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Weather



TODAY:
60 PER CENT
CHANCE OF
FLURRIES

HIGH OF -13
LOW OF -27



WEDNESDAY:
CLOUDY
PERIODS

HIGH OF -13
LOW OF -18



THURSDAY:
CLOUDY
PERIODS

HIGH OF -9
LOW OF -20



FRIDAY:
CLOUDY
PERIODS

HIGH OF -10
LOW OF -17



SATURDAY:
60 PER CENT
CHANCE OF
FLURRIES

HIGH OF -6
LOW OF -10

The joy of (not) missing out



DISHPAN HANDS

SHEILA QUINN

My thoughts went back and forth.

'It is a great idea.'

'BAIL.'

'It's going to be fine. You planned this. You need this.'

'BAIL. BAIL ON THIS PLAN.'

'You love this - this is your fuel! FRIENDS TIME IS FUEL, SHEILA.'

'BAIL. BAIL, SHEILA. CANCEL. JOMO THIS ONE (the joy of missing out).'

'Naw, come ON, you haven't really seen your friends in ages.'

And so on.

Would time at home not really doing anything and just nesting, tidying up the way I really needed to post-holidays, with everything secured away and stored for another year, blow mold Santas and soldiers and candles standing at attention in the attic, Hallmark ornaments back in their individual boxes in a crate together, the new ones identified

with the recipient and the year (X25 for Christmas 2025) feel good? Of course it would. The dust is real.

But then again, I really needed to see my friends. I needed to laugh really hard and hear their stories and share together the way we do. I knew they needed it too.

I did what I knew I should. I overrode the urge to cancel.

Even though I was a bit wobbly and a lot tired. Even though I didn't know how well I could function on a cognitive level. I needed to brush off a little of life and probably dust off some fun clothes. I made a dinner reservation. We would celebrate a birthday while we were at it.

One friend planned to travel from near Ottawa for the weekend, and we would make use of a newly set-up guest room in my boyfriend's home. She was in the same boat - worn-out and cognitively wrecked - we had given each other a permission slip that either of us could cancel the weekend visit.

We didn't.

While she was well on her way I got a crappy phone call regarding services for my eldest son. Things have been a truly deep struggle for a few years now, and we were trying to figure out what was right for the years to come. I had a little cry. And then I gathered my composure.

Friend fuel it was. That was better than wallowing and would shift the poop energy and realign me.

Three of the supper faction arrived for a brief pre-restaurant

visit, and birthday gifts were shared. A few minutes later the weekend guest arrived.

This was the right thing. I already felt different. Supper out was just right too and two other friends arrived, settling in. We were seated at a high table right in the middle of the restaurant, Chez Moi Chez Toi's Indian fare and warm atmosphere was always good medicine. We laughed, as usual. Our language was peppered with colourful language, as always. We talked kids and fashion and life and trials and tribulations and perimenopause and menopause and the guys were relegated to the other end of the table. They seemed happy to be there. I hope they had as much fun as we did.

We parted as the restaurant prepared to close (we can't seem to leave that place before closing). I felt great. We headed home with our guest in tow, and after a brief conversation we all headed to bed.

The rest of the weekend was good - coffee, thrifting, snacks, conversation. I felt my fuel metre rise. I felt my strength come back up. When my thoughts tried to lean back into worry, I did the work to dissipate them, because that's all worry was going to do - cloud my mind and my life and do absolutely nothing good.

I get why we bail sometimes - on occasion JOMO is the way to go. Sometimes we have to cancel and nest and stay in our gingerbread houses and shut the world out.

And sometimes, we don't.

There's something cooking in Stanstead!

By Mable Hastings

The Cuisines Collectives Bouchée Double Memphremagog has a group that meets in Stanstead twice a month on Mondays to cook together and there are currently three openings that they are hoping to fill. The group meets from now to the end of June when the school year ends. The only cost to join is a membership which is \$6 for the entire year plus the cost of groceries that is divided between the members of the group.

The membership gives the participant access to the facilities, the kitchen stock, equipment and a facilitator to help and give suggestions. By becoming a member and paying the nominal fee, the participants then have access to other Cuisines Collective Bouchée Double Memphremagog activities at a reduced cost of \$3.

The participant's input is important. Every week the group talks about what they want to cook during the following meet-up and they decide who gets the groceries

and/or if they all go together to shop! This is a real community group effort and is both fun and resourceful in the sharing of ingredients, expenses, recipes and time together in the company of others.

This group meets at the Place Stanstead residence- 19, chemin Colbycroft with Chantal Lambert, facilitator, on Mondays from 9 a.m. to 12:30 p.m., twice a month in a group of 4 to 6 people. For information contact: 819-868-2153 or email:

secretariat@cuisinescollectivesmagog.com

Ben by Daniel Shelton

