

EDITORIAL

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My maple story

By Matthew McCully

Since it is maple month here at *The Record* and the paper has been asking Townshippers to send in their memories, recipes and stories about sugaring and the maple tradition, I felt it only right to share mine.

Unfortunately, it is not quite as beautiful and magical as some of the others I've heard so far this month with horses and old wooden buckets and singing songs while feeding the fire as the sap boils.

In fact, it's a wonder I ever put my tongue to a spoonful of syrup after what I went through.

Even more painful, after confirming the details of the traumatizing event with my mother, was hearing the story from her perspective, which I now see was exponentially worse.

I'll give you both versions.

Mine begins with the long sob story of being the youngest of five children, too young for school, and getting dragged around town wherever my mom needed to go.

On this particular day, probably in March when I was around four, my mom was asked to accompany my brothers' class to a sugar shack; so off we all went.

Couple problems. The snow was waist-deep for adults, so practically over my head. I was in a snowsuit (probably a hand-me-down and either too big or small) which made it hard to walk and the sugar shack was at least a kilometer into the woods.

The kicker was when my mom had the nerve to try to put me in a skidoo with a bunch of strangers. At the time, my French wasn't great so the invitation to sit under the blankets and enjoy a ride sounded like menacing threats.

When we finally arrived at the sugar shack (which took forever because my mom had to carry me), I was already finished with the experience and ready to go home.

Now keep in mind, I was not the charmer then that I am today. All kids are different; there are the happy-go-lucky kids, the help themselves to whatever they want kids, the I'll sleep

Memories of Hank and Patsy in concert

THE SCOOP



MABLE HASTINGS

On Saturday, March 12 at 7pm St. Paul's Anglican Church in Mansonville will present, "Memories of Hank & Patsy in concert" starring Ralph Steiner and Laura Teasdale. As many will recall, the duo have offered variations of this performance throughout the townships over the past few years and the show is one not to be missed! This event is made possible through a G.U.M. (Growth Understanding Ministry) grant from the Anglican Church Diocese of Montreal.

Steiner and Teasdale are two extremely talented individuals who perform regularly in the Lac Brome area either in theater productions or at musical gigs in various locations. Their renditions of songs made famous by country legends, the late Hank

Williams and Patsy Cline are without doubt, a dedicated performance clearly paying tribute to both the music and the performers.

Youth from the Students Against Destructive Decisions (SADD) Chapter, a proud part of the Missisquoi North Volunteer Centre(CAB) family of programs, will be on hand serving refreshments following the event in the Church Hall. The performance will take place in the Church itself located at 309 Main Street in Mansonville. Tickets are \$10.00 per person including cake and beverage after the show. For reservations, contact Judith Ball at 450-292-3555 or call the youth centre at 450-292-4886. Tickets can be reserved and held for payment at the door the night of the show. Please, if you reserve, make sure you plan to attend. Tickets are selling fast and the Church can seat just over 100 so, reserve yours today!

If you are looking for the perfect way to warm up during the pre-springtime chill, "Memories of Hank and Patsy" is sure to be a toe tapping, hand clapping and joyous walk down memory lane. Featuring songs that you will no doubt find yourself humming along to, you will be glad you came. Profits will benefit the Anglican Church building fund and for this reason, not only will you enjoy the terrific show but you will also be helping a great cause.



COURTESY

anywhere kids, the troublemaker-kick-the-nun kids, and then there are the shy, spiteful kids. That was me.

To punish my mother for dragging me out in the cold with total strangers, I refused the maple taffy. In fact, I refused every offering or kind gesture sent my way. I buckled down, crossed my arms and cried like a champ.

I also wet my pants, but I didn't even mention that at the time. I saved that little tidbit for extra guilt later when we got home.

I spent the rest of the morning by the fire place in the sugar shack with teachers and other parents poking their heads in periodically trying to get me to come outside and join in the fun.

My most vivid memory of the event was managing to hold my ground and be miserable even though everything smelled so good. Not an easy task for a four-year-old.

The day, according to my mother, was an even bigger mess.

In fairness, I still think the root of the problem was in my mother assuming that by the time you get to the fifth child, you've seen it all and you can handle anything.

Mistake.

Turns out it was more than one kilometer to the sugar shack, but I was right about it being waist deep.

The reason she had to carry me all the way was because there was only one seat available in the back of the sled the skidoo was pulling, and no one was willing to give up a seat so she could be beside me.

Of course, to everyone else, it looked as though she was being over protective by carrying me all the way and slowing the whole parade of people down when she should have just put me in the skidoo.

The rest of her morning consisted of trying to participate in the activities with my brothers while constantly reassuring people that I'm fine and not to worry about me wailing in the background.

Already in the running for mother of the year and it wasn't even noon, the day got even better for her.

Since my two brothers and sister had other activities and it was just my other sister and I for lunch that day, my mom said she would treat us to Dixie Lee, the Gaspé's answer to Kentucky Fried Chicken.

We made our way back from the sugar shack, picked up my sister and went out for lunch before bringing her back to school for her afternoon classes. I ate the Dixie Lee, but I'm pretty sure I pretended I didn't like it.

Turns out it was nutrition month at Leslie's school.

She was asked to draw what she had for lunch that afternoon, so she happily drew a big box with the Dixie Lee Logo on it with a few pieces of fried chicken and some fries.

So just as my mom and I had all but recovered from the exhausting morning, my snowsuit was drying, I'd had a bath and I was back to my quiet comfortable self, the other kids came home from school and Leslie produced her drawing of lunch with a question mark from the teacher.

Luckily, I got over the experience and we, as a family, eventually visited a sugar shack again under better circumstances. It went much better for everyone.

THE RECORD

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	3 MONTHS	36.16	1.81	3.60	\$41.57

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		GST	PST	TOTAL	
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