

We were delighted to meet our goddaughter, Lindsey, now that she had obtained her official Canadian Permanent Resident Status. It had been a long, tough battle to convince the authorities of her *bona fide* application as a landed immigrant. Now that her application had been granted, she was overjoyed to make the break. Since April 9th, 2009, she had stayed with her brother in Waterdown, and babysat her two young nephews. We arranged to get together for lunch at Crabby Joe's family restaurant in Woodstock, and Lindsey arrived on time in her own car. Naturally the bulk of the conversation revolved around her settling in and future plans, and she was actively looking for a full-time job.

At the beginning of August, I upgraded from Stone Age 'dial-up' to a high-speed (broadband) Internet connection. This all came about since I bought the new MacBook laptop computer. Of course, the difference was like day and night, and now I could use this technology at home rather than the public library's equipment. The old e-mail address was disabled when I moved from Hurontel Telecommunications Co-operative Inc. to a different local Internet Service Provider (ISP), Bluewater Cable TV Ltd. This was the same company that provided our stereo radio reception signals through the existing coaxial cable network in the apartment building. The technician added a new coaxial cable connection to a rented modem, and an ethernet cable to the MacBook. To avoid the problem of the misinterpreted figure '1' in the old e-mail address, we chose—bjpmap@cabletv.on.ca—and I notified all my correspondents of the new link.

The crazy summer weather, with lower than usual temperatures and significantly more rain, played havoc with July holidaymakers' plans. The gurus predicted that August would pick up and seasonable conditions prevail. We hoped that September would turn out to be a dry month for our trip to Nova Scotia. Lots of people have been going to that part of Canada this year—all saying that they had had a good time. My cousin, Don, recently returned from a holiday in Québec, and e-mailed a glowing report of charming hospitality, great food and prime golf time on the courses. He and his wife, Claire, intended to return to one particular upscale resort that really 'turned them on.'

I was still grinding away with the heritage projects, and at one committee meeting a special guest needed to be brought up to date with one of our property resources called the Municipal Register. This publication was the result of a Herculean job by one member of the committee to photograph and record statistics on all the historically designated and potential designated properties in town; then this data was published in book form. Another initiative percolating merrily away was the historical designation process for the landmark lighthouse (built in 1847) that guarded our port. This will be a huge deal and it's hoped that a major media blitz happens during the plaque unveiling ceremony later in the autumn.

Recent trips to the live theatre included *Blue Champagne*, a musical revue of songs made popular in the 1940s. Five performers sang and danced across the stage and belted out a collection of memorabilia. It was an OK show, but when compared to all the others we have seen so far this season, we rated it the least enjoyable. The theatre outings continue next month with the comedy, *Moon Over Buffalo*.

The first Monday in August is the Civic Holiday and a long weekend, but we looked forward to taking it easy, as the next four weekends were all going to be busy with either theatre outings or weddings. Not having been to a wedding for several years, we received an invitation to attend a second one. It was to take

place down at the beach here in town. The bride is the daughter of friends, and although she has been living with her common-law partner for years—they even have three children—presumably they now wanted to make their relationship permanent.

The long weekend gave me a chance to catch up on some heritage work such as updating the Annual Report (a monthly exercise) and preparing for upcoming municipal events. One of these was to meet the official judges for the Communities in Bloom competition. Every year, the Town of Goderich enters this national event to try and win the coveted award for being the ‘prettiest town in Canada.’ Usually, two judges visit the competing communities to see if the categorized claims for the best in urban landscaping, parkland, private gardens and built heritage fit the rigid competition stipulations. My job was to convince the judges that the new civic complex—currently under construction—matched the requirements of the heritage inspired architecture and environmental footprint expected of such a development. For example, was the architectural style sympathetic with the neighbouring designated Heritage Building? For sure it was, together with the fact that all the rainwater that fell on the roof was collected in a cistern and recycled as water for irrigating the property’s landscaping; and all the cooling and heating for the new building was generated from geothermal energy and not procured from the national electricity grid. It might be a hard sell, as the judges are usually very astute, but if I’m well prepared it ought to pass muster.

The midsummer weather was very hot, and high humidity (smog advisories) were the daily norm. The outside beachfront wedding we attended was without any shelter from the sun, so we were pretty well toasted. However, later we visited some friends for a steak BBQ, found relief under their patio umbrella, and consumed many a chilled beer.

## *The south shore of Nova Scotia*

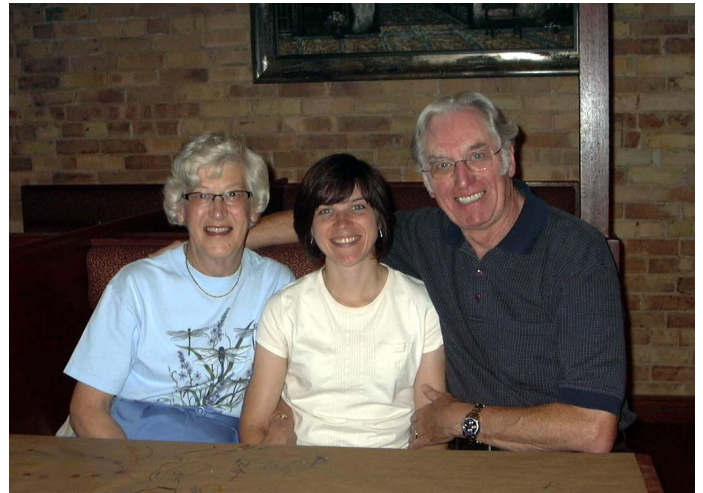
Our 12 day vacation settled on revisiting parts of Nova Scotia that we hadn’t seen for 20 years. Rather than spending several days on the road driving to and from the province, we elected to fly from Toronto to Halifax, the Nova Scotia provincial capital, then rent a car. This worked out very well and even though the car was a bit shoddy, it was economical and we didn’t have any problems.

The first two days were spent in Halifax. We arrived to find the weather there as beautiful as back in Ontario. So, after checking into the hotel, we made our way to the boardwalk that hugs the waterfront, and walked downtown. On the way, we had lunch in an Irish pub called The Old Triangle. We later explored the Historic Properties, then had a lovely walk retracing our steps along the boardwalk; stopping every once in a while to watch a boat sail past or to take a closer look at one tied up at a wharf.

Most of the next day was spent visiting Pier 21, which is now a National Historic Site and museum. Between 1928 and 1971, Pier 21 was where thousands of immigrants to Canada—including children evacuated from England during the Second World War, and later war brides—arrived and were processed. It was also where troops going overseas to fight in the war left from and, if they survived, returned to. We found it very interesting, as this is how my cousin, Don, entered the country in 1948. He has been to the museum to relive those experiences.



*Monica Celebrating our 35th Wedding Anniversary, Benmiller Inn & Spa, Goderich, Ontario, July, 2009.*



*Monica, Lindsey and Barry Meet at Crabby Joe's Restaurant, Woodstock, Ontario, July, 2009.*



*Part of the Restored Waterfront Historic Properties, Halifax, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Exterior of Pier 21 National Historic Site & Museum, Halifax, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Typical Scene of the Popular Tourist Attraction Out-port of Peggy's Cove, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*The Memorial to SwissAir Flight 111 that Crashed in September, 1998, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Typical Ornate Domestic Architecture—now an Inn, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Old Waterfront Warehouses Converted to a Museum and Café, Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Schooner “Bluenose II” Heading to Lunenburg as Seen from Blue Rocks, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Exterior of Town Hall and War Memorial, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Old Shipyard in the Heritage Properties District, Shelburne, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Old Warehouse in the Heritage Properties District, Shelburne, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*

The following day started sunny, but soon rainy weather arrived. This is when we set out on the road for the journey around the coastline of the South Shore, Acadian Coast and the Annapolis Valley. The first port of call was to the picturesque fishing village called Peggy's Cove, where it poured with rain. Although a very popular tourist destination, and having been there twice before, we wouldn't have gone this time except that we wanted to see the memorial to SwissAir Flight 111. It was erected in memory of the passengers and crew on the flight that crashed off the coast of Nova Scotia in September, 1998. As it turned out, the memorial wasn't actually located in Peggy's Cove, but at a site a short drive away.

We then continued to Lunenburg—the town legendary for boatbuilding and its association with the famous Canadian schooner, *Bluenose*. It was an overnight stop so we could visit a museum dealing with the fishing and boatbuilding history of the area. The next day was sunny once again, and we had a good walk around the Old Town—a UNESCO World Heritage Site—with its many heritage buildings, and through the Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic. After visiting the museum and before leaving Lunenburg, we drove to the community of Blue Rocks; a pretty outpost that rivalled anything at Peggy's Cove, but without the hordes of tourists. While there, we watched the *Bluenose II* schooner sail by on its way to Lunenburg.

Continuing to the town of Liverpool, we had to deal with a health issue. Before the holiday began, Monica had hurt her back. Climbing stairs in the small hotels had aggravated the situation and had caused excessive knee pain. It was clear she had to seek medical help, and, fortunately, the local hospital and a physician were able to assist. We went to the Emergency Department where Monica received immediate attention. There, the nurse suggested that rather than the doctor on call coming to the hospital to see Monica, we could perhaps go to his office. This we did and, much to our surprise, we were straightaway shown into his room. Following a brief examination and lots of questions, the doctor concluded that it was Monica's back that was the problem, and that the pain actually originated there and ran down a nerve in her leg to the knee. Although he prescribed some anti-inflammatory tablets, he recommended to try just painkillers first in the hope that they would keep the pain manageable until we returned home and visited a chiropractor.

Monica tried the painkillers for three days but they didn't relieve the pain, so she got the prescription for the anti-inflammatory tablets made up. The tablets were just starting to be effective the day we flew back to Toronto, and by the time she saw her chiropractor three days later, the pain had lessened considerably.

We eventually left Liverpool in the early afternoon, and continued past Kejimikujik National Park Sea-side Adjunct to Shelburne, an old community settled by the United Empire Loyalists, where we enjoyed some nice 'down East' hospitality. Shelburne was a picturesque small town and had a waterfront district dotted with heritage buildings, including the Ross-Thomson House and Store Museum and Muir-Cox Shipbuilding Interpretive Centre.

Soon after leaving Shelburne, we came to West Pubnico on the Acadian Coast. The main attraction there was a 'living museum' called Le Village Historique Acadien that captured the old way of life experienced by the French Acadian pioneers in the 18th century. The village wasn't very big, as it was still being developed. Even so, we spent quite a long time there enjoying lengthy chats with the costumed interpreters, who were very informative. We learned about small boat building, domestic life and local fishing (particularly lobster)

practices. How lobster traps were made was fascinating. At lunch, we went to the visitors centre where there was a reunion of sorts going on—all Acadians, of course—so the atmosphere was truly ethnic. This extended to the lunch menu, and we were recommended to sample the local delicacy called *râpure pie* (or, colloquially, ‘rappie’ pie). A concoction of shredded potato, onions and chicken, it made a delicious meal on its own. Sharing a table with fluently bilingual ‘local yokels’ and eating the traditional fare was quite an experience. That night we stayed in Yarmouth.

After visiting Cape Forchu and the Cape Forchu Light, we continued our journey up the western side of the Acadian Coast. Taking the slow road, we passed through Meteghan, one of the oldest Acadian villages, and Saulnierville with its huge wooden church dedicated to St. Mary. While it was a very scenic drive, the side trip we did down the Digby Neck—a long, narrow strip of land—was somewhat boring. We had to go on two short ferry crossings to reach Brier Island at the end of the Neck. When we got there, however, it was a bit of a dead-and-alive place with nowhere open for us even for a cup of coffee! So, we turned around and drove back to Digby—home of the famous Digby scallops—where we stayed that night.

The weather cooperated for our journey through the Annapolis Valley. Before leaving Digby, Monica went to a pharmacy to get the prescription made up for the ant-inflammatory tablets, as her knee had become very painful by then. She stayed in the car most of the day while I did some sightseeing on my own. We had planned on visiting Annapolis Royal, as well as Fort Anne National Historic Site and Port-Royal National Historic Site, but we had been to both of them on a previous trip, and from what I could see, they looked the same as we remembered them.

We stopped at Greenwood, as I wanted to visit the Greenwood Military Aviation Museum. Again, Monica stayed in the car, but the visit was short due to restricted museum hours. However, it was well worthwhile and I met an interesting guide, Major LeBlanc, a retired air force officer, who was interested in my father’s exploits in the development of the Martin-Baker ejection seat. They had an example of one of the seats in the museum. Major LeBlanc expressed his gratitude by giving me a complimentary copy of the DVD, *On Canadian Wings*. Outside, there were several decommissioned aircraft as static exhibits, including an Avro Lancaster. That night we stayed at the Blomidon Inn, an historic house in Wolfville.

We left Wolfville and continued to Grand-Pré where we visited the Grand-Pré National Historic Site, which had been expanded with a new Visitor Interpretive Centre since we were last there. The site described the Expulsion of the Acadians (*le grand dérangement*) of 1755, when a proclamation was read sending the Acadians into exile for refusing to swear allegiance to England. As Monica particularly wanted to go over it, she hobbled around and had frequent rests. We also managed to walk through the grounds to where the Evangeline statue and memorial church were located. It was well worth the effort, and both of us learned something new about this episode of Canadian history. As Monica was unable to do any sampling, we didn’t go to the Grand-Pré Winery, but we did visit the original 1750 wooden blockhouse—a part of the Fort Edward National Historic Site—in Windsor, before stopping at the Halifax Airport hotel for the last night.

After returning the rental car, we boarded our WestJet flight to Toronto, and stayed overnight at the Hilton Toronto Airport. We then drove back to Goderich and reminisced on this latest vacation ‘down East.’



*Typical Houses at Le Village Historique Acadien, West Pubnico, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*A Lobster Trap at Le Village Historique Acadien, West Pubnico, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Cape Forchu Lighthouse, Cape Forchu, South Shore of Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Ferry Plying between East Ferry and Tiverton on the Digby Neck, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Static Exhibit outside the Greenwood Military Aviation Museum, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Diorama Showing the Expulsion of the Acadians in 1755, Grand-Pré, Nova Scotia, September, 2009.*



*Sue, Lindsey, Monica, Roger, Barry at Crabby Joe's Restaurant, Woodstock, Ontario, September, 2009.*



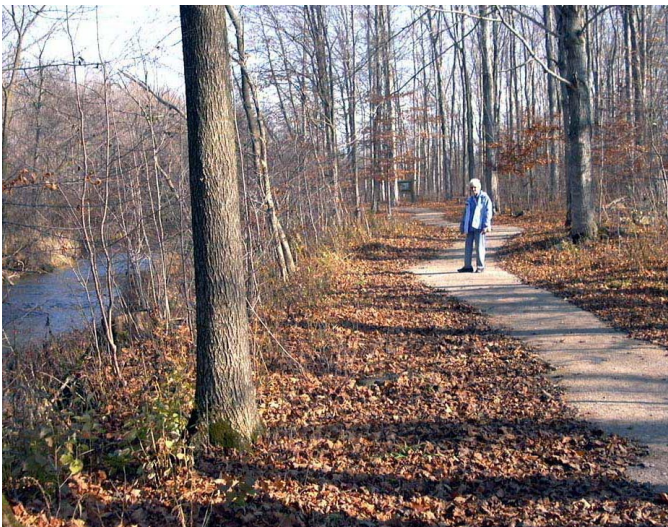
*Scaffolding Surrounds the 1847 Lighthouse Ready for its Rehabilitation, Goderich, ON, October, 2009.*



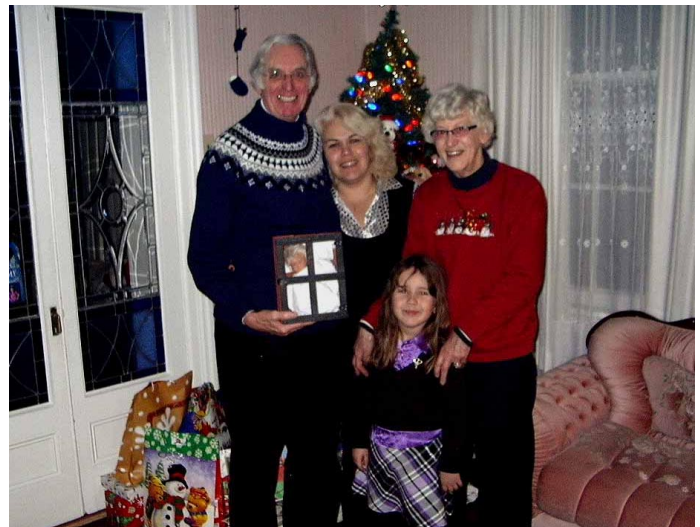
*Barry Presents Gift to Heritage Secretary Ev Smith with Bob Davis, Goderich, Ontario, October, 2009.*



*Monica, Jessica and Barry in the Halloween Mood, Cambria Road, Goderich, Ontario, October, 2009.*



*Monica on the McNaughton/Morrison Dam Trail, Exeter, Ontario, November, 2009.*



*Barry, Barbara, Monica and Jessica at the Hewitt's Christmas Party, Goderich, ON, December, 2009.*



## *Friends visit us, and we visit friends*

Following our holiday in Nova Scotia, we had two most enjoyable outings. The first was a theatre trip to see *Brigadoon*. It was a marvellous show, rivalling *Me and My Girl* as the best this season. The entire cast was excellent, and the costumes, sets and choreography were all superb. There was one more play to see before the season ended in October.

The other outing was to Crabby Joe's family restaurant in Woodstock to have lunch with our friends Roger and Sue Moore from Coventry, who were here visiting their son and his family for the second time this year. Their daughter, Lindsey, was also with them. When we arrived, they were just getting out of their car, so we all walked into the restaurant together. Much to our amazement, the waitress remembered us from last year! She also remembered that we came from different directions, and that we sat and chatted for a long time after our meal. We told her that we would be doing the same again this time, and we certainly did. We were there nearly four hours! Lindsey now had a full-time job at the new Waterdown Walmart store.

I was still gradually getting back on an even keel with all the heritage business that had accumulated while we were away. The latest major episode being the designation of another heritage building in town—the venerable lighthouse that was built in 1847 on top of the bluffs to guide mariners into the harbour. The structure is used as a signature device in the town's official logo and other places to identify the port community. The lighthouse used to be owned by the federal government, but was downloaded onto the municipality, which then became responsible for its operation and maintenance. The building had become somewhat dilapidated and a shameful eyesore, so the designation application prodded the town fathers to dole out some cash to renovate the tower and make it presentable. This process had been several years in the making and was anticipated to end soon.

The Thanksgiving holiday weekend was still considered the traditional end of summer activities. Families reunited for the Thanksgiving roast turkey and pumpkin pie dinner; cottages were closed up until spring, and kids looked eagerly towards the Halloween festivities at the end of October. We ate our turkey and pie, accompanied with a bottle of chilled Riesling wine, at Thyme on 21—our local fine dining restaurant.

Healthwise, things for Monica were progressing; although regular visits to the chiropractor were ongoing. However, we heard that Claire, my cousin's wife, had fallen heavily on the golf course and sustained a lot of injury, including a broken left wrist, two bruised ribs and severe trauma to the right collar bone and ball socket joint. A very serious situation, as she already suffered from osteoporosis, and it could take months of recuperation after surgery. As she was handicapped in many ways, her husband, Don, and daughter, Shannon, helped out wherever they could. For myself, I had a hospital appointment in October, as I had been on a call list since January for a follow up on my colonoscopy and haemorrhoidal situation. The surgeon said that the colonoscopy showed no abnormalities, but the haemorrhoids had to go. This meant a quick once-over in day surgery, and after ten minutes the job was done. Painful at first, but it abated overnight and I was soon back to normal. I had received a letter from my father, who seemed to be coping fairly well since his last knee operation. My stepmother was due to see her consultant early in November, thus ending a long wait.

Heritage matters came to the forefront when I attended a two-day Heritage Seminar and Workshop on the obscure subject, Cultural Heritage Landscapes. There were about 30 attendees, and we were regaled by two professors from the University of Waterloo. They bombarded us with a string of theories, followed by a test to prove the mechanics of the studies. This meant breaking up into small groups and experiencing a local field trip. After which, in turn, we presented a verbal report for the professors to analyse and comment on. All very academic. Also, the committee's previous recording secretary, Ev Smith, was presented with a farewell gift for her services.

We finished our live theatre outings for this year when we went to see an excellent production of *The Heiress*. We knew nothing about the play before we went, but thoroughly enjoyed it. Our tickets for next year's repertoire have already been bought.

The annual Halloween ritual was highlighted with a visit from our friends, Robin and Barb Hewitt, and their young daughter, Jessica, who this year was dressed as a ladybird(bug). As usual, I hid in my Merlin the Magician costume and pretended to be ghoulish. However, Jessica immediately saw through my disguise.

November's weather improved considerably and encouraged us to do a lot of hiking, which included the lakeshore boardwalk, several sections of the Goderich to Auburn Rail Trail (GART), and the McNaughton/Morrison Dam Trail in Exeter that is one of our favourites. Later in the month we celebrated my 64th birthday at the fine dining restaurant, Thyme on 21. We had an excellent dinner, and in recognition of my birthday the waitress came in with the dessert—a crème brûlée surmounted with a lit candle. Then there was a resounding chorus of "Happy Birthday" from both her and the maître d'.

Even though we didn't celebrate my birthday this year at the Benmiller Inn & Spa, we did go there the weekend before for Sunday brunch. As the host, Kevin Reid, showed us to our table, he mentioned that he had been appointed as innkeeper by the new owner. This news meant the staff could breathe a collective sigh of relief knowing that their jobs were more secure than they had been since the new owner took over. That is how our waitress described her feelings, and we told her that while we were very happy for her and the others, we were also very happy for ourselves. After all, during the months following the change of ownership, and how close we had come to stopping going there to celebrate special occasions, naturally we were happy that the inn had recovered quickly from the dreadful transition period when it went downhill.

In fact, we were so happy when we left, we made enquiries about the New Year's Eve Gala which we had gone to the last two years. Although preference was given to guests booking the two night package, the previous innkeeper, Scott Evans, always worked out a one night package for us. Fortunately, we have got to know the head of Guest Services very well over the years, and he knew that Scott gave us a special package. So, when he offered to do the same for us this year, we went ahead and made a reservation.

Heritage matters took a big step with the newly renovated Royal Bank of Canada building. Located in a downtown Victorian commercial block that was slowly deteriorating, the bank decided to finance a renovation and bring the building back to pristine condition. The contractor did a great job, and the bank head officials visited to formerly open the new facility. I was invited to attend and made my own little speech.

On the other side of the coin, additional heritage issues became mired in problems, and the committee faced a major challenge. Certain citizens in town intended to alter their heritage property regardless of the laws of the land. Both sides submitted their case to Town Council, but that led to an impasse. The citizens organized a rebuttal using a heavyweight consultant, and this situation now included representation from the provincial government. Reputations; the business community; future development and prestige hinged on the final outcome, which could possibly be a compromise.

Plans for the Festive Season included an invitation from Robin and Barb Hewitt for a Christmas get-together. We enjoyed an old fashioned house party with their young daughter, Jessica, very much in the limelight. Christmas Day was spent at home. As usual, we visited friends and their family on Boxing Day.

Looking ahead to 2010, this was going to be my swan song with the heritage committee, as I intended to step down when the current municipal council is dissolved in October, 2010. A new Town Council will be elected in November, but I won't be continuing on board as there are many more ambitions in life to fulfill while I'm still relatively healthy. That being said, the committee is facing several challenges in 2010, which includes a physical move to its new quarters. However, this will be a quantum leap over the previous years' accommodations and, therefore, a welcome relocation.

### *Birthdays, a heritage award and apartment room makeovers*

New Year's Eve at the Benmiller Inn & Spa didn't come up to expectations. We enjoyed ourselves, but definitely not as much as in previous years. There didn't seem to be much of a festive mood in the room. The dinner was again a six course affair, but this time the food was prepared in the *nouveau cuisine* style. Although everything was delicious and beautifully presented, I think we would have enjoyed the meal more had it been prepared in the conventional way. We really missed having a selection of vegetables with our *entrée*. Both of us chose the venison, and with only red cabbage and a chocolate sauce accompanying it, the course seemed incomplete. Following dinner, we danced a few numbers while waiting to usher in 2010 with the customary champagne toast. Then, as we have done in other years, we stayed overnight and had brunch before returning home. We were fortunate and got back just as a severe winter storm started to batter this area.

Heritage matters continued to be challenging with the current conundrum. Following a meeting with the opposite camp, the committee suggested a viable compromise situation to help calm the stormy waters. New information was given to the town's chief administrative officer to precipitate a resolution. However, on Friday, January 29th, Monica and I attended the local Chamber of Commerce *Spirit of Success Awards Gala Dinner*. Heritage Goderich had been nominated for an award in one of the many categories, so I felt obliged to attend in case the committee won. Unfortunately, there was a lot of competition in that particular category, and another of the nominees took home the award.

There was a major upheaval at the beginning of February as the movers came in to shift all the Heritage Goderich files from their temporary storage to our new quarters in the reconstructed civic complex due to be officially opened later in the year. This meant making sure stuff wasn't overlooked or dumped in the wrong

place. After the movers had left, it was preliminary ‘fine-tuning’ the area, plus cleaning the dusty furniture and even the window (couldn’t rely on any other help, so did it myself). I then embarked on the massive task of checking the paper files and reassigning places for them. They had been mistreated and were somewhat tattered. Fortunately, our gem of a secretary did much of the grunt work as I couldn’t count on other committee members lending a hand—they would only moan if they did show up.

Because we assumed that the dinner featured in the Benmiller Inn & Spa Valentine’s Day package would again be prepared in the *nouveau cuisine* style, we decided against going there for Monica’s 71st birthday. We have been going to the fine dining restaurant, Thyme on 21, ever since it opened five years ago, but just never on a special occasion until my 64th birthday last November. Anyhow, our dinners were excellent. When the dessert platter was brought to our table, it had a lighted candle stuck in the slice of coconut cream pie. All the waitstaff then gathered around our table and sang “Happy Birthday” to Monica.

Unusual for us, we dined at Thyme on 21 again the following week. We had tickets for the afternoon performance of two romantic comedies staged by our local amateur theatre group. We hadn’t been to any of their productions for years, but we thought it was time to go again. Whenever we go to an out-of-town theatre during the year, we always complete our day by dining out before coming home. So, we decided to do the same after going to our local theatre and celebrated a belated Valentine’s Day.

On February 19th, I had the privilege of attending a very special event. The Town of Goderich was the winner of a prestigious accolade: namely a Lieutenant Governor’s Ontario Heritage Award. This came about from the nomination that I had submitted on behalf of the town: basically tooting our own horn about the local heritage committee’s efforts and the municipality’s support. Anyhow, the nomination was good enough to convince the judges that we were the best in the Community Leadership category for a community with a population of less than 10,000. The awards were presented by the Hon. David C. Onley and Hon. Lincoln M. Alexander at the Provincial Parliament building in Queen’s Park, Toronto. Only two representatives from Goderich were invited to attend the ceremony, and the mayor asked me, as the official chair of Heritage Goderich, if I would like to go with him. As it was a once in a lifetime opportunity, I jumped at the chance to go and witness the ceremony filled with pomp, and indulge in the sumptuous reception afterwards. It was a day that I will remember for a long time to come. The award was put on public display, as the municipality formerly recognised the past and present heritage committees for their efforts over the last 35 years.

We celebrated another special occasion, but that time it was our friend, Barb Hewitt’s, 40th birthday. Although she knew a party had been arranged, she didn’t know who the invitees were, but obviously had some idea as she didn’t seem too surprised to see us, as well as four other close friends, her two brothers-in-law and their wives—a nice size crowd. We had a fun evening with lots of laughs.

This year we considered a couple of room makeovers. We thought it would be nice to replace the hand basin in the bathroom vanity—which was 23 years old and showing signs of age—and ordered a new unit with taps (faucets). The landlord agreed to pay for the installation labour cost. Then we decided to replace the towels, change the shower curtain and redecorate the bathroom with a new paint colour. What started as a small plumbing job snowballed into a sizeable project.

As for the changes to our bedroom. We seriously thought of disposing our queen-size bed in favour of twin beds instead. A new good quality queen-size mattress wasn't going to be cheap. So, thinking ahead, and since we weren't getting any younger, we felt this would be a good time to switch to twin beds. Another reason for making the change was because since the beginning of 2010, Monica was having trouble sleeping. While I had the same problem some nights, I could lie in one position for hours, whereas Monica tossed and turned. Then, on top of that, if she laid awake for an hour or so, she would just have to get up and walk around for a while. The impact of tossing and turning and getting up to walk around would be lessened if we each had a separate bed.

The new taps (faucets) and bathroom vanity hand basin were installed, and proved to be vast improvements. I also redecorated the bathroom throughout. Then we looked for a new shower curtain, towels, twin beds, bed linen, bedside table and floor lamps. As March came in like a lamb, we took advantage of the lovely weather to go on our first out-of-town trip this year. After having lunch at Eddington's fine dining restaurant in Exeter, we went to a nearby furniture store to check their twin bed mattresses, but drew a blank. Returning home, we stopped in Clinton at another furniture store. Although it was well stocked with twin bed mattresses, we deferred making a decision.

We had better luck in the city of Kitchener when we went to a top grade furniture store and found a teak bedside table small enough to go between two twin beds and still leave room on either side to stand a floor lamp. A lighting store elsewhere in the city had a suitable floor lamp on display, but for two new units, we had to place an order. Returning to the furniture store in Clinton, we made a decision and ordered two twin bed mattresses and frames.

A second trip to Kitchener meant going to a shopping mall and three big department stores. We did the rounds of all three, focusing on buying a new shower curtain, towels, and twin bed linen. Before leaving the city, we went to the lighting store and collected the two floor lamps that we had ordered. When we saw the size of the boxes, we thought that we might have a problem getting them into the car. However, they went in quite easily and we were soon on our way home,

Of course, we had to dispose of our queen-size bed, so we put a 'for sale' advert in our local newspaper, and I created a poster to display on a community notice board (bulletin board). The advert worked and we arranged for the buyers to collect the bed. Everything went very smoothly with all the people involved arriving when they said they would. This included the Clinton store personnel delivering the new twin bed mattresses and frames later in the day.

To make it easier for everyone, we moved the remaining three pieces of bedroom suite furniture out of the room. With them out of the way, it was a good opportunity to redecorate the room. Unfortunately, we weren't able to complete the room's new look because we still didn't have the new bedside table, and the order was overdue. However, we returned to Kitchener for another reason about a week later, and called into the store. The management was very apologetic about the delay and offered us the display model. While we would have preferred a new one, we decided to have the display model rather than have to make yet another trip to Kitchener. Not only that, we were anxious to complete our room.

## *Spring activities and a health scare*

There wasn't a lot of heritage committee activity; although there were some interesting research projects and preparation work for the upcoming opening of the new civic complex on May 1st. The Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, the Hon. David C. Onley, was invited to unveil the official plaque. The committee did undergo a bit of a shift as the vice-chair took a leave of absence, affecting the 'changing of the guard' when the group was to be temporarily disbanded in October prior to the municipal elections.

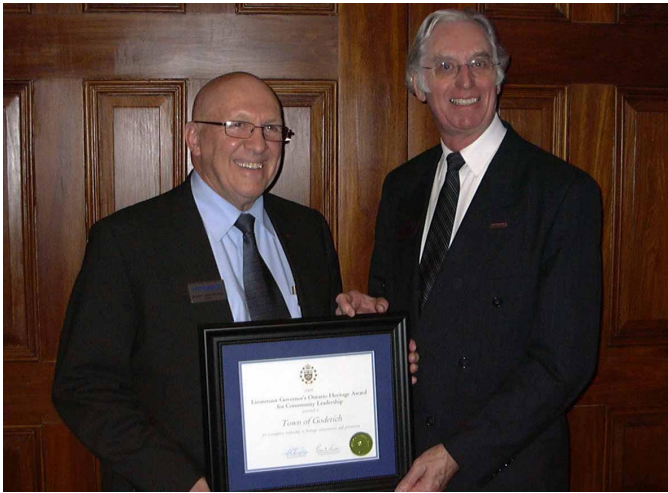
This year, April was a beautiful month with day after day of sunshine, so we just had to go out hiking whenever we had the opportunity. We went to the harbour and along the boardwalk a few times, but as soon as the spring wildflowers started to bloom, we hiked along the Goderich to Auburn Rail Trail (GART), Sifto Loop and McNaughton/Morrison Dam Trail, where we saw violets, trout lilies, trilliums, bloodroot, jack-in-the-pulpit, as well as other flowers we couldn't identify.

Our goddaughter, Lindsey, sent a message to see if we would be free on April 25th. As we were, we drove to Woodstock and met her at Crabby Joe's family restaurant there. We hadn't seen her since last September when her parents were visiting here, and she told us all about her new job at Ryder Logistics. It sounded very challenging but, as she said, it was still early days and hopefully it would get easier.

She was still living with her brother and sister-in-law, but she was already looking around to find somewhere closer to her new work. When I suggested the city of Milton as a possibility, she surprised us with the news that she knew the community fairly well, because she had a boyfriend who lived there. It was the first time that she had mentioned having a boyfriend, and we hoped the friendship would continue to blossom.

The official opening of the new Goderich civic complex on May 1st, 2010, turned out very well. In the morning there were some doubts, as the area was hit by a thunderstorm, but as soon as it passed over, the sun shone from a cloudless sky for the rest of the day. The Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, the Hon. David C. Onley, made it a high-profile occasion. There was a public tour after the plaque unveiling and speeches, and I had to welcome people at a specific area in the building where Heritage Goderich had its research and study facility. The new, fully commissioned building became quite a showplace for the town.

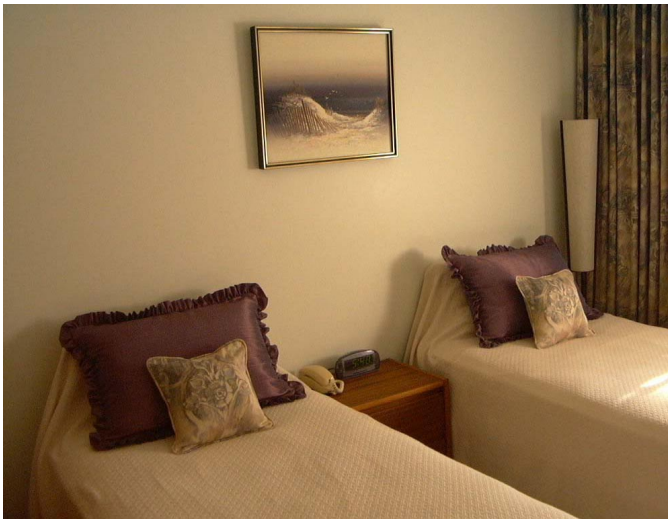
Monica gave both of us a scare in early May when she experienced stroke-like symptoms. She was transferring a load of washing from the washer to the dryer when she went dizzy. As she also had blurred vision and a tingling sensation down the little finger of her left hand, we didn't waste any time going to the hospital Emergency Department. Although the symptoms didn't last very long and had mostly gone by the time we got there, she was quickly given a preliminary examination by a nurse. Then, over the course of the next three hours, she was examined more thoroughly by a doctor, had blood work done, as well as an ECG test. The big concern was her blood pressure, which was really high and remained high the whole time she was there. Anyhow, even though the doctor thought it unlikely, he said that she could possibly have had a TIA, and he arranged for her to go for a carotid doppler test on both sides of her neck. He also told her to follow up with her own doctor. However, she got a call from his nurse the next day to give her the results of the test. Nothing abnormal showed up, except a slight thickening of the



*Mayor Deb Shewfelt, Barry and the Lt. Gov. Ontario Heritage Award, Toronto, Ontario, February, 2010.*



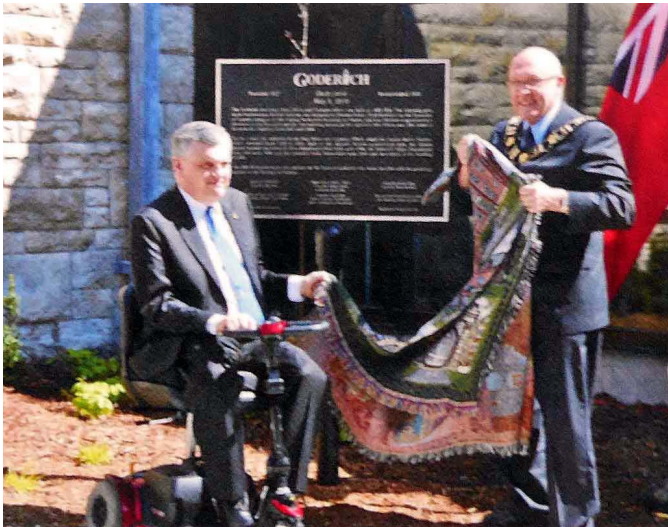
*Jessica and Barbara at Barb Hewitt's 40th Birthday, Goderich, Ontario, February, 2010.*



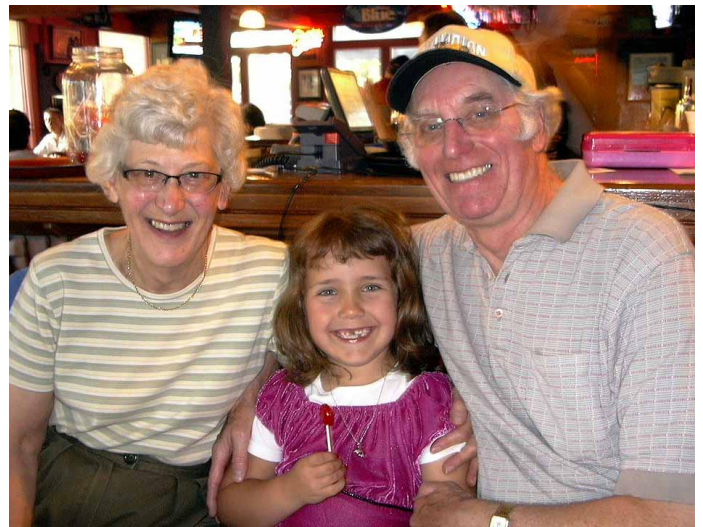
*Bedroom Makeover with New Twin Beds, Bedside Table and Lamps, Goderich, Ontario, April, 2010.*



*Monica, Barry and Lindsey Meet at Crabby Joe's Restaurant, Woodstock, Ontario, April, 2010.*



*Ontario Lt. Governor, David Onley and Mayor Deb Shewfelt Unveil Plaque, Goderich, ON, May, 2010.*



*Monica, Jessica and Barry at the Park House Tavern, Goderich, Ontario, May, 2010.*



*National Air Force Museum, Handley Page Halifax WW II Bomber, Trenton, Ontario, June, 2010.*



*Façade of the Community Museum and Historic Jail, Cornwall, Ontario, June, 2010.*



*Hand Operated Locks on the Rideau Canal at Merrickville, Ontario, June, 2010.*



*Monica Poses outside the Heritage Code's Mill with Statue of 'Big Ben', Perth, Ontario, June, 2010.*



*Log Cabin and Costumed Guides at Lang Pioneer Village, near Peterborough, Ontario, June, 2010.*



*Interior of the Grist Mill at Lang Pioneer Village, near Peterborough, Ontario, June, 2010.*



artery wall, which apparently was nothing to be concerned about. Even though we were both delighted and relieved to get the good news, we still wanted to discuss what happened with our own doctor.

At the beginning of June, Monica had an appointment with our own doctor, and I went along to take part in the consultation. We went over what had happened, after which the doctor had Monica carry out the same exercises that the doctor at the hospital required. Presumably, they were recognised tests for telling whether someone had had a TIA. Monica did them all without any difficulty. So, based on that, as well as what we said, and the result from the carotid doppler test, the doctor came to the same conclusion as the one at the hospital—that it was unlikely Monica had had a TIA. He also agreed that any further tests weren't necessary at this time, but should Monica experience any more dizzy spells, he wouldn't hesitate to send her for additional tests. So, we treated what had happened as a 'blip' and hoped that it was an isolated occurrence.

Usually by this time of the year, we have had our first outing to the Drayton Festival Theatre, but the first production didn't appeal to us, so we decided to pass on it. However, we did have a theatre outing in early May when we went to our local amateur theatre company's production of a musical called, *How High the Moon - Goderich in Wartime*. The story was written by a member of the company, and although fictitious, it was based on fact. The author interviewed several elderly residents to get their recollections of events that took place during the Second World War, and how having two air force bases nearby disrupted the small town way of life. It was an excellent show and we thoroughly enjoyed it.

We arranged a get-together with our friends, Robin and Barb Hewitt, and their young daughter, Jessica, at the Park House tavern. Another friend and old colleague, Paul Dare, also joined us, and a jovial time was had by all. We noticed that Jessica, at six years of age, was growing and maturing quickly.

## *A break in Eastern Ontario*

**W**e were hoping to continue with the vacation planned for early June. After our experience last year of having to stay to the end of our holiday because of being restricted by our return flight, we decided that any trips we did this year would be by car only. We also decided to stay within Ontario. On this trip we would be gradually making our way to the eastern part of the province, stopping *en route* to visit various places of interest. Some that we found particularly interesting the first time we visited them, while others would be first time visits. We anticipated nine days away, and a break from routine.

The overland trip included a number of stops at predetermined places. Our first destination was Prince Edward County with its vineyards—a new opportunity for enterprising vintners. We tried some of the local wines, but concluded that they were not very mature. However, while there, we visited the National Air Force Museum in the nearby city of Trenton, specifically to see the reconstructed Handley Page Halifax bomber. When we visited the museum two years ago (it was then known as the Royal Canadian Air Force Museum), the aircraft was shrouded in plastic to protect it while the hangar was being completed around it. It is the only remaining Second World War Halifax bomber, and it was found in a lake in Norway where it had crash-landed during the war. Not surprisingly, it was in very bad shape when it was retrieved from the lake bottom, but, over many years, it has been painstakingly restored by a group of dedicated volunteers.

We left Picton for the Glenora ferry which is a free ride as it is a part of Hwy. 33, the provincial road linking Trenton with Kingston, and made our way to the town of Morrisburg with the intention of visiting Upper Canada Village, an outdoor 'living museum' depicting the pioneer way of life. The weather had other ideas and it poured with rain; so we changed our plans and drove to the city of Cornwall. The Community Museum and Historic Jail were open to the public, so we explored them. The defunct jail still displayed its gallows, and the tour was a definite education, as I had a long chat with the curator about archiving artifacts.

That was the only really bad day we had. It was nice the following day for our return journey, and we headed for the city of Peterborough. Along the way, we stopped at several scenic small towns; including historic Merrickville on the Rideau Canal with its famous fortifications (blockhouse), and Perth's picturesque stone buildings—reminiscent of Cotswold villages—including Code's Mill and the statue of 'Big Ben', the champion show jumping horse closely associated with the town.

We weren't denied our 'pioneer' experience, as at the hamlet of Keene near Peterborough, Lang Pioneer Village was another 'living museum', set in the past with costumed guides and interpretive dioramas describing the early settlers' way of life. Although we had originally planned on visiting the two pioneer villages, we realised afterwards that if we had gone to Upper Canada Village, it would have been too much of the same and would have spoilt our visit to the Lang Pioneer Village.

Also, while in Peterborough, we visited the Canadian Canoe Museum, where we were surprised to learn that the city had once been the canoe building capital of the world. With its large collection dedicated to the craft's history and technology, the well laid out displays covered the various roles played by the canoe over the centuries. We found it a really interesting museum and were very glad that it was included in our plans.

The last leg of the journey took us to Newmarket and Orangeville, where we branched off to go to a National Historic Site known as the Sharon Temple. The temple was built in the mid-1800s by The Children of Peace, a religious sect that broke away from the Quakers. Its aim was to unite Christians and Jews, and it flourished for a while under the guidance of its founder. However, with no one to take his place following his death, the sect became extinct. From the outside, the temple was impressive, but the inside was quite austere. In the heart of the interior was the Tabernacle, or 'holy of holies', which contained the sacred Ark of the Covenant, the focal point for religious observances.

Although the temple has been maintained over the years, there was not as much to see as we had expected. We were left with some free time and, instead of going direct to our last overnight stop in Orangeville, we decided head to Bolton and see if our friends, Pat and John Dicks, were at home. They were, and as it had been about two years since we last saw them, it was great seeing them again.

Before heading home from Orangeville the following day, we went to Mono Cliffs Provincial Park, which is a favourite hiking spot for us whenever we are in the area. We had a good workout on both easy and rugged trails, and the panoramic lookout from the Bruce Trail over the valley was spectacular. After which we had lunch at another favourite spot in the area—a restaurant called, Mrs. Mitchell's. By the time we got back home, we had travelled nearly 980 miles (1577 km) in the nine days.



*Birchbark Canoe Exhibits in the Canadian Canoe Museum, Peterborough, Ontario, June, 2010.*



*Exterior of the Sharon Temple National Historic Site, Sharon, Ontario, June, 2010.*



*Sacred Ark of the Covenant inside the Tabernacle of the Sharon Temple, Sharon, Ontario, June, 2010.*



*Monica Poses on the Panoramic Lookout Structure, Mono Cliffs Provincial Park, Ontario, June, 2010.*



*Terrence Gilhuly and Barry (Marine & Municipal Chairs) Unveil Plaque, Goderich, ON, July, 2010.*



*Barry and Monica Celebrate their 36th Wedding Anniversary, Goderich, Ontario, July, 2010.*

## *Another heritage designation*

In tune with the cultural nature of the Canada Day celebrations, designating the Goderich lighthouse as a municipal Heritage Building took place on June 30th, 2010. Together with Terrence Gilhuly, the chair of the Marine Heritage Committee, I was there to represent the Municipal Heritage Committee. There were a number of speeches, and the official plaque unveiling took place in front of a nice size audience. The rehabilitated 1847 lighthouse looked resplendent in its new coat of paint, repaired structure, and brand new tourist sign explaining the history and features of the still-functioning lightstation.

Other heritage matters were beginning to escalate with the fate of the historic 1907 CPR railway station building. This included a general meeting, which was a good exercise in public relations to gauge reactions to the proposed adaptation of the station building into a restaurant. Public sentiment was that the plan should go ahead as being a positive venture. There were detractors, too, so democracy was in full swing. Initial results from the public forum indicated that the projected physical move of the building from its present location to a more desirable one (for the benefit of the developer) may receive the nod of approval.

The waters now became murky as there were legal considerations to overcome before the project became 'shovel-ready.' I was embroiled in the mix, as the Town Council had decreed that the Municipal Heritage Committee was to be represented at all future discussions. This could bring about a battle royal, as several naysayers on the committee want to stop the entire project, despite the developer's considerable business influence.

## *Show business*

I had some unexpected radio experience. Two fellows from town wanted me to record an intro- and an extro- for their local radio show. So off I went to the studio and rhymed off a prepared script. It sounded lousy on the radio, but they were satisfied. I was also interviewed on a different radio station by a reporter wanting to know my points of view about the CPR railway station situation. The end product was edited for length and manipulated to provide a biased view. Next on the media circuit was a video shoot for a promotional film extolling the virtues of working, living and playing in the Town of Goderich. The Internet-based video would be linked to the town's website. I became involved with its creation, and both Monica and I featured in the show. We portrayed typical happy and contented residents casually strolling along the wide tree-lined and historic building enriched boulevards with our beloved dog (which we had to borrow from a neighbour). An advertisement that should attract and assure newcomers that this town offered nothing but paradise.

Since returning from our trip to Eastern Ontario, we have had two theatre outings, both of which we thoroughly enjoyed. The first was to see *Sweet Charity*. It was a very lively show with some well known songs as well as fantastic choreography. Our second outing was to see *On Golden Pond*. Having seen the film with Henry Fonda and Katherine Hepburn, we couldn't really visualise it as a stage play, but we thought the stage version was far superior. The film came across as being a drama, whereas the play was

definitely a comedy with lots of one liners. The two leading actors were perfect in their roles, and the rest of the cast were good as well.

We also went to see another excellent live show, *Cagney, The Musical*—based on the life and times of the legendary film actor and personality, James Cagney. Everything about the production was world class, and the choreography spot-on; especially a faultless tap dancing duet routine between the characters portraying James Cagney and Bob Hope.

On July 12th we had a very nice 36th anniversary celebration at Thyme on 21—our local favourite fine dining restaurant. The food was excellent as usual, and when the desserts were brought to our table, they were decorated with the customary lighted candles. We did get a big surprise that evening—after-dinner drinks compliments of John Grace, the town's deputy mayor. We hadn't realised that John was in the restaurant until he came by our table with anniversary wishes. However, it wasn't until we were relaxing after the desserts that we were told John had left instructions for us to have after-dinner drinks at his expense. We thought it a very kind gesture and something to remember for quite a long time.

### *More health issues*

Monica had a health issue with her blood pressure. One day it was abnormally high and so we rushed to the hospital to have the doctor on call investigate the condition. We spent the best part of half a day in a darkened room, and periodical observations were made, together with administering different medications. In the end, the blood pressure came down to an acceptable level, and a new course of pills was initiated.

However, after consulting our doctor, he suggested that the new medication was something of an over-kill, and since Monica was experiencing some nasty side effects, he also considered that she should wean herself off the pills. The gradual withdrawal of dosage administration worked and the side effects subsided without any detriment to the blood pressure level.

This summer we both had colds as well as dreadful coughs that just couldn't be shaken off. When I started with the cough, I thought it was bronchitis, but then I began sneezing, and a streaming nose made it clear that it was a cold. Even though I was over the worst of it after about a week, I still has some sinus congestion as well as the cough. Monica tried her best to avoid catching my cold, but just as I was getting over the worst of it, she started to cough, and the cold started a few days after. Although it wasn't as bad as mine, she still had sinus congestion and the cough.

The heat of the summer, and how bad we had been feeling, didn't encourage us to be very active. Going for long walks was definitely out of the question, even along the lakeshore where it was usually a bit cooler. However, we had booked to go on a bus trip, organised by the Local 1863 Retirees Club and the Canadian Legion, to the Canadian Warplane Heritage Museum at Mount Hope near Hamilton, Ontario. Because of our coughs, neither of us got much sleep the night before. So much so that at 2 o'clock in the morning, while drinking cups of herbal tea, we debated whether to cancel going on the trip. However, when the alarm went

off at 6 o'clock, we got ourselves ready. With one short stop on the way, the journey to Mount Hope took almost three hours on a very scenic route through some lovely countryside. At the museum, we were met by a team of volunteer guides, and by chance, one of them was Rowen Baker, an old Volvo colleague of mine, so we shared a fair amount of reminiscing. However, as Monica and I had been to the museum several times before, we really didn't need the standard tour and went off independently after lunch. Unfortunately, the Avro Lancaster bomber wasn't there that day, as it was taking part in an air show out West somewhere. However, a vintage Douglas DC-3 Dakota did fly past and land after returning from the huge Oshkosh, Wisconsin, air display. The drive home was equally as pleasant, and everyone enjoyed themselves, but we felt utterly exhausted and took things easy for the next couple of days.

## *Historical, social and cultural events*

In August, brisk heritage business generated a number of meetings. Also, I went on a research field trip to visit the archives of neighbouring county municipalities. The amount of information, both recorded and stored, was considerable, and we found that the organisers of these collections relied heavily on volunteer labour. Everyone was grasping at any source of money to fund and maintain the acquisitions. It was a useful exercise, and I discovered archives that I didn't know existed. The steering committee behind the field trips had been mandated to make recommendations to centralise all the Huron County archives; a considerable challenge when it comes to convincing the various councils. The Heritage Goderich monthly meeting agenda was top heavy with a presentation given by the county planner. However, in two months time, the current crew will be disbanded; heralding my immediate departure.

We had a stroke of luck when visiting the live theatre. The show was called *Cowgirls* and featured six very talented female artistes who could sing and play several different musical instruments. However, it was during the interval that our purchased 50/50 ticket (proceeds that went to the theatre) was drawn and we left with a handsome sum of \$280.50 (£158.74p) in found money. We also went to the monthly Benmiller Inn & Spa Seniors Supper Club, and were entertained by a quintet, The Pastels, that encouraged dancing.

A second theatre outing was to see *Separate Beds*. We thought it a very appropriate play for us to see this year after converting to separate beds ourselves. It was a very funny comedy about two couples on a Caribbean cruise, which happens to be something that we have never wanted to do—any cruise for that matter. It has just never appealed to us, although we know lots of people who love it. Anyhow, the play reinforced our opinion that cruising wasn't for us. We thoroughly enjoyed it. Following the show, we went to Hessenland Country Inn for dinner. Being Thursday, it was Mongolian Grill night where diners chose from a wide selection of raw meat, seafood and vegetables, and then took their choices to the chefs who stir-fried the food *in situ* for them. Most people ate in the dining room, but we had our meal outside on the patio, which was a great way of ending a lovely day.

Later in the month, we decided to have a day out and went to the small community of Baden in Wellington County. The object was to visit Castle Kilbride National Historic Site, as it was on our list of places to visit ever since I retired. The 'Castle' was built in 1877 by James Livingston, who emigrated from Scotland and made his fortune in the production of flax and linseed oil. It was the family home for three generations

before being sold by James' granddaughter in 1988. A remarkable house, it must have been really splendid when it was in its prime in the late 1800s and early 1900s.

At the end of the week we had another great get-together with our friends Robin and Barb Hewitt, and their young daughter, Jessica. They had moved to just north of Bayfield—about a 20 minute drive south of Goderich. Their new home, close to the lake bank, had an access down a very long flight of steps to a private beach on the lake. They took us down there as part of the 'grand tour' of their new surroundings, and it was lovely as we had the beach all to ourselves all the time we were there.

We had had some frustration trying to get hotel accommodation for a two-night trip away in September, and ended up with just an overnight stop. After a lovely afternoon spent hiking and exploring downtown Ingersoll, a small community in Ontario's tobacco country, we drove to the Elmhurst Inn where we checked in and were given the keys to a room with a king-size bed, as stipulated when making the reservation. Unfortunately, we had plumbing problems, so went down to the front desk, reported the problem and requested another room, which was given to us without too much of a hassle. We discovered, though, that it had only a queen-size bed! So, after another complaint, we were given a free upgrade to a deluxe room. It had several extra features including a fireplace and whirlpool bath, but with the temperature in the high twenties, it was a day for having the air-conditioning on—not for cozying up in front of a fire! Anyhow, later that evening we went along to the dining room where we had an excellent meal.

The next morning, we drove to the nearby town of Tillsonburg to visit Annandale House, which was designated a National Historic Site because of its magnificent interior. The ceilings in all the main downstairs rooms were very ornate and hand painted in quite strong colours, and the rest of each room was decorated to match. It was very obvious that when the house was built in the early 1880s by E. D. Tillson, who was the town's first mayor, no expense was spared. The house remained in the Tillson family for nearly 30 years, after which it went through a succession of owners until 1928, when it was bought by Dr. and Mrs. Corless, whose family lived in it for over 50 years. Before leaving Tillsonburg, we had a quick look around the downtown area.

**O**ur friends from Coventry, Roger and Sue Moore, made their annual family visit in late September. As usual, we went to Woodstock to have lunch with them and their daughter, Lindsey, at Crabby Joe's family restaurant. Lindsey was taking a few days off work to spend more time with her parents, and had kindly acted as their driver. We always enjoy seeing her anyway, and was pleased that she was progressing in her new job. Once again, the staff at the restaurant let us sit and chat long after we had finished eating.

As well as catching up on general news, we were particularly interested in hearing more about the house that Lindsey had bought recently. She had been living with her brother and sister-in-law and their two boys since she emigrated from England on April 9th, 2009, but had been looking for a place of her own for a while. Roger was helping her decorate before she moves in, which she was hoping would be early in October. Anyhow, now that she has her own home, Roger and Sue are planning on visiting Canada twice a year, staying for a month each time.

September saw lots of social activity, with trips to the live theatre and fine dining restaurants well up there on the list. The shows we saw were *Dance Legends*, a nonstop, high-energy review showcasing such dancing styles as tap, acro, ballet and ballroom; plus outstanding singing routines: and *Guys and Dolls*, a rollicking musical set in 1950s New York City with a plausible plot, first class acting/singing/dancing, and memorable songs. We also went to see the courtroom drama, *Twelve Angry Men*; a professional production, and the play, *Dr. Barnardo's Children*, staged by our local amateur theatre group. *Dr. Barnardo's Children* told the story of how orphans came to Canada from England, and the abuse that some of them experienced. It was very well done, and hard to believe that they were all amateur actors.

Before I adjourned the monthly Heritage Goderich committee meeting, I notified the other members that not only would I be stepping down as the official chair, but also would not be serving another term of office on the committee when the current one expired in October. I had enjoyed the experience, but now the duties were taking up too much of my personal time. As well, after four years, I had had enough of the politicking and dealing with the different personalities. There were some consternations from a few of the other members, and the town's administration staff would probably be dismayed, but the die was now cast.

October was a busy one for day trips. One of these was to Owen Sound where we hiked from Harrison Park to Inglis Falls and back. We hadn't got very far along the Inglis Falls Conservation Area trail when we were met by a cute little porcupine. It got to within about a foot of where we were standing before moving off into the undergrowth. Another trip was to Exeter where we hiked the McNaughton/Morrison Dam Trail there. We were on the lookout for the renowned white squirrels, and while we did see three of them, our main reason for going was to see the magnificent autumn colours.

In anticipation of my 65th birthday later in November, I applied for my UK pension. I eventually received a huge form to fill out, and it took quite some time to find the supporting documentation and to have copies certified. Later, I was informed that I was entitled to a pension of nearly £50.00p a week, which was about £13.00p more than what Monica had been receiving, even though she had contributed more years than I did. Not having contacted the pensions people herself, Monica was surprised to get a letter from them at the same time. In it, she was advised that based on my contributions as well as her own, she was entitled to a pension of £40.80p a week—an increase of about £3.75p. Considering that when we emigrated here, we thought our entitlement to a UK pension would be lost, we were delighted with this turn of events. Also, as a pension benefit, I received a lump sum from my last employer (Rolls-Royce) in England.

Another day trip was when members and spouses of the Local 1863 Retirees Club went on a guided tour of the Bruce Power nuclear power station Visitors' Centre located at Douglas Point on Lake Huron near Tiverton, north of Goderich. We were among the visitors who spent a couple of hours being educated on nuclear and wind generated electricity by a very knowledgeable guide. In the centre, there were several audiovisual presentations and lots of displays/hands-on terminals that provided extra information. Back in 1976, we toured the facility when it was called the Bruce Nuclear Power Development. At that time there was full access to the heavy water manufacturing plant, power house, control room and parts of the reactor hall. Visitors are now no longer allowed to tour the actual site due to security concerns; so we felt privileged to have been up close to the heart of the operation when such accessibility was not compromised.





*Local Lodge 1863 Retirees Club Members Visit the CWH Museum, Mount Hope, Ontario, July, 2010.*



*Exterior of Castle Kilbride National Historic Site, Baden, Ontario, August, 2010.*



*Robin, Barbara, Jessica, Monica and Lily the dog, Private Beach near Bayfield, Ontario, August, 2010.*



*Exterior of Annandale House National Historic Site, Tillsonburg, Ontario, September, 2010.*



*Sue, Lindsey, Monica, Roger, Barry at Crabby Joe's Restaurant, Woodstock, Ontario, September, 2010.*



*Inglis Falls in Full Autumn Flow near Owen Sound, Grey County, Ontario, October, 2010.*



*Autumn Colours at Morrison Dam Reservoir from McNaughton Trail, Exeter, Ontario, October, 2010.*



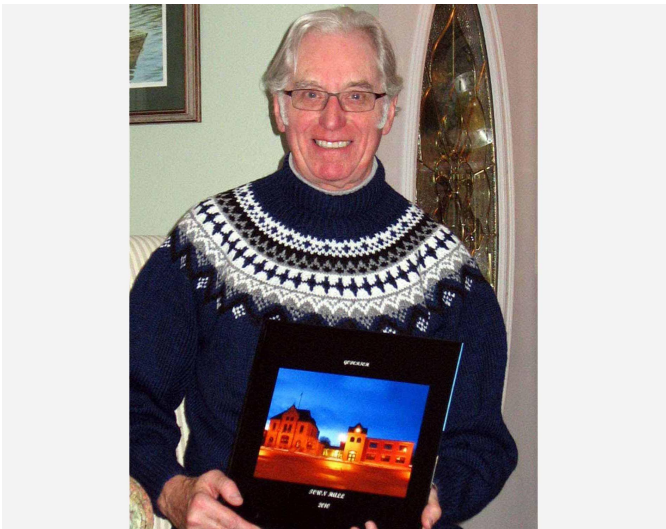
*Local Lodge 1863 Retirees Club Members Visit the Bruce Power Visitors' Centre, ON, October, 2010.*



*Monica's New Apple iMac Desktop Computer, Goderich, Ontario, November, 2010.*



*Celebrating Barry's 65th Birthday at Thyme on 21 Restaurant, Goderich, Ontario, November, 2010.*



*Barry with the Heritage Committee Farewell Gift, Goderich, Ontario, December, 2010.*



*Monica on the Tiger Dunlop Trail after a Heavy Snowfall, Goderich, Ontario, December, 2010.*

## *Computer woes*

Monica's Apple eMac computer was becoming more erratic in its behaviour, and I considered that it could completely fail at any moment. So, before it did give up the ghost, we went to London to look for a replacement. We went to Mostly Digital where I had bought my MacBook laptop in March, 2009. We decided on an Apple iMac 3.06 GHz Model A1311, 500 gb hard drive with 256 mb of memory, a 21.5 in. LED flatscreen, built-in camera, all the slots and Bluetooth capable with a cordless mouse. It was bought on November 9th, 2010, for \$1,352.36. However, the salesman discovered that they didn't have that particular model in stock, but were expecting a shipment early in the week. We asked if it was possible to send the new computer by courier to us, and apparently it was something they did frequently. Eventually, we were advised that the computer could be picked at the Goderich Post Office. It was a long road transferring files and making sure all the applications worked, and there were problems connecting to the printer, but they were finally overcome.

Later in the month, the eMac experienced a catastrophic failure, and although I tried to resuscitate it with recovery software, it was a lost cause, and so I erased everything on the hard drive and took it to the municipal e-waste disposal site.

## *Monica's mystery rash*

Monica started to develop a rash on her legs and arms, but then it became more widespread. It eventually covered most of her legs, but not as much on her arms. Needless to say, she went to see our doctor, and he thought that she might have become allergic to one of her medications. He told her not to take the main blood pressure tablet for three weeks, but all that achieved was a sharp rise in her blood pressure and no improvement in the rash. She went to see him again, and the first thing he told her was to go back on the medication that she had stopped taking. Then, after looking at her rash again, he decided to refer Monica to a dermatologist. The appointment, though, wasn't until the following August! Anyhow, as suggested by the doctor's receptionist, Monica put her name on the cancellation list in the hope of getting an earlier appointment, although she was hoping that the rash would eventually go completely, and that it wouldn't be necessary to see a dermatologist.

Monica would have gone back to see her doctor again to find out whether she could be consulted by a dermatologist in Stratford, London or Kitchener, if it wasn't for her chiropractor, who took one look at the rash and said that he thought it was a type of dermatitis. He asked Monica whether she had recently changed the laundry detergent she used, and when he was told that she had done so twice in the last six months—as well as changing fabric softeners—he suggested going back to using the previous ones. Monica felt his suggestion was worth trying, and by using the old detergent, the rash showed signs of improvement. She then decided not to use any fabric softener just in case she was reacting to it as well as to the detergent. The only reason she changed laundry detergent in the first place was because she was given a large container of a liquid detergent when we bought our new beds. After using up the liquid detergent, she decided to stay with it rather than going back to the powder.

## *Festivities and farewell*

We celebrated my 65th birthday by going out for dinner at Thyme on 21—our local fine dining restaurant. With it being a special occasion, the staff made certain that we had an evening to remember. We had an excellent meal, and my dessert was decorated with the customary lighted candle. The next evening, we took Robin and Barb Hewitt, their young daughter, Jessica, and mutual friend, Paul Dare, out for dinner at the Park House tavern. The place was very busy, as is usual on the weekends, but we had made a reservation so didn't have to wait long for a table. We didn't remind our friends that it was my birthday the previous day, but Barb remembered. She also remembered that it was a special birthday and had bought a card with a big 65 on it, which Jessica gave to me, together with one from Paul. It was a great evening with lots of laughter and good humour being bantered about.

Tuesday, November 30th, 2010, was my last day on the job as the official chair of the Municipal Heritage Committee, and I packed up my files ready for my successor, whoever that might be. There were a few housekeeping items to finish off—such as completing the Annual Report at the end of the year—but my activities wound down in the hopes that the remnants of the committee would pick up the slack and continue until the new Town Council voted in a brand new team. There were rumours of restructuring all the committees of council in the following year, and the heritage component might look and work differently. There was also a hint of dissension in the ranks. So, I was glad I left on good terms before the ceiling fell in.

Now that I no longer had any commitments with the Municipal Heritage Committee, I could concentrate on outstanding projects; the most important being my memoirs. I started to lay out the book with its title, cover art and page description design, all of which seemed to work; although changes 'on the fly' were bound to happen as the book evolved.

In early December, I shared my heritage experience when I was invited to be the guest keynote speaker at the Menesetung Canoe Club's annual Christmas dinner. Canoe clubs are old-established fellowship fraternities. The original after-dinner speaker was unable to attend, so I was asked to substitute. I prepared for the event and gave a speech to an audience of just over 50. The address was well received, and has since been complemented by several people. We didn't think much of the meal, but, as we were guests of the club, we had to be polite and said that it was good.

Our social scene ramped up as we approached Christmas. Meetings with friends for meals out—sometimes with appetizers at our place—and a theatre outing to see a local amateur production, *An Edwardian Christmas Mystery*, which was excellent. The Heritage Committee had a social evening at the home of one of the members, and I was presented with a farewell gift by Heather Lyons, the Town Council liaison.

Christmas Day was spent on our own as usual, and on Boxing Day, we visited long-standing friends at a house party where their family from far and wide gathered. Then, for the first time in about 15 years, we did not go away for the New Year's festivities. Last year's celebration at Benmiller Inn & Spa was disappointing, and since then the place had gone downhill even further. So, we went to Thyme on 21 fine dining restaurant, after which we went home and welcomed in 2011, which turned out to be a tempestuous year.