

## Remembering

Last month I wrote about my paternal grandparents so this month, to be fair, I'll tell you about my maternal grandparents.

They were fulltime farmers in Sullivan Township on one hundred acres of stone studded land. The big boulders became fences and I can remember running along the top of them with my cousins.

If we were visiting at the right time of year my Grandpa would hitch one of his big horses to the stone boat and my cousins and we three would fill it over and over again.

Grandma didn't have time for flower beds but pink wild roses grew along the fence behind the house. The house always seemed so big to me but when I returned to it many years later it wasn't big at all.

My father sold his Model T Ford in 1934 because he couldn't afford to put gas in it. However, my Uncle Charlie kept his car as he worked in a garage and knew how to keep it alive and running. So, all nine of us would drive out to the farm most often on a Sunday afternoon. No seat belts in those days!! One Sunday after a snow storm on Saturday, we managed to get within a mile of the farm when we were stopped by a huge snow drift. My Father phoned Grandpa from a nearby farm house and before too long Grandpa arrived with his big flat bed sleigh and somehow the men and boys lifted the car onto it and we all proceeded to the farm.

When we slept over all five children slept cross-wise in a huge bed with a feather mattress. After the kerosine lamp left the room it was very very dark.

My Grandma cooked great meals.... roast ducks, goose and even venison. Grandpa had three long legged hounds that he hunted with. I still remember her slab spice cake served with whipped cream, yum!

The ducks, geese and chickens wandered all over the barn yard. Once I heard a "cluck, cluck, cluck" and when I hunted it out there was a hen with about ten little chicks following her. They were free range from birth.



In my generation there were three young men who became pastors from our extended family. One of them served Wiarton St. Peter's from 1952 - 57. As we were loading up to drive home at dusk, we would hear the whip-poor-wills as they swooped around the yard. Grandma would always say her goodbyes in German and even though I didn't know what she was saying I felt the closeness of family.

God moves in mysterious ways.

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