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Bingo Night at the Fire Hall: The Case for Cows, Orchards, Bake Sales, Fairs

Barbara Holland

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#11748293 in Books Thomas T Beeler 1999-07 Original language: English PDF # 1 9.50 x 6.25 x .75l, #File Name: 1574901796200 pages | File size: 32.Mb

Barbara Holland : Bingo Night at the Fire Hall: The Case for Cows, Orchards, Bake Sales, Fairs before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Bingo Night at the Fire Hall: The Case for Cows, Orchards, Bake Sales, Fairs:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Four StarsBy carl f pinkele Good0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. bingo night at the fire hallBy kimberly ilgi was a little disappointed in the actual story line. I thought it might have some more story lines to it, but it was an interesting read of a woman's life after she gives up the big city for rural mountain life. A true story.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. a way to feel a simpler lifeBy SarahI'm stretched out on the couch on the porch, being soothed by the sound of constant cars passing like a warm body breathing next to me. I'm reading this book. It fills me with a seamless comfort and longing for a quaint, peaceful, quiet cabin in the woods surrounded only by things that dig deep into the ground because they belong there...one that a refrigerator hum would disturb. These words in this small book are like a nursery rhyme that brings a person's mind back to a simpler time where effort did not exist except for the reaching up of arms to signal a raw need to be held. It's the perfect thing to read on a pretty fine, do-nothing day. My only regret is that I cannot thank the author for the feelings invoked and praise her for the perfect description/depiction of one of my favorite places on earth.

When Barbara Holland inherited her mother's small cabin in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, she quit her job in advertising and moved from Philadelphia to her new home high on a mountain, with only her cat for company. In *Bingo Night at the Fire Hall*, Holland recounts her adventures and misadventures adjusting to life in a rural community, as her small town adjusts to the inevitable encroachment of suburbia. Whether writing obituaries for the local paper or learning how to handle a chainsaw, Holland shares the triumphs and travails of being a newcomer to an old land with a rich history, a beautiful place sadly losing ground to subdivisions and four-lane highways. Filled with wonderful anecdotes, humor, and insight, *Bingo Night at the Fire Hall* is a fascinating portrait of a paradisaical yet disappearing world.

From *Library Journal* Holland (Endangered Pleasures, Little, Brown, 1995) left her advertising job in Philadelphia when she inherited a house in rural Virginia. Here she recounts her adventures in establishing a life for herself as a single woman in a small, isolated community in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Lonely, she finds a part-time job on the local newspaper, adopts a second cat, and makes friends with her neighbors in a society that moves at a slower pace and is almost crime-free. She tells her story in a voice that is genial, funny, self-deprecating, and always aware of the differences between city and country. Only occasionally is her city-wise voice intrusive, as when she comments on the transitory nature of an old-fashioned Sunday evening courthouse concert instead of letting the scene speak for itself. Her fears are justified, however, when the beginning of a subdivision sprouts in the cow pasture below her mountaintop home. A thoughtful work; highly recommended for public libraries. —Caroline A. Mitchell, Washington, D.C. Copyright 1997 Reed Business Information, Inc. From *Kirkus* sReflections on living in the Blue Ridge Mountains, as they metamorphose from farmland and self-sufficiency to commuter subdivisions dependent on cars and asphalt. Holland (Endangered Pleasures, 1995, etc.) came to the Virginia Blue Ridge when she inherited her mother's summer cabin. She couldn't afford the upkeep on both her Philadelphia apartment and this rural retreat, so she opted for for the "one-bedroom, one-bath house without furnace or insulation," but with "flush toilet, electric stove, and a phone." Holland is both cautious and adventurous as, "stiff with sophistication," she tries to carve a niche for herself in this self-contained community. Establishing herself as a part-time writer of obituaries on the local newspaper, she insinuates herself carefully among the regular customers at a nearby bar and never underestimates how alien she is. From her perches on the bar stool, at the newspaper office, and in her snowed-in cabin, Holland rearranges priorities. For instance, she learns that her neighbors believe that government people don't do much—"What could anyone possibly do while sitting at a desk?" Doing, for them, is "fixing the tractor, nailing shingles on the roof . . . motion." Nevertheless, Holland gives due to both her long-established neighbors who raise pigs, can tomatoes, and chauffeur children, and to those newcomers who chauffeur themselves back and forth on the highways to city jobs. She explores the history of the region: Its point of reference is the Civil War, and its hero is Southern guerrilla John Mosby of Mosby's Rangers. She celebrates the rhythms of community suppers with supportive neighbors but accepts the inevitable replacement of small towns with the Internet. Still, it was lovely while it lasted, and Holland describes the past and the intruding future eloquently, without whining: "I was told as a child to eat what was put on my plate." -- Copyright ©1997, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved. Holland is a sharp and often witty observer of her adopted homeland, and she makes a strong case in its defense.... -- *The New York Times Book* , Alida Becker