

GIVER

Miramichi

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Christmas Issue 2023

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Old-Fashioned Christmas at MacDonald Farm
Photo by Bonnie Coughlan

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❄️ Also...
Elf Races & Games ❄️

Scenes From the First Christmas

By Shawn McCarthy

On the weekend of December 8-10, an annual Christmas fund-raiser will be held at the churches of Our Lady of Lourdes Parish, entitled Scenes from the First Christmas.

The performance is centred around a series of tableau vivant (living pictures) showing important sequences in the biblical Christmas story, the Annunciation, the Visitation, Joseph's initial incredulity at the news of the Incarnation, Mary and Joseph's journey to Bethlehem, the Nativity, the presentation in the Temple, and the Epiphany.

Dec. 8 (7pm) at Most Pure Heart of Mary Church in Barnaby River

Dec. 9 (following the 6pm Mass) at St Edward's Church in Chelmsford

Dec. 10 (2pm) at St Patrick's Church in Nelson

Each sequence is accompanied by seasonal music and followed by scriptural verse, some historical context, a reflection, and a closing prayer. The cast for the show is drawn from the parish community, and narration is provided by members of the parish's lectionary team.



2022 Cast (L to R) Edward O'Donnell, Norman Colford (kneeling), Danny McDonnell, Krista Page, Jillian Harris (kneeling), David Malley, Nancy Cripps, Walter O'Toole, Melissa O'Donnell, Cathy Hackett and Bradley Lynch.

Donations for each church will be accepted at the door. A reception with light refreshments will follow each performance.

The organizers would like to thank the cast and narrators for their work and rehearsal in the weeks leading up to the presentation. Special thanks are also extended to Fr. Anthony Dass Papu H.G.N. for his support, and to the volunteers at each of the three churches, who are organizing the receptions.

For more information, please contact Our Lady of Lourdes parish by e-mail, at st.patrickschurch@nb.aibn.com, or by telephone, at (506) 622-5733.



Cover Photo: Old-Fashioned Christmas at MacDonald Farm. Photo by Bonnie Coughlan

Giv'er is about enjoying your day, giving it your all, putting some muscle behind it, giving it some gas, all the while staying true to good Miramichi values. Send us your good stuff to talk about on the river! We're looking for events, stories, celebrations, pictures and articles about what's up, what's new, what's happening. Keep it positive, and we'll promote it.

Editor/Layout Design: Stacy Underhill **Ad Design:** Cindy MacLean

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EVENTS

Listing Your Event Here is FREE!

Submit your January, February and March events by January 19th for inclusion in the Winter Issue of Giv'er.
Email the details to submit@mcgmedia.net

Nov. 16-Dec.23: Downtown Hidden Treasures Market Open for holiday shopping every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday until Christmas, at 129 Newcastle Blvd in Miramichi, 10am to 5pm. Local and Canadian products including baked goods, pickles, salsa, handmade baby & children's wear, bandanas for your furry friends, jewellery, candles, Christmas decor, PABI's Collectibles, Tupperware, art work, crafts, clothing, picture frames, woodworking, and much more



Nov. 17-18: SPCA Annual Holiday Pet Picture Fundraiser

Dates/times: Nov. 17, 4pm - 8pm; Nov. 18, 10am-3pm at the Knights of Columbus Hall in Chatham, at 67 King Street. Local photographer Jenna Carson has volunteered her services. Photos are \$15 each or two for \$25, and two different backdrops will be set up to choose from. Photos will be emailed after the event. No appointments are necessary. Costumes are available for your pets or bring your own. Pets of any kind are welcome! All proceeds go directly to support the operation of the Miramichi SPCA shelter.

Nov. 18-19: 4th Annual Tiny Picture Show Small original art works for show and sale, brought to you by Miramichi Art Core. Free admission. Great Christmas presents or just enjoy the art. Priced \$75 and under. Times: Saturday, 10-4pm, Sunday 10-2pm at the Knights of Columbus Hall, 345 Campbell St, Miramichi. www.miramichiartcore.com



Nov.18: The Miramichi Fiddlers will be hosting a Fiddle-Doo and Pot-Luck supper at the Seamen's Hospital from 2 to 6 pm. Come join us for a fun afternoon. Free will donations are appreciated and any pot-luck contribution. Located at 12 Vye Street in Douglastown.

Nov 19: Walking Tour of Nelson

Character Matters Miramichi will be presenting A Walk Back in Time: Nelson Edition in the former village of Nelson, with the Friendly Neighbour Senior Citizens Club as our partner. The tour starts at 1pm, at the Little White Schoolhouse (26 Sutton Rd). Join your 19th century guides for an enlightening afternoon, exploring the history of Nelson's front street and the surrounding neighbourhood. From industry to education, true crime to transportation, and architecture to idle gossip, this show has something for everyone. Refreshments to follow, hosted by the Friendly Neighbour Senior Citizens Club. Follow *Character Matters Miramichi* on social media, or email hello@charactermattersmiramichi.com

Nov. 19: Forgive to Live

How forgiveness can save your life. Speaker Gabrielle McNeil, RN, CNC, LSC, TICC. All people are either in need of forgiveness or need to forgive the hurt they endured from someone else. Please come and listen to how forgiveness can heal us. Starts at 2pm, 290 Dalton Ave. Miramichi (Newcastle Industrial Park).

Email yourhealthchoices.ca@gmail.com or phone: (613) 484-9827.

Nov. 23 – Dec. 3: Hospice Home for The Holidays The Annual Tree Auction will be held at the Napan Community Hall, 238 South Napan Road. The beautiful Christmas Trees will be on display for two weeks: Thursday & Friday 5-8pm and Saturday & Sunday 2-7pm, from November 23 to Dec 3. Info@hospicemiramichi.com

November 24, 25, 26: The Nightmare Before Christmas

The St. J & J Drama Troupe will be presenting a who-done-it dessert theatre, at St. James & St. John United Church Centre, 556 King George Hwy. A 30th Reunion weekend full of festive celebrations, just before Christmas, has turned into a nightmare for the event organizers, guests, and especially poor Norma. Come join us for this mystery style theatre and have your say in 'who done it?' On stage are Allison Alcorn, Nancy Donald, Greg Donovan, Katrina Donovan, Diane Forrest, Gary Forrest, Kimberley Shaddick, and Rev. Alice Szemok. Tickets are \$20; available at the United Center, Dickison's Pharmasave, & Brookdale Flower Shop. Doors open at 6:30pm, showtime is 7pm.



Nov. 25: Handmade Christmas Craft Sale at the Nordin Rec center, 10am - 4pm, 24 Nordin Lane. Contact Shelley, 506-622-3360.

Nov. 25: Hidden Gem Tea & Concert with fiddler Katherine Moller, at Wilson's Point Historic Site. See page 10 for details.

Nov. 25: Sunny Corner Dance

Saturday, 8pm-11pm at the Lions Club Sunny Corner. Music by Family Sound.

Cost \$7 per person. Light lunch to follow. New year's tickets available for purchase that night cost \$15 per person.



Nov. 25: A Christmas Tea

Enjoy sweets and sandwiches in a beautiful Victorian Home with music and the spirit of Christmas at the WS Loggie Cultural Centre. First sitting 12-1:30pm, second sitting 2-3:30pm. Tickets sold in advance for \$12 each. Contact Joan Cripps at 506-773-4996 for tickets, or any board member.

Nov. 28: Christmas in the Park, Doaktown Tuesday night from 5 to 7pm the Doaktown Village Park will be alive with Christmas cheer. Join us for crafts, singing and Santa Claus!

Nov. 30: Christmas Sing Along

Join us at 7pm at the St. Stephen's United Church in Red Bank. Special Guest - The Villagers

Dec. 1: Parade of Lights – Historic Chatham Business District

Colourfully lit floats will leave James M Hill at 6:30pm down to Water Street where businesses will be open, and many will have special treats and sales. Registrations can be picked up at Comic Alley and Pizza Delight Chatham.

Dec. 2: Blackville Parade of Lights

The Blackville Fire Department will host their annual Santa Claus Parade of Lights, starting at 4:30pm, proceeding along Main Street to the fire hall, where Santa Claus will hand out treats.



Dec. 2: Rogersville Christmas Market Christmas market with over 40 tables of crafts and sweets. Just before Rogersville at the Collette community Center. 330 ch. Collette rd. Starts at 10am. Tel: 506-625-6894.

Dec. 2: Christmas Elvis Show

This is a fundraiser for the Legion 3 new building featuring Elvis the King with special guest Trina Bertin. Doors open at 6p, show starts at 7pm, at the Loggieville Community Centre. Tickets \$25 each. There will be two door prizes of \$250 (you do not need to be there to win). Contact 506-773-7433 and 506-625-9931 to purchase tickets. Send e-transfer to chathamlegion3@gmail.com

Dec. 2– 17: Old-Fashioned Christmas

Christmas at MacDonald farm will be held for three weekends this year. Dates and times are: Saturdays (Dec 2, 9, 16) 1-4 pm and 7-9 pm; Sundays (Dec 3, 10, 17) 1-4 pm. Admission: \$7 adult, \$5 seniors, \$5 children 6-15yrs, under 6yrs free. Family of four \$25 (\$5 for each additional person). Featuring a crackling fireplace, fresh baked cookies, Winter Wonderland Walk, cash canteen with baked beans, brown bread, hotdogs and hot chocolate, and the gift shop will be open. Address: 600 Route 11, Bartibog. www.facebook.com/nbheritagesite.



December 8-10: Scenes from the First Christmas An annual Christmas fundraiser will be held at the churches of Our Lady of Lourdes Parish, entitled. See page 4 for details.

Dec. 9: Country Christmas Craft & Bake Sale

This annual cozy sale is from 10am to 2pm and features handmade crafts, Christmas ornaments & décor, knit socks, hats & mitts, gift ideas, pickles, apple jelly, raisin brown bread, fruit cake, shortbread cookies, baked beans & biscuits, sweet trays, meat pies, fruit pies, and more. For large baking orders, call Darlene at 843-7878. At Darlene's Country Cottage (TeaHouse) 186 Barnettville Rd, Blackville.

Dec. 9&16: Christmas Music Concert The Villagers will be performing Christmas favourites and classics on the following dates:

Saturday, Dec. 9 at St. Paul's Anglican Church, Bushville at 7pm

Saturday, Dec. 16 at St. Andrew's United Church, Chatham at 7pm

Dec. 10: Seniors Supper

The Miramichi Kinsmen and Newcastle Lions will be holding a free seniors supper for those 65 and older. We ask that you bring a donation for the food bank when you pick up your meals. Free tickets will be handed out at the Kinsmen centre between 10am and 1pm. The time you are to pick up your meal will be printed on your ticket. The supper is a drive-thru pickup at the Lions Club on Morrisons Lane between 1pm and 3pm on December 10th Tickets must be presented for meal.

Dec. 10: Christmas to Remember in memory of Gerry Cormier. St. Mary's church, 360 Newcastle Blvd, at 2pm. See page 9 for details.

Dec. 14-17: The Wizard of Oz

Follow the yellow brick road to the MVHS Drama Club's delightful production of L. Frank Baum's beloved tale, The Wizard of Oz, featuring the iconic musical score from the MGM film. This timeless tale, in which young Dorothy Gale travels from Kansas over the rainbow to the magical Land of Oz, continues to thrill audiences worldwide. Show times are at 7pm with a matinee on Saturday Dec. 16 at 2pm. Tickets are \$20 for adults, \$15 for students and will go on sale December 1st.

Dec. 16: Blackville Craft Market

10am to 1pm at the United Church Hall, 145 Main Street, Blackville. Large variety of crafts, sweets and vendors.

Dec. 3 & 17: Greater Miramichi Community Market on Sundays, 12pm to 4pm, at MVHS, 345 McKenna Ave. To be a vendor call Gregg or Sandra at 506-210-2097.

Santa's Gift to Tom

by Dolores W. Deredin

Olde Tom, a great storyteller, lived in the Deep South of Mississippi. He sat on his veranda in the light of a lantern every evening smoking a pipe with a spittoon beside him. Children loved to gather around him in the light of his lantern to listen to his stories.

It was in the month of December and children were getting excited about Christmas. Olde Tom spoke up and said to them, "Have I got a story to tell you guys! Boys, you know, I always liked snow, so I bought myself a cottage out in the woods.

"What I liked about the cottage and the wintertime there was the quietness, the beautiful white snow and all the animals I could see coming around my cottage every once and awhile. At night, I would light my lantern and go out and look at the snow. The light from my lantern would make the snow just look like diamonds. It was beautiful to see.

"One Christmas Eve night while I was sitting in the cottage, all of a sudden, I could hear a noise outside. There were many bright lights! It kind of startled me. A knock came to my door. Would you believe it boys...that knock came from Santa Claus himself," said Tom.

Santa Claus said, "Hello, sorry to bother you, but on this trip, I have lost my glasses. I have two friends looking for them. One of them is looking in my sleigh." Just then, in came a little elf, one of Santa's helpers. Santa introduced him to me and said, "This is my little helper, Sweet Pea. Sweet Pea is just a nickname - because he is always eating candy. His real name is Georgie."

Santa also introduced me to his other helper. "Now this little mouse in my pocket is called Tear Drop. He lost his mother and father many years ago. One Christmas Eve, I found him sleeping in a manger. He was crying, so I called him Tear Drop. He helps me too. When I go from house to house on Christmas Eve, I have my treats of a glass of milk and cookies. Tear Drop has the job of eating up the crumbs. Santa doesn't want to leave a mess behind you know."

"Now Tom," asked Santa, "Would you happen to have a map of New Brunswick?"

I answered, "Sure Santa, I have a map, let me look for it."

Once I had my map Santa asked, "Tom, since I don't

have my glasses, can you tell me where to find Chatham, Newcastle, Loggieville, Nelson, Douglastown, Nordin and Chatham Head?"



I explained to Santa that all the places he named were gathered together and made into one big city called Miramichi and were no longer on the map. "Ho! Ho! Ho!" said Santa, "No wonder I was having a hard time finding them. You know Tom I remember when visiting those little towns always thinking that they had beautiful decorations and a great Christmas Spirit!"

When Santa Claus was calling out the names of the towns, Tear Drop thought the names had a musical sound and started dancing inside Santa's pocket. He fell through a hole in the lining and landed on Santa's glasses.

"I found your glasses Santa," said Tear Drop.

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" said Santa. "Now we can get on our way - after all it is Christmas Eve."

Santa Claus asked me just before he left, "Tom, I would like to give you a very special gift for helping me. I see that you like to walk with your lantern. I am going to turn it into a magical lantern. From this night forward, you will never run out of oil and your lantern will only go out when you fall asleep and start snoring."

"Santa Claus got on his sleigh and up into the sky he flew. Tear Drop and Sweet Pea were waving good-bye to me," said Tom.

All the children sitting around Tom listening to him in the light of his lantern were not too sure whether to believe his story or not. Tom got tired from telling his story to the children. He fell asleep and began to snore. Slowly, gently, the light from Tom's lantern dimmed until the children were left in darkness listening to Tom snoring!

There was a twinkle in the eyes of those children and a big smile grew on all their faces. They went home quite excited, all hoping they too would get a special gift from Santa, just like Olde Tom's magical lantern.

Reprinted with permission from her recently published book: *My Memories* by Dolores Winifred Deredin. Copyright 2023 Miramichi

25th Annual



Christmas to Remember in Memory of Gerry Cormier

by Susan Butler

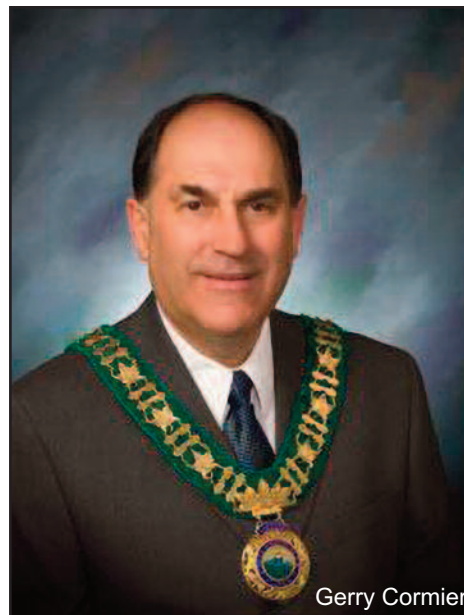


King St. Elementary Choir

Twenty-five years ago, Mayor Gerry Cormier, who was always known for bringing people together and being a bridge builder, organized a special fundraiser for three of his favorite charities. It was an afternoon of Christmas music featuring children's choirs, soloists, duets, and various ensembles. The money raised was divided between the Youth

House, Women's Transition House, and St. Mary's Christmas Hampers. The highlight of his show was singing the song "There are Angels Among Us" with the elementary school choir. When he had a bout with cancer and was unable to do the concert, I stepped in for him and promised I would keep this event going.

It is hard to believe it is now 25



Gerry Cormier

years later and with the help of Miramichiers we have been able to keep Gerry's memory alive. Gerry died June 20th, 2016, at the age of 66. He was a very popular mayor and a good friend.

This year's concert will be held on **Sunday, December 10th**, 2pm at St. Mary's church, 360 Newcastle Blvd. The program will feature King St. Elementary Choir under the direction of Emily Comeau, Max Aitken Academy Primary Choir under the direction of Alison Gallant, The Villagers under the direction of Lois McKinnon, Elizabeth Shatford, David Bunnell, Audrey McLaughlin, Dawn Patterson, Brent Munn, Miramichi Fiddlers, Donna & Tyrone Hubbard and Susan Butler.

Admission is a free will offering. Donations can be made in advance in memory of a loved one by etransfer to susanbutler@xplornet.com or call Susan at 506-622-1780. All names of those in memory will be printed on the program.



The Villagers Choir



A Hidden Gem Tea and Concert - Nov. 25

Wilson's Point Historic Site



Join us for a unique Christmas event under the pines: A Hidden Gem Tea and Concert on Saturday November 25th.

Enjoy a traditional **Scottish High Tea** with a private concert from **Katherine Moller**, award winning fiddler, inside the little church at Wilson's Point Historic Site. There will also be a special appearance by a historical character who will recite Christmas tales.

A three-tiered meal will be served with savoury and sweet options and a proper Scottish tea. As you depart from the festivities you will receive a small gift to take with you.

Seating is limited to 24 guests. There will be two seatings: 11:30am to 1:30pm and 3pm to 5pm.

Reservations must be made and paid in advance. Book early because they are filling up quickly!

Please call Tammy at 506-623-8066 during business hours or email wilsonspointhistoricsite@gmail.com to reserve your seat and get instructions for e-transfer. The price is \$65 per person.

Cancellations must be made seven days in advance, in order to receive a full refund and avoid a penalty fee. In case of inclement weather, a contingency plan will be in place and announced closer to the date.

Menu

Shortbread, Oatmeal Melting Cookies
Cherry Coconut Haystacks.
Mincemeat Tartlets (sweet, with brandy butter)
Sweet Eggnog Tartlets
Victoria Sponge Cake with Strawberry Jam
Lemon Sponge Cake with Drizzle
Mini Festive Spice Cakes
Madeleines
Traditional Scottish Gingerbread Cake.
Traditional Fruitcake with Whisky and Port.
Traditional Scones with Jam and Cream
Traditional Savoury Scones with Cheese Sausage Rolls
Variety of Teatime Sandwiches



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CITY HALL UPDATES

**MAYOR ADAM LORDON, CITY COUNCIL AND
CITY STAFF EXTEND SEASON'S GREETINGS.**

**WE ARE WISHING YOU A SAFE, HEALTHY AND
HAPPY HOLIDAY AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.**



Each year, City Council honours, recognizes and acknowledges longstanding voluntary community service through the bestowal of a Community Service Award for Volunteers.

Do you know anyone who is deserving of this award?

Nomination forms can be obtained at City Hall or on the City of Miramichi website.
For more information, contact the Mayor's Office at 506-623-2205.

The awards will be presented at the Mayor's New Year's Levee.



John and the Old Army Boot

By Dolores W. Deredin

Every day after school seven-year-old Jonathan would run home, grab his colouring book and crayons and head over to the local park to

colour. While colouring on the park picnic table, he watched an old man walking through the park towards him. The man only had one leg; his left leg was missing. He sat down on the picnic table across from John. He was carrying a big beige coloured parcel and laid it down on the table in front of John.

Curious, John wondered, "Now what does he have in that parcel?"

The old man started ripping apart the parcel. John watched him and when he finally got the parcel torn open, inside there was a pair of brand-new men's boots. John watched the man take off the old army boot on his right foot and lay it on the table. He then grabbed his new right foot boot and tried it on. He then looked up at John with a big smile on his face and said, "It fits pretty good you know!"

John knowing the man only had one foot, politely asked him, "Well what will you do with your other new boot?"

The man started laughing and said, "Hmmm! Well, I could give it to you!"

John laughed and said, "Well what could I do with just one boot?"

The man smiled and said, "Well your mom could use the boot to put a plant in. Maybe you could tie it up in a tree and let the birds make a nest out of it? Well here young man, take my new boot. You figure out what you want to do with it! By the way, what is your name?"

"My name is Jonathan, but everyone calls me John," he answered. John then asked the old man, "Sir, what is your name?"

The old man answered, "My name is Sergeant Major Betts!"

John asked, "Gee Sir, did you ever go to the war?" He answered, "Yes John, I fought in both World War 1 and World War 2!"

John looked up at the sergeant major with great pride and asked him, "May I put on your old army boot?"

The sergeant-major started to laugh and asked, "Well why don't you take my new boot instead of my old boot?"

John answered, "I want to wear your old army boot! I want to be able to say that I walked all around the whole park wearing your old army boot!"

Now even though John was only seven years old, his small foot could easily fit inside the Sergeant-Major's old army boot. The Sergeant Major looked at him smiling and said to him, "It is a very big park John and an awful lot of walking!"

John took off his small right boot and took the veteran's old army boot and put it on his foot. John looked at the Sergeant-Major with great determination, saying, "I can do it!"

The Sergeant-Major looked at John, smiled and said, "Ok." He picked up his newspaper and started reading it.

Meanwhile John started off walking around the entire park wearing the war veteran's old right foot army boot! When John got back from walking all around the park he said to the Sergeant-Major, "Wow this boot is really heavy."



Oil painting by Dolores W. Deredin

The Sergeant-Major laughed when John said Wow! The Sergeant-Major said, "You might end up wearing a big boot like that one day when you get a little older."

John noticing the time, said to the Sergeant-Major, "Well Sir, I have to go home now because it is near supper time and mom gets mad at me if I am late!" John could not stop talking about Sergeant-Major Betts all during supper time. "You should see him, Mom. He is my friend."

Many days went by, and John looked out the window and saw the Sergeant-Major sitting in the park. John said, "Mom! Mom! Come quick! There is the Sergeant-Major sitting in the park."

His mother looked out the window and said, "Well John, he looks like a good man!"

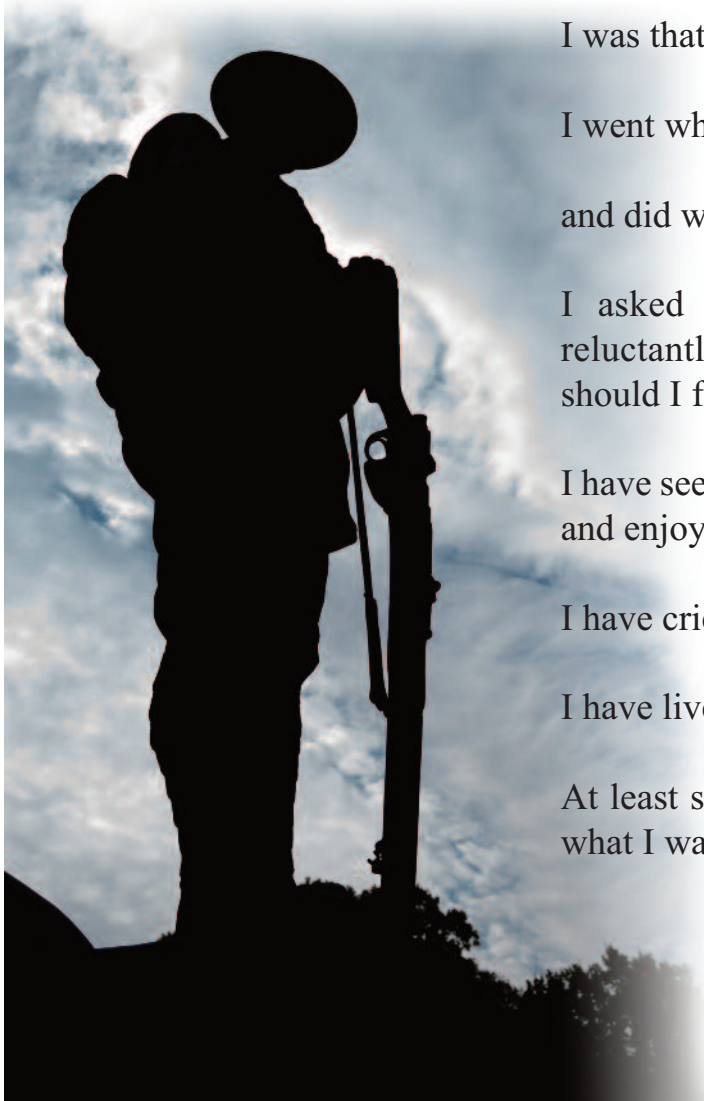
"He is, he really is Mom. Can we have him over for supper?" asked John.

His mother answered, "No! We will have him over in the garden for tea and meet with him that way."

The sergeant-major came over to the house and met John's mother. He started visiting off and on. One day, John went over to the park but the sergeant-major did not come. Another man came instead. He was carrying a bag and sat where the sergeant-major usually sat. As the man sat there,

The Portrait of a Soldier

By Allison Furlotte



I was that which others did not want to be.

I went where others Feared to go,

and did what others Failed to do.

I asked nothing from those who gave nothing, and reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness... should I fail.

I have seen the Face of terror; Felt the stinging cold of Fear; and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moments love.

I have cried, Pained and Hoped... but most of all,

I have lived times others would say were best Forgotten.

At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud of what I was... a Soldier.

Allison wrote this poem in Korea during the war. Every November he prints and laminates 50 copies of it and places them on the graves of veterans all across the Miramichi area cemeteries. He is now 93 years old, and often helps out other seniors by mowing their lawns.

he looked up and said, "Are you John?"

John answered, "Yes." Well, my name is Tom, the sergeant-major asked me to bring this parcel to you."

John asked him, "Why didn't the sergeant-major come with it himself?"

Tom answered, "I am sorry to have to tell you John that the sergeant-major died a few days ago."

Young John was really surprised and unhappy and felt bad. He took the parcel from Tom and opened it. With great surprise, John found Inside a black case. On the top of the case was an ivory plate on which was engraved the sergeant major's name. It read, "Sergeant Major Bettson Smith World War 1 (1914-1918) World War II (1939-1945)." John opened it up and then began to cry. Inside was his friend's war medals, all shined up and kept nice and neat. There were

different medals from some of the countries he served in like China, Germany, Spain and others. Inside the sergeant Major left a note that said, "Dear John, this is for you, my friend." Inside he also found a Saint Christopher medal and the surprise - the sergeant-major's old army boot.

Tom told John that the sergeant major was just buried a few days ago. He asked John, "Would you like to go and see where your friend is buried?"

John answered "Yes!" John went with Tom and his mother to the Catholic graveyard and Tom showed him his friends grave and headstone. On the bottom right-hand corner of the tombstone was written: "John, come visit me sometime. You are my best friend."

John never forgot Sergeant Major Bettson Smith and over the years he often visited the grave of his old veteran friend.



Cindy Lou's Corner

Tick Tock



The year is coming to a close. Some might be saying “thank goodness.” Others might be panicking to complete a goal they had set this past year. Time is such a peculiar thing.

I find it amusing when we apply time to fitness goals in particular. The body doesn’t know it is supposed to take seven days to lose one pound of fat. The body also doesn’t know, you only trained three days this week instead of four and now your progress is going to be off for the upcoming week. It also doesn’t know that you need to lose 20 pounds in 30 days or your life will be over, because you won’t be able to wear your skinny jeans to the New Years Eve party. The body only knows you exercised, you ate, and it responds accordingly.

Yes, time helps us set goals and gives us a point of reference. It is one of the strongest motivators available for us to use.

Whatever we apply time to, we are the deciding factor! How we feel about the moment we are in, decides how we interact with time. You know this one all too well. The moment when you put your foot in your mouth in a conversation, you really wish you could reverse time. But instead, time stands still to really make sure you fully enjoy the moment.

Let’s delve into how we use time as an excuse. Let us count the ways!

1. I don’t have time to do that.
2. It takes too much time.
3. I don’t want to waste my time.
4. Its not the right time for this.
5. I need more time.
6. Our timing is off.
7. Maybe when...
8. Next week, next month, next year...

And the list goes on and on. If you only had today, how would you spend your time? I know it’s such a cliché question. Your logical brain would go into overdrive explaining why next week is important. And all would be lost to the future or the past. It’s not about ignoring the future or the past, it is about making the present moment the fullest it can be, not just once but every time. Because that moment will not repeat itself in the exact same way. You might have moments that seem familiar to others but not exact. Pause in your conversation with a cashier, pause when you are on your



way to work or anywhere. Look up, look left, look right, look down. Take in your surroundings in that moment. See the moment like you are going to have to take a test and describe it to someone in great detail and your life depends on how well you did. Yes, that ferociously.

Here is the most important part, allow yourself to create the feeling of awe while you are taking everything in. It’s how we feel that makes time become a blessing in disguise. If you find yourself just going through your day and dragging your body along for the ride. Stop yourself and take a breath, maybe two or three, until you feel clarity or calm or inspiration settle in. This little, inexpensive, and powerful tool will give you a new perspective on any moment at hand.

May you spend your time well; it is the only currency where you decide its individual value! What is this moment worth to you?

To quote Vicki Corona: “Life is not measured by the number of breathes we take, but by the moments that take our breathe away.”

Sincerely,
Cindy Lou. Educator of Positive Thinking,
Published Author, Spiritual Guidance Counsellor
Instagram @cindylouscorner Facebook @cindylouscorner
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From Humble Beginnings to Vibrant Community Hub: The Newcastle Farmer's Market's 47-Year Journey

Contributed

The tale of the Newcastle Farmer's Market is one marked by growth, evolution, and a strong sense of community spirit. It all began in 1976, initiated by Ben and Wera Baldwin, finding its humble origins in the former Loggie garage located in Chatham. At that time, it started with a modest roster of just 12 vendors.

Over time, the market's popularity and significance steadily increased, prompting a relocation to the intersection of King and Water Street. It was at this juncture that the market truly began to thrive and further expand, while also finding a seasonal home within the Exhibition building.

In the early 1980s, a pivotal moment unfolded as the market's path crossed with the Newcastle Recreation Director. The proposal to move the entire operation to the Lindon Rec Center was introduced, and the community warmly embraced the idea.

As the market established itself in Newcastle, it initially featured approximately 20 diverse vendors. Over the years, this number has steadily grown, with hundreds of vendors participating.

In addition to promoting local commerce, the market has made significant contributions to various regional charities and awarded bursaries to local students. Presently, hosting around 35 vendors, and during peak season, that number can climb to as many as 45.



Ribbon cutting ceremony at the Newcastle Farmer's Market's new location at the Eco Center, 21 Cove Road. (L to R) Leigh Flett, Mayor Adam Lordon, MLA Michelle Conroy, Nathan Mutch, and our Minister of Regional Development, Rejean Savoie.

Its journey began in the modest confines of the Loggie garage, followed by an enduring presence at the Lindon Rec Center for nearly four decades, and presently, residing at the Eco Center, where it hopes to call home for another 40 years.

Over the course of 47 remarkable years, the Newcastle Farmer's Market has evolved into a beloved institution within the Miramichi community, drawing visitors from both nearby and distant places.

This transformative journey reflects a remarkable transition from a small, unassuming gathering into a vibrant and integral element of the community. It now serves as a prominent platform to spotlight local businesses and showcase handcrafted treasures from New Brunswick.

The Newcastle Farmer's Market wants to extend our heartfelt gratitude to all who have contributed to making it a cherished place. We warmly invite you to **join us on Fridays 10am-2pm** at our new location on 21 Cove Road, where we continue to celebrate this vibrant legacy.

Additional **Christmas markets** will be held on the following Saturdays: **Dec 2nd, 9th, and 16th.**

Check out our Facebook page as well as our Instagram for upcoming events.

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Nature's Candid Camera: Miramichi Wildlife

By Brian Donovan

The photos submitted for this month's Giv'er are from trail cameras around the Miramichi region. The pictures are stills taken from videos which you can see on Facebook at www.facebook.com/brian.donovan.505

I use the following types of locations to capture these pictures:

Log Crossings: Log crossings over midsize and larger streams are excellent locations because we can focus the camera very specifically on the crossing. The bear as well as mother lynx with her two kittens are on a Balsam Fir that has been at this location for at least three years. I mount trail cameras at either end (you can see the second camera's light in the lynx picture) resulting in video showing the animals traveling from both directions. The rain we received during hurricane Lee caused this stream to rise by three feet with water over that crossing (and caught on camera as well).

Travel corridors along roads and waterways: The fisher was photographed next to a very well-worn travel corridor along three successive beaver ponds. That location



Ponds are great locations to catch wildlife on camera, such as this moose enjoying an underwater snack.



Above: A lynx with her kits at a popular log crossing.

Below: A bear looks into the camera, at the same crossing.



A fisher photographed in a remote travel corridor.

is frequented by bears, moose, deer, lynx, coyote, mink, marten, and fisher and is very remote.

Ponds: I also set cameras facing beaver ponds to see a variety of aquatic fur bearers and birds. I was very fortunate to have this moose spend three minutes in front of the camera and have had numerous herons on camera at this location along with beaver, mink, and muskrats.

I have been lucky this year to capture on camera this lynx with her kits and a female fisher with three kits at another log crossing in July. Have a look at the Facebook site referenced above for numerous wildlife videos.



MIRAMICHI GROUND SEARCH AND RESCUE

The Lost Person's Behaviour

By Paulette Arsenault

In this issue of the Giv'er magazine, I will explain the lost person's behaviour.

There are as many as 34 different lost person behaviour profiles in the **Miramichi Ground Search and Rescue** guide on where and how to look. When MGSAR is activated to coordinate and support a search effort, one of the first decisions to make is: what is the lost person's profile, what type of psychological behaviour can be expected.

Does the lost person suffer from dementia, depression, or substance abuse? Is it a young child or an elderly active person? Are we looking for a hiker, hunter, or fisherman? All these lost person types have different lost person behaviour profiles and will impact the search decisions made by rescue organizations.

The importance of pinpointing the right profile and its attributes is paramount to an effective initial response and enables MGSAR to hit the ground running when time is of the essence.

For example, the hallmark behaviours of a lost person suffering from Alzheimer's disease are:

- 1) They keep going until they get "stuck".
- 2) They appear to lack the ability to turn around and may ping-pong off a wall, fence, or barrier.
- 3) The direction of travel will help in finding their location.
- 4) They are often oriented to past experiences, a former work area or residence.
- 5) In urban areas, the person is typically found in buildings or on the road.
- 6) In the wilderness, the person is usually walking or gets stuck in brush/briars or drainages.

Having pinpointed the lost person behaviour profile,

MGSAR will then try to gather information on the subject and list all the past addresses going back as far as possible. Some of the inquiries are: what jobs did the subject have at each location? Did the subject move recently? Formulate a list of immediate relatives the subject communicated with during their lifetime. Are they familiar with the area where they were last seen? What is the subject's favourite place?

What are their daily habits?

In general, lost persons will use different strategies to get unlost and reorient themselves. These strategies include: randomly following the path of least resistance to find a place that looks familiar; route traveling on a trail, path, drainage or other travel aid; direction traveling, certain that safety lies in one particular direction; view enhancing to try to gain a position of height to view landmarks; backtracking in an attempt to follow the exact route out; or staying put which can be an excellent strategy for reorientation if a search is



MGSAR members performing a mock rescue exercise on Beaubears Island.

organized.

In conclusion, according to statistics, even after 72 hours lost, 55% of dementia subjects are found alive. A good reason to keep searching.

Unknown to most people, MGSAR is activated and deactivated only by law enforcement authorities.

Miramichi Ground Search and Rescue membership is composed exclusively of **volunteers** of all ages. MGSAR is always looking for new recruits, if you are interested, please contact us at: join@mgsar.ca

Help us find lost people.





The First Gift of Christmas

By Johannes Bosma

Emma sat down at her desk to sort out the final reports as she checked her shiny new watch that the staff had given her as a Christmas present. It was 7:55 pm. In five more minutes, she could leave the world of work behind and lose herself in her family. That had always been Nurse Emma's hard and steadfast rule: whatever happened at the hospital that day would not go home with her.

And yet, the thought of escaping in five minutes to join her family on Christmas Eve did not comfort her. Her mind wasn't even on the reports at hand. All she could think about was fourteen-year-old Janie in room 30.

Janie had been under Emma's care since August. A victim of a hit-and-run, the teenager had been in a coma since her arrival. Each and every day during her shift, Emma spent time talking to her helpless patient, administering the physiotherapy needed to keep her in good physical shape. On days when Emma was too busy to see the girl, she would come in after her shift had ended. She would never leave the hospital until she spent a little time with her young patient. Although Janie had become the greatest test to her rule, Nurse Emma had always managed to leave her condition and story back at the hospital after she reached home.

It wasn't only Janie she had difficulty not thinking about after work. Over the last four months, she had become very good friends with Villa, Janie's mom who had remained by her daughter's side since the mishap in late August. Villa had been so optimistic, so cheerful and so hopeful. And yet, during the last few days, Emma could see that her new friend's hope of having Janie back by Christmas had all but faded.

"It's eight o'clock, Emma," came a



friendly reminder from the duty nurse. "It's time to leave all your problems and frustrations and join your family in that sanctuary called home."

Emma nodded appreciatively and finished up by straightening the files on her desk. She grabbed her purse and coat out of the staff room, wished one and all a Merry Christmas, and made her way to room 30. She just had to leave a word of comfort with Villa and say good-bye to Janie.

"Anything new, Villa?"

"Oh, Emma. Thanks for dropping by. No change, I'm afraid."

Villa could feel Emma's care and comfort as her shoulders were ensconced by her loving arms. Suddenly Villa shifted her focus.

"Wait a minute. It's after eight. You should be heading home. Don't keep that family of yours waiting one more second." Then directing her eyes to the bed, she continued to watch over her daughter with a facade of strength and

hope.

"Just saying goodbye to Janie until I see her again on the twenty-seventh", Emma said as she gave her friend one more caress and then walked over and stood by Janie's side. It would be even more difficult now to remove Janie from her thoughts until her next shift. Soothingly, Emma spoke to her teen-aged patient.

"Janie, this is Nurse Emma again. Couldn't you please come home for Christmas," she pleaded in a soft whisper. A distinct snuffle behind her told her that Villa must have overheard. Turning, Emma saw her friend, now sobbing uncontrollably. Her heart sank. Rushing to her, she apologized. "Oh, I'm so sorry, Villa. I didn't mean to..."

"It's not you, Emma. It's me. I always thought I could handle any situation but," she soaked up the tears with a tissue. "I've never told anyone this before but on the day Janie was hurt, she had cut out a picture of this

Hi-Fi stereo out of the Simpson Sears catalogue.” Villa unfolded it showing the creases and frayed edges. “She told me she wanted it for Christmas and I...”

Emma moved even closer to her and held her friend in her arms. The strain was too much for her. In between sobs, Villa told Emma what she had done. “A week ago I bought that Hi-Fi stereo. I set it up in her bedroom for her to discover on Christmas Day, I still had hope then, Emma, but tomorrow is Christmas and...”

Both women cried together and embraced each other. It was as if the time had finally arrived to release all those months of uncertainty, frustration and false hope. Then, above the loud and convulsive gasps, the sound of a tiny bell was heard. Both women stopped crying and listened in silence. Was that a bell? They waited intently for the sound to come again. Instead, they heard another sound of someone stretching and yawning. Both Emma and Villa looked up together.

On the bed sat Janie. She stretched and yawned again and looked down on both of them in dismay. “Mom, I sure hope you bought me that stereo I asked for!” She sounded just like the old Janie, who could be so demanding and impudent and still be able to get away with it. It was music to a longing mother’s ears.

After the initial shock, Villa leaped



to her feet and threw her arms lovingly around her daughter, quickly followed by Emma. “Merry Christmas to YOU too, Mom!” exclaimed Janie, taken aback. “And Merry Christmas to you, Nurse Emma,” she said in a rare form of politeness. “You know something, I don’t know your face, but I feel like I know you so well.”

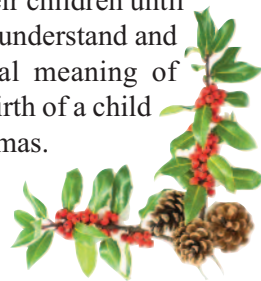
“I’ll let your mother explain everything to you,” Emma replied.

By 8:30 p.m., Nurse Emma finally left the hospital and headed home to join her family for their Christmas Eve celebration. It was 1963, and although she had always been in favour of celebrating the real meaning of Christmas, she too had given in to the physical preparation instead of the spiritual one, a popular trend in the sixties.

That year, however, Emma broke the rule she so adamantly honoured all those years as a nurse. She gathered her family in the living room and told them what had happened at the hospital that night. Then, calling her fourteen-year-old son by her side, she held him tightly and said, “Janie is the same age as you.”

Even though her son hated it, she mussed up his hair and he allowed it. She continued, “Do you know what the first gift of Christmas was? It was a child. And I realized tonight that although I could live without the trimmings and gifts of Christmas this year, I sure couldn’t live without you, son. You’ve been my gift since the Christmas of 1949 and will continue to be my most treasured gift as long as I live.”

The beloved Nurse Emma passed away in June of 2000. She was a caring, hardworking nurse and, more importantly, she was my loving mother. Although she didn’t tell me directly, I believe it was her wish that I tell this story to others. May you tell it to your children and they to their children until more people each year understand and appreciate that the real meaning of December 25th is the birth of a child - the first gift of Christmas.





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Fruitcake Cookies

By Darlene Jardine

Makes: 24 cookies

- 1 cup light raisins
- 1 cup candied green and red cherries, coarsely chopped
- 1 cup candied pineapple, coarsely chopped
- 1 cup walnuts, chopped (or other nuts of choice)
- ½ cup butter or margarine
- 2/3 cup white sugar *
- 1 egg
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- ½ tsp almond extract (optional)
- 1 ¼ cup flour
- ½ tsp baking soda
- ½ tsp salt

1. Preheat oven to 350 F. Prepare a baking sheet by lining it with parchment paper.
2. Combine all fruit and nuts with ¼ cup flour and mix well.
3. In a separate bowl, cream together the butter or margarine and sugar. Add the egg and flavourings (vanilla/almond). Beat by hand or with a mixer on medium speed until light and creamy.
4. Stir in the fruit mixture, remaining flour, baking soda, and salt. Mix until well combined.
5. Chill the dough in the fridge for 30 minutes.
6. Drop small mounds of dough onto the baking sheet using



a spoon or ice cream scoop.

7. Bake in pre-heated oven for 10 to 12 minutes. Let cool on a cooling rack.

*I originally made these with ¾ cup sugar, and I found them a bit too sweet, so I reduced the sugar in the recipe. You may adjust this according to your preference.

Notes: The colder your dough is, the less the cookies will spread. You can scoop the cookies onto the baking sheet first and then chill them or chill the dough in the bowl before scooping.

These cookies freeze well (cooked) for up to 3 months, and you might want to make a double batch so you'll have lots to share over the holidays. Enjoy them with a cup of tea or a cold glass of milk and have a Merry Christmas.

I hope to see you at my annual Country Christmas Craft and Bake Sale on December 9th, 186 Barnettville Rd.

If you'd like to order these cookies or other baking, call me at 843-7878.



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It Always Snowed on Christmas Eve

Memories of a Christmas Past

By Les McLaughlin

Growing up in the eighties, Christmas held a special place in my heart. The holiday season, with its sparkling lights and the excitement of Santa's arrival, was pure magic.

The anticipation of Christmas, for me, always began with the arrival of the Sears Wish Book. I remember lying on the floor, flipping through its glossy pages, circling my most desired toys with bright-colored markers, making sure Santa knew exactly what to bring.

In our small village of Blackville, the holiday season officially kicked off with the Blackville Fire Department's Santa Claus Parade in early December. The entire community would line the streets, waiting for the floats to drive by. Santa, always on the last float, would yell "ho, ho, ho's" from atop his sleigh, spreading joy and excitement throughout the crowd. After the parade, we'd park near the fire hall, which would be filled with kids, eagerly awaiting the chance to sit on Santa's knee to share our Christmas wishes. He'd hand us a brown paper bag filled with mixed chocolates, shelled peanuts, a barley toy, and candy cane and sometimes an apple or orange.

At school, December was a magical time. We'd watch Christmas movies and spend mornings coloring Christmas activity sheets. The sounds of the school band practicing Christmas carols would fill the long halls of Blackville School. Our teachers would have us practice little skits and songs for the Christmas program in the school cafeteria,



A float ready for the annual Christmas parade, in front of the old Blackville Fire Hall.

where we'd sing our hearts out while glancing through the audience to find our moms and dads who'd be watching with big smiles on their faces.

The week before Christmas break, we'd enjoy a special school Christmas dinner in the cafeteria, feasting on hot turkey with all the trimmings and a festive dessert.

The last day of school before the holidays was always filled with anticipation as we looked forward to a break filled with snow and family time. That night, we'd head out to the Metro or Hi-Way Market looking for the perfect Christmas movies to rent.

The snowy wonderland of my childhood was best enjoyed at my Gram's house in Keenans. We'd play in the deep, packed snow, sliding down the side hill with joy and carelessness until dark. As the warm glow of the painted Christmas bulbs lit up the yard, we'd head inside for hot cocoa and homemade cookies. Gram, with her straw broom in hand, would meet us on the front porch and gently brush the snow from our clothing before letting us in the house, where we'd giggle and thaw by the cozy fire.

The sounds of Christmas music filled the house, setting the perfect backdrop for holiday festivities. The doorways were lined with holiday cards and tiny red beads and the ceilings were draped in shiny tinsel garland that would hang from corner to corner and meet in the middle of the room.

My aunt Louise would host a party at her house in the weeks leading up to Christmas, and the whole family would gather there, sharing laughter, food, and gifts.



Les at his aunt Louise's family Christmas party.

Eventually the Keenan family would outgrow the house and move their get-together to the church hall.

On Christmas Eve, I portrayed Joseph in St. Raphael's telling of the Christmas story, while Vanda Donahue played Mary. We sat on the altar in front of a small wooden stable while Father McGowan gave his sermon. The church was adorned with bows and holly, and the choir, led by my school music teacher Miss Frenette, sang sweetly to our right. After Mass, we'd exit the church and stop at the creche that stood just outside the front door. It was lit from inside and surrounded by trees draped with multicoloured twinkling bulbs. I remember staring inside to see the nativity as snow began to fall. It always snowed on Christmas Eve, or at least that's how I remember it.

Later that night, we'd head to Gram's house. The living room would be filled with laughter, and the sounds of Kenny Rogers and Dolly Parton's Once Upon A Christmas album playing in the background. The warmth of the ever-burning wood stove made it feel extra cozy. Gram would bring out her fresh-baked molasses cookies and cinnamon rolls. We would all sit around the tree, trimmed with strings of tinsel icicles and bulbs, and watch Gram open her presents. She'd act surprised opening each gift, even though she knew very well that she and I had peeked in most of them beforehand.

When it was time to leave, we'd hug Gram goodbye



Les with his sisters, Cathy and Lori in the back and Jennifer beside him.

and drive home. We'd put out cookies and milk for Santa before mom and dad would tuck us in bed. On Christmas Day, we'd wake up early to unwrap our presents and stockings, spending the day playing with our new toys and watching Christmas specials on TV or a VHS tape of E.T.: The Extra Terrestrial.

In the days following Christmas, we'd visit family, the Keenan's and McLaughlin's, and I often found myself at my cousin Jonathan's house. Every year, my uncle Jerry would build the perfect sliding hill that stretched from the old railway tracks across from their house up to the Blackville Mill property. I have so many fond memories of that place, but that's a story for another day.

When the holiday season wound down, we'd reluctantly prepare for the routine of returning to school, yearning for those magical Christmas days to slow down, if just a little bit.

As I look back on those treasured moments from my childhood, the Christmases of the eighties and early nineties remain a source of deep nostalgia and joy. The traditions, the love of family, and the spirit of the season all hold a special place in my heart that's as warm and bright as those holiday lights. Those cherished memories, both big and small, are a reminder of the magic that surrounds us during this special time of year, and they continue to shape the way I celebrate and appreciate the holiday season today.

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Homemade Holidays

When I Was a Young Lad

by Darlene Jardine

This time of year reminds me of my childhood.

As I bake bread and sweets with the first snow falling outside, I think about when I was a little girl, and our kitchen was bustling with Christmas preparations.

Mom and Gram would be busy making fruitcakes, nutcake and currant cake – special treats that we always looked forward to and were only made at Christmas. The pantry and cold cellar brimmed with crab apple preserves, pickles, berry jams, and potatoes, carrots, and turnips from the fall harvest. We'd have about six barrels of salted fish and meat to do us the winter; salmon, eels, gaspereau, pork, deer, and moose.

I remember one year when I was eight years old, and we were living in our first house, before it burned. There were six of us kids at that time, my parents, and Dad's mother, Gram lived with us too, at the end of the Barnettville road overlooking the river. The Eaton's catalogue had arrived, and we were so excited. We mauled over that catalogue for weeks and knew what was on every page. Mom and Gram always ordered us a few things for Christmas, along with new boots for whoever needed them. Money was tight, but every year they managed to get us



something new for Christmas.

A lot of our clothes were handmade. Mom and Gram knit all our socks, mittens, hats and scarves, and Dad made us coats and dresses. Dad was a great tailor, and he would cut up old coats and other clothing to repurpose them. He was a self-taught and well-read and could figure out how to make or do anything he put his mind to. I can still see the little mackinaw coats he made for my brothers.

I'll never forget the red plaid A-line dress he made me. It had a little collar, short sleeves, and was buttoned from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. Dad could make anything and even helped with the knitting and cooking too. Later in life, his folk-art wood carvings and paintings would

become sought after by collectors.

On Christmas Eve each year, Mom and Dad headed to the woods to cut down a fir tree. We stayed home with Gram and ran around the house getting socks to hang up for Santa—usually Dad's socks because they were bigger. Christmas eve was also a special time because Mom and Dad were married on December 24 in 1946, the year after Dad came home from the war.

When they returned, we trimmed the tree with tinsel and



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store-bought ornaments mostly and twisted up tinfoil to look like icicles. There were no lights because we didn't have electricity back then, just the warm glow of oil lamps.

I remember staring at the beautiful tree and us kids were all so excited. Before long, Mom said, "I hear bells!"

We rushed to the windows with our ears pressed against the glass. Sure enough, there was the sound of bells, making their way towards us, through the dark winter night.

Mom hurried us to the table to sit and "be good" and before long the door opened and there was Santa Claus coming in with a loud "Ho, ho, ho!"

Every year he came, big and tall, to us anyway, with his red suit and knapsack on his back. He asked if we were good boys and girls and we sat in awe, our eyes wide. Toys stuck out of his knapsack, like little brooms and shovels and he gave us a bag of candy to share.

After he left, we scurried to bed, but not before gathering around Gram in her rocking chair, to say our prayers, as we did every night.

The next morning Santa had come, and our socks were filled with ribbon candy, a barley toy, and oranges and apples. We unwrapped little brooms and shovels and knew then for sure, that the man from the night before was Santa, because we had seen them sticking out of his knapsack. Dad had guided a sport that year, a fisherman "from away", and he sent my sister and I each a beautiful doll and a big red firetruck for my older brother. We felt so blessed.

Soon the smell of roast chicken filled the house, freshly plucked from the hen house a few days prior, and we sat down to a Christmas feast. We had such a sweet closeness with Mom and Dad and never heard a loud word spoken in that house.

I am 75 years old now, and those memories stay with me as if they just happened yesterday. I am so grateful for that time in my life, filled with simple joys and the wonder of Christmas, and for my dear Uncle Arch who came across the

river ice each year, to bring Santa to our home.

Today I continue to knit and bake, preserve crab apples, and make jellies, and keep the traditions alive that were formed by my late father Robert E. Jardine, grandmother Laura Jardine, and my mother Dora Jardine who lives with me now and is 94 years old.



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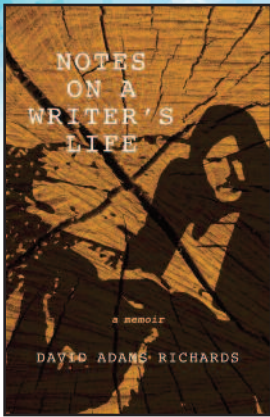
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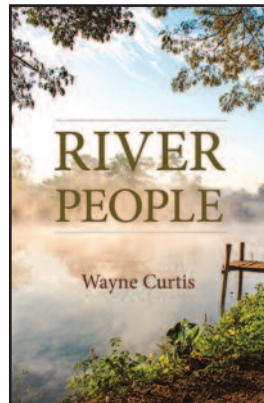


Notes on a Writer's Life: A Memoir, is David Adams Richards account of his more than fifty years as a writer. Readers will learn of his childhood, high school years of rebellion, his friendships with other writers, and uneasy relationship with both publishers and academics. Richards describes his travels to various parts of the world, his love of the sea and his determination to write against the odds, and how his wife Peggy has been his greatest ally and supporter.

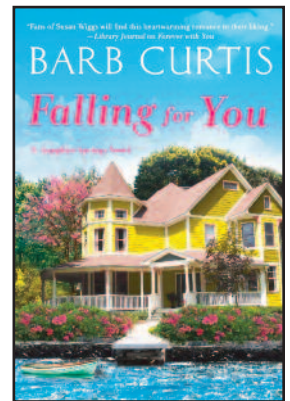


Death Between the Decks: An Old Manse Mystery by Alexa Bowie is the third book in this "cozy" mystery series. If you haven't already, check out the first two books, *Death Between the Walls*, and *Death Between the Tables*. The series follows Emma Andrews, who moves back home to Newcastle from Toronto after inheriting the Old Manse and finds herself in the middle of murder and mystery.

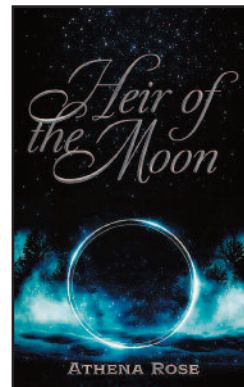
River People is Wayne Curtis' twentieth published book and is a collection of short stories set in the Miramichi River Valley. As always, Curtis's love for our mighty river, the land, and people is evident in this book of 16 thoughtful stories where he explores fishing, hunting, young love, war brides, hardships, heart break, and other aspects of life along the river.



Falling for You by Barb Curtis is a contemporary romance with a sprinkle of mystery. It is the third in her Sapphire Springs series which features new characters and storylines in each book, so they can be enjoyed as a standalone read. "Curtis's sweet, inviting third Sapphire Springs romance begs to be turned into a Hallmark movie. This is everything small-town romance readers could want."—Publishers Weekly



Everything in This House Breaks is a collection of 21 stories, and is the second book of short stories by Burnt Church resident poet and author Sandra Bunting. She brings the reader from Ireland to Canada and back, and draws us into little sketches of relationships, families, childhood tales, unsuspected life twists and even a thriller or two.



Heir of the Moon is a young adult fantasy novel written by Athena Rose. It is a beautifully crafted tale of a storied land, peopled with magical creatures, and the ever-watchful moon. *Heir of the Moon* takes its readers on a thoughtful and fantastical journey of courage, lost innocence, and the transformative power of love.



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Angels Remembered - Hospice Miramichi

Angels Remembered is an occasion when people can honour the remembrance of a loved one by placing an angel on our Christmas tree in the Hospice Shoppe. It is a wonderful opportunity for the community to show their love, honour their friends and family, and support Hospice Miramichi.

The Angels Remembered campaign runs from **November 13 to December 22**. You can purchase a ribbon adorned with a loved one's name, starting at just \$5. Ribbons will be used to decorate the Angels Remembered Tree at the Shoppe this holiday season. For donations of \$10 or more you will receive the ribbon and a tax receipt, plus a handcrafted angel ornament.

Proceeds support our free services offering care, compassion, and comfort to palliative patients and their families at our hospice (soon to open) and in the community.



The Hospice Shoppe is an upscale resale boutique offering clothing, decor and household items. This social enterprise is the backbone of our fundraising efforts to provide free services and is largely supported by volunteers, many of whom have been with us since we began 10 years ago.

To honour a loved one and donate to the Angels Remembered campaign or for more information visit The Hospice Shoppe at 139 Duke St. Our shop is open Monday through Saturday 10am to 4pm. You can also call 506-773-3811.

Hospice Miramichi hosts a **Grief Support Group** on Thursdays until November 30 from 6-8 pm. For more information and to register for the sessions please call 506-773-7607 email: info@hospicemiramichi.com or visit www.hospicemiramichi.com Location: 51 Lobban Ave, 3rd floor Boardroom.



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Merry Christmas!



The Spruce

By Doug Dolan

For one child, a large family can be a place of comfort and security. For another, it can be a source of hurt without others even being aware. The anxiety can shrink the soul.

John is the eldest son and was the favourite of our parents. With the recognition, he was also expected to set an example for his younger brothers and sisters while keeping up with schoolwork and a part-time job.

Two weeks before Christmas, 1965, Mom called him into the kitchen, where she was busy making the weekly loaves of bread. "John, I need you to get the Christmas tree this year. Dad is away on school business." "Getting a tree" meant going to the nearby woods and cutting one down. Quality was not a concern.

John was a bright hard-working young man accustomed to stepping in for his father. But sometimes, it took real effort to keep up with the demands on him. He was digging out the sled when Chris, our youngest brother, appeared. The eight-year-old was often lost among the raucous behaviour of his bigger, older brothers. "Mom said I should go with you." Chris offered with little enthusiasm. John knew his mother's ways - the judge had ruled, and he would comply.

Snow hit him as he rounded the side of the woodshed. The wind was from the east. "We are in for a storm," he thought. The two set out quickly across the snow-covered field behind our home.

The snow lay heavy on the backfield, and the path through was starting to fill in. They climbed over the neighbourhood sliding hill where a few younger children were enjoying the absence of the rowdier older kids. They rolled smoothly onto the railway tracks at the top of the hill. The snow stung their faces as they walked into the wind.



Dolan Family Home

Chris pulled his hood up.

It had only been two months since Chris's elderly neighbour and best friend Jed had died. Jed and his wife, Harriet had warmed to the curious young boy who walked cautiously into their lives. They had no children and were charmed by his quiet respectful nature. For Chris, these two adults offered him a welcome retreat from his home where he often felt lost and alone. He and Jed became fast friends, offering each other what each could not otherwise find. The loss of Jed left Chris feeling increasingly isolated and abandoned.

"Why don't you guys talk with me?" John was startled and saw his kid brother staring up at him. He struggled for words. "I guess we figured you say what you want."

"I tried, and nobody listens." Chris's head was bowed; it was obvious he was crying.

Despite the gathering storm, John sat on the sled beside his brother. "I didn't know Chris. I see what you mean. Maybe you and me can spend more time together and I will listen, promise. Want to try that?" John asked.

"Yeah, I guess we could," Chris replied, wiping away the last tears.

"Great! John playfully tapped his brother on the shoulder; Let's find a Christmas tree!" A gust of wind nearly knocked him onto the snowbank as he stood up. He put his head down and charged ahead.

Arriving at the place that John remembered as the tree stand, the choices were few. Others had found the spot he and his dad had used for years. "Chris, you stay with the sled and watch for trains, OK? I'm going into the woods." The area



was a spruce grove.

John vaguely remembered his father explaining the importance of getting a fir tree, but he couldn't remember why. Spruce trees are nice and green and even bushier. He walked around, sizing up potential candidates. He zoned in on one. It was the right height. He circled twice and assured himself it would be fine. He made quick work of chopping it down and rejoined his young brother, waiting patiently in the cold.

They loaded the tree on the sled and made for home. The snow was blowing horizontally across their path. John doubled his effort and, using the railway tracks as a guide, they arrived at the top of the hill. He began to pick his way down but, several times, stumbled and fell. He was suddenly tired and angry with himself and everybody. He just wanted to get home safely. He panicked as he felt the rope slacken, fearing his brother had fallen off. Chris appeared beside him, gathering the rope in his hands. They restarted, taking turns acting as guides.

The boys made steady progress until the lights from their home came into view. Minutes later, Chris placed the tree on the verandah while John stowed away the sleds and axe. Mother greeted them on the porch. "Thank God, you are ok. I didn't think it would get this bad."

"Chris was a great help guiding and pulling. We make a good team." John said, sharing a smile and wink with his brother as they stepped into the warm kitchen and the aroma of freshly baked bread with supper on the table.

Mom gathered the family later and announced, the tree would be put up that night. The boys went to the attic and returned with boxes of worn ornaments and lights. Soon, the yuletide jewel was adorned. The room was filled with a rainbow of soft colours.

"It is beautiful. Great job, kids, on the decorating and thank you, John and Chris, for getting such a handsome tree!" said Mother. Chris swelled with pride. "Time for bed." Each of us, in turn, said good night to Mom, and as she did every night, she responded, "God Bless."

Spruce is known for its plentiful thick sap; it has a corn syrup consistency when warmed to room temperature. That night, it slowly began to run from beneath the bark, gathering



speed and volume.

The next morning, we stopped in the living room to admire our previous night's work and to size up our presents under the tree. Holding the carefully wrapped gifts, our hands came away sticky with spruce sap and pieces of tissue paper. The gooey mixture had covered everything in its path like some festive lava.

Adding to the sappy chaos was our family cat, Ash. She usually slept beside the wood furnace (hence her name). But when she heard her humans the previous night, she had come up the stairs and slid silently behind the tree. Now she emerged, smeared in spruce resin. She tried unsuccessfully to lick the nasty-tasting glue off her fur. Getting no satisfaction, she sprang to the tree top to consider her situation. As the center of gravity shifted with her weight, the tree and Ash cascaded onto Mom and us. Feline and human howls joined together in a most unholy Christmas chorus.

Later that day Dad came home to find John and Chris brooding over their turn of fortune. "Boys, I'm proud of how you took care of each other in the storm. Here are two dollars, get yourselves a treat."

With wide grins, the brothers put on their winter boots and coats and headed out into the early evening.

Merry Christmas
from all of us!

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Here's to Your Health at MCCSC

By Deanna Gadd, Miramichi Cross Country Ski Club

Many children can't wait for the first snowfall, and then play outdoors throughout the winter. Adults - not so much. At the Miramichi Cross Country Ski Club (MCCSC) we would like to invite all adults and children to enjoy winter on our ski and snowshoe trails.

Numerous studies show a benefit to being outside, in nature. These include reduction in stress levels, lowering of blood pressure, enjoying outdoor air quality and benefits to the immune system. Then, there are the added advantages that come with physical activity.

The MCCSC has been a part of Miramichi winters for almost 50 years. Our clubhouse, right on route 126 in Nelson, is well stocked with skis and snowshoes for rent, for all ages. Washrooms and snacks are also available.

Our trail system has something for everyone, from a 0.3 km bunny trail to a 12 km trail around the Carding Mill Brook. The snowshoe trails are laid out in 1 km loops, so participants can choose their distance to travel as they go. The trails wind through woodlands, giving good protection from wind. There is a 4 km lighted



Jackrabbit Lessons



Atlantic Cup Biathlon Race at MCCSC



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trail, groomed for classic and skate skiing (freestyle) with lights on from dusk until 9 pm. The snowshoe trail is not lit but some people go out with headlamps in the evenings.

The ski club offers a youth ski-skill program, the Jackrabbit program, that runs for 8 weeks during January and February. There is also a biathlon club for youth and adult. This is a sport that combines skiing and target shooting. New members are welcome.

You can buy a daily trail pass, or a season membership, for cross country skiing/snowshoeing or a separate snowshoe membership. Buying a membership adds convenience and is good value for money.



MCCSC Trail Head

Details about the ski club are on our website www.skimiramichi.com and Facebook page. We welcome you to come out and enjoy winter with us this season.



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All that Remains - Part Two

David Ernest Hutchison: A Great Miramichi Benefactor

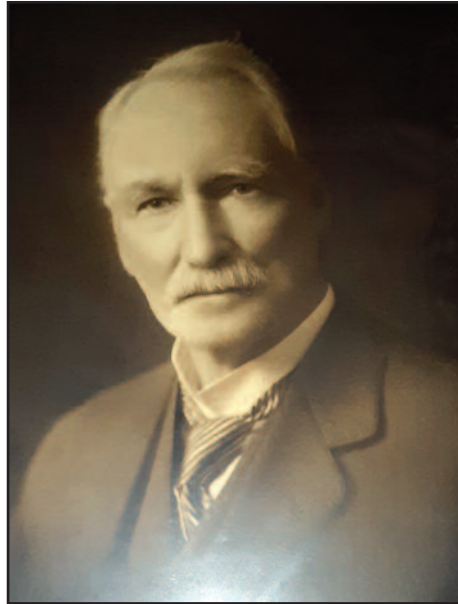
By: Charlotte Loggie, Miramichi Historical Society

David Alexander Ernest Hutchison (1847-1918) This second son of Richard Hutchison, known all his life as Ernest, was born on New Year's Day in 1847.

His father, Richard (1812-1891) had taken over Alexander Rankin's lumber business in 1852 and when he died, the business of running R. Hutchison & Co. gradually devolved to Ernest, and by 1890 he was the sole manager. Even though the need for wooden masts and timber for shipbuilding had declined severely since the mid-1800's, the lumber trade continued to increase as wood was still a primary building material, and pulp and paper production really took off in North America from 1890 onwards. Ernest Hutchison focussed his business on these needs, managing his father's company for 17 more years. In 1907, he sold it to Miramichi Lumber Company which was a subsidiary of the International Paper Company of New York. The sale realized \$300,000 which in today's money would be over nine million dollars.

Boats, Cars, and Philanthropy

Ernest Hutchison was interested in all forms of machinery, and it has been reported that he knew more about steam mills than the engineers who ran them. This interest spilled over into other machines such as yachts, speedboats, and cars. As early as 1881, Hutchison was involved in organizing regattas on the Miramichi River, where he competed enthusiastically. A good story, told by the former Curator of the Rankin House Museum, Mr. Jack Ullock, is as follows: "*Mr. Hutchison was a very competitive man. At one time he had a boat he believed to be the fastest on the Miramichi. He called this boat Pretty Damn Quick. There was another boat owned by Snowball in*



Chatham who raced against Hutchison and won. Snowball named his boat Darn Sight Faster. After his defeat, Hutchison put his boat away and never bothered with it again." (Remembering David Alexander Hutchison, *Bread 'n' Molasses*, by Janet Stothart, 2004)

Hutchison was also very interested in the automobile. In 1906 he purchased a 2-cylinder Russell from the Lounsbury Co. It was the 25th automobile to be registered that year in New Brunswick, and only the 3rd to be registered in Miramichi. The next year, he bought a 50-horsepower Royal Tourist which could seat seven passengers. Royal Tourists were made by Royal Motor Car Company and known as big, luxurious, and reliable autos. A 50-horsepower vehicle cost between \$3500 and \$4000 in 1907 which would be somewhere north of \$96,000 in today's money! The company's slogan was "The Pink of Perfection" and the Royal Tourist was certainly a luxury vehicle.

Another famous Hutchison story concerning vehicles details his journey from Miramichi to Bathurst in 1913

when he took the Minister of Public Works, John Morrissy, with him. The trip took over five hours, including the time needed to cut away windfalls (branches or tree limbs blown down). After this trip, the Minister pushed through legislation that the road would be "turnpiked" or paved, possibly with toll gates.

There is another famous Hutchison automobile story from Mr. Jack Ullock: "*Hutchison was also in competition with Snowball to see who could put the most miles on their cars. With his long trips to the United States, Ernest won each time. Each spring, Hutchison and John Miller, who lived in Millerton, would have a race to see who would be the first to drive to Newcastle. One spring the weather was wet, and the roads were in poor shape, but Hutchison was determined to get to Newcastle first, so he hitched a pair of horses to his car and made it to Newcastle before Miller did.*" (*Bread 'n' Molasses*, Janet Stothart, 2004).

Hutchison's community involvement and philanthropy are well documented. From starting as a County Warden to serving in the House of



An advertisement in McClure's magazine in 1904 for the Royal Tourist. Ernest Hutchison purchased the luxury automobile in 1907.

Assembly, he moved on to be an officer in the militia, a member of the Highland Society (and president in 1906), president of the Chatham Curling Club, a Mason, and an adherent of the Presbyterian church. A substantial scholarship in his name is still given every year by the Highland Society at Miramichi to persons moving on to postgraduate academic work.

Hutchison saw needs in his community and endeavoured to fill them. When he built his handsome home "Woodlands" in Douglastown in the early 1890s, he gave the former Rankin House to the village to use for a school. At his own expense, he removed unnecessary chimneys, installed a new furnace and renovated the interior to accommodate students and teachers. The Douglastown School was open until Gretna Green School was built in 1980.

In 1914, as a brother Mason, he built the Associated Lodges building for use by various groups in both Newcastle and Chatham; Masons, Eastern Star, and other affiliated organizations. This building has been kept in wonderful condition and is in regular use today by the lodges of Miramichi. The party for its opening in October of 1914, was attended by 400 people! The event was scheduled to end at 3am but due to fog on the river, the boats available to take people home could not leave, so most passengers were not delivered to their abodes until around 8am!

In 1915, a campaign began to raise funds for a new hospital in Newcastle, but donations were sporadic and uncertain. At first, Hutchison said he would match the donations of the citizens, but when donations only totaled \$700, Hutchison took over, and gave the money needed to build and fully equip a new hospital. His costs were in the neighbourhood of \$100,000 which in today's money would be equivalent to \$2.8 million! One of the only conditions attached to this gift was that a member of the Highland Society at Miramichi would always have a seat on the board of the hospital.

Hutchison died suddenly in 1918 while vacationing in



"Woodlands", the immense Queen Anne-style home in Douglastown, was built by Ernest Hutchison in the early 1890s.

South Carolina and is buried in the St. James and St. John graveyard in Newcastle. Another monument to Hutchison is at St. James and St. John United Church, found on the west side of the front steps of the church. He was survived by his wife, Eliza Jane Johnston, a son Richard, and a daughter Isabelle. Another son, Alexander, died as a five-year-old child in 1886.

The few physical reminders of the Hutchison family are mostly in Douglastown, which was the seat of their business endeavours. After the R. Hutchison & Co. business was sold, his son Ernest turned his attention solely towards his community and directed all his efforts into its improvement and enhancement.

"Woodlands", the immense Queen Anne-style home in Douglastown, was built by Ernest Hutchison in the early 1890s. It is panelled in oak throughout in true Victorian style and has beautiful grounds surrounding the turreted mansion; part of a vanished age, but evidence of what remains of Ernest Hutchison's presence on the Miramichi.





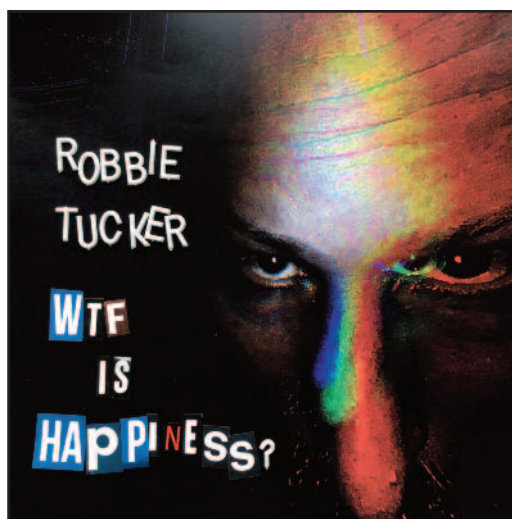
WTF is Happiness?

Robbie Tucker's 4th Album in Less than a Year

The first thought I had for this project was when the album title came to me. Right away, I felt this would be worth my time and effort. I had no other ideas, no songs, and no previously written material in mind. I was starting in the middle of nowhere and, as of late, that's my favourite place to begin.

But where exactly do I start? Well, I pick up my guitar or sit down at the piano, open my recording software, click record and make something up for 3 or 4 minutes. This is my blueprint, and it's what my ideas will hang on to as we embark on this adventure together. From there, with no boundaries or restrictions, I allow my creativity to take control. Making a conscience effort not to veer off the path of the skeleton I've just created.

As with any new album, I attempt to create something interesting. Something that hopefully will pique the listener's curiosity and have them asking why or what about something involving the music, lyrics or vocal style. If you're listening to any of my albums, I never want you to hear the same song twice. By that, I mean two songs that sound alike.



I genuinely love making music, though it continues to become more and more difficult for me. It's been nearly 20 years now that I've been living with Parkinson's disease and the ever-evolving deterioration of my physical abilities leaves me wondering how much longer I'll be able to do it. I'm pretty sure that's why I don't stop. There is a surgical procedure known as DBS on the horizon which has the potential to give me back a percentage of lost function, but I won't know until I

have the surgery what those results will be.

This is my fourth album release in less than a year and one that I'm extremely proud of. If you've somehow found your way to this page, I hope your ears discover happiness, anger, sadness, humour or some other human emotion that ultimately connects us all.

Musically Medicated,
Robbie Tucker

Find Robbie's full bio and links to music and socials here: www.musicnb.org/en/directory/robbie-tucker



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Nature's Best on Display:

The Miramichi Garden Club Photo Contest



The Miramichi Garden Club was established in 2002, and over the years the club has had many interesting activities. We've hosted plant sales, bus trips, guest speakers, summer garden parties, garden tours, community activities and more.

At our October meeting we held a photo contest where members submitted up to six pictures of their own gardens. We had a lovely evening viewing the photos, it was like going on a miniature garden tour. Two judges reviewed the pictures and selected our winners; 1st place Tanya Foran Breen, 2nd place Mary Jane Donahue, 3rd place Cole Shea.



Winners of the garden club's photo contest.
(L to R) 1st place Tanya Foran Breen, 2nd place Mary Jane Donahue, 3rd place Cole Shea. Photo by Grace Trowbridge.

Thank you to the committee who organized the contest, the contestants who entered the contest and the judges Grace and Brenda. Congratulations to all the winners for a job well done!

All are welcome to become a Miramichi Garden Club member for a small membership fee. We meet on the second Thursday of the month at 7 pm at St. Samuel's Church Hall, 33 St. Samuel's Street

in Douglastown.

If you wish to learn more about the Miramichi Garden Club, check out our Facebook page Miramichi Garden Club.



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Bay du Vin Wharf - A Local Meeting Place

By Trudy Duff

Bay du Vin is my birthplace. My father was a fisherman here for most of his life until a health condition made it necessary for him to leave the salt water. My husband and I are residents here for five to six months yearly, so I consider Bay du Vin my home. On our return each spring our routine follows the same pattern – we walk out on the deck, check the beach, raise the flag, say hello to neighbours, then we walk the beach and go to Bay du Vin wharf.

This year the wharf was different. It appeared tired and unkept. Garbage was strewn about, and boards were broken and loose. Perhaps with closer examination it might be found in need of structural repair. A few more years of neglect and the wharf might be beyond repair. This was a disappointment because over the years I've observed how well this wharf has served not only residents of Bay du Vin, but surrounding area and visitors from other parts of Canada and abroad.

While browsing through a booklet titled Looking Back - a History of Bay du Vin compiled by the Anglican Church Homen in 1979, I found a section on wharves in this area. The first was built in 1895 at Bay du Vin Beach. Severe storms in 1937 and 1940 damaged it greatly. A smaller wharf which was built between 1930-1935 could be enlarged but the Government could not keep up both. The people of the area made the wise decision to use the Bay du Vin location and increase the size of that wharf since it would offer more protection from storms.

I expect that over the years a large amount of money has gone into repairs. Recently I've heard comments that the Bay du Vin wharf isn't used enough to warrant more funding for repairs and upkeep. I beg to differ.

My frequent visits this summer have found the wharf quite busy and used for a variety of purposes. A few fishing boats, not as many as in the days gone by, use it to launch and load equipment as well as to tie up. Many pleasure boats large and small - pontoon boats, cruisers, sail boats, kayaks, and personal watercraft use the launch facilities while loading and



unloading passengers. It is used as a place to tie up while securing fuel, food, and water. Government boats launch from there as they go about their duties of taking water samples, checking boats for safety equipment, etc.

I've observed local people while fishing off the wharf willing to assist others - young and old so that they too can enjoy the thrill of pulling in the big one or small one.

I see the wharf as a gathering place, a place to share news, discuss ideas, meet people new to or visiting the area. Each summer we have met people on the wharf from other parts of Canada and abroad.

Let's suppose that some day a sign appears reading "Wharf Closed". How would that impact Bay du Vin and the surrounding area? If the people here are concerned, I feel now is the time for them to get involved and voice their opinion. Once the wharf is gone, we won't get it back. I understand there is government money available for such a project.

Perhaps someone who has up-to-date information regarding the wharf situation would kindly respond to me.

Trudy Duff, a concerned resident, tntduff@icloud.com



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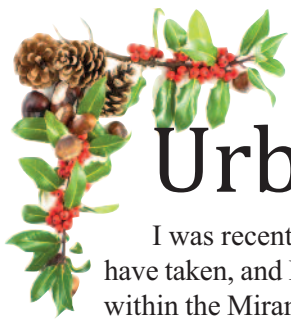
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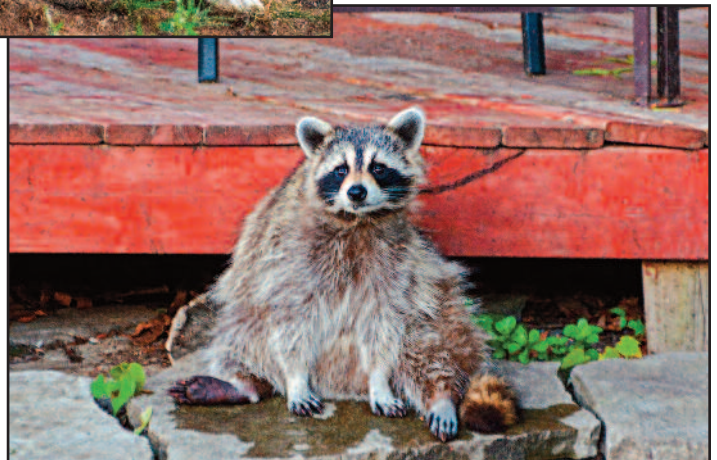
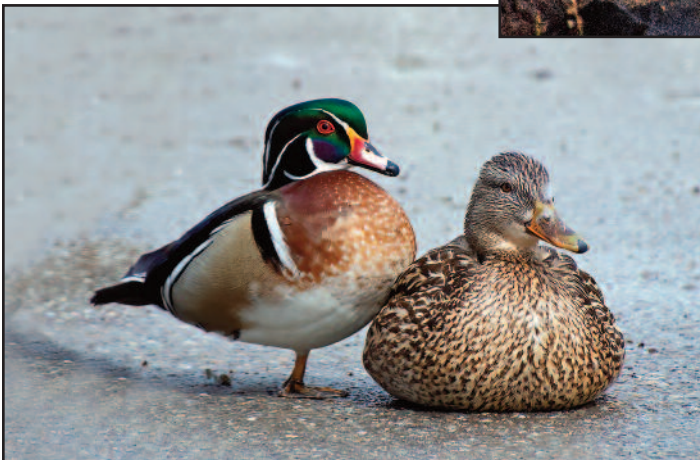
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Happy Holidays!



Urban Wildlife

I was recently looking at some of the wildlife photos I have taken, and I realized that nearly all of them were taken within the Miramichi City limits. So often I have gone into the woods looking for photos of wildlife to come home with nothing, and find pictures of deer at the traffic circle in Chatham Head. - Bonnie Coughlan





Saint Paul's Anglican Church 200th Anniversary

The season of Advent is always a festive time during the Christian church calendar. This year is extra special at Saint Paul's Anglican Church in Bushville, Miramichi. It will be celebrating 200 years of service on December 25th, 2023.

Construction of Saint Paul's began in 1822 and was completed in 1823 with its first call to service on Christmas Day of the same year. The church was constructed by local master builder, William Murray and was one of only a few structures that survived the Great Miramichi Fire of 1825.

John Jackson was the church's first sexton, and along with other parishioners, was instrumental in saving the church from one of New Brunswick's worst forest fires on record. The adjoining cemetery has historical significance as one of the Fathers of Confederation, John Mercer Johnson, is buried there. In 1847 Dr. John Vondy, a young physician was interred at Saint Paul's Cemetery, after succumbing to the same illness (Typhus and Scarlet Fever), the passengers from the Irish famine relief ship, the Looshtauk, had contacted.

On Christmas Eve, December 24th at 4 pm, Saint Paul's will be celebrating Holy Eucharist with the present rector, Archdeacon Perry Cooper. The Most Reverend David Edwards of the Anglican Diocese of Fredericton will be in attendance.

For more information on services and events visit the Anglican Parish of Chatham website at www.apocm.org







Happy Holidays!
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Photo Submissions

Winter Issue

Send photo submissions
by January 19th, 2024

If you have photos, stories, tips or tidbits to share, send them to submit@mcgmedia.net. For photos, please send high resolution jpg's (not resized for email) and remember to include your name for the photo credit and the location where the photo was taken or description of the subject matter.



An oil Painting by Cathleen Richards-Green of sunlight through the trees on Wilson's Point trails.



A frosty rose in October. Photo by Stacy Underhill.



Above: Northern Cardinal

Right: Christmas on Water Street in Historic Downtown Chatham Business District.
Both photos by Wendy Wilson.





Above: A festive view of the Centennial Bridge in Miramichi
Right: Snowy Willow Street in Miramichi
 Both photos by Bonnie Coughlan



Monica McIntyre's photo of her dog, Mr. Magoo looking out over the Miramichi Bay.



Nelton Dedam's photo captures a boat in the sunrise.



A serene first snowfall in Oak Point captured by George Bowie.



Jacques La Fontaine took this photo at Mill Stream: Clouds and water, simple but mesmerizing.



Submissions

Reader's Tip

I discovered a way to help people decrease COPD exacerbations when climbing stairs. The steps on stairs are called "tread and rise." Tread is the flat part that you place your foot on, rise is the vertical part you stub your toe on. With your strongest leg place your foot FLAT on the tread, inhale a good breath through your nose with your mouth closed. Calmly rise to the next step while releasing air through your mouth with pursed lips. Continue to top of stairs. I've been dealing with COPD for about 20 years. Sincerely, Oland Joseph Dupuis



Danny Underhill took this photo in Renous of a doe deer and a rare white fawn.



Sunset at Tyrrells Point by Cyndi Davies-Nash



Carrol Mysko's photo of the fox and the moon at Black River Bridge.



Christmas Cactus by Edna Moorhouse



A visit to the pumpkin patch, by Linda Vautour.



Blake Underhill sent this photo of his wife Lorraine under towering sunflowers.



Carrie Ann Vienneau's photo of bumblebees enjoying end of fall flowers.

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Laura L Harrison

Viewer's Choice - 1st Place Quilt

Congratulations to **Phyllis Innes** on being awarded **first place for the Viewers Choice** at the recent quilt show held by the Miramichi Quilt Guild, winning a rosette from the Canadian Quilter's Association. The show was held at St. Andrew's United Church on Wellington Street in Miramichi on Sept. 29 & 30.

This intricate and beautiful quilt, in shades of blue, yellow, cream, and beige was created by Phyllis as part of the *365 Challenge*, offered online by Australian Kathryn Kerr. Beginning on January 1, 2016, a block pattern was forwarded daily to all those individuals who registered. The finished block sizes were either three or six inches. Participants were to choose a minimum of eight coordinating colors (some prints) and they could choose the colors they wanted to make their block. The difficulty level began with easy patterns, such as three strips, gradually progressing to more complicated ones.

Since 2016, this project has been worked on at various times throughout the years with it being completed in the spring of 2022. This quilt measures 106 inches square and has been machine pieced, hand quilted and hand bound, all by Phyllis.



Phyllis Innes displays her winning quilt at the Miramichi Quilt Guild's annual show, held this year at St. Andrew's United Church.



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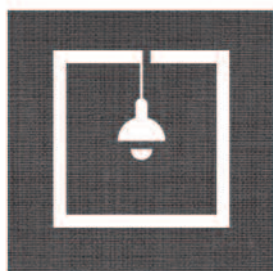
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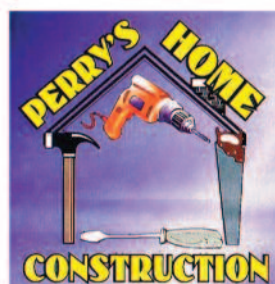
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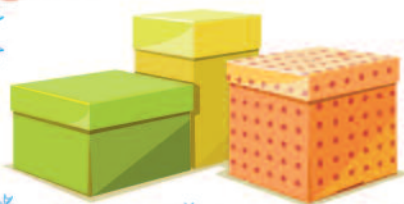
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Season's Greetings from the Greater Miramichi Regional Service Commission - Solid Waste Services

REMINDER: Styrofoam, bows, ribbons and decorations are NOT recyclable in the Curbside Recycling Program

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