

NEWS

Have I Got e-  *for You!*



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



No 5

March 2017

Message from Your Editor

Spring has arrived, at least in name. Crocus and tulip spears are bravely making their way out of the ground, albeit very slowly. Sunlight hours are slowly increasing and there is a warmth in the air that had been missing through the dead of winter. Hope is blossoming in hearts. It is time to get the seeds out and start to get things ready for the gardens.

Jim and I spent most of February touring New Zealand. It was summer down there on the other side of the equator and very pleasant – definitely shorts wearing weather! A wonderful country, very beautiful; and a nice break for us after a rough year.

Thank you to those who contributed items for this newsletter. Since I have retired from the position of Pastoral Charge Secretary, I do not have my fingers on what is happening and so I need you to help keep me informed.

Leslie



Good Bye, Dear Friends



Patricia (Harrington) Loughhead
January 22, 2017 – aged 75 years



Rowena Newell (Yuill) Loughhead
February 27, 2017 – aged 97 years



Robert (Bob) Williams
October 28, 1932 – March 16, 2017



Ron and Marg Boyce
August 24, 1923 May 5, 1926
May 3, 2016 December 30,
2016

(Leslie's Parents)

*Memories are there to remind us
Of things that have gone before.*

John Peter Read

The Dash Between

by Ron Tranmer©

*I knelt there at the headstone
of one I love and cried.
Name, with dates of birth and death
were perfectly inscribed.*

*I pondered these two dates
and how little they both mean
when compared to the tiny dash
that lies there in between.*

*The dash serves as an emblem
of our time here on the earth,
and although small, it stands for all
our years of life, and worth.*

*And our worth will be determined
by how we live each day.
We can fill our dash with goodness,
or waste our life away.*

*To ourselves, as well as others,
let's be honest, kind and true,
and every day, live the way
we know God wants us to.*

*May we look for opportunities
to do a worthy deed,
and reach out with compassion
to those who are in need.*

*For If our hearts are full of love
throughout our journey here,
we'll be loved by all who knew us
and our memory they'll hold dear.*

*And when we die, these memories
will bring grateful, loving tears,
to all whose lives were touched
by the dash between our years.*

Note: When I spoke at my mother's funeral in January, I talked about beginnings and endings and how we all have them but it is what we do in between that counts. Afterwards, someone told me about the above poem. Lovely!

Old Barns Youth Drama Club

“Once Upon a Time Shop”

May 25 and 26 7:00 p.m.
All are welcome. Free will offering.

Old Barns Events

Anniversaries

70 – Bus and Doris McCallum
(January 14)

A lifetime together!

Birthdays

80, 85, 90 Years and More!

90 – Joyce Stewart (March 25)
91 – Bus McCallum (January 10)
94 – Kay Purdy (January 7)
95 – Alice Watt (March 30)
96 – Millie Burrows (February 6)

*Special day, special person and special
celebration. May all your dreams and desires
come true in this coming year.*

Yard Sale

Saturday May 6th 8:00 a.m. – 2:00 p.m.

Looking to clear the clutter? Start collecting
items for our yard sale to support the church.
Drop off items May 5th from 7-9 pm.

If you are available to help with set-up or at the
sale, please contact Debbie Rutherford 902-895-
8181 or djrutherford50@gmail.com



4-H Members Sing Carols at Fergus Hall, Parkland



Laurie Sandeson on guitar
Millie Burrows enjoying the singing.

Building Projects in Old Barns



Lloyd Yuill's New Home



Chrissy and Mark Wier's New Home

Both homes have lovely mud yards that I am
sure the occupants hope will soon be grassed in
so that they can mow this summer!

*April 15th Open House
at Green Oaks Dairy Farm*



10:00 a.m. – 3:00 p.m.
3472 Riverside Road
Complimentary Barbeque
All are Welcome!



Look for me at the Open House.
I will be watching for Mooooo.



Chicken, anyone?

Begin the day with friendliness.
Keep friendly all day long.
Keep in your soul a friendly thought –
In your heart a friendly song.
Have in your mind a word of cheer
For all who come your way,
And they will greet you, in turn –
And wish you a happy day.

COMMUNITY SUPPER

**YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND
A COMMUNITY SUPPER**

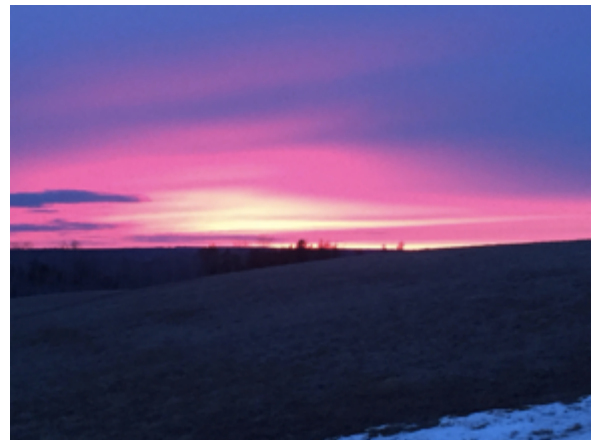
**WEDNESDAY, April 26, 2017
4:30 – 6:00 P.M.**

**COBEQUID FIRE HALL
LOWER TRURO**

**MENU
MACARONI & CHEESE
PULLED PORK SLIDERS, GARDEN SALAD
GINGERBREAD**

**COST: FREE!
WHILE SUPPLIES LAST**

The Cobequid Firemenettes are hosting this supper for all those living in our fire brigade area from Green Oak to Truro Heights. We hope you will join us.



The last winter sunset ...
before the first snow of spring!



Friends

Thoughtfully written, Millie McKim

The McKim family moved to Old Barns in 1963; we did not know anyone and no one came to visit us as we were Renters. However after buying the Somers house, we decided if we wanted to become part of the Community, then we should join whatever was available. We began to go to church, along with our children. The family got involved in 4H, they sang in the youth choir, also with C.G.I.T., Cubs then Scouts and of course Sunday School.

After awhile, neighbors began to recognize who we were. We were invited to different homes, became part of a group that danced every Saturday night. We celebrated just about everyone's birthday and anniversaries. We were a busy, vibrant Community.

My late husband involved himself as Leader of Cubs, belonged to the local School Board, also with the two ball teams that were active in our Community; he was one of the Founders of the Toastmasters Club, President of the Colchester Diabetic Association. Meanwhile, I was working full-time, attending all the above functions and had four children. I was always called upon to help cook, etc., with all the functions, such as baby showers, C.G.I.T. functions, bridal showers and whatever was connected with the church. We had strawberry suppers and box lunch socials. We were busy, happy and involved.

Our Community is older now. Our young people do not have the same interests. They say they are too busy. As I recall, everyone was busy back then too, but found the time to visit the elderly and the sick, and we concerned ourselves with Community Affairs. That interest is lost, we are in a new era. We have lost our personal touch, which is very important. Over my time residing here, many friends were made, many are gone, but I still have younger friends who call and visit me. I just hope that our youth are being taught that true friends are what we need in Life.



Sometimes me think, "What is Friend?" and then me say, "Friend is someone to share last cookie with." - Cookie Monster

Elizabeth Collin's

Cocoanut Cream Pie Filling

Betty is hoping that by sharing her recipe, you, the readers, will consider making pies for community functions, especially the lobster supper as she is retiring from pie making.

Pie Crust:

Follow recipe on Tenderflake lard package. Makes six pie crusts.

Filling for one pie:

Heat water in double boiler so that it is ready for when needed.

In large bowl, heat for seven minutes in microwave:

2 cups milk

Mix together:

1 cup white sugar
3 Tablespoons plus
2 teaspoon corn starch
½ cup cold milk

Add, mixing well:

3 egg yolks

Add:

2 cups heated milk
½ cup sweetened cocoanut
1/8 cup unsweetened cocoanut
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place mixture in top of double boiler.

Stir well.

Cook until thickened.

Pour into cooked pie crust.

Meringue:

Beat until very stiff:

3 egg whites

Add:

1 Tablespoon plus
1 teaspoon white sugar

Seal to edge of pie to keep from shrinking.

Bake 350 F for 12-15 minutes until golden.

Adventures in a K-Car

by Margaret E. Robertson

Originally written in the 1980's for WHEN (Women's Health Education Network) – can you guess who Margaret is?

The Colt died that spring. Our faithful old Plymouth Colt. Family run-around car, dead of old age and neglect. We all forgot to say, "Check the oil." For a while we tried to pretend that a rural family of seven (including five drivers) could get along and continue all their activities with only the K-car for transportation. I remember the experience well....

I am shuttle-driver, controlling the keys and oil consumption, depositing people and waiting. The newspaper I am reading blocks my view of the windshield as I sit outside the church waiting for choir practice to be over.

Suddenly I am jolted backward. An elderly gentleman has decided to back up a bit after his wife leaves the car to take a casserole into the church. He doesn't even see me and I pretend not to see him (or to feel the impact). However, when his wife returns and he prepares to drive off, I take the precaution of stepping out on the sidewalk lest he back up once more. My car is not new. Neither am I, but I'm not interested in acquiring whiplash on Monday afternoon.

Three days later, I am parked across from the library knitting several rounds on a green pullover. An Oldsmobile pulls in to the meter spot in front – and backs into my poor be-spotted K-car. This time I see him coming, but am unable to drop my needles fast enough to toot the horn.

A younger man gets out. As I roll down my window he croons gently, "Oh my, did I hurt you?" Then walks happily down the street. I decide to get out and say hello to my license plate and make the acquaintance of his. While I am looking at fresh scratches, he returns. We exchange some good-humoured banter about how it's the first few scratches that bother us and by now, we agree, I have a good many.

But his casual attitude upsets me. He takes my arm and soothingly suggests, "I don't think I hurt you a bit." When he gives my arm a friendly little squeeze and enquires, "It's all right, isn't it?" By now my get-mad timer is stuck on hold.

Later, as I walk away, the words come. I want to say, "Listen here, you jerk, when your Oldsmobile hit my K-car, I didn't really much mind; that was just two hunks of metal colliding. But I don't know you from Adam and you haven't introduced yourself, so get you hand off my arm before I call your insurance company!"

At supper I relate the two incidents to my husband. He tells me I must be parking too close to the other meters. My husband is one of the best as husbands go, and he would be the first to admit he has faults. I would be the first to agree with him.



Friendship

Friendship is the comfort,
the inexpressible comfort,
of feeling safe with a person,
having to neither weigh thoughts
or measure words,
but pouring all right out just as they are,
chaff and grain together,
certain that a faithful friendly hand will take them
and sift them,
keep what is worth keeping and,
with a breath of comfort,
blow the rest away.



Take Time

Take time to think,
it is the source of power;
Take time to play,
it is the secret of perpetual youth;
Take time to laugh,
it is the music of the soul;
Take time to love and be loved,
it is a God-given privilege.

Jim & Leslie Visit Aotearoa (New Zealand)



New Zealand is a country in the south-western Pacific Ocean consisting of two main islands, both marked by volcanoes and glaciation – the North Island, Te Ika-a-Maui, and the South Island, Te Waipounamu, as well as around 600 smaller islands. It is some 1500 kilometers to the east of Australia across the Tasman Sea. Because of its remoteness, it was one of the last lands to be settled by humans. It was known as the Land of Birds as there were no predators until man arrived.

Today, New Zealand is well known as the home to Middle Earth ever since Sir Peter Jackson filmed “The Lord of the Rings” and “The Hobbit” movies there.

Jim and I set out for the land of Kiwis on February 1st, just a mere 24 hours of travelling from Halifax to Auckland during which time we crossed the International Dateline which meant we dropped February 2nd off somewhere over the Pacific Ocean. This also meant that Jim lost his birthday and will have to wait until next year to celebrate. There is a 17-hour time difference from here to New Zealand – they are ahead of us which means by the time we are rising in the morning, they have headed to bed.

Their seasons are also reversed to ours, enjoying summer when we have winter, and autumn when we have spring. February in New Zealand would be similar to our August; beautiful days and warm evenings.

After arriving in Auckland at 5:00 a.m., we gathered our suitcase and picked up the car we had rented and headed out, driving on the opposite side from what we are used to. Makes roundabouts interesting! The greatest cause of accidents in New Zealand is from drivers coming from countries where they drive on the right side. We could see vehicles drifting to the right as we travelled the highways of the two islands.

We soon arrived in the Waikaretu area where we located the Nikau Café and Caves and soon settled in our little cottage.



We then met up with Kate Broadbent whom many of you will remember from her connection to the McCurdy family at Baybend Farm. She kept us busy for the day and after a delicious leg of lamb supper, we headed for bed by 7 p.m. and then slept for 12 hours. When we woke up the next morning, we were on New Zealand time.

We spent three days in the area where we explored a limestone and glow worm cave one kilometer long, walked about in the native bush, visited a 900 head dairy operation – no barns in New Zealand, just milking parlours as the cattle stay out all year round. We visited the wool barn where Emily Woodward Welch (former business partner of Kate’s) broke the women’s world record for shearing the most lambs in nine hours. The previous record of 541 had been set in 1989. Emily sheared 648 and her record has stood since 2007.

Leaving the Nikau cottage, we travelled to Matamata and visited Hobbiton – 20,000 people from around the world visit each day and, being big Lord of the Ring fans, we certainly enjoyed the site.



A Hobbit Home



Inside the Green Dragon

After a night in Cambridge, we headed back to Auckland to join the Great New Zealand Rail and Cruise Experience – our 16-day tour covering the two islands.

We soon met our travelling companions – a couple from London, England, two other couples from Canada – Toronto and Saskatoon, a couple from Christchurch, NZ and the rest from Australia. We were 27 in all plus our guide, Mark, and our bus driver.

The next day we travelled to Glenbrook where we took a ride on a lovingly restored steam train.



Jim and I with the Engineer and helper

From Glenbrook, we headed back into Auckland where we board a boat and headed out through the Waitemata Harbour to the Hauraki Gulf where we enjoyed the sights and walked on Motuihe Island which was used to quarantine newcomers to New Zealand back in the last 1800's and early 1900's. After spending the night at anchor, the next morning we headed back to

shore and met our bus. Next stop was Rotorua for two nights.

We rode on the Rail Cruising mini-cars, which was fun as we traveled through farmland. That evening we enjoyed a Hangi Feast at the Tamaki Maori Village.



Jim (the driver) and I with Bill and Gabrielle our new friends from New Zealand



Leslie, Gabrielle and Pat learning Poi Twirling

Nine of us went of the Eco Thermal Tour where we visited NZ's largest boiling mud pool. Then it was collapsed craters, more boiling mud and steaming fumaroles. This water is so hot (up to 300 C) that it absorbs minerals out of the rocks. There were pools in different colours depending on what was most concentrated – silica, iron oxide, antimony, sulphur and carbon.



Copper in pool.



Silica Pool



Sulphuric Acid Pool

After Rotorua, we caught the Northern Explorer train in Otorohanga which took us to the National Park Village and our bus. The skies were clear and so we headed up Tongariro Mountain where we took the ski lift up to the top and a wonderful view. Tongariro is about 2000 meters high and has permanent ice at the peak. It is an active volcano last erupting in 2012. Scientists continue to keep an eye and an ear out for any rumblings. That evening we stayed in Chateau Tongariro that was built in 1929. A grand old lady! Next door to this mountain is Mt. Ngauruhoe, better known to many as Mount Doom (from The Lord of the Rings).



Mt. Ngauruhoe taken from inside the Chateau

The following day we headed for Featherston where we saw the Fell Locomotive H 199 Mont Cenis, the only one in the world. This engine climbed the Rimutaka Incline from 1875 to 1955 that had a grade of 1 in 15. The Fell was famous because of its third rail that they used to brake on the descent. Cast iron brakes (used on third rail) were replaced after each trip.



From Featherstone, we drove through the spectacular Manawatu River Gorge. The road twists and turns with the gorge on one side and the bottom of a steep mountain on the other which is covered with a steel mesh to help prevent rock falls. Just as we entered this section of road, a sign noted "Accident Zone next 7 km". We had great faith in our bus although how he got around some of the twists was amazing but the scenery was spectacular!

Next stop was Wellington, the capital of NZ and the windiest city in the country. We stayed for two nights. The winds blew around 160 km the next morning. They have a beautiful botanical garden sculpted in a hill with a lovely Lady Norwood Rose Garden at the bottom and the Country's National Museum, Te Papa. Our NZ companion has a lovely voice and entertained us with "Pokarekare Ana" New Zealand's Unofficial Anthem, a beautiful love song.



After Wellington, we took the ferry across the Cook Strait to Picton, at the top of the South Island. From here, we were suppose to take the Coastal Pacific train to Christchurch but due to the November earthquake, the road and rail system down the east coast through Kaikoura is buried in tons of rock and they expect it will take two years before it is usable again. And so we boarded our bus and took an inland road through to Christchurch. Once again, we had stunning scenery. We passed through one of the main wine producing areas, over mountains, and through farmland. As we drew close to Christchurch, we could see a plume of smoke where there was a bush fire threatening homes on the outskirts of the city. Unfortunately, one helicopter pilot lost his life fighting the fire when his machine crashed; a war hero who was well known and like by many, a great loss.

The next day, we were to take “one of the world’s most famous train journeys” between Christchurch and Greymouth but, unfortunately, two weeks before we arrived in NZ, there had been a bush fire that damaged one of the train trestles and the train was not running; back onto the bus for a stunning ride through the mountains and over Arthur’s Pass in the Southern Alps. The west side of the Alps gets more than their share of rain while the east side often suffers through drought-like conditions. You could certainly see the difference.



Driving next to what they call a “braided” river.

From the dry east, over the mountains in the alpine forests and down to the coast plants, such a difference from one turn to the next. Many of the rivers are called “braided” because the travel over large flat areas and twist and wind – just like a braid in your hair.

We stopped in Hokitika, a lovely little town, where we walked down to the Tasman Sea – nothing between them and Australia.



Next it was on to Franz Joseph where six of us took a helicopter ride up onto the glacier. Because of clouds, we could not get over the ridge to see the Fox Glacier.



Franz Joseph Glacier. You can see the path where the glacier has been retreating in the past few years.

The next morning we headed for Queenstown. When we reached the Hasst River, several of us (not Jim) exchanged the bus for a jet boat and spent the next hour on the river while those on the bus drove down to meet us. Many of the rivers are milky white. This is called glacier flour and is a result of the glaciers grinding over the rocks and turning them into a very fine powder. At one point on the river we went up a second river that joined it and here the water was so very clear (and cold). You could see every pebble and fish in the river.



The Haast River

After joining the bus we crossed back over the Alps and stopped in Cromwell for an ice cream. Yum. Everything in NZ is more expensive. Ice cream cost anywhere from \$4 – 5 for one scoop. In Queenstown, we spent \$14 for two two-scoop ice creams but were they ever good! Our treat.

Our first evening in Queenstown, we took the cable car up the mountain for a wonderful buffet supper.



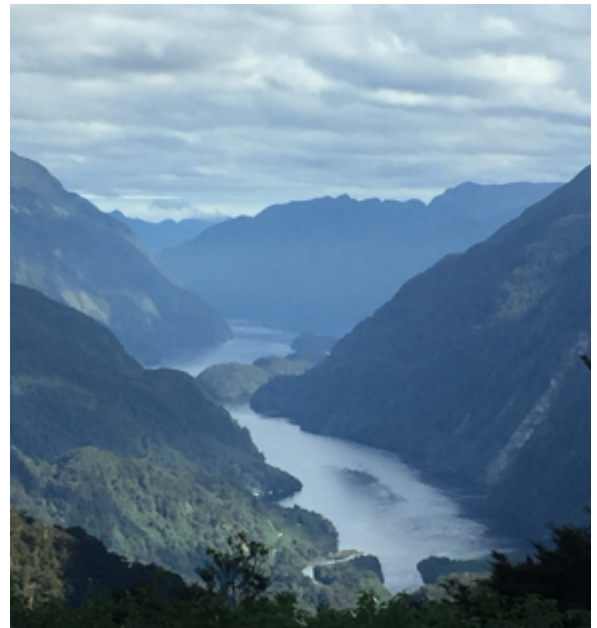
Panoramic view of Queenstown from top of mountain

Jim and I took a Scenic Safari that took us to some fabulous places outside of the town and also showed us some spots where scenes from The Lord of the Rings were filmed.



While on our tour, we also panned for gold, ate a snack off the bonnet of our Defender Jeep and drove through Skippers Canyon – a sight to behold.

The next day we were off to Manapouri where we left the bus behind once more and took a boat across the lake where we hopped on another bus which took us up and over the Wilmot Pass down to Doubtful Sound. The Sound is in what they call Fiordland National Park. And we spent the next 20 hours on the water. So beautiful!



Doubtful Sound

While on the boat, we saw a family of bottle-nosed dolphins that swam next to us, seals on a rock outcropping near where the Sound meets the Tasman Sea, many waterfalls and that night,

we saw the Southern Cross, as well as Orion who stands on his head in the southern sky.

In the morning, before we headed back to the dock, the boat stopped and all engines were turned off, the people aboard gathered around the deck and we all stood in silence for a good five minutes and just enjoyed the sounds of birds and water falling down the mountains – it was a time of reverence. Just the sound of nature. Beautiful!

After the journey back to the bus, we headed for Dunedin for the night travelling through more beautiful land.

Next we hopped the Taieri Gorge Railway and journeyed through the beautiful Southland countryside. Back on the bus and we travelled to see the Moeraki Rocks on a lovely beach on the Pacific Ocean.



And then we headed back across the land to the west and Mount Cook, NZ highest mountain. On the way, we passed by McRae Flats that is home to a large gold mining operation.

We also passed by, on both islands, many red deer farms. That is a story unto itself on why these farms exist. I do not think I have really mentioned the sheep. It is certainly a country formed for sheep. We were told many of the hills are not suitable for cattle as they would fall off while the sheep know how to maneuver the cliffs.

There is also a large dairy industry in NZ but it has gone through some tough times. Their whole approach to dairy farming is very different from what we do here. Jim can fill you in on that.

Our last two nights were spent at Mount Cook; a truly spectacular place in which to end our trip. Mount Cook, also known as Aoraki, is 3724m

high. This is where Sir Edmund Hillary sharpened his skills in mountain climbing before heading off to conquer Mount Everest.



Our lodgings were to the left of the mountain and to the right is the Tasman Glacier. In the morning, we took a bus from the hotel to the right side of the mountain and then walked about 20 minutes to the lake where we hopped in a boat and out we went. We spent about an hour on the glacier lake. The milky water was about 3 degrees C for the top inch and then went rapidly down in temperature from there. We got close to some of the bergs that had broken off and drifted to the end of the lake. Our guide was very careful because, as you know, 90% of the berg is underwater at all times. As the top breaks or melts, the berg adjusts itself and you do not want to be in the way if it decides it is time to roll over.



Face of the Tasman Glacier

Soon enough it was time to head back to Christchurch and our flight back home. Would we go again? In a heartbeat! Hope you enjoyed journeying with us as we highlighted some of our adventure.