



Birds, Beasts and Botany in Bergen

by Bob Griebel, photos by Sandy Easterbrook

Mosses (Phylum Bryophyta)

It's easy to overlook the humble moss plant. Short and underfoot—few species stand higher than four inches—mosses have neither flowers, nor seeds nor roots. The plants are simply composed of a short, weak stalk and leaves lacking stems. The leaves branch directly from the stalk, and are thin and translucent. In most species leaves are only a single cell in thickness. One can't recommend mosses as a food source and, apart from their insulating value, they are not of much use as a construction material. However, for all their simplicity, mosses do have intriguing qualities and a great deal to offer humanity and eco-systems as a whole.

Mosses are truly the elders of the plant world. They were the first plants to colonize our planet, having evolved from algae at least 450 million years ago. Some theorize that the covering of the ancient land mass by moss contributed to the release of the minerals and heavy metals that appear to be responsible for the second of earth's six great mass extinction events.

Over the vast time span mosses have colonized the planet, they have adapted to a wide range of climatic conditions and can be found on every continent, including Antarctica. Green mats of moss are found high in cold, snowy mountains as well as in baking hot deserts. They maintain the ability to photosynthesize at a wide range of temperatures, from -15 to +40. Mosses are generally averse to direct, bright sunlight and prefer shady, cool and moist habitats. They can



Forest floor covered in moss



Puff balls in a bed of moss

continue to grow in extremely low light conditions including under snow cover and in caves. Because mosses do not rely on a root system to extract moisture and nutrients from the soil, they are able to thrive on a wide variety of substrates including soil, rock, downed and living trees, brick and bogs. Primitive, threadlike rhizomes anchor the plants in place. Mosses are among the first plants to recolonize disturbed sites such as burns or deforested areas. Here they act to stabilize surface soil and retain water, which helps other plants in making a comeback.

Mosses absorb water, carbon dioxide and other nutrients directly into their thin leaves where, along with the energy obtained from light, the process of photosynthesis churns out the sugars and starches needed for growth and reproduction.

Continued on page 2

Mosses, continued from page 1

While large amounts of water can be stored in these plants, they are able to tolerate droughts by desiccating and turning brown for months or even years. Within hours of rehydration they turn green and return to life. The ability to absorb and hold moisture was put to good use by our ancestors who used dry moss as absorbent diapers and sanitary pads.

While mosses cover approximately three percent of the earth's land mass, collectively mosses provide more carbon offset than all the trees in the world. It is estimated that mosses and lichens have sequestered about a third of the world's terrestrial carbon. For example, a small moss lawn can absorb more carbon dioxide than 275 mature trees and require significantly less water to do so.

Peat bogs, composed of sphagnum moss, are said to be the most efficient carbon sinks on the planet. It behoves us, at this time of excess atmospheric carbon, to reacquaint ourselves with this simple, ancient life form. Imagine a city in which all lawns and concrete surfaces were green with moss.

The Bergen Ladies Aid Auction 2022

by Phyllis Cormack

Praise the Lord! The weather cooperated for our auction on November 12th. The temperature rose to a very agreeable level.

Thank you to the County who came and cleared away the accumulated snow from the previous week.

It was hard to guess how many people would be attending what with not having had a sale for two years but, in fact, we had a good turnout.

Ken Walker did a great job of auctioning and Gerald Ingeveld helped catch the bids.

We had two of the younger set eager to hold items for the auctioneer while they were being sold and the young people did a super job. Some of us ladies held the quilts and other articles while Ken and Gerald encouraged the bidding.

We appreciate all the items donated to our sale table. Everything given, no matter how big or small, added to the total raised.

Our bake table was spilling over with so many goodies! Even with combining baking with another article, the sale went for two hours.

A wide variety of decorative (Christmas and otherwise) and practical items as well as blankets and quilts completed the sale.



Now that we have funds, our recipient list from years past will be reviewed in January at our meeting and we will send donations back into the community, missions, etc.

We had an interesting switch to our sale this year. It was filmed! The Sundre Museum was interested in having this event, that dates back to the early 1900s, recorded for future generations to view. All those who attended were asked permission to do this and no one objected, so the camera went up and we await the results. Shari Peyerl was the representative for the Museum and we thank her for taking the time to do this project. The Ladies Aid will be given a copy for our collection of photos and events.

A big thank you to all who came, to all who bid, and to all who purchased items. Your support of our group and our purpose is greatly appreciated.

EVERY DOG HAS ITS DAY

by Jessie

Dogs and their Toys



The other day I happened to be in my person's house when a commercial came on TV. And what is so unusual about that you may ask. Not too unusual I guess as, come to think of it, I've never seen anything other than commercials when I get a peek at TV. Maybe that's all they ever have. But here's my point. This commercial was for dog toys. Dog toys! I couldn't believe what this world is coming to.

Why do dogs need toys? We are working members of society. We chase cats—not counting my cat, Tab, of course—we bite mailmen, bark at coyotes all night, chew up shoes, and occasionally do a kid a favour by eating their unfinished homework.

When could we possibly have time for toys?

I do not have expensive store-bought toys. Instead, I have hobbies. I make fun things out of what I find. When someone tossed an old towel on the woodpile I grabbed it in my excellent teeth and threw it over my shoulder and ran for a touchdown! I was impressive. Maybe the Stampeders will sign me. (They could use the help.)

But my very favourite plaything is a cottage cheese container that someone left lying around. I grabbed it and it went CRUNCH! What a great sound! I chase it around and bang it into my person's leg, challenging her to try to get it away from me. We play tug of war—and I win. I ALWAYS win, which is why it's my favourite game.

Last week my person did a very foolish thing. She actually *bought* me a toy. It cost seven dollars and eighty cents! It's some kind of a flying disc and I guess, in theory, the dog is supposed to chase it. News Flash! I am *not* a theoretical dog. She threw it and I just looked at her with deep suspicion. "You threw it. You go pick it up."

Currently, my person and I are not speaking.

Bergen Community Association News

by Maureen Worobetz

Meetings this fall have been short and sweet. Several projects have been completed: removal of several trees due to their age and proximity to the hall and power lines; painting of the hall metal on the west side—a nice spruce up; white outline painting of the tree on the new road sign—kudos to Jamie Moffat for tackling this project; revarnishing the hall floor.

Bookings of the hall are steady plus there is volleyball every Tuesday night and pickleball on Thursdays. 4-H is busy meeting twice a month.

The annual Christmas concert will be December 17th. Shelley Ingeveld will organize the entertainment, so contact her to be included in the program

The Christmas Farmers' Market is coming up on November 26th.

We meet the second Wednesday of each month at 7:30 pm. All are welcome. The December meeting is December 14th. The December meeting always concludes with a potluck of everyone's favourite Christmas snacks.

Editor's note: *Young teacher, Kate O'Rourke is enjoying Christmas Eve at the family home of Leif Arneson, a young man she has fallen in love with.*

Teacher

by Marilyn Halvorson

The children were practically vibrating with excitement as they waited for us beside the pretty little Christmas tree. Under it was a small pile of plainly-wrapped presents but it was plain to see that they were treasures in the eyes of the little Arnesons. Mrs. Arneson had joined us, smiling and teasing the eager children, but with eyes that showed the traces of recent tears. What a sad time for her, knowing that her husband was too sick to join in the family's celebration. "All right, children," she announced, "if you could settle down and be very good, perhaps St. Nicholas would come and hand out your presents." At that point, I noticed that Leif had silently disappeared. But not for long.

Suddenly the door burst open and in he bounded, wearing an old red coat and a beard of clean, carded wool. "Ho ho ho!" he shouted and all the children burst into gales of laughter.

Continued on page 4

GIVE THANKS AND REMEMBER

by Pat Gibbs

October was and is the perfect month for Thanksgiving. This year was absolutely beautiful in the display of gold, orange, red and greens interspersed with browns and yellow. The leaves stayed on the trees until almost the end of the month and it was warm as well. I am sure most households were busy canning and jamming. I also made several different kinds of pickles using the zucchinis that I grew. Next year I will hold back on these versatile vegetables! And then fall was gone and winter just pounced on us on the first of November and that was that!

Yes, the weather has been frightful on some days but the fire is so delightful! We all know that every season has its own beauty and winter too. Right now it is picture card perfect.

November 11th is a very special day. This is when we take time to remember the men and women who went to fight for their country, some of whom did not come home again. Yes, Remembrance Day reminds us of the sacrifice of so very many soldiers who wanted to help keep their homeland free and safe for generations to come. Both sides of Al's and my families have had several members serve in wars for the United States and for Canada including WWI. Some came home carrying shrapnel in their bodies while others suffered PTSD. My uncle wrote a biography of his life and included all the places he had fought and the conditions he had to fight in. He was part of the battalion that took Vimy Ridge. I've often thought those in power may have had a different feeling about war if they had had to spend one day in the rat infested trenches with the soldiers. I realize some wars may be necessary in order to free countries overpowered by ruthless and greedy leaders but it really is sad to see the destruction that takes place. I treasure my freedom. Today, as the world turns, we ought not to take it for granted. I am very proud and respectful of the veterans who fought for my freedom.

Taking my dad to Legion events and Remembrance Day services was an honour, as was meeting his fellow veterans.

While Dad was at the Long Term Care in Olds, we were able to attend the Remembrance Day service and, as I helped him with his suit, he would remind me to brush up his shoes and be sure his hat was just so above his left eye. Dad still could stand at attention and salute like the soldier he had been and he still looked handsome to me! So folks, remember to wear a poppy and take time to pause for those precious moments of silence and think of those who went to fight for you and your children so you could be free and live in peace in our Canada.

Teacher, continued from page 3

"Oh Leif," Raghnild burst out. "Even with your coat and beard no one could mistake you for a saint!"

"Oh ho, no presents for this one," he said gruffly, enveloping her in a bear hug.

The presents, all homemade except for my store-bought few, were wonderful. Mrs. Arneson was a skilled spinner and knitter and all three children received beautiful sweaters, made with wool from the Arneson's own small flock. There were also socks and mitts for each one and Leif received a pair of what I mentally named "Viking Socks," almost knee high and made from raw wool, knitted on huge, hand-carved needles. Worn with low boots, these were guaranteed to keep his feet warm on the coldest day. My own gift from Mrs. Arneson was a pair of gloves with an intricate pattern of flowers and leaves, worked in with different colours of yarn. I knew I would treasure these forever. From Leif, each of the children received a hand-carved railroad car with his or her name carefully engraved on the side. Inside the open cars was a selection of tiny wooden animals to be given rides on the railroad. A joint gift with all of their names was the engine which would haul everyone's car. When my gifts of candy were opened, some of the sweets were instantly devoured. Others were placed "on the train" and hauled off to be given to imaginary friends across the room. Mrs. Arneson exclaimed over the pretty cookie tin and gave me a warm hug as she thanked me. Last, there was Leif's present. The look on his face when he opened the parcel and saw Tom's painting of the beloved pair of horses was worth many times more than what I had paid the young artist. From Leif, I received an even warmer hug and a whispered, "I'll give you your gift later."

Before I had time to speculate on the meaning of that, Mrs. Arneson rose and said, "Come everyone, we must give Papa his presents now."

We all trooped off to the bedroom with the children bearing gifts with the dignity of wise men. In the time since I had last seen Mr. Arneson he had grown thinner and weaker but still he greeted us with a warm smile and urged us to sit

Continued on page 10

Musings: Winter Returns

by Phyllis Cormack

Wow! Winter is here. It arrived with very little common courtesy—no warning that the temperature was going to dive to the minus 20s. Rather a rude awakening but not totally unexpected as it is “that time” of year. I was really hoping for a more gradual decline but what I want has little influence on what I get.

This first week of November has been a good time to stay home. The highways were treacherous and even the country roads were packed with ice frozen into ruts causing one to jig and jog this way and that. Amazing how the snow piled up in the open even though it didn't seem to come down in huge amounts. I'm quite disappointed that there wasn't just a little more time of warm temps before winter was truly here to stay. It looks like we have it—like it or not.

So we're back to dressing like the Stay Puffed Marshmallow Man. Layer upon layer. One can hardly bend over to pull on boots. Then try to pull on mitts or gloves. One wrist is always left not completely covered because it's very hard to pull coat sleeves down over the mitten cuff when one has a mitten on the hand that needs to do the pulling. Bother. If you are still raising small children you have the task of dressing and undressing them for their sometimes shorter than hoped trips outside.

It seems that once outside they have just enough time to get totally covered in snow before the bathroom calls and they must come back in and get completely disrobed for a short stint in the facilities. Then repeat the first performance of redressing and out they go for what one hopes is a longer play time. In the mean time the one left huffing and puffing inside has the chore of scooping up the piles of snow before they melt, leaving puddles that one inevitably steps in especially if just wearing socks.

Oh the joys of winter! I'm sorry. I like the warm weather of spring, summer, and fall. Winter has the saving grace of Christmas, otherwise I think I could skip this season. I do like the snow for that special time of year. The lights outside look much prettier when they glisten off the whiteness. Memories of Christmases past always seem to bring to mind chilly weather, tobogganing, skating, cross country skiing (my grandkids not me), and puddles on the floor—as well as the food of course!

And speaking of remembering—this is the month of Remembrance. We are blessed and a lot of these blessing are because of the war so many years ago. We are freely able to enjoy all the activities and family gatherings not just now but all year through. In our time of busyness and abundance let us remember to appreciate all we have as we prepare for the very special season of Christmas which is quickly approaching.

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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.

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

GARLIC

by Noreen Olson

John, our number two son, was home for several days this summer and we, of course, were delighted to have him. He helped with garden and yard work, spent three or four hours each day working remotely, visited with various family members, enjoyed the peace, quiet and fresh air, and cooked.

John loves to cook and he is adventurous and creative. He likes interesting techniques and unusual (for me anyway) tools. There are mysterious things in my cupboards that are used only when he is home. Did you know that there is a tool that makes lovely fettuccine from giant zucchini? He sautés it in olive oil, and then serves it with an Alfredo sauce. He also likes to make jams and jellies, so I made sure I had apricots on hand, and then he and I did low seed raspberry jam. He brought us cherry jam from his cherry tree in Boston. He had a very small crop so it was a very small jar. Usually he does a bunch of crabapple jelly when he is here, but the apples were pretty sparse this year. We must have had frost when the trees were in bloom.

Usually John finds everything he needs for his culinary projects, partly because we have similar tastes and partly because I keep a pretty well-stocked kitchen, but one evening I found this note on my grocery list. "Garlic," it said, "how can you possibly run out of garlic?"

When I was in school, garlic was not just unpopular, it was socially unacceptable. If some poor kid opened his lard pail lunch kit and a whiff of garlic escaped, all the nearby urchins held their noses and made gagging sounds. Woe betide the boy who went to a dance with garlic on his breath. He might be a wonderful dancer, handsome and well dressed, but no girl danced with him twice.

Garlic is a bulbous perennial plant of the lily family. It is a classic ingredient in many national cuisines. It is native to Asia, but grows wild in Italy and Southern France. Garlic didn't become popular in North America until after WWII. Servicemen who had sampled the foods of France and Italy probably found roast beef, mashed potatoes and apple pie a bit bland. I know that neither my mother nor mother-in-law cooked with garlic. It was not in the Scandinavian tradition.

When I was about seven, a friend of Dad's grew some garlic and sent some to Dad by way of his daughter and me at school. On the way home I opened the bag and sniffed experimentally. It smelled wonderful. From smelling to tasting was only a tiny step. I broke off a clove, popped it into my mouth and crunched down. The effect could best be described as an explosion. My sinuses cleared and expanded, eyes and nose ran, and I coughed and choked so hard that I clutched my horse's mane for support. It's a wonder I ever ate garlic again.

Onions and garlic are among the few sources of dietary sulphur. The garlic bulb contains an antibiotic called allium, has antiseptic properties and is an intestinal antispasmodic. Garlic is said to be poisonous to one celled amoebas and so is effective in the treatment of dysentery. Owners of short-haired show dogs give their animals garlic to repel mosquitos. A clove of garlic in a mole run is supposed to make the mole move away. A clove of garlic planted beside a rose bush is supposed to protect the rose from greenfly. Do we have greenfly? Garlic is a beneficial companion plant for carrots but harmful to beans, cabbages and strawberries.

In ancient and medieval times garlic was revered as a medicine and charm. A necklace of garlic was supposed to protect you from colds, the black death and vampires. In those awful old pre-bathing and pre-deodorant days the smell would be no problem, probably a refreshing change.

There is now evidence that the poor souls that were thought to be vampires were actually victims of porphyria. With this condition the body produces too little porphyrin, the skin is painful if exposed to light and, because hemoglobin contains porphyrin, the sufferer craves blood. The sulphur in garlic reacts with porphyrins and aggravates the condition. Thus garlic actually does repel vampires.

Think about this on your next Transylvanian holiday. And now that I know so much about garlic, I don't know how I could possibly have run out of it either.

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.

Bergen Church services are every Sunday starting at 10:30 am. Pastor Rob Holland gives encouraging and Bible-based messages while adding a little humour.

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 Sunday School for the kids and space is provided for little ones.

The first Sunday of each month we will be having refreshments after the service. This may be coffee and cookies or a potluck. Plans will be announced prior to the date.

Our first potluck was on November 6th and was well attended. It's nice to get back to fellowship with each other this way.

We will be having our budget meeting and elections of positions for various ministries in the Church on November 21st. This meeting is open to all those who attend whether you are a member or not. By attending you learn more of what happens in the Church and how we are connected to the community.

Alanna Waines and Scott Anderson are taking care of our youth by organizing events on Friday evenings. These evenings are open to all kids grades 7—12.

"The Den SYC" or Sundre Youth Center provides various activities for our youth between grades 7—12 who are looking for a place to "hang out" after school and evenings. There is a wide variety of activities planned which can be viewed by googling "The Den SYC" or on Facebook.

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. Call ahead so 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.

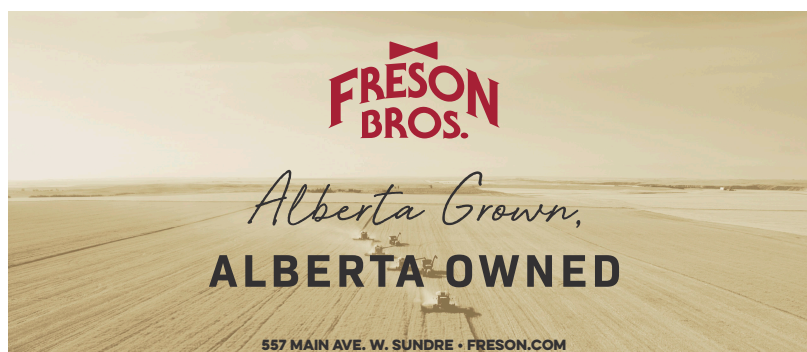
If you have prayer needs, please call or email Leila Schwartzenberger at 403-638-4175 or leila@processworks.ca. Thank you to those who faithfully lift these requests to God.

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

Olwyn, our Church secretary, 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

It was a snowy, chilly day when we gathered at Betty Josephson's cozy home for our October meeting. Eleven ladies were present. President Lynn Whittle read from Psalm 15 then we prayed the Lord's Prayer.

Our roll call response for November will be a happy remembrance with no set subject.

Our reports were given with Betty reading the minutes and Maureen Worobetz giving our financial standing. Shelley Ingeveld, our goodwill lady, had nothing to report which was good news.

Discussion regarding our auction was the main topic. Several ladies volunteered to put posters up in various places. We were pleased to hear that Ken Walker will once again be our auctioneer. Other positions from set up to running the sale and recording the buyers and their purchases were filled by those present. Our previous sale was in November 2019 which seems like a long time ago. We had a few items turned in for the sale and were encouraged to sew, knit, create or bake.

The date for our Christmas party is December 7th and Donna MacGregor has graciously invited us to her home for this event. We will exchange gifts that can be handmade or purchased with a value of \$15.

At our November meeting a collection of cash will be taken then matched with Ladies Aid funds to be given to Sundre Santas.

We were reminded of the Hospital Gala on November 19th.

Maureen is to read scripture at our November meeting which will be held at Lynn's home. Barb Wiens will help her provide lunch.

We sang our theme song then enjoyed the lovely lunch provided by Betty and Evelyn Sadlowski. It is so nice to have a couple of younger ladies join our group.

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING AT THE SUNDRE LIBRARY



Sundre Library Hours

Monday	Closed
Tuesday	9:00—5:00 PM
Wednesday	noon—8:00 PM
Thursday	noon—5:00 PM
Friday	noon—5:00 PM
Saturday	11:00—3:00 PM

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

← **New Hours**

Parent Connect

Tuesdays, December 6th and 20th, 9:30—11:30 AM
Drop-in time for parents and children 0-5 yrs.

Stories & Stuff

Thursday, December 8th, 11:00 AM—NOON
Stories, rhymes, songs for ages 0-5yrs.

Teen Tutoring

Thursdays, December 1st and 8th, 3:45—4:45 PM
Drop in homework help for kids and teens.

Teen Takeover Games Night

Thursday, December 1st, 6:30—8:30 PM
Minute to Win it games, food and fun for teens. FREE.

Pop Up Play

Thursday, December 13th, 9:30—11:30 AM
Toys and activities for ages 0-5yrs by MVFRN.

Holiday Sock Tree for Sundre Santas

Donations accepted December 1st to 13th.
Hang your donation of new socks on our tree.

Merry & Bright Holiday Light Scavenger Hunt

Wednesday, December 14th, 5:30—7 PM
Pick up clues to Sundre's light displays and return to the library for a treat.

Piecing Together History— Part Two: Quilted Comfort

by Shari Peyerl

Quilts are a form of tactile and emotional comfort. Yes, they keep you cozy, but they also embody the effort and caring that went into their production. Curling up with a quilt is like being wrapped in a hug. The importance of quilts during times of conflict cannot be overstated.

In her book, *Alberta Quiltmakers and Their Quilts*, Lucie Heins discusses how both World Wars are reflected in quilt history. During the First World War, quilts were used to raise money in support of the war, while quilts themselves were part of relief efforts during the Second World War.

The distinguishing features of First World War Signature Quilts are, of course, the signatures that embellish them. The quilts are typically white with red designs, which frequently include crosses, since funds raised through construction of signature quilts were often sent to the Red Cross.

Signatures on pieces of fabric were gathered from community members, who paid a small fee to have their names included. The signatures were then traced with embroidery stitches and the signed pieces assembled into a quilt, which could then be raffled off, raising even more money.

These quilts assisted the war effort socially, as well as financially. Because everyone could see who had participated, people with names missing from a community quilt faced social pressure to add their support to the war. Today, signature quilts are important historical documents, because they provide nominal records of communities at that period.

During the Second World War, Canadian women created a different type of quilt. The Red Cross requested quilts, which were then sent to war-ravaged Britain. They were given to soldiers recovering from injuries, and to British families who had survived the devastating bombing raids on civilian residences. By the end of this war Albertan quilters had contributed over 43,000 quilts!

These WWII quilts look very different from their WWI antecedents. Red was unlikely to be used in the composition of these quilts, because of its association with the colour of blood. Quilt tops varied widely in design and tended to be multi-coloured. Since fabrics were rationed during the war, these quilts used pieces of even the smallest size.

The Red Cross may have provided the quilt backings, typically pink, blue, yellow, or green striped flannel. The women who created these quilts were not allowed to sign their names on them, but some quilts are labeled “Canadian Red Cross Society / Edmonton District / Province of Alberta.” Another quilt believed to be a Red Cross Quilt has “ALBERTA” embroidered into the design.

Although thousands of quilts were created, few survive today because they were so well used. Even fewer have made their way back to Canada. The Royal Alberta Museum holds only one in its collection. More information about WWII Red Cross Quilts can be found on the *Haptic and Hue* website <<https://hapticandhue.com>>.

The fabulous associated podcast created and narrated by Jo Andrews, a broadcaster and hand-weaver, “explores the creation of fabrics and the stories that lie behind them.” Besides four seasons of fascinating episodes, Jo also includes photographs of textiles she discusses and provides references for further research. Episode #26: Canada’s Forgotten Quilts <<https://hapticandhue.com/canadas-forgotten-quilts/>> features WWII quilts.

Her article (under the website’s READ tab) entitled “Comfort in a time of need: the power of fabric” includes a quote from the British Quilters Guild that refers to the WWII Red Cross quilts—“many [of those which survive] are treasured by the families who own them, evidence of the kindness of strangers in a difficult time.”

Quilts created during the world wars are treasures. The WWI Signature Quilts illustrate the solidarity and strength of communities, while the WWII Red Cross quilts gifted individuals with warmth, colour, and compassion. Quilts have brought comfort in many other times of need, to loved ones and to strangers. If only they could provide lasting peace.

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.

Teacher, continued from page 3

on the bed or chairs drawn up beside it. He exclaimed over the children's gifts. Ragnhild had knitted him a scarf with only one or two small errors. The younger two had fashioned him "decorations" from flour-and-water-dough, shaped and baked in the oven. Kris's creation was quite likely a horse and little Helma loudly declared her generic beast to be Agnita, the milk cow. Mrs. Arneson had knitted an afghan in beautiful shades of hand-dyed green wool. Leif had carved a special cup from which his father could drink without having to raise his head much off the pillow. Mr. Arneson's weary face lit up with a huge smile as he opened each present. My own gift of the bright blanket was immediately placed around his shoulders and he declared it to be "wonderfully warm." All the family was hugged and kissed. Then Mr. Arneson motioned for me to lean down. I, too, received a hug and a whisper. "You are a wonderful girl. I am so glad Leif has met you."

"Thank you," was all the reply I could manage.

Then Mrs. Arneson ushered us all out of the room and soon it was time for Leif to take me home.

He brought the horses out and hitched them up as I exchanged more thank yous and Merry Christmases with the family. Then we were on our way. After a quarter mile of brisk trotting, Leif pulled up the team. "Poor fellows need a little rest," he said.

For once I had the sense to keep quiet and did not voice the thought that the team was pawing and fidgeting, not seeming one bit tired.

Keeping one hand on the lines, Leif reached into his coat pocket and brought out a small, wrapped box. He handed it to me. "Merry Christmas, Kate," he whispered. In the bright moonlight I could see to undo the ribbon and pull off the paper but after that I wasn't sure my eyes weren't deceiving me. Inside, on a bed of clean wool, lay a ring—a wooden ring. Slowly, I picked it up from its nest. The ring was a masterpiece, a small branch of diamond willow, its centre carefully reamed out, its outside hand-sanded and polished until only a thin band of wood remained. A band just the right size to slip onto my finger. I looked up into Leif's eyes. "Oh," I gasped, for once at a loss for words. "It's—it's so beautiful." He reached into his pocket again and brought out a match. "Turn it over and take a good look," he said, scratching the match head with a thumbnail. I turned it over and there, in the flaring matchlight, I saw it—the diamond. It was the natural marking that gave the willow its name. He had carved the ring so that the diamond was deep and perfect, right in the middle of the band.

"You deserve a real ring with a real diamond and someday I will get you one. Will this do until then?"

"It will do forever," I said. Then Leif's arms were around me and I was kissing him and he was kissing me—and the team snorted and took off, almost dumping us into the snowy ditch.

Our road together would have plenty of rough spots but I knew it would be worth the ride.

Author's Note: No doubt Kate's and Leif's future holds many adventures. We may meet again but, for now, they will take their leave. They've enjoyed sharing nearly three years of *The Bergen News* with you.

Winter Walks in Bergen

Want to get more exercise? Meet neighbours? Lose weight maybe? Join the winter walks in Bergen, Friday mornings beginning November 4th at 10:00 a.m. We walk about four miles on a different road every week. If you get tired, you can return to your car at any time. For more information, call Sandy Easterbrook at 403-638-1283 or 638-1985. The schedule for upcoming walks is:

Dec. 2	Bergen Road and Range Road 54 going north
Dec. 9	Bergen Road and Range Road 55 going north
Dec. 16	Bergen Road and Range Road 55 going south
Dec. 23	Pioneer Lodge Road and Range Road 54 going north. Christmas goodies at the Griebel/Easterbrook residence.
Dec. 30	Bergen Road and Range Road 60 going north
Jan. 6	Bergen Road and Range Road 60 going south

Ride With Me

by Donelda Way

Waiting at Foothills Hospital for an appointment: A Hutterite lady comments, “I didn’t make the bag. Inside is a home grown cantaloupe as a thank you gift for my health care person”.

A dually pick up was towing a self-unloading bale trailer. The fifteen bales had orange tie downs and also orange tape strips flapping on the bale ends front and back of the load.

Carstairs Blind Line Rd: Cresting the hill, we saw below us a pond releasing early morning mist—so beautiful.

Bridgeland Sculpture: A huge shiny metal ball was split in half. Each half was tilting backward allowing full view of an interior smaller, solid, shiny metal ball.

Licences: MANUSOS D FLASH ST MARIO MANGYDG Minnesota FRMKIDS

From Thanksgiving Trip to B.C: October 6th. The fall colours were radiant. Mountains were hidden in what seemed to be smoke. Ever so gradually we saw the high peaks, crevices, folds and individual trees emerge. On the horizon, the highway ended in the V of a waterfall. Now we were driving directly into the sunshine. On the passenger side: the first river gravel bar had receding water level lines. A second bar had collected driftwood. Brightly glistening, rippling water surrounded both bars.

Traffic was stopped for an extended period of time. There was some type of water just visible in the distance. Two couples ventured out through the trees to investigate. To alleviate boredom and a tired body, I walked toward the front of the very long line. A young boy was riding his scooter from the paved shoulder down into the rough, foliage covered ditch. With difficulty he walked back up onto the shoulder where he effortlessly flipped his two wheeled scooter in a circle above his head. He made continual attempts. A tired/discouraged driver, standing outside his semi, laid his head on his crossed arms and leaned on the fender. A woman told me, “I was supposed to meet my 89 year old father in the next town an hour ago. There is no cell service. What will he be thinking?” Several travellers from behind us strolled across the highway for a better view of what was ahead. The slight incline and curve prevented that. We wondered, “How would an electric vehicle handle this extended idling and use of air conditioning?”

October 7th, Malakwa: Shifting layers of low-lying clouds attracted our attention. The sawmill restaurant was closed. The radio had reception. We chose CBC’s *The Current* which informed us that Alberta’s new premier is Danielle Smith.

On the Coquihalla Hwy: “He is *running!*” diagonally toward the center of the road. Fast retrieval of a step-ladder. Then he raced perpendicular to the shoulder and continued nonstop to his truck.

Paving in progress: 30 km/hr. Traffic took a very long time to go a short distance.

October 11th: About 9:00 a.m., driving directly into the sun, we crossed under the suspension structures of the Port Mann Bridge across the Fraser River. At 1:15 p.m. we began the 6% for 7 km descent. Next sign, 6% for 4 km. This was a continuous mountain road descent. We both love coasting! Semi-trucks definitely pull out to check their brakes.

October 12th: On both sides of the highway, in burned out areas, what is left are tall, straight, black spikes of trees for miles and miles. For a treasured moment the different lighting caused those spikes to glow like mined silver.

Driving into the sun there was an optical illusion of an animal on the road. Later a live deer stood right beside the road. My words do not begin to describe the majestically beautiful scenery!

Hwy 2A, near Carstairs and QEII: I googled Uncle Wiener’s Wholesale and learned it is the official dealer for Premium Storage Buildings.

Fallen Timber Tr: I was driving south. The deer was standing in the east ditch. This was the first time I had seen a deer slowly and thoughtfully back step away from an approaching vehicle.

Cold weather: The tire alarm indicator showed on the dash. Our manual tire gauge showed proper pressures. Driving warmed the tires. The alarm disappeared.

Brown blotches on the road. I silently wondered “where are they?” Quite a distance ahead I wondered why a circle of five or six male and female riders, all dressed in western attire, were holding a small herd in the ditch.

“That’s a big owl”. Its impressive wings took it to a tree top where it swivelled its head in the sunlight.



From My Office Window

by Brian and Kim Allan

One of the first images taken by the Hubble Space Telescope after its launch in 1990 was of the Eagle Nebula and specifically the Pillars of Creation (PoC) in the center of this nebula. Stretching roughly 4 to 5 light-years, the PoC are a relatively small feature of the entire Eagle Nebula, which spans 70 by 55 light-years, but was thought to be a vast region of star birth. The Eagle Nebula is located 7,000 light-years from Earth in the constellation Serpens.

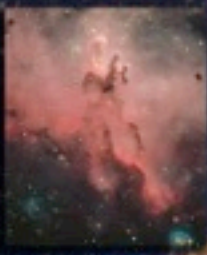
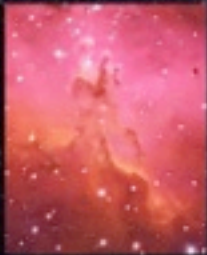
It wasn't until this year that the newly operational James Webb Space Telescope (JWST) with its multiple infrared cameras could look through the dust and gas in the PoC to see the multitude of new and forming interior stars.

I've shot the Eagle Nebula many times over the past 20 years but am astounded by the JWST images.

JWST Image

The JWST and Hubble images are courtesy of NASA.

A few of my various attempts below:



Hubble Image

