

Births and Deaths

Cards of Thanks, In Memoriams, Marriage Notices, Engagements, Announcements.

BORN

STUCKEY - Jon and Donna are pleased to announce the arrival of Cara Janet, born March 21 and weighing 7 lbs. 13 oz. - a sister for Grant. Proud grandparents are Desmond and Betty Stuckey of Howick and Donald and Janet Grant of Athelstan and great grandmother Helena Grant.

DIED

LEBLANC, Mr. Léo F. - in Huntingdon on March 31, 1991 at the age of 77 years, Mr. Léo F. Leblanc, husband of Bertha Haineault residing at 9 Pilon Street, Huntingdon. He also leaves to mourn his son Michel and his daughter-in-law Ghislaine Chagnon. The body will not be exposed, as the remains have been cremated. The funeral will be held on Thursday, April 4th, 1991, funeral arrangements by Rodrigue Montpetit et Fils, 170 Chateauguay Street, Huntingdon, to St-Joseph Church, Huntingdon where the service will be held at 2:00 p.m. Interment at the Rodrigue Montpetit et Fils Columbarium Huntingdon Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, masses for the peace of Mr. Léo F. Leblanc would be greatly appreciated.

SCHIMMELPFENG (née Röpe) - At the Montreal General Hospital on Thursday, March 28th, Gesche Röpe aged 64 years. Beloved wife of Reinhart Schimmelpfeng, Hemmingford, Québec. Dear mother of Hartman, Gisela (Fallor), Karen (Kennedy). Survived by one sister Eva Arzt of Germany. Grandchildren Nancy, Vanessa, Heather, Robbie, Kristen, Michelle, Lisa. Funeral service was held at St-Andrew's United Church, Monday, April 1st at 10 a.m. Interment Hemmingford Cemetery. In lieu of flowers donations to the Hemmingford Volunteer Ambulance Service would be appreciated by the family. Funeral arrangements entrusted to the J.M. Sharpe Funeral Home, 461 Champlain St., Hemmingford, Qué.

IN MEMORIAM

DINEEN, Leo M. - April 8, 1973.
No further away than a picture,
A smile or remembered phrase,
Our loved ones live in memory
So close in so many ways.
For how often does a sunset
Bring nostalgic thoughts to mind
Of moments that our loved ones shared
In days now left behind.
How often has a flower
Or a crystal autumn sky
Brought golden recollections
Of happy days gone by.
Yes, memory has a magic way
Of keeping loved ones near,
Ever close in mind and heart
Are the ones we hold most dear.
Sadly missed and always remembered by his children, Susan, William, Carol, Roy, Gary and James.

CARD OF THANKS

I wish to thank Dr. V. Blonde and the staff of Centre d'Accueil, Ormstown, for the good care I received while I was a "dépannage" patient there during part of February and March. Also many thanks to my relatives and friends for all their visits, flowers, gifts, letters, get-well and birthday cards etc. Everything was very much appreciated.

Arline MacIntosh

Eliza "Bessie" Cross Jan. 6, 1896 - Mar. 2, 1991

Bessie's passing, brought to a close the Cross "Saga" of "Point Round". Over its one hundred and sixty-four years, a rich history has emerged. At Bessie's funeral, the gathering honoured all of the generations connected with "Point Round" and our community, from the earliest settler, Great-grandmother, Janet (Selkirk) Cross. Their history is well documented in the Braehead story, so with all the Cross families in mind, dedicate these lines are dedicated to Bessie, sisters Barbara, Janet and Brothers George and John—the family, known and respected.

My earliest recollections of the Cross home date to a time just prior to "Aunt Jeannie's" passing. She was the second "widow" Cross to accept responsibility of raising and educating a family, besides running the farms, depending on hired help until Geo. and John were able to manage.

The girls became school teachers. Barbara once taught in the Upper Ormstown school; Bessie in Howick. They continued their teaching careers in Montreal, until their retirement. Besides teaching in the McCormick School, Janet also taught in West-

tern Canada. She liked to recall a happy time when she visited her cousin Archie Cameron, his wife and family, at Condie, Sask., during an Easter vacation. Many years later, Archie would come to Ormstown for his Aunt Janet's 100th birthday and spend time with his Cross cousins.

Readers could search the dictionary for suitable words to adequately describe this family — perhaps: kindness, generosity and thoughtfulness will be sufficient. A child never left their home without a gift of some sort. Neighbours and friends tried to return their kindness in many ways. Perhaps they drove them around the country in apple blossom time or in autumn when the leaves were in full colour. The everyday people, like the milkman, the mail man, baker, grocery boy and plumber all served them well and allowed them to remain on the farm as long as possible. There were kind neighbours to cut the lawn and keep the driveway clear of snow and those who drove them faithfully to church.

Many people have special memories of the Cross home. Perhaps you remember the "heartly welcome" at their door; or warm,

cheery fires on a cold winter day. Maybe its of warm breezes in the parlour where guests were entertained. Few will forget the "player Piano" that amused children of many ages, or the ornate fireplace with its wrought-iron, and the famous painting that hung above it.

Visitors were often served gingerale, then Barbara and Bessie would "retire" to the kitchen to begin their part of the "ritual" — preparing a meal. In the meantime, Janet, George and John were visiting in the parlour with their callers.

In what seemed a short time, one of the "girls" would come in and invite the visitors into the dining room for a "cup of tea" — this meant a table with starched white tablecloth and napkins, their nice china dishes and silverware and cut-glass.

The sisters were all fine cooks and enjoyed preserving, pickling and gardening. Barbara and Bessie had very pretty flower beds.

A familiar fixture just inside the dining room to the right was their barometer.

George and John would always don a suit jacket at mealtime when company was there. George at the head of the table, gave the

"blessing". They had one of the early battery radios — an "Atwater-Kent", with a very large speaker.

Until the 1950's there was a long brick extension off the kitchen. A doorway, where the present porch is, lead to a "pantry" and long alley. The rooms along it were once used by the house- hold-helpers. Below, with arch-shaped doorways, were carriage and storage sheds. In one of these areas was their milk room. An interesting feature was its overflowing stream of cold spring water, through a concrete tank and used to cool the milk in the eight gallon cans. Little wonder, they shipped quality milk to the "Pure Milk Co." (Guaranteed). They shipped milk by train from Bryson's Stn. for many years prior to the time Compton-Brown, began a farm to farm pick up.

They maintained a fine herd of registered Ayrshire cattle. Janet assumed an important role in the management of the farm; she acted as banker, accountant and general manager.

When Janet passed on in 1985, Bessie realized she could no longer manage the large home, and moved to a home in Ormstown for seniors.

Her friends and neigh-

bours continued to visit and support her for five-and-a-half years. Over the last week-and-a-half, some very nice comment have been heard about her life, ranging from "beloved by all children and adults"; "one of a kind"; "the last of a fine family".

Has their presence in our community enriched your life? It has. Through the many years, a tract of land from the Chateauguay River to the Lower Concession has remained in the Cross name.

On March second, the final page of the "Point Round" story was written — the book is completed and stored in the "library" of memories, ever near, to refer to a page or a chapter.

It might be thought that at the end of their long earthly journeys they heard the welcoming call, "Well done, good and faithful servants, enter into the joy of my kingdom".

R

One person's memory of Father Georges

We drove up to St. Anicet today, up from Ste. Anne de Bellevue on winter roads.

This is not our usual route. Our usual route is around Ile Perrot, past Windmill Point, through the Beauharis locks, up the canal, under the bridges, through the ice barriers and across Lac St. François on "Hiron-delle" our 24-foot, 40 year-old wooden sailboat, as eager as we are to find a space at the tiny St. Anicet dock in the shadow of the weeping willow that frames the silver domes of the St. Anicet church.

We drove up this time, by car, in winter, to see Father Georges one last time, to say good bye.

I'm a small town prairie girl, the product of austere little protestant churches, an adult convert. Nothing had prepared me for the first awe-struck moments in St. Anicet church. I raced back down to the dock and demanded Jack drop everything and come with me. Back we went to the church. Fifteen minutes later, we realized we were all alone in the church. Father Georges had given me the welcoming message and disappeared into the rectory. Completely unidentified strangers, we were totally trusted.

Fr. Georges had us both at ease. Small town priest? We met a cultured, literate, bilingual historian and scholar who would rather talk about "his" church and other people and events than about himself and his accomplishments.

He explained that, for tourists, there was, traditionally, one English mass on Sunday between Father's Day and Labour Day and then he chuckled. "There must be some great significance in those dates." He talked about growing up in St. Anicet, about being delegated to go to the rectory to buy

milk — the priest kept cows and the sextant milked them. He told little stories about himself, about the young Georges Quenneville sitting in church in awe of the angels who could stand on what he took to be a cushion of eggs, without breaking any of them.

We began to arrange our summer holidays around regular visits to the St. Anicet dock for a swim and so I could make weekday mass. Fr. George intercepted me one morning and suggested that I collect Jack from the boat and come to the rectory for breakfast, thus beginning a lovely routine. Besides the sheer comfort of eating in a kitchen with standing headroom, after a week or two on our boat, we delighted in the philosophy and wisdom Fr. Georges fed us as a regular part of our breakfast menu.

We made St. Anicet one night minutes ahead of one of Lac St. François' better storms. The seas at the dock were anything but calm. When Fr. Georges discovered we'd been kept awake by the rather violent actions of our little boat, he scolded us, lovingly, gently, but firmly, for not beating on his door in the middle of the night and demanding sanctuary and a bed that didn't move.

I carry an English missalette and I don't mind whether mass is in French or English. After all, it used to be in Latin. But on one of the rare weekday mornings when my Anglican husband joined me for mass, Fr. Georges suddenly spotted him in the congregation, smiled, and switched in midword from French to English, saying the entire remainder of the mass in English.

Then came the morning when, after a long absence from the lake, we tied up at the dock and I slipped up to mass

but came back to the boat without stopping to visit. "Jack," I said, "he looks so ill." A few minutes later we heard a discreet knocking on our boat. Fr. Georges had walked down to the dock, taking time, halting steps, to fetch us for breakfast.

He loved William Drummond's "Habitant Poems," though I should have expected the dialect would enrage a man of his background. No, he explained, back when a quarter was a serious sum of money, he had bought himself, as a great treat, a secondhand copy of "Habitant Poems." He still had it. His two favourite poems were "Old Doctor Fawcett of St. Anicet" and "The Wreck of the Julie Plante, a legend of Lac St. Pierre" and in moments of crisis Jack and I still shout to one another: "You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre/So long you stay on shore" and it makes everything all right again.

Still, it wasn't the Drummond verses that came to mind today in the St. Anicet church. A humanist, they were calling him. An ecumenist. A man who accepted people exactly as they were.

The world was struggling to end a war without creating more havoc than the war caused and, with an eye on Fr. Georges' 100 year old angels still standing on those 100 year-old clutches of eggs, I changed just one word of Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" and found what I wanted to say in someone else's words:

"The tumult and the shouting dies:/The captains and the kings depart:/Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,/A Humble and a loving heart."

Joan Eyolfson Cadham
Ste. Anne de Bellevue