

SEE IT...REPORT IT!
Call 72-CRIME (722-7463)
MUSKEGON COUNTY SILENT OBSERVER

Fruitport Library
Library Hours 865-3461
 Mon., Tues. 11 am - 7 pm
 Wed., Thurs., Fri. 10 am - 5 pm
 Sat. 10 am - 1 pm

Copies & More
 Small Business Services
 The Fruitport area's source for:

- Color Copies
- Business Cards
- Typesetting
- Carbonless Forms
- Laminating
- Envelopes
- Letterhead
- Rubber Stamps
- Binding
- Office Supplies
- Notary
- Fax
- and more...

Hours: M-F 11-3:00
 Phone: (231) 865-6370
 Fax: (231) 865-6970
 E-mail: copiesfruitport@frontier.com
 420 N. THIRD AVE.
 FRUITPORT, MI 49415



Mariann Cooper - Manager
 Stop in soon!

**DO YOU HAVE...
 a story to tell?**

Write it down and send
 or email it to FAN with a picture,
 if available:

420 N 3rd Ave.
 Fruitport, MI 49415

or email to
 fruitportareanews@frontier.com

WORD SEARCH!
MATH
 FIND AND CIRCLE THE WORDS ON THE LIST...WORDS MAY BE FOUND ACROSS, DOWN, OR DIAGONALLY --FORWARDS, BACKWARDS, AND SOMETIMES OVERLAPPING. HAVE FUN!

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

ADD	GRAPH	ROUND
ANGLE	GREATER	SOLVE
CIRCLE	LESS	SQUARE
CUBE	MULTIPLY	SUBTRACT
DIFFERENCE	NUMBERS	SUM
DIVIDE	PERIMETER	SYMBOL
EQUAL	PRODUCT	TRIANGLE
FRACTION	QUOTIENT	PATTERN
	RATIO	

©2012 TIM HOLTROP. SPECIAL THANKS TO THE HOLTROP FAMILY.
 FOR MORE FREE PRINTABLE ACTIVITIES, PLEASE VISIT:
 www.cybercrayon.net

Christian, rejoice!

By Al Wezeman
 Why? There are many reasons to rejoice. Best of all, Jesus has conquered death, sin and Satan by His willful death and resurrection now and forever. In Luke 10:20 Jesus told His followers: "Do not rejoice that the spirits submit to you, but rejoice that your names are written in Heaven." We are told in Philippians 3:20 & 21 that — "our citizenship is in Heaven. And we eagerly await a Savior from there, the Lord Jesus Christ, who, by the power that enables Him to control everything, will transform our lowly bodies so that they will be like His glorious body."
 We rejoice and have peace in our hearts because God was merciful to us. In Ephesians 2:4-5 it tells us: "...because of His great love for us, God, who is rich in mercy, made us alive with Christ even when we were dead in transgressions." Faith to believe is a gift and not by works as Ephesians 2:8-10 tells us.
 We are told to pray for those in authority because "...there is no authority except that which God has established. The authorities that exist have been established by God" (Romans 13:1). As Christians we rejoice knowing God is in control. We cannot grumble against God.
 Knowing that God has given us the written Word, the Holy Bible, gives us a sense of peace and stability

knowing how all things came into existence by the Word of God. There is no confusion of human ideas.
 We rejoice that God did not leave us in the dark concerning Himself, but revealed His nature throughout the Old and New Testaments. God revealed about ourselves and why there is so much sin and evil in the world. We know the truth about ourselves and our destination. We rejoice that God is perfect in love and perfect in justice.
 We rejoice that God is all knowing, all powerful, and everywhere present. This is beyond our comprehension, but knowing the facts gives us comfort.
 We have comfort because this awesome God has told us in spite of our sin and rebellion against Him, God has provided the way for us back to Himself. John 3:16 tells us that "God so loved the world (us) that He gave His only begotten Son (Jesus) that whosoever believes in Him (as Savior and Lord) will not perish but have eternal life." That is tremendous good news and all who believe (Christians) rejoice with great joy.
 We rejoice with joy unspeakable because God is the God of hope as we are told in Romans 15:13, "May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace as you trust in Him so that you may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit."
 Put your hope in God and rejoice forevermore. •

A year to remember

By Mike Simcik
 In the early '50s, while part of the world was at war in Korea, I was tucked away safe and unaware of it all in a small Illinois town. Business, life and family reunions went on as normal for the rest of our nation, with the exception of our brave troops. Fall came as usual in 1951 with all of nature's color and glory, including farm markets loaded with fruits, vegetables, etc. on the roadside.
 Chicago's Sunday paper came with the colored cartoon tale of "Injun Summer." Dad and I would sit on the front porch as I tried to read along until I got stuck on a big word. He helped me sound the word out; then I continued until I was finished. We looked back on the pictures of corn stalks bundled together like teepees in the fields, with morning fog seeming to be smoke rising at the tops. Faint images of Indian ghosts danced around campfires.
 Our next big event was Thanksgiving Day. This year, the family was celebrating at my grandmother's house not far away. That morning we got six inches of new snow on the ground, and the trees were full of billowing puffs of white. Dad wanted to pull me on my Flexible Flyer sled all the way to grandma's house. While we were going down that snow covered gravel road, every time a breeze blew the tree limbs, piles of snow fell on our heads. The look of joy on my father's face dispelled any cares or woes of a working class family. Thanksgiving came and left, but the snow kept coming.
 We were expecting some relatives from Chicago: My Aunt Montree and Uncle Eddy. Aunt Ree, as we all knew her, worked at the Harris Bank downtown, but she was also a genuine fashion model who got her picture on the cover of *Vogue Magazine*. Every time she came out to visit, she asked my dad if I could stay with them in Chicago for a few days. This time my dad said, "yes."
 Christmas at that age was sledding down Hart's Hill at breakneck speed, baked acorn squash, pumpkin pie and roast goose. We made colored paper rings and strings of popcorn for the garlands on the Douglas Fir tree we cut down each year.
 A few days before Christmas Eve, mom drove us

into Chicago to visit Aunt Ree and Uncle Eddy at their home not far from the Loop. After mom and dad went back home, it was just my aunt and me to see the city.
 Early the next morning we got up, ate breakfast and headed downtown. We took the bus everywhere. The first stop was Water Tower Place for some shopping, then to the strangest place to eat lunch called an automat. That lunch place had a big wall full of little windows. You put coins in the slot, opened the door, and pulled out food.
 So, for my first automat adventure I put two quarters in and opened the door to pull out an egg salad sandwich. I saw a smiling woman's face on the other side. She said, "hi" and I said "hi." The lady asked if this was my first time here and I nodded "yes." Then she put a slice of pumpkin pie in the same window, told me to take it with my sandwich, and said, "Merry Christmas." I smiled, saying, "Thanks, and the same to you."
 After walking around different stores until dark, I found myself standing right in front of Marshall Fields windows, with all the lights on. We could have spent hours looking at all the holiday decorations moving in animation while we stood among hundreds of other children held spellbound. The night air was cold, so we moved inside. Right in my line of sight was the biggest oval candy counter anyone has ever seen. There was chocolate as far as the eye could see. The man behind the counter asked what I wanted and I answered, "Everything you have!" He handed me a big sample bag of non pareils, creamed filberts, jellied fruit slices, Italian ribbon candy, chocolate covered orange sticks and a candy cane two feet long. Wow!
 It was getting late, so Aunt Ree wanted to eat dinner at the Marshall Field's Cafeteria. It was huge with hundreds of people sitting at tables eating turkey, talking and laughing, all in the holiday spirit. Standing in the food line to get served, I said as loud as I could, "Merry Christmas!" A second of pause, then everyone in the room replied, "And a Happy New Year to you!" followed by laughter.
 Yes, it was a year to remember. A year of legends, fun in the snow, kindness, good cheer and extraordinary fellowship in every corner of the world. •

**Pocket pets recent visit
 Letter to the Editor:**

To whom it may concern:
 I wanted to bring to your attention the number of animals already in West Michigan, let alone bringing in a breeder from Florida to sell pets that include, but are not limited to, Sugar Gliders. This is a very long-lived species (16+ years) and also a very high maintenance animal as well.
 As the only West Michigan all-species animal rescue, we here at Critter Café Rescue are now seeing the fallout of your recent guests, so far taking in two pair of "Sugar Bears," and the show was just at the mall the end of October!
 Breeders and places like "Pocket Pets" are simply out to make a buck. They do no home checks, offer no refuge for the buyer if they "impulse purchased," and this is after taking these babies away from Momma much too soon. Then they pull out of town with a pocket full of money to go home and further exploit these animals with more breeding, only to look forward to coming back next year and doing it again.
 Also, can you imagine the hell and fear these babies live through, traveling after being taken away from the safety of momma?
 There is a reason these breeders travel all over to sell these poor babies at the excessive

price of \$200 each and sometimes as much as \$700 for accessories. They make their money and there is a guarantee of no returns! Probably if they lived in one location and breed/sell these poor species, they could not make a dime because people know that rescues and shelters are overcrowded because of breeders. Once it is known in your home place that you exploit animals for a living, in most communities (at least here in West Michigan) you are shunned. Traveling about allows breeders to come in and pull out without anyone knowing what they do! By the time people and rescues like mine find out they are here, they have already packed up and gone!
 I urge you not to invite any venue such as this one in the future!
 I am sure that any of the local shelters and rescues like mine would be happy to be invited out to do venues/ animal adoptions at the Lakes Mall. And we all take back our pets if the adopter has a mind change or when things don't work out.
 Your animal loving friend,
 Miss Christine Lea
 Critter Café Rescue