



The Adventures of Meg

By M. M. McCallum

A cavernous escape

"Meg, don't forget your heavy sweater. It will be a lot colder up the valley than here at home, and those caves can be mighty damp."

"I have it Mum; and my warm socks and brogues too. Is this my lunch? The bus will soon be here."

"Here is an apple Meg. Tuck it in your sweater pocket. If I remember correctly; it is about a three hour drive and you might like a snack."

Oh Mum! I remember now. You went there on a bus trip too — and had an adventure of your own. Tell me about it again."

"Well Meg; you may call it an adventure, but I call it a good scare. It is rather an up and down hill drive, and the back door on the end of our bus flew open. Its a good thing there was no one in the centre aisle or they could have slid right out. The hill was so steep we were almost standing straight up. The bus driver had to listen to our screams till he could pull over and get stopped."

"He and the chaperons made a rope from ties and belts, and

shoelaces and we finished our trip, — but, oh my, what a day to remember."

"But that was a long time ago, and, you have nice sturdy buses to carry you now, and the doors are on the side, not the end. God bless and have a good day", said Mum watching as Meg bounded up the steps of the big blue bus.

The other passengers were all about Meg's age. It was getting close to school time again, and this was a good chance to meet some of her new classmates. Meg's swimming pals had saved her a seat and the time and the miles flew by.

They had arrived!! Here were the famous caves. What would they be like? Would there really be stalactites and stalagmites? What about bats?

Meg shivered and drew her sweater closely around. Her hand unconsciously grasping the as yet uneaten apple.

The bright sunlight faded as her group moved forward into the larger cavern. A feeling of awe swept over them as they looked up, up, up! This was the inside of a mountain.

Somebody giggled, the spell was broken, and chatting like mad they darted here and there along the passages.

At one point they were held up by a group of teeny-boppers just ahead of them, and they listened carefully to the guide explain how the deposits of carbonate of lime hanging from the roof of the cave like giant icicles; had been dripping and reforming for hundreds of years.

As the younger folks moved off, all laced together with a rope, Meg was glad to hear the guide say there were no bats left. They had all been cleared out long ago. She had wanted to know about the bats, but was too shy to ask.

Suddenly Meg found herself alone. Judy and Bonnie had gone ahead, — but which tunnel had they taken?

Hearing voices to her right, she went that way. The tunnel was ever so long; it seemed to be getting narrower the further she went. The voices got louder and somebody was crying. Bending her head and turning her shoulders Meg kept going and there was Bonnie and Judy.

They were both talking at once and there was a child crying. But where was he.

"Meg, Meg, whatever shall we do? A little boy slipped through that crack. His name is Terry

and he is only six," burst out Bonnie.

"He was the last one on his rope and it came loose and he stopped to tie his shoe lace and, and . . ." blurted Judy.

"Well Judy", said Meg, "Lets get him to stop crying and then we will have to get help."

"Terry, can you reach your arm out this far!"

"I, I think so," answered a quavery voice — and a little hand poked out of this slim opening.

Good," said Meg. "Now here is an apple to munch on. Don't drop it."

But its wet in here, and I am cold," said Terry.

"Well; we can fix the cold," said Meg briskly. "Here is a nice warm sweater. Pull your knees up and it should go all the way around you."

"Is that better? Good, now which of us will go for help?"

"Bonnie and I will both go," said Judy. "But Meg how will we find our way back to you and Terry?"

"Well we really need a guide rope. Let me think. We could unravel my sweater. It is handmade and strong; but, no, Terry needs it. Oh! I know. Quick, get out all the laces and

hair ribbons and belts you have."

"Oh! Meg," said Judy sadly, "Even tied together they could not possibly be long enough."

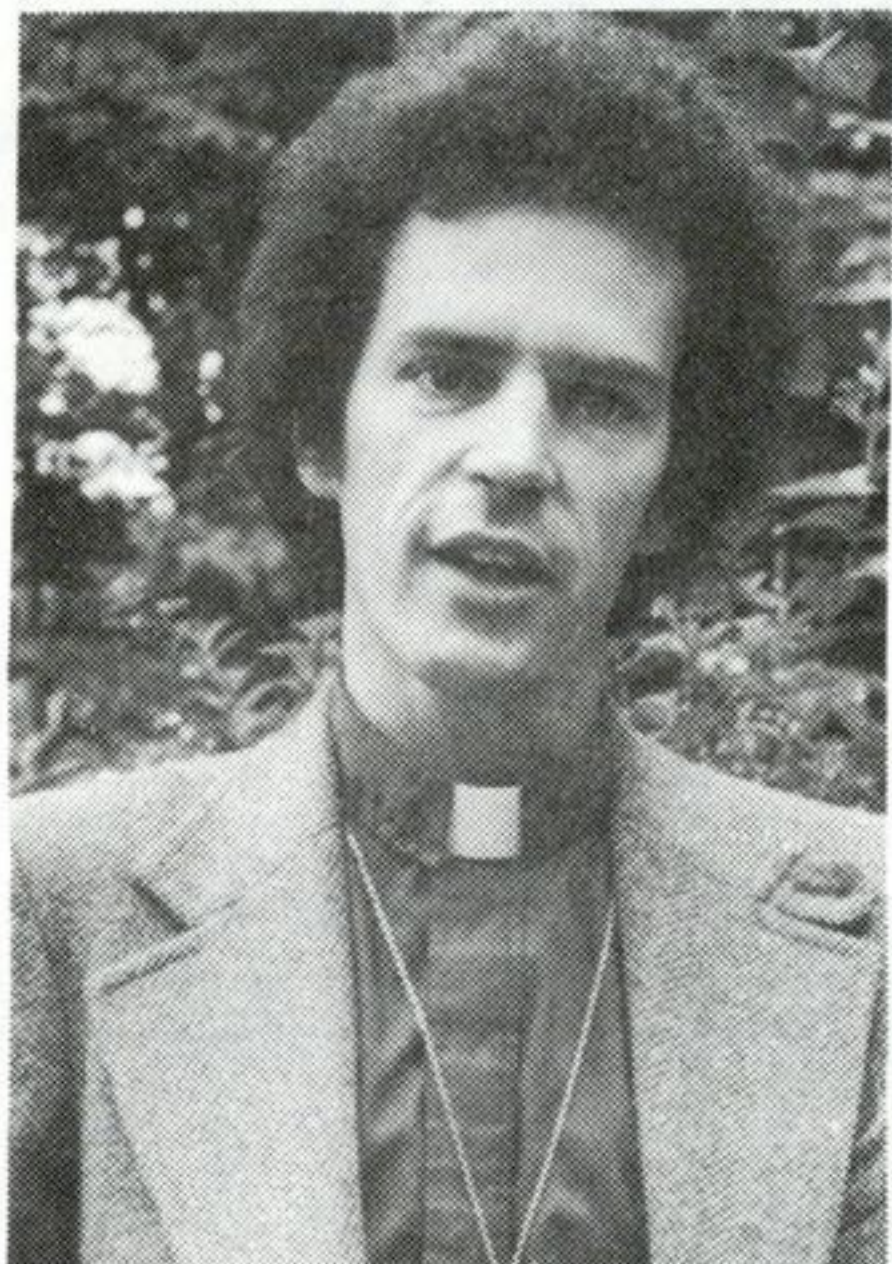
"Not long, no," said Meg, "But we can blaze a trail. Tie them on the stalagmites as you go Judy, stand at the corner of the passageway to the tunnel; and Bonnie go on ahead to the main cave. Here, take my bangles too. They will shine against the limestone."

Judy and Bonnie hurried on tying as they went. Even Terry had handed out his shoelaces. Yes, the very ones that had caused the trouble in the first place.

Help soon arrived, and Terry had calmed down enough to listen to the guide. Following his expert instructions Terry was soon free, and they all tramped out to the green grass and fresh air.

Happily eating lunch, for she was hungry (after all Terry had had her apple) Meg smiled to herself.

Shoe laces, belts and ribbon ties had once again saved the day . . . Just like in the olden days when Mum was a girl.



Rev. Michael Fleming

Russell's St. Mary's in new Anglican Parish

A special service on September 10, 1978, marked the induction of the Rev. Michael Fleming as rector of the newly formed Parish of Vars, Bearbrook and Russell. The special celebration was attended by special guests, local clergy and members of all three congregations.

Although sad to be leaving the parish of Metcalfe, Vernon and Greely, Rev. Horace Lambie, St. Mary's Russell, is eager to welcome its new minister and looks forward to forming closer ties with Vars and Bearbrook.

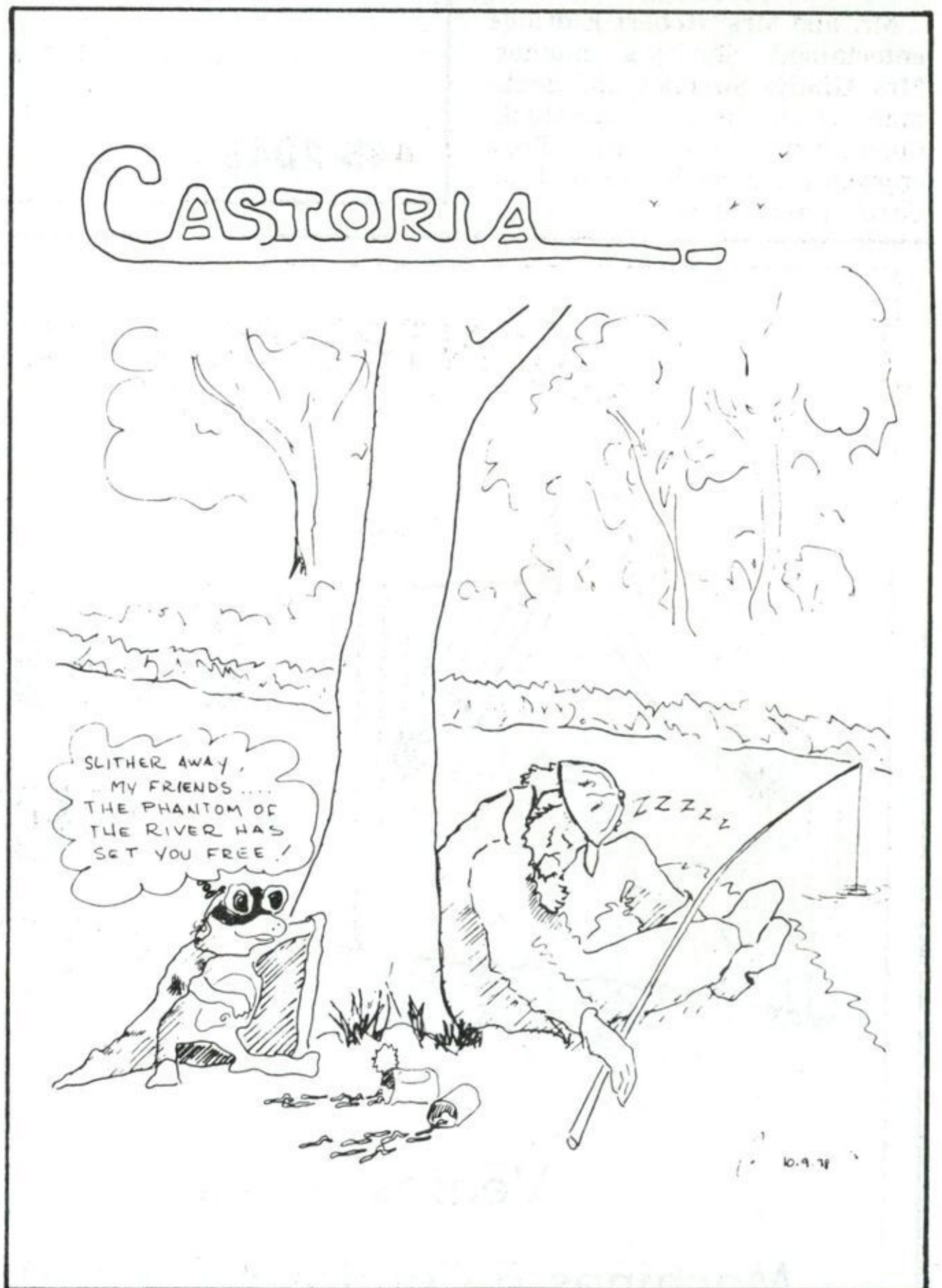
Rev. Michael Fleming is Ot-

tawa Valley — born but spent his school days in Montreal. Later he received his Master of Divinity from Trinity College at the University of Toronto. Immediately after graduation Rev. Fleming was appointed to the parish of Vars-Bearbrook where for the past two years he has developed his concept of a "joint ministry."

St. Mary's Services
Sept. 17 — 9:00 a.m.
Sept. 24 — 10: a.m.

Oct. 1 — 11:15 a.m.

Thanksgiving Service
(Sunday School to commence at a later date)



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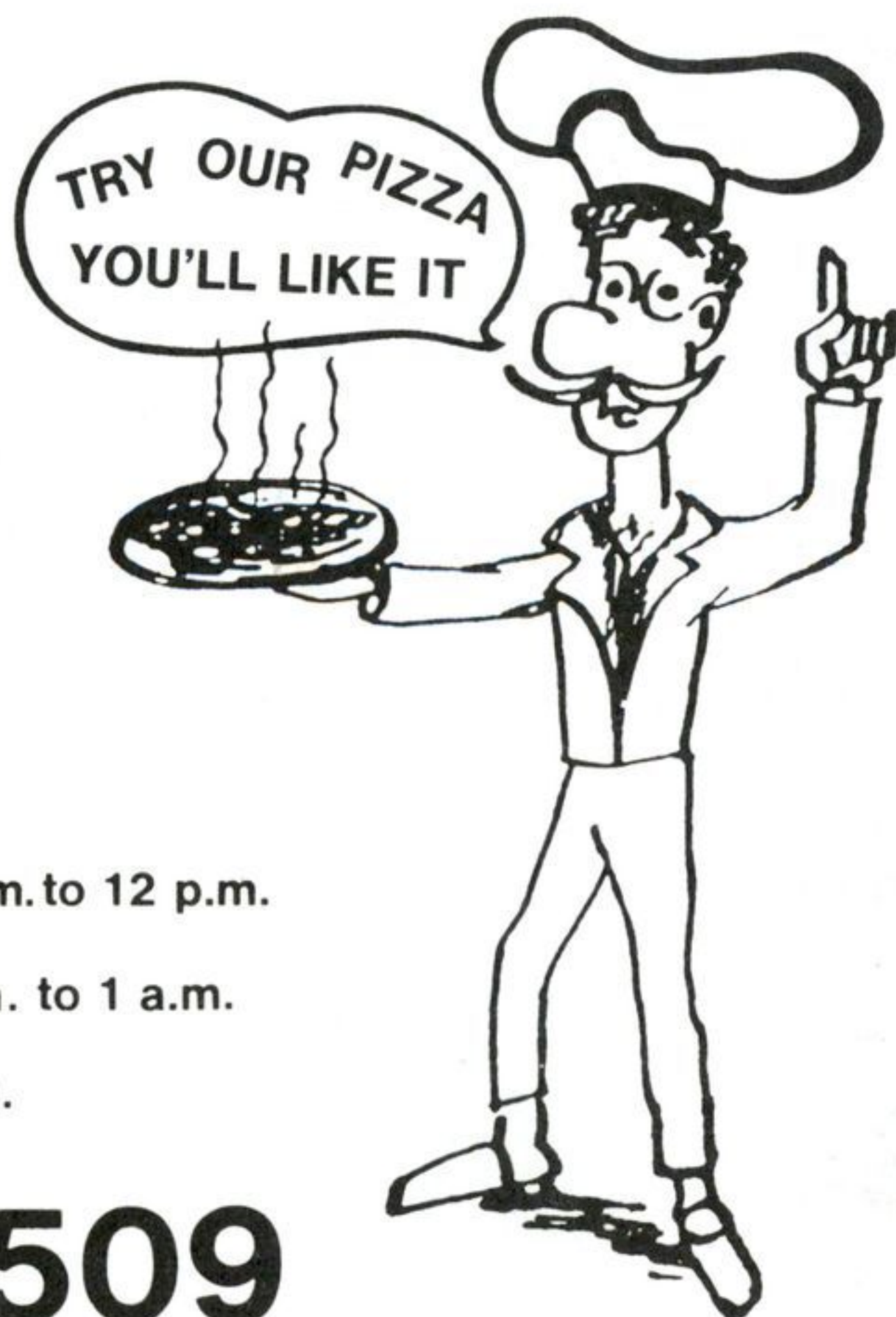
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