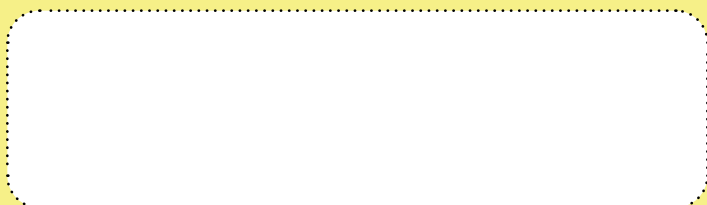




Townships Life and Culture, Past, Present and Future



Truth and Reconciliation in the Townships



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The Townships Sun invites manuscripts, letters, photos, and artwork related to Townships life and culture, past, present and future. We are looking for original works relevant to the Townships. They must not be taken from the internet or any other source without permission and acknowledgement. Include the contributor's full name, phone number, address, and email address.

Articles. Articles must be submitted by email, preferably in an attached document in Word (.doc or .docx) or LibreOffice Writer (.odt), in 12-point Times New Roman. Email to editor@TownshipsSun.ca.

Photos and Art. Submission of photos or artwork related to the issue's theme are invited for consideration for publication on the inside pages, on the front or back cover of the magazine, or to accompany articles. Email to editor@TownshipsSun.ca, or send by **WeTransfer.com** in JPG format, in as high resolution as possible (minimum 300 ppi).

Photos and artwork submitted must either belong to YOU, or be classified as being in the public domain. Note that historical photos over 70 years old are customarily in the public domain; however, you must not take them from sources such as the Eastern Townships Resource Centre (ETRC) without permission. It is imperative to state that the photo is courtesy of its source, e.g. name of photographer, name of organization, etc.

Upcoming Issues

For the **December 2021/January 2022** issue, we invite submissions on the theme of visual arts in the Eastern Townships, or winter holidays in the Townships - hunkering down or flying high? **Deadline: November 2, 2021.**

For the **February 2022** issue, we invite submissions on the theme of photography in the Townships, or how the whole Covid experience has changed your corner of the Townships - looking at the past, looking to the future. This issue commences the 50th Anniversary of The Townships Sun. **Deadline: January 6, 2022.**

Reward Offered!

The 50th anniversary of The Townships Sun is in 2022, and we are looking for a copy of the first issue published in 1972. The Bury Historical & Heritage Society is also looking for this, and is offering a \$20 reward to anyone who can give us a complete copy. The Society will make a digital copy of it for its archives, and give the original to The Townships Sun archives. If you have one, please contact Rachel Garber at edit@townshipssun.ca, or 819-640-1340. Thank you!

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| | <hr/> |
| | Front Cover |
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Path Forward

by R.A. Garber

"The only way to make a new road is to walk it."

That's what Admiral Katrina Cornwell in Star Trek: Discovery said to someone who came back from the dead and was trying to forge a new identity. And that's what I'm saying to myself as I embark on this new path as editor of The Townships Sun. I'm excited by this new challenge.

As the logo announces, the challenge is to reflect "Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present and Future."

The Eastern Townships are full of life and culture. Creativity lives here! I suggest the avenue to reflect Townships realities in the past and present, and promote community in the future, lies in the arts.

That thought inspires me.

Looking Back

February 2022 is the Townships Sun's 50th anniversary, and we plan some excursions into the past.

But for now, I'll share a bit of my own past. My passions are writing, photography and art; I have bachelor's degrees in communications and studio art (photography and printmaking), and a master's in art therapy.

I'm really glad to have landed in the Townships after living in Ontario, Ohio, Virginia, Philadelphia, Somalia, Toronto - in that order - and then spending 22 years in Montreal.

For the past 25 years, I've lived in the "Other Townships," the Haut-Saint-François MRC. I have written for a number of publications, including The Townships Sun, The Record and the Journal Le-Haut-Saint-François, where I have a regular column.

My writing has appeared in three recent anthologies, including Emergence: Contemporary Women Poets of the Eastern Townships of Quebec. Currently, I am leading a series of workshops for writers of short memoir for the Write Here Write Now initiative of the Bishop's University Lifelong Learning Academy. I also have my own memoir, photography and poetry projects in the works.

I've taught art therapy at Vermont College and Bishop's University, and was executive director of Townshippers' Association from 2001 to 2010. With Heather Darch, I also co-directed the Identity of English-speaking

Quebec project (100objects.qahn.org) for the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network.

Themes for Today

For this October-November issue, I was inspired by the first National Day for Truth and Reconciliation on September 30. I asked myself how we who have settled in the Townships might respond to this compelling call for acknowledgement and empathy. Anthropologist Claude Gélinas, Métis Elder Paul-Conrad Carignan, and my own explorations speak to this question.

The effect of the Covid pandemic on the world of books has been striking. The adventure of making books and reading them has swept across our communities, as it has other parts of the world. This issue explores several facets of that adventure with reports from various Townships members of the book world.

Looking Forward

I invite you to keep an eye on the Townships Sun Facebook page, where I will be posting information on an ongoing basis, and inviting writers, photographers and artists to address upcoming themes.

Please see submission details on Page 2.

Most of all, I am looking forward to working with the other members of the Townships Sun team who have warmly welcomed me: David Wright (president), Janet Angrave, Jennifer Brown, Melanie Cutting, Bev Taber Smith, and Marion Greenlay.

We're walking the path together!



The Townships Sun

is seeking an **Advertising Representative** to work with Jennifer Brown, our supervising Ad Representative. Our goal is to improve the profile of our magazine featuring, in English, Townships life and culture, past, present and future.

The successful candidate will present the Townships Sun's print and digital advertising packages to businesses and organizations, and receive a generous percentage of each sale. This position is part-time. Bilingualism is an asset.

Please email CV and application to:
Jennifer Brown at jene_brown@hotmail.com

Who Were First in the Eastern Townships?

by Claude Gélinas

The Aboriginal presence in the Eastern Townships is millennia old. Between 12,000 and 1,000 BCE, small groups of nomadic hunter-gatherers were already roaming the region.

Archaeological traces of their passages on the edges of lakes and rivers have been unearthed in the sectors of Weedon, East Angus, Lac Mégantic and Bromptonville, among others. These remains bear witness to activities linked to hunting and fishing, the preparation of food and the working of animal skins, as well as a certain cultural proximity with the other Aboriginal populations present in the St. Lawrence and New England regions at the same time.

This aboriginal presence continued after 1,000 BCE until the arrival of the first Europeans. As before, the apparent absence of permanent villages seems to indicate that the Eastern Townships continued to host small groups of nomadic families who practiced fishing and hunted beaver, bear, muskrat, and deer. Remains of pottery found at archaeological sites also bear witness to certain changes in the material culture of the occupants of the time whose identity, whether Iroquoian, Algonquian or even Abenaki, can hardly be ascertained.

It is also difficult to establish whether these populations permanently inhabited the Eastern Townships or instead came from outlying regions to practice subsistence activities on a seasonal basis before starting off again. A combination of these two scenarios is also plausible. In short, if there is still much to learn about the origin, identity, and way of life of these nomadic Aboriginals, we can at the very least attest to their presence for the equivalent of nearly 300 generations before the arrival of the first colonizers.

Soon, colonial wars and epidemics in present-day New England prompted the local Abenakis to seek refuge near French settlements in the Saint Lawrence Valley. As early as 1637, some of them visited the Sillery mission near Quebec, but it was not until 1683 that a mission (Saint-François-de-Sales) was founded for them on the Chaudière River.

A few years later, the Abenakis settled in the missions of Saint-François (Odanak) and Bécancour (Wôlinak). Throughout the 17th and 18th centuries, members of these communities traveled regularly between their settlements in the Laurentian Valley and New England, whether to maintain contact between related families, to participate in the fur trade in Albany, or to take part in military conflicts on American soil.

As Professor Jean Manore mentioned, because of this pattern of mobility, the Abenakis came to be perceived as “American” Native people by French Canadians, and as “Franco-Catholic” Native people by the Americans.

On this basis, no legitimate territorial rights were conferred on them on either side of the border. Meanwhile, the Abenakis continued to exploit the Eastern Townships region to fish and hunt for subsistence purposes, trapping fur animals for trade, and to harvest wood, bark, spruce resin, medicinal plants, and maple sap.

In this sense, the Abenaki presence in the Eastern Townships seemed to remain periodic, linked to the seasonal exploitation of

local natural resources. Attesting to this, among other things, is the apparent absence of permanent Abenaki villages at that time.

It was not until the early 19th century that a sedentary Abenaki presence was documented in the Eastern Townships. In 1805, loyalist Abenakis originally from Swanton were given 8,150 acres of land in Durham Township to settle there. However, this establishment was of short duration; while 17 families were listed there in the first year, only five or six were still there in 1853, and none in 1896. Other Abenaki families settled permanently in the region by integrating into the population of the existing villages and hamlets.

Further west, after procedures initiated some 20 years earlier, the Abenakis of Wôlinak obtained a reserve in the Coleraine Township in 1853. However, due to pressures linked to the surrounding economic development, the reserve was already abandoned by 1882.



Ndakinna is the Abenaki (Wobanakiak) ancestral territory. It contains the Eastern Townships, and also extends into New England. (Source: Musée des Abénakis)

(CONT'D ON PG. 18)

Truth and Reconciliation in the Townships

R.A. Garber interviews Paul-Conrad Carignan

Townships Sun: *What would you say are the most important issues in the Townships regarding Truth and Reconciliation?*

Paul-Conrad: For Métis people who are still hidden, and don't want their neighbours to know that they have Native heritage, it is to instill a pride that they are part native, a pride that they can express at gatherings. That's the role of the Quebec Indigenous Alliance (Alliance autochtone du Québec, or AAQ). They organize those Métis who can show paper proof of their heritage somewhere in their lineage, and introduce them to their culture and spirituality.

At least 3,000 people in the Townships are members of the AAQ. But a lot of people don't have paper proof. At a marriage or baptism, often the priest would not mark down that the child's parents were Native, so that was obliterated from history.

Abuse and Hurt

In terms of truth and reconciliation, it also involves recognizing First Nations, and recognizing Métis people. There's a lot of obvious abuse that has to be addressed, and hurt that has to be expressed and released, and for the settler population to be ashamed of, that they did not know a lot of this was happening.

We trusted the decisions of officials. It's clear that these [residential] schools were sources of acculturation, assimilation, and really, abuse. So our part in that is clear, too. We should be quite ashamed that we left this in the hands of a few decision makers, and we were not aware. That applies to my French ancestry as well as any other settler.

Cultural Revival

The United Nations Declaration on the Rights of Indigenous Peoples guarantees the expression of their culture and spirituality that were suppressed in Canada up to 1951 [when The Indian Act was amended].

The revival is quite amazing, and the gatherings, the powwows, and festivals occurring now are a slow buildup of this pride in First Nations. I would like to see it overlap into the Métis population, who need to express, spiritually, what they are part of, genetically.

I have a Native Elder in Vermont of Abenaki descent who expresses her Christian heritage through church going, and also expresses her Native heritage through ceremonies. There should be no contradiction in that. And that's what I'd like people in the Townships to do, those who have Native heritage.

A lot of them will tell me [about their heritage], but will also say "I don't want this to be known." I'd like them to have enough pride to deal with the discrimination that a lot of Métis people will experience when their neighbours find out that they are Native.

The Townships have a wonderful history of [tolerance between] French and English, but the tolerance still doesn't extend to the Métis. When people say to me, "don't tell anyone," I understand what they're saying.

My declaration of my Métis background, even in the working world, engendered quite a few comments and jokes. You have to endure them until they realize you're proud of your heritage, and they're acting silly. Others will go through the same, and they're worried about their children and grandchildren experiencing that discrimination in the English and French school system. But at the same time, it's slowly changing.

Townships Sun: *What is being done toward Truth & Reconciliation in the Eastern Townships?*

Well, some English-speaking churches have had speakers talk about truth and reconciliation, have done ceremonies, have shared. These are very positive steps.

Working with the AAQ, I am an Elder for the Townships community, because I've had extensive exposure and I teach Native culture and spirituality. Sylvia and I have spent about 30 years learning from other First Nations people how to do sweats and other ceremonies.

In the Stanstead Township, a community organization called Action communautaire wanted to do something for Truth & Reconciliation, and this month they're doing the last of three encounters. I'm very proud of the citizens who just took it to heart, and can't be silent. In Fitch Bay, we did a ceremony and a round dance, and a talking circle at the end of September. People woke up and they want to do something, and it is very courageous of them. These are the kinds of steps I see going forward in both the French and the English community in my particular municipality.

Townships Sun: *Among the settler populations in the Eastern Townships, what is needed most?*

To be respectful, not mocking. That should be taught in the schools. There is a Four Directions monument installed in the municipality of Ogden. The Lennoxville Elementary called me to do an introduction to Native culture there. It was an outing, on the nature trail between Ayer's Cliff and the border, and they stopped at the Four Directions Monument for about an hour. I presented some Native

(CONT'D ON PG. 7)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 6)

culture, and did some drumming, and we had a talking circle.

So those kinds of things are coming along. And a few of the children mentioned that their great- or great-great ancestors were Native, and they said so in front of their peers.

Townships Sun: *What does "walking the Red Road" mean?*

It's a road for people who want to know the culture and spirituality of First Nations people. It's for people who are taking their first step to acknowledge their Native heritage, but the Red Road is for anybody. It's not based on cultural identification with any First Nation, it's based on sincerity.

The Red Road is for anybody.

Townships Sun: *What is the difference between "cultural appropriation" and "walking the Red Road"?*

Walking the Red Road is usually done in a circle of First Nations or Métis, with Elders who can direct and guide them. So it's a sharing of Native culture and spirituality through ceremonies and chants, etc., under the guidance of someone who has the background.

Appropriation is, say, somebody sets up a sweat lodge, and without any guidance or direction, starts to give sweats for his family and friends without knowing it is a sacred ceremony and the fire is a sacred fire. With all good intentions, that is appropriation. The chants - some of them are social chants, some are sacred chants, so they have to be used appropriately. So that person would not have guidance. They're enthusiastic, wanting to do it, feeling the spirit, but the ceremonies have to be done under the guidance of someone who can really teach them properly. That's the difference between appropriation without guidance, and sharing with someone who knows the protocol.

Paul-Conrad Carignan is a Métis of Anishinaabe (Algonquin) and Huron-Wendat heritage (paulcsylviab@gmail.com). With his wife, Sylvia Bertolini, he has been on the Red Road of learning and sharing his Indigenous heritage for the past 30 years. A Franco-Ontarian by birth, Carignan has lived in the Townships since 1982. (Photo on front cover)

(This interview has been lightly edited to shorten it.)

Write Here Write Now

Thursday Workshops, November 2021

Writing Everyday w/ Jan. Nov. 4 at 1:30-3:30 p.m.

Short Memoir w/ Rachel. Nov. 11 at 10 a.m.-12

Writing Local History w/ Nick. Nov. 18 at 1:30-3:30 p.m.

Writing the Novel w/ Rebecca. Nov. 25 at 1:30-3:30 p.m.

Monday Workshop

Fantasy Fugue Forum w/ Etienne. Nov. 22, 7-9 p.m.

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Local Journalism w/ Gordon Lambie.

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Responding to the Calls to Action

by R.A. Garber

My ancestors were land hungry.

In the 18th century, all of my great-great-grandparents migrated to Pennsylvania from Switzerland, by way of the Palatinate in Germany, and then Holland. As Anabaptists, they were imprisoned and killed by the Reform Church in Switzerland, and then the Catholic Church in the Palatinate. Behind the religious reasons for this century-long persecution was a shortage of land; the persecutors settled on the land as the Mennonites were forced off it.

So my ancestors seized the opportunity to settle in Penn's Woods at the invitation of William Penn. They had huge farms and huge families, and they prospered.

Did they ask themselves what happened to the original inhabitants of Penn's Woods, the Lenni-Lenape, Susquehannock, Shawnee, and Seneca people? Did they realize they were profiting from the persecution and widespread genocide of First Nations peoples?



The REDress Project in Cookshire

I am not sure they did. I know they tried to live in peace; Mennonites are pacifists. But they lived separately from "the World." Up until my generation, most of my ancestors engaged very minimally in society at large. A recent reading of that classic, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, brought home to me the horrific cost of the ignorance, willful or not, of my ancestors and others like them. Evil triumphs, it has been said, when good men do nothing.

And the persecuted can very easily sidle into the role of persecutors, indirectly if not directly.

So here we are, today, living in a paradise that was once the land of a First Nation. How does one make amends? How do we, as Townships settlers, engage in the truth and reconciliation movement?

Here are a few possible beginnings.

Calls to Action

In 2015, the Truth & Reconciliation Commission of Canada published 94 Calls to Action for both Indigenous and non-Indigenous persons "to come together in a concerted effort to help repair the harm caused by residential schools and move forward with reconciliation." Six years later, just past our first National Day of Truth & Reconciliation, it is high time to read this document. It is available at www.irsss.ca. Will the discovery of more than 1,800 unmarked graves at erstwhile residential schools spur us to action?

Jordan's Principle

In 2017, the Canadian Human Rights Tribunal required the government to fund and provide services for Indigenous children under "Jordan's Principle." (Jordan River Anderson died while federal and provincial governments argued over which should pay for his care.) I am ashamed that our federal government challenged this ruling; I am relieved the Federal Court recently dismissed the government's challenge (www.newsfilecorp.com). Can we citizens demand our government abide by this ruling?

Indigenous Artifacts

On October 7, just a week after the first National Truth & Reconciliation Day, local media reported the Séminaire de Sherbrooke auctioned off 42 Indigenous artifacts to finance major renovations. They did not consult the Communauté Autochtone de Sherbrooke (CAS). Its president, Michel Fontaine, suggested reparations could be made by designating the proceeds to be used for Indigenous scholarships (The Record; La Tribune). Are we letting this issue just fade away?



At the Musée des Abénakis, one of seven poles symbolizing spirits that protect the premises.

Missing and Murdered

October 4 was the National Day to Commemorate Missing and Murdered Native Women and Girls, and local women's groups honoured them by participating in The REDress Project. Red dresses were hung on lines, "calling back the spirits of these women and allowing them a chance to be among us and have their voices heard." At La Passarelle in Cookshire, each dress was labeled with a woman's name. The main one bore the name of Joyce Echaquan, who died in hospital in Saint-Charles-Borromée on September 28, 2020.

Healing Forest



Terry Loucks displays his Healing Forest logo. "Gigawad" means "healing."

Last week we headed down to Fitch Bay to visit Terry Loucks' little Healing Forest, part of the National Healing Forest initiative. The goal is to create natural spaces to be used "in the spirit of reconciliation, healing, shared understanding, and respect," and to honour residential school victims, survivors, and murdered and missing Indigenous women and girls (nationalhealingforests.com). The project was started by Patricia Stirbys, a Saltaux Cree lawyer, and Peter Croal, a geologist from a settler culture.

The W8banaki Nation

The Abenakis form the W8banaki family, the People of the Dawn (Waban means Dawn; Aki means Earth). They are part of a larger culturally and linguistically related group, the Algonkians, the Deerfield History Museum tells us. Today, the Nation numbers some 3,081 members, mainly located in Wôlinak and Odanak, says the website of the Grand Council of the Waban-Aki Nation (gcnwa.com). Other Abenakis live in New England, totalling some 12,000, says Wikipedia, compared to an estimated 40,000 before European settlers invaded their land.

Musée des Abénakis



A traditional Abenaki dwelling at the Musée des Abénakis

Now that the pandemic permits a bit of travel, we went to visit the Abenaki Museum in Odanak, near the mouth of the Saint Francis River where it empties into the Saint Lawrence. How lucky we went on the first Sunday of the month, when visits to the Museum are free of charge. We watched a film about the ancient Abenaki creation story, and viewed an extensive exhibit of artifacts, symbols, and art revealing the history, knowledge and savoir-faire of the traditional Abenaki way of life. Our hosts were informative and welcoming (museeabenakis.ca)

So there are a few steps we Townshippers can take along the road of understanding and amends. Meet you there! I'd like to think my ancestors will be grateful.

Photos by R.A. Garber.

An advertisement for Garage JBL INC. The top part features the company name "GARAGE JBL INC" in large, stylized letters. Below the name is a photograph of a white fire truck with red and yellow accents. To the left of the truck are several certification logos, including "CERTIFIE C UL US" and "POUR AUTOPOMPES ET CITERNES". Below the truck, the text reads "MAINTIEN DE L'ÉQUIPEMENT DES MUNICIPALITÉS" and "INSPECTION - RÉPARATION - MODIFICATION". The bottom part of the advertisement features the name "JAMES LAROCHE" in large, bold, black letters. Below the name is the address "103, rue Winder, Sherbrooke, Québec J1M 1L6". At the bottom, the contact information is listed: "Tél: (819) 564-8405", "Télé: (819) 564-1539", "jameslaroche@garagejblaroche.ca", and "www.garagejblaroche.ca".

Lennoxville Library Rambles

by Christian Collins

In spite of its online catalog, its ebooks, and other assorted downloadable offerings, the Lennoxville Library is still very much a brick and mortar establishment. (Literally so, in fact, as can attest those who know our mellow brown brick, art deco building at the corner of Queen and College streets that was Lennoxville's post office until 1972!)

Somewhere close to a thousand people come through the Library's doors each month. They want the latest books in English and French, or to take part in book clubs and other activities for kids and adults, but they are also looking to make connections, to build community, and sometimes to learn a little more about this part of the Townships that we call home.

From my perch as library coordinator, I love the all-are-welcome, democratic space that a public library at its best can be. I love that it aspires to be open to people of

First!

by G.L. Brown

There was a time
when First Nations were First...

They owned the open spaces
and were thankful
for their natural bounties
because they were First...

Humility, one day,
met Arrogance
as others from elsewhere
came in an invasive way...
Respect was a forced action
and wars were fought
between the Uninvited Visitors
and the First Nations...

But wars and take-overs
still do not erase
the significance of the truth
which is **they were here**
First!

G.L. Brown of Sherbrooke is "82 years a settler."

all ages, all walks of life, and - particularly relevant in this little corner of Canada - all language communities. What's true of its patrons is also true of its collection. Here John Steinbeck and Danielle Steel are good neighbours, and Miriam Toews hangs out just down the shelf from Kim Thuy and Tanya Tagaq.

When the opportunity presented itself to have Townships Poet Steve Luxton as the library's first Writer in Residence in 2021, we jumped at the chance to engage more deeply with the rich world of local writers and artists and, in particular, to help honour and elevate the voice of a richly deserving local poet.

Like me, like a lot of us, Steve Luxton comes from elsewhere but he has made the Townships his home. His rootedness and his fascination with this place emerge strongly in his poetry. His poems are earnest and earthy, occasionally philosophical, often wryly funny, and always accessible.

With support from Townshippers' Foundation, we have been able to offer a variety of events and activities in connection with Steve's residency, including poetry readings, art workshops, and even a series of "Literary Rambles" where we gathered outside in different areas - Johnville, Hatley, Bury, and North Hatley - to learn about and hear the works of poets who called those places home. (For videos of the Literary Rambles, visit YouTube and search for ArtsUnaeon.)

The year will culminate in the publication of a bilingual book-length collection of Steve's poetry by Shoreline Press. It will feature facing-page French translations by Lennoxville resident Maryse Laplante, making Steve's work accessible to a whole new audience. Many recent poems included in the collection are meditations and musings about Townships history. For those who love the Townships it will be a must-read, one that will proudly take its place among the glorious cacophony of voices emanating from the authors gathered in that old brick building at the corner of College and Queen.



Christian Collins is a happy immigrant from the U.S.A. who has lived in Compton since 2016, and has been Coordinator at the Lennoxville Library since 2018. His translations of Syrian poet Osama Alomar's very short stories were published by *New Directions* in 2017.

Shoreline Spreads its Wings in the Townships

by Angela Leuck

1. How did you come to be the new owner of Shoreline Press?

Two years ago, Judy Isherwood of Shoreline Press in Ste. Anne-de-Bellevue emailed me that after 30 years of publishing, she was looking for someone to take over her press. It sounded like an invitation, so I took her up on it. Up until then, I had been mainly writing, teaching and editing the occasional anthology; I hadn't been thinking about publishing at all. But when an opportunity like this falls into your lap, you don't say no!

2. What is it like running your own press?

It has been a steep learning curve, but the great thing about publishing is that you're not in it alone. A lot of people are involved: authors, designers, artists, website pros, printers, bookstore owners, and other Quebec publishers and associations such as the Association of English Language Publishers of Quebec (AELAQ) and the Association of Canadian Publishers (ACP). So while I was finding my feet, I was surrounded by experienced professionals. And, of course, Judy Isherwood was always available to answer my questions, and my husband, Steve Luxton, who had 25 years' experience co-running DC Books in Montreal, was a huge help as well.

3. How does the new Shoreline differ from the old?

Judith Isherwood's goal was to help first-time authors get published. At first, she focused on Montreal, then expanded to authors from across North America. She published everything: memoirs, novels, poetry, travel, art, education, and more. When I took over Shoreline, I decided to focus on books by and for Townshippers. I already knew a lot of gifted writers in the area and wanted to see their work in print.

4. Is a region with only 35,000 English-language speakers large enough to support a local press?

You might think that a press in a big city would have no problem selling books with such a large potential audience. But it's hard to get the word out; access to the mainstream media has become more and more difficult. In the Townships, it's a lot more small-town friendly. Radio stations and papers are very supportive. Also, I think, as a minority language group, there is a greater

willingness here to support our local English writers.

5. What role do interns play in the press?

Interns have played an essential role throughout Shoreline's history. Judy Isherwood's husband had been Dean of Education at McGill, so the connection with the university was already there. She would never have been able to publish over 200 books without the help of countless interns. During the summer of 2020, two students from the McGill Internship programme worked on my first books: *Townners & Other Stories* by Josh Quirion and *Colouring Outside the Lines* by Anne Hill. They did a brilliant job!

This past spring, I reached out to Bishop's University. To my astonishment, 21 students expressed interest in a summer internship at Shoreline! This led to me developing and teaching a 14-session Zoom series of weekly one-hour workshops on the publishing process. Eighteen students completed the programme and also worked on various Shoreline book projects. I also have a student this fall working at Shoreline as part of an experiential learning course for which he will obtain university credits. It's a win-win situation for the student, the press and the university.

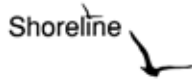
6. Can you give us a preview of upcoming Shoreline books?

Shoreline currently has ten books in production. These include five poetry books by poets Tanya Bellehumeur-Allatt, Steve Luxton, Carole Martignacco and Carolyn Rafman, two memoirs by Joanne Pocock and Heather Davis, a short story collection by John Mackley, and a children's

book by Ann Rothfels. We also have our first bilingual (English/French) book underway—a poetry collection celebrating the work of the Lennoxville Library's first Writer in Residence.

7. How has the Covid-19 pandemic affected your press?

It has obviously had a huge impact, because the majority of our books are sold at events where people can meet the author. Book launches have either been greatly curtailed or are online. One thing you learn in publishing, though, is to be creative, so we have been finding ways to get our books into the hands of readers. Lately, it has also led to disruptions at the printers, who are now dealing with an onslaught of books as publishers start to get back into gear again as, hopefully, the pandemic is nearing its end.



Angela Leuck with author Josh Quirion at the launch of Shoreline's first book, *Townners*. (photo by Heather Davis)

(CONT'D. ON PG. 18)

Studio Georgeville: A Hub of Literary Activities

by Louise Abbott

In April 2008, six artists and one arts aficionado conceived the idea of establishing an art gallery-cum-cultural centre in Georgeville on Lake Memphremagog. In many ways, it seemed like an impossible dream. But a government agent assisted the seven in becoming an official artists' cooperative, and a landlord rented them the ground floor of a heritage building for a preferential fee. In June 2008, Studio Georgeville opened its doors.

As a founding member, I was delighted at the prospect of a year-round exhibition space. But I was even more delighted at the possibilities for literary programming. I plunged into the unfamiliar role of impresario. For our inaugural literary event, I enlisted a Toronto author with Townships roots and a thought-provoking bestseller—my sister, Elizabeth Abbott. In July 2008, I emceed an evening at a local inn that included a delectable meal and autographed copies of *Sugar: A Bittersweet History* for guests. Between courses, I interviewed Elizabeth about the book and then opened the floor to questions. The event drew uniformly positive reviews and was followed by a well-attended launch of *Sugar* at Studio Georgeville.

Over the ensuing years, I organized many book launches, readings, and workshops with writers from the Townships, Montreal, and beyond. On occasion, I collaborated with the Quebec Writers' Federation (QWF): Montreal novelist Kenneth Radu, for instance, hosted a QWF Writers Out Loud afternoon with North Hatley poet D.G. Jones.

As Studio Georgeville's reputation grew, an increasing number of writers approached us about presentations, and our roster of literary events expanded. We held screenings of films like *Al Purdy was Here* and sponsored performances by spoken word artists Moe Clark, Ian Ferrier, and Kathy Fisher.

All these activities enabled writers and aspiring writers in the Townships to become more familiar with each other and with writers from outside the region. They also helped them to improve their work and find fresh opportunities for disseminating it. Studio Georgeville itself offered a sales outlet.

I never anticipated, however, that we would eventually publish some of the books that we sold. It was a chance encounter with Hatley poet Angela Leuck in February 2019 that prompted me to set up a press in the gallery's name. Studio Georgeville was planning an exhibition about water, and Angela suggested an accompanying chapbook of haiku on that theme. The project evolved

into a 178-page anthology—*Water Lines: New Writing from the Eastern Townships of Quebec*—with non-fiction, fiction, poetry, and drama from 70 writers. We donated the sales profits to two regional water conservation organizations.

Before the ink was dry on *Water Lines*, Angela and I had begun work on *Emergence: Contemporary Women Poets of the Eastern Townships of Quebec*, which was issued in April 2021. I am currently producing Studio Georgeville's third book, *In the Vale*, with Vale Perkins co-editors Elizabeth Paulette-Coughlin and Ruth Patterson; it will be launched in 2022.



At the launch of *Water Lines* in November 2019, book contributors gather in Studio Georgeville as Angela Leuck (right) and Louise Abbott hold up cheques totalling over \$2,500 for presentation to Memphremagog Conservation Inc. and Blue Massawippi representatives. (Photo by Niels Jensen)

The ongoing pandemic and the diminishing anglophone population of the Townships have certainly posed challenges for Studio Georgeville's English-language literary activities. In the face of discouragement, however, I take heart in a thank you note from a child who attended one of our writing workshops: "It was great.... We learned to observe everything ... to use details and to never give up."

Louise Abbott is a writer, photographer, and filmmaker in Tomifobia. Although best known for her non-fiction books and documentary photos and films, she discovered a new genre of filmmaking in 2020—the video poem. She produced eight short films with Townships poets to accompany *Emergence*; they can be viewed on Vimeo: <https://vimeo.com/showcase/7706238>. (Photo by Vito DeFilippo)



Write Here Write Now: A Reflection

by Jan Draper

Write Here Write Now began in 2016 as a Townshippers' Association project, Our Stories, designed to create an ebook of Townships memoirs to celebrate the upcoming Sesquicentennial. The project included creative writing workshops. In early December, Melanie Cutting, Chhatwal, and I delivered the first workshop at the beautiful Brome County Historical Society Archives in Knowlton. We had no idea if anyone would show up. They did. A group of interested writers assembled.

Some of those people are still involved in Write Here Write Now, the grandchild of Our Stories. Most workshops focused on memoir to prepare for the ebook and they showed clearly that Townshippers were enthusiastic and accomplished writers. The workshops lasted until July 1, 2017, when the ebook was launched (and later published in print).

Rachel Hunting, Executive Director of Townshippers' Association, suggested that Our Stories should continue. The search for funding was successful and under Melanie's inspired name, Write Here Write Now, workshops began again. When that funding ended during the pandemic, WHWN proposed adoption to Bishop's University's Wade Lynch, Director of Bishop's University Lifelong Learning Academy. WHWN is now under the aegis of BULLA. We are very grateful to be working with Wade, who is a great support to WHWN.

The underlying principles of both Our Stories and WHWN are those which guide adult learning. The workshops acknowledge the experience and skills of the participants who are free to take part in activities or not, to read or not, to give feedback or not. The original Our Stories workshops, two and a half hours each, began with a brainstorming session on what people thought about the topic under discussion.

The "corporate culture" of WHWN is the same: the acknowledgment and support of every person who joins our workshops. All the facilitators try their best to respond to the concerns of the participants in a positive and helpful way. Workshops begin with establishing rapport so that everyone feels comfortable reading their work - or deciding not to read. Members of the group provide another source of reassurance and encouragement.

A number of writers have undertaken stints of "Writing Everyday," producing a poem, story or part of a longer work everyday and sending it on to one or two writing partners. It is a big challenge and the writing is aided by

the gentle pressure of knowing that someone is waiting for the email in which they find today's poem.

Is Zoom the way forward? I hope so!! In January of 2020 I was supposed to give a workshop in Knowlton. Three times in a row we had terrible weather. I admit that I am not the most courageous driver but winter roads in the ET can be a bit of a problem. With Zoom, no one has to skid and skate down the back roads. Also, as WHWN is posted now on Eventbrite, we have participants from around the world: US, Colombia, England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Hungary, Greece, India, and Nepal. Like Our Stories and WHWN (first edition), the current WHWN, has just published a book, *Hope and Resilience in the Time of COVID*, described elsewhere in these pages.

Many WHWN participants are now publishing their own books, some through Hatley-based Shoreline Press.

Local support of the project has been a real boost. CJMQ has featured many interviews with both writers and facilitators.

Of special note was the encouragement of the late Barbara Heath, the valued editor of *The Townships Sun*. Barbara published many memoirs and we partnered on "Poems You Can Understand." We look forward to working with the new editor, who knows WHWN well.

Our workshops focus on themes and techniques. Etienne Domingue delivers Fantasy Fugue Forum, Rachel Garber gives workshops on memoir, Rebecca Welton focuses on how to write a novel. Nick Fonda facilitates Writing Local History and I have the pleasure of giving Writing Everyday.

We have some different plans for 2022: a winter festival, some more magical realism, more work on novels, memoir and history, the techniques of poetry. Interested? Let us know what you would like. I am serious. We respond to people's interests and needs. Call me 819-842-1940 or email jandraper@yahoo.com.

Jan Draper grew up on a dairy farm in Brome, Quebec. She has taught English at Champlain in Lennoxville and for College Marie-Victorin in Asia, and has implemented education projects in the Townships, South America, Europe and Asia.



A day-long Nature Writing Workshop in 2019 organized by Write Here Write Now at Uplands Cultural and Heritage Centre. (photo by Jan Draper)

Hope and Resilience in the Eastern Townships

by Rebecca Welton

Despite never setting foot in Canada before, I arrived one wintry evening with my husband, two children, and eleven suitcases in tow. Lovers of skiing and mountain biking, we'd yearned to live somewhere our children could experience these activities. On arrival, though, my then eight-year-old son was not impressed. He walked out of the airport and strode right back in again, stating, "It's way too cold. I'm going back to England!"

Instead, wrestling him into warmer clothes, we set off for Bromont. My family settled quickly into our new lives, but I found it difficult spending long days alone while they were at work and school. Having studied creative writing in the UK, I was cautiously excited when I found Write Here Write Now, an organization that runs free creative writing workshops. I ventured along to the Knowlton class, and knew immediately that I'd found a home. The workshop was full of funny, supportive, and amazingly creative people: I was hooked.

The idea of a relatively small book project came out of one of these workshops. Then COVID hit, and the world changed overnight. With Bishop's University Lifelong Learning Academy, the workshops continued online but it was a scary and unsettling time. In this new reality of lockdowns, home-schooling, and home-working, it soon became clear that the pandemic's impact on the world would be profound.

Many of us wished for a distraction, something positive to focus our minds on. And so, our little book project morphed into a much bigger one: an anthology of community writing and artistry called *Hope and Resilience in the Time of COVID*. The book offered a way to document this time, leave an account for future generations of what daily life was really like. It gave us an avenue to express our feelings and fears, with the hope that the experience of doing so might prove to be cathartic.

As editor, I worked with a wonderful Editorial Board of local writers and artists to catalogue the 180 submissions in a way that would take the reader on a journey through the

pandemic. From the shocks of those first few weeks, through our resilience in the face of so much loss and uncertainty, to those first rays of hope—vaccines, lifting of lockdowns, and hugs with loved ones.

It has been hard, riding out this storm so far away from family. But I was inspired by the way the Eastern Townships writers and artists shared their experiences:

it showed remarkable courage, and blazed a trail for all of us to come together to learn, heal, and work as a community in the hope of making our new reality better. They are the reason I think of the Eastern Townships as my home now, and I hope that the book showcases their talent in the way it deserves. As for my son, just like me, he loves our new home—cold weather and all.

Hope and Resilience in the Time of Covid was edited by Rebecca Welton with support from editorial board members Melanie Cutting, Etienne Domingue, Gillian Eastly, John LeBaron, Phyllis Sise, and guests editors Anne Fortier, Caroline George, and Pauline Vallee. The book is available at Brome Lake Books in Knowlton, and Black Cat Books in Sherbrooke for \$31, and in e-book (\$4.99) and paperback (\$32) from Amazon.



Rebecca Welton has a MSc in International Relations from the London School of Economics, and completed a five-year creative writing course. She has lived in Bromont for the last three years with her husband, two children, and mischievous cat, Scout. Rebecca writes young adult and urban fantasy novels, and runs workshops on publishing and how to write a novel with Write Here Write Now in Bishop's University Lifelong Learning Academy.



Knowlton Literary Festival: Flying by Remote

by R.A. Garber

The checkerboard schedule caught my eye, filled as it was with photos of writers and other artists of word and song, all colour and smiling faces, all online on an evening and a day in mid-October. This is the Knowlton Literary Festival.

Here was a chance to meet an eclectic selection of authors: Acclaimed crime writer John McFetridge of the Eddie Dougherty and Toronto Series of books, and Janie Chang from Vancouver, who wrote the bestselling novel, *The Library of Legends* (2020).



Jane Livingston, president of the Knowlton Literary Festival.

We heard Joanna Goodman read from her new novel, *The Forgotten Daughter*, offering a singular view of Quebec's Duplessis Orphans era. Novelist K. D. Miller read passages from *Late Breaking*, an acclaimed book of linked stories that imagine the lives of characters in selected paintings by Alex Colville.

And CBC science guru Bob McDonald treated us to choice tidbits from his 2019 book, *An Earthling's Guide to Outer Space: Everything You Ever Wanted to Know About Black Holes, Dwarf Planets, Aliens, and More*.

Angela Leuck of Shoreline Press interviewed

Tanya Bellehumeur-Allatt, author of two new books: *Peacekeeper's Daughter: A Middle East Memoir* (Thistledown Press), about seven months in Beirut when she was 12; and *Chaos Theories of Goodness: Poems* (Shoreline). Leuck introduced us to Joanne Pocock with her memoir, *Geneva's Scrapbook: The Art of Piecing Together a Life* (Shoreline), and we heard Steve Luxton play harmonica in tribute to his forthcoming book, *Lift off the Roof: Harmonica Blues Poems*.

The Festival also let us participate in book club get-togethers, hear music from Sarah Biggs, Amos Joannides, the Almut Ellinghaus Trio, and The Community Singers, and see Sarah Holmes dancing and Harriet Ritchie performing *The Unreliable Narrator*, a one-woman show by Laura Teasdale.

Almost 200 registrants, plus friends, attended the online event as it reached into participants' homes via Zoom. And vice versa, the audience caught glimpses of authors' far-away office or living spaces, in that oddly distanced intimacy of life-in-a-pandemic.

The Knowlton Literary Festival grew out of the annual Letters from Knowlton writing event in bygone years into a full-fledged literary event in 2010. This is the 11th annual Festival except for last year's, as the Covid pandemic surged.

"My first chore as president was to cancel the 2020 festival," said Jane Livingston. She was elected president in May 2020 after the Festival's original organizer, Philip Lanthier, retired.

Zoom offered a solution. "We're a group of volunteers, with various skills, and this was a learning curve," Livingston said. "It was kind of like flying a plane by remote control, but it came off beautifully."

The Festival offered an Indigenous Authors series in February 2021, and three live events are planned this winter: a local authors' and poets' night, a two-day writers' workshop, and a children's author visit to the Knowlton Academy.

Big festivals in large cities have also moved to Zoom."For our community, we're punching way above our weight," she observed. "I'm pretty proud of our board. Everything is driven by our volunteers."

Roger Williams facilitated the online events, alongside board members Lucy Hoblyn of Brome Lake Books and Meghan Redmile. Other members are Wendy Seys, Frank Johnston-Main, Jana Valasek, and Maurice Crossfield.

Poetry Page

Driving the Back Roads

by Gay Grannary

Over rising hills and places
my friend and I drive the back roads
just before dusk as the sun lowers towards the
horizon,
different splendor of light, shape and color
at each new angle of the road,
ever-changing juxtaposition of earth, sun and sky,
Slowly and certainly,
round sun moves past day,
colorful bursts of pink, purple and orange
diamonds and rainbows
mix in its wake.

Misty mountains morph.
Sleeping whales and grizzly bears
form, and reform, as my friend and I
meander awestruck over earth's
kaleidoscope of shape and color,
adventure
in our own backyard.

The Humble Sprinkler

by June Johnston

A soft click . . . click . . .
The sound is rhythmical

Water droplets move in an arched path
Gently speckling my parched garden bed

Moving hypnotically,
Back and forth, back and forth

Dispensing life to my plants and
Soothing my spirit

Untitled

by Gillian Eastley

Red sky at dawn.
Intensely drawn.
Rich pumpkin orange,
hints of gold,
and scarlet fading into rose.
The spreading clouds
soft indigo,
crimson tipped,
they wisp and flow.
Trees silhouetted,
reaching high,
shake their lacework
at the sky.
And soon the rain
will start to fall.

A Proustian Moment

by KTDuncan

A corps de ballet of Iris Pallida Variegata rise
slender and proud, danseurs of a corona border.
Epee leaves slice sunward through bared
rhizomes who from last year to this, have run
silent beneath their earthen stage. The screen
door-slap echoes beyond a motley spring
audience in bloom. I descend porch steps into
fragrant mists kissed by pre-dawn rain,
embracing me with evocative pleasures, redolent
of childhood...and I surrender. As night shadows
wither behind.

Flashing green and gold
pheromones oozing purple
grape Popsicle drips
on her wrist then down the bib
of her favourite yellow frock.

Poets KTDuncan (Toronto), Gillian Eastley (Knowlton), Gay Grannary (Dunham), and June Johnston (Calgary), are participants in the WRITE HERE WRITE NOW initiative of the Bishop's University Lifelong Learning Academy.

Miriam's Thanksgiving

by Janice LaDuke

It was a tradition of Miriam's that each Thanksgiving she would invite for dinner her neighbours, those who didn't have previous engagements, and many of them did have engagements for they were country people, many with family close by. Still, Miriam invited her neighbours, and always, some came.

This year in particular there were seven guests expected, and Miriam spent all day Saturday preparing, then was up at dawn on Sunday to put the finishing touches on, and to put it all in motion.

The turkey was rubbed with a pesto of oregano, rosemary, garlic, olive oil, and salt and pepper on the Saturday, then was left to rest overnight in the cool of the storage room. On Sunday morning, the bird in its great speckled enamel pan was slipped into the hot oven. Potatoes, carrots, turnips, squash with apples and onions, homemade crackers and a mulled cider, hard cheeses, soft cheeses, the tarts, the galette with its sprinkling of slivered almonds, its glaze of melted butter, and a beaten egg brushed over the crust.

The best china came down from the top shelves, her grandmother's silverware, and vases of the last cosmos and calendula, ferns, and boughs of scarlet leaves.

By one o'clock, Miriam was red faced and wrung out. After one last look around the big country kitchen, she took herself upstairs to wash and change and brush out her waist-length hair. Thinning and silvery, she twisted its great length into a neat figure eight, jabbed in the tortoise shell pins, settled her lace collar and gave her black oxfords a quick pass with a stray wool sock, then headed back downstairs.

There, sitting in her grandfather's chair at the head of the table where she had planned to seat John Renfrew, sat Moss Higden. Miriam blinked. "Moss," she said.

"Well, there you be!" Moss hollered. "Wondered where you'd got to! All this pretty food sitting out and no one to enjoy it! These little crackers are real nice, I must say. That cheese, though, it's a mite off, I'd say. You might want to put it out of sight. You know, don't want anyone thinking you're feeding 'em reduced priced goods, do you now?"

Moss leaned around the corner of the table and pulled out the chair there, just far enough out to get his great booted feet up onto it, but his left foot caught on the corner of the linen tablecloth. Miriam threw herself at the table, placing both hands down hard on the cloth to keep it from being pulled entirely from the table, and all the china and silverware with it.

"Moss, please!" she exclaimed.

"Oops! Sorry 'bout that, M'ims," he said, then gave a long, low whistle. "Good save, ol' girl! And I say, my my, don't you smell purty!"

After straightening the tablecloth and the dinnerware, Miriam straightened herself up, looked Moss in the eye and said, "Put your feet on the floor, please, Moss!"

At that moment there was a tap at the door, and Adeline and Albert McCracken appeared at the window. Miriam gave Moss a stern look, then rushed to the door to greet her guests. Swinging the door wide, Miriam had time to say "Welcome -" But that was all she could say because at that moment a black and tan terrier burst through the opening and beelined it for Moss.

"Tucker, old thing!" Moss exclaimed. "Miriam, you shouldn't have let the door swing wide open like that! Now look what you've done!"

The dog jumped up, placed his front paws squarely in Moss' lap, then turned to survey the table and in no time at all bounded onto the chair that Moss had pulled out for his feet, grabbed the block of aged cheddar in his jaws and then beelined it back to the still open door, almost bowling over poor Adeline McCracken. Her brother grabbed her as she spun and kept her upright. Miriam was fit to be tied.

"Moss Higden! I did invite you to dinner but you are not fit to sit at a dining room table! I will thank you to please remove yourself to the woodshed and I will bring you a plate out there, but I -"

Moss rose from his chair, rose slowly to his full height of five feet and four inches. He glared at Miriam, then taking a handful of crackers and a round of cheese in his hands, he headed for the door. At the last moment, he spotted the bottle of sherry on the kitchen sideboard. Shoving the cheese into his pocket, he made a quick side-step to grab the bottle, then smoothly slipped out the door.

"And good riddance!" Miriam called after him.

She closed the door firmly, leaned her back against it, and looked at Adeline and Albert. They looked back at her and for a full moment nobody said a word. Then, a chuckle worked its way out, then another, then a loud and hearty guffaw from Albert and they were all three laughing till the tears were running down their faces.

"I am thankful - , " Miriam began, then they were off in swirls of laughter once more. As the other guests arrived, the jollity of the gathering held, and a fine feast was had. The food was splendid, but the camaraderie and friendship were even greater.

(CONT'D ON PG. 18))

(Who Were First, CONT'D FROM PG. 5)

At the same time, the occasional presence of Abenaki families from Wôlinak was reported in various places in the Eastern Townships in the first decades of the 19th century, when they still practiced big game hunting and fishing and collected plants for medical purposes and for making baskets. However, since the rapid colonization of the region made access to wildlife resources ever more difficult, many Abenakis from Odanak and Wôlinak now went instead to the north shore of the Saint Lawrence River to hunt, trap and participate in the fur trade.

In the first decades of the 20th century, the Abenakis largely abandoned hunting and trapping in favor of an economy centered around artisanal production. To sell their products, families of Odanak and Wôlinak went to the American East Coast by way of the Eastern Townships rivers. Otherwise, they spent most of their lives on reserves or in urban areas where many Abenakis went to settle.

The Eastern Townships is included within the limits of the Abenaki ancestral territory named Ndakinna. Although an interest in frequenting the Townships for economic, social, and cultural purposes has been revived in recent decades, the Abenakis have come up against

several obstacles in this regard, starting with the fact that more than 90 percent of the territory is now in the private domain. This makes it more difficult to access and preserve resources for future generations, and to protect places of cultural and spiritual significance.

It is in this context that the Waban-aki nation asserted its territorial rights while signing in 1999 an agreement with the provincial government concerning the use of the territory.

In short, if the territory of the Eastern Townships seems to have historically constituted an area of exploitation more than a place of sedentary occupation for the Abenakis, this should not detract from the importance of the temporal and cultural link between the land and the Abenaki nation.

Claude Gélinas is an anthropologist and professor in the Department of Philosophy and Applied Ethics at the University of Sherbrooke. A resident of Sherbrooke, he has been interested in the history and culture of Aboriginal peoples for the past 30 years. (Photo courtesy of Claude Gélinas)



We Celebrate Barbara Heath

We celebrate the life of Barbara Ann Heath, who passed away at the CHUS Hotel Dieu in Sherbrooke, September 9, 2021, at age 70.

She is survived by her sister, Margret (Victor) Provencher, and brother, Charlie Heath, and niece and nephews. She was predeceased by her parents, Melton Earl and Myrtle Beatrice Heath, and sister, Sadie (J.P.) Levesque. Barbara will be missed dearly by family and friends. Barbara's wish was to have no service. In lieu of flowers, give donations to your choice of foundation. (Information from Facebook post by Carol Flanders.)

Friends of Barbara and of The Townships Sun are welcome to make a donation in her memory to the Townshippers' Research & Cultural Foundation, designated for The Townships Sun. (Donors receive a charitable receipt.) Visit townshippersfoundation.ca, email trcf@townshippers.org, phone 819-822-3314, or mail Townshippers' Foundation, 3355 College Street, Sherbrooke, QC J1M 0B8.

Friends and family may request a complimentary copy of the September 2021 issue of The Townships Sun containing an "In Memoriam" for Barbara (while supply lasts). Contact The Townships Sun, P.O. Box 28, Lennoxville post office, Sherbrooke, QC J1M 1Z3. Phone 819-566-7424. Email contact@townshipssun.ca. Facebook: The Townships Sun. Also, free electronic issues are available at the website, TheTownshipsSun.org.

- All of us at The Townships Sun

(Shoreline Press, CONT'D FROM PG.11)

8. How can we keep informed about upcoming launches and readings?

You can email me at acleuck@gmail.com or phone 819-416-0712 and I will add your name to our mailing list.

Angela Leuck moved to the Eastern Townships nearly 10 years ago with her husband, the poet Steve Luxton. She lives in a 200-year-old farmhouse in the village of Hatley. When she is not publishing, teaching, writing or editing, she may be found working in one of her many flower gardens.

(Miriam's Thanksgiving, CONT'D FROM PG.17)

Miriam did heap a plate and carried it out to the woodshed herself, first asking Adeline to cover for her. There seemed to be no one there, but she left the plate with a napkin and utensils and a glass on the workbench, though she did not fill the glass. The next morning she found the plate wiped clean, and in the glass was a small bouquet of her own asters.

Janice LaDuke sells books old and new, plays the bass fiddle, bakes bread, travels about in a VW van with a canoe strapped on top, and writes... whenever she can. AKA Gramma. She may be visited at the Black Cat Books, 168E Queen, Sherbrooke, QC J1M 1J9.

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Embracing Aging: The Importance of Mobility

by Anita Duwel

Do you ever get up from bed or chair and feel stiff or sore?

Do you need to straighten up before walking?

Or, maybe take a few steps before everything starts to feel okay again?

One of my new clients was telling me that recently on a car trip with her family for a long weekend getaway, they stopped for some lunch. When she went to get out of the car, her knees, hips, and lower back were so stiff that she had to take a moment to straighten up, and then had to walk slowly for a few steps to get herself back to feeling at ease.

Well, I can relate to this and maybe you can, too. I was working on my website and online programs and sitting for a big part of the day for months and months.

I was negligent with my exercise routine and I can tell you I started to feel the same way! For me, it was my hips and lower back. And when I would stand from sitting, I had to take that moment to straighten out before moving forward.

Now, that is something I am not used to, and it hit home for me how serious poor mobility is and how easily we can get there.

I did have tightness starting months previous from sitting and working on the computer, but did not think much of it. Now, I have incorporated some regular stretching exercises into my weekly regime (love doing yoga and specifically yoga targeted for hips and lower back) and am feeling a lot better for it!

Whether it's sitting all day for work, hunching over your phone or computer, sitting deep in your couch, or just slouching while in line at the grocery store...if it becomes a habit, it can start to have a long term effect on your body.

Experts say that approximately 80% of people will have back pain at some point during their life, much of it preventable...and I don't want you to be one of them. Your mobility has EVERYTHING to do with not only how you move and feel...but with the quality of life you have.

The good news is this: just as you can continue to build and strengthen your muscles as you get older, practicing

flexibility and mobility exercises can keep you feeling limber. And even more importantly, they can potentially help you avoid shoulder and back injuries, avoid falls, and improve your posture.

They take just a few minutes, and if you make time for them 3-4 times a week, you'll notice results FAST. I can definitely vouch for that! And my client, who has started doing mobility exercises, started to feel the difference after one week. For even more benefit, do them when your body is warm...after some light cardio or a brisk walk.

Some great ways to get more mobility are:

1. Do some yoga. There are many online or group classes that you can do. Start slowly. Do what you can and before you know it, you will begin to see improvement and feel so much better.
2. Use a foam roller and give yourself a little massage. Foam rollers are amazing. If you don't own one, it might be an idea for a birthday or Christmas gift.
3. Make sure to get up from a sitting position every 45 minutes or so and do a bit of stretching. Your legs, hips, back, and neck will thank you for it.
4. You can find many different charts for stretching online as well as some very good videos.

Staying mobile and being healthy means that you can

enjoy your life. It does not mean spending hours in a gym...it means moving (walking, biking, dancing), doing some body weight exercises, stretching, and doing some balance exercises as well. Couple that with a healthy diet, not a restricted diet, and you will be feeling amazing!

If you have any questions or would like more information, please feel free to reach out to me at anitaduwel@live.com.



Anita Duwel is owner of *Love the Life You Live/Aging with Vitality*. She is a Certified Holistic Nutrition and Wellness coach, Workplace Wellness Consultant and helps people who struggle with weight and low energy to feel healthy and vibrant so that they can live a life of quality and vitality. Learn more at www.AnitaDuwel.com

Meditate & Create: The Art of Being & Doing

by Kathleen Y. Rattigan

“Creativity is Intelligence Having Fun” - Albert Einstein

My gaze turns inward as an inspiration, a creative idea, a painting, a new recipe, or whatever it is that I love to do begins to be born within my mind.

What part of us is being accessed when we close the outward door and enter the inner wondrous kingdom of creativity? Do we all have our funny little rhythms and habits we establish to settle our being into “the mode” or mood?

Classical or New Age music awakens my muse - I perch my fingers on the keyboard - and the words begin to flow, bypassing my conscious mind and seemingly floating in from a gentle space above my crown chakra. If I become stuck, I stretch out for a quick meditation, and within minutes, get up, refreshed and renewed.

Have you noticed how time flow seems different when we are creating? It seems that only minutes have passed and then suddenly it is hours later. One reason is because we have entered into the Alpha and/or Theta brain wave level of activity. These are the levels most people generate naturally when asleep, dreaming, or relaxing in nature. When you learn to consciously enter into these levels at will, which is what we do in meditation - you immediately access your creative levels. Meditation and creation go together like a hand in glove because a clear and productive mind is of utmost value when one is a creator.

In my roles as motivational life skills teacher, counsellor and writer, I have discovered that the more we use our “creative mind,” the happier we become. Many of my clients have come to me possessing the belief that they have no skills or developed talents to express their inner self. These are sad and unfulfilled people.

I am committed to the belief that we MUST have creative outlets or a part of us withers and dies. Everyone has something, call it a natural talent or an innate ability. We are all born to create, no exception! To sing, play music, sculpt, cook, dance, write, build, teach, heal, or whatever is your calling - there are endless options and choices in a plethora of offerings upon our schoolhouse earth.

Now and then I encounter a person who is completely blocked within themselves and can not find a creative bone in their body. To these souls, I give the assignment to go and buy a big box of crayons and lots of colouring books, and PLAY! By allowing their “inner child” out to

play, they begin to remember what it is they loved to do when they were a child, and the floodgates open.

Why did we ever buy into the belief system that being an adult has to be such serious business all the time? To play, to enjoy oneself in an innocent manner, brings us such peace and inner contentment, it ought to be required on a daily basis.

Right now, as I am writing this article, I am listening to the CD “*Invoking the Muse*” by Layne Redmond. What exactly is a “muse” you ask? From my synonym finder comes the following: “1. *Classical Mythology, Goddess of the arts; genius, creativity, creative powers, and expressivity.*” And from the Webster’s dictionary, “*any of the nine sister goddesses in Greek mythology presiding over song and poetry and the arts and sciences: a source of inspiration especially a guiding genius.*”

We all have our own inner muse or guiding genius in the form of a relaxed, open and awakened mind that loves to create beauty.

Of course the most amazing creator of beauty is Mother Nature herself. As the sun rises each morning, my breath sighs out in gratitude for the blush of dawn that fills my eyes and gentles my soul, for diamond dewdrops sparkling on the intricate and ethereal beauty of spider webs, the blazing glory of autumn and the silent azure endless sky above. Truly, I am grateful to be alive on a planet that exists in such beauty.

May all your creations be blessed and bring you joy, delight and peace.



Kathleen Y. Rattigan has been a counselor and motivational speaker for over 30 years. She lives in the Chateaugay Valley (Ormstown). (Photo courtesy of author)

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Life Interrupted

by Linda Knight Seccaspina

Our new editor at the *Townships Sun*, Rachel Garber, thought it would be a great idea if I wrote about our late editor Barbara Heath. Normally it would be an easy task for me, but in this case I had never met Barbara.

Don't get me wrong; I didn't know her - but in reality, we knew each other. They say to have a close friendship, you need to meet each other first, which helps strengthen the bond. Barbara and I did not need that, as we easily exchanged over a hundred emails between each other and felt like long lost sisters.

I first met Barbara years ago when she emailed me about a story I did about the rumoured 30-foot-long monster called Gog, Manaloo, Memphre, the Anaconda, or the Lake Monster of Lake Memphremagog. Somehow she had seen it on Facebook and asked if the *Townships Sun* could run it. Since I had spent the first night of my honeymoon looking out the motel window which faced Lake Memphremagog, searching for that creature, it was a story that was near and dear to my heart.

And so, as they say, began the online friendship of Linda and Barbara. I had been writing for years in the States for publications about celebrities, murders and pets and she assured me that history was my thing, and she was right. She encouraged me to keep writing with my heart, and to pursue my potential. It's not like I needed anyone to encourage my prolific writing, but even though we were the same age, it was like someone putting their arm around you. It was always that way between us. She represented a part of my self-identity.

We both believed in saving heritage like the Tomifobia church which is a short distance from Stanstead, Quebec. The poor wee church was sold and abandoned for years, and it left a mark on both of our hearts. She was a fighter like myself, and we both stood up for the wrongs in our communities. Barbara, with the closing of the CIBC in Stanstead, and me, with storm-water management ponds and supporting local business. It doesn't matter now how slowly we moved along, we just had to make sure we didn't stop. Neither of us kept our feelings in a drawer to be forgotten.

I am heartbroken. I should have known her health wasn't getting better. In March she sent me two beautiful jewellery artifacts that belonged to her mother. She said in a letter:

"I hope they bring you joy and show your spirit. You are certainly a valuable member of the Sun Family.



Artifacts to remember Barbara by...

Barbara did not wish to have any services, like myself. We both had figured out that lots of things happen after you die and none of them involve the deceased. I had told Barbara, "When I die, cremate me and stick a tree on me." I wanted absolutely no headstones so these genealogists I have been writing about for years will come looking for me. She always thought that was funny.

Barbara,

We never met, yet we knew each other well, almost like we were friends before,

We never met, but we both grew up in the Eastern Townships and loved and breathed history,

We never met, but you sent me letters from those that enjoyed my writing in the Townships Sun and told me never to stop writing.

We never met, but you were a friend and a mentor, and for that I will be eternally grateful and never ever forget you.

I wish there was email in heaven.

Linda Knight Seccaspina was born in Cowansville, Quebec, about the same time as the wheel was invented.



Before she laid her fingers to a keyboard, Linda was a fashion designer and owned the eclectic store, Flash Cadillac, in Ottawa. Linda has written for many media outlets in the United States and Canada and has a daily history blog on Wordpress. She is a proud grandmother and a town councillor for Carleton Place, Ontario where she advocates for seniors and affordable housing.

A man in a dark jacket and red shirt is walking on a path in a park. The trees are in autumn, with many yellow and orange leaves. The sky is blue with some clouds. The man is in the lower left foreground, walking towards the camera. The background is filled with tall trees with vibrant autumn foliage. The overall scene is bright and colorful, capturing the essence of a crisp autumn day.

Bald Eagle

by Steve Luxton

One morning, I'm walking off
writer's block, when it shows
portentously overhead.

Not a burnished Golden,
icon of patriots and big
denomination banknotes,

but with a thuggish white head and tail like
a taxi dancer's raunchy silver fan.

A bit lowlife,
reputedly opportunistic:
not above chowing down on carrion.

A hulking, sleazy grifter sort of fowl....

Head on a boxer's cone-shaped neck,
yellow beak a thick pry,
and likely reckoning if
I'm breakfast or breakfaster.

—No, a hung-over loiterer.
A would-be fellow scavenger.
A loose and scrawny quill.

*Steve Luxton is the 2021 Writer in Residence at the Lennoxville Library. Although he suffers from writer's block from time to time, he is the author of six poetry books. A harmonica blues player as well, his **Lift off the Roof: Harmonica Blues Poems** is forthcoming this fall from Shoreline Press.*