salvation He offers to each one of us!!
give for all you have—Family, Friends, and the
Jesus. Be sure to let Him know how grateful you
And, of course, the best Friend we all have is
have. Every Friend, for example, is a real treasure.
moment and remember all the blessings that we
What a great month this is—November, the month
Aunt Carol & Uncle Dan
A Message from
Welcome to Clubhouse® Online!
Uncle Dan
Aunt Carol

MEETING 11, 2011
CLUBHOUSE

YOUR STORY HOUR
Alex Randall propped his bicycle against the wrought iron fence in front of Mrs. Root’s house, selected a Neighborhood News from the carrier, and pushed open the gate. The 13-year-old dashed up the porch steps and rang the doorbell. No answer. He peered into one of the narrow windows that framed the doorway. Mrs. Root was always home. A voice called his name. He turned to see Mrs. Crane from next door standing at the gate beckoning to him.

“Alex,” Mrs. Crane said, “Mrs. Root is in the hospital. An ambulance came last night. I’ll pay for her paper along with mine. Please give me her money.”

“Hospital?” asked Alex. “What’s the matter with her?”

“They don’t know. I’ll visit her this evening while Bill watches the kids. Come along with me if you want.”

Mrs. Root was one of Alex’s original Neighborhood News customers. The first few issues of the paper had barely paid for the computer paper. Alex’s mother had contributed most of the news items. By going door-to-door, Alex eventually signed up 42 customers, among them Mrs. Root.

His visits with Mrs. Root grew to be special. Since she was an elderly woman, she seldom went out. She insisted that Alex come in for milk and cookies. She became like a grandmother to him. He arranged his deliveries to make her the last stop. Their conversations usually lasted for the rest of the afternoon.

Mrs. Crane dug into her pocketbook. “Here’s the money for her paper, Alex. I’ll take it up to her tonight.”

Alex had a better idea. “I’ll visit her, too. I can take her paper with me.” He picked up his bicycle. “I sure hope that she’ll be all right.”

Alex’s mother decided to join him when he visited the hospital to see Mrs. Root. She talked about Mrs. Root on the way.

“She’s probably 85 years old,” Alex said. “She’s lived in that huge white house on Maple Street for as long as we’ve been here. I haven’t seen her in church for a couple of years. I don’t know if she ever goes out anymore. I haven’t seen her in years. I know she’s very dear to her family. They still call her Mrs. Root.”

They soon arrived at the hospital. The name on the nameplate was Mrs. Root, a voice. Mrs. Root was always home. A voice rang out from the window. Mrs. Root was always home. A voice rang out from the window. Mrs. Root was always home. A voice rang out from the window.

By Richard Cushman
Illustrated by Ron Wheeler
her eyes closed, and she occasionally smiled faintly at some news item. When he finished, Alex pulled out his pad and pencil.

"Mrs. Root," he said, "could I interview you for the paper?"

"An interview?" She frowned. "Why would you want to interview me?"

"Well, you're news," he said. "Everyone will be interested to hear about you."

"I hardly think so," she said, brushing a tendril of white hair from her forehead. "But what do you want to know?"

"May I ask your age?" he asked. Her mother shook her head lightly from side to side. Mrs. Root started to laugh, covering her mouth when it turned into a dry cough. "I don't mind, Mrs. Randall. I'm 83. Right now I feel every year of it." She waved a hand at Alex. "Don't put that down."

"How long have you lived in Sherburne?"

"All my life. My father was a blacksmith. I was born on Main Street when that was the only street in town."

"Your husband was a lawyer?"

"Samuel was a fine attorney. He died in 1996. He was a wonderful man."

"Do you have any children?"

"Alex, don't write this down, please."

...
**Thanksgiving Day**

-by KB, Hallsville, TX, age 11

Always, he of the ocean is King.

Playful, graceful, thought provoking,

Doing as have done the ages old,

Aquamarine, the color of gold,

Swiftly swimming so easily,

Dove of the sea, Swan of the sea,

Until his tail touches the sky.

Like the man on the circus trapeze,

Deftly he spins and whirls with ease,

Laughing, he dances merrily.

Crown of the ocean, Jester of the sea.

---

**Dolphins**

**Clubhouse Kids**
Where to find the story: Acts 5:16-20.

But that night, the angel of the Lord opened the prison doors and brought them out of their cell. “Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people.” So the disciples followed the angel’s instructions and went to the temple. The high priest called his council together and sent officers to the prison to get Peter and the others—but, of course, when they got there, they had a surprise coming.

They were told, “Behold, the men whom you put in prison are standing in the temple and teaching the people.” So the captain and his officers went to arrest the apostles. But they were careful not to be violent, because they were afraid the people would turn on them instead.

The high priest of the Sadducees was angry because Peter and the apostles were preaching about Jesus and healing people who were sick and those that were possessed. So they grabbed them and had them put in prison.

Susan was still remembering when she
first met Madison. She was at the gym,
and Madison was wearing a new, shiny
bra and a skirt that showed her legs.

“Hi, Madison,” Susan said. “Do you
mind if I sit next to you?”

“Sure, go ahead,” Madison replied.

Susan sat down and began to talk
about her weekend. Madison listened
attentively, but her mind was on
something else.

It was the middle of the school year,
and Madison was feeling a bit lonely.
She had moved to town a few weeks
earlier, and she hadn’t really made
any friends yet.

That day, as she sat at her locker,
she saw a group of girls walking
away from her. They were all talking
about her, and she could hear them
calling her names.

Madison sighed. She knew she was
going to have to learn how to
survive in this new school.

She walked over to the main
desks, where the teachers were
sitting. She introduced herself
and asked if she could get a copy of
the school timetable.

“Sure, go ahead,” the secretary
said. “Just sign your name here.”

Madison smiled and thanked her.

As she walked back to her locker,
she saw the same group of girls
standing outside the door. They
were talking about her again.

Susan was walking past them, and
she heard them say something
abusive. She turned around and
walked over to join them.

“Listen, girls,” Susan said.
“Madison is new here, and she
needs our help.”

The girls fell silent, and Susan
went on to explain how she had
been through this before.

“Don’t be mean to her,” Susan
whispered. “She’s just trying to
make friends.”

The girls agreed, and Susan
returned to her own studies.

That night, Madison lay in bed,
thinking about what had happened.

She knew she had to be strong,
and she made a plan.

The next day, she went over to
Susan’s locker and introduced
herself. “Hi, Susan,” she said.
“Nice to meet you.”

Susan smiled. “Hi, Madison,”
she replied. “I’m glad you
decided to talk to me.”

And so, the two girls became
friends. Madison was no longer
lonely, and Susan had a new
friend to call her own.

For Madison, it was the start of a
new life in a new town. And for
Susan, it was the start of a new
friendship that would last a lifetime.
Susan hurried to the office which was nearby. She wanted to get back for the excitement. Miss Melanson, her guidance counselor, was seated in Mr. River's office, but the door was open, so Susan went in and handed Mr. River the folder. As Susan turned to leave, she heard Mr. River say to Miss Melanson, "By the way, how is that new girl getting along?"

Susan immediately slowed her pace. "Not too well, I'm afraid. But it's been only a month since her parents died in that awful accident," replied Miss Melanson.

Susan put her hand to her mouth and rushed from the office. She had to stop it! As she lunged for the gym door, she heard the squeals and screams. There was no more need to hurry.

When Susan reached the locker room, Miss Bennett was really giving it to Michelle and the others. "I suppose none of you has any idea who did this!" she was saying with eyes blazing.

Susan looked at Madison. She stood wrapped in a towel, holding a soggy bundle of clothes. Her lips were trembling, and tears streaked her face. It took all the courage Susan had to speak at that moment. "Miss Bennett, there's only one period left in the day. Madison and I are about the same size. She can wear my clothes next period. I don't mind staying in my gym suit."

All the girls stared at Susan in utter amazement. Miss Bennett's voice softened. "That would be a great help, Susan. While you're in class, I'll send Madison's clothes up to the Family Living class to be put into the dryer. Now you two come into my office, and I'll write a note to Mr. Evans, your English teacher."

The late bell for next period had already rung by the time Susan and Madison left the gym. Madison was anxious to say something to Susan."Thanks for helping out. I guess I had it coming—you know, what the girls did. I've been pretty snooty to everyone. It's just that...""I know...your parents," said Susan as Madison's voice began to shake. "You know? About the accident?" "I just overhead Mr. River asking Miss Melanson how you were doing." "Not too well."

As the two girls neared Mr. Evans' classroom, Susan looked at Madison. She immediately showed her appreciation in the form of two words. "Thank you!"

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As the two girls neared Mr. Evans' classroom, Susan suddenly stopped. "I can't go in there without telling you, Madison. This wet clothes idea was mine. It's just that Miss Bennett sent me out and...""I guessed you were part of it, you being a leader and all," said Madison. "I'm really sorry."

"Hey, I had it coming."

As Susan reached for the door-knob, Madison grabbed her by the arm. "Let's go back to the gym and change. I should be the one to have to go in there dressed in a gym suit."

Susan shook her head. "Oh no, this time I'm the one who's got it coming!"

As Susan and Madison walked into the room the other girls stared. However, the boys took full advantage of the situation and whistled and made all kinds of wise cracks.

Mr. Evans' expression was one of annoyance as Susan handed him her note. His expression changed, though, as he read Miss Bennett's explanation of what had happened and why Susan was dressed in the gym suit. "You girls take your seats. We're on page 74," he said.

A few minutes after Susan sat down, Mr. Evans had the minds of his students back on the assignment, all, that is, except Susan. She was thinking: I should really feel dumb sitting here in my gym suit, but I don't. I feel good. In fact, I feel really good about how this day turned out in the end.
Kate bounded through the house, her eyes wide. "Mum, I just know, I can do it!"

Kate's heart sank. "It's not right, you know that."

"Of course, you're right."

The basket was already on the ground. "Don't You know, if you call it a "basket" you can't just leave it here."

"I will, I will."

Kate bounded from the table, "Good, good, good."

"Kate, I can't promise..."

Kate thought about that awhile, "Kate, you're not doing that."
That’s just between us—off the record, as they say.

He nodded. This time when his mother suggested leaving, Mrs. Root didn’t object.

Alex visited Mrs. Root every night for the next few days. He soon realized the seriousness of her condition from how quickly she tired. Dr. Stone spoke to him one night.

“Alex, I’m glad you visit Mrs. Root. It helps her.”

“What’s the matter with her, Dr. Stone?”

“Her heart is weak. She’s no longer a young woman.”

“I see,” Alex said. He hesitated. “She sometimes acts like she has nothing to live for.”

The doctor’s comment gave Alex an idea. During his next visit, he said to Mrs. Root.

“I’d like to help find Thomas.”

She shook her head. “I don’t even know if he’s alive. He probably doesn’t want to see me, anyway.”

He stood close to the bed, reaching for her hand. “I know he’d want to see you,” he said softly. “Mrs. Root, can I try?”

She gazed deeply into his earnest blue eyes. Her hand tightened on his. Her voice dropped to a whisper.

“Try, Alex. Try.”

Alex believed that he could accomplish anything with God’s help. For the next few nights, he included a request in his prayers that he might be shown some way to find Thomas. His parents couldn’t offer any suggestions, short of hiring private detectives. After all, Thomas left years ago.

Alex’s interview with Mrs. Root covered the first two pages of the next Neighborhood News. He included her wish to find Thomas.

When he returned home after making deliveries, his mother gave him a message to call Herbert Spencer, editor of The Sherburne Gazette. Spencer told him that he had read the article about Mrs. Root in the Neighborhood News. He had an idea.

“Why not write an item about Mrs. Root for the Gazette? I’ll give you a byline. Maybe it would reach a few more people than the Neighborhood News.” He chuckled. “Not many, though.”

The day after Alex’s story ran in the Sherburne Gazette, he dropped into the newspaper office. Mr. Spencer beckoned him into his office. Excitement showed in his voice.

“Check this out, Alex,” he said. “The Associated Press picked up your story. A short version hit the national wire. You’re famous!”

Alex felt a warm glow inside. The power of prayer, he thought.

When Alex pushed open Mrs. Root’s hospital door that night, a slender man in a business suit sat next to the bed. Alex turned to leave, but Mrs. Root’s voice stopped him.

“This is Thomas, Alex! My son!” Color filled her face for the first time in days. Her joyful smile made her seem 20 years younger. She gripped Thomas’ hand as if she would never let him go.

“He’s my son!” she sobbed. “I’ve been searching for him for years. He was taken from me by my father. I want you to find him.”

Alex reddened. What could he say? His heart pounded with gladness at seeing the two of them together and knowing that he could help make the dream a reality. "God’s hand guided me to find you, Thomas. I’ve been searching for you for years. I’m here to help you find your father.”

Thomas stood up and shook Alex’s hand. “I understand that you’re the one I have to thank for that article. Can you believe how stupid I’ve been, letting a fight with my father keep me away from home and from my mother all these years!”

Alex held up his pen and pencil. “You can give me an exclusive story, Alex!” Mrs. Root smiled. "I’ll give you a message to call Herbert Spencer, editor of The Sherburne Gazette. He’s my son!”

The doctors’ communal gave Alex a postcard with the name and address of the doctor he should see. The message read, “If you find my son, please call me. Thank you.”

Alex thanked the doctors and left the hospital, feeling more hopeful than he had in years. He remembered his promise to his mother and decided to keep it. He would find Thomas, no matter what it took.
Twenty-four flea. The dog had 2 left, she added 4 more, that makes 6. There were twice as many before the bath, which makes 12, and twice that before the flea collar which makes a total of twenty-four.

bought the flea collar.

If she had bought Jumper's dog Tiger has fleas.

Jumper's, so he bought Tiger's coat. Now Tiger's coat is all over.

There were 6 fleas left. How many more fleas did he have before Jumper bought Tiger's coat.