

It's memories that count

Extraordinary ordinary people are people with a purpose. Not seekers of glory or fame; but people who will stand up for and stick by what they believe in, despite all odds. People with the courage to step outside their comfort zone, to go the extra mile and accept the sometimes every day drudgery of life as challenge and adventure. People of conscience; concerned about others, their community and their environment.

Who are these extraordinary ordinary people? They are not as elusive as you might think. They could be your friends, relatives, co-workers; or perhaps that extraordinary ordinary person is you. So if you know one, or if you are one, please call Sandra Galysh at 797-2414.

**by Sandra Gould Galysh
Special to The Beacon Times**

An enchanting array of African Violets sun themselves at the picture window as I settle into a comfy chair in the cosy Port Elgin apartment of Jean Clazie. Jean has 24 violets and all her violets stem from one original.

"I've only bought one African violet," Jean says, "but I've given many away over the years."

Paintings of country sides, lakes and sunsets grace the living room walls and as Jean shows me other works, she talks of the art class she enrolled in 30 years ago.

"I love to paint, but I've learned one thing," she says smiling, "Don't ever bake anything in the oven when you're painting, cause it's going to get burned."

In Jean's work room, I am treated to another display of artistic creations. Beautiful hand made quilts, doilies,



Jean Clazie in her apartment in Port Elgin

needlepoint pillows and pictures, knitted mitts and socks. She makes all her Christmas and birthday presents for her two children, Isobelle and Jim, her nine grand children and 16 great grand children. Jean shows me crochet edged towels recently completed; and proudly displays a pale green pillowcase she edged with crocheted silk, when she was first married.

Jean is a member of "Harmony Circle" a quilting bee within the United Church that makes quilts to raise funds for the church and charities. She's also involved with a

group of seniors that teach young people to knit and crochet, because she feels one should pass on their knowledge; and Jean holds a wealth of knowledge.

A great historian, she has been a charter member of the "Women's Institute" of South Saugeen for over 50 years, where she has held the post of Tweedsmuir Curator since 1969; and at 87, Jean still retains a great memory for names, dates and places.

An antique bed dating back to 1874 rests majestically in Jean's bedroom. It once belonged to her grand mother in-law, and still retains it's original springs. A beautiful flower garden quilt, Jean's creation, is tucked loosely over the bed and as light filters through bedroom curtains across faded family photographs on an antique dresser; Jean reflects upon her life in Greenock Township. She was known then as Viola Jean Leask and as a young girl learned to quilt, crochet, knit, bake pies and cook wholesome hearty meals. She tells me of the lovely pink chiffon dress and velvet hat she made for her wedding day.

"No one could afford a wedding dress in those days. I still have my dress, though it doesn't fit me now. I only weighed a 100 pounds back then."

Jean was to wed Grant Clazie in September, 1931, but fire flared and blistered through the old farm house that was to be their home. Undaunted by the unfortunate setback however, she embraced the title of Mrs. Grant Clazie on November 11, 1931, and the Clazies moved into the reconstructed farm house that would be Jean's home for 56

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Happy memories are what counts Jean Clazie says

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years.

"It was rebuilt from it's foundations in six weeks at a cost \$1,650," states Jean, "Good brick, hardwood floors, no cupboards, no indoor plumbing or electricity though, but we got along."

Farm work is laborious and exhausting at the best of times and in addition to her regular chores of milking cows, tending the home and caring for two children" Jean recalls preparing and cooking meals on a wood stove for as many as 24 farm hands during harvest time.

"They could eat. One time I cooked a ~~400~~ thinking it would do for dinner and supper, but they cleaned it all up at dinner, so I had to get out a side of ~~400~~ for supper. And one day I baked a cake, set it out at the front door to cool and young Jim took two fist fulls right out of the cake. I grabbed a hold of him, stuck the pieces back in the cake, iced it and served it at supper."

"There's so many things happened on a farm," says Jean, "When I think back over it, I can see the fun of it, but at the time it scares you."

Although Jean never learned to drive, she's toured all the Canadian Provinces, but Newfoundland and in 1989, she travelled to Aberdeen, Scotland with her daughter, to visit the home of her great grandparents.

"I enjoy travelling and I've had a very enjoyable life," she muses, "and I'm so fortunate to have my family close. My children are good to me. My grand children are good to me. My youngest great grand son said to me the other day, "You know great grandma, you're getting awfully old."

Jean's advise to young people:

"Enjoy each day, because it will tide you over a rough spot as you go along. When you're young you see things you want and when you get older, it doesn't mean a thing to you. Happy memories are what count."

Safe and Healthy Communities

*Health and safety is our theme,
We'll work together as a team;
We'll encourage folk to eat what's right,
To keep all junk food out of sight.
We'll learn to cook for one or two,
Trying recipes that are new;
We'll try to keep from being sick,
By finding cures that make us tick.
We'll let the pharmacist be our friend,
His good advice he'll readily lend;
Preventing illness is our aim -
We'll urge others to do the same.
Busy hands make a healthy mind,
And safety measures we will find.
We'll work to avoid accidents, too,
And keep our environment clean and true.
Dear Grandpa must be told, "No! No!
Your darling grandson cannot go,
On a tractor he may not ride,
E'en tho' you'll keep him by your side."
Our scatter mats are just as bad,
You may not slip, but what about Dad?
Keep safety always in your mind,
Then health and happiness you will find.*

*Composed by Grace Morton, Wellman's WI,
Hastings North District.*

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