

# CELEBRATING 20 YEARS OF TREADWAY 1989-2009

BRUCE TRAIL

# TREADWAY

NEW YEAR'S 2011

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## THERE'S MORE HAPPENING HERE THAN JUST A FEW VOLUNTEERS GETTING TOGETHER TO BUILD AND MAINTAIN THE BRUCE TRAIL

It's Saturday morning, December 4<sup>th</sup> 2010. The first snow of the season is falling - we've been lucky. A light dusting drifts ever so gently across the highway. We're on our way to the club's annual luncheon. We look forward to this event every year. There was a time when we celebrated the season by exchanging cookies (you heard right); we'd all bring a dozen or so of our favourite Christmas cookie and pass them around, it added a little something to the gaiety of the occasion and of course to our lunch which we enjoyed immensely while sitting on a log in the middle of the bush. We've become much more sophisticated since then; we've brought our celebration indoors.

We arrive at the local restaurant around noon. Half of the 'reserved' room is already filled. There's a loud clamour; everyone's talking at the same time. There's a feeling of excitement everywhere; one would think we haven't seen each other for years. Not so. This group has been working together as volunteers for at least the past 15 years, some even longer; twice per week, 52 weeks of the year. After a few brief speeches, and after our Trail Director explains the rules for the occasion (we must all buy our own lunch - the guys jokingly complain), the food is ordered. Dessert is on the club.

During lunch we talk about many things; who is well, who's not so well; children and grandchildren; plans for the holidays; what we've accomplished this past year; what we plan to do come spring. A few late-comers arrive. They wouldn't miss this get-together for the world. Others must leave early; they have travel plans but they come anyway even if it's just to say hello.

What motivates 40 volunteers to attend a luncheon on a busy Saturday morning 3 weeks before Christmas? Is it the bonding that has evolved over the years? Some come and some go but at least 50 percent of this group are the same people who have been volunteering faithfully for as far back as I can remember. We come from many different walks of life. It doesn't seem to matter how we make our living, what our religion is, or what our politics are. We all get along amazingly well. What could it be? If we could only capture it, package it and feed it to the rest of the world - wow, what a different place this would be. Have a Happy New Year.



Photo by Richard Pomeroy