

**The Townships Sun**



*Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present and Future*



*Carved in Rock*




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*The Townships Sun* is **June 10, 2020**

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 **Front cover photo: courtesy TD Granite**  
**Back cover photo: courtesy the Moliner family**



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# Cover Story:

## TD Granite – Carved in Stone

Tara Robertson and Diane Falconer, owners of TD Granite Inc. in Stanstead (Beebe), sat down on Tara's front porch one morning a few years ago for coffee. They had both recently found themselves unemployed and were in search of their next career opportunity. As the saying goes 'as one door closes, another one opens.' This was the day that these two ladies set out on an adventure.



Both Diane and Tara agreed that they enjoyed their previous employment in the granite industry. After a little discussion over the second cup of coffee they both came up with the idea to continue doing what they once did, but this time to do it on their own. This was 10 years ago, June 1<sup>st</sup>, 2010, when TD Granite took form. They set out with a business plan, and realized there was a lot to consider. Finding a location to set up was imperative, then equipment and employees. To start, they were able to negotiate a shop with equipment to lease, and in less than a month their doors were open for business.



As with all businesses, the path is not always smooth. Within the first year of operation, their landlords went into receivership and they were forced to find a new home. "Having your own business, you continually run

into bumps in the road. You can't get overwhelmed by one setback. You have to deal with one thing at a time but head on. Most of the time you can find a way around, over, or straight through it, if you have to."

TD Granite deals primarily in monuments. They also make signs, plaques, pavers, and garden stones, as well as various military memorials. Tara works mostly in the administration end of the business and Diane works in the shop. With a bit of a chuckle they agreed that you might find either one in the office or the shop.

The majority of their clients are located outside of Quebec. Their products are primarily shipped to the rest of Canada and parts of the USA. On weekly shipping runs to Barre, VT, you just might find either one behind the wheel, off to deliver the finished product. I asked them if people often are surprised or question what a woman knows about 'a man's job'? The ladies agreed most definitely that yes, gaining respect was imperative. "You need to know what you are talking about. With time, quality of work, product and service, people come around and see for themselves what TD can provide, regardless of gender."

Their projections for the future are to remain focused on growing while enjoying what they do. They firmly believe that there is no reason why a woman cannot realize her dream. **Congratulations ladies, and Happy Birthday to TD Granite on June 1, 2020.**

To all the women who step out there and face the winds and the waves to make their way in business, congratulations on your determination.

### **Tribute to All Women**

*I recently read the book *The Pirate Queen: In Search of Grace O'Malley and Other Legendary Women of the Sea* by Barbara Sjolholm.*

*According to the author, Christian Robertson was certainly a legendary woman of the sea. She built a shipping business with vessels in Canada and Greenland. She was a woman in charge.*

*Barbara Sjolholm writes the following:  
"On a clear evening Christian is at a window in her upstairs office. Taking her pen, she dips it in the ink and writes: 'It was a man's world.' Yet in our collective imagination freedom belongs to the sailor, the ones who leave friends and family behind for wind and waves."*

*To all the women who step out there to make their way in business, research, education, science, medicine and many other endeavours, congratulations on your determination.*

# Educating Others, One EVOO At a Time

by The Townships Sun

*"Extra Virgin Olive Oil is an age-old food with space age qualities that medical science is just beginning to understand," Tom Mueller, author of Extra Virginity.*

I sat down to chat with Jill Pacaud den Hertog about her olive oil distribution business. I soon learned that the business was far more than distribution: it was focused on educating people on the value of a good olive oil—what it is, why it is, and how to find it.

When you meet Jill, you immediately see her passion is not sales; in fact, she will tell you she was never very good at sales. A few months after the fatal stroke of her husband Jan in 2012, Jill heard an NPR radio interview with Tom Mueller about his book *Extra Virginity*. What he said about olive oil made her wonder if perhaps her husband might still be alive if she'd known earlier what Tom Mueller was talking about.

Olive oil has been promoted for good health for some time; however, there is a vast difference between the different grades of olive oil, some of which are not good for you, while others are exceptionally good for you. Knowing the difference is important.



Jill and Jan met when they were both stockbrokers. She remembers the aptitude test following the job interview where she was asked to list 3 wishes and 3 things she would do if she had unlimited funds.

She remembers responding that good health and working at something she liked were among her wishes, and that if she had unlimited funds she would like to learn to fly, sail, ride, and travel. Her husband's consuming interest in boats resulted in desk drawers filled with plans & material related to boats, while his secretary's drawers held all his client files.

Eventually, the two went off sailing and lived on a boat for over 20 years, living in Turkey for more than 6 years. Summers there were spent in the north of Turkey and winters in the south, a change in location made to avoid the tourists who flocked to the southern part in summer. There they met some of the nicest people, who today suffer one of the worst governments.

It took them about 8 years to complete the work on the boat. They travelled from Montreal to Key Largo, Florida where they bought the hull and deck of a West Indies 46 that was involved in a bankruptcy. On completion,

they sailed from the Keys to Bermuda, England, Holland, Ireland, Portugal, Spain, Italy, Greece and Turkey. They travelled up the Guadiana River, which forms the most southerly border between



Spain and Portugal, then up the Guadalquivir River to Seville, where they stayed for winter. She describes their time in Spain as a wonderful adventure, filled with the culture and events. A couple of weeks after Easter is 'Feria' time in Seville. This means a solid week of dancing and partying. Permanent fair grounds are set aside with a newly designed entrance every year, and a bull ring is opened for the season with a special horse and carriage show. When this show is over, the participants simply head out into the car traffic of the roads in the city.

Keeping warm in winter that far south is done with an electric warmer under a round table covered with a heavy round cloth that falls to the ground. If the feet and legs under the cloth are warm, the rest keeps remarkably warm as well.

She described the boat and mast in great detail. There were some difficult times at sea, but it was a wonderful adventure. When speaking, her eyes had the twinkle of that adventure with her husband Jan. Talking with her, you could feel the excitement of meeting people from other cultures and soaking in all those countries had to offer. Building a boat in your spare time is very slow—it allows one to do plenty of research and explore a variety of options. Their life, their journey and their spirits were free, free as the wind blowing on their faces as they sailed to new places and new adventures.

We did eventually get back to talking about olive oil and education. I had become lost in the fascination of her story, one told with passion, the same passion she shows for educating others on getting the best value for the olive oil product you purchase.

*In a future issue we will break down the properties of a good product.*

Contact information is [Jill@youtastethetruth.com](mailto:Jill@youtastethetruth.com) or by phone at 1-450-920-1010 (cell phone: 819-342-4480.) <http://www.youtastethetruth.com/oliveoiljdh.ca>



# Isolation and Closure: The New Norm

by *The Townships Sun*

As the Covid-19 Virus cases increase rapidly and the Government tries to stop the spread of this invisible enemy, our lives look very different. Travel has come to an abrupt stop. Living on the U.S.-Canada Border, the residents of Stanstead were accustomed to crossing into the U.S. to shop or visit relatives. The border is now closed with gates installed on the American side of the border stopping people from entering the U.S. except for essential services. For the moment the gates are open, but the question is, for how long?

Snow Birds have been returning to Canada, only to be greeted by the RCMP with instructions to self-quarantine for 15 days. Choosing not to comply with this order might lead to fines and possible jail time. It is imperative that we adhere to these instructions to protect ourselves and others.

The majority of people are doing as required and truly appear to understand the importance of these restrictions. There are reports of people scoffing at the regulations, but thankfully, for the most part, people are part of the solution, not the problem. Social distancing is important.

The streets are abandoned. No traffic, no people. Most places are closed. The Haskell Free Library, shared by Canada and U.S., is off limits to both countries; banks may have only ATMs available; many businesses take credit cards or debit cards, no cash; seniors' homes are closed to visitors including family members, and the list keeps growing.

Although we are not able to interact in the same manner to which we are accustomed, we are able to take the opportunity to reflect on the things we have. One day things will return to a new normal. Until then take care: we are in this together and we will rise from this together.



*Tape at Can-US sidewalk to Haskell Library*



*Haskell Library and Opera House*



*Dufferin Street looking north*



*Between Canada and US Customs, Stanstead, Quebec*

# Abundance of Caution

## April-May 2020 Editorial

The phrase 'Abundance of Caution' is a phrase we are hearing often. Things changed quickly, from the news that the COVID-19 had hit China hard, to the virus was spreading quickly. It was no longer a threat far away. It was in our back yards, a threat to our society as we know it.

Businesses were ordered to shut down services one by one. The world was in uncertainty. People were shut out of their jobs, leaving little hope financially as the illness spread like a raging fire. Isolation became the norm. We stay inside as schools and restaurants shut down, no social gatherings, and the restrictions became tighter and tighter.

Families were cut off from each other. The towns seemed abandoned. There was little movement, the country was shutting down. The border between Canada and the U.S. closed, things that only a few short months ago seemed unthinkable. It was surely something from a science fiction novel. But no, it was not science fiction. It was reality.

The government of each province acted swiftly to ensure the safety of the citizens. Our world became small and frightening. But through all of this I believe the government of Quebec has shown leadership. No matter what party you voted, for the government has been on top of the situation, on top as much as they could possibly be. This virus has been described as an invisible enemy. And how do you fight something that is invisible and raging through the population?

### Letter to the Editor

I enjoy this magazine and consider it the best in the knowledge of the Eastern Townships. Thank you for the kindness you show to the Eastern Townships citizens. Great news and interest for all of us.....

The article on the hospital service was excellent. I returned from Ontario after 50 years and had to go to our hospital here and I was treated with dignity, quickness and so much kindness. The excellent care was better than in Ontario.

Leona A. Chute

For the most part, people are supportive, staying in, working from home, hoping for the best. It may be sometime before we return to normal as we knew it. We need to take care of each other. This is a lesson I am sure we will not soon forget. In the eerie silence there is a comfort in knowing that we are a kind and caring people, many of whom are on the front lines placing their own safety at risk.

Let's take this time to reflect on the important things in life: family, friends, neighbours, children, caring. All the things that make us good human beings. Hopefully soon the threat will pass; for right now, reach out and let people know you care. And practice an Abundance of Caution, not only for yourself but also for others because someone loves and needs them, too.

### Announcements

The **QAHN Townships Trivia feature** will not appear in *The Townships Sun* until further notice. Contributor Matthew Farfan is taking a break due to high demand on his time. We hope to see "Trivia" back soon, as we know our readers enjoy the Quiz!

**Move** - *The Townships Sun* office has moved to 3335 College St, Sherbrooke (Lennoxville) The mailing address stays the same.

**Changes coming to the Sun** - Starting in July of 2020 the **July and August** issues will become one double issue. This is primarily due to the shutdown of printers and others who take holidays during this time. The April-May issue will stay the same for 2020; however in 2021, April and May will be separate issues. Therefore, the double issues will be as follows: January-February; July-August and October-November.

**July-August issue 2020** - we are looking for photos and articles on the people in your world. Friends, families.... looking back at great relationships. Only respectful photos, please, should be submitted for publication.

**Cover Photos** - If you have a photo that you feel represents the Eastern Townships, please submit it for possible use on the cover of the magazine. Photos must be sent in JPG format.

# My Life in a New Country

by Ida Maegerlein

*Ida Maegerlein was born in Germany in 1934, the same year the Nazis came to power, and she left in 1959. She lived in Halifax until 2007 when she moved to the Townships, first Sherbrooke and then Lennoxville. Her daughter Elisabeth was already here teaching at the Cegep de Sherbrooke. In the coming months, look for Ida's articles about her early years in Germany, and life during the WWII.*

## Part 1

I was born and had lived in Germany all my life. At 25 years old I was working for a clothing company near Cologne, but I was ready to do something different. North America intrigued me, the States was a bit difficult, but Canada was actively looking for people in the late 50s. I went to the Canadian Consulate and filled out my papers. It didn't take long before I was asked to come in for an interview. Everything went well, and around Christmastime, 1959, my trip was booked on a lovely Swedish cruise ship, destination Halifax.

It was late January; the trip over was lots of fun. However, when I saw the coast of North America, I felt terrified. What was I doing here all alone? My courage left me, but my father (being a Lutheran minister) always told us: when in trouble - pray. It must have worked, because, as I got off the boat, I was greeted by a friendly face. A nice lady from the local Lutheran church met me. She must have looked in the ship's register because she knew my name and she helped me to find a place to stay for a day or two at the immigration facilities at Pier 21.

Although I had a good education as an accountant, I felt my English was not good enough for an office. I had made up my mind that I would try to find a nice family which could use help in their household. That way I would have a place to sleep, with meals, and I could get used to the new language. A couple of families were looking for help; I chose a doctor's family. They had five children, and as I had grown up in a family of ten children and being one of the older ones, I knew the routine.

However, there was one problem- the weather!! It was January, and I was in the worst snowstorm I had ever seen. Therefore, my first job was to shovel snow. The driveway had to be cleared so that the doctor could get to work.

The pictures below show what I mean. They were my first pictures sent home. My parents were terribly worried, but I was alright.

## Part 2

I slowly settled in at the doctor's, where I had a nice room and I got along well with all the family members. My morning started with making breakfast for the

children. The three older ones went to school, and the two little girls, Melanie, aged two and Cathy, aged four, stayed home with me. After I had finished the housework and discussed what to prepare for lunch with Angela (the doctor's wife), I played with the little girls. They were my first English teachers. Oh, did they laugh when I pronounced a word wrong! I made sure never to make



*Ida's first Canadian winter*



*The doctor in his car*

that mistake again. We all loved to sing; I must say, for me, that was the quickest way to learn the new language. They taught me all their little nursery songs.

But I realized I could not do this for the rest of my life. I found out that there were evening language classes for immigrants offered in Halifax. Angela thought that was a good idea, so she drove me there. The teacher met me at the school entrance, and she asked me where I came from. When I replied, "Germany," she said, "I have a nice fellow from Germany in my class! His name is Fritz." So, she introduced me to him. Well, we got along, and after class, he invited me for a cup of coffee, and the rest is history.

(CONT'D ON PG. 8)



*Before*



*Fritz and Elisabeth*

### Part 3

Fritz and I spent a lot of time together. He had a motorcycle, so we toured through our new homeland and got to know it better. We also went to dances. This was a totally new experience for me. Back home when you went to a

jobs. I had found a job in the office of our local newspaper, the *Halifax Herald*. I was responsible for keeping track of the advertising and sending out bills at the end of the month. Everything went well until December rolled along and I made a big mistake. You see, in German, December is spelled “Dezember”, or Dez for short, so all the bills said Dezember. Although we had proof readers, they never realized the error. When we finally did notice it, it was too late to correct it. We had to send the bills out with the “z”. Whether the customers noticed it or not, we never heard one word about it. I even kept my job!



*After*



*Ida, Peter, Elisabeth, Heidi, Fritz*

dance, you ordered a beer or another drink. Here there was no alcohol allowed at dances, so you brought your own in a paper bag. It was so funny: no alcohol allowed, but everybody was feeling good at the end.

We started looking for a house that we could afford in Halifax. Eventually, we found what we were looking for. It needed a lot of work, but we were young and happy and had a grand time renovating our new home. We married and our first baby was on the way. Both of us had good

After months of hard work, our house was starting to look like a home. That husband of mine, he was a genius. By trade he was an electrician, but he could do everything: plumbing, carpentry, laying tiles or carpet, shingling the whole house. He could do it all. Amazing!! I had grown up with a father, who couldn't put a nail in the wall to hang a picture.

# Did They Try to Run the World?

by Linda Knight Seccaspina

When I was growing up I never thought that women were supposed to be restricted to being homemakers. I grew up during the decade after World War II, and some women had taken jobs while the men were away at war. History states that, after the war, many decided to keep some sort of job, and some did, but most became the Suzy Homemaker that you see in the 1950s ads.

My mother worked at Bruck Mills in Cowansville, Quebec, before she married my father. There were 600 people who began working there in 1922. Bruck Mills employed 30 men and women at the start. In 1946 when my mother worked at Bruck Mills there were 4,000 employees: 2200 women and the remainder men. After she married, she not only looked after her children and the house, but also gave piano lessons and sometimes helped out during lunches at school. In fact, most of the women from what I remember on Albert Street worked in various retail stores or manufacturing. New appliances were on the market that allowed women to spend less time in their homes.

My grandmother worked for as long as I can remember helping the family's South Street electrical contracting business and then doing the books every week on the dining room table. Saturday nights, before Lawrence Welk, the small metal cash box would come out and she would teach me to balance the books with my grandfather sitting beside me. I worked in the store on Friday nights and sold fixtures and typed out invoices on carbon paper on the old typewriter every summer. I never knew I should be learning homemaking ways to please a future husband; my family taught me differently.

Looking back, the smartest woman in Cowansville was, hands down, Doris Wallet of Albert Street. She was a businesswoman before I even knew what business was all about. Not only did she keep her house spanking clean and look after her children, she ran a small men's wear store on Main Street where the old Continental store once stood. Her husband Murray worked at Vilas and Doris ran the shop during the day. I loved hanging out after school in the small store with wooden floors, after which her daughter Sheila and I went to the Bluebird Restaurant. She had a great personality and you could see she loved to do what she did. Years later they moved to Knowlton and had a hardware store. Doris was always involved, and I never realized how smart she was until I thought about it today.

There were also many Avon, Watkins and Tupperware business ladies during my childhood. A Tupperware manufacturing operation opened up in Cowansville, and suddenly the local women were making money

marketing and selling the new plastic products from their own homes. There were always the various Tupperware parties up and down the street, and when pink and blue plastic salt and pepper shakers appeared on our table you knew everyone else had them, too.

Suddenly everyone visited each other's home and my mother was making her pineapple squares once a week to bring to somebody's house. As for Avon, every child I knew owned a Snoopy Rubber soap dish and our mothers reeked of Avon's "Daisies Don't Tell" cologne!



*My mother, Bernice Ethelyn Crittenden Knight, smack dab in the middle of the front row in a Bruck Mills promo photo in Cowansville, Quebec.*

I guess I was lucky, but from what I see in the news archives, Cowansville, Quebec was pretty progressive. In 1913, Dr. Robertson, school board chairman of Agriculture and Technical Education, spoke at the town hall on the need for education on farming. He encouraged a 5 month course for men and a 3 month course in the summer for women, noting that dairy farmers would be in trouble if women were not included. The Cowansville School Board encouraged women in the 1950s to join the men on the Board, as they said women would have a softer view on things and it would balance out the Board.

Growing up with strong women taught me to never worry who gets the praise or the credit—just work hard, and don't look back. Thanks to the women in my childhood, I use my hands, head and heart for the good of others. I learned from the best—a foundation of women from the past.

# I Love Being a Holistic Nutrition and Wellness Coach!

by Anita Duwel

First and foremost, I would like to begin by saying that I hope you and your loved ones are safe and well as we go through the Covid19 crisis.

My recommendation is to eat well and do what you can to minimize stress and anxiety. If you want any suggestions, feel free to reach out to me.

## Why and What I Do

I have always been a very active person, one who would follow various diet regimens, depending on the sport I was doing. However, once an activity or competition was over, I would always go back to my old habits and put the weight back on (usually as fat!). Then I would follow some quick-fix diet.

Of course, the quick-fix doesn't work; whatever weight was lost, was put back on, and maybe even more. I didn't want to ride the diet rollercoaster anymore so I decided to put all my energy into researching nutrition and wellbeing which then led me to acquiring my certification as a Holistic Nutrition and Wellness Coach.

Now, I help and support people on their journey to better health. Throughout their journey, we work on nutrition, stress management, reducing cravings, identifying emotional eating triggers, understanding hunger signals, mindfulness, movement, etc. It is all about strengthening the mind, body and spirit.

My mission is to help others achieve their health goals by implementing lasting lifestyle habits, one small step at a time, so that they can age well and live a life of quality and vitality, a life where you have the energy to do what you love to do.

## Challenges I Face

People want that quick fix! They want a result now. The problem is that once the fix is over, they don't know what to do next. Which of course means going back to old habits and putting weight back on, having less energy, and just not feeling good.

The challenge is helping people understand that it is all about making lasting lifestyle changes, and that there is no quick fix. Health is important and worth the time and energy put into it.



However, I think things are slowly changing. And what I am finding is that, as we age, we begin to realize that we truly need our health, and are now more willing to hire a coach and take the time to put into practice life-changing habits.

**Defining boundaries.** I wanted to help everyone and realized quite quickly that it would not work. It is too broad a category—you become a jack of all trades and a master of none! You really need to be clear about why you are doing something and whom you are going to serve. My specialty is in working with individuals who are 45 years of age and older who want to be healthy and enjoy what life has to offer them.

**Time.** Technology can be very time consuming, especially when you are in the learning phase. My website needs to be kept up-to-date, blogs and Facebook posts need to be planned and created, challenges and programs need to be created, etc.



Marketing and all that it involves takes time as well.

In addition to the above, you have the following: clients to follow up with; programs to modify as needed; and finding ways to support, motivate, and inspire. This is the part of my work that drives me, where I feel good! I have to be careful on how I spend my time!

Not everyone feels the way I do about health and wellness. When I see people struggling with their health, I want to help them. But they may not want it or are just not ready for it. Or sometimes they just aren't interested. Not everyone has the same passion, and that's okay.

**Working alone.** When it's just you in your business, it can feel lonely at times. Especially when you have read the latest on some new health topic or when you have attended a workshop or conference and you have no one to share it with. The best thing you can do is find someone who does what you do. I have a friend who is a health fanatic so we bounce ideas off each other. I also belong to a couple of health coach groups where there is lots of support for one another.

(CONT'D ON PG.11)

(CONT'D FROM PG.10)

Expect a big learning curve. Once familiar with the ins and outs of running your business, it gets easier. And who knows, you may be in a position to hire some help one day! Having your own business can be very rewarding, especially if it is something you are passionate about.

Is it worth it? I say "Yes!"

Anita Duwel is owner of [Love the Life You Live/ Aging with Vitality](#) and co-owner of Health SAVVY. She is a Certified Holistic Nutrition and Wellness coach, Master Workplace Wellness Consultant and a certified facilitator for the Focus on Healthy Eating and Mindful Living program. Learn more at [www.AnitaDuwel.com](#)



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# John Viau

by The Townships Sun



*The Townships Sun* sends best wishes to John Viau of Ormstown, Quebec, who is undergoing some very difficult medical treatments. John has been a contributor to *The Townships Sun* and many other publications for many years, and he is highly respected in the outdoor life community.

and animals. He loves hunting and fishing and enjoys writing about the many facets of the outdoorsman. He often writes about the laws governing hunting, and the protection and balance of nature, which is more important than most of us realize. We wish a speedy return for John to the writing community. You will hear from him from time to time but at the moment it is one day at a time.

These pictures represent the place he calls home, his gardens and the wildlife he so loves.

A former game warden, John has great respect for nature





# Exploring Anxiety Series, Part 3 of 3: Blessed Peace

by Kathleen Y. Rattigan

*At the time of this article submission (the end of March) we are "living in strange times." And yes, the whole world is anxious and worried. How will all this end? We do not know. I hope for the best, as we all do, and am using every tool I have to remain calm and peaceful during this pandemic. I send blessings of peace to us, and all of humanity.*

The most precious commodity on our planet is peace. We cannot buy it; it cannot be created by using any substances, prescription or non-prescription, and we do not create peace with war, no matter what slant our politicians put on justifying their acts of aggression. Of course, we must protect ourselves from aggressors, this is only common sense – but today's article is not a discussion about war, it is a focus on peace.

Mother Teresa said that she would not attend any rallies that were anti-anything, but she would go if the gathering was for peace. I attended a "march for peace" when I lived on Vancouver Island. It was one of the most powerful public gatherings I have ever been involved with. We numbered in the thousands, carried banners and flags, and people from all walks of life walked together in peace and harmony. There was no jostling for position, just all of us moving at a gentle steady pace, ending up at the governmental offices in a great show of strength by our very presence. Did it make any difference? Well, the police that were escorting us had nothing to do, perhaps that in itself speaks volumes.

Have you ever thrown your hands up in the air and shouted to the heavens for just 5 minutes of peace? Let's ponder this for a moment. What does peace really mean to you? Let's ask the dictionary what is the definition of "peace?"

Peaceful: untroubled by conflict, agitation, or commotion: quiet, tranquil: of /or relating to a state or time of peace: devoid of violence or force.

So, please sit peacefully, hopefully with a lovely, steaming cup of a soothing herbal tea, and let us continue to explore how anxiety ruins any chance of having a peaceful body, mind, or spirit.

In the last article entitled "Self Talk" I gave you some tips, tools, and tasks that are a proven method of dealing with anxiety. Even if you did not do any of them, hopefully they gave you some ideas about how to begin coping with anxiety in a healthy and functional way.

To recap the tips of the first two articles, here are the objectives so far:

- Understand that our negative thoughts create our

anxiety, fear, and often lead to depression.

- Understand that negative thinking is a bad habit – an addiction.
- Begin to identify the thoughts behind our feelings. To understand that a person cannot have a feeling without a thought first.
- Begin to understand that every thought carries its own chemistry. We feel what we think.
- Begin to listen in to your anxious and depressive thoughts.
- Stop your old automatic responses and switch to a new language that is less scary and/or depressing.

I sincerely trust in our inborn ability to self-heal. Sometimes all we need is new ideas and a few new tools to start us on the path of peace. Peace is accessible to us all; however it is not easy to achieve. It takes a concerted effort to constantly choose our thoughts, heal our inner anxieties, and begin to change our inner environment. Is it worth the effort? Indubitably – yes it is. Here are some more tips, tools, and tasks to assist you:

(\*Excerpt from the Midwest Center for Stress & Anxiety Workshop).

- "Keep a small notebook with you all day for one day this week. Make a "tic" mark in your notebook each time you catch yourself thinking a negative thought.
- Practice going one hour or a whole day without saying anything negative or complaining. Note your experience.
- Practice for one day saying as many realistic, positive things about yourself and others as you possibly can. Note your experience.
- In a journal or on a piece of paper, make a list of at least ten positive things about you and your life."
- I truly hope that some of you out there are discovering some useful tools to help you ease away from anxiety and begin to restore blessed peace to your body, mind, and spirit. Natural relaxation will work for you, if you are willing to change some old habits. As John Lennon once sang to us, "Give Peace A Chance."

**Note: See p. 19 for this issue's Miracles and Mysteries**

# Carrie Derick (1862-1942): Canada's First Female University Professor

by Gérard Coté (Lennoxville and Ascot Historical and Museum Society) and Jean-Marie Dubois (Université de Sherbrooke)



Graduation photo: Derick, Carrie Mathilda. In *L'encyclopédie du Canada*. Stanké, Montréal, p. 534 Gillet, Margaret (1987).

McGill Normal School in Montreal, graduated in 1881 and was awarded the Prince of Wales Gold Medal. She taught at Clarenceville Academy where she became principal when she was 19. In 1889, she enrolled in the Faculty of Arts at McGill and graduated in 1890 at the top of her class in natural science. She immediately began teaching at the Trafalgar Institute for Girls, and at the same time became McGill's first female demonstrator in Botany. In 1891, while holding her two jobs, she undertook a Master's degree in Botany and earned her M.A. four years later, a remarkable feat at the time. In 1901 she went to Germany, completing her research for her Ph.D. in 1906, but was not awarded the official doctorate because Friedrich-Wilhelms University in Bonn did not award Doctorate degrees to women.

She returned to McGill University as an assistant professor, teaching all-male classes. However, she only received one-third the salary of her male counterparts. Nevertheless, in 1909, she became Chair of the Botany Department, and in 1910, she was one of only a handful

Carrie Maltilda Derick was born January 14, 1862 in Clarenceville, in the Eastern Townships. Early in 1783, her grandfather Philip Derick, a United Empire Loyalist, had settled in the Eastern Townships. Carrie studied at Clarenceville Academy where she began teaching at the age of 15. She then did teacher training at the

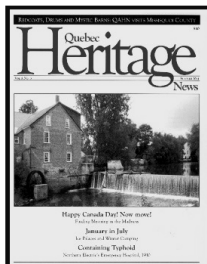
of women to be listed in the *American Men of Science*. In 1912, she became professor of Morphological Botany, and thus the first woman in Canada to achieve university professorship. She founded the Genetics Department and, as a specialist in Botany and Genetics, published many academic articles. She retired in 1929 because of poor health. McGill University awarded her the title of *Professor emerita*, another first for a Canadian woman.



Carrie Derick at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in Toronto, August 1924. In McDevitt, Neale, *Carrie Derick: Pioneering Educator*

In 1893, Carrie Derick, along with Maude Abbott, co-founded the National Council of Women of Canada. She was an early leader in feminism and fought for women's rights to vote, to education and work. Between 1907 and 1911, she was president of the Montreal Local Council of Women and, between 1913 and 1919, president of the Montreal Suffrage Association. She died in Montreal on November 10, 1941. On August

21, 2017, Sherbrooke City Council gave her name to a park to be built not far from the southwest corner of the roundabout of Industriel and René-Lévesque boulevards.



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# My Web of Webbs, or Why Rock Island is "Always on My Mind"

by Jim Webb

As a person who lived in Rock Island from Nov. 1949 A-Sept. 1954, my teenage years, the opportunities and experiences through school, people and work, have followed me through my life right up to today at age 83. Most of the time, when I wear a hat it's the one that displays 'Rock Island' on the front, which I purchased here in Tennessee.

"My Web of Webbs" refers to both my life in Rock Island, Quebec, where I was surrounded by many Webb relatives, aunts, uncles and cousins. When asked if I was related to a particular person with the surname of Webb, I would often reply that I was related to all Webbs in the Beebe, Stanstead, Rock Island area.

An interesting and bizarre coincidence is this extension of my "Webb family" here in Tennessee, to whom I am NOT related. In 1978 when we lived in Lebanon, Tennessee, we purchased a small piece of property on Center Hill Lake, near Smithville. In 1994 we moved to the lake site and it's here that we joined the "other" Webbs. At any given time driving the 13 mi. to our local town of Smithville I would pass by/near the following: first, my next door neighbor Clarence "Joe" Webb (now in his 90's); Charlie and Martha Webb (she lived to 107+); in the next 4 miles, James Webb, Tom Webb, Edward Webb, another James Webb, Willie Webb, Carl Lee Webb, Smith Webb, and Porter Webb; then, one of two area assisted-living-facilities named "The Webb House"; Webb Pharmacy; East Webb Street; and a cemetery with several Webb headstones.

Why is Rock Island "always on my mind"? About a half mile away across the lake from our house there was a large sign reading "Webb's Camp". The camp is located 10 mi. upstream from us; just a bit further is the Rock Island State Park; the park entrance is just down the road from the town of Rock Island;

four more miles up the road is the town of Quebeck; I use the Raindar App to check my weather, and one of the location identifiers on the map is Rock Island just south of us, which pops right up every time I view the map. Did I say bizarre?

Here are my final facts on how my residence in Rock Island, and previously in Montreal, has provided me with some interesting moments. Mary and I are fortunate to spend several months wintering in Florida at the Clerbrook Golf and RV Resort, a campground with about 1000 sites; there

are numerous Canadians here. My special encounters include: a person from Alma, Q.C. who did business (granite) with our good friends Lawrence and Della (Rediker) Goodsell; the lady who works our camp gate from Sherbrooke, whose mother lived in Stanstead; the man who managed the Royal Bank Rock Island in the 1960s; our neighbor 3 doors down who



Mary, Jim and 3 sisters: Jane, Cheryl, Donna, Wayne Broome (Cheryl's husband) at entrance to Rock Island, Tenn.

lived in Montreal on Rue Dezery about 3 blocks from my home at 2588 Rue Cuvillier and had family on Cuvillier; his brother is also here, he was the former Montreal Expos' mascot 'YOUPIE'; we played cards with a couple from Magog, whose sister lives across the street from my old home at 10 Tilton St. Unless I find someone who claims they lived secretly in our attic, that's as close to home as I will ever get with my strange encounters. Finally, one more mention about my hat: at a park breakfast recently, a lady across the table leaned forward looking at my hat and said, "Sir, that wouldn't be Rock Island, Quebec, would it?" Enough said!

A fitting end to this story is this: Thomas Webb of Smithville, TN, is the local historian who has written two books about the area mentioning many Webbs but not me; I was never interviewed. Good for a laugh.

# Sourdough Bread – the Comeback of Ancient Baking

by Didi Gorman

Many generations ago bread was very different from the modern-day white loaf we all know today.

In the absence of commercial yeast, refined white flour, and mass-production factories to perform the task of baking, bread would have been baked mostly



Aerial view of sourdough starter

at home, using coarse whole grain flour, relying on a natural, slower leavening process, and resulting in a dark, aromatic, dense loaf, its flavor rich and complex, reminiscent of the grain from which it was made.

And excuse me if I'm salivating while I'm writing these lines. I just can't help it. I can only imagine the tantalizing aroma of freshly baked bread filling the house...ooh, I can almost sniff it for real...

Hang on. I actually DO smell the aroma of freshly baked bread filling the house... Oh! Right! That's because there's bread baking in the oven right now. And not just any bread, but SOURDOUGH bread at that! Like the one I've just described.

What is sourdough bread, then? As the name suggests, sourdough is tangy. It is leavened using an ancient technique, the short version of which is, that a simple mixture of flour and water is left to ferment for a few days on the kitchen counter, creating a yeasty, bubbly, natural leaven, a.k.a. a 'starter'. Once added to dough, this mixture will leaven the loaf with no commercial yeast. The resulting loaf, however, will not rise as much – or as fast – as a factory-made white fluffy bread.

This spontaneous fermentation is courtesy of wild yeast from the air and friendly bacteria dormant inside the grain, awaiting the right conditions to wake up and proliferate. For that, they will need warmth, moisture, food (the flour itself), and air. Mixing lukewarm water with the flour in an aired jar will do the job. The next stage consists of us waiting, patiently, for the dough to expand. How long is hard to tell and will largely depend on where we are on the globe. A loaf in California in mid-July will ferment much, much faster than will the very same loaf in January in Quebec. Less than six hours in hot weather; over 24 hours in the winter, give or take.

We need to remember that these are living creatures, after all, who are highly sensitive to temperature and, very much like us, prefer it warm and cozy. To pursue the analogy further, colder temperatures render them

lethargic and reluctant to perform the hard work of leavening our sourdough into a delicious loaf. I like to think of it as *bacteria winter blues*. There are ways around it, of course, so that we Canadian winter bakers are not at a disadvantage merely on account of our less-than-ideal geographical distance from the sun, baking-wise. We trick the microbes into thinking that summer is raging on here by placing the fermentation jar near a working stove, where it's permanently warm. That usually does the trick.

The bubbles, the fruity-yeasty fragrance and the gentle tang are all good signs, meaning fermentation is happening in front of our eyes, and the mixture is alive and kicking.

In fact, when it's too hot, the slurry may well erupt out of the jar –albeit in very slow motion. So there you have it, Californian bakers!

Now, how did I get involved with all this?

It all started two years ago when I wrote a review for my food blog of the wonderful cookbook *Traditionally Fermented Foods*, my go-to guide to everything fermented, written by fermentation expert Shannon Stonger. Flipping through the many inviting pages, my eyes fell on a simple, traditional sourdough loaf recipe which, over the following weeks, gave rise to an array of bubbling, fizzing jars on my kitchen counter and to a general transfexion on my part by the wondrous transformation occurring in my jars: a seemingly lifeless 'blob' made of flour and



Sourdough closeup

water was expanding and rising all by itself, as if it had a life of its own. Literally, a living food. To this day, the fermentation process never ceases to amaze me, although by now, I have baked dozens of such loaves.

There are many delectable sourdough variants out there, but I like using only two ingredients in mine: whole wheat flour and water, the exact same components as in the leavening starter, making my bread a two-ingredient loaf throughout.

As with other traditional ferments, the starter can be perpetuated by saving some of it for future leavening. Now, if you'll excuse me, there's a loaf in my oven, ready to make its entry into the world. Let this be in the form of a homemade sourdough sandwich for lunch!



# And the Winners Are... by The Townships Sun

On Thursday, February 20, the Town of Lennoxville presented awards to people in the following fields:



All the winners!

**Arts and Culture – The Townships Sun.** Tim Belford described *The Townships Sun* as having a strong focus on the Eastern Townships, with each issue presenting an array of articles from local history and personal reminiscences, ranging from gardening to cooking. *The Sun* has introduced the community to an amazing number of local writers.

**Citizenship and Volunteer Work – Julienne Lajoie.** Julienne is recognized for her work at Saint Antoine Church, Maison Aube-Lumière, and AFEAS (La voix des femmes). The AFEAS mission is to seek equality, free choice, independence, and a unique identity... for women.

**Business Development – Dr. Simon Roy, Dental Clinic.** Dr Simon and team received the award for making a difference in people, “one smile at a time.”

**Education – Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society ‘LAHMS’** received an award for collecting, preserving and sharing local history.

**Sports – Albert MacDonald – ‘The Bear.’** Albert coached and taught at Bishop’s College School for approximately 30 years. They affectionately refer to Albert as ‘The Bear’. Albert stated that when you have young people around you, you are also young.

**Youth Leadership – William Dubois.** St. Antoine Elementary School student William demonstrated his leadership by taking on the position of Class President. He started a project to make and sell snack bags to protect the environment and reduce waste. The money raised was used to purchase material for flexible seating classrooms. William has all the qualities of an entrepreneur: determination, generosity, creativity, tenacity, and organization.

**Urban Planning – Cross-country skiing – Bishop’s University.** Cross-country skiing has come to Lennoxville. The Old Lennoxville Golf Club offers 7 km of trails which accommodate both classical cross-country and skate-style skiing. In 2019 the University was awarded the Eastern Canada Cup, which attracted over 600 skiers in February.

**Donald Patrick Award – Judy Keenan.** This is awarded annually to someone who has demonstrated overwhelming dedication to community volunteerism. Judy is a retired elementary school teacher, whose post-retirement involvement included work with the B.U. School of Education, and volunteering with the Board of Uplands, Lennoxville Library Board, Bishop’s – Champlain Mae Sot Education Project, CFUW, Bishops-Champlain Refugee sponsorship ‘Big Little Garage Sale’, and Life Drawing classes at North Hatley. Judy was described as open-minded and open-hearted towards all.



Note: The Donald Patrick Award was established in 1982 by Bishop’s College School in Memory of Donald Patrick, a man forever admired by Lennoxville residents for his tremendous involvement in many social causes.

## MIRACLES & MYSTERIES

### **ANYWAY**

The Paradoxical Commandments

By Kent M. Keith

People are illogical, unreasonable, and self-centered.

*Love them anyway.*

If you do good, people will accuse you of selfish ulterior motives.

*Do good anyway.*

If you are successful, you will win false friends and true enemies.

*Succeed anyway.*

The good you do today will be forgotten tomorrow.

*Do good anyway.*

Honesty and frankness make you vulnerable.

*Be honest and frank anyway.*

The biggest men and women with the biggest ideas can

be shot down by the smallest men and women with the smallest minds.

*Think big anyway.*

People favor underdogs but follow only top dogs.

*Fight for a few underdogs anyway.*

What you spend years building may be destroyed overnight.

*Build anyway.*

People really need help but may attack you if you do help them.

*Help people anyway.*

Give the world the best you have and you'll get kicked in the teeth.

*Give the world the best you have anyway.*

*Submitted by Kathleen Y. Rattigan*

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## Two Spring Poems by Verna M. Patterson

### Goodbye Winter, Welcome Spring

It's great to feel that spring is near  
And as the snow melts down each day  
The wood chucks too are digging out  
We know that spring is on its way.

The little brooks are melting  
The drifts of snow lying over them  
The fields are showing bare ground  
And the potholes are back again.

The maple trees are running sap  
And the woods are full of snow.  
The sun is melting rings around each tree  
And soon there won't be anymore snow!

And so, the seasons come and go  
We enjoy them all that's true  
But when the winter time has ended  
We look for spring with gardening to do.

The snow is coarse and dirty  
Its time has come to an end  
As I see the river flowing freely  
Lashing its water around the bend.

And so good-bye old winter  
As spring is on its way  
We know you won't be gone forever  
As you'll return again some day!

### Potholes in the Roads

Spring is slowly coming  
Birds are coming home  
You see the Sun shining through the clouds  
Roads are getting bumpy.

The potholes in the streets  
Are big and fairly deep  
It's hard to keep wheel alignment  
Along these bumpy streets!

It's bumpety, bump, bump  
As we drive along  
The steering wheel is hard to hold  
As we drive in and out these holes.

Then there is a stretch of road  
Where we can drive so free  
But it's bumpety, bump, bump  
Along these streets you see!

Spring

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## Earth by Almeda Chute

Earth, Forever moving, forever changing  
 Rain plummets to earth  
 Cleansing the last of Winter's residue  
 A Ruptured bowl purges  
 Hot molten lava cascading down  
 As the mountain crumbles beneath the weight.

Earth, Forever moving, forever changing  
 A blacked sky alight with millions of stars  
 Silhouettes against a full moon  
 A lone wolf's mournful cries can be heard.

Earth, Forever moving, forever changing  
 Eerie cries echo across the tundra  
 Polar bears steal through the night  
 A shadow lurking within the vapors of mist  
 Danger as icebergs creak and groan  
 Sending gigantic mounds of ice crushing into the ocean  
 Rearranging natures' secrets.

Earth, Forever moving, forever changing.

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# In Memoriam: Dr. Ouida Ramon-Moliner

*Dr. Ouida Ramon- Moliner (nee d'Abreu)*

*Born in Waterford, Ireland in 1929,*

*died in North Hatley, Quebec, February 21, 2020.*

**N**amed after the English author Maria Louise Ramé (1839-1908) who used the pen name Ouida, our Ouida was one of five daughters of an Indian from Mangalore. He had a surgery in County Waterford, Ireland, in the 1920s, where he was known as the "Black doctor." Her mother, who lived until age 113, was listed in the Guinness Book of World Records as the UK's oldest living woman. At an early age, inspired by Mary O'Connor, an anaesthetist who worked with her father, Ouida determined to be "just like her." Her other goal was to have four children. She succeeded in that and in so much more.

Following in the footsteps of her two sisters who also studied medicine at Trinity College Dublin, Ouida left Ireland in 1956 en route to New Zealand. While stopped in Montreal to pursue further postgraduate training, romance intervened when she met a Spanish-born neuroscientist who would become our father and Canada became home for the next seven decades.

Interactions with some of the great figures in the anesthesia and surgical professions punctuated her career. At the Montreal General she assisted Dr. Wilder Penfield, who developed awake craniotomies. These surgeries, which kept the patient awake to pinpoint the source of epilepsy, opened up a whole new understanding about how the brain works.

In a recent interview, Ouida recalled that to prepare to do an "awake craniotomy" she would build herself a little tent so that she and the patient were head to head. With a light, she would show the patient a stack of word-picture cards. As Dr. Penfield stimulated the brain to get reactions, she would show the patient an elephant, a cow, a rabbit, a horse. In a recent interview, she described the process: "I'd show the patients the cards and I'd say, "What's that?" And the patient would say "A horse", and I'd say, "Fine." And then Penfield would suction a little more brain and I'd say, "What's that"? And the patient would still say a horse. So, Penfield would go a little further and I'd say, "What's that?" This stimulation would continue until the patient would call the horse a rabbit. At this point I would tell Dr. Penfield to stop, as this meant he had stimulated a new part of the brain.

Her sound judgement was evident during a stint at the Georgetown University Hospital in Washington D.C. when she called in the department head as Jacquie Kennedy

arrived in labour, later giving birth to JFK Jr. There she also participated in early mechanical heart valve surgeries. Upon returning to Canada, three children in tow, she became the first woman anaesthetist in Quebec City and later helped to found the CHUS in Sherbrooke, a newly established medical school, where she worked until 1995. She took her Hippocratic oath very seriously: "Practice two things in your dealings with disease: either help or do not harm the patient."

Ouida loved her work. Her career as an anesthetist was remarkable not just because she was a woman---but because she was often the first woman amongst men. She took whatever work was assigned to her and, as a mother of four, she had no choice but to work fewer hours than her male counterparts: a 40 hour work week, a weekly on-call night and every other weekend. She always gave more than she took without resentment and without recognition for the most part. In 2012, she humbly received the 2012 Quebec Lieutenant Governor's Seniors Medal. She'd just get on with it because she was happy doing what she did. If her darker skin was ever an issue she did not say, joking that she was black Irish.

Somehow, she managed to raise four children along the way, all successful in their fields, often dragging them across the ocean to visit grandparents. She believed in enduring family ties and generated the idea that where you come from is important. To this day her seven grandchildren carry on her mantra: "Travel as far as possible, as often as possible, and come home."

A pioneer in environmentalism, she was president of the Massawippi Water Protection Society and volunteered well into her 80's. She served on the user committee of the local hospital and helped hordes of friends to navigate the medical system including, at 89, driving them to doctors' appointments. Their refrain was consistent: Ouida was efficient, thoughtful and helpful.

Her grandchildren witnessed her indomitable spirit during their many adventures with her: On New Year's Day 2008, she resuscitated a German tourist in southern India dragged ashore by local fishermen. The morning of her 85th birthday she zip-lined through the forests of Costa Rica and rode a horse after lunch. She literally took the cake on her last birthday, blowing out all 90 candles on a strawberry shortcake they baked. As she raised her hands in victory, surrounded by community inside the North Hatley Curling Club, one sensed that she knew she was leading an extraordinary life.

Early in 2020, she had an inkling that her time had come. Following a diagnosis of aggressive pancreatic

(CONT'D ON PG. 23)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 22)

cancer, Ouida chose to die naturally at home surrounded by family. On February 29th, over 200 people crammed into North Hatley's Universalist Unitarian church to remember how Ouida embraced life while getting things done with quiet determination.

Ouida opened the way. She didn't make a big deal about it. Those who knew her commented on her trademark shrug in response to any suggestions that, as a woman, she might have been treated unfairly at work. She just proved by example that she was just as good. Some say better. *Written by Ouida's children: Marie, Carmen, Michael and Peter.*

**NOTE**

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*Happy Mother's Day!*



*In memoriam: Dr. Ouida Ramon-Moliner (P.22)*