

About Father's Day

My father never so much as suggested that I consider the ordained ministry. I knew that both my parents would fully support me in whatever walk of life I might choose to undertake, but each year at Kenner Collegiate was requiring more decision-making about course options. The pressure was mounting with regard to some future occupation, and none of the options seemed to hold much appeal.

I was five years old when Dad began training for the ministry in northern Saskatchewan. Straddling the rear carrier of the parish bicycle as he toured around a summer mission, I watched and listened as he connected in his own distinctive way with villagers and farm families of all sorts and backgrounds. After his graduation and moving up to an 18 year old Plymouth sedan, I was never happier than accompanying him to simple services, meetings or visits in roughshod church buildings, schoolhouses or private homes. Barely visible in an armchair in a corner with a ginger ale in hand, endeavouring to melt into the woodwork of some farm kitchen, but with eyes open and "ears flapping" as he later expressed it, I absorbed by osmosis a faithful, thoughtful, deeply caring style of ministry which gathered ordinary people together into a special community of Christian faith, hope and love, of commitment and energy, and of worthwhile service to the larger world.

As my High School graduation loomed, my parents gently raised the question about any thoughts and plans I might have toward the future. It had somehow quietly come to me en route to Kenner one day after lunch, and with a great sense of relief, that my problem had been resolved! For me, there was nothing else in all the world ultimately worth doing, and my response to my parents came as no more than a few quiet words in a single sentence. I recall seeing a broad and knowing smile, a flicker of light in the eyes. My dad and I soon found ourselves in the office of a very knowledgeable and supportive professor in Toronto who provided us with wise counsel, a handful of bursary applications, and the saga moved on.

Decades later, father and son periodically met together comparing notes on the progress and current issues in our respective churches somewhere in the city, a suburb or some outlying town or village, recalling the bicycle, the Plymouth, then the 1936 Chrysler devoid of a hand crank, but with a heater that worked at 40 Below! Apart from his beloved summer mission, he served effectively in seven parishes across 30 years, several of them in the Peterborough area, and while insisting he was simply "an ordinary Joe doing a job", it was more a way of life for him as well as for my mother, his helpmate, soulmate and close companion throughout the journey.

As Father's Day approaches, all of us recognize that it's not an easy or affirming moment for everyone in our society of 2018, while others have so much for which to be

thankful. We do well to keep one another in our thoughts and prayers in this beautiful part of the world, and remember as a friend once reminded me, "Any fool can father a child, but it takes a man to be a father." A blessed Father's Day to one and all!

Archdeacon David Peasgood,
St. George's Anglican Church



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Did you know? Historical Inhabitants



Little evidence has been found over the years of Indian presence in what is now Chandos township: one artifact, a stone adze of the Late Archaic period (approximately 1,000 B.C.) given to the Royal Ontario Museum collection in the 1930's is said to have come from "west of Coe Hill."

But recently, in 1987, a pre-historic habitation was discovered near Clydesdale Lake which is currently being investigated by R.O.M. archeologist Chris Anderson, who has a cottage on Chandos Lake. The site represents a large seasonal camp-site dating to approximately A.D. 1300 to 1400 and is affiliated with culture of the late Middle Ontario Iroquois tradition, rather than the Algonquin-speaking Mississauga Indians who were settled at Curve Lake and Hiawatha on Rice Lake early in the 19th century.

Anderson is also embarking personally on an "informal long-term archeological survey of the township" which has never been done before.

Excerpt from "The Loon Call" by Jean Murray Cole. If you would more information, please contact Bob Burns of the Burleigh Road Historical Society via e-mail: bobburns12642@yahoo.com.