

NEWS

Have I Got e-  for You!



News from the Communities in and around the
Old Barns and Hilden United Churches



No 10

October 2018

Message from Your Editor

Hello Friends!

Here we are once again in Mother Nature's most colourful season. Did you know that the period between summer and winter was once known as "Harvest"? The Latin word "Autumn" first appeared in English in the 14th century. Sometime in the 17th century, the word "Fall" came into use, perhaps as a poetic complement to "Spring".

Sandwiched between blazing summer and chilly winter, autumn is the "cooling off" season. Nighttime arrives earlier, temperatures begin to drop and most vegetative growth decreases. Animals begin to prepare for the dearth of food that generally comes during the winter, gathering supplies or traveling to warmer climates. *(taken from Live Science "Autumn: The Cooling-Off Season" by Nola Taylor Redd)*

Many of you will have taken to the road to visit favourite places where the brilliance of our trees in their autumn dress will give you memories to pull up in the "dreary days" of winter.

The harvest is upon us. Forage crops are in, soy beans and corn are being moved from fields to silos and bins, vegetables from the garden are being stored and apples picked. What a bounty! Perhaps we should return to calling the season "Harvest".

Soon the sandals and short pants will be packed away and socks and sweaters pulled out. Warmer jackets will move from the back of the closet to the front. Enjoy each day to the fullest. Breathe in the crisp, clean air. It is pumpkin pie time once again!

Leslie



Good Bye, Dear Friends



James R Blackburn
April 10, 1928 – June 26, 2018
Clifton



Ira E. Creelman, Col. (Ret'd), OMM, CD
1933 – July 5, 2018
Beaver Brook



Garnet Ellis Rushton
1942 – September 16, 2018
Lower Truro

Hello Baby



Kenzie Rowena Loughead
August 15, 2018
Parents: Ashley & Ryan
Brother: Brandon aged 2 years
Grande Prairie, Alberta
Grandparents: Kent & Judy Loughead



Brother Brandon

Happy 90th Birthday

June 27 – Gerald McLeod

September 28 – Eveline Whitehead

Happy 50th Anniversary

August 31 – Allan & Lydia Sorflaten



If you go back to 50 years ago, Allan and I were taking a very brave step. Imagine, Allan from Manitoba, me from Nova Scotia getting married. So, what did we have ... love for each other education, jobs in Toronto. ...

Not surprising, number one is family! We were blessed with two wonderful children. In preparing for our anniversary, we reviewed many pictures that brought back a flood of memories. Such richness to have had the experience of raising Jason and Louisa. Then watching them through the years fit into jobs that follow their interests.

Grandchildren entering the picture has brought us such joy! Thank you, Mike and Louisa – Oliver 5, Owen 3 and Enna Mae 6 months.

The richness of friendship. The importance of community. Roots.

So, on August 31st, we quietly celebrated 50 years of marriage. Hard to believe. Paths we have chosen seem to have been right for us.

Fifty years of loyalty, dedication and love.

Happy 63rd Anniversary

September 3rd – Hazel & Colie Brenton

Wedding Bells

July 7, 2018

Catherine Burrows & Kevin Alexander



Tradition



The Bride & Groom that stood on Catherine's wedding cake also stood on her grandparent's Boyce cake in 1950 and on her parent's cake in 1985.



Hilden Steeple

Submitted by Sheila Marshall

On Monday August 13th, we finally lined up "the moon and stars" and had the roofs to our Steeple and front entry way to our Church replaced. It was amazing to see the process and thanks to Glen Crossman for taking pictures.

A big thank you to Alex Wile and his crew for the great job they did which was completed in one day!



And GOD Created ...

Submitted by Glenda Kent
from the Internet

In the beginning, God created the Heavens and the Earth and populated the Earth with broccoli, cauliflower and spinach, green and yellow and red vegetables of all kinds, so Man and Woman would live long and healthy lives.

Then using God's great gifts, Satan created Scotsburn Ice Cream and Tim Horton Donuts. And Satan said, "You want chocolate with that?" And Man said, "Yes!" and Woman said, "and as long as you're at it, add some sprinkles." And they gained 10 pounds. And Satan smiled.

And God created the healthful yogurt that Woman might keep the figure that Man found so fair. And Satan brought forth white flour from the wheat, and sugar from the cane and combined them. And Woman went from size 6 to size 14.

So God said, "Try my fresh green salad." And Satan presented Thousand-Island Dressing, buttery croutons and garlic toast on the side. And Man and Woman unfastened their belts following the repast.

God then said, "I have sent you heart healthy vegetables and olive oil in which to cook them." And Satan brought forth deep fried fish and chicken-fried steak so big it needed its own platter. And Man gained more weight and his cholesterol went through the roof. God then created a light, fluffy white cake, named it "Angel Food Cake" and said, "It is good." Satan then created chocolate cake and named it "Devil's Food."



God then brought forth running shoes so that His children might lose those extra pounds. And Satan gave cable TV with a remote control so Man would not have to toil changing the channels. And Man and Woman laughed and cried before the flickering blue light and gained pounds.

Then God brought forth the potato, naturally low in fat and brimming with nutrition. And Satan peeled off the healthful skin and sliced the starchy centre into chips and deep-fried them. And Man gained pounds.

God then gave lean beef so that Man might consume fewer calories and still satisfy his appetite. And Satan created McDonald's and its 99-cent double cheeseburger. Then said, "You want fries with that?" And Man replied, "Yes! And super-size them!" And Satan said, "It is good." And Man went into cardiac arrest.

God sighed and created quadruple bypass surgery.

Then Satan created Cuts to the Health Care System. Amen

Open House

Celebrate With Us!
40th Anniversary
Cobequid Firemenettes
November 14th at 7 p.m.
Cobequid Fire Hall in Lower Truro
A trip down Memory Lane
Fellowship & Reception
All are Welcome

Pictures of This and That



Newly completed "Conservatory" and Gazebo at Burrows' home in Green Oak



Progressive Club having September meeting on new deck at Glenda (and Jim) Kent's place.
Glenda, Debbie M, Debbie R, Donna, Millie, Jessie, Carol
Below: Kathie, Cathy



Some of the attendees at Clifton Federation Pork Chop BBQ in August
Julie, Lloyd, Jamey, Stewart, Tim, Gary, Holly, Debbie



New McCurdy barn under construction



Site of a giant beaver lodge or new building site? Watch next fall for finished product!



Food Bank Garden harvest underway



Jim Burrows, Bill Casey MP, Justin Trudeau PM, Leslie Burrows in Truro



Don and Denise Cox recently returned from an Alaskan vacation.

This picture was taken at the top of the Ruth Glacier. It is at the base of Denali Mountain which is the highest mountain in North America at 20310 ft. The interior of Alaska is full of untouched beauty and we would recommend it to anyone.



Thanks to the following for submitting pictures for the newsletter:

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| Catherine Burrows. | Kent Loughead |
| Leslie Burrows. | Sheila Marshall |
| Don Cox. | Lydia Sorflated |
| Glen Crossman | |



Thanks Folks

Submitted by Barb Miller

I am writing this article as a note of “Thanks” to this Pastoral Charge and community who have, over the years supported and encouraged me in my attempts to lead a church service for this Pastoral Charge.

You have been very generous and kind in your comments of appreciation and encouragement at the close of any service that I have presented in the absence of clergy, and for that I am truly grateful.

I began looking back at some of the services and messages and from my notes, I believe the first “service” that I led was in 2005. I was able to find the “message” in my MANY pieces of writings that I have printed and stashed in the desk upstairs....heaven help the poor souls who have to go through all that when I’m gone!! Maybe I’ll try to whittle it down once I retire and have all kinds of time to do that sort of thing – or not – maybe I’ll just fill up more desk drawers with my ramblings!!

© 1998 Randy Glasbergen. E-mail: randy@gl



**“I’m the Clutter Fairy. I’ll come back ...
I’m gonna need a much bigger wand!”**

But I digress. I really have enjoyed preparing the services occasionally over the years. Yes, it does take some time! And yes, it can be stressful to bring everything together – hymns, prayers, message – but there is a certain sense of accomplishment when it is completed. Whether I’m preparing a service based on the lectionary subject, or an idea strictly from my own musings that I try to find scripture references which relate, the process takes a bit of thought. Once it is sent off to the secretary for bulletin printing, there is one level of relief, satisfied that the elements of the Order of Service have some sense of flow and connection to the message.

But then the fine tuning of the message comes into play and sometimes, speaking for myself only, that is the most stressful part! Drafting and re-drafting a message that will be connected to the heart of our scriptures. One that will be inspiring, at least to some who hear it. One that holds a personal connection to what I’ve prepared to speak about. Those last few days (hours!) of rehearsing and re-grouping my thoughts by speaking them to the living room furniture with the microwave timer set so I don’t get too carried away, can sometimes change the message significantly!

I’ve spoken about quite a few ideas, thoughts, musings over the years...from that first one in 2005 about where and what “home” means to me...to spending time with God...to speaking about a person who is an inspiration to me...to yoga...to believing in something, even something we can’t see...to welcoming new people...to taking a plunge...to having a friendship with God. As I have read over some of them recently, I can honestly say that they have reflected something significant and personal in my life. They may not have been theologically sound, or have used historical references to

the scripture, but they definitely have come from the heart, all of them.

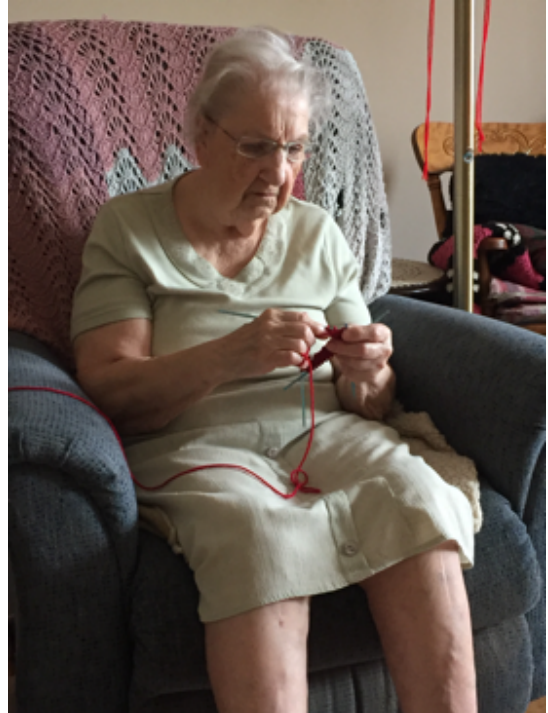
When all is said and done that's the most I can say...I have spoken from my heart. And it is an honor to be asked to bring my ideas, musings, to you in church.

I've been told that I have a gift for this type of thing. That may be how some folks would define it, but I do know that each and every time I prepare a message, I depend on God, the Creator, Holy One, to bring me inspiration, courage, and a message of hope, truth, and love through word and song.

Someone said to me recently, "surely you aren't nervous after having done this type of thing several times". To which I replied, "Every time I am nervous!!" But a little case of nerves is a good thing most times...keeps one from getting too comfortable when bringing a gift to the table, or to the pulpit.

So, again, I thank you for your very kind and caring words. It gives me joy to be able to serve our church, our communities, but most importantly, our God, in this way.

In the last newsletter, you met the "Queen of the Pies", this time she is the "*Queen of the Needles*".



Elizabeth Collins, a young 94 years old, recently knit 100 pairs of mittens for those in need in our county. Many thanks, Betty!



Old Barns UCW members bagged mittens
Standing: Fran, Donna, Beckie, Millie,
Sybil, Heather, Debbie, Sandra F,
Sandra M, Lynne, Glenda
Seated: Kathie, Betty, Julia



Community Supper

You are invited to the
Cobequid Fire Hall, Lower Truro
Wednesday, October 24
4:30 – 6:00 p.m.

Turkey, ham, scalloped potatoes, coleslaw
roll, tea, coffee, milk, water, carrot cake

Live entertainment

Cost: Free (while supplies last)

For those living in the Green Oak to Truro
Heights area served by the Fire Brigade.

Simple Formula for Living

Live beneath your means
Return everything you borrow
Stop blaming other people
Admit it when you make a mistake
Give clothes not worn to charity
Do something nice and try not to get caught
Listen more; talk less
Take a 30-minute walk everyday
Strive for excellence, not perfection
Be on time. Don't make excuses
Don't argue.
Get Organized
Be kind to unkind people
Let Someone cut ahead of you in line
Take time to be alone
Cultivate good manners
Be humble
Realize and accept that life isn't fair
Know when to keep your mouth shut
Go on an entire day without criticizing
anyone
Learn from the past. Plan for the future
Live in the present
Don't sweat the small stuff
It's all small stuff

Jesus Loves Me – Senior Version

Submitted by Glenda Kent
and found ... somewhere!

Jesus loves me, this I know
Though my hair is white as snow
Though my sight is growing dim
Still He bids me trust in Him

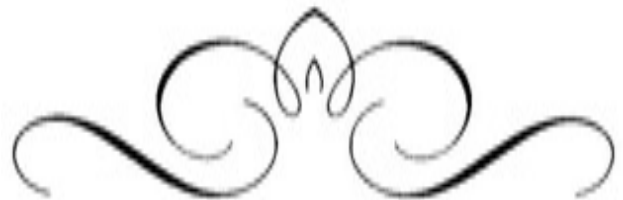
Though my steps are oh, so slow
With my hand in His I'll go
On through life, come what may
He'll be there to lead the way

Though I am no longer young
I have much which He's begun
Go with others the extra mile
Let me serve Christ with a smile

When the nights are dark and long
In my heart He puts a song
Telling me in words so clear
"Have no fear, for I am near."

When my work on earth is done
And life's vic'tries have been won
He will take me home above
Then I'll understand His love

I love Jesus, does he know?
Have I ever told Him so?
Jesus loves to hear me say
That I love Him every day.



Note: I found this article on the internet and thought you might enjoy reading it also.

The History of Pews is Just as Terrible and Embarrassing as You'd Imagine

*By: Luke T. Harrington
Every other Friday in **D-List Saints**, Luke T. Harrington explores one of the many less-than-impressive moments in Christian history.
<https://christandpopculture.com/tag/d-list-saints/>
Reprinted with permission*

Is there anything more reassuring than a church pew?

Simple. Humble. Sturdy. Two rough-hewn planks, fastened with a handful of nails, permanently fixed to the floor—and open to all. Occasionally padded, often not; not comfortable, exactly, but *comforting*. An invitation to the weary traveler to sit and hear the Word of God proclaimed; a simple reminder that we follow a humble, crucified carpenter; the perfect symbol that all are equal at the foot of the cross. From the greatest king to the poorest pauper, from the holiest saint to the most desperate sinner, all have sat in these pews before us, pondering their failings and begging for mercy. Despite the advent of stadium-style seating and auditorium-like worship halls, the simple, ancient pew endures—and no wonder, because it is, and always has been, the perfect metaphor for the faith.

Except – nothing I just said is even remotely true. In fact, it's pretty much the exact opposite of all that. Would you like to know the true story of the pew? Okay, then—buckle up. (But not actually, though, because pews don't have seatbelts.)

It turns out that there's no evidence of churches having seating of any kind for at least the first 1,400 years or so of Christianity. In other words, Augustine, Athanasius, Jerome, Thomas Aquinas,

Martin Luther, John Calvin—all those guys very likely lived their whole lives attending churches that were standing-room-only. During ancient Christian worship, parishioners could stand, kneel, or even mill about the nave if they so choose. There's no record of whether they engaged in stage dives and crowd surfing, so we're forced to assume they did.

If this sounds insanely uncomfortable to you, keep in mind that which body postures are considered comfortable or uncomfortable is a highly culturally constructed thing. The ancient Romans, for instance, almost never sat in chairs, preferring to stand or recline, while modern Japanese are still perfectly happy sitting on the floor, even well into their elder years. The idea that sitting in a backed chair is comfortable is a modern, Western notion, and one we're currently learning has all sorts of health drawbacks. Also keep in mind that ancient and medieval Christian worship involved the average parishioner much more actively, with a lot of kneeling and recitation, and climaxed with the entire congregation coming forward for communion.

In other words, seating in churches didn't really become a thing until parishioners got bored enough to wish they were sitting down—that is, about the time of the Protestant Reformation. In order to emphasize how not-Catholic we were, we began to jettison everything from our worship: confessions, creeds, communal prayer, a weekly Eucharist—basically everything except long, boring sermons. And when your “come to church” sales pitch is essentially “Listen to me yammer about Jesus for several hours!” the response is predictably going to be “Uh, can I at least sit down for that?”

And so, the pew was born.

When pews first began to gain in popularity, however, they weren't anything you probably would have recognized as pews—they were more like those luxury skyboxes they have at sports stadiums. So-called “box pews,” which were particularly popular in England and America, were anything but the austere benches you're used to, and featured four walls—often shoulder-height or higher—along with doors, windows, curtains, kneelers, tables, and sometimes even fireplaces. Basically, you could hide in them and do whatever the 17th-century version of playing games on your iPad was (I'm guessing cock fights?).

They were also bought and paid for – and frequently custom-built – by each congregation's wealthiest families, who held actual deeds to them and frequently passed them down to their children as real estate, like the world's worst timeshares. On the rare occasion that the deed to a pew would free up, there was more often than not a public fistfight (a metaphorical one, usually) over which family would get it—being seen in a prominent pew was an important status symbol, like having the biggest beard at an Acts 29 church or having the dorkiest fedora at Hillsong.

In other words, they were pretty much the exact opposite of what Jesus says in the Gospel of Luke:

When you are invited by someone to a wedding feast, do not sit down in a place of honor, lest someone more distinguished than you be invited by him, and he who invited you both will come and say to you, “Give your place to this person,” and then you will begin with shame to take the lowest place. But when you are invited, go and sit in the lowest place, so that when your host comes he may say to you, “Friend, move up higher.” Then

you will be honored in the presence of all who sit at table with you. For everyone who exalts himself will be humbled, and he who humbles himself will be exalted.

Of course, for this and numerous other reasons (see also: cramming poor congregants into a smaller and smaller space as more and more rich people demanded space for luxury pews), clergy began to speak out against them – but as is often the case, they were shouted down by economic concerns. Churches were getting more and more expensive to build and maintain, and pew sales and rentals were providing a large chunk of that funding (especially in America, where churches weren't publicly funded). Eventually, though, the more reasonable voices won out, and most parishes did away with their box pews, replacing them with the “free and open” wooden benches we know today, resulting in worship services where uncontained toddlers run rampant, ruling over their terrified congregations with tiny iron fists.

In any case, we had finally all learned our lesson, and now nobody goes to church to be seen, which is why we all cram into the back pews and leave right after communion.

Right, guys? Or is that just me?



Photo by Todd McPhetridge

Hilden UCW Creates!

Submitted by Sheila Marshall

In June, our UCW met at Donna Dickey's home and brought in rhubarb leaves to make "Stepping Stones" for our gardens. Some brought in large Hosta leaves which worked well too. A friend in our community, Mirian Gill showed and helped us create a stepping stone for our garden. It was a lot of laughs and enjoyed by us all.

We had to let them sit a couple of days at Donna's, then brought them home and placed them in the sun which dried the leaf we used on the top. What was eventually revealed to us a couple of weeks later was amazing. It exceeded our expectations and is a lovely addition to our gardens.



Sylvia, Donna, Mirian



Gladys, Edith



Edith, Donna, Janice, Noreen



The finished product

A Story to Warm your Heart

Note: I know many of you may have heard this story before but it is worth reading again.

Elie Wiesel said, "Some stories happened but are not true, while others never happened but are true."

The brand-new Rabbi and his wife were newly assigned to their first congregation to reopen a Shul in suburban Brooklyn. They arrived in early February excited about their opportunities. When they saw their Shul, it was very run down and needed much work. They set a goal to have everything done in time to have their first service on Erev Purim.

They worked hard, repairing aged pews, plastering walls, painting, etc., and on 8th of the Adar (February 17th) they were ahead of schedule and just about finished. On February 19 a terrible snowstorm hit the area and lasted for two days. On the 21st, the Rabbi went to the Shul. His heart sank when he saw that the roof had leaked, causing a large area of plaster about 20 feet by 8 feet to fall off the front wall of the sanctuary just behind the pulpit, beginning about head high. The Rabbi cleaned the mess on the floor, and not knowing what else to do but postpone the Erev Purim service, headed home.

On the way home, he noticed that a local business was having a flea market type sale for charity, so he stopped in. One of the items was a beautiful, handmade, ivory colored, crocheted tablecloth with exquisite work, fine colors and a Magen David embroidered in the center. It was just the right size to cover the hole in the front wall. He bought it and headed back to the Shul.

By this time, it had started to snow. An older woman running from the opposite direction was trying to catch the bus. She missed it. The Rabbi invited her to wait in the warm Shul for the next bus 45 minutes later. She sat in a pew and paid no attention to the Rabbi while he got a ladder, hangers, etc., to put up the tablecloth as a wall tapestry. The Rabbi could hardly believe how beautiful it looked and it covered up the entire problem area.

Then the Rabbi noticed the woman walking down the center aisle. Her face was white as a sheet. "Rabbi," she asked, "Where did you get that tablecloth?" The Rabbi explained. The woman asked him to check the lower right corner to see if the initials, EBG were crocheted there. They were. These were the initials of the woman, and she had made this tablecloth 35 years before, in Poland. The woman could hardly believe it as the Rabbi told how he had just bought "The Tablecloth." She explained that before the war she and her husband were well-to-do people in Poland. When the Nazis came, she was forced to leave. Her husband was going to follow her the next week. He was captured, sent to a camp and she never saw him or her home again.

The Rabbi wanted to give her the tablecloth; but she made the Rabbi keep it for the Shul. But he insisted on driving her home. That was the least he could do. She lived on the other side of Staten Island and was only in Brooklyn for the day for a housecleaning job.

What a wonderful service they had on Erev Purim. The Shul was almost full. The service was great. At the end of the service, the Rabbi and his wife greeted everyone at the door and many said that they would return. One older man, whom the Rabbi recognized from the neighborhood, continued to sit in one of the pews and stare, and the Rabbi

wondered why he wasn't leaving. The man asked him where he got the tablecloth on the front wall because it was identical to one that his wife had made years ago when they lived in Poland before the war, and how could there be two tablecloths so much alike? He told the Rabbi how the Nazis came, how he forced his wife to flee for her safety and he was supposed to follow her, but he was arrested and put in a camp. He never saw his wife or his home again all the 35 years between.

The Rabbi asked him if he would allow him to take him for a little ride. They drove to Staten Island and to the same house where the Rabbi had taken the woman three days earlier. He helped the man climb the three flights of stairs to the woman's apartment, knocked on the door and he saw the greatest Erev Purim reunion he could imagine.

Note: Purim is a Jewish holiday that commemorates the deliverance of the Jewish people in the ancient Persian Empire from destruction in the wake of a plot by Haman, a story recorded in the Biblical Book of Esther, read in our churches at the September 30th worship service. Erev means "Eve" (Purim was celebrated on February 28th in 2018.)



Recípe - Potato au Gratin or Hash Brown Casserole

Submitted by Barb Miller

Mix together:

- 1 bag hash browns, partially thawed
- 1. 250 ml sour cream
- ½ cup butter, melted
- ¼ cup. chopped onion (optional)
- 1 can. cream of chicken or mushroom soup
- 1 teaspoon salt

Place in greased 9x13 pan.

Cover with:

- 1-2 cups grated cheese
- Crushed potato chips or corn flakes

Bake, uncovered, 30-40 minutes in 350 oven.

From the Archives

From 1949

Truro Had Hottest ¹⁹⁴⁹ Month on Record

August was featured by abnormally high temperatures, an abundance of sunshine and low precipitation, according to reports compiled at the Meteorological stations at Kentville, Truro, and Nappan. The highest temperature was 100 degrees at Kentville, on August 12. This reading established a record for the 30-year period. The nearest approach was 99 degrees in August 1935. Truro reported one of the hottest months on record, with a maximum reading of 96.5 on August 14. The maximum recorded at Nappan was 94 on August 12. Lowest readings of the month were 39 degrees at Kentville and Nappan on August 28, and 41 at Truro on August 9. Hours of sunshine went hand in hand with the prevailing high temperatures. The total hours of sunshine reported from Kentville was 249.4 compared with a 30-year average of 219.66. Nappan with 245.3 hours was just about as sunny as Kentville.

The driest spot was Truro. Precipitation reported from that station was only 2.29 inches, compared with 4.24 inches in August of 1943 and a 34-year average of 3.27 inches. The rainfall at Kentville for the month totalled 3.02 inches which was only slightly below the 30-year average of 3.10 inches. Nappan fared best as regards rain, the total for the month being 3.61 inches.

A feature of the month's weather was the lack of rain in the first half of the month. At Truro rainfall for the first half of the month amounted to only .01 inches while up to the 23rd there was only one-quarter of an inch. Kentville had .30 inches up to the 18th and only .55 inches up till the 24th. Nappan reported that up till the 23rd of the month there had been excellent harvesting weather but from then on till the end of the month it rained more every day with the rain coming too late to be beneficial to anything except pastures, roots, corn and ploughing.

A marked similarity between August 1935 and August 1944 has been pointed out in the Kentville report. In August '35 the precipitation was .18 inch on the 6th, .01 on the 12th and the balance 4.33 inches between the 22nd and the 31st.

Historical Sketch Presented



HISTORICAL SKETCH PRESENTED—A historical sketch outlining the early years of the church and the former W.M.S. in the Old Barns area was presented at a meeting of the U.C.W. of that community. The three main characters are shown in this photograph. Left to right are Mrs. E. P. McCurdy, Mrs. W. E. Tanner, and Mrs. A. E. E. Blackburn. Their mode of dress is representative of the 1890's.

★ ★ ★ *JAN 1965* ★ ★ ★

Above: 1965
Below: 1997

THE DAILY NEWS, Wednesday, May 14, 1997 — 5

TH COL./EAST HANTS



Ladies of the Old Barns congregation were ready for some drama prior to their skit for the United Church Women at the Springside United Church in Upper Stewiacke. The skit showed the problems and pleasures of belonging to the Women's Missionary Society in 1884. Front, left to right, June Yull, Laura Farr, Doris McCallum, Beekie Burrows, Kathie Chisholm and Sybil McCurdy. Back, Glenda Kent and Leslie Burrows.

Smith photos



Don C Chisholm with one of the ten mailboxes he has made and uses throughout the year.

A Tale

Submitted by Beth Saunders

Prologue: Tale of the Little Red Hen

Remember her? She was the one who couldn't get any help to: plant the wheat, harvest the wheat, thresh the wheat, grind the wheat and bake the bread. But she had lots of volunteers to help her *eat* the bread. So ,she decided to eat it by herself.

My Tale

Let me live with the feel of the plow in my hand
On the good green acres of home—my land;
Let me plant my acres with golden grain,
Let me live with the sun and the wind and the rain.

Thus sang my father from the seat of his grey Ford-Ferguson in Kent County, NB, while I, age seven, occupied the hand-made rumble seat behind. We were going “On reconnaissance”, a thing he loved to do, to the back field of the hundred-acre farm he'd bought with help from the Veterans Land Act, back in 1945.

Daddy had visions of raising pure-bred beef cattle, growing mushrooms and sharing his million-dollar view with hunting and fishing parties. The pure-bred cattle dream morphed into Daisy and Maisey, two mixed-breed milch cows, plus a pure-bred Holstein-Friesian (aka Queenie), whose calf lacked the right mix of black & white to get me into the (pre-4-H) Calf Club—or so I was told.

As for the mushrooms? My mother scoffed, “Mushrooms, Billy? How long would it take to flood the market for mushrooms in Richibucto?” And the hunters and fishers? They came as paying guests--once. After that they were invited back on weekends and holidays, bringing their families, for free.

For years a Lever Brothers salesman from Moncton came every weekend until he got married and moved on to other interests. We named Howetts Point after him but I don't think it ever got on the county map. He brought lots of free samples of *Ipana* toothpaste and, once, a box of *Pot of Gold* chocolates for my mother, who had just given birth to a baby brother for me (I was then eleven).

Oh, shucks. I was going to write about my Clifton grain-growing experience this summer. But I fear this episode has gotten too long-winded. So, if anyone wants to hear about that, please let me or your editor know and I'll try to put it together for the next issue.

Clifton Community Seniors Association Turn Out the Lights

Submitted by Millie McKim

The Clifton Community Seniors Association was formed ten years ago as the brainchild of six women: Julia Blois, Kathy Hanna, Glenda Kent, Debbie Masters, Millie McKim, and Shirley Semple. The group offered an outreach to the community for fellowship and to provide a meal. The group purchased games which were available to anyone who wished to participate after the meal.

The group offered free oil painting classes under the tutelage of Kathy Henderson.

Six functions were held each year, four prepared meals and two musical evenings with the local band "Hwy 236". Fifty to Fifty-five guest attend each event. Guest speakers that were of interest were brought in and enjoyed by all.

Many hours were spent by the Committee filling out Grant forms (Federal, Provincial, County) in order to offer this service to the community. A lot of time and preparation was spent by the group's members. They worked very hard to make this a success. It was a great group that worked well together with each member doing their share. A great fellowship was formed by the group.

A ten-year lease was obtained from the Old Barns church to use their facilities. A payment was made to the church each year. The group also provided their own insurance.

Through the Association, many items were donated to the church:

- Carpet for Fellowship Hall, Kitchen flooring
- Electric range, 2 Refrigerators
- 2 large stainless pots, 2 large slow cookers
- Coffee urn. Tea urn
- Stainless steel hanger with utensils
- Flatware and trays
- 100 chairs and ten stackers
- 12 card tables
- Two food and dish carts
- Set of water glasses
- Home theatre and accessories
- Carpet for stairs and entrance way with help from the UCW

The group made a worthwhile contribution to our Community.

A big THANK YOU to all who supported the committee and their work. A special thank you to President Julia and Secretary/Treasurer Debbie who kept the group focused.

"We hate to say GOOD-BYE after ten years. We have enjoyed ourselves and hope our guests have too."

The Association has closed as of September, 2018.



Debbie, Glenda, Julia, Shirley, Kathy, Millie