**The Campbell’s Corner Neighborhood News / Issue #5**

August 4, 2015

Coming to You from the Campbell Kingdom

by

Patty L. Fletcher

Edited by Leonore H. Dvorkin

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**### 1. Monthly Greeting**

“As it is written, so it is created.

As it is worked through, so it shall continue.

As it goes forth, is read, shared, and enjoyed, so shall it be forever.

Blessid Be”

**### 2. New: Treat of the Month**

Here’s a new feature! This first Treat of the Month is provided by Mrs. Tasha Halpert. Yes, that’s the same lady who provided us with the Astrological Day by Day Planner. This month, Tasha is back, with a beautiful reminder for us all.

**### Heartwings Love Notes 132: The Blessing of Gratitude**

Heartwings says, "When we are grateful for what we have, more will come."

I feel most fortunate to have had the assistance of many wise people who have helped me throughout my life. Some I knew for a short time, some for longer, yet all imparted wisdom that has sustained me along the way. Around Thanksgiving I am reminded of one of the most helpful bits of information I was ever given. It provided and continues to provide me with an important daily focus.

One day my wise friend was listening to me complain. Instead of sympathizing with me, she scolded me kindly, saying that rather than focus on what I lacked, I needed to be grateful for what I had. She gave me a prayer of gratitude and told me to recite it three times a day. Recognizing that she was correct, I followed her suggestion. I believe that this simple act changed my life immensely for the better.

Focusing on what I lack can diminish what I do have. It is an important spiritual principle that energy flows where attention goes. What you seek—whether good or bad—is what you find. If I look for the weeds in my garden, that is what I will see, and no matter how hard I try to keep them out, I will always see more. Nor will I be able to see the beauty in my garden or enjoy my flowers.

The commercialism of our Western society does not encourage us to value what we have, but instead urges us to acquire more. When I am grateful for my blessings, I feel no lack. If I receive additional blessings, I am even more grateful. Yet I am also content with what I have. Many times daily I recite this prayer given to me so long ago: "Beloved Lord, I do greatly thank Thee for the abundance that is mine."

May you find much to be grateful for, and may your blessings continue to increase.

Blessings and Best Regards, Tasha Halpert

If you would like to sign up to receive your free weekly Heartwings Love Notes, please visit our website at [www.heartwingsandfriends.com](http://www.heartwingsandfriends.com/)

**### 3. Neighborhood News**

**### A brief recap:**

Campbell and I previously reported that we had placed six books on consignment at a local bookstore in the Kingsport Town Center. So if you’re in that area, stop by and take a look.

We now have six more books placed with another local business: Dilly’s Curiosity Shop, at 1121 N. Eastman Road in Kingsport, Tennessee, in the Greenacres Shopping Center. Should you ever find yourself in their neck of the woods, stop in and say hi. Tell ’em Patty and Campbell sent you! Their attractive website: <http://www.dillyshop.com/>

**### What’s new:**

First up: Campbell, our new sidekick grand-niece Kirsten and I had an awesome time this month visiting with our good friend Dave Light on AM Tricities. (See the Administrative Details below for more information on the show.)

Kirsten was a big hit in her first ever radio interview, and we hope it was the first of many.

As if that weren’t enough, we also attended a terrific event called Rhythm in Riverview. That was during the week of Fun Fest, an annual festival in the area. It’s located just a stone’s throw from the building that Campbell and I used to work in every day. You can read more about this adventure in this month’s literary section, #4 below. It was an awesome day and one we won’t soon forget.

Last but not least, as you will see, there are significant changes in this month’s news. We’re hoping that all will approve of these changes, and we would love to hear from you about them.

 **### Coming soon:**

**A tribute:** My tribute to my friend and ex-supervisor, D. Lynn Sorrell (now retired), is still in the works. Keep an eye out, as it’s coming soon.

**A book sale and signing:** Not only are we still working with Bobby Donald, a vending stand operator in Knoxville, Tennessee, but we are also raising funds to have a book sale and signing at Dilly’s Curiosity Shop. We are hoping for August.

**An event in Johnson City:** On top of all that good news, both old and new, Campbell and I will be rambling our way over to Johnson City, Tennessee to an event with the Northeast Tennessee disABILITY Resource Center. We have been given the honor of providing a short award presentation to our very own Tennessee Congressman Phil Roe. He has gone above and beyond the call of duty for disabled persons in our state, and we are proud to assist with this event. Of course, along with his award, he will get a signed copy of our book.

**A radio show:** Campbell and I will soon be interviewed for a radio show called Community Forum. This airs on WETS-FM on Saturday mornings, and it has a large listenership. For more information about this or any other show, please see:

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| [WETS-FM - Official Site](http://www.thesmartsearch.net/search?action=selectSearchResult&session=447179865700693771&ssMapKey=dest.sec.wetsfm%25radio&initialRank=0&url=http%3A%2F%2Fwww.etsu.edu%2Fwets%2F) www.etsu.edu/wetsPublic Radio for Northeast Tennessee, Southwest Virginia, and Western North Carolina. A public service of East Tennessee State University. **###** **Thanks to Robert Branco and the Branco Broadcast:** On August 4, 2015, at 3:00 p.m. Eastern Standard Time, author Patty L. Fletcher will be interviewed on Branco Broadcast. On this weekly, 1-hour program, which is conducted by telephone conference, the guests present their topics to listeners. The moderator is author Bob Branco, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. Patty will talk about networking, her motivational speaking services, changes to her monthly newsletter, and her autobiographical book, which is *Campbell's Rambles: How a Seeing Eye Dog Retrieved My Life*. After her presentation, there will be a Q & A period. To access the program, do the following: Call 712-432-3645. If you hear the man's voice after the computer voice, press 1 for the main menu, 1 for the rooms menu, and 6 for Bob's conference room. You do not have to say your name. Hit pound to be in the conference. Please mute your phone if you are not speaking. Contact Bob if you are having any trouble with this: 1-508-994-4972. |
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Campbell and I are extremely excited about these upcoming events, because honestly, folks, they’re very nice breaks, and we do not take them lightly!

Make sure to come back next month to learn all about how each of these went.

**### 4. Literary Submission**

Since the literary submission I got this month was not submitted before I began the layout of the paper, I saved it for next month, and I have provided one from my collection of Calamities.

**Campbell’s Calamities #20**

“The Sleep Over: Kitty Bob Brings a Chipmunk That Wasn’t and Rhythm in Riverview”

by Patty L. Fletcher / Copyright July 2015

On July 12, 2015, I had the great pleasure and joy of having my wonderful, sweet, and very energetic grand-niece Kirsten spend the night with me for the first time.

She and I had a lovely and quite unhealthy dinner of pizza rolls, cheddar bacon loaded potato skin chips, cheese twists with hot peppers, and popcorn, followed up with a dessert of mini chocolate chip cookies. Before the meal, I had two cups of coffee. I washed the food down with two glasses of Mountain Dew, followed by a third cup of coffee while I was soaking in the tub after dinner.

Can anyone say upset tummy, over-caffeinated, and sugared out?

 It was after my soak in the tub that, for a while, things began to go horribly wrong. At least the humans in the story thought so.

Just as I was stepping from the safety of the sweat lodge I’d created in the tub, Kirsten came to the door. She’d been in earlier to snag my lighter for the lighting of a candle. After specific instructions from me to be very careful, she’d gone away happily to start her magical imaginary adventure. So I figured she had some new request or some news to report. (Kirsten is very good with news. Look out, Barbara Walters!) Well, she had news, all right. And I was not impressed. That is not to say that she didn’t do a great job reporting it. No, not at all. Folks, if you think Campbell and the Potbelly Pig was something, this takes the cake and steals the show!

As I wrapped the towel around myself and congratulated myself on making it through the first part of the sleep over, thinking of neat things to do after I was dressed and settled, what do I hear but *knock, knock…* And then: “Aunt Patty, just so you know… Bob Cat brought a live chipmunk into the house.” Yes, folks, that’s just how she said it. No big preamble, no chatter. Just the facts, ma’am.

I stood in amazement for a moment, my mouth hanging open in a huge *Oh, oh, oh!* and then *WTF?!* Quite simply, I did not know what to make of it.

Kristin informed me that Bob Cat had it cornered in the bedroom that her parents had used when they were living with me, and that Campbell was quite interested in what was going on. In fact, according to her description of things, his exact words on the subject were, “I can help you with that. Just let me go in. I’ll take care of the removal of the remains.”

This information was transmitted with multiple interruptions, such as, “Campbell, sit! Campbell, rest! Good boy! Yeah! No! Sit! Rest!” This only confirmed my suspicion that Campbell was very interested indeed in assisting with this latest calamity.

 Oh, oh, oh! To be sure, I was not at all happy with this new development. I said, “I need to come out!” I’d heard Kirsten’s father earlier (that’s my nephew, Aaron), and I didn’t want to come out wrapped in only a towel if he was somewhere close by.

Kirsten said, “You can come out! Dad’s gone!”

“Gone?” I exclaimed. “Gone? He left?!”

“Yeah, he left!” she said.

“Wonderful!” I said exasperatedly. Aaron, you have always been special to me, but that may be temporary!

I stepped out into the hall and took control of Campbell, then caught my breath for a moment. Kitty Bob was growling and hissing at anyone who came too close, and he was in that room with the chipmunk, so I simply said to Kirsten, “Close that door! When he asks, he can come out, as long as he doesn’t bring any leftover chipmunk out for later!”

We closed the door, breathed a huge sigh of relief, and returned to our slumber party. I am sure that Kirsten has not had one like that before. If she has, she can write and tell of it at some later date.

Well, folks, here it is, nearly 24 hours after the sleep over and our trip to the Rhythm in Riverview event. I’ve finally recovered enough to write about the rest of it.

I’m tellin’ ya’ll: Given that super unhealthy dinner, a cat that brought in a chipmunk that turned out to not be a chipmunk, and then the hottest day I’ve ever spent at an event, I am about whipped! But with rest, love from Campbell, Kirsten, Baby Kaylie, and family, plus a little help from my friends, I am back up and running.

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When we left you, Kitty Bob had brought what we thought was a chipmunk into the house, Kirsten and I had closed the door on the problem for the moment, and we were going about the joyful task of continuing to enjoy our sleep over. As we listened to the Top 40 on the radio and readied ourselves for bed, it began to storm.

Kirsten said, “I hope it doesn’t do this tomorrow.” I agreed and began to seriously head us toward bed. I was very tired, feeling a bit sick from my indulgent behavior, and really needed to lie down.

Soon we were snuggled in bed, and I found myself very glad for smart phones. Kirsten was snuggled in with her phone, watching videos. Campbell was snoozing on his bed in the corner, and Kitty Bob was outside, where I hoped he would stay. Just as I started to drift toward sleep, Kirsten said, “Kitty Bob’s outside, and he wants in.” Much as I wanted to say, “Let the murderous creature stay out!” I got up and went to let him in, but I warned him upon his entering, “Do not kiss me! I do not appreciate rodent breath!”

Finally back in bed, I headed toward sleep.

The next morning dawned hazy and hot. I hoped for clear and bright weather, and though the radio did say there would be some showers that day, they were pretty sure they would come in the late evening.

Soon I had my books, business cards, and brochures all packed up and ready to go. I was a bit dismayed to see that I did not have nearly the number of books and cards I felt I needed, but decided I’d just go with it. I called the event coordinator to check in and learned to my delight that they’d found a tent and table for me. We truly were all set. Finally I had Kirsten up, awake, and getting ready to go.

All morning long, Campbell had lain outside the bedroom door, waiting for permission to go in and see his girl. When I finally let him in and said, “Campbell, wake Kirsten up!” and got him on the bed, all that happened was that he snuggled up with her and they both tried to drift back off. Soon, however, Kirsten was up and running, and after just a short time, we were all ready to go.

After a bit of instruction from me concerning what we would do, plus the packing of Kirsten’s bag with snacks, drinks, and all the other important things an 11-year-old girl must have to make a day trip, we were off.

Once on the bus, we got Campbell settled, told the driver where we were headed, and settled in for the ride. It was a bit of a commute over there, and I hoped Kirsten would not be too bored. As usual, she was the best kid ever and gave me not one moment’s trouble.

Soon we were pulling up to our stop and making our way to the tent. All I’d had to do was tell her what the tent would be beside, and soon we were unpacking our things and getting ready   for what I hoped would be a productive day.

As the time passed and more and more folks began to come in and set up, I began to talk with Kirsten about how fundraising sometimes works. I already knew we would make very little money at this event. This was yet another event at which the main things would be the people I could meet, the cards I could hand out, and making it so folks remembered us. Making money would be secondary. But that was a part of the business, and so teach her about it I would.

After a while, she and Campbell began to get bored, so I sent her off to hand out cards and cool off by the water, with Campbell heeling happily along beside her. There are some guide dog handlers who say I shouldn’t do things like that, but I do, and with Campbell, at least, it’s all right. Will I be able to do that with my next dog? I don’t know, but such considerations are not relevant to the current day, so I’m not going to worry about it. The only reason I mention it is because some will do as I have done and some won’t, and I don’t want people to get the idea that we all do the same with our dogs.

After a while they came back, dripping wet. Kirsten reported that she had not taken him into the fountains or sprinklers. They’d merely walked along beside them, and she had poured water over him.

Soon, as was to be expected, Kirsten was hot and thirsty. I sent her in search of a drink, and she came back with a fruit smoothie, complaining about the high cost. I tried to explain about raising money, about cost and effect, but I’m not sure it stuck.

After a while, she wanted a hot soft pretzel, and I sent her to get one. We learned that they had a credit card machine, and so she was able to get what she wanted. I was very glad, because for sure, she had been a help with Campbell, as well as to me. She had tried to build a display out of the materials I had with us. She had done a good job, but the wind would not let it stay, and soon it was scattering to the four corners of the earth. Again and again, Kirsten patiently picked up the cards and brochures and put them back.

Finally we were all worn out and ready to go home.

I’d only gotten rid of one book, giving it to a young man who had little money. He had walked up to my table saying, “I don’t have enough money for a book, but I’d like to give a donation to help.” I was very moved by his interest and willingness to help whether he got a book or not. So I happily took the couple of dollars he gave me and in return gave him a book. A bit later, Kirsten said she saw him reading it, so I sent her over to him with a Literacy Council bookmark to let him know we appreciated him. It was a neat feeling to see someone dive right into the book, so I was more than happy that I’d given it to him.

As for the $2.00, I had Kirsten put it with her money. After all, an assistant must get paid.

Soon my dad was there, texting to say where he had parked. I got Campbell’s harness handle, and we followed Kirsten across the park and to the car. Campbell jumped up into the back seat, beside Kirsten, and I sat up front. It wasn’t long before we were back in our own home and getting ready for the evening ahead. I prepared for a hot soak in the tub, and Kirsten was heading home to be with her parents and baby sister.

Thunder was muttering in the distance, and the weather alert was going off on the radio. All in all, it had been a great 24 hours, and I was pleased with all we had accomplished.

We only had one problem left. Just as I was getting ready to get into the tub, I heard Aaron, Michelle, and the kids outside. I decided to see what could be done about what I thought was a dead chipmunk that was still in my extra bedroom.

The night before, when Kitty Bob had finally come out, Kirsten had gone to see what had become of the creature. She had come back to report, “Kitty Bob ate its legs, and I saw the inside. It was kind of interesting.” At that point, I nearly lost all that unhealthy dinner, and I’d texted Aaron to say, “She is truly your daughter. She says she saw the inside of it, and it looked interesting.” He’d written back, “Hell, yeah!” with much pride evident in his message. Now Aaron was coming out with the remains, and Kirsten reported that it was not a chipmunk after all, but a baby rabbit—which, by the way, did not one thing to make me feel better about the situation.

Soon the day was coming to an end. I was soaking in the tub with a bit of a pick-me-up and  listening to NPR on the radio. My family was off doing their thing, and Campbell was snoozing. All was right in our world, and I wondered what the next day would hold.

Well, folks, that’s the end of our tale for the day. Come back next time and see what we’ve been up to—and into, as the case may be!

**### 5. Link of the Month**

Penny’s Blog, by Penny Fleckenstein

<http://notyouraveragesinglemom.com>

I picked this link myself, because this blog post was so very powerful and moving. Check it out, and see if it doesn’t do for you what it did for me. — Patty

**### Administrative Details**

First up, a note from one of our subscribers/sponsors. —

I wrote to **Dave Light** and asked him to give me all the details concerning the wonderful radio show that he and all the stations listed below put on each day. Campbell and I are frequent guests on that show.

See below for listening info.

Hey, Beautiful Patty and Handsome Campbell,

Per your request: The show is **“AM Tri-Cities”** (the show has been around for over 60 years—long story ☺) and is on the Holston Valley Broadcasting WKPT/ESPN family of stations. It can be heard at AM 1400, 1490, and 1590 and on FM 94.3, 97.7, and 97.9. Yes, those are six transmitters covering East Tennessee, Southwest Virginia, a bit of eastern Kentucky, and Western North Carolina, and it’s also streamed live on the internet at <http://espntricities.com> . I prefer to be contacted—initially, at least—by email at dave@wkptradio.com . Non-profits, entertainment, regional heritage, things to do, and topics of general interest that enhance the quality of life in our region are our usual fare.

Many thanks for all you do. Give yourself a pat on the back and Campbell a hug for me.

Dave Light

\*\*\* Patty and Campbell here: Each and every day, Dave plugs our books that are for sale at Dilly’s Curiosity Shop. He also always makes time for us on the show whenever we’re to be involved in any event or are having one of our own.

So, thanks lots, Dave! Y’all make sure to give a listen soon! Dave is awesome, and the show is, too!

 **### 6. Products and Services**

**### Large dog crate for sale**

My name is Phyllis Stevens, and I am in Northeast Tennessee. I have a large, three-door, wire dog crate for sale. It is made by Kong. Asking $80 but will negotiate. It is slightly used, but in excellent condition, no rust, and all doors are in working order. Easy to break down and reassemble. To contact me about this, please write to: catlady1949@charter.net

**### Coffee lover and looking for a great coffee?**

Well, I have the solution. Purchase 12 oz. bags of coffee from me in either Whole Bean or Ground for $15.00 a bag plus $9.95 shipping. I have a wide variety to choose from, and some of the ones I can recommend are the Viennese Legacy Dark Roast, Italia Fortuna Dark Roast, Brazil Santos Medium Roast, and Sumatra Mandheling Medium Roast. All of the products I offer can be found at [www.inahurrycoffee.kilambecoffee.com](http://www.inahurrycoffee.kilambecoffee.com)

Questions, orders, and payments made via PayPal can be sent to inahurrycoffee@gmail.com

### **Butterfly Knitting**

Looking for an awesome birthday or Christmas gift? Maybe you have a new baby coming? Here’s the lady to call. Becky and her sidekick Jake can hook you right up. Give her a shout-out today!

Becky Frankeberger and Guide Dog Jake

Butterfly Knitting

-           Ponchos

-           Afghans

-           Shawls

-           Custom Knitting

360-426-8389

becky@butterflyknitting.com

**### Massage in Orlando, Florida, from Mike Tate**

Treat yourself to experiencing the difference of a healing hour of relaxing, deep-tissue massage done by a therapist who has seen the world with only his hands, mind, heart, and soul for the last 30 years of life. I will work with you at your home or business. Email me today for more information. Appointments in the metro Orlando area only.

Mike.tate1970@gmail.com

Michael D. Tate / Massage license number ma44618

**###** ***The Blind Post***

Post an ad on *The Blind Post*, a great place to share and sell! *The Blind Post* Classified News features ads and announcements from and for the blind. Excellent monthly columns on a variety of topics, and much, much more! Subscribe free: foodlady@theblindpost.com or read the latest news at [www.theblindpost.com](http://www.theblindpost.com)

**###** ***The Blind Perspective***

For a fun-filled, informative online magazine, check out *The Blind Perspective*: <http://www.theblindperspective.com>

**### Unity Church of the Tri-Cities**

423 W. Walnut St., Johnson City, TN

423-975-9159 /  [www.unitytricities.org](http://www.unitytricities.org)

Sunday service at 11:00 a.m.

All are welcome at Unity Church of the Tri-Cities, where you will find an atmosphere of love, acceptance, and empowerment. Unity is a Christ-based teaching that emphasizes spirituality over religion as we embrace our own spiritual growth and development.  We strive to apply Universal Truth Principles to improve our own life experience as well as to bless our planet and all humankind through selfless service.

**###** **Books by Abbie Johnson Taylor**

For detailed descriptions, excerpts, and ordering information, visit <http://www.abbiejohnsontaylor.com>

1. *We Shall Overcome*. Lisa, visually impaired, is afraid of policemen because of an incident that happened to her brother years earlier. When she meets John, a bicycle patrol officer, she must re-evaluate her apprehension.
2. *How to Build a Better Mousetrap: Recollections and Reflections of a Family Caregiver*.The poems in this collection were mostly inspired by the author’s experiences while caring for her late husband, totally blind and partially paralyzed by two strokes.
3. *That’s Life: New and Selected Poems*.In this chapbook, the author gives advice to teenagers, shares more memories of her younger years, and touches on other life-changing events, including her wedding and her late husband’s death.

All three books are available on Bookshare, and you can download a recording of *That’s Life* in mp3 format from the author’s site.

**###** **A novel by Leonore H. Dvorkin: *Apart from You* (Revised edition: Copyright 2010)**

The novel is set in 1967 and 1968, first in Mobile, Alabama and then on the Bloomington campus of Indiana University. However, the story is in no way a 1960s political novel. Vietnam barely gets mentioned. The themes are infidelity, sibling rivalry, deception, self-deception, separation, and miscommunication.

The two main characters are Elizabeth Nye, a 20-year-old German major, and Brian Petersen, the 27-year-old history teaching assistant with whom she has a five-week affair while she's temporarily separated from her liberal-minded fiancé, Alan Abrams.

Minor characters include Elizabeth's self-indulgent academic father, her sexy younger sister, a not-so-merry widowed neighbor, Brian's excessively beloved older sister, and his pined-after lost love.

Elizabeth is dishonest and selfish while Brian is naive and idealistic, but virtually no one in this story is either all good or all bad. That's what makes them people rather than stereotypes.

The narrative technique involves the use of several different points of view. A given scene may allow the reader to see the same action from starkly contrasting points of view. This reinforces the overarching theme of the book, which is the unending difficulty of human communication.

Review quotes: "A brilliant first novel, thoroughly evolved and gorgeously executed." "Dvorkin writes with confidence and clarity." "Gripping and powerful." "It made me think and feel long after I turned the last page."

In e-book and print on Amazon and other online buying sites. Full details, excerpts, and buying links: <http://www.leonoredvorkin.com/afy/index.php>

Note: All books listed above are in accessible format: TTS Enabled, CD, or Braille.

 **### 7.** **Newsletter Submission Information**

Please read the following information carefully. If you’d like to submit something, please have it to me no later than the 20th of the month prior to the month of publication. That is, if you wish to have something appear in the September issue, have it to me no later than August 20. Please send all submissions to me at: patty.volunteer1@gmail.com

The costs for inclusion in the newsletter are:

$5 for an ad up to 150 words in length / $10 for an ad of 151 to 250 words

Volume discount: Pre-pay for 5 months and get 6 appearances of your same ad / Pre-pay for 10 months and get 12 appearances of the same ad (1 year)

Note: An ad that is pre-paid for six months can run for six consecutive months or every other month for a year.

$5 for submitting a poem, a short story, or a narrative (2,000 words maximum)

That is, you pay me to have your work published. Granted, that may be a bit unusual, but in return for your $5, you will have your work published, gain some exposure, and also be able to advertise your website or your blog. I can also put in any contact information that you wish to have included. Your literary work will be protected by a Common Copyright.

Word limits: 250 words for an ad / 2,000 words for a poem or story

So that the newsletter won’t become overly long, I’m setting the following limits per issue: 10 ads, two poems, and one short story or narrative.

Links and Treat of the Month submissions are free of charge. Treat of the Month submissions can include Musings, Making It Happen, and similar things, such as the submission Ms. Halpert shared for this issue. Just keep it to a maximum of 500 words.

However, links may not include advertisements for your own products or services. Those are paid or trade out ads only.

We are also now offering advertising such as the write-up provided by Dave Light, host of AM Tricities.

To become a sponsor, you can either agree to advertise The Campbell’s Corner Neighborhood News in your show, blog, or other publication, or you may send a payment of $20 via PayPal to me at: patty.volunteer1@gmailcom

Please note: Due to many helpful comments both public and private, the layout of what is now an online ezine has changed. This publication has also lengthened a bit to include certain things that were requested. It is always under construction, and we encourage you to send feedback at any time.

- Patty Fletcher

**### 8. Subscription Information**

To receive The Neighborhood News, simply email me to subscribe. Please send your first and last names and your email address with your request.

To unsubscribe at any time, please email me with your first and last names, the word unsubscribe, as well as the email address you’re subscribed with, and we will remove you from our mailing list without one hard feeling.

**### 9. Author’s Corner and The Twilight Bark**

Well, I asked for comments concerning keeping readers’ comments in or out of The Campbell’s Corner Neighborhood News, and the response was huge. Most wanted to keep them in, and they also wanted to give the section a name—hence “The Twilight Bark.” Now, just for fun, can anyone tell me where the name “The Twilight Bark” comes from? Answer and you might win a prize. In the meantime, here is some of what you readers are barking about.

First up is our praise corner. Now, while we love all these compliments, remember that we’re doing this for you, so we want to know if there are any parts of the Neighborhood News you’d like to see done differently. So don’t hesitate to send a suggestion or even a complaint. Of course we can’t promise to act on all those suggestions, but it is for sure always going to be no if you do not let us know what you’d like to see!

Here are some of the comments we’ve received recently. —

**###** Hey, Patty. Great newsletter, as always. My favorite part of this edition [#4] was the tribute you wrote about Celine Kitty. While I was reading it, I felt like I was going through the whole experience with you. I can tell that she is very special.

Sam and Mason

**###** Thanks for sending the Newsletter. You do a nice job.

Warm wishes, Tasha

**###** Next, a much appreciated note from yet another sponsor of The Neighborhood News, Terri Winaught.

Hi, Patty,

 This being the first newsletter of yours which I have read, I would like to say how excellent I found it to be. In fact, you might just inspire me to consider writing a monthly newsletter. If I do, I hope it can be even half as informative as yours.

You are more than welcome to publish my comments in the next issue of the Neighborhood News, or in whatever edition you choose.

Thanks for this monthly read, take care, and God bless.

Terri    t.winaught@verizon.net

Some of you sent comments on mindfulness. This first comment really took me by surprise and made me stop and think. Never before did I ever consider that someone might have a problem with being “too mindful.” Read the following and let us know what you think.

**###** Dear Patty,

I must confess that I didn't do the assignment, because I find myself doing that

exact thing when I'm speaking with someone. In fact, I do it so well that I've been

accused of being deceptive, because I want to take my time to think about the

answer to their question, so much so that I'll write them an email a few hours

later to answer their questions. I've also been accused of not being spontaneous.

I have a couple of friends who will ask me something and be upset if I don't

reply to them right away. I have to remind them that I need to think of an

answer, since their question was totally unexpected. Thinking can take me a

long time.

Penny Fleckenstein

\*\*\* Patty and Campbell again. Penny, that still has me thinking!

**###** Hey, Patty. I am writing to give you my assignment for this month’s newsletter. It may be a little different, and I'm not sure if it's what you're looking for, but I definitely learned from it.

I've had a house guest for the past week, and things got ugly this morning all because of a lack of mindfulness on my part. Basically, my friend began criticizing my lack of hospitality. To give you some history, this friend is an extremely blunt person, and I've learned to take what she says with a grain of salt. This is where I *should* say that I was mindful of that during the disagreement. However, I wasn't. Instead of stopping to think about the situation, I decided to immediately get defensive and retaliate with an argument. This only served to make the situation worse, and it ended up with both of us going off into two separate rooms.

After a while of letting my guest pack in peace, I tried to fix the situation. However, the damage was done. I realize now that my being mindful could have changed the situation. As much as I regret what happened, I figure that the only option at this point is to use this as a learning experience when interacting with other people in the future. I appreciate the essays that have been in the newspaper so far, since it was because of them that I even took the time to think of the situation after the fact.

Sam and Mason

\*\*\* Sam, Patty and Campbell here to say that this sounds much more like me. ☺ I’m glad you learned from it, and I’m glad I’m not alone when it comes to opening mouth and inserting foot. By the way: Thanks, Sam, for recognizing the Neighborhood News as a paper. It will be one day.

**###** Hi, Patty,

 What an excellent newsletter! My favorite parts are the descriptions of books that people have for sale and the services that people can provide.

I personally am not very interested in the moon phases. Though to some it may be interesting, to me it is just not important.

While writing this, I made my focus on the mindfulness you discussed relative to the importance, not so much of *what* we say, but how we say it.  I think mindfulness is so important, in fact, that I plan to ask if the mental health facility where I work still teaches classes or facilitates groups about mindfulness.

Thank you so much for such a great newsletter, and as space does or doesn’t permit, please feel free to publish parts or all of my comments.

 Terri     t.winaught@verizon.net

\*\*\* Terri, Patty and Campbell back again to say that we truly appreciate this feedback. By the way: You are in the majority on this matter, and the moon phases have been replaced with a greeting. Personally, I like it better this way.

Now for some additional comments on mindfulness from me, Patty:

 After much thought, I have decided to try to use more mindfulness in my own speaking, writing, and overall communications with others. At times of late, I have allowed my personal experience to color my views, writings, and opinions so that they came out in a harsh way, which was absolutely not my intention.

Not being able to go back, I’ve simply decided to try to do better at expressing myself in the future, to show where I’ve come from and where I am now, as well as where I wish to be.

Not only do I long to be successful in the work that I am doing, but I want to write of that work in such a way that it will be more helpful to others than it has been in the past.

Continuing this theme, I’ve added below a piece that comes from a newsletter I read called *Week-End Witchin’s.* The piece is called “Teeny, Tiny Fraction.”

I hope you’ll think about all this, forgive me for my shortcomings and my failings as a writer, and allow me the privilege of trying again. I’ll try to do better from now on.

Thanks for the awesome opportunity, and happy reading and writing to all! — Patty

**###** “Teeny, Tiny Fraction” from *Emanations*

 Fractions change everything.

 One teensy part of selfishness buries itself in an act of goodness, contaminates the deed. It boomerangs against us.

 It takes intelligence to see the little things that matter. And humility to allow intelligence to do its job.

I mean to be helpful. I mention something that is wrong. A tiny part of me thinks you should have known better. It leaks into my words as sarcasm. Just a fraction. A teeny, tiny fraction.

 My help is perceived as an attack.

 It is.

 The desire to make the world a better place turns on us. Our idealism can make us blind to the little things that change everything. We see the big picture, forgetting that little things mean a lot.

 The perfect idealism is love, not perfectionism, not picking at things, except for the mote in your eye.

 Love and humility allow us to see the small gestures that make or break relationships.

 One little drop of black paint makes a shade of gray.

Subscribe:

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**### 10. Wrap-Up**

Campbell and I want to say that we have truly enjoyed putting the Neighborhood News together this month. We are excited about the changes, and we hope the new format gets you howling with excitement, too.

Check out our services, book, and website info below, and come back next month for another fun-filled visit.

— Patty L. Fletcher

Author, Motivational Speaker, and Nonprofit Consultant

Book: *Campbell’s Rambles: How a Seeing Eye Dog Retrieved My Life* (C 2014), in e-book and print

Website: [www.dvorkin.com/pattyfletcher/](http://www.dvorkin.com/pattyfletcher/)

And now, a word from our friend and editor, Mrs. Leonore Dvorkin.

**### 11. Editor Information**

This newsletter was edited by Leonore H. Dvorkin, of Denver, Colorado. She also edited my book, *Campbell’s Rambles: How a Seeing Eye Dog Retrieved My Life,* as well as all of Brian Nash’s six books and three of the four books by Robert Branco. (See the third and fourth editions of the newsletter for titles and details.)

Leonore is the author of four books:

1) *Apart from You*, a novel (See above, in Section #6, for details.)

2) *Another Chance at Life: A Breast Cancer Survivor’s Journey*, about her 1998 breast cancer and mastectomy, with no reconstruction.

3) That same book in Spanish, entitled *Otra oportunidad a la vida: El camino de una sobreviente de cáncer de seno.* The English text was beautifully translated by Gloria H. López.

4) *The Glass Family*: a humorous, one-act fantasy play about a family of drinking glasses in a kitchen cabinet and how they view their world. Photos by the author. (I absolutely loved this, by the way! — Patty)

All four books are available in e-book and print from Amazon and other online buying sites. The English version of Leonore’s breast cancer book is also available in audio from Audible.com. For review quotes, excerpts, and buying links, please see Leonore’s website: [www.leonoredvorkin.com](http://www.leonoredvorkin.com)

Leonore and David Dvorkin, who are the authors of a total of 30 books, also offer editing and self-publishing services to other authors for very reasonable rates. They offer a 20% discount to clients who are disabled and/or low income. Most of their clients are blind, including Brian Nash and Robert Branco, mentioned above. Since 2009, they have edited and produced 22 books, both fiction and nonfiction, by other authors. Full details are here: [www.dvorkin.com/epubhelp/](http://www.dvorkin.com/epubhelp/)