

The Bergen News

Bringing Bergen Together

February 2022

Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel, photos by Sandy Easterbrook

Wetlands

Most of my readers are probably aware that February 2nd is Groundhog Day. As we don't have groundhogs in this corner of the world, however, and our ground squirrels are still asleep in early February, it really isn't much of an event here in Alberta. Of greater relevance, as far as I'm concerned, is that February 2nd has also been designated World Wetland Day. In 1971 a group of biologists, environmentalists and government types gathered in Ramsar, Iran, to discuss the importance and sustainability of world wetlands and suggested that February 2nd be set aside to focus global attention on this critical, but fast disappearing, ecosystem. It is estimated that over half of the world's natural wetlands have been lost since 1900. This is a big deal because, along with rainforests and coral reefs, wetlands are amongst the most productive and life enhancing ecosystems on our planet.



It was not that long ago that wetlands carried mostly negative associations. Swamps were thought to be breeding places for malaria, yellow fever and other diseases. The mists and smells of decaying vegetation arising from swamps were also felt to be responsible for illness, and such places were thought to be best dealt with by drainage and over-planting. While wetlands are still viewed by many as non-productive land and are infilled for housing and industry, drained for farmland or used as disposal sites for industrial and household waste, we are finally beginning to recognize the invaluable and critical services these places provide.

Wetlands are buffer zones and serve to protect us from flooding and drought. In these times of climate uncertainty, this role is crucial. By readily receiving and storing water, then releasing it slowly, wetlands play a critical role in the hydrologic cycle. They not only filter and purify water but provide the conditions for the removal of nitrogen and phosphorous from surface water, a crucial function given the heavy use of industrial fertilizers in today's farming. Carbon is stored in the preserved plant biomass, notably in peat bogs and mangrove swamps, thereby helping moderate global CO₂ buildup. Apart from these benefits to the human species, wetlands provide a home and breeding ground for 40% of the world's plant and animal species. Migratory birds, fish, amphibians and mammals depend on the water and high levels of nutrients found in these spaces.



Among the multitude of natural blessings we share here in Alberta is the abundance of wetlands. It is estimated that 21% of our province is covered by wetlands that provide habitat to many of our iconic bird and mammal species. In the boreal and foothills regions, these appear in the form of large peatlands and swamp complexes. In the prairies, water is captured in small seasonal potholes that act as one of the largest waterfowl incubators on earth. In the Rockies, the wetlands are found in narrow valleys

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adjacent to the hundreds of small streams that converge and form the Eastern Slopes watershed. These wetlands capture much of the annual mountain snowmelt and help prevent downstream flooding.

Certain decision-makers in our economically focused culture have attempted to place a monetary value on wetland services. For example, a hectare of coastal wetland is estimated to provide ecosystem services worth US\$33,000 per year, in terms of hurricane protection and coastal erosion prevention. Some things, however, are beyond economic value and wetlands, the services they provide, and the joy of watching birds and other wild creatures, all fall into that category.



Coffee Mornings Return March 2nd
Coffee, tea, and baked treats at the Bergen Hall
Wednesdays 10:00 – 1:00
For the month of March

*A Concert of Music
at the Bergen church
Pianist Tyler Brooks with Guest singer Melony Cormack
March 6 2022. 6:30-8pm
Admission is a non-perishable food item for Plus J.*

Winter Walks in Bergen

Come walk with your neighbours and see how fast the time flies! We walk on Friday mornings at 10:00 a.m. provided the temperature is not colder than -15°C. Several of our walks were cancelled. If you want to know if we will be walking, please contact Sandy Easterbrook at 403-638-1283 or email me to get on the contact list, at kettlecrossingfarm@gmail.com. Here is the upcoming schedule:

February 25	Pioneer Lodge Road and Range Road 55, going S
March 4	Pioneer Lodge Road and Range Road 60, going N
March 11	Pioneer Lodge Road and Range Road 61, going N
March 18	Pioneer Lodge Road and Range Road 62, going N
March 25	Pioneer Lodge Road and Range Road 62A, going S
April 1	Twp Road 322 and Hwy 760, going E

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie

Regarding My Pedigree...



At times, when I'm in the house, I get a chance to watch a little TV. But from the general quality of what I've viewed I believe I am as well off out chasing squirrels. Such nonsense—especially that truck commercial with the guy who takes his cat along in the truck and it chases cattle and even swims out to fetch a stick he throws into a pond. Well, come on! I have the highest degree of admiration for some cats—particularly my cat, Tab. Nonetheless, a cat is not a dog and should never be assumed to have the same capabilities.

But, I digress. What was I going to talk about? Oh yes, my pedigree. It was actually something on TV that brought that subject to mind. Some scientists chose four dogs—rather nondescript ones at that—and decided to use their DNA to trace back their

ancestry. Well, to put it mildly, their fourbears (no, not three bears as in Goldilocks) forebears, as in ancestors, had, ahem, been around. Their family trees included everything from Dalmatians to Chihuahuas. Chihuahuas! If I found out I was part Chihuahua, I would have an insatiable urge to run in front of a gravel truck!

But what about *my* pedigree? Well, for your first clue take a look at the accompanying photograph. That noble profile is not that of any old mongrel. Oh, my person just interrupted to say that picture doesn't show my profile. Never mind. If you could see my profile, it would be noble.

Anyway, my mother was half German Shepherd and half Bernese Mountain Dog, two of the classiest breeds you could ever hope to see. And my dad? Well, he didn't seem to be quite so forthcoming with information. I think he must have been sniffing around on some under cover assignment when he met my mom. There was some mention of Great Pyrenees in there somewhere, which makes sense when you consider that I am one BIG dog. But, considering that Pyrenees are white and I am mostly jet black, there's more to the story than meets the eye.

I never actually met my dad. I think he and my mom were just two chance acquaintances. (This is not unknown in humans either.) But Mom got eight beautiful puppies out of the deal, as well as very tired by the time she got us raised.

Dad got to keep his freedom.

And so ends the story of my pedigree.



A Desk Full of Memories

by Pat Gibbs

Greetings, friends. The other day I was searching for a particular piece of paper which I thought was in one the drawers of my desk. In the process of searching, I discovered letters, some from one of our grandchildren, and some pictures and cards we had received over the years. Yes, I am a keeper of cards. All cards. Some from way, way back. Valentine cards from even further back. Like many of you faithful readers, I have every one of the Bergen News papers as well.

Speaking of Valentines, I found a note I had written about my dad's last Valentine's Day celebration at the Long Term Care Unit in the Olds hospital. Mom, my sister, Sonia, and I were there for the special tea party which included entertainment from a really good country band. Dad enjoyed it so much he thought we should DANCE! He being connected to a catheter and all, it took some serious maneuvering and the ok from his nurses but, with sis on one side and me on the other, we did the "shuffle dance" to the applause of all his friends. Mom had a good chuckle and I could just imagine her thinking, "Oh my goodness, Jimmy!"

Now, we all know that sweethearts have moments in life when there are disagreements over one thing or another. I recall years ago Dad trying to calm the storm by singing none other than "Lay that pistol down ma, lay that pistol down." Well, this may not have worked on some of us but it worked for them as they were married for sixty-three years. My sweetheart would likely think of a different approach. My dad's last written words were on a Valentine card to Mom and were the same as they were every Valentine's Day...Love Jim.

A few other letters I found on my search for said paper were from our seven year old granddaughter, Kate. Once she had learnt how to print, Al and I received several letters telling us about the latest pets the family had gotten. In one, she felt it was important for us to know that the dog had licked the paper she was writing on. We even received four dental reminder cards in one letter! Kate loves colour and these cards were lovely, thus.....a special gift. One letter even ended with, "and I am not an elf !" No idea what that was all about. Each letter was sent with love in an envelope with GRAMA GIBBS in big letters, followed by our address written by her mom. Thanks to our gracious mail lady, Sharon, we received all of them.

I never did find that piece of paper but I was reminded once again how much that four letter word, love, means. The dictionary defines it as great affection and devotion to or for someone or something. February is called the Love month and red roses are regarded as the flower that signifies love. This is a lovely month indeed. I am also reminded of the love letter our Heavenly Father sent to each of us in His Holy Word, the Bible. John 3:16 tells how great His love was for us, even unto death. May you all experience the joy of this month in a special way, however that might be and remember, you are loved. Til next time.....

Note from editor: As winter sets in, Kate makes the disturbing discovery that the children of the large, poverty-stricken Cranston family are taking turns staying home from school as there are not enough warm clothes to go around. Now, young Ruth, back from a day at home, has urgent news for the teacher.

Teacher

by Marilyn Halvorson

It seemed like Halloween signaled the end of fall and the beginning of winter. It snowed a little again Sunday night and Monday dawned cold enough that there would be no melting that day. A nasty wind whipped glowering clouds across the sky. Like the weather, the children and I all seemed a little cranky, too. I couldn't stop thinking about the fact that the School Board would meet that evening to discuss the issue of Willie.

Of course, since I was part of the "problem" to be discussed, I was not invited to the meeting but it must have been short if not sweet as, just at nine o'clock, Mr. Cranston knocked at the MacPherson's door. I went to let him in. After greetings all around he addressed me gravely, "As chairman of the School Board, it is my duty to inform you of the result of our meeting..." At that point both MacPhersons rose and politely excused themselves to another room. "...regarding your problem with young Willie."

He paused so I said, "Yes?" rather weakly.

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Musings: Let the Sun Shine

by Phyllis Cormack

Our blinds are pulled down again as I'm writing this. We've found that by having them drawn, it helps to keep the heat out in summer and the cold out in winter. It's minus 32°C as I write; too cold for my liking. Not only do I not like the cold, I dislike living in a cave, which is what it feels like when I can't see outside. That long cold spell that we went through proved to be too long. However, it wasn't all gloom and doom. We have an east facing bay window by our table—one large central pane of glass with a narrow one on each side. The blind covers only the middle pane. So let the sun shine in! And when it does, how glorious it is!

When we installed the bay window we added two prism insets at the top of these side windows. They are made up of several small prism pieces put together as you would stained glass. They aren't large, but the display of colour when the sun shines through them is marvelous! Small, brilliant rainbows all over the cupboards, floor, table, and anything or anyone venturing into their pathway. How bleak life would be without colour! One needs only to look outside to the browns and grays of our current surroundings to appreciate and anticipate spring and the vast array of changes it brings. Our mood can largely be governed by the appearance of the sun. To see it peek through the clouds brings a smile to our faces and lifts our spirits. We are blessed to live here in Beautiful Downtown Bergen.

I like my little prism windows that shed such a spectrum into my kitchen. They cheer up what can be an otherwise mundane day, even though they appear for only a short time as the sun moves across the sky.

Their brief, up-lifting appearance brings to mind the thought of how we can be that to those who are lonely or shut-in. This is February. Valentine's month. We are to pamper those we love with something sweet or lovely. Let's spread that wider by contacting someone who is alone and who may need a little bright spot in their day. Just to be remembered can bring sunshine into a quiet, sombre life. It doesn't have to be expensive or material. A smile for someone on the street. A helping hand. A phone call. Spread some love to whoever crosses your path—just like the rainbows from the prisms, we can be the sunshine and colour that make someone smile.

Happy Valentine's!!

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"It has been decided that he will not be permitted to attend Lundhill School for a period of one month and, after that, he may return providing he makes a sincere apology to both you and the Board. And, as for you, my dear," he said rather wearily, "try not to get the children quite so keyed up with the fun and games. School is a serious business, you know." Then he turned and let himself out into the chilly night—but not without a little grin over his shoulder.

I breathed a sigh of relief. *That* was over—for now.

The next day dawned colder again and each day for the rest of the week, the temperature continued its downward curve. The stove in the school struggled gamely to heat the room and, indeed, the area within ten feet of it was almost unbearably hot. But, off to the sides, it was a different story. Draughts literally blew in through the weak spots in the chinking between the logs. Lunches froze on the shelf at the back and the pupils seemed to be in danger of doing the same. Finally, I resorted to arranging the desks in a semi-circle around the stove and at least one side of each child was warm. In spite of the cold, attendance remained good. These youngsters were used to being outside in cold weather and their parents made sure there were several layers of wool between them and the cold. There was an exception to both the good attendance and the warm clothing, though. The Cranston family. At first I was a little surprised that parents who placed so much importance on education were keeping one or two of their children home each day. It wasn't until this regular round-robin of absences had gone on for a week that I began to see the light. Strangely enough, if one of the big boys was away, another of similar size was at school, wearing a deplorable old brown coat. The next day, the other brother would attend—wearing the same jacket. After taking notice of that phenomenon, I began to look closely at the girls' overshoes. The same thing was happening. The bitter truth was that the Cranstons simply did not have enough winter clothes to go around. I dashed off a second note to Aunt Nettie, assuring her that the need for a collection of clothing was now urgent. But letters take time...

Meanwhile, another event in the Cranston household was about to take centre stage. Yesterday had been young Ruth's day to stay home and now she was back. Her eyes were sparkling and she was practically jumping up and

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Dinah, A Dog for Kids

by Noreen Olson

It's been at least two years since our dog died and I still sometimes open the door expecting to be greeted by his happy face and wagging tail. When we come home in the car we so miss his meeting us at the corner and escorting us into the garage. Gabe was a lovely dog, a Shepherd/Collie cross, gentle and affectionate and much loved. He was thirteen and, except for occasionally being harassed by coyotes, had a pretty nice life. We miss him terribly.

The only good thing about losing your old dog is that now you can get a puppy, but we have reached the age that a puppy will almost certainly outlast us and then what happens to the dog? We regularly pick up a Buy and Sell and I compulsively read the Pet section, but it's pretty unlikely that I am going to find exactly what I want. I need a healthy, ten year old, Shepherd/Collie that is gentle, well trained, affectionate, chases deer and needs a good retirement home. We did check out several rescue dogs but were unenthused. One of them looked like a cross between a Beagle and a Possum, had the personality of a turnip and, since he had no neck, regularly slipped his collar and had to be retrieved from the road. Another was a lovely happy thing but had just too much strength and energy for us to handle. Then there was the feral, non-socialized Sheltie.

When our boys were two and four and Kirsten was a baby, we had an old Beagle that my brother had rescued, but he was no farm dog, only a warm toy for the kids to pet. Ralph's sister, Alice, lived in an apartment in Red Deer and in an adjoining apartment lived a young Mountie. The young man had a pup, but he was away so much that the pup was lonely and crying a lot, so Alice offered to help. Shepherd/Lab Alice thought, about five months old and a fine farm dog. Dinah may have been part Shepherd but she had to be at least half Airedale. She had a very rough black and tan coat, thick bushy eyebrows and a fringe around her jaw that made her look like she had just eaten a chicken. She came into the house with obvious apprehension. Then she saw the little boys and became a tail wagging blur of enthusiasm. Dinah had discovered her true calling. Not an R.C.M.P. dog, not a real farm dog, she was born to be a kids' dog and she had finally found her kids.

One summer afternoon I heard the kids screaming on the lawn and I rushed out to find the dog running in circles, the boys in her wake. I stopped the mad parade and found that Dinah had a baby sparrow in her mouth. I pried open her jaws and removed the soggy but uninjured bird. We put it in a grass-lined shoe box on a spruce branch and it dried off and flew away.

That summer I dug fifty holes and dropped in fifty gladiola bulbs. When I turned to cover them up, they were gone. The pup was grinning hugely and between her paws was a pitiful heap of bitten bulbs. I replanted them and most of them grew. She never learned to fetch a stick or a ball. Maybe I should have tried throwing glad bulbs. She never grasped the concept of chasing cattle and would have cheerfully welcomed an armed assassin.

Dinah was death on gophers, and killed and stockpiled them but she had discriminating taste. One evening we saw her down on her elbows, rear in the air, tail lashing, then a couple of leaps and down on her elbows again. "Dinah is playing with a kitty." Some kitty, a big black one with white stripes on it's back. "Bad Dog," I yelled, "Here, Dinah Here." The skunk skittered off into the trees.

She was afraid of thunder and leapt through the screen door. Ralph added some plywood and she came through at a higher level. Finally there was only about a foot of screen left.

She took the kids to the school bus every day and listened for its return so that she could go and bring them home. We loved her dearly as we have loved all our dogs. I guess I'll just keep checking ads. Maybe there is a nice old Airedale out there someplace.

Please Note New Rates for 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. Renewals by e-transfer can be sent to editor@thebergennews.ca Subscriptions are \$20 annually or \$15 for an email subscription. First time subscribers may use the same addresses to set up a subscription. For additional information call Marilyn at 403-638-2156. Thanks for your support.

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 online, 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 am.

At this point we believe masks will not be required after March 1, 2022 .

Seating is such that attendees can spread out. We are allowed to have 50 people in attendance.

Various adults are presenting the Children's Feature followed by Toddler Time and Sunday School for the younger kids.

There are Bible studies in progress and more are planned for the future. This information is on our web page which can be found at the top or bottom of this report.

Mark your calendar for **March 6, 2022**. Tyler Brooks is hosting a concert of music and singing at Bergen Church, 6:30 – 8 p.m.. Tyler will be playing piano, Melony Cormack will be singing and there will also be songs for audience participation. Admission is a non-perishable food item for the Plus 1 food bank.

If you are interested in Friday night youth group, the contact person is Adam Elliot, our youth pastor. His phone number is 403-586-3598. Adam encourages kids enrolled in Grade 7 through Grade 12 to join in and take part in the activities he has planned, as well as in the short Bible lesson.

"The Den" has been open for some time now and is successful. It is the Sundre Youth Center. Various activities are available for kids who are looking for a place to be welcome after school and in the evening.

The skating rink at the Bergen Church is operational, however this is dependent on the outside temperature. Information regarding the rink will be posted online.

Prayers go out to so many families and acquaintances who are experiencing health struggles or bereavement.

Meals were delivered to various households on Christmas Eve. The service at the church was well attended.

Congratulations to Dale and Cathy Erickson's daughter Annelise who was married December 28th to Brody. Best wishes and God's blessings to this happy couple.

It's always a blessing to hear of answered prayers or praise items of everyday occurrences where God's hand is evident.

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. You can also donate by e-transfer. Contact McDougal Chapel or check their web site for information.

If you have prayer needs, please call or email Leila Schwartzenberger at 403-638-4175 or leila@processworks.ca Thank you to those who pray faithfully.

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

Olwyn is in the church office Tuesdays and Fridays, 10:00 – 4:00 p.m. The church's number is 403-638-4010 and the fax number is 403-638-4004.

The Church has a new email address. It is office@bergenchurch.ca

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

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

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 People of Glenbow: Cook — Margaret Mole Chemist — Wyvona Alexander Lane

by Shari Peyerl

February 11th marks the seventh International Day of Women and Girls in Science and is the perfect time to highlight the scientific achievements of a former Glenbow resident: Wyvona Belle Alexander Lane.

In 1919, Wyvona's family moved from Texas to Alberta. Within a year, they were living at Glenbow, where her father, Irwin Alexander, worked as the storekeeper of the Glenbow Supply Company Store. By June 1921, the family consisted of Irwin and his wife Lola, and their children: six-year-old Orval, five-year-old Wyvona, and one-year-old Sybil.

Both Orval and Wyvona would have attended Glenbow School—when it was open. Classes were held only as long as the collected taxes were sufficient to pay the teacher's daily rate. The Alexander children overcame their indifferent introduction to formal education, however, and excelled at school upon their return to the United States sometime after May 1923.

Wyvona's motto, as recorded in her high school yearbook, was "intelligence reigns supreme." Her subsequent university education was hard won, as she paid her way by waiting tables, grading papers, and assisting in laboratories. She graduated from the Oklahoma College for Women, obtained a Masters degree in chemistry from Oberlin College in 1941, and was awarded a Ph.D. in organic chemistry from the University of Illinois in 1946.

While working for a chemical company, Wyvona "improved the chemistry of dyes, discovering how to add brightness to the colours, improving one of the blue dyes and creating a truly neutral grey dye." She then published reports for the National Academy of Sciences, "organized projects at the Pentagon" and "led a group at George Washington University in exploring unique explosive compounds for the Navy."

After her marriage in 1949, Wyvona continued her work as a chemist, and along with her husband, sponsored several academic awards to support chemistry and engineering students. Wyvona, a little girl from Glenbow, became a true-blue scientist and today serves as a bright light for girls aiming for a career in the sciences.



Wyvona Alexander, 1934; Drumright High School Senior Annual, Oklahoma; from [Ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com)

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down as she waited her turn at my desk to tell me something. Ruth, I recalled, was the one who saw unicorns while herding sheep. I could hardly imagine what she might have seen now.

Ragnhild finished showing me the sock her mother was teaching her to knit and skipped cheerfully away. It was Ruth's turn. "Oh, Miss O'Rourke," she babbled, her words tripping over each other, "you'll never believe what I did. Never ever ever. Oh, it was so wonderful. It was a miracle..."

"Whoa!" I said, as if she were a runaway pony. "Settle down, take a deep breath and tell me slowly."

"Oh, I can't tell you slowly. It happened too fast..."

I reached out and gave the squirming bundle of excitement a hug and said, "Okay, Ruth, tell me all about it. Did your unicorn stop by again?"

She gave me a scornful look. "*That* was make believe, you know. *This* was real."

"Sorry," I said. "Go ahead and tell me."

"Miss O'Rourke," she asked solemnly, "do you know where babies come from?"

Right about then, if I'd been wearing dentures, I would have lost them. I closed my mouth and tried to think. If I said no, she would think I was remarkably naive and might proceed to explain it to me. If I said yes, she might want me to explain it to her. At her age, under the careful supervision of Aunt Nettie, I was still under the impression that they

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popped up in the cabbage patch. I can distinctly remember that, when one of the milk cows went missing, she always told me the cow had gone off to *find* a calf. Where this great supply of new calves was kept was a mystery to me.

Fortunately, Ruth spared me the need to answer. "Well, I know now," she declared importantly. "Mother and Papa and I were having some bread and jam when Mother suddenly got a stomach ache and had to go lie down. Papa went off to the bedroom with her and they had a little talk. When he came back he built up the fire really warm and put a big pot of water on to boil. He put the scissors and a piece of string in the water—which I thought was pretty strange. Then he grabbed his coat and boots and said, 'Ruthie, your mother is not feeling too well and I have to go get Mrs. Grayson to help her. You must take good care of her till I get back.'

So away he went and I went in to take care of Mother. She seemed okay but, once in a while, the bad stomach ache came back and she moaned and groaned a little. Papa seemed to be gone quite a while and finally Mother called me in. 'Ruthie,' she said. "Today you are going to be a big girl for me. I have some things to explain to you.' And, boy, did I get a surprise! But not as big a surprise as when she said, 'Now Ruthie! It's coming!' And there it was! I took it and I found out what the scissors and string were for and I cut the cord and, just when I finished giving it a little bath, there was a great commotion outside and in rushed Papa and Mrs. Grayson and I just said, "Too late. We're all finished". And Mrs. Grayson checked the baby and looked after Mother. She said I had done everything just right and that someday I would make a wonderful middlewife." She paused there for breath and then added thoughtfully, "But I think I'd rather be somebody's first wife."

Then she was off and running again. "And the baby is a girl. I'm so glad. All boys ever do is eat and tease me. And her name is Elizabeth Ruth. Papa says you don't very often use one of your children's first names for a new one's middle name but that this is an exceptional case. What does exceptional mean, Miss O'Rourke?"

I gave her another hug. "In this case, Ruth, I think it means that you are one very special little—no, I mean big—girl."

I glanced at the clock. It was 20 minutes past time to ring the bell—but I didn't care. My interview with the world's youngest middlewife had been well worth the time.

To be continued.

Bergen Community Association News

Maureen Worobetz

We held our annual meeting February 9th with nine members present and one guest. Our local councilor, Gord Krebs attended our meeting.

Minutes of our annual meeting for 2021 were read and approved as read by Marilyn Halvorson.

The treasurer's audited report was gone over. It was moved by Raymond Cormack to accept the report. Sandy Easterbrook seconded. Carried.

Goodwill gave its report.

Bergen News is doing well. The application for a Rural Community Grant has been submitted to the county.

Old business concerned janitor replacement. Sharon and Gary Payne took over that job as well as looking after mowing the grounds in the summer.

New business included reviewing hall rental rates: \$250 for the first day and \$150 for each additional day. Camping rates went to \$25 per day. The meeting rate, Ladies Aid sale, and Bergen Farmers' Market rates stay at \$50. Damage deposits remain at \$500. Catering and the Turkey Supper were removed from the list of services. The community association will no longer be offering either of those. Maureen Worobetz moved that these updates be accepted. Phyllis Cormack seconded. Carried.

Marilyn Halvorson moved that the executive remain as it is. Laurie Syer seconded. Carried. Executive is: Shelley Ingeveld, president; Phyllis Cormack, vice president; Maureen Worobetz, secretary; Janet Cummins, treasurer; Shelley Ingeveld, booking; Pat Cummins, Raymond Cormack and Gerald Ingeveld, directors.

Phyllis Cormack is on lunch for March. Meeting was adjourned.

Shelley Ingeveld brought mincemeat tarts which we enjoyed with coffee.

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.

A LOVE TRIANGLE, A Short Story

by Marilyn Halvorson

The radio blared me awake as usual. Another Monday morning. What was the date? Need I have wondered? Another love song was playing. It was February 14th, Valentine's Day. All weekend, several TV channels had shown such a sickly sweet array of "Hallmark movies" that I felt my teeth decaying.

No, all this sentimental love stuff was not for me. I was old enough to know better than to expect a fairy godmother to drop a Prince Charming on my doorstep. And what would I do with a Prince Charming anyway? I was quite content with my good pension, a bit of volunteer work, and an inexhaustible supply of good books.

But today I was restless. I needed a definite task to put my energy into. Then I remembered my neighbour, Sophia Brown. She is a bit younger than me but not as self-sufficient. I knew she was lonely. Suddenly I had an idea. Sophia needed a dog. I would drive over to the Pet Rescue to see if they had a little dustmop of the sort I knew she liked.

I was disappointed. It turned out, there were no little dogs available. I was on my way out when a dog in a large cage caught my eye. A German Shepherd, older but still handsome in that dignified Shepherd way. She was not making any commotion, just lying quietly and watching me. Yes, if I needed a dog—which I did not—she would be my choice. Then I noticed something else. Curled up right under the dog's chin was a little tabby cat. Uh oh.

"Hey, Mrs. Wilton," I called to the woman in charge. "Somebody has accidentally put a cat in the dog department. Poor little guy could get eaten,"

Mrs. Wilton looked up and smiled. That's Jenny and her cat, Jasper."

"I beg your pardon?"

"It's a long, sad story," she replied. "One of the local boys was in the army stationed overseas in one of the Middle Eastern war zones. He was patrolling an abandoned district when he came upon a house, damaged but still standing. The people were long gone but there, curled up together by the back door, were this dog and cat. They were half starved but still waiting patiently for their family to return. The soldier knew the family would never be back. He managed to arrange to bring the animals back to Canada and brought them to us. We are trying to find homes for them but it has been challenging. We thought we had a home for the dog but after three days they brought her back. She had refused to eat and spent all her time looking at the door and whining. Meanwhile, the cat caterwauled night and day. Next, we sent the cat to a new home. Same result—except this time the adoption lasted only two days before the cat bit the new owner while trying to escape. You should have seen the carrying on when those two animals got back together, purring and cuddling and snuggling. It was like.." She stopped, at a loss for words. I helped her out.

"Like a Hallmark movie," I said as I walked out the door.

Well, that had been a waste of time. Sophia was terrified of big dogs and she couldn't stand cats.

I moved on with my chores. Grocery store next. I must have been having one of those famous senior moments because I found myself looking for cornflakes—in the pet food aisle. What was I thinking? But deep down I had to admit what I was thinking, so I bought a bag of dog food—and a bag of cat food. Then I went back to the Pet Rescue.

"I'll take them," I said, as calmly as if I was buying a pair of shoes.

"Take what?" asked Mrs. Wilton, perplexed.

"Jenny and Jasper, of course."

"But they won't do for your friend. You said she wanted a little dog."

"Yes, a dustmop, I said. These are not for Sophia. They are for me."

"But..." she gulped a few times.

"I have a big house, a fenced yard, enough money, and can provide references as to my moral character. Let's get on with the paper work."

So, before I knew what had hit me I was a parent. Well, at least a pet parent. Mrs. Wilton brought out a leash and clipped it onto Jenny's collar.

"There you go," she said, still sounding a bit doubtful. I took the leash.

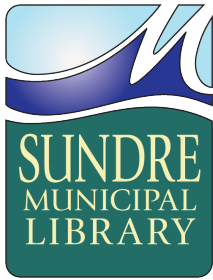
"Don't you have a carrier for the cat?" I asked.

"You won't need one," was the confident reply.



Continued on page 11

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING AT THE SUNDRE LIBRARY



Sundre Library

The library will be open:

Tuesdays 9:00 – 4:30 PM

Wednesday 12:00 – 7:30 PM

Thursday 12:00 – 4:30 PM

Fridays 12:00 – 4:30 PM

Saturdays 11:00 – 2:30 PM

Sundre Library (403) 638-4000, www.sundre.prl.ab.ca

The Friends of the Sundre Municipal Library would like to recognize the generous support of the business owners of Sundre and surrounding areas in years past for their contributions to our annual Silent Auction. Please see sundre.prl.ab.ca for a list of supporters. We could not have done it without you.

Take & Make Kit ~ for Two (Theme: DIY Pizza Herb Garden)

Pick-up March 22-26 at the Sundre Library

Books2Eat with a Twist

Friday, April 1, 5-6:00 pm

Pick up @ restaurant

Tickets \$?? On sale March 8

Wearable Tech Design Challenge

Wednesday, March 9, 6:30 – 7:30 pm

Sundre Library

Grades 6-8. FREE. Call to register.

Rhyme Time *NOW WEEKLY*

Thursdays, 11:00 – 11:45 am

Ages 3-5 with caregiver. Songs, stories and rhymes.

Tech Tutoring

Tuesday/Thursday, March 8 & 10

Get 1:1 help using your tech. Call to make an appt.

Edison Sumo Wrestlers

Wednesday, March 9, 4:00 – 5:00 pm

Sundre Library

Grades 3-5. FREE. Call to register.

See sundre.prl.ab.ca for full event listings.

A Love Triangle, continued from page 10

She opened the gate of the pen. "Come, Jenny," I said. She gave me a doubtful look but obediently rose to her feet. I led her out of the pen. The dog stopped and looked back over her shoulder.

"Murowrl?" came Jasper's soft question.

"Oh, yes, you too," I replied.

The cat sprang to his feet and shot out of the pen, stopping to rub his jowls along Jenny's chin and favouring me with a swish of his tail along my leg. We all went home. The rest is history.

That evening the three of us were ensconced in front of my fireplace. Jenny was lying on my feet snoring as only a Shepherd can snore, Jasper was curled up between her front paws, purring like a well-tuned sports car. And, as for me, I was sipping a cup of coffee and grinning like I was in my right mind.

I take back my nasty remarks about Hallmark movies. On Valentine's Day I, too, found love, eight feet of it. I was, in fact, involved in a love triangle. It was a great place to be.



From My Office Window

by Brian and Kim Allan

The (Great) Orion Nebula (also known as Messier 42) is a diffuse nebula situated in Orion's Belt in the constellation of Orion. It is ~1,344 light-years (7,900,872 billion miles) away from Earth and is the closest region of massive star formation to Earth. The Orion Nebula is one of the most intensely studied and photographed objects in the night sky. The nebula has revealed much about the process of how stars and planetary systems form from collapsing clouds of gas and dust, and protoplanetary disks and brown dwarfs have been directly observed within the nebula.

The Orion Nebula is visible with the naked eye even from areas affected by some light pollution. It is seen as the middle "star" in the "sword" of Orion, which are the three stars located south of Orion's Belt. The "star" appears fuzzy to sharp-eyed observers and the nebulosity is obvious through binoculars or a small telescope.

The Orion Nebula contains a very young open star cluster, known as the Trapezium due to the asterism of its primary four stars. Two of these can be resolved into their component binary systems on nights with good seeing, giving a total of six stars. The stars of the Trapezium, along with many other stars in the nebula, light up the gas in the Orion Nebula.

