

PEI Intergeneration Week 2012



Credit: Tourism PEI/John Sylvester

Seniors'
Secretariat
— of Prince Edward Island —

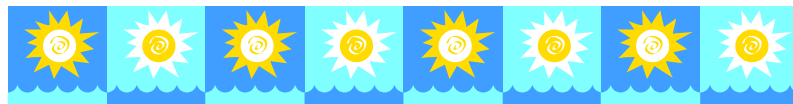
Secrétariat
aux aînés
— de l'Île-du-Prince-Édouard —



PEI Intergeneration Week

Intergeneration Week encourages individuals, families, organizations and communities to gather and bond different generations through communication, celebration and education.

The PEI Seniors' Secretariat believes that, by building mutual respect, appreciation and understanding between generations, Islanders can better work together for the benefit of all community members.



Stories, songs and poems convey our hopes, dreams, sorrows, and joys. They can describe the wisdom of the past through lessons learned and transport us to familiar, well loved places and people.

Every generation has a story to tell that is unique and Intergeneration Week is a time to share these stories – the wit, wisdom, and wonder.

This collection of Island stories, songs and poems represents the wonderful contributions of the winners of the 2012 PEI Intergeneration Week Storytelling contest.



Credit: © Tourism PEI /

Stories and Poems

Four Generations of Bread Making

by Donna Gallant

My Son, The Superhero

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Their Past, My Future

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Many Years Ago

by Jock Beck



Credit: © Tourism PEI /Jack LeClair

Four Generations of Bread Making
By
Donna Gallant

Knead, Knead, Turn..... Knead, Knead Turn.

It is getting close to Christmas.

The snow is gently falling and Roger Whittaker is singing "Tidings of Comfort and Joy" on the stereo. My Christmas cards are taped helter skelter on the door frames around the kitchen. The cheery Christmassy smiles of my children, grandchildren and loved ones surround me. I glance at them often as I mix and knead my Christmas raisin bread.

Soon the intoxicating scent of newly baked bread will fill my kitchen...

Knead, Knead, Turn..... Knead, Knead Turn

My mother's first baking task was making a sponge at eight years of age under her mother's supervision.

In the 1930's bread was a staple of every household and not available in grocery stores. To make the sponge, Royal Yeast was dissolved and three teacups of flour and a teaspoon of salt were added to make a thick batter.

This batter was the basis for the daily bread mixture.

Her mother, my grandmother, would set the bread nightly, cover it with coats and blankets, and leave it by the wood stove to rise over night. When the stove was lit in the morning, and the oven hot enough, the bread was shaped into loaves, and put into pans.

Just before entering the oven, her mother would carve the sign of the cross into each loaf, as she prayed, "Thy will be done." Then they were baked in time for breakfast.

Imagine waking up to that aroma every morning!

Knead, Knead, Turn..... Knead, Knead, Turn

This is not my first time making bread.

Growing up the eldest of nine children, I was often ready to take on other responsibilities, from baby sitting, to clothes washing, to baking. I was fascinated by the rhythm of the kneading and the folding of the bread dough as I watched my mother pound and turn the dough so rapidly. And then the finger poke, to see if there was enough elasticity for the dough to rise quickly.

During her sixth pregnancy, my mother had severe back pain. One day, she asked if I could help with the bread making. I was delighted. My little ten year old arms were not near as strong as hers, but standing on the kitchen chair, I got more height and was able to duplicate her motions.

From that day on, I made bread quite regularly for the family.

Knead, Knead, Turn..... Knead, Knead, Turn

White bread, 60% whole wheat bread, 100% whole wheat bread, pumpernickel bread, multi grain bread, rye bread, and the list goes on. We

only knew white bread in our youth, although, our father made a yearly trip to Coleman to have his wheat ground into different kinds of flour. Most of it was wasted. My mother preferred CO-OP Enriched All Purpose White Flour. She still prefers it.

Knead, Knead, Turn..... Knead, Knead, Turn

My son Michael spent a year in Mali, one of the poorest countries of Africa. When he returned for a six month hiatus, one of his goals was to learn how to make bread. We started with the recipe I grew up with, Mother's white bread. When he grasped the basics of mixing and kneading, Michael experimented on a healthier bread recipe. For five months we were treated to many batches of his bread. Truthfully, we have found nothing to match it in the grocery stores. So, as I knead and turn the dough of Michael's bread recipe, I thank him again for those months spent with us. And I look forward to spending Christmas with him.

Michael's Bread Recipe

Mix together in small bowl:

1 ½ tbsp honey

2 cups lukewarm water

2 packages Fleischmann™ Traditional active dry yeast

Let rise.

In larger pot or bowl, mix

4 cups hotter than lukewarm water

1-3 tbsp honey

1 tbsp salt

2 tbsp oil

1/3 cup molasses

2 cups oatmeal

Raisins (optional)

When yeast has risen, add to above.

Then add:

4 cups whole wheat flour

7-8 cups white flour

Mix and knead until spongy and elastic to touch.

Let rise about 2 hrs.

Cut and shape into balls for loaf pans.

Makes about 5 loaves, depending upon size of pans.

Let rise again.

Bake at 400 degrees, for 15-20 minutes until loaves are browned and sound hollow when knocked.



Credit: Tourism PEI/John Sylvester

My Son, the Superhero
By
Faith Dockendorff

My son, Seth, has a superpower. He really does. One that any self-respecting comic book superhero would gladly trade his cape and cowl to have; one that, if used for good, could change the course of human civilization as we know it and even bring about world peace.

How he came upon his power is a mystery. But I do know this: he was not bitten by a radioactive spider; he did not find a glowing green ring and place it on his finger; and I did not find him in his crashed spaceship – the lone survivor of his dying planet. And while I may not know how he got his amazing gift, I do remember the first time he used it.

Seth must have been three or four, and his sister, Chloe, not quite two years older. The children, always very early risers, had just gotten to the age where they were permitted to go downstairs in the mornings by themselves, and watch their favourite television show. This afforded me a few treasured moments to lie quietly in bed, undisturbed, before the craziness of my day began.

That fateful morning, however, the silence was broken by screams and cries from my daughter. I could tell from the timbre of the wails that no one was hurt, and I debated whether to go downstairs right away and find out what the problem was, or wait to see if the screams stopped. I hoped, futilely, that the children would resolve the problem themselves. It was not to be.

A few moments later I heard my, often overly dramatic daughter, storming up the stairs to my bedroom, crying all the way. I reluctantly rose to meet her and find out what had happened.

As she stood before me, with tears streaming down her face, I asked her what was wrong.

“Seth won’t let me sit on the rocking chair!”

“What do you mean he won’t *let* you,” I prodded. “Is he sitting on it?”

“No,” she sobbed.

“Did he push you off it?” I questioned.

“No,” she managed to get out between more heart-wrenching sobs.

“Then how is he keeping you off of it?” I asked, totally bewildered.

“He put a force field around it and now I can’t sit on it!” she spit out as fresh wails exploded from her tiny body.

I have to admit I was totally unprepared for that answer, all the more, perhaps because of the early hour. It was one of those pivotal parenting moments that all mothers face at one time or another – how to respond to what is obviously a crisis to your child. I think as adults, we often underestimate the depth of our children’s emotions in a given situation – as we fail to recognize, that in the eyes of your child, this event is tremendously serious and unbelievably important. I’ll admit that on that early morning, it was very, very difficult not to laugh. I wanted to say “Don’t be ridiculous; stop crying!” and go back to bed.

That morning, however, I think I made the right choice. With a mostly straight face I got down on my knees, took her little hands in mine, and said to her: “You *do* know that he can’t *do* that.....right?”

For a moment our eyes locked, her sobs quieted, and I thought I had reached her...but only for a moment. Then.....

“Mommy! *Make him take it off!*”

When you first hold your newborn baby, many thoughts and emotions flood over you. You contemplate if you will be a good Mom. You question whether you will be able to handle all the spit-up, the poopy diapers and the sleepless nights. You worry about the banged knees, the black eyes, and the split lips. You wonder how you will handle the tumultuous teenage years and all that entails. But in all those musings, never, in my wildest imaginings, did I ever dream that I would have to speak the words that were about to come out of my mouth on that fateful winter morning.

As I began to walk toward the top of the stairs, time seemed to slow down. I felt like the astronauts as they make that long slow walk toward their spaceship, prepared to go where no man has gone before. And as I stood at the top of the stairs, I was aware that the words I was about to utter, may never have been spoken before – throughout all the annals of time:

“Seth...take the force field off of the rocking chair, right this minute!”

“Okay,” he called up.

I can only assume that he did remove the force field, for when I came down the stairs a few minutes later, they were both watching “Peep and the Big Wide World”...Seth lying peacefully on the couch, and Chloe rocking happily on the chair.

The ability to place a force field around any object – Awesome Superpower.

Too bad it only works on his sister.



Credit: Tourism PEI/Leona Arsenault

Their Past, My Future
By
Mary-Katherine "M.K.R." Mossey

From the day a person is born, there is an identity given to them which they are so unaware of and yet, so consciously active in all at the same time. The people who have come before them contribute to the complex puzzle of genes that fill us from head to foot. They are the voice in your head, coaxing you towards your talents and bringing you towards your destiny. We're all an ancestor in our own way and our own time, but with that title we are passed along a responsibility that requires knowledge of who we are. Only once we know where we're from, can we know where we are going.

The Mossey family is my legacy, my 'people', the ones to whom I look and find inspiration from the past. There is something which captivates my very being in the stories that have been expressed to me by my Mother and Grandfather. These are invaluable, and something I hold onto for the coming generation, which I hope to inspire with tales of hope and bravery. Although there are enough stories to fill a shelf full of volumes, the one that speaks to me and my life the most is of my Great-Great-Grandfather.

J.F. Mossey was a man of superb kindness and intense tenacity, traits which I feel humbled to say, I have inherited. In the year 1902, against the odds and with a pioneer's spirit, he saw the needs of his community and opened a General Store. Fulfilling the requirements of Bothwell and it's largely surrounding areas, his heart gave constantly, trusting in the goodness of his neighbours by providing them with credit. Although I have never met Frank Mossey, his spirit is the stuff of legends, as I hear women and men from Eastern, Prince Edward Island recalling the days of Mossey's General Store. I imagine the uncertainty he faced with the opening of such an enterprise, how he seized life and brought to fruition a dream of his, which would change the face Eastern Kings. I am honoured to hear of the lives he touched, with his careful attention to each and every person walking into his store.

Gentle, honest, kind, serious, enterprising and tenacious. There are not enough words that I could compile that would describe the man I know as my Great-Great-Grandfather.

My Great-Great-Grandfather's story urges me towards the future with a similar brand of courage. I, too, wish to be a pioneer in my own right, challenging myself constantly to be a better person for others, and to provide them with something unique, and of impact. I know this could never be a simple coincidence, but I see my own traits reflected in the past through the eyes of J.F. Mossey.

Grasping the spirit of my Great-Great-Grandfather, I feel gratified, fulfilled, and closer to the person I hope to become. I want to carry his torch as a founder to pride in the Mossey name. Putting on the mantle of responsibility which is our surname, I take this with serious care and feel blessed that

someday, somehow, there may be a young Mossey willing to receive from me the responsibility which I am wholly pleased to have.

A family is a legacy, a continuous line where the young borrow from their elders and those elderly see themselves reflected in the future. This; like life itself, is a tradition which will last until the very end of time.



Credit: Tourism PEI/John Sylvester



Credit: © Tourism PEI / Yvonne Duivenvoorden

Leave a Little Bit of You Behind
By
Evelina Gregory

Leave a little bit of you behind
The package from the pictures of the film you were taking
Walk out the door so I'll think you're walking in
And know my heart is aching.

Leave a little bit of you behind
The smell of your perfume
A comb here, a barrett there
A piece of clothing in every room.

Fill the bathtub with hot water to the top
Talk for an hour on the phone
Take the car and stay away so long I'll worry
Then I'll know you're really home.

Turn the thermostat to the top
Open your bedroom window wide
When I look inside and see that you're not there
Please know that I have cried.

Leave a little bit of you behind
Your beguiling smile, your lilting laughter
That echoes like a haunting melody on mind
So I'll have all of these things to remember
Please leave a little bit of you behind.

Love, hugs, kisses
Mom

Dedicated to my daughter Laurel



Credit: © Tourism PEI / Barrett & MacKay

An Old Country Lane
By
Connie Martin

The setting sun cast shadows over an old country lane, which is now overgrown with tall grasses and is left showing only a small trace of its existence. As the grasses blow to and fro in the autumn breezes, they seem to whisper secrets and stories of by-gone days. Stories of a family who once lived in a little farm house at the end of this sandy lane.

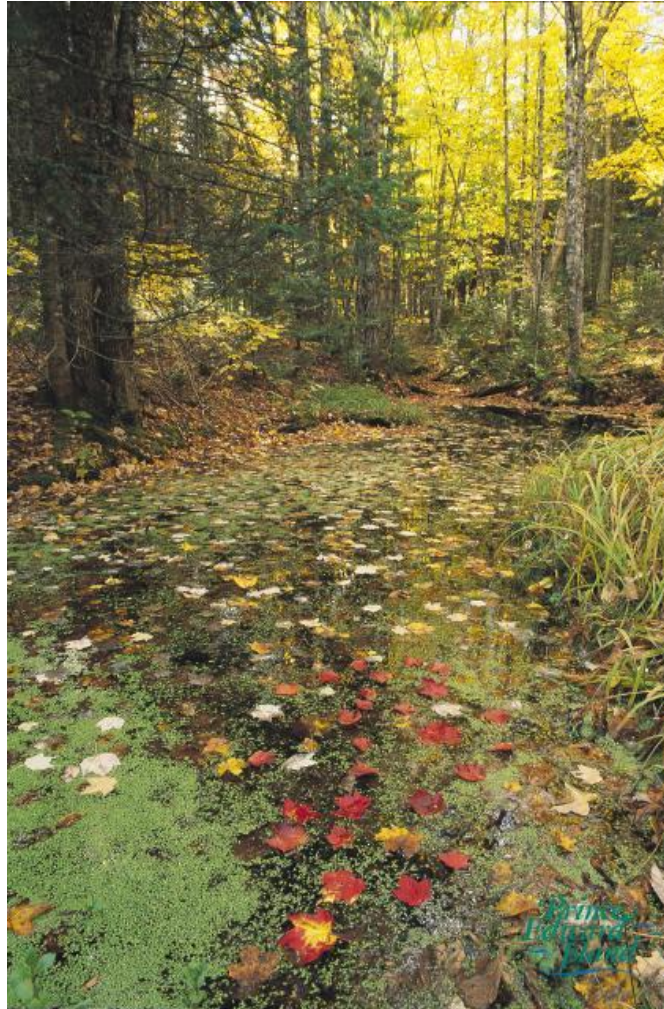
In memories of love and good times still remain in our hearts forever. As young bride in the early sixties, my husband and I traveled each Sunday to visit his family, and to share a wonderful time and supper together, yes every Sunday. As our family grew, and we had three little boys to take with us, the trip to Grammy and Grampy's house each Sunday was special, a warm and loving time and place.

As our car climbed the big hill, known as the School Hill, and then descended down the other side, the sight of the little farm house nestled down in the valley below was a welcomed sight. Our boys enjoyed many rides in a red wagon pulled down this lane by their Aunt Faye, a young girl herself at the time, and whom they loved dearly.

We also enjoyed many afternoon walks together to a brook at the back of the farm. This brook led us to a very secluded and cool pool of water known to everyone as Maryanne's Hole. Our boys especially loved this spot, just as their father did before them. The brook also had many trout, and my husband and his brother Bruce fished there frequently, when they were younger.

One day, after catching a large amount of fish, they delivered them by bicycle to a man in the next district who was very fond of brook trout. After riding over many hills on their bikes, they delivered the catch of fish in exchange for comic books.

The brisk autumn air brought with it many warm and wonderful times, among them, being the day we all went apple picking. Mom Martin was always very fond of apple picking. We each filled our baskets as the boys scampered about in the crisp fallen leaves. Once back at the house, we all cut apples, and a large pot on the cook stove simmered with a delicious apple sauce. The sweet aroma filling the kitchen along with homemade biscuits, and usually a chicken cooking in the oven for that Sunday supper. How much better does it get?



Credit: Tourism PEI/John Sylvester

My mother-in-law was a very down to earth cook, and with her own basic skills, she could make any meal taste delicious. I guess that it was just the Scottish way. Just being with her made a person feel good and happy. She was always herself, a caring and happy person.

One of my favorite stories told, was about my husband as a small boy at the time, and his younger brother Bruce. Each one of them being very adventurous and mischievous, as young boys can be. They were playing with a flashlight, and happened to push it under some loose wallpaper going up the stairway wall. They turned the light on, and to their surprise the wall glowed, and they called to their mother to come see. But all they heard was a scream as she ran outside, her arms flailing over her head and running toward the barn to alert her husband of the fire within the wall. Close behind her were the two boys trying desperately to calm her down and explain what really happened. As two little boys, it was always easy to get themselves in trouble, in an innocent way of course.

Growing up in their time, it was very common, if a person or relative in the family passed away, they would be waked in the same home that they were born and raised in. And so it was, when their dear grandmother died, she was waked in the parlor of their home. The family was saddened by her passing, but also found a smile through the actions of the two boys and the story goes as this. Mom Martin was resting in the kitchen, when she heard a strange squeaking noise coming from the parlor down the hall. To her amazement, she found the boys pushing the coffin, which was on wheels, around and around the parlor. Their only reply was “it’s alright Mom, we were just taking Nana for one last ride”. I’m sure from her heavenly home, Nana had to smile as well.

Another funny and somewhat strange story happened very late one night, when a knock came at the backdoor, and Mom Martin answered it, only to find a man standing there asking for a flashlight, as his car had broken down out on the road. As she started to explain that we didn’t have one at the time, something very strange happened. A flashlight, which held a bedroom window open all summer, for some reason, left its place above and tumbled down the roof line. And believe it or not, landed at the man’s feet, as it tumbled to the ground. Mom Martin, in her soft tone, said “here comes one now.” The man nodded his head, and smiled, and then disappeared very quickly down the lane.

As I remembered our times together as a family, I hope that our children will also, and our grandchildren will come to know what life was like in our time. A time when family, fun and laughter was so important. And that little farm house down in the valley, filled with love and memories, will remain with us forever. Along with the smell of sweet apple sauce simmering on a cook stove at the end of an old country lane.



Credit: © Tourism PEI / Barrett & MacKay



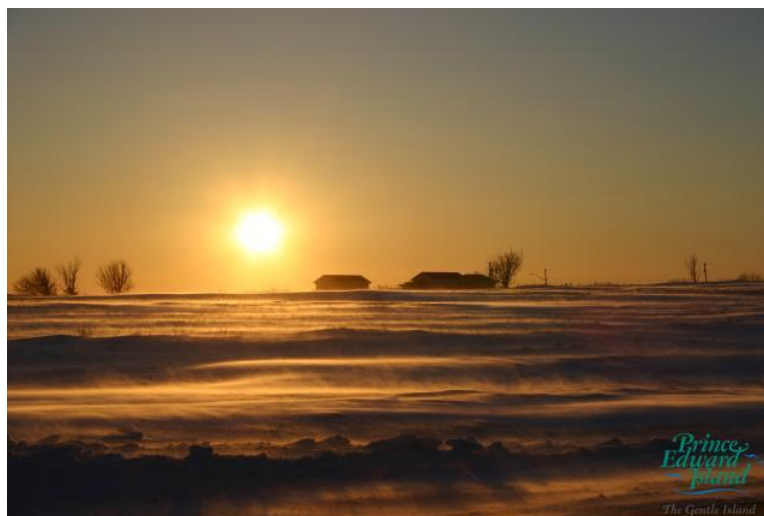
Credit: © Tourism PEI / Barrett & MacKay

The Year Without Skating
By
P. Susan Buchanan

I can hear them downstairs through the heating grate where I lie on my stomach, ear pressed to the metal grid. My mother has just baked a huge batch of molasses cookies to feed to my friends after skating. The warm ginger and molasses scent drifts upwards. The smell makes my stomach clench. I know she will prepare a big pot of hot chocolate while everyone is skating. Everyone except me, that is. This will be the first winter I won't be joining my friends and all the other kids in the neighbourhood for long winter nights of skating on Lords Pond, the first winter I won't be gliding beneath the starry skies, the cold air filling my lungs, the good burn of muscles at work.

A short path runs between my mother's vegetable garden and the pond. It makes sense that everyone gathers at my place to put on their skates before heading to the pond. I can't bear it and have escaped upstairs to the room I share with my four sisters. Huddled on the floor near the flue, my quilt pulled around my shoulders, I cry. I never cry but this punishment is heart-wrenching. I have had many punishments in my life. This is easily the worst. I bend my head and sob.

Last fall, I would never have dreamed I wouldn't be skating this winter. As I helped my father soak bulrushes in kerosene for torches we will use at the pond in the winter, we talk about the upcoming hockey season. I play goalie for the local girls' team. We have our hearts set on a provincial championship. We have a really good team, made up from girls from North Tryon, Tryon, Crapaud and Augustine Cove. All my best friends play. We sometimes practice on Lords Pond and on the nights we aren't playing hockey we skate for hours. Skating is our passion, playing hockey the best thing we can think to do on cold winter days. My friends and I will even walk from North Tryon to Crapaud to play hockey, about seven miles away. Sometimes a neighbour will hitch a team of horses to a sleigh and we'll all pile in for a trip to Crapaud.



Credit: © Tourism PEI / Joe Sampson

This year we are certain we have what it takes to win a provincial championship. We placed second last year, third the year before. This is our year. All year I have been dreaming about that winning night, the hometown crowd going crazy in the stands, my friends and I standing so proud on the ice. I couldn't wait for winter, couldn't wait for that big moment.

In early summer, my dad and I gather the bulrushes while they are still hard and tight, before the fuzz loosens as the shafts mature. I love spending time with my quiet, gentle father. As we slog through marshes cutting down the rushes, we talk about everything from the recitation I am preparing for an upcoming variety concert at Crapaud Hall to how we should remember to tell my mother about the blueberry patch we found back in Lady Fane. I know picking berries will be just one more summer chore I'll get stuck with. At least I'll be outside. I hate being inside and whenever I can I find an excuse to escape my mother's steamy kitchen.

Each season before winter passes slowly. In the summer, when kids in my neighbourhood don't have chores and other family obligations, they'll be down at Lords Pond swimming. My dad's work shed becomes a makeshift change room, every spare hook and nail used as a place to hang clothes. If we could, we'd spend hours swimming and diving off boards we nailed to the creosote-coated railway ties projecting out over the pond. We dare each other to do trick dives. And the best part about diving is being scooped into the pond's gentle current and tumbled along under the bridge and over a very small waterfall, popping up in the water down river a bit.

We have a big raft we made and we lounge around on it, soaking up the sun, our pale winter skin turning red, then brown. If we have the energy, we pole the raft up the river to the mill pond on the other side of the main road running through North Tryon. Our nostrils fill with the rich, rotting smell of marsh mud, perfume to us. Overhead, eagles and osprey spiral, black against the cornflower blue sky.



Credit: Tourism PEI/John Sylvester

Fall comes and the new school year starts. In no time we are all taking part in the potato harvest. School is suspended during the harvest. Everyone I know works in the fields, digging bushel after bushel of potatoes. This is when I make money for school clothes and whatever is left, I hoard, to use the following summer for Old Home Week and the Charlottetown Exhibition. My friends and I spend all our hard-earned money on cotton candy and rides on the Ferris wheel.

I am happy with my life, even though I am often in trouble for any of a number of mild infractions. My parents are strict despite being so mild-mannered. My father hands out punishments like Santa Claus hands out presents at the school Christmas concert. Each punishment is carefully chosen and memorable. The winter I am not allowed to skate is the worst punishment ever. I carry the wound from it into adulthood, until I have my own children. I learned how to discipline my children but I know I never broke their hearts.

Not being allowed to skate also meant not being able to play hockey. When my team lost the play-offs, I felt horribly responsible, heart-broken and forsaken. All my friends avoided me, even in school, as if my guilt was contagious.



Credit: © Tourism PEI / Joe Sampson

Our school is a typical one room schoolhouse, like so many scattered throughout Prince Edward Island. We have one teacher who teaches grades one through ten. After grade ten, if your parents can afford it, you went on to Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown. If you were Catholic, you went on to St. Dunstan's. The teacher in a typical one room schoolhouse is responsible for teaching students regardless of intellectual abilities.

In our school, we have an older girl in our grade. Her name is Helen. Helen is a happy, easy-going girl. She has trouble in every subject and has failed several grades. Our teacher is very patient with Helen, giving her work from the lower grades and always encouraging her, setting a wonderful example for how we should all behave towards Helen and we all follow it. We invite her to skate and swim with us, to come into Old Home Week, to take part in school concerts and community events. That's why my crime against Helen is so horrible. I do something so mean even my friends punish me with their cold shoulders.

Helen comes from a well-off family and she is also an only child. She always has pocket change and goes over to Dixon's Store at lunchtime and buys a small bag of ju-jubes and black licorice whips. She is a chubby girl who smacks her way through the bag of candy while we all watch, our mouths watering. One day, Helen shows up at school with a little red leather purse with a gold-coloured clasp. I shock myself by wanting that purse and what it contains more than I have ever wanted anything. For days I plan and plot how I will get my hands on that purse. I have noticed that Helen takes change from her purse each day and then leaves the purse at her desk. Finally a day arrives when I can see my plan will work. I slip away from the game of catch my friends are playing and go in through the seldom used back door of the school. Our teacher always walks home for her lunch so I know the school will be empty.

It is too easy. I know Helen with her poor addition skills will never miss the two quarters that now burn inside my pocket. I decide to leave the purse because I realize I will have to hide it so there really isn't a point to stealing it. As I am leaving the school by the back door I run smack into our teacher. I don't know who is more surprised. A halo of cigarette smoke floats around her head. Who knew the perfect Miss Arnold smoked?

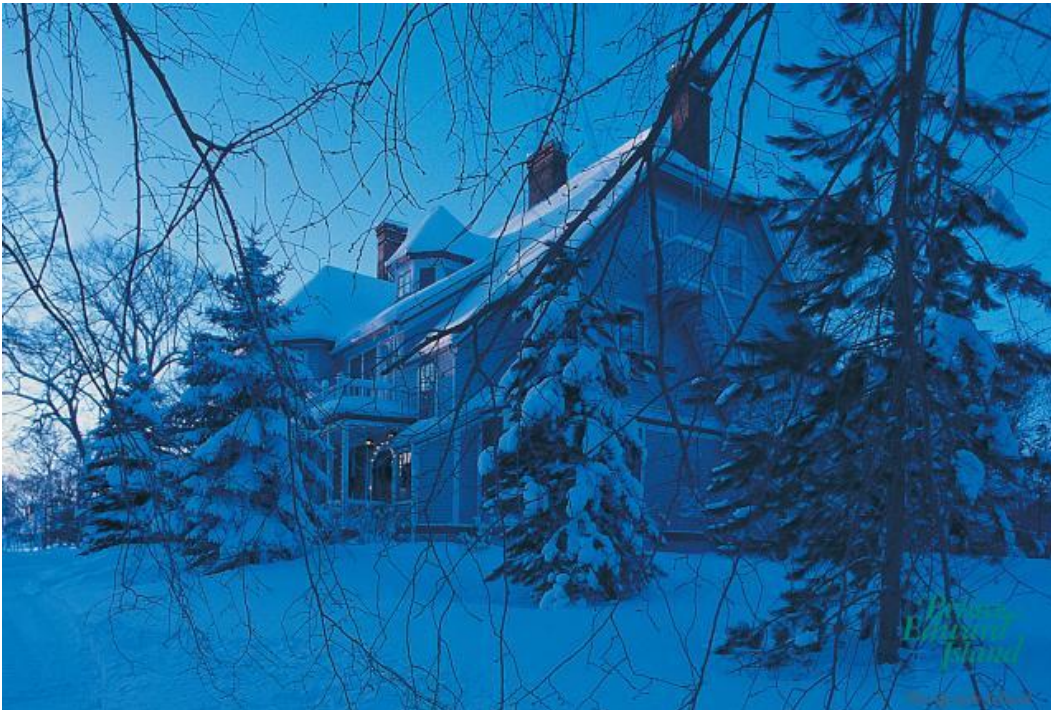
It will take only one day before my crime is discovered. Turns out Helen's mother frequently checks her daughter's little red purse, keeping a constant balance of five dollars in there. When Helen came home with less money than normal her mother marches with her back to school to demand to know who the thief is. Miss Arnold promises it won't take her long to discover who the criminal is. She says she has a good idea where to begin.

That afternoon Miss Arnold asks me to stay after school. Then she asks me to empty my pockets. My ears and cheeks flaming, I do as she requests. Those two quarters almost burned holes in the desktop. Miss Arnold then asks me to bring my father with me to school the next day I guess because she thinks I won't tell him what I've done.

I knew I couldn't wait until then. I can't eat my dinner. After I clear the table I go out to my father's shop where he is working on making rockers for my mother's favourite rocking chair. Quietly, I confess my crime. My father sits at his bench and stares at me with his pale blue eyes. For several long minutes, he doesn't say a word. But then he starts a sermon on taking advantage of God's innocents, about stealing, and how it results in a hole in your own heart once you realize how serious your crime is. He tells me to go to bed early. He will tell me in the morning what my punishment is.

The next morning, I drag myself from bed and then head downstairs for breakfast. Normally, I love our little blue and white kitchen, with its frilly white curtains and blue-checked tablecloth. We don't have much money but my mom always manages to make our tiny house warm and welcoming. Normally, I love my steaming bowl of porridge with its pat of melting butter, brown sugar coating, and fresh milk in the bowl. Normally, I love this quiet time spent with my mother. But not today. Today, nothing is normal.

Dad and I head to school. If I could, I'd run up the hill away from him and not come home for days. When he quietly tells me I won't be skating at all this coming winter, I'm shocked. No skating! It's the worst thing I could imagine.



Credit: Tourism PEI/John Sylvester

In the end, it's not as bad as it could be. In fact, it turns out to be a good thing, teaching me how to be patient, something I'm not very good at. My teacher tells me that, in addition to my father's punishment, I will have to help Helen with her math and reading every day after school for an hour. This means I don't get to play softball in the field behind the school and, of course, the worst thing of all, I have to spend a year without skating. Many winters have passed since then but that will be the winter I remember more than any other, an entire winter to think about the difference between right and wrong.



Credit: Tourism PEI/



Credit: © Tourism PEI / Taylor Kennedy

Many Years Ago
By
Jock Beck

Last night my mind went drifting back to many years ago
To a simple time when I was young and the future stretched out endlessly
you know
And life was good and love surrounded everything we did
Nothing could change, that's what I thought, when I was just a kid.

We walked across the old steel bridge to Wellington Johnston's store
And Grandad bought the candy there and said that life will hold out more
Than anything that you can dream - and many things aren't what they seem
And life taught me that he was right so many years ago.

Oh how I'd love to sail with him in the Spray once more
Listening to the wind and the waves beating along the shore

He taught that there is a right way to get to every goal
That nothing of worth comes without work and precious is the value of
man's soul
Love your family, treasure friends, keep your faith until the end
He lived these values – a life so full- Many years ago

Oh how I'd love to sail with him in the Spray once more
Listening to the wind and the waves beating along the shore

Grandad knew:
Remembering old memories brings smiles to light our day
But living daily in contentment really is the way
True blessings surely do abound, in family love it can be found
True riches now, not yesterday, or many years ago



Credit: Tourism PEI/Leona Arsenault

*If stories come to you, care for them.
And learn to give them away where they are needed.
Sometimes a person needs a story more than food to stay alive.
Barry Lopez, in Crow and Weasel*

