

**Monday, 15 September 2003**

The weather page says that Isabel is headed right for us -- eta: Saturday morning or noon. It's been hot the last few days -- even reached 80 several times; this morning it's a cloudy, humid, 60 (Fahrenheit).

I spent a few hours yesterday talking with a retired university professor -- an ethnologist. He was here over the weekend working on genealogical issues -- as part of a project for the Moose Cree Band. That means he will need to get into the archives. We have photo copies here; the original documents are down in Sudbury.

He also is involved in some other projects.... Retirement is a wonderful thing. On the East Coast he has been working with something of a network to document the old aboriginal routes on the rivers lost -- as well as the rivers about to be lost. My routes were all replicas of the original native routes. That is, I dug around until I found where the old portages were -- or should be. Then I took the trip. I told him that my notes and files were still existing -- though I haven't seen them in over 30 years. I have been looking for an archive for that stuff -- for years now. I stole/borrowed from EVERYBODY; by the time I quit, I had quite a pile. So, maybe I'll find a home for that stuff after all. In addition, I gave him some contact names. I had to burrow deep into my files to find the information. But I woke at least one of them up Saturday night. Jon Berger is still a presence in Philadelphia.

Last Friday night a plane went down outside of Beaver Summer, Ontario -- north and west of here; just about due north of Lansdowne House on The Attawapiskat. Eight lives were lost. We remembered them and their families yesterday. I don't know -- yet -- of any kinship between here and there. But the memory of the James Bay disaster of a few years ago is still fresh. People remember. And they know what's going on out there.

The Hurricane is coming! The Hurricane is coming! As of 5PM this evening NOAA schedules Isabel's arrival here at 2 PM, Saturday. Actually the little black line on the weather map shows the track to fall midway between Hannah Bay and Moose Factory Island -- the locality of Big Stone Island. The Bishop is due to land at Moosonee Saturday morning. Potluck supper is scheduled for that evening. We'll do the hurricane in between.

**Tuesday, September 23, 2003**

Catch Up Time... I've been busy the last few days.

*On Saturday:*

Isabel got here before the Bishop. She managed to delay his flight by an hour. But she had been reduced to only a puff and a sprinkle. Another storm (of the local variety) came in from the West Friday night and had much more to say for itself.

The Bishop and I visited for a bit Saturday afternoon. Then we did a potluck supper at the Parish Hall. I brought a bucket of beans. No casualties -- yet. Then, several hours of an open Vestry Meeting.

*Sunday:*

We did Confirmation in the morning, Rehearsal for Iris's Ordination in the afternoon. And, yes, another parish supper in the evening.

*Monday:*

I spent most of the day trying to figure out what to talk about at the Ordination, scheduled for Monday Evening. (Iris, in a weak moment, had asked me to preach.) The high point of the evening -- for me -- was getting into Bishop Horden's Pulpit -- for the first time in my life. The

Pulpit IS high -- not as high as Trinity's in Newport. But it doesn't have any steps; they got lost somewhere back in the mists of history. I used a folding chair (which didn't fold, thank God) in place of the steps. And even managed to get out of The Pulpit without breaking my neck -- or the chair.

Don Faries videotaped the whole service, so it's now part of the record. The service WAS beautiful. The Choir -- average age, 78 -- was on a roll; one irreverent soul suggested they had got into the wine. Clayton beat The Drum. Derek carried The Cross. Lots of people read lots of things. Iris designed the Service, and she did really well. I think Monica was hiding under the pew while I preached. ("What will he say NEXT?") I was off and into one of my rants, and the Bishop has the notes.

Monday night the Rectory was full of clerics. We don't see each other all the time. And the visit WAS delightful -- for me, anyway. That's one of the perks of living in an otherwise empty barn. Gwendolyn, the pastoral organizer, wasn't with us, so I had to do the organizing -- such as it was. I missed her.

This morning I saw my guests off. This afternoon I was in Moosonee, handling the Funeral for Sidney Moore, a veteran of World War II. Besides the family (and several hundred others) a few of his comrades were there -- with guns, flags, dignity, and honor.

Now it's time to chill down.

**Wednesday, September 24, 2003**

Dina, who cleans this place, was here this morning. Her husband, Billy, is in hospital -- in Kingston. She flies down this afternoon to be with him. The family is worried.

**Tuesday, September 29, 2003**

The Eastmain River slides are all scanned now. All I have to do is to figure out which shot is of what. I may never get it right.