

# NEWS

## Have I Got e- for You!



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



No 15

June 2020

### *Message from Your Editor*

Hello Friends!

Shakespeare wrote, *“All strange and terrible events are welcome, but comforts we despise.”* We may dispute him on that as we move through the months of the strange and terrible events that COVID-19 have brought to our lives. We have put into our language words that now seem normal – social distancing, the “new” normal/the “new” reality, PPE, quarantine, restrictions, ventilators, ZOOM, and so on. Closets and drawers have now been cleaned, projects finished, lots of baking eaten and shared, calls to friends and relatives made, books read, shows watched, there has been no end to what we have been able to accomplish. I do not understand when I hear people say they are bored! I am hoping we come out of this pandemic as a more caring and loving society concerned for all our fellow beings.

As we try to figure out what we can and cannot do, we are excited to welcome The Reverend Phillip Kennedy and his wife Valerie to our Pastoral Charge and we look forward to “figuring out” how to worship and celebrate together. The church is the people and not the building. These are the times when “modern” technology has shown its benefits as we share the message on-line.

It is also a time to say thank you and good-bye to The Reverend David LeBlanc who came out of retirement to serve our Pastoral Charge while we were in the Search mode. All the best to David and I hope he enjoys a relaxing summer.

*I have seen the burden God has laid on the human race.*

*He has made everything beautiful in its time.*

*He has also set eternity in the human heart;*

*yet no one can fathom what God has done from beginning to end.*

*I know that there is nothing better for people than to be happy and to do good while they live.*

*That each of them may eat and drink, and find satisfaction in all their toil—this is the gift of God.*

*Ecclesiastes 3: 10-13*

~ Leslie

## Good Bye, Dear Friends



Hazel Eileen Brenton  
January 29, 1933 – March 24, 2020  
Formerly of Princeport



Mary Ruth Clarke MacLeod  
May 25, 1930 – March 30 - 2020  
Truro  
Mother of Heather MacLeod, Old Barns



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

*Always missed, forever remembered.*

## Happy Days!

### Birthdays:

June 27	92	Gerry McLeod
July 13	91	Jack Johnson
Sept 17	93	Doris McCallum
Sept 28	89	David Yuill
Sept 28	83	Grant Fancey
Sept 28	92	Eveline Whitehead



### Anniversaries:

July 4	50	David and Carol Baird
August 22	50	Wayne and Arlene Fisher



*Hope you will enjoy your special day!*

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## Clifton Pastoral Charge

Until the end of June, Clifton worship services are to be found on the Mattatall-Varner website. Many thanks to Bruce Varner for opening up their website for our church and to David for recording his messages.

We hope to be able to have worship services available through our own website by the first of July but stay tuned! I will send out a note to let you know where services can be found after July 1<sup>st</sup>.

The Sessions/Worship Committees are staying on top of the Provincial Health Directives and Region 15 Guidelines to ensure the safety and health of our congregants as to how and when we can worship together, in person.

## Thank You

I would like to take a minute to thank everyone near and far connected to the Old Barns United Church and community who sent cards, messages, phone calls and made donations at the time of my Mom's death (Mary MacLeod). It has meant the world to me and so from the bottom of my heart, thank you.



Heather MacLeod.

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## Wedding Bells



Gerry and Reg Loughead present their grandson, Jeremy and his bride, Karine. They were married on our beach on Sunday, May 24<sup>th</sup>. Their planned wedding was to be in Mexico on March 31<sup>st</sup>, a victim of Coronavirus- Covid-19. His grandparents (us), parents (Gordon and Leah), and his uncle (Paul) were all that attended... all others attended virtually. It was a beautiful day and we kept 6 feet apart and enjoyed a BBQ. The kids live in Halifax. Jeremy is a consultant at Scotiabank and Karine is a dietitian at the IWK.



## Anniversary Congratulations



Then ....



And Now!

May 16, 1975 – May 16, 2020  
Many things have changed over 45 years, that's for sure ... but one thing that hasn't is our ability to make each other laugh...mostly at ourselves.

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## Old Barns Session

On April 26<sup>th</sup>, Session members Leslie, Karen and Laurie, collected cookies made by others in the community, bagged them and then delivered cookies to 45 households (60+ people) to let them know they were being thought about. Singles, doubles, older, younger, alone ... It was wonderful to see their smiles.



In May, the Session members also called everyone in their districts to check-in to see if they needed anything.

On May 29<sup>th</sup>, Leslie, Karen, and Rev. David met our grade 12 graduates at the church where we presented them with a certificate and some cupcakes as we wished them a bright future.

Luke Hendsbee, Riley Masters, Caleb McCurdy and James Vallis were all in attendance. Sam Trenholm was unable to attend.



Leslie, Karen, Rev. David



Each graduate received four cupcakes made especially for them. Thanks to "Simply Sweet" and Jackie Waugh for making them.



James, Caleb, Luke, Riley



## Hilden United Church



On Sunday February 23<sup>rd</sup>, the Hilden congregation paid special tribute to Jan Betts for her 24 years of dedication to our Sunday School. Jan's wonderful ministry was her gift of service to the youth in both Sunday School and Sparks. Jan was always dependable, loyal and kind... and she made special occasions even "more special" with the many tasty goodies she shared with the children. She was presented with a card of gratitude, flowers and a gift... a small tribute compared to the immeasurable appreciation of our entire church family. Thank you, Jan. May God richly bless you in all your future endeavors.



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*Sorrow looks back  
Worry looks around  
Faith looks up.*

*Friendship doubles our joy and  
divides our grief.*

*Quaker Harmony:*

*Rejoice with those who rejoice,  
mourn with those who mourn,  
live in harmony with one another.*

## Hilden UCW



This was a great social time with our auctioneer's humour auctioning these unknown items. It certainly brightened up a February afternoon and was good for some joy and laughter.



Good Deeds... were much appreciated. This picture is a sample of cookies a few UCW members made and delivered to a number of seniors during this Covid shut down. These were very appreciated.

## *Welcome to Clifton Pastoral Charge*

On April 19<sup>th</sup>, the Clifton Pastoral Charge voted to approve a call to The Reverend Phillip Kennedy starting July 1<sup>st</sup>.



Dear Members and Adherents of Clifton Pastoral Charge

The excitement is growing for me as I finish of my time at Woodlawn United and look forward to being with you in Old Barns and Hilden United Churches.

As we begin together, it is not yet clear how we will accomplish that while our buildings are “off limits”, but we will figure it out together! I have been preaching forever that “Church” is not just a building or hour on a Sunday morning. It is the relationships of people with God and each other. We are being forced to acknowledge this in this unusual time we are living through.

I want to first thank Rev. David for his ministry with you this past while and wish him well in the next leg of his life and faith journey. David and I and both Charges are finding it difficult to say a proper good-bye and there is sadness in this.

As we begin together, a top priority for me is to meet you and listen to your stories as individuals and communities.

I need to know your needs to know how to minister to and with you.

I need to know and respect your valued traditions and ask you to tell me when I miss them in what I say and do.

As we begin together, we are being forced to pay attention to Social media as a way of communicating with each other. I encourage all of you who may have some resistance to Facebook and YouTube and other forms of it, to reconsider. Even when we get back into our buildings and the new normal, I am thinking that social media will still be an important part of our lives together and in how we communicate to the larger community.

See you in July! Shalom.  
Rev. Phillip Kennedy



Phillip with his wife, The Reverend Valerie Kennedy





The entire Kennedy Clan – Ma and Pa with two sons, one daughter, spouses and five grandchildren.

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*Hello Baby!*



Sarah (West) Waters and Andrew Waters and their family currently live on the isolated island of Haida Gwaii, BC where Andrew is an RCMP officer. Ellen and Andrew West were thrilled to have Sarah and their son Ethan home in Clifton for three months this winter where they were later joined by Andrew in time to welcome their new baby boy, Marcus William. There is a small hospital in Haida Gwaii but the only doctor does not deliver babies so we were delighted that they were home in Nova Scotia until Marcus's arrival. They returned to their island just before flights were suspended and they are all healthy and happy and covid-19 free.

*Hello Babies! X 4 Legs*



David, Maggie, Mike, Matthew, Luna

In March, the Sandeson family grew by two – Maggie and Luna (sisters). It's just like having newborn babies in the house again! Oh, how quickly we forget about the lack of sleep, constant monitoring and total change in daily routine. They are beginning to sleep better – 5:30 a.m. wake-up instead of 4:30! Someone please stop me (Laurie) from getting another new pup in about 12 years!!!



Janell Nelson and Doug whom she hand-raised from birth when momma Ewe rejected him.

## An Olde Rhyme

One leaf for fame, one leaf for wealth,  
 One for a faithful lover,  
     And one leaf to bring glorious health,  
     Are all in a four-leaf clover.  
 One, he loves, two, he loves,  
 Three, he loves, they say.  
     Four, he loves with all his heart,  
     Five, he casts away.  
 Six, he loves, seven, she loves,  
 Eight, they both love.  
     Nine, he comes, ten, he tarries,  
     Eleven, he courts, twelve, he marries.



## CHURCH SIGN HUMOUR

Submitted by Glenda from Don MacKenzie

Catch-up with Jesus  
 Lettuce Praise and Relish Him  
 Cuz He Loves me from my head to—ma-toes

Tweet Others  
 As You Would  
 Like to be Tweeted

Be the Kind of Person  
 Your Pet thinks you are!

Love is Grand  
 Divorce is Twenty Grand

With all this rain  
 We need an Ark. Fear Not!  
 [Wait for it ...]  
 We No-ah Guy

Adam & Eve  
 The first people  
 To not read the Apple  
 Terms and conditions

Whoever stole our A C units  
 Keep one –  
 It is hot where you are going

Honk if you love Jesus.  
 Text while driving  
 If you want to meet him!

Under the same Management  
 For 2000 years!

## The Bread of Life

Connie Baird

Since before Covid-19, I had started baking bread only to discover how much I enjoyed it. We then discovered that Jamey has a sensitivity to gluten so he couldn't enjoy it. I decided to start making it to sell. I make it twice a week and during the month of May alone, I've made approximately 150 loaves of bread. I've since found a great g/f bread mix to make for Jamey and a few customers as well.



Connie's Bread

### Teachers Contract, Term 1923

This agreement between Miss \_\_\_\_\_ teacher, and the Board of Education of the \_\_\_\_\_ School, whereby Miss \_\_\_\_\_ agrees to teach in the \_\_\_\_\_ School for a period of eight months, beginning September 1, 1923. The Board of Education agrees to pay Miss \_\_\_\_\_ the sum of \$75 per month.  
 Miss \_\_\_\_\_ agrees:

- I Not to get married. This contract becomes null and void immediately if the teacher marries.
- II Not to keep company with men.
- III To be home between the hours of 8pm and 6am unless she is in attendance at a school related function.
- IV Not to loiter downtown in ice cream parlors.
- V Not to leave town at any time without the permission of the Chairman of the Board of Trustees.
- VI Not to smoke cigarettes. This contract becomes null and void immediately if the teacher is found smoking.
- VII Not to drink beer, whiskey or wine. This contract becomes null and void immediately if the teacher is found drinking beer, whisky and/or wine.
- VIII Not to ride in a carriage/automobile with any man except her brother or father.
- IX Not to wear bright colours.
- X To wear at least two petticoats.
- XI Not to dye her hair or wear makeup of any kind.
- XII Not to wear a dress more than two inches above the heel.
- XIII To keep the schoolhouse clean; to sweep the classroom floor at least once daily; to scrub the floor once weekly with hot water and soap; to clean the blackboards at least once daily.
- XIV The fire shall be started at 7am in order to warm up the room for 8am when the children arrive; to carry out the ashes at least once daily.



## Green Oaks Nubians

Jenna Waugh

Green Oaks Nubians is a small goat operation in Green Oaks. I raise well-loved Nubian goats and make goat milk products.



Green Oaks Nubians started as a hobby, and has grown into a bit of a small business (though I still consider it to be a hobby). I grew up with goats, and then started my own little “trip” of goats when I was a teenager. I’ve always loved their personalities, and found the Nubian breed, in particular, to be the most beautiful – with their roman noses and long ears.



The goats live a happy, relaxed life. They live as a herd of about 15 animals, and operate under a hierarchy – one dominant individual (almost always the oldest animal), a couple who are next

in line, a big group near the middle, and one or two at the bottom of the totem pole (young, submissive ones). Once their role is established, it rarely changes, though some do play fight from time to time to challenge their place in the line. They graze on pasture when the weather is warm, and are fed grain and hay. Each has their own individual personality and their own unique look.



Breeding season is in the fall, and the goats kid five months later. I usually plan for February or March kiddings, so that I have kids available to meet the 4H livestock deadline. I keep one buck (an intact male goat) to breed all the does (females), and use him for 2-3 years. He is then sold, and I bring another buck in. I typically sell all the kids, but sometimes keep one as a permanent member of my group. Kids are sold to families for 4H, for milking, for pets, and more recently popular, for families looking to start or add to a homestead. I can have anywhere from 10-30 kids born each year, depending on how many goats I have bred and how many each goat gives birth to. Twins and triplets are very common.



Once the kids leave for their new homes at 12 weeks of age, I start milking the mothers. The kids are raised with their mothers, so I don't like to milk them prior to the kids leaving – unless a doe has lost a kid, has too much milk and seems uncomfortable, or if the kid for some reason ends up being bottle fed. The milk is frozen for later use, and I milk just long enough to get a good stockpile built up in the freezer. I milk some by hand, and mostly with a refurbished portable dairy milker. I then use that milk throughout the year to make soap, face soap, shampoo bars, and lotion. Products are sold at The Truro Farmers Market or through online sales!



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### *Grandmother's Wisdom*

"My grandmother once gave me a tip:  
In difficult times, you move forward in small steps.  
Do what you have to do, but little by little.  
Don't think about the future, or what may happen tomorrow.  
Wash the dishes. Remove the dust.  
Write a letter. Make a soup.  
You see?  
You are advancing step by step.  
Take a step and stop. Rest a little.  
Praise yourself.  
Take another step.  
Then another.  
You won't notice, but your steps will grow more and more.  
And the time will come when you can think about the future without crying."

### *ABC Book Club*

Barb Miller

In January I was invited to join a new book club starting up in our community called the ABC Book Club (Adventurous Book Cronies).

I quickly responded a reply of "yes, please" as my long-time goal has been to join or start a book club and become part of a group who obviously enjoy reading as much as I do! I cannot remember an age or a time when I have not had a book on the go, sometimes more than one at a time! When I was a youngster in a rural area at a one room schoolhouse which did not have a "library", my favorite times were when the Bookmobile rolled into the schoolyard and we would get to choose several books to borrow until the next visit came around. But I digress... needless to say, reading has been a life-long passion of mine, one which I hope to continue to enjoy until I draw my last breath!

This new experience of belonging to a book club has been a joy for me. In the few short months since we began to meet together, myself, Leslie Burrows, Karen Archibald-Waugh, Laurie Sandeson and Joanne Toole, we have read and discussed some very interesting and diverse books.

- *Silver Linings: Stories of Gratitude, Resiliency, and Growth Through Adversity*, by Janice Landry (a Nova Scotia author);
- *The Innocents*, by Michael Crummy (a Newfoundland/Labrador author);
- *Where the Crawdads Sing*, by Delia Owens;
- *The Authenticity Project*, by Clare Poole;
- *Life Without Water*, by Marci Bolden.

*Silver Linings*: Our discussion was lively, open, and honest, around the subject of finding gratitude in some of the adversities of our lives as we marveled at the resilience and strength of some of our most admired heroes in life... our first responders, police officers, and medical professionals.... while acknowledging that trauma, and post-traumatic stress disorder, or what is now referred to as a syndrome, are real and debilitating conditions which take great

strength of mind and body to live with, and heal from.

We lamented the tragic circumstances of some young folks' experiences during their youth and 'coming of age' stages in life. In two similar but vastly different accounts of children living in some of the remotest parts of the world, (Newfoundland, in *The Innocents*, and New Orleans, in *Where the Crawdads Sing*), we marveled at the strength of characters who survived harsh and shocking childhoods with little or no adult guidance to help them navigate some of the basic landscapes of growing up. The details in both novels held us spellbound to the story, and seeing it through to the final pages, giving us much to think and talk about regarding the surprising, even shocking endings to these two books.

As we pondered about whether we offer an authentic portrayal of ourselves to the world, or a version of what we would like our authentic selves to be, we delved into the characters of *The Authenticity Project* to find that a novel which initially seemed rather lighthearted and fun, actually held a lot of material to consider, and relate to, within ourselves. The six main characters were each living a life which was somewhat unfulfilling. A "notebook" innocently left in their path invited them to write about the reality of their life, and encouraged them to make some changes to regain their authentic selves. It also brought them together in ways which gave them the opportunity to see themselves through others' eyes, and ultimately realize that even though you've lived the same way for a long time, you can still make new and exciting changes in your life at any age.

*Life Without Water* brings to life a tender and heart-wrenching story of one couple's journey across the United States to show their daughter the sights that they had talked about seeing when she was a child. The 'journey' is one of the soul, as much as it is a physical journey across the land. In fact, more-so, I believe. It is one of the best books I've read in quite some time. It is a story of deep hurt and heartache, carried over decades, and borne of a deep love; exploring the joys, the heartaches, and the responsibilities, of belonging to a family.

So, these are the highlights of our book discussions to date. In these past couple of months since Covid19, we have met as a book group using Zoom or House Party, or by phone, to get together for our discussions. Other than being able to sample someone's homemade muffins as we chat, it has been a good way to connect when we couldn't be in the same room.

Since isolation, and all that goes with that, I know that I'm finding much comfort and enjoyment out of reading; not that I haven't always found that! Sometimes a journey into someone else's world of imagination is just what we need to ground ourselves, or perhaps set us free to fly! Either way, books have ALWAYS been that escape for me!

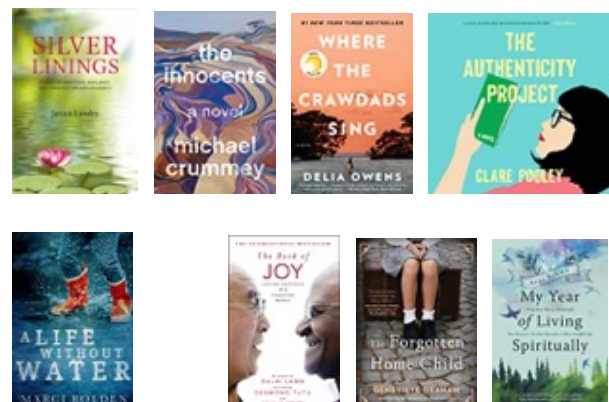
If you have a notion that you would like to join us, please feel free to contact any one of us for more information on when we will be meeting again. We will be taking the summer off but we have books scheduled for the fall:

September: *The Book of Joy*, by His Holiness the Dalai Lama, Archbishop Desmond Tutu, and Douglas Abrams

October: any books by the author Genevieve Graham (a Nova Scotia author), and especially *The Forgotten Home Child*

November: *My Year of Living Spiritually*, by Anne Bokma (a Canadian author)

We typically meet the first Friday morning of the month at 9:30 but dates will be confirmed later.



## *How Is COVID-19 Affecting You?*

The following pieces are all about how Covid has been affecting people we know. Perhaps you will see a little of you in their stories.

### **Passing the time during Covid-19 ...**

Marnie Smith

I'm sure this question will sound familiar to everyone... "Well now, what have you been doing to pass the time, while staying the blazes home?"

For me, passing the time started while my granddaughter and I were still travelling to Ottawa by train, when we were told VIA had shut down...no return trip home with our, now useless, tickets. In Ottawa, we also learned a two-week self-isolation would be necessary since we had been out of the province. I was immediately cast into a new role, instead of being an **overprotective** mother/grandmother, I became an **overprotected** mother – one son in Ottawa and one in Nova Scotia both determined to protect me, in every way possible – **me** being elderly and all that! Before we knew it, I was having my first **relay drive**, non-stop from Ontario to Hilden. I even managed to stay awake through the whole long trip, although parts of my body were numb!

Now, at home, new rules were in place. I can't say the idea of "NOT grocery shopping" brought me to tears, this is not my favourite task at the best of times. So, I had to set new priorities. I first decided to jump on the spring housecleaning bandwagon. I would do a room a day. The first room took longer than two days. That didn't generate the excitement I anticipated. So, I lost interest, reasoning that I could leave that task, there would be lots of time and I could get back to that. Since I love the beach and I figured the Pandemic was going to last a while, I could let a little dust build up on the floors and I could imagine I was enjoying the sand between my toes. That didn't work because my "sand" became tumbleweeds which aren't that common on our Nova Scotia beaches. It was time to try something else, that's when I switched to baking!

I took the time to bake, bake and bake some more, especially things rich in carbohydrates!!! Wayne not only had desserts, he had **choices** of desserts! Baking served several purposes, it kept me busy and I had lots of goodies in case we had company, which we never did, but someone had to eat those delicious morsels!! Because my chin was looking lonely all by itself, the baking helped me grow another chin to keep company with my first chin. It is **very** important to be considerate during times like this!! Before the pandemic started, I had purchased a new bathroom scale. I know it has to be returned because it's faulty... it just doesn't resist properly... the numbers only go **UP** on the darn thing!!!!

We have all experienced so many new things. Our Church is on my iPad and I don't even need to curl my hair to attend. The act of procrastination has become an acquired taste, the expression of "don't put off 'til tomorrow what you can do today", loses its sense of urgency. I have discovered that I can put it off 'til tomorrow – or the next day – or maybe the next!!!! And who knew there were so many programs on TV. For a certain period, that passed a whole new block of time. That phase passed when my eyeballs began to reflect two little T.V. squares and my remote-control hand was experiencing "Charliehorses". Sprinkled throughout this, I discovered the joy of making the W.H.O. recipe for homemade sanitizer... I now have a ten-year supply!! Then, it was time to sew masks with a You Tube pattern that promised to be "quick-as-a-wink" to make. Well, I sure proved them wrong!!! Everyone says the idea is to keep busy. I am going to try that next. Maybe it's time for house repairs... "Wayne, I have a great idea.....!!!!"

I pray that you have been fortunate enough to have many blessings during this time. We have all been deeply moved by a series of tragic events in our dear province and whole country. And yet, Covid-19 has brought a surge of caring and concern for others. We have learned to appreciate our own good health and all those working to keep it so. It has been such a blessing to hear from so many loved ones and far away friends. We check on our neighbours,

if only by phone, and we hope and pray that those lonely or alone will be in all our thoughts.

After almost three months of isolating with me, my dear husband still speaks to me!! I don't appear to have driven him crazy, but then again, who else does he have to talk to but me – the one who is still making him those desserts!!!

May God bless you all until we can be together again.

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## **Virus Tears**

Glenda Kent

You have no idea how I felt leaving room #55 Cedarstone after supper on the 15<sup>th</sup> of March. After spending fourteen months in the hospital or a nursing home every day with my husband, Jim, and being told due to a virus circling the world, all Extended Care Homes are now NO VISITORS.

At that time, no one knew how long this restriction would go on. As was my practice each night as I left Victoria Way, I would say, "Good night, so and so" to the residents along the hall and added, "See you tomorrow". BUT – that night, I said, "See you in July". It looks as if it could be July – who knows ?

The Staff at Cedarstone have had activities in each neighbourhood but Jim is limited in his participation. He enjoys the music sessions, particularly the older hymns. He has a CD player /radio in his room but needs someone to man it. He goes to the dining room for his meals where a CCA feeds him.

Unfortunately, Jim requires assistance with everything, one reason I felt I wanted to be with him daily. We had a routine: shaving, reading, feeding him, music and so on. He loved to be wheeled around the other neighbourhoods or outside on nice days. He enjoyed and looked forward to family visits and other visitors.

This suddenly ceased! He asks the caregivers, "When is Glenda coming?" Fortunately, from time to time, someone takes him a phone and he just wants to hear my voice. I assure him I'll

be there when the doors open! This pulls at the heart strings!

There are many moments of tears and frustration on this end. I have been able to keep busy (or be lazy – the Honda must wonder why it doesn't move) but my heart aches for him knowing how he is confined so much of his time.

I often say, as our United Church creed says, "We Are Not Alone" as at this time, all the nursing homes have separated residents from their families.

Waiting for July, or whenever, to see the residents at Cedarstone.

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## **To Sing or Not To Sing**

Kent Loughead

Hello Community! If I liken our lives to all those buttons on a remote control, it is easy to visualize our everyday life with activity that includes Play, Fast Forward, Rewind, Record, and even the occasional Stop. Fortunately, we also have the Pause button and an additional button that allows us to move forward ever so slightly one frame at a time when the Pause button is engaged. That's where we are now and it's where we will be for some time. Luckily, we not only have the ability to adapt, we have the privilege to do so. I am guessing that most of our days apart have been filled with similar circumstances – books, puzzles, gardens, projects, eating, and perhaps just a little more eating.

Along with television shows and social media through our computers and phones, we have filled our time with an appropriate balance of activities. Although I am filled with optimism about having a world back that includes handshakes and hugs, I fear that we are a long way away from an art form that is so meaningful to so many – singing together in a choir. I have been in a choir since I was 14 years old, so it would go without saying that I have a deep appreciation for what a choir can do for body, mind, and soul. And yet, I am now fully aware that I took much of it for granted. No doubt I will have a much deeper appreciation for that

moment when I am sitting alongside my fellow choristers in song. I am anticipating it will be very emotional and that will be fine because it will have identified its value.

I will be entering my 40<sup>th</sup> season as a member of the Truro Cantabile Singers in September and the uncertainty of how our season will play out is worrisome. And yet, I get back to our ability to adapt. Our director is already looking at putting together some virtual music online. It will most certainly not duplicate the sensation of making music together in one room as a full choir, but we will still have the opportunity to "make music". For now, we will simply record our parts individually and forward them to be inserted into our virtual choir. Music has played such an important role online these last 3 months with the kitchen party pieces that have been posted along with many other artists.

Another major project that has taken place in that time frame is Eric Whitacre's Virtual 6 collaboration of Sing Gently. A few of us in Cantabile recorded our parts via video and forwarded them to Eric and his production company. (This next sentence for you will be eye popping.) Unbelievably, 17,572 choristers from 129 countries submitted videos. As stressful and challenging as it was, the second I submitted it, I felt overwhelmed with joy. We formed a choir! They are in production now, with the expected release in July, and I encourage you to have a listen. Simply search Eric Whitacre or Virtual 6 Sing Gently and be filled up with 3 minutes and 39 seconds of the largest choir in the world.

On our community front, it appears that choir singing in our church will not happen for a while, but I have a sneaking suspicion that perhaps our choir will grow in numbers when we resume. I, for one, will bask in the sound of "voices together" being together. Here's to song!



## High School Completion

Luke Hendsbee

Hello Clifton & close-surrounding community, I hope that this newsletter finds everybody doing well.

High school graduation is a very important and unforgettable milestone in one's education journey. It is a time where most are leaving the nest to prepare for the next chapter of their lives. Exciting events that were very much anticipated such as prom and ceremonies conclude one's experience as a high school student. This year, due to the Covid-19 restrictions, Grade 12 students will not experience the 'normal' year-end celebrations.

Thankfully, with parental support and recent permission granted by the premier, graduation will be held with certain guidelines and requirements. Riverbreeze Farms in Colchester County have been so gracious to make a graduation 'ceremony' happen by providing the facility for this 'event'.

Announcements have been made from post-secondary institutions that the first semester will proceed virtually and the decision will be reassessed for spring semester. Students that normally depend on summertime jobs for financial aid until fall semester find themselves without work or working with reduced hours. As graduates we are also missing out on first-year university experiences and community school-based involvement.

Like many others, in times like these, it is important to try to find positive attributes in our society that guide one to happiness. I am thankful for the irreplaceable invaluable time I have gotten to spend with my immediate family and look forward to getting back to my community involvement. It has been my pleasure to write about my experience and speak on behalf of the graduates undergoing these unfortunate but understandable times. I look forward to leading more 4-H engagement within this amazing community!

In closing, stay safe and have a great summer:)

## Reuniting with Grandchildren

Sandra Matthews

On May 15<sup>th</sup>, we were able to safely reunite with our daughter, Jill, and her husband, Mark, and two five-year old grandsons, Max and Xander, after weeks of staying close to home to weather the pandemic.

After missing birthdays and Mother's Day celebrations, they arrived from Halifax, and we hugged and danced together, and blinked away tears of joy. Even though we could talk daily by video with all our family, it is so good to be together after eight weeks.

So now, there are toys, bikes, Lego and a new tire swing at our place. They spend time with us every week, so that mom & dad can work remotely full time. The boys love to visit Black Rock and walk up Jacobs Ladder at Victoria Park. We are getting great workouts!



## Embroidery Keeps Me Busy

Leslie Burrows

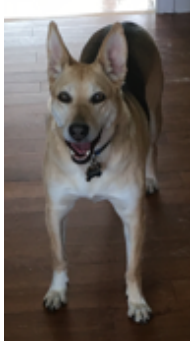
Embroidery pieces I have completed since March 16<sup>th</sup>.



## A Covid Day in the Life of Mila

Hannah Burrows

Mom asked me to write about my Covid experience. Well, I've been laid off and stuck in my house with minimal human contact for two months. Not overly exciting to write about. My dog on the other hand, now she's living the life! So, for some Covid comedy, let me take you through an average day in the life of Mila, a 5ish year old German Shepherd mix rescue.



7:30 a.m. – I am laying on the couch, half asleep. The human's alarm just went off. She probably hit snooze, I have 9 minutes to slip onto my bed in her room and pretend I've been there all night. *Slowly stretches and moves to her bed in my bedroom.*

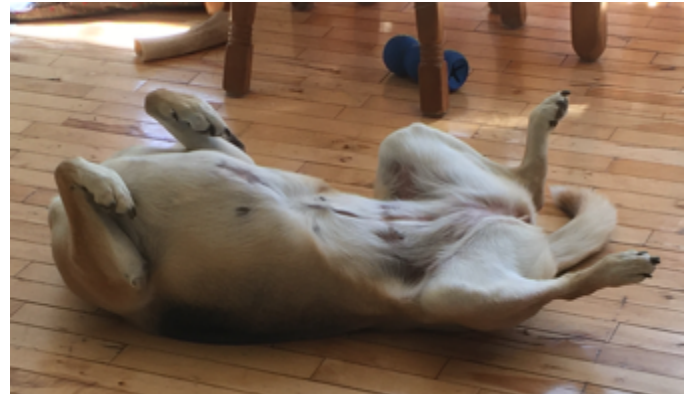
7:39 a.m. – The human is getting up. She has no idea I slept on the couch last night! *The human knows.*

7:40 a.m. – Time for my walk! I'm so excited I can't stand still. Must turn in circles, run laps between the bedroom and the door, and jump on the human while she's getting dressed. The human loves that! *The human in fact does not love that.*

7:50 a.m. – The human is finally ready! I don't understand what takes her so long. I'm finally leashed up, the door is open, and we're off! This is my favourite part of the day. I get to smell all of the lawns, and driveways, and fire hydrants, and parked cars and see how many dogs have passed this way since I was out yesterday. And I protect my human from the neighborhood cats. She seems unimpressed when I do this, something about my pulling her arm off and

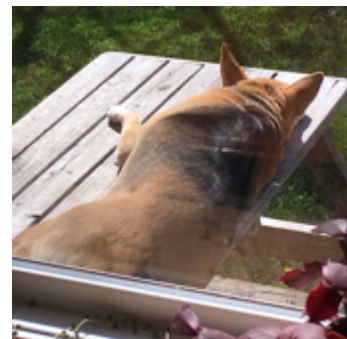
disturbing the neighbours, I don't know what she's talking about.

8:30 a.m. – We get back home and the human fills my water dish and gives me food. I smell it thoroughly. No cheese. I am not interested. I will lie down in a sun patch on the floor to recover from my walk.



8:40 a.m. – Ready to go again! I'll just tear from door to couch to door to bed to couch to... the human is going for the door, she's opening it and pointing outside, I bound into the yard to see what's exciting back here! Let's do a quick patrol first and zoom around the yard a few times. All looks good. Oh, the construction guys are working next door, they're very noisy, better stand and bark at them for a few minutes. On the other side of the yard I can see Ruth out watering her plants, we like her, better go over there and bark at her for a few minutes now.

8:55 a.m. – Well, now I'm exhausted, picnic table naptime! I like the picnic table, I can see everything in the yard and look inside the house to keep an eye on the human. Let me just lay down here and close my eyes for a second...





9:20 a.m. – *Stands up quickly!* I wasn't asleep, just resting my eyes. Better check on the human...ah yes, she's inside doing her workout. I tried to help her once and she ended up on the floor, she won't let me help her anymore. Well, everything looks ok, maybe I'll bark a few times so everyone knows I'm still here. And I'll just rest my eyes for a few more minutes...

9:50 a.m. – The human just called my name! I'm allowed back inside now, this is the best news! Must wag my tail super hard and turn in a few circles to show my delight. The human is sitting on the couch, I'll sit right on top of her because I love her so mu- ok fine I'll sit next to her, whatever. And maybe just close my eyes...

10:15 a.m. – The human is going to take a shower, time for my game! I have this bone I like to hide so the human can find it. First I have to pace the house several times in case she can hear me so she knows I'm still here. Now I'll hop up on the couch and look for the right spot...here it is, I'll just move the corner of this blanket and wedge the bone between the cushions, now I put the blanket back over it. She'll never find it. I should go lay down in the sunroom so she doesn't suspect anything when she comes out. *The human always finds it.*



11:00 a.m. – Must have dozed off. The human is now in the kitchen...she's going for the door...I get to go outside again! I go straight for the picnic table and zzzzz

11:45 a.m. – *Jumps up* It's time! I'll just race back and forth by the fence a few times, barking, must make sure everyone is watching me, nope don't see the human in the window yet will keep barking. There she is, good. Ok she's watching and now I can settle in for my morning poop *No joke, she has started doing this.* When my business is done I run to the back door and the human lets me inside. She's laughing at something, don't know what, I miss all the funny stuff.

12:00 p.m. – Lunch time. The human goes to the kitchen to make food. I'm lying on the couch, but perk up my ears to listen. The fridge door opens. Cheese! She has cheese! I trip over myself to get to the kitchen and then sit nicely wagging my tail hoping the human sees me. I try really hard to only drool a little bit. She always makes me wait until she's done making her food. This is it! She has cheese in her hand, she's tearing it into smaller pieces, she's going for my food dish, I'll follow. No, she's going to make me sit, fine I'll sit and wait and now I can go! I eat all of the cheese first so it doesn't go bad. I guess I'll eat the rest of my breakfast, since I'm here.

12:30 p.m. – Time for my afternoon snooze. I'll start in a sunny patch on the floor. Then move to the couch. Then find a cool place on the floor. Then back to the sun for a bit.



2:00 p.m. – ALERT! ALERT! Something is outside on the street! Must bark frantically and throw myself at the front door until the danger has passed.

2:05 p.m. – The human has decided I have more energy to burn so she kicks me outside again. This time she comes too! She's sitting in her chair next to my picnic table with her book. I'll settle myself on the picnic table and keep an eye on the neighbours while she reads.

3:00 p.m. – The yard hasn't been patrolled recently, I should do a few laps and bark for a while to ward off any intruders. I see the human get up and go into the house but I'll keep barking. She's coming out again, good, I'll bark a little more. Wait, is that a spray bottle in her hands? I'll just go faster so she can't hit me-dang it, why is her aim so good. What if I run to the other side of the yard and bark over here.

Nope, she got me again. One more bark from the back of the yard, she can't get me- ugh. Every time! I'll retreat to the picnic table to lick my wounds. *To be clear, the human only ever shoots water at the dog.*

3:30 p.m. – Back inside, must patrol the house to make sure no one snuck in while we were out. I'll whine a little to get their attention. Nope, no one here. Huh, my toy box is sitting up with all of my toys in it, that doesn't look right. *She flips it over and toys roll all over the floor.* Better. That was exhausting! *Hops on couch to nap.*



5:00 p.m. – Food! The human is making food again! If I stand in the middle of the kitchen *The very, very, small kitchen* I'll catch anything that drops! Huh, the human is pushing me out of the way, she should be happy I'm here to help. Fine, I'll lay on the floor as close as I can and watch where the crumbs fall.

5:30 p.m. – The human has left the kitchen, this is my chance. There's not much in spoils today but I'll take what crumbs I can get. Human is eating on the couch, I can join her, maybe she'll let me have some food too! *The human does not let her have any food.* I'll lay down next to the human and smell it instead.

6:00 p.m. – The human has settled in for the evening, I'll curl up next to her on the couch while she's playing with yarn. She doesn't like it when I try to help, so I'll just watch.

6:30 p.m. – Alert! Something is outside so I must throw myself at the door and bark! Danger has passed, back to the couch for the evening nap.



10:00 p.m. – The human is making me get off the couch, doesn't she know I just got comfortable? I get kicked outside again for one last patrol and pee. Now it's bedtime. I'll settle in on my nice cozy dog bed in the human's bedroom.

11:00 p.m. – Finally the light is out, hard to sleep with a light on.

11:15 p.m. – I forgot to eat supper. Better go do that. The human must be asleep now so I don't have to worry about being quiet, I can be as noisy as I want and won't disturb her! *The human is disturbed.*

11:25 p.m. – I'll hop up on the human's bed to make sure she's asleep *Human is indeed awake, hears her coming and swiftly (yet gently) kicks her back onto the floor.* Wow, the human has great reflexes in her sleep. All right, couch it is. Good night!

*The human would like to note these events are all typical though may vary in order and time from day to day.*



Staying the Blazes Home!