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**District 4: VACANT** 

### Message from the Chair

Hey y'all! Josh here. I'm writing this message on one of the most exciting days of the year: "The First Day of School"! Even though my daughter is now a sophomore at Grimsley High School, this day still reminds me of all the great memories we made while she was at Lindley Elementary.

Our neighborhood's namesake school is full of incredible teachers, administrators, and community volunteers - many of whom are also Lindley Park residents and neighbors.

From my first days as a Kindergarten parent, Lindley Elementary invited and encouraged me to get involved. From reading to classrooms to working in the school garden to volunteering at the hailed end-of-year Carnival, and later as a member of the "Dad's Club"-LEAD-Lindley Engaged & Active Dads.

While many of these traditional engagement opportunities are limited due to the ongoing pandemic, there are still plenty of ways to get involved at Lindley.

Whether you are a current parent or simply a civic-minded Lindley Parker who wants to give back to our neighborhood

school, you can help by supporting a fundraiser or supply drive, or in keeping with the times, maybe by reading for virtual classroom story time instead of in-person. Regardless of how you get involved, I encourage you to show up for Lindley. I guarantee you will find smiles, appreciation, and a pile of memories to look back on!

-losh sherrick

account via Smile at smile.amazon.com then navigate to Account & Lists >> Your Amazon Smile >> Search Charities >> Select. Lindley Elementary is listed as "PTA North Carolina Congress Lindley Elementary

\*\*Be sure to bookmark and always login to Amazon via the Smile link otherwise your purchases will not count.\*\*

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**Link Your AmazonSMILE Account** Amazon donates 0.5% of the price of your eligible AmazonSmile purchases to the charitable organization of your choice. To link your account, log in to your Amazon The COLUMNS is compiled, edited, and published by the all-volunteer Lindley Park Neighborhood Association. Each quarter more than 1,200 copies are hand delivered by your neighbors!

The COLUMNS is posted online at lindleyparknc.com/newsletter and you can sign-up to receive a copy in your inbox by using the SIGN UP button on our Facebook page, or email us at Ipnagso@gmail.com

For the time being, additional hard copies are not being distributed to local businesses.



@lindleyparknc

### SUPPORT THE LPNA

#### WRITE FOR THE NEWSLETTER

If you'd like to contribute to the next COLUMNS issue, please email your articles, stories, or photographs to newsletter@lindleyparknc.com

#### Story Ideas

- a topic about which you are an expert, such as gardening or home renovation
- historical anecdotes about Lindley Park
- other social/community topics/issues that you think would be of interest to our neighbors

#### **DELIVER THE NEWSLETTER**

Contact Joyce Eury at joyceury@gmail. com if you would like to deliver the newsletter on your street, or perhaps another!

#### **FOLLOW US ON INSTAGRAM**

The LP is on IG! Follow us. Tell your friends. @lindleyparknc

#### **DONATE or VOLUNTEER**

The annual social events and upkeep of green spaces—and even this very newsletter - that make Lindley Park special are only possible through the generous donation of money and time of your Lindley Park neighbors.

If you have means to contribute financially, or simply the time to volunteer, please consider supporting the LPNA.

You can donate by completing the adjacent form or online at lindleyparknc.com/support

The form also includes a section for volunteer opportunities, or simply contact anyone on the LPNA team who is in charge of something you're interested in helping out with.

Thank you!

### **UPCOMING EVENTS**

October 31: Trick-or-Treat

**November 5: Winter COLUMNS** content and ads DUE. See above for how to write for us and to the right for how to advertise in this here newsletter!

November 6: Chili Cook-off

**December 4:** Luminaries

Follow us on Facebook and Instagram and join our mailing list for updates and more information about these upcoming



See blue box at left for how to stay in touch!

### Your Ad Here!

**Contact Melissa Michos to** advertise in THE COLUMNS newsletter!

336-707-4652 advertising@lindleyparknc.com

1st Quarter (January/February/ March) deadline:

### **NOVEMBER 5**

Four ad sizes and three frequency options available.

Hard copy distribution: 1200 Email distribution: 435 + social media distribution: Facebook 2400/Instagram 900

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### **2021 LPNA** CONTRIBUTION FORM

#### Contribute online at lindleyparknc.com/support

Your generous LPNA contributions fund all of our social activities as well as this very newsletter. Suggested amount is \$15 per household, but any amount is appreciated! Please fill out the form below and mail it with your check to the address listed, or

bring it to a monthly meeting!
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# When Your Dog Is On The Spectrum

contributed by Nils Skudra

Ithough our Bichon Frise, Jackson has never been formally diagnosed with an autism spectrum disorder, it has become increasingly apparent that this is the case. From the moment we rescued him several years ago from the Guilford County Animal Shelter, his behaviors were decidedly unusual. As we were signing his adoption papers, he leapt out of the not-very-attentive attendant's arms and ran over and urinated on my son's brand-new purchased-for-a-pretty-penny Adidas tennis shoes, which was definitely not an acceptable social interaction from our point of view. My Civil War historian boy named him after a Civil War general named Stonewall Jackson, who reputedly was a brilliant general, but clearly quite eccentric, riding into battle on his horse while sucking on lemons and keeping one arm held continuously aloft as if to fend off an ever-present enemy who might topple him from his lofty post. As soon as Jackson entered our house, he made for the bottom of a low-lying bookcase and snatched a book on his namesake, unresponsive to our screams, and tore the dust jacket to shreds. Perhaps he didn't like the name he was given or perhaps doggy manners were simply not a part of his skill set. I could see the die was cast (a bow to Shakespeare here) and our new pet, found by a kindly soul in a local park distinguished by its battalions of crawling snakes (whom he had luckily escaped) was not your average canine, being as he was, bent on malice and mischief. I suspect even the snakes gave him a wide berth with some animal intuition that he was an unstable character who might rather hassle them than keep a respectable distance one might normally give to a Copperhead sunning itself on the grass.

Each succeeding day confirmed my suspicion that Jackson was well, unusual. A friend referred me to the DSM-5, a tome of psychological literature whose newly revised version came out in 2013) and I turned the pages to the article on Asperger's Syndrome and autism spectrum disorders. For a moment my heart sank as I realized he exhibited numerous characteristics of these conditions. First, there was the matter of the unusual speech pattern. In human individuals, that was oftentimes reflected in flat, high-pitched, or inappropriately loud sounds - Jackson's play on this was to squeal at high-decibel levels for no apparent reason at all. Even after he'd been fed voluminous amounts of his favorite Nutro foods and snatched a few treats from the kitchen table, including a half-eaten banana and a handful of Whole Food prohibitively-high blueberries, he squealed at the top of his lungs, agitated a

for no reason we could fathom. He squealed when he received endless belly rugs and volleys of attention. Instead of the Nike logo "just do it!" he fashioned his own logo "just do it and squeal!" and while all that commotion worked on our nerves, we soon realized that this behavior was part and parcel of who he was and one that the rescue folks conveniently forgot to mention.

Other DSM-5 iterated traits emerged as well in our lovely, squealing pet. Gazing too intently or avoiding eye contact was an everyday event. When Jackson ran into the bathroom and grabbed a roll of toilet paper, shredding it mightily while squealing at the same time, we grabbed what was left, chastening him for his act. He refused to look us in the eye and instead vanked a shoelace from a shoe, trying to tear that up as well. At the same time he evidenced the hypersensitivity to sensory "assaults" that were described in the DSM-5, yelping when we only barely increased the volume of the Celtic music playing in the background and howling like a banshee when a neighbor knocked on the door asking "is everything all right?" No, it wasn't, because this dog was clearly not a cookie-cutter guy. When a pot of water began to boil on the burner or the brioche, finishing its term with the toaster, popped up with a "ping" sound, Jackson was on fire, barking at fever pitch as those his whole canine universe was about to implode. When we tried to calm his down, he did what only Bichons do, famously known as the "Bichon Blitz", racing back and forth across the room for five minutes, hurling himself upon the couch and throwing himself just as soon off into what must have felt like oblivion to him and insanity to us, as he noisily landed on the floor and in so doing, grabbing the Duke Energy bill and tearing that into shreds as well. Since we have often felt like tearing it up ourselves, at least THAT made an ounce of

As we read about other autism spectrum characteristics it looked like Jackson fell within the ambit of those too. Struggling socially with social communication and interactions was incontrovertible. When we took Jackson to the Bi-Centennial Gardens in Greensboro, a very fluffy, dainty and full-of-herself female Bichon flirted with

him and coyly licked his face.

sense in a world of exponentially

we were ill-fitted to account for.

increasing animal behaviors which

said "she's infatuated with him!" at which point Jackson began squealing and then growling, frightening us all half to death. "Good luck" I thought to myself "of ever getting a date!" Every other dog that passed our way was the recipient of more growling conduct and several onerous comments from their people who yelled "he needs to be trained! He's out of control! What a jerk!" This lack of interest in socializing and making friends we had sometimes seen in his human counterparts who carried an autism diagnosis but it was rather rarified in a canine form. Jackson had challenges with social functioning and difficulty with interpreting and responding to social cues. When a multi-tattooed teenager walked over with a "nice doggie, here's a biscuit!", Jackson went ballistic, growling and carrying on, just as he inexplicably had when we watched the "Lassie" video. We thought it might make him more interested in female dogs, but it had the unexpected opposite effect - hurling himself at the TV screen and yelping past the reaches of the highest notes of the piano which to this day still bears the teeth marks of previous enthusiastic attacks on its somehow still-standing wooden legs.



We began to worry that Jackson had challenges too with empathy. This was a big one in the lexicon of the growing fund of autism literature. He didn't seem to know or care about anything that might have given anyone pleasure such as being a cuddlebug, returning affection, or quietly listening to and obeying commands. Talking to him was as good as talking to the proverbial wall. Everyday was the same situation of restricted and repetitive patterns of interests and activities: chewing up the furniture and the only Kong rubber bone he liked beyond further recognition, pacing back and forth or Blitzing down the hallway at daredevil speed, pouncing on piano sheet music (particularly with glee if it was that of a classical composer), destroying Petsmart toys whose very life could be measured in only an hour or two. It was undeniable that he had difficulty with changes in routine grandly alluded to in the DSM-5. Our coping mechanisms were growing weak. Remarks soon followed, gently offered observations that "you should take your dog to an animal therapist, he's not normal, might be autistic or something and require medication." This was not a consolation devoutly to be wish'd (Shakespeare again) since we were already paying up the ying-yang for heart medication, Advantage flea chewables, recurrent vaccinations, pricey visits to the spa for haircuts and baths - none of which our Bichon appreciated anyway. "Money down the kitchen sink" a friend cattily remarked to which I responded "we love him anyway!" to which she retorted "Why???" This animal did not make sense, in either a human or canine vernacular. Even the simplest act of interesting Jackson in new toys (or new anything) resulted in a fail and I began to chalk this up to doggy autism since I had no idea what else to chalk it up to. The DSM-5 seemed to be mocking us but I put it way up high on the bookshelf where it was virtually invisible and before Jackson could tear that up too.

The final icing on the cake was when Jackson ripped a brand new fancy lacy black bra purchased at Belk's from my hands as I was about to place it in a dresser drawer and flew through an open door into our finally mowed front yard. Somehow he tangled himself up in its straps so that the cups were positioned on his back. For just a second I thought "where's my camera? What a diva! A Hallmark moment!" But then a passing neighbor, taking this in, screamed "what's that dog doing wearing a bra? For God's sake, what's going on here?" I had visions of him in his polo shirt and impeccably shining penny loafers calling Animal Control and reporting me as some kind of a pervert in the Lindley Park area. But to my surprise I controlled my emotions, explaining "he has a strange sense of humor, he's in a cross-dressing phase!" Still the neighbor's eyes looked apoplectic and he just stared angrily as I picked Jackson

up, squealing and growling and took him into the sanctuary of our happy but disorganized home. It took me a good ten minutes to get him out of the bra which he seemed more than content to be in but at least he was out of the sight of a neighbor's reproving stare.

# Each succeeding day confirmed my suspicion that Jackson was well... unusual. A friend referred me to the DSM-5.

Over time we have come to the inevitable conclusion that Jackson is on the spectrum and search for and utilize all the community supports we can find. We gingerly introduce him to other dogs (including stuffed ones and those in movies) but scale our expectations for his being interested down to a standard

of "tolerates but does not welcome" others. We accept the fact that he's only interested in the same old doggie treats and that his social functioning can only be tweaked so far. When we took a trip to UNC, Chapel Hill and walked past the storied Old Well, he showed himself to be no respecter of appropriate tradition or etiquette. Lurching forward, he peed voluminously upon that structure before we could halt the offending behavior. Students and other passers-by were not amused although I jauntily told one "he has a problem with incontinence, couldn't help himself." We didn't mention that our dog was autistic and had difficulty complying with social norms and morays. Nevertheless the devil's advocate in me says: why should we have to be constant apologists for him anyway? The truth is we love Jackson and no longer let any disability he may have define him. We are open about his being autistic and urge others to see the many lovely qualities he has - intelligence, humor, focus, determination, and loyalty (sleeping on the bed rain or shine every night next to his boy who takes that conduct as the absolute evidence and imprimatur of canine affection). As for the DSM-5, it still sits on the bookshelf, now collecting dust, and no longer a focus of our interest. If Jackson somehow gets his paws on that veritable text, we can overlook the fact of his tearing it up although we may rebuke him for conduct unbecoming.







# An era ends as a new chapter begins...

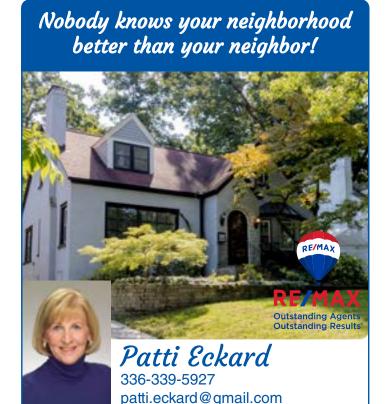
After nearly a decade of Saturday mornings at the corner of Walker and Elam, Lindley Park's iconic The Corner Farmers Market has relocated.

On July 31st the Market opened its tent flaps for the first time at its new corner home—
Kensington Road and W Market Street—in the parking lot of St. Andrew's Episcopal church at 2105 West Market St.

"We've been overflowing our space for years and, lately, we've had to turn down many new farms who need a venue to sell their produce," says Market Manager, Kathy Newsom. "We all have a huge sentimental attachment to The Corner community and as much as we hate to leave it behind, it's the only way we can grow to meet the needs of both our vendors and shoppers. We are so grateful to the restaurants and businesses at The Corner who helped make the market community, especially the owners and staff of Sticks and Stones, but it was getting a little cramped for us all, especially with social distancing needs."

The new market location is but a mere two minute (less than a mile) walk from the old location. Hours remain the same from 8:00AM -12:00PM, and now with even more space for local growers and makers to sell their goods.





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### What Is An Appraisal Gap?

Contributed by Leslie Stainback

In today's real estate market, low inventory and high demand continue to drive up home prices. This is music to the ears of homeowners. However, if you are in the process of selling your home, make sure you realize the major challenge a hot real estate market creates. It can be tricky to navigate if the price of your contract doesn't match up with the appraisal for the house. It's called an appraisal gap, and it's happening more in today's market than the norm.

Each house must be sold twice; once to a buyer and a second time to a real estate appraiser that represents the bank that will grant the purchaser a mortgage to buy the home (unless it is an "all cash" purchase and the buyer has waived their right to an appraisal).

If an appraisal comes in below the contract price, the buyer's lender won't loan them more than the house's appraised value. That means there's going to be a gap between the amount of loan the buyer can secure and the contract price on the house. If prices are surging, it is difficult for appraisers to find adequate, comparable sales (similar houses in the neighborhood that recently closed) to defend the selling price when performing the ap-praisal for the bank.

In today's market sellers are asking buyers to make up the difference and buyers are agreeing in writing to bridge any appraisal gap, sometimes up to a certain amount, and provide a proof of available funds to do so. This assures the seller that if the house appraises for less than the agreed-upon price, the buyer will pay the dif-ference between the two.

In this situation, both the buyer and seller have a vested interest in making sure the sale moves forward with little to no delay. The seller will want to make sure the deal closes, and the buyer won't want to risk losing the home. That's why it's common for sellers to ask the buyer to make up the difference themselves in today's competitive market.

Between June 1 and August 13 eight Lindley Park homes closed according to Triad Multiple Listing Service and seven of the eight homes closed at or above list price.





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