

EDITORIAL

Jill M. Friesz

I recently returned from the final gathering of the Executive Leadership course I participated in throughout the past year. This conference was held in Orlando, FL and while the weather was a sunny and balmy 85 degrees each day, I barely poked my head outside the hotel conference center. Oddly enough, I was okay with that. The conference was fantastic, full of information and ideas and people to connect with in the newspaper industry.

Every time I attend a conference I have a renewed sense of passion for my profession – but this one was different. I felt like every session was tailored to my specific needs and each presenter had information and ideas that would help me be able to grow my business and create a better product for the consumers.

Granted, by the end of the three-day event in addition to the travel time to and from, my body was exhausted, and my mind was mush... but I have a notebook filled with notes and scribbles about things I would love to implement and products we can offer. Now I just need

some time to sit down to go through my notes, prioritize my vision and maybe about eight extra hands to implement the fresh new ideas.

While these new ideas and programs may seem fantastic to me, it donned on me on my trip home from the conference, that I really should be reaching out to you, the readers to see what changes you would like to see. After all, your community newspaper is designed with you in mind to provide you the local news you want and need.

So, I'm tossing the ball in your court. I would love to hear what ideas you have to make your community newspaper a better product or ways we could serve you better.

We want to provide a product you look forward to receiving each week and are excited to read. So, send me your feedback. I'm all ears. You can email me at jill@gspublishing.net.

In addition, I am always looking for writers in our local communities. If you are interested in helping to make the community newspaper a better product, I would love to visit with you!

THE WORLD around us

Pope Francis

Pope Francis' death Monday at the age of 88 comes after the Catholic leader experienced a number of health issues in recent years. Francis died at 7:35 a.m. Monday at his residence, the Vatican said. His official cause of death was not immediately revealed. Pope Francis's death ends a 12-year pontificate that shook up the Catholic Church while challenging traditional teachings on topics from divorce to homosexuality, and triggering a succession process that will likely center on whether to continue his progressive legacy. The pope's passing will lead, after a period of mourning, to a conclave or gathering of cardinals at the Vatican to elect a new leader for the global Catholic Church and its estimated 1.4 billion faithful.

Tariff Tensions

US Vice-President JD Vance has arrived in the Indian capital, Delhi, where he is due to hold talks with Prime Minister Narendra Modi amid global trade tensions sparked by Washington's tariff policies. The talks are likely to focus on fast tracking a much-awaited bilat-

eral trade deal between the two countries. His visit comes as countries across the world rush to negotiate trade deals before US President Donald Trump's 90-day pause on reciprocal tariffs ends on 9 July.

Kenya Lion Attack

A 14-year-old girl has been killed by a lion on the outskirts of Nairobi, the Kenya Wildlife Service (KWS) said. The child was snatched from a residential compound on a ranch next to Nairobi National Park, according to the conservation agency. The alarm was raised by another teenager and KWS rangers followed tracks to the nearby Mbagathi River, where they found the primary school girl's remains. The lion has not been found but KWS said it had set a trap and deployed search teams to look for the animal. The agency added that additional security measures had been taken to prevent any further attacks. Nairobi National Park lies just 10km (six miles) from the city centre and is home to animals such as lions, buffalos, giraffes, leopards and cheetahs.



LITTLE PASTURE ON THE PRAIRIE
Huckleberry Pie

I've long said that it doesn't matter how many children you have, they somehow manage to require the same amount of time and energy to parent—which is to say exactly as much as you have to give plus a little bit more.

It is the same with me and bottle lambs, apparently. So far this year I have had three: Little Bobby, whose mom decided she didn't want him, and Huckleberry Pie, the smallest lamb I've ever seen. The third bottle lamb (who was the tiniest lamb I'd ever seen until I met Huckleberry) had a tough start. He was too weak to nurse, so I'd brought him inside. My daughter took one look at him and started making an elaborate pen with her own baby blanket and a fuzzy pillow from her bed. He spent the afternoon sleeping in her lap while she read him books.

I've had enough bottle lambs to know the signs, and I warned my daughter he might not be with us long. Unlike me, she's grown up with the sometimes harsh realities of ranch life. A few days later, when I told her he'd died while she was at school, she accepted the news with equanimity. She just sighed and said, "Well, at least we still have Huckleberry Pie."

Huckleberry Pie, though tiny, is thankfully the very picture of health. He is significantly smaller than our house cats, but his spindly legs more than suffice for carrying him across the yard at top speeds to greet us. He is mostly brown with a

shock of white, tufting wool on the top of his narrow head, giving him the look of a wizened professor, and I am not exaggerating when I say his hooves are barely bigger than my thumb nail.

With only two bottle lambs now, one of whom has a tiny, tiny belly, I make one bottle at a time. I let Huckleberry Pie drink first, and then Little Bobby drinks the rest. The lambs get their last bottle pretty late at night when I am usually half in dreamland, having already fallen asleep in one of the kids' beds while I was supposed to be tucking them in.

Thankfully, I put solar-powered twinkle lights in the barn last summer, and the stalls filled with fresh, sweet straw, are the coziest place you can imagine, which does somehow soften the weight of my exhaustion.

Last night, yawning and trying to keep my eyes open, I started feeding Huckleberry his bottle in the dim, golden light, while Little Bobby not-so-patiently waited for his turn. It seemed like mere seconds had passed—so maybe I actually fell asleep on my feet—when I looked down and realized Huckleberry had drunk almost half the bottle already. I was horrified. Overfeeding can quickly lead to bloat, the leading cause of death in bottle lambs.

Huckleberry's round belly made it clear I'd just put him in danger. What choice did I have but to bring him inside

and watch him for the next few hours to make sure he didn't need emergency care? I'm sure you can imagine how much I did NOT want to do this, but the

thought of telling my daughter about another dead lamb—this one a result of my own carelessness—was worse. So, he and I lay down on the floor in the den together. After about an hour, he stretched his tiny head across my face, and I fell asleep, hoping that if he

started to have trouble breathing (the usual cause of death with bloat), I'd be able to feel it. When I woke up, he was skinny again and ready to go back to the barn.

Today I am bone weary, and maybe questioning my life decisions a little bit. But you know what? When I am done lambing, I won't be exhausted anymore. The memory of these long days and longer nights will fade to a sepia glow, like the twinkle lights of my barn. But I will carry the sense memory of Huckleberry's soft cheek nestled against mine, the sound of his gentle breath against my ear reassuring me. These little ones take all I have, plus a little more, but it's worth it.



Eliza Blue

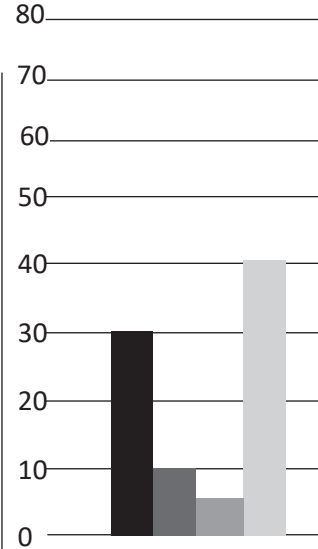
Question of the Week

What is your favorite color of jellybean?

- Red - 30
- Orange - 10
- Green - 6
- Black - 41

Next week's question...

This one is a fill-in-the-blank... What is the most unique food you used to eat as a child?



Total Responses: 87

Submit answer to: jill@gspublishing.net or answer on our Facebook page.
This is a weekly feature seeking public opinion. It is not a scientific poll.