

## Reflection for April 2021

Jeremiah 29:11 and Psalm 131 tell us that, when our awesome Heavenly Father knits us together in our mother's womb, He has a plan for each of us and gives us the genes etc. needed for us to fulfil that plan. Our Lord loves us so much that He gives us freewill to choose our own journey, all the while watching over us, and sending people along the way to help us to make wise choices. Sometimes He sends us on detours, so we will pick up necessities for His plan for us. Those detours could be nice scenic tours which draw us to places where He has future plans for us, or sometimes the detours are experiences that we would never have chosen to go through, but which are necessary to fulfill the plan for us.

I find hearing true stories of people's journey of life far more memorable than some of the stuff we see on TV, so I'm going to share a bit of my Faith Journey. I was born in 1939, when WW 2 broke out. My parents were farming a 100 acre farm, near my grandparents farm, using horses, without modern day machinery. Life was very busy for my parents raising four children under six years of age, while farming, without hydro and indoor plumbing or modern conveniences, not to mention the stress of the war, and three of their brothers serving in the armed forces.

### My First Day of School

In the spring of 1945, when the war was ending, I started school. In those days, there were no kindergarten classes in rural areas, so after the Easter holidays, six year old children started in the Beginners Class to in order to become accustomed to school. My dear mom, busy as she was, somehow found time to make me a new dress. She made sure that I knew at least one neighbourhood girl, Lorna, who was in Grade 3 and asked my Uncle Gordon to give me a ride on his bicycle the first day. In spite of mom's efforts, school was a terrifying place for me !!! Teachers were instructed to use corporal punishment and some of the grade 7 and 8 boys, who would rather have been helping at home than to be at school, seemed to delight in disobeying the rules. It seemed to me that almost every day at least two of them were getting the strap right in front of the class. I could see that they were getting what they deserved. However, our teacher was also administering the students one smack for each spelling error that they made on their spelling dictation. When Lorna got it because she had one spelling mistake, I was scared stiff ! I hated school and dreaded going there.

After summer holidays we were fortunate to have a young teacher right out of Normal School, and the boys who were trouble makers were no longer in the class. School became a pleasant place, fostering the love of learning, in the security of having rules enforced in judicial manner! As years went on, I dreamed of one day becoming a teacher. My goal was to teach young children, maybe even kindergarten, making school enjoyable and a fun place for them to learn. After graduating from Chesley High School and Teachers College, I taught 28 students in grades 1-8 in a rural school near Keady for two years, and then a Gr 5 in Owen Sound.



When Ken and I were married in 1962, he was stationed in Brockville, so I became an occasional teacher in Leeds and Grenville, and even got to be a stay-home-mom until our own children were in school. Then, after Ken been transferred to the Warton Detachment, the Lord blessed me with my dream job of teaching Kindergarten on the beautiful Bruce Peninsula! My contract was to teach Kindergarten in Lion's Head in the morning and St. Edmunds School in Tobermory in the afternoon. In 1984, the student enrolment had grown sufficiently to have full time kindergarten in Lions Head and my friend, Wanda Thompson was hired to teach the St Edmunds Kindergarten class.

I feel very very blessed to have taught kindergarten on the Peninsula for the last 20 years of my career and now during retirement, to be able keep in touch with many of my former students and their families.

What an awesome God we serve!