

The Old Train Station News

Newsletter # 113

June 2019

Dear Friends,

Here at the Museum, we have many heroes in our archival records and stories. A hero is a person who inspires others with their humility, caring, selflessness, patience, honesty, integrity, determination, courage and ability to be supportive. Who is/was your hero? We all have them (sometimes more than one) and often they are relatives, friends of the family, public figures or sometimes random people who come into our lives at an important period in our development. They help to guide our path in life.

When I was young, my mother worked as housekeeper for a man who was caring for his five grandchildren while his daughter, who was divorced, took her nursing training in Halifax. Foster was a wonderful, kind man who must have had the patience of Job. He had been widowed for several years and his two children had given him immeasurable grief, but his grandchildren were the apple of his eye.

One year during our time there, I was taking grade 4 by correspondence due to illness and sometimes on good days he would bundle me up in a blanket and take me along in the truck with him for an afternoon. He was a forest ranger and we visited beaver dams and wood lots, blueberry fields that were being burned and he would talk about the trees and flowers and birds and animals. These lessons were not on the school curriculum but often much more interesting.

One thing he always did was make sure his grandchildren went to church on Sunday. Sunday school was at 11:00 followed by regular service at noon. While this was going on my mother prepared dinner which was always served in the dining room on Sunday. In the morning before they left for Sunday School, five nickels were lined up on the cupboard for each grandchild to put in the offering. After service all assembled for dinner and after grace, the question was asked, "What did you learn in Church today?" Everyone was expected to have an answer ready. But I always felt left out because I was a Catholic in a United Church community. So, I went to my mother and asked why I couldn't go to Church too? She decided that any church was better than no church, and the next Sunday a sixth nickel appeared on the cupboard as I lined up with the rest.

It was a turning point in my life, and I would go on to attend and later teach Sunday School, belong to CGIT, Youth Group and Choir. At sixteen I was asked to become a member of the United Church, but I wasn't ready. Later, I would seek out my roots at the Basilica in Halifax, marry a Catholic and be confirmed in Edmonton, Alberta. I also have a great appreciation for the environment and the great outdoors. And it all started with a loving grandfather who treated me like one of his own grandchildren. He set me on a path of discovery for which I have always been grateful.

See you in the fall,

The Epistolarion

A good “Cuppa Tae” for a Keppoch Crowd

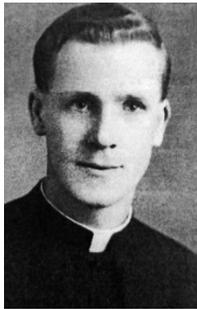
Every house was equipped with a huge fireplace; an iron or wooden crane was fastened to the walls of the chimney to hang pots and kettles. When serving a large group of people, a large pot was needed to steep or “draw” the tea. The pot, placed over the hot coals, was brought to a boil. “The tea was made by putting three or four pounds of tea in a clean woolen bag, securely drawn at the top, and deposited into the pot of hot water; a gallon of molasses was also poured in with enough milk added to give the tea its beautiful colour. You would never hear the question: “Will you have sugar in your tea?” for the good reason that such a luxury was unknown in the Keppoch in those days, but it was a known fact that all liked something sweet. It was therefore taken for granted that a good cup of tea, sweetened with molasses, would be enjoyed by young and old, great and small.” Some folks will remember that a metal cup was often hung by the cold water tap when we were young – as in the Keppoch, same one for all!



Courtesy: Creamery Square

Rev. Terrence G. Lynch: A Special Choir Master

Rev. Terrence G. Lynch, born in Sydney in 1924, was one of five sons and one daughter of William Thomas and Sadie (MacMillan) Lynch. He was a boy of frail health, but he was blessed with his mother’s musical talent and, with her guidance, he hoped to enter the priesthood. As a youth, at Sacred Heart Church in Sydney, “*and alone, I made certain promises I would fulfill if sufficient health would be*



granted to me. Within a year my prayer was heard, and the necessary doors were opened . . . I was accepted for the seminary and, despite suffering, came to priestly ordination in 1950. One of the promises made was that I would start a boys’ choir and name it after Mary.” He attended Sydney Academy, St. F.X. University and St. Augustine’s Seminary, where he studied under Msgr. Ronan of St. Michael’s Choir School. “*In June 1951, after having served with great difficulty in four parishes, and after extensive treatment at the Lahey Clinic in Boston, I was appointed Cathedral Choir Master as well as Hospital Chaplain*” in Antigonish. He, with the blessing of Bishop John R. MacDonald, who was interested in establishing a boy choir at the Cathedral, began the process of establishing a Boychoir School. After initial failure to

raise the money to establish the School, Hugh Fraser and the Knights of Columbus with other contributors, raised the necessary funds. A Choir School was built just off Main Street (now the K of C Hall). Fr. Lynch furthered his education and in 1957, received a degree from the Pontifical Academy of Sacred Music in Rome.

He was a gifted vocalist, musician, teacher and heroic figure which the boys strived to emulate. He understood that boys needed a balance of hard work and play and managed to establish camps and activities geared to both their musical and recreational needs. The Marian Boychoir was a great success and received praise from all over Nova Scotia in the years from 1951 to 1966. He frequently said they were not “his boys” but they were “Marian Boys.”

After an extended period of illness, Father Lynch moved on to assisting in Cape Breton parishes. The Boychoir gradually folded partly due to the loss of its wonderful leader but also due to the changes in the church following Vatican II. Rev. Terrence G. Lynch died May 15, 1990 at the Sydney Community Health Centre and is buried at Holy Cross Cemetery in Sydney.

Great News! The office floor is tiled, cupboards are built (thanks to a volunteer hero), and computers will soon be in place!

BOOK LAUNCH



“We Fought for Ardnish”

By **Angus MacDonald** of Scotland

Antigonish Heritage Museum

July 24th – 7:00pm

This new novel is a sequel to “Ardnish Was Home” which was set during WW I and is now in its 4th printing. The sequel is a gripping romantic novel set during WW II. It follows some of the same characters with a Cape Breton connection.

Angus MacDonald *“is a great storyteller and the passion of his characters surely mirrors his own boundless energy for life.”*

Join us for a bit of fun and refreshments – if the weather is fine, we’ll meet on the deck.



Dare we say a woman’s work is never done!

Here we have two unknown women in Antigonish County taking up the crosscut saw to cut birch logs into properly sized logs for the winter fire. Looks like they have a long way to go to get that large pile ready for the cold weather to come. Once that is finished it needs to be split, stacked and put under cover before winter sets in.

Birch is considered one of the best woods to burn in the hardwood family, along with ash, red oak and maple. Birch is an excellent firewood, however it burns quickly, so it is best when mixed with other slower kiln dried firewood. Birch burns at a medium to high heat and doesn’t release heavy smoke or sparks.



A Hero

A **Hero** is someone looked up to,
Who others could love to be,
A **Hero** is someone, who is very
courageous,
And willing to put their life aside for
another’s happiness or well being,
A **Hero** is anybody, anybody who
can make someone’s day,
Or to help out with a simple chore,
A **Hero** does not have to be
successful,
Or to complete their great intention,
A **Hero** does not have to be able to
fly,
Nor to have any other superhuman
power,
A **Hero** can be of any sex, race, or
species,
They do not have to be human,
A **Hero** is not somebody, who is
good at everything,
They don’t even have to be good at
very well anything,
A **Hero** is somebody, who could
only listen,
They could make you smile without
any words,
A **Hero** is someone, who could
stand up for you,
Or to agree in your beliefs,
A **Hero** could be your Teacher,
helping you learn towards your
future,
A **Hero** is anybody, and everybody,
Everyone is someone’s Hero,
And everybody has a Hero.

Josh Carew



Happy Father's Day

Dads are most ordinary men turned by love into heroes, adventurers, storytellers and life-long friends.

Pam Brown

A Mi'kmaq Story

Peter Lewis, a Mi'kmaq old-timer, reported to the Casket that there was a church at Town Point attended to by a French Priest before the white people had taken possession of it. After hiding all their sacred objects, they advised the priest to flee as the English would surely kill him. Their advice came none too soon, for the priest had not been long absent from his camp, when some soldiers came there looking for him. They felt much disappointed upon having been told that he had fled in the woods. They asked if it would take many men to catch him. "Would a handful of men find him?" The Indians replied "No, not two hundred." At the same time, the priest who had been instructed to lie down in the bottom of a canoe, was already on his way up the harbor. Following the West River, the brave Mi'kmaq paddled the canoe up to the Gaspereaux Lake, and they followed it until they got to the Upper West River, and they followed to its southern end. There is an easy matter to find their way to St Mary's Lake near the St Mary's Forks. They provided a temporary retreat for the priest, on what is known as Indian Island.



Shane Snook

AT THE MUSEUM

From our Displays:

June: Come see the new display of **musical instruments** and related material. Can you identify the mystery instrument?

We have a new display as we look toward the hopeful signs of summer and enjoying the great outdoors,

We have added **lights** to our display cabinets. What a difference!

FYI:

We hope to see you on July 24th at the launch of Angus MacDonald's new novel "**We Fought for Ardnish**" (see P. 2)

Drop by and buy tickets on our **quilted wall hanging** and support our efforts to buy display panels for the windows.

Have you become a **member of the Museum** or remembered to renew your membership? Your support is important to us and our work.

Work is afoot to have a **Museum Calendar** ready by summer for the 2020 year. Watch for a future announcement! Great Christmas gift!