things:

- Schedule some time to look at your daily schedule.
- See how you could bring exercise and activity into your day. For example, walk to go shopping or out for lunch; take the stairs rather than the elevator; park away from your office; go dancing with friends; or even do some gardening.
- Join a gym with a friend.
- If you don't like doing exercise, try stretching, or qigong and tai chi (internal forms of exercise that activate our energy).

Good Luck with balancing your Yin and Yang!

Renee Lehman is a licensed acupuncturist and physical therapist with over 20 years of health care experience. Her office is located at 249B York Street in Gettysburg, PA. She can be reached at 717-752-5728.

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ASTRONOMY/ALMANAC

The August sky at night

Professor Wayne Wooten

For August, the Full Moon will be on August 6th; in American Indian lore, this is the Green Corn moon. The first week of August will thus find the Moon waxing and visible each evening. This full moon finds the moon 3 degrees north of bright Jupiter in the SE.

The morning of August 12th is the peak for the Perseid Meteor Shower, our best annual celestial fireworks show. The Moon will be at third quarter on the 13th, rising about midnight, so it will overpower the fainter meteors when the radiant rises in the NE after midnight. If you have a dark sky site, you will see about a meteor every 2-3 minutes from midnight until dawn.

The waning crescent moon passes 3 degrees north of Mars on August 16, and 1.7 degrees north of much brighter Venus the following morning. The new moon occurs on August 20th. The middle weeks find the moon waning in the morning sky, making the darker skies idea for observing the Milky Way.

The waxing crescent moon passes close to Saturn and Mercury in evening twilight on August 22nd, with all three objects in a straight line along the SW horizon about 8:15 PM CDT, with Mercury in the middle... a great photo op for digital camera users with a tripod mount shooting in night shot mode. The first quarter moon is on August 27th.

While the naked eye, dark adapt-

ed by several minutes away from any bright lights, is a wonderful instrument to stare up into deep space, far beyond our own Milky Way, binoculars are better for spotting specific deep sky objects.

Mercury will be visible in the evening sky in mid August. It passes 3 degrees south of Saturn in the twilight on August 17th, and both are in the line with the slender waxing crescent moon on August 22nd. But both will be lost in the Sun's glare by month's end. Venus dominates the dawn for the rest of the year, the bright morning star. Mars too lies in the morning sky, very distant from earth and

not the bright object you may head described in the recycled e-mails received every August since its close approach to earth in 2003. These are urban legends that will not die, alas.

But August belongs to Jupiter, rising at sunset at opposition on August 14th. It will be the brightest object in the evening sky this August. Jupiter is now sporting not one but two big red spots, the second one in the northern hemisphere developing last spring, and its four large Galilean moons, spotted with a telescope 400 years ago this October, are constantly moving in front of it and casting their shad-

ows on the giant of the planets.

Alas, Saturn is now rapidly disappearing behind the Sun in the western sky, so our August gazes will be the last glimpse at the almost closed rings for several months.

The Big Dipper rides high in the

in Sagittarius in the summer sky. Moving almost perpendicular to the plane of our Milky Way, Arcturus was the first star in the sky where its proper motion across the historic sky was noted, by Edmund Halley.

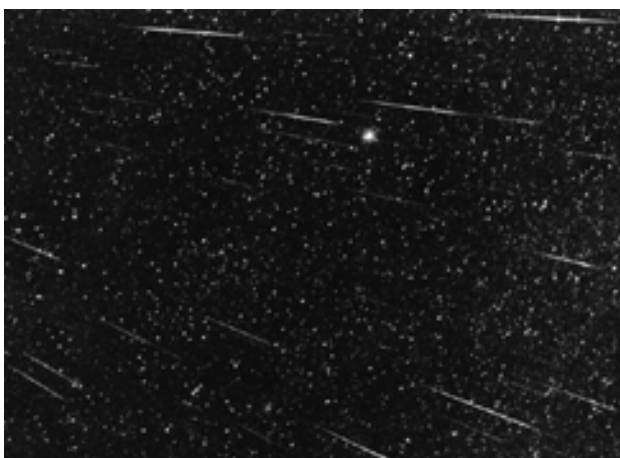
Spike south to Spica, the hot blue star in Virgo, then curve to Corvus the Crow, a four sided grouping. It is above Corvus, in the arms of Virgo, where our large scopes will show members of the Virgo Supercluster, a swarm of over a thousand galaxies about 50 million light years away from us.

Hercules is overhead, with the nice globular cluster M-13 marked on your sky map and visible in binocs. Several other good globular clusters

are also shown and listed on the best binoc objects on the map back page.

The brightest star of the northern hemisphere, Vega dominates the NE sky. Binoculars reveal the small star just to the NE of Vega, epsilon Lyrae, as a nice double. Larger telescopes at 150X reveal each of this pair is another close double, hence its nickname, the "double double"...a fine sight under steady sky conditions.

Below Vega are the two bright stars of the Summer Triangle; Deneb is at the top of the Northern Cross, known as Cygnus the Swan to the Romans. It is one of the most luminous stars in our Galaxy, about



The morning of August 12th is the peak for the Perseid Meteor Shower, our best annual celestial fireworks show.

NW at sunset, but falls lower each evening. Good scouts know to take its leading pointers north to Polaris, the famed Pole Star. For us, it sits 30 degrees (our latitude) high in the north, while the rotating earth beneath makes all the other celestial bodies spin around it from east to west.

Taking the arc in the Dipper's handle, we "arc" SE to bright orange Arcturus, the brightest star of Spring. Cooler than our yellow Sun, and much poorer in heavy elements, some believe its strange motion reveals it to be an invading star from another smaller galaxy, now colliding with the Milky Way

50,000 times brighter than our Sun. To the south is Altair, the brightest star of Aquila the Eagle. About midway between sits the planetary nebula M-27, visible in binoculars.

To the south, Antares rises about the same time in Scorpius. It appears reddish (its Greek name means rival of Ares or Mars to the Latins) because it is half as hot as our yellow Sun; it is bright because it is a bloated red supergiant, big enough to swallow up our solar system all the way out to Saturn's orbit!

East of the Scorpion's tail is the teapot shape of Sagittarius, which marks the heart of our Milky Way galaxy. Looking like a cloud of steam coming out of the teapot's spout is the fine Lagoon Nebula, M-8, easily visible with the naked eye. This stellar nursery is ablaze with new stars and steamers of gas and dust blown about in their energetic births. In the same binocular field just north of the Lagoon is M-20, the Trifid Nebula.

Just a little NE of Sagittarius, and much brighter, giant Jupiter dominates the SE sky in Capricornus. Any small scope will reveal what Galileo marveled at in 1609; four large moons, all bigger or similar to ours in size, orbit it in a line along Jupiter's equator. So get out the old scope, and focus on Jupiter for a constantly changing dance of the moons around the giant world.

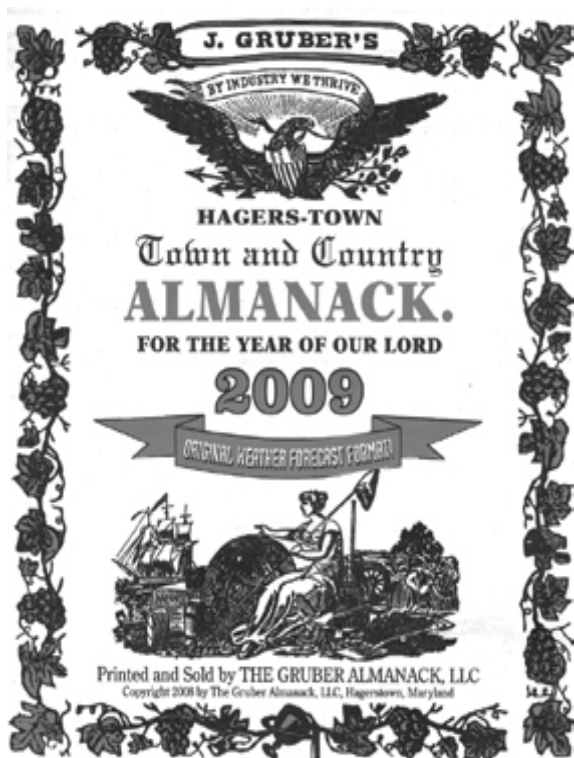
For a detailed map of northern hemisphere skies, visit the www.skymaps.com website and download the map for August 2009; it will have a more extensive calendar, and list of best objects for the naked eyes, binoculars, and scopes on the back of the map.

The Hagerstown's Farmer's Almanac

Weather watch: the "three hs" (hazy, hot, and humid) (1,2,3) along with severe storms (4,5,6). Fair but not as hot (7,8,9,10); warm and more humid (11,12,13). Tropical storm with heavy rain (14,15,16). Very warm and humid (17,18,19) with more severe storms (20,21). Fair and much cooler (22,23,24,25) with showers and storms returning (26,27,28). The month ends with remnants of a tropical storm with heavy rains (29, 30, 31).

Tornado watch: there is no tornado activity seen for the mid-Atlantic region in August.

Full moon: the full moon for August has been often referred to as the full ripe moon or fruit moon because of the many summer vegetables and fruits that come ripe at this time. It is also known as the dog moon for dog days, that end on the 11th as well as sturgeon moon. August's full moon occurs on August 5th at 7:55pm edst.



Special notes: where did the summer go? September is right around the corner and that means back to school for many. Make a list of school supplies that will be need in those first days and buy them now. Encourage high school seniors to complete at least one college application before school starts.

Holidays: enjoy the summer while it lasts! Labor day is just a few weeks away so enjoy these last few weeks of the summer and always include safety, common sense, and a good sunscreen (spf 15 or higher) in all of your plans.

The garden: the beginning of August is your last chance to plant annuals like zinnias and petunias for fall bloom. When pulling up spent annuals such as poppies, cornflowers and larkspur, shake them so the seeds will fall where you want plants to grow next year. August is not too late to sow portulaca (moss rose). They will bloom in about three weeks from seed. If you choose to water your lawn, do so only when wilted or discolored. If the weather is cool, fescue can be sown to repair lawns in the last week of August. Be sure to stop feeding trees and shrubs after August 15th. That will encourage new growth that will not have time to mature before winter. Think

about potting up herbs you plan to move indoors for the winter. Don't move them in just yet but get them accustomed to their containers early. Rosemary, thyme, and tarragon are the best candidates for this.

J. Grubers' thought for today's living: "Many people who whistle while they work often do so to keep from swearing!"

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UNSUNG HERO

Meet Virginia

Caroline Treverea

“But everyone knows me!” said Virginia somewhat ruefully when I approached her to “star” in my latest article. This may be true, but for those of you out there who don’t know Virginia Wantz, read on. For those of you who do know Virginia, I can guarantee that I won’t be able to do this wonderful little lady any justice to be sure, but read on anyway.

Like the dawning of the sun every morning and the changing of the seasons, there has always been one constant at Toms Creek United Methodist Church besides the beautiful stained glass windows and the tall wood paneled doors dividing the parlor from the sanctuary. That one constant is Virginia, on whom you always can depend.

When I visited Toms Creek Church over twenty years ago when I was only 16 years old, believe it or not, Virginia was one of the few people that I distinctly remember. Much has changed, but Virginia hasn’t changed much over the years. She is still the sassy, vivacious gal that she’s always been. She is the choir director at Toms Creek Church and has been diligently playing hymns on the organ, up in the front of the old church since she was only a young girl of thirteen years old.

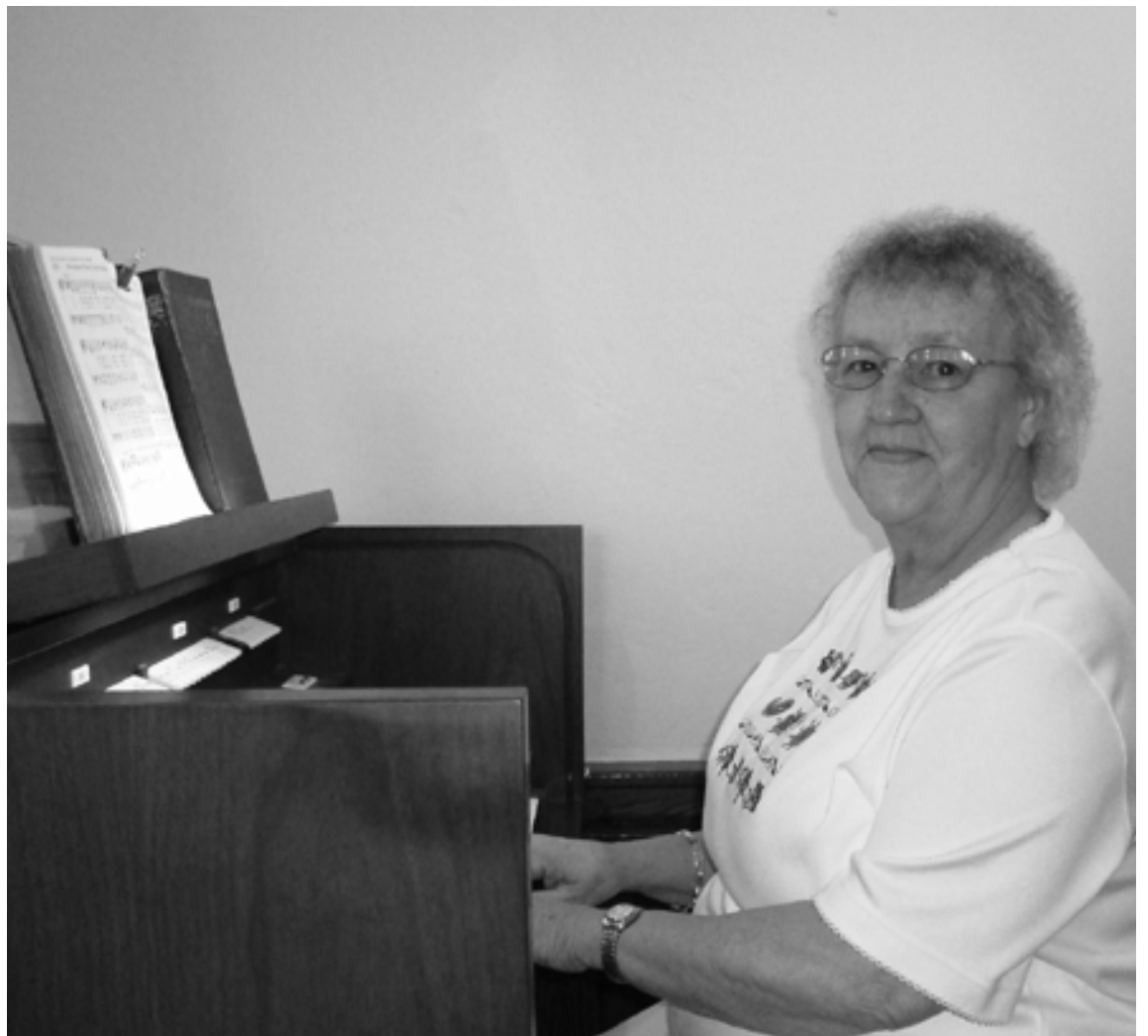
Church and Sunday School have always been a big part of her life. She has taught pre-school age children Sunday School for 45 years and has watched those children grow up and make their place

in the world, instilling some good old-fashioned Christian values to take into the world with them. Virginia has definitely made her mark in this life and it is a good one.

In one way or another, Virginia has touched countless people over the years with her music and her adorable personality. It’s hard to believe, but she’s been filling the little country church with organ music for 60 long years. Since 1949, the melodious sounds of the church organ (not the same one for the last 60 years, mind you) have come alive at her fingertips. It comes as second nature to her and anyone at church can see that she enjoys every minute of it. Whenever she catches my eye, she usually gives me a knowing wink and a smile.

She can be what Simon Cowell from “American Idol” would probably call a “mischievous little minx.” She has a very memorable way about her. Having experienced Virginia’s charming and hilarious candor first hand, let me tell you, she is a lot of fun. I have had the pleasure to fill in for absentees in the choir and Virginia is a joy to work with. Once, when we were singing rather weakly and off-key, she said in an exasperated tone: “Oh, come on now! You sound like you’re dead! Pick it up, will ya!”

Another interesting little tidbit I learned from Virginia is that she doesn’t particularly like to smile for photographs. Once after cleaning up after a church supper she said to me “Why do people always smile when they think they’re hav-



ing their picture taken? (She displays a fake grin as she says this.) I think people should just look like they feel.” (She displays a solemn expression.) Then she bursts out laughing. After all these years, Virginia is still just a kid at heart.

She was born during the great depression on November 28, 1935, into the loving Baumgardner family. She was raised by her parents, John and Maude, on Keysville and Four Points Road and has three brothers and one sister. There on the family farm in Emmitsburg, Virginia worked hard doing daily farm and household chores as all

country girls do. Virginia graduated from Emmitsburg High School in 1953 with a class of about twenty. She has many fond memories from there. On a cold winter’s day in January 28, 1955, she married the proverbial boy next door, Donald Wantz, who lived a mile from her. Virginia and Donald had three children, David, Mary Harner and Virginia Lee Schaffer. She has six grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Virginia became a widow in 1993 when her beloved Donald passed away. Donald and Virginia had a successful

electrical business called “Wantz Electric” for about 20 years and then decided to go in a different direction. Virginia went to work for Mount St. Mary’s University in 1981 and is still there doing the purchasing for the physical plant and is the vehicle coordinator. Virginia loves people and Christian fellowship and she thanks God everyday for her life and I have no doubt that God is glad to have met Virginia.

To read about other Unsung Heroes, visit the People Article section of Emmitsburg.net

Down under!

Wondering, Naturally

Lindsay, Melbourne, Australia!

Everyone’s heard of the seven wonders of the ancient world, although most of them have long gone—except for the pyramids of Egypt, which are as iconic as icons can be.

Many of us have also seen one or more of the seven wonders of the modern world, especially the mighty Grand Canyon, and gasped in awe at its vast depth and length, while recognizing that nature outdoes man every time when it comes to Big and Awesome. Nature’s storehouse of amazements is so great that we can never hope to see them all, but of the wonders considered to be worthy of inclusion in the seven, I can say with true Aussie lack of humility that most are here, downunder.

The most spectacular is the Great Barrier Reef. First reported in the journal of Captain James

Cook, (the Yorkshire man who ‘discovered’ Australia for the British), it is the largest living organism on earth. Easily seen from space, it is 1600 miles long, up to three miles wide and averages 100 yards deep. Its present form is about 6000 years old, although its origins go back half a million years. Billions of tiny polyps make their home from silica, which can take quite bizarre shapes and be wonderfully colored. A magnificent ecosystem, the home of so many fish that they’re still counting, and naturally a premier tourist attraction. The water is tropically warm and our visit some years ago saw the dive captain frantically trying to get my wife’s attention to return to the boat. She did so reluctantly, saying it was all so enchanting that it was a real effort to remember there were other things as well. I proved a hopeless snorkeler, but managed to catch enough coral trout to

feed us and our friends for three days.

Then there’s Uluru, the largest single rock in the world. Some 600 yards high, with a circumference of about seven miles at ground level, its homogenous and fault-free composition has allowed it to withstand significant erosion. It is a sacred Aboriginal site, jointly managed by the local tribe and the government, and attracts close to half a million visitors each year.

There’s also Fraser Island, (the largest sand island in the world), loved by naturalists, ecostainers, and the public. And the Daintree, part of the tropics in North Queensland, where one of the oldest species of ferns is still going strong – only a couple of million years old; and the wave, 150 yards of solidified rock that is simply waiting for an intrepid surfer to catch it to the shore 100 miles away; the bungle-bungles, hundreds of 350 million-year-

old multicolored domes of fragile silica and sandstone; and the pinnacles, thousands of limestone spires ranging in size from a truck to a water pipe scattered across a sandy plain.

But the most bizarre and intriguing natural sight you can find anywhere in the world are the homes of the magnetic termites, commonly called white ants due to their almost non-existent skin. Mile after mile of jagged mini-mountains, all lined up in parallel rows, all pointing unerringly to the magnetic north and south. Millions of the little critters all sensing which way is up, the only insect with a compass.

It took years of outback science (the kind that tries improvised variations, hoping for a good time) to come up with the answers. This area in our Northern Territory is semi desert, with daytime temperatures up to 50 degrees Celsius and zero at night, yet they require a steady 30 degrees to stay comfortable, and no more than +/- 2 degrees to stay alive. Other termites solve this by burrowing into the ground, but this site is also subject to

tropical flooding, and drowning is no option for them. So the alignment allows the sun to heat first one side to the needed temperature, then the other, and voila, Air Conditioning! It’s estimated they evolved this over many thousands of years – but in most places the earth’s magnetic field has swung pretty wildly over this time, except... not in Australia. This place is so old, geologically, that it can’t be bothered keeping up with the new-age swings (just kidding).

If you crave novelty, bizarre, SF scenarios, come down and see this stuff. If it matters that the site is miles from anywhere, no accommodation or human comforts, then go to one of the other places, or even Dinosaur cove (another world heritage listing—there’s some thirty in all) and marvel.

The cities are fairly civilized and most of the humans are normal.

With north-south wishes,
Lindsay

To read other articles by Lindsay, visit the Authors’ section of Emmitsburg.net

Recipes

Italian Sausage and Ziti Skillet Dinner

Trinity United Methodist Church

Ingredients:

- ¾ lb Italian Sausage (casings removed)
- 1 cup diced onion
- 1 cup diced bell peppers
- 2 cans condensed tomato soup
- 1½ cups of water
- 3 cups small ziti pasta
- 2 medium zucchini diced
- 1/3 cup minced fresh basil

Pepper

Grated parmesan cheese

Cooking directions:

Cook sausage, onion and bell peppers over medium heat for 8 minutes or until sausage loses pink color and veggies are tender. Next stir in soup and water, bring to boil, stirring until smooth. Next stir in pasta and zucchini, cover, reduce heat, and simmer 25 minutes or until pasta is cooked and zucchini is tender. Stir occasionally to separate pasta. Remove from heat, stir in basil and pepper and let stand 10 minutes. Sprinkle with parmesan cheese.

Peanut Butter Chocolate Chip Cake

Marie Long

Ingredients:

- 2 TBS softened margarine
- ½ cup finely chopped peanuts
- 1 box yellow cake mix
- 1 small box vanilla pudding mix
- ½ cup oil
- 1 ¼ cup water
- 4 eggs
- 1 cup smooth peanut butter
- ½ cup chocolate chips

Cooking directions:

Generously grease a 10 inch bundt pan with margarine. Sprinkle peanuts in pan. Shake pan to coat. In mixing bowl, beat cake and pudding mixes, oil, water, eggs until well blended, about 4 minutes. Beat in peanut butter and pour 1/3 batter in pan. Sprinkle with chocolate chips, and then pour in remaining batter. Bake at 350 for about 55 minutes. Cool in pan 10 minutes then turn onto to cooling rack.

Green Beans with Pears

Kay Hinkle

Adams County Master Gardener

Ingredients:

- 3 medium Bartlett pears
- 2 TBS butter
- 2 TBS sugar
- 1 TBS lemon juice
- 1 lb cooked snap beans

Cooking Direction:

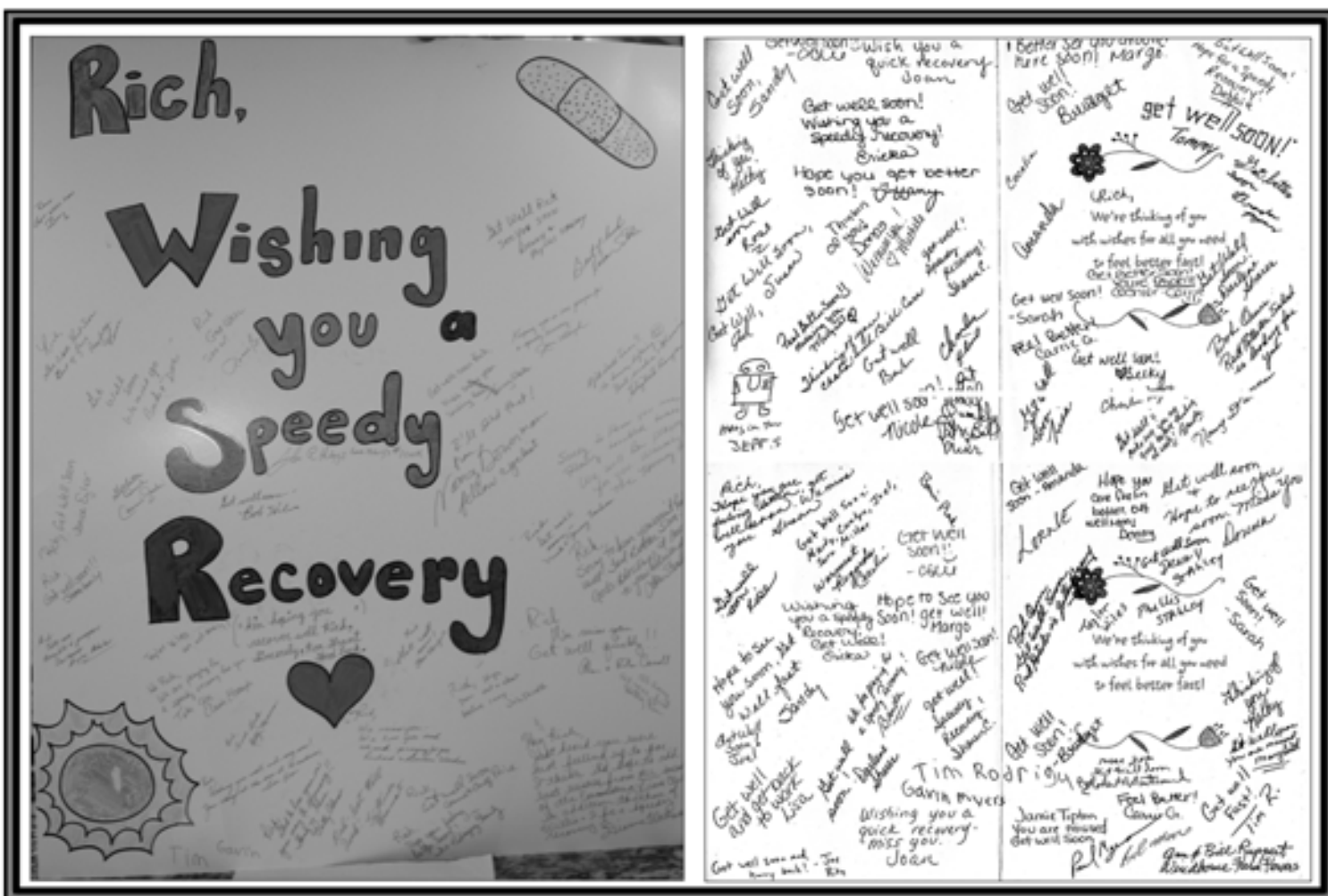
Pare pears, halve and core; cut each half into three lengthwise slices. In a 10-inch skillet over moderately low heat, mix and heat butter, sugar and lemon juice. Add pears; cover tightly and steam, shaking skillet a few times, for about 3 minutes. Turn pears, cover again and repeat for another 3 minutes. Mix in cooked beans and gently reheat. Serves six.

Have a recipe you would like to share? If so, send it to us at editor@emmitsburg.com



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COMMUNITY NOTES

Teens among the stacks

Caroline Rock
Emmitsburg Librarian

What do teens want more than anything?

Space.

Mary Kay Chelton, a vocal advocate for Young Adult (YA) Services in public libraries, observed that 60% of the people who use public libraries are under the age of 18. Yet a recent FCC study shows that teens make up only 38% of those actually checking out books. So what are all those teens doing in the library?

They are looking for space!

In Emmitsburg, the teens at the library are usually doing four things.

1. The most frequently cited reason teens come to the library is to use the computers. Some teens in Emmitsburg are unable to access the internet unless they come to the library. Evenings are a common time to find teens using the public computers. Using their library card and password, or a temporary visitor pass, they can access Myspace or other social networks. They can check their emails, watch music videos, or catch up on their favorite blogs. Some teens also enjoy playing online games.

In addition to social networking, teens using the library computers will find some great links on the Frederick County Public Library's website (www.fcpl.org). On that website, there is a special space just for teens. For example, "No Flying No Tights" is a Librarian's Pick blog for all things comic, manga, and graphic novel, including news, reviews, and surveys. The library website also has links for teens who are looking for part-time jobs or opportunities to volunteer in the community, as well as information on finding and paying for college. Teen programming is also listed for all Frederick County Library branches.

2. Specialized teen programming is another motive that brings young adults into the library. The Public Library Data Service did a survey in 2007 which showed that just over half of public libraries in the country have a YA specialist on staff. This person advocates for teens, provides programming for teens, and establishes space for teens. Emmitsburg is privileged to have Miss Stephanie, who is always looking for new ways to entice teens into the library.

"Teens are the future of the library," Miss Stephanie says. "One day they will be the adults who come in, and if I do not give them my time and attention now, they may never come back. I don't want to see that to happen."

This spring Miss Stephanie instituted Wii Wednesdays. On the first Wednesday of each month, teens can meet to challenge each other with Guitar Hero, Super Smash Bros, or Wii Sports from 3 to 5 P.M.

Another program that has been popular with area teens for years is the Anime Club. Fans of Anime meet with Miss Stephanie after the library closes on the fourth Friday of every month. They enjoy movies, drawing, games, and snacks beginning at 6 P.M.

In July, Miss Stephanie hosted "Who Dunn It?" at the Emmitsburg Library. This murder mystery game brought more than a dozen teens together to role play a murder investigation. "They had a blast, as did I," says Miss Stephanie. "They were laughing, chatting, running around, coming out of their shells and just having a great time. They already told me they can't wait for the next party."

For the fall, teens can look forward to a two-part photography workshop with Bob Rosensteel of Rosensteel Studios. They will learn how to improve their personal photos, and have the opportunity to sign out a digital camera to use for

three weeks. Teens can sign up for this program now at www.fcpl.org.

3. Sometimes teens just want a cool place to go in the summer, space to meet their friends and relax. Miss Stephanie provides a place just for teens in the YA corner of the library. The teen area has a low table with thick pillows on which to sit, and soft lighting to provide atmosphere. By keeping up with the current fiction for young adults, Miss Stephanie highlights those books with lavish displays across the tops of the book cases. She has provided a place for teens to exhibit their artwork, or to enjoy a game of chess or checkers with a friend. Miss Stephanie invites teens to give her feedback and suggestions on how to improve their space in the library.

"I feel that a lot of people misunderstand and underestimate teens and their abilities," says Miss Stephanie. "But, often, they're the forward thinkers, the ones who come up with these amazing ideas and thoughts that blow your mind."

4. Though not as common in these summer months, another reason teens come to the library is to study or do research for school. These studious young adults are seen during school months between the hours of 3 and 5 P.M. sitting at the study tables with their school books open. Occasionally a question will bring them to the librarian's desk for help or guidance, but mostly they work quietly and independently. These teens find the library a nice transition from school day to home, offering a little more liberty than school, but fewer distractions than home.

And what about that 38% of

books being circulated by teens every year?

A huge part of it is from the graphic novel section. These mature comic books are often works of art, as well as thrilling stories, and are becoming more and more mainstream, no longer limited to reluctant readers. Many of the graphic novels are from the Japanese manga tradition, but about half come from western culture, and even comic book standbys such as Spiderman and Batman. Libraries are also seeing a new surge in classics retold as graphic novels.

One of the latest trends in YA reading is not so new at all. Today's teens hold the same ageless fascination with the undead as kids of every generation. The *Twilight* series, written by Stephanie Meyer, takes readers through the loves and adventures of a family of modern vampires, who struggle to deny their malevolent appetites. So popular is this series that, like the Harry Potter books, the average 600 pages per book does not daunt young readers, and they can typically finish reading one in a few days. The tremendous success of this series has spawned numerous vampire sagas, less hyped but still popular.

Aside from vampires, fantasy and science fiction remain perennial favorites among teens. Countless new series in these genres have emerged and promise to become classics. But many young adults prefer realistic fiction, stories that speak to the difficulties and challenges they face in real life.

"I would like to see more of a connection between books and teens," says Miss Stephanie. "This is tricky, I must confess, with all of the distractions of technology and friends, etc., but I think it can be done."

Young adults are busy. They have active social lives, part-time jobs, college preparations. They are participating in sports and taking drivers ed. But they still make up a large percentage of

the patrons who walk through the doors of the Emmitsburg Library. Miss Stephanie and the entire library staff hope to create an space in which they feel welcome and respected.

Upcoming Programs for Teens at the Emmitsburg Library. All events are free. Some require registration at www.fcpl.org.

Ongoing

Wii Wednesdays—First Wednesday of each month. 3-5 P.M. No registration necessary.

Anime Club—Fourth Friday of each month. 6-7:30 P.M. No registration necessary.

Dragons and Droids Sci-fi/Fantasy Book Club (ages 8-12)—Second Monday of each month. 4-5 P.M. Pick up books at circulation desk.

Special Programs

Saturday August 15, 2009, Summer Reading Club Finale. 11:00 A.M. Register online or at the library.

Monday September 14, 2009 Photography Workshop Part 1. 6:00-7:30 P.M. Register online or at the library.

Wednesday October 14, 2009 Photography Workshop Part 2. 6:00-7:30 P.M. Register online or at the library.

SENIOR NEWS

Susan Allen

We have certainly been enjoying the unusually cool summer weather. However, the hazy, hot, and humid "dog days" could be waiting for us in August. Grandkids have been having fun at the pool and local carnivals, but it's back to school the last week of the month. Watch out for those big yellow buses!

NEW PROGRAM! Volleyball Open Gym for adults age 50 and up.

Every Monday evening, beginning Sept. 14, 6-9 p.m. Free. Call Linda, 301-600-6350, for more information.

Our Friday breakfast program (8:30 a.m.) is proving to be quite popular. On Friday, Aug. 21 you are invited to a special screening and discussion of "Caregivers," part of a documentary series by The Alzheimer's Project, 9 a.m. Meal registration required by Aug. 18. There will be an evening 500 card party on Wednesday, Aug. 26, 6-10 p.m. Wii bowling continues

on Fridays, 10-noon. And remember that whatever the weather, it's always cool to come in and shoot some pool.

The seniors encourage all eligible persons (50 years and older) to join them for regular program activities and special events. Our lunch program is open to those 60 and older. Programs are held in the Community Center on South Seton Avenue. Call for lunch reservations 24 hours in advance. The Senior Center will close whenever county offices are closed. To register for special events or for information,

call program coordinator Linda Umbel, 301-600-6350.

REGULAR ACTIVITIES

Bowling: Mondays at Taneytown bowling center. Carpool; meet at center at 12:30 p.m.

Walking Group: Monday, Wednesday & Friday at 9:00 a.m.

Strength Training & Conditioning: Tuesday and Thursday, 10 a.m. Dress comfortably, wear athletic shoes. Participants will use small weights. Free.

Bingo: Aug. 12 & 26.

Cards, 500, and Bridge Group: Aug. 5 & 19.

Men's Pool: Wednesdays at 1:00 p.m.

Pinochle: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

Canasta: Fridays at 12:30 p.m.

Shopping at Jubilee Foods: Thursdays at 12:30 p.m.

UPCOMING EVENTS

August 1 & 2

Bicentennial celebration at the Arrival of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton in Emmitsburg—see our led story for more information of visit www.setonshrine.org for more information.

August 1, 8, 15, 22 & 29

Adams County Winery 2009 summer concert series—Come enjoy a free concert, a bottle of chilled wine, and great food from 1-5pm at Adams County Winery's farm winery. For more information call 717-334-4631 or visit www.adamscountywinery.com

August 2

Music, Gettysburg! Presents the Gettysburg Big Band - This outdoor concert will take place in the grove of the Schmucker House located at 15 Seminary Ridge in Gettysburg. Bring your own lawn chair or blanket to sit on.

August 4

Emmitsburg Baseball and Softball will be holding their meeting at the Ambulance building at 7PM. Anyone and everyone is welcome to attend.

August 7

Mother Seton School Open House. Have a tour of the school, receive school information and get your questions answered. Mother Seton School - newly-designated 2009 Maryland Green School - offers affordable, quality Catholic education for Pre-K through 8th grade. For more information - visit www.mothersetonschool.org or call 301-447-3161.

August 7-9

3 on 3 basketball tournament - Sponsored by the Community Deputies and the town of Emmitsburg for local youth. There will be two (2) brackets of play; 13-14 year olds and 15-17 year olds. For more information contact DFC John Bartlett, Emmitsburg Community Deputy, (301)-600-3933 or jbartlett@fredco-md.net

August 9

Land, Speed & Air—Car Show and More—Enjoy a relaxing day viewing cars, trucks, bikes and airplanes of all years and tour the Lifeline helicopter. Vintage planes from the 1930s and '40s as well as biplanes will be flying in to the Mid Atlantic Soaring Club at the Fairfield Glider Port, just west of Emmitsburg, Md. Glider rides available for \$60. Food vendors will be on site with burgers, hotdogs, BBQ, fries and some of the best local ice cream around!

Hollabaugh Bros. Annual Peach Festival - Come for a day of special music, wagon rides, peach sundaes, peach samples, peach products, and peaches galore! Biglerville, PA. For more information call 717-677-9494. Or visit www.hollabaughbros.com

August 12

Adams County Master Gardener's Garden Chat—Have a question about bugs in your garden, then come learn about how to encourage good bugs while discouraging bad bugs from calling your garden home. Program begins at 7 pm. For more information call 717-334-6271. Chat starts at 6 pm.

August 12

Perseid Meteor Shower - Head out into the country and enjoy one of the best annual celestial fireworks show. See the Astronomy column on page 27 for more information.

August 13

Strawberry Hill Dusk Discovery Walk—Come out to Strawberry Hill Nature Preserve to experience the sights and sounds of the evening forest during Strawberry Hill's Dusk Discovery walks this summer. For more information call 717-642-5840 or visit www.strawberryhill.org Walk starts at 7 pm.

August 15

Emmitsburg Community Barbeque

August 16-22

2009 South Mountain Fair - A small country fair featuring rides for the kids, barns filled with farm animals, many homemade needlework exhibits, photography, home canned fruits and vegetables, fresh produce and fruits, and beautiful flowers, all on display. In addition there is nightly entertainment in the auditorium, a fireworks display one evening, and the antique tractor and farm machinery parade another evening, and so much more. Something for everyone to enjoy! South Mountain Fairgrounds, Route 234, Arendtsville, PA. 717-677-9663. For more information visit the South Mt. Fair section of emmitsburg.net.

August 17

12th Annual JoAnn Hance Memorial Golf Tournament to benefit the Up-County Family Center, The Emmitsburg Lions Club and the Sr.

Barbara Hance Homeless Shelter. For more information contact Jim, Bob, or Joe Hance at 301-447-2366 or stop by the Carriage House Inn.

August 20

58th Semi-Annual Gettysburg Bluegrass Festival—Top Bluegrass and Traditional Country musicians performing on our main stage, presenting informative workshops and meeting and greeting fans from all over the world www.gettysburgbluegrass.com

August 22

Emmitsburg Osteopathic Primary Care Center Open House - Located at 121-123 West Main Street, Everyone is welcome! Open house starts at 2 pm.

August 23

Toms Creek United Methodist Church's Ice Cream Social. Ice cream starts flowing at 4 pm!

August 23

Mount students return! Ya!

August 25

Mount St. Mary presents Hypnotist Michael C. Anthony. Come watch students get hypnotized, or maybe get hypnotized yourself. Location - Knott Auditorium. Show starts at 9 pm.

August 30

St. Elizabeth Ann Seton for the 235th birthday celebration. Visit www.setonshrine.org for more information.

*The public is invited to celebrate with us—
a concert, live reenactment of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton's arrival in Emmitsburg,
liturgies throughout the weekend, "The Seton Legacy" DVD premiere, and much more.*

**Visit www.setonlegacy.org
for a copy of the bicentennial weekend agenda.**

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SENIOR SERVICES
Patrick Burns

On behalf of the Daughters of Charity, we are blessed with the gifts from the many community supporters! We extend a *thank you* to all of them as well.

The National Shrine of Saint Elizabeth Ann Seton
333 South Seton Avenue, Emmitsburg, MD 21727
301-447-6606 • www.setonshrine.org



MOUNT ST. MARY'S UNIVERSITY

The Mount is built on four pillars—faith, discovery, leadership and community.

NEW DIRECTOR NAMED FOR UNIVERSITY'S FREDRICK PROGRAM

Former Chamber of Commerce President Returns to Area

Mount St. Mary's University President, Thomas H. Powell, announces the appointment of Joe Leberz as Director of the Mount's Center for Professional and Continuing Studies. The center is located at the Mount's Frederick campus.

"Joe is a great match for the Center of Professional and Continuing Studies. He has a strong relationship with the Frederick County business community, higher education and governmental affairs," says President Powell. "I am confident that Joe will bring the Center to new levels of excellence."

Prior to his service with the university, Leberz served for 11 years as President and CEO of the Frederick County Chamber of Commerce, and for nine years prior as District Administrator for U.S. Representative Beverly Byron. He has directed the University's land planning and government relations work for the past three years, recently completing a

comprehensive land use plan for University land holdings and initiating multi-use trail development as new recreational resources for the Mount and Emmitsburg communities.

"Frederick is a great, central location for working adults to continue and further their education," says Mr. Leberz. "I look forward to building on already well-established, strong, ethics-based masters

and continuing education programs. We are here to serve the varied needs of today's working adult."

For more information on the Mount's Frederick campus and various programs offered through the Center for Professional and Continuing Studies, please visit <http://www.msmary.edu/academics/graduate-professional>

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MAKE UP YOUR MIND

*about finishing
your degree*



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- Initial course enrollment

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msmary.edu/emmitsburg

COMMUNITY EVENT: 22ND ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE FOR WORLD PEACE THROUGH CONVERSION OF HEART

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6,

10:30am-4pm

NATIONAL SHRINE GROTTO OF OUR
LADY OF LOURDES

On this retreat, pilgrims will spend a day in prayer and worship of the Lord. Penance, Mass, and Exposition of the Blessed Eucharist will be offered. This is a day of prayer for world peace through conversion of heart.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS:

- | | |
|------------|---|
| 10:30 a.m. | Preparation for this day of Pilgrimage |
| 10:45 a.m. | Rosary (confessions until 11:50) |
| Noon | Mass |
| 1 p.m. | Lunch—bring your own or go out |
| 1:45 p.m. | Prayerful Silence/Personal Prayer |
| 3 p.m. | Holy Hour, Chapel of Divine Mercy & Benediction |
| 4 p.m. | Dismissal |

No reservation necessary!

Can't make one of these dates?
Contact 301-682-8315 to schedule a one-on-one appointment with an academic advisor.

- ✉ Center for Professional and Continuing Studies, 5350 Spectrum Drive, Frederick, MD 21703 (behind FSK mall)
- ☎ 301-682-8315 or 877-982-2329 (toll-free)
- ✉ inquiry@msmary.edu



faith | discovery | leadership | community