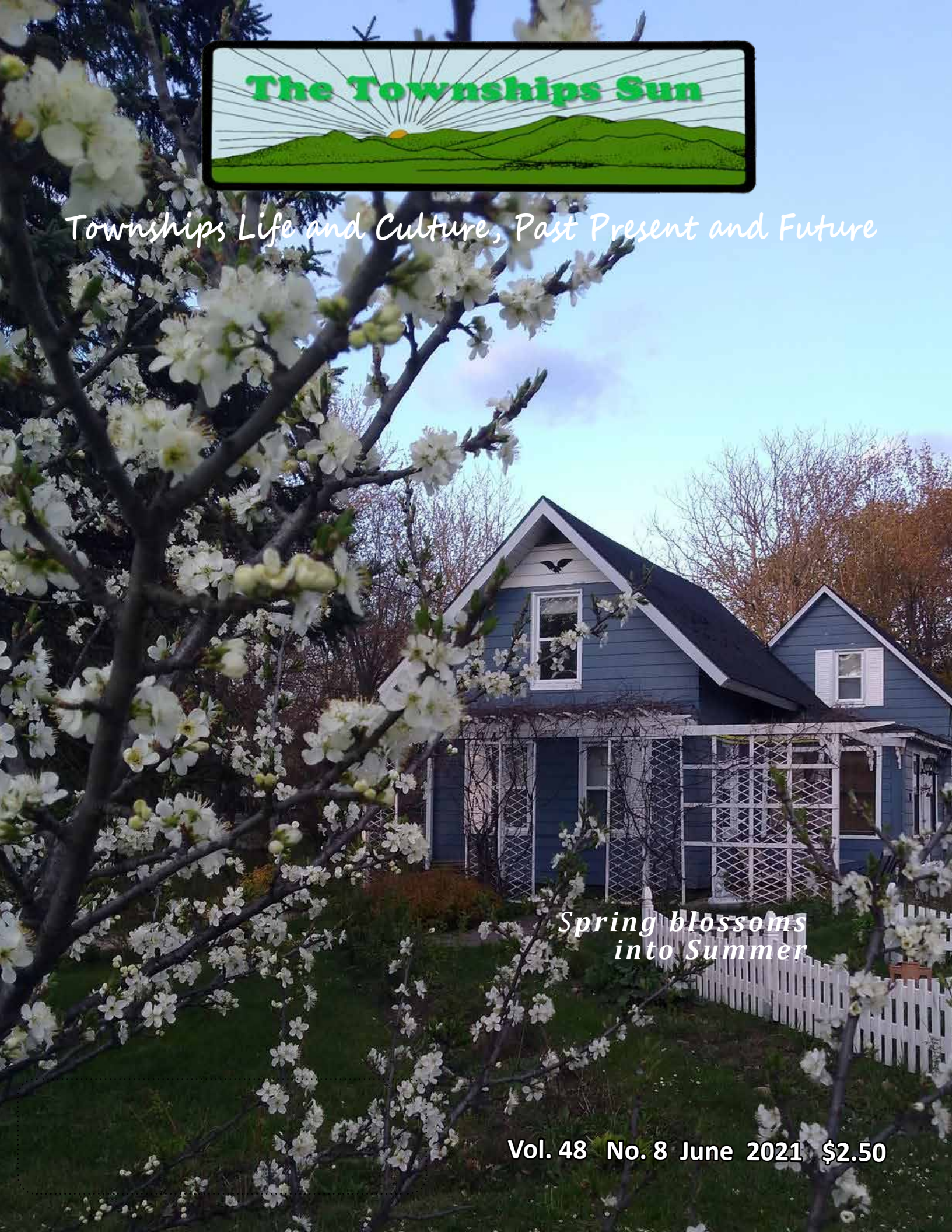




Townships Life and Culture, Past Present and Future



*Spring blossoms
into Summer*

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Table of Contents

Remembrance of Lake Brome Part 4
Bob Miller.....3

Letter to the Sun
Jim Dyer 5-6

Rebuilding a Church
Elsie Sullivan..... 7

Residential Schools
Ann C. MacAulay 8-9

Editorial
Barbara Heath..... 9

The Molson Family of Lennoxville: 1861-1894
Jean-Marie Dubois and Gérard Coté..... 9

Memories and Tales of a Hobby Farmer
Casey Vriesendorp..... 11

What to do? Poem.
Gordon Brown..... 11

Ol' Tom "Mama"
John Mackley 12-13

Life in a Shoebox
Barbra Heath 13

A Visit to Castiglione
Lynette Enevoldsen..... 14-15

The Dance of Life
Kathleen Rattigan.....17

Niall Williams - This is Happiness Book Review
Judith Rinfret..... 18


A potpourri of Townships photos! 19

Aging with Vitality: Telomeres, stress and aging
Anita Duwel..... 20

Some Important Facts You Should Know About Lyme Disease
John A. Viau..... 21-22

Walking Group
CFUW..... 23





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Remembrance of Lake Brome, Part 4

by Bob Miller

Harvesting Farm Crops

From Corn Stalk Bundles to Silage

We grew corn for silage, but we never grew corn for grain because the season was too short most years for the corn to get ripe and dry. Sometimes we would have a partial acre of extra silage corn. If we did, we sometimes picked this by hand and shelled it for the chickens when it was dry. If it was not dry enough, we just fed the ears of corn to the hogs.

The silage was cut with a one row binder that tied the corn stalks in bundles. These bundles were hauled by horses and wagons to the silo where they were thrown into a silage chopper; it chopped the corn stalks and blew them into the silo. When the first one row field chopper came into the area, nobody had unloading wagons. We put two foot sides on our hay racks and forked the silage into the blower. In the next few years, all kinds of systems were tried to unload the silage: tilt boxes, belt floors, cables hooked to a slide front gate that pulled the silage out the back, and others. Finally, the modern day silage wagons were developed, and making silage changed from the old, very strenuous, very slow and difficult job to one that is all done from a tractor seat. When we hauled bundles, the neighbors worked together to fill each other's silos. With three neighbors hauling and two men loading (one running the blower, one running the corn binder) it took two or three 8-hour days to fill a 30 foot tall by 12 foot wide silo. Today, we can chop that much silage in 45 minutes.

Expert Rake Driver and Loose Hay Stacker

When I was a kid, everyone made loose hay. The hay was cut by a horse pulled mower. The cutter bar was usually 5 or 6 feet long and was powered by ground drive. When the wheels turned the sickle ran and it stopped when the wheels stopped. This was quite hard work for the horses and of course the hay was cut in the hottest days of summer. In early years, we raked the hay with a dump rake. Perhaps many of you younger kids have never even seen a dump rake. Ours was 12 feet wide with high steel wheels and raised the teeth to dump the hay. The driver traveled across the field, dumping each 8 or 10 feet, and you built the "windrows" as you went. It took some practice to make straight windrows because you dumped on the go. It was necessary to have just the right lead distance when you pressed the dump lever so the dumped hay would line up exactly with the windrow. My sister, Christene, was the expert rake driver at our house, but we all had our turn.

We had a hay loader that was pulled behind the hay

wagon. The loose hay wagon had both a front and a back, called standards or ladders, to hold the loose hay on the wagon. Being the smallest kid and being too small to load, I had to stand up high on the front standard and drive the team. If I didn't keep the horses going straight, the hay loader would miss some hay and I would get yelled at and often called Forrest, a dear old neighbor who was nearly blind. My older brother, Grant, would say, "Forrest, can't you see the windrow?"

The driver straddled the windrow and the hay loader picked up the hay and carried it up and dumped it on the wagon. Usually two men built the load. One could, but it was too much work for one man for very long. About one ton to 2,500 pounds was the usual load. In fact, most everything we hauled with horses was in about one ton loads, whether it was hay or gravel, ice or logs, whatever. Horses could pull more than that if there were no steep hills, but one ton was considered a standard load.

Most years, many farmers had more hay than would fit in the barn. If so, they built haystacks outside. Building a good haystack that would shed water and not blow away in a high wind was somewhat of an art that some men could do much better than others. My brother, Grant, could make an excellent stack.

Stacks could be various sizes but a 20 foot wide diameter was fairly standard and about 12 feet high was as high as the hay could be pitched. Quite often, we would lay old fence posts or rails on the ground to keep the hay from wicking up moisture from the ground. The center of the stack should always be the highest as you built the stack. Then, forkful bundles of hay would be placed around the center outward to the stack edges. Each round would be raked with the fork toward the center to level it and bind everything together well. As each round was built, the diameter of the stack was narrowed slightly until the last round, which was called the cap. The cap was carefully rounded to shed water toward the edges. Because the middle of the whole stack had been kept higher the rain always shed toward the outside and almost no water entered the stack. To complete the stack, the sides were carefully raked down with the fork. This smoothed the sides and straightened the outside hay stems to hang down and shed rain. Then fence posts hitched together with wire were hung over the peak of the stack, usually about three pairs of posts. This kept the top from blowing off in the high wind. If the stack was well made, approximately 10 tons of hay in it would be very well preserved and hauled to the barn as needed, usually before spring rains and mud came.

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Letter to The Sun

Hello again, Barbara. If you will indulge me once more, I would like to share this piece I had someone share with me tonight. – Jim Dyer

Allison Hanes of the Montreal Gazette, in her June 10, 2021 interview with Marlene Jennings of QCGN, noted: “...the devil is in the details of Bill 96 — and they are alarming.”

After an exhaustive analysis, the Quebec Community Groups Network has detected some potentially explosive landmines buried within the draft law. Bill 96 doesn't specify who belongs to the Quebec nation, says Marlene Jennings, president of the QCGN.

Quebec anglophones were bracing for the worst when Quebec Premier François Legault tabled his long-awaited bill to beef up protection for the French language last month.

And at first glance, it seemed like maybe all the hand-wringing had been for nothing. There is no outlawing of the controversial Bonjour/Hi greeting — it's not even grounds for a complaint to the Office québécois de la langue française. Francophones aren't completely barred from attending English CEGEPs, although their numbers will be capped.

Municipalities with bilingual status can vote to retain it if the number of anglophones among their population has fallen below the 50-per-cent threshold.

But don't be lulled into a false sense of security.

As Quebec anglophones know after 45 years of language wars, the devil is often in the details. And after an exhaustive analysis of Bill 96, the Quebec Community Groups Network has detected some potentially explosive landmines buried within the draft law that could have profound implications — not only for English-speaking Quebecers, but for other minority groups, centred on fundamental rights and freedoms, and the very bedrock of Canadian democracy.

In a briefing Wednesday June 2, ahead of a public unveiling of their findings, the anglophone rights group raised a number of red flags, starting with Quebec's goal of unilaterally amending the Constitution to recognize Quebec as a nation and the primacy of the French language.

Bill 96 doesn't specify who belongs to the Quebec nation, said Marlene Jennings, president of the QCGN. But it drops strong hints that membership would be based on language. Essentially, it would elevate the collective rights

of francophones over those of individuals and minority groups. This imbalance would be further aggravated by the pre-emptive use of the notwithstanding clause to nullify constitutional protections and leave those whose rights have been trampled with no recourse.

“Bill 96 also calls for the most sweeping use of human rights overrides in the history of Quebec and Canada, ousting the application of both the Quebec Charter of Human Rights and the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms,” Jennings said. “In so doing, Bill 96 follows the path of Bill 21.”

Quebec's secularism law, which bars religious minorities who wear the hijab, kippah or turban from working in such jobs as teachers, prosecutors and police officers while wearing the offending garb, mostly withstood the early round of a constitutional challenge. A Quebec Superior Court judge found Bill 21 violates the rights of Muslim women and others, but the law was shielded by the notwithstanding clause.

But since Bill 96 governs a much broader array of activities, it would effectively create a “Charter-free exclusion zone” around commerce, employment, education, health care, the legal system, and so many aspects of Quebecers' lives. This would not only empower the National Assembly to govern unimpeded as it sees fit, it would undermine the role of the judiciary as one of the three pillars of our democracy, along with the executive and legislative branches of government.

“It's literally a reordering of our constitutional architecture,” Jennings said. “Why does the protection of the French language require the blanket suspension of human rights?”

The QCGN compares Bill 96 to an iceberg, with only a small, innocuous portion visible and immense peril lurking below. For instance:

Bill 96 seeks to expand the use of English eligibility recognition to much more than school. It could determine who is allowed to receive government services in English from health care to tax documentation. Large numbers of allophones and other linguistic minorities could be stripped of the ability to communicate with the government in English. Eva Ludvig, a QCGN board member, said **Bill 96 would essentially freeze the English-speaking community in time like a “fly stuck in amber” to constrain its growth and vitality.**

Quebec civil servants could face disciplinary measures if they speak or communicate in English with citizens deemed ineligible.

(CONT'D ON PG. 6)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 5)

There are no guarantees ensuring emergency services like 911 or Urgences-Santé ambulances would continue to be offered in English.

Private agencies contracted by public health agencies to provide nursing services or long-term geriatric beds for the elderly would be under no obligation to provide English care.

The new powers granted to the OQLF — infamous for insisting the word pasta be translated into French on an Italian restaurant menu — include the ability to: search company-issue computers, laptops and smartphones without a warrant and authorize it to investigate, charge and sanction businesses outside the scope of the justice system.

Requirements for court documentation in English to be accompanied by a French translation and the elimination of knowledge of English as a criterion for selecting judges could make accessing justice more costly and time-consuming.

Municipalities can vote to preserve their bilingual status — but they must renew it every 10 years. If they forget, it's gone forever.

Jennings said Bill 96 is an extremely sophisticated and carefully crafted piece of "enabling legislation," one that paves the way for radical change.

But if that sounds scary, even more frightening is the fact few are standing up to question, challenge or debate it.

Quebec francophones are so supportive of protecting the French language, they are blind to some of hidden consequences of Bill 96.

The Quebec Liberal Party is busy rebuilding and needs to court francophone Quebecers if it ever wants to win power again.

Worse, Quebec is an increasingly important battleground that could determine who wins or loses the next federal election and whether the next government is a majority or a minority. No one wants to rock the boat.

If Prime Minister Justin Trudeau, a champion of diversity, felt powerless to stop the suppression of religious minority rights under Bill 21, he's even more impotent on language. He's ready to let Quebec rewrite sections of the Constitution to its own liking. He's just letting Legault stealthily inch toward Quebec sovereignty by less obvious means.

Other provinces who might have concerns are keeping a low profile, fearful of stoking Quebec nationalism or Western alienation. Alberta Premier Jason Kenney is supportive of Legault's aim to alter the Canadian Constitution because it might help advance his own agenda.

Only Indigenous leaders are standing up as allies, with Kanesatake Mohawk Grand Chief Serge Simon this week releasing a video statement describing Bill 96 as a "second colonization."

But the QCGN hopes that through outreach and consultations it can alert francophones, the business community, Quebec civil society and the Canadian population to what's at stake.



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Rebuilding a Church

by Elsie Sullivan



Eastern Townships Roots (Facebook)

On a rainy afternoon, in a clammy hall, a group of us met, with the question before us: how could we save a small Anglican Stained glass windows were ordered from England and installed in 1893. The interior of the church remains as it was in that period.



William Marsden

Church in the village of Fitch Bay from further ruin? The outcome of our meeting was to form a committee and called it Heritage Fitch Bay.

Fitch Bay, close to Georgeville and Magog, has been in an economic decline for many years. Historically, Fitch Bay was founded in the late 18th century. By the 19th century, the village had become a thriving business centre. Farms became prosperous and the village had sawmills, black smiths, a cheese factory, post office and a school.

In 1889, St. Mathias church was planned, built and consecrated.



Eastern Townships Roots (Facebook)

Back to our little group: our idea was great, but we needed money. One of our members was determined to see the church rebuilt and donated a very generous amount. An architect was hired, plans accepted and we looked for a contractor. After many negative replies, we had a contract! The building itself had to be lifted so a new foundation and new beams could be built at a cost of \$400,000. A very large amount, but, undaunted, we approached friends and neighbours - large amounts, small amounts, all were happily accepted. In September of last year, we had raised the money.

The exterior of the church is now complete: a handsome new door has been hung,

and the church is looking

wonderful. Heritage Fitch Bay is now planning another fund raiser to rebuild the community hall which is part of the church property. The plans for the use of the church are varied: concerts, art exhibits, weddings. The community will decide this question.



William Marsden



Residential Schools

by Ann C. Macaulay, M.D.

One of the darker chapters of Canadian history is that of the Indian Residential Schools. These schools were started by the Canadian government in the 1800s to forcibly remove young Indigenous children from their families, place them in residential schools, which were often far from home, for 10 months of the year. The schools were run by the Anglican, Presbyterian, United, and Roman Catholic churches, ostensibly to better educate Indigenous children for better employment. But the real overarching goal was assimilation of Indigenous peoples by removing the children, starting as young as 6 years of age, from the influences of their families, culture, spiritual beliefs, and language, and to indoctrinate them into Christian and Euro-Canadian ways. As a government official infamously stated – the system was designed ‘To kill the Indian in the child.’ It is estimated that 150,000 children were forcibly removed from their families, and that the school conditions of cold buildings, poor nutrition, influenza and tuberculosis and children trying to escape from the schools in remote places caused as many as 6000 deaths. Some schools suffered death rates up to 60% of children and some schools were even built with accompanying cemeteries. Some children were victims of atrocious nutritional and vaccine experiments. The last residential school only closed in 1996.

For a long time, Canada remained ignorant of these schools. I was ignorant too. Indigenous peoples did not talk about them until 1990, when the Objivay leader Phil Fontaine became one of the first people to speak publicly about the physical, psychological, and repeated sexual abuse he received while incarcerated in a residential school. "In my grade three class... if there were 20 boys, every single one of them... would have experienced what I experienced".

In 1997 Phil Fontaine was first elected as national chief of the Assembly of First Nations which is a national advocacy organisation representing the 634 First Nation communities and 900,000 First Nation citizens of Canada - a position he held until 2009. In this position he successfully negotiated with the Federal government to fund the Indian Residential Schools Settlement Agreement, which in 2007 resulted in significant funds being made available to compensate survivors and fund programs – both traditional and western based - to facilitate their healing. This settlement also launched

the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, to fully evaluate the experiences in and damage resulting from the residential schools. He also negotiated for a national apology which took place on June 11th 2008 when prime minister Steven Harper made an official apology to Indigenous peoples of Canada with the words “Today, we recognize that this policy of assimilation was wrong, has caused great harm, and has no place in our country”. Today these words sound hollow because former Senator Murray Sinclair, who was Chair of the Truth and Reconciliation Commission, recently said that the Harper government refused to provide additional funds to investigate the stories of unexplained deaths and missing children – such as those bodies recently discovered at the Kamloops Residential School in British Columbia.

The Truth and Reconciliation Commission included hearings across the country open to both Indigenous and non-Indigenous peoples. These hearings offered residential school survivors the opportunity to tell of their experiences either in public or in private. Their stories of survival have all been saved in a specially carved wooden bentwood box, now on display at the Human Museum for Human Rights in Winnipeg.

These hearings included endless testimonies of horrendous abuse of the children at the hands of the priests and nuns who ran the schools. Children were not allowed to speak their languages, siblings were separated and not allowed to speak to each other, rules were strictly enforced with cruel punishments. Harsh physical, emotional, psychological, and sexual abuse by both priests and nuns was rampant.

Their stories also included descriptions of fellow students who, after release from the schools, had died after turning to drugs and alcohol to numb the pain of the memories. They also told of having no sense of self worth, of great anger, having difficulties in making and keeping relationships, of struggling to parent because they themselves had never experienced love, praise or respect. This has all resulted in the multigenerational trauma where the effects of the residential schools has passed down through Indigenous families and communities. They also spoke about the challenges of healing from these childhood experiences and how many years of struggle it took to find any level of peace. Often the best healing practices came from traditional healers and medicine men, traditional ceremonies

(CONT'D ON PG. 9)

of burning sweet grass and cedar, of sweat lodges and spending time with elders.

After Phil Fontaine told of his experience, some of my patients – for the very first time – told me about their Residential School experiences. It was very humbling for me when I thought that I knew my patients quite well, to hear of their horrible experiences of being made to scrub endless floors, of the beatings with straps and buckles, psychological and sexual abuse, of always being hungry and of not really learning how to read or write very well. The numbers of children taken away in Kahnawake was much fewer than many communities, but the churches that ran the day schools in the community were very strict, so children had not escaped the Christian indoctrination and strict environments. My admiration grew daily leaning how everyone had first endured and then overcome these horrors to cope the best they could after they had been released.

About 20 years later, when I had been invited to start the Indigenous Health Curriculum that became mandatory for all medical students at McGill University and across the country, I heard more stories. Brave residential school survivors from Kahnawake and other communities were willing to risk re-traumatisation of themselves to educate the medical students about their experiences and their healing journeys. Although very painful, they also found it sometimes helped them in their healing journeys- to make others aware of this dark period in Canadian history. At the end of the class, the speakers were always surrounded by students wanting to express their gratitude, and the evaluations were almost universally positive- “One of my greatest learning experiences in medical school.”

It is my firm belief that Canada should now fully support Indigenous peoples in all further investigations of the residential schools.

Ann C. Macaulay CM MD

Professor of Family Medicine, McGill University, Kahnawake, Quebec (retired).

Front cover information

The house was formerly one of two train stations in Beebe.

Editorial

by *Barbara Heath*

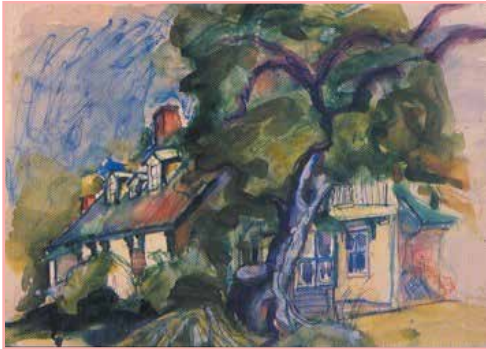
Uncertainty has filled our lives for over a year now. What does the future hold? Non of us are able to predict what the future holds. Some things are thrilling while others are frightening and traumatic.

We have been locked down and restricted. Businesses are unable to maintain what they have worked so hard for. What does all of this indicate for our children and their children? Will they have to pay this debt incurred for generations? Does this concern you or see it concern your family? Everyone will find their way. How has this affected you? What views do you have on this subject? Share it with us.



The Molson Family of Lennoxville: 1861-1894

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



Molson/Warner home

Photo by Vanessa Von Eicken of a Kay Kinsman watercolor (authorized by Jeremy Kinsman)

In 2013, a local brook was named Molson in honour of a former Lennoxville family. Running from north of the corner of Baker and Louis-Codère streets, it flows for about 2 km and empties into the Saint-François River in front of Marie Island. Two grandsons of John Molson [Senior] (1763-1836), the founder in 1786 of the Molson Brewery, settled in Ascot Township in 1861 (which became Lennoxville in 1871) at the mouth of this brook.: The two grandsons, George Elsdale Molson (1826-1866) and his brother Joseph Dinham Molson (1829-1894) were both born in Montreal, and had gone to the grammar school of the Anglican Bishop in Cornwall, Ontario, and then attended Upper Canada College. They then went on to do further studies in England, from 1837 to at least 1842. Following the death of their father John Molson [Junior] (1787-1860), they received a substantial inheritance as did the five other children in the family.



Joseph Dinham Molson

(McKenna, Martha E. 2003, *Molson Family: Stories and Memories*. Authorized by Molson-Coors Foundation)

In 1861, George Elsdale purchased, in his wife's name, (Harriet Ann Kerr (1838-1908), the 102 acre Lucan Cottage Farm from James Hackett. It was located on both sides of the Queen's Highway (Queen Street since 1953) in the present area of Charlotte, Warner and Albert-Côté streets. George lived there for the rest of his life. Before coming to Ascot Township, he would have been a

businessman. As a soldier in the Montreal Royal Cavalry Corps, he was wounded on November 17, 1837, in the Battle of Longueuil against the Patriotes. He also belonged to a group that favoured the annexation of Canada by the United States. For this, he was expelled from the militia. He and his wife had five children, the first three born in Montreal, and the last two most likely born in Ascot Township. They were Mary Anna Elizabeth (1856-1934), John Dinham Alexander Leopold (185?), Sarah Harriet Jessie (1859-1934), Frances Maria (1861) and Eva Maud (1864-1939).



George Elsdale Molson

(McCord Museum II-96290.0.1, authorized for J.-M. Dubois)

Joseph Dinham (1829-1894) had been an Ensign in the British Army with the 99th Wiltshire Foot Regiment. Posted to Norfolk Island, east of Australia, he had married his commanding officer's daughter, Catherine Eliza Day (1838-1881) on May 30, 1854. They had eleven children, and, except for the first three, they were all born in Ascot Township: Mary

Anne Elizabeth (1855-1931), Catherine Elizabeth (1857), Sarah Ellen (1859-1961), Henrietta Eleanor (1862), Annie Emily (1864-1881), John Dinham (1867-1941), Mabel Isabel (1869-1946), Henry Lewis (1871-1887), Alice Carlyle [Nona] (1874-1933), Arthur George Elsdale (1878-1878) and Ida Elsdale (1881-1970). In 1861, Joseph Dinham purchased the Rivermead Farm next to his brother's farm, as well as most of the neighboring lot. In all, it included 158 acres on both sides of the Queen's Highway. The property was near the present location of Convent Street and the mouth of the Molson brook was on it. After the death of his wife, Joseph Dinham married Mary Elizabeth Paddon (1847-1929), the daughter of J. B. Paddon (1814-1889), from Belvidere Road (now College Street). Joseph Dinham died in Lennoxville, and, like his brother, they were both laid to rest in the family mausoleum in Mount Royal Cemetery (Outremont)

Memories and Tales of a Hobby Farmer

by Casey Vriesendorp

When I took a walk around my duck pond recently, it reminded me of when I was a younger man.

Many years later, I had visited my favorite restaurant with reasonable prices and food. The waitress handed me the menu and I noticed some new items. Special of the Day was *cuisse de grenouille*, which means, for the benefit of those who have not had the pleasure of this treat, frog thighs. The price, the waitress told me, was, "un piastre et demi." It was the cheapest item on the menu, beside the peanut butter sandwich.

I wanted to try it, so took my chances. This took me back many years to the days I was among a bunch of young barbarians. We boys would often take a walk around the pond with a pail and a club, clubbing the unsuspecting bull frogs who sat there idly croaking to their lady friends. Bull frogs, the Quebec language classifies as female. They must assume they are of immaculate conception which would fill the pond with pollywogs as food for other creatures like ducks and fish.

Anyway, I sat in the restaurant waiting for my dinner to arrive, when suddenly it occurred to me I should have told the waitress I wanted them well-done. So, I asked for well-done, and the waitress asked why? If she had killed frogs herself, she would have known the answer: the hardest and most distasteful part is to separate legs from body, and then skin them. This is accomplished by loosening the skin on top of the thigh and then pulling it off in one piece, like stripping nylons from a lady's legs. Frying frog legs brings up an almost obscene scenario of nylons hanging over the edge of a frying pan. The legs are placed in the pan with a pinch of salt. After they begin to sizzle and are nice, and crispy, you lift the pan, ready to serve, a sight that sends my tender-hearted sister running and screaming.

The frogs legs appeared at my table. It was an excellent lunch, but other customers were spared such a spectacle. KFC's Colonel Sanders could not have done a better job. As I finished eating my last frog leg, I could not help but wonder what other off-beat food we might have the pleasure of eating.



I was surprised when a food trucker stopped by my farm to look at the donkeys. He would pay me by the pound. He was in hopes of starting a fast-food company selling Donkey Burgers. Don't worry, I did not sell the animals.

What to Do?

By Gordon Brown

What to do

When your doctor says

With your condition

You may die

Or become paralyzed

Suddenly

Without notice...

You go on

Until one day

You are at home and wake up

You had fallen

Unconscious

From a drop

In your blood pressure.

Your body was damaged.

Your face and knees had wounds.

After regaining my senses

A neighbour came to my door,

She saw my face,

She started to cry.

I told her I could not

Join the other retirees.

Such was the new life

Taking pills

Pills that do not do

What I had hoped

To give me assurance

It happened to me

Two more sudden drops

With injuries

Without any warning.

What to do?

But stay away

From joining you

Have a good day

*G L. Brown Age 82 Descendant of Truman Benjamin
Brown from Ireland 1819-1896*

Ol' Tom

"Mama"

by John Mackley

Little Trina glanced up from her drawing with a puzzled look.

"Mama?"

"Yes, Darling?" Mama Lydia responded.

"I call you 'Mama'..." she hesitated, mulling her words over carefully. "... but Daddy calls you Mama too. If you are Daddy's Mama, how can you be my Mama?"

Mama Lydia had known a day, a conversation, like this was bound to come along sooner or later. She tried, now, to remember the explanations she had rehearsed so many times when Trina was still in her arms.

She moved the pot of potatoes over to the side of the cook-stove, wiped her hands on the dish towel hanging from the stove handle, and pulled out the chair opposite Trina at the kitchen table. Settling into the chair, she began as simply as she could.

"You are almost five years old. It's about time you know this. Your father, Tom, is my son. Papa George is Tom's father. That makes us, George and me, your grand-parents. When you were born, your mother Catrina passed away."

Trina's contemplative expression prompted Lydia to continue. "Catrina died giving you life. She didn't want to go. We didn't want her to go. We were all there with her when you were born and we were very happy to see you and welcome you into the world and into our family."

"So you're not my Mama?" Trina's eyes welled up with tears.

"I'm still your 'Mama,' but I'm also your Grandma. I love you with all my heart and I always will. I loved your mother like my own daughter. She was a wonderful, loving and caring young lady. You look and act very much like her. You are becoming just as wonderful a young lady as Catrina was. I feel like your Mama, and that's never going to change. Now, I won't make you call me Mama if you don't want to, if you're not comfortable with it. It's all up to you."

Trina put down the pencil she had been drawing with, stood up and walked out the front door.

Lydia watched carefully through the kitchen window as Trina paced back and forth from one side of the front lawn to the other. She intermittently stomped her feet, then stopped long enough to wipe away tears with the hem of her dress.

(CONT'D ON PG. 13)

Trina knew she loved everyone in her family. But the thought of the only "Mama" she had ever known not being her "real" Mama was just so hard for her to wrap her little head around.

"It's not right! It's not fair!" she declared out loud, replaying Lydia's explanation over in her mind. "Daddies and mamas have daddies and mamas too. But I don't have a real mama! She's dead!"

She had the urge to run away, but she wasn't sure where she could or would want to run away to. She grew even more frustrated. Knowing she wasn't allowed on the road, she headed for the open field that led to the woods at the bottom of the long sloping hill. She made up her mind to just start walking across the field, maybe into the woods. She didn't care. She would just walk till she found herself somewhere where she could forget about not having a Mama of her own.

Jake, the border collie, heard Trina's sobbings and outbursts from his resting place in the sun on the opposite side of the house. He trotted over to her before she made it out of the yard, ears down, tail wagging, slow and tentative. He began by licking her hand, then worked his way up her bare arm to her shoulder and neck, his moist breath tickling her ear.

Within moments, Trina was giggling, laughing in spite of herself. She bent down and let Jake kiss away all her salty tears. They sought out a stick to throw and fetch; then later, an old rubber ball and a ratty little stuffed bear.

The late spring day was long and warm, so they could have continued playing well into the evening. But Townships farmers were accustomed to a punctual five p.m. suppertime. They both heard the clanging and rattling of the horses and wagons heading in from the fields long before they actually arrived.

The pair ran from the front yard, past Mama Lydia's lilac bush, heavily laden with lavender blossoms. They climbed up onto a huge chunk of white pine waiting in the door yard with other wood for splitting. The flat surface was waist high for Trina, and as wide as she was tall. Using other chunks, she stair-stepped her way up onto her observation platform. Jake bounded effortlessly up right beside her.

She began waving, slowly at first, then with increased enthusiasm until the wagons and teams drew close enough to see her clearly. She then began jumping up and down as high as she could, frantically waving both her arms.

(CONT'D FROM PG. 12)

Moments later, Papa George glanced homeward and waved an acknowledgement. Seeing this, Tom looked back as well to see Trina's frantic waving. For a brief moment, his mind flashed back to the day Trina's mother Catrina stood not far from that very spot, waving a bright red rag in a desperate attempt to get their attention. That had been the disastrous and wonderful day that Trina was born.

Tom stood tall above the saddle, removed his hat and used it to make a grand bowing gesture, then threw kisses Trina's way.

As the teams turned toward the barns, Trina climbed down off the stump. Jake headed for the barn; Trina for the house.

"Mama! Mama!" she cried throwing the front door open. "The men are back for supper!" She ran directly over to Mama Lydia and gave her the biggest hug she could. "Can I help set the table?!"

"You sure can, sweetheart. You sure can."

Life in a Shoe Box

by Barbara Heath

As life changes, we unfortunately have choices to make we do not want to make. You may be told that due to medical and safety reasons, you must move into a residence. You must sell your home and auction off many long-time cherished belongings. Now you must locate a place to go.

When you find a residence in the town where you live, you say "Great!", only to find that the apartment is the size of a shoebox. Now you do not need a lot of stuff, but you do require certain things. Not to mention that the price keeps changing, and the services you have received are less than originally outlined.

There are roadblocks. It is not enough that you have to move from a home you have lived in for 30 years, but to think your life will be lived a shoebox is a bit hard to face. I did not mention that the place you looked at is about \$1,000 more per month than most other residences with fewer incentives; then you *really* question what you are doing.

Did we live our whole lives working and contributing to society, only to find that this is the best we are offered? A storage box is not, to my way of thinking, a respectful place. I do not know what the future holds but I hope it is better than what I have been seeing.

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A Visit to Castiglione

by Lynette Enevoldsen

Join me for a visit to Castiglione.—one that I intend to enjoy— and dive into it. If it's in the past, I learn a lot more; if in the future, I enjoy planning what I would like to see and do.

This particular escape is in the past, and I invite you to come and escape with me, if you like.

It's the third week in May, sunny and warm, and you and I are sitting in the back of a Renault Clio. My daughter, just turned 50, is the driver. My son sits next to her. He is a few years younger. He is with us for only four days, so every day together is precious.

We flew in to Catania, Sicily, yesterday, and are leaving our small hotel and heading for Mount Etna's north slope.

"The best wines come from here," we were told last night by the restaurant owner, "and the best pistachios, and the almonds..."

The white wine served with our fish was exquisite, almost the colour of cider; red wines were also exquisite, we were told.

It's all to do with the rich soil, slowly weathered from the rocks and lava thrown out of Etna's craters, long ago. We have now turned inland, driving on rising ground, with Madame Etna showing off ahead of us, with her graceful collar of dazzling white snow. She is impressive at over 3,300 metres high, after all. I try to imagine Mont Sutton being over three times as high as its usual self, and it doesn't work.

Once we are off the highway there's always this sense of a gradual going uphill towards that distant white collar, but the landscape is also broken by waves of upturned, steep ridges of white limestone. Nature must have been in a tempestuous mood to form these crags, and then to throw a volcano into the middle of it. Some of the land is semi wild, the surface made up of huge, dark red, cindery lumps, a gift from the tall lady up there.

We drive through orchards of oranges and almonds; where are the villages?

A small town appears above us on a rocky outcrop, and road signs appear: Castiglione. We decide to drive up and explore.

We go up, past vineyards on steeper slopes, past tiny terraces wedged between outcrops of white and golden hues. Anna manages to arrive in what looks like a municipal car park, and we park carefully between the lines and lock up.

So what can a Sicilian hilltop town offer us?

A goat, for a start.

On one side, the parking lot overlooks the steep, green hillside. A substantial balustrade along the edge invites us to come and look at the view. It is an effective barrier between us and a 70 degree slope. Its flat surface is about two feet wide, and further along, a white goat is comfortably spread out on it, enjoying the sun's warmth. The goat is tethered. We immediately worry that it might fall down the slope; but no, on looking over, we can see that on the steep side she can hoof it onto a set of steps, with a goat house and a bucket of water.

Time to explore.

We noticed that the town was built around two stony crags, with additions of stone walls holding it together, and probably as a defensive measure. We must head upwards; but first, here is a shop, a Formaggio — isn't that "cheese?"— and let's go in and have a look.

The owner is delighted. Canadians! In no time we are tasting his cheese, made from goat, sheep and cow's milk. We wonder if the white goat on the balustrade is one of the contributors. We make our choices and he slices a firm cheese for us. This will be part of our lunch.

Honey from black Sicilian bees is on display. Square glass jars show a detailed drawing of a black bee and the name and address of the company, within the glass itself. Nero d'Ape-miele. Yes, please. We leave with a bottle of local wine also.

We find our way up narrow streets, and rejoice that a small car - stuck in a narrow street with perhaps one centimetre of clearance on each side - is not ours. We climb up to the rocky top section, where a lizard sits watching us on a wall and greenery gets a hold wherever it can.

The outcrop has been hollowed out, and a heavy wooden door sporting a huge padlock protects the cool interior, where wine is now stored. It will be safe up here, from Canadian visitors, pirates, and other enemies.

We can walk right around this massive block. We look for Mme Etna but she has her head in a mist. The asymmetric rooftop shapes are more attractive: roofs covered in ageing orange--brown tiles cut across each other from our viewpoint. We are above a belfry, a bulbous church decoration, tiny towers, chimney pots; and beyond, the lower green slopes and a small river.

(CONT'D ON PG. 15)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 14)

We go down. We are hungry. We find a grocery store and buy fresh round buns, tomatoes, grapes and a beer for Peter.

Back at the parking area there's a comfortable bench. The goat has gone for a drink. We can eat in peace without fear of attackers on this warm and beautiful island. We'll seek coffee and pistachio desserts later.

Wake up. I hope you enjoyed the escape

Part 2 Randazzo.

Our map tells us that there is a town called Randazzo to the west of us. It looks big enough to have a restaurant or two, and after our picnic we drive there. Half of Randazzo is edged by a steep slope with old protective walls, but it is now mostly open and accessible on the foothills of Etna. Lava flows have come near it at some time in the past.

We're lucky. There's a coffee bar near our parking area, and we have it all to ourselves. We enter, choose our table, and cluster around a showcase of desserts. Anna chooses a pastry with a rich almond topping. I select a pyramid of curvy pistachios, and Peter selects a *cannoli*, a crisp tube of pastry filled with nuts, fruit and chocolate. What will you have?

And of course, the coffees are perfect.

We do our own walking exploration. We find ourselves going down ancient steps leading to a huge archway in the old wall. Cats are enjoying a snooze in the sun on the steps. Here there's a steep drop to the forest below. Flowering verbena clings to the wall in pink blobs; the slopes beyond are covered in yellow gorse.

The town has decorated itself everywhere with Etna's black lava. Arches and doorways use it in nicely shaped blocks. Small slabs of it make patterns in walls of pale sandstone. Around one corner we find the huge church of San Martino and its thirteenth century tower, which has two levels of narrow, arched windows high up. The windows are framed by narrow striped columns, dramatic and eye-catching. I have just learned online that this style is called *Barocco Etneo* style.

We enter the church quietly, and it seems very light inside. Now, from my photos, I see that the six massive pillars on each side of the nave are made of black lava - as if the congregation needed to be reminded of the mountain's presence and capability. Lava is not hard like marble, and it often contains fine bubbles. These pillars are fairly smooth, but they are not polished or carved with decorations.

On one wall near the entrance there is a painting showing the inhabitants of a small village, praying desperately in the fields. Tongues of molten lava are flowing from a huge

fissure high up on Etna's south slope behind them. Yes, someone tells us, the lava flowed over 17 kilometers and reached Catania, where citizens dug a trench to direct its flow away from the city. Fortunately it stopped soon after.

It's time to go back to the car, past old buildings separated by narrow alleys where apartments are packed together. It's quiet because many people work at the coast in tourism, or they are busy in the orchards and vineyards. Around a corner, two men are selling fresh cherries from a loaded open cart. We buy a kilo for 3 euros.

On the way back we stop at a winery. The two front seaters purchase a five litre container of local wine, and I invest in almonds. We descend to the coast, and warnings of the road being icy in winter catch our eye. Plenty to think and talk about.

Waking from this dream and back here in real time, I can see that Mont Sutton has completed the greening of herself while we were on holiday. She got through another long, cold winter and is wide awake. She's quiet and beautiful and is showing no signs of eruption, and I blow her a kiss.






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The Dance of Life

by Kathleen Rattigan

“Whenever one door closes I hope one more opens, promise me that you’ll give faith a fighting chance, and when you get the choice to sit it out or dance, I hope you dance, I hope you dance.”

The song “I Hope You Dance” by Lee Ann Womack.

As I was dancing one morning, the idea for this article flowed into my mind and “The Dance of Life” was born. Dancing, you might be asking yourself? This is my new exercise program and my music comes from the era of the baby boomer. At almost 70 years old, and with the lockdown of gyms, I needed to find something that I would do with glee and that was independent of the weather. And the only special clothes I use is my nightgown – no spandex, or running shoes or matching outfit, just my lovely soft and roomy nightgown! So dancing to the beat of my own drum ended up being the perfect way to stay active and supple. And as I was dancing that morning I saw how music and dance can define our life – past and present.

When a song that you love comes on, does your body begin to sway, your toes start to tap and you sing along because you know the words so well? Certain songs can define our life’s story. Sad songs bring us back to times gone by such as our first love and all the passion and angst that goes with it; the songs that were popular during our growing up years and the remembrances of parties and dances. I grew up with the “Twist”, the “Monkey”, shaking and shimmying to the beat of disco, rock and roll, from Michael Jackson, Enya, Abba, The Beatles and so on. My parents loved country music and one of my earliest memories is of them being the best on the dance floor as they jitter-bugged to the beat of their own drum at family gatherings and parties. Actually, I met my husband on the dance floor. My sisters and I were at our local watering hole dancing to live music when he came and asked me to dance. I did know him and his family so I said yes. Well, we danced together perfectly and I was so impressed with his rhythm and style that I kept on saying yes and we have now been happily married for over 30 years as our harmony on the dance floor extended into a wonderful life together.

I have named the dance of life we are presently in as “one step forward-two steps back-cha cha cha”. Anybody out there have their own name for the dance we are in? As Lee Ann Womack also says in her song: “Time is a wheel in constant motion

always rolling us along. Tell me who wants to look back on their years and wonder where those years have gone.” This pandemic has its own rhythm, its own life form and I’m watching from the safety of my home the impact on the state of affairs of our planet, as I’m sure we all are!

Was I ever pleasantly surprised when I researched the health benefits of dancing as I was writing this article! It has a wide range of physical and mental benefits, such as: improved condition of heart and lungs, increased and improved muscular strength, endurance, tone, stronger bones, and flexibility, just to name some of the physical benefits of dancing! On a mental level we receive improved mental functioning, greater self-confidence and psychological wellbeing! Wow! I can honestly tell you from my own personal experience of dancing that all of the above is true. I always end up smiling as I stretch and sway to the songs of my younger years. I incorporate yoga, belly dancing, two-step, line dancing and anything else that feels right, always respecting my somewhat aged body. It is important of course to be aware of your own physical state of health whenever you work out. When I first started I could only do a few minutes yet over the course of a few months time that has steadily increased to about 15 to 20 minutes of steady stretching and dancing every 2nd day. I allow a day of rest between each session which is working well because I definitely feel the effects from head to toe.

As we all continue life in these unusual times there does seem to be a bright light at the end of the tunnel of this pandemic routine and I’m sure we all will come out of this with a new gratitude for all the freedoms that will certainly return soon enough. And meantime – I hope you dance.



Book Review

Niall Williams -

This is Happiness

(book review by Judy Rinfret)

Over long years of reading pleasure, so many works of fiction have been obliterated by fading memory, lost in the mists of time. A very few novels are memorable or significant enough to recall and perhaps reread. Even though I rarely read new fiction now, I had heard enough about **This is Happiness** to make an exception.

This astonishingly brilliant novel by Niall Williams is not only at the top of my “to reread” list, but I have given away several copies to good friends. The feedback has been more rewarding than I dared to hope. One friend said the description of rain alone is worth the reading.

This is Happiness is about the fictional community of Faha in a remote west Irish county in the middle of the last century. The narrator (Noe), now approaching his ninth decade, reminisces about the long spring and summer spent with his grandparents after the death of his mother, while he reconsidered a religious vocation, and while the small impoverished village of Faha was due at last for electricity. Noe’s grandparents, Doady and Ganga, have agreed to lodge one of the strangers who arrives to install “the electric” in Faha. And so Christy comes into the life of Noe, his grandparents and Faha. The story ranges through the riveting revelations of the arrival of electric power, the lust of youth, long lost love, the rain, villagers, the church, music, and pub crawls. We are privy to the growing up of Noe and his reflections on that time from the vantage point of more than half a century later.

... because after more than sixty years my mind is back in that place among those people from whom I took the lesson of how to be a fully alive human being. I will carry on here, carry on through the electric pulse of this machine to tell the one story we all have, the one we’ve lived. (p. 372)

The evocative, lyrical writing is reminiscent of the best of Charles Dickens and Dylan Thomas.

Milking

You felt blindly for her teat which was a thing unimaginable, large as your boy hand, pink and coarse and somehow worn too as you coaxed down and not just squeezed out a fierce jet of milk that

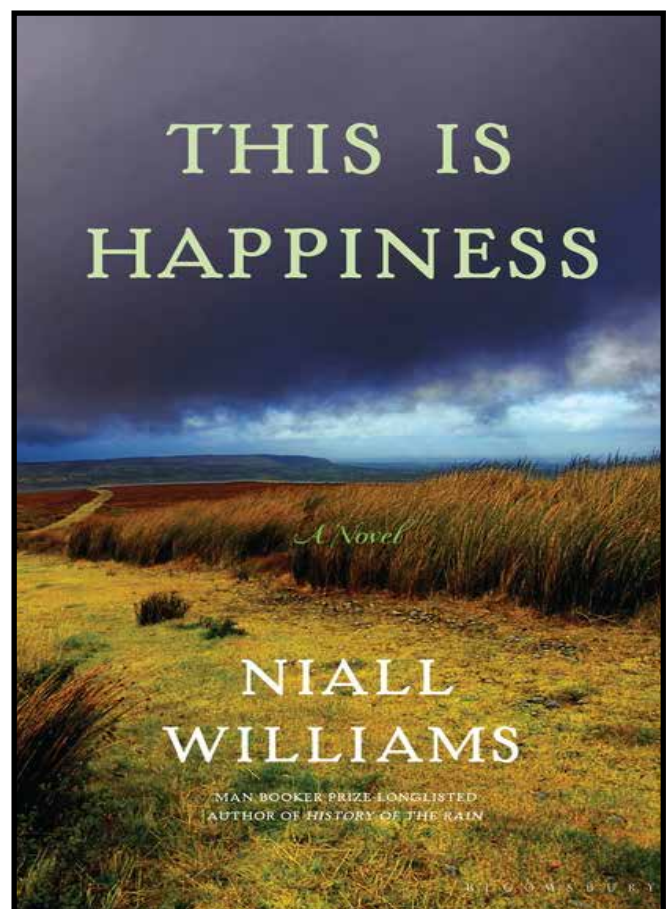
came hot and greyish and shot alarmingly sideways against the enamel of the bucket with an urgent milk music. (p. 33)

Rain

It came straight down and sideways, frontwards, backwards and any other wards God could think of. It came in sweeps, in waves, sometimes in veils. It came dressed as drizzle, as mizzle, as mist, as showers, frequent and widespread, as a wet fog, as a damp day, a drop, a dreeping, and an out and out downpour. (p. 2)

Happiness is reading **This is Happiness**. It is a book that can be savoured. The images and ideas are too rich for long reading sessions. I have read it twice now and found even more to admire the second time. It is a perfect book for reading during this time of isolation. And if you come to realize this is happiness, you will be well rewarded.

P.S. please buy happiness at your local book store.



A potpourri of Townships photos!



Fitch Bay
Lisa Driver



Beauvoir
Sun Archives



This dress photo is the visual remembrance of my connection to the many aspects of my mother.

Lisa Driver



Eustis Mine
Sun Archives



Ball Farm Lady Banting's farm
Sun Archives

Perry Beaton,
B. Heath



Tea at Uplands
B. Heath



Baby skunks
B. Miltimore



Crawford's Garage, Stanstead
Sun Archives

Aging with Vitality: Telomeres, stress and aging

by Anita Duwel

How many of you read this title and went, "What the heck are telomeres and what does stress have to do with it?!"

It is a great question and an important one as well!



As you are aware, stress can be quite damaging to our bodies. Some stress is good but chronic stress impacts you right down to the cellular level, making you more susceptible to dangerous chronic diseases like diabetes, heart disease, and even some types of cancer.

That's because stress seems to contribute to the shortening of the telomeres which play a major role in the aging process.

Telomeres are the protective caps found at the end of our cell's chromosomes that help protect our DNA from damage. You can think of them as the plastic tips at the end of your shoelaces.

DNA makes up all of the cells in our body and every organ in our body is made up of cells. Hence the importance of telomeres!

As we age, our cells are constantly dividing and our telomeres gradually shorten, which is normal when it comes to aging.

However, they can also be shortened by:

- Stress
- Lack of exercise
- Poor diet
- Exposure to environmental toxins

What can you do?

Scientists say you can start protecting your telomeres right now by living a healthy lifestyle, by focusing on eating plant-based foods, and exercising regularly.

A great health product that offers telomere support and keeps your cells healthy is called Isagenesis. If you would like to know more, send me an email and I will be happy to help you out. anitaduwel@live.com

In addition:

Research is showing that being social can help you live longer!

Your social connections play a major role, especially positive relationships that help you feel supported. They are associated with longer telomeres.

So, it is time to get together with friends or family and have some fun!

If this is an area you struggle with because you don't have any nearby social connections, here are some ideas:

- Join a walking group or book club in your community
- Find a fitness studio/group that caters to people like you (same age, interests, etc.), and build a new network based on shared goals
- Take a class (in person if at all possible) to learn a new hobby or skill that you've been wanting to try

If meeting in person is not an option due to Covid, use Zoom or FaceTime to connect.

Some groups will meet outdoors, keeping the prescribed 2 metre distance (exercise, dance, painting, etc.)

On top of being a great stress-busting outlet for you, it might also help improve your long-term health!

And if you want to boost your wellness game, I invite you to join us in my [Aging with Vitality group](#) where we share info, resources, have fun challenges, and support one another. This month we have daily 1 minute

to win it videos consisting of a quick tip and an action that you can do.

A great way to get some habits in place!

Love the life you live!

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

Some Important Facts You Should Know About Lyme Disease

by John A. Viau

Avoid becoming the target. Make sure you don't catch Lyme disease. Lyme disease is caused by the *Borrelia burgdorferi* (Bb) bacterium; and is transmitted to humans through the bite of infected black legged ticks. This tick lives in wooded areas, forests, tall grass, and shrubs. Climate change is creating favorable conditions in Quebec for ticks that carry the Bb bacterium in many areas. They have also been established in the United States, Europe, and Asia for many years.

Preventing tick bites - During an outdoor activity in wooded areas or forests: wear clothes over the skin, long sleeved shirts or sweaters, closed boots or shoes and socks; tuck pant legs into socks. Wearing pale colored clothes make it easier to see ticks. Prevent bites by applying an insect repellent on clothes and exposed parts of the body, except for the face. DEET based products at 30% concentrations or less are safe and effective against ticks (for example, Deep Woods Off) or other similar products. Follow the instructions on the label. Stick to clear trails in wooded areas and forests.

Check for ticks and remove them - After being outdoors in a wooded area or forest: shower or bathe upon returning home. Check your body, children's bodies, and your pets. For hard to reach places (like your back), use a mirror or ask someone to help you. Adult ticks are about as large as a pencil dot, and nymphs are the size of a pin head. Remove the ticks as soon as possible. The longer the ticks' mouth is attached to the skin, the greater the risk for infection. The risk of infection is low within the first 24 hours, but increases after 24 hours. Use a very small pair of tweezers (the kind used to remove splinters) to detach the tick from your skin. Grasp the ticks' head as close as possible to the skin and pull out slowly and steadily. Pull straight out perpendicular to the skin, and **do not twist or rotate the tick**. Avoid squashing or crushing the tick, as this increases the risk of infection. If a small part of the tick remains in the skin, remove it with the tweezers so it can no longer transmit the bacterium. After the tick is removed, wash your hands and the bite site with soap and water.

Consult a doctor if symptoms develop - Symptoms usually appear within 30 days after a tick bite. A non-painful reddening of the skin or an area larger than 5 centimeters begins at the bite site and expands for several days or weeks, then disappears in about 80% of infected people, followed by fever, muscle or joint pain, and fatigue. Most people with Lyme disease can be treated effectively with oral antibiotics over a period of

two to three weeks. If left untreated, infection can affect the nervous system, heart, and joints. Lyme disease is diagnosed when the symptoms develop following time spent outdoors in an area where infected ticks are known to live. Your doctor may support the diagnosis with the results of a laboratory test.

Who is at risk of contracting the disease? People who live, work, play, or spend time outdoors in wooded areas, forests or areas with tall grass or brush where infected ticks live are at greater risk for contracting Lyme disease. Ticks are active from April to December as long as there is no snow on the ground. The highest risk period for getting bitten ranges from May to September.

Examples of high risk activities - Hiking or biking through a forest, cutting wood, hunting, fishing from a stream, camping, golfing, gardening next to a wooded area.

How to create tick-free zones - Cut the grass, brush, and branches around playgrounds and recreation areas. Remove leaf litter, brush, and weeds at the edge of the lawn and around wood piles and garden sheds. Trim tree branches and shrubs at the edge of the lawn to prevent being in contact and let in more sunlight. Create a three meter or wider border between the woods and the lawn with wood chips, mulch, or gravel. Put children's play sets and sand boxes on a wood chip or mulch foundation and place them away from the woods.

Regarding Pets - A friend of mine who is a veterinarian tells me that he has about 10 cases a year of Lyme disease in dogs and 2 or so in cats. Your pets can and should be vaccinated as a preventive measure against Lyme disease by your local vet or you can buy a flea and tick control solution at your neighborhood Wal-Mart or pet store (follow the directions closely). Prevention is definitely a good idea and is much cheaper than treatment, which is very expensive. A friend of mine who has a mixed breed Golden Retriever put out \$800.00 for initial treatment and almost \$400.00 when the dog had a relapse. I have had much personal experience with ticks, and I advise my readers take all necessary precautions. *Much of the information in the foregoing article has been compiled from a fact sheet put out by the Quebec Government. If you wish further information about Lyme disease contact their website at: www.MaladiedeLymeMonteregie.com .*

Enjoy the summer and be careful out there.

(story and photos continued on next page)



Small deer in grass can pick up ticks
My wife Ellen suffered from ticks picked
up from tame deer
Ticks are picked up by fish as well



HELLO
SUMMER



Walking Group

Members of the CFUW walking group have been active for over 14 years. We have explored as a group, and recently individually or with a friend, the wonderful trails throughout the Townships. We are sharing some of our favourites in the Townships Sun.

Parc des Deux Rivières on Willard St. in East Angus offers 6 km of easy walking trails, located at the convergence of the St. Francis and Eaton River with an outdoor fitness trail, observation towers, and a beautiful plantation of Norway spruce. A bike path passes through the majority of the trails (approx. 4 km). In addition, there is one of the very interesting Panoramic sheds. Access to the park is free.

At the Wadleigh Winery/Les Vallons de Wadleigh at 186 Rte. 143, Ulverton, besides enjoying the beautiful location and a glass of wine, an easy walking trail takes you through woods to the small Ulverton River. It is an "in and out" walk of 5 km.

Beckett Woods Park on Beckett St. in Sherbrooke is an old maple grove and beech forest covering 70 hectares. It is one of only two protected urban forests in the province and is particularly known for its rich variety of plants and animals which are

explained on several plaques. There are several well-marked trails, some more difficult than others. It's a great place to walk in all seasons.

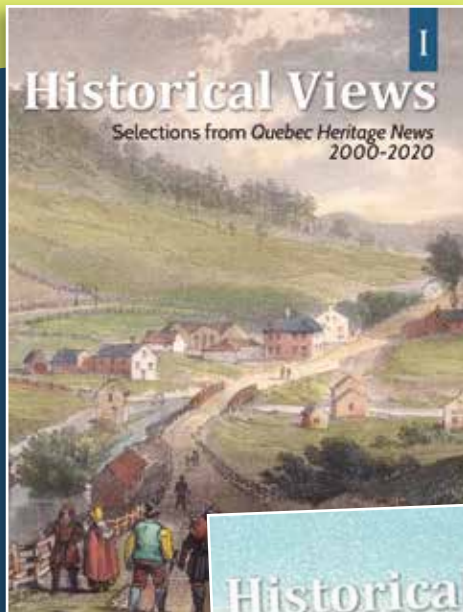


The Johnville Bog/ Parc écoforestier de Johnville includes the peat bog, a kettle, a lake, and a pond with vegetation that is representative of bogs found in the upper basin of the St. Francis River. This is a diverse habitat complete with lush plant and animal life that can be seen along the 5.8 km of walking trails. From Sherbrooke, take Route 108 heading east. Turn right onto Route 251 south to Johnville. At the village entrance, turn left onto North Road. The entrance to the Park is about one km along the road. The Johnville Bog & Forest Park is accessible year round from 8 a.m. until sunset.

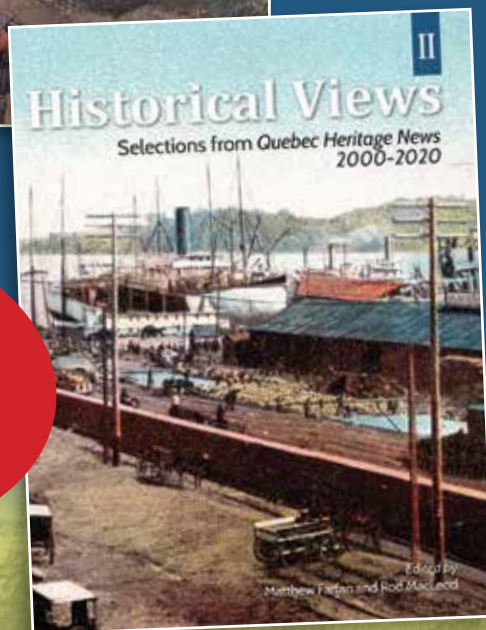
Members of CFUW Sherbrooke & District in Sherbrooke, Ayer's Cliff, Eastman, Ste. Etienne de Bolton, Richmond, Magog, and North Hatley are engaged in our community by promoting education and life-long learning cfuwsherbrooke@gmail.com. An educational degree is not necessary. Our affiliate, the Lampe Foundation supports education of men and women in our community and encourages the continuation of studies www.lampefoundation.org.

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