

The Bergen News

photo by Sally Banks

Bringing Bergen Together

November 2020

Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel, photos by Sally Banks

Pollinators and the Magic of Pollination

Species survival by reproduction is a basic impulse of all living organisms, and the various reproductive strategies found in both the plant and animal kingdoms are an endlessly fascinating topic. Since the time of the dinosaurs, flowering plants (angiosperms) have “invited” insects and other creatures to give a hand in the reproductive process. The plants offer the enticement of protein-rich pollen and carbohydrate-rich nectar to the pollinators. In return the insects, birds or bats transfer the pollen from the anther (the male part of the plant), to the stigma, the ovule bearing part of the flower. Fertilization thereby occurs, and seeds proceed to develop within a fruit or capsule. Pollination is thus basically plant sex, an altogether more straightforward and less emotionally charged performance than the animal variety.

Pollination gives flowering plants access to a great diversity of genetic material, allowing them to evolve more readily into different species and adapt to a wide range of ecological niches. They thus became the dominant terrestrial plant form, taking over from the self-fertilizing gymnosperms (conifers, cycads and ginkos). Currently the earth hosts approximately 300,000 different species of flowering plants and these engage with 150,000 different species of insects, but also some birds and mammals, acting as pollen transporters.

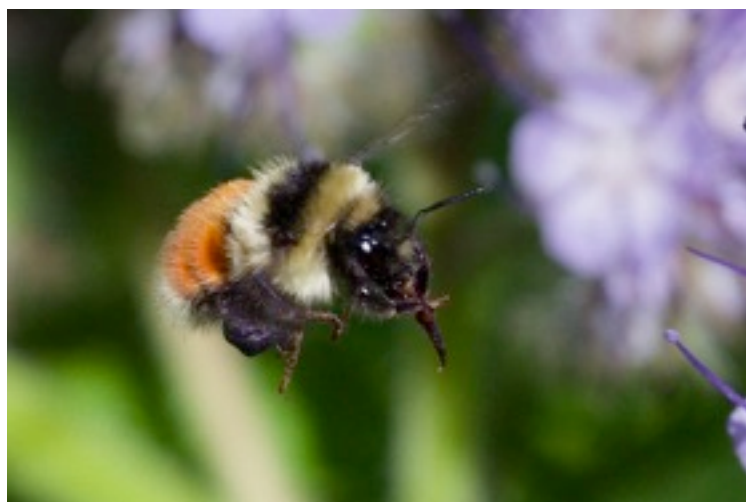
The job performed by these little creatures brings to our table countless varieties of fruit, vegetables and nuts. It is said that one out of three spoonful of food that reaches a human mouth is there thanks to a pollinator. Moreover, half of the world's oils, fibres and plant raw materials are pollinator dependent. The work done by pollinators was brought

home to Sandy and me this summer. For years we took for granted that pollinators would show up through the open windows of our greenhouse and fertilize the cucumbers growing there. This summer, however, perhaps due to a cool, wet spring, the usual pollinating insects did not appear and our crop of cucumbers failed to “set”. We ended up having to pollinate the cukes ourselves using fine paintbrushes—picking up pollen from the male flowers and gently brushing the females.

It is becoming increasingly worrisome that there is a serious decline in many pollinator populations. Honey bees (*apis mellifera*) have received the most press in this regard. 44% of managed bee colonies in



A hoverfly, a nectar feeder and pollinator extraordinaire.



A local wild bee with a pollen load on his hind leg.

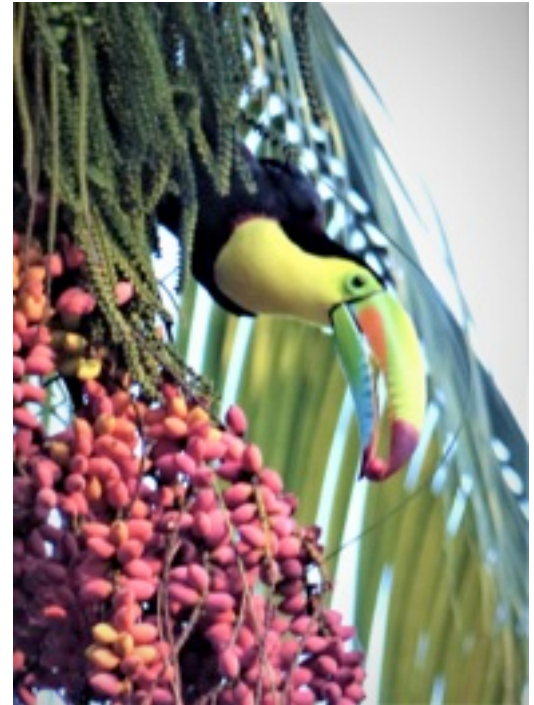
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Spice Up Your life

by Sandy Easterbrook

Winter is the season for comfort food. A few chilly days ago I decided to make bread pudding, and the recipe called for nutmeg. The spice jar was empty but, as I rifled through the drawer, I came across a whole nutmeg that I had picked up in Costa Rica two years before. As soon as I cracked the outer shell and began to grate the kernel, memories flooded my brain. Smell may be the most difficult sense to describe, but it elicits the strongest associations. I could see myself once again, standing under a leafy tree with my partner Bob, a friend and two birding guides named Justo and Peq. We had gotten up at 5:30, walked the lanes outside La Cahuita, the village where we were staying, and seen dozens of bird species—parrots, toucans, tanagers etc. The keel-billed toucan in the photo to the right was one of them.

On the way back to the village for breakfast, Peq had prodded the dry leaves below the above-mentioned tree with his walking stick, and uncovered a golfball-sized nut. “In English you call this nutmeg,” he said. Excitedly, we brushed away more dead leaves and found another four or five. We pocketed them and mine ended up coming back to Canada with me.



keel-billed toucan



pepper vine

Nutmeg is native to Indonesia, so I have no idea how that tree ended up so far from home. Probably the Spanish imported some trees to the Caribbean. All I know for sure is that my bread pudding tasted especially good because I felt so close to the source of that pungent, nutmeggy taste.

I have gotten up close and personal with other spices as well, and they too evoke memories. We once visited a medical friend in India who had inherited two plantations set in the jungle. On one he (or, rather, his farmhands) raised betels and areca nuts, both of which are ingredients for making *paan*, the leafy wads that are tucked into the cheeks of so many traditional Indian men (hence the reason for their continual spitting).

I remember admiring the plantation house with its teak beams and great carved doors. “But this is the new house,” Chandra remonstrated. “Wait till you see the old one. This one is only 400 years old; the other is 900.”

The 900-year-old house, with its “new” 600-year-old addition, was certainly expansive, with a room for the idols, a birthing room, a summer kitchen, a monsoon kitchen and rooms for each branch of the family. But it was damp and mouldering. I much preferred the barn containing milk cows and racing buffaloes (water buffaloes, these were).

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the USA were lost in 2017. In response to this decline, President Obama established the Pollinator Task Force to research, restore and increase pollinator habitat. Unfortunately, under the Trump administration, many initiatives started under the Environmental Protective Agency have been cancelled or rolled back. It is not only honey bees that are declining in number, but also wild bees (with population decreases of 23% between 2008 and 2013), moths, butterflies and pollinating bird species. The causes for these declines are not difficult to pinpoint; they include habitat loss and fragmentation, agrochemicals, particularly neonicotinoids, introduction of competitive alien species, pathogens and climate change.

Pollinators have been helping mankind for years, and it is looking like it is our turn to step up and give pollinators a fighting chance. Quite simply it means attempting to live a greener lifestyle, avoiding chemical pollution of our environment and respecting natural habitats. The Canadian Wildlife Federation has recently instituted a number of initiatives to help bring back pollinator populations and locally, Legacy Land Trust is spotlighting pollinators in this year's gifting campaign. Check out the websites if you are inclined to help out, and remember that if pollinators go, so does our food supply!

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie



Well, this has been a confusing season. Just weeks ago it was summer; then, all of a sudden it was real winter, and then it was warm as summer again, and now it seems like winter again. How many dog years have I put on through this? At least no one has mentioned the doggie door for awhile. I wonder what scheme the persons are thinking up now?

I have been busy with my yard-guarding lately. It is quite demanding as I have to run circuits all around the perimeter, barking my head off. Usually it is the coyotes that need telling off but there is also a yappy little fox out there somewhere. He says that he is just as tough as I am—as long as I can't catch him.

Lately, there has been a more worrisome problem. Once in a while I catch a new scent, neither coyote nor fox, but much stinkier. No, it's not one of those two-tone black and white stink bombs. This thing smells BIG and badly needs one of those breath-cleaning chew bones. I haven't actually seen it, but I once heard the persons discussing something called a grimsly bear. If it's coming near my yard it had better watch out. I've given it a loud barking in some rude language. Then I run up to the house and lie close to the door—in order to defend the house, of course.

Ah well, it seems like a dog's work is never done.



COULD WE GO BACK?

by Marilyn Halvorson

This year of Covid has changed people's lives and their outlook as well. With time on their hands many have looked back to old ways of doing things. There has been an upsurge in home cooking and home renovation. Perhaps some of this is from a sort of wistfulness, a desire to go back to the days when life was simpler—when, if we wanted something baked or built, we had to get busy and do it ourselves.

I think of Mr. Trump's oft-repeated slogan, "Make America Great Again." Maybe what we all really want is just to make life good again. It might be said that life has never been easier than it has become in the first 20 years of the 21st century. I have to admit that I am old enough to remember when many parts of daily living were not as easy as they have become.

I was in early elementary school when electricity first became a part of life in Bergen. Up until that magic moment, kerosene lamps were our source of light—as were those rather scary gas lamps that had to be pumped up before lighting. If you needed to go to the barn in the dark you carried a lantern or a flashlight. Our refrigerator had a kerosene flame which somehow translated into keeping things cool.

None of these features of pre-power life seemed particularly onerous at the time. That was just the way things were. However, a few weeks ago, when my automatic yard light began to wink and blink and finally give out entirely, I was quite out of sorts—even though I had no pressing need to go out there and thrash around in the dark.

Indoor plumbing came a short time after the power. Yes, it was nice. No more trips down the well-worn path to the outhouse; baths in a commodious tub rather than a make-do tub in front of the kitchen stove.

The phone line didn't reach our place until I was nearly finished high school. We had missed the days of the multi-party line when a dozen different rings sounded in one's house, and the much-favoured indoor sport of listening in to other people's calls was in full swing. There were only four houses on our line and only one other ring sounded in our house. It was, however, the ring for someone who needed to go out very early and help with the milking, so we needed no other alarm clock. Slight inconveniences didn't matter. We were just grateful to have a phone. A mildly flawed system sure beat no system at all.

Contrast that situation with today's phone dependency. The ubiquitous cell is permanently attached to the ear and people wander down grocery store aisles deep in conversation about their lawyer or whatever else is the subject of the day. Diners sitting in a restaurant have been known to text their tablemates. Anything anyone wants to know can be instantly accessed through Google.

In 1910 (I believe) my paternal grandfather, Arne Halvorson, came to Canada. He worked for another Norwegian somewhere around Eagle Hill to make a little money and prepare to homestead with his wife and family the following year. In 1911 my grandmother, Gustava, with her three pre-school children set off for Canada to join him. She did not have a cell phone. What she had was a pre-arranged date when Arne would meet her at the railway station in Olds. With faith, guts, determination, and little or no English, she made her way to the embarkation point in Britain and across the Atlantic. (Had it been a year later I might not be writing this story, as the entire family might, like so many emigrant families trapped on the lower decks, have gone to the bottom of the ocean with the ill-fated Titanic.) But Grandma made it across the ocean and then, on the train, across Canada. Apparently Grandpa was waiting at the station as I have never heard otherwise.

Grandma never missed having her cell phone to make hourly checks on his whereabouts since there was no such thing as a cell phone.

Therein lies the point of my story. If you've never had it, you can get along without it.

But what would our 2020 civilization do without all these things we now take for granted? If we had to go back, could we even survive?

We are always hearing about "flattening the curve" of Covid. Imagine the steep curve we would face if we had to learn to live the way our forebears did. It would definitely be interesting.

Musings: Why a Poppy?

by Phyllis Cormack

How much time do you suppose we spend remembering things that happened in the past? That's rather a silly question, isn't it? One can't remember anything until it's in the past. Anyway, it's the month of Remembrance again. You go to the store and buy the poppy. You pin it on your jacket for all to see, hoping you don't lose it as the pin has a tendency to work its way out of the fabric. In which case you go buy another poppy after having lost the first one.

Why do you wear a poppy? Is it just the right thing to do? You don't want to be the only one without one? Makes you feel a bit awkward when everyone else, or almost everyone else, is sporting one on their lapel. For those of us who had a relative who went overseas to fight for our freedom, perhaps the poppy has a more than superficial meaning.

So often we remember the fallen soldiers—those brave souls who left all that was loving and familiar to do what they felt was their duty and never returned. Let's not forget to remember those who did return but were never really the same. Consider the conditions they experienced so far from home and for several years. Mud, cold, poor food, loneliness, fear. Then add to that the chaos and brutality of war. The sights these men and women came upon that would stick in their minds and, for some, cause havoc in their sleep for the rest of their lives. How does one live through that and not have it affect one somehow?

Those who were able picked up where they left off and did the best they could. Many returned missing part of their body—an arm or leg—preventing them from having what would have been a close to normal life. Then we think of the ones who couldn't get the sights and sounds out of their minds, who required medication or hospitalization.

These people lived through hell so that we could live in peace. Let us not forget the horrors they faced for our future and our country.

Remembrance Day comes once a year but let us remember for the other 364 days too. And yes – wear a poppy but not just for looks.

Project Feederwatch

photos and text by Karen Fahrlander

I have enjoyed learning about birds at my feeder for quite a few years. Each season is so different in many ways. For example, last year there seemed to be numerous Juncos at the feeder whereas the year before I didn't see many. I am fascinated by the survival skills of birds and have learned so much through the process of identification, learning about individual traits, calls, and migration routes. Did you know that we have three species of Chickadees in our area? We have



Black-capped Chickadee



Boreal Chickadee

the Black-capped Chickadee, the Boreal Chickadee and the Mountain Chickadee.

Differentiating between male and female birds is surprising because they often do not look alike at all. Note the photos of the male and female Pine Grosbeak as an

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PARSNIPS

by Noreen Olson

Parsnips are supposed to be sweeter if they have been exposed to a hard frost. Some people leave them out all winter. We would rather just harvest them last, and then clean up the garden. So this year they were still out there when the first snow came. Our daughter dug them and it was a challenge. The frozen leaves had collapsed into the snow and mud so it was unclear where to dig and parsnips have very long roots. They are also somewhat absorbent, so, if the skin is broken, dirt seeps into the flesh and you have to peel really deeply to counteract the problem. Parsnips should be spotlessly clean before you begin peeling, so we washed and trimmed and peeled and sliced and put a lovely bunch in the freezer, despite their sorry state when they came into the house.

When my siblings and I were growing up, kids cleaned up their plates. Because Mom was a good cook, and our menu was fairly predictable, this was rarely a problem. But once in a while, at about this time of year, there would be parsnips, and I loathed parsnips. They looked awful, they smelled awful, and they tasted worse than they looked and smelled. I don't remember how Mom prepared them. I just remember looking at them, lying there on my plate, long, pasty white, mealy and ugly and knowing that Dad would insist that I choke them down, and the effort would probably kill me.

Once I became the master of my own menu, I avoided parsnips for decades, but Ralph's mother grew and cooked them, and as an adult I discovered that they could be quite nice. She cooked them until tender then drained them, added a bit of whipping cream and a generous sprinkle of nutmeg. They were then stirred and reheated until the cream coated the parsnips and the nutmeg adhered. Meanwhile, my mom had begun to cook them until they were tender, when they were drained and transferred to a bowl. She then added a generous amount of butter and brown sugar to the pot, heating and stirring them until they caramelized. She would then pop the parsnips back into the pot and stir until they were coated with the caramelized mixture. If she had done it this way when I was a kid, she would have saved Dad and me a lot of trauma.

A favourite Thanksgiving dish is a sweet potato/parsnip casserole. About half and half sweet potatoes and parsnips mashed with butter, a bit of brown sugar, milk, salt and pepper. I have a recipe for curried parsnip and pear soup that is simply delicious and it looks like warm gold velvet. Once someone brought us parsnip wine and I thought it was awful, but I don't know much about wine. Perhaps I should have appreciated its earthy tones .

Parsnips are a member of the carrot family and have been cultivated since ancient times. They grow wild in England, throughout Europe and temperate Asia. The root consists largely of starch, but a period of low temperature changes the starch to sugar. That's why you should dig them really late in the fall. Parsnip seeds are not viable for more than a year so don't try to sow half the package and keep the rest over. Better to have a big crop this year and give some away. They keep well in the freezer and don't need to be processed. Just peel, cut 'em up and freeze.

My *Plants of Alberta* book says that the young roots of the Cow Parsnip, that grows in our area, can be cooked like parsnips and the roots and seeds can be used to make a drink that relieves asthma, colic, cold and cramps!

I will be cooking my garden parsnips for special winter dinners and only people who enjoy them will be expected to eat them.

Letter to the editor

Dear Editor,

Please offer my heartfelt thank you to all the contributors who write for the Bergen News. I do enjoy this paper so much. I read it all. Thank you again.

Dian Sideritsch
Brooks, AB

Project Feederwatch continued from page 5



Male Pine Grosbeak



Mountain Chickadee



Female Pine Grosbeak

example. I am still challenging myself to differentiate between the male and female chickadees!

For more information on bird identification, this site is invaluable:

<https://www.allaboutbirds.org/news/>

Your family can watch live cams set up to observe a variety of birds. Spring is especially exciting to view baby birds hatching.

I invite you to participate in scientific research through the Project Feederwatch program.

<https://www.birdscanada.org/you-can-help/project-feederwatch/>

If we are heading toward more time spent at home due to Covid-19, then this program would be educational and fun for the entire family. All you need is two consecutive days each week to do your count for half an hour or more each day. The season started

on November 14th and continues until April. You can add as many counts as you wish throughout the season, as long as they are two consecutive days each week. All information is recorded on the Project Feederwatch site. Once you sign up, you will receive a kit with detailed instructions. You will also receive a report which shows trends in bird populations since the project began in the mid 1970s. This research is critical to monitor trends in bird populations and identify species of concern.

As you cat owners are probably aware, domesticated cats are murder on the bird population. One way to enjoy your pet cat as well as your bird feeder is to build a “catio” for your cat. This is a fenced run adjacent to the house that allows your cat to go outdoors but keeps them from killing your birds. It is also a good way to protect your cat from coyotes and other predators.

Window strikes are another way that birds are killed. To prevent this, the reflection must be broken from the outside. Attaching stickers and hanging objects inside the house does not deter birds from hitting the window. One method that is effective is to hang ribbons from the top of the window and all the way across. Other people have had success by drawing lines with a window marker vertically and horizontally across their window with a one inch space in between the lines.

Happy Bird Watching!

Bergen Church News

by Phyllis Cormack

The Bergen Church is located on the Bergen Road one mile west of the Highway 760 intersection. For Sunday morning services, please go to our website <http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/> then click on the Facebook page where alternative services will be listed.

Bergen Church is open for services every Sunday starting at 10:30 a.m. The pew chairs have been rearranged to allow for social distancing. Families are allowed to sit together. Hand sanitizer and masks are at the door.

We have excellent Children's Features that provide wonderful informative stories for both children and adults and children's church is now held for ages two to ten during the service.

Friday night youth group has started gathering under the direction of Adam Elliot, our youth pastor. His phone number is 403-438-7729 if you have inquiries.

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 web page – sundreministerial.blogspot.com - if you'd like to contact a church directly. Click on 'Church Listings and Links'.

If you want to donate food to the McDougal Chapel food bank, 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 Schwartzenberger at 403-638-4175 or leila@processworks.ca

Pastor Rob Holland's number is 403-672-0020.

Olwyn is in the church office Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:00 – 2:00 p.m. The church's number is 403-638-4010 and the fax number is 403-638-4004. The email address is bergenchurch@xplornet.ca.

The website is <http://bergenmissionarychurch.ca/>

Bergen Ladies Aid Report

by Phyllis Cormack

Shelley Ingeveld was our gracious hostess for our October meeting.

After two weeks of wet and snow the gravel roads were a mess—a sharp contrast to last month.

Shelley read from Genesis to start the meeting, then we prayed the Lord's Prayer.

Nine members were present to answer roll call using our prayer cards. In November our responses are to be something we are grateful for.

Betty Josephson read the minutes from our September meeting, then Maureen Worobetz gave our financial report.

More thank you notes for our donations were circulated.

Thankfully, everyone has been healthy so Shelley had only one goodwill visit to do.

Patricia Ball relayed the Hospital Auxiliary report through Janet Cummins. The Thrift Shop will be open Monday to Thursday. They no longer accept jewelry or toys.

Lynn Whittle showed us a baby quilt she had finished stitching. She had also put together a couple of very pretty, large Christmas stockings and two little ones. These items will be added to our collection for our next sale. A suggestion was made that we have a table at the Bergen Farmers' Market next summer since we will not be having our auction in November. We could sell crafts and baked items to supplement our bank account.

The Bergen Hall will not be hosting an indoor Christmas concert this December.

Donna McGregor offered to have our Ladies Aid Christmas party in her home on December 9th at 2 pm. We were reminded to bring a gift as well as goodies to share.

Gwen Gochee will have us in her home for our meeting at the end of November. She and Betty will share lunch duties. Betty is also to read scripture.

We sang our theme song, then enjoyed a good time of visiting as we partook of the lovely lunch served by Marilyn Halvorson and Shelley.

Remembrance Day: a Glenbow example

by Shari Peyerl

As we pause for a moment of silence at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month, we mark the anniversary of the declaration that ended The Great War. Armistice Day was declared in 1919 on the first anniversary, and in Canada this name was changed to Remembrance Day in 1931. For many Canadians today, war—especially the one that began this tradition—seems remote.

The First World War, although conducted overseas, wasn't distant; it touched virtually every Albertan's life in some way. As part of the British Empire, Canada was automatically swept into the conflict, and so created the Canadian Expeditionary Force (CEF)—Canada's contribution to the British ground-force. One family that felt the impact of the war lived just outside the gates of today's Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park. On the east side of Glenbow Road is the ranch that Thomas James homesteaded in 1905.

Thomas's two oldest sons worked on the ranch and at Glenbow Quarry. They had both been born in England and when war was declared by Britain, they joined the CEF. In May 1916, at the age of 25, Sid volunteered. His older brother, Fred, signed up less than a month later, at the age of 28.

Sid was a Lance Corporal in the 211th Battalion. At Ypres Salient, Belgium, on 30 May 1917, he was transporting ammunition by train. When he stopped to oil the engine, a shell explosion overturned the locomotive, crushing his feet and fracturing his hand. Unable to regain complete use of his right foot, he was discharged in February 1918. Returning to Canada, he spent two years in Cochrane, then took a job with the Parks Department as a janitor in Banff.

Fred was a Private assigned to the 50th Battalion. On 6 June 1917, two weeks after Sid was injured, Fred was severely wounded. Although he was transported to Casualty Clearing Station No. 23, he died of his wounds within 24 hours. He is buried in Lapugnoy Military Cemetery (five miles west of Bethune), France.

After the end of WWI, the James family of Glenbow suffered further losses. Tom's wife died in 1926 and a few months later, Tom's only remaining son, Robert, was killed as a result of an accident when transporting hay in a severe winter storm. The rest of the James family left the ranch in 1928. Their original brick house was demolished in 1960.

Tragically, the War to End All Wars didn't. The next generation found themselves embroiled in another worldwide conflict. Sid James's only child, Phyllis, volunteered for the Royal Canadian Air Force Women's Division. She was one of the many Canadians who worked on Canada's home front to support the Allied Forces overseas.

Phyllis was part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan (BCATP) which established 151 schools and involved 104,113 men and women in Canada, between 1940 and 1945. The Veterans Affairs Canada website tallies their contribution: "By the end of the Second World War, the BCATP had produced 131,553 aircrew, including pilots, wireless operators, air gunners, and navigators for the Air Forces of Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand and Canada." (<https://www.veterans.gc.ca/eng/remembrance/history/second-world-war/british-commonwealth-air-training-plan>).

Women like Phyllis "trained and worked at BCATP facilities, learning ground trades and doing important support work for the program and the operation of the air bases." Phyllis was stationed in Yorkton, SK and attained the rank of Leading Aircraft Woman. Unfortunately, in 1943, twenty-year-old Phyllis became ill and died.

On Remembrance Day, we honour the members of the Canadian military. Whether they fought overseas, or served behind the frontlines or in Canada as support personnel, they protected the freedoms we take for granted today. Many were injured; some made the ultimate sacrifice. Their bravery and altruism inspire us to take care of others and to work for the common good, a legacy we need to remember in these particularly troubled times.

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.

Spice up Your Life continued from page 2

The land was cultivated with row on row of coconut palms and, climbing the trunks, vines of *piper nigrum*, black pepper. The peppercorns are green when picked and only become black once they are heated and dried, so I didn't sneak any of them home. White pepper, on the other hand, is obtained from the flesh of the seed with the shell removed. And pink peppercorns are not the same species at all, being more closely related to cashews.

On from India to Sri Lanka...This country produces 80 to 90% of *cinnomomum verum* or true cinnamon, although related cultivars can be used as well. In 2015, after descending from the Sri Lankan highlands with their misty, manicured tea terraces, we saw plots of shiny-leaved trees with the bark shaved off the bottom of the greyish trunks.

Cinnamon sticks are made from the red inner bark, which is loosened by being rubbed with a brass rod, then split with a knife and peeled off, as intact as possible. The "quills" are dried over several days, first in the shade, then in darkness. All this work—the most expensive part of producing cinnamon—is done by hand by experienced workers. One day as we whizzed along the road to Welligama Beach for a whale-watching tour, we saw the workmen sitting on their haunches, slashing the outer bark from the trees. It reminded me of "The Cinnamon Peeler," a sensuous poem by Canada's own Michael Ondaatje, who was born in Sri Lanka (then called Ceylon).



breakfast with Justo and Peg

Cinnamon stalls proliferated at all the markets, so I bought a bag of quills as a souvenir. The price was right but I was ripped off! The bark must have been years old because, by the time I got home, it was reduced almost to powder. And the flavour was insipid compared to my Costa Rican nutmeg.

There are not many spices we can plant in a Bergen garden. Herbs, yes, but spices, no. If the season is long enough, one may get coriander (cilantro) pods, which can be dried and ground. Mustard seeds are another possibility. It drives me crazy when I see our Saskatchewan and Alberta mustard seeds being shipped to France and returning as "Dijon mustard."

Perhaps the indigenous people employed spicy ingredients that I don't know about. I have certainly foraged for ripe juniper berries, which add a subtle gin-like flavour to pork and beef. And, though not native, there's always wild caraway. Whatever you cook, subtle additions of spice can make it taste even better. So get out those little spice jars and shake, shake, shake.

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.

Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

From October, field illusions: Across the valley there appeared to be a quarter section filled with sand.

Only one field was white, reminding me of a tarp covering a golf green.

Squirrels: One took a time or two to decide which direction to leave the road so it wouldn't get driven over. A second scurried across in front of our vehicle, scampered up a fence post, stopped to glance at us and jumped onto a floppy spruce tree branch. My husband said, "He has done that before".

A dog had its head stuck out the passenger window behind the driver. Its floppy ears and colour instantly made me think of the *Copper and Chief* Disney movie.

Two trees had fallen on a barbwire fence. My husband and I bucked them up. As we were driving across the open field toward home, my husband commented, "Look at the deer. There are three of them". One was standing and two were almost hidden in the grass, heads up in curiosity. Keeping the camera at eye level, I walked forward two steps, stopped and waited. I did this again and again. Three were standing now, one casually nibbling grass. As they began moving away I whistled a few times. The three of them stopped equally distanced from each other. Their heads turned in unison to face me. What an awesome pose as the shutter clicked.

Scenes heard, felt and seen during our many trips to and from the scrap metal facility: We chuckled. Halloween is past but there was still a pure white skeleton positioned as the driver of the tractor parked on a gravel pad.

Tractors were lined up alongside two outside walls and also inside the building.

Three working combines caused dust to fill the air.

A very loud train whistle diminished to almost nothing. Clacking wheels caused vibrations.

Sightings on a pond from different days: stacked square bales were perfectly reflected on the water's surface.

The sun's glare off the water made me flinch and close my eyes.

All the birds had gathered at the narrower end of the pond which had thicker, taller grass.

A thin layer of ice covered the entire pond.

"That grader has huge ripper teeth". It was being hauled on a transport trailer.

"They must be tired or their vision is off". The car in front of us continued to straddle the painted shoulder line.

We passed a truck that had lost its wheel.

Ten horses were running single file, manes and tails flowing with the motion.

Driving toward Water Valley on the county road I thought, "It is like someone has taken a spatula and spread the clouds very flatly, to different thickness above the expansive vista." At the waste management site a fellow single handedly lifted a loveseat out of his truck and chucked it into the bin.

"That's a pilot light on a flare stack. It is not very big". Passing by a second time, later in the day, "The flame is really big now. The plant is releasing gas to the flare for safety reasons".

"That Chinook arch is framing the mountains".

Fire and smoke alerted us. We were thankful to see a farmer cultivating a break around the perimeter of the fire.

In a second location, the smoke haze thickened enough to engulf the landscape. The smell of smoke permeated our vehicle. There was no visible fire.

Two men stood outside a bank fanning out paint chip strips. They were discussing the building's exterior brick color.

The orange sock on the pole at the meter station was straight out. The full force north wind filled the sock completely.

Passing: A tractor pulling an implement that had wide disc arms.

"He thinks it's summer". It was then we realized his shirt fabric was flesh coloured.

Memorial Park Information

by Diana Kleinloog

The Memorial Park in Sundre, initiated by a Sundre resident, is supported by the Sundre Palliative Care Association, plus the Town of Sundre, local businesses and many private donors.

The park location was historically owned by The Knott family, and was donated to the Town of Sundre about five decades ago, with the proviso that it not be used for residential housing. Most recently, the park area had been used to dump snow and debris from clearing the roads in town.

Work on the Park began in the spring of 2020. The town agreed that the land could be used for a Memorial Park. The first task was to remove the waste material on much of the park surface. A few poplars were also cleaned up and then the area was leveled for fresh fill and grass was seeded. A fence was erected, with gates for access, so local wildlife would not be able to enter the park. Trees were planted and Morton Burke, from Bergen, carved the central Memorial Stone which was placed on a concrete footing. At the same time, concrete pads were created for bench placements.

Future plans include, placing benches, planting more trees, and creating a walking labyrinth for meditation. The Memorial Park is situated off Centre Street N, across the street from Joko's and accessed by turning east onto 4 Ave NE and walking south on the laneway which connects 4 Ave NE to 3 Ave NE. The park is on the east side of the laneway and is easily visible.

Increased signage is planned. As well, the aim is to make the park wheelchair accessible.

We appreciate the support of the town of Sundre crews along with local businesses, including Tanas Concrete, Sledge Concrete, Bearberry Greenhouses, and RLB Roofing. Special appreciation and thanks go to Morton Burke for the carving of the central rock, and to Marty Butts for his energy and enthusiasm in making the area ready for the park.

In addition to funding from the Sundre Palliative Care Association, a major donation came from funds raised by the Second Annual Wade Konschuh Memorial Golf Tournament. We are grateful for the vision and passion for this project shown by our donors. Without them this park would never have become a reality. We look forward to continuing to develop the park next spring. It is now open to the public and visitors are welcome.

Donations for the purchase of a tree or bench in memory of a loved one, can be made to the Sundre Palliative Care Association. Tax receipts will be issued for all donations. Please see our website www.sundrepalliativecare.ca or call Diana Kleinloog at 403-335-8481 for more information.



Bergen Community Association News

by Maureen Worobetz

President, Shelley Ingeveld, called the meeting to order with nine members present.

Minutes were read and treasurer report given.

Bookings reported that Ann Reimert's 90th birthday party was cancelled. Pickle ball is Monday nights with volleyball Tuesdays and Thursdays. There will be no yoga until the new year.

Bergen News reminded us to renew our subscriptions. It was suggested that it might be useful to set up an account that would allow for e-transfers so subscribers could pay that way. Laurie Syer will look into this.

There was no correspondence and Good Will had nothing to report.

Our plan for a Christmas Bonfire at the hall on December 5th has been cancelled.

Coffee mornings end after November 25th.

The flooring for the stage has been purchased and work on the north wall is to be done.

Stay safe everyone!



Look What's Happening at the Sundre Library

For information or to register visit our website:
www.sundre.prl.ab.ca or call us: 403-638-4000

Open Hours:

Tuesday 12:00—4:00 PM
Wednesday 2:00—7:30 PM
Thursday 1:00—4:00 PM
Friday 1:00—4:00 PM

Santa Kids (4-7 yrs)

Saturday, December 12, 1:00—4:00 PM
Sundre Library
Make a gift for someone special. FREE. Must register.

Santa Kids (8 years +)

Tuesday, December 8, 4:00—7:00 PM
Sundre Library
Make a gift for someone special. FREE. Must register.

The Chat Group

Tuesday, December 1 & 15th, 10:00—11:30 AM
Sundre Library
Meet new people and enjoy good conversation.
Call to register.

Holiday Lifesavers! (Family Kit)

Pickup: Holiday themed activity kits for the whole family. FREE.
Sundre Library
Register online.

Sign up to receive our monthly newsletter in your inbox
<https://parklandab.wufoo.com/forms/library-connect/>

Library's holiday hours in December.

Closed Thursday, December 24
Closed Friday, December 25
Closed Saturday, December 26
Closed Sunday, December 27
Closed Monday, December 28
OPEN Tuesday, December 29,
12:00—4:00 PM
OPEN Wednesday, December 30,
2:00—7:30 PM
Closed Thursday, December 31
Closed Friday, January 1
Closed Saturday, January 2
Closed Sunday, January 3
Closed Monday, January 4th
Library will reopen on Tuesday, January 5.

Do you know a senior or senior couple in our community who might enjoy a little pick me up this December? We've got just the thing. Call the library for more details.

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.

THE PADRE

by Pat Gibbs

The middle aged Padre or Chaplain as he was often referred to by the armed forces, walked slowly between the beds in the army hospital, questioning once again the service he had been called to do. There were days he just couldn't bear to look upon one more young soldier shattered and torn by the ugliness of war. I need more strength, Lord. How do I give them any kind of hope as they lie so close to death's door? He paused beside the bed of a young man. Was he even eighteen years old? The Padre thought not. He was so young. What was the reason he wanted to join the army so badly he would lie about his age in order to be accepted? Maybe he and his friends decided to join up together. Didn't they always do everything together while growing up? Or perhaps it was about the great adventures they thought they would have in the far away places overseas. Whatever the reason, the Padre was sure this part of the adventure was not expected to happen this soon—if ever. As he gently placed his hand on the young man's head, he felt him stir and a low moan escaped his lips. The Padre leaned closer to hear whatever words might come to him. Hearing nothing more, the Padre asked the soldier if he had a faith in God. To his surprise and great relief, the young man again stirred and said, "Yes sir, I do." In a few brief moments they shared memories of his childhood and family. Quickly, because the lad's life was slowly fading, the Padre said a short prayer and gave thanks to God as the young soldier boy was peacefully ushered homeward.

Not all scenes of passing from this life to the next were as comforting for the army chaplain. Many a dying soldier raged in pain and anger, cursing a god who would allow these things to happen to them. Nothing the weary Padre said could calm them or comfort them. Yes, their mothers prayed for them too but they wouldn't believe in something they couldn't see. The Padre's eyes filled with tears. How often did a soldier slip into eternity having no hope or faith in a God who loved each and every one of them so much. This scene was played over and over again during WWI and WWII and many soldiers died serving their God and country while trying to give those they left behind, as well as those to come, freedom and a better day.

So in this time of COVID, and all the problems and restrictions it has brought upon us, where do you turn for strength and hope for a better day ahead? May I offer you a Bible verse that helps me get through those uncertain times? It is found in Isaiah 26:3. *Thou will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee.* I firmly believe this peace is what kept my dad strong in mind, body and soul during his years of service in WWII. Please take time this month to Remember.

Til next time.....

Coming Events

November 28th — Bergen Christmas Farmers' Market—Bergen Hall—10:00 - 1:00

December 4th — Tree of Hope Candlelight Service of Remembrance

Sundre Hospital parking lot—5:00 pm

Sponsored by the Sundre Palliative Care Association

December 5th — Bonfire and Sing-a-long —Bergen Hall—2:00 **cancelled**

December 6th — Outdoor Community Carol Service **cancelled**

Subscription Renewals

- *To our loyal Bergen News subscribers: Please check your mail labels for your expiry date.*
- *You may mail your renewal to The Bergen News c/o Marilyn Walker Box 21, Site 9, RR 2, Sundre, T0M 1X0. Subscriptions are \$15 annually or \$10 for an email subscription. First time subscribers may use the same address to set up a subscription. Thanks for your support.*

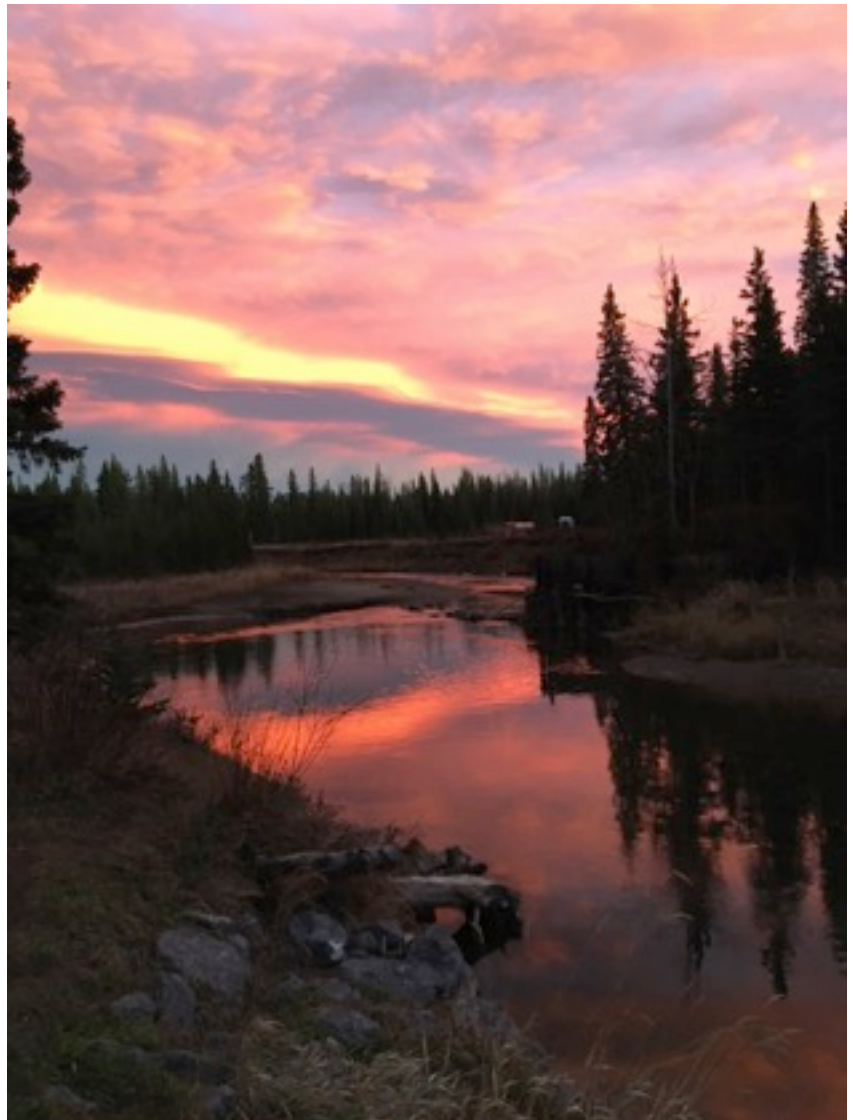


Long-tailed Weasel photo by Gwen Tomlin.

[Legacy's](#) 2021 calendar features 56 full-colour photos showcasing places, plants and wildlife in and around Mountain View County. Legacy's goal is to conserve ecologically, agriculturally and historically important lands. Money raised through calendar sales supports local land conservation and stewardship. Copies are available for \$20 each at the office in Olds (4801-49th Ave) or (403) 556-1029. You can also order through [Sally Banks](#) (403) 638-4736.

Gorgeous Skies

I'm sure you all noticed the amazingly colourful sunrise and sunset skies during the first week of November. This picture was taken by Jane Cummins on November 3rd at 5:25 from Davidson Park. I'm glad someone thought to record it and share it with the rest of us. Thanks, Jane.

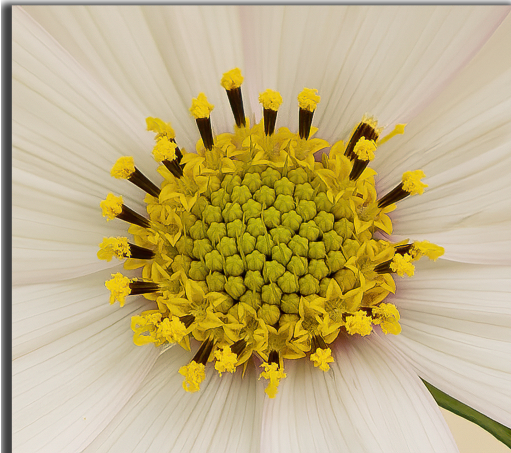




From My Office Window

by Brian and Kim Allan

What we call the visible spectrum - light wavelengths from violet through red - is the light that typical humans can see. But many animals, such as birds, bees, butterflies and certain fish, perceive ultraviolet (beyond violet). And they see a totally different world. It is hard for humans to comprehend this but the pictures below might help show the difference.



The pix on the left are what humans see when they look at these flowers.

The picture above, which contains three different colored flowers, and the pix to the right show the same pix in ultraviolet (UV). In UV 'normal' colors disappear, new features become visible and creatures that can see UV navigate their world in a totally different light!

Isn't nature wonderful...

