

# HARVEST HOME



"I just love it here" said her nibs. At the time we were sitting on the back deck with the mid-October sun filtering through the breeze trembling trees. Valerie was sipping on her pre-dinner sherry and I was listening to the clink of ice cubes in my glass of scotch.

We were admiring the back lawn which I'd just cut and the burning bush with its fiery beauty amid the somewhat weary looking hostas and other plants and shrubs. A shadow of shade from our Maple tree, which we had planted four years ago and is now 18 feet tall, fell across the deck.

Down on the pond the still water was nature's mirror for the brush strokes of colour in the leaves of the trees lining the banks. Everywhere you looked the brilliant colours mingled with some greens and made the horizon glow.

I thought of the comment from Valerie's water colour instructor that Every evening God paints a different sky. Surely every Fall, God paints a different landscape and one which painters and even photographers cannot, to my mind, capture in its full beauty.

I had talked about going for a couple of days on a colour tour, but when you looked around, why bother. In fact many people from the cities were probably coming here for the colours, particularly since Thanksgiving weekend was coming up.

When we considered that we had been here five years, the activities we were involved in, the friends we had made and the genuine affection that we had developed for the community, her nibs "I just love it here" expanded beyond the scenery to encompass the significant changes in our lifestyle since we left the city.

The Fall season seems to be one of the most active. This is probably due to the fact that after harvest the local farmers have a chance to take a breather from incessant work and can spend more time visiting, relaxing a little, preparing for Christmas and resting up a bit for the coming Spring.

Its the season of fairs, church suppers, rummage sales, bazaars and community entertainments. Our own fair was excellent this year, I particularly liked the return

of the 4-H Calf Show, which apparently was a fixture some years ago and the introduction of the lawnmower races and weight pull that drew an enthusiastic crowd.

The turkey supper at St. Philips was excellent as usual as I'm sure the bazaar will be in November, although one could possibly accuse me of bias.

All in all we have a great deal to be thankful for. It reminds me of a comment once made by my childrens' great grandfather. He lived on a Century Farm (originally settled by his Father) in Chinguacousy Township (now part of the municipality of Caledon) in the County of Peel. You know where that is; between Etobicoke on the east and Halton County on the West.

He had never traveled very far from home. He had relatives in Hamilton but that was a long journey, even after autos, requiring significant planning. Probably his most frequent trip away was to the town of Brampton, some 14 miles south, but that trip was taken only rarely.

One day a nephew and his wife invited him to accompany them on a vacation trip to the Maritimes. After much coaxing he agreed and off they went.

As an aside, Valerie and I took the identical route this year. Through Montreal along the south shore of the St. Lawrence through New Brunswick, P.E.I., Nova Scotia and home. (With us it rained 5 out of 6 days).

When he returned and was questioned about the trip he said " I'm quite old now and this was the farthest trip I've ever taken. I liked the St. Lawrence Valley with it farms. I liked New Brunswick with its hilly forests and....farm land. I really liked P.E.I. and can better appreciate their excellent potatoes having seen their farms. I loved the orchards and scenery in Nova Scotia. The sea was fascinating to me and I thought of my mother and father sailing from Scotland to settle here. But you know, despite the beauty and other good things, I wouldn't trade the whole works for a hundred acres in Peel County."

Valerie and I know how he felt, because we feel the same about the County.

- John A. Jackson

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