

Amherst Island BEACON



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Amherst Island says, "Goodbye"



PHOTO BY LEAH MURRAY

On November 30, 2008 Amherst Island lost a dear friend. Photos and Eulogy for Alan Kidd can be found on pages 8 & 9.

THIS ISSUE

- Ian Murray, editor

This issue contains the eulogies of 3 Islanders who died recently. Their lives and accomplishments will continue to affect those of us who knew them.

The AIMS articles in the last Beacon were mislabelled: October should have been September and November should have been October. I regret the error.

NEIGHBOURHOOD

- Lyn Fleming

Condolences to Ida Gavlas and family, who recently lost their dear mom, granny and great-grandmother, Helen Bulch. Helen, who with her late husband Bill, had raised their family on the Island, had lived with Ida for most of the past 4 years.

Condolences to Judy Roberts and daughters Eva and Anna, following the sudden passing of their husband and father, Alan Kidd. Our sympathy also to the close friends he has left behind on the Island.

A get well to Brooke Reid.

Welcome to Alan Bennett, who has taken over as interim priest at St. Alban's. Alan will be with us until June 2009.

(Continued on page 2)



*Happy Holidays & all the best to
everyone in the new year.
- the Beacon Staff*



**The Amherst
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St. Alban's Anglican Church held their annual Turkey supper, where record numbers enjoyed their turkey dinner with all the trimmings.

St. Paul's PCW held their annual Christmas Bazaar and Lunch, the same weekend the Weasel and Easel, Topsy Farms, CJAI, and the Museum held their end of the season sales and exhibits.

Congratulations to Mark Ritchie and Cherry Allen, who recently won the Lennox and Addington Economic Development Award for Agricultural Operation of the Year for 2008.

Last week, I looked out the office window in time to see a bald eagle make a couple of low passes through the field across from the school. Although I had seen one several times before on the South Shore, seeing one close enough to see its perfect markings was a real treat. After a couple of passes, it circled the ferry dock and then headed east along the shoreline. We have also spotted 4 different snowy owls along the bus route the past week or so.

As we are now flying headlong into the holiday season, I'd like to take this opportunity to wish everyone Happy Holidays filled with family & friends, good times and safe travels.



SARAH HELEN JEANNE BULCH (NEE KAY)

(June 1922 - November 2008)

Ida Gavlas

Helen was born in Ernestown Station and went to school in Bath, Ontario. She worked in Ottawa for a year after graduation from high school and then went to work as a crane operator at Alcan in Kingston during the Second World War. She loved to read and worked for ten years in the local Stella library.

She met her husband Bill in Kingston when he was home on leave from the Navy and was married November 29, 1943. After Bill returned home from the war they settled on Amherst Island on the Second Concession to farm until Bill gave up farming and worked on the ferry.

They moved to the village in 1967 and built the house near the corner with the double garage.

Helen was the loving Mother to seven children Chuck, Dave, Dick, Dot, Diane, Bruce and Polly. Bill and Helen had many grandchildren, great grandchildren, nieces, nephews and great nieces and nephews who adored her.

Bill was her first love but she had many interests over the years. Gardening, reading, houseplants, cross country skiing, her dogs and of course her computer.

Helen did quite a bit of genealogy including transcribing the tombstones at Glenwood and Pentland Cemeteries.

She has left us with much history and memories.



PHOTO PROVIDED BY IDA GAVLAS

Bill and Helen Bulch

HILDA WINNIFRED (CORKE) FOLEY

(1928 -2008)

-Ron Putnam

Today we are gathered here to celebrate the life of Hilda Winnifred Foley known to those of us who loved her as Mom. She was the youngest of 7 girls born to George and Jessie Corke, on Sept 25 1928 and is survived by 4 sisters, Gladys, Edna, Emily and Mary.

Mom Foley spent her youth on Amherst Island before moving to Kingston and being married in 1945. Throughout the following years Mom bore 11 children; Douglas and Richard who predeceased her, Sharon, June, Barry, Stephen, Heather, Susan, Bonnie, Jessie and Tiffany.

Mom Foley ensured each of her children received all the parental love, guidance and affection she could give. Mom took the time and effort to ensure each of her children also were taught life's important values: loving, caring, sharing, honesty, integrity and above all to be themselves and to respect and accept others for who they are.

Those values Mom taught her children are very evident today in her many grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Once Mom had completed raising her own family she applied her maternal values to helping others through the Ontario Children's Aid Society by opening her home to over 90 foster children.

Her effort and input into the lives of these young women cannot be measured but her success can be seen by the presence here today of many of those young women and the love and dedication to Mom during her brief illness.

Calls of concern and prayers came from as far away as Texas.

Mom's dedication to and support of the foster child program was so outstanding over the years that on several occasions Mom was honored by awards and commenda-

tions not only from the Children's Aid Society, from the Province of Ontario, and also from the foster children themselves – an accomplishment all of us who knew her and loved her were so very proud of. Mom's many awards and commendations are a testimonial to the famous quote "you don't have to give birth to be a mother".

We all have special personal memories of Mom which we will keep in our hearts forever, some of the memorable ones are how she would make sure that when you came to visit she would always have that person's favorite treat available whether it be cookies, lemon pie, mince meat pie or whatever and what made it so good was not only the taste but the love that came with it. Also, how her jello never stuck to the bowl or her kernel corn with little red things in it.

Mom also lived by "judge not lest ye be judged" and was always there when you needed a mother and a friend to talk to and help you through life's storms; she was a beacon to guide you to a safe harbour.

Her sayings such as "I'm not going anywhere", "I'll be here", "drive safe, don't drink" will ring in our ears and memories for the rest of our lives.

Let us all now bow our heads and take a few moments to remember Mom's contribution to our lives and to thank God for the honour and privilege to have had Hilda Foley as a mother, mother-in-law, a foster mom, a relative, a friend, but mainly as a person who has made a difference in every life she touched.

We know Mom that you are watching over us not only today but always. So until we meet again beyond the sunset in that heavenly bingo hall in the sky, bye Mom from the ones who love you and miss you today and for always you will remain in our hearts forever.

[There was a reception following the memorial service at Dorothy and Kaye McGinn's for about 50 people.]

AIPS Volleyball Team



PHOTO BY BRIAN LITTLE

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

- Sharen English

On Wednesday, Nov. 19, nineteen members of the Amherst Island Women's Institute and four guests met at St. Paul's Church for a R.O.S.E. program. R.O.S.E. means

Rural Ontario Sharing Education and is open to the public. The talk was on foot health. Speaking were Linda Deschamps, Certified Pedorthist, and Sue Irwin, R.N. We learned all about the composition of the foot, foot care, the proper shoes to wear and orthotics. The talk was educational and informative and was enjoyed by all.

Kirsten Bennick our co-president presided over the business meeting after an excellent snack provided by Judy Greer, Jackie Sylvester and Nancy Dunn. The Ode, Collect and Pennies for Friendship followed.

The minutes for the last meeting were accepted as presented. The financial statement for October was accepted.

Standing committee reports were presented.

A correspondence report was given by Mary Kay Steel. Tom Richmond thanked the Women's Institute for their donation to the radio station. A Good Cheer report was given by Joyce Reid, get well and condolence cards were sent out to island residents on behalf of the W.I.

Joyce Haines, one of our Area Annual delegates, gave a written report on the Area Annual meeting in Selby on October 21. It sounded like an interesting meeting.

Kirsten thanked the calendar committee and commended them on their hard work.

Liz Harrison gave a report on the 2008/2009 calendar committee. The launch of the calendar on Nov. 15 was a great success with 124 calendars going out so far. The framed colour photos of Brian Little's work for our calendar were lovely on the Neilson Museum's wall and the black and white photos of the same works look great in our calendar.

Jackie Sylvester gave a financial report. It was moved that we apply for a grant from Loyalist Township for the beautification of the ferry docks area and Stella.

It was reported that the bench plaque for our donated bench to the Neilson Museum was lost but now has been found. Dedication of the bench will take place in May 2009.

Mary Kay gave a report about donations for 2008/2009. The final donations for the year will be determined soon. The Financial Committee this year is Jackie Sylvester, Marilyn Pilon and Joyce Haines so suggestions by our members, for donations should be sent to them.

The Senior's Christmas Party on Sun., Dec. 7 was discussed. Liz Harrison is chairing the committee organizing this event. Brian Little will display his photos behind our calendar sales table at the party. Piano music will be played as guests arrive. Brian Little's Island picture slide



show will likely be shown sometime during the event. Brown Country Band will perform.

Volunteers from our Island 4-H club will help again this year with the serving of desserts and the cleaning up at our party.

Our P.R. person, Sharen English, will be responsible for contacting Amherst Island radio station C.J.A.I., monthly to inform them of Women's Institute happenings. She will also be responsible for phoning the ferry office and requesting that signs be put up at the ferry docks advertising our events.

For the Advocacy committee, a motion to set up an Environmental Committee in charge of collecting batteries and diverting them from the dump was approved. Liz Harrison and Judie Harrower are already encouraging the collection of batteries on the Island. Liz asked if the W.I. would like to be involved. We will transport the batteries to the Kingston recycling depot at Lappan's Lane. A box has been placed outside of the Island general store for depositing single use batteries of all types except for car batteries and rechargeable batteries. Liz Harrison is printing and distributing an Island mail out to publicize this effort.

The meeting adjourned.

I want to make a correction to my October column in the Beacon. Our Amherst Island W.I. will be celebrating our 110th anniversary in 2010, not the Federated Women's Institute of Ontario.

The next A.I.W.I. meeting will be held on Wed., Dec. 10 at 6 p.m. at St. Paul's Church. It is our annual pot luck Christmas dinner and gift exchange. Please bring a wrapped gift worth 10 dollars or under and put your name on the gift. Please bring a donation of food for the food bank.

JANET'S JOTTINGS

- Janet Scott

Christmas Bird Count Time Again!

At one time it was considered a Christmas tradition and sport to go out on Christmas Day and form teams to shoot anything that wore feathers or fur. The winning team was the team with the most kills. In earlier times the large kills were necessary to feed all the guests that might visit over the holidays and the hunting was a form of entertainment for your guests.

Fortunately, from an environmental perspective, Frank Chapman of the American Museum of Natural History inspired the Christmas Count and the Audubon Society began the first Christmas Count in 1900. This year we will be taking part in the 109th annual Christmas count. In 1990 through the hard work of Ron Weir and Alex Scott, both members of the Kingston Field Naturalists, Amherst Island was added as a circle and due to our place in the alphabet we are always listed as the first count in Ontario. Of course those of us who live here consider that a foregone conclusion. Before that time only the tip of the

(Continued from page 4)

gravel bar, down by Gary and Susan Filson's home was included in the Kingston circle and our wonderful wintering owls and hawks went uncounted. The centre of our geographical count area is 44 degrees 15 minutes north and 76 degrees 41 minutes west and includes Amherst and Nut Islands and a lot of

water. On that very first count 64 different species were seen. This year on January 2nd 2009 it will be our 20th count and we welcome any and all birding enthusiasts to join us. The count starts officially at midnight but we wait for daylight so meet us at the school at 7:45 am dressed for the weather and we'll send you out to search the highways and byways and under the bushes too for that one elusive bird that might make us famous and meanwhile the rest of the bird population gets counted too!

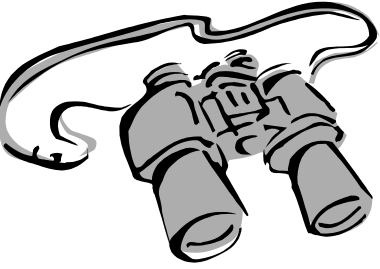
Thanks to the wonderful help of Bonnie Livingstone we are able to feed everyone back at the school with warm chili or soup and unlike larger areas our groups are finished around noon. (AFTER ALL OUR LAND MASS IS LIMITED) We need Islanders to monitor species and numbers at their feeders as well on that day. Last year we had a record 6 Islanders out to help with the count as well as several local people reporting from feeders.

I know the Island policy of neighbour helping neighbour continues so please bear with my avid birding friends as they involve themselves in this fun way to collect data on our feathered friends. Call us: Janet at 613-389-4608 or Bonnie at 613-389-8516 if you want to help or even want more information.

There are reports of owls filtering in so keep watching. Those elusive Long-eared Owls that roost by day in the Owl Woods are lifting in groups out of the pines on Barr's property. Rebecca and Rachel Scott and their Dad report Short-eared Owls dancing their moth-like patterns across their lawn and in the fields south of Front Road and last week I saw them opposite the Roads Garage. They are most easily seen at dusk looking back against the setting sun although they hunt in daylight too.

Four Saw-whets have been seen in the Owl Woods. Three Snowies have been reported on Amherst and none on Wolfe so this must be our turn.

The Lower Front Road residents are reporting increasing numbers of Tundra Swans on the bar so check those out. This month there were twelve reported and they are also being seen in Elevator Bay on Front Road, Kingston. You may need a scope or binoculars here, but from the road you can see them sitting along the edges of the little islands and bar. Lyn Fleming reports a Bald Eagle near the radio station. Our feeders are active so keep watching for



winter finches. Siskens and Purple Finches have been reported in the Owl Woods.

Enjoy your birding. It's not an Olympic Sport but it gets you out of doors on a sunny, winter day with a good excuse to enjoy beautiful Amherst Island.

Good Birding.

Amherst Island Remembers



PHOTO BY BRIAN LITTLE

Jim Whitton lays a wreath on the cenotaph at Amherst Island Public School during the 2008 Remembrance Day Ceremony.

Wolfe Island Wind Farm Construction Continues



PHOTOS BY BRIAN LITTLE



THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

by Michael and Linda Joll

We know almost nothing about him. We do not know his name, his age or his date of birth. His parents, siblings and other relatives are equally unknown to all of us.

He may once have been a farm boy from Ontario or Saskatchewan, a fisherman or a coal miner from the Maritimes, a lumberjack from Quebec perhaps, an apprentice from the big city, or a store worker in a small town. We do not know when he left his home to go abroad, to seek adventure and to serve his King and country. We only know that he probably died in 1917, was buried without any identification near Vimy in France and finally returned to his native land in 2006.

All we really know about him is that he was Canadian.

He is Canada's Unknown Soldier.

His final resting place is a tomb at the National War Memorial in Ottawa where he is honoured as representing every fallen Canadian serviceman and woman from 1914 to the present day and into perpetuity.

At 11 a.m. on Tuesday, November 11th 2008, ninety years after the armistice that signaled the end of the Great War, a flight of four Air Force fighter jets flew low from the north, across the Ottawa River and the Houses of Parliament. As they reached his tomb in Confederation Square one of the jets throttled back, peeled off and disappeared into the cold overcast above leaving the remaining three jets to continue in their original formation with a gap where the fourth had been, a mark of respect for the one who did not come home.

At 10 a.m. the crowd in Confederation Square was already five deep. By the time the bugler played the Last Post we were fifteen, twenty deep, 25,000 to 30,000 of us, filling the Square, spilling onto the neighbouring streets, trying to catch a glimpse of the ceremony on one of the two giant screens. A feeling of raw, palpable emotion emanated from all who witnessed the ceremony. From tiny infants in their mothers' arms to old men and women in their nineties we stood, silent, as we paid honour to the Unknown Soldier, to the 130,000 Canadian men and women who never returned from war and to those fortunate veterans who did. The faces of those war veterans, craggy, lined with the stresses of the ordeals that they cannot tell us, their eyes old, weary, moist, their chests bowed beneath the weight of their medals, these are the images that remain with us from that hour that we spent in their company, oblivious to the cold and the wind that blew from the north. Remembering as they and their fallen comrades were honoured with a twenty one gun salute from a battery behind the Senate Block, remembering that if we should ever individually or collectively forget the horrors of our past we are doomed to repeat it.

As the last veteran marched off towards Parliament Hill to continuous applause from the crowd we surged forward en masse to the monument itself, thousands of us, a human

tidal wave of school children, service men and women in uniform, the old and the not so old. There was a collective need to be there, at the foot of the magnificent monument, to be with our Unknown Soldier, to honour him individually, personally. When we reached his tomb fully an hour after the ceremony had ended we were able to lay our poppies on his tomb, ours along with hundreds, perhaps thousands of other poppies, a cloak of blood red covering the tomb and the stones around it.

There are so many reasons to be proud and grateful to be a Canadian but whether we gather at our cenotaph on Amherst Island or in our Nation's capital, there are few better reasons to stand proud and be counted as Canadian than on Remembrance Day. Lest We Forget.

HERE & THERE

- Ian Murray

As I was going through the Beacon editing away, I just removed the slot where Alan Kidd's astronomy article would usually appear.

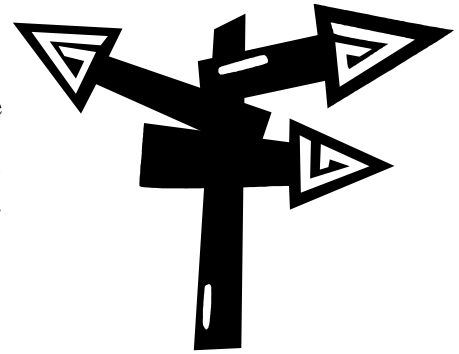
Probably last Friday I phoned Alan to remind

him it was time to send in his material and also pointing out that he forgot to send a sky chart last month. I am reminded once again that I don't have Alan to call anymore regarding some science or math question or just to chat about the latest foolishness in Parliament. His going leaves a hole in my life as it does for many others.

I admired Helen Bulch for the brave face she turned to the world. I never met her in the store or out walking or at some event or other that she didn't smile and chat a bit. Helen and Cap'n Billy helped make this community a good place to live.

Her work collecting and recording the information from Island gravestones has certainly been useful for the Beacon's ongoing Amherst Island Family Tree project.

Prime Minister Harper will, I suspect, loom large in Canadian history. He has united the right, is likely to unite the left, and has significantly strengthened those who want Quebec to leave Canada. And, he is still in his prime.



ALAN KIDD

(July 3, 1947 – Nov.30, 2008)

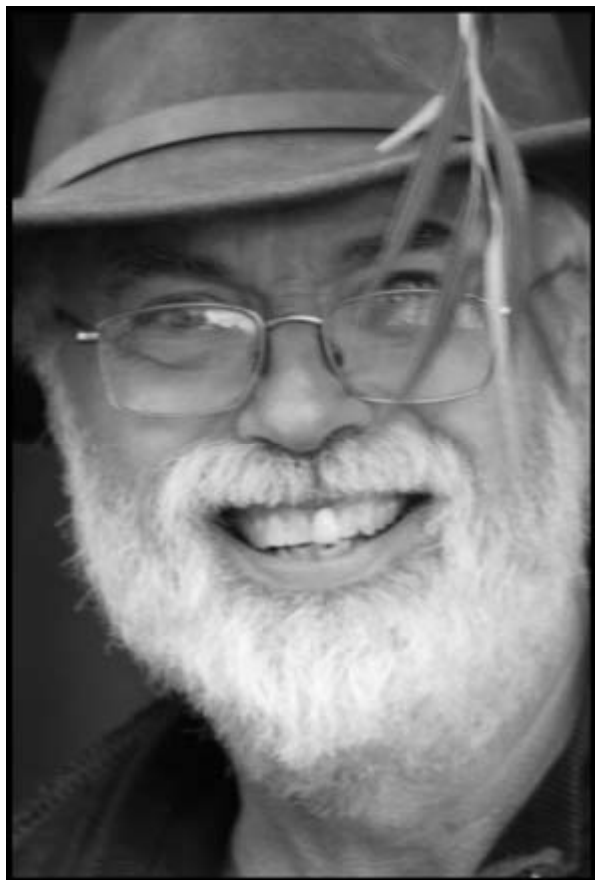
-Judy Roberts

Alan's parents both came from poor families in the heart of Kentucky Appalachia coal mining country. His mother was the oldest of 5 children, his father from a family of 6. They both attended Berea College in Kentucky which still today provides affordable higher education to Kentuckians of limited means. After graduating, his mother travelled widely in the US during WWII as jobs in factories were easy to come by. His father served in the Red Cross close to the front lines. The two married after the war.

Alan's mother, Eva, went on to attain a master's degree in library science and retained a life-long love of books that she passed on to her son, along with her love of a good bargain. The two of them could get quite passionate about saving 2 cents on gas, or using a coupon for a free coffee at MacDonald's.

His father passed along his love of history – Alan learned about the American Civil War through his father's bedtime stories. As many of you know, his knowledge of the Civil War was extensive, and he also had a great love of genealogy. I'm pretty sure that when we were married, the fact that I had relatives on both sides of the war, as did he, played at least some part in his consideration of me as an acceptable mate.

Alan was an only child; the family lived a military life-



style, moving from Tennessee where he was born, to Alaska and eventually to Germany. Here they lived on the same base as his closest first cousins, also boys – their favourite pastime was exploring the woods behind the base, looking for and finding several unexploded bombs left-over from the war; and which, happily, remained unexploded, even after the boys found them.

The family eventually settled in Jacksonville, Florida, when Alan was high school age. Alan had been a lonely child; he liked to play with model trains and was no good at sports. Even though he said he knew from age 7 that he wanted to be a physicist, it wasn't until high school that he began to discover his gifts – he discovered that he was "smart", and he began to find other kids that were smart like him, and for the first time he felt like he belonged. Some of those same friends that he made then are sitting here with us today in St Paul's Church.

After high school he first went to Centre College in Kentucky, where he was once again the odd man out in an atmosphere of jocks and fraternities and he was once again deeply unhappy. His parents allowed him to change schools, and he reunited with his high school buddies at Florida State University, where, most unwisely, a number of these friends moved into a great big old run down house together. Alan became famous not only for the white rats that he kept in his room, but also because he was always going the wrong way on the one way street, and burning cheese dogs in the kitchen.

After graduating from FSU with a degree in physics, he began graduate school at the University of Michigan. The year was 1969; that year the US government instituted a lottery draft system to conscript young men to serve in armed combat in the Viet Nam war. Those with the lowest numbers would be the first to go. Alan was deeply opposed to the war and upon receiving a low draft number, he, along with an estimated 125,000 other young men, chose to emigrate to Canada, not knowing if they would ever be able to return to the States or see their friends and families again.

He arrived at the Canadian border in a VW bus and with a small inheritance from his father in his pocket. In those days immigrating to Canada was a simple process of presenting yourself at the border, being welcomed to Canada and being waved across. He went to Toronto where he met Brad & Judy Rogers, and Carl McCrosky. The following summer, when his friend Dave McGee was visiting, he answered an ad in the Toronto paper for a farm property for sale that was in his price range. He called the realtor who said "Oh, great, if we leave now we'll just make the ferry"...oh, if he only knew how those words were going to rule his life in the future...

Alan took it as a point of pride that he was here "first" – that is before the "commune" people, the founders of what is today Topsy Farms. Alan and another friend Steve Bab-

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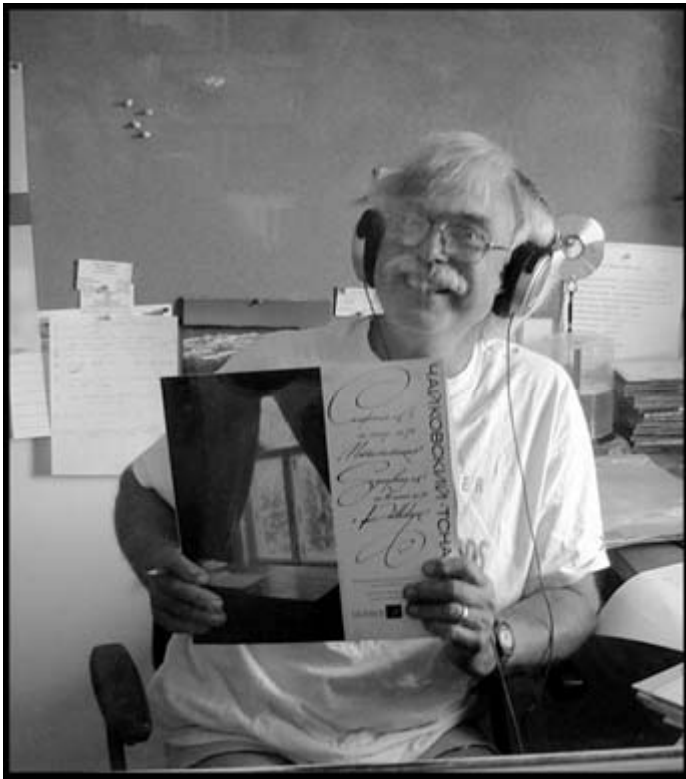
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cock took up residence in the old house, and if it hadn't been for the care and timely intervention of Keith and Shirley Miller and others on the Island, the pair and their visiting Floridian friends would have starved and/or burned the house down that first winter.

That winter later became known as the first winter pig feast, an event that was repeated at 10-year intervals; and as most of you know, the summer pig feasts became an annual event, often attended by his Florida buddies and growing in number each year as his wide circle of friends continued to increase.

Alan entered Teacher's College at Queen's University; he had a brief career as a high school physics teacher in Cornwall, where he enjoyed confusing the students and blowing things up in the chemistry lab. He continued to come to the Island as often as he could, even hitch-hiking the distance down the 401 after he lost his beloved VW bus.

He went on to attend Queen's University, attaining first a master's degree in Astronomy, where his heart was, and then a further Master's in Electrical Engineering, where he



figured he could actually get a job.

After the Carter Administration pardoned the US draft dodgers, he was able to return to the States to work where he had his first job as a satellite engineer at RCA in NJ. He bought a house, became close friends with Alexandra Radbil, and forgot about eating while he started building his first airplane in his garage, an event that he also videotaped at great length with his brand new video camera.

During this time, he attended the wedding of Mike Rudicell, who was one of his best high school buddies, and my sister Robin – that is where Alan and I first met and became interested in each other.

But his heart was in Canada; he never again felt truly comfortable in the US, and as soon as he was able he moved to Montreal to take up a position at Spar Aerospace, where he met Gordon Frosst and had yet another large circle of buddies. These were the guys who would come to pig feast and help him build and shoot up model rockets, sometimes manufacturing their own rocket fuel in the garage from fertilizer and whatever else they could find in there.

I came on the scene about this time, and moved up to Canada from Florida in 1983, and he and I were married here on the Island at his house in 1984. He moved jobs again, this time to Telesat Canada in Ottawa and after several years there, we went to England on a Telesat posting. His mother died while we were in England and the girls were conceived there 2 years later.

We always said: the girls were conceived in England, nourished in France and born in Canada. The contract we were on called for the satellite to be moved to France for testing, so very soon after the girls were conceived, we followed the spacecraft to France, where I spent most of my second trimester in absolute bliss, living in the French countryside, going for long walks and eating the best food ever. Alan chose to leave the project early so that we could return to Canada during my third trimester. The girls were born at KGH in November of 1994 and took their first ferry ride when they were 5 days old, arriving at the house where Tom & Jackie Sylvester were frantically trying to finish the new kitchen before the girls arrived.

The girls spent the majority of their first 4 years in NJ, and Alan said when Anna started saying "boid" instead of "bird", it was time to come home to Canada and the Island.

Alan was unceremoniously, and to my mind, quite unfairly, laid off from Telesat after 15 years. I resented it, Alan never really did – although he loved his work, he enjoyed his freedom more. As most of you know he was thriving in the last little while, spending his days working outside, having his book club meetings, participating in the Kingston chapter of the American Civil War round table club, flying planes, having and attending dinner parties, playing board games with his girls and taking them on wild and crazy trips to just about anywhere they wanted to go, or at least anywhere that he could convince them they wanted to go....The Grand Canyon, Rome, the Prairies, the Maritimes, BC...

Life is given to us and taken away from us for reasons we can never know or understand. The human known as Alan Kidd had his time on this earth and today together we will mourn him and celebrate him as we lay him to rest here in the company of the people he loved, in this place that he loved: his Canada, his Island refuge, his home.

AIMS NOVEMBER MEETING

- Hugh Jenney, Secretary

Twenty-nine men sat down to a delicious full breakfast on this rainy Saturday morning. Woody thanked the AIPS team—Janet Scott, Debbie & Rachel Scott and Eva Little for looking after us so well.

Terry Culbert introduced his guest, Hans Beekhauf.

Dayle introduced the llama man, Keith McIlwaine



Ralph Woods introduced Steven and Maynard, two friends from his condo who may be speakers at a future meeting as they both have very interesting stories to tell.

Paul Lauret reported that our finances are doing well thanks to a very successful auction which netted us \$2,200. He was pleased to report that the professional BBQ that we purchased this spring has paid for itself and we have a profit of \$251. Other Island groups have gleaned a total of \$700 from its use too. The AIMS auction will certainly be an annual event.

Marc Raymond thanked his tree-planting volunteers, Bruce, Chris and Doug for a job well done.

Bruce Burnett reported that the New Year's Eve Dinner and Dance is well organized and all systems are go. Just one caveat. The caterer's price is going up and so may the price of the tickets. Bruce passed around a sheet asking for 18 volunteers to help out for specific short-term jobs during the night.

Eva Little made a presentation asking for a donation to the senior class's contributions to an elementary school in Haiti. She got the idea from listening to a radio report by Linda Bates who is the head scout for the western area of Canada. The request for assistance came from a priest who reported that a village on the North Shore of Haiti has 171 elementary children, but they have only one stapler and sixty-one books. There are 73 little ones in kindergarten. Only half of these get to go to grade three because they have to have a costly school uniform. Grades 5 & 6 only have 18-19 in a class. The working parents use the school as a babysitting service which explains the high numbers in kindergarten. Haiti is French speaking so Eva was able to glean nine cases of old French books from our school alone. This huge group effort has raised \$35,000 worth of supplies which will be trucked down to New York to be shipped (free) to Haiti. The director of the school is a former student. The villagers collected enough money to send him to university, on the condition that he return to the village, which he did. We have collected enough supplies that now they can have a high school too which is sustainable for thirteen years.

It was agreed to contribute \$150 to these efforts. Congratulations to Eva for creating students of the world here on

Amherst Island who actually care about fellow students in Haiti.

Terry Culbert made a proposal for AIMS to buy the historic Captain's House from Reta Brown and move it to the east side of the AI Museum. Much discussion followed and it was agreed that we would all think about it for a month. The house is unique to the Island and it would make a wonderful addition to our museum as it is a museum piece in itself.

Woody brought up a new direction for AIMS which would focus mostly on talking around the breakfast table. The speaker would be the main focus along with questions and general discussions. Most of the business would be carried out by committees and the executive. Some people felt the meetings are too long. Others thought they were ok as long as they ended in time to go to the dump. More thought will be given to this idea next month.

Our president was authorized to ask the Township to provide two "No Dogs Allowed from 9 to 12 noon during market days" signs to be put up east and west of the Saturday market.

A copy of the letter is to go to Barb Reid.

Woody introduced our new member, David Meikle, who just happens to be his chiropractor. He thanked David for helping out at the auction and for buying so much.

David told us that he bought Doug Green's house on the Front Road. His people came from Glasgow and his last name means large. He lived sixteen years in Deep River, a one-industry atomic energy town of 5,000 good people. The family then moved to Montreal for eighteen months and then they moved to Mississauga, just west of Toronto.

Dave eloped to Vancouver and graduated with a fine arts degree. He did not know what he wanted to do. His father-in-law was a chiropractor who insisted on examining Dave's back before letting him go out with his daughter. Just by examining his back he found evidence of Dave's teen-age injury to his neck and head. Dave was mightily impressed. He loved biology in high school so he returned to Toronto to take a four-year course in chiropractic. Upon graduation he was lucky enough to be able to substitute in for a chiropractor who had to be away for three weeks. After struggling through that experience his father-in-law asked him to help out with his practice in Hamilton. Eventually Dave took over the practice and practiced for twenty years. In those days the health care system covered his costs of about ten dollars a visit. When the government cut back on this subsidy many of Dave's patients could not afford to attend his practice. Dave found it too busy in Hamilton so he sold his practice and moved to Amherst Island thanks to his knowing Vicki Keith and John Munro. He saw a great good change in them after they had moved to AI. Dave found very little real community in Hamilton. He likes the diverse people found on AI because they are all very accepting of each other's idiosyncrasies.

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

Dave comes from a sailing family and has started a navy of his own with the purchase of a rowboat at the AIMS auction. He is getting back to art work while his wife is away working in Burlington all week. He practices karate and raises bees in his back yard.

Dave changed gears here and went on to explain all about how the spine works. It was reassuring to learn that the spine is 5X overbuilt for the job it has to do. It is a bendable frame with twenty-four moving parts. It provides protection for the spinal cord. His four years of studying the spine lets him know when to send people to a surgeon. He developed a good working relationship with the Hamilton doctors who referred patients to him and vice versa.

The biggest fear of chiropractors comes from reading about torn neck arteries. The research shows that this is a one in a million chance which happens with doctors too. In a recent experiment a doctor found that more stress is placed on the neck arteries from normal movement of the head than anything a chiropractor might do when adjusting the neck vertebrae. Dave doesn't do any of that anyway. He showed us a small light percussion tube that he uses to gently realign vertebrae. He said it is best to catch these small out-of-line vertebrae early rather than later. Overloading the spine causes it to buckle just like a pressed slinky toy. He is open on Tuesdays and Thursdays for two hours in the morning and afternoon. Kingston prices are \$40 a visit, but he only charges \$25 and only \$10 for children. His business is so heavily regulated that he spends more time filling out forms than actually working on a patient. He finished his talk by advising that medical doctors and chiropractors should work together.

Dr. Brian Grace told us that he always taught his students to take an extra five minutes to find out the patient's family history and to bond. If doctors will only do that then the patient will follow his/her directions. In the forty years of his practice he was never sued. If anything went wrong the patient felt sorry for him.

Terry Culbert thanked Dave for his informative and very entertaining talk. He also said that he has allergies which are helped by eating Dave's summer honey. It seems that Dave has ten jars left of this magic brew. His honeybees collect summer honey from clover which seems to do the trick. The fall honey has nectar (and perhaps pollen) from Goldenrod and Ragweed.



EASE SUFFERING OF POST TRAUMATIC HOLIDAY DISORDER.

By Deb Kimmett (www.kimmett.ca)

'Tis the month before Christmas. Visions of holidays gone by dance in my head. Who can forget my mother standing at the bottom of the stairs, screaming "Everybody up!! We're having company for Christmas. Let's clean out the bedroom closets." Some people call them memories. I call them flashbacks. Of course I don't yell at my kids. Because they left home and they are screening their calls. No. I got a cleaning lady and when I ask her to clean she says "No comprendez, Anglais." Which is crazy because she's my cousin from Wellington.

I suffer from PTHD. Post Traumatic Holiday Disorder. Anything can set it off. The sound the chainsaw being started up in the living room as someone tries to get the base of the tree to fit in the tree stand. My partner standing against the wall trying to get the tree straight, with me screaming, "No, to the left. No the other left!" If I hear Silver Bells on the radio, I immediately get a glue gun. I forget about the third degree burns, the finger glued to my cheek, the trip to the E.R. I blame this on Martha Stewart. I almost snuck out of the kitchen when she came along and said, "Come back here and carve the guts out of that cantaloupe and use it as a centerpiece. Or a hostess gift, because Martha started that too.

I ask when does the shopping stop? One woman came over for dinner and gave me a sushi making kit. Which is ironic because I was serving fish and chips.

But still, you have to put a little thought into a hostess gift. People know when you bought the bouquet of flowers at the Mac's milk. Or fridge magnet at the Amherst Island store. Personally, I give notebooks so people can keep track of their hostess gifts. So when they re-gift giving it won't boomerang back to me.

This year I have a new coping strategy. I chug an espresso and get back into bed for a nap. Twenty minutes later, I wake up bright eyed and bushy-tailed. I call it a 'napacinnno'. Try it. If you add a shot of rum you'll miss the festivities all together.

It's your holiday so whatever you choose it's a good thing.



FROM MY GARDEN

-Doug Green (www.douggreengarden.com)

Now I know that there are more enthusiastic gardeners out there right now than I am. I'm about to enter winter-sleep mode and simply think about gardening for a few months rather than actually do anything. But I know there are determined folks who intend to garden all winter long in their window-sills, greenhouses, basements and back bedrooms. And I want to thank all of you because you're probably going to be reading my columns every week instead of those slackers, like me, who intend to stop gardening for a bit and take a break. It's good to know that folks like you keep on going to shame folks like me who can't imagine working away all winter long. So in celebration of your somewhat-crazed behaviour, let me pass along a few tips you might find useful. I used to pay attention to this kind of thing when I grew way too many plants as well.

The first thing is to make sure that your plants are clear of any insects and problems. Do it now. You really do want to take that insecticidal soap spray and start spraying the bejabbbers out of all your plants. Do it weekly if you see any pests on the plants. Trust me on this one, there are hitchhikers such as spider mites or aphids that have come indoors with all your plants and they'll lie around for the next month or so just building up energy and then wham! - you've got a serious infestation on your hands. So just assume you have some problems and soak those plants. Spray both the tops and bottoms of the leaves until the spray runs off (do this on plastic sheets as you'll have soapy water everywhere otherwise) the leaves and make sure that all the leaf axils (where the leaf joins the stem) are soaped up. If you have stems that are a bit old and barked-over, then ensure the spray gets into all the cracks in the bark where the pests like to hide. Be as thorough as you can with these initial sprays because you'll save yourself a lot of grief later.

The second thing to consider is your watering and feeding routine. I'm a great believer in feeding plants if you want them to grow. But at this time of year, when the plants are taking a bit of a rest with the lowered light levels, then I'd back the fertilizer off to half or even quarter strength. And I feed every two weeks instead of weekly. So the plant is still getting a bit of food when I water but not much. Enough to keep it ticking over but not grow like stink. So do cut back on the feeding but don't quit. Too many folks just quit feeding and then wonder why their plants are long, leggy and pale green in another few months.

The pale green comes because not only is there not enough food, there's not enough light to grow plants. That is unless they're acclimatized to low light levels and have never been outdoors in the summer. Those are your problem. My advice concerns those plants that have come indoors with us to try to overwinter alongside us. Those

poor outdoor plants are wondering what in heck happened to them with the lowered light levels. They're struggling. So you have several choices here. Those who are truly plant-berserkers should consider getting grow lights and keeping the light levels high enough so the plants don't stretch and go pale-green. Keep the grow lights within inches of the top of the plant and you'll be amazed at how the plant responds to this light-love. Those who simply want to keep the plant alive for the winter can find a nice sunny windowsill in a cold room somewhere. The cold temperatures will help slow the plant growth down so it doesn't require as much sunlight. It will still stretch out but not as much. The worst thing you can do is put them in a warm room in north-facing or dark windowsill where the temperature makes them want to grow but the light levels aren't enough to give them the energy to grow. You're almost better off killing the plant outright rather than torturing it all winter like that.

And I've written so many times about only watering when the soil is dry that I'm starting to sound like a broken record, even to myself. But that's important in the winter. Touch the soil and if it's dry, then water. If it's wet, don't water. There's no finer way to learn how to garden than to have to watch the winter water needs of a bunch of plants. They'll all be different with their own needs.

I always found that keeping overwintering plants a tad on the cool side gave me a much better looking plant than if I tried to keep them at the optimum growing temperature. Now those houseplanty-type things really need their warmth but outdoor plants you're overwintering (remember, I'm not overwintering a darn thing) do much better if you keep them cool. Where optimum temperature outdoors might be 22-24C (mid-70's F) optimum indoor temperatures for winter are better off around 14-15C (low 60's F). These cool temperatures slow down growth and allow the plant to rest a bit. And you want it to rest, even though it is an outdoor annual, because about February when the light levels are coming up, you're going to push it into growth to take slips and cuttings to get even more plants to overwinter for next year. But how to do that is another column entirely.

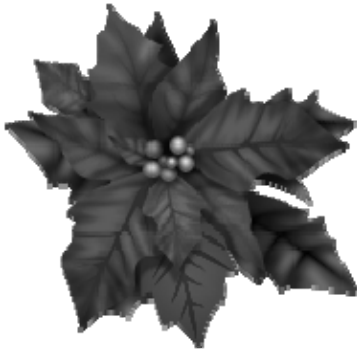
Now of course, I'm much more enlightened about such things. I believe in visiting the plants in their native Southern habitat rather than trying to brutally force them to grow in mine.



THE POLITICS OF CHRISTMAS

by Zander of DUNN INN

Most people figure politics and religion don't mix or should not mix. The problem is that they are all mixed up together - especially at Christmas time.



The study group at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church has been reading a book by Marcus Borg and Dominic Crossan entitled "The First Christmas".

The authors make the point that when Jesus was born there already was a Saviour, a Light of The World, a Lord in the world. That was Caesar Augustus.

According to the religion of Rome, Caesar was god. Caesar had been born of a virgin and was surrounded by heavenly hosts. He ruled a great nation of people who had conquered the known world. He was to be worshipped, praised and adored.

The Christmas story is more than merely a story; it is theology. Every part of the Christmas story in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke makes the point that Jesus is Lord, Saviour, Ruler of the World, King of the Jews.

That was a political affront to Rome and to Caesar. That's why, just before he killed him, Pilate kept asking Jesus if he were the King of the Jews. Pilate wanted to know how powerful this king was. To mock Jesus, Pilate put over his head on the cross a sign, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews."

The earliest Christian statement of faith, "Jesus is Lord" meant that Caesar was not Lord, which was heresy - political and religious heresy.

The Christmas story is full of pointers to the Lordship of Jesus. The wise men who came from afar (they represented all the people of the world) followed a star - a heavenly sign from God. Jesus was born of a virgin - just like Caesar. Jesus was born in Bethlehem, the city of King David, the greatest of the Israelite kings and Jesus was of David's family. Angels (messengers of God) announced the birth of Jesus to shepherds who represented the poor people of Palestine, oppressed by their Roman masters (but who dreamed of being free).

In other words, somebody more powerful and important than Caesar had come into the world. King Herod, a Roman puppet ruler, was upset and all the country with him. The Bible says Herod went so far as to kill all the Jewish boy babies under the age of two, in an attempt to get rid of this new King and Lord.

Jesus versus Caesar. That was the choice. Caesar and Rome believed in obtaining peace by violence and war. The Roman war machine ruled the world for centuries by oppression. Jesus, and those who followed him, believed

in obtaining peace by justice and love. Of course justice and love get defeated by violence and war every time. Victory belonged to Caesar.

Except that Caesar and the Roman Empire are things of the past. Christians claim Jesus is alive today. Only his way of forgiveness, love and acceptance leads to the peace that lasts.

Every Christmas we have to make a political choice: whether to follow the way of Caesar or the way of Jesus.



COUNCIL

GLEANINGS

- Ian Murray
Regular Meeting
November 10: a book of ferry tickets was donated to AIMS for the New Year's Dance;
CJAI's request for another grant was rejected.



Regular Meeting November 24.

The Ameriks Scholarship fund for 2008 totalled \$2716. The money came from the following sources: WI, \$150; John & Elizabeth Harrison (in memory of Helen Caughey), \$75; Nicole Plumstead, \$25, and South Shore Enterprises, \$2000.

These students each received \$271.60: Laurel Brady, York U.; Whitney Fleming, Loyalist C.; Marlene Kilpatrick, U of T; Alison McDonald, The Michener Institute; Geoffrey McDonald, St. Lawrence C.; Ashley McGinn, Queen's U.; Christopher Reed, Queen's U.; Chrysta Trotter, St. Lawrence C.; and, Christopher Varga, St. Lawrence College.

From a letter addressed to Reeve Clayton McEwen from Minister Jim Bradley of MTO:

"As we discussed [at the recent AMO conference], the ministry will review the current Loyalist Township legal agreement with a view to developing a subsidy arrangement to ensure that the ferry service is as safe, convenient and reasonably priced as possible. I wish to reconfirm with you that at this time, we are not considering taking over the Amherst Island Ferry service."

THANK YOU



To the people of Amherst Island: The girls and I wish to thank all of you who supported us in this very difficult time. We would like to thank all of you who supported Alan through his 38 years of Island life – every one of you made a difference to him in the past and to us in the present and in some way added to our lives. We will always remember the outpouring of love and affection and care that we received that day and will keep it in a special place in our hearts, right next to Alan’s memory.

I particularly wish to thank Tom Richmond, Rosemary Richmond, Molly Stroyman, Reverend Dr. Zander Dunn, Nancy Dunn, the Presbyterian Church Women, the people of St. Paul’s Presbyterian Church, the people of Topsy Farms, especially Jacob & Sue, the First Response Team, the people of Amherst Island Public Radio, the people of the Nielson Store Museum, the people of AIMS, the pallbearers: Michael Rudicell, Dave McGee, Steve Babcock, Carl McCrosky, Gordon Frosst, and Clive Knights, Brian Little and Stephen for the photos at the Lodge, Jill Johnson & family, Nicholas Kaduk, Freda Youell for adopting Sting, and everyone who attended the funeral and the reception after and who looked after our friends from afar. Every card, every hug, every picture, every box of chocolate, every flower, every donation, every memento, every story will be kept and treasured.

Judy Roberts, Anna Kidd and Eva Kidd

ISLE would like to thank CAIRE for their donation to our committee.

The \$500.00 donation will buy \$1000.00 worth of books (through a special warehouse sale), for the school library.

Seasons greetings to all my Rawleigh customers. Thank you for supporting me. I would also like to thank AIMS for sponsoring the Farmers Market. It is a great place for island vendors to sell their products.

Marie Ward

I would like to extend my sincere thanks to St. Paul's P.C.W., the Amherst Island Women's Institute, my relatives and friends on the Island, for the beautiful cards, phone calls and support shown me on Joe's death. Your kindness will always be remembered.

Anna Wlasuk & family

The AIWI would like to extend very special thanks to all those members of the community who helped at the Seniors' Christmas Dinner.

Sheila Whiting, Deb Kimmett, Caroline Yull, Fae McArthur, Lorna Willis, Brian Little, David Pickering, Stella O'Byrne, Diane Kennedy, Margaret Maloney, Mike Walhout and members of the 4H as well as Lynn Fleming, the Rec. Committee and the students of AIPS contributed in many ways to make the event a success.

Thank you.

Claire Jenney and Kirsten Bennick
A.I.W.I. Co-Presidents

Gian & Pat Frontini would like to thank all their friends & neighbours on the Island for their good wishes & kind words during Gian's illness. Your encouragement & the good air on the Island have helped him feel much better.

Please accept my humblest gratitude for all the support and caring from all of you! Thank you to Zander, St.Paul's P.C.W, my benefactor for the wonderful send off for Mom.

The hugs, flowers, cards, food and donations have helped a lot to help me over this huge loss in my life.

Ida

A heartfelt thank you to all my relatives, neighbours and friends for prayers, cards, fruit, and flowers and especially for visits while in hospital and at home. Also a special thanks to everyone who brought in food for Doug and fed him meals and also thanks to Freda for keeping "an eye" on things.

Everything was much appreciated.

Helen Lamb

Thank you to everyone who has offered us support, condolences, and hugs over the past few days. A special thanks to Victoria & Paul Cuyler, Carol Frizzell, Lesley Frizzell, Jim & Judi Gould, Barb Hoegenauer & Terry Culbert, Dorothy & Kaye McGinn, Justin Peterson & Brianna Rustige, Tom & Rosemary Richmond, Molly Stroyman, and Candace Youell.

Every day we count ourselves fortunate to live on this Island, in this amazing community, and the past week and a half has been no exception. Thank you all.

Jacob Murray and Sue Frizzell

~ CLASSIFIEDS ~ ~ CLASSIFIEDS ~

CLEANING HELP NEEDED

The Neilson Store Museum and Cultural Centre needs someone to clean about two hours weekly or as needed. If interested Islanders would like to submit a proposal as to salary expected and have inquiries about the job requirements, please contact: Bruce Burnett 613-634-6696.

WATKINS PRODUCTS

Feel a cold coming on? Achy muscles? Sore joints? Sore nose from blowing? Chapped lips? Medicated ointment is your friend. Call me for details and to find out about Watkins other useful products. All natural cleaning products, spices, etc. all available.
Sue 613-384-2478
sue@topsyfarms.com

WANTED

To purchase a very good quality used cordless telephone.
(I want used not for cheapness but because of the emissions from new plastic.)

GIVE THE GIFT OF LAUGHTER

Deborah Kimmitt \$20
Thursday Feb 5th 2009 7:30 PM
Napanee Lion's Hall
57 County Road 8
(TICKETS AT AMHERST ISLAND STORE,
GRAYS IN NAPANEE)
Cash Only Open Seating

(GREAT STOCKING STUFFER)

USED BATTERIES

Used single use batteries – except car batteries – may be left at the General Store. The Women's Institute will take them to a proper facility where the components can be extracted and recycled.

CHRISTMAS SALE DRAW

A \$50 gift certificate for any Topsy Farms' product was won by Colleen Tinlin of Napanee. Colleen was one of the visitors who entered the draw at the Wool shed during the Amherst Island Christmas Sale. She says she's never won anything before.

FOR SALE

The stock market may be going down, but waterfront property is going up. Invest in this grassy lot overlooking the Bay of Quinte on Amherst Island. Promise not to build for ten years and the price drops from \$150,000 to \$100,000. Pay cash and the price drops to \$75,000. This 1.92 acre property is located next to the Danial Fowler House at 14005 Front Road.

We would never consider selling this appreciating investment except that we need the money to buy a winter place in Chapala, Mexico where the sun shines every day.

Call Hugh or Claire Jenney at 613.384.7830 for an appointment.
hcjenney@hotmail.com

COOL MEADOWS GALLERY & BAKERY

30 Front Road
613-634-8716
Tue – Sat.
10:30 a.m. to 6:30 p.m.
Peter Bigras

CHIROPRACTOR

Amherst Island Chiropractic,
Dave Meikle D.C.,
11450 Front Rd., Appointments Tuesday and Thursday 8-10 am. 4-6 pm.
For appointments or any questions call Dave at 613-384-5363 or 613-328-8892.

ISLAND BOOK

Once Upon An Island by Doris Henderson.
Four copies left, \$20 each.
If interested call 613 389-1872.

CARROT PUDDING

I am now taking orders for Carrot Pudding for Christmas.
All orders have to be in by Dec. 15.
Phone Barbara Reid at 389-0675.

FOOT CARE ON AMHERST ISLAND

Some of you may not be aware that this health service is available on the Island. Once every six to seven weeks a registered nurse who specializes in foot care comes and provides her services.

\$25/half hour and includes nail trimming, paring down of corns, calluses, and sanding of dry skin.



ALAN MORGAN KIDD JULY 3, 1947—NOVEMBER 30, 2008

