

that commanded a good view up the Blanche River. Here he and Aunt Muriel would sit of a summer evening. During these years Uncle Roland kept a small boat and outboard motor. He and Aunt Muriel enjoyed many short trips up the Blanche River. He and Newton Coles shared a boathouse between them for a number of years. It was situated close to the water's edge and close to one corner of his land.

During this same time Uncle Roland did a great deal to improve St. Faith's Church. A foundation was put under the building. The ceiling was altered. An oil heater and a new chimney was installed. The outside of the church and the roof was painted. The inside was decorated. Uncle Roland did, and financed, much of the work himself. The rest he superintended. He kept the grass cut in the summer and shovelled the snow in the winter. He used to see that the church was heated in time for the services. He did much of the cleaning and tidying up. When, and if, it was possible to procure flowers he would always have fresh flowers to put on the Alter.

As the years passed Uncle Roland became less able to look after all of these things. The hillside was again left in more or less of a wild state, though many of the flowers still grow there. He disposed of his boat and motor. Others took over part of the care of the church.

Always a lover of flowers Uncle Roland made flower boxes and had them placed on the south and east sides of his house. These were easier for him to look after, and he kept them full of flowers every summer right to the last. He always kept a number of lovely house plants. One of these was still blooming in one of his windows after he was gone.

Aunt Muriel passed on in 1968, just the day before Uncle Roland's birthday. After that I do not think that he ever had quite the same zest for life as he had before. But he kept going. He was able to look after himself and his home up to within a week of his death. He also kept the account books of the church up to that time.

During his last years Uncle Roland's chief interest was the wild birds that used to come to his door for food, a family of skunks that used to show up every summer, and