

## **A Word from Jawn**

March 2, 2021

One sunny, Saturday March-morning in 1963, my Father and Mother took us to the Donnelly sugar bush. We had the day of our lives. My younger sister, brother (Ruth-Anne and Mark) and I rode the two-horse stone boat collecting the sap. We sat around the fire as the sap was boiled down to a golden-brown syrup. All the sights and sounds and smells are well-etched into my memory.

The highlight of the day happened when one of Mr. Donnelly's sons, took a cast iron pot of the new syrup, set it on a separate fire and began to boil it even more. When it got very thick, he poured the contents on some packed down snow. The strings of syrup instantly became maple-toffee and we were invited to dig in.

We three kids looked to my Mother. You see, we were right smack in the middle of Lent and, as usual, we three Kolohon kids had to give up candy. Mom said it was a special day, so go ahead and try some.

That was all well and good for my Sister and Brother, but I was living through some kind of manic-religious-zealotry, at the time, and declined. But not to be left out of this exotic treat, I took some of that Maple toffee, wrapped it in a snowball, took it home and put it in our deep-freeze.

How righteous is that?!

Well, Easter morning finally came along. I dashed to the freezer, reached for my Maple toffee only to discover a brown snowball. Of course, the candy had dissolved into the snow leaving me with a toffee-less ball of brown ice.

So much for religious piety and righteousness.

This happened 59 years ago, and it still upsets me.

So, you might understand it a little when I tell you that lately I'm having serious trouble with this peculiar Lent.

Now I can hear you murmuring: ***"Come on Jawn! It happened 59 years ago! Time to let it go!"***.

Well, sometimes Lent feels like a 'brown snow-ball'!

Thank you God for Easter!!

In Jesus' Name . . . Peace!