

- The editorial column of the Lansing Community News is available to all community members for the courteous expression of varying points of view.

Guest Editorial

Heard Around Town

Each week, local correspondents will take turns covering local news from hamlets around Lansing and in our adjoining communities. If you'd like to share the comings and goings of your corner of the world, contact the correspondent nearest you:

- East Lansing:** Lorraine Groat 533-4156
- King Ferry:** Joan Neill (315) 364-7784
- Lake Ridge:** Tricia Torrey 533-7269
- Ludlowville:** Wanda Brink (533-4672) and Katrina Greenley (533-8892)
- Lansing Station:** Donna Scott 533-7228
- Lansingville:** Ruby Ferris 533-4969
- So. Lansing:** Jo Ann Vliet 533-7043

Lake Ridge

Once again the Harrington's have increased the population of Lake Ridge. Not in the same manner which Mary Heather and Jim did just about two years ago when little Rachel was brought carefully bundled from the hospital, home to meet the eager eyes of her 5 siblings. This time the new citizens arrived with the first snow fall that left enough accumulation for their evolution. A row of snow people line the drive, dressed mostly in out-grown or ragged clothes, as well as some items still needed in the house that were donated by busy little hands grabbing whatever they could to contribute to the scene rapidly taking shape in the yard.

It is hard to know if the Harrington's are aware of how they have added to our neighborhood. When Gordon Thayer passed away several years ago, it was an anxious year before our collective hearts could sigh with relief. Many of us feared that the house and land would be broken up to become apartments and trailer lots inhabited by people interested neither in setting down roots nor becoming part of the community. A mere detour on their way to some place else. When the Harrington's moved in, fenced in the side lot for the family horse, tended the extensive garden which had suffered from neglect and set the chickens out to forage, we knew there was life in the old homestead once again.

Soon trees were laden with swings of various styles and heights, bikes were positioned close to the door, wagons were filled with dolls. In the early morning the sound of hooves could be heard as the horse happily raced back and forth to the depths of its pasture and calling for its breakfast. The rooster's crow would ring out to beckon the day to begin. As the sun ritual of daily assent in the sky begins, small voices are carried on the warming air, then bustling takes over with peals of laughter and calls for a push on the swing. Mary Heather joins in, ever so mindful of each little head, while preparations of the nursery for the expected

addition continued. Each time Jim departed to earn his livelihood, a chorus of voices would follow his car all the way till it reaches the road then disperse back to their many activities to wait to welcome him home again.

In the spring, youngsters tentatively work to rediscover the yard they barely saw when blanketed by the winter snows. When summer is peaking and the weather is hot, bathing suits adorn little bodies as they splash in the small pool, then take turns riding in the wagon being pulled by a bike or a lawn tractor. Daily discoveries are joyously explored as butterflies return, small egg fragments float to the ground, flowers crop up freed from the boundaries of the garden. When fall beckons the leaves are chased and gathered into piles, searches for pine cones along with denial that coats are chronically required. Bright yellow school buses pass by, as the children settle into their home schooling regime which allows them to learn and bond together, each offering help and encouragement to the other.

The character of our neighborhood has been greatly enhanced by this joyous family and allows many of us to remember the joys of childhood by proximity to their exuberance. It is refreshing to be reminded to see things through the eyes of a child and witness the wonderment all around.

- Tricia Torrey

Bobcat Teens See NYC

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where the gift shop of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is the size of our local mall was definitely an interesting and great experience. We look forward to going back, even if it means waking up at such an awfully early hour. And that, coming from a teenager, is a very big compliment.

Darcy Baxter is a special correspondent for the Lansing Community News.







M-T-W-F: 9 to 5:30
 Th: 9 to 7
 Sat: 9 to 1



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