



Newsletter July & August 2020

ONLINE LEARNING

We have new online learning activities and games for kids and kids of all ages! In this time of social distancing and virtual learning we are continuously adding to our collection of online learning activities and games. Check out our new additions on local plant life, wildlife, and a game matching old artifacts and their modern day equivalents! Check them out here <http://mapleridgemuseum.org/online-learning/>

MUSEUM SUMMER HOURS

For updates on museum hours and open days, keep an eye on our website and social media for updates.

CANADA DAY PHOTO RECREATION

We hope everyone was able to participate in the City of Maple Ridge virtual Canada Day celebrations!

This year, we are celebrating Canada Day through all of July!

Join us in celebrating by participating in our Canada Day photo re-creation! Check out these selected photos of Canada Day and Dominion Day in Maple Ridge past <http://mapleridgemuseum.org/virtual-canada-day/>



CEMETERY CLEAN UP

The museum may not be re-opened yet but we are excited to be able to offer our annual Cemetery Clean Up event again this year!

This event is for people who are passionate about history, volunteering, and community restoration. Many of the older headstones no longer have individuals to care for them.

Spend the morning in the park cleaning headstones and clearing grass to preserve the precious history in Maple Ridge Cemetery.

This summer, the cemetery clean-up is on Saturdays July 18th and July 25th from 9:00 am to 12:00 pm.

We are keeping the number of volunteers to eight only in order to maintain social distancing protocols and keep the cemetery visitors and staff safe.

Volunteers must register in advance on: <<https://www.eventbrite.ca/e/maple-ridge-cemetery-clean-up-tickets-107749822620>>



QUAREN-TALES: HISTORIES OF THE QUARENTINE

WE WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU!

The museum and archives has started a new pandemic era virtual program, the Quaren-Tales! We are asking the people of Maple Ridge to write stories, journals, letters, and poems or make drawings or artwork about their experiences during the pandemic.

What have you experienced during the year so far, how has your life changed, and how do you want this time reflected in future history lessons? These digital tales provide a portrait of what everyday life was like during this unusual time.

Not only will your writings or drawings be added to the permanent archives, you will have the opportunity to reflect on this time. For kids, it can be a way of reflecting on the strange and even scary changes that have happened.

For adults, a way of exploring our own anxieties and life changes. We would love to hear from frontline workers and the changes in their daily life and work. Consider using the prompts below to get you started, or just start writing!

Our first two Quaren-Tales are brought to us by an anonymous donors, how does your experience compare?



MUSIC ON THE WHARF "SEE YOU NEXT YEAR!"

Due to the ongoing threat of COVID-19 and the small space available on the Port Haney Wharf, our very popular Music on the Wharf concert series will not be presented this year.

We hope to return next year with a full set of concerts.

QUAREN-TALE #1:

COVID times are weird. One minute you're sitting in a restaurant laughing with your best friend, adamantly saying that you aren't going to cancel your international travel for the year and the next you're in full quarantine mode worrying about your toilet paper supply.

It's funny because your brain starts to accept quarantine as normal. At first your brain literally can't cope; you feel suffocated and trapped in your own home. I remember trying to buy toilet paper, hand sanitizer or Lysol right after things shut down, and feeling dazed as store after store was completely sold out. But then at some point, your brain just flips a switch and suddenly, yup this is completely fine.

I am lucky that this pandemic hasn't hit me as hard as other people. I still have my job, my health, and frankly I'm enjoying the lack of social events. But for me, if I had to say what was the most difficult aspect of this time, it is the uncertainty of life currently, the inability to plan or know what your life is going to be like a month from now. And just as you finally accept your new reality, it changes again. And again and again and again.

And now as I write this, we have officially entered stage 3 which is once again a little strange. Doing normal things on the one hand feels normal because it used to be, but on the other hand seems incredibly bizarre and surreal. It's normal, except the context and the behaviours and habits you have now are totally different. Getting a haircut feels the same. This is the salon you've been going to for the past 6 years, this is the same hairdresser, the same chair you sit in. But now, everyone is wearing face masks and face shields, there are precisely 50% less people than usual, and the atmosphere is more quiet and a little more subdued.

The only thing you can do really is to try and enjoy it (responsibly of course) while you can because you never know when that second wave is going to hit. Or when and if a vaccine will be made.

QUAREN-TALE #2:

Given that I resigned myself to routine complacency years ago it should be expected that mandatory isolation would have no effect on my, or any other introvert's, life. To my surprise, I quickly found myself feeling trapped in a place I long considered comfortable. George Sterling was correct in his wisdom that "a prison becomes a home if you have the key"; so correct was he that within a week of losing the key I felt myself a prisoner of my own home. So I began chiseling out of prison.

I would sneak out for short cardio runs due to a newfound penchant for the outdoors, leaving exclusively in the early morning to lessen the chance of meeting other people. I started going more often, eventually turning morning runs to a daily routine. Within a few weeks of isolation, I had begun doing outside recreation activities more than I had in the last decade.

I'm not sure what the term "runner's high" means, but it is exactly how I would describe the confidence I attained from running regularly. After a month of running along the Kanaka Creek almost every day I was inspired by its waterways to conquer my lifelong aquaphobia. As quarantine began to lighten and stores reopened, my friend offered to be my lifeguard and help me learn to swim. Even with him there, I found myself hesitant to enter the creek. I realized that my lifelong fear of water was as much a prison as my lifelong introverted routines, and it was up to me to decide whether I had the key or not.

So, with much fear, I entered the water. After many tiring confidence building expeditions into shallow water, I began entering the water without hesitation, then without someone to swim near me, then without anyone in the water at all. Excitement had wholly replaced fear, and I felt so thrilled with my ability to swim alone that of course I wanted to take things one step further. I purchased a Kayak, and promised myself that I would paddle through the waterways of Kanaka Creek that I had run alongside every morning. I paddled along the banks of the wa-

ter, still holding a light grasp on my lifelong fear of it. I paddled until I reached the Kanaka Regional Park, and felt immense satisfaction at my improvement. On my return up Kanaka Creek I realized my old "comfort zone" was akin to a stifling, anti-self improvement prison. So I vowed to continue exiting it as vehemently as I could, and break my self constraining habits. I paddled home in the center of Kanaka Creek, away from the banks of the water, confident and alone.

SUMMERS OF YESTERYEARS



Published in the GAZETTE on 25 July 1957 with the following caption:

"Whonnock United Church members and friends enjoyed a picnic on the lovely grounds of Mr. and Mrs. Barchard's 'Glen Whonnock.' ...

While adults visited, children enjoyed rides in boats and on donkeys for pleasure. The picnic was enjoyed under trees and among trout pools and stream of the home and grounds."

The "Glen Whonnock Farm" was at the east end of Bell Road.

SUMMERS OF YESTERYEARS



Summer picnic at Webster's Corners. No date. Named people include Mrs. Ina Matson (top rear); and photographer John Aho, bareheaded man in centre. Also named but not located are Esther Mattson, Ida Peippo, Lillian Mattson, and Mrs. Bolky.



Kanaka Creek, 1940-1941. In front, from left, Katsumi Okino, Kazuo Irizawa, unidentified and Mas Kosaka. Behind are Henry Tsuyuki, Andy Nagai, Min Okino, and Tad Tsuyuki.

SUMMERS OF YESTERYEARS



Fishing along the Alouette River, Pitt Meadows. ca. 1950

DEWDNEY-ALOUETTE



Visit the Dewdney-Alouette Railway Society's diorama in the museum.

On the last Sunday of every month, members of the Dewdney-Alouette Railway Society are present to “talk trains” and operate the Diorama. Model Railroaders are welcome on the Tuesday and Thursday evenings before the last Sunday of the month.

Info: Dick Sutcliffe at 604-467-4301 or E-Mail: ras1@uniserve.com

This issue of the newsletter with contributions from Shea Henry and Val Patenaude was prepared by Fred Braches.