

PINE RIVER MINI - MUSINGS

A Covid newsletter brought to you by the congregation at Pine River United Church

ISSUE 7

MAY 2021

From Lisa Farrell:

Thanks to everyone for their Mother's Day tributes, memories and entertaining stories. Patt thought it would be fun to compile a Mini-Musings, just for Mother's Day. She was right! Once again, you came through with lots of contributions.

Mom and I were talking the other day about how we used to go tramping through the woods with her mom, Millie Campbell foraging for fiddlehead and morels. Not only can I find a meal in the woods, I credit Mom and both my Grandmother's for my ability to put together a meal for many and enjoy doing it too. I fondly remember how special it was on the farm when I was little, picking a flower to wear to church on mother's Day. The flower could be any colour if your mom was still living and white to honour your mother if she had passed away.

From Vaughn Munro:

When my mother was about 52, she moved from Nova Scotia to London Ont. She was a graduate of music, and had played pipe organ for about 30 years. She indicated that she would like to continue playing and asked me if there were any churches looking for an organist. I looked in the London Free Press on Monday, saw an ad and phoned giving my Mothers credentials. She started playing in the Baptist church on Sunday. This really isn't funny, but it is amusing.



From Doug Kaufman:

Our mother was a serious soul except for April Fools Day. I can't recall a specific trick she played but she hooked my younger brother and me every year. She also surprised us on rare occasions, usually in the early morning, playing chopsticks on the piano and chording other familiar pieces. The first time we discovered her at the keyboard we were blown away. Our mom playing the piano? Who'd a thunk it!

From Janis Curtis:

Well, back in the day, when small children had to sit through the entire church service, I remember my mother being creative in trying to distract me. Not that I was a fidgety kid or anything... well, yes, I WAS a fidgety kid... one thing she would do was take her white cloth hankie and fold and roll it so it looked like two babies in a hammock. That and searching through her purse for a mint or anything she could find to keep me amused.

Poor Mom probably never did get to just relax and enjoy the service! I will be wearing a white flower this Sunday. She would be 108 on May 27.

From Mike Eadie:

Most of the wonderful memories that I have of my Mom (Anne Eadie) are of her always doing everything with us. Taking us to church, taking us to sports, coaching us, teaching us how to throw, catch, bat, and field a grounder. Taking us to the beach, doing EVERYTHING with us, for us, always with the purest of love and joy. She would talk with me for however long I needed whenever I was upset or sad. Her unconditional love and the wonderful foundation she laid allowed me to have a relationship with Jesus. Grandma Audrey would likely correctly add that her years of daily prayer and God himself also contributed to this.

Mom taught school almost every year when we were young. For one year, or part of one year she stayed home. Every morning she would stand in the driveway as I biked through the field to Elgin Market Public school. I'd stop every few pedals, turn around and wave. Mom stood there and waved back with a big joyful smile every day and every time. I probably stopped an average of 37 times each morning before I was out of sight. That's been our whole life experience with our Mom. She's always there for us 100%.

From Gert Larsen:

One thing Mom (Marian Walden) used to say was "If you are able to get away for a day, GO and leave your troubles at the back door. You can always pick them up when you arrive back home, and they just might look different."

I heard her say that many times.

**From Lucille Fischer:**

My mother was Sophia (Ernie) Pollock and we lived just north of Ripley. I remember when my brother Wally was getting married mother found a bottle of Vodka in our car. She was furious, grabbed it, and had me put it up in our attic as she was moving in to Ripley. That bottle stayed there until shortly before she died when I was able to sneak it out and give it back to Wally.

From Bob Scott:

My mother, Mary Scott, always had a heavy foot on the gas feed. One day with nephew Blair on board, she sideswiped a parked car in Kincardine, and told Blair she didn't have time to stop as the grocery store was closing at 6 o'clock.

From Wendy Scott:

My parents moved to the twelfth of Huron Township as my Dad was the new cheese maker. My mother, Betty Cleland, wrote the milk cheques to the dairy farmers who provided the milk. She only knew their nicknames, so that's what she used. Such as John Farmer, Jim Farmer, Dan Colin, and Donnie Yarrie whose last names were all Mac Donald.

From Jon Eadie:**Sunday School Story**

Anne Eadie was leading a sing along in the Pine River United Church basement where the Sister Act act was about to be born. Her son, me, thought he could get away with a little extra Sunday School sass since he had an in with the teacher. Her son was wrong! Anne Eadie was not his Mother! She was the Sunday School teacher at the moment and Jon Eadie was interrupting her music class! Here I was showing off having a great time, and next thing you know, I was the first, and only one I witnessed to date, to be removed from Sunday School.

I learned a lot about my Mom that day. And the lesson grew and was more relevant with time. Thank you Mom. Being a parent now, I fully understand some of the tough love lessons you had to teach me were not tough love, they were truly above and beyond love.

Baseball Story

My Mom was my baseball coach around 1990 in minor baseball. Not a lot of people my age or older can say that. I was so proud. I quickly found out she didn't play favorites though.....she played baseball and was there to teach everyone and try to win, but not at all costs type of trying to win. She did get challenged by others for cheating repeatedly. But that's cause Kent Liddle was the only legitimate Mosquito ball player with a legitimate moustache. It was hard to convince even if his Dad, Charles, was there too!

Mom coached some challenging children in those Ripley ball years. I remember thinking some of them looked real cool when they had a good fit after they struck out. I love that she benched me for a little fit I had, much smaller than ones previously mentioned by others on our team. What I find cute is, I was lucky to have a Mom that always made me better. Even if it hurt both of us in the short term, like so much else she does, she's in it for the greater good and the bigger picture, not herself or playing favourites. Thanks for being you Mom and thanks for your unconditional love with purpose!

From Audrey Ferguson:

My Mother, Helen, was being courted by Johnny MacMurchy. During their rides together, she often asked him to stop at her sister Sarah's farm so she could have a chat. Johnny would end up visiting with Sarah's husband Alfred at the barn. While that was happening, she and Sarah would fill the buggy with baked goods made by Sarah. You see, Helen had never really learned to bake, and the family wanted Johnny to think she was a great cook!

Patt Lowry:

My Mother, Donna Jean, visited us from Vancouver at least twice a year, and usually stayed about two weeks. One time there was some crisis happening with the rest of the family who all live in Vancouver. Mum was on the phone, doing her best to solve the problem. After she hung up, she shook her head and said "Well I can't run their lives from 3,000 miles away" – and then we both laughed, when she realized what she had said. (To be fair, she didn't really try to run anybody's life!)

From Greg Lowry:

I remember my mom (Patt Lowry) and Mama years ago discussing farm equipment, particularly grain buggies! For several years they called the grain buggy the "green" buggy, it was actually red in colour back then, apparently we have a funny way of pronouncing "grain"! Then it dawned on me how little they knew about equipment 😊!

