

Family Picnic

Pritchard-Heron Family Picnic Newsletter 2011

Issue 17

June 18, 2011

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

A Wedding	2
Special Anniversaries	2
A Birth	3
Great Expectations	3
2010 Game Winners	4
2011 Special Birthdays	5
An Engagement	6
Graduation	6
Pet Peeve - The Driver Who Lacks Self-Discipline	7
Some "Getting Old" Sayings	7
A Parting Smile	7
My Most Unforgettable Meal	8
I'm My Own Grandpa	10
Another Quiet Commute!	12
The Tom Cat	13
Saints and Sinners	14
Picnic Fun	15
High-Kickers	16
Running Together	17
The Grand Canyon in Winter	18
Hands Up and Hats On	20
Heron Family Update 2010/2011	21
Getting There is Half the Fun - Or So They Say	22
The Young Set	24
Rain, Rain Go Away!	25
Picnic Pics	26
Unpredictable Child	27
Sitting Together	28

Remembering Last Year



2010



Weather predictions for our 2010 picnic featured thunderstorms for the morning and afternoon. The day started cloudy with a brief sprinkle. However, the weather grew nicer as the day continued. The sun was shining in an almost clear sky by lunch.

After hitting some balls around, the boys returned to the picnic shelter for lunch. As a treat, lunch included barbecued hot dogs and sausages.

The shoe kick was again a popular game. Unfortunately, because there was no tap water, we could not hold the balloon toss.





A Wedding

Meaghan Noonan and Brent Brewer

Were joined in marriage

On September 4, 2010

At St. Isaac Jogues Church

In Pickering, Ontario



Special Anniversaries - 2011

Tim

Sarah & Cory Doucette
will celebrate 10 years of marriage
in August

Ruby

Susan & Tom Kennedy
will celebrate 40 years of marriage
in August



✂ *Note: If you would like your Anniversary included, please send it in to:*

stkennedy@rogers.com

A Birth



*Alyssa Neilsen
is pleased to announce
the birth of her brother,
Chase Lawrence William Neilsen.*

Chase was born on Tuesday, May 17, at 6:55 p.m. in the Oshawa General Hospital. He came in a hurry, after only 25 minutes of active labour. He weighed 8 lbs 8 ounces, was 22 inches long and had a head full of dark black hair.



Great Expectations!

Liam Doucette is pleased to announce that his mom and dad, Sarah and Corey will be bringing home a baby sister in the fall. Ada Anne Olive Doucette is due on October 15, 2011.

Meaghan and Brent Brewer are pleased to announce that their first child is due on December 8, 2011.



2010 Game Winners

Wheel Barrel Race - Children

1. Niki & Anna
2. Laurie & Shannon
3. Andrew & Michell



Wheel Barrel - Adult & Child

1. Laurie & Larry
2. Nick & Ryan
3. Dylan & Rick

Wheel Barrel - Adult

1. Joanne & Ryan
2. Meaghan & Mike
3. Kristyl & Brad



Crab Walk - Children

1. Niki
2. Anna
3. Laurie



Three-Legged Race - Children

1. Laurie & Anna
2. Niki & Shannon
3. Dylan & Nick

Three Legged Race - Adult

1. Meaghan & Mike
2. Joanne & Ryan
3. Kristyl & Brad

Challenge Race

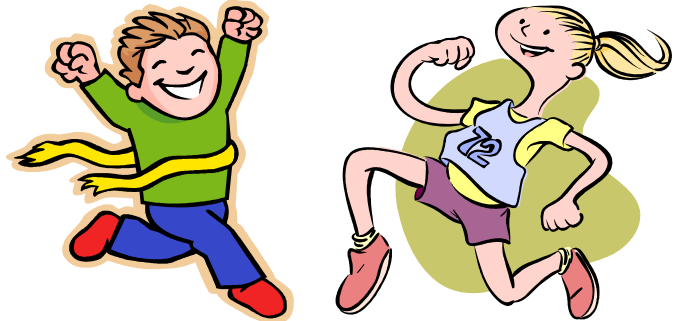
1. Paul
2. Laurie

Running Race

1. Laurie
2. Niki
3. Dylan

Running Race - 5 and under

1. Sophie
2. Andrew
3. Aaron



Running Race - Adult

1. Mike
2. Ryan
3. Brad & Daniel (tie)

Shoe Kick - 5 & Under

1. Sophie
2. Andrew & Aaron (tie)



Shoe Throw - 5 & under

1. Andrew
2. Shophie



Shoe Kick - Children

1. Paul
2. Megan
3. Dylan

Shoe Kick Adults

1. Pat (Repeat Champion)
2. Rick
3. Ryan



Champion Shoe Kick-off

1. Pat
2. Paul

2011 - Special Birthdays

5 Years

Josephine King - March
Andrew Witherspoon - April

10 Years

Anna Witherspoon - Jan.
Mark Pritchard - Jan.
Amy Thompson - Nov.
Megan Furlong - Nov.

15 Years

Avery Elliott - June
Nikki Witherspoon - July
Austin Smith - June
Hayley Swain - Aug.
Madison Pritchard - Oct.
Paul Heron - Oct.
Whalen Robinson - Dec.

20 Years

Michael Rausch - May
Sterling White - June
Julian Tulett - Aug.
Dalton Patterson - Nov.

25 Years

Melissa Clark - May
Sherice Evans - June
Megan Zima - Aug.
Peter Heron - Aug.

30 Years

Karen Carr - Feb.
Kim Pritchard - Feb.
Brian Wilton - May
Mathew Deane - Oct.
Sarah Doucette - Nov.
Hilary Pritchard - Dec.
Jessie Lake - Dec.

35 Years

Robert Wilton - Feb.
Lori Morrison - Nov.

40 Years

David Green - Dec.
Jennifer Pritchard - Dec.
Stephanie Sprenger - Dec

45 Years

Jeff Green - Feb.
Andrea Generaux - May
Richard Thompson - Sept.
Robbie Witherspoon - Sept.
Leanne Clark - Oct.

50 Years

Mike Martin - March.
Brian Pritchard - June.
Kevin Downs - June.
Sandra Lekinsky - Nov.

55 Years

William Clark

60 Years

Dolores Pritchard - Jan.
Sharon Lake - May
Marjorie Beaudry - Sept.
Douglas Sharp - Dec.
Gerald Chaput - Dec.
Susan Kennedy - Dec.

65 Years

Larry Noonan - June
Dorothy Evans - July
Jacqueline Pritchard - July
Bev Christian - Dec.

70 Years

Richard Green - Feb.
Clifford Evans - April
Dianne Thompson - April
Leonard Pritchard - April
Dianna Pritchard - June
Val Green - June

75 Years

Lucy Jordi - Sept.
Ron Martin - April
Marilyn Deane - June
Charles Welton - July

85 Years

Elizabeth Wilton - June
Olive Heron - Aug.

95 Years

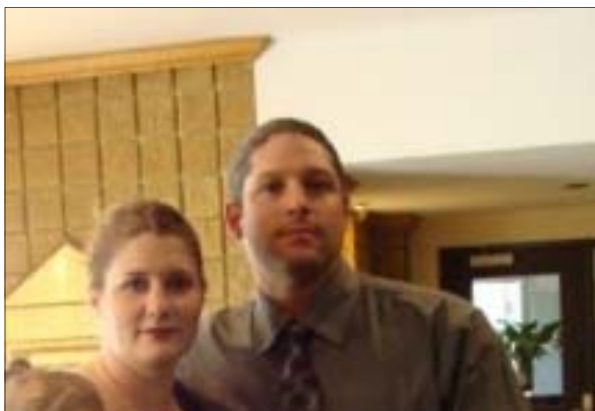
Marjorie Armstrong - Sept.

Note: If your special birthday is not included or incorrect, please notify Susan by e-mail at:

stkennedy@rogers.com



An Engagement



Jennifer Heron

and

Brian Fisher

are Engaged.

The wedding will take place

in Orillia

On July 1, 2012

Graduation

**Congratulations to
Laurie-Alexandra Heron
On her Graduation from
Grade Eight**

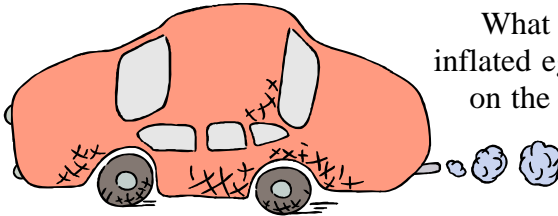


A Pet Peeve

The Driver Who Lacks Self-discipline

By George Heron

You've seen him (or her) yourself. He has no respect for stop signs. Presumably he gives a quick look for oncoming traffic, but otherwise he just barrels through stop signs without even slowing down. I've watched his type while a passenger in my own car. Not satisfied with a single violation, he proceeds to commit every one in the book. He's the guy who follows the car in front so close that he is almost climbing over it. He's the one who weaves in and out of traffic lanes with only inches to spare, always looking for a clear spot ahead. When he is stopped behind a car at a busy intersection, he can't refrain from giving the car ahead an angry blast of the horn when the driver does not react fast enough on a light change. And yes, turning right on a red light without coming to a full stop is another one of his favourite misdemeanours.



What this driver lacks is self-discipline. He is suffering from an inflated ego. It is "look out everybody, here I come." He is a menace on the road, sometimes causing traffic accidents for cars other than his own, while he goes speedily on his way. But don't worry, with all the things he does wrong, he gets caught sooner or later. Let us hope that the "punishment" he receives will be enough to make him see the error of what

he is doing and cause him to drive in a safe manner.

Some "Getting Old" Sayings

- ✦ You know you are getting old when "falling from a great height" means tripping on a raised crack in the sidewalk.
- ✦ You know you are getting old when you no longer run up and down (especially down!) the stairs.
- ✦ You know you are getting old when you feel more capable of doing a crossword puzzle than playing a game of golf.



A Parting Smile

Question: When did the ancient kings of Egypt change their gender?

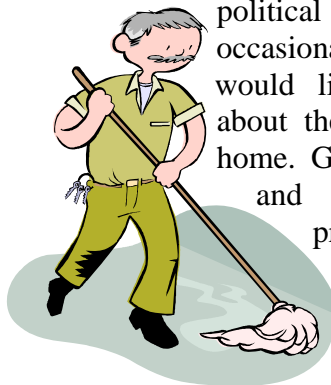
Answer: When they died and became mummies.



My Most Unforgettable Meal

By Jean Witherspoon

Back in 1966, my late husband, Glen, became very friendly with the maintenance man of the office building in which he worked. The man, whose name was Stanley, had emigrated from Yugoslavia and he had very strong political opinions. He would occasionally waylay Glen who would listen to him sound off about the political situation back home. Glen was a bit of a tease and he would inject some provocative remark or take the opposite point of view that would set Stanley off defending his position in a



sometimes heated debate. At any rate, Glen enjoyed Stanley and he liked Glen. I also got to know Stanley and his wife Erica when I attended the company's annual dinner with Glen and, on a couple of occasions, we invited them to our house for a visit. This led to them inviting us to dinner at their home where we had that "unforgettable" meal.

It was back in August of 1966 and I was about eight months pregnant with my third child, Robbie, who was born on September 4 of that year. At first, we turned down their invitation because we had no baby sitter. They told us to bring along our two children, Laurie who was four and John who was just a little over a year old. They suggested that the kids could sleep in their bed until it was time to return home. There was a heat wave on and it was still 90 degrees when we arrived at 6:00 p.m. Also, in those days not many people had air-conditioning. I had already fed the kids and we all went into the back yard while Erica



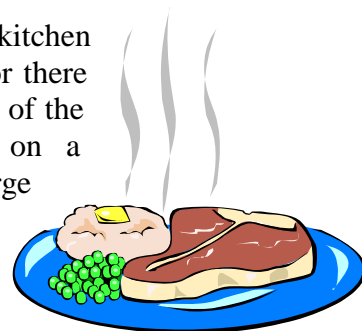
prepared dinner. It was steaming hot and heavily humid and didn't cool down even as the evening wore on. I remember drinking a cold coke and, because of my pregnancy, I had developed heartburn. Apart from the stifling heat, the burning sensation after a sip of coke felt like a burst of fire was racing up my oesophagus.

At about 6:30, Erica called us in to eat. She had a small table in the kitchen with four chairs. It was slightly cooler than outside but she kept the door open. The kids went in the bedroom to jump on the bed and play with the few toys I had brought along. Erica had prepared a nice spread. There were cold cuts,

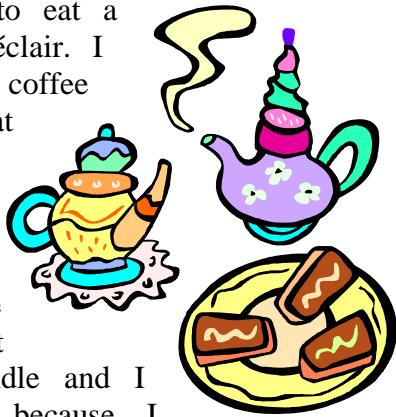


were cold cuts, sardines, tossed salad, potato salad, devilled eggs and fresh buns. It was a perfect meal for a very hot night. For some strange reason I even remember taking another devilled egg. After dinner Erica shooed us all out of the kitchen into the backyard. In my condition I wasn't expected to help. By now, it was 7:00 p.m. so I put the kids to bed and then re-joined Glen and Stanley who were having the usual mock argument on some topic or other. A half hour passed when suddenly we heard Erica call out from the kitchen in a lyrical drawn out singsong voice "Dinner." Dinner? Yes, dinner!

We entered the kitchen and our hearts sank for there before us in the centre of the table and displayed on a plate, were five large breaded veal cutlets. On the stove were two giant pots (the kinds

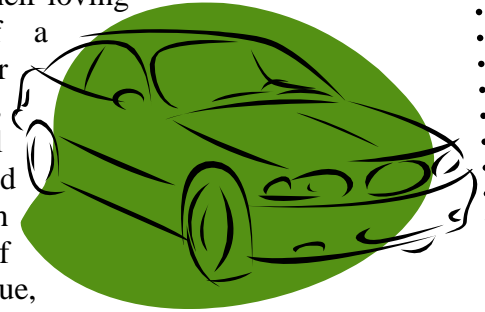


used in large hotel kitchens) one filled to the brim with cauliflower and the other with potatoes. Erica was in the process of transferring these vegetables into large serving dishes. We began to protest that we were not hungry, that we could eat only very little, but all both of them would repeatedly say was: "Eat, eat. In our country it is not good if you do not eat what is put before you. It shows you do not care for our food." We struggled through the meal as best we could. My stomach became bigger and bigger and as hard as a rock. They even tried to force the fifth cutlet on Glen but he gamely held fast to the word "NO!" I kept praying there would not be any dessert, but Erica disappeared into the dining room and came back bearing a silver tray filled with pastries, much as they do in some restaurants. I chose the smallest lemon tart I could find but poor Glen had to eat a large chocolate éclair. I saw Erica making coffee and she appeared at the table with a tin cup so big it looked like a child's potty or, at the very least, the cup of a giant. It even had a handle and I began laughing because I thought she was going to serve it to Glen. However, this was merely the coffee receptacle



and she used a scoop to ladle it into a normal sized cups.

We stayed another hour or so but we could hardly move, we were so filled with food. Never before or since have I ever eaten so much. It's all we talked about on the drive home and, speaking of home and without going into detail, let us just say, I barely made it. It's a wonder I didn't go into labour! Stanley and Erica were, of course, just being what they considered hospitable, but their idea of an "appetizer" sure didn't coincide with our idea of hors d'oeuvres. I guess the comical aspect of the story is that appetizers are designed to whet the appetite not fill you up. Still, for all that, we did appreciate their hospitality and the affection they obviously felt for us. In their loving preparation of a hearty meal for our benefit, they meant well and they did provide us with something of lasting value, something that cuts to the heart of life: A memory, an experience, a story to tell.



I'm My Own Grandpa

by Lucy Jordi

Of all the cute and funny novelty songs there are, e.g., "Mairzy Doats," "The Unicorn," I think "I'm My Own Grandpa" tops them all.

The song narrates the story of a man who marries an older widow and in turn his own father marries the widow's daughter. This makes his father his son-in-law and his stepdaughter becomes his mother, because she married his father. The lyrics go on to show how he becomes his own grandfather.

Not only is this tangled scenario funny, it's also clever and to think someone, namely Dwight Latham and Moe Jaffe, could actually put words to such a sequence of events, shows creative brilliance. In a book of Mark Twain anecdotes, Latham found a paragraph in which Twain proved it would be possible for a man to become his own grandfather.

"I'm My Own Grandpa" was popular in the 1940s and sung in a country twang, it goes:

Many, many years ago when I was twenty-three
I got married to a widow who was pretty as could be
This widow had a grownup daughter who had hair of red
My father fell in love with her and soon they too were wed

This made my Dad my son-in-law and changed my very life
For my daughter was my mother, 'cause she was my father's wife
To complicate the matter, even though it brought me joy
I soon became the father of a bouncing baby boy

My little baby then became a brother-in-law to Dad
And so became my uncle, though it made me very sad
For if he were my uncle, then that also made him brother
To the widow's grownup daughter, who of course was my stepmother

Father's wife then had a son who kept them on the run
And he became my grandchild, for he was my daughter's son
My wife is now my mother's mother, and it makes me blue
Because although she is my wife, she's my grandmother too

Now if my wife is my grandmother, then I'm her grandchild
And every time I think of it, it nearly drives me wild
'Cause now I have become the strangest case you ever saw
As husband of my grandmother, I am my own grandpa

Chorus

I'm my own grandpa
I'm my own grandpa
It sounds funny I know but it really is so
Oh, I'm my own grandpa.



The song says it all, but we'll delve into it and see if we can't have a little fun getting a bit more befuddled. The relationships are through marriage, which is *step-person* and *in-law person*, (that is, with the exception of the babies, who are blood relatives), but these tacit modifiers are mostly dropped throughout the song. I'll use Harold as the main character, but these relationships happen to all of them.

A man, Harold, marries a widow, Helen. Helen has a daughter Betty, who then becomes Harold's daughter. Betty meets Harold's father Bruce and falls in love with him and they get married. Harold then becomes Bruce's father and his daughter Betty becomes his mother.

For my daughter was my mother, 'cause she was my father's wife.

Then, to complicate matters, Harold and Helen have a baby boy, Harry. Though little Harry is Harold's son, he is also the brother of Harold's father Bruce, and as the brother of Bruce that makes Harold's son his Uncle Harry.

Then Betty and Bruce have a baby boy Benny. Babies Benny and Harry are nephews and uncles each other.

Therefore, Bruce, who is the father of Harold has a son Benny who is Harold's brother. Benny is Helen's grandson. As Benny's brother, Harold is also Helen's grandson. Being married to Helen, that makes Harold his own grandfather.

As husband to my grandmother, I am my own Grandpa

It sounds funny, I know, but it really is so, oh, he's his own grandpa.

The song speaks of their having children, but, not meaning to take a bit of fun out of it all, as soon as Harold's father marries Helen's daughter, he becomes his own grandparent - as do they all.



Another Quiet Commute!

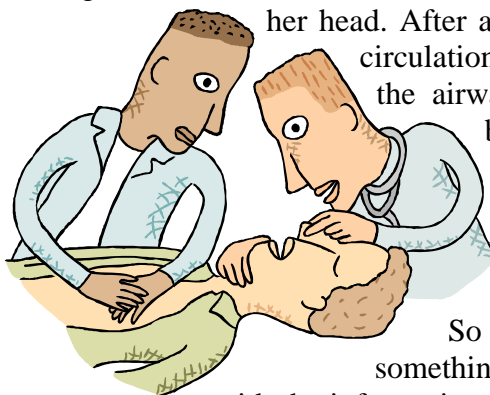
By Daniel Heron

My friend Lucas and I both go to York University and are often on the same GO bus, a 50 minute bus ride from Pickering Go station to York U. One morning, about 35 minutes into the ride, on Hwy 407, a girl, sitting behind Lucas and I, gets out of her seat, goes up to the front of the bus and tells the bus driver something. We are sitting near the back of the bus so we don't think much of this (maybe she got on the wrong bus or something). The girl returns to her seat and after a couple seconds the bus is pulling over to the side of the highway. As soon as we start pulling over to the side of the highway, it clicks in my brain "Oh no. What's happening behind us?" Both Lucas and I turn back and see the girl's friend has fainted. She has been positioned to be lying on the two seats on the bus. Since Lucas and I are both Lifeguards, we go over to assist with first aid and assess the situation.



As we approach the victim, I notice her eyes are twitching, almost like constant blinking. We confirmed that the bus driver is calling 911. I looked down at her stomach and see that it is rising and falling so she is breathing. I check her pulse and find a weak but steady pulse. Then I check the constancy of her breathing, and again find it weak but steady. She felt hot so I turned on the bus fans and pointed them towards her. Both Lucas and I noticed that she had a medical bracelet on her wrist but it did not state what her medical condition was. We ask her friend if she knew what her condition was and the friend said that she didn't know, but this has happened before to the victim though never this bad. My initial impressions are diabetes or heat exhaustion. The victim's friend also mentions that the victim stayed up late during the previous night.

After turning on the fans, we notice the victim beginning to slip in and out of consciousness. During her slipping in and out, her eyes would stop twitching and she was able to hold them open. During this time, she was unable to talk but she was able to grip her friend's hand and slightly nod



her head. After about 2 minutes, during which time I was still monitoring her circulation, I noticed her stomach stopped rising and falling. So I opened the airway and check her breathing. I could not find any signs of breathing, but I checked again to be sure there was not just very faint breathing. I told Lucas at this point to go check for a CPR mask at the front of the bus in the first aid kit while I started with a breath that did not appear to go in. So I readjusted her and tried another breath. That also appeared to not go in.

So I started the compressions, during which I could hear puffs of something coming out of her mouth. At this point, Lucas has come back with the information that there wasn't any mask in the first aid kit, so he takes over the compression. I check, perform one breath, and it appears to go in better this time, but still not completely. I do another breath with the same result. Lucas starts compressions and after his set of compressions my breaths appear to go in much more effectively. After the breaths, Lucas performs 30 more compressions, after which I notice her stomach is rising and falling again. I check her breathing and confirm that she is breathing again. After another 3 minutes or so, she wakes up and is

able to talk to us telling us that she is very hot, so we remove her jacket, after which she rests while Lucas and I monitored her condition. After another 3 to 5 minutes, EMS arrives and the girl was able to walk, with some assistance, to the ambulance. She was taken to the hospital and was soon been released. Later, I was able to talk to her when I saw her on campus and she told me that she has very low blood pressure.



It is kind of hard to know what really happened to cause the girl to faint and stop breathing. I am currently (during some of my free time) trying to figure out what would cause some of the symptoms to occur and to learn what exactly happened. You never know when and where a situation will happen, which is why I now carry my CPR mask in my school bag with me.



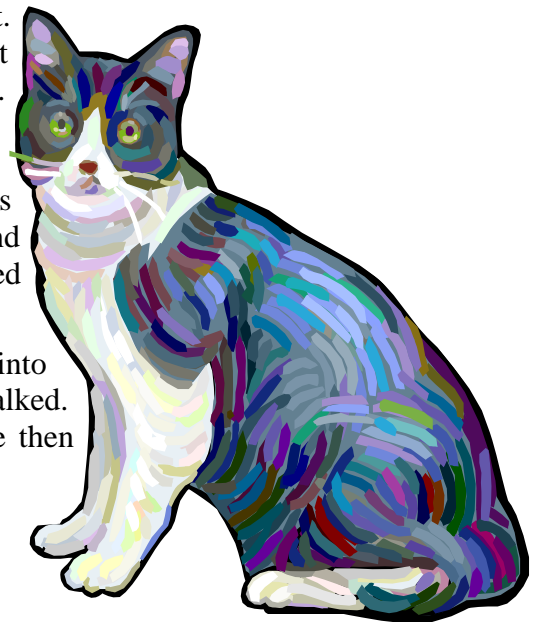
The Tom Cat

By Andrew Gillis (age 6) as told to his grandmother

The cat lived in a house in California. He was a big cat. His name was Tom and he liked eating buns with peanut butter. He like chasing birds. He liked crunching up frogs. But best of all he like me (Andrew). The cat loved Jesus and he loved God. He played with his blue fur ball. He breaks spoons. He jumped on the counter and the plates crashed to the floor. The bowl jumped into the air and knocked Tom off. He hit the ground and the bowl smacked him on his head.

Tom, the cat ran into a rocket ship and blasted off into space and landed on Pluto. The kitten met mountains that talked. He went into a village and met monsters and he died. He then went to a haunted house and become a ghost.

The End.



Saints and Sinners

By Susan Kennedy

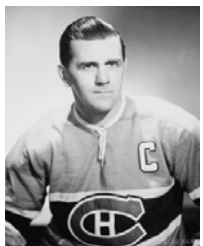
Ancestry.com, the most popular genealogical research site on the internet, has an interesting app to add a bit of fun to your family history research, "Find Famous Relatives". There is a warning on the site though that says, *"Keep in mind—the possible relationship information we show is only as accurate as the member-contributed family tree information found in OneWorldTree. We are unable to verify whether these results are in fact accurate. Of course, that's part of the fun of family history—digging into the research."*

Therefore, the possible relations I will show might or might not be related to me and can only be confirmed by actual research and verification of other people's work. First of all what is OneWorldTree? OneWorldTree, is a "search site from Ancestry, that gathers family trees and family history records for millions of people, analyzes the birth, death and marriage data and then displays the most probable matches for your ancestors. These records have been uploaded by people around the world." As I am an Ancestry member, I have access to this search tool and can link various members of our family to the OneWorldTree site.



I ran the app and here are some of the results: (not in any order)

1. **Jacques Cartier** (1491-1557) - **18th Great Grandfather** - French Explorer:
On his first voyage to try and find a western trade route to Asia, Jacques Cartier instead stumbled upon what is present day Quebec. He is the first known European to explore Canada. In total, Cartier made 3 voyages to explore and settle Canada.
2. **Jean Jacques Rousseau** (1712-1778) - **11th Cousin 1 times removed** - French Philosopher:
Jean-Jacques Rousseau, a French philosopher, was highly influential in the French revolution and is remembered for his idea of a "social contract." His theories and philosophies are still taught today.
3. **(Francisco) Pancho Villa** (1878-1923) **11th Cousin 4 times removed** - Mexican revolutionary:
Doroteo Arango Aráámbula, or Pancho Villa, an uneducated peasant, became one of the foremost and most famous generals of the Mexican Revolution
4. **Henri Charles Wilfrid Laurier** (1841-1919) - **3rd Cousin 7 times removed** - Former Prime Minister:
Henry Charles Wilfred Laurier was the 7th Prime Minister of Canada. Considered one of Canada's greatest statesmen, Laurier is known for his policies of conciliation and for nation building.
5. **Louis Stephen St Laurent** (1882-1973) - **5th Cousin 5 times removed** - Former Prime Minister:
Louis St. Laurent was the 12th Prime Minister of Canada. Remembered as shy, reserved, dignified, and grandfatherly, he demanded hard work of his staff and also of himself.
6. **Maurice "Rocket" Richard** (1921-2000) - **7th Cousin 1 times removed** - Hockey Player:
Hockey player Maurice "Rocket" Richard was the first to score 50 goals in one season, doing so in 50 games, and the first to score 500 goals in a career. He finished his career with 544 goals in the regular season, with 82 in the playoffs.



7. **Juan Cortina** (1824-1894) - *5th Cousin 10 times removed* - Mexican Outlaw:

Juan Nepomuceno Cortina Goseacochea led the paramilitary force against the U.S. military in the first and second Cortina Wars.

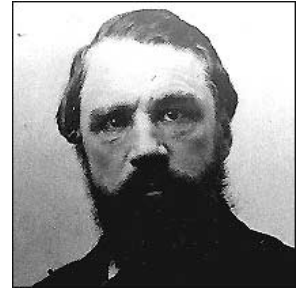
8. **Louis Pasteur** (1822-1895) - *11th Cousin 1 times removed* - French Microbiologist and Chemist:

Louis Pasteur is famous for “pasteurization,” a means of killing bacteria in milk and slowing it from going sour. He also invented the first vaccine for rabies.

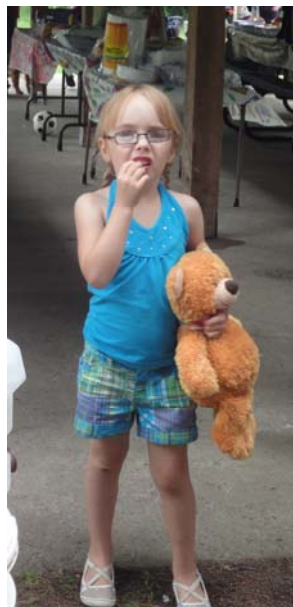
9. **Joan of Arc** (1412-1431) - *Distant Great Grand Aunt* - French Military Hero:

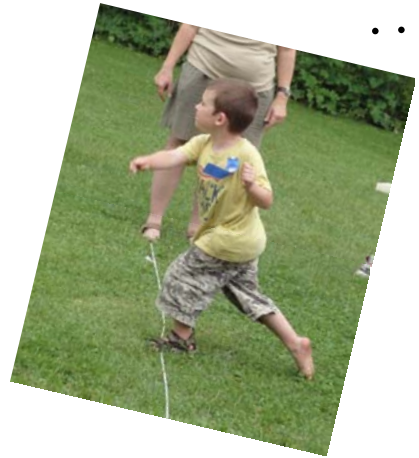
Joan of Arc became a military hero at the age of 17. She was burned at the stake for treason when she fell prisoner in England. She was only 19 when she died.

These are just some of the “famous” people to whom I am related through my father’s side of the family. Upon reflection, I see the chance that we could be related, however distantly, to almost anyone we meet on the street.



picnic Fun





High-Kickers





Running Together



The Grand Canyon in Winter

By Susan Kennedy

When we decided to visit our daughter and her family in California in February, we thought this would be a good time to visit the Grand Canyon, a place I have wanted to see for a long time, but avoided due to the extreme heat in the warmer months. My daughter had assured me that San Jose boasted “short sleeve weather” in February and it seemed like a good idea to escape the cold and snow here in Ontario. And she was right. It was warm – the first day. After that, we endured several storm fronts as they moved in from the Pacific producing overcast skies and a lot of rain.

We had planned and booked our trip to Arizona before leaving home and I was excited at the prospect of viewing the magnificent landmark. I wanted that awe experience. So majestic, so big, so awesome – or so I expected.

As I listened to the news reports, I did grow a little concerned and expressed this concern to Tom and my daughter. The weather reporters were warning of heavy snowfall at 7,000 feet in Arizona, exactly where we were headed. But I guess it was difficult to visualize the idea of snow in California or Arizona, so we went – totally unprepared. Our first difficulty occurred just outside of Bakersfield where high winds created a near blinding sand/dirt storm from the empty fields, across the roads and made driving an effort. Glad that we had the protection of the car, I did wonder if this was somewhat similar to was experienced in the dustbowl. I certainly would not have wanted to be outside.

As we approached our first stopover of the trip, at Barstow, CA, we entered the desert area and it did not look as I expected at all. Though bleak, there was more vegetation than I thought would be in a desert. By the next day, as we went deeper into the Mojave Desert area, I had grown accustomed to the starkness of the land with few dwellings. This huge, relatively flat land afforded us some unparalleled

views of great distance and activity. For example, we watched a train, which was so far away it appeared to be a child’s miniature set, as it cross the land and disappeared into a tunnel.

As we drove through the desert, a storm brought rain, again a surprise, and after the rain, a rainbow filled the sky. After stopping for lunch at Kingman, AZ, we decided to purchase some rain/snow gear for our day at the Grand Canyon. This type of attire is not readily available in a desert area, but we finally did find some rain ponchos and several mittens and winter hats – not that any were coordinated. We just felt fortunate to find any.

Our delay in Kingman turned out to be a bit of good thing for us, for during our shopping time, the only highway (and I think road) was at a standstill due to an accident and had been impassable for several of hours. We had been steadily climbing as we drove east, and as we drew closer to Williams AZ, our destination, we had been experiencing increasing snow. At first, there was just some snow on the plants by the side of the road, then the snow was covering the ground, then every off ramp was buried in snow – so much so that we wondered how we would get off the highway when we arrived at our exit.



The traffic on the highway had been sufficient to keep the snow melted but slushy and it really splashed up, especially when we tried to pass any of the many, many trucks travelling this route. Soon, we were stuck behind a long line of trucks waiting for the road to clear. As we waited, the snow increased – we were at nearly 7,000 feet. I should also tell you, we didn't have snow tires or even all-season tires on the car – my daughter didn't need them in California, so why buy them. When it snows in mountains either the roads were then closed to traffic or tire chains were recommended. As we had no chains, we would have to find a place that would put them on. That was for later—maybe.



Finally, the traffic started to move again and, an hour later, we arrived at the hotel, along with all the other guests who had been held up – it was bedlam at the front desk. As for Josh and Em – they went out to play in the snow. While Josh had played the snow when he was three, Em had not. This was the first time she had seen snow. After checking in I crashed on the bed and the kids came in sodden from frolicking in the snow. It snowed and it snowed. The hotel assured us that the town really knew how to plough the streets, but it didn't appear that way to me – *"Come to Toronto and see how it is done,"* I wanted to say. We slipped and skidded over to the restaurant. In conversation with diners who had already travelled to the Grand Canyon, we found out that they had been unable to see anything of the view because there had been too

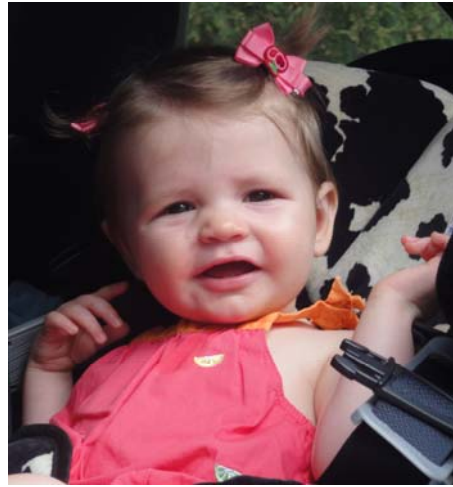
much cloud and snow. How was that possible? I thought.

We had booked the train from Williams to the Grand Canyon and, because of the snow, we were really glad that we did. It was snowing when we left Williams for our 1.5 hour ride to the Canyon. As we boarded the bus for the Rim Tour the snow stopped and we had great hope. The driver mentioned that we would only be making one stop on the tour as the other location was closed due to snow. We disembarked in the parking lot at the look-out point and hurried, as best we could wearing only shoes in snow, to get our first view. Nothing! We could see nothing! A cloud like fog sat in the canyon and all we could see was white. Imagine, some places along the rim do not have any fencing and I thought, with all that white, how easy it would have been to walk off the edge. As we walked along the path, the clouds finally did part and we caught a glimpse of the Canyon. It was worth it, I had my "awe moment". Nevertheless, I don't think I would ever go to the Grand Canyon (or any place in or near the mountains) in the winter months again. As a side, we froze while we were at the Canyon because we did not have adequate winter wear and layers didn't offer much protection.

Tracy wants me to include the daring trip I sent Tom on in the late evening through the snow covered streets in search of some medication to help me breath. A tip - if you have a bad cold and some chest congestion and are not use to high (7000 ft) altitude, then breathing might be difficult.



Hands UP!



And Hats ON!



Heron Family Update 2010/2011

By Pat Heron

Paul

Paul started his high school career in September. Paul joined the school Cross Country team and the Track and Field team. Many times when we take pictures of Paul running, he has both feet in the air, like the picture to the right, at a cross country meet. He travelled around to meets in such places as Ottawa and Port Hope. The LOSSA meet was held in Belleville this year. Paul continued to play hockey in the winter and is also currently playing baseball this summer.

Paul continues to attend many Blue Jays games, mostly with his dad. Paul turned 14 in October 2010.



Daniel

Daniel, pictured on the left, began his university career at York University this past fall in the Biomedical Science program. And although the long commute was a big adjustment, by the end of the year, it was like he had always been doing it.

Daniel will be spending his summer working for the Town of Ajax as a Lifeguard and Swim Instructor. Daniel turned 19 on June 9, 2011.



Joseph

This was a big year, academically, for Joseph, on the right. He started his first year of Software Engineering at the University of Ontario Institute of Technology (UOIT), in Oshawa. His first year went well and he achieved a high enough average to continue receiving the scholarship grant that he originally earned with his high school marks. He is enjoying the program and is eager to continue next September.

During the summer he will be continuing to work for the Town of Ajax as a Lifeguard. Joseph turned 19 on June 9, 2011.

James

James graduated this spring with a Bachelor of Science from the University of Ontario Institute of Technology. He majored in Physics with a minor in Math. James has been accepted to the Nuclear Engineering Master's Program at UOIT.

James continues to work throughout the school year and the summer as a Lifeguard and Swimming Instructor for the Town of Ajax. James turned 22 on May 4.



Getting There is Half the Fun - Or So They Say!

By Janice Noonan

Our plan, this year, was to go to Florida for two weeks around March Break. Rather than spending the time searching out deals on the internet, we decided to let a travel agent do this for us. As well, we felt this would ensure that everything would go by without a hitch. We visited the travel agent in early December and arranged everything. She found a great flight which was less than half of other flights (Part of the reason might be that the flight left at 6:30 a.m.) She booked us into the Hard Rock Hotel at Universal Studios and at the Caribbean Beach Resort at Disney World.

When our travel material



Larry and Michael - The Hard Rock Hotel

was ready, our travel agent called us and went to see her. She went over all the material which included a voucher for our rental car, our hotel vouchers, vouchers for our park passes and our airline tickets, which were printed individually, each with a yellow sticker to make them easier to find in the pile of papers we received. We mentioned that we planned to leave our car at the Park N Fly because there was a special price for long term stays at the economy Park N Fly lot. Our travel agent printed off a coupon that would give us access to the Park N Fly Valet lot for a mere \$10.00 more than the economy rate, still less than an airport taxi would cost. Upon returning home, we safely filed our materials until it was time to pack in an accessible place for travelling.

I had asked the travel agent about the possibility of getting our boarding passes ahead of time, online. I thought she told us that if we did this



Larry, Jan and Michael - On the Plane

early, it would cost \$15.00 each, but that we could do it within 24 hours of the flight for free. When I got up at 6:30 a.m. the day before the flight (the week before March Break), I discovered that what she actually meant was that getting your boarding pass early – that is, before you arrived at the airport, would cost \$15.00 each, but this service was *only* available 24 hours before the flight. For this airline, it was never free. I had no plans on spending \$45.00 on this and I might have left it at that. However, what I also discovered while I was searching this out, was that Larry did not appear in their online records. Dismayed at this, I looked more closely at his ticket, which was stacked between mine and Michael's. Sure enough, where we had a line that described our flight from



Jan and Michael - in front of Hogwarts

Toronto to Orlando and another line that described our flight from Orlando to Toronto, Larry had only one line, one that indicated a flight from Orlando to Toronto.

So, with less than 24 hours to our flight, we had to wait until 9:00 a.m. to contact our travel agent to see if all three of us would be on that flight. We were able to contact her right at 9:00 and she verified that there should be a two-way ticket for Larry. She said that in her 17 years as a travel agent, she had never seen this happen before. After contacting the airline, she emailed us a new ticket, with all three of us on the one ticket. Problem solved – sort of.

Because we had to be at the airport three hours before our flight, we chose not to go to bed in case we overslept. After driving to the airport and leaving our car at the Park N Fly, we arrived at a nearly empty terminal a little after 3:00 a.m. We were first in line at our airline. When the check-in lines opened, we handed over our ticket only to discover, that Larry wasn't on the computer list. So, we had to wait for a supervisor to arrive.

Meanwhile, other people were checked in, both from our airline and other airlines. Everyone then went to the same line that would lead to U.S. Customs (not yet open). That line grew longer and longer as we waited. The supervisor finally arrived and assured us that this sort of thing happens frequently. Somehow, she found that Larry was, indeed, supposed to be on the plane and she printed our boarding passes, allowing us to join the very long customs line.

We checked through customs, and

had only about a half hour to wait before boarding our plane. After a three hour flight, we retrieved our luggage and, because we had already been through customs, we went to get our rental car. Less than two hours after landing, we had checked into our hotel and were walking over to the amusement park.

From the Hard Rock Hotel there is a five minute walk to the *Universal Studios Park* and a ten minute walk to the *Universal Islands of Adventure Park*. Because we stayed in a Universal hotel, we could use our room card as an express pass to many of the rides. As well, every morning, we were allowed early into the *Wizarding World of Harry Potter* section of the *Islands of Adventure Park* and could enjoy the *Harry Potter and the Forbidden Journey* ride with virtually no line. This ride,



Larry, Jan and Michael in Disney's Animal Kingdom

not subject to express passes, would have a three hour line later in the day (and this was the week before March Break). We had lunch at the Three Broomsticks in Hogsmeade and tried some *butterbeer*. It tasted like a mixture of butterscotch and root beer.

Later in the week, we moved to the Caribbean Beach Resort in Walt Disney World. By staying in one of the Disney Resorts, we had access to extended hours of one park per day. For the four parks, *The Magic Kingdom*, *Epcot*, *Disney Studios* and *Animal Kingdom*, some were open earlier in the day for us, and some later. One day, *The Magic Kingdom* was open to 3:00 a.m. for resort guests.

As March Break arrived, so did many more people. The parks got more and more crowded. The weather also improved, so much so that we added the water park option to our tickets. This allowed us entrance to *Typhoon Lagoon* and to *Disney Quest*, a building full of computer games and virtual experiences in *Downtown Disney*.

When our two weeks came to an end, we were pretty well exhausted. Nevertheless, on our departure day, we had to be up by 5:30

a.m. for our luggage pick up. The man who came for our luggage took us to the front desk where we would be catching the 6:00 a.m. Disney Magical Express bus to the airport. Because there had never been any problem with our return flight tickets, we had no trouble getting our boarding passes.

Somehow, after landing, we seemed to be the first people to arrive at the Canada Customs. We

were through in minutes and went to pick up our luggage, which was among the first to come down the luggage belt. We found the Park N Fly valet pickup area and, in no time we were back in our car and on our way home to a well-desired rest.



Jan and Michael in Disney's Magic Kingdom on one of two rainy days.



The Young Set



Rain, Rain Go Away!

By Olive Heron

Here I am working outside in my garden. Finally the rain has stopped but it might start up again soon. We have had so much rain this spring, I don't recall ever having this much. Only one or two days a week without rain and then it's too wet to do anything outside because the ground is so mucky you can't work with it. By now, I usually have most of my gardening done. Here we are in the long weekend of May and I have a long way to go. I have almost finished my vegetable garden in the back yard, so here I am in the front trying to get the weeds out and fixing the edge of the garden so I can plant my annuals. I got the edging done and then here comes the rain; how did we ever get all this rain? In the house I go to wait 'till it stops. Usually, we are praying for rain but not this year as yet. What I want to say is, "Rain, rain go away, come back another day."

That reminds me of my Mom and Dad's 50th anniversary. It was a dry hot summer in 1972 and Dad had a marina up in Beaverton. He let his sons run the Danforth Furnace Works after he had bought this marina. He enjoyed working there. Well, their anniversary was really on Dec. 29, but you couldn't have an outdoor party in the winter, so I planned it in August so it would be nice and sunny. Well, that summer we had had very little rain;

everybody was praying for rain. How could I possibly pray for it not to rain, when rain was so needed? The farmers were having a hard time, their crops were going to be ruined, and I'm thinking, please don't rain on this day, what would I do? The day came and no rain. I was happy but a lot of other people were not so happy.

We went up to Beaverton and Mom and Dad were happy to see us. (They didn't know anything about the party.) I was a little afraid to



tell them about it because I thought they wouldn't want it. Then people started arriving and my dad was surprised to see them come, especially when some of his brothers and sisters came from Sault Ste. Marie. He was so pleased that they were there; he had not seen them for many a year. So we all gathered around and wished them happy 50th anniversary. My mom was pleased but my dad was thrilled. I don't think I had ever seen him so pleased and happy. I was so wrong in thinking he wouldn't want it. The day went well; everybody had such a wonderful time, but I think my dad was the happiest. The next day it rained!



picnic pics



Unpredictable Child

By Larry Noonan

Some children are unpredictable even before they are born. Almost two years ago, my daughter Kristyl and her husband Brad, had their first child. After nearly 63 hours of labour, Alyssa Emma appeared and has been a joyful addition to our family ever since.

With a second child, this time a boy, expected in mid-May, we all hoped that Kristyl's labour would be less intense. We were not ready for what happened.

As the due date approached, all involved waited for the phone call that would tell them Brad was taking Kristyl to the hospital. That call came around 6:00 pm on Tuesday, May 17. "We're leaving for the hospital now," Brad said.

Jan, Michael and I left for the hospital soon after. On the way, we stopped at McDonalds for a take out meal knowing that we would not leave the hospital until the baby



arrived. With our experience at Alyssa's birth, we realized that could be a very long time.

We ate in the car, then parked in the medical centre lot in front of the Oshawa hospital. We got to the waiting room in time to hear, "The baby has arrived." This was less than four hours after I was talking to Kristyl on the phone and she had decided to call Brad to come home from work. It was little more than a half hour after Brad and Kristyl had arrived at the hospital! We soon were invited into the room and got to see and hold our little Chase for the first time. Time will tell if Chase is as impatient to get places in the future as he was this day.



Grandpa holding Chase - at more than an hour old.

Sitting Together



Visit Our Website:
www.homestead.com/heron