

NEWS

Have I Got e-  for You!



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



No 28

October 2024

Message from Your Editor

What is a miracle? “A highly improbable or extraordinary event, development, or accomplishment that brings very welcome consequences.” Our family has been witness to such an event. On August 27th, Clifford Lee Burrows arrived into our lives by caesarean section. The sixteen people in the OR – 9 attending Hannah and 7 awaiting her baby – all held their breath when he was delivered and after what seemed a very long moment, he made a quiet “Hello, I am here!” sound. I felt the immediate joy that came from each person and filled the room. Clifford had beat the odds for which we were and are extremely glad.

To each and every person who prayed or sent positive hope into the atmosphere, we all say thank you, your support was felt. Never doubt that miracles do happen, not always on our schedules, and not always when we need one, but for us, we feel wonderfully blessed that it was Hannah’s turn.

Never let a day pass without finding at least one thing you can be thankful for, no matter how small or large. Share a kind word with those you meet, smile and say hello, even if to a stranger.

“Gratitude ... for all the big things that stand tall, thick with abundance, joy, fruitfulness. I cannot help but applaud their presence. But deep thankfulness for the bite-sized pieces of my life? I had not thought of them, those little snippets of time so easily consumed in the hurry and blur of pretentious days. The little moments, assumed and presumed, slip quickly through the fingers of my busy life.

October gestures with a wrinkled brown hand, beckons me wisely to consider those fleeing moments of grace in things quickly passing: a walk on a musky-wooded path, a cup of coffee silently savored, a birdsong in the squeaky hours of dawn, the gentle touch of a liver-spotted hand, a loving letter from a grateful stranger, a fading crescent moon in a royal blue sky. I turn to gather finely layered remnants like these in the come and go of my days, and discover, with surprise, how quickly my inner room is a harvest place of gold.” ~ Joyce Rupp

~ Leslie

Good Bye, Dear Friends



David Ross Smith
June 26, 1946 – July 14, 2024
Valley (but once from Kent Road)



Lynda Joan Benjamin
September 13, 2024 at 80 years
Hilden

*Life brings tears, smiles, and memories.
The tears dry, the smile fades,
but the memories live on forever.*

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

Always missed, forever remembered.

Happy Days!

80 + Birthdays:

- | | |
|----------|------------------|
| October | Wayne Fisher |
| November | Sybil McCurdy |
| | Glenda Kent |
| | Gary Saunders |
| December | Marnie Smith |
| | Sylvia Patterson |
| January | Fran Fiddes |
| | Bob Wynn |
| | Wayne Smith |

90 + Birthdays:

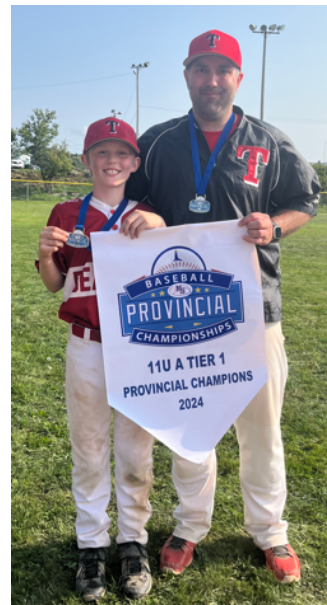
- | | |
|---------|-----------------|
| October | Kathie Chisholm |
|---------|-----------------|



50 + Anniversaries:

- | | |
|---------|---------------------------|
| October | Harry & Darlene McCormick |
| | Bob & Sandra Francis |

And the Winner Is



Jackson Hoyt on the
U11A ball team Truro Bearcats
Winner of Team Provincials in August

Welcome Babies



Avonlea Brenda Vivian Burns
Born: July 30, 2024

Parents: Melinda Crowell & Ronnie Burns
Brother: Riker
Grandparents: George & Mary Burns
Graham Crowell (Barrington)



Clifford Lee Burrows

Born: August 27, 2024
Parent: Hannah Burrows
Grandparents: Jim & Leslie Burrows



Emerson Louise Waugh
Born: August 16, 2024

Parents: Jonathan and Melanie Waugh
Grandparents Anthony and Karen Waugh
Dougie Ross
Gayle and Gordon Rippey



Lavender Michelle Hunka
Born: September 7, 2024

Parents: Breanne & Robert John Hunka
Brother: Lane
Grandparents: Roger Hunka
Jane & Phillip Burris



Robie Edison Sheehy
Born: September 18, 2024
Parents: Jelisa & Darby Sheehy
Siblings: Elise & Jeb
Grandparents: Anthony & Karen Waugh
Peter and Aileen Sheehy



Mairi Joy Smith Isenor
Born: October 2, 2024
Parents: Mandy Smith & Wilson Isenor
Grandparents: Nancy & Scott Smith
Great-Grandmother: Glenda Kent



Trevor Mackenzie Alexander
Born: September 26, 2024
Parents: Catherine & Kevin Alexander
Sisters: Tessa & Grace
Grandparents: Jim & Leslie Burrows
Jim & Anne Alexander



James Patrick Colin Kent
Born: October 12, 2024
Parents: Katlyn Benere & Matthew Kent
Siblings: Tom, Layne, & Jamie
Grandparents: Colie & Wanda Kent
Great-Grandmother: Glenda Kent

Up-Coming Services

- October 27 9:30 in Hilden; 11:00 in Old Barns
- November 3 Clergy Swap
9:30 in Old Barns with Rev Cathie Crooks
11:00 in Hilden with Rev. April Hart
- November 10 Remembrance Sunday
9:30 in Hilden; 11:00 in Old Barns
- November 17 Pride Sunday
9:30 in Hilden; 11:00 in Old Barns
- November 24 Guest Speaker Sharon Ballantyne
Joint Service
11:00 in Old Barns
- December 1 First Sunday of Advent
9:30 in Old Barns led by Leslie Burrows
11:00 in Hilden led by Sylvia Patterson
- December 8 Second Sunday of Advent – White Gift
9:30 in Hilden; 11:00 in Old Barns
- December 15 Third Sunday of Advent
9:30 in Hilden; 11:00 in Old Barns
- December 22 Fourth Sunday of Advent
9:30 in Hilden; 11:00 in Old Barns
- December 24 Christmas Eve
7:00 p.m. in Hilden with Rev. Phillip)
7:00 p.m. in Old Barns with
Kent Loughead
- December 29 9:30 a.m. in Hilden
Old Barns – Pre-Taped Service

Information about our churches and when our services are can be found on our website. Most Sundays, the Old Barns services are either live-streamed or taped and can also be found on the Charge website:

cliftonpastoralcharge.ca

Events Since Last Newsletter

August 16 – Danah-Lee Concert



August 17 – Ukrainian Pot Luck



Old Barns United Church hosted a Ukrainian pot luck supper. There were over 60 in attendance – new to Truro Ukrainian families and members of the church community. There were lots of laughs, hugs, games and great food!



September 4 – Filing Nomination Papers



Laurie Sandeson, Counselor for District 2 in Colchester County, filed her nomination papers with Returning Officer Guy Wheeler. Laurie was acclaimed when no one else filed by the deadline. Congratulations Laurie!

September 6 – Clifton Page Turners Book Club



Local author Gary Saunders joined the group to discuss his latest book, “Earthkeeping”.

October 9 – Food Bank Garden



The 2024 Food Bank Garden harvest is finished! The final harvest of the garden was 552 pounds, for a final total of 4860 pounds delivered to the Colchester Food Bank.

Thank you to all the members of the Knights of Columbus and the Old Barns Men’s Club who helped this year, with planting, weeding, harvesting and delivering produce to the Food Bank.

Special thanks to Mary Heukshorst for hosting the garden this year, and for making coffee and muffins for the workers every Monday morning.



Picture from Sylvia Patterdon

October 20 – Hilden UC Celebrate 100 Years



Hilden United Church celebrated 100 years in our present church sanctuary on Sunday, October 20th. The lovely church service was followed by a pot luck luncheon in the hall, which is also 60 years old this year.

Following fabulous food, messages were read from various people who were unable to attend. There was good attendance, nice to have new and older faces return to the pews.

One side of hall was dedicated to displays, pictures and write-ups of the church activities over the past years.

A great thank you goes out to the organizing committee for our special day in our community of faith.

Pictures from Sylvia Patterson

Up-Coming Events

October 26 – Harvest Pot Luck Supper

Old Barns Session is hosting a Harvest Pot Luck Supper at 6:00 p.m. in Fellowship Hall (basement of church). All are welcome.

October 27 – Spirituality Walk

Old Barns Session invite you to an opportunity to deepen your spirituality with a walk along the Cobequid Trail. The Walk will start at 2:00 p.m. at the Spirituality Circle next to the church.

November 27 – Community Dinner

The Cobequid Firemenettes are holding their first community supper since 2019 on November 27 from 4:30 - 6 pm (or until we run out).

The menu is Turkey Stew or Chili with a homemade roll and gingerbread with lemon sauce for dessert.

Free to all residents of the communities serviced by the Cobequid District Fire Brigade.



December 6 – A Clifton Family Christmas



More details regarding the Auction as we get closer to the date.

Proceeds to the Colchester Food Bank and the Atlantic Community Shelters Society.



Some Hildon-ites escaped to Mahone Bay for the Scarecrow Festival



Pictures from Sylvia Patterson

Fall in Hilden



Wild Geese by Mary Oliver

You do not have to be good.
You do not have to walk on your knees
for a hundred miles through the desert,
repenting.
You only have to let the soft animal of your
body love what it loves.
Tell me about despair, yours, and I will tell
you mine.
Meanwhile the world goes on.
Meanwhile the sun and the clear pebbles of
the rain are moving across the
landscapes,
over the prairies and the deep trees,
the mountains and the rivers.
Meanwhile the wild geese, high in the clean
blue air, are heading home again.
Whoever you are, no matter how lonely,
the world offers itself to your
imagination,
calls to you like the wild geese, harsh
and exciting—
over and over announcing your place
in the family of things.



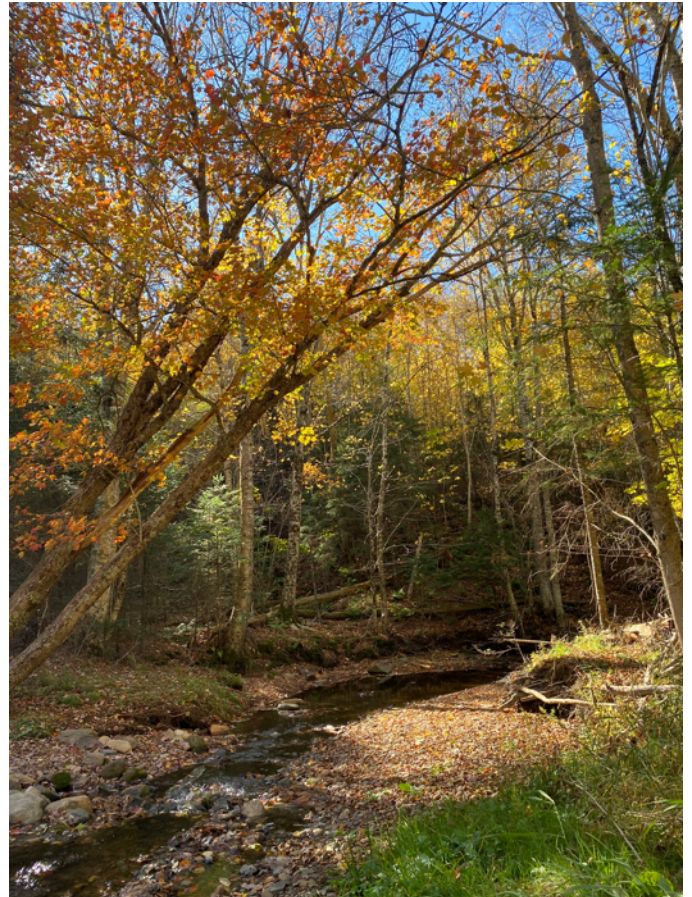


Ruby Throated Hummingbirds in Nova Scotia

by H. Bridgewater

On this early September morn
Even the front yard looks forlorn
The humming birds have gone away
These hummingbirds will fly so far
So many miles it seems bizarre
These tiny birds can go so far.
They fear the cold of Scotia's snow
It is a mystery how they know
The need for warmth so far away
I understand, but wish they'd stay.
I miss their beauty and how fast they sped
With colours violet, green, white,
black and red;
I miss their humming, hovering flight
From sunlit dawn to darkening night
May they be safe and on their guard
So, they'll be back in this same yard.

Submitted by Sylvia Patterson



Pitch Brook in Princeport

Picture from Cathy Vallis

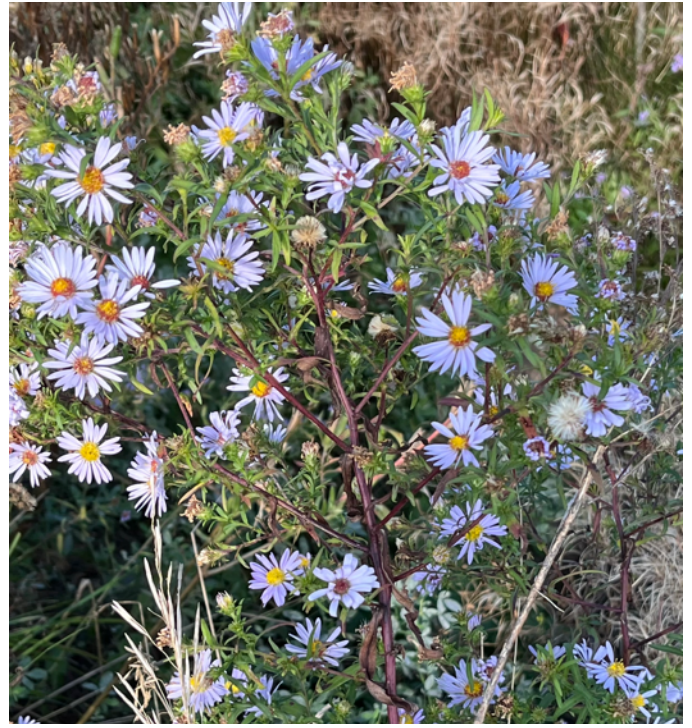


Gnome at Home

Picture from Leslie Burrows



Burrows-O'Toole Kids at 4-H Provincial Show
Picture from Lacey O'Toole



Fall Asters

Picture from Leslie Burrows



Burning Bush

Pictures from Leslie Burrows



Early Morning Sky at the Farm

Picture by Leslie Burrows



The Beaver Brook Ridge



Water of Life Project:

Faithful Donors in Truro, N.S.

No individual or organization has a longer, more consistent history of supporting Lifewater Canada, and therefore the people of Africa and Haiti who desperately need safe water, than a small group of very dedicated fundraisers in Truro, Nova Scotia.

They are collectively known as the Water of Life Project. In June 2024, they celebrated 20 years of giving to Lifewater Canada. During that time, the group has fully or partially funded 63 water projects in Africa and Haiti. The projects are benefiting an estimated 50,000 children and adults, some of whom would have undoubtedly died without Water of Life's help.

It was back in September of 2003 that Placide Chiasson was watching a television program about the challenges of trying to stay alive without access to safe water.



"I asked in prayer what I could do to help," the retired teacher recalled recently. "I believe His Holy Spirit inspired me. My wife and I met our parish minister to discuss how to proceed. We scheduled a meeting with interested individuals from different denominations, resulting in the formation of a committee to move forward."

Then they began investigating charitable organizations involved in drilling and repairing wells.

"Ina Major, who was our treasurer for 18 years, searched the internet and Lifewater Canada really stood out," Placide said.

"It was a Canadian volunteer-based organization, and the percentage of funds raised that were directly used to provide water, education, and sanitation was very high. They partnered with the communities in the truest sense. They were transparent with the use of funds. They seemed to genuinely care for those in need and wanted to help them help themselves."

The first Lifewater project that Water of Life helped to fund was a new well in Liberia in 2004. Since then, Water of Life has been involved in drilling 46 more wells, rehabilitating six broken-wells (including replacing failed hand pumps), repairing another seven pumps, installing a rainwater harvesting and storage system, plus two purchases of some vital drilling equipment.

How does Water of Life raise so much money – and achieve so much impact?

"We work with churches, schools and organizations," Placide explained. "Each year, we contact our partners and other possible (fundraising) groups to inform them of what was accomplished the previous year."

Water of Life passes along copies of project-completion certificates – plus photos and thank-you letters from the benefiting communities in Africa or Haiti – that Lifewater has provided.

"The certificates are in display on their walls," Placide said. "We are in constant contact during the year when various fundraisers are done in support of the Water of Life Project."

Placide is one of several volunteers who also make presentations in area schools, churches, and other settings to introduce Nova Scotians to the water challenges millions of people face in Africa and Haiti, and the role Lifewater Canada is playing in saving lives.

To raise money, schools and churches and individuals have sold bottled water, organized bake sales, craft sales, dances, plays, and other activities. In June of 2024, to celebrate 20 years of giving, Water of Life Project organized another round of activities including a walk-a-thon. All-told, these activities generated an

additional \$4,235 for Lifewater and our safe-water mission.

One of the walk-a-thon participants was Beckie Burrows from Old Barns United Church that has been supporting Water of Life Project for several years.

“We know we’re making a difference and that means a lot,” Beckie told The Casket, the region’s online newspaper. “We see pictures of what is done with the money we help raise.”

In looking back over the last two decades, Placide says one of the highlights was when Lifewater Canada co-founder Jim Gehrels and his wife Lynda visited Truro to thank Water of Life for its persistent, sacrificial efforts to ease the plight of thirsty Africans and Haitians.

“They visited the elementary schools and high schools. We had lunch with them. Everyone was encouraged and motivated by their honest, heartfelt, transparent presentations.”

Jim Gehrels died in 2020, 23 years after establishing Lifewater. By then, with help from Water of Life and many other supporters, the charity had completed about 5,000 water projects. In the four years since then, with Lynda Gehrels as president, Lifewater has completed 11,000 more.

Are the people at Water of Life Project growing tired of raising money for Lifewater? No, Placide said.

“Every day and every year that we come in contact with our regular partners and are introduced to new helpers is a highlight. These people want to be informed and take action to make a difference for people in Africa and Haiti who are in need of safe and accessible water. We want to thank Lifewater Canada for enabling us to partner with them in this life-saving work.

And we, in turn, deeply thank Water of Life and their amazing group of dedicated volunteers.



My 100 Days at the IWK

Submitted by Hannah Burrows

As many of you know I had an extended stay at the IWK this summer. I received so many messages of support from the community, both directly and communicated via family members. Some of you followed along my journey on social media. I'm sharing a condensed version here.

So, what happened? Back in May my water broke, I was only 18 weeks pregnant. It's called PPRM, preterm premature rupture of the membrane. There was no clear reason why my water broke early, the doctors said sometimes it just happens. My water being broken meant both the baby and I were at risk of infection. The baby also needs that fluid for his lungs to develop and to move in the womb. With a water break that early the prognosis is not good for the baby. Most people go into labour within four weeks, for me that would have been before the baby was viable (24 weeks). After consults with the IWK and seeing the baby's heart rate was strong I made the decision to continue with the pregnancy to see what would happen.

At this point I was an out-patient. I was put off work and told to take it easy and drink lots of water. At any sign of labour or infection I had to go immediately to the nearest hospital. I had ultrasounds at the IWK every two weeks and in the off weeks I was seen by my OB in Truro. The Maternal Fetal doctors suggested I pack a bag whenever I go to an ultrasound as sooner or later they would decide to keep me.

On June 11th I went down for my ultrasound and didn't leave. At this point I was 23+4 days pregnant and on the cusp of viability, which would mean if I did go into labour the baby would have a chance. But it was the baby's position inside of me that really motivated my being admitted. He was a transverse footling breach. This means he was sideways with his feet and cord in my cervix. That combined with the leaking amniotic fluid put me at risk of a cord prolapse. And if that happens you want to be 5 minutes from an OR, not 20 from the nearest hospital. Over the next several weeks, the many

nurses I met went over what to expect if the cord prolapsed. My favourite version is this:

"If the cord prolapses you'll be having the baby in about five minutes because that's about as long as it takes us to get you downstairs, gowned, and under anesthesia. You're going to feel like a piece of meat because we will be manhandling you to get you where you need to be."

Thankfully the prolapse never happened, but the threat of it kept me in hospital for the summer.

When I was first admitted I received a round of steroids to help the baby's lungs develop. The steroids are most effective when given within two weeks of delivery. The doctors debated whether to gamble and hold off or to do them right away, but ultimately decided if the baby came soon he would need the steroids to have a chance so best do it now.

While if things went wrong for me it would happen in a hurry, on the day to day I was stable and considered medically boring. Every morning I'd have my blood pressure and temperature taken and be put on the monitor for 20 minutes to see how baby was doing. In the afternoons and evenings, I'd get the temperature and blood pressure again, but this time just a doppler to check baby. I received a blood thinner twice a day to reduce the risk of blood clots. It was an injection in my stomach that the nurses describe as a bee sting. It was my least favourite part of the day. Every morning I'd see at least one doctor, often the resident of the day or the maternal fetal doctor of the week. But I also saw a selection of med students and most of the OBs over the 11 weeks upstairs. I had a total of 35 nurses over the same time period, that's all of the nurses in the unit plus a number of resource nurses. One of those nurses later showed up in the NICU, it was cool that Clifford and I got to share a nurse!

I spent a lot of time sorting out the inner workings of the unit and hospital. It kept my brain busy and distracted. My room was right under where the helicopters came in to land so every time one came in I knew. It was a shock

the first time one woke me in the middle of the night, but it quickly became normal. You learn the codes too as you hear them paged in the halls. A hospital is not exactly a restful place. There are people, pages, and alarms at all hours. During the day, there is a steady stream of people coming through the room. It made the days pass quickly but made it hard to nap.

There was a rhythm to the weeks. Monday you'd learn who the doctor of the week was (the Maternal Fetal doc assigned to the unit). Every Tuesday was ultrasound day. Wednesday was the one day you could order hot dogs on the menu. Friday was my turn over day, when I'd hit a new gestational week, and every Sunday morning I'd get weighed. Thursdays and Saturdays weren't special, they just happened. The nurses would be as excited for a new week on Friday as me. When I hit 30 weeks one nurse even brought me a cake to celebrate!

The nurses were my lifeline to sanity. While there were a few exceptions, most of them were absolutely fantastic. They would listen when I was having a rough day, offer words of hope and encouragement, spend time as they were able to just talk, validated every concern, and even got some laughs out of me. One night when I first got there and was having a rough night, my nurse sat on the side of the bed holding the monitor on my stomach so we could listen to baby and talked to me until I felt calmer. That same nurse was the one with me when I first went into labour and she was just as wonderful then.

I stayed in this boring state of limbo for weeks. I leaked fluid constantly. I couldn't stand up or shift position without a gush. It felt like I was wetting my pants several times a day. I also started getting a variety of weird and wonderful pregnancy symptoms: racing heart rate, restless leg, acid reflux, burning feet (it's a thing apparently) and a few days before he made his appearance the nausea and morning sickness returned. Because of the baby's position they would not let me deliver vaginally, and the infection risk meant they didn't want me to carry him beyond 36 weeks. My section date was finally scheduled, September 9, which gave me

something I could count down to. As it turned out, Clifford had his own ideas.

I woke up around 5am on August 27 to a significant gush of fluid and something not feeling right. I was well trained to call the nurse for any change. My nurse came down and as she asked me to describe what I was feeling she rested her hand on my stomach where she was able to feel a small contraction. She put me on the monitor long enough to confirm contractions then disappeared to get a doctor. As it turned out, the resident who was about to go off shift was the same one who admitted me, and who had just changed her schedule to be at my section (she missed his birth but visited us in the NICU). A cervical check confirmed I was starting to dilate. While she said let's wait and see what happens, the nurse and I both knew I'd be having a baby that day. By 6:30 Mum and Lacey were on the road to Halifax. I could only have one person with me in the OR, but I knew it was likely I'd be separated from the baby and wanted someone to be with him until I could get there. Mid-morning I was moved to the birth unit. The contractions were getting more intense and closer together. By 12:30, when we got into the OR, the contractions were less than a minute apart. Things moved quickly and at 12:49 Clifford arrived. He let out a tiny squawk when he first came out but wasn't breathing. They cut the cord and the NICU team who were waiting in the corner took over. They worked on him a bit and I heard them say they would have to intubate when Clifford decided that wasn't for him and started to cry (which is when I started to cry). After a few minutes, they were ready to move him to the NICU. They brought him over so I could see him, but couldn't touch him. By the time they finished with me and I had recovered enough to move it had been about two hours. I was able to hold his hand when I first got in the NICU room before they moved me from stretcher to bed, but my bed was too far from his incubator to be able to hold him. He was almost 9 hours old by the time I was able to move from the bed to a chair near him and was finally able to hold my baby.

This began our three-week journey in the NICU. Clifford proved to be a fighter and continued to defy all the odds. One of the doctors commented

that our story would give people false hope because his outcome is not what they would expect from an 18-week water break. He had a small pneumothorax and collapsed lung which healed themselves. He was off c-pap and all breathing support within five days. His jaundice went away soon after. He was back to birth weight in less than two weeks. Most of our stay was giving Clifford a chance to get strong enough to take his food orally as opposed to through a feeding tube. The feeding tube was removed after about two and a half weeks. His feeds were all oral but his weight went backwards for several days, normal when you go from being a passive eater to having to burn precious calories to get your meal in. Finally, on his nightly weigh in we saw a gain of 70g. The nurse and I were both watching the scale intently, saw the number, looked at the board where yesterday's number was, then fist bumped the air in celebration! After a second night with a gain they decided it was time to kick us to the curb and, after 100 days for mama and 22 days for Clifford, we were discharged and allowed to go home.



There is so much more I could say but this is already long enough. I don't even touch on the incredible support I had from my family in this time. Nor the emotional toll this journey took on me. Or just how much independence, privacy, and dignity you give up on an extended hospital stay. I'm still recovering both physically and emotionally, but get to do that while holding my miracle baby. There were many days in the hospital I didn't and couldn't believe I'd have a baby to bring home with me at this end of this. On those days it helped me so much knowing there were people out there hoping and praying for the outcome that hurt too much for me to imagine. I will always be grateful for the support we received from the IWK, from our family, and from our community. I know Clifford and I wouldn't have our happily ever after without all of the support. It hardly feels enough, but thank you with all my heart.



