

NEWS

Have I Got e-  for You!



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



No 18

June 2021

Message from Your Editor

Gardens have been planted and what a great growing season it has been! Despite of, or perhaps because of, the 34 C days, the right amount of rain, and even the threat of frost, gardens are flourishing and farmers forage crops are bountiful. And what is the flavour of the month? I think we will talk about Rhubarb, or Barbaroo as our kids called it when younger!

Rhubarb, a vegetable that we all think of as a fruit, has been around for thousands of years, being used for medicinal purposes in China. It travelled the famous Silk Road reaching Europe in the 14th century and North America around the early 1700's.

At one time, weight for weight, rhubarb seeds were more valuable than gold! As tasty as the stalks are, you should avoid eating the leaves which are high in oxalic acid and could make you ill if you ate enough leaves. There is also oxalic acid in the stalks but at a much lower level.

Where can you use rhubarb – the choices are as numerous as your culinary imagination can go – crisps, pies/tarts, chutneys/relish, cakes, bars/squares, juice, cobblers, jams/jelly, muffins, sauces, crumbles, puddings, dumplings, cookies, ice cream the list goes on.

A favourite in our family is Rhubarb Delight, a recipe that can be found in the United Church cookbook, Let's Break Bread Together. It has always been made for son Alexander's birthday. Yummy! And I remember that back 30ish years ago, Jim Semple always brought a Rhubarb Cake to the May meeting of the Christian Education Committee.

Enjoy it while it lasts in your favourite recipes. ~ *Leslie*



Rhubarb Delight and Rhubarb Juice made this past weekend.

Good Bye, Dear Friends



John Andrew "Andy" Johnson
Age 55 – March 7, 2021
Onslow
Son of Jack Johnson



James Arthur Kent
December 24, 1933 – May 14, 2021
Lower Truro



Doreen Katherine "Kathy" Burgess
December 19, 1961 – June 9, 2021
Beaver Brook

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

Always missed, forever remembered.



Epitaph by Merrit Malloy

When I die, give what's left of me away
To children and old people who wait to die.
If you need to cry,
Cry for your brother and sister
Walking the street beside you.
And when you need me,
Put your arms around anyone and
Give them what you need to give to me.
I want to leave you something,
Something better than words or sounds.
Look for me in the people I've known or loved.
If you cannot give me away,
At least let me live in your eyes,
And not in your mind.
You can love me most
By letting hands touch hands,
By letting hearts touch hearts,
And by letting go of
Spirits who need to be free.
Love does not die, bodies do.
So, when all that's left of me is love,
Give me away.

Happy Days!

Birthdays:

June – Gordie Miller, Gerald MacLeod (93),
Colie Kent

July – Jack Johnson (92), Dan Gunn

August – Beckie Burrows



Anniversaries:

June: John & Mary Heukshort (50)

Donna & Mervyn Dickey

Kent & Judy Loughead

Debbie & Bill Masters

July: Bob & Kathy Hannah (50)

Carol & Davis Baird

August: Beckie & Lorne Burrows

Karen & Anthony Waugh

Arlene & Wayne Fisher

Phillip & Valerie Kennedy

*Oh, how we danced on the night we were wed
We vowed our true love, though a word wasn't said
The world was in bloom, there were stars in the skies
Except for the few that were there in your eyes.*



Hope you will enjoy your special day!

Hello Baby!



Tessa Margaret Alexander

Born: May 11, 2021

Parents: Catherine & Kevin

Grandparents: Leslie & Jim Burrows

God's Masterpiece.

by: Dora Dinsmore

From graceful lilies pure and white,
God fashioned lovely skin,
Forget-me-nots he chose for eyes,
Then formed your baby chin.
He took a tulip bright and red,
'Twas one that did not fade;
A softer, sweeter little mouth
Before was never made.
Another flower next He used –
A rosebud, pink and fair;
Touched it to your dimpled cheeks
And bade it blossom there.
Then with His magic fingers picked
Two morning glories white;
Curled and shaped your little ears,
Soon they were fastened tight.
That crowning bit of golden down
Will soon become your hair;
He gathered pollen from the flowers,
And sprinkled it with care.
For dainty little fingers dear
And precious, tiny toes,
He used slender daisy frills;
A snowdrop made your nose.
This world and all within it
He created here for man;
But Baby was "God's Masterpiece"
Since time and life began!

Remembering Jim Kent

As some people journey through life,
they leave footprints wherever they go –
 wherever they go –
footprints of courage and compassion,
 humour and inspiration,
 joy and faith.

Even when they are gone,
we can still look back
and clearly see the trail
they left behind –
 a trail bright with hope
 that invites us to follow.

We wish to express our appreciation for the
overwhelming support during and since Jim's
passing. Despite the pandemic, your
expressions of sympathy with the beautiful
cards, memorials, phone and computer
condolences, visits, and the tasty food deliveries
express so much thoughtfulness and love. We
are truly blessed with ever so many kindnesses.

Sincere Thanks,
 Glenda, Colin, Nancy, Craig and Families

Springtime Rhapsody

The voice of my beloved!
Look, he comes, leaping upon the
 mountains, bounding over the hills.
My beloved is like a gazelle or a young stag.
Look, there he stands behind our wall,
 gazing in at the windows,
 looking through the lattice.
My beloved speaks and says to me:
 "Arise, my love, my fair one,
 and come away;
 for now the winter is past,
 the rain is over and gone.
The flowers appear on the earth;
 the time of singing has come,
 and the voice of the turtledove
 is heard in our land.

from The Song of Solomon 2: 8 – 12

Church Services

In-person church services have been
suspended until the province hits Phase Three
which we hope will be sometime in July. Stay
tuned for an announcement which will be sent
out as soon as a date is known.

In the meantime, services are available each
week to be viewed on the church website:
 cliftonpastoralcharge.ca

The weekly bulletin is also available on the
website as is a monthly letter and all copies of
past newsletters.

Tapestry of My Life

Author Unknown

I wonder what the other side will be,
when I have finished weaving all my thread.
I do not know the pattern, nor the end
of the great piece of work which is for me.
I only know that I must weave with care
the colors that are given me day by day,
and make of them a fabric firm and true
which will be of service for my fellow man.

Sometimes the colors are so dull and gray.
I doubt if there will be one trace of beauty
 there,
but all at once there comes a thread of gold or
 rose so deep that there will always be
 that one bright spot to cherish or to keep,
and maybe against its ground of darker hue
 it will be beautiful.

The warp is held in place by the Master's
 Hand.
The Master's mind the design for me.
If I but weave the shuttle to and fro and blend
 the colors just the best I know,
 perhaps when it is finished He will say,
 "Tis good," and
 Lay it on the footstool of His Feet.

A Prayer for Mothers

(and We are all Mothers)

Barbara A. Miller

(NOTE: This prayer formed in my head as I walked my usual walk on the trail on Mother's Day. However, I realize with Father's Day soon approaching that it can very easily encompass the Dad's of the world as well, so regardless of the gender in which it is written, please know that it goes out to all parents, Mothers and Fathers.)

For those of you who have had to bury your child before their time...my heart aches with you as you struggle to find an answer to the elusive question: "Why?" Why am I here and you are not? Why? I pray that you might know, sense, understand, that the Spirit, the Essence, the Energy, that was your beautiful child, that beautiful soul, cannot be destroyed...only wondrously transformed. She is in the raindrops that fall, mixed in with your tears. He is in the earth that nourishes new life, watered by your tears. They are the birds that sing to you, the flowers that bloom their brightest colours, the brook that gurgles as you walk along a familiar trail, trying once again to soothe the ache in your heart. Speak their name as you walk, or sit by the ocean, or drive aimlessly to just get away. Feel and Remember them even in your sorrow...especially in your sorrow.

To those who have lost touch, lost track, lost connection, with your child for whatever reason...the ache is just as real, and just as painful. The answers to the questions are just as elusive and the tears are just as steady. Why? Why? There is also: Where? (are you?) When? (will you call? Appear?) How? (long can I wait?). Sometimes the not-knowing is far worse than the knowing. I pray that you will be strong in your faith that one day you will know the answers to all those questions, as painful as they may be. I pray that you will send your prayers to the Universe and await that day in Hope. And in the meantime, it's ok to live YOUR life. It really is.

To those who are a "mothering" influence, or have a special connection not gained by the

birthing process but through other avenues...I pray that you will know the importance of your presence and the impact you have made, are making, in someone's life. The Aunties, Grammies, Sisters, Besties! The times you have held a mother as she cried, or showed up when she was sick to rock her babies to sleep when she desperately needed a break, or made a casserole and delivered it for their supper at the end of a long workday. Your presence has been a beautiful gift - cherished and appreciated - priceless. The times you have shared your time with another Mom's child ... at the playground, the ice cream store, the movies... I pray that you will know how invaluable that time spent was, for them and for you.

And to those Moms of all the special fur babies out there...the love you give and receive from these very special companions in your life is many times life-saving, for both of you. Making sure they are fed and nurtured and healthy is returned many times over with the presence of a life- long friend who offers quiet acceptance and faithful love at the end of a long, stressful day. And at the end of every day souls are nourished, hearts are full. Mothers, in all their many faces and characters, are the roots and the wings of humanity and creation. In our daily prayers, may we support each other in our heartaches and struggles...and always remember those beautiful souls that are our children. Spirit knows. Universe hears. God weeps. Amen.



Picture by Barb Miller

Spring 2021 Pandemic Roadside Clean-up, Black Rock Rd, Clifton

submitted by Sandra Matthews

Another year and another spring cleanup along three kilometres of Black Rock Road; with beer cans, beer bottles, take away containers & pop containers, energy drink cans, coffee cups, plastic, the remains of a mini refrigerator, old plastic garden bed edging, and big O drain pipe. Wouldn't it be wonderful if people had respect for the environment, and the communities they drive through?



The Beginning



The Middle



Pandemic Greenhouse

submitted by Garry Matthews

The greenhouse was a pandemic project, with most materials salvaged and recycled. Thanks to all who helped with the project.



The End

Clifton Little Free Library



Renatta, Leslie and Karen are pleased to invite you to the Clifton Little Free Library located beside the parking lot in the church yard. Please come and pick out a book to read and if you have a book you have finished with, drop off in the library for someone else to read.

Many thanks go out to our carpenter, Anthony Waugh, and our artist, Jackie Waugh – many hands working together.

We hope this will bring enjoyment to one and all for years to come.



Food Bank Garden

Submitted by Garry Matthews

The garden is well into planting, and enjoying the warm weather; we do need rain. Potatoes, corn, peas, carrot, and greens are growing well, and will soon need weeding!

Next week will be the big transplant, when some 1500 transplants will be set into the gardens.

Thanks to the members of the Knights of Columbus and Old Barns Men's Club for all the work in the garden. Special thanks to John and Mary Heukshorst for hosting the garden and putting so much work into the garden every day.



1500 transplants – cabbage, cauliflower, kale, collard greens, broccoli, Brussel sprouts, Chinese cabbage – ready to be planted in another week.



Rock picking – preparing the garden for the transplants.

Make June “Pollinator Payback Month”

Dear Clifton Newsletter:

I want to invite your readers to join a grassroots movement I’m organizing. It is called “NO PRUNE JUNE.” It’s for all the people like me who participated in the recent “NO MOW MAY” campaign by mistake.

I’m sure you know about “NO MOW MAY.” It encourages folks to curtail trimming their lawns all month to allow the birds, bees and other pollinators to do their spring thing.

Considered from one angle, from May 1, “NO MOW MAY” sounds like a straight-up win-win. Pollinators get to flit from blossom to bloom for a whole month, undisturbed. You get to swing in the old hammock on weekends for another whole month, undisturbed – as long as people respect your “QUIET PLEASE: THE POET IS WORKING” sign.

But come June 1, the insidious downside of “NO MOW MAY” becomes starkly clear. The front yard’s gone feral. The back yard’s reverted to bush. Nature, red in tooth and claw, turns out to be pretty fast on her feet, too – and she’s sprinting toward your house with a crazed look in her eye. When you try to slam the door on her, it gets stuck on a vine that you know wasn’t there when you opened the door a minute before.

You run to your ride-on mower. It suddenly looks like a Tonka toy. You catch yourself entertaining frankly un-Christian thoughts, coveting your neighbours’ forage harvesters and silage wagons as they roll by on Hwy 236.

Time for hard truths. You bought the butterfly line and were talked into something you now regret. And you have an enormous amount of hard work to do. In June. The month set aside to celebrate Father’s Day. It’s not fair.

The idea behind “NO PRUNE JUNE” is pretty simple: It’s payback time for pollinators. We did them a major solid in May. Let them do the mowing and trimming this month.

And who knows, maybe we can get them to handle the yard work for the rest of the summer as well. What’s our pitch? I don’t know. Aren’t you going to do *any* work this summer? Think it through yourself and share your best suggestions with the group.

One thing’s for sure: You’ll have plenty of time to consider the best way to broach the idea if you spend June in deep thought on your hammock, letting Nature handle Nature and observing “NO PRUNE JUNE.”

James Kelleher
Beaver Brook



Pollinators should show their appreciation for the big favour we did them in May by handling all our yard chores in June, Beaver Brook resident James Kelleher believes.



A Wildflower Meadow (picture from internet)

High School Graduates Celebrated



On June 10th, High School graduates from the community were celebrated. Rev. Phillip, Karen Archibald-Waugh and Leslie Burrows presented the following graduates with a certificate and some graduation cupcakes:
Joseph Blaauwendraat, Regan Bouma, Megan Smith and Heidi MacKay.

We wish them all the best for their future.

Community Construction



The ground has been prepared in Beaver Brook next to the Fire Hall for a concrete pad and pavement where, before the summer is over, a Firefighters Memorial will hopefully be in place, honouring all community members who have served in the Cobequid Fire Brigade.



Phase Three of Clifton Acres is well underway with four more units being constructed. The vision and dreams of a group of people who many years ago saw a community for retirees and seniors is being realized, thanks to Karen and Anthony Waugh, owner/operators.



Ground is now being prepared for a new barn in our community – but where is it and what will they build? Well, it is time to take a drive around the community to find the construction site and watch to see what will happen over the next several months.



Not construction, but a new picnic table has been placed by the Old Barns church for one and all to enjoy. Select a book from the library and have a seat and read!

On Growing Old

Submitted by Bob Francis

Someone asked the other day, 'What was your favourite 'fast food' when you were growing up?' 'We didn't have fast food when I was growing up,' I informed him. 'All the food was slow.' 'C'mon, seriously. Where did you eat?' 'It was a place called 'home,' I explained! 'Mum cooked every day and when Dad got home from work, we sat down together at the dining room table, and if I didn't like what she put on my plate, I was allowed to sit there until I did like it.'

By this time, the lad was laughing so hard I was afraid he was going to suffer serious internal damage, so I didn't tell him the part about how I had to have permission to leave the table.

But here are some other things I would have told him about my childhood if I'd figured his system could have handled it:

- Some parents NEVER owned their own house, wore jeans, set foot on a golf course, travelled out of the country or had a credit card.
- My parents never drove me to school... I had a bicycle that weighed probably 50 pounds, and only had one speed (slow).
- We didn't have a television in our house until I was 10. It was, of course, black and white, and the station went off the air at 10 PM, after playing the national anthem and epilogue; it came back on the air at about 6 am. And there was usually a locally produced news and farm show on, featuring local people...
- Pizzas were not delivered to our home... But milk was.
- All newspapers were delivered by boys and all boys delivered newspapers. My brother delivered a newspaper, seven days a week. He had to get up at 6 every morning.
- Film stars kissed with their mouths shut. At least, they did in the films. There were no movie ratings because all movies were responsibly produced for everyone to enjoy viewing, without profanity or violence or almost anything offensive.

If you grew up in a generation before there was fast food, you may want to share some of these memories with your children or grandchildren. Just don't blame me if they bust a gut laughing.

Growing up isn't what it used to be, is it?

MEMORIES from a friend:

My Dad is cleaning out my grandmother's house (she died in December) and he brought me an old lemonade bottle. In the bottle top was a stopper with a bunch of holes in it. I knew immediately what it was, but my daughter had no idea. She thought they had tried to make it a salt shaker or something. I knew it as the bottle that sat on the end of

the ironing board to 'sprinkle' clothes with because we didn't have steam irons. Man, I am old.

How many do you remember?

- Headlight dip-switches on the floor of the car.
- Ignition switches on the dashboard.
- Trouser leg clips for bicycles without chain guards.
- Soldering irons you heated on a gas burner.
- Using hand signals for cars without turn indicators.

Older Than Dirt Quiz:

Count all the ones that you remember, not the ones you were told about. Ratings at the bottom:

1. Sweet cigarettes
2. Coffee shops with juke boxes
3. Home milk delivery in glass bottles
4. Party lines on the telephone
5. Newsreels before the movie
6. TV test patterns that came on at night after the last show and were there until TV shows started again in the morning. (There were only 2 channels [if you were fortunate])
7. Peashooters
8. 33 rpm records
9. 45 RPM records
10. Hi-fi's
11. Metal ice trays with levers
12. Blue flashbulb
13. Cork popguns
14. Wash tub wringers

If you remembered 0-3 = You're still young

If you remembered 3-6 = You are getting older

If you remembered 7-10 = Don't tell your age

If you remembered 11-14 = You're positively ancient!

I must be 'positively ancient' but those memories are some of the best parts of my life.

If there is to be peace in the world,
There must be peace in the nations.
If there is to be peace in the nations,
There must be peace in the cities.
If there is to be peace in the cities,
There must be peace between neighbours.
If there is to be peace between neighbours,
There must be peace in the home.
If there is to be peace in the home,
There must be peace in the heart.

Chinese Philosopher – Lao Tse
6th Century BCE

Pictures

Thank you to all those who submitted pictures.



Submitted by Garry & Sandra Matthew from last winter



Circa 1980's – the late Bob Guild in the late Bill McCurdy's Sunflower field submitted by Gary Saunders



Spring in Old Barns submitted by Heather MacLeod



February 19 Sunset submitted by Heather MacLeod



Apple Blossoms submitted by Heather MacLeod



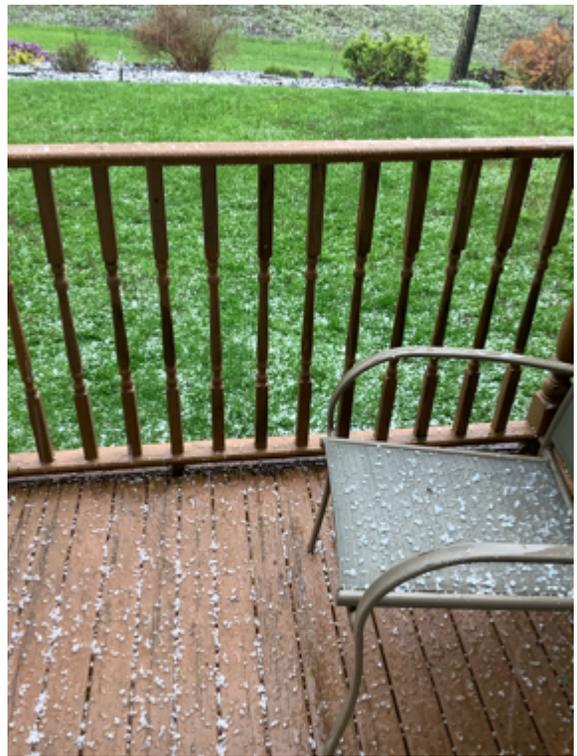
Forest Flora submitted by Heather MacLeod



Flowering Bush submitted by Phillip Kennedy



Rhododendron submitted by Phillip Kennedy



May 17 Hail Storm submitted by Sylvia Patterson



Flowering Crab Apple submitted by Phillip Kennedy





Forsythia submitted by Sylvia Patterson

The following are Native Plants found in Sybil McCurdy's Gardens in Old Barns.



Bloodroot (*Sanguinaria Canadensis*)



Lilac transferred from my homestead more than 50 years ago and I don't think it's ever had so many blossoms. Submitted by Sylvia Patterson



Solomon's Seal (*Polygonatum*)



Bleeding Heart submitted by Sylvia Patterson



Trillium (*Melanthiaceae*)



Trout Lily (*Erythronium Americanum*)



Dutchman's Breeches (*Dicentra Cucullaria*)



Barrenwort (red flower) (*Epimedium*)



Patterns in the field submitted by Leslie Burrows



A June Sunset in Green Oak submitted by Leslie Burrows



June 4 Sunset over the Shubenacadie River in Green Oak submitted by Alexander Burrows

We are certainly blessed with beautiful sunsets in this little part of our world.

Thank you to all who submitted items for this newsletter. Next issue will be circulated next October. Send in items at any time.