

"Charlie.....from the bush!"

www.voicefromthebush.com

Issue No. 13 SUMMER 2012



OUR INSECT WORLD

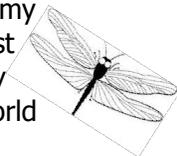
The other day when I was canning my nettles, I was about to pick up the next stalk for processing when I saw I'd disturbed a nest of baby spiders. There were two or three dozen of the little creatures, each one only a millimetre or so long. They must have just left the nest ball and their mother's care, but were quite undismayed by their new world. According to the scientists, they had only one goal in their little lives, to get as far away from each other as they could by throwing themselves into the wind and spinning a thread of gossamer behind them as fast as they could.

These little guys had a very different idea of their first task. As I watched, they worked together to spin a web some six or eight inches across to act as a platform for them all to take off into space. It was clearly a co-operative venture, as they were all running back and forth to and fro across the web, each one knowing its task and doing it for the good of all. I was amazed once more at the wonders of Nature.

I know that technically spiders are not insects, as they have eight legs instead of the required six, but I have another experience with a true insect that I'd like to tell you about, this time a dragonfly.

I was at a large church gathering being held in an auditorium with a series of high windows just below the arched roof. This particular dragonfly had found its way into the hall and clearly wanted out again. It flew up to these high windows where it bumped once into the glass as it tried to exit. This single bump was enough for it to know that there was no way out there and it flew around the large room, deciding what to do next.

After a while, it flew out of the door over the heads of the people still coming in. Out and gone into the fresh air. Now this doorway was significantly darker than the other windows around the room, which were ignored by my flying friend. The dragon-fly must have used deductive reasoning to try the only escape to the outside world available to it.



Now I don't know how a scientist could make up a meaningful I.Q. test for an insect, but I know the dragonfly must come pretty high up on the score-sheet. I've struggled with various other insects as I've tried to persuade them to leave our house and they often don't understand what I'm trying to do. Sometimes, it's me that doesn't know.

Take the common house fly for instance. They are very trusting and understand my thoughts very well, so much so that I've often over-reacted in my assistance and I've crushed them to death in my enthusiasm to help. I'm afraid that the road to Hell really was paved with my good intentions.

Mercifully for my conscience, I believe in re-incarnation and I comfort myself with the thought that I've just helped the spirit in the dead insect to further its growth in another life form. However, I don't believe anyone knows all the spiritual rules and I could be fooling myself here, but I try my best to live up to the principle of live and let live, which is all anyone can really do.

All the best from the bush, Charlie

THE MEANING OF TIME

by A. BUSCHMANN



While the paper-work for our house purchase in Haileybury was going through, two things occurred. The first was my thinking we'd be out of an earthquake zone because we'd be moving onto the Canadian Shield which, being the oldest rock formation on the planet, was free of such things. The second was an earthquake in December 1999 that shook North America from Rouen-Noranda in Quebec to Rochester, New York. We felt it in Hamilton. So much for that!

A walk back to our Haileybury house near Rorke Avenue from the lake is along an undulating road which told me there'd been at least six distinct beaches where the lake edge had been at different times. These had formed as the mile-thick glaciers melted and the land had risen once the heavy weight of the ice was gone.

OPEN EVERY DAY OF THE WEEK!

NORTH COBALT



FLEA MARKET

EST. 1989

Mon-Sat 8 am to 5:30 pm Sunday 9 am to 5:30 pm
Tools/Crafts/Toys/Hardware/Fabric/Army Surplus

705-672-5848 or 5909 Online at www.ncfm.ca

SMALLMAN PHARMACY



Haileybury 705-672-5261

Time continues...

Later, when we'd bought the land where we now live, I saw that our particular rock had been part of an under-sea volcano, which had had its top scraped off by those glaciers at some point. Now back to that earthquake.

I was at the Guanguester Rock Show one time and chatting to a local geologist, who told me that the slabs of limestone seen around here belong to the same rock formation as the Niagara Escarpment that I'd left behind. Now I've seen that this formation extends from Montreal to London, Ontario and probably well beyond that. Also, I knew it was about a billion years in the making, this from a rock exhibit in the Royal Botanical Gardens.

For thousands and thousands of years, a lot of of Ontario and upper New York State was covered by the sea. There was no massive climate change in all that time, as the fossils don't change a lot throughout the depth of the formation. Then the Earth hiccupped and, poof: the sea was gone; the rock rose to create Niagara Falls and all was suddenly different.

What does this mean for me, I ask myself? Well.....

First of all, my three score and ten and what I do with my time isn't really very significant in the greater scheme of things. How can it be? Then the climate change we've maybe brought upon ourselves can't be as severe as what's gone before. I mean, one day swimming around in the ocean and the next: Pop! Not. It's all dry land. And then the Earth gets freezing cold and all life around here ceases to be. And then warms up again.

I suppose it's rough to be living in the bounty of greenery one minute and then be in severe desert conditions the next! The changes we are experiencing are nothing so extreme as have occurred here many times before.

One thing's for sure, though and that's this: I'm glad I'm not God, nor do I know His/Her plan for us all.

I'll settle for just living one day at a time, thank you very much. That is difficult enough~

At least that's my opinion, A. Buschmann



THE CAMELIOS HUMPH

The last few days, I've been living under the Cameliou's Humph, the Humph that is Black and Blue, mentioned in Rudyard Kipling's book of children's tales, 'The Just So Stories.' It describes the depressed state of mind we all get into from time to time and his solution to it, which was: "Take a very large hoe and a shovel also and dig till you gently perspire."

My version of the shovel-and-hoe combination is sawing logs into sixteen inch lengths and stacking them for winter firewood. This hasn't been enough lately, though, so the God of my understanding gave me a dose of His/Her medicine, which was along the lines of: "I complained about my lack of shoes until I met a person with no feet."

I tuned my radio to an international broadcast from the Netherlands, and listened to a documentary about a man paralysed from the neck down since his accident some twenty years before. After twelve years in a hospital bed, where the excitement of his day was the evening meal (O joy, O bliss!), he petitioned the Hong Kong Government for the right to have his life ended. His dictated letter brought him fame and financial support which, together with advances in long-term care facilities, allowed him to make short trips into the outside world to smell the flowers.

He would spend days planning these trips, what he would do and where he would go etc., so as not to waste a second of his freedom from The Bed. Needless to say, he often didn't want this time to end. Since then, he's progressed so well that he's now out of hospital and living in his own apartment, loving life and all the good things he can enjoy, especially his many friends. I presume he must still be waited on hand and foot, as the saying goes, but at least he can now choose what he has for dinner.

This example of someone who was dealt a lemon in their life and who's been able to make, not lemonade but a lemon chiffon pie out of it, has reminded me that I live in the nicest psychiatric ward I've ever been on and I've been on many. I'm not locked in and I'm free to eat anything we have in the house, which covers a wide range of options. I have permanent "Off-Ward Privileges" and two doggy friends to accompany me where-ever I choose to go in the bush that I love. Oh, and lest I get in real hot water, I also have an amazing, creative and gifted partner in off grids living! (Ok, I added this part...L)

So, Mr. Misery-guts, what's your problem? I bet our Hong Kong friend would willingly give his eye-teeth to live how and where I do, so my thanks go out to him for giving me a different perspective on life.

I guess my "shoes" are a good fit, after all.
Il the best from the bush, Charlie



ROYAL LEPAGE

BEST CHOICE REALTY Ltd., BROKERAGE
INDEPENDENTLY OWNED AND OPERATED

Cell: 705-647-2645
Office: 705-647-6848

www.bestchoicerealty.ca

suzanneothmer@royallepage.ca



229 RORKE AVENUE IN HAILEYBURY
PHONE 705-672-3667 FAX 705-672-2177

