



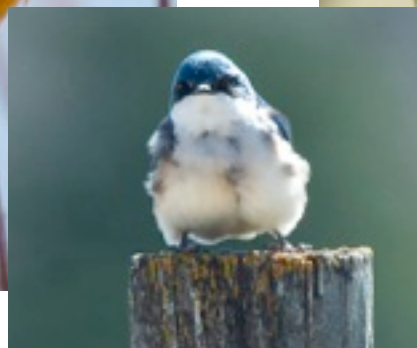
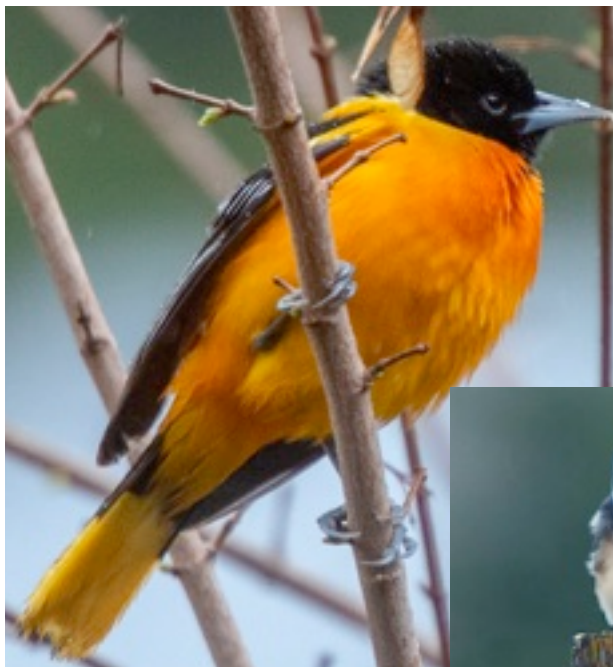
Bringing Bergen Together

May 2020

Birds You May Have Seen

photos by Peter Kleinloog

Here is a page of photos to beguile the eye and challenge your observational skills and knowledge. These birds were all photographed by local photographer, Peter Kleinloog, as they congregated around his bird feeder. Unfortunately, neither of us is a birder. If you can identify all or some of these birds, feel free to enlighten the rest of us. Drop a line to ljsyer@telus.net with your bird identifications and they will appear in the next Bergen News along with a credit unless you would prefer to remain anonymous. Thanks. Laurie



Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel

Virus Particles

What could be more topical at the moment than a discussion of viruses? A little too topical perhaps, but beyond the SARS-CoV-2 variety, these sub-microscopic bundles of biochemicals are ubiquitous in our environment and are fundamental players in the history of life on this planet.

Late in the 1800s researchers realized that certain disease like rabies and foot-and-mouth disease were caused by infectious particles much smaller than bacteria, and considered them to be the smallest of all life forms. Very small indeed. A nanometer is a billionth of a meter and viruses are typically 100 to 200 nanometers in diameter. By comparison, bacteria are around 1000 nanometers in size, and a shaft of your hair would measure around 100,000 nanometers across.

In 1935 a scientist named Stanley Wendell, working with tobacco viruses, discovered that a virus consists of little more than a small package of nucleic acids (either DNA or RNA depending on the type of virus) wrapped in a protein coat. On its own a virus cannot carry out any of the functions we normally associate with a living entity—respiration, ingestion of nutrients, metabolism, reproduction etc., and there has been a great deal of discussion as to whether viruses are actually living organisms. Viruses do have one trick up their proverbial sleeves, however, which integrates them very definitely in the great web of life. The proteins on their outer coats enable them to attach to the outer membrane of living cells, be they plant, animal or bacteria, and fool these cells into allowing them entrance to the cells' interior. Once inside, the virus sheds its protein coat, exposes its genetic material and seduces the replicating "machinery" of the invaded cell into manufacturing thousands of copies of the viral proteins. The invaded cell becomes exhausted, bursts and releases the reassembled viral particles which go on to attach to other cells and repeat the replication process. Viruses are thus the perfect parasite. They not only co-opt the replication machinery of the host cell, but also the energy and all of the raw materials needed to reproduce themselves.

There are millions of different species of viruses and virtually every other species, plant or animal, in our ecosystem can be infected by them. Different types of viruses are usually capable of invading a very narrow number of host species and each type has evolved its own method of spread. Direct contact between host animals or exchange of body fluids are two of the most common ways viruses spread between animals, but insect vectors also convey viruses from host to host as in the case of Zika. In plants, viruses use insects, fungi and worms to help them leap between hosts.

In medical school, education about viruses was related to illness—chicken pox, herpes, polio, influenza, measles, mumps, common cold, hepatitis—the list goes on and on. New viral illnesses pop up with great regularity, testifying to the amazing ability of viruses to evolve. HIV, SARS, bird flu, and Ebola are a few recent newcomers on the scene. What we weren't taught, however, was how most viruses are not disease causers and, in fact, play an important role in exchanging genetic material between various cells and are a leading source of genetic innovation. They take up residence in plant and animal cells, lay dormant for long periods and can avoid detection by the hosts' immune systems. They reproduce at a slow and steady state unlike those that cause disease. Interestingly, viruses are also incredibly abundant in our oceans and freshwater bodies. Harmless to plant and animal life, they infect, destroy and thereby control aquatic bacteria and algal blooms that would otherwise overwhelm our oceans and lakes.

If we have learned anything from this little virus now affecting everyone in one way or another, it is that all life on this planet is interconnected and that viruses are part of that intricate web. Change and mutation are part of this "dance of life" and, just as our immune systems will eventually adapt to recognize and better cope with this new intruder, we too will adapt to the personal and social changes wrought by this pandemic.

Hurrah for Rural Health Care Workers!—a Glenbow Example

by Shari Peyerl

Health care workers are heroes: dedicated, courageous, and altruistic. We are acutely aware of their value in today's society and our dependence upon their generosity, knowledge, and skill. We can probably all name a famous medical researcher or practitioner. But we need only look down the road to find a medical professional worthy of praise. Country doctors have always provided critical care to their community. Dr. Andrew Walter Park, who worked in the Cochrane area during the early 20th century, is one such example.

Born in Ontario and newly graduated from McGill University, Dr. Park (Walter to his friends) set up his practice in Cochrane in 1904. He had a large territory to cover, frequently riding his horse 20 miles to assist those in need. In 1911, he also became Medical Officer for the Morley Reserve, expanding his service area even farther to the west.

Medicine at the time was primitive—there were limited medical facilities, few vaccines, and no antibiotics. But Dr. Park did the best he could for his patients. He saved a young farm girl's life by removing her appendix on her family's kitchen table. He stopped a smallpox outbreak in Cochrane by quarantining the afflicted, and he successfully treated all sixteen patients. Dr. Park also encouraged the founding of Cochrane's first hospital, which consisted of a few rooms in the home of the Davies family.

Settlement in the Cochrane region rapidly expanded during Walter's first decade in Alberta. He generously credited his bride, Amelia, with doubling his practice in the year after their 1906 marriage, since she frequently accompanied him on patient visits. The young couple contributed to the social fabric of their community, participating in charitable, religious, and political groups. In all aspects of life, they sought to help their neighbours.

Although the Parks lived four miles from Glenbow, they were important to the district. Dr. Park delivered several babies at Glenbow. In addition, he was a first responder to accidents at the sandstone quarry and in the surrounding settlement. Sadly, he also occasionally had to ease a patient's exit from this world, when the injury was too great, or the available medicine too weak, to fend off death.

One Glenbow family was particularly affected by the Parks. In 1913, Lydia Ann Wall died a week after giving birth and her husband was left with four young children. The Parks adopted the newborn babe; little Lorna Ann Wall was christened Lorna Lydia Park and she was cherished by her adoptive family. Raised with high ideals and provided with a university education, she followed her parents' example of volunteer service.



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EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie



Hi everybody. Happy spring—even though it's a little chilly tonight. I don't care. I am a thoroughly happy hound these days. Why? You ask. Because the snow and frost are gone from the ground and all the sloughs are full of water again. Oh, how I love sloughs! My favourite is beside the garden. My person goes out there to dig in the dirt and I go along to play in the water—and the mud. I wade right out into the middle of the slough and listen to the wonderful sound of my feet going *glup, glup* as I pull them out of the mud. Chunks of mud and big drops of water fly into the air and I chase them. I suspect that the person thinks I'm chasing mosquitoes or something and I won't let on it's just mud, water, and imagination. She might think I'm silly.

Finally, when I'm soaked to the brisket, I decide I've had enough of that game for today and I accompany her back to the house. She goes in and shuts the door with no thought that maybe I'd like to come in and drip dry. I think that's pretty inconsiderate, don't you?

Hurrah for Rural Health Care Workers! continued from page 3

Where there was need, Dr. Park offered aid. During WWI, he joined the Canadian Army Medical Corps. He spent most of the war in various overseas hospitals—as a patient. Like many medical personnel, he had risked his own health by providing care for the sick and wounded. After the end of hostilities, he re-enlisted and served in Calgary's veterans' hospital until his retirement almost three decades later.

Throughout his life, Dr. Park helped the underprivileged and the sick. He was a board member for many charities, including the CNIB, the national council of the Red Cross, and Calgary's Grace Hospital and Rotary Club. He was also president of Calgary's Medical Association, YMCA, and Community Chest. Dr. Park's generosity and kindness had broad and significant impact.

Dr. Andrew Walter Park is a splendid example of the importance of rural doctors. They have always been at the frontline of the battle against disease and death, as well as vital contributors to their communities. Health care workers, past and present, are special people. To them we are eternally grateful.

If you have comments on anything that you read in the Bergen News, send your response to The Bergen News, ljsyer@telus.net or the Bergen News c/o Marilyn Walker, Box 21, Site 9, RR2, Sundre, T0M 1X0.

Submissions of articles or comments can be sent via email to ljsyer@telus.net, snail-mail to Marilyn Walker, The Bergen News, Box 21, Site 9, RR 2, Sundre, T0M 1X0 or call Marilyn Halvorson at 638-2245. If you would like a subscription, it is \$15 which can be sent to our snail-mail address. Remember, subscriptions are coming due for this year. Your subscription expiry date will be highlighted on the label. Thank you for your continued support.

The Bergen News is very grateful for the rural community grant received from Mountain View County to assist in our operating costs. Thank you for your continued support.

Musings: What is Normal?

by Phyllis Cormack

The saying “Normal is a setting on your dryer”, has been around for many years. Even pertaining to your dryer, the term “normal” can fluctuate depending on the brand of dryer you have. I suppose it can become quite controversial for some when relating “normal” to the human being. What seems quite normal to one will be way off to someone else. Lifestyles vary dramatically these days. Cultural background determines where you fall in regards to entertainment and other spare time activities. What seems perfectly normal to one will be outlandish to someone else.

Over the past two to three months we have experienced what could be called a new “normal”. Job losses, closures of so many businesses classed as non-essential, social distancing, masks, gloves, sanitizer, wipes, disinfectants, home schooling, limited access to doctors, no access to chiropractors, hairdressers, dentists, and the list goes on. It was frustrating at first remembering to disinfect the shopping cart handle and then to keep one’s distance from other shoppers. Be sure to follow the arrows on the floor in the grocery store so as to not meet anyone in the aisle. Stay back six feet and don’t put your groceries on the till until the customer ahead of you is finished paying. Don’t bring your own bags. After being trained to do so, now they say don’t, which I can understand. Contact with family and friends has been terminated for the time being except by phone or text. For those with other health issues this has been a very intimidating time. Fear of catching COVID 19 has made many people afraid to set foot out their door. To meet up with family or have them visit has become unthinkable.

As I write this, some of the restrictions are being lifted. Is it too soon? Will there be another outbreak if we aren’t careful enough? There are folks at both ends of the spectrum. Those who are totally fed up with limitations and those who are still being very cautious. We won’t know what the right decisions are, I guess, until we see the outcome of loosening the restrictions.

Then too, what will the new “normal” look like? Everyone wearing masks in public or just those who have other lung and health issues? Gloves and disinfectants available or required? How long until social distancing is forgotten about? Will schools be well-attended or will some kids remain at home to do their lessons? Once more businesses start up—those that are able—there will be fewer parents at home to help the kids do their classes.

I don’t think normal is going to be what we had before this outbreak. However, whatever comes we will grow accustomed to it—we have no choice.

May you stay healthy and have patience as we journey on to the future and become accustomed to the changes we will face.

Bergen Community Association News

by Maureen Worobetz

We held our May meeting after two months off for Covid isolation and we stayed two metres apart!

Thirteen members came to discuss hall business. There was no Good Will to report. 4-H is having a virtual sale of calves and lambs at Olds Auction Mart to finish their year. Good luck to all our Bergen 4-H members and to all 4-H clubs!

Bookings were updated, with several cancellations. Hopefully this pandemic ends sooner than later.

Bergen News reported they are doing well.

We received correspondence from Mountain View County regarding the upgrade of the Bergen Road from Highway 22 to the Fallen Timber Trail.

The Meet Your Neighbour Night has been rescheduled for November 4th.

The turkey supper has been tentatively scheduled for October 4th.

The Bergen Farmers’ Market is a go for this summer.

The annual Ladies Aid sale will go November 21st.

Take care.

Views and opinions expressed in the articles are those of the authors and not of the Bergen News.

The Sleepless Search for Several Silly Simple Sentences

by Noreen Olson

When I was about eight, my folks bought *The World Book Encyclopedia*. I don't know how they managed to do this because we were a big family with never a nickel to spare, but they must have thought it was important and we certainly used it. I think my appetite for trivia developed from *The World Book*. Now I find GOOGLE equally interesting.

Looking things up is one of the hobbies that I attribute to my childhood encyclopedia habit. The other is a lot less mind expanding, but if you want to while away some time on a long trip and sneakily extend your kids' vocabulary, it's a good game to play in the car. It requires the formation of alliterative sentences. I got caught up in it one day when I was carrying my baby brother, Dale, and Dad expressed an interest in his forefathers' birthplace of Dumfries. Mom turned to me and said, "Put Dale down, Darling, and get Dad the D Book." I was hooked, and I've been alliterating ever since.

Start with "A" and work through the alphabet to see how many truly silly sentences you can construct. Sometimes it works better if you build the sentence first and then decide how it applies to the situation. With the following, I imagine a young couple visiting the Everglades when the boy takes fright and climbs a tree. The girl laughs at him and... *Archie approached Allison angrily, "Allison" he argued, "I've always acted awfully awkward around Alligators."*

"B" might be whispered at the Church potluck. *"Beware Barbara's banana bread, it looks browned beautifully but it's been badly burned."*

And "C": Maybe Carl has been drinking, maybe it's icy, maybe he's just unfamiliar with the road. "Coming close to the curving crescent, Carl's car crept cautiously."

My current entry for "D" sounds like it might have come from an old English novel: Douglas drawled diffidently, 'Dearest Diana, don't dress so drearily. It's dreadfully depressing.'

"E" is pretty short but it's still a sentence. "Edward enunciates everything elegantly."

"F" will need some set-up. Fanny is a girl sports-writer who insists on doing post-game interviews in the locker room. Some of the athletes resent this and when a hulking football player throws something at her, her boyfriend Freddy intervenes. "Fearing for Fanny's fragile face, Freddy flew fearlessly forward and fielded the flying footlocker."

Believe me, I could go on indefinitely but all this preamble brings me to last Tuesday night. Shortly after my husband and I had gone to bed, I noticed that he seemed a little uneasy and was breathing oddly, in little gasps.

"Are you OK, Honey?" I asked.

"I'm fine," he replied, "I just seem to have a nose noise." Now that I knew he was all right, this struck me as terribly funny.

"When," I asked him (through my suppressed laughter), "did you first notice this nuisance, nasal, noise in your nice nose?"

"Very funny," he replied, "do you think you could work "Ninny Noreen" in there somewhere?"

"No." I told him, "For this sequence I just want 'N' words that have a sibilant sound."

"Go to sleep," he said sweetly.

But it was no use. "N" words with sibilants began collecting in my fevered brain. I was going to need at least two more sentences. "Norris was nervous. There was a nuance of nastiness in the National News." "Nausea overcame Natasha, when she noticed her nefarious and noxious nemesis." I wish I could get 'nourish' in there somewhere and 'nebulous' and 'notorious'! I'll work on it.



Bergen Church News

by Phyllis Cormack

The Bergen Church is located on the Bergen Road one mile west of the Highway 760 intersection. Our Sunday ONLINE worship time is 10:30 a.m. If you are on Facebook, just go to our website <http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/> then click on the Facebook page.

Monday, Wednesday, and Fridays Pastor Rob has "Coffee with Rob" on the same website also at 10:30 am. This is a short devotion and chat time.

The Sundre Ministerial is a team of churches in the Sundre area who want to help during this difficult time. If you find yourself in need of help, whether physical or emotional, please feel free to contact this number and they will be able to direct you to an appropriate resource: 403-636-0554.

You can also go to the Sundre Ministerial webpage if you'd like to contact a church directly: <http://sundreministerial.blogspot.com> Click on 'Church Listings and Links'.

Pastor Rob is available for anyone who feels the need to talk to someone. His number is 403 672 0020.

The food bank at McDougal Chapel has seen an increase of visitors. If you want to donate food it can be taken to the Chapel. There is a door bell you can ring to alert them that you are there.

Our prayer chain is still operating so if you have prayer needs please call or email Leila Schwanzenberger at 403-638-4175 or leila@processworks.ca

Olwyn is in the church office Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:00-4:00 p.m. Rob Holland may be reached at the church or at 403-672-0020. The church's number is 403-638-4010 and the fax number is 403-638-4004. The email address is bergenchurch@explornet.ca. The website is <http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/>

Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

Mid April: I am glad my husband is driving as we continue along our laneway. There are wiggly ruts, sometimes hard packed snow, sometimes water-filled slots, that throw the vehicle every which way.

End of April: The two of us ride our bikes along the laneway. For me, it is the first time in a number of years. My leg muscles tighten with each pump of the pedals. Dodging the puddles requires me to remember steering techniques. We don't have to worry about going off the road—there are still banks of snow along the edge left by the plows.

Bright sunshine and breezy: "Let's take the quads for a ride." Selective loggers had been here over the winter. They left an array of branches, limbed or covered with needles, and numerous stumps of varying sizes. Last season's ruts challenge us before we get to the field. My husband points, and there on the horizon, I see eight deer watching us. A few more feet and up go the flashing white tails as they bound toward a clump of trees. At the edge of the trees, down go the tails and they stand, spellbound, attentive to our movement along the far fence line. We begin a diagonal path toward them. Whoosh, they all disappear! I cannot resist revving the engine. I make a beeline for a low spot full of water. There is sheer delight as the water sprays outward!

Yearly spring melt has eroded the soil down to rocks and small sized boulders form a mini waterfall with ripples along a continuing trough. What a joyful sound!

The guardian goose honks a warning. Two ducks rise off the water, flying away in opposite directions. Two other ducks and more geese effortlessly drift a safe distance away as we approach. Parking on a rise we notice two, four, then six robins bobbing. Their red breasts stand out against the deadfall, old grass and moist dirt. The wind in my hair, the sun on my face, the quiet of nature has a way of refreshing spirits.

Two trees have been removed from our yard. We move the debris to the burning pile out back. My last return trip with the quad and little trailer I don't turn sharply enough or with enough speed to make it through the unexpected wet area. Stuck! I try every quad manoeuvre I know to get out. My husband sees me walking and assumes correctly. He brings the tow rope! With little effort my unit is free.

A large frog stays very still, hopping forward only when encouraged to do so. Other frogs are beginning their spring choruses from the moist low lands.

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Ride With Me continued from page 7

Bergen Road/Fallen Timber Trail: The patch of red on this blackbird's wing is quite striking. The blue sky, white clouds and tree buds are the perfect setting for this spring arrival.

Every road we travel today has the customary seasonal signage, "pot holes" and "rough patches".

We stop at the mailboxes. The wind catches the door as it's being opened, leading to the comment "That could have been ripped off".

Just before a corner: A sandwich sign reads "Caution Horses Ahead". Quite a distance further, on a straight stretch of road I pull into a field entrance as they approach. A bearded rider in full weather gear leads the herd. We count fifteen horses. Some are black, one is white, at least one is gray, and others are brown. I love the clumping hoof sounds as they plod along. The rider and I exchange pleasant greetings. The female driver of the truck following the herd waves and smiles as we pass.

Mother's Day: On an early morning trip to Sundre, the gravel and paved roads are bare but wet. Deer are active during this feeding time. Crows are hovering around and eating some road kill. I see a calf on the wrong side of a barbwire fence and think it is alone, but no, a little further down there are cows and calves on both sides of the fence.

The drabness of the day releases into a snow storm.

Various thankful sounding birds serenade my grocery carrying trips to the house.

SUNDRE LIBRARY UPDATE

**REGULAR HOURS**

Monday	CLOSED
Tuesday	9:00 - 5:00pm
Wednesday	noon - 8:00pm
Thursday	noon - 5:00pm
Friday	noon - 5:00pm
Saturday	11:00 - 3:00pm

CLOSED SUNDAYS, MONDAYS, HOLIDAYS

Phone 403 638-4000

www.sundre.prl.ab.ca

sundrelibrary@prl.ab.ca



Karen Tubb, Library Manager
Joy Willihnganz, Library Programmer
Sandra Huchala and Jodi Janz, Library Assistants.

You can now make requests for items within our Library. Each cardholder may request four items per week, requests received by Wednesday at noon will be available (for curbside pickup) beginning at noon on the following day (Thursday). <https://parklandab.wufoo.com/forms/library-requests/>

Our Current hours of operation are:

Tuesday/Wednesday 9:00 AM—5:00 PM

Thursday/Friday noon—5:00 PM

Book drop is open between Thursday noon and Friday at 5:00 PM. Drop offs will be checked in the following week.

To sign up for weekly updates on the Library: <https://parklandab.wufoo.com/forms/library-connect/>

Check out our online programs happening now and find links to recordings of past Library programs on our 'Events' page, listed under 'Programs of the Past'. <https://sundre.prl.ab.ca/events?d=0>

Summer Reading Club is coming - all summer long! Weekly themes. Take home kits/online programming. For ages 4-12. Watch our website for details.

When will the Library open?

We have begun to receive questions about when the Library will open. To date we know that Libraries will be able to re-open in Stage 2, however as you can imagine things will look differently when we re-open. We are working on our re-launch strategy and have begun to put our plan into place to prepare for when we can open. We miss our patrons and look forward to being able to once again welcome you through our doors. In the meantime, if there is something we can help you with, please know that we are available by phone and eager to help however we can.

NIGHT OF THE VAMPIRE

by Marilyn Halvorson

Ah, at last winter is over. All the trials of snow and cold are behind us—maybe. Life is now pretty well perfect, I think, as I dig in my flower bed, wearing my light summer clothes. Suddenly I give my head a little toss. What was that about? It was almost instinctive, an animal reaction to something. Then I hear it. MMMMMnnnn, the sound of humming, circling my ear. A mosquito has arrived to scope out a likely-looking piece of flesh. SMACK! So much for that first mosquito! But that was only the beginning. Soon these blood-sucking denizens of field and forest descend upon us in their millions. Indoors becomes the only refuge. What a relief to come into the sanctuary of the house after an evening of gardening among the ravening hordes. How lovely to slip into bed for a night of well-earned repose. A few minutes of reading a good book. Then off with the light and....What's this? It can't be! But it is.

MMMMMnnn. I flick the light back on. There she is, circling, ready for the attack. SMACK! Missed her but gave myself a good slap in the face. Now where is she? There, a black speck against the ceiling. Does she think she's safe up there? Well, think again you miserable Mosky Toe. I clamber to my feet atop the bed and make a lunge toward the ceiling. Whoa! Lunging while standing on a nice spongy mattress is akin to engaging in a fistfight in a canoe. Being slightly unbalanced at the best of times (just ask my friends), I am now seriously unbalanced. I dance a version of what Swan Lake would look like performed by a moose. An inch from pitching face first off the bed I regain something close to equilibrium and pause to reassess the situation.

I don't think I will try the mattress lunge again. What if I had fallen off and killed myself? My sorrow at the thought of being dead is nothing compared to my embarrassment at the thought of a plethora of investigators tramping through the clothes randomly scattered across my dusty bedroom and viewing the unromantic deceased in her worn-out and outgrown pink baby doll pajamas.

Anyway, I no longer see my nemesis fluttering near the ceiling. On solid ground, I begin a new search-and-destroy mission. Especially search. Because, somewhere in the confines of this small bedroom, the enemy has vanished without a trace. But I know that she is lurking here somewhere. Relentlessly, I patrol, leaving no corner un-searched, no curtain un-twitched. But, alas, my weary eyes begin to succumb to the strain. I am seeing moving black specks everywhere. I must give up. She is gone. Where no longer matters. Perhaps into the dark depths of the closet. Perhaps under the door and into the hall. For tonight, for me, the war is over. I ease my exhausted body back into bed and turn off the light.

Slowly, ever so slowly, sleep steals over me, soothing stressed body and mind. I float into its gentle arms and drift away...

MMMMMMMMMNNNnn. I leap from sleep to full consciousness, one hand already reaching for the lamp. Light floods the room. There she is! Flapping heavily toward the ceiling straight above me. It must be her. But she looks different somehow, larger, bloated, her abdomen glowing a faint red in the lamplight. Even as I begin to process this information, I feel a faint itching start on my arm. I look down and see the tiny white dome rising on my forearm.

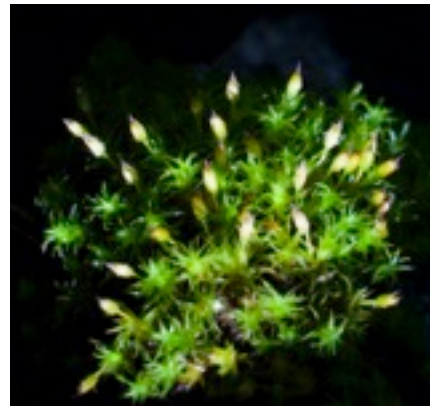
She has fed! My blood, what there is left of it, runs cold. I have become a victim of the vampire. Am I doomed? Perhaps. But then again, just last week a young student asked if I was ever going to "write any modern books—you know, about vampires and stuff..."

Now, maybe....

Woodland Rambles

Sally Banks

I found this little patch of "flowering" moss on a downed log. A sunbeam hit the moss perfectly, leaving the rest of the log in shadow. No photoshopping, just Ma Nature.



One Day At A Time

by Pat Gibbs

Well folks, Lady Spring is being a bit temperamental the last few weeks hasn't she? Admittedly, when the sun is shining and you're out of the wind, it is really nice. Speaking of wind, how many of you avid gardeners struggle with wind the very day you start getting into the dirt as you prepare your planters for the seeds. I do! Every spring! I'm not kidding! Just like clockwork I can pick any day to begin my task and a signal is immediately sent to the winds. Voila, by the end of the day I look like Haagars wife (the Viking character in a comic strip), without her Viking hat; basically a wild thing.

So how is everyone doing with their in-store shopping? I, for one, have actually felt like I wasn't sure where I was or where I was going after I discovered how many one way aisles and follow-the-arrows signs kept popping up! I came to the conclusion that I must not be in a hurry, I must pay attention at all times, and also remember the poor souls standing in the long lines outside the store (in the WIND), waiting to get in to do their own shopping! Enough already! I had to devour two BIG chocolate chip cookies on my way home just to settle my nerves.

I can't wait to be able to see my friends and give them a big hug without getting the stink-eye from someone. I haven't been in to see my mother for two months! I saw her twice through the door when I dropped off some items for her. There was only a minute to wave and say "Hi" and "I love you" before the door closed. This is the first Mothers' Day I can remember in a very long time indeed, that we have not celebrated her together as a family. Mom has been amazing through this shutdown at the lodge. She has always been able to stay content and keep busy with her reading, puzzles, scrapbooking and daily a walk to the sun room. Now no books or newspapers are allowed. Sure hope this changes soon. I will be visiting her outside in the gazebo today. Hope we're not so far apart we won't be able to hear each other. Thanks, Mom, for being such a good example of patience and faith in God during a stressful time.

I hope all of you out there had as nice a Mothers' Day as possible as well.

Keep taking just one day at a time, folks, and God bless.

Til next time.....



The Bergen Farmers' Market Opens For the Season on June 27th

With 14 full time vendors.

The Market will run every Saturday at the Bergen Hall

10:00 a.m. – 1:00 p.m.

Vulnerable customers may shop from 9:45 – 10:00

The market will look and feel a little different from previous years as we adhere to physical distancing regulations. But the determination of the vendors to be friendly and helpful will remain the same. We look forward to seeing you again this season.

There will also be online shopping for those who prefer curbside pickups.

Go to www.localline.ca/bergen-farmers-market

For up to date information check our website www.thebergenmarket.ca or on Facebook.

Culture in Your Living Room—Episode One: A Little Something For Everyone On YouTube

by Shari Peyerl

Many of us are struggling with the recent changes to our lives: our regular routines have been thrown for a loop; we are isolated from our friends and family; and we are inundated with negative news reports whenever we turn on the radio or television. Fortunately, many artists and cultural institutions have rallied to provide hope and inspiration. Over the past few weeks, I have been exploring online cultural content—whenever my bandwidth will allow. I thought I'd share a few of my discoveries, for the next time you need to lift your spirits.

First off is a shout-out to Bergen's own Jamie Syer, who has been posting YouTube videos of *Long Distance Piano Duets*. These performances are masterful, the pieces are varied, and each episode is an individual artistic presentation, with an informative description. The performances are so captivating, one is unaware of the complex technological logistics required in order for the two pianists to respond to one another in playing a duet. Episode 8 deserves special mention, since it must have been double the work, but it is double the fun to watch. So far, my favourite episode is Claude Debussy's "En Bateau," simply because the peaceful music transports me to the boat on the water.

If you prefer theatre to concerts, the United Kingdom's National Theatre has been broadcasting a different play (previously filmed) each week as *National Theatre at Home* <<https://www.nationaltheatre.org.uk>>. These plays cover a broad range of genres. I watched a comedy set in the 1960s, as well as the classic *Treasure Island*. A number of Shakespearian plays have also been offered. Supporting videos that take you behind-the-scenes at the theatre are also available, if you want a more in-depth experience. Only one play is shown per week, so you will need to keep checking back to find one that appeals to you.

Among the events that have been postponed until healthier times are museum exhibits. An excellent YouTube series is *The Stay at Home Museum* <<https://www.flemishmasters.com/en/events/stay-at-home-museum>>. This set of private tours to five museums in Flanders, Belgium, allows you to experience art exhibits of the Flemish Masters, such as van Eyck and Rubens. The beauty of these productions is that the guides are passionate curators who explain the background and significance of the various works. The website also has short articles about the artists.

I spent today exploring London's British Museum and discovered a series that has been produced for the past several years, called *Curator's Corner*, wherein the "curators ... tell you all about themselves, their research and what it's like to work with some of the world's oldest and most significant objects." Five seasons of short videos expose you to a vast array of different areas of study. All the curators are excited about what they do, yet each approaches their work in a different way. Some talk about their personal history, while others tell the story of a specific artifact. With over 50 videos available, you are sure to find something of interest.

For those who are fascinated by the past, I recommend a series that I have been watching for years: *Les Feux de Guédelon* [*The Fires of Guédelon*] <https://www.guedelon.fr/en/actualites_15.html>. These short videos are recorded in French, but do have subtitles. They explain an experimental archaeology project in France that began in 1997. Experimental archaeology is a form of study where one learns by doing, in this case trying to figure out how to build a 13th century castle using historically accurate materials and technology. So far there are three seasons, each with its own theme. An individual episode has several segments to describe a particular aspect of the construction, explain the ancient technology, and reveal cultural tidbits. The hosts are recurring characters who interview the construction specialists, and they incorporate humour to teach history to young and old alike. Since this project is currently on hiatus, I will have to wait patiently for the next instalment.

So, if you occasionally want to escape from your living room, these new offerings and long-standing series can broaden your worldview, while connecting you with creative expressions of the human spirit. Whether you prefer music, theatre, art, or history, there is a cultural opportunity just a mouse-click away.

An Interesting Experiment

by Evelyn Mill

I was making a tomato sandwich (summer 2018) when I noticed several of the seeds in the tomato appeared to have small green sprouts. I dug them out and planted them in damp soil and covered the pot with a clear plastic bag. Within a couple of weeks there were two small plants emerging and I transplanted those into larger pots. These plants were not bushes but tall and spindly so I planted them together and staked them. In the years since, they never have been anything but vines and I continually tie them to each other with velcro strips. One is now over 40 inches long and the other is about 20 inches. I managed, accidentally, to break it off in one of my attempts to save it from bending and breaking (sigh). The vines are blooming for the second time and have four clumps of tomatoes and several individual ones. The last time

they formed tomatoes, I opened up one of the largest ones and it was just full of seeds with barely any flesh. The original parent tomato was about 2 1/2 in. (+/-) in diameter. The biggest tomatoes the new vines produce are the size of a large grape tomato. The plants are extremely water hungry and get Schultz 20-20-20 once a week.

I bought the original "Tomato on the Vine" from the Sundre IGA.

