Poetry Material & Writings

K. L. T.

POETRY
WRITINGS
MSS. Etc.

Our Son
May - 1983.

The Ultimate Bravery.

That we face the unknown with faith, confidance and trust. That we go forth [redacted] on a road that was chartered for us before time, leaving a legacy of love behind us, reaching out unquestioningly and uncomplainingly to a love greater than we have ever known.

Dad.

Later
The heartache and the tears
long days and nights of dreams out
'till the light dawned like years
Sunlight and dark

Manitoba 4-H Clubs

Certificate of Appreciation

This Certificate is presented to

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Turnbull

in appreciation of the support and assistance given to 4-H
in the Province of Manitoba.

Dated May 10 1983 Nature Craft Girls - Birtle

MANITOBA

MG-4826

The atheist is one who has no faith in himself. He is like the man who discards any attempt at completing what he started. If it be a work of art he becomes quickly dissatisfied and tosses it aside as worth no more of his effort. Another can pick up the discard and the challenge is irresistable. His faith in himself demands that he do something and keep on trying. He may fail, but he comes back to try again. Presently the art or whatever is completed and the artist wonders where did that knowledge come from. Faith tells him that a power beyond himself gave him the answer and at the same time he is strengthened by knowledge that without faith in himself a man can achieve nothing. That is why the atheist casts aside all belief in power outside himself. He has taught himself certain rules that if he abid by them he can fabricate certain things be it a page of words, a building, a bridge or a poem. He preemtorarily casts aside those things which he cannot understand and does not realize that he is casting aside beauty. For in his own structures the atheist embodies no beauty. All beauty rests in faith in things not immediately discernable, but must be brought forth by patient

2. effort and tireless will until the completed structure, painting or writing stands forth with the beauty of unseen power in every line, every brush stroke and every word.

Why should we mourn when the shadow falls
And a dear one is called away
Death is the key that opens a door
On a sunlit perfect day.
" " "
With outstretched hand the Christ-man waits
To welcome the traveller Home
The curtain of darkness slips softly aside
All radiance fills the air
"

Loved ones long gone surround us
And clap our hands in theirs
While lost in adoring wonder

1st mention of Palmerino School District #6 15 = 1895

Oct 11th 1890 Rent of School-house & 10.00

4yrs 1895

2tem 1897 Feb 27th Hudson Bay Co. 1 Acre land for school site 7.00

4 year lapse

Peter Fidler's Diary Assiniboine Basin P.P. 45

Date 1803 4.8.5

Louis. Mr. Gordon Mc Morran
Editor Louis Plaindealer

Mrs. Arthur Haig
Gilbert Wood Homestead.

Miss Evelyn Brandon
Granddaughter Christopher Brandon
Wells Scrap book

Then well ye critics look
Before your scoff or spare
The lines that make a book
Or paint that canvas holds
For what the writer sees
Or painter feels of ~~beauty~~ duty
But
Are which the cloak
Which effort or desire unfolds
~~Which~~ to your sight
Be dumb, but to the author
And the painter - beauty.

Chauvin Alta
Jan 12. 72

Dear Norman & Grace.

Thanks for your kind letter received the other day. Also had one from Bill Scarth he said you had let him know.

Eva did not suffer so much a very bad heart attack. She called me at 6, A.M. Sunday and we had her in the hosp by 8, a.m. She seemed not bad after the pain was eased. But we were call back at 10. P.M. and she passed away at 12.30 Monday A.M. I miss her the house is empty I'll never forget her goodness to Chas & I.

I dont know how your weather is but ours is cold and windy. I think its around -40 now. I know the furnace never seems to stop. We had a bad wind and it did damage around. We have lived in this country a long time so we know what cold it.

Thanking you one more time - your kind letter and wishing You the best in 72.

Sincerely

W. M. Diamond

Have faith and in that faith abide
The mystery is hidden from human eyes to see
So as we walk each day in questing search
Each day its own appointed time shall keep
Each page of life shall show a path
Not what we have been but today what we shall choose to be
And as we grow in knowledge & in strength
Through many an unsought battle in adversity
So shall our faith abide and mystery fade
Till the Great Artist of all creation
Shall say "It is good." That which I have made

Oh God in Heaven in whose hand,
Are all the souls of earth, born and unborn
From out the misty past a myriad years
Have borne their million million souls
Who praise Thee until the highest Heavens sing
And down to us come echoing across the spheres
Their mighty voice. But we are deaf,
We cannot hear beyond the hollow cry
Of our own avarice and our greed,
We reach and reaching let pass by
Some soul who wails to us his need.

And in that great Book of judgement
Wherein all things we do are writ
We look and see the names of those
Whom greed and lust have made unfit
To journey farther and to find new birth.
Where do these go Oh Lord of Heaven and earth.
Thou shalt not question One whose people
Are his own. In whose Almighty Hand
Are all the powers of death and life
Whose judgement rules throughout the land
Whose earthly Death upon the cross

Redeem of the ruin of sin and evil darkness Africa
Life
Of
Avic and all lands
From Hell
To the ransomed
Gods Redemption
to

When through one man, a little more love

and goodness, a little more light and truth

come into the world, then that mans life has meaning.

From May's buletin Board.

Dec. 1976.

UNFINISHED TOWERS.

For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it? Lest haply, after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him. Saying, This man began to build, and was not able to finish. LUKE 14:28-30.

Dear Kalila:n:

One of the most perplexing things in every day life is our relationship one to another. Here am I, writing to you like this, knowing that in this world at least we will never meet again. So often I meet people who remind me of you. I think we , as humans , sense integrity in others. For our own lack of it we are unprepared to speak or make any advance to the other person and like ships in the night, we dip our lights in salute and pass quietly by. One remembers with delight the integrity of another fellow being.

for "The Letters"

You should not have laughed..

Last night a remark made by a friend gave me food for thought. We had watched the play "Fiddler on the Roof" put on by a group of really talented high school pupils & their teachers. The remark made in praise of a ~~It was a~~ commentary on the pogrom or exodus of the jewish people from their little village and the business & land they had deemed as theirs for their life. My friend remarked that we could only see the outward sign of being torn apart from families and friends and the dispersal all over the world. We could see the "inner" tearing apart of each individual involved. Especially the older people who had put down roots. Suddenly it came to mind just how fortunate I was that in my youth I had been inwardly torn apart in a manner that could have been self destructive if it had not been for the kindness and love of dissenting friends of my own age group..

The Base of Anarchy. Canadian Confederation.
Anarchy Building

We are wise beyond all learning,
In this world that we have made
The systems that we treasured
Have proved themselves beyond a doubt
To be useless encumbrances
That most could do without.

Ignorant men in public office
Their sole idea to fill their purse
If not their wallets, then their image
It's hard to say which is the worse.
Their's is but a bright reflection
Of the public stance behind,
We, the people who elect them,
Are seldom of a constant mind.

Who can sail a ship of state
When the crew are torn with doubt,
Who can pilot true the course
When the buoys are moved about
No one but a fool would muster
Courage to attempt the task
When from a million different throats
Come a million different answers
To "What is it that you ask ?"

We will not heed the record,
Written plainly to our south
We watch a nation in it's death throes
But still believe the words of mouth.
How can the truth then still be living
When we believe not what we see,
Or do we look with eyes that see not
When we shout prosperity !

No nation can be prosperous,
When it's head is sunk in slime
With the future tossed in gutters
And a vote costs but a dime
When promises are but another pledge
To be broken with no lapse of time
When heads are full of learning
And brains are as empty as can be
When only eyes are used for envy
Not a goodly, Godly, world to see.

Then what good is all our learning
All the pulpit prate and fire
When to win is all essential,
And we idolize the liar.
Loose the bonds of federation
Or remake them if you will
But do it quckly do it soonly
Before a brother's blood we spill.

H. L. January 1971 Eire

No nation can be prosperous
When its head is sunk in slime
While the future lies in gutters
And a vote costs but a dime
When promises are but broken pledges
To be shrugged aside when due
And a stance is the leader
Of a dangerous minority few

It is not failure on the ministers part either. He or she is often as confused as their congregations. A product of our so called sophisticated colleges a minister often is thrown out into a world of which his professors have had no active part for years. A world so rapidly moving in its mores and concepts as to be perpetually in need of a renewal of priorities.

Each year our schools colleges and seminaries pour out their product into a world that is bitterly competitive for existence. Industrial giants vie with each other for the lions share of markets that are here today and obsolete tomorrow. Stimulated by the profit motive they can only exist by enhancing the greed resistant in all humanity. Production for use is a dirty epithet and the use of it an antethesis to all modern business ethics. Even blasphemy takes second place to that phrase.

Professors that only have a dim view of the Bible and what its real meaning is to their generation. It is too simple, not complex enough, too little individual status inherent. No man wants to be famous after he is dead. He does not believe in eternal life. Must have acclamation here & now. Therefore praise of

people is more important than Approval from God. In fact to many educators God is dead. Or at least is too recalcitrant about his immediate rewards. God in his wisdom has ordained that the gifts of the present are but the ashes of the future and only He can give what man really craves. But man has to have faith and patience and hope to obtain it"

The Gods gave a microbe a drop of water and in it he lived. They gave an ant an half acre of land, and he prospered. They gave a tiger a forest and he found an empire and became an Emperor. They gave a man the Universe and all the knowledge therein. He entered of his own free will the dungeon of Dogma, shut his mind to truth and slew and slayed his brothers

from — "Book of Right Living"

Society a building on faulty foundations. We build for our own glory and not to the glory of God.

Christ in the world

What we build in fait we build without error. Because we cannot really build in faith without prayer. Prayer is the mind in search for a strength beyond itself, beyond knowing & the realization of the power of prayer is the greatest possession of the human mind.

Sincerely involved
Miscalculation

From Francis Jay. **Historically Speaking.**

Many of us are greatly concerned about the times in which we live, and it is highly desirable that we should be so – there are enough dangers and undesirable tendencies to discourage us. Even so, I could not help smiling, if perhaps a trifle sadly, at the words of a much-too-cheery-optomist who declared only the other day – *This is a wonderful generation to belong to. Everything wrong is the fault of stupid people who came before us, and will have to be put right by the generation which comes after us.*

In talking to your young people for a few minutes this afternoon one thing we should all remember is that whether we like it or not or whether we really believe it or not each and everyone of us contributes to history. We may not all be Alexander the Great, Caesar's, Napoleon, Churchill St. Augustine, nor need our name ever be mentioned in any hall of fame. Yet in some manner we all contribute, from the least to the greatest.

Courage. J. M. Barrie one time Prime St Andrews

History is written in chapters. Even the youngest of you here today has got through some chapters. In youth one tends to look rather frequently in mirrors, not at all necessarily from vanity. You say to yourself "What an interesting face; I wonder what he is up to."

Your elders do not look into the mirror as often. We know what he has been up to.

At any rate whether we look into mirrors or not, history is always being compiled. It is in the gathering up and sifting out that we come across the interesting episodes that have gone into the characters of history. Such as a one time Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba who flew into such rages that he would throw himself on the floor and bite the carpets. Well, we've all felt inclined at times to do the same and I suppose the old boy just gave in to his impulses which is perhaps better than bottling it up and finally taking it out on a less inanimate object. Even Lieutenant Governors were little boys at one time.

When Matt phoned me and asked if I would come and talk to his class on history today and that any area of time would take in the 20's I wondered just what might interest you. It is easy for a grandfather to reminisce and I have already been warned about exaggerating - young and old we are all prone to do that aren't we? A word of warning here. History is being made in the present but only in the past can it be really seen how it affects us and thus be a

My everlasting gratitude to an Indian old enough to be my father who quietly and unobtrusively got me out of tight corners, 'saving face' for me until I learned the tricks of the trade. Showing me how to set the sieves of the separator so that they would do the best possible job with the material going through. History! Yes lots of it and being taught to a young Canadian by a man whose forebears roamed this land before my ancestors were ever thought of. When we unselfishly help a fellow human being in this world we make history. It may never be written down for others to read for our greatest education in life is learning how to get along with others and help where we can.

Oh yes the ~~liveries~~ were not all work! We had lots of fun too. We made it ourselves. Summer evenings when neighboring young people gathered at some farm that had a pasture large enough to play ball on. Girls and boys making up mixed teams and often as not Dad & mother joining in, also the men that happened to be hired as extra help for the summer. We had no uniforms, good bats and a ~~couple of~~ ball was all that was required. Some old grain sacks for bases.

Guide to the future.

My good fortune in life was in having parents who cared enough about me to see that I got as good an education as was possible in the 'teens and twenties of this century. That education included the use of my hands at a quite early age. Doing something constructive. If my hands fumbled "Where are your brains" was the question that provided thought. If I failed at something that I tried I was encouraged to try it again. Failure never hurt anyone, falling flat on ones face now and then was no disgrace, perhaps a bit of ridicule from peers or parents but the ignominy was in staying flat on your face. My father taught me to seed and harrow when I was nine years old. Harrowing was O.K. but what a harrowing experience! Seeding was really something! One had to be so particular, the horses were driven just so. The seeding had to be straight and no misses. Constant attention and concentration were the orders of the day.

My first threshing machine when I was twenty four men to hire and manage, some of them twice my age. The many evenings spent lining up tractor to separator so that the drive belt ran true and straight. A thresherman was judged in those days by the speed with which he could line up his machines and get the sheaves moving again

1st John 3rd. chapter

Romans 8

from The New American Bible

14 For all who are being led by the Spirit of God, these are sons of God.

15 For you have not received a spirit of slavery leading to fear again, but you have received a spirit of adoption as sons by which we cry out, "Abba ! Father !"

16 The Spirit Himself bears witness with our spirit that we are children of God.

The Strong and the Weak.

In the two texts that we are using this morning are two examples of the Strong and the weak which make up humanity. The one takes place several hundred years before the other yet each one holds a lesson suggestion for us to think about

Isaiah in dealing with his countrymen likens his nation as children that the Lord has raised and who have rebelled against their Heavenly Father He warns them against impending punishment in the form of enemy persecution and warfare

The Strong and the Weak.

The title of my address for this morning is taken from Paul Tournier's book of the same title. A fitting one for the times in which we live and perchance for future times as well. Paul Tournier, noted medical doctor, ~~psychiatrist~~, and Theologian has written several books that deal with the human condition. During his lifework dealing with those three avenues of human healing he has built up a vast experience in dealing with every human condition his own, as well as that of many patients. He deals with all humanity as Children of God.

In our texts this morning Isaiah likens the Israelitish nation to children who have rebelled against God. They are no longer the strong nation they once were, but weakened by sin and their idea of national greatness they have become the object of the wrath of God.

In our text from St Matthew the descendents of those Israelites some several hundred years later crowded round Jesus bringing their children to him to be touched and blessed. We can hear the rebuke of the disciples as they sought to keep parents and children away from the Son of God. "But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased and said unto them "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. "Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them and blessed them.



I saw a nation.

I saw a nation stretching far from
Pacific coasts to Atlantic's eastern bar
From a thousand thousand chimneys
Rolled the fumes of great endeavour
From northern mines and mineral fields
Her wealth grew ever greater
Across her western prairies and tundra
and her steppes
Grew a golden sea of foodstuff to
feed a hungry world
Her northern lake and fish still teem'd
Forest and rolling rockland, outcrop
Arid swamp and spruce, all these and more
Envisioned I in boyhood and in youth
Then '14 ended in thunder hit by the
Kaiser's hand, and our veterans and
Our loyal men enlisted I did by the score,
enlisted from every land

Come with me on fancy's flight
To realms afar, unknown,
Journey with me on trails of light
Where no other man has gone..

Give me your hand let me share with you
My treasures of the road
We will talk as we walk on trails new
And share each other's load

As we pass along each darksome spot
There will be times we may forget
That we are two and yet are not ,
Just two strangers scarcely met .

A man is what he makes of himself; he fashions himself on the on the anvil of his nature. The heats of his desire determine what the hammer of circumstance will form. In his wraughting he may touch the lives of many. He may choose to retire within himself and the ring of his anvil becomes more faint as the years pass. .I if his efforts be unselfish and failure a challenge toattempt xxxxxxxxxxxxxx more greatly inevitably success will draw nearer

fbhf fbhf fbhf fbhf fbhf fbhf fbhf jngj jngj jngj gngj jngj jngj
fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf fvhf
fbft fbft fbft fbft fbft fbft fbft fbft jnjy jnjy jnjy jnjy jnjy jnjy

Kallila The singer & the Song.

The singing in the home

The voice

Return of memories

Kallila Korkovich

There will be no other response to this letter unless you answer in the affirmative. If you do not answer than please consider the whole matter betweenus closed and do not ever mention having met me. That way is best for both of us and thus there will be no regrets. We have never met !

Yours very truly,

Jonathan Toadinmud.

Their pattern woven from the seeking mind

Dormant) Thought springs free and from realms unknown

Their pattern woven from the minds deep wells.

A mind springs free and gives itself to thought
seeks to express itself in

The springs of mind are freed
Hidden springs are freed and from realms unknown
Seek to express themselves by medium of the written word

From long closed off

And as these words on paper form
Their pattern woven from the minds deep well
The mortar crumbles and the walls collapse
Hidden springs are freed and from source unknown
seek expression through medium of the written word
by

Secretive springs

Orig - 1 Some worded gem is found and held
Corr - 2 Some gemmed word is found and held

Orig. 1 - The pen writes on to paint it for posterity

Corr 2 - For pen to write it for posterity.

Corr - 3 Penn'd expressly for posterity
Inscribed
Speaking in living terms for all posterity

{ Some gemmed word is found and held
{ Inscribed in living terms for all posterity

That chanced upon by worldly eyes and mind
Much used to modern day ~~outrage~~ neglect
Had ceased ~~the~~ inward look or care
concern for

Had lost concern for inward look or care

That chanced upon by worldly eyes and ~~thought~~
~~Dulled~~ much used to modern age neglect
Had lost concern for inward look, or care
What brief perception might still reveal

That chanced upon by worldly eyes and mind thought
Dulled much by modern age neglect
Had lost concern for inward look, or care
1 What brief perception might still reveal.
2 What brief perception might a greater vision give.

Touched a secret spring long since grown ground
by tares and weeds of a neglected part

Christmas for the Ellisitts

May God's blessing be upon you
On your work and on your plans
May the way you walk grow smoother
By the help of helpful hands

May the light of Christmas morning
Dawn for you in brighter glory
You'll know the Master's listening
When you tell once ~~of~~ his birth story.

Then when shadows of even beckon
And the night comes quietly down
You'll hear "well done thou good and faithful
Enter now into thine own."

S. L. T. Dec. 4/61.

be several feet thick on the lake there was always the chance of a train getting off an unpacked road and onto snow that was soft and under which the ice might be nowhere as thick. We all knew of trains going through ice, some of us had friends who had lost their lives when dragged down with their cats or crushed by loads sliding in on top of them.

~~The cat~~ I was operating again I had a feeling we were making new road. My machine settled once in a while as fast snow packed down. We drew abreast of an island that looked as if the trees had been there for centuries, great tall columns of spruce and pine silhouetted by the rising moon behind them.

All at once my attention was drawn to a darker object among the trees. It looked almost like the roof of a long cabin. It was only for a moment and then the illusion was gone. It left me with an odd feeling as if something beckoned me. However it would be only an old abandoned logging camp perhaps but I did not remember seeing it on any other trips and we had made aerial ~~in~~ this region by daylight. I had also been in a plane scouting over most of this territory and any sizeable cabin that size would have been most certainly spotted from the air.

There is a void in everybody heart
A space to fill: friendships chair.
By that you wall is not more beckoning
Than the heart whose rest is never found,
Until at last tried beyond human strength
We (knees) and at those rocks placed firm
Around the wooden footed cross
We kneel and bow our heads, give forth our praise
In prayer for help: for yet we cannot help ourselves.
We who are mortal are but weak flesh
The strengthening arm of God we seek
In his great love he reaches down, lifts each one up
And walks with us over all the lanes of life.
But we must ask, submit unto his will
We are not denied if prayer is answered not
God has his own plans for us, not we ourselves
Can always guide our lives aright
Astray more often than on straight (narrow) and road
Our prayers may longer long are answered
But we prayed (ah) there is good in that
For man must (yield) his will to that of God
In (yielding) find new strength of heart and mind
New sacrifice, new prayer that God can answer
(Answer). Thus we build, slowly and surely build
And building be the men God planned.

Synonym hers —

The days at school were long and strange. Different entirely to being at home with dad and mother. Here one had others to play with, girls and boys. There were lessons to learn and at recess games to play. Recess's were fun even on winter days. There were drifts of snow in winter, to build forts in and to climb, or slide down, bluffs sheltered the chool yard from the bitter winds and it was just plain good to get out and tear round. Those hard desks and their harder seats were certainly not conducive to rest of any kind, physical or mental.

Not far from the school there were hills and a pretty valley. In early spring these hills were a profusion of wild crocus. In winter they provided skiing and sliding for the more venturesome and perhaps more affluent pupils. Then when the noon hour afforded more time the whole school would be off down the road to the hills and the owners of skis would show off their prowess. The more daring of the boys would always be watched by a cluster of girls who doubtless hoped that perhaps they would be offered a chance to try out the slopes but were more often than not ignored.

In summer the days were longer, the prairies colored with flowers, the children walked to school along winding roads and trails, scuffing up the dust with bare feet or on wet days mudding up some wayside puddle, the delightful feeling of cool mud oozing up between calloused toes. Perhaps those days had the makings of sturdier men and women, who knows ? Vimy Ridge, Passchendale, Ypres, Mons, hold many of the answers. The years 1939-45 hold still more. These latter were the shameful years when humanity witnessed genoacide unimaginable. When young men blackened the tops of freight cars travelling east, west , across Canada. The cumulative years when all the wrongs of the Great Depression and the infamous treaties of 1914-18 aftermath grew together into an explosive bomb of humanity which in turn was tossed by a mad subbaltern into a world already seething in chaos.

In the years of the small country school there were often more things learned than simple A, B, Cs; or the Three Rs. The solitary child of a homesteading family found himself mixing with f families numbering anywhere from four to eight, with various sizes of brothers and sisters. With due directness any symptom of interest between the sexes was singled out and the participants quite often given the treatment of much ribald teasing.As many of t the pupils walked home together along the main roads leading to the school there would be groups engaged in some prank or another. Woe betide the small boy who offered to carry the books of some small girl who seemed to him to be worthy of the effort, at least for the time being. Perhaps the emancipation of women started roots along many a country road.

There was little permissiveness in the growing generation of those days either from parents or the peer groups among the growing adolescents in the early part of the century. Many a small smart aleck got his ears well warmed when he scuffled up dust in front of senior girls during the tramp home along a dusty lane on a hot summer afternoon. Some life-long romances budded on those walks too. Later on they blossomed into something deeper. Marriages were entered into that lasted for a lifetime. Divorces were unheard of and only spoken about in whispers.

One lad and lass of that old school discovered a life-long friendship in a mud puddle in front of the school. They had both just started to school. The girl was one of a large family of brothers and sisters. The boy an only child. It was a hot day after rain and the mud puddle was cool and inviting for bare feet. The meeting took place at the last recess before four o'clock. It was hard to say who threw the first handful of mud. Whichever it was, there was no backing down on the part of either male or female. The gasps of horror when the pair did enter the school proved the effectiveness of the adversaries. They were a pair of semi mobile mud-babies. The Teachers only remark was "You two will stay in after four !" As the other scholars filed out at four o'clock there were smirks and snickers and some glances of commiseration. The last one out closed the door but left it a little adjar. The teacher marched up and closed it with enough force to warn those outside of the finality of any effort to peep. The two culprits were told to come up to her desk from a drawer of which the teacher pulled out a strap made of two inch wide rubber belting. The boy was told to hold out his hand. The first

stroke of the strap straightened his backbone as if a knife had stuck him.He was darned if he was going to cry in front of the girl! After four on each hand his determination was wavering .The teacher must have fully believed in equality of the sexes.The girl got the same as the boy and with as much muscle behind the strap. There were tears in the eyes of each but no crying. Through age old instinct,each had made up their mind not to cry in front of the other. From that incident stemmed a lifelong friendship that though it grew into nothing further could have been perhaps, the basis of one of those aforementioned romances.The boy recalled the episode many times. (Years passed etc etc see yellow copies)

So Much

Where the sun is setting
Far o'er the western main
I see the glories of the skies
And think of Him

So much we have he has given
So little we call our own
So little we need to be happy
So much his love has sown

The ground I stand on is sacred
It never belonged to me
And you cannot claim it either
It never belonged to thee.

So we share the world together
Gather joy where'er we can
For He who made the heavens
He fashioned as well the man

All the things we treasure
will pass away in time
Others will gather in meanness
While we in eternity climb

The things you think
you must have
To be really happy today
Tomorrow have lost true value
And are easily cast away.

What we keep we have always had
Nor did we notice it then
Only when must we have given
We're exchanged for the love of men.

And so we wearily travel
And stand with eyes on the sod
If only we'd learn to look
upward
And find the love of God.

No lights gleamed forth from
the low hung eaves.
No tinsel bright on the doorway shone
No packages piled ~~sound a lake for two~~ like a stack of sleeves
On the night when Christ was born

No tables there piled with fruit so rare
No turkey or lamb or beef
But a baby there with his mother fair
And oxen in dire relief.

No whiskey there to dull the care
No gin or rum or wine
But a straw strewn bed for the Baby's head
And a star above to shine

No soaring cars that crush & ~~maim~~ maul
As they respond to a drunken brain
But only the quiet of a stable stall
~~With perhaps the patter of rain~~
And a Mother's crooning refrain.

The babes path thro the years
was strewn with tears
yet with smiles & laughter too

That path as rough was good enough
for the son of God to tread
And he faced with calm and no alarm
the Cross that redeemed the dead.

As he was laid the stark cold earth
And saw his disciples fast
for forty days in many ways
He told of those days in the past

Now in that nether world as he
He walked with those lost in sin
Giving them joy and peace & hope
for ~~the~~ release from the hell they were in.

And so in our day we have always
The seasons three to rejoice
Christmas and Newyears and Easter too
And alive in our hearts his voice.

I go to prepare a place for you
when I pray to my ~~Heavenly~~ Father
for mansions are many in glory's world

Despair, dark word,
Tho' deepest danger fraught
The mind too tired to reason
Gives way to wild bewildering
thoughts
No friend at hand that cares,
Or so we often think
Loneliness is fast, above us
and around
Yet when in sight the end
All we have striven for but dust
We turn reach out our hand
And Thou art there
Despair gives way to loving
trust.

Despair, dark word
With deepest danger fraught
The mind too timid to reason
Gives way to wild bewildering thought
No friend at hand that cares
Or so we often think
The loneliness is vast and everywhere
Near, yet far, above us and
around
Yet when we seem to have reached
the end
All else we have striven for
but dust
We turn, stretch out our hand
and thank at thine
Despair gives way to living trust.

F. L. S.

Summer 61

Loneliness is vast
around us and above,

Yet when in sight the end
all we have striven for put dust

We turn reach out our hand
And Thou art there
Despair gives way to loving trust.

Give me a pretty maid,yet sweet and good, to wife

To share the sunrise of living life together.

Then cross the seas of time ahead we'll sail,

White canvas billowd out and bent to weather.

May then our love o'er storms prevail,

And through the sunny hours and dark,

Will share with each the working of our barque.

God,for our compass o'er the unknown seas,

His Son,our Pilot thro' the peace and storms of life

Shall still the hasty word and lead us back to calmer shore

Where strife by love shall tempered be ;

Till two of us become as one, and hand in hand

With mutual love,approach the setting of our sun.

a opening

It was mid November, and the rain fell steadily on Vancouver. It had rained all day and the lights on Hastings street were reflected off the water runninng to the gutters. A taxi pulling to the curb opposite one of the more prosperous looking Chinese retaurants discharged a passenger who casually looked both ways, up and down the street, before he reached in the cab and p paid the driver his fare. The driver evidently said something to him because the man laughed shrugged his shoulders and turned into the restaurant.

Once inside it became evident that the customer, if customer he was, was just not too sure of what he should do next or where he should turn. He slipped off low rubbers and pushed them under a coat rack with the toe of one shoe. Before he could remove his top coat a Chinese waiter approached him. "Mr. Beltham ? Mr Walter Beltham?"

"Yes!" The answer had in it more of surprise than affirmation. Evidently the visitor had not expected to be known, much less called by name but he covered his surprise with a qestion of his own.

"Does a Mr Yang Po own this retaurant ?"

"Will you come this way please, Mr," as Beltham moved to take off his coat, " Please bring your coat with you." Mr Po is expecting you, this way if you please" and the waiter moved off down a dimly lit corridor .

As Walter Beltham followed his guide the stature of the two men were remarkable in the difference as to height. But that was all. Both men were straight and walked as if military training or good physical exercise had at one time been habitual with them. The Chinese came only to the visitor' shoulder but both men walked as if with a purpose.

Beltham stopped suddenly as his guide turned abruptly to the left and opened a door. "Will you please enter Mr Beltham," without waiting for his visitor to answer the Chinese stood aside and pointed to what was evidently a sitting room but of such luxury and good taste that Walter Beltham was amazed and in his amazement hesitated. "If you will just find a chair and make yourself comfortable Mr Po will be with you in a few minutes."

I sat by my friend at the close of the day
His eyes were closed and his face reposed
But the form on the bed was clay.
The thoughts that rushed thro my head
As I sat in the twilight by the side of his bed
Were thoughts that many a man could say.

Was it only last night that he spoke to me
In laughing bantering tone
I'm going to buy me more land its just in the lee
Of the farms that already I own
I'll build me more granaries to hold the grain
The thousands I have I cannot tell
But someday I'll ~~MORtham~~ those bushels of mine
And a nice fat profit I'll gain.

He sat in his chair as we conversed there
And my friend was ~~happy~~ and free
There seemed not ~~a care not~~ a worry ~~for~~ or care
And I envied his carefree degree
He raised his hand to emphasize - what
And he let it fall on his knee.
He gave a small gasp & lowered his head
For God called his spirit ~~free~~ set free.
had

Now I wondered to-day who'll own the land
He toiled so hard to possess
For both nor him lived close to hand

Copied

Twenty years ago an editor of a newspaper printed a picture of a deserted farm - you know - house and buildings falling to pieces sitting on a desolate wind swept field. His editor opined a piece on the dreariness effects of land erosion. A letter soon followed from a nearby reserve wanting more with the contributor.

This picture show why white man crazy. Cut down trees, make big teepee, plow hill, water wash away, wind blow sand, grass gone, deer gone, window gone, squaw gone, whole place gone to hell - no pig - no cow - no pony - Indian no plow land, keep grass, buffalo eat grass, Indian eat buffalo, hide make plenty big teepee and make moccasin. All time he sit, Indian no hunt job - no work, no hitch hike, no ask relief - no kick dam - no give dam, Sure white man crazy - should be happy like Indian!

B.C. Automobile Association

682-4433

(Boston - (Bruce
(Pendlebury)

Mrs Hare - Mary Bubner

Rev Paul Buffam
4.

Re Saskatchewan
in 30's & ministry
of Church

Rolleau Sask

5931 Balsam

Vista January - 1971

The old days in front of advancing car
Look on and on
From modern Indian access to paving alone
Next around the misty quay
Across Arcs Metro Lafayette
And up to Dover
Where roads run Normal and Lake
To stop at Granite and disappear
To adorn an old mad dirt quiet pub

Two hundred million backside who welcome
Warm hard floor
And cheap quilting must the travelers from
Via Seattle.
And with parting curtains warm mend
Families on their way.
Their farewell wreath lengthening on the road
Lionel safe today

one day at a time



THE GOODNEWS LETTER

Christmas – 1976
From the Binscarth-Foxwarren Pastoral Charge

Mr & Mrs N. W. Turnbull
Binscarth
Man

Some of my time in retirement from active work on the land is spent on early morning walks; a mile or two or three before breakfast. Walking takes the place of early morning before breakfast chores. During those walks the words often return to me, the old "I wonder as I wander." The sense of awe and wonder is renewed under the early morning stars. The cloak of sophistication is cast aside when one faces creation and realizes that those stars and planets have swung in their orbits since the beginning of time. Countless as the sand of the seas, those within our human vision were named by "The Old People" thousands of years ago. In all that time they have not deviated in their appointed course by one iota nor has their appearance altered by one second. We are told that beyond our galaxy are millions of such galaxies that make up the infinity of the universe. The words of the psamist came to mind, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?"

A star swept near our earth a split second ago as measured by eternity. It heralded the the Birth of the Son of God, Creator of the Universe and all it contains. As I wander I wonder at the great contradiction. How does one reconcile the Birth of Truth with the celebrations of our day and age ? The drinking and gambling, the rank commercialism of T. V. and radio advertising that have no worth other than to enhance and foster the sense of greed inherent in all humanity. What has all this to do with the Advent season and the birth of Christ ? What a contradiction! The Man whose birthday Christendom celebrates at this season...The Babe of Bethlehem who ended his earthly life on a cross, his hands and feet pierced by the hands of those he had healed and helped and his side wounded by a spear of Rome, the Man whom God sent into the world to show The Way amid the worlds bewilderment and confusion. In our bewilderment and confusion we commemorate his birthday exposing our cheap commercialism, our tawdry adulterated machine made goods when all he asks of us is our love and adoration.

Some of the mornings the stars are cloud hidden. On others they hang like jewels in the sky. A pink glow in the East heralds a new day. The stars fade with dawn but like the promises of God they are there, eternal, everlasting. So Christmastide.

There is to my mind, no place at this time of year to assess the financial standing of the church. Rather it behooves each and every member and adherent to assess their

own spiritual values. If we can balance that sheet, everything else will fall into place.

There is some Stewardship Visitation yet to be completed. To those who have taken part in that visitation, our thanks and appreciation. To those visited, thank you neighbors for sharing your thoughts and gifts with us. To all, including Rev. Bob and Margaret Burtonand their family, a Joyous Christmas and a Challenging New Year. To quote Charles Dickens Tiny Tim, "God Bless us every one.

Norman Turnbull
for Finance Committee.

Bob Burton recently attended a PET (Parent Effectiveness Training) Instructors course in Winnipeg Nov 28 - Dec 3. P.E.T. is a training program for parents - to teach them the skills they need for the most important job they will ever have - raising responsible children. It is not a group therapy or sensitivity training session but an educational experience. Parents are coached in new skills that they can take home and put to use immediately to solve their problems in the privacy of their own home. While it is strongly urged that both parents enroll it is not a requirement. Each parent who enrolls receives the P.E.T. book as a text plus a workbook.

There is a tuition fee which varies - the fee here will be $20.00 EACH for 24 hours of instruction over 8 weeks. Two dates have been set up for this area - Feb 15th, 7-10 PM (Tuesday) or Feb 17th (1:30 - 4:30 PM.) in the Binscarth United Church Basement. Interested parents are asked to confirm their interest a week before the course starts. P.S. Cost for each parent couple is $30.00

WORSHIP COMMITTEE REPORT

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

As Christmas time comes again let us pause to give our thanks to God for the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ who showed us the way to love one another.

We invite you, one and all to services during the Advent season and on into the New Year of 1977. Binscarth 10:00am, Foxwarren 11:30

Holy Communion was celebrated Dec 5
Dec.12 is our service of infant baptism at both points.
Dec 19 Christmas Carol Service 7:30 P.M. in Binscarth Church - coffee to follow.
Dec. 26 - our Christmas Sunday Worship services.

The Worship committee would like to remind you the Bible Study groups will resume meetings on Wed Jan 12 at Binscarth, Thurs. Jan 13 at Foxwarren. Our suggested study book is entitled "God, Man and Archie Bunker"- please feel free to join with us.

Services at Foxwarren have been greatly enhanced by the formation of an enthusiastic Junior Choir under the capable leadership of Florence and Frances Widdicombe. They will welcome any new members.

Watch for dates regarding an Evangelistic program in the spring.

Baptism Information

The Official Board approved the recommendations of the Baptism Study Committee at a recent Nov. 25th meeting in Binscarth. Some of the recommendations included the requirement of one or both parents being baptized, conformed and members in good standing. Where this isn't the case parents may invite any member of the church to be their sponsor or prepare themselves for confirmation at which time they make their own profession of faith. To facilitate their preparation , Baptismal Information Kits have been prepared and Confirmation classes will be set up sometime in mid February.

PROPOSING A TOAST TO A BRIDE.

One of the advantages of growing older is the increasing awarness of how little one knows . It is both a humbling and challenginf experience. Tennyson wrote in one of his peoms "Knowledge comes,but wisdom lingers."

When we see a young couple starting out in life our natural impulse, sometimes acted upon, is to give them what we think is good advice. Quite often it is the other way round and age gets the good advice . That is often the humbling part. Quite often these young eyes haveseen their own challenge in life and the spirit behind them is eager to set sail on the sea ~~of life~~.

The challenging experience of age is when we see a new home growing among us we know that our pioneer fathers have not builded in vain. These young grandsons and granddaughters of the pioneers of this district face a future their grandparents scarcely dared dream, the difficultis they face and the trials they may have to pass through although different from those of their grandparents because of advances in scientific knowledge will be just as arduous and their happiness over achievement and lingering wisdom just as great.

So ~~such~~ a marriage of two young people and the start of a new home in the district should be a matter of rejoicing and happiness to all the community.

Warren I know you'll agree with this poem by an unknown author.

Jeannie is like one of our own girls. She started to school when Leslie did & we were so glad that Leslie had someone she knew in the district to start with. In and out of our home ~~together~~ with your happy personality Jeannie gave us a great deal of pleasure more perhaps than you realized and we hope you'll still remember we live south of town & love having young folk drop in

When like a ~~Soothing~~ Gentle hand laid cool on fever'd brow
The written word springs off the page
Touches a secret spring long since hid
By tares and weeds of a neglected past
Brings all to vibrant life
Clears all the clinging veils of doubt aside
Gives courage and faith to the fainting heart
Companionship in loneliness ?
For while the mind but faintly grasps the theme
Some still small voice speaks in accent low
This, though long (gone) dead the author
This, and this alone, is true
Human Interest Story.

Bright old lady of ninety in the ~~Home~~ Lodge
And a old gentleman of 60 odd ate
Struck up a mutual interest in each
Both of them with an intense interest in life
Happy in each others companionship ? living

Family "outside" the home gets views &
raises a real rumpus with staff about
letting this go on or getting as far as it did



I wish I had thought
before this took place.
It seemed easy to kill,
this dead man
with the dirty cloth over his face
Who said anything about a
brother's keeper, who can?

And yet I am never alone
I thought they hunt for me like a dog
mine was the will to atone
But now I am lost in the fog

The fog of my selfish desire
When conscience is past recall
My mind is a flame and a fire
Of them I am greatest of all.

I, I am the instrument of fate
They will remember me with a curse
It would have happened soon or late
And later might have been worse

Perhaps this nation will ponder
The path it has chosen to tread
And those who come after will wonder
About the Senator married & dead.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
WASHINGTON, D.C. U.S.A. 20036
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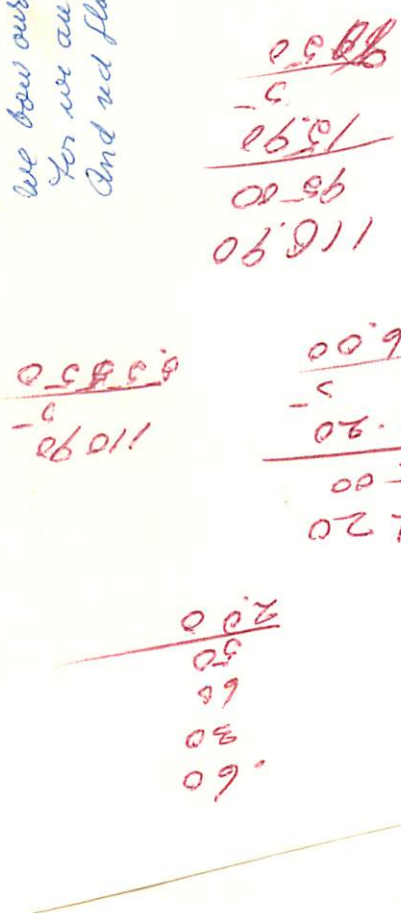
Thou Shalt not Kill

There is no one to see,
So what is a life under or less?
God is a myth, at least to me
So what if I kill, to whom confess.

A life to stir the nation
A people sleepy and fat
Who in all creation
Will stop me doing that?

I am supreme, Judge and captain too.
I have ordered this death; it is done
Now they search for me, while through
But I'm not the only one.

In the death of one proud man all the next have equal blame
We bow our heads in shame because a name is still our name
For we are human beings, fearing under God
And red flows the blood of a traitor rivalled by Brindisi and.



1968 – 1969

The wind is blowing o'er the prairie
A new wind, a strange wind
Across the crops and grass on rolling steppe.
A restless wind, an angry wind,
In roaring spirals it moves the dusty soil
The whirlwinds die to break afresh elsewhere
An uneasy quiet; foreboding fills the air
For these vast prairies that have fed a hungry world
Find no respite from the surplus piled.
In glittering bins of steel, in open bays
Festering reddish brown in summer sun
Or rotting from the harvest's late advance.

Bitterness has entered where faith once reigned
Faith that the grain we grew was food for man.
The nimble posted
The spindle legged politician with hoarse throat
Conveniently forgets the words he used to shout
"Grow all the wheat you can, we'll sell it to the world
For years to come a hungry world needs all your wheat!"

And so we grew the wheat, under the summer sun
The great piles rose ton surmounting ton
Warehouses filled nor emptied were? Alike foreign
Markets demanded more and more.
Men went on strike, markets barren stood
The politician nimbly danced upon the stump.
And shifted blame where it might more hidden lie.

Now across the west there rises an angry cry
a protesting cries
Far across the Eastern rocks and tundra
Labor leaders urge their membership along.
Lie up the ports unman the boats

From Aunt Era's keepsakes.

We who have trod the borderlands of Death,
Where courage high walks hand in hand with fear,
Shall we not hearken what the Spirit saith:
All ye were brothers there, be brothers here."

Let us draw closer in these narrower years,
Before us ~~spread~~ still the eternal visions spread;
We who outmastered death, and all its fears,
Are one great Army still, living and dead.

— Canon Scott.

Archbishop Scott 1979

Not the towers reaching skyward
Not the ~~sick~~ and costly homes
With their shining costly guilded domes
Not the roaring highway traffic
Not the rich and costly homes
But the spirit of the people
~~Whose hopes are~~
And the talents they possess
Controlled by minds in balance
Seemful of duress
Here will build a nation from
every ephemeral sod
For in Her the light they darkness
They look upward unto God

1
970
350
120
1920 (OK)

J. B. Griffiths

Sale of farm equipment

$ 73.50

Less Auctioneers Expense $ 3.67

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entrusted to us that we will be judged by. There are literally millions of people watching this Canada of ours. A country of tremendous potential material wealth. We can show all that at an exposition What can we show of those talents entrusted to us. Can we say Spiritually, here Lord are thy five talents and other five. Or shall we say here Lord is thy one talent I was fearful of being laughed at if I did anything with it so I stood aside and buried it so it would be safe and unhurt. It is for each of us to decide as individuals what use we make of our Nations talents.

We see dimly in the future what is probable what is great. Strong of fact how weak an arm can turn the iron helm of fate.

N. Testament -

Matthew 22 - 21 15 - 21. Caesars tribute

PSALM 9 - 7 - 20 ST. 25 - 14 - 29 Talents.

Nation hood & Kingdom of Heaven.

Could we look at Canada as a nation for a few minutes this morning. We hear much about our centenary celebrations. We are being told much of the way in which we should celebrate. Of huge sums of money being spent for projects that to many taxpayers seem the height of absurdity. In fact the inuendo is there that you are not a loyal citizen if you do not support some public scheme or other as a centennial project. In fact you are a substandard citizen if you even dare to criticize some of

of these projects big just as they appear to be.

Out of all the welter of ideas that are springing forth as to how best spend huge sums of the tax payers money, solicited or just straight tax - there seems to be little effort given to the consideration of what we are as a nation.

Perhaps we are as heterogeneous a conglomeration of peoples as one will find anywhere on earth. No matter what nationalities have gone into our Canadian Nation, no matter what part of the world they come from. Each and every one of us have this in common enough to eat each day and a shelter for each night. That is our physical bond of brotherhood. The fact that each of us should consider our neighbor as a neighbor in the fullest sense of the word. Allow

3 him freedom of religion, freedom of speech freedom of worship should provide a basis of spiritual brotherhood, two main cornerstones of any enduring nation. Vision and the opportunity to build a nation by industry, honesty and hard work two more cornerstones and not the least essential.

Vision without it a people perish.

Industry. Honesty. Hard work.

Five talents. Two talents. One talent

Just the other day a chap I met remarked "Did it ever strike you that at no time in the history of mans development has he had such opportunity to use his brains and it seems as if in our present stage of

development we have lost the use of them entirely we are content to sit back and let machines do it all for us!!!

It was hard to get up an argument against that. It appears that that is just what we are doing. If our minister gives us a sermon that makes us thoroughly uncomfortable hits us where we live, lights a fire under us, then we complain "why doesn't he stick to his knitting! we know we have these faults, why is he always nagging at us, pointing them out & holding us up as terrible examples."

Well what if he does once in a while? We are supposed to be thinking, sentient beings. If Christian honesty is supposed to be ours. A terse interpretation

5

Of honesty is that it starts at home with me. It is to me as a person that the Lord gives five talents. It is up to me as an individual in a nation of individuals to see what use I can make of that with which I am entrusted.

It is not up to my neighbor to tell me how I should do it. He is busy enough with his talents. God gives me free choice. Says to me here is what I endow you with for a little while until I return. Look after it for me will you.

As with the individual. So with the home. So with the community. So with the municipality. The provinces the nation. The individual is the basis of all national

if the individual refuses to think to use his brains or his talents just digs a hole in the ground and sits and watches so eventually will his community and his nation.

The man with five talents had he knew he'd probably make mistakes no easy time of it. He was already at the top and it would be an intense struggle to stay there. He would have to use every ounce of energy and thought to add five talents to what he already had.

The man with two talents had two choices. He could go up or down. He too close to struggle and go ~~on~~ and his was as hard as any other ~~one~~. He was the middle class man. But he had ~~used~~ this portion according to his ability. Made use of it and grew.

live by force of arms, huge battleships nuclear force for very long. There is a more insidious force at work within a nation that in the end - if we follow history - will bring ruin. A spiritual force is necessary as well.

After a hundred years of development as a nation do we still have the spiritual force & power of our forefathers. Or do we just stand dumbly by a yet man to ~~more~~ darker forces around us. It would seem that that is what a nation should be judged by. Not the size of her roads, buildings churches or bridges. Her mines or her forests or farms. Material wealth though they are and of great substance. It is the things we render to God as a nation that counts not what we have done for ourselves. It is the use we have made of these talents

The man with one talent had only one way to go? that was up. He chose to stand still neither attempting the slope nor crossing the stream. His reward was the condemnation he received.

The lord of the parable knew all these men. Their weaknesses & their strength. In the story they received practice.

Do we as a nation stand in any relation to the story of the stewards in the parable. That is the question that we should be asking these days approaching Caesars anthesy

We are truly rendering to Caesar that which is Caesars. Somewhere along the road we have dropped God out of it. A nation does not

Out of the shadows
The written page
Brings to the weary reader
Comfort from another age

Experience et.

1. 24-8-1900 2. 611-283-003

3. Ellen Grace Turnbull

There is nothing like retirement to make a man think. Suddenly his work , occupation, appointment or trade has come to an end. Life as he used to live it is not filled with everyday problems. It is not necessary longer to catch the seven-thirty, eight o'clock or eight thirty bus. It is no longer mandatory to rouse out at six in the morning and to sally forth to feed and care for livestock. The routine of a busy life is suddenly altered. It is as if a train were suddenly switched to another track and the engineer snatches frantically for throttle and brake as he is carried onto stange rails and a foreign location.

Happy indeed is the man or woman who has prepared themselves to meet this new condition. At times their work may have been of such natur nature that they have gradually drifted into retirement all the while fitting themselves to take up some other interest. All too frequently they have been so absorbed in the pursuit of the almighty dollar that the fail to see the precipice of retirement, suddenly to find themselves rushing headlong into they know not what. Too often the man who all his life has been used to hard physical labor finds himself facing years of presumed idleness and the prospect is terrifying. He wanders aimlessly up and down the streets of some small provincial town or becomes another digit on the door of some apartment suite in the larger cities.

What a waste ! Here are men and women who have had the experience of life and who could in some form or another pass that experience and knowledge on, for even a few years, on to a generation that frantically searches for answers that were known to generations thousands of years before.

But how to be articulate to our fellow men . That is the question. A university education may equip a man to face life better prepared to make use of what talents he may possess but it does not equip him with the knowledge of haing lived. In other words, instructions, with apprppriate diagrams, on how to change the diapers on a baby is scant information compared to the struggle of grabbing the unfortunate infand by the heels with one hand and at the same time swathing it in a three cornered cotton contraption with the other at the same time trying desperately not to spear the squirming imp with a large saftey pin. I might add an aside here. The so called safety pin is not safe till it is snapprd closed.

Its a sad world my masters
And what do we do good
We poke through rotting ruins
In search for a loving god

Its a sad world my masters
No matter where we roam
We build hospitals for our brothers
Then kill our brother man

Its a sad world my masters
A world without much hope
We teach our children everything
Then for profit sell them dope

Its a sad world my masters
When we build a beautiful road
And what do we use them for
To kill more men and women
Than are killed in any war

October 8th 1969

The news this morning carried the account of trouble in Montreal. The police have been on strike and the rioting was pretty destructive. Troops were asked for and eventually sent. Quebec Government ordered police back on duty with penalties of heavy fines. Evidently much damage was done in the city with looting occurring at various points. One policeman was shot & killed.

The news is not good and one wonders where it will all end. There is alot talk of anarchy in Canada. It would seem that anarchy is already demonstrated and exists. Defiance of law seems prevalent not only in Montreal but across this great dominion. It shows itself in various forms. Not only in matters of public administration such as our police forces, our civil service personell but in private business and the conduct of that business among the citizens themselves. It shows in the defiant attitude exhibited on our university campuses. Even the student who wants none of protest is eventually forced to protest or get out. The anamoly is that so many of the campus agitators are breathless in proclaiming freedom of choice, freedom of the individual, more permissiveness here and more promiscuity there but totally overlook the fact that the majority of students are denied the liberty to study in peace & quiet pursuing the courses they wish to take and for which they are willing to work and pay. Very often the very ringleaders of our "student revolt" are not students themselves but outsiders infiltrating our university campuses.

Oh I see the golden cities
That I've lived in long ago
And I walk the pearl'd streets
As I used to walk of yore
I hear the singing of the children
And laughing people pass me by
I know that age is coming
The reaper with his scythe and sigh
Yet I'll gladly meet the morrow
Whatever it may bring
For I've walked those golden streets
And I've heard the children sing!

Dec 31/69

The Sea of Glass Undergirded with Fire

Springs from the bosom of the earth
Do mossy streams proide
With waters fresh ~~that flowing~~ to the rivers flow
Become at last a mighty tide
Whose power flows rushing o'er the rock
And down through mossy glen
And finds at last the sea
Upon whose bosom bears the swell
And pull of tides.

When storms are by the ~~pitying~~ wind unleashed
And waves crash on the shore
The power of eons surges deep with in their roar
And puny man stands aghast before such awful power

But as I sit on rocky bench
And look across the ocean far
I see the peaceful swell die down
And all around is quiet
With sea like molten glass
Lying far before

Aug/2/69

Man lives, a transient wandering soul
Always in quest of home
Restless he clings to faith mysterious.
His journeys take him far
O'er all the earth, and when the oceans foam
His sigh from hidden rock
He steers his spirit bark.

A CHUCKLE .

Teaching school has its funny side. Here are some some gems we have collected. Content and orthography are unchanged. (Compliments of the N.B.P.E. News)

I. Please ackuse John being asent Jan. 28,29,30, 32 and 33?.

2. Marge could not come to school because she was bothered with very close veins.

3. John has been absent from school because he had two teeth taken out of his face.

4. Please excuse Gloria. She has been sick and under the doctor.

5. My son is under the doctor's car and should not take p.e. classes.

6. Please excuse Joe Friday he had loose vowels.

7. Please excuse Blanche from P.E. Yesterday she fell out of a tree and missplaced her hip.

8. Please excuse Joyce from jym. She is administrating.

9. Carlos was absent from school yesterday because he was playing football. He was hit in the growing pad.

10. Please excuse Johnny from being. It was his father's fault.

11 Please excuse Diane from being absent yesterday. She was in bed with Gramps.

12 Mary Ann was absent 11/15 because she had a fever, sore throat, headache, and upset stomach, her sister was also sick-fever sore throat, her brother had a low grade temp and a gall over. I was'nt feeling the best either, sore throat, fever. There must be flu going around. Even her father got hot last night.

13. Dear Mrs--- I think it will be OK for Brian to go out at recess and noon hour as his cold is better. I left him out last night.

* * *

Can we want less that we give the more
To those mute voices at conscience doors
Those in want of love & human care
On the cross of Christ they are everywhere
The church must ever reach up and out

~~God asks no interest on what he gives~~
~~Can we do less~~
God charges no interest on his gold & land
only man does that with greedy hand
So what we return we do not own
Pure de stewardship God's de loan.

Mission

Stewardship

For God gives some men
A manhood with creatures wild
That they might be spared
From brother man's destructive
Grasp.
Plundered for their feathers or
Their skins
Or just for sake of killing
Something beautiful and live
A devil slips in man
That often aroused
Man dishonors all gifts of
Beauty from above
And in his murderous lust
Creates a hell
In which he destroys all there
He loses
Finally himself in depravity
After loss, he kills
And dying, gropes toward
A rock strewn hill around a Cross

D.O.H.-

Alone with nature
Her quietness around me cast
The hush of woodland
Tall pines reaching to the sky
A silvery lake
With herons stalking by
Then circling down from
Out the vasty blue
With lonely longing cry
The cranes come (down) through
In majesty
These do me cast a spell
Of longing
That I too might fly
As they, far far across the
Reaches of the sky
To northern lands
Beyond its bounds (libined) demarked
By man
To those far realms of peace
That I may rest my soul
Away from din and strife
The roar of traffic
And the affluent life

We must not think or even speak
Those things our minds embrace
For if we do and someone listen
It will spoil our father's face

Such a thing will never do
It must never come to pass
It would be the clearest folly
To call a donkey, a human ass.

But the donkey has my favor
On the rat race we earn life
For the beast of burden falters
When it meets with human strife.

And it runs with ancient wonder
Quietly wagging our traditional tale
At the humans in their horror
Neither male nor yet female

Rather both a [illegible] neuter
Hair and [illegible] both mating mouth
And the shabby & the well dressed
Neither knows for north or south

And they cluster altogether
On a concourse and a din
Trading partners in their sleeping
With no thought of shame or sin

And our youngsters see the picture
You can bet your well worn boots
And disgusted are declining
To own their being to and rotten shoots.

Saying you can take your daily beating
You can shut your nickel doors
You can put your well paid traders
Back to work on polished floors

For you want to hide your illness
Among the young and growing throng
For them to once expose your
Would be doing you all a wrong

A wrong that ✿ is unforgivable
By your forget-me-not society's norm
But the top hat you are wearing
You're still lower than a worm

Because a worm an asks sound conscience
And he owns a little dirt

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Told us in no uncertain language
for your effort no one not a gives a damn.

Sure, you want us to protect you
We mustn't let the water down
lie and cheat and even all but murder
just so we win the victors crown

We are tried before our growing
old before our span of time
We don't want your stinking money
earned by lying a cautious word, swathed in slime

You don't love us, you don't care
for aught but your position here
Just so we don't demean you
from your demagogic lair

MADE IN CANADA

And the ignorant aborigine
Crouched beneath this palm tree shade
Puts his penguin on the systems
By which this universe is made

In our glittering learning structures
Costing millions, graft and greed,
We strive to teach a generation
That does not care does not heed

They have cast aside the shadows
Lifted shades on all the sham

If today were all, then life would not be worth living.
But tomorrow is promised if today we do all that we can
To make tomorrow show the effect of what we do today
That the sum of all effort of ours today
May result in happiness for someone tomorrow.
That, and that alone, in all succeeding tomorrows
Will bring happiness and peace of heart.

Too often we fault others when the fault lies with us,
Life passes with such a rush that we take little time
To use the mind God gave each, to think through to the other side
And see the problem that faces that neighbor of ours.
All too often the fault we lay on him should never have left our door
Had we stopped as we hastened out and looked in the mirror
We would have seen the same fault staring us in the face.

God in his wisdom made it possible for us to smile,
So let us smile in greeting, it's the least that we can do,
It may help the other fellow along the next weary mile
It may even push a cloud aside and let the sunshine through.

turn out to be.

Experience though bitter, may prove to be the substance of a dream of better things.

K. T. Jan 11/71

An empty pew is a silent thing, yet it bears witness to indifference and unbelief.

Quotation from Editorial in an old newspaper.

G. L. T.

Like shattered remnants of the parting cloud
The sky now grey now turning blue
Man may be forgiven for exclaiming loud
His gladness when the sun comes peeping through.

210
1300
1470

And off through 30 rifted cloud
A glimpse of tossing trees be seen
We care naught for the 2 days leaking cloud
Just let the grass be green.

And though each passing year our fellows take
Their absence is not felt so keen as we grow old
Our turn will come ere time we make
With [illegible] we'll watch the sons unfold
age-nationalism

Seconds add to make a fleet hour
Of no use to anyone, anywhere at any time
A destroying pest it comes.

For in this timeless age we mark with time
Divided neatly in segments precisely so
From here we journey to another clime
And journeying meet those who crossed so long ago.

They for us have always prayed before the throne
And we with them must join our prayers
For those we leave behind alone
Yet not alone for we shall share their cares.

Shall share their joys and praise as well
For we shall keep world beyond the fastest star
Which we exchange for this we shall see above
We shall find life through death and pray & praise just as we do.

Kalela Kazmanofski

Mss

Please forgive the bad typing & many errors. D.S.

4157 North Road
Victoria B.C.

Dear Norman & Grace!-

Your nice letter received some time ago glad to hear you're on the go again.

During the winter or I should say January or February Bill wrote me and asked that I make up a small history of our family for the Birkbeck history. Send it to you and you would pass it on to Bob Rennie who is getting the material together. I would have had it done sooner only hasn't felt up to it, I think I am on the mend now and thanks to Jesus

I'll get her to type it out.
Some years ago The Biggarth
Womens Institute were going
to write a history and asked
us for some article on
the family or how the town
got its name, we did that
and gave it to Mrs Wilber
Rice who was collecting
material at that time.

We have been pretty busy
lately Jessies choir put on
their Easter concerts at
all 4 centres. Then their's a
church that a group of
them go to sing at and
I think that's about it
for this season
My bowling ends pretty
soon for the winter
season That is 5 pin
I think some of them take

up lawn bowling & better stick it do we hope to come back to Winnipeg sooner than we counted on. As Margaret and Lyle have got a move to Freeport in the Bahamas and hope to leave about the first of June. We are sorry to see them go But I understand its a good move for him.

The Kellys have been moved to Riverton so that will be a change for them Kay will have a house this time so that will be better than over the bank

We had Pat Ryan for the Easter week end also Russel Heisels have been

staying at a Motel out
here for 3 weeks. So we
have enjoyed them all.
The weather has been very
pleasant Easter Sunday
was a beautifull day In fact
the winter has been fairly
dry they tell us. Any way
its been pretty easy to take.
We have some gardening
done. radishes spinach & lettuce
up I have cut the lawn
twice and the tulips & daffodils
are ready putting on a show
Was speaking to Bert Cooke
the other morning He says he keeps
pretty well. I better say
bye for now Thanks for
passing this write by on
to Bob. Best wishes to all

Sincerely Bob & Jessie

Confidential!!

Lorna –

The people mentioned in some of these anecdotes all existed, with the exception of "Rockliff" whose real name I simply can't recall. I have disguised the others as there is always the possibility of relatives still being there.

"Rupe" Elkins – should be Elkins – possibly some relation of Scotty Elkins

Uncle Alan – Dan McCaig, Bill Uncle – in fact I rather think Bill was in on the prank.

Steve Carter – Steve Carr – used to live somewhere south of L. Agnes, I think.

Along the Birtle Trail. W.S. Scarth.

These vignettes are merely jottings on some of the tales--all of them based on actual happenings--that were associated with the smiles and tears of a devleoping community. When my Father reached Birtle in 1886 the country for miles around was fairly well settled. Records kept by The Birtle Eye Witness indicate that the earliest homesteaders came in 1878-79, almost on the heels of the suryeyors. The first "guessing game " of the prairies was about over. Everyone had attempted to anticipate the location of the trans continental railroad when early survey activities seemed to indicate it would head north west somewhere between Birtle and the present Rossburn. This accounted for much of the early homesteading in that area. Final location hinged on the best approach to the available passes through the Rockies and when the railway route was changed from the Yellowhead to the Kicking Horse west of Calgary, there must have been some soul searching, even in those days, as to the future role of a railway in the prairie economy.

The franchise granted the C.P.R. in the then youthful Province of Manitoba precipitated the provincial fight against railway monopoly and independent builders and promotors appeared on the scene. One of these was to undertake construction of the Manitoba &Northwestern

Railway

Railway, branching off the main C.P.R. at Portage La Prairie and presumably heading north-west to a promised and long-neglected land of milk and honey. Even at the early stage, governments both federal and provincial, were somewhat weary and justifiably suspicious of railway financing. The age of McKenzie and Mann with their Canadian Northern had not yet dawned-- and the well worn path they would later make to Ottawa was still far from smooth, Sir John A. and Donald A.Smith having left the surface a little stony.

The singer and the song.

It was a Sunday morning and having nothing better to do I took a walk in the city. There were not many people walking that day but plenty of traffic rushing by. A few blocks down the street a park beckoned me. It was almost a long city block square. Slatted seats, painted green, were evident everywhere, spaced conveniently apart, quite often sheltered by shrubbery. Here and there couples , even foursomes, occupied some of them. Selecting one that looked to be out of earshot of the others I sat down, put my hands behind my head and leaned back to enjoy the May sunshine. That part of London in May is lovely and this Sunday it was exceptionally so.

My mind idly wandered to other times and other scenes, other parts of the world. Faces of people I had met and known for a short while came back to me and I wondered what had become of them all. One I especially remembered, not the face so much as the voice. This young woman and I had spent a lot of time together one summer. I had met her at a dance in a small Saskatchewan town. She had come with a party of friends who, as the evening wore on, were evidently enjoying more than their share of good spirits. We had met briefly as tag partners in a social two step. I was tagged by a young chap who was evidently of the opinion that my partner was his especial property. Being a stranger there I did not ignore the tag, but thanked my partner and turned to tag someone else. As I turned away our eyes met for a brief instant and I thought I saw a shade of annoyance

cross her face. I tagged someone else but the two-step was soon over. During the rest of the evening I found myself watching the young woman, and once, across the dance floor our eyes met. Finally toward the end of the evening I took courage in both hands, as they say, walked across the floor and asked her for the next dance. She accepted without hesitation. As we danced I suppose we sort of sized each other up. Talked of this and that and I told her I was just visiting in the district. When she asked where, I told her of the people I was staying with. She gave me a quick glance and said, "They are my neighbors. You see I am visiting too. I am staying with an uncle and aunt for the summer but I am a long way from home and do not quite understand all your Canadian customs . I came with a party of young people this evening. They invited me to come and Uncle and Aunt said it would be all right but I don't like the way the boys are drinking, especially the driver."

Her remark about our Canadian customs, roused my curiosity and I asked her where her home was. When she replied, "The Province of Georgia , in Russia," I was astounded. Very few people were coming out of Russia in the early 1920's. I had heard of a few people getting out and coming to relatives in Canada, But they were always suspect, both for the ways they said they had got out of Russia, and their fear of surveillance even on the part of their own relatives. They kept mostly to themselves. There was a language barrier too . But this young woman was different. She spoke with no accent and her English gave no hint of a different mother tongue . For a minute I thought she must be making up a story but her

attitude was one of take it or leave it and quite impersonal. We danced another round or two without speaking. I suppose I was digesting the information she had volunteered about herself. As we danced I suddenly felt her tense in my arms and saw her looking at the young fellow who had tagged us in the two-step. He had plainly had too much to drink and was glaring at us both. I felt that there was trouble in the wind and being a stranger in the district I did not want the kind of harassment I could see looming up both for the girl I was dancing with and myself. The music stopped and as I walked my partner back to her seat and thanked her for the dance, she spoke in a barely audible voice, "I wonder if you would take me home, I'd rather not go home with the ones I came with. I was odd one anyway and if you would take me I'll tell one of the girls and it will be all right, I know." I said I would and told her where my car was parked and what it looked like. A few minutes later I slipped out of the hall and presently she met me at the car.

Slipping into the seat beside me she gave a quick glance behind and then a little sigh as of relief. "That fellow that was looking at us when we were dancing, he's the chap that drove our bunch here. He goes with one of the girls in that group. He is really not too bad but when he drinks too much he gets offensive and I don't like being pushed round. Lately he has been trying to do just that." I did not seem to have a suitable reply for the moment and we drove in silence. I was then, and never have been a chap that does much talking when driving a car. I don't suppose I broke

my habit very much that night either.It was not a long drive.I was turning over the events of the evening in my mind and wondering just who this girl by my side really was and what was her name.As if guessing my thought she said,"You must be wondering about me.I'll bet it is not often you come to a dance alone and find someone to drive home. Do you live round here? You said you were visiting our neighbors."

"Just as you spoke, I replied , I was thinking about you and was wondering what your name was and how come you happened to get to Canada,and to this part of it.I guess it is none of my business but a guy does get curious.Here we are a couple of young people, we dont know each other's names and I find myself driving you home from a dance to which I did not take you. The puzzling thing to me is that it does not seem at all strange. Yes I am visiting Bruce and Marge Denham but my home is in Manitoba."

" Very far from here ?"

"About one hundred and twenty miles, give or take a few. Not too far East of the Manitoba Saskatchewan border.

"Do you come to see the Denhams often.?"There are no young people there."

This business of question and statement was getting me down a bit. Any answer I was about to give was interrupted by my passenger."Oh, we're nearly at Uncle's place, it is the next gate , just by that little bunch of trees."

I could see the gate in the headlights of the car. I could also see something else.There was another car parked in the shadow of the trees.My companion saw it about the same time and gave a little gasp."I was going to ask you to

let me out here, the house is just a few yards up the lane, but I don't like the looks of that car. I think it belongs to Miron, the chap that drove us to the dance." By this time we were at the gate and I turned in the lane without stopping. The headlights showed a house not far away. It was all in darkness but just as we drove up someone lit a lamp and we could see them looking out of the window. Stopping the car I turned to my companion. "Looks like someone was expecting you, waiting to put that light on anyway. I'll see you to the door." She was out of her side of the car as quickly as I out of mine. As we came to the step, the door was flung open silhouetting a man of medium height. "So there you are, young people, back in good time I see, come on in, come on in !" This was more than I had bargained on and I hesitated. The girl sensing my reluctance took my arm and said ,"Come in, I want you to meet my uncle. He always waits up for me when I go out at night. Dont you Uncle ?"

Up to now I had been standing somewhat in the shadow, Now I saw the man pay more attention to me. As I moved more into the light I could see puzzlement in his face, then he spoke: "Who have we here , did'nt Miron bring you home Lila ?" Did anything happen, who is this young man ?" His voice sounded concerned and it dawned on me that the girl who I had driven home did'nt even know my name.

"My name is Leslie Rhomer, sir, and--" Here the girl broke in, "Miron was up to his old tricks again tonight, Uncle, only he was a bit worse than usual, you know how he is when he drinks too much. I was odd one in our crowd and I asked Mr Rhomer if he would drive me home early. Mr Rhomer is visitig the Denhams and came alone to the dance."

Now sitting here in the park with the rumble of London traffic all about; in retrospect I find the situation must seem odd to anyone reading this. We had danced together a couple of times. We had driven home together a distance of five miles or better .I had mentioned that neither of us knew each other's name and yet it was not till we were to enter her home and meet her Uncle that I had realized that I still did not know her name nor she mine. Now, after all the passing years between I suddenly realized that it did not matter. Not really. Certainly it ~~it~~ was not sudden infatuation. I had a girl friend back home in Manitoba who meant a great deal in my scheme of things.

A couple walked across the park . Hand in hand they were oblivious of all else round them. They walked smartly, not just lounging along, and found themselves a bench not far from where I was sitting, There they seemed to be engaged in annimated conversation. Once in a while the girl would laugh at her companion It was an infectious laugh, clear and melodious. It was a laugh that included everyone within hearing distance. To me it revived memories of the night I drove a strange girl home from a dance to which others had brought her .

When her uncle met us at the door I suppose it was his perplexity as to who I was that finally set us all to laughing. I had heard the uncle call her Lila that was all . I learned later that her real name was Kalila, Kalila Kasmanovski . At the time it did not seem to matter. We all looked at each other, three perplexed people and then 'Lila' started to laugh .It was a laugh so clear and infectious that in a moment her Uncle and I were grinning at each other and then laughing with her.

Dear Jim and Pearl: This is somewhat of an international concoction. The facing wood is off the house in which you were born, Jim. The foundation stone is partly from the farm on which the old house stood, partly from our farm, some from Oregon and some from Washington. The clockwork is originally from Germany via Clockit, Lake Geneva, Wis. It has been fun making it for you. Grace has placed the numeral stones on, each one carrying memories plus of the good times we have spent with you in Oregon and Manitoba. May it mark and pass uncounted happy hours for all of you in Woodburn.

It's all Norm's work
I gave some helpful(?) advice (interference) here + there!

Norman

Grace.

This is the day that the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and ~~xxxxx~~ be glad in it.
This is the home of Norman and Grace Turnbull, of the Rural Municipality of Ellice
of the Province of Manitoba.

The whale came out of the ocean to see ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxx~~what it could see,
It took a lot of water where ever it happened to be.
When it went to sleep on the seashore where the water was nice and deep,
it woke up early in the morning because it could'nt sleep
The temper of a whale is short at any time, this whale got right out of hand
For it was'nt asleep in the water but high and dry on the sand!

DISPENSATIONS.

Oh I see the golden cities that I've lived in long before
And I walk the pearl'd streets as I used to walk of yore;
I hear the singing of the children,
And laughing people pass me by;
I know that age is coming,
The reaper with his scythe draws nigh;
Yet I'll gladly meet the morrow whatever it may bring,
For I've walked those golden streets,
And I've heard the children sing!

,

The dark green field of grain was tossing with the force of the wind.

The trees waved their branches in response

And all the elves laughed gleefully as they danced.

The moon smiled down upon the scene:it's light

Creating fairy wands upon the sward; the waters of the lake

Swept in dreamy murmur through the reeds,

The drowsy ducks drifted here and yon, safe on the lake's dark bosom.

A loon with eerie cry gave sudden sobbing sound, then all was still;

Night took over, the shadows falling soft from hill to hill.

The whale came out of the ocdan to see what it could see,
It took a lot of water where ever it happened to be.
When it went to sleep on the seachore where the water was nice and deep,
It woke up early one morning because it couldh't sleep.
The temper of a whate is short at any time, this whate got right out of hand,
For ut wasn't askeep in the water but high and dry on the sandl

They've decked me in clothes like the
Whore of Babylon
They've pulled down my spires in the
dust of the plains
And the martyrs aghast raise their
voices at last
From the graves of their lost remains
For we head the drums of the host
Are spread on the earth by the night
And when the dawn rises to
make
A world that is sick of the light.

Yoho National Park
Field, British Columbia
8 June, 1970

Dear Mr. Turnbull,

Thank you for your letter of 4 June. Mrs. Booth was very kind in giving us copies of her father's book, so I shall return your copy to you immediately.

One area in which you could perhaps help us is in our search for material regarding Mr. Partridge's connection with Ben Lloyd, The Farmers' Educational League, and The Furrow. I believe that Mr. Partridge contributed articles to the latter, perhaps from 1926 to 1928. Any information you might have regarding the paper, the League, or Ben Lloyd would be very helpful. Also, any printed material you might have, especially copies of The Furrow prior to 1930, would be greatly appreciated.

Thank you very much for writing a summary of your association with Mr. Partridge. We have not yet received a copy from Mrs. Booth, but I am sure she will forward it to us. I imagine we will have many more questions to ask you once we have read it.

Yours truly,

Jim Hamilton

Carol Jean Story

David Rowe or Roe Shop Talk – Halifax.

The Grass Roots Church
Stephen C. Rose.
$1.65 Abington Press.
New York

He walked straight
through the throng and
was lost to their sight.

We are puppets, man in his pride,
And beauty fair in her flower
Do we move ourselves or are moved by an unseen hand at a game
That pushes us off the board and others succeed.

43790
23824
$199.66