

# First Llama Newspaper

## Harry's Window Walks Continue



Harry the llama has been doing Window Walks to the elder homes since the Covid virus took over the world. His sidekick, Mrs. Dunn as the animals call her, stands outside the windows to bring some needed cheer during the lockdown.

"If I could, I'd break the windows and set them free," says Harry.

Mrs. Dunn and Harry also sing , and sometimes Mrs. Dunn dances.

"She's a wild little rascal sometimes," says Harry.



Harry the llama has named himself as Editor Llama In Chief of the new newspaper out of Apifera Farm in Bremen, Maine. His mission is to share his Harry World with all his friends at Cove's Edge and the other elder care facilities that he visits in mid coast Maine.

The paper will feature op eds from various Apiferians and guest writers, poems form the resident poet Paco the donkey, recipes, photos of the farm and "lots of other stuff" said Harry.

Harry has no experience as a newspaper editor but said, "I'm a llama, I think I can do a pretty good job."

## Harry Kisses Masked Blonde



All humans must wear masks at the Llama Walks. Harry attracts friends and fans where ever he goes. He enjoys his lady friend at Cove's Edge who helps Mrs. Dunn with the Window Walks. Her name is Abbey.

"She has very good smelling hair, and in the sun her hair shines like wheat fields. I really like it," says Harry.



# Harry wants to hear from you

When I visit our elder people around town, I see them smile. I am a simple llama, that can only do so much, but my mother told me when I was a lad,

"Harry, you can always do a little more to help others."

That is why I've started my newspaper-because I can do a little more, especially in the pandemic when our elders are still shut in their residences.

I want my newspaper to be a way for our elder residences to reach out to us too. Please write me, tell me about your life. I am a very curious llama.



When I was little, I was taught to listen to the elders for they knew so much. It appeared to be true and to this day I listen to my elders.

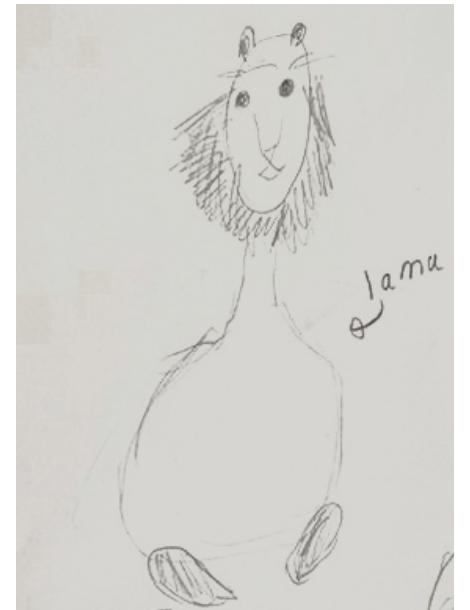
You can write me any of your thoughts, and I will listen.

Harry  
Editor-in-Chief

**Send your mail to:**

**Harry the Llama**  
**c/o Apifera Farm**  
**315 Waldoboro RD,**  
**Bremen, ME, 04551**

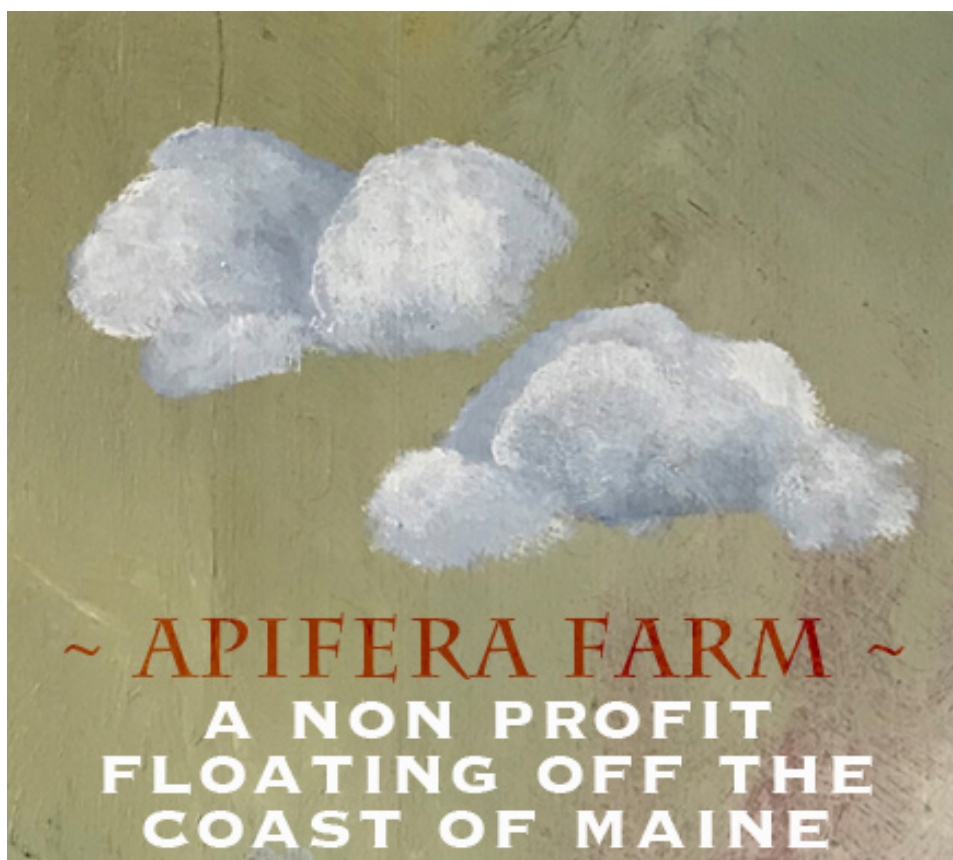
We invite all residents at the elder homes to write Harry. We also encourages them to send in art, poems, thoughts, recipes, and memories. Harry will listen and share them.



*Mila, from Hong Kong  
sent Harry this drawing*

**Apifera Farm is a non profit that adopts elder/special needs animals but also shares their animals with the elder people in the community through therapy visits to Cove's Edge, The Greens, Chase Point and Lincoln Home. They also bring elder people to the farm [in non-Covid times] and will continue that once it is safe.**

**Katherine and Martyn Dunn are the owners.**  
**EIN# 82-2236486**



## The Harry Chronicle

Harry the llama  
Editor-in-Chief

Proofreader  
Pickles the goat  
[be gentle on her if you find typos]

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# Opinions

## More Apple Trees Needed!

By Earnest the Pig  
Apifera Farm, Bremen

I am deeply agitated by the lack of apple trees in the area. There are plenty of wooded lots that sit unused. These are fire dangers. We should all get together and clear some lots and plant apple trees. The apples can be shared with all the pigs and animals in the region. The sunlight brought to the earth by cutting down some trees will be good for the worms too. Apples are delicious and good for us. The cut down wood can be shared for small safe fires to roast the apples on sticks and then dip them in peanut butter.

Apples are happy trees. That means the area would also get happier if there were more apple trees.

I also think we should plant more pumpkins in the many lots that sit unused. And squashes.

I also think we need more cookie stands on the busy highway of 32. This would slow down people and they would stop to eat cookies. The money made from cookie sales could help to hire guards to patrol the busy highway for drunken folks.

## It should be selectpeoples

By Auntie Bea, Apifera Farm, Bremen

It should be noted that is is wrong to say *selectmen*, it should be *selectpeoples*. Men don't know everything.



*Earnest the pig*

## Make animal crackers the state cookie

By Lucia the donkey, Apifera Farm, Bremen

I vote to have a state cookie. It should be animal crackers.



*Lucia the donkey*

*Auntie Bea the old goat*



Have an opinion?  
Send it to Harry the  
llama at Apifera Farm,  
315 Waldoboro RD,  
Bremen, ME 04551  
[info@apiferafarm.com](mailto:info@apiferafarm.com)



## Hula Hoops on all corners

By Earnest the Pig  
Apifera Farm, Bremen

Put hula hoops out in front of all eateries. People can eat lots and then hula hoop. It will help us. Hula hoops are fun and people will be less grumpy. People are way too grumpy. Hula hoops will help.



*The old lady llamas Luci and Luna*



*Arlo, the youngster in training*



*George the trouble maker*

# Harry's World in Autumn

September,26, 2020

I have just finishe my breakfast. I eat the same thing everyday - hay. I am not a picky eater. I can't be, because I live in the outer barn where there are many other animals. The one that can really be trouble is George. George is really a girl and his name is Girl George. In fact, George is a hermaphrodite. Yes, I live with a hermaphrodite. George is always in trouble. If you drive by our farm on any given day, you will probably hear Mrs. Dunn screaming, "GEORGE!!!!"

The donkeys and horses live with me too but are often in another field. Next to me in the paddock is the young llama, Arlo. Mrs. Dunn is training him to be a gentleman. But he doesn't compare to me I don't think.

Then there are the two ponies. The Teapot is fat, but we don't shame her, we just try to keep the hay away from her. Captain Sparkle has to eat fast to keep The Teapot from eating his hay too.

Then there are the two old lady llamas, Luci and Luna. I don't get to be with them. They want me though but Mrs. Dunn says I can not procreate with them because they are too old for babies. Nobody asked them.

~ *Harry the Llama*



*The Teapot, short and stout*



*Captain Sparkle*





## **Paco's Poetry Corner**

*Paco is the resident  
donkey poet*

**Brown spots arrive on apples  
our hair grows thick  
and tells us of the autumnal  
gathering of pumpkins  
I ate a fallen friend today  
a sunflower who fell  
like a soldier  
after a life of purpose**

### **Bless the Grasses**

I want to bless the grasses  
who grow up in masses

All spring they eat the sun  
and later they get cut up into a bun

I hope it doesn't hurt them  
It's why I sing to the blades of green

It's why I cry when the hay arrives  
to see a glimpse of old green friends  
now a golden sheen

I put them in my mouth and chew  
it's what I'm supposed to do

That's why I bless the grasses  
because I am one of the asses

### **My Puddle**

When I sit in the woods  
I don't hear the angry so unsubtle  
When I sit in the woods  
I can enjoy the sound  
of a nearby puddle  
My puddle is nice  
and very polite  
My puddle won't lie,  
scream or bite  
When I leave the woods  
I always say, "Thank you"  
When I leave the woods  
I always say, "I love you."  
And when I lay my head down  
on my mound of hay  
I dream about my puddle  
on this perfect day



**Pickles is the smallest goat at Apifera. Pickles is always getting into pickles.**

## The Pig and Pickles Great Pumpkin Contest

*By Mrs. Dunn*

“Can you help me, PLEASE?”

It was Pickles the goat and she was very upset about something. She was telling to me from over in the pumpkin patch.

When I got to the mounds of beautiful orange orbs, all different shapes and sizes, Pickles was standing next to a very petite pumpkin.

“I need to put this prayer flag up over my pumpkin,” she said.

I somehow managed to attach hay twine- every farmer’s wonder cure- to put up some old rags for Pickles to make her prayer flags.

“The prayers from the wind will help my pumpkin grow strong and big, like Earnest’s pumpkin,” said little Pickles with confidence.

A few weeks ago, just as autumn was in the air, Earnest sent me a note, slipped under the front door as is the main means of communication from the barnyard. He wanted to tell me that this year he thought he might really have a chance at winning the local pumpkin growing contest. My heart sort of sank. I knew the winning pumpkins were huge and that many farmers devoted lots of energy to grow them.

I wandered out to Earnest’s hut. He was in mid morning repose, reading.

“Earnest, I think maybe it would be better to just grow and enjoy your pumpkin. And besides, the pumpkin festival is cancelled this year because of the virus,” I said.

“They are still having weigh ins, read it in the paper,” Earnest said.

Of course I knew this but I was contemplating lying to him. Instead I tried another tactic.

“Let’s have a barnyard contest! I will post a proper entry form in the barn later today,” I said.

“What will the winner get?” Earnest asked.

“Well, you get to keep the pumpkin,” I said.

“Well of course. But I would like a cucumber grilled cheese sandwich from Eider’s” Earnest said. If you follow along you know that I turned Earnest on to this after bringing home some leftovers.

Later that day, three pieces of paper slid under the door, all entering the pumpkin contest: Earnest, Pickles and The Teapot.

And not too long after is when I found myself helping Pickles putting up her prayer flags.

“Pickles, you have a lovely pumpkin and not all pumpkins will grow like Earnest’s. I don’t want you to be disappointed,” I said.

“I believe in Pickles Power!” She said.

Just then The Teapot, a bit stout, came over to examine her pumpkin. “Her shape is much like mine,” she said.

And then, Earnest arrived. He had a bucket of items and began placing them around his pumpkin- a few little ceramic creatures, and some peanut butter on sticks.

“These will protect my pumpkin,” he said.

“Earnest, I think the peanut butter will attract rodents?” I asked.

“I’ve spoken with the rodents and we made a gentleman’s agreement- they stay away from my pumpkin, and I put out peanut butter sticks for them. That reminds me, can you get me more peanut butter, crunchy, not stirred?” he asked. To delete

## Annual Halloween Animal Outfits

By Mrs. Dunn

I hear the sound of little feet rushing, and a piece of paper is slipped under the front door lands at my feet. I know what this means. A group request is being expressed by the barnyard. Less urgent requests are verbally brought up at feedings and barn visits.

The paper showed a list of “Requested Halloween Outfits”.

I sighed. I made the mistake of partaking in a small holiday parade at our old farm out west, in which I dressed as a character from one of my favorite movies, The Wizard of Oz. I was a witch and one of the donkeys was at my side, dressed as a flying monkey.

It took a lot of time to make the outfits, but I have to say it was fun, and it made me think of my mother who every year would make me a witch outfit. I was always a witch and my mother took her job as seamstress seriously. Those were the good old days back in the early ‘60’s when as children we could walk all over the neighborhood, in the dark, unencumbered by adults with the spooky sound of blowing leaves swirling at our feet. There was no fear of razors in apples then, or drive by shootings or getting kidnapped. We weren’t forced to pose for anyone’s Instagram feed and we could eat stuff we weren’t supposed to.

So I guess making outfits for a bunch of Misfits in the barnyard somehow fulfilled this yearning for a simpler time, when candy bars were full size, my mother was alive, and all I needed was a good witch outfit.

The list that had been slipped under the door was actually very simple this year, I was relieved. Five of the animals wanted to be ghosts, another group wanted to be spiders. Earnest the pig wanted to be his hero, E.B.White, and Paco the donkey wanted to be an apple. One of the littlest members of the barnyard, Opie the goat, wanted to be a song, and Ollie the goat wanted to be one of The Beatles.

“How do you know The Beatles?” I asked Ollie the next day.

“Jim Bob has a transistor radio,” Ollie said. Jim Bob was another one of the resident goats.

“Well, who knew?” I said another under my breath. “Which Beatle do you want to be?” I asked Ollie.

“Ringo,” he said.

“And I want to be the song “Yellow Submarine”!” said little Opie.

I walked around doing chores that morning wondering how I’d pull it off this year, it was clearly a creative challenge. But as I watched all the goats play that day, unencumbered by the weight of the world and all the scary things we all face each day as adults, I thought of my mother. Just as I was thinking how I could make a little goat into The Yellow Submarine, she must have always wondered how she could make that witch outfit even better that year....just to make me happy.

## Last year's outfits





**Earnest the Pig gets along with everyone. He has his very own house and when his flag is out it means he is home. Earnest has a picture of E.B.White in his house because Earnest writes and Mr. White is his role model. The barnyard had a nose contest and Earnest was voted as having The Best Nose.**



**Earnest won the barnyard contest for The Best Nose**



## **Earnest the pig requests a grilled cheese sandwich...from King Eider's**

*By Mrs. Dunn*

“I would prefer a grilled cheese sandwich, like the one you gave me a bite of last week,” Earnest the pig said as I handed him some animal crackers a follower had sent.

You see, some weeks ago, Martyn and I went to King Eider's with a visiting friend. We rarely go out, but when we do, Eider's is our go-to place. I've become hooked on the grilled cheese sandwich with cucumber, two cheeses and red peppers on rustic bread. It's not something I eat at home and it is a wonderful twist on a simple sandwich. I pour over the menu, tempted by so many items, but lately I still go to that darn grilled cheese sandwich. Well, the last time, I had a filling soup too, so brought home a half of my sandwich. The next day, I warmed it up, ventured out to the barnyard and sat with Earnest while I enjoyed my beloved sandwich.

“Do you want a bite, Earnest?” I asked.

“It smells appealing,” the pig said, and he swallowed a morsel. I finished the half but left him another bite.

“I am sorry it's all gone. I would have preferred my own full portion, cut diagonally,” Earnest said.

Back to the present...I handed him more animal crackers, and he ate them, but looked unsatisfied.

“Earnest, I rarely go out to eat like that, so that grilled cheese sandwich I shared with you was a special treat,” I told the pig.

“That's very disappointing,” he said. “Surely they deliver?”

“Earnest, I don't think they deliver, especially to pigs,” I said.

Well the next day all I could think about was that grilled cheese sandwich. I had no time to go to lunch on a whim, but whipped up a simple grilled cheese sandwich, and took it out to share with Earnest.

“The bread is not as rustic or crispy as Eider's,” the pig said. “Perhaps your griddle wasn't hot enough.”

“I don't have a griddle, Earnest,” I said.

“There are no peppers in it, and only one rather bland cheese,” he said, but he ate it anyway, and returned to his hut.

A few days later, I was cleaning Earnest's hut, re-fluffing his sky high straw bed to ensure his pigly comfort. And there in the corner under the straw was a local phone book, ear marked at ‘restaurants’ with a mark by King Eider's.

*I want to assure the staff of King Eider's that Earnest the pig does not have a phone, nor can he drive. Neither woman nor pig were paid to write such a glowing review but I encourage my readers to go to Eider's and order our beloved grilled cheese sandwich.*

# **Dirt from the Barnyard**



**Cat found  
drinking !**



**Elder blind hen falls  
in love**

**Rooster says he loves another!**



**Found kissing  
again !!!**



**Strange alien  
drops out of  
chicken's  
bum!**



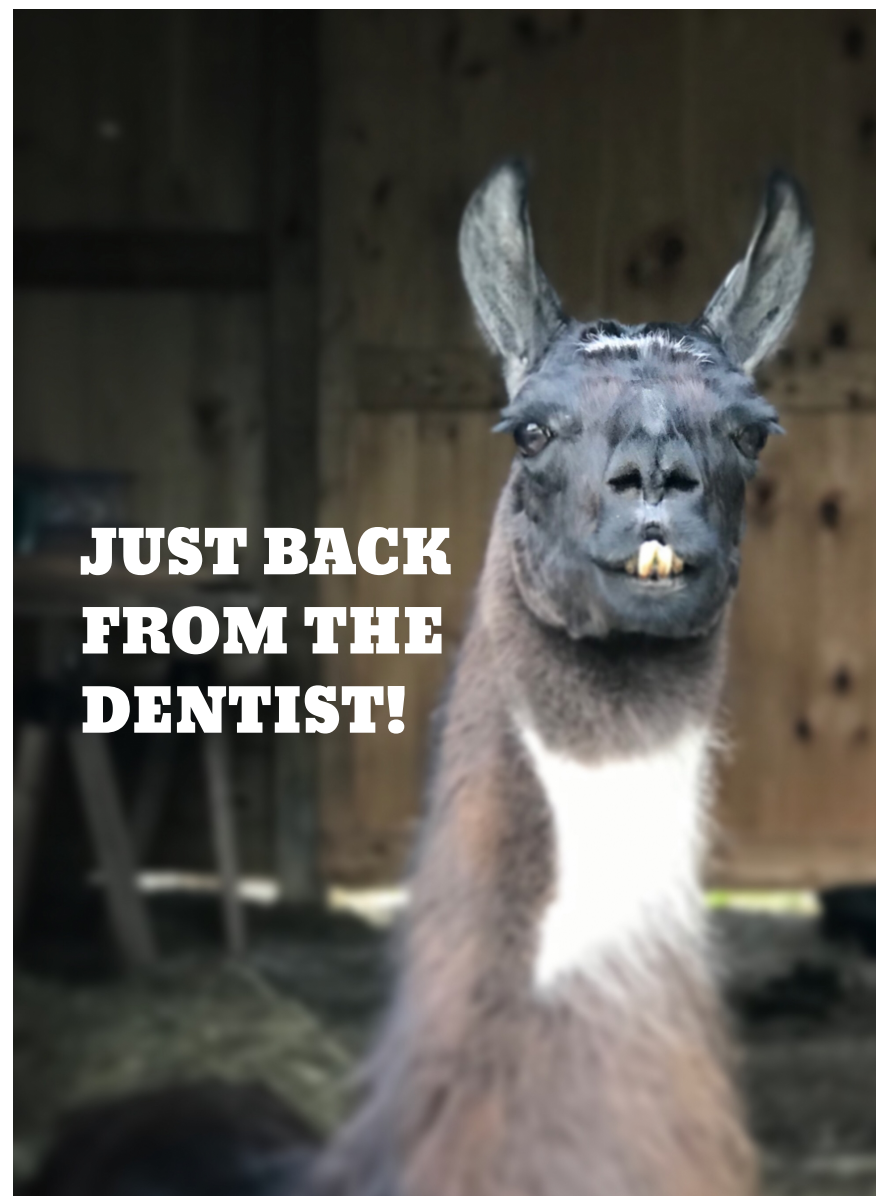
**We told  
him not  
to do it!  
Ollie  
stuck  
again!**



**SHE GOT A  
NEW HAIRDRESSER!**



**Goose orders  
wrong size  
swimming  
pool!**



**JUST BACK  
FROM THE  
DENTIST!**

## The Good Death

*A conversation between the elder  
Sophie and little Opie*

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“But where is it I will go then?” asked little Opie, the very smallest of the goats, and youngest.

“Go when?” asked old Sophie, a very old goat.

“When I die?” asked Opie.

“You kind of don’t go anywhere, because your body becomes like rain drops and it goes back into the ground so in fact, you will be everywhere,” said Ollie, a bit older than Opie.

“So when you die, I will always be able to talk with you?” asked Opie.

“Sure!” said Ollie, and he romped off to eat a tree.

“It’s just like being the moon,” said Earnest, the very well read pig. “Your body is gone but you become the light of the moon.”

“And you become the sun, and stars and snow,” said old old Sophie.

The conversation had begun because one of the old cats had died, and the animals are always informed by Mrs. Dunn when a death occurs. The animals had seen many herd mates die, and buried. While they don’t carry on in mourning the same way the humans often do, they revered death as an integral part of life, and they respected both. They feared neither. In fact, they sensed death much sooner than most humans. The boss lady always came out and calmly told them who had died, and then she would let them all see the animal lying in repose, and they could sniff the body if they choose. But they knew long before the boss lady when death occurred. It was an innate message but also a scent of the dying that alerted them.



*Opie*



*Old Sophie*

“It sounds like being dead is a very busy time.” said Opie.

“Death is not that important,” said old Sophie who was very crippled and old, and felt she was probably the next one to go. “What is important is a good death.”

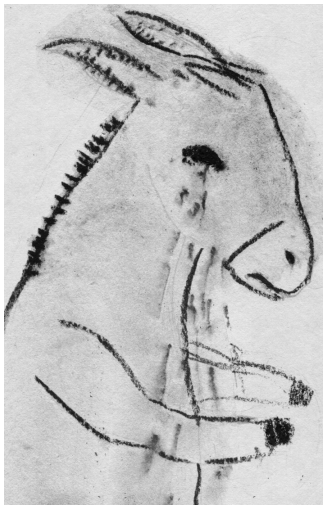
“What is a good death?” asked Opie.

“Well, think about what it was like to be really little, and you were sitting around with your mother and father, and maybe some other friends, having a nice evening and meal together, and then you got sleepy since you were so young. And your mother tucked you into your straw and kissed you goodnight, and as you fell off to sleep you could hear her and the others chewing their cud, and the moon was out over the barn and maybe you could hear the wind, or smell the ocean nearby...and just like that, you are asleep. That would be a good death,” said Sophie.

“That sounds okay,” said Opie. “And then when I wake up I would be rain or snow or the moon and you could still see me anytime.”

“That’s right, Opie, all the energy and love in your little body just gets bigger and bigger.”

“I’ve always wanted to be bigger and bigger,” said the little goat in the barnyard. And he ran off to help Ollie eat the tree. “Is this tree someone we once knew?” he asked.



# What do you do when you are sad?



*I sit in my water bucket  
and watch the ripples.  
~The Goose*



*I write a poem, or look for  
a Fig Newton.  
~Paco the Poet*



*I think of a grilled cheese  
sandwich from Eider's.  
~Earnest the pig*



*I find someone to sit with.  
~Opie*



*I've never been sad. But  
when someone is sad I  
leap and run and it makes  
them smile again.  
~Pickles*



*I find an elder to  
commune with. Making  
them happier makes me  
happier.  
~Harry the Llama*



*I never deny I'm sad, and  
just let myself be sad.  
~Mrs. Dunn*



*If you're sad or lonely, you can write me. I will listen and write you back.  
~ Harry the Llama*

## Harry Goes To Town

by Mrs. Dunn

“What did you see this time, Harry?!” asked little Opie, very excited, as Harry the llama and I returned from our outing.

“Many things of interest,” Harry said. “Many things. Some beautiful, some strange.”

Harry and I had just returned from one of our Window Walks to a nearby retirement home where we go regularly. Because of the Covid virus, we can’t go inside, or be near the elders or staff, so I came up with the idea to do Window Walks. It gives everyone a smile even though we wish we could all be outside together.

But on our way home, I stopped in our little village of Damariscotta with Harry. I wanted him to hear and see new things, it would be good for his therapy training. The minute we stepped out of the parking lot, people of all ages were flocking to Harry. Shop keepers were coming out of stores to take his picture, cars were pulling over and windows were being rolled down so children could pet Harry. Even our gas station guys had to meet Harry.

“Did you get take out at Eider’s?” asked Earnest the pig.

“No, Earnest, I’m afraid not, maybe next time,” I said.

Earnest walked slowly back to his hut, head down like Eeyore, muttering, “I really would have enjoyed a grilled cheese and cucumber sandwich again.”

I let Harry into the paddock, and the donkeys and horses all gathered around him in a circle. I proceeded to do night time cleanup, but kept my ears wide open to the ongoing conversation.

“Tell us everything, Harry,” said Captain Sparkle.

And they all closed their eyes tightly, and listened to Harry as he described in detail all that he witnessed.

“There was an ice cream shop. They put ice cream in mobile little things and people walk about and lick them as they walk. Very odd, to see creatures eating and walking. There were signs everywhere! And lights that blinked. It’s not like here, the roads are black with yellow drawings on them, and the cars go both ways. All the windows have pretty things in them. I saw lots of beautiful children and they all touched me and looked at me like I was a God of some sort. And did you know that people buy little statues of lobsters and put them in their garden? Very perplexing.”

Paco the poet donkey opened his eyes and asked, “When you were amongst the buildings, could you still see the sky?”

“Oh yes, but it felt lower, and more cramped,” Harry said.

“I would like to talk more about the walking ice cream,” said the Teapot, the resident creature with a bit of a weight problem.



“I have no idea what makes me so attractive to the humans. I’m just a llama,” Harry said.



# Why do Woman & Llama do what they are doing

*A conversation between Harry the llama and Mrs. Dunn*

**Mrs. Dunn** Harry, I thought we could discuss what our animal therapy visits are like, or how we feel we are making a difference in the elder homes. Do you want to start by telling the readers what you feel you bring to the elder visits?

**Harry** I am a llama, I think and feel intuitively-as I know you do, but not all people do, or they do so on different levels. So what I bring to the visits is my intuitiveness. It means I can sense what is around me, usually. I can sense fear or sadness, or bad intentions. I also am very handsome.

**Mrs. Dunn** Do you think all animals can do this?

**Harry** Yes, but not all animals rise to the occasion with humans.

**Mrs. Dunn** I agree. I always try to find an animal's purpose here, and sometimes the purpose is therapy work, sometimes it is just being. Opie is a good example, he truly is a healer. Do you think you are healer like Opie?

**Harry** I think my gift lies in my ability to be noble, and proud, and engage with the elders that way. Opie seems to gravitate to those in the most hurt or need. I certainly feel that, but my presence is my gift. And my handsomeness.

**Mrs. Dunn** When I first brought you to Apifera, I really was thinking you'd just be a buddy to young Arlo.

**Harry** I think Arlo might be more like Birdie someday. I hope so, for you too.



**Mrs. Dunn** I feel that our elders in society, in many cases, become invisible, or dispensable. The animal visits also act to unlock stories in the elders, the animal becomes an icebreaker for conversation. And sometimes, when Harry looks in a window at a resident who is bed ridden, or ill and alone, it makes them smile, sometimes they call out, "Harry! I love you!" Harry has become like the grandson that shows up and simply makes them happy by being there, and they feel like someone remembers them and wants to see them. Touch is healing to both human and animal. With the COVID situation, not being able to let the elders touch Harry is really sad and frustrating for all of us, including the caretakers. The Window Walks are our way of doing something, *anything*, to help our friends as they go through this ordeal. We yearn to have them come outside with us....someday! We will!

**Question** Harry, what is a perfect day for you? *Joan in Maine*

Oh, dear Joan, there is never a perfect day but it doesn't matter because each 24 hours is a circle and we get to start a fresh, just like the sun. *Harry*

**Question** Harry, were you a cute baby? *Pickles*

I would not use the word "cute", I would say I was quite exceptional looking. *Harry*



**Question** Dear Harry, Do you ever daydream about life in your Motherland, The Andes? *Barbara in Maine*

I don't, only because I was born in the Berkshires and there is so much there that entwines in my memory. *Harry*

**Question** What is your favorite song? Rama Lama Ding Dong or Shama Lama Ding Dong?? *Lorene in Ohio*

Aren't those Twinkies? "Some Enchanted Evening" because it sews love, joy and sadness together, like life. *Harry*

**Question** What is the meaning of life? (Asking for a friend)? *Lorene in OH*

The meaning of *my* life, *your* life, or *a* life? Let me know and I'll answer you down the road. *Harry*



**Question** Harry, What's your favorite season??? *Roger in Maine*

Well, now Roger...I like winter best because I look stunning against the snow and I do have a teeny tiny bit of ego that way. I also hate flies and heat. Autumn is lovely. Spring is refreshing. Perhaps I am really an aseasonalist. *Harry*

**Question** Harry, what would you want people to know? What is your wish for the world? *Jet in PA*

My wish is flavored right now due to the situation. My wish is that the elders be set free, to come outside with me, to touch me, and that we have a parade too. *Harry*

**Question** Harry, what do you like best about living at Apifera? *Susan in NY*

That every day, it is a very understandable place. *Harry*

**Question** Hi Harry, do you take baths? Should I send you bubbles? *Linda in PA*

My, you people ask very personal questions. No Linda, I do not take baths. There have been occasions where Mrs. Dunn tries to wash my pantaloons with some horrible white glue like substance and then she hoses me down. Thank you for the bubbles offer, perhaps Pickles would like that. *Harry*

**Question** Hi Harry! Do you ever have trouble falling asleep, and if so, what do you do to help you fall asleep? *Claire in Canada*

No, I don't, because I am so...Harry. Have you tried sleeping under the moon, far from chickens and pigs? *Harry*

**Question** Hi, Harry! What is your favorite cloud? *Lynda in PA*

Oh definitely the Cumulus. They remind us to float, and sometimes, as you might know, they are Birdie the Llama. *Harry*

**Question** What's something you wish to learn or something you wish you were better at? *Joyce in VA*

I would like to help Mrs. Dunn to teach me to lie down at therapy sessions so the wheelchair elders can reach me. I need to help her learn. I think to whistle would be handy too. *Harry*

**Question** Hi Harry... Who is your best friend at lunch time? Dinner time? Bedtime? *Susan in WI*

I don't do lunch, Susan. Breakfast it is Girl George even though well, HeShe can be a big pain in my neck. HeShe can't help it, wired that way. At night, I am learning to acknowledge the young llama Arlo across the fence. He needs my guidance and mentoring. *Harry*

**Question** Hi Harry, do you feel extra special when you have your bells on? *Susan*

You know, I have to say I do. I have thought about this and feel that because of the serendipity of how they were given to Mrs. Dunn, and how moved she was by the gift from our 103-year old elder-that all of the lives in the bells. The bells make me a better llama. *Harry*

**Question** Hi Harry...how do you feel about Pug dogs? Word of advice keep your eyes on Pickles to make sure she doesn't eat the paper she's proof reading. *Martha in MD*

Oh well pugs are quite fabulous, don't you think? I appreciate their faces, and short necks. I often wonder the pros or cons of having a long or short *neck*. I am friend to all the dogs here, they give me no trouble as long as I stay out of their food. Yes, I'm afraid Pickles is not really Perfectly Proofed for the job but will be okay. *Harry*

**Question** Dear Harry, what makes you smile? What makes you laugh? What is your guilty pleasure? *Robin A.*

My, that sounds rather...delicious, a guilty pleasure. I of course am still able to procreate so I do think about the ladies in the front field from time to time, even though they are elderly. Age means nothing when there is passion in the loins, correct? I don't laugh a lot, but I am happy inside and often am delighted by many things, like rolling in the sand. *Harry*

**Question** Harry, what motivates you to take time out of your busy farm life to visit and bring joy to our elder folk? *Stephanie in Maine*

You know, Stephanie, I really am not that busy. I have a pretty easy schedule and I am fed and cared for and I trust Mrs. Dunn and her motives. When she walks me to the trailer, I know we are on our mission. I have many thoughts, and of course you know I sing too, but I am lucky too because I get to go out and see the world, and come back and share with the animals what it is like. *Harry*

**Question** Hi Harry, how do you feel about haircuts? *Pam in MD*

Well, Pam, let me say that at first I thought it was the strangest thing ever! People show up, they strap you to a post and bring out a buzzing saw that makes your hair fall off. Imagine how upsetting this was when I was a little boy getting my first haircut. But now that I have evolved, and my haircut is so special, I am pleased on haircut day because I know I will look so spectacular for my elder friends. It still tickles though. *Harry*

**Question** Harry, what is your favorite thing about elder visits. BTW, you look very regal in the bells! Hugs, *Evelyn in MD*

Well, Evelyn, there are lots of nuances to my visits and sometimes even I am shocked at how loved I am by strangers, or people I've just met. But you know I think it is knowing I am there for them, I can tell that, even when I can only see them through the window. I can sense what is inside them. Even the smiling ones are often sad inside. They like me. I like them. It makes us all feel better, that's all. *Harry*

**Question** My Spanish speaking friends want to know,“Como Say Llama?” *Bill in CA*

I only speak rough Italian, Bill, so I would guess in Spanish they say something like "yammma". *Harry*



Harry wants to ask his elder friends questions for his next issue. He will be contacting the care managers at each residence soon. Harry is happy to have activity directors contact him with article ideas.

# Barnyard Baking Apple Pie for Dreamers

Tip

## Preparing the apples for sleep

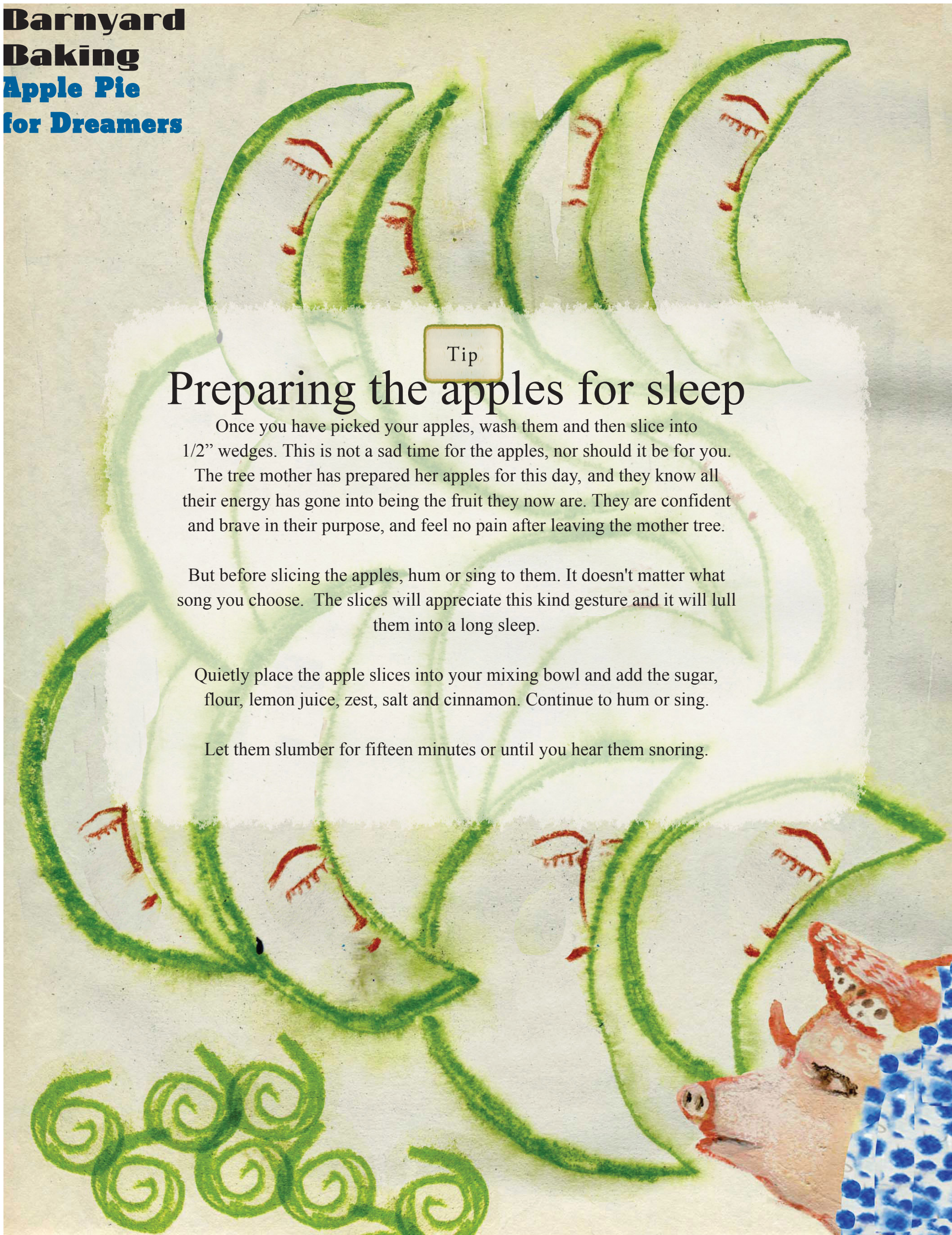
Once you have picked your apples, wash them and then slice into 1/2" wedges. This is not a sad time for the apples, nor should it be for you.

The tree mother has prepared her apples for this day, and they know all their energy has gone into being the fruit they now are. They are confident and brave in their purpose, and feel no pain after leaving the mother tree.

But before slicing the apples, hum or sing to them. It doesn't matter what song you choose. The slices will appreciate this kind gesture and it will lull them into a long sleep.

Quietly place the apple slices into your mixing bowl and add the sugar, flour, lemon juice, zest, salt and cinnamon. Continue to hum or sing.

Let them slumber for fifteen minutes or until you hear them snoring.





## **Barnyard Baking Apple Pie for Dreamers**

**Think about a beautiful, kind pie floating amongst white clouds, then take a short nap and journey wherever your heart takes you. This will make the pie you bake especially healing to all who eat it.**

### **What you need**

- ~ Something to stand on to reach apples on the branches - a small donkey or bucket will do
- ~ One raw pie crust rolled, 9" pan
- ~ 5 medium sized apples
- ~ 1 cup sugar
- ~ Zest of one lemon
- ~ Juice of 1/4 lemon
- ~ 1 tablespoon cinnamon
- ~ 2 tablespoons butter
- ~ 1/4 teaspoon salt
- ~ 3 tablespoons flour

### **Prep**

~ Pick 5 medium sized apples, each about the size of a full moon. Prepare and hum to the apples.

~ Squeeze lemon for juice. Your hands will be sticky. Lick them off or wipe them on a nearby cloud.

~ Zest the lemon. It tickles the fruit but it doesn't hurt. It will be naked when you're done, so let it rest in a warm spot.

### **Final steps**

Mix sugar, spice, salt, lemon juice and zest into the apples and keep humming. Mix in flour.

If you drop some sugar on the floor, just call out "Ants! Please help me!" Thank them for cleaning up your mess.

The apples are ready for their final slumber. When they are asleep, turn them into the crust, dab with butter and gently cover with a raggedy top.

Sprinkle cinnamon on top crust. Dab some on your cheeks so you smell spicy for visiting butterflies.

Bake 30 minutes at 425 degrees then 20-30 minutes at 375 degrees.

The pie is  
done when  
juices are  
bubbling  
from pie  
top. This  
means the  
apples are  
done  
dreaming.

A photograph of a white goat with a long, flowing beard and a small black and white kid in a barn. The white goat is on the right side of the frame, looking towards the left. The kid is on the left side of the frame, looking towards the camera. The background is a wooden barn with hay on the floor.

This is the day Harry met Pickles.  
She looked up at Harry and asked,

"Are you a God?"

"Well, I guess in some ways I  
am," Harry said.

# Chats with Harry

In this issue Harry talks to old Matilda, an elderly donkey going on 30.

**Harry** I am an admirer of your ears, Matilda. I of course have fabulous ears too, but yours are worthy of taking flight, I'd say.

**Matilda** Thank you, they are a bit like wings aren't they? Mrs. Dunn calls them my airplane ears.

**Harry** You are getting pretty old, do you have any words of wisdom for younger creatures?

**Matilda** Put one hoof in front of the other. Don't complain about what you don't have. Don't worry about what hasn't happened yet.

**Harry** That's very Buddhist.

**Mrs. Dunn** Or very donkey.

**Harry** We have so much in common. We have spots, big ears and are very intuitive and sensitive. Is there anything you'd change about yourself if you could?

**Matilda** Less aches. But I wouldn't want to be young again. The young think all of us elders want to be young. We simply want to have less pain both physically and mentally.

**Harry** What mental pain do you have?



**Matilda** Well, I've lived a lot, which means I've lost a lot...of family and friends. I'm happy, I have freedoms others don't. I can be outside. But a mind can wander to former times.

**Harry** Are you afraid to die?

**Matilda** No. It's just another day, only different. I only fear being separated from my herd and still alive. Or fires, I fear fires.

**Harry** I like your comment that death is just another day, only different. It is going to be another day for someone on the day we die, but we will be speaking in a different way, or form.

**Matilda** Yes, that is how I see it. Although I do hope I get to meet up with old friends, and all my daughters.

**Harry** What part of being older in this world upsets you most?

**Mrs. Dunn** I do not like it when others assume things about me because I'm old. I have my own opinions! I can speak for myself!

**Harry** We live in a youth society.

**Matilda** Yes, we do. I am vibrant. I still sing and run in my head and heart.

**Harry** Would you like to go now and eat some of those fallen apples?

**Matilda** Delightful idea. Thank you for thinking I had things to share with others, Harry.

**Harry** There is a memoir in each elder.

**Sing  
A-Long  
with  
Harry**



## *I'll Be Seeing you*

[www.instagram.com/animalchatsapiferafarm](http://www.instagram.com/animalchatsapiferafarm)

[www.instagram.com/katherinedunnapiferafarm](http://www.instagram.com/katherinedunnapiferafarm)

I'll be seeing you  
In all the old familiar places  
That this heart of mine embraces  
All day and through  
In that small cafe  
The park across the way  
The children's carousel  
The chestnut trees  
The wishing well  
I'll be seeing you  
In every lovely summer's day  
In everything that's light and gay  
I'll always think of you that way  
I'll find you in the morning sun  
And when the night is new  
I'll be looking at the moon  
But I'll be seeing you



## Message from Mrs. Dunn and Harry

These are hard times on so many levels for so many people. We hurt to see our elder friends separated from their loved ones. We want more than anything to get you all back together with your clans so you can hug and laugh again.

It will happen. It will.

And when it does, Harry will be there with his bells on and Mrs. Dunn and he will sing you a song.

We hope this little newspaper of Harry's brought you some smiles or just helped get you through a cloudy day.

Stay tuned for the enxt issue in late December.

*Love from*  
*Harry the Llama and Mrs. Dunn*

Opie says  
it is  
give a  
llama  
Flowers  
Day

