

NEWS

Have I Got e- for You!



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



No 16

October 2020

Message from Your Editor

Happy Autumn! I look out my window while I sit here and pull this newsletter together, and I see blue sky and colored leaves and a gaggle of geese honking by. Most of the crops are in – corn silage, soy beans, forages – and in another week, we hope to be harvesting high moisture corn.

It has indeed been a very different world over the past seven months. Church was cancelled, services were being taped – many thanks to Reg Henderson for his work over the past few months, it has certainly been appreciated. On September 27th, the front doors opened once again and congregants, in limited numbers, were allowed back in, masked and socially distanced. It was good to be back in the pews and to see our friends and neighbours again (and thanks again to Reg for continuing the tapings). Thanks to everyone for understanding and calling to reserve a seat.

Continue to find the small joys and blessings in your life. We have been given the chance to slow down and smell the roses, to look around and see what we have been missing.

“To see ... takes time.” by Georgia Keffee

Have a wonderful autumn and as you prepare for Christmas, be prepared for another time that will not be the same as you may be used to. Have patience, this too will pass.

~ *Leslie*

Thanksgiving Song

by Louisa Mae Alcott

Summer days are over,
Summer work is done;
Harvests have been gathered
Gayly one by one.
Now the feast is eaten,
Finished is the play;
But one rite remains for
Our Thanksgiving-day.



*Best of all the harvest
In the dear God's sight,
Are the happy children
In the home to-night;
And we come to offer
Thanks where thanks are due,
With grateful hearts and voices,
Father, mother, unto you.”*

Good Bye, Dear Friends



Gerald Paul Deveau
November 30, 1943 – July 10, 2020
Hilden



William David McCurdy
December 31, 1937 – July 11, 2020
Old Barns



William Allen Large
January 4, 1935 – August 9, 2020
Lower Truro



Donald Crowe Chisholm
March 17, 1931 – September 4, 2020
Old Barns



Russell Harry Stewart
September 8, 1933 – September 9, 2020
Old Barns



Ernest Dartt
August 17, 1978 – September 11, 2020
Green Oak

Sympathy is extended to those community members who have lost family and friends from within and outside our communities.

Always missed, forever remembered.

Happy Days!

Birthdays:

November: Sybil McCurdy, Glenda Kent,
Don MacKenzie, Hannah Burrows,
Wanda Kent, Kent Loughead,
Violet Burrows

December: Anthony Waugh, Jenna Burris,
Jim Kent, Leslie Burrows

January: Fran Fiddes

February: Jim Burrows, Heather McLeod



Anniversaries:

October: Bob & Sandra Francis
December: Jim & Glenda Kent
January: Fred & Julia Blois



Hope you will enjoy your special day!

Book Quotes

by Mitch Albom from his book "Finding Chika"

*"The most precious thing you can give
someone is your time
because you never get it back.
When you don't think about getting it back,
you've given it in love."*

"Look.

*It's one of the shortest sentences in the
English language.*

*But we don't really look. Not as adults.
We look over. We glance. We move."*

Hello Baby!



Adelaide Marie Burris
Born: July 30, 2020
Parents: Jenna and Stephen
Sister: Marett



Forrest James Burrows-O'Toole
Born: August 20, 2020
Parents: Alexander and Lacey
Sister: Violet

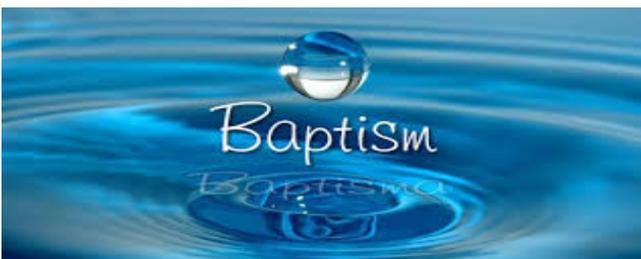
Old Barns Baptisms



July 12 – Aidah Della Mae Yuill
Parents: Tiffany and Stewart



July 29 – Frankie Anne Guilcher Cox
Mother: Laura
Grandparents: Denise and Don



Wedding Bells

Submitted by: Karen Archibald-Waugh



On October 10th, we welcomed our beautiful daughter in law, Melanie Ross, into the Waugh family. Jonathan and Melanie were married in the St. Croix United Church with the reception taking place at the Bendridge Winery, outside Windsor. The newly married couple have returned to New Town, Guysborough County, where they both work on the Archibald Dairy Farm.

Friendship

By: Steve Tesich (from a speech)

No birth certificate is issued when a friendship is born. There is nothing tangible. There is just a feeling that your life is different and that your capacity to love and care has miraculously been enlarged without any effort on your part. It'd like having a tiny apartment and somebody moves in with you, but instead of becoming cramped and crowded, the space expands, and you discover rooms you never knew you had until your friend moved in.

Remembering Hazel

Submitted by Karen Archibald-Waugh

I like flowers anywhere, but some of the flowers that bloomed in our garden this summer had special meaning. Many of our flowers came from Hazel's garden. Hazel Brenton passed away at a time when Covid restrictions did not permit us to gather in the usual manner to say good bye, so I would like to share some of our memories here.

We got to know Colie and Hazel well during Jenna's time in the 4-H Non-Horse Project. "Non-Horse" meant you didn't have your own horse, which was perfectly fine with her dad. Colie and Hazel had Welsh ponies and Hazel agreed to be the 4-H leader. Hazel took this position very seriously. Jenna and several others regularly attended meetings and we regularly visited between meetings. During these visits I would admire Hazel's flowers, and they were to be admired. Jelisa spent her time climbing the apple trees or playing with the two large, round cats in the barn. Jonathan followed Colie around the garden, often sampling a carrot straight from the soil.



Pictures of their gardens could have had a spot in any top-notch gardening magazines. Hazel had flowers everywhere; along the sloping fence to the pond, up over a trellis on the other side of the pond, along the stone garden by the road and in window boxes. Hazel over wintered her geraniums in their basement and the dried-out plants came back to life each spring producing the most beautiful red blooms in their window

boxes. Year after year, Hazel divided plants and held a little sale outside their Greenhouse. I was a valued customer.

So, Hazel gardened and Colie did whatever he was asked to do. He topped up the flower beds with horse manure and tended the vegetable garden and looked after their ponies. If Hazel asked for a new flower bed, it appeared. More for me to admire.

Jenna learned to wash, groom and tack the ponies. Soon she participated in driving competitions, dressed in a particular themed wardrobe, with Colie by her side. Jenna took her training seriously and Hazel expected the best effort in return for her patient training.



When the pond froze in the winter we would be invited to come skate. If the snow was just right we would go on a sleigh ride through the woods, down the hill along the pond, up along the house and around the barn. Their property was like a setting in a Hallmark movie. They created an absolutely beautiful property in Princeport.

We miss Hazel, but are thankful for her many contributions to our community. We thank her grandchildren for sharing their grandparents with us. For these growing up years, Jenna imagined Colie and Hazel to be her 'Nearby Grandparents.' As each of Hazel's flowers peek through the soil, from the little blue speedwell in the spring to the purple asters blooming now, I am reminded of this kind, talented and graceful lady.

Clifton Pastoral Charge

Services will follow our regular times:

first Sunday of month – Old Barns 9:30 a.m.

Hilden 11:00 a.m.

all other Sunday's – Hilden 9:30 a.m.

Old Barns 11:00 p.m.

You Must Book your Seat in order to attend a service as each church is limited in the number of people allowed.

To book a seat, please call:

Old Barns: Leslie – 902-890-4682

Hilden: Sylvia – 902-897-4536

any day from Tuesday to Saturday the week preceding the service you want to attend.

- You must not have any COVID symptoms.
You must wear a mask while inside the church.
- When you arrive at church, please observe social distancing and wait your turn when entering church.
- You must use the front entrance.
You will be seated and it may not be where you usually sit.
- Please take your jacket/hat in to the seat with you.
- Collection plate will be available to drop your envelope in upon arrival.
- You may hum and respond while wearing your mask

Thank you for helping us to follow the guidelines as set out by the NS Public Health authorities in order to keep everyone safe and healthy.

“Carefulness costs you nothing.
Carelessness may cost you your life.”
Safety saying, early 1900's

“Safety isn't expensive, it's priceless.”
Author Unknown

Charge Announcements

October 25 – As there will be no in-person meeting of the Official Board, all reports (Sessions, Worship, Stewards/Trustees, Financial, Men's Club) for Official Board at due in to Karen Archibald-Waugh by email karen_archibaldwaugh@outlook.com
Reports will be posted on website.

A Region 15 representative from Hilden is needed.
Please contact Karen if you are interested.



A Walk and Reflection Time
Old Barns church
(one hour)

We will start with a Spiritual Thought, then walk around the outside of the church for 20 minutes, giving us time to reflect on what we heard. We will then gather outside to chat about what we have contemplated. Please join us every Wednesday mornings at 9:30 a.m. – no matter the weather (if too bad, we will walk inside)
Sponsored by the Old Barns Session.

Walk with me, I will walk with you
And build the land that God has planned
Where love shines through.

Clifton Pastoral Charge Website

I hope you have had a chance to check out the Pastoral Charge website which went live July 1st. Unfortunately, due to COVID, activities have been at a minimum but you can watch the service each week on the website. It is now being videotaped, one week from Old Barns and the next week from Hilden.

Also, if you look under Worship, you will find something new which is called Seasonal Letters. At present, the Thanksgiving letter is posted there and I hope to add something each month, appropriate to the time of the year.

If you have pictures celebrating the life of the church through services/events, please send to Leslie and she will post them in the gallery.

Food Bank Garden

Submitted by: Garry Matthews

Many of you heard that The Nobel Peace Prize for 2020 has been awarded to the World Food Programme (WFP) of the UN, for its efforts to combat hunger, for its contribution to bettering conditions for peace in conflict-affected areas and for acting as a driving force in efforts to prevent the use of hunger as a weapon of war and conflict.

Our humble Outreach project to reduce hunger in our communities is the food bank garden project for 2020. In a year when we face the risks and uncertainties of a pandemic, the garden has been bountiful and welcome to clients of the Colchester Food Bank.

Jack Johnson reports the garden has contributed 27,073 pounds of produce for the Colchester Food Bank. Outside the church door this morning (October 11th) there is a sample of the garden produce.

Our thanks to John and Mary Heukshorst for hosting the garden, welcoming all the garden helpers every week, and sharing coffee and muffins on Wednesday mornings during harvest.

Our thanks to Bidalosy Farms for providing a plot of land for planting, and to Beech Hill Farms for fertilizer. We also thank Anthony and Karen Waugh for the donation of lime for the gardens.

The garden, now in its 20 something year, is a labor of love for the workers from the Knights of Columbus of Immaculate Conception Roman Catholic Church, the Old Barns Men's Club and youth from both communities.

We are thankful for the gifts of time and talent which support this meaningful community outreach project.



Last trailer of squash and pumpkins for Food Bank



Last of the carrot harvest for the Food Bank

Hilden Painting and Break-in

Submitted by Sheila Marshall

The Trustees did get the ramp and steps of the Church building applied in Thompson's water seal on June 18th. It was a beautiful day and we did have lots of hard workers to help! This was our positive part of the summer



Painters at work.

This summer, in early July, the Hilden United Church Hall was broken into with damage that encompassed every room on both levels. It looked like a war zone!

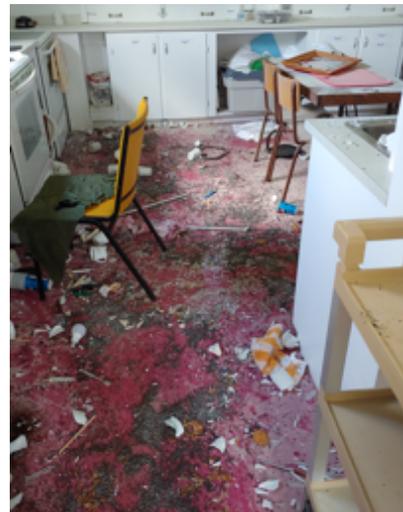
There was \$9,240.99 paid to the Paul Davis Company by the insurance company for damage in the Hall.

The RCMP were able to get perfect finger prints and distinct foot prints which was determined to be from one person. Nothing was resolved as the finger prints were not in the system. Nobody came forward with information to help in the investigation.

I have a special "thank you" to Glen Crossman, Jerry Sellers and Frank Arseneau for their many hours of sorting things out and dealing with Co-op Insurance, Paul Davis Co. and the RCMP.

I would also like to thank the ladies who came and helped with putting the kitchen back together again and also assisting with a total inventory of the building.

It has been a long summer which has stretched into October! We are still dealing with Co-op Insurance on financial and paperwork issues but, we are to determine to close this unfortunate chapter in our Church life. There were expenses we had to pay for during this process that we won't get back from the insurance company. Now we are in the re-group mode to try and figure out our finances and get through this unfortunate break-in.



After Break-in



After Clean-up



Smashed TV

Some Pictures



Amazing what you can find if you just drive past your driveway and see what else in in our community! Can you find this rock pile?



Look back – way back! This is the house where Allison Trenholm and Tom Savary live in Beaver Brook taken circa 1930's.



Do you see what is wrong on this sign?



Autumn Glory – submitted by Sylvia Patterson



Carrot Anyone? – submitted by Sylvia Patterson

Picture Credits: Leslie Burrows, Karen Archibald-Waugh, Jenna Burris, Sheila Marshall, Jim Burrows, Garry Matthews, Lacey O'Toole

Wartime Memories

Submitted by Leslie Burrows

This past March, Jim and I had been planning to head to Europe, but a bad knee and then COVID put an end to those plans.

We were going to start in Italy where we planned to visit the Ravenna War Cemetery where Jim's uncle, Lance Corporal David Lloyd Pulsifer is buried. He died on December 10, 1944 at the age of 22 years.

Then, after touring through Switzerland, we planned to head to the Cantimpre Canadian Cemetery in France where Leslie's great-uncle, Sergeant Theodore Daniel MacDonald is buried. He died on September 30, 1918 at the age of 21 years.



Picture taken August 18, 1919 in Halifax where HRH Prince of Wales (Edward – later Edward VIII [1936] until his abdication) presented the Distinguished Conduct Medal to Margaret MacDonald, Theodore's mother and my great-grandmother. Medal was presented for his "gallantry in the field".

We had also planned to be in the German town of Bienen on March 25th, the 75th anniversary of the Battle of Bienen where my father, Lieutenant Ronald Boyce, was wounded. When he left the field of battle for the M.I.R., he saw Winston

Churchill up on a ridge where he was observing the battle and he waved at my father.

Ah well, a trip for another year. But I wanted to tell you my Dad's story about his favourite Christmas – and these are his words

"I had returned by train to Debert from a tactical training course in Vernon, BC during December 1944. I got permission to come in from Debert and have an early Christmas dinner with my family who lived on Smith Avenue in Truro.

The date was December 23 and Major Russell Bush and Captain Logan Barnhill had dropped me off in an army jeep. I knew that the next day I'd be taking the train from Debert to Pier 21 in Halifax. From there, although I didn't know it at the time, we'd be sailing Christmas Day on a ship called the Pasteur and our destination would be Liverpool, England.

Nine of the ten children were home. My brother Bill had already gone overseas. Including my parents and my grandfather, Ernest Boyce, there were 12 of us for Christmas dinner.

It was a special moment for our large family. I had no idea what was ahead of me. We didn't talk much about the war. It was mentioned that I was an officer and Bill was a private but very little else was said. Dinner was served about 7 p.m. – my mother had roasted a goose and she laid it out with all the trimmings. There were cranberries and everything you would want with a meal.

Four hours later, in accordance to my orders, I boarded a bus for the return to Debert. It left from the Irving garage known as the Bearcat Service Station at the corner of Prince and King Streets. I still remember how loaded the bus operated by Jim Yould was.

Those buses were built to hold 30 but I think there were around 100 soldiers on it. They were standing on the bumpers and hanging off everywhere. But I didn't care. I went back to Debert happy because I got to enjoy dinner with my family."

A World Turned Upside Down

Submitted by: Hannah Burrows

There's no denying Covid 19 has impacted all of us. Whether you had or know someone who had it, you found yourself working from home or temporarily laid off, your kids were home all day for months at a time, your favourite restaurants and bars were shut down, or you found yourself waiting in line to enter a grocery store, we all saw and felt the early effects of Covid.

Now in our Atlantic bubble (one of the safest places in the world!) much has returned to normal. Places that had closed are reopened, schools are back, and most people are back to work. Masks and social distancing have meant some minor changes to our everyday lives, but by and large we have the luxury to go about our daily lives and almost (for a minute or two) forget the world is fighting a pandemic. Not all are so lucky.

The performing arts industry was particularly hard hit by the pandemic. On March 12th, Broadway shut down. I was sitting in the stage management office at Neptune Theatre when we heard the news. The thought of Broadway closing its doors (at that time for a month) was unimaginable, and yet here it was happening. Then the next day, Friday the 13th, I sat in the studio theatre at Neptune with all of the staff and artists in the building as it was announced Neptune would be shutting down (for an undetermined but hopefully short period of time). The mood was heavy in the room and throughout the afternoon as we all gathered up and left the building.

It wasn't long before my social media feed was full of artists across the country sharing they had received their layoff notices. Imagine virtually everyone you know losing their job in a 48-hour period. For us that was reality. That weekend, every theatre in the country cancelled or postponed their spring shows. Within a few weeks the cancellation of contract notices for the summer started to roll in, and not long after that fall contracts disappeared.

It was devastating. Adding to the emotional turmoil of your industry suddenly no longer existing was the financial stress: most artists don't have much in savings (hard to save when you live pay cheque to pay cheque), many saw their secondary jobs (waiting tables) disappear, and most artists, being self-employed, don't qualify for EI so how were bills and rent going to be paid? CERB was a heaven sent miracle to so many.

Now here we are seven months into this new world and for artists not much has changed. Theatres are shut down until at least 2021. Some artists have their serving jobs back, which takes some stress off. There is uncertainty over the transition from CERB to the new EI, but also hope that it will all go smoothly. Nova Scotia has seen a surge in film and tv (thanks to our low numbers making this region much safer than many alternatives) and some local artists have been able to get work there (though unfortunately bringing in actors from the bigger cities still seems to be the preferred choice of most casting directors). But life is far from back to normal.

I know many people struggling with depression. I know many who have still been unable to find any type of work. I know many who have jobs, are grateful they have jobs, but these jobs aren't at all fulfilling. I chose to leave the industry and re-train, I know many who are grappling with whether or not to do the same. Theatre was one of the first industries to shut down and they will be the last to return. The daily struggle of finding your place in this new world is only just beginning for many artists in Nova Scotia, Canada, and around the world.

This is a side of the pandemic a lot of people do not see, but it is very present for me on a daily basis. There is a post that has been circulating on social media that I'll share in part here:

"I don't know if the audience side really understands how dire the situation is for millions of hard-working professionals. Broadway is closed until 2021, 6 West End venues THINK they can open at the moment. Cirque du Soleil is filing for bankruptcy and cut 3500+ jobs. Cruise ship entertainers are out of work. Theme

park productions have no idea when they will be recalled.

Entertainment Management, Publicity, Live events coordinator, Performing arts organizations of all kinds – choirs, theatres, orchestras, dance companies – all are trying to figure out on a daily basis how to keep going and employ anyone they can in the field.

More than 12,000,000 people work entertainment production, we are not insignificant and this industry cannot reopen until mass gatherings can happen again. This doesn't include the additional layoff of venue management and bar staff, front of house staff, security and thousands of vendors. Also, we can't forget about the hundreds of thousands of performers and entertainers that make these careers possible, without them, there is no show."

So, what can you do? Keep wearing your masks and social distancing. Vocally encourage the financial supports governments are putting in place for gig workers and the self-employed and know most of the people benefiting from them desperately wish they could be working right now. If you know someone who has seen their life upended by the pandemic, reach out to them to see how they are doing. If you are in a position to give, consider making a donation to a local theatre company (Neptune, Eastern Front, Ship's Company, and Ross Creek are all companies that still have to pay rent/mortgages and bills with no money coming in right now) or to the Actors Fund of Canada which provides emergency financial support to anyone in the entertainment industry who may be struggling with rent or an unexpected medical bill. And when this is over and theatres are able to open their doors again, embrace it and go see a show (or two or three...), I, for one, can't wait to sit in an audience and experience the magic of live theatre again!



More Pictures, here and there



Burning Bush in Autumn Glory –
submitted by Phillip Kennedy



Sunflowers – submitted by Phillip Kennedy



Potato Harvest –
submitted by Catherine Alexander

Covid Vignette – Deer Play

Submitted by: Gary L Saunders

As someone who needs an ongoing project to get up for in the mornings, in June I started writing brief upbeat essays which I call COVID Vignettes. Below is one that perhaps suits the season.

One evening in July at early dusk, as I walked westward along our gravel road in Clifton, trying to shake the ennui of our locked-down days and nights, two dark shapes plunged across the road less than 30 metres ahead and went bounding across the ditch and southward across a field of waist-high corn, heading for the far woods.

Flashes of waving white told me they were deer, likely a doe and a buck, so I halted to see whether they'd stop to check me out or keep running. They kept running, bounding with high leaps until they reached the woods. Only then did they stop to look back.

What would happen, I thought, if I followed, slowly walking straight toward them so they'd see almost no movement, just my torso slowly getting bigger, the way my woodsman dad taught me? Would curiosity trump caution in this prey species?

Luckily the breeze was in my face, so they wouldn't smell me. Carefully crossing the deep ditch with my stick, I started toward them. They stood frozen, two small brown shapes, nose to tail, one behind the other, heads held high, staring, as if weighing the odds. After a while I thought, *Any minute now they'll surely bolt. Why not hoist my hat on the stick to change the game? Would that make them linger?*

I'm sure it did. So now I could move faster, maybe get closer. To improve my odds, I'd twirl the hat now and then, letting the white ring flash like a deer's tail. This was fun! Hunting with a hat!

Deer have superb hearing and scent but only average eyesight; not predator-sharp like, say, that of a coyote or lynx. Nonetheless, when I got about half-way across the field, one of them took a short, stiff-legged lunge as if to say, "Come on!

Let's vamoose! Whatever that thing is, it's getting too close for comfort!" But the other one never moved, so the tableau resumed.

This happened twice. Finally, at a hundred or so metres, the suspense got too great and, in a blink, they were gone. The dark woods simply swallowed them. I retraced my steps, re-crossed the ditch, and headed home feeling better. Pandemic or no, the deer, like other wildlife, still lived their normal lives—though in a quieter, less polluted world.



Autumn Leaves and Blueberry Field –
submitted by Sylvia Patterson



Sunflower and Blue Sky –
submitted by Heather MacLeod

The ladies of the church have cast off clothing of every kind and they may be seen in the church basement Friday.

Anonymously submitted

A Brief History of the Churches in the Clifton District

Taken from "The History of Clifton & Old Barns" written by Mildred Pulsifer Burrows.

Last summer, when talking about how old our church is, I sat down with the histories and pulled out some facts I thought you might find interesting. - Leslie

The first settlers in the Truro Township were all Presbyterians, and eight days after arriving in the area, they formed their first congregation. It was seldom that their services were led by an ordained man, but in the first decade several missionaries from Britain were in the area for various periods of time.

In 1768, a meeting house was raised at the site of the present Robie Street Cemetery, with the majority of the congregation residing in Lower Village (today Lower Truro) and Old Barns.

1769, Rev Daniel Cock from Scotland served for a year before he was officially called in 1770. He returned to Scotland in 1772 to bring his wife and five children back with him. Two more children were born in Truro.

In 1832, Douglas (now called Maitland) acquired Rev. Thomas Crowe. It was easier to travel by water at that time than by road and so many travelled to Douglas but, in time, Rev. Crowe made the crossing every four weeks to hold services alternately in the homes of Samuel Forbes in Black Rock and James Crowe in Beaver Brook.

From Riverside to Princeport, people came to services by water or through the woods, depending on tide and time of year. Lower Village continued to go to Robie Street Meeting House. The Lower Village people were opposed to the plans for building a church in Beaver Brook. When those planning the new church hired the best man with an axe in the township to hew timbers for the meeting house, a member of the Truro congregation tried to sabotage the erection of the meeting house by offering much higher wages to work for him. The man refused the offer much to the Truro man's chagrin.

By December 1832, a meeting house and churchyard were erected on land sold by James Crowe for 5 pounds (1/2 acre of land). Rough benches were built to serve as pews. Windows were obtained in Boston and brought by Captain John Sandeson. The inside was finished 10 years later when enough money was raised. When finished, meeting house had boxed in pews with a divided seat so that adults sat facing the minister and children faced the back. The "wine glass or pepper box" pulpit had a flight of stairs leading up to it, built by noted craftsman, William Bringam. There was a gallery at the back. People had little, if any, money to pay expenses. The women helped by holding tea meetings. In 1850 they raised 10 pounds 8 shillings and sixpence half penny.

1858 – 1860 saw the building of the Calvary Union church in Green Oak. Not all were Presbyterians so the church was ecumenical.

1860 – name of Clifton was adopted

1861 – a marsh lot of land, situated in Lower Village was granted for a church as the Robie Street Meeting House had moved to Queen Street (present day First United Church). The site for the new church was moved to a lot (present site of Old Barns Cemetery) beside the Christ Church (Anglican) cemetery as it was more central to most of its members, although some members wanted it further north. Lumber and other materials were collected and placed at the site, but one day, a group of men from Old Barns took matters into their own hands and moved all the lumber to the site they wanted (close to site of present church). This land was later purchased from Andrew Yuill for eighty dollars. The following day, when Anthony Marshall and William Park, owners of sawmills in Beaver Brook, on their way to donate and deliver a load of lumber to the church, found out what happened, they turned their teams about and took the lumber back home. A rift was made and many members never set foot inside the new church.

1869 – church in Old Barns was opened.

1893 – first organ was acquired

1895 – it was agreed that standing while singing was appropriate.

1898 – minister informed Session that New Hymnals should be introduced to congregation and copies of “Riches of Grace” were obtained.

1915 - \$25 was allocated to assist the choir to purchase their “uniforms”.

1915 – a church was built in Princeport.

1935 – December 22, the Old Barns church burned down shortly after the morning service. Bucket brigades were formed but the high winds defeated them. By dark, all that was left of the almost 70-year-old building were ashes and smoldering coals.

1936 – June 22 plans for new church were approved.

- Pews were purchased from St. Stephen’s church in Amherst
- It was agreed that a steeple not be included in the structure
- Trees of suitable size and length for the rooftruss and rafters were found in the woodlot of Percy Burrows. Chisholm’s mill sawed them
- Bell was raised by Blanchard Stevens of Truro.
- December 6 – first service was held

Total cost for building was \$8774.17

1944 – debt was paid off and mortgage was burned

- First baby baptised in our present building was Betty McCurdy
- First wedding was that of Florence McCurdy and Robert Guild
- First funeral was for M. Henry McCurdy

1930 – the lot granted in 1861 for a church building was sold to Donald Hamilton for \$125

1945 – a motion was made to call the church “Trinity United Church” – motion appeared several times over the years, it was never accepted or defeated and died a natural death.

1959 – Green Oak and Princeport amalgamated, retaining the name of the Calvary church.

1967 – Green Oak and Princeport rejoined Old Barns, just over a century from the time they had separated from them.

1987 – Heritage Hall built

2015 – Bell Tower was replaced



Maybe not Autumn but still pretty cute! –
Submitted by Karen Archibald-Waugh



Autumn at a lake –
submitted by Catherine Alexander



Sedum in Autumn Splendor –
submitted by Jo-Ann Mumford



Stormy Sky – submitted by B&G Miller



Autumn Glow – submitted by Kent Loughead



Flight of the Geese – submitted by Cathy Vallis



Golden Ferns – submitted by B&G Miller



Preparing for Winter –
submitted by Cathy Vallis

Memories of Our Church As It was Being Built

Submitted by: Doris McCallum

I was a child in 1935, living at the jumping off place in Milltown, last house on the road. No telephone or computer in those days, so no texting. I hadn't heard there was a fire that burnt our Church to the ground until I was on the way to Sunday School. One of Roland Crow's children came running across the short cut, slipping and sliding on the ice plowed field to tell us "no church today". Then we saw the last burning embers of a dearly beloved church. Several items were saved from the fire, the pulpit for instance. The Crowes home is where Richard Yuill lived. To see those last burning embers of our Church, hurt, especially because it was the Christmas Season.

It wasn't long before the men of the community gathered to discuss where, when and how to build a new Church. The location was moved up the road from the old site, which was just across from cars park to use the walking trail today. When every detail was settled, the building of this church went up in a hurry in 1936. Every man who could drive a nail, lent a hand.

There was one dilemma, Charlie Yuill and Percy McCurdy's team could not pull the Church Bell up into the tower, others tried and failed to do the job as well. So what to do. My Grandfather, Blanchard Stevens, a Carpenter, who was famous at the time for moving buildings was contacted. It didn't take him long to raise the bell into place with his truck, while quite a crown of young and old interested people watched. This huge bell was donated to our church by John McLelland and Gerry McLelland. If I remember correctly, the bell came from St. Mary's Church in Halifax.



There is another little story I am going to share, for a good laugh. As the building of the church progressed, a temporary set of steps and landing was put in place. On the landing was a large ball of black pitch that was being used to seal the cracks in the building. However we school kids had another use for that black pitch. At recess and noon hour we would run down to the church and get a good big chunk of black pitch and chew it. One day our teacher Margaret Fulton got fed up with us chewing in school, the next day she brought a small match box filled with every spice Mrs. Fred Yuill had in her cupboard, such as salt, pepper, cloves, allspice, mustard and others. Mrs. Yuill's was where the teacher boarded. Then she called us up to the front of the class, one by one and made us roll our pitch in that mess of spices and chew it. Not one of us gave the teacher the satisfaction of spitting out our pitch, however, no more going to the church at noon for a chew. The Steeve's family live in the Yuill home now.

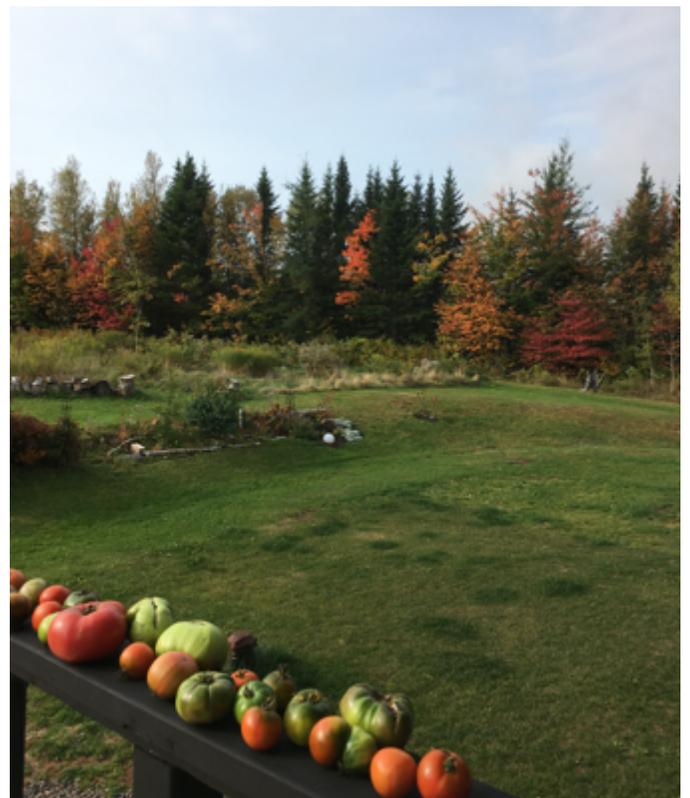
Mrs. Arnold Blackburn kept every one apprised of the progress on the church building through her notes in the Truro Newspaper. I also learned from Jim Blackburn that his father Arnold wired for the electricity. At times he took his boys, Jim, Leslie and Andrew to help. The boys pulled the wires into place as he worked.

When the new Church was completed Mrs. Arnold Blackburn and Mrs. Harry Chisholm burnt the Mortgage at the front of the church during a church service that Fall. Rev. W.S. Irving was our minister at that time.

(Note: Mortgage was burnt in 1944)

West Coast of Newfoundland Visit

In September, James Kelleher and Renata Delfino visited the west coast of Newfoundland, a birthday gift to one another! They took their three dogs – Angelino, Cherubino, and Zambonito.



Picture to Right is Autumn in Beaver Brook –
Submitted by Renatta Delfino



Beaver Brook Votes Biden!!



Autumn Sunset –
submitted by Heather MacLeod



Laurie, Renatta, Glenda
Karen, Phillip (and Leslie behind the camera)
First Walk With Me Session – a beautiful day!



Scarlet Maple –
submitted by Heather MacLeod

Celtic Blessing of the Nine Elements:

May you go forth under the strength of **heaven**,
under the light of the **sun**, under the radiance of **moon**;
May you go forth with the splendor of **fire**, with
the speed of **lightning**, with the swiftness of **wind**;
May you go forth supported by the depth of **sea**,
by the stability of **earth**, by the firmness of **rock**;
May you be surrounded and encircled, with the
protection of the nine elements.

Fall, Leaves, Fall

by: Emily Bronte

*Fall, leaves, fall; die, flowers, away;
Lengthen night and shorten day;
Every leaf speaks bliss to me
Fluttering from the Autumn tree.*

Clifton Acres

Submitted by Karen-Archibald-Waugh



We are happy to report that the four-unit complex at Clifton Acres is nearing completion. Thanks to Burriss and Sons Construction, our first two apartments were completed by the end of September allowing Terry Mitchell to move into Apt 5 and Jovita Martell in Apt 6. We are expecting the next two to be finished by the end of October. If anyone is interested in having a walk through before the new residents arrive, contact Anthony Waugh 902-897-3798.



Nova Scotia Autumn picture found on FaceBook
A reason to "Stay the Blazes Home"!!!

John O'Donohue is the author of a book called "**To Bless The Space Between US**". In it he has a wonderful blessing that I would leave with you.

May the touch of your skin register the beauty of the otherness that surrounds you.
May your listening be attuned to the deeper silence where sound is honed to bring distance home.
May the fragrance of a breathing meadow refresh your heart and remind you, you are a child of the earth.
And when you partake of food and drink, may your taste quicken to the gift of sweetness that flows from the earth.
May your inner eye see through the surfaces and glean the real presence of everything that meets you.
May your soul beautify the desire of your eyes that you might glimpse the infinity that hides in the simple sights that seem worn to your usual eyes.