

A Simply Senior's Keepsake

...connecting our youth with stories of our Seniors

Book One

A Story Contest



by

The Whitby Historical Society

with grateful acknowledgments to

The New Horizons for Seniors

The Department of Human Resources and Skills Development

Canada

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Recipes, Resources ^{plus} and Refreshing Ideas

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Canada

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A Simply Senior's Keepsake - Book One
...connecting our youth with stories of our Seniors
Recipes, Resources ^{plus} and Refreshing Ideas

Story Contest

Celebrating
200 Years of Peace
between
Canada and The United States of America
following the War of 1812

\$500. First Prize

presented by the
Whitby Historical Society

with grateful acknowledgment to
The New Horizons Grants for Seniors
The Department of Human Resources and Skills Development Canada

Open to High School & Elementary Students
in Durham Region

Write a short story or a poem that celebrates the
the peaceful relationship between
Canada and the United States of America

Weave some history into your story or poetry ...have fun!



For more rules of entry see:
www.WhitbyHistoricalSociety.com

Due Date: Friday, November 16th 2012
submission via email to:
bod@whitbyhistoricalsociety.com

Works submitted will be eligible for publication
in an e-book with credit given to the author



A Story Contest Celebrating 200 Years of Peace- Book One

The War of 1812 ...a perspective

A few seniors working on this project got together in the early stages of deciding how best to go about creating a truly memorable keepsake for seniors.

We are all attracted to history and working to preserve our heritage for the future. So being that this year is 2012 the anniversary of the War of 1812, we thought of ideas of how to include this in the project and also stimulate youth to think about this turning point in history. It was decided to focus on the positive and showcase what a wonderful period of peace this has been between Canada and the United States of America.

Two hundred years of cooperation, surely a beacon to the world. Our peoples have lived in peace. Not only lived in peace as neighbours, but like family. Understanding our individual roles within a community of nations we strive collectively through good representational government and individually through business, trade, tourism and every day lives to make where we live the great place it is!

“During this war French, English and aboriginal people took up arms and rallied around a common objective: resisting the American invasion. These bonds created by our ancestors are at the origin of a truly pan-Canadian identity that made possible our Confederation, and led to a country of great diversity with two official languages.” Stephen Harper, Prime Minister of Canada 2012

A Celebration of 200 Years of Peace!

With a Story Contest open to Durham Region Ontario students, we proceeded to spread the word through our new website, facebook and old fashioned word of mouth.

Win one of two \$500. First prizes.

One High School entry winner - One Elementary School winner.

Write a short story or poem celebrating 200 Years of Peace between Canada and The United States of America following the War of 1812.

Celebrate the peaceful relationship between Canada and the United States of America. Weave some history into your story or poetry ...have fun.

We are looking for stories with some factual research and an imaginative, positive take on things. Also quotes, stories etc. from an interview with a senior, your parents, grandparents, and elders. Get ideas for stories, re-tell a seniors story, advice, or perspective.

The peace we all enjoy is a beacon of hope for the world, shine a light on this period in our history.

The following are the entries, beginning with the First Prize Winners.

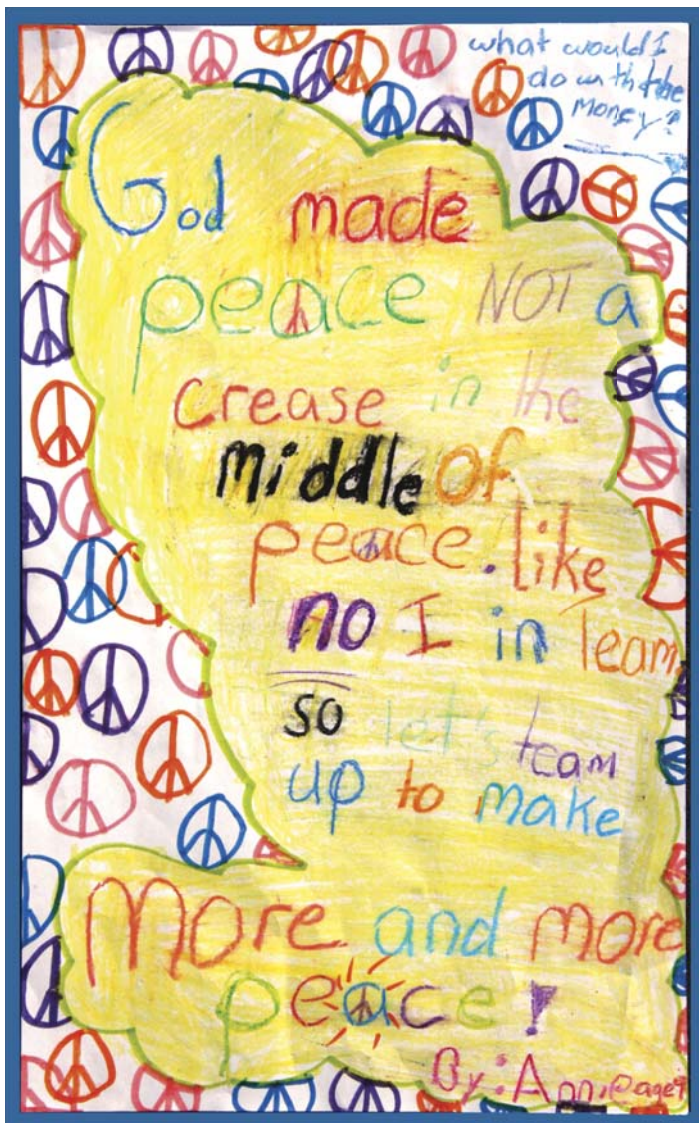
A Story Contest Celebrating 200 Years of Peace- Book One

By: Annie Johnston, aged 9
Whitby, Ontario

Elementary School Entries

First Prize Winner

**“God made peace
Not a crease in the middle of
peace.
Like no I in Team.
So let’s team up to make
More and more peace!”**



Here is an excerpt of a letter sent by Annie’s father.

“Annie is in Grade 4 at St. John the Evangelist School. She is in the French Immersion Program. Annie was born in China. We adopted her in 2004. She has an older sister, Ellen who was also born in China. Ellen is 11 years old. We are planning on taking the girls to China to see where they were born in 2014. As you can imagine, they are very excited and we have already started saving for this important trip. On the back of her entry, Annie has listed what she would do with the money if she wins.

Second Prize Winner

Two hundred Years of Peace

By Owen Donaldson – 8 years old

We all know about the War of 1812, but now we are going to tell it differently. There was a war of who is better and who is worst. The war was between Canada and the USA.

The war reminds me of my sister and I. Sometimes me and my sister fight. We both have reasons why. My sister likes my stuff and she wants to take it. I refuse because she is going to wreck it. So we fight and I know it is wrong but sometimes I have to stand up. It’s just like the war of 1812. If we didn’t stand up for ourselves there wouldn’t even be Canada, the greatest country in the world.

High School Students Entries

First Prize Winner

Jack and Ralph

By: Jessica Webster

Dear Whitby Historical Society,

My name is Jessica Webster. I am a sixteen year old French immersion student with a 92% average, attending Sinclair Secondary School in Whitby. I have lived in Durham Region all of my life and was excited for the opportunity to write about Canada's involvement in the War of 1812. I have been a lover of English from a very young age and developed my love for Canada's history while I was a Page, serving at the Legislative Assembly of Ontario in grade 8. I did not have access to non-fiction stories regarding the brave soldiers who fought during the War of 1812, so I decided to research Canada's involvement for myself. From the research I gathered, I decided to write a fictional story about two soldiers who served their countries honorably and who were forever entwined with one another through a simple act of kindness. Thank you for providing students, like myself, the opportunity to write these stories and learn more about Canada's history and the bravery of its men. I hope you enjoy the short story I have written.

Jessica Webster

I opened the old, rusty trunk. The smell of all things antiquated swelled in my nostrils, causing my lungs to tickle feverishly. After the coughing had ceased, I stared into the box of treasures containing all things old. It's funny how one can have history's truth so near to them and never take the time to delve into it. Rather, it just stays preserved in sealed boxes, hidden away while we continue to live our lives. We think that it's enough to just hold history, rather than to understand where it is we have come from. It's for that reason that my wife Jen and I decided to take these untouched boxes of nostalgia from our parents and bring them to our new home.

We had just moved to Missouri, which was a strange place to the both of us, my being Canadian and for her having lived in New York since her birth. We were starting our

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Jack and Ralph

By: Jessica Webster

story as a newly married couple and it only made sense to us to know the stories of our ancestors before we began to write our own. I began to explore the life stories that were held in the box. I found remnants of what I believed to be dry flowers and lace; there were photographs all in black and white and a small gold pocket watch with an engraving on the back that I couldn't quite make out. I laid all these objects out onto the floor except for the pocket watch. It seemed too precious an object to be placed there, so I gently made it a home on the side table. They say a picture is worth a thousand words; I think that measurement is too small. Each character in the images has a complete life all their own. Opinions, hopes, dreams, aspirations, hobbies, interests and emotions that are all unique to themselves. They have the ability to love and be loved, every one of them. If you ask me every picture is worth an infinite number of beautiful stories, all captured with the click of a button.

I took a moment to take in all of the beauty that I had just witnessed, looking up to the sky only to notice that the smooth visage of darkness had covered the sun and its freckles were out, gently glimmering upon the midnight sky. Not wanting to go to bed just yet I grabbed what seemed to be a worn leather-covered photo album. I opened the album and began to walk across to my chair when a cream coloured object slipped out and effortlessly landed on the floor. I turned in innocent curiosity and picked up the object. It was an envelope, well preserved for its age (that which was unknown to me). Feeling inquisitive, I took a seat and gently reopened the package to find a series of letters.

They were addressed to an N. and signed by a J. Who these characters were, I had no idea but I was determined to find out and so I took what appeared to be one of the first and began to read.

June 28, 1813

My Dearest N,

I'm sorry for my not writing to you this long time. It has been a busy number of months and I struggle to find the time to write or the means to send you these letters.

Nevertheless, you are on my mind and in my heart and I want to assure you that I am among the living, my dear. How I wish I could be home with you now. I miss your soft touch and your kind words that always seemed to provide me with some sort miraculous strength.

We could sure use some strength now. It's been nearly a month since our defeat at the Battle of Fort George and the militia is still recovering. I'm not sure what you've heard with regards to the battle but John Vincent, the British Brigadier Commander, did the best he could to organize a strong base of men but even between our regiment, the Royal Newfoundland Regiment and our militia of 300, we didn't stand a chance against General Dearborn's American troops.

Buildings were lit afire; women and children were forced to stay in casemates. It was a treacherous battle with many dead and wounded.

We had nowhere to go after many attempts of

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Jack and Ralph

By: Jessica Webster

redirection and were forced to retreat south and meet with some other British troops.

I must tell you dear that during the battle I believe I may have committed an injustice to our country, but can it be an injustice when the life of a man is at stake?

There was a loud boom of some sort. What sort of explosion caused it, I am still unaware of, and I awoke moments later on some muddy land. I lifted my head in agony and once the ringing in my ears ceased it was replaced by a blood curdling scream.

Quickly I turned and saw an enemy soldier on the ground not a far ways from me. He had lost his leg and was in excruciating pain. I ran to him out of impulse not knowing what to do. I could hear my troops coming near and in panic I picked the man up and ran, not knowing where I was going. All of the sudden, I felt a violent tug at my chest, and noticed something shining in the hand of my enemy.

I continued to run, knowing there was no time to ponder what he was holding. We reached some trees just off of the enemies' land and I gently placed the man on the muddied ground. The dirt and dust from explosives and gunfire and the sounds of men battling one another in the heat of war made it difficult to hear.

He lay bleeding while I stood baffled by what I had just done. Noticing the red that surrounded what was left of his leg I ripped off my tattered jacket, throwing it to the ground, and took my blouse to wrap his leg

with.

Whilst I was tying his leg in the best bandage I had, he said "Jenkins". I begged his pardon and he repeated himself, telling me that his name was Jenkins, Ralph Jenkins. I properly introduced myself in the awkward moment as I finished securing his bandage. He thanked me kindly as I helped him up to lean against a tree.

He opened his hand to unveil the object I had so plainly forgotten about. It was your locket, the one with the engraving of my name that you gave to me on the day of my departure.

I motioned to take it back from him when he pulled his hand away. "May I keep it?" he asked. Again I begged his pardon in utter shock as he explained he wanted something to remember me by. He expressed his gratitude for my showing him peace and respect when war surrounded us. I'm sorry to say that his story moved me so much that I agreed to his keeping my most precious possession. In return he gave me a small golden pocket watch, one that he said his wife had bought for him and had his name engraved in.

I cannot explain to you how those few moments had such a grand effect on me. There we stood in tattered clothes, covered in dirt and perspiration. All around us our troops were fighting and killing each other battling for power and respect. All around us orders were being shouted, weapons were being fired and men were dying. Yet there we stood in quietness, each holding the other's most prized possession.

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Jack and Ralph

By: Jessica Webster

There we stood at peace in war.

We stood there a few moments longer until we heard some loud “boom” that seemed to knock us from our serenity back into reality. Without a word, we nodded to one another, knowing not if we would ever see one another again in war or in peace and with that gesture, I ran back to my grounds.

You see, my love, I had never experienced such a thing before as what I just described to you. It was a magnificent occurrence that is still leaving me dumbfounded as to whether or not I betrayed my country to save a man or whether it would have been better to betray a man to honor my country.

Nevertheless, it is finished now and I write to you, my one and only hope who keeps me in strength and perseverance and on my journal lies the small golden pocket watch that was given to me as a token of friendship by a man I believe I shall never see again.

Your forever faithful husband, **J**

I awoke the next morning to a tender voice and a pleasant smile; it was my wife asking me why I had slept in the living room.

I explained to her my findings of what I thought to be a romantic letter, but which turned out to be an incredible story of bravery and peace instead, and how I must have fallen asleep after my reading.

“J”, she said. “Your granddad’s name is

Jack, isn’t it?”

“Yeah”, I replied. “He was the sixth generation of Jacks, and then they changed the name when my dad came around.”

“So maybe this is from one of your great granddads!”

“Yeah, I guess it could be. I should ask my granddad if he knows anything. Family stories used to be passed down all the time. I guess it skipped a couple of generations.”

She smiled, saying “It’s never too late to start figuring out where you’ve come from and now is as good a time as any.”

With this endearing comment, she kissed my cheek telling me that she was going to start digging through her bins of family history in the hopes of finding something as exciting as I had.

I sat at the table and pulled out my phone book to call my granddad. He and the rest of my family still lived over in Canada. I was the only one of us in the States, leaving my family in Canada after my wife and I had moved to Missouri.

“Hello?” said the kind, warm voice of the elderly man on the other end of the line.

“Hey, Granddad, it’s me, Jacob. How’s it going over there in the blistering cold?”

He chuckled. How I miss that hearty chuckle that always seemed to come right from the depths of his stomach. We began our

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Jack and Ralph

By: Jessica Webster

conversation talking about daily lives and whatever was new and then we got into our family's history.

I told him about the letter which he said he new little about but when I told him the date written on the letter, I felt him smile and he began to tell me his favorite story.

It was the story of the first Jackson Hetherby, my great-great-great-great-great grandfather. My great-, let's just call him Jack, was 21 when he was recruited by the Canadian Regiment, which one Granddad was not entirely sure, to fight in the War of 1812. He left behind his new wife for three years to begin fighting nearly all of the 37 battles on behalf of Canada's governing country, Britain.

He wrote many letters, expressing his love for his wife, his life with all of the other soldiers and the brutality he saw and engaged in during the various battles.

Out of all these letters, one stood out. It was the letter I had read about the Battle at Fort George.

Granddad began to retell me the story that I had just read the night before but for some reason I couldn't tell him that I already knew what he was telling me. He retold the story with such depth and powerful emotion that it made me feel as though I myself was there with Jack and Ralph as the greatest story in my family history occurred.

I could picture my granddad sitting on his

father's knee as a young boy, listening to this story of bravery and true courage. I thought of all the generations effected by the story of one man who was a hero in choosing to save the life of a human rather than kill an enemy.

We finished our talk after a couple of hours and I left the conversation feeling some sort of fulfillment for the actions Jack had committed nearly two hundred years ago. I sat there and pondered at how much strength and courage that man must have had to save Ralph's life. I began to wonder what happened to Ralph.

I now knew much of the life of Jack and his story but I knew nothing of this American soldier named Ralph.

What was he like? What was his family like? Did he return home safely after the war? Did, he too, share the same story Jack had with his kids and their kids and so on? Somewhere out there could there be two families from two different countries who know nothing of each other but who are connected by one story?

As I sat and thought about these questions, my wife ran hurriedly into the room. "Look! Look!" she said.

"What. What is it dear?" was my reply. She opened her hand to reveal a long silver chain with a small tarnished locket at the bottom. "It's beautiful", I said. "What is it?"

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Jack and Ralph

By: Jessica Webster

“Look at the name inscribed”, she said, handing me the delicate piece of jewelry.

I turned it over and there in the center was the name “Jack” in small, cursive letters. My jaw dropped to the floor. She had something paper-like which she was bringing from behind her back to show me, but she didn’t have time. I jumped out of my chair and ran across the kitchen, into the hallway and into the living room. There on the side table lay the dull golden pocket watch. I ran to it with excitement, as if it contained the answers to all of my life’s questions. I picked it up to read the inscription on it, forgetting that it was impossible to make out.

I stopped, the excitement slowly draining from me I felt the darkest disappointment. However, being a determined fellow, I ran back into the kitchen where I had left my wife only a few short moments earlier.

“Jen! Jen! Do you have any of that gold cleaner stuff that you used to clean your great-grandmother’s bracelet?”

“Yeah, why?”, she replied.

“Get it! Please go get it!”

She hurried away and returned with the small tin of gold cleaner and a cloth. Quickly, I placed some on the cloth and rubbed it on the pocket watch as if I was unveiling history. When it was clean I sat back, astounded. I couldn’t believe my eyes, I kept checking and rechecking, making sure what I saw wasn’t

just some figment from my imagination.

There in front of me lay the clean pocket watch, shining in all of its glory with the name Ralph Jenkins forever pressed into its skin.

“Do you know what this means Jen!?” I screamed, still dumbfounded.

She laughed. “Yes of course I know what it means. That’s what I was trying to explain to you. I found this locket in one of my bins, and this” she pulled out the paper she was hiding before. “It’s my family tree” she said “and look at the date! It starts at 1816, a year after the war ended. Look! Look at the first names!”

I looked and saw one Ralph Jenkins and one Elizabeth Jenkins. The poor man’s name was lost at his generation as he had only daughters, Jen’s ancestors.

She went on to say “Jack saved my great-great, I don’t know the number of greats, but the point is that he saved him and without his actions, I wouldn’t be here. All of those generations, my entire family, over two hundred years, would never have existed without your Jack having saved my Ralph.”

I sat there in silence trying to take it all in. It was like spending hours putting puzzle pieces together, knowing the image you were creating only after you had finished.

Two hundred years, my Jack, no Jen...my thoughts continued.

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Jack and Ralph

By: Jessica Webster

I was baffled by what Jack had done and how grand an effect it had on me, my wife and our families over two hundred years.

Imagine two hundred years worth of lives and each life individual with unique opinions, hopes, dreams, aspirations, hobbies and interests all their own. Now imagine all of the lives each of those individuals would have affected through their family, friends and acquaintances.

After having pictured all of that, remember Jack. My Jack. The one who made all of those lives and the effects they had on others possible.

Peace was gained between Canada and the United States of America after the war had ended in 1815.

But during the war, while there was no peace surrounding them, one man chose to bring peace to the war.

He risked his own life to save that of another, not that of his own but that of his enemy. This simple act of kindness paved the way for many lives to form, develop and to affect others, to effect my own. Without Jack's act of kindness then, I would not be married to my Jen now.

From this man's actions it is clear that peace prevailed not only from the end of the war of 1812 but it prevailed during the war of 1812.

Second Prize Winners

Hi, I am a grade 12 student currently studying at Sinclair Secondary School. I would like to become an engineer in the future but history has always been an interest for me. I have a 91 percent, while dealing with courses such as French, Advanced Functions, Chemistry and Accounting, and even holding a part time job as a cashier. I have also received the honours award at my school for the past three years. I am a member of the Whitby Youth Council, I have participated in the Duke of Ed Leadership Award program for three years, and I have volunteered over 300 hours of my time during my 4 years in high school. I hope to go off to Queens University next year, and any additional funding for my education would be greatly appreciated.

Thank You.

Erin Holwell

The Canada that Came to Be

By Erin Holwell

Diversity and Freedom are two things Canadians are extremely proud of.

The Canadian landscape is a fusion of various cultures and races. In addition, each citizen has the same rights and privileges; the freedom of speech, the right to an education, and so many other essential privileges. Yet, in the modern day society, our population takes

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The Canada that Came to Be

By Erin Holwell

many of these rights for granted. We forget it could have all been different.

Back in 1812, Canada was a nation just taking root, still only people under the British Empire. We had yet to form our own identity and we barely had enough population for their protection. So when America began their revolution, the Canada we all know and love today could easily have been taken over. However, it was this war that portrayed the qualities of the nation we were soon to become.

With intelligent leaders, they recognized the dire need for more support if they were to win the coming battle, so they reached out to the Aborigines. This act demonstrates the acceptance of the Canadian people, as we do not judge based on culture.

With very little soldiers compared to the other army, they created a plan that played to their strengths and formed an extremely creative way to attack, or even defend. When the Americans attacked, their soldiers quickly demonstrated that they lacked training, and so the “Canadians” repelled many attacks.

Although the British helped tremendously during the war, the “Canadian” people demonstrated true spirit as they defended the land. If they had not showed such passion, America could have easily taken over our land, and Canada would have never been formed.

So although it is sometimes called the “Forgotten War”, the war of 1812 had an enormous impact on every Canadian’s life, as

it essentially defined the difference between America and Canada.

However, it was after this war that both Countries were able to work together peacefully as they knew now that they were equal.

They began to cooperate and trade better, and even worked together to help other countries around the world through the years.

As Margaret Thatcher said, “It pays to know the enemy - not least because at some time you may have the opportunity to turn him into a friend.” This is exactly what Canada did, we used this war as the basis of our peaceful relationship which has lasted 200 years and will continue.

Through this war, we became a nation defined for our image and character, and we created peace with the nation with whom we had previously been enemies. Although it was still a war, the war that only lasted two years has created peace for hundreds of years and to this fact, we must celebrate.

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The Canada that I am Thankful For

By Rosey Lapointe

Dear Whitby Historical Society Judges,

I really enjoyed learning about the War of 1812 for this contest. I thought it was especially interesting to learn about the contribution of the First Nations and African-Canadians to the outcome of many of the battles. After researching the War of 1812 I can more fully understand how Canada has developed into the country that we know today. If I win this contest I would love to put the money towards my post-secondary education.

Bio: Rosey is in her final year at Sinclair Secondary School where she enjoys studying science and English. Her interests are soccer, reading, and sewing. She hopes to pursue her interest in Recreation and Leisure in university so that one day she can work in a community centre designing and implementing programs for people who have special needs.

The Canada that I am Thankful For

By Rosey Lapointe

**Canada is free,
Canada has diversity,
Largely owing to the War of 1812.**

**200 years ago today
War was declared by the U.S.A.
Against Great Britain.**

**If America had succeeded in the war,
The Canada that I am thankful for
Would simply not exist.**

**Canada was the battleground.
There was fighting all around
For 3
Long
Years.**

**In the end, Canada thrived
And made it out alive.
Everyone made peace.**

**Peace.
Co-operation.
Friendship.**

**The Treaty of Ghent showed that
Negotiation, not combat
Could end a war.**

**Today I could not be more grateful
For the special, wonderful,
Bond between Canada and America.**

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Respect

By Krista 'tMannetje

Nov 16, 2012

I am sending this letter to you in response to the advertisement for the story contest on your site and at my school, to enter my story in this contest.

For years I have been entering as many writing contests as I have been able to find. It is not that I think I will win them all, but more that I need the experience for writing. Though my dream job is not to be a writer, I have always dreamed of writing stories to be published and read by children.

I love that this contest has an element of history, as History is one of my favourite classes. The war of 1812 has always been a source of pride for all Canadians, and became a sign of a change in the relationship between the two countries involved. It was very interesting to interview my grandparents and to discover various heartwarming stories of American-Canadian encounters. I am a well-rounded grand 11 student at Sinclair Secondary School. I am involved in many clubs and even run two of them myself. I have been playing the piano since I was four years old and flute since I was thirteen years old, and passed my ARCT exam in piano in the early summer of 2012. I have been writing stories and music since I was seven years old, and I completed my first novel when I was fourteen. I have entered contests such as the CBC short story prize, and I continue to work on my new and older stories as I learn more and more about writing a good novel. I would be overjoyed if you entered my story in your contest.

Krista 'tMannetje

Respect

By Krista 'tMannetje

Background to my story:

On November 4, 1979, the American Embassy was captured by outraged Iranian militants, taking almost seventy Americans hostage. These individuals were kept prisoner for 444 long, arduous days (Jimmy Carter Library & Museum).

Sometime during this period, a handful of these men managed to escape, but to nowhere.

The Canadians were the ones to create somewhere, and they hid them in their own embassy (Rescue Attempt). "The Canadian Department of External Affairs in Ottawa and the Canadian Cabinet responded with speed and decisiveness to help an ally" (Rescue Attempt), the president of the United States gratefully declares. Thanks to the Canadians and the counterfeit passports, clothes, and bags given, the Americans were able to return to their homes (Rescue Attempt).

"To me, the medal represents the gratitude and thanks of every American not only to Ambassador Taylor but to his staff, the Government of Canada, and indeed every Canadian" (Rescue Attempt)

— Honorable Frank Annunzio after a medal was presented by the president of the United States of America to Ambassador Taylor

A Story Contest Celebrating 200 Years of Peace- Book One

Respect

By Krista 'tMannetje

Respect

A couple walks down a street; old enough to know the world, but not yet old enough to have forgotten it. They walk to a restaurant, hand in hand, ignoring the modern chaos of life about them as the Sun slowly sets on the horizon.

The woman steps on a newspaper absentmindedly, deeming it unimportant.

“Canadian heroes,” reads the headline. “After the American Embassy was captured by Iran, Canadians willingly risked their lives to take in the escapees...”

A breeze lifts the page and it flutters, attracting the man’s attention. Reaching down, he picks up the article and they discuss it thoughtfully for a moment before he brings it to a nearby garbage can.

The restaurant looms above, and the couple enters. They wait patiently before being guided to a seat by the window. As they sit reading the menu, they speak of family in Canada, of interesting news and of politics. Small talk. And yet, though it is small talk, it attracts the interest of a nearby American.

“Are you Canadians?” he asks politely. People look over, intrigued. “We are,” answers the man curiously.

A bright smile fills his face, and the couple notices the paper he holds in his hands.

“Canadian heroes,” reads the headline...
“Thank you,” says the man, “thank you so

much.” And, after a brief hesitation, he stands slowly, the resonant sound of his hands clapping shattering the couple’s knowledge of the world.

Others stand, more by the second, clapping, and the couple is surrounded with such looks of gratitude that they feel overwhelmed. The applause fills the restaurant as it becomes obvious that, as the Honorable Frank Annunzio himself had thought, each and every American is grateful to every single Canadian for the safe return of the American captives in the hostage crisis in Iran.

The honored Canadian couple eats their dinner humbly, without requiring to pay the bill. The thankful man, the one who had started the ovation, insisted that he pay for their meal. He refused to take no for an answer, and the couple was moved by the sincerity in his eyes.

The two Canadians later walk to their hotel that night, watching the cars go by, the people walk past. They feel full to the brim with a new understanding of human beings, of Americans. Never again will they underestimate the appreciation of the Americans for Canada, nor will they themselves ever miss a chance to return to the Americans the gratitude that had been thrown on them. One day, they will return to that restaurant. One day, they will give the Americans the standing ovation that they themselves had received. One day.

This tale is based on a true story of my grandparents, Mary and Barry Jackson, to whom a similar event occurred. They were

A Story Contest Celebrating 200 Years of Peace- Book One

Grateful And Sad

By Adelaide Welsh

the Canadian couple, and they were truly moved by this situation. Mary said that “[the Americans] were so happy to meet us,” and she says it with such joy that it shows how much the Americans’ gratitude had moved her. This has changed their opinion of the Americans, and it shows that Canada is not ignored; not by the Americans. It demonstrates that Americans and Canadians genuinely respect one another, and that this respect has grown slowly but surely since the day the war of 1812 ended.



Grateful And Sad

By Adelaide Welsh

**Though why you cry is unknown to me,
I know it must be part of 1813,
For the year before a great war starts,
and a
year after a great war ends,
I know because Old Ironsides took both
my
great grandfather and his friend,
They did well, for now 200 years of peace
have gone by,
A wonderful time, for you and I.**

**But is it good for others, one asks?
Certainly not for those of the past,
So we must honor them, remember them
well,
For now when we here a bell,
It's not a church bell stating a soldier has
died,
But simply that it's supertime.**

**The U.S. and I are friends,
Together forever, 'till the end.
200 hundred years have gone by,
So far we've kept our vow,
For 1812 has scared us so,**

And we'll never fight again.

A Story Contest Celebrating 200 Years of Peace- Book One

Doves Fly Over

by: Alexis Roebuck

This is my submission for the short story or poem contest. My name is Alexis Roebuck, I am in grade 9, and I have written a poem from the perspective of some one who was in the war of 1812.

Doves fly over our land,
where war was once fought,
and the colours sing in perfect harmony.

Long live our soldiers,
who fought for freedom,
for freedom is what they gained.

Not for themselves,
but for others,
who now live utter bliss.

Doves Fly Over

by: Alexis Roebuck

I lay on the ground,
unable to move,
watching as my life pours out the wound in
my chest.

All my memories,
and my precious moments,
scattered among the dirt and rubble.

A few manage to stay together,
and huddle close,
as they watch my soul separate itself from
my body.

I soar into the blood red sky,
filled with hatred and despair.

I take one last look at our excuse for a world,
and award it a single kiss on the cheek,
bidding it farewell, as I fly into the muted
white.

I now peer over our earth,
from heaven above,
seeing what it has become.

A Story Contest Celebrating 200 Years of Peace- Book One

Heaven's Gate

By Grace Ki

Grace Ki is in grade 9 and lives in Whitby Ontario. She enjoys writing and trying to learn about different cultures.

Dear ladies and gentlemen,
This short story is about a young soldier that died in the war of 1812, he is unable to move forward and is forced to wait in front of the gates of heaven. He watches from above and sees how the world changes and is able to let go of the past as the two nations find peace.
Grace Ki

Heaven's Gate

By: Grace Ki

War, it is an ugly word. The thousands of lives that came, and as the dust finally settled, only a few remained, the lucky ones who were fortunate to leave the bloodstained battle field and see there loved ones...I wasn't one of them.

Years have passed and here I stand at heaven's gate, too afraid to leave this world, afraid for the people who I held dear, could this place I once called home find peace?

The lands innocence gone as soon as the guns were fired and blood was spilt. They can't gain what was lost but as the treaty was signed things have began to heal and the dead were left to rest.

There were other soldiers before me that have waited here but now I am the last, they found their own peace and left to reside in heaven. It seems that soon after the war a border was

made and beside a couple of minor rides things have been calm between the two countries.

They have become close trading partners and they were closer than ever when they cooperated together during World War II, they have reached new levels of prosperity and determination when it came to defeating the Axis power.

Prime minister William Lyon Mackenzie King and President Franklin Roosevelt made sure they did not make the same mistakes as their predecessors have and they formed the Permanent joint board of defense. Together they fight as one and together they have won.

The warmth of knowing that peace was so close, heaven's gate opened just a little and I knew that I wouldn't have to wait much longer.

The Americans have built one of their military bases in Newfoundland, back then it was Britain's crown colony. Ever since the Americans got involved it has brought good fortune.

Newfoundland's business seemed to flourish and so they sought out closer ties with the United States. People seem to be happy now the fight has come to a stand still, things are becoming whole again, I silently thought.

Then tension began to rise once again with the United states and the Soviet Union, luckily it was more of a diplomatic war and Canada stood by the Americans every step of the way.

A Story Contest Celebrating 200 Years of Peace- Book One

In Friendship and Peace

by: Alissa Sallans

Heaven's Gate, cont.

And now things have changed so much and even though the border separates us, I know that we are now united, strong as can be.

The `Star Spangled Banner` and The Maple Leaf` standing side by side through thick and thin.

The hatred that once made us worlds apart is but a forgotten memory, we are in grace as one united race.

I smile to myself, the relationship between them seems to be as if they were husband and wife; USA being the more dominate and Canada being the supporting wife.

A tear escapes my eyes but I'm still smiling, I stand and walk towards the open gate of heaven, I have found peace within my heart and so has the my country. They don't need me anymore. I mean why have soldiers when the war is over?

It is with great delight that I submit to you my entry for the writing contest. I chose to write my entry as a ballad within a poem that tells a story of the relations between our two nations. It is called "In Friendship and Peace." I give permission for printing and publication by The Whitby Historical Society. Thank you for offering this competition, I had a lot of fun writing my poem. I only wish I could have read it, to convey the accurate rhythm of the poem. I am a grade 9 student at Sinclair Secondary School. I'm constantly busy volunteering in the community and I enjoy reading and writing.

Sincerely,
Alissa Sallans

In Friendship and Peace

by: Alissa Sallans

"Grandma, Grandpa,
Mother and dad,
I have a report
I'm really so sad!

I need to reflect
on Canada-U.S. relations
about the connection
between our two nations.

There's so much to tell,
I don't know what to do,
could I have some help
from one of you?"

My grandpa sat me down
and looked me in the eye,
"I'll tell you the story,
believe me, it's no lie."

A Story Contest Celebrating 200 Years of Peace- Book One

In Friendship and Peace

by: Alissa Sallans

Then he pulled out a book,
he looked mighty proud,
he opened it up
and read it aloud....

In 1815
the guns did cease
the Treaty of Ghent
brought our nations to peace.
Now 200 years
we've been working together,
on economics, environment,
defence, and weather.

Together we set up
the Boundary Waters Treaty,
the Free Trade Agreement,
and the N-O-R-A-D.

“Economics has made us partners,
and necessity has made us allies,”
we heard from John F. Kennedy,
a message very wise.

The world's largest trading partners
that is who we are
giving jobs, creating energy,
right now we're going far!

The Free Trade Agreement
of 1988
eliminated tariffs
making our trades great.

The Recovery Act
of 2009
helped the economic crisis
to get us back in line.

“Preservation of the environment
...it's common sense,”
said Ronald Reagan
and others agree hence.

The Boundary Waters Treaty
of 1909
promoted protection
of the boundary waterline.

The Water Quality Agreement
of 1972
controls water pollution
to keep our shared lakes blue.

The Air Quality Agreement
of 1991
reduced acid rain
but there's more to be done.

We fought side by side
in the two world wars,
in Korea, Kosovo,
now Afghanistan and more.

We fight “...side the best,
against the best,”
the 1994
Defence White Paper pressed.

We've worked together
to better our defence;
we've come a long way
and it only makes sense.

The international boundary
that is our border,
nears 9000 kilometres
and all without warder.

A Story Contest Celebrating 200 Years of Peace- Book One

200 Years of Peace

By: Jonathan Crossan

Like a big family
things aren't always perfect
but we resolve our problems
and then we reflect.

In 1815
the guns did cease
the Treaty of Ghent
brought our nations to peace.

Now 200 years
we've been working together,
on economics, environment,
defence, and weather.

Then Grandpa looked up
and gave me a smile
"See how all these efforts
were well worth the while.

Two greater neighbours
we couldn't be;
we need one another,
that you can see.

Our relations are good,
our relations are great!
Now get to bed,
it's getting late."

I nodded and said,
"Thank you, sir."
Then started my essay
on the two great nations,
that are and that were.

Hi, my name is Jonathan Crossan, I was born in 1994, and I'm currently attending Sinclair Secondary School. I'm in grade twelve and plan to be going to UOIT next year to study Commerce.

History is a subject that I was never interested in, but I took a history course this semester and I'm really enjoying it.

Outside of school I have a part-time job at Tim Hortons, and I've worked there for four years.

For the writing contest I'm submitting a sonnet called "200 Years of Peace". It follows a Petrarchan sonnet pattern, but the ending is a bit modified. Thank you for taking the time to read my writing, and I hope you enjoy it.

200 Years of Peace

By: Jonathan Crossan

Lack of tolerance caused by Great Britain
Led the Republic to respond with roar.
1812, United States declared war,
And Canada's history was written.
Battles were fought on our country's ground,
200 years later, lets celebrate our past.
No not a war, but something built to last,
It is the relationship that was found.
Resources and trade are some things we
share,
In times of crisis we stand together.
Working side by side doing whatever,
Not many nations truly compare.
*A friendship that will grow, and never cease.
Watching the loon and eagle soar in peace.*

Connecting our youth with stories of our Seniors - Book One

An Appreciation for History and Heritage

by Nader Allam

Connecting our youth with stories of our Seniors.

An Appreciation for History and Heritage

by Nader Allam

This was one of the themes which we wanted to bring forward in `A Simply Senior`s Keepsake` project. Seniors have always been a bridge for our youth. Sometimes a senior will have more time to spend in mentoring a young person, in fact part of the joy of being a senior is that you have experience and the time to share it.

Likewise, youth are our inspiration and hope for the future. Because the Whitby Historical Society has a history of preserving heritage for over forty years, as a group, we feel keenly about connecting youth and seniors... everyone for that matter. We are all in this life together.

Because Ontario high school students are required to perform forty hours of community service in order to graduate, WHS has accepted student volunteers over the years for various projects.

Nader Allam is one such student who engaged in research for this project and the museum.

The following shares some of the material prepared in the volunteer hours which he performed over the summer months. Nader lives in a multi-generational household with his mother who is a dentist and his father who is an architect along with his grandparents and great grandmother.

My name is Nader Allam. While my family background is a cocktail of Turkish, Greek and Egyptian, I am born a Canadian. I am a grade 10 student at «Étienne-Brûlé», a French secondary school of the city of Toronto.

Ever since I was young, I grew up with the belief that good deeds and hard work are rewarding.

Now that I am 14 years old, I still have this good will and I try to constantly apply this concept in real life situations... so I jumped at the offer to take part in the Whitby Historical Society project, in order to help ensure that the Canadian youth of today learns about the history of our magnificent multicultural land and respect the people who have contributed in giving it this prestigious title; our elders

I would like to thank my parents for all their support throughout this project and my grandparents who were patient enough to sacrifice some of their time to tell me stories of their earlier lives. I would also like to acknowledge the support of Mrs. Trina Astor-Stewart, organiser of the project, who gave me the opportunity to participate in this historical research of great value to our community.

And finally, thank you, the readers, for appreciating our efforts and taking interest in our Canadian history!

An Appreciation for History and Heritage

by Nader Allam

When the 21st meets the 20th Century

By: Nader Allam

Everyone knows that since the stone age, humanity and its lifestyles have drastically changed! We have continuously been tinkering with our ways of life, in order to enhance them and simplify them.

Little do the newer generations know about the challenges our predecessors had to surmount in their every day lives like wars, transportation, nutrition, staying warm,... etc. But who could blame them. They grew up in an era where computers are as essential as food and sleep; their lives are so easy they could not even imagine life without all of their devices.

The newer generations who have never lived without computers wonder even how their elders came to survive and even be satisfied!

With this document, I will attempt to enlighten our future leaders a bit, about life right before their arrival on this Earth...

I will start with the story of my great grandmother during WWII* (1939-1944).

At the time Egypt was still a British Colony holding a great concentration of British troops and as Great Britain was at war with Germany, poor Egypt was caught in the dead middle of the conflict and all the bombardments of the fleets of German planes would jeopardise the lives of many

innocent Egyptian civilians including that of my family. Since Egypt was not an active participating country in this war, there were no Egyptian troops deployed in the battlefield.

All throughout the war, alarms sounding within the country at any given time in the day warning the people of incoming airstrikes had become a part of their daily lifestyle.

Fortunately in the case of an accident, the ICRC or International Committee of the Red Cross, which is a private humanitarian institute founded in 1863 that has for its objective the protection of the life and dignity of the victims of armed conflicts, would come to the rescue of the hurt, bringing them to the nearest hospital. As war is injury prone for both sides, a law was passed stating that the Red Cross are a neutral support division that should not be targeted on the battlefield, because they help all the injured, no matter their position in the clash of countries.

During the war, most Egyptian men would go on with their every day jobs while others would help the English soldiers. As the majority of the women were, at the time housewives, very few had a job. Women were all given sewing equipment and materials by the Red Cross to make blankets and clothing for the troops in the hospitals. Some would even volunteer in the hospitals as nurses, because like in all great human involved catastrophes, hospitals are constantly flooded with patients and so need all the help they can get!

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As every little action contributes to the success of the whole, my great grandmother who sewed and volunteered in hospital was a hero who played a small but important role that would help the British win the war.

My Grandmother during WWII

The next story is that of my grandmother who escaped the whole war by a hair, being born in 1942.

Nowadays we carry around very advanced electronics, but never stop to think: how did the earlier versions of this machine work and look like? Because it most certainly was not invented that way during the years preceding their generation, it had been innovated quite a few times!

My grandmother was one of the lucky few, in all of Egypt, with the privilege of being able to work with this complex piece of computer machinery way ahead of its time. She had worked with one of the very early versions of computers that had arrived in Egypt in 1966. At the time, computers were not yet available for the public's use, they were only meant for work purposes. It would have been hard to believe, during that period, that this invention would ever be able to revolutionize the world of tomorrow as it has done.

At the time, people were right to be sceptical, because the computer itself was as big as two whole rooms! Not at all your compact and portable laptop! The data storage capacity of this enormous computer was, believe it or not, only 8 KB (Kilobytes), while our (2012) pocket sized USB flash drives could currently

store up to 2 terabytes, or 2'000'000'000 KB!

My grandmother started working as a programmer in 1968 at one of the only 3 enterprises in Egypt working with computers.

They worked with computers version IBM 1401. Grandmother began her career as a programmer then was promoted to system analysis. As a programmer, her job consisted of coding the programs used to run on the computer, in computer language. In system analysis, she was the one responsible for interacting with the customer, asking him/her what he/she needed to be computerized and so from this consultation, my grandmother would instruct her programmers in the series of tasks required to be done in order to make the desired program for the customer. She was basically like a *tailor* for programs, making what the customer required according to their specifications.

By now, you might think that she had it easy, but remember these were not the computers of today... Think of it this way, for instance, just to enter your name on the computer, a programmer had to punch your name onto a punch card, then insert the card into a *reader* which was a machine enabling data entry into the computer according to the program it was currently running on. And they had to create the program it was running on in the first place. Thanks to those who have pioneered various new technologies, it is we that have the easier lives as most of the planet's population now are only users of what others have prepared.

My grandmothers domain at work had for its

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objective to incorporate computers in every workplace. She and those like her in her generation succeeded, as we can see today. It would be extremely difficult to point out, right off the bat, one work domain which does not use computers... we would need a computer for that!

So I for one, as I use my cell phone and lap top computer, remember to respect them as for without them and their deeds, where would we be today?

My grandmother is still an active participant in the work force as she manages the office in my fathers architectural practice. But she still finds time to spend with me, I feel very blessed to have both my grandmother and my great grandmothers influence in my life.

The War of 1812

Editors note: Nader lives outside Durham Region and since the contest was only open to Durham Region students he could not participate in the contest. He was however the first to hand in a paper, giving our committee an understanding of what we might ask for when introducing the contest. WHS appreciates Nader's input and willingness to spend so many hours over the summer.

I was asked to do some research on the War of 1812 this summer since 2012 to 2015 will see many remembrances of this and celebrations of peace.

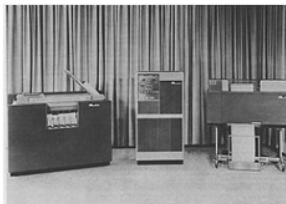
Celebrating 200 Years of Peace

by Nader Allam

(1) June 18th, 1812, President James Madison and the United States Congress declared war on Great Britain. (1) The war raised between the two great powers were a result of the conflicts in Europe following Napoleon Bonaparte. Canada was pulled into the action, being, at the time, still a British Colony. Battles raged throughout the North American continent for over two years before peace was negotiated.

(2) One question remains: would our great soldiers have ever succeeded in bringing peace and pride to our land if it weren't for all those brave men and women, average people supporting them along their way towards victory, would we still be living the same lives we are so accustomed to

Before (1966)



After (2012)



Memory storage

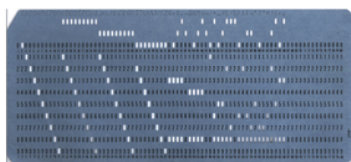
Before (1966)



After (2012)



Punch card (1966)



An Appreciation for History and Heritage

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nowadays? I aim to answer this question with this document; I will reveal to you, the reader, how they had come to survive and even help our militia win the war.

During the war, the Canadian armed forces consisted of senior officers, some of whom had served in many British wars. The greater majority of able bodied males did not even have any military experience!

The militia, had a very harsh lifestyle during the war, because of the poor accommodations, pitiable nutrition and clothing and bad weather, which all added up to fatigue and hence frequent illness. Most troops had to even travel all their distances by foot.

At the time, civilians also had difficult lives, as their families and property were always at risk because of the constant threat of an invasion. They also had to leave their homes for other safer regions in the province where the supplies were very low due to the dangerous roads interfering with the transportation system, so one can only imagine how tense the village atmosphere must have been throughout the war.

(3) In the villages, soldiers felt that the civilians were charging them too much for their essential purchases, food and lodging, while the people were uneasy about the troops both friend and foe fearing with good reason that their homes and property would be damaged. When rough and tumble soldiers were low on stock, they would simply walk into a store or home taking what they needed without even paying.

Luckily, the government paid compensation for private possessions lost or damaged in military service and those destroyed by enemy or friendly troops. In the case, where the war left a minor, an orphan, or a woman, a widow, the government would pay them pensions.

(3) One may say that there is no “I” in team, implying that all roles are equally important; it was no different during this period of Canadian History. Although the relation between them and the soldiers was rough, some civilians had realized that it wasn’t one army against another, but to the contrary two whole countries, and so if their country was to reign victorious, it would need all the help it could get!

With this came many folk heroes such as: Laura Secord, Mary Henry, and William Hamilton Merritt.

(4) Laura Secord was born on September 13, 1775 in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Early in the War of 1812, Laura’s husband James Secord, a sergeant in the 1st Lincoln militia, was wounded in the battle of Queenston Heights near Niagara Falls Canada and was rescued from the battlefield by his wife.

(4) On June 21, 1813, Laura overheard that the Americans intended to surprise the British outpost at Beaver Dams and capture the officer in charge, Lieutenant James FitzGibbon. Since her husband had been wounded in battle, Laura took the initiative of taking the message to the British herself,

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by Nader Allam

on a dangerous 12 mile long journey.

Laura feared she would encounter American guards, so she took a route through fields and forests, making her journey extremely challenging and physically exhausting. After her completion of the greatly demanding distance, Laura came unexpectedly on a First Nations' encampment. Although initially frightened, she explained her mission, and the chief took her to FitzGibbon. Two days later, on June 24, 1813, an American force was ambushed near Beaver Dams by some 400 First Nations warriors led by Dominique Ducharme, militia officer, and Lieutenant FitzGibbon who then persuaded the American forces to surrender with 462 men to his own 50 men. *However, in the official reports of the victory, no mention was made of Laura Secord.*

(4) An American victory at Beaver Dams would have given the U.S. control over the entire Niagara peninsula, jeopardizing Upper Canada. The successful battle assured British control over the region, and is credited foremost as a victory by the First Nations peoples.

(4) Mary Henry was born in County Antrim, Ireland, and married Dominic Henry, a Royal Artillery gunner from County Derry in 1790. Dominic was soon shipped back to North America and posted to Niagara, bringing Mary with him. By 1803, Dominic was appointed the keeper of the first lighthouse on the Great Lakes, built in the Town of Niagara (now Niagara-on-the-Lake) that same year.

(4) On May 27, 1813, a large American Army made an amphibious assault on Niagara, landing not far from the lighthouse near Fort George.

The Battle of Fort George was fierce, with 5000 American soldiers resisted by 800 British regular soldiers, Canadian militia and Aboriginal allies. The Americans had more than 80 cannons covering their landing, firing so many cannon balls, bursting shells and iron grapeshot that the American shot was described as falling like a hailstorm on the troops. The British put up a stiff resistance but were slowly driven back. The Americans captured the Town and Fort George and occupied the area for the next seven months. (4) During the landing and the extremely heavy bombardment, casualties were heavy with half the British and Canadians killed or wounded.

During this entire action, Mary Henry walked the battlefield, bringing coffee and food to the troops and tending the wounded.

On December 10, 1813 the Americans abandoned Fort George and Niagara, burning the entire town on their departure. The inhabitants, primarily older men, women and children, were given an hour's warning before they were forced to abandon their homes and all of their belongings to the flames. The weather was inclement and many faced starvation as these refugees sought shelter. Because it was an aid to shipping for both the Americans and the British, the lighthouse and keepers house were spared. Mary brought the refugees out of the cold and provided medical care, hot drinks and food.

(4) After the war, the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada recognized Mary's courage by granting her a gift of L25 (pounds sterling) and referred to her "a heroine not to

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be frightened.” While Laura Secord seems to have received much more attention and is the only well-known heroine of the war, Laura’s life was never at risk during her famous walk. *Mary Henry’s deeds of selfless bravery should not be forgotten.*

(4) William Hamilton Merritt was born in New York State but moved with his family to Upper Canada in 1795, settling in Niagara where the city of St. Catharines would one day be established. Merritt was well educated and proved to be a brilliant businessman. When the War of 1812 broke out, his father Thomas, a Revolutionary War cavalry officer, formed a squad of light dragoons (cavalry) to operate in the Niagara Region during the war. Young Hamilton Merritt was commissioned as an officer in that troop and most often led the unit in action during the war. Merritt was very active through 1812 and 1813, often experiencing hair-raising adventures behind enemy lines as a scout and dispatch rider. He spent long hours in the saddle riding the back ways of the Niagara Peninsula and, in doing so, formed a plan to link Lake Ontario to Lake Erie through a canal system that would follow the path of existing creeks and waterways. **This idea would give rise to the Welland Canal in the decade following the war.** Merritt was at the Battle of Lundy’s Lane in July 1814 when he mistakenly rode into the American lines and was captured. He spent the rest of the war in captivity in Massachusetts, returning to Niagara in 1815. On his return, he continued to petition the government to build a canal to link the Chippawa River to the 12 Mile Creek, climbing the Niagara Escarpment to provide passage between Lake Ontario and Lake Erie. In 1824 the provincial legislature

began work on the Welland Canal. Merritt continued to be a pillar of the community, investing in major projects including the construction of a suspension bridge across the Niagara River. He also got involved in provincial politics and was elected to serve in the legislative assembly of Upper Canada. Merritt was on a business trip when he died near Cornwall in 1862. Early on in the war, the British and Canadians were greatly outnumbered by the Americans. Fortunately, the maritime provinces were protected by the British sea forces, while lower Canada (now Quebec) was being protected by the fortress of Quebec and by its remoteness. As for the means of protection for upper Canada (now Ontario), there were hardly any, and for this reason, it was an obvious target for attack. Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, administrator of Upper Canada, had foreseen the possibility and henceforth, reinforced all defence measures in every possible way, e.g. The 41st Regiment of British regulars. He was also the one to develop the policy encouraging the formation of allies between them and the First Nations. (5) So, in conclusion, union really does create strength and this might just be the greatest moral one may acquire from this historical war! **Take note that before the Canadian confederation of July 1st 1867, Canada was basically composed of Ontario and Quebec.*

Resources:

(1) Niagara 1812 Legacy Council. «History of the war of 1812. <http://www.visit1812.com/>
(2)Historica Foundation. «Causes of the War of 1812». <http://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.com/articles/war-of-1812#SEC954562>.(3) Queen’s Printer for Ontario. «Militia and Civilian Life <http://www.archives.gov.on.ca/english/on-line-exhibits/1812/militia.aspx>. (4)Government of Canada. «Heroes of the war of 1812». <http://1812.gc.ca/eng/1317828221939/1317828660198#cn-tphp>.(5) Historica Foundation. «Early Campaigns of the War of 1812». <http://www.thecanadianencyclopedia.com/articles/war-of-1812#SEC954562>.



Roger Anderson, Chair, Regional Municipality of Durham Ontario attended the Whitby Historical Society Reception on December 7th, honouring High School and Elementary School winners of the WHS writing contest in honour of ‘200 Years of Peace’ between Canada and the United States of America since the War of 1812.

Mr. Anderson talked with the winning students and said that he was very proud of their achievements.

Congratulatory remarks were also given by Whitby Regional Councillor, Michael G. Emm and Whitby Regional Councillor, Lorne Coe.

The presentation of awards were given by, Whitby Historical Society; President, David Chambers, Secretary, Monica Lawlor, and Project Coordinator, Trina Astor-Stewart.

The writing contest was part of ‘A Simply Senior’s Keepsake Project, funded by a grant awarded by The New Horizons for Seniors - The Department of Human Resources and Skills Development Canada in which ten e-books were created along the theme of “Connecting our Youth with Stories of our Seniors”. The winning student’s entries are included

in the books which were on display at the reception. They are available in e-book form on the WHS website www.whitbyhistoricalsociety.com .

The student winners were: Jessica Webster, \$500. First Prize - High School Category and Annie Johnston, \$500. First Prize - Elementary School Category.

The nine Second Prize Winners of \$100. Each were, Owen Donaldson, Erin Holwell, Rosey Lapointe, Krista ‘tMannetje, Adelaide Welsh, Alexis Roebuck, Grace Ki, Alissa Sallans, and Jonathan Crossan. The reception held at St. Andrews Church in Whitby was attended by 120 Friends of the Museum, along with the students and their families. Many museum volunteers were included in the completing of the project over the past months. Copies of the books are also on display at the museum 123 Brock Street South in Whitby for visitors to read.

From left to right in the attached photograph are: Back row: Michael G. Emm, Whitby Regional Councillor, Lorne Coe, Whitby Regional Councillor, Roger Anderson, Chair, Regional Municipality of Durham Ontario.

Front Row: Jessica Webster, 1st Place Winner, David Chambers, WHS President, Annie Johnston, 1st Place Winner, Trina Astor-Stewart, Project Coordinator, Monica Lawlor, WHS Secretary.

Connecting our Roots - Book One

The War of 1812 - A Whitby Family & Genealogical Perspective
by: Trina Astor-Stewart

The War of 1812 A Whitby Family & Genealogical Perspective

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Clarissa Lynde

Above photograph c.1867 of Clarissa Lynde; Mrs. William Warren (1805-1900)- courtesy the Whitby Archives located in the Whitby Library.

Clarissa Lynde, daughter of Jabez Lynde was born at Whitby Township on February 13, 1805 and married William Warren Sr. at Whitby Township on March 25, 1824. They lived in Darlington Township for a few years and William Warren moved back to Port Whitby in 1843 where he was collector of customs from 1843 to 1875. Mrs. Warren died at Whitby on May 17, 1900 at the age of 95 and is buried in St. John's Anglican Cemetery, Port Whitby.

Whitby Ontario, quite a distance from borders, you might think would have little to do with the war. However, militia travelled from far and wide to get to battles and sought places to camp and find provisions along the way.

The Jabez Lynde home in Whitby Ontario was just such a place, a log cabin Inn and Tavern on the way to Niagara. Lynde Creek served as a camping out place where horses could be watered and fed. Today it is just a two hour drive from Niagara, but in the 1800's it would have been several days journey to say the least. I remember my father, who grew up in the Newcastle area mentioning that when he was a boy in the 1920's it took a whole day or more to get to Toronto by carriage.

So though Whitby experienced a different side of the War compared to the battles of the Niagara and St. Lawrence River frontiers; it played a role in getting people to these battle fronts and in helping them heal their wounds afterwards.

The Lynde cabin located at the time on Highway #2 at Lynde Creek just West of the four corners in Whitby, (it was moved later and now stands at Cullen Park, near Taunton Road) served as both a gathering

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and stopping off place for militia dispatchers, soldiers, and as a place where those wounded could find respite.

In 1811 while Major-General Isaac Brock and his aide-de-camp, were on their way to York (Toronto) due to reports of a possible war, they stopped at the Lynde's home to find necessary victuals to sustain them and obtain fresh horses. It is said that, Mr. Lynde even drove them to their next destination, Government House in York at the time.

Clarissa, Jabez Lynde's daughter who was six-years old at the time recalled in her later memoirs called: 'Reminiscences of Mrs. Clarissa Lynde Warren of the War of 1812' which appeared in the Whitby Chronicle on January 8th, 1897. Writing of General Brock and the impression he made upon her she said, *'The suavity of the commander-in-chief was manifest even in the wayside log inn, and won the heart of the little Canadian girl of the house...'*

Hosting soldiers, had its downsides as the Lynde family valuables were sometimes coveted by the underpaid and often desperate members of the militia. One would have to imagine the circumstances of the day, weary men far from home, trying to survive, most an honest folk and then some out to get what they could to survive no matter how.

Following the war, Jabez Lynde submitted a claim for 83 pounds worth of provisions stolen from his house or used by the soldiers. This included 68 litres of rum, a silver watch, eight silver spoons, four shirts, a blanket, a set of knives and forks, one pair

of pants, a vest, a pair of silver tongs, two handkerchiefs, a coat, and barrels of pork and ham.

One desperate soul as the story goes, even braved the capture of a gold necklace worn by Jabez Lynde's wife. The thief cut the necklace off her throat while she slept! A desperate act for sure and very frightening one can imagine for Mrs. Lynde.

I feel a strange affinity to these early people wondering about my own ancestors and their trials in settling this area in the early 1800's. In those days, using names over again in various combinations in the next generation was common, this was supposed to help you know your ancestors. However, it often poses a complication for today's genealogists.

Tracing my grandmother whose roots go back to Tipperary, Ireland a stone's throw almost from Kinsale, where William Warren (1800-1887) was born at Kinsale, County Cork, Ireland, on October 18, 1800 and came to Whitby Township with his brother John Borlase Warren in 1821. These Whitby Warrens farmed on the third concession for about a year and opened a store...

Clarissa Lynde (1807-1870) daughter of Jabez Lynde subsequently married William Warren in 1826. William Warren was born in 1800 at Kinsale, County Cork, Ireland; he died in 1887. Kinsale is not far from Castletown, a village which also is home to Castletown Estate, a "spacious mansion erected in 1796, the seat of Robert and/or Thomas Warren". *It was included in the sale of Warren's estate in October 1850. Now a ruin.*

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Nine of Clarissa Lynde and William Warren's stated eleven children's names were:

William Warren b. (?)

Edward Warren b. 1833

Maria Warren b. 1835

Margaret Warren b. 1836

Henry Warren b. 1838

Anne Warren b. 1840

Augustus Warren b. 1842

Emma Warren b. 1844 d. 1928

Frank Warren b. 1850 d. 1920

John Warren (a relative?) established the first post office in Whitby and subsequently became the first postmaster of the area.

In 1836 he opened the Oshawa Flour Mill and also operated a general store at the corner of King and Simcoe Streets...

Is there a family relationship between these Warrens and my grandmother Theresa Jane Warren - I wonder what role family played in all this if any. The name Warren appears to come from the Old French name of 'de Warenne' The name Warren has Norman roots introduced into England at the time of the Conquest. The Normandy village of La Varenne gave the name to William de Warenne who fought at the Battle of Hastings and whose descendants later became Warren.

A second derivation is from the Norman French warrene, a warren or piece of land set aside for the breeding of game. The surname could describe someone who lived by a game park or someone who was employed in such a place. There is a tradition going back generations in our family to give male children the middle name of Warren, carried on as a way to state the family relationship.

But this gets really confusing after awhile.

The Warrens in Ireland came via England. Edward Warren arrived with Strongbow in 1172. From their base at Warrenstown in county Meath, these Warrens became one of the old-established Dublin families. There were related Warrens in Wexford.

A later line in county Carlow started with Captain Humphrey Warren in the 1500's. Richard Warren and his family lived at Ballymurphy in county Carlow from 1735 to 1823. Robert Warren, an English soldier in Cromwell's army, was the forebear of the Warren landed gentry in county Cork.

With so many Richard, Robert, William and John, Warrens it is hard to find William Warrens family tree. So many Warrens it seems.

Here is Clarissa Lynde's family tree:

Clarissa Lynde (1807-1870) daughter of Jabez Lynde m. William Warren in 1826
Jabez Lynde b. 12 Feb 1773 Mass. d. 1856
Whitby Ont. Can m. Clarrisa Woodruff
John Lynde b. 29 Feb 1773 Ma d. 26 Sep 1816 Whitby Ont Can.
m. Sarah Warner John Lynde III b. 29 Oct 1712 Ma d. 11 Jul 1756 Ma, m. Ruth Converse John Lynde II b. 10 Nov 1680 Ma d. 1740 Ma, m. Hannah Nichols
John Lynde, Capt b. 1648 Ma d. 17 Sep 1723 Ma, m. Mary Pierce Thos. Lynde, Ens. b Abt 1615 England d 15 Oct 1693 m.
Elizabeth Tufts? Thos. Lynde b abt 1594 England d 30 Dec 1671.

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It is important that things be written down. Genealogy is getting to be quite a hobby these days, so why not research your family history. These days when information is so widespread, it is possible to tell more of a person's life story for future researchers. People can even consider DNA genealogical testing and leave records for future descendents.

The stories of ordinary lives often don't get told unless written down. Even in a short span of a lifetime, we think everyone will know who was who.

So how many family's lives were affected directly during the war time of 1812, who lived in or near Whitby Township as it was called then, we don't know.

There were the Lynde and the Warren families and many more.

There is a record of several members of the Stevens family. David Stevens (married to Mary Burk) was appointed a tax collector of Whitby & Pickering Townships on March 7, 1803, while his father Adam Stevens was appointed Town Warden for Whitby and Pickering Townships. A year later in 1804 Adam Stevens was appointed 'fence viewer' of Whitby Township, he owned 230 acres in Lot 18 of Whitby's Front Concession.

Prior to the War of 1812, records state that, brothers, Adam and Bela Stevens, fled to New York State in the USA. Aaron Stevens was born around 1761, he was the son of Loyalist Nicholas Stevens who had fled to the Niagara area of Ontario shortly after the

Revolutionary War. Bela Stevens later moved to Buffalo, Erie County, New York where he died on April 27, 1827.

There was a Bela Stevens who is listed in the descendants of Col. Thomas Stevens, Jr. This Bela Stevens was born about 1779 in Wareham, Massachusetts, a son of Josiah Stevens and Abigail Nye. Hence, he was the right age to have been the same individual listed above.

On May 14, 1827, Bela Stevens' brother, Stiles Stevens of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, petitioned for administration of Bela Stevens' estate in Erie County, New York. Stiles Stevens had previously leased the Humber Mills in Ontario in 1814 according to the Public Archives of Canada, Index to Upper Canada State Papers in Record Group 1, Series 3.

As you can see, family histories were very much intertwined in the early days between the Niagaras of New York and Ontario reaching all the way to Whitby and I am sure beyond that.

Why not look up your family and see where they were then.

A Peaceful Family for North America

By: Trina Astor-Stewart

When it comes to war, most would wish it never to have happened... and often forget what it was about in the beginning.

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The War of 1812 - A Peaceful Family for North America by: Trina Astor-Stewart

Like the young boy, Owen, who entered the Whitby Historical Society contest with this profound insight;

“We all know about the War of 1812, but now we are going to tell it differently. There was a war of who is better and who is worst. The war was between Canada and the USA. The war reminds me of my sister and I. Sometimes me and my sister fight. We both have reasons why. My sister likes my stuff and she wants to take it. I refuse because she is going to wreck it. So we fight and I know it is wrong but sometimes I have to stand up. It’s just like the war of 1812. If we didn’t stand up for ourselves there wouldn’t even be Canada, the greatest country in the world.”
By: Owen Donaldson – 8 years old

The war of 1812 is sort of like that, Americans and Canadians alike can feel proud of the peace shared over the past 200 years. In actual fact, the Americans didn’t wage war on Canada per se, but on Britain. Putting things into context, The British, had been involved in a bitter struggle from 1802 to 1815 referred to as the Napoleonic Wars with France.

Sort of like family, America was trying to remain neutral between father Britain and mother France.

The United States having declared its independence, much like a teenager, decides it is time to forge out on one’s own and make its own rules. America had its idealists and thinkers of the day, all working and trying to build a ‘brave new world’ of individual independence. “The Founders” as they are

called today wanted to build on the best of the old world and leave much of it behind that was not conducive to the new mindset of individual freedoms. ‘Freedom of Speech’ being one.

Father Britain, however; like some parents can’t quite understand right away that their child is now grown and making their own decisions. So feeling, I guess, a bit abandoned; sought to prevent the United States, who was neutral at the time, from trading with France. They imposed a blockade on France and demanded that U.S. ships on their way to trade with France, stop at British ports and pay duties on the goods bound for France. The prevalent thought in the U.S. was that neutral countries should be able to carry on trade with other nations without interference.

Somewhere Britain got the idea that U.S. seamen should really be serving them, so between 1802 and 1812 they impressed (seized) more than ten thousand U.S seamen on the high seas compelling them to serve on British ships. This of course became a matter of outrage on the part of the U.S.

The United States meanwhile was endeavoring to expand their borders to the west, seizing aboriginal land in the process. The U.S may also have thought that Canada a colony of Britain at the time, with a much smaller population, brothers and sisters in spirit so to speak, with many settlers having family ties in both countries to the same father and mother lands ...with the same parentage so to speak, *Canada may have wanted her independence too.*

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So after an American ship called the Chesapeake is fired on by the British ship Leopard after refusing to be boarded in June 1807 creating an international incident, the U.S. via Thomas Jefferson attempts “a peaceful coercion” of the British with an embargo of its own. This however, results in economic disaster for merchants of the day.

Today’s young people might ask why it took so long to declare war? What was happening between 1807 and June 18, 1812 when war was declared on Britain by the United States? In our day of instant everything, we have to remember that communications would have taken months in many cases to get back and forth across the Atlantic.

In any case, war was declared, and as a colony, Canada found itself at war.

One of the other scenarios that was playing out was regarding the First Nations population of Canada and the USA around the Great Lakes. The U.S. of course saw this as a plum region and sought as a means of getting some back, perhaps, to expand its borders through the Niagara area. War always brings its rhetoric and with words blowing back and forth in bravado, I am sure people on both sides were wondering which side to take. Families, moved back and forth just to be on the safe side they thought.

So on both sides of the border, settlers from father Britain and mother France, as well as First Nation cousins fought against each other for home and country.

The war itself went back and forth in battle after battle with hardly a side winning. A U.S. naval squadron under the command of Oliver Hazard Perry captured the British fleet on Lake Erie in 1813. There were battles in northern New York and Ontario. U.S. forces burned the city of York (now Toronto), and the British attacked Washington, D.C. burning the U.S. Capitol and the White House.

Eventually both sides realized the futility of the struggle probably forgetting what started it all; ordinary people fighting, losing lives and limbs, families feuding, brother against brother. Who to side with? That was probably a big question on the minds of average folk.

Empire Loyalists fled across the border to settle in rural Ontario and many American slaves escaped to freedom in Canada during the war.

Like so many family battles, only a stalemate was reached, neither side could extract concessions from the other. The United States and Great Britain agreed, in the Treaty of Ghent, to return to the prewar status quo and signed the treaty on December 24, 1814. Before word could reach everyone about the treaty however, one last battle was fought in New Orleans on January 8th 1815 where Andrew Jackson led his troops to a decisive victory over the British forces.

Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Tuscaroras, Cayugas, Senecas, and other First Nations fought alongside both British detachments and Canadian militias throughout the war, and they played pivotal roles at the battles of

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Queenston Heights, the Thames, and Stoney Creek as well as all up and down the Niagara Peninsula.

Tecumseh a Shawnee First Nations leader fought outside the walls of Fort Detroit, he marched his men around and around, out of sight and back again, making his force appear five times larger than it was.

So like so many family estrangements, time heals all wounds and we find ourselves once again joining hands for our common good.

The War of 1812 really shaped North America from a fledgling land of scattered sibilings, settlers and native peoples; it foretold North America's current political reality. For the United States the war confirmed its status as a sovereign state. For Canadians it polarized a people, added to its population and formed the basis of our own independence in Canada.

All in all, it formed a peaceful North America where today we Canadians and Americans like to think of ourselves as quite different from each other, yet the more we travel and meet each other, the more we recognize how alike, we are all family still. Just with a growing multi-origins-brood. We recognize more and more what a small place this planet of ours really is, celebrate our uniqueness, revel in our kinship and reach out in love and appreciation for the world's diversity.

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So now here we are in present day Canada and enjoying life in our various roles. Here is

an article by a young woman visiting Canada, Whitby to be exact from France. Here are her perceptions in both English and French.

Jessica is studying law in France and came to Canada in order to help her learn English.

## Oh Canada My home but not my native land...

By: Jessica Precloux— a student living in Canada

Indeed, it's been two months that I live in Whitby, and in only one month, I will have to come back definitely to France, but I have to say that, on one hand, I feel already at home here !

Canadians are so friendly, so open minded and so nice to people in general, that they have the power to make you feel like a special friend. That's why I have to confess that I'm not used to so much kindness from people I don't know.

In my country, people don't care about helping others, or just being polite !

Here, for example when I'm lost, I don't have to ask where is the road, because someone is already about to show the good way!

And if I have to share a cab with someone unknown, I don't fear he could ran away without paying. That's crazy and kind of sad, but some french people can be like that, and especially in big cities.

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I'm from Lyon, where I'm a student in law. I came here to my host family to learn English and discover the country. And really, I'm not disappointed.

From my beginning, I felt the change : the 17th of September, I arrived to Toronto's airport, everybody was in a hurry, and people crowded in everywhere, but everybody took time to say, the little magic word "Sorry" , with a large smile.

Then, a girl offered me one bus ticket because she saw that I had no currency exchanged.

And in general, people are glad to talk with me, or ask me questions about my experience in Canada.

In France, most people are always in a hurry and suspicious of strangers, that's all !

That's why I'm really pleasantly surprised when people say to me "Good morning, how are you today ?" when I walk on the street.

*(Editors note: Whitby is a friendly place, historic, old, full of new people but it has still held on to its small town charm and warmheartedness)*

On the other hand, except for a bit of negativity because of pressures of the times perhaps, to do with French mentality. **You have to know, that France is a great country, full of history, with nice towns, and where you eat very well.**

*Maybe it's what I miss the most :  
French food !*

It is very healthy, and delicious at the same time. Every region has its own culinary speciality, and it's a real pleasure to discover it during a travel across the country !

A Canadian's way of life is different. I have the impression that here, days are shorter, because people have dinner at 5 or 6 pm, and go to bed early. Even night clubs close very early, about 2 am. Whereas in France, we can have dinner between 7 and 9pm, and night clubs close about 5 or 6 am.

**In France, the moment of the meal is crowned, because it's a precious family time, that's why it can spread out over hours !**

I have also noticed that there is not a lot of public transportation here, like trains, subway, and buses. Even bikes are rare ! That's probably why most people have their own car, and here you can drive at 16 years old. In France, we can only drive at 18 years old, the majority age. And because of the ecological problems, every town tries to improve public transportation, to the detriment of cars. This can be at the same time an advantage and an inconvenience.

A different rule that I learned here very quickly, and which cost me a lot, is that cars can turn to the right if there's nobody on the left, even if the light is red. But thanks

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to that, I had improve my english, learning some new words as 'ambulance', 'emergency room' and 'crutches' !

To put it in a nutshell, I love Canada, and it wasn't a mistake to leave my friends and my family. Three months means nothing considering the whole life that I will have.

That's why I'm glad to be living this wonderful experience that I will, for sure, never forget.

*And who knows, maybe one day, Canada will be my real home...*

**Ô Canada,  
Ma maison, mais pas la terre de  
mes aïeux...**

By: Jessica Precloux

En effet, cela fait maintenant deux mois que je vis à Whitby, et dans seulement un mois, je vais devoir retourner définitivement en France. Mais je dois le dire, d'un côté, je me sens déjà comme chez moi ici !

Les Canadiens sont si amicaux, ouverts et gentils envers les gens en général, qu'ils ont le pouvoir de vous faire sentir comme un véritable ami. C'est pourquoi je dois avouer que je n'ai pas l'habitude de tant de gentillesse de la part de personnes que je ne connais pas.

Dans mon pays, les gens se moquent d'aider les autres, ou de tout simplement être polis. Ici, par exemple si je suis perdue, je n'ai pas

à demander mon chemin, car quelqu'un est déjà en train de m'indiquer la route que je dois prendre ! Et si je dois partager un taxi avec un inconnu, je n'ai aucune peur que celui ci s'enfuit sans payer sa part. C'est étrange et un peu triste car la plupart des français sont comme ça, surtout dans les grandes villes.

Je suis de Lyon, où je suis étudiante en droit. Je suis venue ici chez ma famille d'accueil pour apprendre l'anglais et découvrir le pays. Et pour l'instant je ne suis vraiment pas déçue.

Dès le début, j'ai senti le changement : le 17 septembre, je suis arrivée à l'aéroport de Toronto. Tout le monde était pressé et se bousculait, mais tout le monde prenait le temps de dire ce petit mot magique « pardon », avec un grand sourire. Ensuite, une femme m'a offert un ticket de bus car elle a vu que je n'avais pas de monnaie. Et de manière générale, les gens sont contents de parler avec moi, ou de me poser des questions à propos de mon expérience au Canada. En France, la plupart des gens sont juste pressés et méfiants, c'est tout ! C'est pourquoi je suis agréablement surprise quand les Canadiens me saluent dans la rue en disant « Bonjour, comment allez vous aujourd'hui ? ».

D'un autre côté, excepté le point négatif, du fait de la pression ou peut être du temps, concernant la mentalité française, il faut savoir que la France est vraiment un super pays, rempli d'histoire, de belles villes, et où on mange vraiment très bien ! Peut être que c'est ce qui me manque le plus : la nourriture française ! Cela peut être à la fois sain et bon

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en même temps. Chaque région a sa propre spécialité culinaire, et c'est un réel plaisir de le découvrir au cours d'un voyage à travers le pays !

Le mode de vie Canadien est différent que celui de la France. J'ai l'impression que les journées sont plus courtes ici, car les canadiens dînent vers 17h 18h, et se couchent très tôt. Même les boîtes de nuits ferment assez tôt, vers 2h du matin. Tandis qu'en France, nous dînons entre 19h et 21h, et les boîtes de nuit ferment plutôt autour de 5h-6h du matin. En France, le moment du repas est sacré, car c'est un temps familial précieux, c'est pourquoi cela peut parfois s'étaler sur plusieurs heures !

J'ai aussi remarqué qu'il n'y a pas beaucoup de transports en communs, comme les trains, les métros ou les bus. Même les vélos se font rares ! C'est sûrement pourquoi la plupart des gens ont leurs propres voitures, et que l'on peut commencer à conduire dès l'âge de 16 ans. En France, nous pouvons seulement conduire à partir de 18 ans, l'âge de la majorité. Et du fait des actuels problèmes écologiques, toutes les villes essayent d'améliorer les transports en commun, au détriment des voitures. Cela peut être un avantage comme un inconvénient.

Une règle différente que j'ai assimilée rapidement ici, et qui m'a coûté assez cher, c'est que les voitures peuvent tourner à droite, si personne n'arrive de la gauche, même lorsque le feu de signalisation est rouge. Mais grâce à cela, j'ai pu améliorer mon anglais, en apprenant de nouveaux mots tels que « ambulance », « service d'urgence »

ou encore « béquilles » !

Pour conclure, j'adore le Canada, et ce n'était vraiment pas une erreur de quitter ma famille et mes amis. Trois mois, dans une vie, ne représentent rien ! C'est pourquoi je suis vraiment heureuse de vivre cette magnifique expérience que je n'oublierais jamais.

Et qui sait, un jour, peut être que le Canada, deviendra ma vraie maison...