

The Bergen News

Bringing Bergen Together

July 2022

Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel, photo by Sandy Easterbrook

Common Chickweed (*stellaria media*)

Some farm chores are interminable. Repairing fences and weeding the garden readily fit into this category and if you are unfortunate enough to share your garden space with common chickweed, you will understand the endless weeding problem. Left unattended this plant will quickly form a dense, green mat covering all bare soil and will outcompete your young vegetable seedlings for moisture and growing space. Chickweed quickly produces thousands of hardy seeds and can also regenerate from any roots that are not completely pulled. With hard work it can be controlled but seldom eliminated.

Chickweed, a member of the carnation family, is a European native that has now colonized most of North America and many other parts of the globe. It thrives in temperate climates, moist soil and both sunny and partially shaded locales. Its stringy, sparsely haired stems can grow up to a foot in length with many stems arising from the same rootstock. Tiny white flowers about an 1/8 inch in diameter have five double-lobed petals and a whorl of five green sepals. The seeds are brownish orange and about a millimeter in diameter. Seeds germinate throughout the growing season with two main flushes, one in the early spring and another in late fall.

In spite of being such a pain to gardeners, chickweed does have redeeming qualities. The weed is quite edible and, in fact, was grown as a popular edible garden plant in the 1800s. The mild, pleasant flavor of the plant is often compared to that of corn silk and can be eaten raw and fresh in salads, wraps and sandwiches. It makes a good substitute for spinach. There has not been much official research on



the nutritional status of the plant, but at least one study showed the plant to have high levels of vitamins A, C and K.

Traditionally the plant has been respected for its medicinal qualities. Because of its high fibre content, it is said to be good for gut health. Its anti-inflammatory properties make it useful in the treatment of rheumatism and arthritis. Most commonly, however, the plant has been used in the treatment of skin ailments and there is a long history of using the plant to treat cuts, burns, boils, rashes including psoriasis, acne and insect bites. Sandy makes an ointment by infusing olive oil with the stems and leaves, which we find incredibly soothing on mild burns, scrapes and cuts. I also find it useful to treat sores on the teats of my milk cow. Chickweed tea has a history of being used to slim obesity and, interestingly, a study of obese mice fed chickweed extract resulted in a significant loss of weight.

Chickweed gets its name from being a favourite food of chickens and has been nicknamed the “hen’s inheritance”. It is also eaten by many wild birds and is recommended as a feed for caged birds. Perhaps more gardeners should get in on the action and forage rather than compost this annoying invader.

On My Bluebird Trail

by Karen Fahrlander, photos by Karen Fahrlander

June 20 Bluebird Trail Summary

After many days of heavy rain, it was difficult to access a few of the bluebird boxes. At least ten boxes were rain damaged. I will be replacing these boxes in the fall.

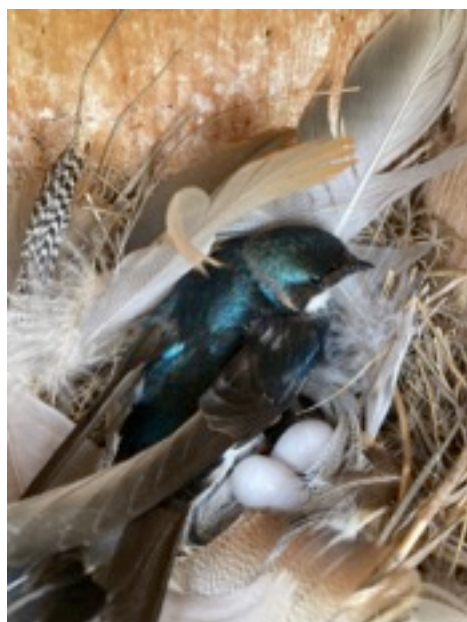
7 boxes-Mountain Bluebird fledglings

3 boxes-empty Mountain Bluebird nests- I'm hoping the youngsters have fledged

46 boxes- Tree Swallows

5 boxes-Empty

61 Boxes in total were checked. I was impressed that so many birds are using the boxes for the first year after many years of not being able to because the boxes were not cleaned. Previous years of use had layers of nests right up to the entrance hole!



Tree Swallow



Female Bluebird sitting on second clutch



Ten day old Tree Swallows



Boreal Chickadee Nest

July 6 Bluebird Trail Summary

Finally we had a window of opportunity in between rain storms to check bird boxes. Thank you to Carole Shippy who helped me record data for each box. A total of 63 boxes were checked. I couldn't get to four of them because they were surrounded by deep water. I have to get taller boots!

13 Boxes had Mountain Bluebird nests within. This has increased since the last check by three boxes. Three of these were empty so I hope the youngsters fledged. The exciting news is that 9 of the 13 boxes had bluebird eggs in them once again!

45 boxes were occupied by Tree Swallows. 14 of these had second clutch eggs. 16 boxes had fledglings. Unfortunately, 13 boxes contained dead little Tree Swallows. Most of them were just a few days old. I'm wondering if the parents

Continued on page 15

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie



On the Training of Persons

As I was lying here resting up from some demanding work, I got to thinking. (It's not often that I have the energy to think while resting but today was an exception.)

I was thinking about how, if Nature had been allowed to take its own inevitable course, I would likely be raising and training my third or fourth batch of about a dozen pups by now. That thought was so tiring I fell asleep and had to resume my thinking about an hour later.

As it turned out, Nature was not allowed to take its course and I ended up with zero pups. Am I heartbroken? Not exactly! You see, rather than being given the responsibility of puppies, I was given my

very own person to look after. And if you don't think *that* is a responsibility...

Well, let me tell you what I went through with her last week. It was a nice, warm, sunny day but I was not to be fooled. I could feel it deep in the roots of my long, silky fur. Electricity! I knew that, before long, we were going to endure one of my greatest fears: a thunderstorm! As my person pattered around the yard I kept a close guard on her in case she wandered too far from shelter. She strolled around here and there, trimming a little grass, pulling a few weeds, totally oblivious to the clear and present danger. I tried making like a sheepdog and herded her gently toward the house. She patted my head. "Don't be silly, Jessie. I already gave you your breakfast.

Breakfast? Who said anything about breakfast? I am not concerned about my stomach (for once). I am concerned about saving our lives. Let's go in the house. NOW!

But did she listen? No. She went out and started the lawn mower. The lawn mower! Oh no! She'd be out there for hours if she started mowing the lawn. But in spite of my best efforts to divert her ("Jessie! Get out of the way or your tail will get cut off!"). So what could I do? She drove round and round in the hot sun and I trotted around behind her with my tongue hanging out, trying to protect her from herself.

At last she was finished and put the mower away. By this time I was exhausted but I managed to plod over to the house with her. "There," she said, "doesn't that look nice? Maybe we could sit outside and have a nice cool drink."

I swear it took all my fine upbringing to keep from biting her at that point. But I was saved by Mother Nature who gave out with a loud rumble in the west. "Oh," said my pathetic person. Do you think we might have a storm? Maybe we should go in the house."

"Duh," I replied, sorry not to have enough vocabulary to express my true feelings. It had taken her only two hours to figure out what I was trying to tell her.

Oh the wonders of the human brain, I thought as we dived for the door—me first, I am ashamed to admit.



ONE DAY AT A TIME

by Pat Gibbs

It is amazing to see what each day brings into a person's life isn't it? Here are a few things that Al and I have enjoyed (I say that with tongue in cheek). This spring we helped our grandson incubate some eggs and the result was some beautiful, multi-coloured chicks. We had a lot of fun holding and cuddling them every day as they grew, which was very quickly I might add. Our cat thought he would like to cuddle them a little too! Sorry Tigger, no can do! One chick needed some help with his feet which were curled under, affecting his ability to walk. Zane researched how to remedy this and the result was tiny, square, pieces of bandage on the bottoms of the chick's feet. Well, the little guy looked like Daffy Duck clomping around for a few days, but then, yeah...he was fixed! He ran about with gusto and was soooo happy! Due to the attention given these little chicks, they come for some lovin' each time we visit.

We also had the pleasure of caring for a lost baby squirrel that came to the front porch one cold, rainy day. Zane helped me capture the little fellow and put him in a cat cage. I quickly warmed up some evaporated milk, put it in an eye dropper and proceeded to feed the little fellow. After his tummy was full, our little friend snuggled into a toque I had put into his new home, and it was goodnight for him! After three days of this attention and care, I decided it was time to take him back to his natural home in the woods. I found a tree where two other squirrels were chattering, opened the door on the cage and got him close to the tree. Up he went to join some relative or other, chatting all the way. See you later, little friend.

There has been a beautiful pair of pheasants walking about our acreage and squawking in their funny bird talk. One morning, one came right up to our back deck to show us its beauty. How blessed we feel to see these wonderful creatures God has created. What is really great is that they do not swear or criticize each other.

Now for the tree problems we are seeing out in the woods. Does anyone else have hundreds of fat, ugly worms rappelling down from the tops of the trees on luminous, thin, spider-like silky webs? Yucky to behold and yucky to have land on your head or shoulders I tell you! The tips of so many trees are not soft and green like they should be, and I believe these worms are the reason. Also, the birds do not seem to like these miserable critters, which is not much help to say the least.

One day I decided it was time to take some fruit out of the freezer and cook it up into pie fillings and jams and some jelly. I enjoy this job, but it was a berry messy one, I tell you.

On July 7th, there was a devastating tornado that went through about seven miles east of our place. There was an enormous amount of destruction wherever it touched down. Please pray for those neighbours who lost their beautiful trees and buildings.

Til next time.....

Got junk? Looking to downsize??

Become a vendor at the Bergen Hall Garage Sale

September 24, 2022, 9 am to 1pm

\$15 per table

Contact: Sandy Easterbrook, 403-638-1283 or kettlecrossingfarm@gmail.com

Sponsored by the Bergen Community Association.

Tables are going fast!

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.

Musings: Busy July

by Phyllis Cormack

Well, it's the end of July. Wow, what a month it's been. Ray's mom drove down on July 1st from Grande Prairie. She arrived a week before we expected her because she wanted to visit her cousin, who was in Hanna hospital and failing. So the first thing we did was to take her to see him. That was a somewhat sad reunion, but they had a lot of laughs reminiscing along with Ilene's sister. These three were a force to be reckoned with in their younger days. Some of the stories!

A few days after that trip, we were alerted to the imminent threat of a tornado. Nothing like spicing up life a little. We observed the clouds and, thankfully, saw nothing that indicated any danger. After a brief rain shower the sun shone and all was well. Little did we know of the disaster happening just six miles away. Various reports filled us in on what had missed us. Tornadoes are not common in our area and, after observing the wreckage it left behind on July 7th, I pray we don't have another one any time soon. By the grace of God, no one was hurt or killed. Minutes separated people from being in the path of the monster. Just goes to show you how quickly life can change. Not that we aren't aware of that in our normal lives, but this was an unusual occurrence.

A second reason Ilene had for her visit was to attend another cousin's funeral in Sundre. More laughs and tears as memories were shared. Crazy antics seem to run in the family—some of which could have been life threatening but, as luck would have it, no one got hurt or died from these outrageous pranks. As this next weekend approaches we are packing the camper to head to Endiang for a campout at the home of the first cousin mentioned. They have been hosting this weekend event for 40 years. Relatives, neighbours, and friends pull their RVs into the yard and stay till Monday, or as long as they want. There's a potluck supper Saturday, with fireworks to follow. Some years it's been so dry the fear of a fire starting in the field is a concern. This year, however, they have had substantial rain so all should be good. Sunday, we are treated to a pancake breakfast, then a game of frisbee golf. Winners receive ice cream treats which are gratefully accepted, as this area is commonly hot and dry. Helium balloons are then released, which have a note attached asking anyone who finds them to contact the family so they know how far they have travelled. Responses have been received from Saskatchewan. Visiting is the main activity as well as horseshoes and whatever other games those attending bring. Evenings are spent around a campfire.

Once we are back here, Ilene heads to her sister's place in High River. They continue to Lethbridge to stay with their other sister where more laughter and tears will be shared as they spend time together. At some point, Ray's mom will return here when we will visit the newest member of our extended family in Calgary. Following this enjoyable introduction, Ilene will drive back north to her home in Grande Prairie from whence she came almost a month ago. Quite the itinerary for a lady who is 85 years old. It's such a blessing that she is able to keep in touch with family by actually being with them and it's been a treat having her with us. We all need to take time to connect with those we love as life can be taken away in the blink of an eye. Hope you are able to do that this summer.

Editor's note: Having made a grand entrance to the Arneson yard—she was dumped off her horse in a snowbank—Kate has swallowed her embarrassment and accepted Leif's invitation to come in for coffee.

Teacher

by Marilyn Halvorson

Leif opened the door and we stepped into the warm, cinnamon-scented air of the kitchen. Mrs. Arneson was busy pouring coffee and its delicious aroma drifted toward us, too. "Oh, Miss O'Rourke," she said, setting down the pot and coming to meet us. "I am so glad you came. I have just made cinnamon rolls and we will need help to get rid of them." Her tone was dead serious but I caught the twinkle in her eyes.

"I doubt that, Mrs. Arneson. I have heard of your cinnamon buns and there is no problem getting rid of them. More of a problem to fight through the crowds to grab one."

"Thank you," she replied with a grin, "that was a nice compliment." She was busy pouring coffee into four cups and filling glasses with creamy milk for the children. Then she placed it all on a tray. "Leif, bring the cinnamon buns. Children, the cream and sugar and napkins. We will have our coffee with Lars. I have already set up the table."

Continued on page 10

PEONIES

by Noreen Olson

The first year sleep, the second year creep, the third year leap.

This bit of folklore applies to propagating peonies. The parent plant should be lifted in late September, after the foliage has frozen. Remove as much soil as you can, so that you can see what you are doing, divide the roots so that you have two or three buds (shoots) in each clump and reseat the pieces so that the buds or crown is no more than one or two inches below ground level. They need full sun, good drainage and a far enough spacing that they get good circulation, otherwise they are prone to mould. If you get them a little too deep they will eventually adjust themselves, but they will take longer to bloom. You can take seed from a mature plant and start a baby but this will take at least five years and the flower may not come true to the mother plant. Still, I think it would be interesting to try. While you are starting your new peony, you may or may not want to dwell on the thought that this plant will more than likely outlive you. Peonies have a very long life, and also you have probably missed a little piece of root that will grow into a new plant where the old one was. I have a lovely dark red, probably a Felix Crousse, that is too close to the Mountain Ash and has been given away about six times. There is another one out there now. There are at least forty species of peony and about 6,500 cultivars and hybrids, so I am guessing Felix Crousse. It also sort of looks like a Bunker Hill! I know I have Festiva Maxima, white with flashes of red and Sarah Bernhardt, hugely double and pale pink, and Red Fern Leaf and a Yellow Prairie Charm but all the other multiple pinks and whites and reds will have to remain nameless.

There are only two species of peony native to America. The rest are from Europe, China and Japan via Siberia, the Caucasus and Northern India. Peonies have been cultivated in China for at least 1500 years, probably first for the medicinal and magical quality of their roots. Reference to their medicinal qualities, used to prevent blood clotting, have been found in a Chinese tomb dating from the first century AD. Traditional Chinese medicine still uses peony root "to pacify the liver and stop pain." By the sixth century ruling families were appreciating them for their beauty and in China the tree peony or Mudan is the national flower.

Ralph's mom had peonies here when we came, lovely, big, rose-scented pinks, whites and reds. They dominated a couple of flower beds and were gorgeous for a few weeks and then became just large shrubs. We decided to make one long row in the garden and free up the flower beds for a bit more variety. In a great rush, because we were always short of time, we dug up, split and transplanted without much planning, so that we ended up with about 70 new plants in massed whites, reds and pinks. It would have been prettier I suppose, to have alternated the colors. We knew not to crowd them, but we didn't allow for the massive growth that the enriched garden soil engendered and, in a few years, the enormous plants no longer allowed enough circulation and we got a fungus. We dug up every other plant and made a second row. The fungus persisted. We did everything the experts suggested, fed bone meal, sprayed four times a year with a fungicide, cut off and burned diseased growth, hauled extra snow on them in winter. Some sources said plow up the patch and start over somewhere else, but Lois Hole said, "Peonies are strong, give them a chance." By last July we thought success was in sight and then it hailed and broke off all the buds.

It has been probably eight years, but this spring the plants looked really hopeful. We sprayed and weeded and held our breath. This year we have peonies. Boy, do we have peonies. Masses of peonies, every shade of pink, deep reds, huge fluffy whites, even a yellow one. Each time we drive in and out of the yard we stop to appreciate them. We admire them from the windows. We walk among them and cut big fragrant bouquets. Do we mind that these plants will outlive us? No, it's kind of reassuring actually. Our hard work paid off, good triumphed over evil and hope and faith prevailed.

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.

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.

The Bergen Church is open for services every Sunday starting at 10:30 am.

It's so good to have people returning to services. Being together to worship and give each other support is what we all need. As we are told in Hebrews 10:25, "Do not stop meeting together ...but let us encourage one another – and all the more as you see the Day approaching."

The Children's Feature presented before the message is entertaining and a good learning experience for all ages. Thank you to those who take the time to prepare and share.

There is no Sunday School during July and August but colouring pages are available for the kids.

Our youth pastor, Adam Elliot and his family are moving back to Saskatchewan. A farewell barbecue was held at the church in appreciation for Adam, Megan, and their seven children who have added their enthusiasm and love to our church family. They will be missed.

Alanna Wianes and Scott Anderson will continue to be involved with the youth program.

There are Bible studies in progress and others are planned for the future. Access this information on our website which can be found at the top or bottom of this report.

If you are interested in Friday night youth group, the contact person is our youth pastor, Adam Elliot. 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", or Sundre Youth Centre, provides various activities for our youth who are looking for a place to "hang out" after school and in the evening. It is open Monday to Friday. 3-6 p.m. for Grades 7-9 and 6-9 p.m. for Grades 10-12. During these times there are special events happening.

Pastor Rob, Naomi, Micah, & Philip Holland were able to take some time off during July.

It's very interesting to see how some of the new attendees are connected with those who have been in our church family for years. These connections can go back many years. Some would call them coincidences; however, there is no coincidence with God.

UPCOMING is a FAMILY FUN NIGHT happening August 4th from 6 – 9 p.m. There will be a BBQ and games. All ages are welcome. If you are planning on attending, please RSVP by August 1st to 403-636-1419. These events have been very popular and well attended. Lots of fun for everyone.

Prayers go out to so many families and acquaintances who are experiencing health struggles or bereavement. Should you or someone you know need prayer, please see information for our prayer chain contact, Leila, at the bottom of this report. It's always a blessing to hear of answered prayers or praise items of everyday occurrences where God's hand is evident.

We are very thankful for the rain but grieve with those who have lost so much during the tornado. It's hard for us to understand why these events happen. It's by God's grace that no one was killed nor hurt during this storm.

The Sundre Ministerial is a team of churches in the Sundre area which is available to help, whether the need is physical or emotional. Please feel free to contact this number where someone 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. A phone call will let you know if there is someone there to open the door for you. Their number is 403-638-3503. You can also donate by e-transfer. Contact McDougal Chapel or check their website for information. Times have been hard for a lot of folks who depend on this food bank.

If you have prayer needs, please call or email Leila Schwanzenberger at 403-638-4175 or leila@processworks.ca
Thank you to those who faithfully lift these requests to God.

Continued on page 8

Bergen Church News, continued from page 6

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 email address for Bergen Church is office@bergenchurch.ca

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

Bergen Ladies Aid Report

by Phyllis Cormack

We were very pleased to gather in Olwyn Gale's new home for our June meeting. Sue Vollmin was unable to attend so Maureen Worobetz opened the meeting with scripture from 1 Corinthians.

We prayed the Lord's Prayer, then eleven ladies answered roll call using our prayer cards.

We welcomed Barb Wiens as a new member and were surprised and happy to have past member Linda Ross join us.

Phyllis Cormack filled in as president in the absence of Lynn Whittle. Betty Josephson and Maureen Worobetz presented the minutes and financial standing respectively. Our goodwill lady, Shelley Ingeveld, had made two deliveries which we received thank you cards for.

Cemetery cleanup went well. There was a good turn out and the weather co-operated. Pat Ball did a fine job cleaning up the fallen tree.

We were reminded of our auction sale date which is November 12th, in case anyone gets creative over the summer months.

Since we won't be having another meeting until the end of September, we decided to have lunch on July 27th.

On scripture for September is Donelda Way. Roll call will be answered with what we have done during the summer. Shelley will have the meeting in her home and Marilyn Halvorson will join her in providing lunch. The alternate is Betty.

We sang What a Friend We Have in Jesus to close our meeting.

Olwyn and Gwen Gochee then served a lovely lunch and we enjoyed a lengthy time of visiting.

Shari Peyerl Gives Talk at Library

by Sandy Easterbrook

Shallow depressions on the landscape, metal tags from tobacco tins, a piece of a doll's head...not much is left of Glenbow, a settlement near Calgary at the beginning of the 20th century. However the village came to life on July 6th at the Sundre Library during a presentation by archivist/archaeologist Shari Peyerl, a Bergen resident. Not only had Shari excavated some areas of Glenbow, she had collected written and oral histories and a substantial number of photos depicting street scenes, community members and the sandstone quarry, which was the *raison d'être* for the village. Some of the photos were given to Shari by descendants of the original inhabitants.

The audience in the library enjoyed hunting for clues in these photos: what kitchen articles could still be extant somewhere underground, what features in a landscape shot could point to a building site. It was also interesting to hear which Albertan (mostly Calgarian) structures were built from Glenbow sandstone. The Parliament Building in Edmonton and Calgary's City Hall are among them. Fascinating too were the stories of the people who lived in Glenbow and then moved on. The females will have had their moment in a Zoom talk by Shari on July 26th. That event, "The Unbreakable porcelain Doll: Digging Up the History of Girls and Women" featured stories of archaeological discoveries, and oral histories. It revealed surprising stories of remarkable females from Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park's past and tales of trailblazers in aviation, nursing and government. Participants learned how even working class children played vital roles in creating history, and in revealing the past to us. Shari also discussed historical sources and genealogical research.

Shari's book entitled *Alberta's Cornerstone* is available for sale and at the library. You can ask for it at your favourite bookstore, purchase it at Glenbow Ranch Provincial Park, or order it online through Indigo or Amazon.

Thank you for your presentation, Shari. We hope that, unlike the Glenbow residents, you will not move on but make Bergen your permanent home.

Rare Books: Part Two - Tying the Knot in The Family Circle

by Shari Peyerl

When I unwrapped a 400 year-old book in the church archive office where I work, it launched me on a trip into the past. Using genealogical research to hunt for the people named in its inscriptions, I discovered a globe-trotting family with links to architecture and archaeology, and perhaps even religious reform.

The *Book of Common Prayer* printed in 1613 AD, which I discussed in a previous article, is a marvel of survival. Clues to its own history are encoded in its three handwritten inscriptions. The letter that arrived at the archives with the book provides additional provenance.

The standard practice in genealogical investigation is to work from the present (known) to the past (unknown). Therefore, I began with the letter from the Calgary area donor. It detailed the history of the book's journey through the hands of modern family members.

By combining the letter's genealogical relationships with census forms and other records, it was relatively easy to work backwards in time to the most recent inscription. It read, "To / My dear Son Alfred Ford / In loving remembrance / of his dear wifes Father / who "fell asleep in Jesus" / September 4, 1889. / Aged 63. / Buried in Brighton Cemetery / Melbourne."

Alfred Ford was an insurance clerk in England. His father was Charles Frederick Ford, a probate clerk in Her Majesty's Probate Law Court. By 1889, when he penned the dedication, Charles was 77 years old. Alfred was 39.

Charles gave the book to Alfred in honour of Alfred's father-in-law, who must have been a close friend, for Charles to lovingly remember him. Alfred had married Emilia Macdonald Clarke in June 1889. Her father was Samuel Thomas Clarke, a solicitor in England. Sometime after 1881, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New South Wales, Australia, which explains why he was buried in Melbourne.

Samuel Thomas Clarke is "S.T." in the book's second inscription "G.S. Clarke to S.T. Clarke." So, somehow Charles Ford had received the book from Samuel Clarke. They were both involved in law, so perhaps they were connected through work. It appears that before Samuel left for Australia he gave the book to Charles, possibly for safekeeping.

It is unclear when Samuel had received the book, but in all likelihood, "G.S." in the inscription was Samuel's father, George Somers Christopher Clarke. He was an officer in the Army Medical Department of Her Majesty's Service. He seems to have been responsible for the third inscription: a signature dated July 1812. At that time, he was 18 years old. The signature on his marriage register entry three years later bears a strong resemblance to the signature in the book.

A complication arises from the family's repetitious use of the names "George Somers Clarke." For example, in 1822, G.S. Christopher Clarke named one of his sons George Somers Leigh Clarke. This son became a surveyor, architect and artist responsible for designing buildings and landscapes. (His skill was not hampered by the fact he had lost the first joint of his right thumb in a gun accident.) He became known as "George Somers Clarke the Elder" in relation to his brother's wife's younger brother, also an architect and also named George Somers Clarke (born in 1841 and therefore "The Younger"). G.S.C the Younger was known mostly for his designs of English churches, and his work in Egypt where he became an archaeologist in the early 1900s.

Incidentally, G.S.C. the Younger's father was also named Somers Clarke! If you have been following all these genealogical details, you will have noticed that G.S.C. the Elder's brother married a woman whose last name was also Clarke. The fact her father was named Somers Clarke seems to indicate a family connection between the fathers of the brother and his wife. So far, I have not been able to definitively document their relationship.

Unfortunately, I was unable to conclusively trace the family back beyond G.S. Christopher Clarke. However, the repetition of names is tantalizing. There was a G.S. Clarke born in 1755 who was an eccentric English vicar and an eminent Arabic scholar. Apparently, he was jailed for contempt of Ecclesiastical Court and despite serving his full term, he refused to leave and died in jail at the age of 82 in 1837. I haven't been able to tie him in with this *Book of Common Prayer*, but as a vicar, he is certainly a candidate for previous owner!

In conclusion, a careful examination of clues has revealed some of the *Book of Common Prayer's* context. Genealogical research triggered by the book's inscriptions revealed the book's passage through the hands of one extended family for more than two centuries. Perhaps earlier ancestors also read from its pages and drew strength from its enduring message.

Continued on page 10

Teacher, continued from page 5

I looked around in bewilderment. The only table I could see was the one in the kitchen, but as she led the way and the children trooped along behind her, Leif and I followed. She led us into a small but immaculate bedroom where a small, collapsible table had been set by the bed. In the bed, propped up against pillows, lay Lars Arneson. It was almost more than I could do to keep from staring at him. I had heard people say that Mr. Arneson was “crippled up” with arthritis but I had no idea it was this bad.

I could see that he was—or at least had been—a tall, big-boned man. Now, he was just skin and bones. His big hands were gnarled and twisted like the branches of a tree that had grown on a windy hillside and his face was creased with the lines of permanent pain. But, when Ragnild rushed over to greet him, he gave her a big smile and reached out as far as he could to hug her. He repeated the process with the other children and then turned his gaze toward me as Leif led me forward. “Papa,” Leif said, “this is Miss O’Rourke, our teacher who you’ve heard so much about.” Leif turned and gave me a mischievous wink and I’m sure he knew I was wondering just *what* Lars may have heard about me—hopefully not Leif’s much-enjoyed moment when he caught me peeking in the schoolhouse window at the dance.

Lars’s smile for me was just as warm as the one for his children. “Miss O’Rourke,” he said softly, as though even his voice was weary. “I am so pleased to meet you. A good teacher is a person who deserves to be honoured and I wish I could stand to greet you. Please know that, in my mind, I am standing.”

I reached out to gently shake his extended hand and was barely able to blink back the tears that stung my eyes as I replied, “And I am honoured to meet you. You should be very proud of the wonderful family you and your wife are raising.”

Lars nodded. “Ya,” he said, his Norwegian accent coming through stronger with the emotion in his voice now. “I am proud of them. I had hoped to make them a better living in this new country but now it looks like my family and this house will be my only accomplishments.”

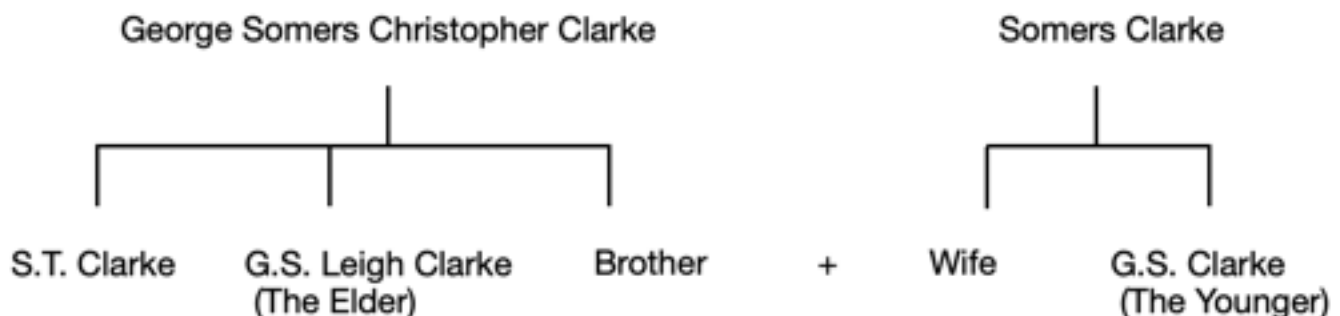
Mrs. Arneson touched his shoulder. “Do not talk foolishness, Lars. You have cleared ten acres and built a barn and pens for the cattle and planted a crop of hay. We now have six cows and two horses as well as a pig and chickens. We

Continued on page 12

Rare Books, continued from page 9

Although its full history has not survived, the book’s existence today is testament to the care provided by its former owners. It has now been placed in archival quality tissue paper, file and box, and rests in climate controlled storage awaiting future study.

The relationship of G.S. Clarke the Elder and G.S. Clarke the Younger



Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

Oh, the weather—we never knew this month what to expect during a day or week. We didn't know which area would be hit by which weather system or for how long. These are some of my observations during these events. The black clouds lingering overhead. The white billowing clouds, like soap bubble, forming on the horizon. Rain coming down, often in torrents. Hail of various sizes. Ditches full of water and water gushing out the end of culverts. Lakes in what is normally a field. Large puddles in highway tracks and pot holes and along entrance lanes. Marshes and dugout water levels up to the top with lush greenery growing around the edges. Dark brown water fast flowing under bridges.

Parked, waiting in a stall near the railing at Moose and Squirrel Medical clinic, I watched a man chain sawing a tree stump. It looked like he was trying to keep it within a foot of the ground but also level to the ground. I drove away before he finished his project.

Parked, waiting in a stall outside Sundre Eye Care: I watched a crow walk along the grassy area. The crow moved across the pavement to within the yellow lines of the stall next to me. It picked up individual sand grains from the pavement one at a time but none of the grains was swallowed. Once the inspection was over, the crow flew away.

Crossfield Rest Stop: I was re-starting the vehicle to head toward Calgary when I glanced toward the incline on the end of the building. A younger man with a camera was taking photos of a younger woman who was also taking his photo. They conversed with each other during this photo shoot of GOPHERS! Gophers alongside the building. Gophers scurrying down holes in the grass and under the trees. She squatted onto one knee and leaned as far forward as possible striving for close ups of these creatures.

Hwy 760 near Sundre: The doe was already across the road, waiting in the trees of someone's yard. Tiny, delicate, spotted twin fawns were crossing behind her. One fawn was limping. My husband suggested "newly born". Living in the country gives some awesome sightings!

Have you ever stopped to read the assorted public notices on the bulletin board attached to the Post Office exterior wall at the corner of Bergen Rd and Hwy 760?

Bergen Rd/Fallen Timber: A motorcyclist was standing casually beside his bike. His helmet was off. I said, "He must be waiting for someone." We learned this fellow was the 'route director'. A group of forty motorcyclists and then ten or more stragglers came throttling over the hill crest. One day an older bicycle rider was struggling hard to make it to the top of an incline just past the S-curve. Two bicyclists had flashers on their equipment. They wore florescent jackets and carried backpacks. I felt their jackets hid the fluorescence, which was truly not helpful or safe. Twelve bicyclists, some of them riding the centre line, reacted to an approaching car. The group immediately began flowing into single file close to the shoulder.

Sundre Grads of 2022: Grads spent time painting their names on the street in front of the high school. Vehicles can idle along while passengers view the artwork through the windows. Other people can walk the sidewalk admiring the personal choices of lettering designs and subdued or vibrant colors. I don't have words to express how impressive this outdoor gallery is.

We stood on the sidewalk as the Grad Parade got organized. The overflowing excitement was contagious! While the floats swung through the front row viewing at the Senior's Lodge front entrance, we moved to a street in town. Sitting in lawn chairs—waiting. The fire truck siren—they are coming! For eight minutes we were enthralled by the Grads in their celebration attire. They rode on or in their chosen, decorated float. The smiles and waves led to the spectators joyously waving and clapping in celebration with them.

Heading home from the GRAD parade we encountered a hail storm! When the hail quit falling, mist rose off the road. Even though the windows were closed our nostrils appreciated the fresh, moist smell.

Sundre Bridge: A young lad was performing a wheelie, the front wheel almost straight up in the air. A dad was seated behind the child. The molded seat, including foot supports was secured between the dad and handlebars.

Family and friends had seen the TV news about the Bergen Tornado. Scary! Aware of their concern, we let them know of our safety. Tornadoes are so unpredictable, affecting whole communities. Time to heal is needed.

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

Teacher, continued from page 11

are just fine. Now, it is time for coffee.” She motioned for Leif and I to take two of the chairs she had pulled up. She took the other and the three children arranged themselves on the edge of the bed.

The bright chatter of the children lightened the mood in the room and we all ate too many cinnamon buns washed down with strong Norwegian coffee. Mrs. Arneson held Lars’s cup to his lips and he sipped appreciatively.

By the time we had finished coffee, the afternoon was slipping away and I needed to be on my way. After many thank yous and hugs all around, Leif walked out with me to get my horse. For the first while there was a strained silence while I tried to think of what to say. Finally I blurted out, “Oh, Leif, I’m so sorry about your dad.”

He nodded. “Ya,” he said, for the first time slipping into a slight Norwegian accent. “So am I. Short years ago he was the strongest man in Lundhill. He could work from daylight to dark and still have enough energy to go dancing with Mama at night.”

“It must be so hard for him,” I said.

“Ya, mostly he worries about what will happen to the family when he dies.” Leif turned to look into my eyes. “He will die, you know.”

I blinked back tears. “Is there no hope for improvement?”

Leif shook his head. “The only hope I can give him is my promise that I will be there looking after Mama and the younger ones for as long as they need me. That means I will not be able to stake my own homestead claim for a very long time.” His eyes searched my face as he said this and I wondered fleetingly why he was telling me all of this.

Then we were at the corral where Dynamite waited nose to nose with an old friend, one of Arneson’s work team. Then I caught my breath. As well as the horses that had been by the fence when I arrived, there were two new ones in from the pasture. They were two of the most beautiful horses I had ever seen, chestnuts with white blazes, white stockings to their knees, and flaxen manes and tails. Leif smiled at my reaction. “Miss O’Rourke, I would like you to meet Silver.” He touched one of the horses on the foreleg and the horse raised his foot and held it up politely while I reached down and shook it gently. “Pleased to meet you, Silver,” I said, and Leif repeated the performance with Sailor, Silver’s brother.

“Oh, Leif, I’ve never seen such a pair of beauties. Did you raise them?”

Leif shook his head. “No,” he said ruefully. “I shouldn’t have them at all. We have no more than enough hay for the other stock. But, in the fall, I worked for a month for a fellow out east stooking and threshing, and when it came time to collect my wages the man had no money, so he gave me these instead. I should have sold them but when Papa saw them, he said no. I must have them for myself because everything else I have earned has gone to help the family and it was his wish that I should at least have these to show for my work.

As he spoke he was tightening the cinch on Dynamite and getting him ready for me to mount. “I don’t know if you should ride this horse home. He doesn’t seem safe.”

I bristled like an offended cat. “Of course I will ride him home. That little incident was the first sign of life he’s ever shown and, if I’d been paying proper attention, I never would have gone off. Hand me my reins please.”

Leif shook his head. “All right, if you insist.” But again he hesitated. “Unless you would rather ride Silver.”

I stared at him. “What?” I asked, although I had heard him perfectly.

He nodded. “I could ride along with you on Sailor and lead Dynamite and then lead Silver home.” Then, with that slow smile of his he added, “Unless, of course, you would rather ride Dynamite.”

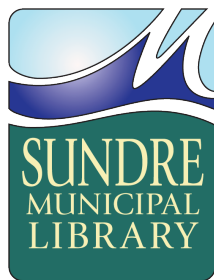
I have heard it said that the way to a man’s heart is through his stomach. The way to at least one woman’s heart is through a beautiful horse.

My Sunday visit and wonderful ride home on Silver ended the weekend on such a high note that Monday could only be an anticlimax. And it was. First of all, one glance at the thermometer told me the Chinook had departed. It was 10 below Fahrenheit and snowing a fine, mean-spirited snow. Despite my resolve to begin work on the Christmas concert, this day did not seem Christmassy. It just seemed miserable.

Nonetheless, fortified by a cup of strong coffee and a bowl of Mrs. Mac’s good, gluey, stick-to-your-ribs Scottish porridge, I set off to tackle the new week. The children were thoroughly delighted when I announced that, rather than starting the day with arithmetic as usual, we would begin making plans for our Christmas concert.

Continued on page 14

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING AT THE SUNDRE LIBRARY

**Sundre Library**

The library will be open:

Tuesday 9:00 – 4:30 PM

Wednesday 12:00 – 7:30 PM

Thursday 12:00 – 4:30 PM

Friday 12:00 – 4:30 PM

Saturday 11:00 – 2:30 PM

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

Virtual Reality Oculus Rift

July & August

Immerse yourself in a virtual experience. Dates & times vary.

Storywalks

Mid-May – Mid-September

Walking path along Main Avenue W

Read while you walk.

New stories posted every few weeks.

Adult Reading Challenges

July 1 – August 31st

In-Library challenges for adults. Prizes.

3D Print Introduction

Wednesday, July 13 & August 10th, 6:00 – 8:00 PM

Learn the how-to basics of creating a 3D print file.

Teen Takeover Games Night

July 28th & August 26th, 6:30 – 8:30 pm

Games, food and fun for teens. FREE.

Tech Tuesdays

July 5 – August 23, 1:30 – 3:30 PM

Come as a family and try our tech

(Sphero's, VR, and more).

Sundre Forest Products Summer Reading Club (ages 4-11)

July 5th – Aug 19

Themed stories, games, crafts and activities. FREE.

Kids Reading Challenges (ages 4-12)

June 28th – Aug 26th

Read books, count your minutes.

Logs & details on the website.

Sundre Books on Vacation

July 1st – August 31st

Take a picture of a Sundre book on your holiday. Fan favourite wins a prize.

**The Bergen Farmers' Market**

Our very own farmers' market opened for its 12th season on June 25th. The market runs every

Saturday from 10:00 to 1:00

at the Bergen Hall

Enjoy a stimulating shop with friendly vendors and stay for

coffee, music, and a visit with friends.

See you there.

TORNADO TIME

by Marilyn Halvorson

It is not unusual to turn on the TV news and be met with scenes of terrible devastation from one or more severe tornadoes. Most of these scenes are from the US where tornadoes are a regular occurrence, especially in a south-central area which has been christened Tornado Alley.

However, much as we would like to deny this fact, Canada has its share of tornadoes, about 60 to 80 per year. They are most prevalent in Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. In past years two devastating storms took place in this province, one in Edmonton and one in Pine Lake. Each was responsible for several fatalities. However, during the last seven years Alberta has recorded a higher number of storms of higher intensity than in previous years.

This past month an area east of Bergen and mainly west of Highway 22 was struck by one or more damaging tornadoes. Several homes and outbuildings were either damaged or destroyed, fences broken, and acres of beautiful forest destroyed. Fortunately there was no loss of human life and it appears there was little, if any, loss of livestock. Electricity was cut off to surrounding area.

If anything positive came out of this event, it must be the way in which friends and neighbours stepped up to help. They gave of their time and energy to clear rubble, rebuild fences, make temporary repairs on buildings, and prepare meals for those in the storms' path. Others loaned equipment or donated cash. Disasters often bring out the best in human nature.

The Government of Canada has provided these guidelines for anyone facing the prospect of a tornado:

In detached homes:

Close and secure all windows.

Take shelter in the basement: if there is no underground space, take shelter in an interior room.

In a vehicle pull over and take cover in a low-lying area.

Do not shelter under a bridge or overpass.

Teacher, continued from page 12

I had sat up long into the night trying to be sure that each child would have an equal opportunity to shine in their moment of glory on the stage. I had chosen a number of recitations with various students in mind. Some were short and sweet—both the recitations and the children. These students, especially the tiny ones, often with large and appealing gaps in their front teeth could win oohs and aahs just by standing on stage and lisping out a few words.

Other longer recitations, some humorous and some serious, were assigned to pupils who I knew had both the ability and perseverance to learn a lot of lines.

To be continued

Check Before You Text!

by Sandy Easterbrook

Did anyone else see this amazing cloud west of Bergen on July 23rd? I have a funny story about it...

I was so impressed by the cloud that I sent a photo to my son who was completing an artist's residency in France and his partner who was in Sweden. "Look at this Armageddon cloud," I texted. "Bad things gonna happen!"

But the text didn't go through to them. Either my phone has a mind of its own or I pressed the wrong button. It went through to a paralegal in Calgary, who is employed by the company from whom my son recently bought a condo. I have her contact on my phone because we were involved in negotiating some complications over the condo transaction.

Did she find my text menacing? Did she think I had joined the mafia and was threatening her? Did she worry about busted kneecaps? Luckily, I got a return message saying that she was away from the office, so I had time to explain and apologize. I will have to be careful of my roaming fingers. They could get me into BIG trouble.



On My Bluebird Trail, continued from page 14

just couldn't find enough for them to eat due to all the rain. Those of you who have been monitoring for awhile may be able to shed some light onto why they died.

Five boxes were empty.

The added bonus to the day was finding a Boreal Chickadee nest AND it was filled with 7 eggs! (see photo-it is the nest with moss and speckled eggs). Boreal Chickadees were flying closely around the box during one of the checks we did in June so that is how I knew it must have been them.

Why I Grow Stinging Nettles

by Sally Banks

Many of us have had a brush with stinging nettles and suffered with the itching and burning for our carelessness. My first reaction when a few stray plants showed up in my garden was to don gloves and pull them out.

Now? I leave a special place along the deck just for them. Why the change of heart? I discovered that the caterpillars of one of my favourite butterflies—Milbert's Tortoiseshell—feed exclusively on the leaves and flowers of stinging nettles.

Milbert's Tortoiseshells overwinter as adults and are one of the first butterflies to emerge in the spring. Although I've often found caterpillars on the nettles, it wasn't until this year I discovered a butterfly laying eggs.



Laying Eggs on Nettle Leaf



First Batch of Tiny Eggs



Female—Exhausted After Egg-laying



Empty Egg Shells After Hatching

Continued on page 16

Why I Grow Stinging Nettles, continued from page 15



Tiny Caterpillars Cluster Together



Colour Changes as Caterpillars Grow Older



About Two Weeks Old



Adult Milbert's Tortoiseshell