

A PUBLICATION FOR TRAIL WORKERS

BRUCE TRAIL

TREADWAY

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UPDATES
EVENTS
IDEAS
NEWS

EDITOR

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March break

Why would anyone want to fly off to some far-away place when we have an abundance of serenity and beauty to discover each time we set foot on the trail.? And it's right here in our own back yard.

It's early morning and already there are cars in the Mount Nemo parking lot. The sun is brilliant. The road leading from the parking lot to the BT is packed with 6 inches of ice and snow. The thermometer reads 8 degrees below but the 'feel-like' is about 15 degrees below zero. Warmer temperatures are predicted for later on in the day. Blazes indicate a left turn off the road and onto the trail. We can hear

voices in the distance -families out for a hike, people walking their dogs. The trail is alive.

Winter winds and heavy snows have taken their toll; many trees have come down, branches too. But there's no debris on the trail, the path is easy. Brilliant blazes show the way; they sparkle in the sunlight. Someone says they look like they've been painted yesterday.

A family approaches; a mother, a father, a young boy and a dog. They're 'caching'. They stop where we have stopped, to chat perhaps. Not exactly, one of our group is sitting on a hollowed-out stump. The young boy thinks that's where the cache is located. Bob obligingly moves so that the young adventurer can continue his search. No cache. Mother reaches into her backpack and pulls out her guide. The cache, according to the guide, is located to the right of the stump and under a flat rock (mother knows best, when all else fails, read the instructions). The family moves on. Our group heads in the opposite direction but not before we have answered questions the family has about the trail. They're impressed with our knowledge; little do they know that we have spent years as volunteers working on this very section of trail.

We walk a little further. It's surprising what one can see this time of year; the leaves are down, the view is unobstructed. Just a few feet off the trail we see a clearing. We're curious. We investigate. And there it sits; a small quarry, abandoned years ago. It's about 40 meters deep and about 200 meters in width. We had suspicions that it existed but exactly where we didn't know. Now we know. It seems that no attempt has ever been made to restore it in any way. Nature alone is at work trying to bring it back to life. At the bottom, trees are growing; there are tracks in the snow and no doubt there will be a small lake in the springtime. The site is surrounded by birch trees, a stand unlike anything we have seen anywhere along the trail; magnificent, there to be discovered by some aspiring artist.

We take a side trail back to the parking lot. We meet more hikers along the way. They too are enjoying an outing on this glorious sun-filled day. And we wonder – why would anyone want to fly off to some far-away place when we have serenity and beauty to discover each time we set foot on the trail. And it's right here in our own back yard.

Photo by Richard Pomeroy