

A PUBLICATION FOR TRAIL WORKERS

BRUCE TRAIL

TREADWAY

MAY 2011 EXTRA

UPDATES
EVENTS
IDEAS
NEWS

EDITOR
DONALD CANGIANO
1229 RUSHBROOKE DRIVE
OAKVILLE, ON L6M 1H8
doncan@sympatico.ca



WHY IS THE MONTH OF MAY SUCH A GREAT TIME TO TAKE YOUR FIRST HIKE OF THE YEAR ON THE BT?

Maybe it's the thrill of getting your backpack out of moth balls and discovering part of your lunch from last fall is still inside. Or maybe it's reaching for your hiking boots stashed away under the workbench and finding out they're still caked in mud. It could be meeting your hiking buddies in front of the Top Notch Motel, after a long winter hiatus and welcoming them with open arms. Or

watching one of your group show off his memory skills by saying; "*It's great to see you again Alicja*" and discovering that it's not Alicja at all, it's Jana.



Or it could be the car shuffle; trying to decide which cars should be left at the beginning of the trail and which cars should be left at the end, and who should ride in which car - a test of patience and forbearance. Or maybe it's walking behind a gigantic *Volvo* grader as it ploughs its way down the gravel road trying to level what the winter months have left behind and one of our hikers asking his companion if he arranged for this just to make the trek a little easier. And his companion replies; "*Yes, but I didn't want to say anything in case he didn't show up*".



It could be the friendly wave from the farmer on his tractor as you pass by. Or the lady standing in the laneway leading to her house; one of our hikers asks

if this is her land, and she answers “Yes” and our hiker responds by saying; “*Thank you for allowing us to be here*” and she replies; “*You’re more than welcome*”. Or how about the little girl playing in front of her house, her blonde hair shimmering in the sun, more brilliant than the bed of yellow daffodils she stands beside. Or the lady with her two young children strolling through her fields, she waves and says she lives in that house on the hill and if we need anything, drop on by.



Or it could be that totally confused bat flying over our heads in the middle of the afternoon wondering what *we’re* up to. Or the lunch breaks, any log or rock will do; finely-sliced pastrami with Swiss cheese on a whole wheat bun eaten along side of a farmer’s split-rail fence. Or our hiker who dips his canteen into a bubbling brook that flows out from under a rock; he consumes a cool refreshing drink of natural spring water. Or maybe it’s that flock of wild turkeys that manages to keep just ahead of you out of harms way; or the turkeys behind you who are trying to keep up.



It could be getting together behind the motel at the end of the day’s hike, sitting on two picnic benches that have seen better days, surrounded by dandelions, munching on salt-free chips

and smoked salmon and imbibing in some of Niagara’s finest grape juice. Or it could be dinner; salad, followed by soup, followed by sliced turkey, followed by dessert, followed by coffee, followed by singing ‘*happy birthday*’ to one of the group who’s celebrating a very important day, followed by another celebration because the Vancouver Canucks have won a place in the Stanley Cup semi-finals.

Or it could be marveling at all of that hard work our volunteers have done, year in and year out, and wondering how they got all of that lumber to the building site.

Or maybe it’s simply watching the forest come alive after a long cold winter; flowers everywhere, buds by the billions, birds singing, air so pure, a smile, a laugh, a groan or two. Or it could be those words of wisdom from the elder statesman in the group who reminds you as you walk down that path of peace and tranquility; you should always remember that one very important thing in your life. And what might that one very important thing be, asks a companion hiker? And our elder statesman replies;

“That’s for you to figure out”.

